

## POETRY. Selected.

### THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Two bark met on the deep mid-sea,  
When calm had stilled the tide;  
A few bright days of Summer glees  
There found them side by side.

And voices of the fair and brave  
Rose mingling there in mirth,  
And sweetly floated o'er the wave  
The melodies of earth.

Moonlight on that loveliest main,  
Cloudless and lovely slept;  
While dancing step and festive strain  
Each deck in triumph swept.

And hands were linked, and answering eyes  
With kindly meaning shone;  
—Oh! brief and passing sympathies,  
Like leaves together blown!

A little while such joy was cast  
O'er the Deep's repose,  
Till the loud singing winds at last  
Like trumpet music rose.

And proudly, freely, on their way  
The parting vessels bore;  
—In calm or storm, by rock or bay,  
To meet—oh! never more!

Never to blend in victory's cheer,  
To aid in hours of woe;  
—And thus bright spirits mingle here!  
Such ties are formed below!

Extract from a letter to the Right Hon. E. G. Stanley, on tithes in Ireland.

(By the Rev. Henry Woodward, A. M.)

It has always been considered as a wise maxim, that if you wish to preserve the friendship of any individual, you should avoid, as much as possible the implicating yourself with him in business. But it is of the very essence of pastoral influence, that the clergyman should be the friend of his parishioners. In no other character can he do them good. The minister is in some measure, the representative of religion. He is God's ambassador to the people; and, if he appears to them in any other light than that of a friend, he will as far as his influence extends, prejudice them against religion and alienate their minds from God. How, then, are his yearly and half-yearly demands upon his flock for money, likely to operate in this respect? In this country, even amongst the gentry and wealthy farmers, there are few whose circumstances or whose dispositions incline them to answer their pecuniary engagements without reluctance. And of these classes no small portion labour under serious difficulties and embarrassment. Amongst the various trials of life, the recollection of their creditors is, perhaps, the one which presses with heaviest weight upon their minds. And, yet, alas! in such a light must the clergyman, under the tithe system, always appear to his parishioners. Instead of the familiar friend, in whose society they lay aside their cares, and whose presence is a relief from earthly to heavenly things, they behold in him an object either of fear, or of the most uncomfortable embarrassment; or of the former if he is rigid, and of the latter if he is backward in his demands. He may honestly and faithfully tell them that Christianity can instruct the mind to live above the world, to despise its interests, and to cast every care upon God. But there is something in the circumstance of the parties, unfavourable to the due impression of these counsels. There is an awkwardness in the case. The clergyman cannot divest himself of the feeling, that his advice comes with an ill grace, from one whose demands increase the amount of those anxieties which his pastoral instructions would remove. And farmers are not always philosophers, nor are they always dispassionate in their judgments. Is it not, then, human nature, that the man should be tempted at least to reason in this way: "If you yourself live above the world, and despise its interests, why do you not make some reduction in my tithe? My mind is distressed and harassed; and you tell me that while it is so, I cannot attend to the salvation of my soul. If my soul, then, is worth all that you say it is, why do you not make some sacrifice of your income to save it?" It may be said that none but men of unreasonable minds, and ill managed affairs, will argue in this manner. Let it be so. But are not such I ask the very persons who need the counsels of religion most? Are the clergyman's ministrations to be confined to these alone, whose principles are tightly formed and whose lives are rightly ordered? Is he sent to call the righteous and not sinners, to repentance? And here I would observe, that precisely in proportion as a minister is earnest in his sacred calling and alive to the peculiar nature of his responsibilities, he will be sensible of the disadvantages under which the present system places him. In the same degree that he aims at doing spiritual good, will he be embarrassed in his ministry by this unhappy association of worldly business. If, indeed, he converses with his parishioners merely as a man of this world, no inconsistency will be apparent. No one will contrast his heavenly counsels with his earthly circumstances. All will be of a piece. He may be upright in his dealings, and respectable in his habits. He may be, in a word, as some would have him, a squire in miniature, and a tolerable substitute for a resident gentry; and business will be no bar to any agency in which he engages. But if, I repeat it, against the clergyman in his legitimate and peculiar character, that the system which I oppose will operate with full force. It will be a clog on every wheel which would carry him easily and successfully through the discharge of his high and heavenly ministrations.

