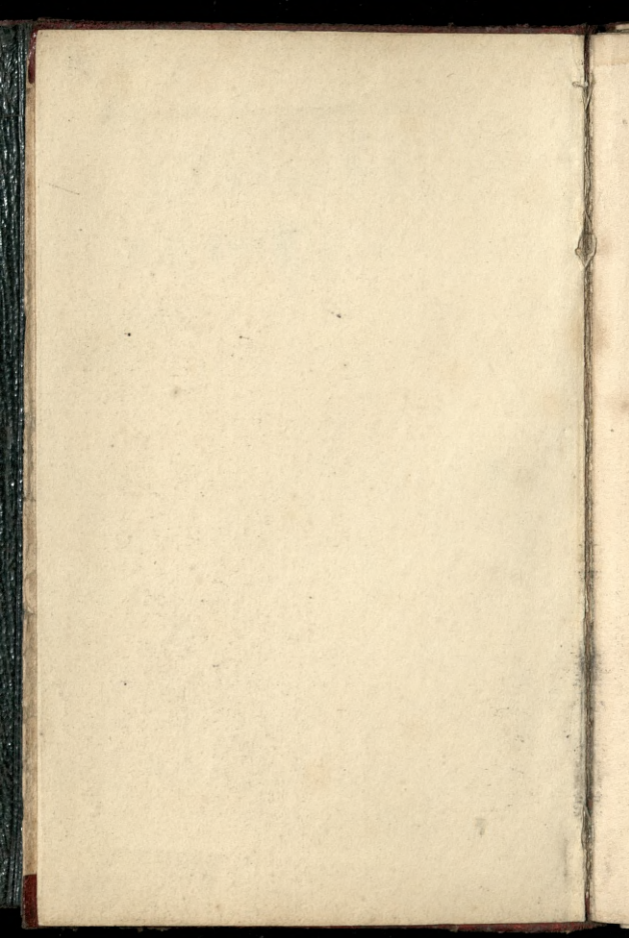
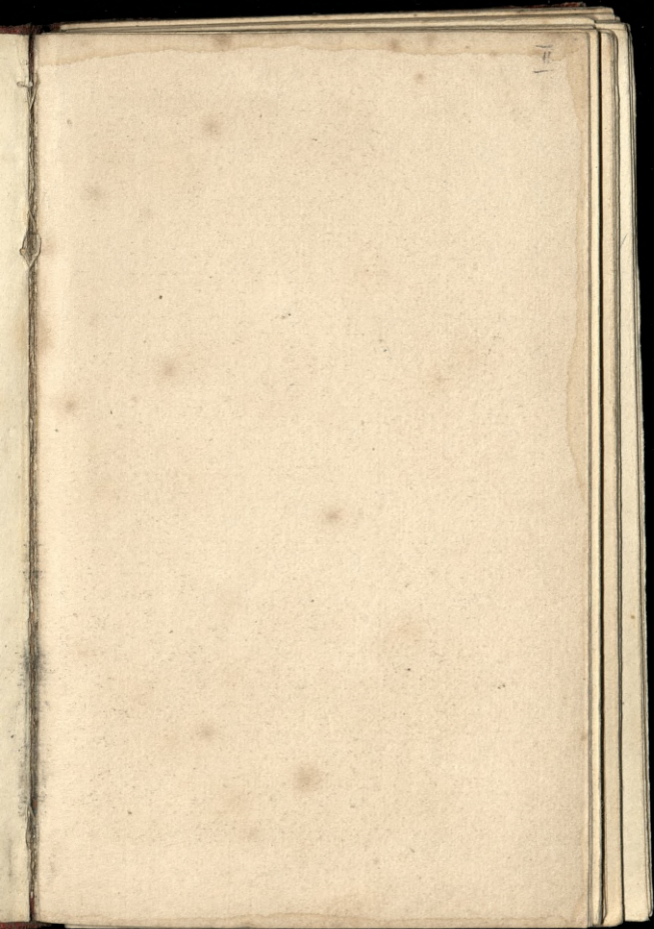




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B.K. 2445/1







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VIEW ON THE RIVER BRATTLEXPASS, THE HEAD OF WINDEMERE, WESTMORLAND.

THE WRITING,
 OR
 Ladies Complete
 Pocket Book for 1837.
 CONTINUED ANNUALLY.



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THE WREATH.

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The Wreath.

NEW SONGS.

OUR SONG SHALL BE OF OTHER DAYS.

A Duet, Sung by

MADAME MALIBRAN AND MR. PARRY.

The Music by Henry Herz.

Published by D'Almaine, Soho Square.

Our Song shall be of other days,
And summer's sunny weather
Shall call up one of those dear lays
We used to sing together.

The willow still o'erhangs the stream,
Where our young steps have wandered
When Youth enjoyed its summer dream,
And manhood's thoughts have ponder'd.

Our Love began ere yet we knew
The force of Friendship's feeling,
And day by day the blossom grew,
New hopes, new joys revealing.

As years passed on with thee and me,
Through sun and cloud agreeing,
The germ became a goodly tree,
To die but with our being.

Our Song shall be of other days,
And summer's sunny weather
Shall call up one of those dear lays
We used to sing together.

THE SAILOR.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The Music by E. I. Nielson.

Published by Hawes, 355, Strand.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast.

And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While like the eagle free,
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind,
 I heard a fair one cry ;
 But give to me the snoring breeze,
 And white waves heaving high.

The white waves heaving high, my boys,
 The good ship light and free ;
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
 And light'ning in yon cloud ;
 And haste the music, mariners,
 The wind is wak'ning loud.

The wind is wak'ning loud, my boys,
 The light'ning flashes free ;
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.

DON'T SING ENGLISH BALLADS TO ME.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

*The Music published by T. E. Purday, St. Paul's
Church-yard.*

I hate English ballads, don't sing them,
I wish cousin John wouldn't bring them ;
In the fire I beg you to fling them,
And sing in a loftier key.

I've bought you a new grand piano ;
Your voice is a charming soprano,
Then don't sing such trumpery—ah, no,
Don't sing English ballads to me.

" *We met* "—from your memory drive it ;
" *The Soldier's Tear* "—shall I survive it !

Do wipe it away love—for *private*

The tear of a private should be.

What ditty is this you've your hand on ?

" *Isle of Beauty* "—that ballad abandon ;—

It's an isle I have no wish to land on ;

Don't sing English ballads to me.

The English words seem so phlegmatic,
Italian is aristocratic,

I know that the *sound* is extatic,

Whatever the meaning may be.

I don't mean to say that I know it:

As for learning—I'd not undergo it !

If ignorant, *why* should we show it ?

Don't sing English ballads to me.

I've now got the music-book ready,

Do sit up and sing like a lady

A *Recitative* from *Tancredi*,

And something about " *Palpitati* ! "

Sing *forte* when first you begin it,

Piano the very next minute,

Then cry " What expression there's in in ! "

Don't sing English ballads to me.

OH! SAY NOT DONALD'S FALSE.

BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

The Music by J. Blewitt.

Published by Z. T. Purday, 45, High Holborn.

Oh! say not Donald's false, Mither,
 Tho' he speaks us fair;
 But ken his e'e o' blue, mither—
 There's nae deception there.

There's honour on his manly brow,
 There's truth upon his tongue;
 There's love in ev'ry whispered vow,
 As we rove the woods among.

Then never say he's false, mither,
 With that guileless air;
 But look into his e'e o' blue—
 There's nae deception there.

O say not Donald's wild, mither,
 For it greets me sair;
 His heart was ne'er beguiled, mither!
 By other lassie fair.

Love sparkles in his bonny e'e,
 Truth speaks in ev'ry word;
 Than gems or gold shall brighter be
 His leal heart's treasur'd word.

Then never say he's false, mither!
 For it greets me sair;
 His soul is mirror'd in his e'e—
 There's nae deception there.

THE BLUSH OF EVE HATH TINGED
THE WAVE.

Fairy Song.

BY THOMAS FEATHERSTONE, ESQ.

The Music by Robert Ginghott.

Published by *Monro & May, 11, Holborn Bars.*

The blush of eve hath tinged the wave,
That skirts my elfin hall ;
And rising moon-beams softly lave
My wild-rose coronal.

And now I'll o'er the sea away,
Upon a moon-lit billow ;
And trip to fairy roundelay
The merry seguidilla.

Tinkling, tinkling, ever gay,
Sweetly breathes the lover's lay,
O'er the sparkling waves away ;—
And dance the seguidilla.

How sweet at set of sun to rove,
When bright the waves are dancing ;
And thousand mirror'd stars above,
Are in the waters glancing.

And then to hear from distant shore,
Float o'er the moonlight billow,
The sound so sweet, the castanet
To dance of seguidilla.

Tinkling, tinkling, ever gay,
O'er the sparkling waves away,
Nymphs prolong the merry lay,
And dance the seguidilla.

PARISIAN QUADRILLES, FOR 1837.

THE MUSIC BY T. W. LLOYD,

PROFESSOR AND TEACHER OF MUSIC AND DANCING,
7, NEWMAN STREET.

I. The first and third couples advance, retire and turn to places.—First and third Gentlemen change places, giving the right hand.—Third Lady and first Gentleman do the same.—All four chassez across and set.—Half right and left to places. N.B. The other four do the same.

II. The first and third couples change places.—The side couples do the same.—The Ladies' hands across, and back to places.—Grand promenade. N.B. The other four do the same.

III. The first Gentleman cross over, and turn third Lady by the right hand, and return to his place.—Right and left.—The first and third couples advance, retire and change the Ladies.—Again advance and retire, and resume their partners. N.B. The other four do the same.

IV. The first Lady advance.—The third Gentleman ditto.—The third Lady ditto.—The first Gentleman ditto.—The four chassez across, and back, then allemande around each other (*vis à vis*), and return to places.—Set, and turn at the sides with the right hand. N.B. The others do the same.

Finale.—All chassez back again, and turn partners round by the right hand to places.—First couple advance and retire.—Again advance, leaving the Lady in the centre of the set.—First couple chassez facing each other, and turn with the allemande (*der Switzer*) to places.—The first and third couples advance.—Hands four half round to opposite sides, and half right and left to place. N.B. The other six do the same.

VIVE LA DANSE, 1837.

A Set of Fashionable Country Dances, Waltzes, &c.

FOR THE PIANO FORTE.

Published by Z. T. Purday, 45, High Holborn.

*** These Airs are so arranged that they may be played by a single Flute or Violin, or two Violins and Bass, the Flute or Violin taking the melody, the second Violin the small notes, and the Violoncello the large bass notes.

THE FIGURE.

I. *Parisian Dance*.—Hey on your own sides, cast off two couple, lead up inside, and foot the time.

II. *The Swiss Minstrel*.—Chain figure, round and back again, down the middle, up again, and whole pousette.

III. *The White Squall*.—Whole figure at top, promenade, allemande, and turn your partner.

IV. *The Bonny Blue Cap*.—Two couple round and back again, down the middle, up again, and swing corners.

V. *I can never love*.—(Barcarolle Marie.) Cast off three couple, lead up inside, allemande, and pousette.

VI. *The Rhine Dance*.—Walking figure.

VII. *The Rocky Deep*.—(Charles Purday) Hands four round and back again, promenade and whole pousette.

VIII. *Le Pas Redouble'*.—Hey contrary sides and back again, down the middle, up again, and turn your partner.

IX. *The Fair Zurich's Waters*.—Walking figure.

X. *The Railway Waltz*.—Walking figure.

XI. *Le Pas Militaire*.—Two Ladies change sides with two Gentlemen and back to their places again, cast off three couple, lead up inside, and foot the time.

XII. *The Maid of Judah*.—Hands six round and back again, down the middle, up again, and turn your partner.

Chronology and Ebituary

OF THE PRECEDING YEAR.

Sept. 8.—York musical festival honoured by the presence of their Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, attended by a concourse of the Northern nobility.

24.—John, Earl of Chatham, K. G., died, aged 79, thirty-three years later than his younger brother, “The Pilot that weathered the Storm.”

Oct. 2.—Dr. John Willis, of Greatford, formerly in attendance upon King George III., died, aged 83, leaving 300,000*l.*

4.—The third centenary of the publication of the first English Bible by Miles Coverdale.

11.—The King and Queen attended divine service at the chapel of Greenwich Hospital. The monument erected by his Majesty to the memory of Admiral Sir Richard Keats, “his Majesty’s shipmate and watchmate on board the Prince George, 110 guns, 1779,” was the same day opened for public inspection.

19.—The Queen visited Oxford with the Duchess of Saxe Weimar.

19.—Covent Garden Theatre opened with reduced prices of admission.

31.—Thomas, second Earl Nelson, died, aged 49, having attained the peerage only ten months, succeeded by his son, Horatio.

Nov. 17, 18.—A splendid Aurora Borealis occasioned great alarm, and several idle errands to the London fire engines.

21.—James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, died, aged 63.

27.—The Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury pe-

rished by fire at Hatfield House, aged 85. The left wing of the mansion reduced to ruins.

Dec. 6.—The Rev. William Lord Ward died, aged 55, and is succeeded by his son, the Hon. William, who inherits from his kinsman, the late Earl Dudley, a rental of 150,000*l.* per annum.

16.—Awful fire at New York, six hundred houses burnt, but since far advanced in re-erection.

Jan. 1, 1836.—Donna Maria, Queen of Portugal, married *by proxy* to Prince Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg.

31.—The Queen of Naples, Christiana of Sardinia, died in childbed.

Feb. 2.—Madame Letitia Buonaparte, the mother of Napoleon, died at Rome, aged 85.

4.—The King opened parliament with a speech from the throne.

4.—Sir William Gell, the classical traveller, died, aged 59.

12.—The Duke of Wellington's horse died of old age. A salute was fired over his grave by order of his Grace.

17.—Spire of Spitalfields Church burnt, when the bells, one of them 4400*lbs.* weight, fell with a tremendous crash.

17.—Fire at a theatrical booth at St. Petersburg, one hundred and twenty-six persons perished; the Emperor Nicholas arrived with the first detachment of firemen.

19.—Lord Sidmouth resigned his pension, 3000*l.*, as a retired Speaker of the House of Commons.

March 19.—Letters between France and England allowed to be post paid or not, on being put into the office of either country.

April 7.—William Godwin, the philosopher and novelist, died, aged 81.

8.—Statue of King William III., in College Green, Dublin, blown up.

April 9.—Prince Ferdinand married to Donna Maria, Queen of Portugal.

May 3.—The ladies' claim to admission to the gallery in the House of Commons, decided in their favour.

23.—Marriage of Prince Charles of Capua to Miss Penelope Smyth, at St. George's, Hanover Square.

24.—Grand state ball at St. James's Palace, in honour of H. R. H. the Princess Victoria's birthday.

24.—Mr. Powell, the father of the stage, and for forty years at Drury Lane, died in Upper Canada, aged 82.

June 1.—The four giraffes from Malta arrive at the Zoological Gardens.

6.—Anthony, King of Saxony, died, aged 80.

8.—Two Persian Princes arrive in London.

18.—Anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. Grand review in Hyde Park, followed by a banquet, honoured by the presence of His Majesty, and attended by the military officers in the battle, at Apsley House.

21.—The Abbe Sieyes died at Paris, aged 88. He is said to have been the author of fifty-two constitutions for the benefit of France.

26.—Attempt by Alibeu to assassinate the King of the French.

July 16.—Sir Robert Liston, the father of the diplomatic body, died, aged 94.

28.—Mr. M. N. Rothschild, "The Capitalist," died, leaving 4,230,000l.

Aug. 20.—Parliament prorogued by the King in person.

22.—Mrs. Graham thrown from her balloon at Brentwood, Essex.

30.—Destructive fire at Fenning's Wharf.

Sept. 7.—John Pond, Esq. Astronomer Royal, died.

9.—Mr. Green's 221st ascent from Vauxhall Gardens.

TABLE OF TERMS AND RETURNS, 1837.

HILARY TERM begins Jan. 11, . ends Jan. 31.

EASTER TERM begins April 15, . ends May 8.

TRINITY TERM begins May 22, . ends June 12.

MICHAELMAS TERM begins Nov. 2, ends Nov. 25.

The first General Return Day for every Term is the Fourth before the commencement; both days being included in the computation.

The second Return the Fifth day of Term.

The third Return the Fifteenth Day of Term.

The fourth Return the Nineteenth day of Term.

When Easter happens in Term time, it is deemed a part of such Term; although no sittings in banco may be held.

The first and last days of every Term are the Days of Appearance.

The Exchequer opens eight days before any Term begins, except Trinity, before which it opens but four Days.

UNIVERSITY TERMS.

OXFORD.

CAMBRIDGE.

	Begins	Ends	Begins	Divides	Ends
Hilary	Jan. 14	Mar. 18	Jan. 13	Feb. 13, midn.	Mar. 17
Easter	Apr. 5	May 13	April 5	April 21, midn.	July 7
Trinity	May 17	July 8			
Michaelmas	Oct. 10	Dec. 18	Oct. 10	Nov. 12, midn.	Dec. 16
Oxford Act, July 4.			Camb. Commencement, July 4.		

ECLIPSES, 1837.

There will be three Eclipses of the Sun, but all of them will be invisible in Great Britain and Ireland; and two of the Moon, both of which will be total and visible.

1. A partial Eclipse of the Sun, April 4, but invisible in England.
2. A total Eclipse of the Moon, April 20, begins 5 h. 47 m. aft.; middle 8 h. 40 m.; ends, 11 h. 32 m.
3. A partial Eclipse of the Sun, May 4, visible in N. America.
4. A total Eclipse of the Moon, Oct. 13, begins 8 h. 34 m. aft.; middle, 11 h. 16 m.; ends, 2 h. 1 m. morning.
5. A partial Eclipse of the Sun, Oct. 23, visible in S. America.

COMMON NOTES.

Dominical Letter	A.	Rogation Sunday	Apr. 30
Golden Number	14	Ascension Day	May 4
Epact	23	Whitsunday	May 14
Septuagesima Sunday	Jan. 22	Trinity Sunday	May 21
Shrove Sunday	Feb. 5	Advent Sunday	Dec. 3
Ash Wednesday	Feb. 8	Sundays after Epiphany	2
Easter Day	Mar. 26	Sundays after Trinity	27

- BARCLAY, Tritton, Bevan, and Co. 54, Lombard-street.
 Barnard, Dimsdales, Dimsdale, and Barnard, 50, Cornhill.
 Barnettts, Hoare, and Co. 62, Lombard-street.
 Biggerstails, 1, West Smithfield.
 Bosanquet, Pitt, Anderdon, Franks, and Co. 72, Lombard-street.
 Bouverie, Norman, and Murdoch, 11, Haymarket.
 Brown, Jansen, and Co. 22, Abchurch-lane.
 Call (Sir W. P.), Marten, and Co. 25, Old Bond-street.
 Child and Co. 1, Fleet-Street, next Temple Bar.
 Cockburns and Co. 4, Whitehall.
 Cockerell, Sir Charles, bart. and Co. 8, Austin Friars.
 Cocks, Biddulph, and Biddulph, 43, Charing-cross.
 Coutts and Co. 59, Strand.
 Cunliffe, Brooks, Cunliffe, and Co. 24, Bucklersbury.
 Curries and Co. 29, Cornhill.
 Denison, Jos. and Co. 106, Fenchurch-street.
 Dixon, Son, and Brooks, 25, Chancery-lane.
 Dorrien, Magens, Dorrien, Mills, and Co. 22, Finch-lane.
 Drewett and Fowler, 60, Old Broad street.
 Drummonds and Co. 49, Charing-cross.
 Esdaile (Sir James), Esdailes, Grenfell, and Co. 91, Lombard-street.
 Feltham (John), and Co. 42, Lombard-street.
 Fullers and Co. 84, Cornhill.
 Glyn (Sir R. Carr, bart.), Halifax, Mills, and Co. 67, Lombard-street.
 Gosling (Francis and Wm.), and B. Sharpe, 19, Fleet-street.
 Hammersleys and Clarke, 76, Pall-mall.
 Hanburys, Taylor, and Lloyds, 60, Lombard-street.
 Hankeys and Co. 7, Fenchurch-street.
 Herries, Farquhar, and Co. 16, St. James's-st.
 Hoare, Henry-H., Charles, Henry-M., Hugh-R., and Henry-C., 37, Fleet-st.
 Hopkinson, Barton, and Co. 3, Regent-street.
 Johnston (H. and J.), and Co. 15, Bush-lane.
 Jones, Loyd, and Co. 43, Lothbury.
 Jones and Son, 41, West Smithfield.
 Kinloch and Sons, 1, New Broad-street.
 Ladbroke, Kingscote, and Gillman, Bank-buildings.
 Lubbock Sir J. W. bart., Lubbock, Forster, & Co. 11, Mansion-house-st.
 Masterman, Peters, Mildred, Masterman, and Co. 35, Nicholas-lane.
 Praeds, Mackworth, Fane, and Praed, 189, Fleet-street.
 Prescott, Grote, Prescott, and Grote, 64, Threadneedle-street.
 Price, (Sir C.), Marryatt, Coleman, and Price, 1, King William-street.
 Puget, Bainbridge, and Co. 12, St. Paul's Church-yard.
 Ransom and Co. 1, Pall-Mall East.
 Roberts, Curtis, and Co. 15, Lombard-street.
 Rogers, Towgood, Olding, and Co. 29, Clement's-lane.
 Scott Sir Claude, bart., and Co. 1, Holles-street, Cavendish-square.
 Smith, Payne, and Smiths, 1, Lombard-street.
 Snow, Strahan, and Paul (Sir J. B. bart.), 217, Strand.
 Spooner, Attwoods, and Co. 27, Gracechurch-street.
 Stevenson and Salt, 20, Lombard-street.
 Stone, Stone, and Martins, 68, Lombard-street.
 Twining, Richard, George, and John Aldred, Devereux-court, Strand.
 Veres, Sapte, Banbury, and Co. 77, Lombard-street.
 Weston and Young, Wellington-street, Borough.
 Whitmore, Wells, and Whitmore, 21, Lombard-street.
 Williams, Deacon, Labouchere, and Co. Birch-in-lane, Cornhill.
 Willis, Percival, and Co. 76, Lombard-street.
 Wright, Selby, and Robinson, 5, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.

