

News OF THE Week.

AND STRAIT OF CANSO SHIPPING GAZETTE.

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Sample No.

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THE VIRGINIA AFFAIR.

Military and Naval preparations of the UNITED STATES.

(From the N. Y. Herald.)

Not since the memorable times of 1862 has the Brooklyn Navy Yard presented such an appearance of bustle, business and belligerency. The sound of the hammer rings all over with an ominous thud; rivets, bolts, bars and barnacles are being disposed of with that cheery alacrity which betokens business of grave import. In strange and startling contrast to the dullness which prevailed a day or two since — workmen, by the way, were being discharged by the score — is the animated turn affairs have taken, and instead of the luxurious lounging which not infrequently marks the favorite pastime of officers, comes the quick martial step of duty. In a word, the Navy Yard is astir, full of life and vigor; for the orders, usually sent by mail, are hurried over the wires to be executed with promptness and despatch. There is no doubt that the recent revelations in reference to the Virginia affair have created a profound sensation. Altogether, apart from the question of sympathy with the Cuban insurgents, a strong impression prevails that the American flag has been dishonored. It would seem, indeed, that the rebellion in Cuba has little or nothing to do with the present controversy. Naval officers at the yard yesterday, discussing in groups the present state of affairs, entirely overlooked the hostilities at present existing between Spain and her Cuban subjects, claiming that, while they were indifferent as to the result of the rebellion, there could be but one opinion in respect to the recent outrage at Santiago. That a substantial front should be presented in view of the present situation was conceded by all. And now that the services of the navy were about to be called into active requisition many an officer began to realize the importance which other nations attached to their naval forces, and inwardly lamented the policy of some block-headed congressmen who, with characteristic ignorance and impudence, have frequently asserted that no navy was required at all. It is only in a crisis like the present that the community at large can appreciate the advantage of having a navy competent to represent the country in any part of the globe. Just now it is a scramble to get a few vessels ready, while there ought to be a magnificent fleet at the very back of the Navy Department. So it is, however; nothing is being spared to push forward the preparations. It is understood that a formal demand will be made upon the Spanish authorities at Santiago, the result of which time alone can tell. Meanwhile orders have been issued from the Navy Department to fit out, without delay, the following vessels of war: Franklin, frigate, 39 guns, 3,173 tons, new measurement; Colorado, 45 guns, 3,032 tons; Minnesota, 45 guns, 3,032 tons; Tennessee, 23 guns, 2,145 tons; Brooklyn (Boston), 20 guns, 2,000 tons;

Worcester, 15 guns, 2,000 tons; Monongahela, 11 guns, 960 tons; Juniata, 8 guns, 820 tons; Swatara, 8 guns, 1,000 tons; Kansas, 3 guns, 410 tons; Ossipee, 8 guns, 820 tons; the Manhattan (iron-clad), Philadelphia. The Ossipee has already left for Key West, and the Kansas sails this morning. The Powhatan sailed for Philadelphia to convoy the Manhattan for the scene of action. She will also take in tow the iron-clad Mehopac. The port to which they will proceed is not known, as the Powhatan sailed under secret orders. The Chief of the Bureau of Construction was at the Navy Yard yesterday, and left last night for Washington with a full report to the Secretary of the Navy in regard to the condition of the vessels at the yard.

INSURANCE ON AMERICAN FISHERMEN.

(Cape Ann Advertiser.)

By vote of the Gloucester Mutual Fishing Insurance Company, at their annual meeting held on Thursday evening, no vessels will be insured to sail on any fishing voyage from this port, prior to the 15th of March next. This vote may be construed as a direct expression of opinion of a majority of the fishing owners, in regard to the great risks attending the Bank and Georges fishing, previous to the date above mentioned. It may also be construed, that on account of the dullness of business, in which the fish trade comes in with other branches, there is quite a large portion of this stock remaining over until the spring, it might not prove a wise stroke of policy to encourage some of the fleet to go away, as is their custom, in February. The more venturesome owners, as well as fishermen, will, in our opinion, find it extremely difficult to resist the temptation to make early trips, more especially, as it oftentimes the case, the fish are on the banks, and the prospect of a good catch most provokingly certain. Then again, the fewer number of vessels, especially on Georges, at that season, the less danger, as colliding with each other is one of the most fruitful sources of disaster accompanying the business, and one most dreaded by the fishermen. The decision of the Gloucester Fishing Insurance Company will not effect the shore winter fishing at all, and the prospect is now that a larger fleet than ever will engage in this comparatively safe branch. They can effect insurance elsewhere. May good luck and good prices attend their efforts.