Hitherto we have viewed the clergyman in connexion only with the wealthier classes of his parishioners. But how does he stand as to the holder, with the poorer and far more numerous portion of his flock? In a large parish, comprising, perhaps, many hundreds of this description, it is impossible for the clergyman, consistently with the due discharge of his spiritual duties, to take the management of his property into his own hands. The provision allotted to him is intended to secure that he shall not be forced by necessity to attend to any other than his spiritual calling. But if this provision itself becomes a constant pressure upon his mind, the end is lost in the means; and in vain does the clergyman cease to be a merchant or a farmer, if his hours are devoted to the settlement of his tithe. It is then imperative upon him to commit this management into other hands. He may, it is true, strictly enjoin upon his agent to deal leniently with the distressed. But can he be sure that this delicate trust will be faithfully discharged? The person employed may be altogether a stranger

to the feelings of the clergyman. Placed, by his station, in closer contact with the poor he may have his partialities, his prejudices, his hostilities. Such motives, independently of direct dishonesty, will often tempt him to abuse his power. And thus his employer, though with the best intentions, in cases of whose real merit he has no knowledge will become the extortioner of the last farthing from the suffering member of his own flock. I grant that the clergyman, even by a vigilance which would imply no great devotion of his time or thoughts, may correct much of this evil; but he cannot correct it all. And what even in one such unfortunate case, must be the impression upon the minds of the suffering family, upon the immediate neighbourhood that surrounds them? The wrong unknown to the clergyman, will nevertheless be visited on him. It will render the office odious; for no man will love the religion of an oppressor. And such the most merciful man may frequently appear, while implicated in so unmanageable a system as that of tithes. If such be the necessary evils of the case, how incalculably will they be increased, when we take into consideration the constant agency of those whose business it is to do mischief; who employ every means in their power to render tithe, and all that is associated with tithe, hateful to the people; who watch, and magnify, and circulate through the country, every instance in which the operation of tithe has been accidentally oppressive; who are ever ready to visit the sins of the proctor on his employer, the sins of one clergyman on the whole order; and the sins of the order on the religion of which they are the appointed functionaries.

But besides the disadvantages of tithes, to the agency of the parochial Minister on his own flock, its influence is still worse when we view the Protestant Pastor as in relation to his Roman Catholic parishioners. Here the system acts simply and without relief. The whole connexion is tithe, and nothing but tithe. This alone binds, or rather chains the parties together. The clergyman is known to his Roman Catholic neighbour as the exactor of tithe, and nothing else. The visit of the proctor, or the invasion of the driver, the summons before the magistrate, process to the recollection of many a Roman Catholic family, that such a being as their Protestant minister exists. These are, alas! the letters of commendation which he brings, the fruits which he exhibits, the pastoral visits which he pays to them. The effect of all this upon the minds of children may easily be conjectured. They never hear the clergyman's name, but in the language of murmur or abhorrence. And thus, if the established church were instituted for the express purpose of sowing the early seeds of prejudice against the religion which it teaches, it is my deliberate conviction that a more effectual method than that of tithe could not possibly have been thought of.

