

## CHURCH CALENDAR.

July 4.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.  
 — 11.—Fifth do. do. do.  
 — 18.—Sixth do. do. do.  
 — 25.—Seventh do. do. do.

## Poetry.

## UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

Beneath our feet and o'er our heads  
 Is equal warning given;  
 Beneath us lie the countless dead,  
 Above us is the heaven!

Death rides on every passing breeze,  
 He lurks in every flower;  
 Each season has its own disease,  
 Its perils every hour!

Our eyes have seen the rosy light  
 Of youth's soft-cheeked decay,  
 And fate descend in sudden night,  
 On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age  
 Halt feebly towards the tomb;  
 And yet, shall earth our hearts engage  
 And dream of days to come?

Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know,  
 Where'er thy feet can tread  
 The earth rings hollow from below,  
 And warns thee of her dead!

Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply,  
 To truths divinely given;  
 The bones that underneath thee lie  
 Shall live for hell or heaven!

BISHOP HEBER.

## LAST DAYS OF LOUIS XVI.\*

Since his imprisonment in the Temple, the unfortunate monarch had been successively abridged in his comforts, and the severity of his detention increased. At first the Royal Family were permitted to spend their time together; and, disengaged from the cares of government, they experienced the sweetness of domestic affection and parental tenderness. Attended by their faithful servants, Clergy and afterwards Hué, the King spent his time in teaching the Dauphin the elements of education, the Queen in discharging, with the Princesses, the most humble duties; or, like Mary in Loocheven castle, in large works of tapestry. The royal party breakfasted at nine in the apartment of the Queen; at one, if the day was fair, they walked for an hour in the garden, strictly watched by the officers of the Municipality, from whom they often experienced the most cruel insults. Their son evinced the most engaging sweetness of disposition, as well as aptitude for study; bred up in the school of adversity, he promised to grace the throne with the virtues and energy of a humble station. The Princess Royal, in the intervals of instruction, played with her brother, and softened, by every possible attention, the severity of her parents' captivity; while the Princess Elizabeth bore the horrors of her prison with the same celestial equanimity with which she had formerly withstood the seductions of beauty, and the corruptions of a dissipated court.

The long evenings of winter were chiefly spent in reading aloud. Racine and Corneille, or historical compositions, were the favourite study of the Royal Family. The King perused, again and again, the history of the English Rebellion by Hume, and sought in the fate of Charles to prepare his mind for the catastrophe which he was well aware awaited himself. His firmness seemed to increase with the approach of danger; the irresolution and timidity by which he was formerly distinguished totally disappeared when his subjects' fate was not bound up with his own. The Queen herself took an example from his resolution. After dinner, the King and his family slept peacefully for a short time—a touching spectacle, standing as they did on the verge of eternity. At night the Dauphin said his prayers to his mother; he prayed for his parents' life, and for the Princess Lamballe, with whose death he was unacquainted; and his instructress the Marquise de Tourzel. When the Commissioners of the Commune were near, he took the precaution, of his own accord, to utter the last supplications in an inaudible voice. The members of the Municipality, who alternately visited the royal family during their captivity, at times displayed the most insolent barbarity, at others a delicate forbearance. Louis conversed with his inspectors on every occasion, and in the most familiar manner, on the subject of their different trades, and frequently surprised them by the extent and accuracy of his practical information. "Are you not afraid," said he to a mason, Mizareau, "that these pillars will give way?" "They are more solid than the throne of kings," was the reply of the hard-hearted Republican.

By degrees, however, the precautions of the Municipality became more vexatious. Their officers never for an instant lost sight of the royal family; and when they retired to rest, a bed was placed at the door of each room, where the guards slept. Santerre, with his brutal staff, every day made them a visit; and a constant council of civic authorities was held in the lower apartments of the prison. Writing materials were first taken away; soon after, the knives, scissors, needles, and bodkins of the princesses were seized, after a most rigorous search: a cruel deprivation, as it not only prevented them from relieving the tedious hours by needle-work, but rendered it impossible for them any longer to mend their garments.