RUSSIA'S ANNEXATION.

The Morning Post (Oct. 17) says: — A short telegram from St. Petersburg has told us of the consummation of a great design. The right bank of the Oxus and the delta of that river have been, by order of the Czar, incorporated with Russia. This means, in other words, that Khiva has passed into Russian hands for ever. At last then, Russia has accomplished the Khivan section of her great design in Central Asia. To all intents and purposes Khiva is hers. The Oxus is life and subsistence, and locomotion to Khiva; and Russia has laid hold of its mouth and right bank. The whole thing has been done alike quietly and completely. Russia now holds in her hands an additional line of communication towards India. It will now be her game to have as little said as possible about her doings in Khiva. So far as she is concerned, the Khivan question will be allowed to drop. She has the work of improving the river, building additional steamers on the Aral, and consolidating her conquests before she can proceed to make Khiva and the Oxus the stepping-stones to Persia and Balkh. It will now suit Russia to have England and the world calmly regard the matter as a *fait accompli*, to lull up all differences in the approaching royal marriage festivities to launch by-and-bye the great loan which various untoward things have retarded, and so to make good her new position in Central Asia as a check, a standing menace, a diversion, or a means of attack, as circumstances may dictate. It is to be hoped that our rulers will thoroughly grasp the significance of that which has just been so quietly announced.

The numbers of killed and injured by railroad accidents in the United Kingdom, in 1872, were, of the former, 1,145, latter, 3,038.

THE OPPOSITION TO THE RESTORATION.

(Revue des Debats—Paris.)

We do not seek (writes M. John Lemoine) to conceal the regret which we feel at the resolution adopted by the Left Centre, that is to say, by that portion of the Chamber in which we had heretofore counted most friends. To regrets which are personal to us are added sad apprehensions as to the consequences of a resolution which does not appear to have been sufficiently ripened by discussion. The majority which has now been gained for the restoration of the Monarchy will thereby necessarily be weakened and will present itself before the country with less authority; on the other hand, any adjournment of a solution would lead us to an inextricable difficulty, for if there was not a majority vote for the Monarchy, still less would there be one vote for the Republic. Now, as it is admitted that the prolongation of the provisional state of things is impossible, we ask with profound disquietude what will be the solution of this dangerous dilemma. The members of the Left Centre who have again declared that for them "the Conservative Republic is the surest guarantee of order as well as of liberty," have, we fear, committed an anachronism. They appear to have forgotten what has taken place during the last eight months. The Conservative Republic may have all possible qualities, and we certainly shall not dispute its possession of them. But it has, as in a celebrated proverb, the grave inconvenience of being dead, and that inconvenience outweighs all its good qualities. They forget that it has already been tried, that it has been honestly tested, that the Liberal Conservatives have used their most sincere efforts to found it, and that it has been crushed between two doors, on the one side by the Radicals and on the other by the Royalists. It served, so to speak, as a buffer between the extreme parties; but it has been crushed, and now the two contrary forces find themselves free to face, without anything intervening. This is what the partisans of the Utopia of the Conservative Republic appear to us to have forgotten, that the experiment has been made and has failed. We do not require to be told that the members of the Left Centre—and we may say this of every man of them—are not Radicals, but they are fated to be the prey of their new allies. They would require to be very innocent in order to accept as serious the advances made to them by the Radical party, and the promises with which it overwhelms them. The inventors of the new social strata have recently undertaken the rehabilitation of the bourgeois; great and small, they are carried and displayed, in the midst of a flourish of trumpets, on the popular shield, until the moment when the hands which bear them up shall allow them to fall to the ground. We should then see what would become of the fragments of the Conservative Republic.