### DEATH OF SIR RICHARD BIRNIE.

Sir Richard who had just completed his 73rd year, lived and acted in eventful times, and a slight biographical sketch may not, perhaps, be considered uninteresting. He was a native of Banff, in Scotland, and was born of comparatively humble, but respectable, parents. He was bred to the trade of a saddler, and, after serving his apprenticeship, came to London, and obtained a situation as journeyman at the house of Macintosh and Co., who were then saddle and harness makers to the Royal Family, in the Haymarket. He soon recommended himself to the favourable notice of his employers by his application and industry. His subsequent advancement in life, however, may be attributed in some degree to accident. The foreman, as well as the senior partner in the firm, being absent from illness at the same time, and a command being received from his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales for some one to attend him to take orders to a considerable extent on some remarkable occasion, "young Birnie" was directed to attend his Royal Highness. The orders of the Prince were executed so completely to his satisfaction, that he often afterwards, on similar occasions, desired that the "young Scotchman" might be sent to him. At that period Sir Richard was the occupant of a furnished apartment in Whitcomb-street, Haymarket. By the exercise of the diligence, perseverance, and honesty, for which so many of his countrymen have been remarkable, he at length became foreman of the establishment of the Messrs. Macintosh, and eventually a partner in the firm. During the progress of these events he became acquainted with the present Lady Birnie, then the daughter of an opulent baker in Oxendon-street, Haymarket, and married her, receiving in her right a considerable sum in cash, and a cottage and some valuable land at Acton, Middlesex. He then became a house-keeper in St. Martin's parish, and soon distinguished himself by his activity in parochial affairs. He served successively, as the writer of this notice has often heard him state with a good deal of exultation, every parochial office, except those of watchman and beadle. During the troublesome times of the latter part of the Pitt Administration he was an ultra Loyalist, and gave a proof of his devotion to the "good cause" by enrolling himself as a private in the Royal Westminster Volunteers, in which corps, however, he soon obtained the rank of Captain. After serving the offices of constable, overseer, auditor, &c., in the parish, he became, in the year 1805, churchwarden, and in conjunction with Mr. Elam, a silversmith in the Strand, his co-churchwarden, and Dr. Anthony Hamilton, the then Vicar of St. Martin's parish, founded the establishment, on a liberal scale, of a number of almshouses, together with a chapel, called St. Martin's Chapel, for decayed parishioners, in Pratt-street, Camden-town, an extensive baring-ground being attached thereto. St. Martin's parish being governed by a local Act of Parliament, two resident Magistrates are necessary, and Mr. Birnie was, at the special request of the late Duke of Northumberland, placed in the Commission of the Peace. From this time, exercising the tact so characteristic of the natives of his country, he betook himself to frequent attendances at Bow-street office, and the study of the Penal Statutes and Magisterial practice in general. He was in the habit of sitting in the absence of Sir Richard Ford, Mr. Graham, and other stipendiary Magistrates of the day, and was considered (the term is not intended in an offensive sense) "an excellent tag." He was at length appointed Police Magistrate at Union-hall, and, after some few years' service there, was removed to Bow-street Office, to a seat on the Bench of which he had long most earnestly aspired. In February, 1830, he headed the party of peace-officers and military in the apprehension of the celebrated Calcutta street gang of conspirators. Sir Nathaniel Conant, the then Chief Magistrate, died shortly after, and Mr. Birnie was greatly chagrined at the appointment of Sir Robert Baker, of Marlborough-street, to the vacant office. The writer of this notice remembers well his saying to a brother Magistrate publicly on the Bench,

"This is the reward a man gets for risking his life in the service of his country!" He soon afterwards, however, attained what might be fairly said to be the summit of his ambition. In August, 1831, at the funeral of Queen Caroline, Sir Robert Baker officiated the "powers that were" by pursuing a line of conduct which they called pusillanimous, but which many designated as highly honourable both to his heart and head, and he received a hint that he might retire, which, of course, he immediately acted upon. Mr. Birnie upon this was appointed Chief Magistrate, and, as a matter of course, received the honour of Knighthood. He has left a daughter and two sons.

### ENSIGN O'DONOGHUE'S FIRST LOVE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(From Fraser's Magazine.)

"Lurid smoke and rank suspicion  
Hand in hand collective dance;  
While the god fulfils his mission,  
Chivalry, resign thy lance."

I was ensign in the Royal Irish, and strutting as proud as a peacock, about the streets of Limerick. To be sure, how I ogled the darlings as they tripped along, and how they used to titter when I gave them a sly look! I was asked to all sorts of parties, as the officers were—save the mark!—so genteel! I was now eighteen years of age, and was seventeen times in love, ay, and out again, in the first fortnight: such eyes as one young lady had, and such legs had another! Susan had such hips, and Kate had such shoulders; Matilda laughed so heartily to show her fine white teeth; and Joanna held her petticoats so tidily out of the mud, to show her ancle. I was fairly betrothed with them all, and nearly ruined in the bargain by the amount of my wine bills at the mess. Fortunately, or, perhaps, unfortunately, one young lady began to usurp the place of the many. I was determined to install her as the prime and permanent mistress of my affections.