But, before long, the magistrates of Paris envied the royal captives the simple consolation which they derived from sharing their misfortunes together. By a resolution of the Municipality, therefore, it was determined that the King and the Dauphin should be separated from the Queen and the Princesses. This decree, as unnecessary as it was barbarous, rent the hearts of the whole family: their grief was so poignant, that it even melted the hearts of the commissioners of the magistracy, who left the room that they might escape its influence. Shortly after their sorrow received some relief, by being permitted to dine together; their joy at meeting was so excessive that even their stern jailors were moved to tears.

On the day on which it had been determined that Louis should appear at the bar of the Convention, he was engaged teaching the Dauphin his lesson, when the commissioners entered, and informed the King that they were ordered to take the young Prince to his mother. He tenderly embraced his son, and was profoundly afflicted at the separation. At one, the Mayor of Paris, Chambon, entered, and read the decree, by which it was ordained that Louis Capet should appear at the bar of the Assembly. "Capet is not my name," he replied, "but that of one of my ancestors. I could have wished, gentlemen, that you had left my son with me during the last two hours; but that deprivation is a part of the treatment which I have experienced ever since my confinement. I am ready to follow you, not because I recognize the authority of the Convention, but because they have the power to compel me."

The crowd was immense as the King passed through the streets: amidst a thousand revolutionary cries, some countenances indicated the most profound grief. His own appearance differed in no respect from what it had been when he passed, in the days of his prosperity, from one palace to another. Six hundred infantry, and a

large body of cavalry, with three pieces of loaded cannon, preceded and followed the carriage.

The Assembly, warned of the approach of the King, earnestly recommended tranquillity when he entered, "In order," said Barere, "that the guilty Sovereign may be awed by the stillness of the tomb. Remember the terrible silence which attended his appearance from Varennes,—silence prophetic of the judgment of kings by nations." Louis appeared: the President, Barere, immediately said, with a faltering voice;—"Louis, the French nation accuses you: you are about to hear the charges that are to be preferred: Louis, be seated." The King sat down with an intrepid air: no signs of emotion appeared in his countenance. The dignity and mildness of his presence was such, that the Girondists were melted to tears; and the fanaticism of St. Just, Robespierre, and Marat, for a moment, yielded to the feelings of humanity.

To every question of the President, he replied with clearness and precision; and when charged with shedding the blood of the people on the 10th of August, he exclaimed with a loud voice: "No, Sir, it was not I that did it."

The Jacobins beheld, with dismay, the profound impression made on the Convention by the simple statement of truth; by the firm, but temperate demeanour of the Sovereign. The most violent of the party proposed that he should be hung that very night: a laugh of demons followed the proposal from the benches of the Mountain. But the majority, composed of the Girondists and the neutrals, decided that he should be formally tried, and defended by counsel.

When Louis returned to the Temple, the cruel resolution of the Commune was communicated to him, that he was no longer to be permitted to see his family. "My son, at least," he exclaimed, with the most heart-rending accent: "am I never again to see my son? what needless cruelty to deprive me of that sweet infant!" At half-past eight, the hour when the Dauphin usually went to bed, he earnestly entreated that he might see him for a moment, to give him his blessing; but even this favour was refused by the relentless Municipality. For some time after he was in the deepest distress; but he soon recovered his composure; read, for two hours, a work on religion, and never again lost his serenity of mind.

On the 26th December [1792] the King was conducted again to the Assembly. He was taken in the carriage of the mayor, with the same military force as before. He evinced as great coolness as on the former occasion; spoke of Seneca, Livy, and the public hospitals; and addressed himself in a delicate vein of pleasantry to one of the Municipality, who sat in the carriage with his hat on. When waiting in the ante-chamber, Malesherbes, in conversing with the King, made use of the words, "Sire, your Majesty." Treillard, a furious Jacobin, interrupted him, exclaiming—"What has rendered you so bold, as to pronounce these words which the Convention has proscribed?" "Contempt of life," replied the intrepid old man.

