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# POETRY.

(Clipped from the *Miramichi Mirror* of 25 years ago.)

## TRIP LIGHTLY OVER TROUBLE.

Trip lightly over trouble,  
Trip lightly over wrong,  
We only make grief double  
By dwelling on it long.  
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?  
Why cling to forms unloved?  
Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow,  
Though this day may be dark,  
The sun may shine to-morrow,  
And only sin the lack.  
Fair hope is not departed,  
Though roses may have fled;  
Then never be down-hearted,  
But look for joy instead.

Trip lightly over sadness,  
Slightly not to rail at doom;  
We've pearls to string of gladness,  
On this side of the tomb.  
While stars are nightly shining,  
And heaven is so nigh,  
Encourage not repining,  
But look for joy instead.

# LITERATURE.

## An Odd Adventure.

Tom Morcombe was in love and in debt—two circumstances which considerably disturbed his equanimity. His pecuniary embarrassments were less serious than his love affair, for the former were of a temporary nature, while the latter threatened to be permanent. The combination made him restless and anxious to avoid the society of his fellow-men, so he packed up his portmanteau and started off to refresh his weary soul by a week's solitude by the sea waves. Slocum-super-Mare was his destination, but when he arrived there he found, to his intense disgust, that the quiet seaport town was in a state of turmoil, being on the eve of a contested election. Not being pleased with this state of things, he moved on the next day to Morriston, a small fishing village a few miles further up the coast.

Tom was in an unsocial frame of mind, and he never even looked at his fellow-passengers. The compartment in which he travelled was full, but he resolutely refused his face in the newspaper, and steadily on till he reached his station. When the train slackened speed at Morriston, he dragged his portmanteau off the rack alighted on the platform with a blessed sense of relief at the prospect of a few days' absolute solitude.

The aspect of Morriston was eminently calculated to soothe his nerves, for at that period of the year he had the place all to himself. There was no other guest at the little inn where he took up his quarters; the native population was represented by a few straggling children and old men; the bathing-machines were drawn up high and dry above the deserted beach, and the most complete desolation prevailed. Tom Morcombe wandered for an hour or two along the sea-shore with perfect satisfaction, and then returned to the inn.

He undid the straps of his portmanteau and unlocked it in an absent frame of mind, but without any misgivings. He even began to throw the contents pell-mell upon the bed, when suddenly he awoke to the fact that there was something wrong. A gaudy pair of worked slippers first aroused his suspicions, and upon further inspection, he perceived that the portmanteau, though it was the very counterpart of his own, evidently belonged to some one else.

It immediately occurred to him that, in his hurried exit from the train, he had appropriated a strange portmanteau by mistake. At first he was disposed to blame his own carelessness, but he was not in a mood for self-accusation. He therefore soon commenced to launch heavy imprecations at the head of the gaudy fellow, and to speculate what had become of his own property.

From the point of view of equality of exchange there was not much to choose between the two portmanteaus and their respective contents; but when Tom reflected that his own contained, among other things, a precious photograph and a lock of golden hair, he became angrily convinced that he had the worst of the bargain. He was seized with feverish anxiety to recover his property, and finding among the stranger's luggage a sealed letter addressed to a Mr. Burrows of Billechester, a town about thirty miles off, he resolved to go on there immediately. Doubtless he would succeed, with the assistance of Mr. Burrows, in tracing the person who was the bearer of the letter.

He accordingly travelled to Billechester by the afternoon train, which improved his temper by taking the longest time on record in doing the journey. When he reached his destination he found he could not get back to Morriston that night, so that he had to put up at an hotel.

Without a moment's delay he called at Mr. Burrows's residence, a modest house in the suburbs of the town. When the servant opened the door he handed her the letter rather unceremoniously, and requested to see her master; but the girl explained that Mr. Burrows was not within, and that she did not know when he would return, so Tom had to content himself with writing the name of his hotel on one of his cards, and leaving a message that he would call in the evening.