TABLE OF WAGES AND INCOME.

Year.	Month.		Week.		Day.		Year.	Month.		Week.		Day.			
l. s.	l. s.	d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	l. s.	l. s.	d.	l. s.	d.	s. d.	s. d.		
1	0	0	1	8	0	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	0	0	0	0	4	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	0	8	
1	10	0	2	6	0	7	0	1	12	12	1	1	0	0	8
2	0	0	3	4	0	9	0	1	13	0	1	1	8	0	8
2	2	0	3	6	0	9	0	1	13	12	1	2	9	0	9
2	10	0	4	2	0	11	0	1	14	0	1	3	4	0	9
3	0	0	5	0	1	1	0	2	14	14	1	4	6	0	9
3	3	0	5	3	1	2	0	2	15	0	1	5	0	0	10
3	10	0	5	10	1	4	0	2	15	15	1	6	3	0	10
4	0	0	6	8	1	6	0	2	16	0	1	6	3	0	10
4	4	0	7	0	1	7	0	2	16	16	1	8	0	0	11
4	10	0	7	6	1	8	0	3	17	0	1	8	4	0	11
5	0	0	8	4	1	11	0	3	17	17	1	9	9	0	11
5	5	0	8	9	2	0	1	3	18	0	1	10	0	0	11
5	10	0	9	2	2	1	0	3	18	1	1	11	6	0	11
6	0	0	10	0	2	3	0	4	19	0	1	11	8	0	11
6	6	0	10	6	2	5	0	4	20	0	1	13	4	0	11
6	10	0	10	10	2	6	0	4	30	0	2	10	0	0	11
7	0	0	11	8	2	8	0	4	40	0	3	6	8	0	15
7	7	0	12	3	2	10	0	4	50	0	4	3	4	0	19
7	10	0	12	6	2	10	0	5	60	0	5	0	0	1	3
8	0	0	13	4	3	1	0	5	70	0	5	16	8	1	6
8	8	0	14	0	3	2	0	5	80	0	6	13	4	1	10
8	10	0	14	2	3	3	0	5	90	0	7	10	0	1	14
9	0	0	15	0	3	5	0	6	100	0	8	6	8	1	18
9	9	0	15	9	3	7	0	6	200	0	16	13	4	3	16
10	0	0	16	8	3	10	0	6	300	0	25	0	0	5	15
10	10	0	17	6	4	0	0	7	400	0	33	6	8	7	13
11	0	0	18	4	4	3	0	7	500	0	41	13	4	9	12
11	11	0	19	3	4	5	0	7	600	0	50	0	0	11	10

TRANSFER DAYS OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS.

	Transfer Days	Divds. due.
BANK STOCK	Tues. Thurs. & Friday	Ap. 5, Oct. 10
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cents. 1834.....	Tues. Thurs. & Friday	Jan. 5, July 5
3 per Cent. Consols	Tu. Wed. Thur. & Fri.	Jan. 5, July 5
3 per Cent. Reduced.....	Tu. Wed. Thur. & Fri.	Ap. 5, Oct. 10
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.	Tues. Thurs. & Friday	Ap. 5, Oct. 10
New 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cents.....	Tu. Wed. Thur. & Fri.	Jan. 5, July 5
3 per Cent. 1726	Tuesday and Thursday	Jan. 5, July 5
Long Annuities	Mond. Wed. and Satur.	Ap. 5, Oct. 10
SOUTH SEA STOCK	Mond. Wed. and Friday	Jan. 5, July 5
3 per Cent. Old Annuities ..	Mond. Wed. and Friday	Ap. 5, Oct. 10
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. New Annuities ..	Tues. Thur. and Satur.	Jan. 5, July 5
3 per Cent. 1751.....	Tuesday and Thursday	Jan. 5, July 5
EAST INDIA STOCK	Tues. Thurs. & Saturd.	Jan. 5, July 5
Interest on India Bonds	March 31, Sept. 30
Life Annuities transferred between Jan. 5 and April 4, or between July 5 and Oct. 9. }	Payable	Jan. 5, July 5.
July 4, or between Oct. 10 and Jan. 4	between April 5 and April 5, Oct. 10.	April 5, Oct. 10.

GENERAL POST OFFICE.

The delivery extends 3 miles round the office. Letters to go the same day, must be put in before seven o'clock; but those put in before half-past seven will go that evening, by paying 6d.

Branch Offices are opened at Wellington-street, Southwark; Vere-street, Oxford street; and Char'ng-cross; where newspapers may be put in till half past 5 o'clock, and letters till a quarter before 7, and at Lombard-street till 7.—Foreign letters must be paid, except to France, which may be put in paid or unpaid, or the British postage only paid, at the option of the sender.

Newspapers go free in Great Britain through the General Post, or if forwarded thereto or therefrom by the two penny post; but if sent only by the two penny post are one penny each; they must be open at each end; any writing or inclosure subjects them to a treble postage. To the British Colonies they also go free, if put into a post-office within seven days of publication. To the Continent, 2d., but where English papers are received free, those printed in their language are also free here.

The West India and America Packet is made up the first Wednesday, and the Leeward Island Packet the third Wednesday in every month. Those for France daily, except Sunday, and for other parts of Europe every Tuesday and Friday.

Money Order Office, 46, Noble-street, St. Martin's Le-Grand.

TWO PENNY POST OFFICE.

There are six collections and deliveries of Letters in town daily (Sundays excepted), and two dispatches from and three deliveries at most places in the country, within the limits.

Town Letters should be put in as follows:—

Over Night, by 8, 1st deliv. Morning . . . 8, 2d deliv. . . . 10, 3d deliv.		Morning, by 12 4th deliv. Afternoon, . . . 2, 5th deliv. . . . 5, 6th deliv.
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Country —The preceding Evening by 5 o'clock	1st deliv.
Morning 8	2d ditto.
Afternoon 2	3d ditto.

Letters may be put in for each dispatch one hour later at the principal office; letters must not exceed 4 oz weight.

The Town delivery extends in a circle of 3 Miles, and the Country Delivery about 10 miles round the General Post Office.

The Town postage is 2d.; the Country 3d.; letters to be forwarded by General or Foreign Post, 2d.

HOLIDAYS AT THE BANK.

March 24, Good Friday.	Nov. 1, All Saints,
May 1, St. Phillip and St. James.	Dec. 25, Christmas Day.

Of these Good Friday and Christmas Day are only kept at the Dividend Office.

TABLE OF THE MOON'S RISING AND SETTING, To ascertain Moonlight Evenings.

At 4 days it sets at 10	16 at a quarter after 7
5 about 11	17 at half after 8
6 about 12	18 about 10
7 morn. at or near 1	19 about 11
15 at full it rises about 6	20 about 12

HACKNEY CARRIAGE FARES.

For every hackney carriage drawn by two horses for any DISTANCE not exceeding one mile, 1*s.* And for any distance exceeding one mile, after the rate of 6*d.* for every half mile and for any fractional part of half a mile over and above any number of half miles completed. For every hackney carriage drawn by two horses, for any TIME within and not exceeding thirty minutes, 1*s.*; above thirty minutes and not exceeding forty five minutes, 1*s.* 6*d.*; above forty five minutes and not exceeding one hour, 2*s.* And for any further time exceeding one hour, after the rate of 6*d.* for every fifteen minutes completed, and 6*d.* for any fractional part of the period of fifteen minutes. And for any hackney carriage drawn by one horse only, two thirds of the rates and fares above mentioned, for either distance or time.

Back Fares are chargeable on all carriages engaged to proceed beyond three miles from the General Post Office, after sunset, instead of the stone's end or nearest stand, as formerly.

Carriages engaged to go more than four miles from the limits of the General Post-Office, that is seven miles from there, or is hired beyond those limits, are at all times entitled to a return fare of 6*d.* per mile to those limits, or to the nearest coach stand, at the option of the hirer.

WATERMAN'S FARES.

Oars fares, Six persons. Scullers, Four.

London Bridge, Eastward, to	s. d.	London Bridge, Westward, to	s. d.
Iron Gate	0 3	Southwark Bridge	0 3
Union Stairs	0 6	Blackfriars ditto	0 6
King Edward Ditto	0 9	Waterloo ditto	0 9
Shadwell Dock ditto	1 0	Westminster ditto	1 0
Kidney ditto	1 3	Lamb. Strs, or Horseferry	1 3
Limehouse Hole ditto	1 6	Vauxhall Bridge	1 6
Do. Torrington Arms	1 9	Nine Elms	1 9
Deptford, George's Stairs	2 0	Red House, Battersea	0 2
Do. Lower Water Gate	2 3	Swan Stairs, Chelsea	2 3
Greenwich, Crawley's Wf.	2 6	Chelsea Bridge	2 6

Oars double the price of Scullers.

Passengers stopping at ships, wharfs, &c., or rowing about, not going direct to any place, to pay by distance or time, at the Waterman's option.

By time—Scullers, 6*d.*, Oars, 1*s.*, for every half hour.

To ascertain the fare between any two places in the above list, it will be only necessary to deduct the fare marked opposite the first place, from that against the second:—for instance, the fare from Waterloo Bridge to Chelsea Bridge is required, deduct 9*d.* from 2*s.* 6*d.*, the result will be 1*s.* 9*d.*

From Crawley's Wharf Greenwich, eastward, to or towards Broadness Point, or Gray's, 6*d.* for every half mile.

From Chelsea Bridge, westward, to or towards Windsor, the rate of fare is 3*d.* per half mile for Scullers.

Piles marking the distance have been placed in the River westward of Chelsea Bridge, and Eastward of Greenwich.

Over the water direct, between Windsor and Greenwich (excepting the Sunday ferries, one person three pence, two three half-pence each, exceeding two one penny each.

WEATHER TABLE.

The following Table, constructed upon philosophical considerations of the attraction of the Sun and Moon, in their several positions respecting the Earth, and confirmed by experience of many years actual observations, describes to the observer what weather in the greatest probability will presently happen, and that so near the truth, that in very few instances it will be found to fail.

If the Moon Changes.	Summer.	Winter.
between 12 & 2 at noon	Very rainy	Snow and rain.
2 — 4 aftern.	Changeable	Fair and mild.
4 — 6 evening	Fair	Fair.
6 — 8	Fair, if wind at N.W.	Frosty if wind N. or N.E.
6 — 8	Rainy, if at S. or S.W.	Rain or snow, if S. or S.W.
8 — 10	Rainy, if at S. or S.W.	Rain or snow, if S. or S.W.
10 — 12 night	Fair	Fair and frosty.
12 — 2 morn'g.	Fair	l'd. frost, unless S. or S.W.
2 — 4	Cold and showery	Snow and stormy.
4 — 6	Rain	Snow and stormy.
6 — 8	Wind and rain	Stormy weather.
8 — 10	Changeable	Rain if wind W. snow if E.
10 — 12 noon	Frequent showers	Cold, with high wind.

OBSERVATIONS BY THE LATE REV. W. JONES, OF PLUCKLEY.

MISTS.—A white mist in the evening over a meadow with a river, will be drawn up by the sun next morning, and the day will be bright. Five or six fogs successively drawn up portend rain.—Where the mist which hangs over low lands, draws towards high hills in the morning, and rolls up to the top, it will be fair; but if the mist hangs upon the hills, and drags along the woods, there will be rain.

CLOUDS.—Against much rain, the clouds increase very fast, especially before thunder.—When they are formed like fleeces, but dense in the middle, and bright toward the edges, with the sky bright, they are signs of a frost, with hail, snow, or rain.—If they form high in air, in thin white trains, like locks of wool, they portend wind, and probably rain.—When a general cloudiness covers the sky, and small black fragments of clouds fly underneath, they are a sure sign of rain, and probably will be lasting. Two currents of clouds always portend rain, and, in summer, thunder.

DEW.—If the dew lies plentifully on the grass after a fair day it is a sign of another. If not, and there is no wind, rain must follow.—A red evening portends fine weather; but if spread too far upwards from the horizon in the evening, and especially morning, it foretells wind, or rain, or both.—When the sky in rainy weather is tinged with sea green, the rain will increase; if with deep blue, it will be showery.

HEAVENLY BODIES.—A haziness in the air which fades the sun's light, and makes the orb appear whitish, or ill-defined; or, at night, if the moon and stars grow dim, and a ring encircles the former, rain will follow.—If the sun's rays appear like Moses' horns, if white at setting, or shorn of his rays, or goes down into a bank of clouds in the horizon, bad weather is to be expected.—If the moon looks pale and dim, we expect rain; if red, wind; and if of her natural colour, with a clear sky, fair weather.—If the moon is rainy throughout, it will clear at the change, and perhaps the rain return a few days after. If fair throughout, and rain at the change, the fair weather will probably return on the fourth or fifth day.

TABLE containing the interest of 100*l.* for all the several days in the first column and at the several rates of 3, 3½, 4, and 5 per Cent. in the other four columns.

Days.	3 per Cent.				3½ per Cent.				4 per Cent.				5 per Cent.			
	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>q.</i>	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>q.</i>	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>q.</i>	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>q.</i>
1	0	0	1	3	0	0	2	1	0	0	2	2	0	0	3	1
2	0	0	3	3	0	0	4	2	0	0	5	1	0	0	6	2
3	0	0	5	3	0	0	6	3	0	0	7	3	0	0	9	3
4	0	0	7	3	0	0	9	0	0	0	10	2	0	1	1	0
5	0	0	9	3	0	0	11	2	0	1	1	1	0	1	4	1
6	0	0	11	3	0	1	1	3	0	1	3	3	0	1	7	2
7	0	1	1	3	0	1	4	0	0	1	6	1	0	1	11	2
8	0	1	3	3	0	1	6	1	0	1	9	0	0	2	2	1
9	0	1	5	3	0	1	8	2	0	1	11	2	0	2	5	2
10	0	1	7	2	0	1	11	0	0	2	2	1	0	2	8	3
20	0	3	3	1	0	3	10	0	0	4	4	2	0	5	5	3
30	0	4	11	0	0	5	9	0	0	6	6	3	0	8	2	2
40	0	6	6	3	0	7	8	0	0	8	9	0	0	10	11	2
50	0	8	2	2	0	9	7	0	0	10	11	2	0	13	8	1
60	0	9	10	1	0	11	6	0	0	13	1	3	0	16	5	1
70	0	11	6	0	0	13	5	0	0	15	4	0	0	19	2	0
80	0	13	1	3	0	15	4	0	0	17	6	1	1	1	11	0
90	0	14	9	2	0	17	3	0	0	19	8	2	1	4	7	3
100	0	16	5	1	0	19	2	0	1	1	11	0	1	7	4	3
200	1	12	10	2	1	18	4	1	2	3	10	0	2	14	9	2
300	2	9	3	3	2	17	6	1	3	5	9	0	4	2	2	1

THEATRES IN LONDON AND PRICES OF ADMISSION.

LOCALITY,	Boxes.	Pit.	1st Gal.	2d Gal.
Adelphi, Strand	4 0	2 0	1 0	
English Opera, Strand	5 0	3 0	2 0	
St. James's Theatre, King-street	5 0	3 0	2 0	
Italian Opera, Haymarket	*	10 6	5 0	
German ditto, at ditto	*	5 0	2 6	
Queen's, Tottenham Street	2 0	1 0	0 6	
Olympic, Newcastle Street, Strand	4 0	2 0	1 0	
French Plays at ditto				
Astley's, Westminster Bridge	4 0	2 0	1 0	
Strand, near Somerset House	3 0	2 0	1 0	
Surrey, St. George's Fields	2 0	1 0	0 6	
Sadler's Wells, Islington	2 6	1 6	1 0	
Theatre Royal, Covent Garden	4 0	2 0	1 0	0 6
Drury Lane	7 0	3 6	2 0	1 0
Haymarket	5 0	2 0	2 0	1 0
Victoria, New-cut, Lambeth	4 <i>s.</i> & 3 <i>s.</i>	2 0	1 0	
Vauxhall	4 <i>s.</i>			

* The Boxes are private property, and let to parties, at prices from 2*l.* 2*s.* to 3*l.* 3*s.* each. The Stall 1*l.* 1*s.* each, and for the German Opera, 10*s.* 6*d.*

20 WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

TROY WEIGHT.

Grains.

- 4.... 1 Carat.
- 24.... 1 Pennyweight.
- 480 .. 20 .. 1 Ounce.
- 5,760 .. 240 .. 12 .. 1 Pound.

AVOIRDUPOISE WEIGHT.

Drams.

- 16.... 1 Ounce.
- 256.... 16.. 1 Pound.
- 7,168.. 448.. 28.. 1 Quarter.
- 28,672.. 1,792.. 112.. 4.. 1 Hundred.
- 573,440- 35,840-2,240- 80- 20- 1 Ton.

By a late Act the stone weight is to be 14 lb., and 8 stone to be the cwt.; and no contract is to be valid if otherwise made.

APOTHECARIES WEIGHT.

Grains.

- 20.... 1 Scruple.
- 60.... 3.. 1 Dram.
- 480.. 24.. 8.. 1 Ounce.
- 5,760.. 288.. 96.. 12.. 1 Pound.

Medical men use this weight in mixing medicines, but buy and sell simple drugs by Avoirdupois weight.

CLOTH MEASURE.

Inches.

- 2½ .. 1 Nail.
- 9.... 4.... 1 Quarter of a Yard.
- 36.... 16.... 4.... 1 Yard.
- 27.... 12.... 3.... 1 Flemish Ell.
- 45.... 20.... 5.... 1 English Ell.

LIQUID MEASURE.

Pints.

- 2 1 Quart.
- 8 4.. 1 Gallon.
- 504.. 252 .. 63.. 1.. 1½ Hogshead.
- 672.. 336.. 84.. 2.. 1½- 1 Puncheon.
- 1,008.. 504 126.. 3.. 2.. 1½ 1 Pipe.
- 2,016-1,008-252.. 6.. 4.. 3.. 2.. 1 Tun.

Also,

Quarts.

- 4.... 1 Gallon.
- 36.... 9.. 1 Firkin.
- 72.. 18.. 2.. 1 Kilderkin.
- 144.. 36.. 4.. 2.. 1 Barrel.
- 216.. 54.. 6.. 3.. 1½.. 1 Hogshead.
- 288.. 72.. 8.. 4.. 2 .. 1 Puncheon.
- 432.. 108.. 12.. 6.. 3 .. 2.. 1 Butt.

DRY MEASURE.

- | | | | |
|----------|----------|----------|---------|
| 2 pints | 1 quart | 4 bush. | 1 sack. |
| 2 qs. | 1 pottle | 8 bush. | 1 qutr. |
| 2 pots. | 1 gallon | 4 qurs. | 1 chdn. |
| 2 galls. | 1 peck | 5 qurs. | 1 wey |
| 4 pks. | 1 bush. | 10 qurs. | 1 last |
| 2 bush. | 1 strike | | |

SOLID OR CUBE MEASURE.

- 1728 inches 1 solid foot
- 27 feet 1 yard
- 40 feet unhewn } 1 ton
- 50 feet hewn timber }
- 108 feet 1 stack wood
- 125 feet 1 cord wood

LONG MEASURE.

- | | | | |
|------------|--------|-----------|---------|
| 3 b. corns | 1 in. | 5½ yards | 1 pole |
| 3 inches | 1 bnd. | 4 poles | 1 chn. |
| 10 inches | 1 spn. | 40 poles | 1 furg. |
| 12 inches | 1 foot | 8 furlgs. | 1 mila. |
| 3 feet | 1 yrd. | 3 miles | 1 leag. |
| 5 feet | 1 pace | 69½ miles | 1 deg. |
| 6 feet | 1 fm. | | |

SQUARE OR LAND MEASURE.

- 144 inches 1 square foot
- 9 feet 1 square yard
- 272½ feet 1 rod brickw.
- 100 feet 1 sq. flooring
- 16 poles 1 chain
- 40 poles 1 rood
- 4 roods, or 4840 sq. yards 1 acre
- 640 acres 1 square mile
- 30 acres 1 yard of land
- 100 acres 1 hide of land
- 40 hides 1 barony

WINE MEASURE.

