

ER 25, 1840.

GOODS.

From London.

ored Merinos, Norwich
Bambazines, black Silks
d, checked, and figured
amatta Cloth, Cholly &
Dresses, Fancy Mous-
e-printed Llama Squares,
idiana with Velvet Bord-
d Woolen Plaid Shawls;
bbin Nets; white Blond
sran Quilling, lisle laco
d and Gimp Edgings;
g Wire, ground Gimp,
for Head-bands, black
Silks, Purple Twist, lase-
d colored Lace Gloves,
red Kid & Silk Gloves,
l and black Kid Gloves,
lored Silk, sewing Silk,
; Silk, Chain, & Coat
ted Broad, Cotton night
sa and Lamba Wool
Boots, Ladies White,
otton Hose, Gentlemen's
Hose, Regatta Shirts,
d of Crevels, Flourishing
l'ores; colored embrod-
and Worsted white and
wollen Yarn, worsted
in Fringes, White bone,
lk Lace, Carpet Lace,
e Ribbon, Cluny Belt
rad steel Top "Thimble-
Buckram, Ladies white
tays, Artificial Flowers,
Cloth Caps, Leggins &
raw Bonnets, Umbrellas,
also, two trunks Ladies
s and Shoes.

er Brig
From London,
Saint John.

oid assortment of Latin,
ing Satchels, and Goggles
Variety. Plain figured,
as and Persian in vari-
Crapo and Dene Band-
Barcelona, Brucier, Bar-
arson Corah SPA, Hama-
k Serge, Hat, Dress, &
d, embossed and blond
l Harckebiers, blond
embossed scarf, cham-
bled Hessian Spatter,
f Razors, Knives and
et and Pen-knives, and
s hand, corks-cup, and
grove fig lighters, wash
tooth, hair, cloth, and
red head Pencils,
n and Violin strings
-and-

er Brig
From Belfast,

l'ba & colored Llama
Throat,

ny SUPPLY,
y the British American,
raid, from Liverpool, and
last.

V. & S. M. GILMOR,
-and-

THE
STANDARD,
EVERY FRIDAY, BY
V. & S. M. GILMOR,
in Saint Andrews,
NUNSWICK.

ERMS
ered in town or called for,
forwarded by mail,
and until order is paid
E. S. M. GILMOR.

any orders, or continued
no written directions
ines, and under, 3s.

over 12 lines 3d per line,
12 lines 5d per line.
year as may be agreed on.

individuals who have no ac-
count, or who are in arrears,
are struck off at the shortest
on delivery.

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Mr. S. Campbell,
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James Albee Esq.,
Treat, Mount Esq.,
Jas. Brown Esq.,
Mr. J. G. Goring,
Mr. David Turner,
Mr. Wm. Drayton,
Mr. D. Gilmour,
William Knight Esq.,
W. J. Millar Esq.,
W. J. Layton Esq.,
Mr. Henry S. Bell,
Jas. C. Esq.

DEPARTURE OF
RAILS.

rice from
ity at 12 a. m.
Saint George, by Coach
Saturday at 7 p. m.
steam—Mondays, Wednes-
days at 5 p. m.
Coach—Tuesdays, Thurs-
days at 10 a. m.

parts for
ity at 10 a. m.
Saint George, by Coach—
Tuesdays, & Fridays at 7 a. m.
steam—Tuesdays, Thursdays
at 8 a. m.
Coach—Mondays, Wednes-
days at 10 a. m.

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The Standard.

OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

Volume 7.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 13, 1840.

Number 45

ALICE. OR WOMAN'S LOVE. By Miss M. Miles.

Oh! you know not the love of a woman's heart,
Till all its better its purer part.

Continued.

"I will sit with Mr. Thomson, ma'am if you wish to go out," said their landlady, for they had assumed that homely name when obliged to seek those obscure lodgings, and since Howard's illness the heart of that coarse woman was touched by Alice's devotion and sweetness; and she was kind, kind indeed, to the lone one.

