

address his Greenwich constituents at a time when his abilities and energies were more prominently required in the discharge of his official duties.

Following this bad example set by Greenwich, the constituents of Bradford have been ill-treating their admirable representative, Mr. Forster, than whom no member of the Cabinet deserves greater praise and confidence, if only on account of that boon he has secured to the poorer classes in the form of the Educational Bill. Unlike Mr. Gladstone, however, Mr. Forster went down to his constituents at Bradford. The war, army reform, and education were the three chief topics alluded to in the course of his excellent speech. He remarked that the War Ministry, dealing with army reform would probably prove the principle measure of the next session, and he took the opportunity of defending Mr. Cardwell from many of the charges brought against him. With reference to the education question, he expressed himself satisfied with the working of the new act, and justified his acceptance of assistance from the Conservative party on the ground that he ought not to refuse assistance to a good measure, from whatever quarter it might come, whilst as to the cumulative vote it had been of eminent service to the Radical cause. Speaking of the war, he had no doubt the Ministry would be able to give a good account to the country of what they had done to stop it. He regretted that Prussia having followed our advice, France did not so likewise. As to our moral course in these matters he accepted the position, "That we should have been to blame most greatly, if from any fear of rebuff from any fancied humiliation of our counsels not being accepted, we should on that account have refused to convey them to either France or Prussia. The sole question we ought to consider was whether that expression of opinion was good, or whether it was not more likely to do harm." As for the future, he insisted on the paramount necessity of keeping our national judgment to ourselves if we are to have any beneficial influence in bringing about peace, "if we are partisans, we cannot hope to be peacemakers," and we should become partisans, Mr. Forster thinks, by volunteering our opinion to be what the conditions of peace should be. Although the Minister's speech was clear and conclusive, however, this did not seem to satisfy the war party at Bradford, for at the termination of Mr. Forster's address a resolution expressive of approval of his political conduct was rejected by a narrow—and it may be added—a narrow minded majority, in favor of an amendment, dictated in very questionable taste and judgment, endorsing both the principle of the Education Bill and the mode by which that measure was carried, an indication, to say the least of it, of a failing confidence in the Government, although it is easy to perceive that the real head and front of its offending consists in its assumed inaction with regard to the war. However, it is better to be cautious than rash, and there can be little doubt that when ministerial explanations take place in Parliament the tide will be turned in favor of the Gladstone Cabinet, and that Mr. Forster's constituents at Bradford will feel inclined to accord him that justice and due acknowledgment of his public acts which are not only well merited, but the good policy of which must be recognised by the deeper thinking portion of the English people. Nevertheless these occurrences show to what distinguished statesmen are liable at the hands of their constituents if they pursue a steady and conscientious course, instead of consenting to all that may be injudiciously required of them by political agitators.

FLOODS AT VICTORIA WEST

One hundred lives lost.

£30,000 worth of property destroyed.

On Sunday a telegram was received in town conveying the intelligence of a terrible disaster at Victoria West and a serious loss of life, caused through a "fearful flood" by the bursting of a water-pipe at Patryfontein, six miles from Victoria West, on Monday, 27th February. The following letter from Mr. Ferguson to Mr. Livingstone, of this city, and published in a contemporary, gives full particulars of this melancholy affair:

MY DEAR LIVINGSTONE.—I now sit down to pen you a few lines, and, thanks to God, I am enabled to do so. On Monday night, about nine o'clock, rain commenced to fall, and at ten o'clock our whole village was flooded. I was reading a newspaper in my bedroom. The next moment my wife heard a scream, went out, but came running back, and cried out "We will be drowned!" A heavy knock then came at the window. "Who is there?" "Mrs. Laws, let me in; we are drowning." We threw open our French window, which leads to our parlour, and the poor woman rushed inside. It was awful to hear my children screaming, sometimes "father," and sometimes "mother," we will be drowned—we will be drowned. Our shop stands very high—our steep stands about five feet higher than the opposite which is the lower side of the street—which saved us from the ruin. Now, what could we do; the screams from the opposite side of the street was something terrible, and it was as dark as pitch. I flew to the shop, put all the lamps I could lay my hands on in the window, opened my shutters, and threw out all the light into the street, and Oh, what a sight made its appearance! All that could find their way to me stop did so. The sight was most lamentable. Bales of wool by the hundred floating down the middle of the street, in the flood. Door-frames, window frames, roofs of houses, sheep, goats, mules, and horses, were like feathers in the water. You may imagine what it was in the river which runs behind the houses and shops opposite me. They screamed from the opposite side to throw a rope across. When Mrs. Laws opened her door the water rushed in. She screamed out to Mr. Laws and the other gentlemen that were sitting having a chat. She rushed across to our place, which took her up to her knees, and before they got to the door it was impossible for them to cross. Luckily I had a coil of rope in my back store; I got it out, and succeeded with the assistance of Mr. Palgrave, who was drrenched to the skin, in getting it across. He had been through the water, up to his chest; he worked like a nigger. By his contrivance we got the rope across. They made it fast to the rail above the door. We held on tight, and all four succeeded in getting across. By this time the back of the building had fallen, which leaves Mr. Laws a heavy loser,—a