	Gals.		Gals.		Gals.
Lisbon, per pip	117	Teneriffe, per pipe	100	Teut, per hhd.	52
Bucellas	117	Vidonia	100	Claret	46
Port	115	Sicilian	93	H'rmitage	45
Sherry	108	Madeira	92	Hock	30
Malaga	105	Cape	92	Spanish red per tun	210

AMUSEMENTS, EXHIBITIONS, AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS.

- Adelphi Theatre, Strand.
 Antiquarian Society, Somerset House, Strand.
 Astley's Amphitheatre, Westminster-bridge.
 Bazaar, Baker street, Portman-square.
 Bazaar, Queen's, Oxford street.
 Bazaar, Pantheon, Oxford-street.
 Bazaar, Soho square.
 Botanical Garden, Chelsea.
 British Artists' Exhibition, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall, East.
 British Gallery, Institution, Pall Mail West.
 British Museum, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury-square.
 Burlington Arcade, Piccadilly.
 Colosseum, Regent's Park.
 Cosmorama, 209, Regent Street.
 Concert of Ancient Music, Hanover-square.
 Diorama, Regent's Park.
 English Opera, Strand.
 Exeter Hall, Strand.
 Geological Society, Somerset House, Strand.
 Geographical Society, 21, Regent-street.
 Horticultural Society, Regent street.
 Jewel Office, Tower of London.
 Linnæan Society, Soho square.
 Literary Fund, 4, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
 London Institution, Moorfields.
 Miss Linwood's Needlework, Leicester-square.
 Mechanics' Institution, Southampton-buildings, Holborn.
 National Gallery, Pall Mall, East.
 National Gallery of Practical Science, Lowther Arcade.
 Olympic Theatre, Newcastle-street, Strand.
 Opera House, Haymarket.
 Painter's in Water Colours Exhibition, Somerset House, Strand.
 Panorama, Leicester-square.
 Queen's Theatre, Tottenham-street.
 Royal Academy of Music, Tenterden street, Hanover-square.
 Royal Astronomical Society, Somerset-house, Strand.
 Royal Institution, Albemarle-street, Piccadilly.
 Royal Society of Literature, St. Martin's-place.
 Royal Society of Musicians, Lisle-street, Leicester-square.
 Royal Academy, Exhibition, Somerset House, Strand.
 Royal Institution, Albemarle-street, Piccadilly.
 Sadler's Wells, Islington-road.
 St. James's Theatre, King-street, St. James's.
 Sir John Soane's Museum, Lincoln's inn-fields.
 Society of Arts and Manufactures, Adelphi, Strand.
 Surrey Theatre, St. George's-fields.
 Surrey Zoological Gardens Manor-place, Walworth.
 Theatre Royal Covent-garden.
 Theatre Royal Drury-lane.
 Theatre Royal Haymarket.
 Thames Tunnell, entrance Rotherhithe.
 Vauxhall Gardens, Vauxhall-road.
 Victoria Theatre, Waterloo road, Surrey.
 Western Exchange, Old Bond-street.
 Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park.
 Zoological Museum, Bruton street.

MARKETING TABLE.

No.	1 ¹ / ₂ d.		1 ³ / ₄ d.		2d.		2 ¹ / ₄ d.		2 ³ / ₄ d.		3d.		3 ¹ / ₄ d.		3 ³ / ₄ d.		4d.																			
	s.	d.	f.	s.	d.	f.	s.	d.	f.	s.	d.	f.	s.	d.	f.	s.	d.	f.	s.	d.	f.															
2	0	2	3	0	4	0	0	4	0	5	2	0	6	0	0	7	0	0	1	0	8	0														
3	0	3	3	0	4	0	0	6	3	0	5	2	0	6	3	0	11	1	1	4	0	0														
4	0	5	0	0	8	0	0	9	0	10	0	1	0	0	1	2	0	1	6	3	1	8	0													
5	0	6	1	0	7	2	0	8	3	0	1	3	0	1	1	5	2	1	10	2	2	4	0													
6	0	7	2	0	9	0	1	1	2	1	4	2	1	1	9	0	2	2	2	2	2	4	0													
7	0	8	3	0	10	2	1	2	0	1	7	1	1	10	3	2	0	2	2	2	2	4	0													
8	0	10	0	1	0	0	1	4	0	1	10	0	2	0	2	4	0	2	6	0	2	8	0													
9	0	11	1	1	1	1	2	1	3	3	1	6	0	1	8	0	2	2	9	3	3	0	0													
10	1	0	2	1	1	1	2	1	8	0	1	10	2	2	1	0	2	3	2	2	3	4	0													
11	1	1	3	1	4	2	1	7	2	1	5	2	1	7	1	2	11	0	3	1	2	3	8	0												
12	1	3	0	1	6	0	1	9	0	2	1	9	0	2	3	0	3	6	0	3	9	0	4	0												
13	1	4	1	1	7	2	1	10	3	2	0	2	2	5	1	2	8	2	2	11	3	3	6	0												
14	1	5	2	1	9	0	2	2	0	2	2	4	0	2	7	2	11	0	3	2	2	3	6	0												
15	1	6	3	1	10	2	2	4	0	2	3	5	1	2	9	3	3	1	2	3	5	1	3	8	0											
16	1	8	0	2	0	0	2	8	0	3	0	3	0	3	0	3	4	0	3	8	0	4	0	4	0											
17	1	9	1	2	1	2	2	5	3	2	1	3	6	2	1	3	6	2	3	10	3	4	3	0	4	0										
18	1	10	2	2	3	2	3	0	3	4	2	3	9	0	4	2	4	1	4	7	1	4	4	0	5	0										
19	1	11	3	2	4	2	2	9	1	3	2	3	6	3	11	2	4	1	4	7	0	5	0	5	0											
20	2	1	0	2	6	0	2	11	0	3	4	1	4	7	0	5	3	2	5	3	6	2	5	11	1	6	4	0								
21	2	2	1	2	7	2	3	0	3	3	5	3	0	5	5	0	5	10	0	6	3	0	6	3	0	6	8	0								
22	2	3	2	2	9	0	3	11	1	4	4	2	4	7	0	5	3	0	6	10	2	7	4	0	7	0	7	4	0							
23	2	4	3	2	10	2	3	4	1	5	3	4	9	2	5	3	2	3	6	8	2	7	2	1	7	8	0	8	0							
24	2	6	0	3	0	3	6	0	4	0	5	6	0	6	0	6	0	7	0	0	7	0	0	7	0	8	0	8	0							
25	2	7	1	3	1	2	3	7	3	4	2	0	4	8	1	5	2	8	3	6	6	0	6	9	1	7	3	2	7	8	0					
26	2	8	2	3	3	4	2	3	11	2	4	0	4	10	2	5	11	2	6	9	0	7	3	3	7	10	2	8	5	1	9	8	0			
27	2	9	3	3	4	2	3	11	1	4	6	0	5	0	3	5	7	2	6	2	1	6	9	0	7	3	3	7	10	2	8	5	1	9	8	0
28	2	11	0	3	6	0	4	1	0	4	8	0	5	3	0	5	10	0	6	5	0	7	0	0	7	7	0	8	9	0	9	0	4	0		
56	5	10	0	7	0	0	9	4	0	10	6	0	11	8	0	12	10	0	14	0	0	15	2	0	16	4	0	17	6	0	18	8	0			

4¹/₂d. 5d. 5¹/₂d. 6¹/₂d. 7d. 7¹/₂d. 8¹/₂d. 9d. 9¹/₂d. 10¹/₂d. 11¹/₂d.

MARKETING TABLE.

No.	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.		5d.		5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.		6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.		7d.		7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.		8d.		8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.		9d.		9 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.		10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.		11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.																	
	s.	d. f.	s.	d. f.	s.	d. f.	s.	d. f.	s.	d. f.	s.	d. f.	s.	d. f.	s.	d. f.	s.	d. f.	s.	d. f.	s.	d. f.	s.	d. f.	s.	d. f.														
2	0	9	0	0	11	0	1	0	1	2	0	1	3	0	1	4	0	1	6	0	1	7	0	1	9	0	1	11	0											
3	1	1	2	1	3	0	1	4	2	1	9	0	1	10	2	2	8	0	2	3	0	3	2	2	3	6	0	3	10	0										
4	1	6	0	1	8	0	1	10	0	2	4	0	2	6	0	3	3	0	3	9	0	4	2	4	4	2	4	9	2	0										
5	1	10	2	1	0	2	3	2	8	2	11	0	3	1	2	3	4	0	4	6	0	4	9	0	5	3	0	5	9	0										
6	2	3	0	2	6	0	2	9	0	3	6	0	3	9	0	4	0	4	6	0	5	6	2	6	1	2	6	8	2	0										
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9	3	4	2	3	9	0	4	1	2	4	10	2	5	3	0	5	7	2	6	9	0	7	1	2	7	10	2	8	7	2	0									
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11	4	1	2	4	7	0	5	0	2	5	11	2	6	5	0	7	0	8	0	8	0	8	0	9	0	9	6	10	6	11	6	0	0							
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13	4	10	2	5	5	0	5	11	2	7	0	2	7	0	8	1	2	8	8	0	9	2	2	9	9	10	3	2	11	4	2	12	5	2	2	0				
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18	6	9	0	7	6	0	8	3	0	9	9	10	6	0	11	3	0	12	0	12	9	0	13	6	0	14	3	0	15	9	0	17	3	0	18	3	0	0	0	
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THE ROYAL FAMILY.

KING WILLIAM IV.	.	.	.	Born Aug. 21, 1765
Queen Adelaide	.	.	.	Aug. 13, 1792
Princess Augusta Sophia	.	.	.	Nov. 8, 1768
Princess Elizabeth of Hesse Homberg	.	.	.	May 22, 1770
Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland	.	.	.	June 5, 1771
His Son, George Frederick	.	.	.	May 27, 1819
Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex	.	.	.	Jan. 27, 1773
Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Cambridge	.	.	.	Feb. 24, 1774
His Son, George William Frederick	.	.	.	Mar. 26, 1819
His Daughter, Augusta Caroline	.	.	.	July 19, 1822
Mary Adelaide	.	.	.	Nov. 27, 1833
Princess Mary, Duchess of Gloucester	.	.	.	April 25, 1776
Princess Sophia	.	.	.	Nov. 3, 1777
Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester	.	.	.	May 23, 1773
Victoria, Duchess of Kent	.	.	.	Aug. 17, 1786
Her Daughter, Alexandrina Victoria	.	.	.	May 24, 1819
Frederica, Duchess of Cumberland	.	.	.	Mar. 29, 1778
Augusta, Duchess of Cambridge	.	.	.	July 25, 1797

SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

Countries.	Subject to	Titles.	Born	Accession
Austria—Bohemia*	Ferdinand	Emperor	1793	1835
Baden*	Leopold	G. Duke	1790	1830
Bavaria*	Louis Charles	King	1786	1826
Belgium	Leopold I.	King	1790	1831
Denmark—Holstein*	Frederick VI.	King	1768	1808
England	William IV.	King	1765	1830
France	Louis Philippe I.	King	1773	1830
Greece	Otho	King	1815	1833
Hanover*	William IV.	King	—	—
Hesse Darmstadt*	Louis II.	G. Duke	1777	1830
Hesse Cassel*	William II.	Electer	1777	1821
Holland	William I.	King	1772	1813
Lucca	Charles Louis	Duke	1799	1824
Modena	Francis IV.	Duke	1779	1815
Naples and Sicily	Ferdinand Charles	King	1810	1830
Parma	Maria Louisa	Duchess	1791	1814
Portugal	Maria da Gloria	Queen	1819	1826
Prussia—Brandenburg*	Frederic III.	King	1770	1797
Rome	Gregory XVI.	Pope	1766	1830
Russia and Poland	Nicholas I.	Emperor	1796	1826
Sardinia	Charles Amadeus	King	1800	1831
Saxony*	Anthony	King	1755	1827
Spain	Ysabella Maria	Queen	1830	1833
Sweden & Norway	Charles XIV.	King	1764	1818
Switzerland	Codfederate Cantons		—	—
Turkey	Mahmoud II.	Gr. Sig.	1785	1808
Tuscany	Leopold II.	G. Duke	1797	1824
Wirttemberg*	William II.	King	1781	1816

*** Those marked with an asterisk, with four Grand Duchies, eleven Duchies, eleven Principalities, and the free states or Hans Towns of Ham-
 burgh,* Frankfort,* Bremen,* and Lubec,* form "The Germanic Con-
 federation."

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Promenade Dress.



Bridal Dress.



La Princesse de Cleves.

MEMORANDA—1837.

25

27

12 19 urådzing Penny Laundry E -
7 Broadling -

1 31 Historia polska przez Dunhama
7 myśta inisial. Autho¹⁸³⁷

12 34 Jedzenie mi powiadat - a Mi
7 Sticker po listam swyjm a 11/4
potwierdzenie co sie stajga Do Karolka
Stamm obronze przez mi, mi na
puzerott - adres miłady Mary F. Carter
2 Cumberland Place, Newington Butts,
London

Historia Polakow Dunhama art. to
7000 - 1000 - 1000 (152)
2000 3355 - 2000 3493 -
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2000 3355 - 2000 2062
2000 15 - 2000 1278 -

24 37 adust nomy Carlow - 82 Cowley
Place, Brook Street, Parrotts.

Juzin zinsom 1773.

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Bukety Rue Amelat No 40 2037
8

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Dziw wazyu Panny Maryety Field
147 Lidzgo.

MEMORANDA—1837.

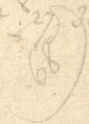
Bulwer o Cimonic. II 310
 His passion for the sex which even in its
 crested & cold to relieve and to soften,
 made his only vice



Myraeme Bulwers w/ Eltamine monie
 o ponia 2000 jah tonye 2000. aram n. f. m. h. t. a. g.
 there is no hell to which a golden branch will
 not win your admittance

Myraeme Walters cotta - Our habits which at
 first are but as silken threads, by degrees
 resolve themselves into gyves of iron.

Wladomosa ota major Nowichy
 12. 13. 14. 15. 19. 21. 22. 24. 27. 30



W. Field Esq
 No 14 Upper Fountain Place, City Road
 10th May 1837

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9
10
11
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15

1st WEEK.

JANUARY.

31 DAYS.

Office Laminera, Dr. J. G. Queen
Street, Westminster, London

Moje mieszkanie w Londynie w tym roku
36 Westford Place, Bryanston Square
(o trzy mile od City Office)

7 hours L. to W.

JANUARY.

11 Sunday after Christmas. Circumcision.....
Union of Great Britain and Ireland, 1801.

Consistent with the London - first November, 1801
and in the primary system of the
36 Westford Place, Bryanston Square - 1837

ALMANACK—1837.

29

2nd WEEK.

JANUARY.

31 DAYS.

2 M—Lord Byron's marriage, 1815

*Wielki dzień w życiu i w dziejach Anglii. Władca wojowniczy i polityk
wielki, który do końca życia był walczykiem i politykiem. W dniu
tym, 3 stycznia 1815 roku, poślubił się. Wskazywano na niego jako
na człowieka, który miał być wielkim i sławnym.*

3 T—Sun rises 8 h. 8 m. Sets 4 h. 1 m.

Świeci się, rozumie się, że jest z ziemską krew

4 W—New Covent Garden Theatre begun, 1809.....

5 Th—Duke of York died, 1827.....

6 F—Epiphany. Twelfth Day. Old Christmas Day

● New Moon 11 h. 46 m. afternoon.

7 S—Clock before Sun 6' 40"

8 1 Sunday after Epiphany.

*Pracowni w oficynie z karciami zgin
cały*

3d WEEK.

JANUARY.

31 DAYS.

9 M—Plough Monday. Sun rises 8 h. 6 m. Sets 4 h. 9 m.....

10 T—Linnæus the elder died, 1778.

11 W—Hilary Term begins.....

55 dni i 20 godzin. Długość dnia w tym dniu
 16 godzin. i sam zapłatacy jestem do
 31 grudnia par 9 tyg. = £ 14. 3-6. —
 wyjątkiem. Skłoniłem na straż J. Sołdwanowi 33 min. 1/2
 na tydzień dla przynajmniej 3/8 — kapłaństwo w tym dniu

12 T—Lavater died, 1801

Datum Księgi na rokurocznik L 10. —
 Postatom Karolice przyjacieli ofiarowują uroczysty
 12. — Uroczystość obiadu — 3 1/2. Ziemopon-
 nie głoszą 1/6 — Jutro 3.
 Kalatka Kataram dawała — w tym dniu

13 F—) First Quarter 5 h. 11 m. afternoon

Cambridge Term begins.

Dzień mojej urodzin — przez rok 27 roku
 w dzień moim. Stawiasz ogólnie —
 w tym dniu brygady P. —
 Jutro 5 1/2

14 S—Oxford Term begins

Sarner zastąpił na influencję — i me-
 ty w offisie — listów jego polisty
 Sprawy czyste. Klasy, po raz pierwszy
 w tym dniu

15 2 Sunday after Epiphany.....

Sprawy czyste w tym dniu. Sarner 2 1/2 tyg.
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ALMANACK—1837.

4th WEEK.

JANUARY.

31 DAYS.

16 M—Battle of Corunna, 1809, Sir John Moore killed

*Datum nastot wojny J. —
Sandomier chory jezycze*

17 T^w—Sun rises 8 h. 0 m. Sets 4 h. 21 m.

*Sandomier dzis tyf w officye
Dzis nastia czose u Dama Thompson, J. V. 4
Belgrave St. Belgrave Sq. 3 matent Jeymian Kamin
pionierowim spory — 3 Bab 1/8 — Kuchnycead of
pionierowim w Dalka St. James 3 — omnibred
Sandomier 6^a*

18 W—Union of the Roses, 1486

*3 Sandomier nowe 2^a —
Jeswabim nicka czarna i biata 2^a d*

19 Th—Ciudad Rodrigo taken, 1812

Washingbook 6^a

20 F—Clock before Sun 11' 25"

21 S—○ Full Moon 7 h. 45 m. afternoon

22 Septuagesima Sunday.

*Oam Sandomier roztata de tym system o
7mijeszimie gram, jak sam Sandomier sadzi
Sdomier o tam imie i Kapitanowi Pan
Sandomier 22 car glauo
O biaz J.*

5th WEEK.

JANUARY.

31 DAYS.

23 M—Sun rises 7 h. 54 m. Sets 4 h. 31 m. Duke of Kent d. 1820.

Na stat skiswkiem 57
 Podpartem: anglikom - 4

24 Th—Royal Exchange proclaimed, 1571.....

wymie siewiszejm atymatem padam
 nek w heligga slioznie oprownyj Hely
 Bible do Pami smatii Isabelli For
 yuowu jony Burmistoga w Carlisle
 3 listem 2 listow anym 13^o b.m.

25 W—Conversion of St. Paul.

26 Th—Dr. Edward Jenner died, 1823.....

Podwiconie trumny (Stawany) Pami Sego.
 nowy w 10 Duke Street, St James's pass
 X^o klasowiana. Pami most, neca, Pami
 Scott, Pami Julia Smith, Al, kety
 2 wyszkolom spotakani przy tamtani

27 F—Duke of Sussex born

J. S. D. Otkowski przyjezdz do Londynu
 wygnany z Paryzja - 3 listem do smmi
 St James's k' edicja - Guard & coach
 k' an 21 -

28 S—Clock before Sun 13' 19"

Podwiconie zentaki Pami Szymonowej. na
 cmentarzu wyszkolich dalsz-sabrodnie
 k' entolatory. k' asow do Harrow w
 all soul's cemetery Kensall Green
 Harrow Road. - Pami k' em for anding
 Pami Szymonowej k' em 21

29 Sexagesima Sunday. George III. died, 1820.....

(Last Quarter 6 h. 30 m. afternoon.

Zawiszy przyjezdz do Londynu
 Pami Stuart wicic spotnocy anglic
 wicic 21 go w Sussex chambers.

6th WEEK.

FEBRUARY.

28 DAYS.

30 M—King Charles the Martyr.

*Fedracowski 4^h
na stat w Skinskiego 5^h*

31 T—Hilary Term ends.....

*w Karolki darowalem 15 grup & polska 5
Fiducia tablicami 2^h
utogin 2^h
Otwarcie parlamentu.*

FEBRUARY.

1 W—Sun rises 7 h. 42 m. Sets 4 h. 46 m.

*Sreclki baseliniame, dwie pary 4^h - 3^h
utogin 2^h
na Suchark. 1^h*

2 T—Purification. Candlemas Day

*Fiducia apprentice spud kull przybyc 2^h
masyg 2^h - tran 4^h gny. 2^h
u Such. talki 1^h*

3 F—Rev. George Crabbe the poet died, 1832

Wtroyzenie intus an 6^h

4 S—Clock before Sun 14' 16"

*Gytun 2^h majon noni kuzg 6^h
utogin 2^h*

5 Shrove Sunday. ● New Moon 10 h. 7 m. morning.....

*Kapitaniani Pansmerianu przygryzta
15^h*

7th WEEK.

FEBRUARY.