If the maintenance of this Republic was impossible when the Monarchical parties were divided, *a fortiori*, would it be impossible now that they are united. In reality, many partisans of the Monarchy, not seeing any possibility of realizing their opinions, lent their support to a provisional state of things which represented public order. But now that the restoration of the Monarchy is offered to them, they necessarily accept it with eagerness. The partisans of the Conservative Republic will therefore

find themselves henceforth gone in the hands of the Radical Republic, which is the only logical one; and our hope is that those who are not yet irrevocably bound to that course will reflect further before entering upon it.

CLOSE OF THE DEFENCE IN THE TICHBORNE TRIAL.

(London Times.)

The case for the defence in the Tichborne trial is concluded. If the public will read the announcement with a sigh of relief, what must have been the feelings of the three judges and the twelve jurymen, on whom Dr. Kenedy's announcement came yesterday as one more "surprise"! Whether it is to be the last or not we cannot yet be sure, for a little more evidence is still to come.

A judge has never before had so portentous a task, but there certainly has never been a judge more capable of discharging it than the present Lord Chief Justice. He will probably be more concise than the defendant's counsel; but he will have to discuss the bearings of about a hundred days' evidence, and it will be beyond even his power to compress such a mass of matter within any ordinary length. At a trial at bar, moreover, each of the judges, we believe, has a right to sum up separately; but it may be hoped this will not be found necessary, at least at full length. These things, however, are all calculable, and when once we have reached Mr. Hawkin's reply, the jury may at least hope to be free from their burden before Christmas.

Apart from the particular circumstances of the case, which it would be improper at this stage to discuss, the fact that there would be any evidence at all to go before the jury is the most extraordinary part of the whole affair. The prosecution were able to call about a hundred and fifty witnesses of whom a hundred swore that the defendant, is not Roger Tichborne, and about forty swore that he is Arthur Orton. Under both heads of evidence many of the witnesses were near relations of the two persons in question, and they deposed to having a perfect conviction of the defendant's identity or non-identity. It is less than years since Roger was lost, and it would have seemed impossible that such a mass of personal recollection could be rebutted. Yet the defendant's counsel has been able to occupy more than two months in adducing evidence, much of it not less positive in denial of the whole case for the prosecution. There are undoubtedly very many persons who, having known Roger, believe the defendant to be he, and others who, having known Orton, do not believe him to be the defendant. It will be for the jury to estimate the relative value of the two sets of witnesses; we are only noting the surprising fact. That there should be some uncertainty among friends at the first appearance of a person claiming to be a long-lost relation is intelligible; but it is certainly something new in history that there should be any doubt about the claim after six years' enquiries, and after one long trial. There is one circumstance moreover, which distinguishes the present from all previous instances of alleged personation. The most notable cases recorded have occurred at times and in countries in which the difficulty of travelling rendered it impossible to investigate all the allegations of a "pretender." A hundred years ago, if a man came home to his native place after a long absence, alleging that he had been across the sea, whether in war or on pleasure, his neighbours had to make up their minds from what they remembered of him, and nothing but chance could afford them an opportunity of testing his statements. But in this instance all the world is within reach of both sides to the dispute. Commissions have been sent to South America and Australia, and, as a mere incident in the course of the trial, Dr. Kenedy having announced that he would call the captain of the Osprey, the Crown at once sends across the Atlantic to fetch the captain, the mate, and the log from New Bedford; while after all, the vessel proves to have sailed, not from New Bedford, but from New York. In fact, public funds alone could have supported such an investigation, and yet, in spite of it all, there remains, as we have said, a case to go to the jury. Whether the defendant be or not be Roger Tichborne, he has certainly added a very strange chapter to the history of human credulity and incredulity.

A GARDNER'S wife made a pincheson out of a Spanish onion, but she found it brought the tears into her needles' eyes.