"Mr. Thomson is in such a calm sleep, that I will thank you if you will sit half an hour with him; business calls me from home for a short time," and tears rushed into her eyes as she added, "Believe me, Mrs. Bray, you shall be one day requited for your kindness."

Alice drew her thick veil over her face as she entered the principal Jeweller's store in the street.

"What will you give me for this ring?" said she, handing one to the bowing clerk behind the counter.

"This is very valuable," he answered, with a glance of surprise. "I will hand it to Mr."

"The ring is valuable, Madam, and the setting so peculiar that it would not sell readily. So I would rather not become the purchaser."

Alice took the ring, (Lady Dymor's gift in happier days, and held sacred when all ornaments had gone to gain them daily bread,) and with a heavy sigh was departing, when a fashionable equipage drew up to the door, and a party alighted. In the hurry of the moment Alice dropped it; one of the ladies picked it up, glanced first at her then for a moment on the valuable bauble, and gracefully presented it and passed on; and the young wife stole from the crowded street to her lonely home.

For three nights—Theatre had been crowded with all the beauty and fashion of London. Nothing was spoken of but Madame's singing, and on this night she surprised herself; the applause, when she gracefully left the stage, was deafening; and garlands and flowers, rich and rare, were showered upon it.

"You are gloomy to-night, Courtenay," said Blanche Trevor to Sir Louis Courtenay, her affianced suitor. "Has Madame's singing won your heart; for I shall be jealous if this absent fit continues. See, we are nearly home, and your Highness has not deigned to bestow one word upon me despite my woman's wit and curiosity to read your thoughts."

"No, Blanche, she is a beautiful and gifted, but I marvel if she is not a wretched woman. So young and lovely! but with such sorrow marked upon her brow. I am strangely interested with her, but that is not the cause of my gloom. I have been trying to discover the haunt of my friend, Howard Morton, but as yet my attempts have been fruitless."

"I hate that old Lord Dymor, though he is my uncle," exclaimed Blanche with her wonted impetuosity; "but we are home: not a word of Howard before Mrs. Dalbourne, but come to me to-morrow early."

"I wish you were again at Lord Dymor's, though; for I have a perfect horror of Mrs. Dalbourne's cold looks. I must move by rule, and talk by rule, and even make love by rule in her starchy presence."

"Patience, patience, dear Courtenay; shall I not one day be mistress of the broad lands of Dymor, and then we may roam the wild woods free?"

"Blanche, Blanche! despite the deep loss I bear you, I will never again look upon your face in its marvellous beauty, did I think you would become the usurper of your cousin's just rights."

"Well, good night, Louis, and pleasant dreams. I shall sit dance gaily in Dymor Halls."

"You are better to-day, love," and Alice smiled, one of her own sweet smiles, the first that had wreathed her lip for many weeks; your eye has its own dark look, and your hand burns not with fever as I clasp it. Oh, I have much to be thankful for; and sinking on her knees the young wife poured out her soul in prayer.

"I am better, Alice," murmured Howard in a faint voice, but weak still and feeble as if he had been in some long, strange dream. Surely this is not our small room. Every comfort seems to be here, and luxuries too; glancing at the table by his bedside. "All seems so strange."

"Oh, a kind fairy has been with me in my lonely watches, and showered some of her golden gifts into my hand. Rest easy, dearest, we've gold for present need. Sleep now, and I will, when you are stronger, solve this mystery."

There was a large circle assembled in Mrs. Dalbourne's drawing room, discussing the merits of Madame S., the day after the last appearance of that star. She had come as a meteor to dazzle awhile and then sink into oblivion. Her dark beauty bespoke her being of a warmer clime, and the gift of her ready song was enough to mark a wanderer from the Italian land.

"She reminded me of one whom I knew

in early youth," said Courtenay in reply to an observation of Lady Lucy's.

"She is perfect—enchanting!" cried one of the gentlemen near. "I could lose my heart to one like her, for there is intellect stamped upon her beautiful face."

"Where are you going, Miss Trevor?" asked Mrs. Dalbourne as Blanche entered equipped for walking. "I think young ladies should find better employment than to be forever engaged in these frivolous pursuits."