28 DAYS.

6 M—Sun rises 7 h. 34 m. Sets 4 h. 56 m.

Wielki Świecznik 7
Coświeniec 4

7 T—Shrove Tuesday

8 W—Ash Wednesday,

Wiec Ładnei strymat list A Brandlinga
z Now Gosfoott Newcastla wklebony
cała familia poszerejolinie mie sie
przyposina - to samo przy posina
nie do zryje zataca - Miss G. Miss Jany

9 T—Dr. N. Maskelyne, Astronomer Royal, died, 1811.....

10 F—Lord Darnley murdered, 1567

captan ten se mporaw Goloshow 7

11 S—Clock before Sun 14' 34"

Olympic Theatre & Fielden Street 6. jany
deine boalwer. 22 -
Coastha - 6.

12 I Sunday in Lent. ☽ First Quarter 9 h. 38 m. morning...

Wylani do polacna 3 majorom now edem
16.

Wielki Świecznik 7
Coświeniec 4

8th WEEK.

FEBRUARY.

28 DAYS.

13 M—Cambridge Term divides at midnight

su stat shkivkiamun — 5/

14 Tu—Valentine Day

as 3/2

15 W—Lumber Week.....

16 Th—Sun rises 7 h. 16 m. Sets 5 h. 14 m.....

*Lecture on Joseph's Biography,
Shank's L. (Prague)
at the University of Cambridge*

17 F—Michael Angelo died, 1563.....

*most valuable 1st
note beginning in 1563*

18 S—Clock before Sun 14' 14"

*with the clock - just before the - of
the day in the dawn of the day in the
midnight of the day
To the University of Cambridge*

19 2 Sunday in Lent.

*La napravu svedeta i yudni 4-
Falkenberg i Paryja*

9th WEEK.

FEBRUARY.

28 DAYS.

20 M—O Full Moon 2 h. 23 m. afternoon.....

Shi wet. com m obid. 57

21 Tr—Sun rises 7 h. 6 m. Sets 5 h. 23 m.

Magaki 1/3-

22 W—James Barry painter died, 1806

*Na Subowano nati pyromiatho. (5 mi
sicy stave) u naj smacki na Kausak
giler, 4 arrow Road. An oval's cen
tatione samyem amata. ro sya Raquel
1806. m. ch. mow. X. O. W. ski. i. Dolowski*

23 Tr—Sir Joshua Reynolds died, 1792

24 F—St. Matthias. QUEEN ADELAIDE'S b. d. k.
Duke of Cambridge born.

25 S—Clock before Sun 13' 20".....

*ad Adelle i reate a Golden. Kasan
Cacha. D. G. Kady. w. p. owate. D. u. k. s.
de Vauvalaire a Douglas. ofier 1.
g. i. g. u. e. w. 3. p. l. a. t. t. y. g. e. h. y. m. e. b.*

26 3 Sunday in Lent.

*Ma. w. i. a. d. a. u. t. e. 7/ E. d.
Caapt. i. s. t. i. a. n. 7/ E. d.
List. u. g. u. s. t. i. n. a. d. p. a. u. c. h. e. d. o. w. s. h. y.
S. u. p. p. e. p. r. e. s. T. r. e. a. s. u. r. e. r. y.*

10th WEEK.

MARCH.

31 DAYS.

27 M—Sun rises 6 h. 52 m. Sets 5 h. 34 m.

Skimel'enn usobno 27

28 'Fr— (Last Quarter 5 h. 30 m. morning 121

MARCH.

1 W—ST. DAVID'S DAY.....

Dobryi puz wrocl' ablydym

2 'Th—Rev. John Wesley died, 1791

*Wzrostl' w 14 laty wyznany jako nauczyciel
na N^o 128204 (seria 2566) w cig zmin
na w 1837. Obywatel Anglii. Spozyl
42 miliony funtów srebra na wyprawę
w Azję. 11 marca wzmiankowany*

3 F—Clock before Sun 12' 11".....

*uogicem 1/2
i Syzma, astygi, iadtem, iego founde*

4 S—John Lord Somers born, 1652.....

5 4 Sunday in Lent.....

11th WEEK.

MARCH.

31 DAYS.

6 M—● New Moon 8 h. 29 m. afternoon

Skierkowanie na nowy obiad 5
 Witner przyszedł do nas z usuwaniem
 zębów w domu w Pałacu odwoz
 Skrzykowskiemu do domu

7 T—Sun rises 6 h. 36 m. Sets 5 h. 48 m.

Witner zajął mi lancetę zęby
 węgarką w £ 5; takt? On
 Kłobczyka w 1/2. Datem mu nate
 £ 3.

8 W—Earthquake in London, 1750

Witner wyjechał do polski zniszczenia
 znowu

9 Th—David Rizzio assassinated, 1566

10 F—Clock before Sun 10' 30"

Witner wyjechał z miastem Fildem znowu
 miłki ma. Spirit of the Rhine. Married Kat
 Fingerbeer 6 d. fig fruit 1/2
 Candus wyjechał.

11 S—Chelsea Hospital founded, 1682

Witner wyjechał z Karolki. Data mi garnu
 szedł znowu z flaneli kawał na ubieranie
 uł męgo chorego gwałta. Data mi
 lakie pom wzięty przystaw. w 3
 m. aldy jony Papan z Anglow

12 5 Sunday in Lent.

Witner wyjechał znowu znowu
 nasi woskowinami obczaj

ALMANACK—1837.

39

12th WEEK.

MARCH.

31 DAYS.

13 M—Sun rises 6 h. 22 m. Sets 5 h. 58 m.....

Handwritten notes:
Bismarck's name, abridg. of
in the Field of Battle, in 1814
Richard III. (D. Forest) Pi. and obtained
great Eiderling (Dutch name) m. m.
from 9th August 6!

14 T—D First Quarter 4 h. 7 m. morning

Handwritten notes:
Gregory's 6th day postmark, which may refer

15 W—Earl St. Vincent died, 1823

16 Th—Clock before Sun 8' 50"

17 F—ST. PATRICK. Cambridge Term ends

Handwritten notes:
Spain war - Mythicism name L 1

18 S—Oxford Term ends

Handwritten notes:
at Northampton in Garrison's factory
La Duchesse de Dantz alone. Douglas & Masson
Pala's arabian - Africa - 6

19 Palm Sunday.....

Handwritten notes:
St. John's name, Sweden, name, name
with skeleton for 3 or 4 days - name
St. John's name, name, name
St. John's name, name, name
St. John's name

13th WEEK.

MARCH.

31 DAYS.

20 M—Spring commences 7 h. 23 m. afternoon
Duchess of Cumberland born.

Handwritten notes:
Ladysmace minnowam by saapwasta
w- thought shen Kanunifere
Suey - Skiookim w-shin 57

21 Tu—Sun rises 6 h. 4 m. Sets 6 h. 12 m.

Handwritten notes:
Kapitamaus Hansconerans Pottan 6 10.
Lapoyet dived par-botow 107
Ladun craminawary
Suey

22 W—O Full Moon 6 h. 55 m. morning

Handwritten notes:
myushim Daplaitan w-shin 15
Ladun craminawary dhor you
Suey 1 mury

23 Th—Maundy Thursday

Handwritten note:
mury

24 F—Good Friday.....

Handwritten notes:
Ladun craminawary
Ladun craminawary F. Castle w-shin 307
Dancece uzat 107
Ladun craminawary mury

25 S—Annunciation. Lady Day

Handwritten notes:
w-shin Tunnel Tawny 1/2 mury 6.
mury

26 Easter Sunday.....

Handwritten notes:
Ladun craminawary w-shin 107
Ladun craminawary w-shin 107
Ladun craminawary w-shin 107
Ladun craminawary w-shin 107

ALMANACK—1837.

41

14th WEEK.

APRIL.

30 DAYS.

27 M—Easter Monday.....

Skierwkiem w polnie — 10
Missa w katedrze — 9
w kościele — Drogę z klaszaru — 9
Skatej parmy — 9
z klaszaru — 9

28 T—Easter Tuesday.....

Kaplański — 9

29 W—(Last Quarter 1 h. 16 m. afternoon.....

za ciastka puchawym — 10
tal — 10

30 Th—Sun rises 5 h. 44 m. Sets 6 h. 27 m.....

W bogim i puchawym — 10

31 F—Beethoven composer died, 1827

W bogim — 10

APRIL.

1 S—Clock before Sun 3' 57"

W bogim — 10
W niedzielę z latem na ordynację w Warszawie
Catholic Chapel — St. J. Bernard Opole — St. J. Lame
St. J. — St. J. — Katedra, Główny, St. J. — St. J.
Barokowa, X. Płazynski, Romanowski — St. J.
Był świątynie u X. St. J. — St. J. — St. J.

2 Loto Sunday.....

W bogim — 10

15th WEEK.

APRIL.

30 DAYS.

3 M—Sun rises 5 h. 34 m. Sets 6 h. 34 m.

Skonstianu na obid naj lygodniy

4 Th—Oliver Goldsmith died, 1774

*Woznie figur prehoznych na Wintonwell Street
mizary imeni Langelske na wygnaniu. Za
mactaranyj cas Pobiy - Napoleon niety -
slyshel y.*

5 W—● New Moon 7 h. 20 m. morning

Oxford and Cambridge Terms begin.

Sadner wrost i bozgod - (ry) chat by 26)

6 Th—Old Lady Day.....

Wozny

7 F—Lalande astronomer died, 1807

8 S—Clock before Sun 1' 53"

za bakki a piskany nalyzelo y-

9 2 Sunday after Easter.....

16th WEEK.

APRIL.

30 DAYS.

10 M—Sun rises 5 h. 19 m. Sets 6 h. 45 m.

Świętokrzyszowa góra obiad naj tygielniejszy 3/

11 T—Bonaparte abdicated, 1814.....

*Richardson 2 1/2
Opatów: przesmyk do literatury Lit 2/*
Święty padat - zimno

12 W—) First Quarter 11 h. 13 m. afternoon.....

*Pomarańczowa 3d
Was list do Pawła Stockera 2 1/2
Parasol mi Januszkiewicz przytłoczył
Caryza*

13 Tt—Catholic Emancipation, 1829

*ubawom & bode - podnoszą się & chorobę - po-
nieśność mi cel & awantury Kazimierz
Kozłowski - 1/2
Człowiek - 1/2
Człowiek - 1/2
Człowiek - 1/2*

14 F—Easter Term begins.....

*Wolter nam pisał o modelu machiny parowej
w United Service Museum - Para go
respektuje
Low-Birdel 1/2*

15 S—Clock before Sun 0' 1"

*Własność na Newington 6d
ostrożnie relacjon 6d
pomarańczowa 3d*

16 3 Sunday after Easter.

Cullin 3d

17th WEEK.

APRIL.

30 DAYS.

17 M—Sun rises 5 h. 4 m. Sets 6 h. 57 m.

*Shivakom - in night school of -
Pomaranice 3^d*

18 T—Lord C. J. Camden died, 1794

19 W—Lord Byron died, 1824

*Sept 24th of City of London. Institution
of the Law (a D. K. Kenyon) in person
45*

20 Th—O Full Moon 8 h. 39 m. afternoon, and eclipsed, visible ...

Pomaranice 3^d

21 F—Cambridge Term divides at midnight

Pomaranice 3^d

22 S—Clock after Sun 1' 34"

23 4 Sunday after Easter. ST. GEORGE'S DAY

Gregorian 3^d train 6^d

18th WEEK.

APRIL.

30 DAYS.

24 M—Sun rises 4 h. 49 m. Sets 7 h. 9 m.

Skivšičem na moj obiad 3/
Seat francuski - partore 13/
Puncat aure i ole - 4/

25 T—**St. Mark.** Duchess of Gloucester born

Spitkalem siri 101 Wawarsen Mice
na Charing Cross - porokirje na st
gajce jago barzobye dobitent a Sa
Poljone pitloris die
Rudatom intucki brai upickany

26 W—John, Lord Somers, died, 1716

Dytem u Rata'skigo Zaputal na
lekarstvo lekarstvo 1/
nij so 6d - pica 6d

27 Th—(Last Quarter 6 h. 57 m. afternoon

Miso 4a - u lumb
Cuker 5d

28 F—Mutiny of the Bounty, 1789

Miso 3a
ubojem 1a

29 S—Clock after Sun 2' 48"

Miso 5d

30 Rogation Sunday.

omnibus 4a

20 WEEK.

MAY.

31 DAYS.

8 M—Easter Term ends

Stivskinn nollst 5

9 Tu—Sun rises 4 h. 21 m. Sets 7 h. 33 m.

aparthur 1/6

10 W—Mr. Pitt's second ministry, 1804

11 Th—Clock after Sun 3' 52"

*Was obs. bei making of settlement
in Westminster. Kind of oblong
Lead up at*

12 F—☽ First Quarter 5 h. 38 m. afternoon

*Canasta 4
sun out 6d*

13 S—Old May Day. Oxford Term ends

*Laurel 5 1/2
obsc 1/2*

14 Whit-Sunday.

*10
D. W. W. W. W. W.
C. W. W. W. W.*

21st WEEK.

MAY.

31 DAYS.

15 M—Whit=Monday.

*Kilshenny market 7
Miss 4 2*

16 T—Whit=Tuesday.

Don't miss 2 2

17 W—Ember Week. Oxford Term begins.....

See 7 6

18 Th—Sun rises 4 h. 7 m. Sets 7 h. 46 m.

19 F—Queen Anne Boleyn beheaded, 1536

20 S—O Full Moon 7 h. 27 m. morning

21 Trinity Sunday.

22nd WEEK.

MAY.

31 DAYS.

22 M—Princess Homberg born, 1770. Trinity Term begins

Princess Homberg *Princess Homberg*

23 T^r—Sun rises 4 h. 0 m. Sets 7 h. 53 m. *Excess. 3/31. 1837*

1st part 1837. 5th part 1837. 8th part 1837. 10th part 1837. 12th part 1837. 14th part 1837. 16th part 1837. 18th part 1837. 20th part 1837. 22nd part 1837. 24th part 1837. 26th part 1837. 28th part 1837. 30th part 1837.

24 W—Admiral Lord Rodney died, 1792

Admiral Lord Rodney *Admiral Lord Rodney*

25 T^r—Princess Victoria born, 1819

Princess Victoria *Princess Victoria*

26 F—Clock after Sun, 3' 20'

3' 20' *3' 20'*

27 S—C Last Quarter 12 h. 1 m. night

12 h. 1 m. *12 h. 1 m.*

28 1 Sunday after Trinity. KING WILLIAM IV. b. d. k.

KING WILLIAM IV. *KING WILLIAM IV.*

25th WEEK.

JUNE.

30 DAYS.

12 M—Trinity Term ends.....

Michelsons za bntcepli 2/4
Gregorys za tron 4/2
Kupiton de Janskiarica nojarki 7/12/6
Michelsons u Bond St 18/5
Skriški cov m. b. 3

13 T—Sun rises 3 h. 45 m. Sets 8 h. 15 m.

Royal Acad my - Celebration - m. s. 1/1

14 W—Battle of Marengo, 1800.....

15 Th—King William IV. entered the navy, 1779

de m. s. hangover 1/10

16 F—Great Duke of Marlborough died, 1722

by the boat of Westminster Bridge London
Bridge 40 - Satinst 10
most Waterloo 10

17 S—Clock before Sun 0' 26".....

no 3 The Tower 20

18 4 Sunday after Trinity. Battle of Waterloo, 1815.....
 O Full Moon 3 h. 51 m. afternoon.

26th WEEK.

JUNE.

30 DAYS.

19 M—Sun rises 3 h. 44 m. Sets 8 h. 17 m.

Stink's sun ne ahead 5'
sun bud. 8th

20 Th—Last Flitch of bacon claimed at Dunmow, 1751.....

Krol angielki wstliam IV um w 3 rana
mid 23 - 33 -
1 Golden bylding ulasura gdw
Miss Landon and Miss Roberts
1844 p. 100 sketches of India

21 W—Summer com. 4 h. 37 m. morning. Longest day 16 h. 34 m.

Vicaria agtassona Krolow - 1844 na
Charing Cross pny agtassona 1844
11 1/2

22 Th—Trial of Queen Caroline, 1820.....

23 F—Clock before Sun 1' 44".....

No 2. The Town 2 - No 2. 2^o.

24 S—Nativity of John Baptist. Midsummer Day.....

25 5 Sunday after Trinity. (Last Quarter 5 h. 59 m. morn.

1844 p. 100 Richmond & Baynes, Bojens, Cestaw
Cotham, Gallem, Baynes, etc. - 1844 most
near ground... 1842.

27th WEEK

JULY.

31 DAYS.

26 M—King William IV. Accession.

Skuszk. am. nobles 57.

27 T—Sun rises 3 h. 46 m. Sets 8 h. 19 m.

Rastokh. 21.

28 W—KING WILLIAM IV. Proclaimed.....

*Koncert Pan Filipowicz na 11 Mansfield Street,
portland place u Pani Stanhopek (10/6)
Pani Reinholdersstamm, Beckbeck, wty
Milnasli, ardon, Gwosdzki, Ragulski, 3 zony, Mui-
najewski, zony, Szczepan, Gieligie & zony, Mr. Polak,
Handlowcy, corki Filipowicz, woyce, Est & Strickel, 28*

29 Th—St. Peter.

30 F—Major Denham, traveller, died, 1828.....

est. 1828. 40. The Town 22.

JULY.

1 S—Clock before Sun 3' 23"

*Napad na dyzurna w dusze Chambers, Duke Street, Spawns
Jan Bembiński, Kozłowski, Dotabowski i inni
i Franciszek Popiński w jasnostrogi ogwardaka*

2 6 Sunday after Trinity. ● New Moon 9 h. 30 m. aftern.

*Wyprawa do przegranej i slantaz do Wodlurek
& Zaleska (dług pomysł obud) Waligorkom, San
Senowem, Gwosdzkoim, Felon, Masca
prowy, a more Gwosdzkoim, tudziej cygara 46
Age 6a*

28th WEEK.

JULY.

31 DAYS.

3 M—Dog days begin

obid w bratowce 4/5

4 T—Oxford Act. Cambridge commencement.....

*Skimien 3/4
Aventury niezgodne w Guildhall*

5 W—Sun rises 3 h. 52 m. Sets 8 h. 16 m.

6 Th—Old Midsummer Day.....

*w Haymarket Theatre. The Bread - my young wife
and my old umbrella - my wife's mother. Noe
apiz. 4th - bygone, Gornovsk, Field i Moor
Bruckki 6th*

7 F—Cambridge Term ends

8 S—Oxford Term ends.....

*Bruckki 6th Przejazda majta 4th po tamże
w Westminster Bridge w po Kew Bridge w po
wamyshoi Taylorstown i mowstka i Linton
i. 4th i. Cigara 4th
Dziś jechowank Kowla angielstki Willia
na 12
p. 12*

9 7 Sunday after Trinity.....

*Przejazda Guadi literackie w Linton Val. Zabs King
na Kington Oligarowski Dwa, Budyńsny,
Waliński. Pansimiloway ma
Captano prazie Oligarowski King*

29th WEEK.

JULY.

31 DAYS.

10 M—D First Quarter 1 h. 10 m. morning
10. Centre franciskim de vestige l'any Pleis
stiki. Un mare charmant. C. de ser & Paillard
La jeune femme colore. Partir 3/4. Truskawki 8
waterloo Bridge 1 d. afiz 1 d.
Skimkiamu maobid 5/

11 T—Sun rises 3 h. 57 m. Sets 8 h. 12 m.
Triskawki 11:20 + 1 d

12 W—Dr. Johnson commenced writing, 1737.....

13 Th—Marat assassinated, 1793.....

14 F—Bastile in Paris destroyed, 1789
The Queen 2 d

15 S—St. Swithin
obid 1/2 Truskawki 1/6
naprawa botow 1/6

16 S Sunday after Trinity.....
u nas obid - Troczynscy Olynowa. Falke
haya Leliski Syrona. B. aus elute
ija - Ladus wyjechao do
Patyja. z Bonussen Engmanem

30th WEEK.

JULY.

31 DAYS.

17 M—O Full Moon 10 h. 50 m. afternoon

*Nadawa odczytania parlamentu w sobotę
wieczorem o 9 godzinach. Sejm wcz.
Ludwik jankowski
Skierkowski na obiad 57*

18 T—Sun rises 4 h. 5 m. Sets 8 h. 6 m.

19 W—Bodleian Library founded, 1610

ale 21.

20 Th—Lady Jane Grey resigns, 1553

*W dniu 15 sierpnia w Warszawie — jakby dzień przesłany
Przewidywałem, między 6 rano wzięciem ja opuszczenie of białej
moja o 6^{ty} godzinie rano do domu i co dzieje się w tym
między latami na wyspach i w regale do awantury kłótni kłótni
prócz tego w 1840 roku w Warszawie i w Warszawie w 1840
miejscu gospodyni do 6^{ty} godzinie kłótni wzięciem 3 dni*

21 F—Archbishop Sutton died, 1828

Cost to pay my books 8.

22 S—Clock before Sun 6' 3"

*sebagianu 7 d.
trudni kłótni 4 d.*

23 9 Sunday after Trinity

*W dniu 9 sierpnia w Warszawie — jakby dzień przesłany
Przewidywałem, między 6 rano wzięciem ja opuszczenie of białej
moja o 6^{ty} godzinie rano do domu i co dzieje się w tym
między latami na wyspach i w regale do awantury kłótni kłótni
prócz tego w 1840 roku w Warszawie i w Warszawie w 1840
miejscu gospodyni do 6^{ty} godzinie kłótni wzięciem 3 dni*

32nd WEEK.

