



THE
BELLE,
SONGSTER.

NAFIS & CORNISH, 278 PEARL-ST. N. Y.

George Strong



Set present



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WILLIAM REILY'S COURTSHIP.

1.

'T WAS on a pleasant morning, all in the
bloom of spring,
When as the cheerful songsters in concert
sweet did sing,
The primrose and the daisy bespangled every
lawn,
In an arbour, I espied my dear Coolen Bawn.

2.

I stood awhile amazed, quite struck with
surprise,
On her with rapture gazed, while from her
bright eyes
She shot such killing glances, my heart away
was drawn,
She ravish'd all my senses, my fair Coolen
Bawn.

3.

I tremblingly addressed her, hail, matchless
fair maid,
You have with grief oppress'd me, and I am
much afraid,
Except you cure my anguish, which now is
in its dawn,
You'll cause my sad overthrow, my sweet
Coolen Bawn.

4.

Then with a gentle smile she replied unto me
I cannot tyrannize, dear Willie, over thee;
My father he is wealthy, and gives severe
command,
If you but gain his favour, I'll be your Coolen
Bawn.

5.

In rapture I embraced her, we swore eternal
love,
And nought should separate us, except the
pow'r above:
I hired with her father, and left my friends
and land,
That with pleasure I might gaze on my fair
Coolen Bawn.

6.

I served him a twelvemonth, right faithfully
and just,
Although not used to labour, was true to my
trust;
I valued not my wages, I would not it de-
mand,
For I could live for ages with my Coolen
Bawn.

7.

One morning, as her father and I walked out
alone,
I asked him for his daughter, saying, sir, it
is well known,

I have a well-stock'd farm, five hundred
pounds in hand,
Which I'll share with your daughter, my fair
Coolen Bawn.

8.

Her father, full of anger, most scornfully did
frown,
Saying, here are your wages, now, sir, de-
part the town,
Increasing still his anger, he bid me quick
begone,
For none but a rich squire shall wed my
Coolen Bawn.

9.

I went unto his daughter, and told her my
sad tale,
Oppress'd with grief and anguish, we both
did weep and wail:
She said, my dearest Reily, the thought I
can't withstand,
That in sorrow you should leave me, your
dear Coolen Bawn.

10.

A horse I did get ready, in the silent night,
Having no other remedy, we quickly took
our flight,
The horse he chanced to stumble, and threw
both along,
Confused, and sorely bruised, me and my
dear Coolen Bawn.

11.

Again we quickly mounted, and swiftly rode
 away,
 O'er hills and lofty mountains, we travell'd
 night and day.
 Her father swift pursued us, with his well
 chosen band,
 And I was overtaken, with my fair Coolen
 Bawn.

12.

Committed straight to prison, there to lament
 and wail,
 And utter my complaints to a dark and dis-
 mal jail,
 Loaded with heavy irons, 'till my trial shall
 come on,
 But I'll bear their utmost malice, for my
 dear Coolen Bawn.

13.

If it should please kind fortune once more
 to set me free,
 For well I know my charmer is constant unto
 me,
 Spite of her father's anger, his cruelty and
 scorn,
 I hope to wed my heart's delight, my dear
 Coolen Bawn.

REILY'S TRIAL.

1.

COME, rise up, William Reily, and come
along with me,
I mean for to go with you, and leave this
country;
I'll forsake my father's dwelling, his houses
and rich land,
And go along with you, love, your dear
Coolen Bawn.

2.

Over lofty hills and mountains, along the
lonesome dales,
Through shady groves and fountains, rich
meadows and sweet vales;
We climb'd the rugged woods, and rid o'er
silent lawn,
But I was overtaken with my dear Coolen
Bawn.

3.

They hurried me to prison, my hands and
feet they bound,
Confin'd me like a murderer, with chains
unto the ground;
But this hard, cruel treatment, most cheer-
fully I'll stand,
Ten thousand deaths I'd suffer, for my dearest
Coolen Bawn.

4.