When they were admitted into the Assembly, Louis seated himself between his counsel; surveyed, with a benignant eye, the crowded benches of his adversaries, and was even observed sometimes to smile as he conversed with M. Malesherbes. In the speech which followed, M. Deszeze ably argued the inviolability of the sovereign, and proved that, if it was destroyed, the weaker party in the Convention had no security against the stronger; a prophetic truth which the Girondists soon experienced at the hands of their implacable enemies. He examined the whole life of the King, and showed that, in every instance, he had been actuated by the sincerest love of his people. His conclusion was in these words:—"Louis mounted the throne at the age of twenty; and even then, he set the example of an irreproachable life: he was governed by no weak or corrupted passion: he was economical, just, and severe. He proved himself, from the beginning, the friend of his country. The people desired the removal of a destructive tax; he removed it; they wished the abolition of servitude; he abolished it in his domains: they prayed for a reform in the criminal law; he reformed it: they demanded that thousands of Frenchmen, whom the rigour of our usages had excluded from political rights, should enjoy them; he conceded them: they longed for liberty; he gave it. He even anticipated their wishes; and yet it is the same people who now demand his punishment. I add no more: I pause before the tribunal of History: remember that it will judge your decision, and that its voice will be the voice of ages."

When the defence was concluded, the King rose, and spoke as follows:—"You have heard my defence; I will not recapitulate it: when addressing you, probably for the last time, I declare that my conscience has nothing to reproach itself with, and that my defenders have said nothing but the truth. I have no fears for the public examination of my conduct; but my heart bleeds at the accusation brought against me of having been the cause of the misfortunes of my people, and, most of all, of having shed their blood on the 10th of August. The multiplied proofs I have given in every period of my reign, of my love for my people, and the manner in which I have conducted myself towards them, might, I had hoped, have saved me from so cruel an imputation." Having said these words, he withdrew with his defenders. He embraced M. Deszeze, and exclaimed in a transport of gratitude, "This is true eloquence; I am now at ease; I shall have an honoured memory; the French will regret my death."

The unanimous vote of the Convention upon the guilt of Louis, is one of the most instructive facts in the history of the Revolution. That among seven hundred men, great difference of opinion must have existed on the subject, is quite certain, and is abundantly proved by the division which followed, and the narrow majority by which his death was ultimately voted. Yet even the friends of Louis were compelled to concur in their efforts for his salvation by voting him guilty. The real grounds of his vindication, those on which the opinion of posterity will be founded, were, by common consent, abandoned. Upon a point on which history has unanimously decided one way, the Convention unanimously decided another.

This result could hardly have taken place in an ordinary court of justice, composed of a few individuals, whose situation was permanent, whose responsibility was fixed, whose duties were restricted to the considerations of evidence. It was the combination of political considerations which proved fatal to Louis: terror at a relapse into the ancient bondage to the throne; dread of the Revolutionary axe, already suspended over the country. Such is the general effect of blending the legislative and the judicial functions; of intrusting the life of a man to a popular assembly, in which numbers diminish the sense of responsibility, without increasing the power of thought; and the contagion of a multitude adds to the force of passion, without diminishing the influence of fear.

But this is not all. This extraordinary vote is a signal proof of the effects of democratic institutions, and of the utter impossibility of free discussion existing, or public justice being done, in a country in which the whole weight is thrown into the popular scale. It is well known that in America, the press, when united, is omnipotent, and can, at any time, drive the most inno-

cent man into exile; that the judgments of the courts of law are often notoriously unjust on any popular question, from the absence of any counterpoise to the power of the people. The same truth was experienced, in the most cruel manner, on the trial of Louis. That his defenders in the Assembly were men of the greatest talents, is evident from their speeches; that they were possessed of the noblest courage, was afterwards proved by their deaths. Yet these intrepid men were obliged, for his sake, to commence the struggle by voting him guilty.—To have done otherwise, would have been to have delivered him unsupported into the hands of his enemies; to have totally destroyed their influence with the people; to have ruined themselves, without saving him. So true is it, that the extreme of democracy is as fatal to freedom as unmitigated despotism; that truth is as seldom heard in the assemblies of the multitude as in the halls of princes; and that, without a due equipoise between the conflicting ranks of society, the balance may be cast as far the one way as the other, and the axe of the populace be as subversive of justice as the bowstring of the Sultan.