AUGUST.

31 DAYS.

31 M—Sun rises 4 h. 23 m. Sets 7 h. 49 m.

*constr. plaster - 2/6.
Hutowski ad dno 10/6.
Skowronski w tab. ad 5/7*

AUGUST.

1 Tu—Lammas Day. ● New Moon 12 h. 19 m. noon.....

Handwritten notes in Polish script, including dates and names.

2 W—Battle of Blenheim, 1704.....

Handwritten notes in Polish script.

3 Th—Bank of England commenced, 1732

Handwritten notes in Polish script.

4 F—The silver arrow at Harrow

*Przy ostrzygowany. Nigdy nie, Castonhorice na przyrzu
bardzo i powiszej naparowy we Francji
The Arrow 2d*

5 S—Clock before Sun 5' 40"

Handwritten notes in Polish script.

6 11 Sunday after Trinity.....

Handwritten notes in Polish script.

33rd WEEK.

AUGUST.

31 DAYS.

7 M—Sun rises 4 h. 33 m. Sets 7 h. 42 m.

*Skjenski Padet 5^{te} Skjenski man 5^{te}
 piew 3^{te} Kraske 9^{te} 1837 6^{te}*

8 Tu—Louis Philippe elected, 1830.....

*Paris National Convention 3^{te} Bourbon 3^{te} Bourbon 3^{te}
 1830 3^{te} Bourbon 3^{te} Bourbon 3^{te}
 3^{te} Bourbon 3^{te}*

9 W—☽ First Quarter 1 h. 22 m. afternoon.....

London 1830 1830 1830 1830

10 Th—Greenwich Observatory founded, 1695.....

Greenwich 1695 1695 1695

11 F—Dog Days end

*1830 1830 1830 1830
 1830 1830 1830 1830
 1830 1830 1830 1830*

12 S—Clock before Sun 4' 45"

*London 1830 1830 1830 1830
 1830 1830 1830 1830*

13 12 Sunday after Trinity. Q. ADELAIDE born, 1792....

London 1792 1792 1792 1792

ALMANACK—1837.

61

34th WEEK.

AUGUST.

31 DAYS.

14 M—Sun rises 4 h. 44 m. Sets 7 h. 24 m.

*Skimski Ladas Skimski emur St
Skimski pment iij pag. No 15 Paktet St u
Klisko mega bora
Tny kalony u puzoschadziow - dji
piskin*

15 Tu—Sir Walter Scott born, 1771

16 W—○ Full Moon 5 h. 38 m. morning

17 Th—Duchess of Kent born, 1786.....

*Leonor repaire de l'elie na abred mmm
Linda Bonisiguet - on saur. Lictroa M
cotechadone telowystat - The Standard 5
ommitus 1/ - but Fielder 1 a*

18 F—The rebel Lords beheaded, 1745.....

*zartawit ni Netrebski Khrastu pmediane
pnes janyy pmediane*

19 S—Clock before Sun 3' 22"

20 13 Sunday after Trinity.....

*Gugonov zasku 6 d
Khrasticego, Danaseur ya 7 d u l'elie
u puzoschadziow - puzoschadziow 8 d
Khrasticego, Danaseur ya 7 d u l'elie*

36th WEEK.

SEPTEMBER.

30 DAYS.

28 M—Sun rises 5 h. 6 m. Sets 6 h. 55 m.

Przyjeżdżają do domu: 2 Włochy, młodzi
 Włochy, młodzi; zaproszenie i dani
 do domu, w domu. Włochy, młodzi 5 Główny
 Włochy, młodzi

29 Tu—John Locke born, 1632

Przyjeżdżają do domu: 2 Włochy, młodzi
 Włochy, młodzi; zaproszenie i dani
 do domu, w domu. Włochy, młodzi 5 Główny
 Włochy, młodzi

30 W—Jerusalem destroyed by Titus, 70

Przyjeżdżają do domu: 2 Włochy, młodzi
 Włochy, młodzi; zaproszenie i dani
 do domu, w domu. Włochy, młodzi 5 Główny
 Włochy, młodzi

31 Tr—☉ New Moon 4 h. 0 m. morning

Przyjeżdżają do domu: 2 Włochy, młodzi
 Włochy, młodzi; zaproszenie i dani
 do domu, w domu. Włochy, młodzi 5 Główny
 Włochy, młodzi

SEPTEMBER.

1 F—Partridge shooting commences

Przyjeżdżają do domu: 2 Włochy, młodzi
 Włochy, młodzi; zaproszenie i dani
 do domu, w domu. Włochy, młodzi 5 Główny
 Włochy, młodzi

2 S—Clock after Sun 0' 28"

Przyjeżdżają do domu: 2 Włochy, młodzi
 Włochy, młodzi; zaproszenie i dani
 do domu, w domu. Włochy, młodzi 5 Główny
 Włochy, młodzi

3 15 Sunday after Trinity.

Przyjeżdżają do domu: 2 Włochy, młodzi
 Włochy, młodzi; zaproszenie i dani
 do domu, w domu. Włochy, młodzi 5 Główny
 Włochy, młodzi

37th WEEK.

SEPTEMBER.

30 DAYS.

4 M—Sun rises 5 h. 17 m. Sets 6 h. 41 m.

Wiosna u Wschodze Jiffere
wiosna. Tancze precyagowa
i schoty

5 T—Cromwell's first Parliament, 1654.....

Wiosna a Parostwa Siedlo - Tancze
Prigotowazie zis zis kurofotowan
Pach - Tancze gaminia niez na
sob pryncy

6 W—Prince Blucher died, 1819.....

Przyjdzia do Nowosha - Tancze
poczamnie batem po swadzie
oficiale syn, Cochij Tanczowi
poczamnie do cerceau

7 T—) First Quarter 11 h. 11 m. afternoon.....

Robitem obzemu Do Cerceau

8 F—K. WILLIAM and Q. ADELAIDE crowned, 1831.....

Tancze, wisthu tancze u Wostow
houde - u Pana kppleby pizkna
micstazi cego samoral. Tanczka
Do Potoczki

9 S—Clock after Sun 2' 46'.....

Wzjazd miy e lileby u powrot
u bondiam po potoczki u w Hall
wriadam u wstach o 5cy
poczamnie ze stami onym stocem

10 16 Sunday after Trinity.....

Pozroj do L 3 Karpowala
w lona pite o 10cy wnczy i zery
u wstach piew

38th WEEK.

SEPTEMBER.

30 DAYS.

11 M—Sun rises 5 h. 29 m. Sets 6 h. 24 m.....

*Skiansthemuz 5^h**prostor 5^h**Zaměstání u Kuroyoko 3^h*

12 Th—Siege of Vienna, 1683

*Divadla 1^h 1/4**The Times Abstracta 5^h 2^h**The Athenian Magazine 5^h*

13 W—C. J. Fox died, 1806

*oprava garceju v královské vojenské
službě 3^h*

14 Th—O Full Moon 1 h. 28 m. afternoon.....

*Doty u nás 2^h - později 1^h**Průběh: vyhledání D. u nás u 32 George St. East Square**Kaučukový výhled u Margate 2^h**u Banského (vlastně) 2^h*

15 F—Manchester Railway opened, 1830.....

*Průběh: Janušthémuzov u Kuroyoko 60 minut**Uhořím 1^h - císaře 2^h*

16 S—Clock after Sun 5' 13"

*žlutka 1^h**Průběh: výhled u Margate 2^h*

17 17 Sunday after Trinity.....

*Průběh: výhled u Margate 2^h**Průběh: výhled u Margate 2^h*

ALMANACK—1837.

39th WEEK.

SEPTEMBER.

30 DAYS.

18 M—Equal Day and Night.....

*Kapitan waligoret. in przed 20 yennym
w Skinskiego 15 Parku St. Westminster
Skinskiego w przed 6 d
mielichny piecyi duszacy, i Kott Denny
Gajowy. Lictan. Fines. 2/6. aty namy 5 d*

19 T—Sun rises 5 h. 41 m. Sets 6 h. 6 m.

klaw 6 d

20 W—Ember Week.....

*ciastka 6 d
Kawin wazni anglijski
Kawczest. Ladery. w przed*

21 Th—St. Matthew. (Last Quarter 3 h. 54 m. afternoon...

*Przemier spowolony w loko. w przed 2 Kargate
Przed w Skinskiego w Parku St. Skinskie
w loko. w przed 4 d
Skinskie 6 d
Spelman: Nowosielki spowolony w przed 20 yennym
w przed 20 yennym*

22 F—Clock after Sun 7' 19"

23 S—Autumn commences 6 h. 21 m. morning

*Skinskie w przed 20 yennym w 15 Parku St.
Westminster 4 d Queen Street
Bogantony w przed*

24 18 Sunday after Trinity.....

*Skinskie w przed 20 yennym (44 yennym + 3 yennym)
4 d 2 yennym. i 2 yennym
Bogantony w przed 20 yennym
Crown 6 d
Bogantony w przed*

40th WEEK.

OCTOBER.

31 DAYS.

25 M—Sun rises 5 h. 51 m. Sets 5 h. 52 m.....

*Daymarket Theatre - na Korysi polajow
Liza J. radymowicz wyjeżdża obied 2 1/2
Dziśki John Bull - My wife's mother
wischiefmatung
Skios Nicom 5/-*

26 T—Rev. John Owen died, 1822

*Sucharki 4 d gazety. 10 d
Skioskiy o jn obadach 4
Korobkiy Damskai izet wozit wotendym
Sprowij p. Angli*

27 W—Rammohun Roy died, 1833.....

28 Th—Bishop Gray died, 1834

*Yonnie Madegs odrodzili miy wozit
Londyn - Angli 24 Sucharki 6 d
Skioskiy na jnarnis iuzi wozit
juz 7/-*

29 F—St. Michael's Day. ● New Moon 8 h. 0 m. aftern.

The Town 2 d

30 S—Clock after Sun 10' 0"

*wyjed kept handman somogate na perow
Stig. 10 d. Spisnice 2
pmas Seay gidskys 10/10/10
OCTOBER. 10/10/10*

1 19 Sunday after Trinity.....

*Canthe 6 d - Polowitob - 6 d
Skioskiy na obied 5/-*

43rd WEEK.

OCTOBER.

31 DAYS.

16 M—Houses of Parliament burnt, 1834.....

*Pravda Gora — 6.^h
 System v. Richmanov - permatem Kaput Belitov
 Shtamistom Madal maching prony
 Ch. d. d. d. d.*

17 T—Sun rises 6 h. 28 m. Sets 5 h. 2 m.

*Annuitas 6.^h
 System v. Richmanov k. sel. prony*

18 W—St. Luke.....

19 Th—Henry Kirke White died, 1806

Andromer v. d. t. m. g. d. d.

20 F—Clock after Sun 15' 7".....

*obid 10.^h
 Wyaz 21. prylaska dohij nad 31. d. d. d. d.
 S. d. d. d.*

21 S—Battle of Trafalgar, 1805

22 Sunday after Trinity. (Last Quarter 9 h. 55 m. morn.)

45th WEEK.

NOVEMBER.

30 DAYS.

30 M—Sun rises 6 h. 51 m. Sets 4 h. 34 m.

31 T—Blackfriars Bridge commenced, 1760.

NOVEMBER.

1 W—All Saints.

2 T—Michaelmas Term begins.

3 F—Princess Sophia born, 1777.

4 S—King William III. landed, 1688.

5 24 Sunday after Trinity.

D First Quarter 2 h. 23 m. afternoon.

46th WEEK.

NOVEMBER.

30 DAYS.

6 M—Sun rises 7 h. 3 m. Sets 4 h. 24 m.....

7 T—First Gazette published, 1665

Gazeta pierwsza wydawniwa - nie wiadac

8 W—Princess Augusta born, 1768

*Gazeta wyta - nie wiadac - Langens ad Langens
mirozoznac*

9 Th—Lord Mayor's Day.....

*Przejazd Królowej Spasacznicy do City na dzień
w Godziny. Je, Kap. Walewski Kap. Stalman, sekretar
Sudowyński, maszyni w domu 191 - Strona - gazeta litograficzna
Molinarze - mijsza rogram - psakia*

10 F—Clock after Sun 15' 53'

11 S—St. Martin

12 25 Sunday after Trinity. Cambridge Term div. mid...

O Full Moon 11 h. 30 m. morning.

St. Martin 57

47th WEEK.

NOVEMBER.

30 DAYS.

13 M—Sun rises 7 h. 16 m. Sets 4 h. 13 m.

from 12 1/2

14 H—Bruce's discovery of the Nile, 1770

*Baudamel De Margall na rzece jeziora
Dziś latyatem St. L. Delwera u Coronada
wbiore. fawaron. miedzi. spysade. Stadeny-
Daje ki tyd mrozy wogtym. fadrom wozyc. ju
wchic wogtym.*

15 W—Kepler, astronomer, died, 1631

*Barstner spowrotim s Margell
Obowiaz parlamentu*

16 H—Ferguson, astronomer, died, 1771

17 F—Queen Charlotte died, 1818

*Lampich W. adwarden koleckim spysade s Poga
w Tomskim las ad. Stalial - Starch na 41 Jernym
Strach*

18 S—Clock after Sun 14' 37"

19 26 Sunday after Trinity

Skizskizme 5/

48th WEEK.

NOVEMBER.

30 DAYS.

20 M—(Last Quarter 6 h. 34 m. morning

Sosnowski Tajski Skieci na cyfrowym Polacy w porzeczce
 Huta i wycieczka w okolice
 Krowlowa nowa, ma do Kronuła w zgrzeszeniu Parliamanter
 (Jas noski ad hest ad uab)

21 Fr—Sun rises 7 h. 29 m. Sets 4 h. 2 m.

London, wyjechał do Liverpool, i siedzi w domu, i bardzo jest
 smutny tam lektury.
 Sal. mielki wycieczka na rynek Polakow Polacy
 obywateli, ja bardzo smutny, i bardzo w zgrzeszeniu
 wrona, i jest to bardzo smutny, i bardzo w zgrzeszeniu
 wrona, i jest to bardzo smutny, i bardzo w zgrzeszeniu

22 W—St. Cecilia

omni bus do hana 6

23 Th—First Balloon ascended, 1782

na wiadomość w Anglii, w 1782 - 53. William Street
 Regent's Park.

24 F—Clock after Sun 13' 4"

Szwajcarska umiarkowanie wyjazd do Anglii. Pod
 nr 19 Bonty, jak St. mande, i w Square
 London, i w Anglii

25 S—Michaelmas Term ends

Prasowanie w Polskich, Pam. i w Anglii, i w Anglii
 i w Anglii. i w Anglii, i w Anglii, i w Anglii
 i w Anglii, i w Anglii, i w Anglii, i w Anglii
 i w Anglii, i w Anglii, i w Anglii, i w Anglii

26 27 Sunday after Trinity

St. Michaelmas, i w Anglii, i w Anglii, i w Anglii
 i w Anglii, i w Anglii, i w Anglii, i w Anglii

49th WEEK.

DECEMBER.

31 DAYS.

27 M—Sun rises 7 h. 39 m. Sets 3 h. 56 m.

28 Tr—● New Moon 1 h. 50 m. morning

Ostryżynie wesoła 6d - Ciastka rekrutkowskie 1/2
Omówienie do Pariskiej Turcków 6d
Wzrosty muzykalne, i. Canota a Turcków
Zegarochy i a Rittnera oddebrat

29 W—First "Times" printed by Steam, 1814

Geogica, Skhod w Crown & Anchor Tavern - O'Connell
wprawy. Stuart, Cobler, Thompson, Scholfield
Ahoop, Reales, mowy - Dwernicki, pozoloku - Kizim
Zaba - omówienie 6d na wydanie 3/6
Bytom u Barona Dohode 22 Sambocet Road. Władysław

30 Th—St. Andrew.....

Kapelański muzyki 10/6
Ostryżynie 1/2 prawi 5

DECEMBER.

1 F—Battle of Austerlitz, 1805.....

Pisow 2h

2 S—Clock after Sun 10' 18".....

Reptacitama 1/2
Przewidywanie 3d
Ciastka 3d
Męta ogólna i gęsta

3 Advent Sunday.....

Skrośczenie 3/4
Wzrosty muzykalne, i. Canota a Turcków 6d
Zegarochy i a Rittnera oddebrat

50th WEEK.

DECEMBER.

31 DAYS.

4 M—) First Quarter 9 h. 52 m. afternoon

*Sikarshoo Amarowand on 17th 1/4
 miga yeta riana
 jho wot ja wchui 17 1/4 sub. 3/4*

5 Tu—Sun rises 7 h. 50 m. Sets 3 h. 51 m.

piro 2 d

6 W—Henry Jenkins died, ætat 169, 1670.....

piro 2 d jidwab crany 2 d

7 Th—Marshal Ney shot, 1815

Piro 3 1/2 d

8 F—Mary Queen of Scots born, 1542

*Mohomari (on 17) Brand) zeger yjowal
 moj portret midday 12 & 13. jaguay
 piro 2 d*

9 S—Clock after Sun 7' 21"

*Jabbe Sla moti morayo (3) 1/4
 Drugie stani Mohil arenu Daprottole
 piro 2 d*

10 2 Sunday in Advent.

*Skivstunna motta 4/4
 piro 2 d*

ALMANACK—1837.

19

52nd WEEK

DECEMBER.

31 DAYS.

18 M—Oxford Term ends
surveys a committee of the University of Oxford 4/6

19 T—Sun rises 8 h. 5 m. Sets 3 h. 50 m.
of the day 4/6

20 W—Ember Week. (Last Quarter 0 h. 12 m. morning.....

21 Th—St. Thomas. Shortest Day.....
 Winter commences 11 h. 53 m. afternoon.

22 F—Antwerp surrendered, 1832
On the 20th a part of the U. S. F. C. G. 36 Michigan
was ordered to the city and on the 23rd
the city was surrendered

23 S—Clock after Sun 0' 35"

24 4 Sunday in Advent.....
St. Andrew's 5/4

DECEMBER, 31 DAYS.

25 M—Christmas Day.

Pogorowski, Pawiak, Szymanski, Szymanski, Szymanski
Szymanski, Szymanski, Szymanski, Szymanski
Kami, Marianna, Szymanski, Szymanski
Pogorowski, Szymanski, Szymanski, Szymanski

26 T—St. Stephen.

27 W—St. John. ● New Moon 2 h. 33 m. afternoon.....

Szymanski, Szymanski, Szymanski, Szymanski
Place, Szymanski, Szymanski, Szymanski

28 Th—Innocents.

29 F—Sun rises 8 h. 9 m. Sets 3 h. 56 m.

30 S—Clock before Sun 2' 23".....

Pogorowski, Szymanski, Szymanski, Szymanski
Szymanski, Szymanski, Szymanski, Szymanski

31 Sunday after Christmas.

Szymanski, Szymanski, Szymanski, Szymanski
Pogorowski, Szymanski, Szymanski, Szymanski

CASH ACCOUNT.

81

JANUARY, 31 DAYS.

Received.

Paid.

1 Kham to Great Eagle & winter
 from payee
 2 To Andrew's bank
 Cab
 Jabika
 Cogan
 3 Royal do obidom
 4 Jabika
 usagi
 5 Jabika
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CASH ACCOUNT.

83

MARCH, 31 DAYS.

Received.

Paid.

Dr. 20 marca 1837
reptatit m. de d. d.
11 b. m.

15 15

CASH ACCOUNT.

JUNE, 30 DAYS.	Received.	Paid.
S. b. (replacing jessie's do 3 ^o)	18 18 "	
Clerical S. b.)		
na nga Waiwai	5	
Dukani - 5/10	100	
Kupatani 7/10	90	8 5
S. na Vaka mihi	205	

CASH ACCOUNT.

AUGUST, 31 DAYS.

Received.

Paid.

24 (8 m) left every person

to 26c per person - 2147 1/2 18 m

CASH ACCOUNT.

89

SEPTEMBER, 30 DAYS.

Received.

Paid.

Wapstaley J. Allen Dr

23 legs missing

66²

Wapstaley J. Allen Dr

616²

CASH ACCOUNT.

94

NOVEMBER, 30 DAYS.

Received.

Paid.