place that was all but finished. The opposite corner to Mr. Laws was still more distressing. Here lives a Mr. Dodds. I think the number this evening was seven in the house, and with the rope we succeeded in getting them all across; but before getting them all across the whole of the house fell in barring a little piece of the front which held on; but, in falling, a fine young lady eighteen years old, who was to be married the 15th next month, got struck on the forehead with a brick, which caused her death about an hour after they got her across. Behind Mrs. Dodds stood John McDonald, baker and butcher, close to the river. We concluded, they were both gone.—I mean his wife also,—as the building was gone. But for a willow tree he planted in front of his house they were gone. When the bricks began to fall in, they flew to the tree, and when the water went down a little they got on the top of the ruins. They screamed till they were tired; but nobody heard them for the roar of the water. When the water fell enough to enable us to get over their place we heard a voice from among the ruins, and found John McDonald and his wife almost in a state of nudity. They had only been in bed a quarter of an hour when part of the place fell in. We got them across to our place, and then dressed them at once. The next up the street is Mr. Smith, who had very narrow escape of his life. I think he will save the most of his stock, as his place fell in after the water fell. It has hurt him very much; not quite recovered yet. Mr. Adams his brother-in-law will be the heaviest loser in the village, as a great many houses belonged to him are gone. Opposite this stands the Commercial Hotel, which had three feet of water inside; they are afraid to sleep in one place. I think it will fall. Next is Mr. Jacobson, Solomon's brother-in-law. The screams from both of them were terrible. They stood on a table till the place began to fall in. He is a heavy loser. He had about 400 bales waiting for transport. He may get it all, but fancy some of it two or three miles off. Skins, you need not look for them. Opposite is the magistrate's office; all their books and papers are in an awful state. Mr. Garcia our worthy magistrate, also Mr. Mannik, worked until they were actually worn out. Ravestorne and Munnik's landlady is gone, and everything they had. You can hardly see the foundation of the house. She is a sister-in-law to Loxton. Marcus and Mrs. Armstrong went down the river with her, holding fast to one another. Mrs. Armstrong's husband has gone to the Diamond-fields. He was manager of the Bank here. He gave it up to try his luck at the fields. She left the Bank, and went to live with Mrs. Loxton. The Bank stands high and dry. Borgstrom's shop is all right; also Hammerberg's. Till Elmer and Lewis that Schoonboom's place is completely gone,—in fact part of the foundation is away. Hanna and Hoffa will lose, I think, seven or eight hundred pounds in wool and buildings. A farmer, called Frans Hugo, living about six miles from the village, lost his wife and four children, and his farmstead is left the same as the veil.—Mr. A. L. Devenish, three miles from the village, has lost 1,400 of his best sheep, and a splendid dam he was making, which was supposed to cost £2,000 when finished. As near as possible 25 houses have completely gone. Up till six o'clock this evening, 53 dead bodies have been discovered and buried; but we are afraid we shall hear of a great many more, as this river runs a long way. Our port is completely done-for; no cart or wagon can enter the village by the port now. It is a lucky thing for our passenger wagon, also Steytler's, that they had a little rain on the road, which kept them behind time, or they were gone, as sure as fate. Their time here is ten o'clock at night. When the flood was at the worst they were laying outside the port. They will have to go round about and come in by the other end of the village which is about six miles longer. We buried the black people in one hole, with a piece of calico around each of them. The white people we put in coffins, and buried them to-day. Poor Alexander who came up with me is gone. Tell Themissen that Canar from the Diamond-fields, is all right. They thought he was gone, but he made to the mountain, and saved himself. A great many houses stand very dangerous. The Transport wagon from the Diamond-fields has not come in yet. They must be getting rain. Steytler's transport wagon has not arrived yet, only the passenger wagon. * * * * * Victoria West, March 1, 1871.