The question remained, what punishment should be inflicted on the accused? The vote lasted forty hours. During its continuance, Paris was in the last degree of agitation; the club of the Jacobins re-echoed with cries for his death; the avenues of the Convention were choked with a furious multitude, menacing alike his supporters and the neutral party. As its termination drew near, the tumult increased; the most breathless anxiety pervaded the Assembly; and, at length, the President, Vergniaud, announced the result in these words:—"Citizens, I announce the result of the vote: when justice has spoken, humanity should resume its place: there are 721 votes; a majority of twenty-six have voted for death. In the name of the Convention, I declare that the punishment of Louis Capet is DEATH."

Louis was fully prepared for his fate. During the calling of the vote, he asked M. Malesherbes, "Have you not met, near the Temple, the White Lady?"—"What do you mean?" replied he. "Do you not know," resumed the King, with a smile, "that when a prince of our house is about to die, a female, dressed in white, is seen wandering round the palace? My friends," added he to his defenders, "I am about to depart before you for the land of the just; we shall there be re-united; and even this world will bless your virtues." His only apprehension was for his family: "I shudder to think in what a situation I leave my children; it is by prayer alone that I can prepare my mind for my last interview with them," was the only desponding expression which escaped him during the period of his captivity.

When M. de Malesherbes came to the prison to announce the result of the vote, he found Louis alone, with his forehead resting on his hands, and absorbed in a deep reverie. Without enquiring concerning his fate, or even looking at his friend, he said, "For two hours, I have been revolving in my memory whether, during my whole reign, I have voluntarily given any cause of complaint to my subjects; with perfect sincerity I can declare, when about to appear before the throne of God, that I deserve no reproach at their hands, and that I never formed a wish but for their happiness." The old man encouraged a hope that the sentence might be revoked; he shook his head, and only entreated his friend not to leave him in his last moments. But he was denied this consolation, by the cruelty of the Municipality; Malesherbes repeatedly applied at the gate, but never again obtained admittance.

The King then desired Clergy to bring him the volume of the Bible, which contained the death of Christ; I; he read it sedulously for the few days which intervened before his execution. During the five preceding months, he had perused two hundred and fifty volumes.

At length, on the 20th January, Santerre appeared, with a deputation from the Municipality, and read the sentence of death. The King received it with unshaken firmness, and demanded a respite of three days to prepare for heaven; to be allowed an interview with his family, and to obtain the consolation of a confessor. The two last demands alone were conceded by the Convention, and the execution was fixed for the following morning, at ten o'clock. He then resumed his tranquil air, and dined as usual. The officers who guarded him had removed the knives. "Did they suppose me," said he "base enough to kill myself? I am innocent, and can die without apprehension."

The last interview with his family presented the most heart-rending scene. "At half-past eight," says Clergy, "the door of his apartment opened, and the Queen appeared, leading by the hand the Princess Royal, and the Princess Elizabeth; they all rushed into the arms of the King. A profound silence ensued for some minutes, broken only by the sobs of the afflicted family. The King sat down, the Queen on his left, the Princess Royal on his right, Madame Elizabeth in front, and the young Dauphin between his knees. This terrible scene lasted nearly two hours; the tears and lamentations of the royal family frequently interrupting the words of the King, sufficiently evinced that he himself communicated the intelligence of his condemnation. At length, at a quarter-past ten, Louis rose; the royal parents gave each of them their blessing to the Dauphin; while the Princess still held the King embraced round the waist: as he approached the door, they uttered the most piercing shrieks; 'I assure you, I will see you again in the morning,' said he 'at eight o'clock.' 'Why not at seven?' exclaimed they all at once. 'Well then, at seven,' answered the King. 'Adieu, Adieu!' He pronounced these words with so mournful an accent, that the lamentations redoubled; and the Princess Royal fainted at his feet. At length, wishing to put an end to so trying a scene, the King embraced them all in the tenderest manner, and tore himself from their arms."

The remainder of the evening was spent with the confessor, the Abbé Edgeworth, who, with heroic devotion, discharged the perilous duty of attending the last moments of his Sovereign. At twelve he went to bed, and slept peacefully till five. He then gave his last instructions to Clergy, and put into his hands the little property which he had at his disposal, a ring, a seal, and a lock of hair. "Give this ring to the Queen," said he, "and tell her with what regret I leave her; give her also the locket containing the hair of my children; give this seal to the Dauphin; and tell them all what I suffer at dying without receiving their last embraces; but I wish to spare them the pain of so cruel a separation." He asked for scissors to cut off his hair with his own hands, to avoid that humiliating operation from the hands of the executioners, but the officers refused his request. He then received the sacrament from his confessor, at a little altar prepared by Clergy, in his chamber, and heard the last service for the dying at a time when the rolling of the drums, and the agitation in the streets, announced the preparations for his execution.