"I am going to walk with Sir Louis Courtenay, Madam," replied Blanche, her colour rising, and with something of hauteur in her manner.

"I do not approve of young ladies walking unattended by some more elderly person, and must insist upon Miss Ronson's (her companion and trade carrier) accompanying you."

"Miss Trevor cannot be under better protection than that of her intended husband, Mrs. Dalbourne—and as she is her own mistress, I shall altogether decline Miss Ronson's espionage," and with a flashing eye Louis put Blanche's hand within his arm and withdrew.

Howard was in a sweet and restoring sleep, although the noontide sun was beaming brightly in the heaven above, when Mrs. Bray started Alice from a deep reverie, into which she had fallen as she kept her vigil by his side.

"La, ma'am, there be some great visitors in our parlor to see you."

"To see me?" exclaimed the startled girl, and the blood rushed to her cheek and brow.

"Are you sure they asked for me, my kind Mrs. Bray?"

"Surely, ma'am, and looked so pitiful the while I was telling how sick your husband was and how you watched him, and would not sleep or eat; and tears were in the lady's beautiful blue eyes as she listened."

"With a faltering step Alice entered the neat but small parlor of her landlady; but in a moment started and became pale as death, for she instantly recognized Sir Louis Courtenay, the early and dear friend of Howard, who had been absent during the time of their marriage and difficulties at the Castle."

"Lady Morton has not forgotten her old play-fellow!" said he, advancing and taking her hand with much respect and kindness in his manner; "and I rejoice that my long search has been at last crowned with success."

"No, I can never forget Sir Louis Courtenay, for he is associated with brighter and better days; but you will address me as Mrs. Thomson—that is the name which better befits our altered state."

"As Alice Newton, I knew you—and as the wife of my friend, I shall still address you by your title; but how is he, for on your cheek the rose is pale as if with watching and care."

"He is better; recovering, though slowly, and overcome by the first familiar tones of kindness that had greeted her for long months, she burst into tears and sunk upon a seat, unmindful of the presence of Blanche Trevor, who had stood concealed from view during the foregoing scene."

"Blanche, come and dry your cousin's tears by your own sweet words of comfort, and tell her of many still happier days to come."

In a moment the arm of Blanche was around her; and, notwithstanding there was a smile on her ruby lips, her own tears mingled with those of Alice.

"And did you think, dear cousin, that Blanche Trevor would submit to see Howard deprived of his just rights. No! I had a clue to your retreat you dreamt not of; it was I who became the purchaser of the 'Madonna,' and made my servant follow, until he discovered where you lodged. You remember the ring dropped in Mr. S.'s shop; look upon my face and see if you trace any resemblance to the one who picked it up? The cypher on the inside revealed to me who was the possessor, and I only waited for Louis to return, to try and win you to love me."

"Mr. Thomson is awake, ma'am, and wants you to come up stairs directly," interrupted Mrs. Bray, putting her head in at the door.

"I must go," exclaimed Alice, "but will see you again. I must prepare Howard to meet you."

"Courtenay! ah, I knew he would remain true, and it was his well remembered voice that woke me from my sleep. Let me see him, and Blanche too; she is a noble creature."

A few short moments and again they met, those so long parted, and the day had not gone by ere Howard Morton was an inmate of Sir Louis's handsome mansion, and surrounded with all that wealth could obtain, of advice and luxuries, to restore him to perfect health.

There had been a revolution in the political world, and the Earl of Dymor was hurled from his high pinnacle. The statesman's stay had set in gloom; and at the close of a dark November day he entered the gates of Dymor Castle; Blanche was his only companion; but through that long journey he spoke but seldom. A weary sigh broke from him as he entered the vast hall, where there was no kind voice to welcome him to his home; but he relaxed not from its sternness. Blanche smiled upon the old assembled servants; but they frowned, deeming her an intruder in their young lord's domains.