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

(Paris Correspondent London Standard.)

BOMBARDMENT OF PARIS.

Before proceeding to give an account of my personal experience of the mode in which the gunner commemorated the *fetes des Rois* let me retrace some of the features of what was wrongly supposed to be the accidental bombardment when the enemy's missiles began arriving on the town. The first—so far as I can ascertain—fell in the Rue Lalande, and bursting in the street scattered the shivering fragments at a window in the house No. 7 on an infant in its cradle. Three others followed suit quickly, taking a direction as if the clock tower of the municipality of the 14th arrondissement was the objective point, but they caused no greater harm than the staining of a few walls and the pulverisation of a few panes of glass. They were received with cries of "Vive la France!" "Vive Paris!" A shell also fell near the interior, in the Rue Gay-Lussac, on a line with the Pantheon, and no less than four in the Normal School, in the Rue d'Ulm, one of them "lobbing" into the midst of the ambulance of the establishment. Trees were torn up and tombs shattered by the flying bolts in the cemetery of Mont Parnasse, and the turf of the Luxembourg Garden was ripped by two that came farther than their fellows. A passer-by was seriously wounded by an exploding shell in the Boulevard d'Enfer, while in the Rue Daguerre adjacent three or four succeeding each other in rapid whirl completely riddled one unlucky house, and drove its inmates out in scared amazement. It was pitiable to see pale women hurrying with their little furniture to seek safety with their neighbours. Over in another direction of Paris, where the Seine pours out from the ring of bastions to the west, the hail of death was furious. Bastions 61, 62, and 63 were hotly cannonaded, and their defenders immediately hoisted masts upon them in defiance, and ran the tricolor fluttering to the peak. Balls of iron came tumbling into the cold seine raising clouds of spray, and occasionally hopped on ice-blocks obstructing the river here and there, and biased out with a roar and hiss before they sunk harmlessly to the bottom. As the sentries of the National Guard were being relieved on bastion 70, between the gates of