At nine o'clock, Santerre presented himself in the Temple. "You come to seek me," said the King; "allow me a minute." He went into his closet, and immediately came out with his Testament in his hand. "I pray you," said he, "to give this packet to the Queen, my wife." "That is no concern of mine," replied the worthy representative of the Municipality; "I am here only to conduct you to the scaffold." The King then asked another member of the Commune to take charge of the document, and said to Santerre, "let

us set off." The Municipality next day published the Testament, "as a proof of the fanaticism and crimes of the King;" without intending it, they thereby raised the noblest monument to his memory.

In passing through the court of the Temple, Louis cast a last look to the Tower, which contained all that was dear to him in the world; and immediately summoning up his courage, seated himself calmly in the carriage beside his confessor, with two gendarmes in the opposite side. During the passage to the place of execution, which occupied two hours, he never ceased reciting the Psalms which were pointed out by the venerable priest. Even the soldiers were astonished at his composure. The streets were filled with an immense crowd, who beheld in silent dismay the mournful procession: a large body of troops surrounded the carriage; a double file of soldiers and national guards, and a formidable array of cannon, rendered hopeless any attempt at rescue. When the procession arrived at the place of execution, between the gardens of the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées, he descended from the carriage and undressed himself, without the aid of the executioners, but testified a momentary look of indignation when they began to bind his hands. M. Edgeworth exclaimed, with almost inspired felicity, "Submit to that outrage as the last resemblance to the Saviour, who is about to recompense your sufferings." At these words he resigned himself, and walked to the foot of the scaffold. He there received the sublime benediction from his confessor, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven!" No sooner had he mounted, than, advancing with a firm step to the front of the scaffold, with one look he imposed silence on twenty drummers, placed there to prevent his being heard, and said with a loud voice, "I die innocent of all the crimes laid to my charge; I pardon the authors of my death, and pray God that my blood may never fall upon France. And you, unhappy people!"—At these words Santerre ordered the drums to beat; the executioners seized the King, and the descending axe terminated his existence. One of the assistants seized the head, and waved it in the air; the blood fell on the confessor, who was still on his knees beside the lifeless body of his sovereign.

## The Garner.

## HYPOCRISY THE CAUSE OF ATHEISM.

The wound that religion receives from hypocrites is far more dangerous and incurable than that which the open and scandalous sinner inflicts upon it. For religion is never brought into question by the enormous vices of an infamous person: all see, and all abhor his lewdness. But when a man shall have his mouth full of piety, and hands full of wickedness, when he shall speak scripture and live devilism, profess strictly and walk loosely: this lays a grievous stumbling-block in the way of others, and tempts them to think that all religion is but mockery, and that the professors of it are but hypocrites, and so imbitters their hearts against it, as a solemn cheat put upon the credulous world. Certainly such men are the causes of all that contempt which is cast upon the ways and ordinances of God; and their secret profaneness hath given occasion to the gross and open profaneness that now abounds in the world; and the hypocrisy of former years (the period of the commonwealth) hath too fatally introduced the atheism of these. [Charles II.'s reign.]—Bishop Hopkins.