MARKET PRICES.

PORT HASTINGS
—AND—
PORT HAWKESBURY.

MEAT.	
Beef, small pieces, @ lb.	\$3.05 @ 0.98
Beef, by the quarter	0.94 .. 0.06
Mutton	0.94 .. 0.96
Pork, fresh	0.95 .. 0.98
Pork, salt	12.00 .. 20.00
POULTRY.	
Fowls, each	15 to 20, cts.
Geese	25, .. 40 ..
Turkeys	80, .. 100 ..
Partridges, per pair	25 ..
BREADSTUFFS.	
Flour, @ Bbl.	\$7.00 to 9.50.
Corn-meal, ..	4.50 .. 4.75.
Oat-meal, .. 100 lbs.	2.00 .. 3.50.
FISH.	
Colfish, per Cbl.	3.00 to 5.00.
Herring, .. Bbl.	3.00 .. 5.00.
Mackerel, ..	8.00 .. 12.00.
BARRIS.	
Plank, per 100 feet	\$1.50 to 2.00.
Scantling, ..	1.00 .. 1.20.
Hemlock, ..	0.90 .. 1.20.
Shingles, .. M	1.50 .. 2.50.
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Apples, @ Bbl.	\$1.00 to 6.00.
Butter, fresh, per lb.	0.25.
Butter, by the tub per lb.	0.20 to 0.22.
Cheese, per lb.	0.15 .. 0.17.
Lard, ..	0.14 .. 0.17.
Tallow, ..	0.08 .. 0.10.
Hide, ..	0.90 ..
Oats, .. Bush.	1.35 to 1.45.
Potatoes, ..	30, .. 35.

His Lordship the Bishop of Archa has addressed a circular letter to the clergy and laity of his Diocese, in which he strongly urges his beloved people to contribute by alms and prayers to the redemption of the faith; and also to join on them to take the total pledge for the next five months. Our reverend Bishop's zeal in the cause of temperance is well and widely known; and we have no doubt that his appeal will be responded to with that devotedness and obedience which are characteristic of his spiritual children.

THE SNORE.

Oh, the snore, the beautiful snore,
Filling her chamber from ceiling to floor
Over the coverlet, under the sheet,
From her dimpled chin to her rosy feet!
Now rising aloft like a bugle tone,
Now sinking to the wall of a creaking door;
Now, flute-like, subsiding, then rising again
Is the beautiful snore of Elizabeth Jane.

How The Professor Was Punished.

I feel very comfortable; my mind is at ease, and my conscience at rest, for I have just forgiven my worst enemies, I had hated them for many years, and always felt that it was very wrong to entertain such a feeling; but my utmost efforts could only produce a hypocritical appearance of cordiality. The devotees of High Art in Music were my foes. They never injured me, I grant—I wished they had; it is comparatively easy to forgive people who injure you or hate you. When they simply despise you, and do not care twopence whether you like or dislike them, it is not so light a task. Now that is all over, and I am content to live without murmuring on the same planet with them, and even to confess that they may have some mysterious uses, I must say that they are very provoking. The mass of human beings are so constituted by nature, that they derive pleasure through their ears from certain combinations of sound called tunes. A few abnormal individuals prefer the notes of music to be mixed up in a manner which does produce tunes; their ranks are swelled by original tune-lovers, who have devoted their lives to the attainment of a perfect mastery over some instrument, and from the constant habit of struggling with difficulties, have come to regard those same difficulties, when conquered, as beauties. It would be extremely hard, probably, to take off your hat with your foot when you met a lady, but the attitude would not be a graceful one.

Now this unnatural taste in music, being acquired by long and careful training, is entirely confined to persons, who are good time-keepers, who have mastered the theory of music, and can write down sound in notes, can arrange pieces, or even compose them, and who are clever manipulators of some instrument; who therefore, that is, have the instruction of music in their hands, and teach their pupils to pretend to like the artificial music, even when they really infinitely prefer the natural.