Accordingly, Miss Juliana Hennessy was gazetted to the post, vice a score dismissed. Juliana had beautiful ankles, beautiful shoulders; figure plump, smooth and shewy; face nothing to boast of, for her nose was a snub, and she was a trifle marked with the small pox; but her teeth were generally clean, and her eye languishing; so on the whole, Juliana Hennessy was not to be sneezed at. Half a dozen of our youngsters were already flirting after her, one boasted that he had a lock of her hair, but honour forbade him to show it; another swore that he had kissed her in her father's scullery, that she was nothing loath, and only said, "Ah, now, Mr. Casey, can't you stop? what a flirt you are!" But nobody believed him; and Peter Dawson, the Adjutant, who was a wag, affirmed that he heard her mother say, as she crossed the streets, "Juliana, mind your petticoats—spring, Juliana, spring, and shew your agility—the officers are looking."

After this, poor Juliana Hennessy never was known but as Juliana Spring.

Juliana Spring had a susceptible mind, and was partial to delicate attentions; so the first thing I did to shew that my respect for her was particular, was to call out Master Casey about the scullery story; and, after exchanging three shots, (for I was new to the business then, and my pistols none of the best,) I touched him up in the left knee, and spoilt his capering in rather an off hand style, considering I was but a novice. I now basked in my Juliana's smiles, and was as happy and pleasant as a pig in a potato garden. I begged Casey's pardon for having hurt him, and he pitched Juliana to Old Nick, for which, by the way, I was near having him out again.

I was now becoming a sentimental milk-sop; I got drunk not more than twice a week, I ducked but two watchmen, and broke the head of but one chairman, during the period of my loving Juliana Spring. Wherever her toe left a mark in the gutter, my heel left its print by the side of it. Her petticoats never had the sign of a spatter on them; they were always held well out of the mud, and the snow-white cotton stockings, tight as a drum-head, were duly displayed.

Juliana returned my love, and plenty of bling and cooing we had of it. Mrs. Hennessy was as charming a lady of her years as any one could see any where; she used to make room for me next Juliana—made us stand back to back, to see how much the taller I was of the two—Juliana used to put on my sash and gorget, and I was obliged to adjust them; right; then she was obliged to replace them, with her little fingers fiddling about me.

After that the old lady would say—"Juliana, my love, how do the turkeys walk through the grass?" "Is it through the long grass, Ma'am?" "Yes, Juliana, my love, show us how the turkeys walk through the long grass." Then Juliana would rise from her seat, bend forward, tuck up her clothes nearly to her knees, and stride along the room on tip toe.

"Ah, now! do it again, Juliana," said the mother. So Juliana did it again—and again—and again—till I knew the shape of Juliana's supporters so well, that I can conscientiously declare they were uncommonly pretty.

(The acquaintance progresses.—O'Donoghue meets Juliana at a party, and is on the point of "popping the questions," when he received an order to march next morning for Clare Castle. He pays a parting visit to the Hennessys—ends all in confusion—the family generally in undress and Juliana tearing the "papers" out of her midnight curls. He informs them of his intended departure.—Mrs. Hennessy lets his nose go.—Mrs. Hennessy wreathes her "fat face" into smiles, Juliana squeezes a tear out of her left eye, and blows her nose in "silent

anguish." He must, however, breakfast before he goes.)

Katty brought in a plate of eggs and a pile of buttered toast. Apologies innumerable were made for the state of affairs—the sweeps had been in the house—the child had been sick—Mr. Hennessy was turned out of his dressing-room by the maids—Mrs. Hennessy herself had been "poorly"—and Juliana was, suffering with a nervous head ache. Such a combination of misfortunes surely had never fallen upon so small a family at the same time. I began to find my love evaporating rapidly. Still Juliana was in grief, and between pity for her, and disgust at the color of the table-cloth, I could not eat. Mr. Hennessy soon rose, said he would be back in the "peeling of an onion," and requested me not to stir till he returned. He certainly was not long, but he came accompanied, lugging into the room with him, a tall loose-made fellow in a pepper-and-salt coat, and brown corduroys. I never had seen this hero before, and marvelled who the deuce he might prove to be.

"Sit down, Jerry," said Hennessy to his friend—"sit down and taste a dish of tea. Jerry, I am sorry that Juliana has a headache this morning." "Never mind, man," said Jerry; "I'll go bail she will be better by and by. Sure my darling niece isn't sorry at going to be married." Here were two discoveries—Jerry was uncle to Juliana, and Juliana was going to get married—to whom, I wondered?