In came the jailor's son, and to Reily he did
say,
Rise up, unhappy Reily, you must appear to-
day,
Proud squire Falliard's anger and power to
withstand,
I fear you'll suffer sorely, for your dear
Coolen Bawn.

5.

This is the news, young Reily, last night I
heard of thee:
The lady's oath will hang you, or else will
set you free.
If that is true, said Reily, some hopes begin
to dawn,
For I never can be injured by my dear
Coolen Bawn.

6.

The lady she is sensible, and her tender youth,
If Reily has deluded her, she will declare the
truth;
Then, like a spotless angel, before them she
did stand,
You are welcome here, said Reily, my dear
Coolen Bawn.

7.

Next spoke the noble Fox, who stood atten-
tive by,
Gentlemen of the jury, for justice we reply,

To hang a man for love, is foul murder, you
may see,
So, save the life of Reily, and banish'd let
him be.

8.

Then spoke the lovely lady, with tears in her
eyes,
The fault is not sweet Reily's, on me alone
it lies;
I made him leave his home, sirs, and go along
with me,
I love him to distraction, such is my destiny.

9.

The noble lord repli'd, we may let the pri-
soner go,
The lady hath quite clear'd him, the jury
well doth know,
She has releas'd young Reily, the bill must
be withdrawn,
Then set at large the lover of the fair Coolen
Bawn.

10.

But stop, my lord, he stole her bright jewels
and nice rings,
Gold watch, and diamond buckles, with many
costly things:
I gave them to my daughter;—they cost a
thousand pound,
When Reily was first taken, those things with
him were found.

11.

She said, my lord, I gave them in token of
true love,
He never stole my jewels, I swear by all
above;
If you have got them, Reily, pray send them
home to me;
I will, my generous lady, with my thanks,
said he.

12.

There is a ring amongst them, I wish for you
to wear,
Tis set with costly diamonds, and plaited
with my hair;
As a token of true friendship, wear it on your
right hand,
Think of my broken heart, love, when in a
foreign land.

REILY'S ANSWER, RELEASEMENT, AND MAR-
RIAGE WITH COOLEN BAWN.

1.

You tender-hearted lovers, attend unto my
theme,
The hardships of young Reily I mean now to
explain,
Who, for stealing of an heiress, before the
court did stand,
Ordered for transportation into a foreign land.

2.

The daughter of Squire Falliard, this lady
proved to be,
As blooming as an angel, and born of high
degree;
For her, young William Reily, both night
and day doth wail,
Loaded with heavy irons, confined in Sligo
jail.

3.

Like some poor malefactor, transported he
must be;
The lady cries, dear Reily, your face I ne'er
shall see,
Cruel-hearted father, thou art the only one
That banish'd William Reily from his dear
Coolen Bawn.

4.

Her father in a passion, unto the lady said,
For your foul disobedience, you shall be con-
vey'd
Unto a lonesome chamber, there to repent
the deed,
Twelve months on bread and water, you shall
be forc'd to feed.

5

Then unto a dark chamber, his daughter he
did hie,
With nothing but coarse blankets and straw,
whereon to lie;

She cried, dear William Reily, 'tis for my
 sake alone,
 That you with grief and sorrow, in Sligo
 jail doth moan.

6.

Three nights this lovely lady in grief and
 sorrow spent,
 'Till overcome with anguish, she quite dis-
 tracted went;
 She wrung her hands and tore her hair, cry-
 ing, my only dear,
 My cruel-hearted father has used you most
 severe.

7.

Unto a private mad house, they hurried her
 away,
 Where she was heard each morning, for to
 weep and pray;
 Her chains loud she'd rattle, and then she'd
 cry and rave,
 For me, poor William Reily is treated like a
 slave.

8.

Alas! dear William Reily, if I once more
 could see,
 From my hard father's anger, I'd try to set
 him free;

I'd enfold him in my arms, from him I ne'er
 would part;
 Although I'm here confin'd, young Reily has
 my heart.

9.