20 Skapla cemy jesienn do 18. b. n.	12	12		
21 Arkanijski biatu			3	
" ogame			3	6
Wiel na Wal			1	7
Dorozka			5	
22 Pocket books			2	9
Wtawki			2	6
Pucowizony			1	
23 Krawiec Polski			5	6
Prac S. Uruskiego				
Januszki ewrojskie			2	8
dla Sukatago				
Litopad Gruzjan				

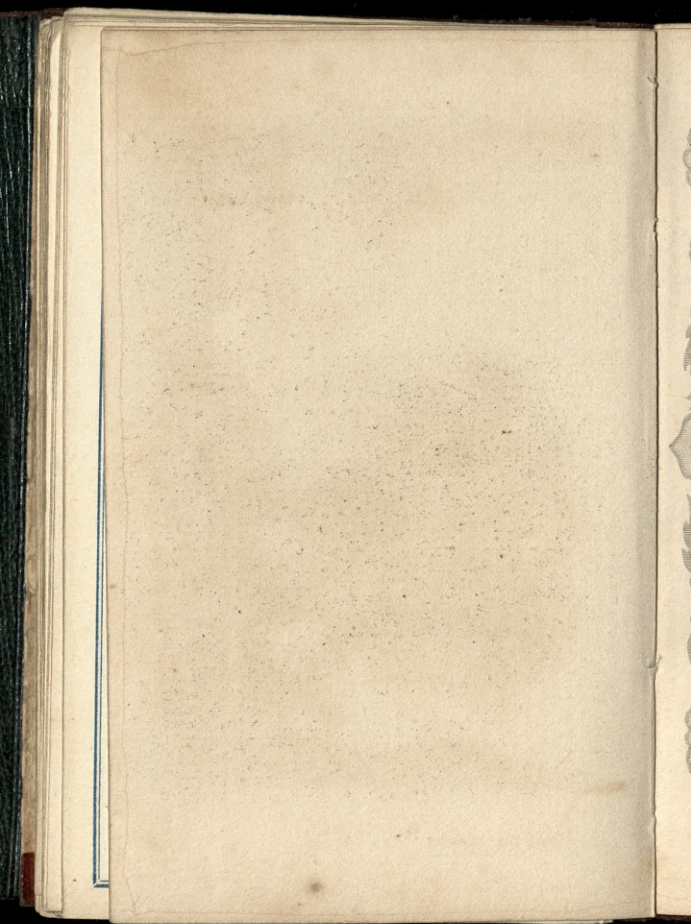


SIDUNSTAN'S
IN THE EAST.
FROM THE CUSTOM HOUSE.



CANTONBURY HOUSE, ISLINGTON.







CAXTON'S HOUSE

IN THE ALMOUSHOUSE

WESTMINSTER.

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THE FOOL'S PENCE.

A gin-shop was, not many years ago,
 Of all resorts the lowest of the low ;
 A few small tubs the dusty window graced,
 Or long-necked bottles, in the vilest taste.
 Who ever can compare *those* times with *these*,
 Must own gin-shops are now gin-palaces.
 How this has come to pass, my story shows,
 Explain'd by Mistress Crowder, of "The Rose."

A poor thin man sat drinking gin and ale ;
 His coat was ragged, and his cheeks were pale ;
 And, as he squandered thus his time and pence,
 He to the hostess paid these compliments.
 "Why, Mrs. Crowder, how you *do* get on !
 What handsome chairs for us to sit upon !
 What showy paper ! and your lamps *how* fine !
 And *how* both you and your two daughters shine !
 I scarce believe you are the same I knew,
 Looking so dowdy like, in thirty-two.
 I know, I find it very hard to live ;
 My wife is always asking me to give
 For this—for that—'tis ever the same clang—
 I parts from every penny with a pang
 Out of the mod'rate wages which I earn.
How do you manage ? I should like to learn !"

A group of half-starved tipplers then came in,
 To club their half-pence for a glass of gin ;
 And the proud landlady, with scornful smile,
 Eying contemptuously the crowd the while,
 "'Tis the fools' pence," (and archly wagged her head)
 "'Tis the fools' pence that does it all," she said.

An honest carpenter, who, standing by,
 By name George Manly, heard her thus reply,
 Struck with her words, and with her manner too,
 Gazed on the sickly, pale, and ragged crew,
 Who, with sunk cheeks, and haggard eyes inflamed,
 Seemed like the very beings she had named.

With vacant stare, the eye-ball void of sense,
 To make her rich—subscribing their *fools' pence* ;
 Glanced from the tattered throng of thoughtless poor,
 To the gay parlour through the open door.
 Pictures in gilded frames the wainscot grace,
 And a rich carpet covered all the place.
 The vintner's daughter, too, in gay attire,
 Was singing " Hope, thou nurse of young desire."
 " How strange is this !" thought he, " to turn one's eye
 On all this wretchedness and misery,
 And think the vice, that thousands soon destroys,
 Should add to its promoter's wealth and joys !"

George pensive stood—a calculation made
 Of weekly earnings at his thriving trade—
 And then how much he could of that devote
 (And which had all been washed down his throat)
 His faithful partner's comforts to improve,
 And two kind daughters, worthy of his love.
 He wished not Jane in Mrs. Crowder's case,
 With coloured ribands, and her cap of lace,
 Her golden drops, large necklace, and her rings—
 He meant to give her far more useful things.

At length he said—" I hope, Ma'am, no offence—
 A pint of ale, and—there are my " *fools' pence* ;"
 To *your* good health and mine, and they shall be
 The last *fools' pence* you'll ever get from me."
 George hastened home—his wife and girls were there,
 All hard at work to earn their scanty fare.
 All in the humble room was clean and neat,
 But the dim fire afforded little heat ;
 And pale and thin for want of warmth and food,
 Incessant toil had health's bright glow subdued ;—
 Yet, at the unexpected, welcome sound,
 All eyes are brightened, and all hearts rebound.

The homely greetings of a group like this,
 The words of joy, the smiles, the filial kiss,
 The looks of love—they cannot be expressed—
 Those who have feeling hearts will *think* them best.

Said George—"I've just received a hint, my love,
 That will, I trust, a lasting blessing prove;"
 Then in her lap his money-bag he tost—
 "These are my earnings, all except the cost
 Of my last pint—at least, I'm proud to own,
 The last I ever mean to drink *alone*.
 Hnsband the money with your usual care,
 And lay by every penny we can spare;
 And though we never can, I'm well aware,
 Have what the world calls riches; if we will,
 We may have comforts, which are better still;
 For comforts—blest with industry and health
 To taste them truly—are the poor man's wealth."

* * * * *

Years passed away—it might be two or three—
 When, with her child Jemima, Mrs. C.
 Went to *enjoy the Sunday evening*, where
 Folks go to taste bad tea and smoky air.
 While on her journey, a smart shower caught her
 In her smart dress, and her still smarter daughter;
 "O goodness, Jem—our gowns will both be *spiled!*
 So will our new pink satin slippers, child!
 My poor soaked ribands make my heart to bleed,
 Your *welwet* cloak is now well wet, indeed.
 Come into this snug cottage, love, with me,
 'Tis small, 'tis true, but neat to a degree;
 Here we can stay, until the shower ceases,
 And dry our feet, our tippets, and pelisses."
 The cottage mistress every effort made,
 And her two daughters lent their willing aid,
 To dry the drooping finery, and cheer
 Their guests beneath a trial so severe:
 The husband from his BIBLE raised his eyes,
 When thus Dame Crowder vented her surprise:
 "What! my old friend, George Manly, do I see?
 How you *are* altered, man, if you be he!
 Why have you for so long deserted us?
 I ne'er expected to have found you thus;

So changed in looks, in manners, and in dress ;
 You're much improved indeed, I must confess.
 How has it happened ! Come now, tell me true !"
 " Gladly," said George. " I owe it all to *you*.
 Yes, Madam, I have reason to rejoice
 That your short answer proved my ' warning voice.'
 'Tis the ' fools' pence' that does it all—you know
 Those were *your* words—and I have found it so.
 The pence I used to lavish at the Rose,
 Have given us wholesome food and decent clothes ;
 And more, far more than that, those pence have given
 This blessed BOOK, the poor man's road to heaven.

THE DROP OF WATER.

A drop of water from a cloud
 Was thrown into the boundless sea,
 And thus expressed his fears aloud,
 " Down here, how useless I shall be."

So insignificant am I,
 In this prodigious wat'ry mass ;
 I am a mere nonentity,
 Indeed a perfect blank, alas !

But soon the poor despairing drop
 Was cheered by this consoling cry,
 " Into my mouth for safety pop,"
 Said a fat oyster, who was nigh.

Within the shell long time it lay ;
 Where hardened, it became a gem ;
 The finest pearl, which now they say
 Adorns the Persian diadem.

This fable warns the human race,
 To no one need despair be known ;
 The providence of God can place
 An atom on a kingly throne.

DANGERS OF FOWLING.

A poor fellow, on the coast of Hampshire, mounted as usual on his wood-pattens, made of flat pieces of board, was traversing one of the midland plains in quest of ducks; and, being intent only on his game, he suddenly found the waters, which had been brought forward with uncommon rapidity by some peculiar circumstance of tide and current, had made an alarming progress around him. Encumbered as his feet were, he could not exert much expedition; but to whatever part he ran, he found himself completely invested by the tide. In this uncomfortable situation, a thought struck him, as the only hope of safety. He gained that part of the plain which seemed to be the highest, from its being yet uncovered with water, and striking the barrel of his gun, which, for the purpose of shooting wild fowl, was very long, deep into the mud, he resolved to hold fast by it, as a support, as well as a security against the waves, and to wait the ebbing of the tide. A common tide, he had reason to believe, would not, in that place, have reached above his middle; but, as this was a spring tide, and brought in with so strong a current, he durst hardly expect so favorable a conclusion. In the meantime, the water, making a rapid advance, had now reached him: it covered the ground on which he stood; it rippled over his feet; it gained his knees—his waist; button after button on his coat was swallowed up—till at length it advanced over his very shoulders. With a palpitating heart he gave himself up for lost. Still, however, he held fast by his anchor: his eye was eagerly in search of some boat, which might accidentally take its course that way—but none appeared. A solitary head floating on the water, and that sometimes covered by a wave, was no object to be descried from the shore, at the distance of half a league; nor could

he exert any sounds of distress that could be heard so far. While he was thus making up his mind, as the exigence would allow, to the terrors of sudden destruction, his attention was called to a new object: he thought he saw the uppermost button of his coat begin to appear. No mariner, floating on a wreck, could behold a ship at sea with greater transport than he did this uppermost button of his coat; but the fluctuation of the waters was such, and the turn of the tide so slow, that it was yet some time before he durst venture to assure himself that the button was fairly above the level of the flood. At length, however, a second button appearing at intervals, his sensations may rather be conceived than described; and his joy gave him spirit and resolution to support his uneasy situation four or five hours longer, till the waters had fully retired.

THE STEAM ENGINE.

MR. WATT has been called the great improver of the steam engine, but in truth, as to all that is admirable in its structure, or vast in its utility, he should rather be described as its inventor. It was by his inventions that its action was so regulated as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufactures, and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance. By his admirable contrivances, it has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility, for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease and precision, and ductility with which it can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant, that can pick up a pin, or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal as wax before it; draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift a ship of war like a bauble

in the air. It can embroider muslins and forge anchors, cut steel into ribands, and impel loaded waggon trains on the railroad and loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves.

It would be difficult to estimate the value of the benefits which these inventions have conferred upon the country. There is no branch of industry that has not been indebted to them; and in all the most material they have not only widened most magnificently the field of its exertions, but multiplied a thousand fold, the amount of its production. It is our improved steam engines that have fought the battles of Europe, and exalted and sustained, through the late tremendous contest, the political greatness of our land. It is the same great power which now enables us to pay the interest of our debt, and to maintain the arduous struggle in which we are still engaged with the skill and capital of countries less oppressed with taxation. But these are poor and narrow views of its importance. It has increased indefinitely the mass of human comforts and enjoyments, and rendered cheap and accessible, all over the world, the materials of wealth and prosperity. It has armed the feeble hand of man, in short, with a power to which no limits can be assigned, completed the dominion of mind over the most refractory qualities of matter, and laid a sure foundation for all those future miracles of mechanic power which are to aid and reward the labours of after generations. It is to the genius of one man, too, that all this is mainly owing; and certainly no man ever before bestowed such a gift on his kind. The blessing is not only universal, but unbounded, and the fabled inventors of the plough and the loom, who were deified by the erring gratitude of their rude cotemporaries, conferred less important benefits on mankind than the inventor of our present steam engine.

JEROME BONAPARTE, EX-KING OF
WESTPHALIA.

Previously to Jerome Bonaparte's elevation to the sovereignty, he led a life of dissipation at Paris, and was much in the habit of frequenting the theatres, and other public places of amusement. He had formed an intimacy with some young authors at that time in vogue for their wit and reckless gaiety. On the evening after his nomination to the crown of Westphalia, he met two of his jovial companions just as he was leaving the theatre. "My dear fellows," said he, "I am delighted to see you; I suppose you know that I have been created King of Westphalia?" "Yes, Sire, and permit us to be among the first to—" "Eh, what! you are ceremonious, methinks. That might pass, were I surrounded by my court; but, at present, away with form, and let's have the same friendship, the same free and easy gaiety, as before; and now let's be off to supper." Jerome, upon this, took his friends to one of the best restaurateurs in the Palais Royale. The trio chatted and laughed, and said and did a thousand of those foolish things, which, when unpremeditated, are so delightful. Conversation, it may be supposed, was not kept up without drinking. When the wine began to take effect, "My good friends," said Jerome, "why should we quit each other? If you approve of my proposal, you shall accompany me. You, C—, shall be my secretary; as for you, P—, who are fond of books, I appoint you my librarian." The arrangement was accepted, and instantly ratified over a fresh bottle of Champagne. At last the party began to think of retiring, and called for the bill. Jerome produced his purse, but the king of Westphalia, whose royal treasury had not as yet been established on a regular footing, could find only two Napoleons, which formed

but a small portion of two hundred francs, the amount of the restaurateur's demand. The new dignitaries, by clubbing their worldly wealth, could muster but three francs. What was to be done? At one o'clock in the morning, where could resources be found? It was at last deemed expedient to send for the master of the house, and to acquaint him how matters stood. He seemed to take the frolic in good part, and merely requested to know the names of the gentlemen who had done him the honour to sup at his house. "I am secretary to the king of Westphalia"—"And I librarian to his Majesty." "Excellent!" cried the restaurateur, who now set his customers down as sharpers; "and that noodle yonder is, no doubt, the king of Westphalia himself?" "Precisely," said Jerome; "I am the king of Westphalia." "Gentlemen, you are pleased to be facetious: but we shall see presently how the Commissary of Police will relish the joke." "For heaven's sake," exclaimed Jerome, who began to dislike the aspect of the affair, "make no noise; since you doubt us, I leave you my watch, which is worth ten times the amount of your bill," at the same time giving the host a magnificent watch, which had been a present from Napoleon, and on the back of which was the emperor's cypher in brilliants. The friends were then allowed to leave the house. On examining the watch, the restaurateur exclaimed that it had been stolen, and took it to the Commissary of Police. The latter, recognizing the Imperial cypher, ran with it to the Prefect; the Prefect to the Minister of the Interior; and the Minister to the Emperor, who was at St. Cloud. The result of the whole was that, on the following morning, the *Moniteur* contained an ordinance, in which the King of Westphalia was enjoined to repair to his government forthwith, and prohibited from conferring any appointment till his arrival in his capital!

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.—K. HENRY I.

The bark that held a prince went down,
 The sweeping waves roll'd on ;
 And what was England's glorious crown
 To him that wept a son ?
 He lived—for life may long be borne,
 E're sorrow breaks its chain ;
 Why comes not death to those that mourn ?—
 He never smiled again !

There stood proud forms around his throne,
 The stately and the brave ;
 But which could fill the place of one,
 That one beneath the wave ?
 Before him pass'd the young and fair,
 In pleasure's restless train,
 But seas dash'd o'er his son's bright hair—
 He never smiled again !

He sat where festal bowls went round,
 He heard the minstrel sing,
 He saw the tournay's victor crown'd,
 Amidst the knightly ring.
 A murmur of the restless deep
 Seem'd blent with ev'ry strain ;
 A voice of winds that would not sleep—
 He never smiled again !

 THE FRIENDSHIP OF HOME.

Oh, no!—not through the glitt'ring crowd
 For faith or stedfast friendship roam :
 Or rich or poor, or meek or proud—
 Thy friend is home.

WOMAN.

Ah!—woman—in this world of ours,
 What gift can be compared to thee?
 How slow would drag life's weary hours,
 Though man's proud brow were bound with flowers,
 And his the wealth of land and sea,
 If destined to exist alone,
 And ne'er call woman's heart his own.

My mother! at that holy name,
 Within my bosom there's a gush
 Of feeling, which no time can tame,
 A feeling, which for years of fame,
 I would not, could not crush;
 And sisters—they are dear as life—
 But when I look upon my wife,
 My life-blood gives a sudden rush,
 And all my fond affections blend,
 In mother—sisters—wife—and friend.

Yes, woman's love is free from guile,
 And pure as bright Aurora's ray;
 The heart will melt before its smile,
 And earthly passions fade away.
 Were I the monarch of the earth,
 And master of the swelling sea,
 I would not estimate their worth,
 Dear woman, half the price of thee.

LIFE AND DEATH.

What is life?—a vapour's breath,
 A passage ending but in death.
 And what is death?—a moment's strife,
 A fitful dream—it waking life.

THE PAINTER'S REVELATION.

“I cannot paint it!” exclaimed Duncan Weir, as he threw down his pencil in despair. The portrait of a beautiful female rested on his easel, the head was turned as if to look into the painter's face, and an expression of delicious confidence and love was playing about the half painted mouth. A mass of luxuriant hair, stirred by the position, threw its shadow upon the shoulder that, but for its transparency, might have been given to Itys; and the light from which the face turned away fell on the polished throat with the rich mellowness of a moon-beam. She was a brunette—her hair of a glossy black, and the blood melting through the clear brown of her cheek, and sleeping in her lip, like colour in the edge of a rose. The eye was unfinished. He could not paint it. Her fine forehead, and the light pencil of her eyebrows and the long lashes were all perfect; but he had painted the eye a hundred times, and a hundred times he had destroyed it, till at the close of a long day, as the light failed him, he threw down his pencil in despair, and resting his head on his easel, gave himself up to the contemplation of the ideal picture of his fancy. I wish all my readers had painted a portrait—the portrait of the face they best love to look on; it would be such a chance to thrall them with a description of the painter's feelings. There is nothing but the first timed kiss, that has half its delirium. Why—think of it a moment! To sit for hours gazing into the eyes you dream of! to be set to steal away the tint of the lip, and the glory of the brow you worship! To have beauty come and sit down before you, till its spirit is breathed into your fancy, and you can turn away and paint it! To call up, like a rash enchanter, the smile that bewilders you, and have power over a face, that, meet you where it will laps you in Elysium!—Make me a painter, Pytha-

goras ! A lover's picture of his mistress, painted as she exists in his fancy, would never be recognized ; he would make little of features and complexion. No—no—he has not been an idolator for this. He has seen her as no one else has seen her, with the illumination of love, which once in her life makes every woman under heaven an angel of light. If he remembers her features at all, it is the changing colour of her cheek, or the droop of her curled lashes, or the witchery of her smile that welcomed him. No—it is no matter what she may be to others—she appears to him like a bright and perfect being, and he would as soon paint St. Cecilia with a wart, as his mistress with an imperfect feature. Duncan could not satisfy himself. He painted with his heart on fire, and he threw by canvas after canvas, till his room was like a gallery of angels. In perfect despair at last, he sat down and made a deliberate copy of her features, the exquisite picture of which we have spoken. Still the eye haunted him. He felt as if it would redeem all if he could give it the expression with which it looked back some of his impassioned declarations. His skill, however, was as yet baffled ; and it was at the close of the third day of unsuccessful effort, that he relinquished it in despair, and dropping his head upon his easel, abandoned himself to his imagination.

* * * * *

Duncan entered the gallery with Helen leaning on his arm. It was thronged with visitors. Groups were collected before the favourite pictures, and the low hum of criticism rose confusedly, varied now and then by the exclamation of some enthusiastic spectator. In a conspicuous part of the room hung the "Mute Reply," by Duncan Weir. A crowd had gathered before it, and were gazing on it with evident pleasure. Expressions of surprise and admiration broke frequently from the group ; and, as they fell on

the ear of Duncan, he felt an irresistible impulse to approach and look at his own picture. What is like the affection of a painter for the offspring of his genius? It seemed to him as if he had never before seen it. There it hung, like a new picture, and he dwelt upon it with all the interest of a stranger. It was indeed beautiful. There was a bewitching loveliness floating over the features. The figure and air had a peculiar grace and freedom; but "the eye" showed the genius of a master. It was a large lustrous eye, moistened without weeping, and lifted up, as if to the face of a lover, with a look of indiscrible tenderness. The deception was wonderful; it seemed every moment as if the moisture would gather into a tear, and roll down her cheek. There was a strange freshness in its impression upon Duncan. It seemed to have the very look that had sometimes beamed upon him in the twilight. He turned from it and looked at Helen. Her eyes met his with the same—the self-same expression of the picture. A murmur of pleased recognition stole from the crowd whose attention was attracted. Duncan burst into tears—and awoke. He had been dreaming on his easel! * * *

"Do you believe in dreams, Helen?" said Duncan, as he led her into the studio the next day to look at the finished picture.

ITALIAN MANNERS.