## SIN ALWAYS MISERABLE.

While men continue in their wickedness, they do but vainly dream of a device to tie the hands of an Almighty vengeance from seizing on them. No—their own sins, like so many armed men, would first or last set upon them, and rend them with inward torment. There needs no angry cherub, with a flaming sword drawn out every way, to keep their unhalloved hands off from the tree of life: no, their own prodigious sins, like so many arrows in their sides, would chase them; their own hellish natures would sink them low enough into eternal death, and chain them up fast enough in fetters of darkness among the filthy fiends of hell. Sin will always be miserable; and the sinner, at last, when the empty bladder of all those hopes and expectations of an airy mundane happiness, that did here bear him up in this life, shall be cut, will find it like a talent of lead, weighing him down into the bottomless gulf of misery. If all were clear towards heaven, we should find sin raising up storms in our own souls. We cannot carry fire in our own bosoms, and yet not be burnt. Though we could suppose the greatest serenity without us, if we could suppose ourselves never so much to be at peace with heaven, and all divine displeasure laid asleep, yet would our own sins, if they continue unmortified, first or last make an Aëna or Vesuvius within us.—Nay those sublimities of eternal truth, that by us are detained in unrighteousness, would at last in those hellish vaults of vice and darkness that are within us, kindle into an unquenchable fire. It would be of small benefit to us, that Christ hath triumphed over the principalities and powers of darkness without us, while hell and death, strongly immured in a fort of our own sins and corruptions, should tyrannize within us; that His blood should speak peace in heaven; if, in the mean while, our own lusts were perpetually warring and fighting in and against our own souls; that He hath taken off our guilt, and cancelled that hand-writing that was against us, which bound us over to eternal condemnation, if for all this we continue fast sealed up in the hellish dungeon of our own filthy lusts.—Rev. John Smith. [Died 1652.]

## FORGIVENESS OF SINS PECULIAR TO THE GOSPEL.

This is the great prerogative of the Gospel, above all other religious institutions in the world. They all pronounce the condemnation of sin; but the forgiveness of sin is a peculiar of Christianity. All that the wit and philosophy of man could do, was but to prescribe virtues, which they could not practise; and to condemn vices, which they could not prevent; and to proceed by the rigid rules of justice. But mercy, which is God's prerogative, was not at their disposal: the power of dispensation was not in their hands, and the method of it never entered into their heads.—Bishop Hickman.

## COINCIDENCE BETWEEN THE WORD AND WORKS OF GOD.

And here again I would remark a further coincidence between the word and the works of God. In the latter, a minute and close inspection alone can exhibit the triumph of nature over art. If you put a needle of the most highly tempered steel to the ordeal of a microscope, all its smoothness and lustre vanish, and it appears a blunt and rugged bar of iron. On the other hand, if you submit the pickaxe of a thorn, or the sting of a bee, to a like experiment, it exhibits an exquisiteness of polish, and an acuteness of point, far beyond what the naked eye could see. And thus it is with the Scriptures, as compared with the least imperfect of mere human imperfections. Admirable as the latter may be, yet to a certain degree the originating mind is on a level with our own, so that no depth can lie far beneath the surface. If, consequently, we dwell too much upon it, and return too often to it, it will cease to interest us; and will lose its charm. Not so the word of God. Unlike the fading flowers of earth, the more we press it, the more refreshing and abundant will be the fragrance that it yields. The more we meditate upon it day and night, the more we shall be convinced that it is the product of a Divine Intelligence, and partakes of the nature and infinitude of its author.—Rev. H. Woodward.

## A DIRECTION FOR PRAYER.

Let no man in his prayers peremptorily importune God for any particular enjoyment or state of life; that is, let him not pray and prescribe to God in the same petition. God alone knows what will help, and what will hurt us. He only can discern the various windings, the peculiar bent and constitution of the heart, and how this or that thing would affect or work upon it, and how far such or such a condition would agree or disagree with it. He knows

the proper suitableness and unsuitableness of every state of life, and each mind and temper, which it is hardly possible for the almighty and deepest heads to have a perfect knowledge of. For such we often pray for they know not what, even for their own baneful ruin, and with equal impotency and ignorance solicit their destruction. They think they ask for bread, but it proves stone; and for a fish, but they find and feel it to be a serpent; and therefore it is oftentimes in mere love to their persons that God answers not their prayers. In a word, the wisest man living is not wise enough to choose for himself, and therefore we have cause enough to fly to an infinite wisdom to direct our requests, as well as an infinite goodness to supply our wants.—South.