The evening drew to its close, and many memories of the past were straining over Lord

Dymor's heart—his beautiful wife, his noble boy! For what had he given them up? A phantom, which, ere he had grasped it, had faded away! And in the evening of life he sat down a desolate man in his lonely home. There had been a long silence, and each engrossed with strangely mingled feelings, sat in silence, when the words "Howard! Emily!" in a tone of deep distress, burst from the stern lip of the Earl. Blanche sprang from her seat and knelt before him.

(To be Continued.)

POETRY.

FOREVER THINE.

In the range of English fugitive poetry, we have met with few pieces of deeper pathos or tenderer feeling, than this, by Alaric Watts. It breathes the very soul of devoted affection.

Forever thine, whate'er this heart betide,
Forever thine, whate'er our lot be cast—
Fate, that may rob us of all our wealth beside,
Shall leave us love till life itself be past.

The world may wrong us—we will brave its hate;
False friends may change and falser hopes decline;
Though bowed by cankering care, we'll smile at Fate,
Since thou art mine, beloved, and I am thine!

Forever thine—when circling years have sped
Time's snowy blossoms o'er thy placid brow;
When youth's rich glow, its purple light is fled,
And lilies bloom where roses flourish now.

Say, shall I love the fading beauty less,
Whose spring-tide radiance has been wholly mine?
No! come what will, thy steadfast truth I'll bless,
In youth, in age, thine own, forever thine!

Forever thine, at evening's dewy hour,
When gentle hearts to tenderest thoughts incline,
When balmy odors from each closing flower
Are breathing round me—thine, forever thine!

Forever thine! 'mid Fashion's heartless throng,
In courtly powers—at Polly's gilded shrine,
Smiles on my cheek, like words upon the tongue,
My deep heart still is thine—forever thine!

Forever thine! 'mid the boisterous crowd,
When the jest sparkles with the sparkling wine,
I may not name thy gentle name aloud,
But drink to thee in thought, forever thine!

I would not, sweet, profane that silvery sound;
The depth of love could such rude hearts divine;
Let the loud laughter peal, the toast go round,
My thoughts, my thoughts are thine, forever thine!

Antiquarian Discovery.—A silver seal in preservation has recently been found on the grounds of Wade Browne, Esq. at Monkton Farleigh, Wiltshire, near the site of the Priory of St. Mary Magdalene. This relic is a pendant having a female front face, deeply cut, and of exquisite workmanship, probably Italian; the legend encircling the head, "caput Magdeleane," connects it with the ancient priory, which, on Dagdale's authority, was founded by Humphrey de Bohem, about the year of 1125, and was among the first of the monastic establishments that fell a sacrifice to Henry the Eighth's ecclesiastical commissioners. The prior, who resigned 26 Henry VIII. A. D. 1536, preparatory to the dissolution of the house, named, Lodowick. It is stated in the monastic records, that no seal of the priory had been found, the foreign name, Lodowick, may lead us to infer that the specimen of ancient art thus brought to light, was the last head of the priory of the Mouton Farleigh.—Wiltshire Independent.

The White Lady.—For several years there has lived, in an ancient house, called the Hotel d'Aligre in the Rue St. Honoré, a female known in the neighbourhood by no other name than La Dame Blanche, from the circumstance of her never appearing abroad except in the dusk of the evening, and then always clothed in white. She neither visited or received any person nor spoke to any one; and was never known to deal with a single shopkeeper, and how she subsisted was a complete mystery. Whenever the door of her room was opened by her, a strong odour of eau de Cologne was emitted. Some imagined that she was an elderly countess, distinguished by her charms previous to the first Revolution; while others with perhaps more reason deemed her insane. Having remained for several days shut up in

her room, the neighbours became alarmed for her safety, and a few days ago had her door forced. She was found dead on her knees with her head half consumed over a brazier which she had lighted during the cold weather to warm herself. About 1000 francs in bills and silver were found in the closets with a quantity of white dresses, and a number of bottles of eau de Cologne; but never to designate either her name or her family.—Paris Paper.

ARRIVAL of the BRITANNIA.

Standard Office, November 6, 1840.

In consequence of the Mail arriving last night after the Paper went to press, we issue an Extra this morning, in order to lay the most important News before our Readers as early as possible.