THE following is an interesting trait of Italian manners:—There is at the foot of Monte Rosa, in the district of Varello, a small borough, of 1200 inhabitants, called Alagua, where there has not been a cause for the legal profession for a hundred years. In case of any wrong committed, or any blameable conduct, the guilty person, marked by public reprobation, is soon compelled to leave the country. The authority of fathers, like that of the

patriarchs, continues absolute all their lives; and at their death, they dispose of their property as they please, by verbally imparting their last will to one or two friends, whose report of it is reckoned sufficient; no objection was ever made to such a testament, and the intervention of a notary was never known at Alagua. Not long since a man died worth four thousand pounds, a very great fortune there; he bequeathed a trifle only to his immediate heir. The latter soon after met accidentally, at the neighbouring town of Varello, a lawyer of his acquaintance, and learned from him that he was legally entitled to the whole property, thus unkindly denied him, and of which, with his assistance, he might obtain possession very shortly. The disinherited man at first declined the offer, but, upon being strongly urged, said he would reflect upon it. For three days after this conversation he appeared very thoughtful, and owned to his friends he was about to take an important determination. At last, it was taken, and calling upon his legal adviser, he told him, that "the thing had never been done at Alagua, and that he would not be the first to do it."—*Sismondi's Tour.*

MY MAIDEN NAME.

BY J. S. CARPENTER.

My maiden name! my maiden name!
 How very much I was to blame
 In giving up a single life
 For one with ev'ry sorrow rife;
 To leave each pleasant scene of mirth,—
 The tranquil home—the cheerful hearth—
 A gentle sister's tuneful voice,
 That bade each heart around rejoice,
 And ev'ry passing joy that came
 When I possessed my maiden name.

My maiden name to mem'ry brings,
 When earth seem'd full of glittering things—
 When nought but beauty met my gaze—
 When I could visit balls and plays—
 When ev'ry spot seem'd fairy ground,
 Where merry friends were always found ;
 But they, like summer birds, have flown
 Where hearts are lighter than my own :
 And I—oh ! I have been to blame,
 In giving up my maiden name.

My maiden name—I bore it when
 I used to flirt with all the men,—
 When rings and books, and trinkets rare,
 Claimed each of my regard a share—
 When gallant scribblers sung my praise
 In serenades and tender lays—
 When ev'ry thing that fancy suited,
 Was had, and paid for, undisputed :
 But oh ! its not at all the same
 Since I have changed my maiden name.

My maiden name will never more
 Be breathed by lovers who adore :
 A dull unchanging fate is mine,
 At home in loneliness to pine ;
 And he, who erst in girlhood's hours
 Scatter'd my path with perfumed flowers,
 I only live to hear him say,
 " My love I dine abroad to day ;"
 And each succeeding day's the same ;—
 Oh ! that I'd kept my maiden name.

My maiden name ! my maiden name !
 'Tis I alone have been to blame ;
 I thought his love would alter never,
 But honey-moons don't last for ever :

He quite forgets, in noisy clubs,
 Our ev'ning whist and social rubs :
 But even *he* perchance may rue
 What slighted women *sometimes* do ;
 For *entre nous* I'm not so tame
 As when I bore my maiden name.

EARLIEST INTRODUCTION OF VEGETABLES IN ENGLAND.

ONE of the principal advantages resulting to Europe from exploring distant regions, has been the introduction of some of the most useful plants and fruits that are now cultivated with so much success. From the discovery of America, one of the most important benefits, perhaps, that we received, was the potato. The pear, the peach, the apricot, and the quince, were respectively brought from Epirus, Carthage, Armenia, and Syria. They were first transplanted into Italy, and thence disseminated by the Romans through the northern and western parts of Europe. Fruit seems to have been very scarce in England in the time of Henry VII. In an original MS., in the Remembrance Office, signed by himself, it appears that apples were then paid for at the high price of one and two shillings a-piece, and that a man and woman received eight shillings and sixpence for a few strawberries. Strawberries are, however, described by Shakespeare, in his tragedy of King Richard III., as growing in the Bishop of Ely's garden, in Holborn. It was not till the latter end of the reign of Henry VIII. that any sallads, carrots, cabbages, or other such edibles, were to be purchased in England. The few vegetables of this class that were formerly consumed, were imported from Holland and Flanders. Queen Katherine, Henry's first consort, when she wanted a sallad, was obliged to despatch a messenger thither on purpose. Several other

kinds of fruits and plants were also first cultivated in England during this reign, particularly apricots, artichokes, pippins, and gooseberries. The currant tree was conveyed from Zante by the Venetians, and planted in England in the year 1533.

The culture of the cherry must have been extremely limited, if what is alleged be true, that the whole race of cherries, brought into this country by the Romans, was lost during the Saxon period, and only restored in the time of Henry VIII., when cherry trees were brought from Flanders and planted at Sittingbourne, in Kent, which has long continued famous for the abundant produce of that fruit. In the year 1540, a cherry orchard of thirty-two acres, in Kent, yielded such a quantity of fruit, as brought the enormous sum of 1000*l.*, a certain proof of the rarity of the fruit, or of the great estimation in which it was held.

Asparagus, cauliflowers, beans, and peas, were introduced about the time of the restoration of Charles II. Flowers, the delightful ornaments of our gardens, are also chiefly foreign productions. The jessamine came from the East Indies; the tulip, the lily, and several others, from the Levant; the tuberose from Java and Ceylon; the carnation and the pink from Italy; and the auricula from Switzerland. Nuts, acorns, crabs, and a few wild berries were certainly the only vegetable food indigenous to our island; and the meanest labourer is now fed with more wholesome and delicate aliments than the petty kings of the country could obtain in its uncultivated state.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Thou say'st he has no shame; and yet he blushes,
 When to his cheek the grapey current rushes:—
 And still perhaps thou'rt right—the wine disdains,
 And shows it does, to circle in his veins.

SHAKSPEARE.

Shakspeare's verses are not exactly "wood notes wild." He was indebted to a most extensive reading as well as to a most transcendant genius. He did not pique himself upon his originality, but sat down to write his plays for the simple purpose of the moment, and without a glimpse or an ambition of the immortality they were to acquire. He made use of whatever he recollected and thought desirable, with the contrivance of an ordinary play writer, and only grew original, and vast, and exquisite, in spite of himself. If it be true that "he wrote, not for an age, but for all time," still there was no one who knew less of that fact than he! He imagined himself writing only for the day before him, and it is to this very circumstance that we owe the ease, the flashes, and the soarings of his spirit. He was never overpowered by the intended loftiness of the occasion. He made no efforts that were laborious, because his mind was always superior to his object, and never bowed down to it. He possessed, too, that affluence of genius which rendered him not only prodigal in its use, but almost unacquainted with its existence. He never stood upon its dignity; he was never fearful of its loss, nor of its denial. The swan of Avon, like the swans from which poets derive their title, was all strength and grace, and beauty, without a consciousness of either. And this character of his genius accords with that character of facility, of gentleness and of unostentation, which belonged to the man. He knew of nothing within himself of which he felt it worth while to be vain. He would have as soon be vain of his power to put one foot before another, as of his power to write "the Tempest," or "Macbeth." It belongs in the midst of abundance, to genius, as to beauty, to be thoughtless of itself.

HOPE.

Hope still deceived, is still before our eyes,
 Queen of the sanguine heart and youthful brain ;
 Her visions fade,—she bids new visions rise—
 On, on they come, still beauteous and still vain,
 Dancing and sparkling with a thousand dyes,
 Till Memory adds them to her motley train ;
 Like brightest streams ordain'd their course to take,
 Till swallow'd in the mass of some dull lake.
 Eternal charm of Hope ! behold her bless
 Each vot'ry's view in visionary chart ;
 Warriors with story, lovers with success,
 The artist with the guerdon of his art—
 All with their pictured forms of happiness :
 Oh ! who would dash the bubble of man's heart,
 Light though it were, and thin as airy dream,
 That bears him on along life's hurrying stream.

A SECRET.

Ye belles, who of your beaux so fine
 Can boast, pray let me tell of mine.
 He's young and handsome, brave and gay,
 Most amiable, and *tout au fait* ;
 He's very rich, in person nice,
 Without a blemish or a vice ;
 He's very wise, and very witty,
 And very famed in court and city :
 To me he's very, very kind,
 And very much he's to my mind.
 Now, what a pity he's not real !
 My beau is but a *beau ideal* !

OUR VILLAGE BELLS.

BY J. S. CARPENTER.

There is a spot where beauty dwells
Which mem'ry often traces,
There is a voice which whisp'ring tells
Of well-remembered places ;
And there are sounds I love to hear,
Which mem'ry oft is bringing,
'Tis when in thought so sweetly clear
Our village bells are ringing.

I've listen'd to the melting sound
Of beauty's voice entrancing—
I've heard the tuneful harp resound
Its melody enhancing ;
But oh ! the sound I love to hear,
Which mem'ry oft is bringing,
Is when in thought so sweetly clear
Our village bells are ringing.

THE LOST POCKET-BOOK.

It is customary for Indiamen, in their passage through the Downs, to anchor at the Mother Bank, and thence to drop down to St. Helen's Point, and await a wind. A few years since, the fleet then lying at the Mother Bank was, as usual, ordered off to St. Helen's Point, when a young cadet in one of the vessels, anxious to see the process of weighing anchor, ran hastily to the ship's side, and, having unfortunately his pocket book in his hand at that moment, dropped it overboard ! Great was the poor youth's tribulation and dismay ; for in that precious case was deposited all the little pecuniary store which was to pay the expenses incident to his voyage and *sojourn* in India,

until the welcome receipt of the batta. However, there was no help for the accident; all the blame of it attached to himself; and, as it was impossible to arrest the vessel's career, and fish for a pocket-book in the bottomless abyss, he was obliged to conceal his chagrin, and reconcile his mind to so heavy a loss as well as he could. That evening the ship anchored at St. Helen's Point; but a fair wind springing up about morning, she prepared, with the rest of the fleet, to sail. On heaving anchor, our unfortunate cadet again stood on deck, watching, with a painful reminiscence, the cable gradually coil round the windlass, and hearing

At every turn the clanging pauls resound.

At length, up came the anchor, rushing and splashing through the deep, like one of its own monsters, and with it—incredible to relate—the lost pocket-book!!

Improbable as this circumstance may and must appear, it is fact. The friend, from whom the writer had it, was at the Isle of Wight at the period of its occurrence, and it has, in many instances, been corroborated in the story, on its being mentioned before commanders of Indiamen. The circumstance is barely accounted for, by supposing the current had carried the book alongside the vessel, and, lodging, wedged it in the anchor at the moment of its being cast at St. Helen's Point. This incident is decidedly one of that class of contingencies which do sometimes happen in this curious world, against the occurrence of which exists no positive moral or physical reason, and yet, upon the befalling of which, reason seems outraged and despised; and the mind slowly admits the most unqualified testimonies as to its veracity.

SULTAN MAHMOUD AND MAHMET ALI.

The growing power of the Pachi of Egypt had long been the cause of uneasiness to the Sublime Porte. It was feared at Stamboul, that Mahmet Ali would some day throw off the yoke of the successor to the Caliph. In vain the perfidious policy of the seraglio despatched Capidgi Bashis, armed with the bowstring and the dagger, to the capital of the Pyramids; in vain its treacherous agents endeavoured, by poison or by stratagem, to rid the Porte of a dangerous rival. Mahmet Ali was too well warned by his spies at Constantinople, of the toils which were spread around him, to suffer himself to fall into the same.

At length the Sultan Mahmoud resolved upon adopting a scheme, which should be so cleverly devised, and involved in such impenetrable secrecy, that it was impossible it could fail of success. He had in the harem a beautiful Georgian slave, whose innocence and beauty fitted her, in the Sultan's eyes, for the atrocious act of perfidy, of which she was to be the unsuspecting agent. The belief in talismans is still prevalent throughout the east; and, perhaps, even the enlightened Mahmoud himself is not superior to the rest of his nation in matters of traditionary superstition. He sent one day for the fair Georgian, and affecting a great love for her person, and desire to advance her interests, told her it was his especial will to send her to Egypt, as a present to Mahmet Ali, whose power and riches were as unbounded as the region over which he held the sway of a sovereign prince, second to no one but himself, the Great Padishi. He observed to her how much happiness would fall to her lot, if she could contrive to captivate the affections of the master for whom he designed her; that she would become as it were the Queen of Egypt, and would

reign over boundless empire. But in order to ensure to her so desirable a consummation of his imperial wishes for her welfare and happiness, he would present her with a talisman, which he then placed upon her finger. "Watch," said he, "a favourable moment, when the Pacha is lying upon your bosom, to drop this ring into a glass of water, which, when he shall have drank, will give you the full possession of his affections, and render him your captive for ever." The unsuspecting Georgian eagerly accepted the lot which was offered her, and, dazzled by its promised splendour, determined upon following the instructions of the Sultan to the very letter. In due course of time she arrived at Cairo, with a splendid suite and many slaves bearing rich presents. Mahmet Ali's spies had, however, contrived to put him on his guard. Such a splendid demonstration of his esteem from his imperial master alarmed him for his safety. He would not suffer the fair Georgian to see the light of his countenance; but after some detention in Cairo, made a present of her to "his intimate friend," Billel Aga, the governor of Alexandria, of whom, by the bye, the Pacha had long been jealous. The poor Georgian having lost a Pacha, thought she must do her best to captivate an Aga, she therefore administered to him the fatal draught, in the manner Sultan Mahmoud had designed for Mahmet Ali. The Aga fell dead upon the floor; the Georgian shrieked and clapped her hands, in rushed the eunuchs of the harem, and bore out the dead body of their master. When the Georgian was accused of poisoning the Aga, she calmly denied the fact. "What did you do to him?" was the question. "I gave him a glass of water, into which I dropped a talisman. See, there is the glass, and there is the ring." The ring it was true, remained, but *the stone* which it had encircled, was *melted in the water.*

DEMONSTRATIONS OF THE AGE.

The progress of improvement in the arts and sciences, with the novel discoveries and inventions which they elicit, affords at the present time a subject of considerable interest; and attention is agreeably directed to some undertakings that particularly seem to promise the most remarkable results.

The first which may be mentioned, as the one at present exciting the highest interest, is the faculty of locomotion by means of *Railways*.

The facilities for change of place, or *Intercommunication*, have made a rapid and sudden advance within these few years, it being but a short time since stage coaches and excellently constructed roads, were proudly supposed to have attained the acme of perfection for travelling purposes. It is often, however, that man is deceived in his speculations, and in the opinion he forms of the success of his projects, or of what appears likely to be effected by them; thus, although aerostation excited great hopes of practical improvement, it exhibits but very unsatisfactory progress; and thus, while the science of geology, which at its commencement was despised, has become a study of the first dignity, the vaunted pursuits of phrenology, homœopathy, and others, have lapsed into contempt and oblivion.

Music.—Under this head some remarkable circumstances may be adverted to. No one who witnessed, or was acquainted with the performances of the last age, imagined that there could ever be any thing superior to them. Compositions, however, continue to be produced of a still more interesting character, and as regards dexterity of execution, the violin and pianoforte present new excellencies and more extraordinary powers. It may even be supposed that chorus-singing has scarcely attained its full perfection,

judging from the effects which have been produced by the performances in Exeter Hall.

Literature.—In works of science the age may boast of several valuable additions, for many of which we are indebted to the fairer sex, who have assumed a distinguished station in this department. In the more choice and rare productions of imagination we have been less favoured.

British Museum.—The improvements which seem about to be effected in this important institution deserve particular notice: the mismanagement and defects under which it laboured have been long exposed, and lately made the subject of strict investigation. In connexion with an improved system of management, an amended arrangement of the collection, and the supply of other desiderata, the public may expect to derive some new advantages from the Museum. The honor of having promoted this national benefit is chiefly due to Mr. John Millard, of Camden Town, who has long devoted considerable attention, and the results of much experience, to this subject.

THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

A romance of real life connected with this obsolete wonder, is sufficiently striking in its incidents to be worth recording. The daughter of Count B——, a Hanoverian nobleman, having formed an imprudent attachment, which was opposed by the wishes of her whole family, took occasion to elope with the object of her affection; with whom, after various vicissitudes on the Continent, she was persuaded to visit England. For some weeks the fugitives were detained at Dover by want of funds to proceed on their journey; and, when at length their remittances arrived, the seducer found it more agreeable to return alone to Germany than to proceed with his mistress to London. He sailed clandestinely on board the first packet; and the

deserted Adelheid resolving to seek the protection of the Hanoverian minister, took her solitary way to town, and chanced to arrive at Canterbury in the midst of the tumult of the fair. A pedestrian traveller is not nice in the choice of hotels; and in the inn where the young countess accidentally took up her rest, the proprietor and mechanism of "The Invisible Girl" were also deposited for the night. The Hanoverian was young, beautiful, and accomplished, and, withal, penniless and hungry; the proprietor prosperous and acute, and in especial want of an expert linguist to assist in his deceptions. A compact, advantageous to both parties was quickly arranged. He promised food, a due proportion of pounds sterling, and a father's protection; while, the young countess undertook to furnish "an airy tongue to syllable men's names" in half the languages of Europe."

Meanwhile her two brothers, burning with anxiety to rescue her from the hands of the adventurer who had beguiled her from her family, set forth from Hanover—traced her from place to place, from town to town, from France to England, till at length they were startled at Dover, by tidings of the desertion and wretchedness which had befallen her, and lost at the same time all traces of her route. They resolved, however, to prosecute their search through the metropolis; and, during several months the young foreigners occupied themselves in visiting every obscure retreat consecrated to the destitute and the miserable in the city and its suburbs—but in vain. At length, when time had in some measure reconciled them to the event, and wholly dissipated their expectations of success, they agreed to wile away a vacant hour in a visit to "The Invisible Girl." When Adelheid, at a post behind a crevice, was stationed to satisfy the inquiries of the curious, the astonishment, terror, and interest which overcame her startled feelings may easily be

imagined; but with matchless presence of mind, she determined to ascertain the disposition of her brothers towards herself, and to plead her own cause by a seemingly preternatural ministry.

“Who are we?”—was the first question of the strangers—a question satisfied with miraculous accuracy. “What has brought us to England?” was the second demand. “A desire of vengeance against one who has disgraced her family.” “And where, supposing your opinion a just one, where shall we find the dishonoured object of our search?” Providence, which has hitherto watched over the destinies of the unhappy Adelheid, will not abandon her to undeserved chastisement. Till you are moved to a more merciful view of her sufferings, no trace of her actual condition will be revealed to you.” “But you are mistaken mighty wizzard: our intentions are of a milder nature. Your art should have instructed you that we are come to support, to sustain, defend our sister; to temper the wind to the shorn lamb, and to restore her to the anxious affection of her parents.”

The termination of this interesting scene may easily be conjectured. The personages of this little drama are still living at Hanover, where the Countess Adelheid still retains the name of “The Invisible Girl.”

“The art of life consists in not being overset by trifles. We should look at the bottom of the account, not at each individual item in it, and see how the balance stands at the end of the year. We should be satisfied if the path of life is clear before us, and not fret at the straws or pebbles that lie in our way. The impertinence of mankind is a thing that no one can guard against.”—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

A STEAM ENGINE EXQUISITE OF THE
YEAR 1937 AT BREAKFAST.

Tell John to set the kettle on,
I mean to take a drive ;
I only want to go to Rome,
And shall be back by five.

Tell cook to dress those humming birds,
I shot in Mexico,
They've now been killed at least two days,
They'll be *un peu trop haut*.

I'll try that wine too, *à la rose*,
Just brought from Ispahan ;
How could those goths of other times
Endure that vile champagne ?

The trip I took the other day,
To breakfast in the moon,
Thanks to that awkward Lord Bellaire,
Has spoiled my new balloon.

For, steering through the milky way,
He ran against a star,
And turning round again too soon,
Came jolt against my car.

Such fellows ought to keep below,
And never venture there ;
If he's so clumsy, he should go
By no way but the Bear.

My time is surely up by now—
Put the high pressure on ;
Give the "breath bag" for the way—
All right—hey—whizz—I'm gone.

MR. MRS. AND MISS LONG.

Miss L. Not go to town this spring, papa!
 Mamma! not go to town!
 I never knew you so unkind,
 You chill me with that frown:
 My sweet mamma, indulge your pet,
 Entreat papa to go—
 Ah! now I see you're weeping too,
 We shall succeed, I know.

Mrs. L. Alas! my child, I've done my best,
 And argued all day long,
 But men are always obstinate,
 Especially when wrong;
 'Tis for my girl I urge the trip,
 Not for myself, alas!
 But when I married, had I known—
 No matter—let that pass!

Mr. L. My dear, you know that I abhor
 These silly discontents;
 You're quite absurd; why don't you make
 The people pay their rents?
 I can't afford to take a house—
 Nay, don't put on that sneer;
 For once be happy where you are,
 We'll go to town next year.

Miss L. Next year, papa! next year, mamma!
 You know I'm thirty-two,
 I call myself but twenty-six,
 But this is *entre nous*;
 Next year I shall be thirty three,
 I've not a day to lose;
 O let us go to town at once,
 I'm lost if you refuse.

Mrs. L. Your conduct, sir, is most absurd,
 We went last year in June ;
 But Fanny scarcely had a chance,
 You took us home so soon ;
 Sir Charles was evidently struck,
 I'm sure he would have popped ;
 But then he saw no more of us,
 And so the matter dropped.