Now we will leave this fair one, in sorrow
 for to wail,
 And speak of William Reily, confin'd in
 Sligo jail,
 Who, with twenty other criminals, to Dublin
 march'd away,
 To enter on board a transport, bound straight
 to Botany Bay.

10.

When in Dublin they arriv'd, they were con-
 vey'd to jail,
 Until the transport ship should be ready for
 to sail.
 Poor Reily cried, squire Falliard, cruel-
 hearted man,
 In bedlam lies your daughter, my fair Coolen
 Bawn.

11.

But fortune to poor Reily, happen'd to prove
 kind,
 For while he lay in irons, a thought came in
 his mind;

A petition from the prison, he to the castle
sent,
Unto the lord lieutenant, whose heart it did
relent.

12.

The noble lord lieutenant, did to the prison
haste,
And there young William Reily, he speedily
releas'd:
With him into Bedlam, straightway he went
anon,
Likewise releas'd his jewel, the fair Coolen
Bawn.

13.

As soon as the lady her true love did behold,
She in her snowy arms, young Reily did en-
fold,
Her senses quick reviv'd, they for a parson
sent,
Who married this young couple to their
hearts' content.

14.

A license from the primate was got immedi-
ately,
And constant William Reily was wed to his
lady.
A feast was then prepar'd, which lasted four
days long;
Success attend young Reily, and his fair
Coolen Bawn.

15.

Soon as her father heard it, his heart it did
relent;
He cried, for my offences, I sorely do repent.
No mortal, sure, can hinder what heaven
doth decree,
And then straight off for Dublin, he rode
immediately.

16.

Soon as he into Dublin, to the young couple
came,
He said, my dearest children, I have been
much to blame,
But now you shall live happy, with me in
Sligo town,
A fortune I will give you of thirty thousand
pound.

17.

And, as it is God's will that I have no child
but thee,
I beg it as a blessing that you will live with
me,
And at my death you shall possess my houses
and free land;
My blessings on you, Reily, and your dear
Coolen Bawn.

RINORDINE.

1.

ONE evening as I rambled
Two miles below Pomroy,
I met a farmer's daughter,
All on the mountains high;
I said my pretty fair maiden,
Your beauty shines most clear,
And upon these lonely mountains,
I'm glad to meet you here.

2.

She said, young man, be civil,
My company forsake,
For to my great opinion,
I fear you are a rake;
And if my parents should know,
My life they would destroy,
For keeping of your company,
All on the mountains high.

3.

I said, my dear, I am no rake,
But brought up in Venus' train,
And looking out for concealments,
All in the judge's name;
Your beauty has ensnared me,
I cannot pass you by,
And with my gun I'll guard you,
All on the mountains high.

4.

This pretty little thing,
She fell into amaze,
With her eyes as bright as amber
Upon me she did gaze;
Her cherry cheeks and ruby lips,
They lost their former dye,
And then she fell into my arms;
All on the mountains high.

5.

I had but kissed her once or twice,
'Till she came too again;
She modestly then asked me,
Pray, sir, what is your name?
If you go to yonder forest,
My castle you will find,
Wrote in ancient history;
My name is Rinordine.

6.

I said, my pretty fair maiden,
Don't let your parents know,
For if you do, they'll prove my ruin
And fatal overthrow;
But when you come to look for me,
Perhaps you'll not me find,
But I'll be in my castle;
And call for Rinordine.

7.

Come, all ye pretty fair maidens,
A warning take by me,

And be sure you quit night walking,
 And shun bad company;
 For if you don't, you'll surely rue
 Until the day you die,
 And beware of meeting Rinor,
 All on the mountains high.

 JEMMY AND NANCY.

LOVERS, I pray lend an ear to my story,
 Take an example by this constant pair,
 How love, a young creature did blast in her
 glory,
 Beautiful Nancy, of Yarmouth, we hear:
 She was a merchant's lovely fair daughter
 Heiress to fifteen hundred a year;
 A young man he courted her to be his jewel,
 The son of a gentleman who lived near.
 Many long years this maid did he court,
 When they were infants, in love they agreed,
 And when to age this couple arrived,
 Cupid, an arrow between them displayed.
 They made a promise to be married,
 But when her parents the same came to hear,
 They to their charming, beautiful daughter,
 Acted a part that was base and severe.
 Daughter, they said, give o'er your proceed-
 ings;
 If that against our consent you do wed,
 For ever more we resolve to disown you.
 If you wed one that's so meanly bred.