"O, Jerry! she will be well enough by and by," said her father. "But I don't believe you know Ensign O'Donoghue—let me introduce." &c. Accordingly I bowed, but Jerry rose from his chair, and came forward with outstretched paw—"Good morning to you, Sir, and 'deed and indeed it is mighty glad I am to see you, and wish you joy of so soon becoming my relation."—"Your relation Sir?—I am not aware."—"Not relation," returned Jerry, "not blood relation, but connection by marriage."—"I am not going to be married," said I.—"Your not going to be married?"—"Not that I know of," I replied.—"Ah, he is a young gentleman," said uncle Jerry; "sure I know all about—ar'n't you going to marry my niece, Juliana there?"

A pretty denouement this! My love oozed away like Bob Acres' valour—so I answered—"I rather think not, Sir."—"Not marry Juliana?" ejaculated the father—"Not marry my daughter?" yelled the mother—"Not marry my niece?" said the uncle;—"but by St. Peter you shall—don't you propose for her last night?"—"I won't marry her, that's flat; and I did not propose for her last night!"—I roared.—"My blood was now up, and I had no notion of being taken by storm."

"You shall marry her, and that before you quit this room, or the—I is not in Kiff-baglowen!" said Jerry, getting up and locking the door.—"If you don't, I'll have the law of you!" said Mr. Hennessy.—"If you don't, you are no gentleman," said Mrs. Hennessy.—"If I do, call me a fool," said I.—"And I am unanimous," said a third person, from the inner door.

"The deuce you are," said I to this new addition to our family circle; a smooth faced, hypocritical looking scoundrel, in a black coat and breeches, and grey pearl stockings—was he issued from the smaller apartment—how he got there I never knew.—"Don't swear, young gentleman," said he.—"I'll swear from this to Clare Castle, if I like," said I, "and no thanks to any one. Moreover, by this and by that, and by every thing else, I am not in the humour, and I'll marry no one—good, bad, or indifferent—this blessed day."—"Even this did not satisfy them."

"Then you will marry her after Lent?" said the fellow in the pearl stockings.—"Neither then nor now, upon my oath!" I answered.—"You won't?" said old Hennessy.—"You won't?" echoed the wife.—"You won't?" dittoed Uncle Jerry.—"That I won't, ladies and gentlemen," I rejoined; "I am in a hurry for Clare Castle; so, good morning to you, and I wish you all the compliments of the season."

"Go away with your hatching," said Jerry, "you will not be off in that way"—and he disappeared into the small room. The father sat down at table, and began to write busily—the pearl stocking gentleman twirled his thumbs, and stood between me and the door—Juliana sat snivelling and blowing her nose by the fire—I sprang to the door, but it was not only double-locked, but bolted. I contemplated a leap from the window, but the high iron railing of the area was crowded with spikes. I was debating about being impaled or not, when Jerry returned with a brace of pistols as long as my arm. Mr. Hennessy jumped from his writing-table, flourished a piece of paper, and Mr. Pearl Stockings pulled a book out of his coat pocket.

"You have dishonoured me and my pedigree," said Jerry—"if you don't marry Juliana, I will blow you to atoms."

"Stop Jerry," said the Attorney; "may the gentleman will sign this scrap of a document."—"I felt like the fat man in the play, who would not give a reason upon compulsion—I flatly refused, 'I'd rather not dirty my hands with you,' said the uncle; so just step in here to the closet. Father Towney will couple you fair and aisy—or just sign the bit of paper—if you don't I'll pop you to Jericho."—"Ah! do, now, Mr. O'Donoghue," implored the mother.—"I turned to the priest; 'Sir, it seems that you then, are a clergyman. Do you, I ask, think it consistent with your profession thus to sanction an act of violence?'"

"Botherashin!" interrupted Jerry, "don't be putting your come hither on Father Towney—he knows what he is about; and if he don't I do. So you had better

get buckled without any more blarney." The ruffian then deliberately threw up the pan of one of the pistols, and shook the powder together, in order that I might be convinced he was not jesting; then slowly cocking it, laid it on the table, within his reach, and did the same with the other.

"Give me one of those pistols you scoundrel!" I exclaimed, "and I will fight you here—the priest will see you fair play," "who would be the fool then, I wonder?" said this bully. "I am not such an omachaw as you suppose. If I was to shoot you where you stand, who would be the wiser—you spalpeen?" I seized the poker—Juliana rose and came towards me with extended arms. "Ah! now, Mr. O'Donoghue! dearest O'Donoghue! dearest Con, do prevent bloodshed—for my sake, prevent bloodshed—you know that I dote on you beyond any thing—Can't you be led by my relations, who only want your own good—ah! now, do?"

