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THE CHRONICLE.

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New-Boy's Address.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE CHRONICLE.

1st January, 1841.

JUST once a Year I'm seen in print, And bid him who sees my name in print, Because my rhyme will be so sweet...

There cannot be a better time To comment on my love of rhyme; I never had this thought springing— But chiefly at the Year's beginning...

They cannot chill the joyous flow Of young affections, kindly given To mortals, by a homestead's love!

You Bank! when time shall lead thee on To fill thy glorious Maker's throne, Instead of feast achieved in arms...

Dear me—I flow straight off to Canton Before I venture to descend on The new-formed British Parliament...

I thought to travel Europe through, And see how all the nations do, But really we've so much 'at home'...

My satire, whose resiliant 'hit' Made up of argument and wit, Is only aimed at fools and jest...

There cannot be a better time To comment on my love of rhyme; I never had this thought springing— But chiefly at the Year's beginning...

Now I've more time to throw away On this New-Year's holiday, Than at any other time of the year...

Now I've more time to throw away On this New-Year's holiday, Than at any other time of the year...

In troubles which distress hath made, A tribute of true gratitude Due to the god who's good.

The following is a copy of the appendix to the sermon, preached by the Rev. Mr. Hatchard, at the baptism of the present Bishop in Jerusalem, at Plymouth, June 25, 1835.

I was born in a town in Prussia in the year 1790, educated since the seventh year of my age, principally in the Talmud, and in the strictest principles of Judaism.

I thought to travel Europe through, And see how all the nations do, But really we've so much 'at home'...

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The Divine light that had thus begun to dawn upon me.

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As connected with this it may be added— At the late Meeting of the Cambridge Auxiliary, there had been a great call for reform in the religion of the Jews...

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cultivation; and, soon after passing the romantic mountains of Caen, we were off to the bath of Alston, and thence to the Engouven lake, at the foot of which those spots lay.

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