He returned to his hotel in an unamiable mood, but having done ample justice to a capital dinner, he recovered his good-humor. After all, his own portmanteau would turn up, sooner or later, and meanwhile he need feel no scruple about making use of the stranger's property. This reflection occurred to him while he was smoking a soothing cigar. He resolved to postpone his search for the letter till next morning.

But just as he was thinking of going upstairs to bed, the waiter came and handed him a small parcel and a visiting-card. The parcel was neatly done up in brown paper, and bore no name or inscription. The accompanying card, on the other hand, was his own—the one he had left at Mr. Burrows's house.

"What the deuce is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Tom, as the waiter prepared to leave the room.

"A young person called just now and left the parcel for the gentleman whose name was on the card," said the man, lingering.

"Was there no message?" inquired Tom.

"No, sir; only the parcel was to be given into your hand directly," returned the waiter.

Tom began to perceive that there had been a misunderstanding. No doubt the parcel had been sent by Mr. Burrows in consequence of the letter he had delivered, and was intended for some one else. It was rather a strange proceeding to return a visitor's card, but probably the messenger had brought a letter in error. The most likely explanation seemed to be that Mr. Burrows, imagining that the bearer of the letter had left a wrong card by mistake, had sent it back with the parcel. At all events, Tom was too tired and sleepy to speculate much on the matter, and he therefore carried the parcel up to his room, intending to return it when he called upon Mr. Burrows in the morning.

He was rather surprised at the weight of the package, which was out of all proportion to its size, and when he got upstairs he was seized with curiosity to know what it contained. As it bore no address, he felt, under the circumstances, justified in opening it, and he therefore cautiously undid the wrapper. Inside the brown paper covering was a neat deal box, also without address or inscription. Not being pleased with this state of things, he moved on the next day to Morriston, a small fishing village a few miles further up the coast.

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MR. A. C. STRAWBRIDGE,  
Solicitor,  
SLOCUM.

and beneath was written in pencil:  
"Bearer suspects nothing."

"Well, I'm— Listen, my girl, this is all nonsense," broke forth Tom, impatiently. "Here am I landed with a confounded parcel that I know nothing about. Go and tell your master I must see him—or, at all events, ask him what I'm to do with this thing?"

"I don't go near him again, sir," said the girl, shrinking back. "Besides, he particularly said I wasn't to take the parcel. He says he knows nothing about it."

"Very well, then," said Tom in desperation. "It is all a mistake, but if he won't see me, I shan't take any more trouble."

With this Tom marched out of the house in a great state of virtuous indignation, but with an odd sensation that fate had decreed he should keep the money. He would have left the parcel with the servant, in spite of Mr. Burrows's injunctions, if he could only have felt satisfied that he was doing right. It seemed hardly likely, however, that a person would deny all knowledge of such a valuable consignment, if he were really the sender. It is true that Tom was inclined to doubt Mr. Burrows's veracity on this point, but after all, he might be mistaken. He hurried back to his hotel, and questioned the waiter, who had taken in the parcel. The man, however, adhered to his story, and was quite certain that Mr. Burrows's name had never been mentioned. After all, the only circumstance which connected that gentleman with the parcel was the accompanying card which had been left at the house, and Tom had done his best to follow up this clue.

As there appeared to be no one in the hotel who expected to receive a parcel, Tom resolved to apply to Mr. Strawbridge, of Slocum, to elucidate the mystery. In his excitement, he had forgotten all about his missing portmanteau; but it now occurred to him that Mr. Strawbridge could at least inform him who the bearer of the note had been. Probably, also, Mr. Strawbridge could explain the whole affair; for Tom still suspected that the parcel had been intended for the messenger who had carried the letter, and upon reflection he felt more and more convinced that Mr. Burrows, for some mysterious reason, had deliberately attempted to deceive him.

Tom therefore travelled to Slocum by the earliest train, revolving these things in his mind, and at the end of the journey, having recollected the impending election, he had formulated his ideas a little. He was hardly surprised to learn that Mr. Strawbridge was the Conservative agent, and though it had been given out that the election was to be conducted on purely principles, he began to feel a little suspicious. He called upon Mr. Strawbridge at his office, but discovered that he was attending a noisy meeting of his party at the assembly rooms. Tom waited patiently until the proceedings broke up, and then took the earliest opportunity to accost him.