Her mother said, you are of great fortune,
Besides, you are beautiful, charming and
young,

You are match, dear child, that is fitting
For any lord in all Christendom.

Then did reply, this young, beautiful virgin,
Riches and honours I both do defy;

If that I'm denied my dearest lover,
'Then farewell this world, which is all vanity.

Jemmy's the man that I do admire,

He has riches that I do adore;

For to be greater, I never desire,

My heart is fixed never to love more.

Then said her father, 'tis my resolution,

Although I have no more daughters but you,

If that with him you are resolved for to marry,

Banish'd for ever from me you shall go.

Well, cruel father, but still I desire,

Grant me that Jemmy once more I may see,

Though you do part us, I still will be loyal,

For none in the world I'll admire but he.

For the young man he sent in a passion,

Saying, for ever, now, sir, take your leave,

I have a match fit for my daughter,

Therefore, 'tis but a folly to grieve.

Honour'd father, then, said the young lady,

Promis'd we are, by all the powers above;

Why of all comfort would you bereave me,

Our love is fixed ne'er to remove.

Then said the father, a trip to the ocean

Jemmy shall go, in a ship of my own;
I'll consent that he shall have my daughter,
When to fair Yarmouth he again returns.
Honoured father, then, said the two lovers,
Since its your will we are bound to obey;
Our constant hearts can never be parted,
But our eager desire no longer must stay.
Then beautiful Nancy, said dearest Jemmy,
Whilst crystal tears like fountains did flow,
Crying, my heart in turn, I do give you,
And you shall be present wherever I go.
When on the ocean, my dear, I am sailing,
Thoughts on my jewel the compass shall steer,
These tedious days, time shall discover,
And bring me safe to the arms of my dear:
Therefore, be constant, my dear lovely jewel,
For, by the heavens, if you are untrue,
My troubled ghost shall for ever torment you,
Dead or alive, I'll have none but you.
Her arms around his neck then she twined,
Saying, my dear, when you're on the sea,
If that fate to us would prove cruel,
That we each other no more should see,
No man alive shall ever enjoy me:
Soon as the tidings of death rings in my ears,
Then like a poor unfortunate lover,
Down to the grave I'll go, my dear.
Then with a sorrowful sight they departed;
The wind next day blew a pleasant gale,
All things being ready, the same Mary Calley.

And for Barbadoes he straight did set sail.
Jemmy was floating upon the wide ocean,
Her cruel parents were plotting the while,
How the heart of their beautiful daughter,
With cursed gold could strive to beguile.
Many a lord of fame, birth and breeding,
Came for to court this young beautiful maid,
But all their presents and favours she slighted;
Constant I'll be to my jewel, she said.
Now for a while we will leave this fair maiden,
And tell how things with her lover did go:
In the island of Barbadoes, the ship safe ar-
rived,

But now observe this fatal overthrow.
Young Jemmy was comely in every feature:
A Barbadoes lady, whose riches were great,
On him fixed her eyes, then she cried if I get
not

'This young English sailor, I'll die for his sake.
She then dressed herself in gallant attire,
With costly diamonds she plaited her hair;
A hundred slaves dres't in white, to attend her,
Sent for this young man to come to her there.
Come, noble sailor, she cried, can you fancy
A lady whose fortune and riches are great;
A hundred slaves you shall have to attend you,
Music to charm you to your silent sleep.
In riches of gold, my dear, I will deck you,
Pearls and rich jewels I'll lay at your feet,

To the sea side, and I'll instantly meet you,
With my two maidens I'll come to you there
Her night-gown embroidered with gold and
silver,