The Steamship Britannia, arrived at Halifax on Saturday last in less than eleven days from Liverpool, and 23 days since she left the former port; one of the quickest trips on record. The following is an extract of a letter to a gentleman in St. John, dated

Liverpool, October 29.

"The anticipated war in Europe has a frightful effect on the money market here. Bills cannot now be discounted here under 6 per cent and 1-4 per cent for commission and should hostilities be actually proclaimed with France, the effects will be most disastrous. Credit to the Colonies will be most entirely suspended: and the Americans in monopolizing the Cotton-carrying trade will depreciate British shipping to a ruinous extent; notwithstanding all this, purchasers of Colonial ships are still to be found; and a Dalhousie vessel was sold the other day at £9 per ton. The timber Market seems as if it would never rally here, except for very large Timber."

LONDON, OCTOBER 18.

The Court is expected to arrive at Buckingham Palace in the course of three weeks for the Royal accouchement. The alterations at Buckingham Palace, which relate chiefly to the personal convenience of her Majesty and the Prince, are in a forward state of completion.

Letters have reached us from Portugal by the Iberia steamer, which arrived at Falmouth on Friday, with the Peninsular mails. She left Gibraltar on the 1st, Cadiz on the 2d, Lisbon on the 5th, and Oporto Vigo on the 6th instant. They bring disastrous news of the accouchement of her Majesty the Queen of Portugal. She was delivered of a Princess on the preceding day, at a quarter before 11 o'clock, who did not survive beyond a few minutes.

DEATH OF THE MARQUIS CAMDEN.—The Marquis had been riding for some time past, and on Wednesday was seized with apoplexy, from which he never recovered. He was totally insensible at the time of his death. He was born Feb. 11, 1759.

THE FUNDS.—SATURDAY.

A sanguine hope is entertained in the city to-day—produced partly by the character of the advices from Paris—that the war cry has passed its zenith, and that despite the desires of the revolutionists of France and the inordinate wishes of the *Beau* speculators; both on the Bourse of the French capital and those on this side of the channel, peace will be maintained. It cannot, however, be denied, that the aspect of the political horizon was exceedingly portentous in the early part of the week; that the question of peace or war then was doubtful, and the quotations of the public securities descended lower than they have been since the commercial panic of 1833-4. Things have brightened up materially since, and those in the city who have considered the probabilities of war as remote, are somewhat confirmed in their feelings by what has since taken place.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

We have received by an extraordinary express from Paris, dated Thursday night, 10 o'clock, the evening papers of that date and a letter from our correspondent.

The *Monitor Parisien* and *Messenger* contains the following bulletin.

Paris, Oct. 15.

"A musket shot was fired at the King at 6 o'clock this evening, at the moment when his Majesty was passing along the quay of the Tuileries, on his return to Saint Cloud."

Neither the King nor any of the persons by whom he was accompanied was hurt.

He escaped his crime."

Our private letters state, that the name of the assassin is Darbes. He is from the south of France (he said Marseilles), but there was some doubt on that point. It would appear that his musket had been overloaded, for it burst, and wounded him in the shoulder."

It was rumored that the assassin was one of the advocates for war who are at present so much exalted and that on murdering the King he calculated on removing the only bar to the arrival of that calamity."

It was currently reported and believed, that the Queen Regent of Spain had arrived at Port Vendres. It was also stated that M. de Richelieu de la Redonde (Ambassador of France)

had protested against the appointment of a co-Regent—in other words, against the programme of the newly self-selected Government of Spain.

The *Messenger* contains a brief notice of Eastern news. It confirms our own accounts that Lebanon was tranquil; that "Mahomet Ali" was restored to health, and was perfectly calm and resolved."

"The combined fleets had cannonaded Seide and Caffa. The insurgents who had presented themselves at the Turkish camp were only a few peasants of the Kesrouan."

Our Malta letters of the 5th inst. state, that no news from Syria of a later date than that brought by the *Pomethons* on the 26th ult., had been received in that island. The report of the taking of St. Jean d'Acre by the combined squadron had circulated there, but was not credited.

Liverpool, Oct. 16.