"Ah! do, now," said the mother. "Listen, to me now," cried I—"listen all of you, for fear of a mistake; you may murder me—my life is in your power—and Father Towney may give you absolution, if he likes; but, mark me now, Juliana Hennessy—I would not marry you if your eyes were diamonds, and your heels gold, and were dressed in Roche's five pound notes. If the priest was ministering extreme unction to your father, and your uncle Jerry with a razor at my throat, I would pitch myself head foremost into the hottest part of purgatory before I would say—Juliana Hennessy you are my wife. Are you satisfied? Now have you had answer Juliana Spring?"

I do not imagine they thought me sedetermined. The father seemed to hesitate; Juliana blubbered aloud; the Priest half closed his eyes, and twirled his thumbs as if nothing unusual was going on; and Jerry, whose face became livid with rage, levelled the pistol at my head. I believe he would have murdered me on the spot, but for Mrs. Hennessy, who was calculating in her wrath. She clapped her hands with a wild howl, and shook them furiously in my face—"Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! That I should live to hear my daughter called Juliana Spring! I that gave her the best of learning—that had her taught singing by Mr. O'Sullivan, straight from Italy, and bought her a brand new forte-piano from Dublin. Oh! to hear her called Juliana Spring!—Didn't I walk her up street and down street, and take lodgings opposite the Main Guard? And then, when we came here, wasn't she called the pride of the Quay? Wouldn't Mr. Casey have married her, only you shot him in the knee?—Wasn't that something? And you here late and early, getting the best of every thing, and philandering with her every where—and now you won't marry her! I am ruined entirely with you—oh dear! oh dear!"

A loud ring at the bell, and a rap at the hall door, astonished the group. Before Katty could be told not to admit any one, I heard Sergeant O'Gorman asking for me, he was no relation to O'Gorman Mahon, but a lad of the same kidney—a thorough going Irishman—and loved a row better than his prayers.

I shouted to the Sergeant, "O'Gorman, they are going to murder me."—"Then by St. Patrick, your honour, we'll be in at the death," responded the sergeant,—"Katty, shut the door," roared Jerry.

Katty was one of O'Gorman's sweethearts, so was not as nimble as she might have been; however, before the order could be obeyed, the sergeant had thrust his halbert between the door and the post, which effectually prevented it closing, I heard his whistle, and in a second the whole of his party had forced their way into the hall.

"Break open the door, my lads," I hallooed—"never mind consequences; and immediately a charming sledgeing was heard, as my men applied the but end of their firelocks to the wood.

The attorney ran into the inner room, so did the Priest—and Jerry, dropping the pistols, followed them. Crash went the panels of the door and in bounced my light boots. Mrs. Hennessy cried "fire" and "robbery;" Juliana Spring tried to faint; and I ran to the inner room just in time to catch Jerry by the heel, as he was jumping from the window. Mr. Hennessy and the Priest, in their hurry to escape, had impeded each other, so that Uncle Jerry, who was last had not time to fly before I clatched him. I dragged back the scoundrel, who was loudly bawling for mercy.

"Is there a pump in the neighbourhood, my lads?" I asked.—"Yes, Sir, in the back yard," answered O'Gorman—"Then don't duck him."—"No your honour!" they all said.—I walked out of the house; but, strange to say, my orders were not obeyed; for Uncle Jerry was ducked within an inch of his life. At the corner of the street I waited for the party, who soon joined me. A few minutes afterwards I met Casey, "Casey," said I, "I am more than ever sorry for your misfortune; and Juliana Spring is at your service."—"she may go to old Nick, for all I care," said Casey, "With all my heart too," said I, "Small difference of opinion to bother our friendships; then?" rejoined the good humoured boy; and to drown the memory of all connected with the calf love by which we had both been stultified; we took a hearty stirrup cup together, and off I set for Clare Castle.

A FEW SETS OF the revised edition of the Laws of the Province of New-Brunswick, are for sale at Mr. Francis Beverly's Book Store.

Fredericton, 29th March, 1832