Carelessly round her body she throws;
With her two maidens, indeed, to attend her,
To meet her true love, she instantly goes.
Close in his arms the spirit did enfold her,
Jemmy, she said, you are colder than clay,
Sure you can ne'er be the man I admire,
Paler than death you appear unto me.
Yes, fairest creature, I am your true lover,
Dead or alive you are to be my own;
I come to your vow, my dear, you must fol
low

My body now, to my watery tomb:
I for your sake did refuse gold and treasure,
Beauty and riches for you I despised,
A charming young lady for me did expire,
Thinking of you, I was deaf to her cries;
Your cruel parents have been my undoing,
And now I sleep in a watery grave;
And for your promise, my dear, I am suing,
Dead or alive, indeed you I will have.
The trembling lady was sorely affrighted,
Amazed, she stood at the brink of the sea,
With eyes lifted up to Heaven, she cried,
cruel parents,
Heaven requite you for your cruelty:
Indeed, I promised my dearest creature,

Dead or alive I would be his own;
 And now to perform my vow, I am ready
 To follow him to his watery grave.

THE BLACK BIRD.

1.

UPON a fair morning for soft recreation,
 I heard a sweet lady, while making her moan
 With sighing, and sobbing, and sad lamenta-
 tion,
 Saying, my black bird, most lovely, has flown,
 My thoughts do deceive me,
 Reflections do grieve me,
 And I'm overwhelm'd with sad misery;
 Yet if death should blind me,
 As true love inclines me,
 My black bird I'll seek out, wherever he be.

2.

Once in fair England, my black bird did
 flourish,
 He was the chief flow'r that in it did spring;
 Prime ladies of honour, his person did nour-
 ish,
 Because that he was the true son of a king;
 But that false fortune,
 Which still is uncertain,
 Has caused this parting between him and me:
 His name I'll advance
 In Spain and in France,
 And seek out my black bird, wherever he be.

3.

The birds of the forest all met together,
 The turtle was chosen to dwell with the dove,
 And I am resoly'd, in fair or foul weather,
 Once more in the spring, to seek out my love,
 He is all my heart's treasure,
 My joy and my pleasure,
 And justly, my love, my heart follows thee,
 Who art constant and kind,
 And courageous of mind,
 Success to my black bird, wherever he be.

4.

In England, my black bird and I were together,
 Where he was still noble and generous of heart,
 Ah! woe to the time that I first went thither,
 Alas! he was forced soon hence to depart.
 In Scotland he is deem'd,
 And highly esteem'd;
 In England a stranger, he seemeth a stranger
 to be,
 Yet his fame shall remain
 In France and in Spain,
 Happy is the black bird, wherever he be.

5.

What, if the fowler my black bird has taken,
 Then sighing and sobbing shall be all my time;
 But if he is safe, I'll not be forsaken,
 And hope to see him in May or in June,

For him, through the fire,
 Through mud and through mire,
 I'll go, as I love him to such a degree.
 He's constant and kind,
 And noble of mind,
 Deserving all blessings, wherever he be.

6.

It is not the ocean can fright me with danger,
 Nor though, like a pilgrim, I wander forlorn;
 I may meet with friendship from one that's
 a stranger,
 More than from one that in Briton is born.
 Oh! heaven spacious,
 Let Britain be cautious,
 Some there be, odious to him and to me,
 Yet joy and renown,
 And laurels shall crown
 My black bird with honour, wherever he be.

 BATTLE OF PLATTSBURG.

1.

Sir George Prevost, with all his host,
 March'd forth from Montreal, sir,
 Both he and they, as blythe and gay,
 As going to a ball, sir;
 The troops he chose, were all of those
 That conquer'd Marshal Soult, sir,
 Who, at Garonne (the fact is known)
 Scarce brought them to a halt, sir

2.

With troops like these, he thought with ease
To crush the Yankee faction;
His only thought, was how he ought
To bring them into action.
Your very names, sir George exclaims,
Without a gun or bayonet,
Will pierce like darts, thro' Yankee hearts,
And all their spirits stagnate.

3.