Unfortunately, Mr. Strawbridge was a fussy, self-important individual, and little suspecting the delicate nature of Tom's communication, he declined to accede to his request for a private interview, but roughly requested him to state his business on the spot. His manner put Tom's back up, and though there were several persons within hearing, Tom did not hesitate to inform him that owing to an accidental circumstance he had been entrusted with a box of sovereigns to deliver to him. Tom then proceeded to detail the facts of the case, and his story caused a perceptible stir among the bystanders.

"Pooh! pooh! It's all nonsense, sir, it's all nonsense," interposed Mr. Strawbridge, turning very red, and glancing apprehensively around him.

"But what did the note mean, then?" cried Tom, not relishing the statement.

"The money was sent to me because I was believed to be your messenger."

"Hullo, Strawbridge!" exclaimed a voice from the crowd, significantly.

"Gentlemen, I assure you this is an unworthy manoeuvre of our opponents," said Mr. Strawbridge, raising his voice. "It is an attempt to convict me of bribery and corruption. I know nothing about the parcel. This young man has been sent here to prejudice our candidate, and to spread damaging rumors."

"Shame! shame!" burst from the excited bystanders; and Tom, who was by no means disposed to take this rebuff calmly, suddenly became an object of popular indignation. Before he had time or opportunity for remonstrance, his hat was crushed over his eyes, and he was violently ejected into the street. But he clung to the precious parcel with dogged determination, and managed to carry it away with him.

Tom was a hot-tempered fellow, but he had a pretty shrewd eye to his own interests. After what had passed, he guessed that neither Mr. Burrows nor Mr. Strawbridge would be anxious to claim the box of sovereigns, which he considered himself entitled to retain by way of damages for the injuries he had sustained. He took the next train back to town, paid the money into his bank account, and then wrote to both the above-named gentlemen, expressing his willingness to refund the amount to whichever was entitled to it, upon receiving a satisfactory explanation. Strangers to relate, neither of these communications elicited any reply, and from what he afterwards gathered from the local press, Tom is inclined to believe that he will remain in undisputed possession of his spoil.—*Truth*.

GREGORY & BLAIR,  
Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law,  
NOTARIES PUBLIC,  
FREDERICTON.

CHAS. P. GREGORY, ANDREW G. BLAIR  
Fredericton, March 28th, 1885.

LEE & LOGAN,  
DIRECT IMPORTERS OF

Brandies, Gins, Whiskies,  
WINES, ALE, PORTER, JAMAICA  
RUM, SYRUP, ENGLISH TEAS,  
PICKLES, SAUCES, RAISINS,  
CURRANTS, &c.

45 & 47 DOCK STREET,  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Just Receiving

50 CASES ROCK AND RYE QUARTS & PINT  
50 " CHERRY WHISKY, "  
50 " CHERRY BRANDY, "  
50 " Old Crow Bourbon, "  
50 " 6 YEAR OLD RYE, "  
50 " CAMP BOTTLES, QUARTS, "  
50 " MILK PUNCH, "  
100 " STRIP ALL KINDS, "  
100 " BURNS " " IRISH WHISKY "  
50 " SCOTCH WHISKY, Quarts & Pints "  
50 " CHAMPAGNE, "  
100 " C.D. OR IRISH WHISKY "

FOR SALE LOW

St. John, Sept. 12, 1885.

"NONPAREIL"  
Billiard Hall!

SHARKEY'S BUILDING,  
OPP. OFFICERS' BARRACKS, QUEEN ST  
FREDERICTON, N. B.