Vanves and Chatillon, a shell dropped in their vicinity and wounded five of them. Another penetrated into a house in the Rue d'Arbalete, occupied by the gardener of the School of Pharmacy, and burst near a stove beside which himself, his wife, and his little girl were sitting. The gardener's cheek was laid open with a strip of lead, his wife was wounded in several places, and their daughter was killed instantaneously. A lot of men were drinking at the corner of a wine-shop in the Rue d'Enfer, when the splinters of a shell crashing on the pavement outside struck several of them, one—a poor fellow who had come in for safety the day before from Chatillon mortally. This unfortunate man leaves a widow, in her nineteenth year, and two babies behind him. At one period as many as one hundred and thirty shots could be counted by the hour. This thing had now continued for three nights, damage had been done to an immensity of property, and thirty-five persons had been struck, many of them fatally. Among the eleven dead were four women. Had the Prussians no bowels of compassion? Bombardments are seldom persevered with; was this an exception? It had not the slightest effect in hastening the capitulation of Paris. On the contrary, the calmest were getting wrathful, and setting their teeth. "Shall the enemy persist in this Carnival of Blood," that was the question in every mouth. We passed on by the Barriere d'Enfer to the last station of the omnibus on the Route d'Orleans. The avenue was crowded as usual; the wine shops teemed with clients; there was no sign that the district had been recently the theatre of so many terrible accidents, except perhaps the placards on the walls notifying the inhabitants of the precautions to be used in the emergency. These were principally three: to lower all combustible matter to the cellars, to avoid grouping on the streets, and to leave the doors half-open so that passers-by caught unaware might be able to run to cover. A few hundred yards from the omnibus terminus there is a fire-station, where one of the steam-engines brought from England before the investment was held in readiness for whatever might arise. I went over to visit it, and found the caretaker, a burly sailor, who had volunteered from the London Fire Brigade, quietly making an incision into a junk of brown bread. In answer to my query how he was getting on, "first-rate, governor," he sang out cheerily, "isn't the shells they're putting in bothers me, but the grub they ain't putting in." Midway between the Sorbonne and the river I turned into a restaurant, the only one in the street that was open, to try and get a bit of dinner. The waitress that came up to me told me I was in luck, there was some soup left and a morsel of eivet, and a piece of Scotch pudding (a sort of treacly composition that I never saw north of the Tweed or south either), but she hoped I had brought my bread along with me—a piece I had got from the English tar at the fire station—and made a tolerably comfortable meal, though the soup was suspicious of tallow and the civet of cat. As I left by the doorway after my welcome repast, I heard an ominous scream high up in the air followed by a loud concussion, and as well as I could judge about two hundred yards from me in the middle of the boulevard an immense fan-like sheet of flame shot up in the air higher than the housetops at either side. It was lucky there was no one in the street, and it was well the firemen were ready in case of need, for this must have been an inflammatory bomb. I turned up the Rue des Ecoles on my way to visit a friend and countryman, who was located in the Rue Cardinal Lemoine. From the corner of the Boulevard St. Michel to the wall of the Polytechnic School, about five minutes' quick walking, I counted thirteen shells. During that dreadful night nearly a thousand projectiles fell within the *enceinte*. Sixty different private houses were injured, five churches were struck, a cornice was knocked off the library of St. Genevieve, a wing of the prison of the Sante was riddled, and fragments of stone chipped from the sides of the Sorbonne. There were fifty-nine victims, the majority women and children. Eight infants were killed; a wounded man was crushed to death in his bed in the Hospital of the Val de Grace. Five little boys were killed and four wounded by an explosion in the institution of the Brothers of Christian Doctrine, in the Rue de Vaugirard. A National Guard on sentry in the same street was struck dead by a splinter, and two of his comrades grievously hurt. On the following night, the bombardment was repeated. Within two hours fifty shells dropped in the neighbourhood of the Pantheon. The political prison of St. Pelagie and the hospital of La Pitié, opposite the Zoological Gardens, suffered particularly. An invalid in the latter was killed, and three others wounded. Two men got their death stroke in the hospital of the Midi. In all there were twelve killed this night. The attack was intensified; there was a perfect cloud of missiles on Vaugirard and Grenelle. The Palace of the Luxemburg seemed to be the *point de mire* of the Prussians on this night, 23 shells falling in the garden. The Polytechnic School, the dissecting school, the Hospital of the Salpêtrière were hit, and eight different configurations were caused; but the number of the victims was not so great as on previous occasions. 21 victims, and three new hospitals came in for the courtesies of the enemy—that of Jeunes Aveugles, of the Enfants Jesus, and of the Materite; five apprentice midwives were wounded in the latter establishments. A shell killed several horses at the stables of the Cab Company near the latter institution; 58 private houses were struck in and about the Rue de Valenciennes and the Boulevard Arago, and two ambulances (those of Ste. Perine and of Les Dames Augustines) came in for their share of the sinister gifts of the besiegers. A thick fog was out, under cover of which the Prussians might perhaps excuse themselves, but it is too late to put in such a plea now; they have fired too often and too accurately on the hospitals not to have done so wilfully. There were thirteen victims on this night, of whom three were women and three foreigners. Two children, aged 8 and 11 respectively, were killed at 8, Rue de Cotenin. Their father is a citizen of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, consequently a subject of the King of Holland. An American, Mr. Schwager, a native of Louisville, was sitting in his bed-room in the Rue Casimir Delavigne, when a bomb entered and exploded, wounding him in the foot. His foot has since had to be amputated, and this poor gentleman had come to Paris for the benefit of his health!

Brandy.

THE undersigned will purchase good D.O.P. BRANDY—at the highest current price,—delivered at the stores of Messrs. LETTERTER & Co., Bree-street, near the North Wharf. W. E. CORBITT. February 28th, 1871.

Distress at Victoria West.

PUBLIC MEETING.

AT the request of several influential Gentlemen, the Town Council for the City of Cape Town hereby convene a meeting of the inhabitants of this City, for

TO-MORROW, FRIDAY,

THE 10TH INSTANT,

AT 12 O'CLOCK NOON,

to take into consideration the calamity which has fallen upon a large portion of the inhabitants of VICTORIA WEST through the recent inundation, and to devise means for the relief of the distress which has been occasioned thereby.

By order of the Town Council,

JNO. A. ROOS, Secretary.

Town House, 9th March, 1871.

To Town and Country Traders.

ALFORD & WILLS

Have just received per Mail Steamers a large and varied assortment of

FINE GOODS & MANUFACTURES,

Bought on the most favourable terms and selected with great care for the

AUTUMN AND WINTER SEASONS.

Wool! Wool! Skins! Skins!

VAN DER BYL & Co.