Oh! how I dread, lest they have fled,
And left their puny fort, sir,
For sure Macomb won't stay at home,
To afford us any sport, sir;
Good bye, he said, to those that staid
Keep close as mice or rats, snug,
We'll just run out, upon a scout,
To burn the town of Plattsburg.

4.

Then up Champlain, with might and main,
He march'd in dread array, sir,
With fife and drum, to scare Macomb,
And drive him quite away, sir;
And side by side, their nation's pride,
Along the current, beat, sir,
Swore not to sup, 'till they eat up
McDonough and his fleet, sir.

5.

Still onward came these men of fame,
Resolv'd to give no quarter;

But to their cost, found out at last,
That they had caught a tartar.
At distance shot, awhile they fought,
By water and by land, sir,
His knightship ran from man to man,
And gave his dread command, sir.

6.

Britons, strike home; this dog, Macomb,
So well the fellow knows us,
Will just as soon jump o'er the moon,
As venture to oppose us;
With quick despatch, light ev'ry match,
Man ev'ry gun and swivel,
Cross in a crack, the Saranac.
And drive 'em to the devil

7.

The Vermont ranks, that lin'd the banks,
Then pois'd the unerring rifles,
And to oppose their haughty foes,
They found a perfect trifle;
Meanwhile the fort kept up such sport,
They thought the devil was in it;
Their mighty train play'd off in vain,
'Twas silenc'd in a minute.

8.

Sir George, amaz'd, so wildly gaz'd,
Such frantic gambols acted,
Of all his men, not one in ten,
But thought him quite distracted;

He curs'd and swore, his hair he tore,
Then jump'd upon his poney,
And gallop'd off towards the Bluff,
To look for captain Downie.

9.

But when he spied McDonough ride
In all the pomp of glory,
He hasten'd back to Saranac,
To tell the dismal story:
My gallant crews, oh! shocking news,
Are all or kill'd or taken,
Except a few that just withdrew
In time to save their bacon.

10.

Old England's pride must now subside,
Oh! how the news will shock her,
To have her fleet not only beat,
But sent to Davy's locker.
From this sad day, let no one say
Britannia rules the ocean,
We've dearly bought the humbling thought,
That this is all a notion.

11.

With one to ten I'd fight 'gainst men,
But these are Satan's legions,
With malice fraught, come piping hot,
From Pluto's darkest regions.
Helas mon dieu? what shall I do?
I smell the burning sulphur;
Set Britain's Isle, all rank and file,
Such men would soon engulf her.

12.

That's full as bad—Oh! I'll run mad;
 Those western hounds are summon'd,
 Gaines, Scott and Brown, are coming down,
 To serve me just like Drummond.
 Thick too, as bees, the Vermontese
 Are swarming to the lake, sir,
 And Izard's men, come back again,
 Lie hid in ev'ry brake, sir.

13.

Good Brisbane, beat a quick retreat,
 Before their forces join, sir,
 For sure as fate, they've laid a bait
 To catch us like Burgoyne, sir,
 All round about, keep good look out,
 We'll surely be surrounded;
 Since I could crawl, my gallant soul
 Was never so astounded.

14

The route began, sir George led on,
 His men ran helter skelter,
 Each tri'd his best to outrun the rest,
 To gain a place of shelter;
 To hide their fear, they gave a cheer,
 And thought it mighty cunning—
 He'll fight, say they, another day,
 Who saves himself by running.

BLACK EYED SUSAN.

1

ALL in the Downs the fleet lay moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black ey'd Susan came on board;
Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew.

2.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

3.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill voice to hear,
And drops, at once, into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips. those kisses sweet.

4.

Oh! Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again;
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

5.

Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts, thy constant mind;
They tell thee, sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find;
Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,
For thou art present, wheresoe'er I go.

6.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thine eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory, so white;
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul, some charms of lovely Sue.

7.

Though battles call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return;
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's
eye.

8.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread,
No longer must she stay on board,
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head;
Her lessening boat, unwilling rows to land,
Adieu, she cried, and wav'd her lily hand.

THE BELLE SONGSTER.

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