T. E. FOSTER, Proprietor

THIS HALL has been newly fitted up and is handsomely furnished, and for room, light, ventilation and measure, compares most favorably with any Billiard Hall in the Dominion. The Billiard and Pool Tables are pronounced by players to be superior to any one in use in this Province. They are the BRILLIANT NOVELTY, size, 42 x 9 feet. The main object in the construction of the Billiard Novelty, and the one most noticeable, is that it enables all the more salient or most important features that have rendered popular all the other styles of tables at the J. M. Brunswick & Co.'s make. The Billiard Novelty has all the advantages and real points, including the respective tables claimed by the "Nonpareil" and "Excelsior" styles. "Novelty," "Acme" and "American" tables. The "Billiard" is a happy combination of all these celebrated tables, and has rapidly taken the foremost place in the estimation of all players of Billiard and Pool Tables. The "Novelty" is finished and handsomely inlaid in many different colors, made up from California Laurel, Hart Ash, French Walnut, Hard Elm, Maple, Mahogany, Rose Wood, Tulip Wood and Ebony. It is supplied with the finest of Vermont State ball, Simon Smith, and a first-class outfit of every thing necessary.

A call is respectfully solicited from lovers of the game.

Boys under sixteen not allowed in the Hall.

Temperance drinks of all kinds, Cigars, &c.

T. E. FOSTER, Proprietor.

Phone nos. 8, 1885.

Just Received:

BRANDON'S

PURE

PARIS

GREEN

---AT---

DAVIS, STAPLES & CO

Fredericton, June 26th, 1885.

YERXA'S GROCERY.

OPP. CITY HALL,

FREDERICTON.

Is the place to buy your

GROCERIES.

TEA AND COFFEE

A Specialty.

Ten at 25, 25, 35, 40 and 50 cents per lb. American

We present a handsome book to any one buying

Three Pounds of the Lager Tea at 50

cents per pound.

Coffee.

Hayward's Coffee, 15 lbs. 15 cents per lb.

Old Government Java, 15 lbs. 15 cents per lb.

Standard Java, 15 lbs. 15 cents per lb.

Canned Goods,

VERY LOW.

Sweet Corn, 12 cts. per lb. 2 lbs. 15 cts.

Lim. Beans, 20 cts. per lb. 2 lbs. 15 cts.

25 cts. per lb. 2 lbs. 15 cts.

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DOUGALD McCATHERIN

—HAS BEEN APPOINTED—

SOLE AGENT

For York and adjoining counties for the

CELEBRATED BELL ORGAN.

This organ stands without a rival in the world.

We invite the attention of the public to our New and Beautiful Styles for this year. They will be found in Boston and Montreal Capabilities, to far exceed anything at present in the market. With an experience of 18 years, and studying no expense to make us to produce a Perfect Instrument, we can confidently pronounce them the Best and Purest Toned Organs made. That they are the best is admitted by the principal Professors, and confirmed by the great number now in use, and the highest awards at the principal exhibitions at home and abroad. Interesting purchasers should bear in mind that the Bell Organs are only made in England, and that every Organ warranted to be first-class—a consideration of some consequence from a responsible firm. We employ only the most skilled labor and our aim shall be in the future, as in the past, to keep the Bell Organ, for tone, appearance, and lasting quality.

AHEAD OF ALL OTHERS.

Beware of Imitations.

The Bell Organs having become so popular among musicians, some manufacturers in Canada have constructed an instrument which they call the "Bell Organ," and are endeavoring to force it upon the market in place of the well-known "Wm. Bell Organ." That instrument, however, while it is, in build, somewhat similar to the "Wm. Bell Organ," is a much inferior one, and possesses none of the four points of the Celebrated Organ. Every one of the "Wm. Bell Organ" has a trade mark—TWO BELLS—painted upon it, and NONE ALIKE WITHOUT THIS MARK.

Our Chapel, Sunday School, and Lodge Organs

are without a rival. They are furnished in Walnut, Oak, and Pine. A small colonial table in every respect. All the Styles of these Organs contain Sermons' Patent Quilting Tables.

STYLE K—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler and Vox Humana, 9 Stops, Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE F—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE G—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE H—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE I—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE J—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

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STYLE L—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE M—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE N—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE O—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE P—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE Q—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE R—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE S—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE T—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE U—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE V—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE W—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE X—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE Y—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE Z—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE A—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE B—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE C—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE D—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE E—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE F—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE G—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE H—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

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STYLE J—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE K—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Saxophone, Vox Humana, Forte, Piano, and Dulciana.

STYLE L—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Coupler, Vox Humana, 1