Now it cannot hurt any one else for these people to like variations better than the airs they drown, or to take mere delight in a sonata in B than in an opera. I never hated them for that, any more than for liking beef better than mutton. It was their presumption which excited my indignation, for these good people wrote and read, "What we like is music; what you like is noise!" They even went the length of asserting, and commonly in many instances believing, that a display of pianoforte fireworks had an elevating effect upon the hearer, while the listening to simple airs degraded his moral nature. Nay; read any musical critique, and see if I exaggerate.

When I was sitting in the open air on a calm summer's evening, listening to a band, they came with up-turned noses and told me what I was enjoying was trash. All this I bore; but when they perverted the taste of the rising young-lady generation to such an extent that I could not get an Irish melody sung to me or played to me by any account of persuasion, my mind became exasperated and determined, and I hated them.

But I am softened now; pity for an individual has dissipated the evil thoughts I entertained towards the race of musical fanatics to which he belonged.

The facts were these:— I had long known and carefully avoided Professor Nesbit, Mus. Doc., who was quite a typical foe. He was tall and thin, and always dressed in black; he had long hair, also black, but no whiskers, beard, or moustache; and he was a magnificent pianist, but classical to the driest degree. At least, I suppose he was classical, for what he played bore no resemblance to most other people, though few dare own it—extremely. And if any one in the room snuck while he was playing, he stopped and rose from the instrument directly. I have often tried him, not with a personal interruption exactly—I had not sufficient courage for that—but I have entreated unwary students into audible talking. Once, indeed, this tall, thin, black, and somewhat morose-looking man, who was without words. He made everybody cry, was infuriated, and then suddenly stopped, coloured, and looked for playing such rubbish, and went off into hideous but almost impossible finger gymnastics.

Well, the professor and myself were guests at a dinner party at the mess of a Highland regiment. The dinner was good, the wine excellent, and the musician is also a beautiful, he enjoyed himself thoroughly. He knew what was coming; I did, and I watched with a foolish joy. He had just sipped his "third glass of port," when a different sound, a gentle and disconcerting hum-bum-bum, that had a tin struck through it, made the chamber door was flung open, and the pipers marched in. Round and round the table they stretched, droning and squeaking their mightiest, and everybody at the table but one seemed to enjoy it hugely.

But on that poor professor's part. First I pardoned him, then I pardoned all his tribe. For the sum of the annoyance caused me by all of them, in the course of a "long life," would be nothing in comparison with what he endured that evening. And he it well! He an Indian martyr at the stake, he faced a sickly smile; but the twitch of his nostrils, and the play of his forehead told of the agony he was enduring. And worse was to come, for after walking a few miles round and round the table, the pipers halted immediately behind the unhappy victim's chair and fixing upon the particular person which searched his every nerve most keenly, blew it persistently with all their might for a space of time which I judged to be five minutes, but which he afterwards informed me seemed to him like a thousand years. He could smile no more; the corners of his mouth came down and down indeed till they appeared to meet under his chin. At last his tormentors marched on again—only twice round this time, and out into the night.

The professor heaved a deep sigh of relief, swallowed a bumper of claret, and heroically composed his features. But his trials were not over yet. The chief piper was had in, and received a silver cup of whiskey from the colonel, which he tossed off after uttering a spell in Gaelic. Then the colonel informed him that a great musician was present, could he not treat him to that beautiful "Lament?" He could—he did, close behind his chair, and droning into his very ear. But I draw a veil. I have forgiven Professor Nesbit, and all other musical fanatics for his sake. Pity is indeed near akin to Love.

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1873, FALL AND WINTER, 1874!

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JAMES MACDONALD.

WEST BAY,
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He offers to give every satisfaction and at prices to suit customers.

J. CHRISTIE
PORT HASTINGS,
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W. RES OF THE SEASON!

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And a general assortment of such articles as are usually found in a first class Retail Store;

Also
A good assortment of **JEWELRY.**

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Buffalo Robes!
Buffalo Robes!

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LADIES' FURS!
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Pitt Street.

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