39, St. GEORGE'S-STREET,

The highest Market prices given for the above

Messrs. Caffyn Brothers

WILL SELL AT THEIR

INSIDE SALE

THIS MORNING,

Without the Least Reserve,

Men and Women's Hosiery, in superior qualities Muslins, in Checked and Plain Jaconet Grenadines, Tarlatans, Silk Parasols Ladies' Summer Shawls, in Lama and Cashmere, &c. Do. Jackets, Petticoats, Dress Stuffs, Alpaca's And a variety of New and Fancy Goods.

SALE

By the Master of the Supreme Court

OF LANDED PROPERTY

AT THE PAARL.

ON MONDAY,

THE 3RD APRIL, 1871,

At 11 o'clock in the forenoon,

WILL BE SOLD, on the spot, by Public Auction, peremptorily to the highest Bidder, before the Resident Magistrate of the Paarl, as Special Commissioner of the Supreme Court:

1. Certain PIECE OF GROUND, being a Sub-division of Lot No. 1, with the Buildings thereon, situated in the Village of the Paarl, measuring 64 square rods and 90 square feet.

2. Certain PIECE OF GROUND situated as above with the Buildings thereon, being part of the divided place DE STADT measuring 169 square rods and 122 square feet.

These Properties are to be sold under process of the Supreme Court, in the Suit between the Executors of the late ISAAC CHRISTIAN NIEWOUDT, Plaintiffs; and WILLIAM MULLIGAN, Defendant.

The Conditions of Sale and further particulars may be ascertained at the Office of the Master of the Supreme Court in Cape Town, at the Office of the Resident Magistrate of the Paarl, and at the Office of the Attorneys, Messrs. REXDERS, LANGHOUTS and WESSELS, Cape Town.

J. STEUART, Master of the Supreme Court.

Ostrich Feathers.

THE UNDERSIGNED buys OSTRICH FEATHERS.—Office, Long-street, E. G. ASPELING.

PUBLIC SALE.

In the Estate of the late W. J. VAN NIEKERK.

THE Executor Dative in the above Estate will sell by Auction without reserve at "OTTIER KUIL,"

ON WEDNESDAY,

The 22nd March next,

GRAIN:

250 Muids of Wheat A stack of Oatsheaves Rye, Chaff, &c.

LIVE-STOCK:

400 Sheep 50 Goats 11 Oxen 1 Bull 8 Mares 8 Mules 2 Geldings 1 Stallion

IMPLEMENTS:

A Wagon, Carts, Ploughs, Harrows, Harness, Saddle, Wheebarrows, Picks, Spades, &c. &c.

T. JOHN EATON, Executor Dative.

J. G. STEYTLER, Auctioneer.

Ex "Susan Pardew."

The Undersigned is now landing:

Sardines, Salmon, and Smoked Herrings Coarse and Fine Liverpool Salt, in striped bags Colza Oil, in 2 and 5 gallon drums Assorted Crockery, Dinner, Breakfast, and Toilet Sets Stockholm Tar, in small and large drums Malt, Pearl Barley, Canary Seed, and Oatmeal Maccaroni and Vermicelli.

ALSO,

Spengler's Dutch Gin, in 2, 4, and 7 gallon cases Guinness Stout, in pints and quarts Cameron & Saunderson's Bass's Ale Buss's Porter Allsop's Ale, hand brand.

For Sale at 28, St. George's-street. J. G. STEYTLER.

TENDERS.

In the Estate of the late P. B. BORCHERDS, Esq.

TENDERS will be received by the Under-Signed to the last of this month at the Office of Mr. Attorney J. A. SMITH, Berran-street, Cape Town, for

3 Shares in South African Fire and Life Assur. Comp. 119 Do. in Stellenbosch Silk Culture Company.

ALSO,

For a Silk Reeling Machine, imported from Berlin, and to be seen at the Residence of J. BLANCKENBERG, Esq., Stellenbosch.

J. G. BORCHERDS, Testator's J. A. R. BORCHERDS, Executor. Cape Town, 3rd March, 1871.

High Sheriff's Office.

Cape Town, 2nd March, 1871. Execution of the Judgment of the Supreme Court in the undermentioned Cases, the following Sales will take place, viz.:

Division of George.

J. STEUART, Master of the Supreme Court, versus GODLIEB WILHELM BERNARD WEHMEYER. On Saturday, the 18th March, 1871, at 10 o'clock a.m., at Wolvetraal, 1000 sheep, 20 Goats, 18 Horses and Mares, 4 Mules, 14 Oxen.

Division of George.