The steamship *Oriental*, from Alexandria and Malta, arrived this morning at 8 a. m., left Alexandria 23d ult. and Malta 28th. The British fleet was entering the Bay of Alexandria as the steamer came out.

Niger Expedition.—On Saturday last Her Majesty's steam-vessel *Wilberforce*, the third iron vessel built by Mr. John Laird for this expedition, was launched from his yard, North Birkenhead. She is commissioned by Commander W. Allen, R. N. will receive her machinery to-day, and is expected to be ready for trial in three weeks. The *Albert*, Captain Trotter, R. N. and Soudan, Commander Bird Allen, R. N.; the other two steam-vessels for the same expedition, are, we understand, nearly ready for sea.—*Liverpool Advertiser*.

The late *Count Marial*.—We learn from a private source, that the decision of the Court martial on Captain Reynolds, concluded on Monday last at Brighton, finds him guilty of a breach of the articles of war, but recommends him, in consideration of the circumstances, to the gracious clemency of the Queen. A severe rebuke is conveyed against Lord Cardigan, who must now retire from the service. But the official notice will be published in a few days.—*Scotch Reformers Gazette*.

Dunsmuir-street, Oct. 15.

The Queen has been pleased to appoint John Jeremie, Esq. to be Captain-General & Governor-in-Chief of the Colony of Sierra Leone, and its dependencies.

The Queen has been pleased to appoint Owen Pinfield, Esq. to be Chief Justice of the Colony of Sierra Leone and its dependencies.

Major General Sir George Arthur, Captain Halkett, of the Coldstream Guards, and Lieutenant Demville, of the 15th Light Infantry, on the staff in Upper Canada, have been recalled by the Commander in Chief from that duty, as the establishment is not to be kept up.

The Duke of Northumberland will, there is no doubt, be elected Chancellor of the University of Cambridge in the room of the Marquis Camden. There is, we suppose, as little doubt that Lord Lyndhurst will succeed to the office of High Steward, which will become vacant by the appointment of the Duke of Northumberland to the Chancellorship.

Bay of Djoni, Coast of Syria, Sep. 20.

On the 15th of September the Admiral came into Beyrout with all the squadron; then the Turkish squadron, under Walker Bey, then the Austrian squadron. The Marines of the squadron, 1,500 in number, were packed in the Gorgon that night; the Turks in the other three steamers, *Cyclops*, *Phoenix*, and *Hydra*; and on the following day they made a feat in land on the point north of Beyrout; 3,000 troops drew up to oppose them, when the *Beaumont* opened a fire of shells upon them at 2,400 yards; her practice was the admiration of all. The squadron then bore up, under Captain Napier, with the small craft, and landed in the Bay of Djoni, some twelve miles from Beyrout. In the evening as Ibrahim Pacha was coming into Beyrout; the 3 in shore ships, the *Gorgon*, *Beaumont*, *Edinburgh*, and an Austrian frigate, opened a tremendous fire upon the town. We fired sixteen broadsides by sound of bugle; shells all night, and deliberate firing next day; after which we came here, and the squadron is stationed as follows:—At the Bay of Djoni, where marines and Turks are encamped and entrenched, there are the *Princess Charlotte*, *Powerful*, *Ganges*, *Chanderloo*, and *Siamarra*. At Beyrout—*Edinburgh* and *Hastings*. Commanding the road between us—*Revenge* and *Bellerophon*. At Sidon—*Castor* and *Pique*. We have taken the small craft which were at Djoni and Broun. The *Cyclops* fired 400 shots and shells at Djoni, and had 5 marines killed and 17 wounded, in taking possession. We have sent out about 5,000 muskets to the Marquises.

The *Dunsmuir* are with Ibrahim, who is behind the hills near us. 1,000 Turks came in yesterday, and Abdallah, the man who defended Acre in 1830. Napier is on shore, and is Commander in Chief.

St. John, Nov. 2.

Billion's Fleet.—Our city at present appears to be troubled with this worst of all diseases. There are those who say that have come within our knowledge, within the last day or two.

An honest man's word is as good as his bond.

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