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Patent Semi-Grand, 6 octaves, do. do. do. 90	95	110
Patent Grand, 6 octaves, do. do. do. 70	75	85
Cabinet, 6 octaves, metallic plate and open frame, do. do. do. 44	48	55
Patent Grand Square Piano-Fortes, 6 octaves, do. do. do. 44	48	55

Warranted. Polished. Long. 38 40 42 44 46 48 50 52 54 56 58 60 62 64 66 68 70 72 74 76 78 80 82 84 86 88 90 92 94 96 98 100 102 104 106 108 110 112 114 116 118 120 122 124 126 128 130 132 134 136 138 140 142 144 146 148 150 152 154 156 158 160 162 164 166 168 170 172 174 176 178 180 182 184 186 188 190 192 194 196 198 200 202 204 206 208 210 212 214 216 218 220 222 224 226 228 230 232 234 236 238 240 242 244 246 248 250 252 254 256 258 260 262 264 266 268 270 272 274 276 278 280 282 284 286 288 290 292 294 296 298 300 302 304 306 308 310 312 314 316 318 320 322 324 326 328 330 332 334 336 338 340 342 344 346 348 350 352 354 356 358 360 362 364 366 368 370 372 374 376 378 380 382 384 386 388 390 392 394 396 398 400 402 404 406 408 410 412 414 416 418 420 422 424 426 428 430 432 434 436 438 440 442 444 446 448 450 452 454 456 458 460 462 464 466 468 470 472 474 476 478 480 482 484 486 488 490 492 494 496 498 500 502 504 506 508 510 512 514 516 518 520 522 524 526 528 530 532 534 536 538 540 542 544 546 548 550 552 554 556 558 560 562 564 566 568 570 572 574 576 578 580 582 584 586 588 590 592 594 596 598 600 602 604 606 608 610 612 614 616 618 620 622 624 626 628 630 632 634 636 638 640 642 644 646 648 650 652 654 656 658 660 662 664 666 668 670 672 674 676 678 680 682 684 686 688 690 692 694 696 698 700 702 704 706 708 710 712 714 716 718 720 722 724 726 728 730 732 734 736 738 740 742 744 746 748 750 752 754 756 758 760 762 764 766 768 770 772 774 776 778 780 782 784 786 788 790 792 794 796 798 800 802 804 806 808 810 812 814 816 818 820 822 824 826 828 830 832 834 836 838 840 842 844 846 848 850 852 854 856 858 860 862 864 866 868 870 872 874 876 878 880 882 884 886 888 890 892 894 896 898 900 902 904 906 908 910 912 914 916 918 920 922 924 926 928 930 932 934 936 938 940 942 944 946 948 950 952 954 956 958 960 962 964 966 968 970 972 974 976 978 980 982 984 986 988 990 992 994 996 998 1000 1002 1004 1006 1008 1010 1012 1014 1016 1018 1020 1022 1024 1026 1028 1030 1032 1034 1036 1038 1040 1042 1044 1046 1048 1050 1052 1054 1056 1058 1060 1062 1064 1066 1068 1070 1072 1074 1076 1078 1080 1082 1084 1086 1088 1090 1092 1094 1096 1098 1100 1102 1104 1106 1108 1110 1112 1114 1116 1118 1120 1122 1124 1126 1128 1130 1132 1134 1136 1138 1140 1142 1144 1146 1148 1150 1152 1154 1156 1158 1160 1162 1164 1166 1168 1170 1172 1174 1176 1178 1180 1182 1184 1186 1188 1190 1192 1194 1196 1198 1200 1202 1204 1206 1208 1210 1212 1214 1216 1218 1220 1222 1224 1226 1228 1230 1232 1234 1236 1238 1240 1242 1244 1246 1248 1250 1252 1254 1256 1258 1260 1262 1264 1266 1268 1270 1272 1274 1276 1278 1280 1282 1284 1286 1288 1290 1292 1294 1296 1298 1300 1302 1304 1306 1308 1310 1312 1314 1316 1318 1320 1322 1324 1326 1328 1330 1332 1334 1336 1338 1340 1342 1344 1346 1348 1350 1352 1354 1356 1358 1360 1362 1364 1366 1368 1370 1372 1374 1376 1378 1380 1382 1384 1386 1388 1390 1392 1394 1396 1398 1400 1402 1404 1406 1408 1410 1412 1414 1416 1418 1420 1422 1424 1426 1428 1430 1432 1434 1436 1438 1440 1442 1444 1446 1448 1450 1452 1454 1456 1458 1460 1462 1464 1466 1468 1470 1472 1474 1476 1478 1480 1482