W. HIDDINGH versus PETRUS HENDRIK FERREIRA and GODLIEB WILHELM BERNARD WEHMEYER. On Saturday, the 18th March, 1871, at 10 o'clock a.m., at Wolvetraal, 500 Sheep, 40 Cattle, 1 Ox Wagon, 2 Horse Wagons, 1 Horse, 100 Bags of Wheat. And on Wednesday, 29th March, 1871, at 10 o'clock a.m., at Eland's Fontein, the Residence of P. H. FERREIRA, 3000 Sheep, 50 Goats, 20 Oxen, 4 Horses, 9 Mares, 10 Cows and Calves, 2 Foals, 1 Wagon, 1 Spring Cart, &c., &c.

PERCY VIGORS, High Sheriff.

High Sheriff's Office, Cape Town.

2nd March, 1871. Execution of the Judgment of the Eastern Districts Court, the following Sale will take place, viz.:

Division of Fort Beaufort.

E. H. COLERIDGE versus HENRI COEN-RAD DE HART. On Friday, the 17th March, 1871, at 10 o'clock a.m., at Fort Beaufort, 1 Piano, 1 Loo Table, 1 Couch, 2 Easy Chairs, 6 Chairs, 1 Cheffonier, &c.

PERCY VIGORS, High Sheriff.

100 Superior Slaughter Oxen, WILL be sold at Klampats Station, on WEDNESDAY, 15th inst., brought up from the Free State, in excellent condition.

E. LANDSBERG & SON.

400 Selected Merino Wethers 100 do. Cape do. 50 do. Goats.

ON WEDNESDAY, the 15th March, the above number of Sheep and Goats, which have been grazing at Joostenberg, for a long time and in an excellent condition, will be publicly sold at Klampats Station.

J. G. F. VAN NIEKERK,

J. J. BOSMAN,

De Villiers, Marais & Co., Vendue Adms.

Mules and Horses.

1 Team well trained Mules, from 3 to 6 years 12 Well-trained Horses 1 Wagon on Springs (almost new) 1 Cart do. do. 2 Sets Harness, Chains, Zwingles, &c. &c.

WILL be publicly sold at the Paarl, on the square, in front of the Residence of Mr. PROCTOR, on FRIDAY, the 17th March, for account of the undersigned, who have returned from the Diamond Fields.

J. J. PROCTOR,

J. H. ENSLIN, A.S.O.

De Villiers, Marais & Co., Vendue-Adms.

Shipping Intelligence.

ARRIVALS IN TABLE BAY.

March 6—Lord of the Isles, bg, 146 tons, J. Jearry, from Algoa Bay 2nd March, to this port. Cargo sundries.

6—Elaine, bg, 195 tons, J. Scott, from London 12th Dec, to this port. Cargo general.

DEPARTURES FROM TABLE BAY. March 6—R M St Cambrian, to Algoa Bay 7—Florence, to Port Nolloth.

MARKT PRYZEN

En hoeveelheid ter markt gebragt Van den 6 tot den 8 Maart 1871.

Getal.	£	s.	d.	½
2015b Amandelen, per lb.	0	0	04	0
543 b Aardappelen, p 3b.	0	2	8	0
14 leg Brandevyn, p leg.	11	5	0	16
88 lb Boter, per pond...	0	1	6	0
12 b Boonen, per 3 bush.	0	13	6	0
Bokkenvennen, p at 0	2	9	0	6
Eenden, per 100	0	14	0	1
Eyeren, per 100	0	6	3	0
Gaszen, per stuk	0	1	10	0
371 b Garst, p 3 bushel	0	6	3	0
213 b Haver, p 3 bushel	0	5	4	0
21 vr Havercerv. 100lb.	0	2	4	0
Hoenders, per stuk	0	7	0	1
196 zk Kaf, p 16 skakken	1	12	0	0
Kalkoenen, per st.	0	3	2	0
1065b Koorn, per 3 bus	0	12	0	0
51 b Melies, dito	0	10	3	0
26 lb Peren, per lb.	0	0	24	0
48 lb Rog, per 3 bushel	0	7	2	0
1181b Roxynen, per lb.	0	0	2	0
Schapenvel, per st.	0	1	0	1
Guiness Stout, in pints and quarts	0	1	0	1
257 b Uijen, p 3 bushel	0	11	0	0
144 lb Vygen, dito	0	6	0	0
1 leg Wyn, ordin. legger	6	14	0	0

J. J. H. SMITH, Editor, No. 10, Greenmarket-street.