Mr. L. For sixteen springs to town she went,
 When town began to fill,
 And sixteen summers she returned
 A flirting spinster still !
 And now the times are very bad,
 And tenants in arrear ;
 Dear love ! I really can't afford
 To go to town this year.

Mrs. L. Dear love, indeed ! I ask you, sir,
 Has any one man got
 One single sixpence he can spare ?
 I answer, he has not.
 Yet in *haut ton* arrivals, still
 I see each neighbour's name ;
 If other paupers go to town,
 Why can't we do the same ?

Miss L. Does not the Opera contain
 Its customary squeeze ?
 Have not the groves of Kensington
 Gay groups beneath the trees ?
 At Almacks, happy radiant eyes
 Outshine the chandeliers ;
 And when I think of dear Hyde Park,
 I can't restrain my tears.

Mrs. L. Of course, my dear! you stay with us?

Mr. L. Why no, my love! not so,
My duties parliamentary,
Force me, alas! to go.

Mrs. L. You can't afford a house in town?

Mr. L. No, sweetest! there's the rub;
But I shall sleep at Batts', you know,
And dine, love! at the club.

Mrs. L. The club! I hate that odious word,
The bane of wedded life!

Oh, well the roving husband fares,
But chops may serve the wife!
And then the thing's a vile excuse,
Which we must take perforce;
"Where have you been this afternoon?"
"Oh!—at—the club"—of course!

Miss L. I hate them all! but I abhor

The Athenæum most;
They ask the ladies Wednesday nights!
'Tis all a braggart boast;
To show the gilt and *or molu*,
Each eager member strives,
And seems to say, "spug quarters" these—
What can we want with wives?

Mrs. L. Come, dearest Fanny! dry your eyes,

A *leetle* rouge put on,
I'll order you a sweet chapeau,
From Maradon Carson.
The races and the archeries,
Will very soon be here;
Cheer up, my love! you shan't be vexed,
We'll go to town next year.

THE INDIAN LOVER'S SONG.

Hasten, love, the sun hath set,
 And the moon, through twilight gleaming,
 On the mosque's white minaret
 Now in silver light is streaming.

All is hush'd in soft repose,
 Silence rests in field and dwelling,
 Save where the bulbul to the rose
 A tale of love is sweetly telling.

Stars are glittering in the sky,
 Blest abodes of light and gladness ;
 O, my life! that thou and I
 Might quit for them this world of sadness.

See the fire-fly in the slope
 Brightly through the darkness shining,
 As the ray which heavenly hope
 Flashes on the soul's repining.

Then haste, bright treasure of my heart!
 Flowers around and stars above thee,
 Alone must see us meet and part,
 Alone must witness how I love thee!

 THE FAIR SEX.

When Eve brought *woe* to all mankind,
 Old Adam call'd her *wo-man*,
 But when she woo'd with love so kind,
 He then pronounced it *woo-man* ;
 But now with folly and with pride,
 Their husband's pockets trimming,
 The ladies are so full of *whims*,
 That people call them *whim-men*.

THE INVENTIVE FACULTIES.

“And wake to ecstasy the living *lyre*.”

What a poor miserable prosaic spirit must that man have who sticks eternally to truth! a sort of man who wears cork soles to his shoes, and goes out in the finest day of June with an umbrella under his arm! His anecdotes, if he ventures to tell any, are always, and in all their incidents, the same; he pauses and corrects himself, if he has stated an event to have occurred on a Tuesday, when he afterwards recollects that it happened on a Monday. How tiresome to be tied up in the same room with him to hear a ghost story told time after time with the same unvarying circumstances, with no change either in the person to whom the spectre appeared, or in the manner of its vanishing away. This is very different indeed from the proper mode of conducting a conversation. A story should never be twice precisely the same; by this rule you exercise your imagination, one of the noblest faculties of man, and avoid at the same time being tiresome to your hearers. For instance, if an adventure happen in England to Lord John, or Sir Edward, lay the scene the second time of telling it, in Algiers, and make the hero of it, Muly Hassan; the same circumstances, with a slight alteration, will do for them both; a robber may be safely converted into a corsair, and the deliverer who in the English version is a runaway servant, may figure in the Eastern edition as a renegado. This may be made an useful as well as an agreeable way of diversifying a story, as you will require to know the manners of the country in which you lay the scene. A ghost who takes off his hat at Brentford or Cock lane, Salams with his turbaned beard at Bagdad or Ispahan. Another advantage arising from this change of the “locale” of an anecdote is, that you cannot be forestalled in relating it. Some ill-bred people are constantly in the habit of interrupting you in a story be-

fore you have well begun; but how easy to check them by merely altering the names! An individual with whom I had the misfortune to be in company two successive evenings, had nearly spoiled two of my best "historiettes." Before I had finished my introductory sentence, he exclaimed, "Oh, I heard you tell that last night: it happened to Mr. Dobbs, at Knightsbridge."—"No, sir," I replied, "it happened to Don Ieronymo Salthagiar, at Madrid." I went on with my story, and having finished, looked triumphantly at my interrupter. "Well, that is a most curious coincidence!!" he said, in a state of complete bewilderment, "for Don Ieronymo, and the Corregidor, and the Alguzil of this evening are exactly like Mr. Dobbs, and Sir Frederick Roe, and the Constables of last night."

TO OBTAIN FRESH BLOWN FLOWERS IN WINTER.

Choose some of the most perfect buds of flowers you would preserve, such as are latest in blowing, and ready to open; cut them off with a pair of scissors, leaving to each, if possible, a piece of the stem about three inches long; cover the end of the stem immediately with sealing-wax; and when the buds are a little shrunk and wrinkled, wrap each of them up separately in a piece of paper, perfectly clean and dry, put them in a box or drawer, and they will keep for a time without further deterioration. In winter, or at any other time, when you would have the flowers blow, take the buds over night, and cut off the end of the stem sealed with wax, and put the buds into water, wherein a little nitre or salt has been infused, and the next day you will have the pleasrre of seeing the buds open and expand themselves, the flowers display their most lively colour, and breathe their agreeable odour.

THE BAG OF GOLD.

I DINE very often with the good old Cardinal, and, I should add, with his cats; for they always sit at his table, and are much the gravest of the company. His beaming countenance makes us forget his age; nor did I ever see it clouded till yesterday, when, as we were contemplating the sun-set from his terrace, he happened, in the course of our conversation, to allude to an affecting circumstance in his early life.

He had just left the University of Palermo and was entering the army, when he became acquainted with a young lady of great beauty and merit, a Sicilian of a family as illustrious as his own. Living near each other they were often together; and, at an age like theirs, friendship soon turns to love. But, his father, for what reason I forget, refused his consent to their union; till, alarmed at the declining health of his son, he promised to oppose it no longer, if, after a separation of three years, they continued as much in love as ever.

Relying on that promise, he said, I set out on a long journey; but in my absence the usual arts were resorted to. Our letters were intercepted; and false rumours were spread—first of my indifference, then of my inconstancy, then of my marriage with a rich heiress of Siena; and, when at length I returned to make her my own, I found her in a Convent of Ursuline Nuns. She had taken the veil; and I, said he with a sigh—what else remained for me?—I went into the church.

Yet many, he continued, as if to turn the conversation, very many have been happy though we were not; and, if I am not abusing an old man's privilege, let me tell you a story with a better catastrophe. It was told to me when a boy; and you may not be unwilling to hear it, for it bears some resemblance to that of the Merchant of Venice.

We were now arrived at a pavilion that commanded one of the noblest prospects imaginable; the mountains, the sea, and the islands illuminated by the last beams of day; and, sitting down there, he proceeded with his usual vivacity; for the sadness, that had come across him, was gone.

There lived in the fourteenth century, near Bologna, a Widow-lady of the Lambertini Family, called Madona Lucrezia, who in a revolution of the State had known the bitterness of poverty, and had even begged her bread; kneeling day after day like a statue at the gate of the Cathedral; her rosary in her left hand and her right held out for charity; her long black veil concealing a face that had once adorned a Court, and had received the homage of as many sonnets as Petrarch has written on Laura.

But fortune had at last relented; a legacy from a distant relation had come to her relief; and she was now the mistress of a small inn at the foot of the Appennines; where she entertained as well as she could, and where those only stopped who were contented with a little. The house was still standing, when in my youth I passed that way; though the sign of the White Cross, the Cross of the Hospitallers, was no longer to be seen over the door; a sign which she had taken, if we may believe the tradition there, in honour of a maternal uncle, a grand-master of that Order, whose achievements in Palestine she would sometimes relate. A mountain-stream ran through the garden; and at no great distance, where the road turned on its way to Bologna, stood a little chapel, in which a lamp was always burning before a picture of the Virgin, a picture of great antiquity, the work of some Greek artist.

Here she was dwelling, respected by all who knew her; when an event took place, which threw her into the deepest affliction. It was at noon-day in September

that three foot-travellers arrived, and, seating themselves on a bench under her vine-trellis, were supplied with a flagon of Aleatico by a lovely girl, her only child, the image of her former self. The eldest spoke like a Venetian, and his beard was short and pointed after the fashion of Venice. In his demeanour he affected great courtesy, but his look inspired little confidence; for when he smiled, which he did continually, it was with his lips only, not with his eyes; and they were always turned from yours. His companions were bluff and frank in their manner, and on their tongues had many a soldiers oath. In their hats they wore a medal, such as in that age was often distributed in war; and they were evidently subalterns in one of those Free Bands which were always ready to serve in any quarrel, if a service it could be called, where a battle was little more than a mockery; and the slain, as on an-opera stage, were up and fighting to-morrow. Overcome with the heat, they threw aside their cloaks; and, with their gloves tucked under their belts, continued for some time in earnest conversation.

At length they rose to go; and the Venetian thus addressed their Hostess. 'Excellent Lady, may we leave under your roof, for a day or two, this bag of gold?' 'You may,' she replied gaily. 'But remember, we fasten only with a latch. Bars and bolts, we have none in our village; and, if we had, where would be your security?'——'In your word, Lady.'

'But what if I died to-night? Where would it be then?' said she, laughing, 'The money would go to the Church; for none could claim it.'

'Perhaps you will favour us with an acknowledgment.'

'If you will write it.'

An acknowledgment was written accordingly, and she signed it before Master Bartolo, the Village physician, who had just called by chance to learn the

news of the day; the gold to be delivered when applied for, but to be delivered (these were the words) not to one—nor to two—but to the three; words wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged, knowing what they knew of each other. The gold they had just released from a miser's chest in Perugia; and they were now on a scent that promised more.

They and their shadows had no sooner departed, than the Venetian returned, saying, 'Give me leave to set my seal on the bag, as the others have done;' and she placed it on a table before him. But in that moment she was called away to receive a Cavalier, who had just dismounted from his horse; and, when she came back, it was gone. The temptation had proved irresistible; and the man and the money had vanished together.

'Wretched woman that I am!' she cried, as in an agony of grief she fell on her daughter's neck, 'What will become of us? are we again to be cast out into the wide world?... Unhappy Child, would that thou hadst never been born!' and all day long she lamented; but her tears availed her little. The others were not slow in returning to claim their due; and there were no tidings of the thief; he had fled far away with his plunder. A process against her was instantly begun in Bologna; and what defence could she make; how release herself from the obligation of the bond? Wilfully or in negligence she had parted with the gold; she had parted with it to one, when she should have kept it for all; an inevitable ruin awaited her! 'go Gianetta,' said she to her daughter, 'take this veil which your mother has worn and wept under so often, and implore the Counsellor Calderino to plead for us on the day of trial. He is generous and will listen to the unfortunate. But, if he will not, go from door to door; Monaldi cannot refuse us. Make haste, my child; but remember the chapel as you pass by it. Nothing prospers without a prayer.'

Alas, she went, but in vain. These were retained against them; those demanded more than they had to give; and all had them despair. What was to be done? No advocate; and the Cause to come on to-morrow!

Now Gianetta had a lover; and he was a student of the law, a young man of great promise, Lorenzo Martelli. He had studied long and diligently under that learned lawyer, Giovanni Andreas, who, though little of stature, was great in renown, and by his contemporaries was called the Arch-doctor, the Rabbi of Doctors, the Light of the World. Under him he had studied, sitting on the same bench with Petrarch; and also under his daughter Novella, who would often lecture to the scholars, when her father was otherwise engaged, placing herself behind a small curtain, lest her beauty should divert their thoughts; a precaution in this instance at least unnecessary, Lorenzo having lost his heart to another. To him she flies in her necessity; but of what assistance can he be? He had just taken his place at the bar, but he has never spoken; and how stand up alone, unpractised and unprepared as he is, against an array that would alarm the most experienced?—‘Were I as mighty as I am weak,’ said he, ‘my fears for you would make me as nothing. But I will be there, Gianetta; and may the Friend of the Friendless give me strength in that hour! Even now my heart fails me; but, come what will, while I have a loaf to share, you and your Mother shall never want. I will beg through the world for you.’

The day arrives, and the court assembles. The claim is stated, and the evidence given. And now the defence is called for—but none is made; not a syllable is uttered; and, after a pause and a consultation of some minutes, the Judges are proceeding to give judgment, silence having been proclaimed in the court, when Lorenzo rises and thus addresses them. ‘Reverend Signors. Young as I am may I venture to speak before you? I would speak in behalf of one who has

none else to help her; and I will not keep you long. Much has been said; much on the sacred nature of the obligation—and we acknowledge it in its full force. Let it be fulfilled, and to the last letter. It is what we solicit, what we require. But to whom is the bag of gold to be delivered? What says the bond? Not to one—not to two—but to the three. Let the three stand forth and claim it.'

From that day, (for who can doubt the issue?) none were sought, none employed, but the subtle, the eloquent Lorenzo. Wealth followed Fame; nor need I say how soon he sat at his marriage feast, or who sat beside him.

STANZAS.

Ah! why do maidens seem more fair
 Than Venus e'er was known?
 'Tis not their toilet's daily care,
 Nor Nature's hand alone.

No, 'tis not these make every hour
 Kind swains their charms approve;
 But some blind spell of greater power;
 And that blind spell is Love.

Strephon, whom fairer eyes have charmed,
 At Lydia's siles would sneer;
 To Damon, by fierce passion warmed,
 Gods! how divine they are!

Then, plainer virgins, hear my strain—
 Blame not the partial powers;
 Strive but one hapless wretch to enchain,
 And every grace is your's.

GRATUITOUS PRESCRIBERS.

IT has been quite the fashion in the present day to dabble in medical lore. The recent enormous circulation of medical works, purporting to be written in a popular style, has occasioned gratuitous prescribers to be almost co-extensive with our population, and it is no unusual thing to hear children of ten years of age dictating the treatment of coughs and chilblains. It is an absurdity obviously open to satire, and it has afforded materials for more than one scintillation of the "vis comica," since the time that Molière wrote "Le Malade Imaginaire." The following is part of an American sketch in a similar vein.

* * * * *

My friend, who was fond of quizzing me about a certain young lady, led me, without saying a word, unthinkingly close to her father's house, and, though it was early, proposed to make a call. Being already recognized from the window by Mary, I could not gallantly make a retreat. As I turned towards the door, a chaise that was passing raised a cloud of dust, that filled for a moment my eyes and throat. I entered the room with a slight cough.

"Ah! that cough of yours," said Mary's mother, "it will bring you to the grave."

"Nothing but the dust," said I.

This answer seemed to awaken all her sympathies. She said something about the flattering nature of certain disorders, and proceeded at once to get me a dose of balsam of tolu. Her kindness was so importunate, that resistance was in vain; I took the glass, and was in the very act of raising it to my lips, when the door opened, and three old ladies entered, two of them in black hoods, and the third with spectacles.

"I am a lost man!" I muttered to myself; but Mary was near, and I thought I read in her eyes some hopes of life.

One of the black hoods immediately addressed me—
 “ You will do well to take care of yourself, sir. You look as if your lungs were affected. Have you ever tried onion tea ? ”

“ Never, madam ; I am not sick, and I detest onions. ”

“ Ah ! you must not be too squeamish where health is at stake. Three tumblers of onion tea, taken hot every forenoon at eleven o'clock, would soon relieve you. There is no trouble in it—take only a peck of onions—”

“ And make them into a good poultice,” interrupted the other black hood, “ and wear them upon your breast all the time, and you will soon be well. Nothing opens the pores and relieves a cough like an onion poultice. ”

I turned a despairing eye upon Mary. “ An onion poultice, and a morning call ! Shade of Esculapius, what shall I do ? ”

“ If you talk of poultices,” said she with the spectacles, “ my prescription is butter-cups and vinegar. Take a handful of butter-cups—”

“ And drink rosemary and honey,” said the first black hood.

“ That is good,” said the second ; “ but butter and molasses is better. ”

“ Or flax seed tea,” said Mary's mother.

“ Or wheat bran, with boiling water poured over it, and sweetened with loaf sugar. You love wheat bran, I know,” said Mary.

There was an archness in her manner, that led me to suspect that she was only half serious. I made her a lowly bow in token of acknowledgment. As I slowly raised my head, I perceived the lady with the spectacles was regarding me very earnestly.

“ Poor young man ! ” said she, “ how feeble ! you must wear a plaster on your back. A little Burgundy pitch. ”

“ Or a back board,” said Mary, laughing.

“ Don't sport with human life,” said the second black

hood, gravely. "Your friend here must be careful, or he is not long for this world. But if he will follow my prescriptions——"

"If he will follow mine," interrupted spectacles, "take a wine glass of Cayenne pepper, and a pint of alcohol——"

"And by all means bottles of boiling water at your feet when you go to bed," said Mary's mother.

"And a flannel night-cap," said Mary.

"Double flannel," said the first black hood, "or a flannel petticoat would be better still."

"And a pair of stockings round your neck," said the second hood.

"Woollen stockings," added Mary.

"And drink during the night about two gallons of boiling cyder," said spectacles, solemnly.

"And a spoonful of tobacco tea every ten minutes," said Mary.

"Child, child!" said spectacles, sharply, "you talk foolishly. A poultice of burdock leaves for the feet."

"No, rye meal and cyder," interrupted the second hood.

"No, no, mustard seed and vinegar," exclaimed the third, eagerly; "I remember that——"

Human patience could endure no more.—I started from my seat, and, making a hurried bow, left the house, with so much precipitation that, as I passed over the steps, I stumbled and nearly fell.

"Have you sprained yourself?" said a gentleman who was passing, "if you have, try a little opodeldoc."

"Chemical embrocation," said she with the spectacles, running to the door.

"Rub it with flannel," said the first black hood, pressing behind her.

"Take a pailful of wheat bran," said the second, coming out on the steps, "mix it with boiling water, stir it well with a mould candle, and——"

“ Take a walk with me to the gardens this afternoon,” said Mary.

The experience of every reader must testify that, although there are here a few caricature touches, the principal outlines are true to the life, and that the sketch is strictly in good keeping: such literary missiles are worth volumes of serious argument, in exposing one of the growing absurdities of the age, and one of the worst evils arising out of the boasted diffusion of knowledge. Here, at least, ignorance is better than knowledge—the knowledge, we mean, which can ever be derived merely from reading respecting human disease; a subject of such extreme difficulty, that the most talented men, who have spent their whole lives in the study, are frequently at fault. To use the words of a celebrated medical professor—“ The most eminent physicians, after studying the history of a disease in various authors, after frequently observing it in their own practice, after trying to illustrate the nature of its symptoms by various dissections, and after the most unremitting attention to its remote and proximate causes, during a long professional life, have, notwithstanding, been unable to form, in particular cases, a decided opinion, either with respect to its continuance, or its mode of termination; so that many have lived, who, by their opinion, ought to have died; and many have died, who, by their opinion, ought to have lived.”

ROYAL MATRIMONIAL RESOURCES.

It appears from the *Almanach Royale*, that there are forty-six young marriageable princesses in Austria, Prussia, Germany, Russia, and Sweden, viz. in Austria four, in Prussia one, in Bavaria seven, in Saxony one, in Wirtemberg four, in the German Confederations twenty-six, in Russia two, in Sweden one.

THE WILD ROSE OF ERIN.

Her long raven hair in the night-wind was streaming,
 As over the waters she mournfully gazed ;
 The moonbeams around her were placidly beaming,
 That beautiful daughter of Erin was crazed.
 She plucked a wild rose that in beauty was growing,
 Then kissing it, bid the fair flower decay ;
 And on the dark waves that were quietly flowing,
 The wild rose of Erin soon wither'd away.

Bright beautiful type of a heart that was broken,
 The fair hand that cull'd, and then left it to die,
 Was wooed and was won—but those vows kindly spoken
 Deceived—and then left her mid sorrow to sigh.
 'Twas far from the spot where the shamrock was growing,
 Her false-hearted lover had left her to stray ;
 While on the dark waves that were quietly flowing,
 The wild rose of Erin soon wither'd away.

MORNING TWILIGHT.

'Twas morn—the dew still glitter'd on the corn,
 Like clust'ring pearls 'mid golden tresses worn
 Upon the brow of beauty,—not a star
 Linger'd in heaven tending Luna's car,
 Nor had the sun dispel'd the dark'ning gloom
 Which hover'd round the violet's purple bloom,
 While gentle zephyrs kiss'd each blossom there,
 And wafted incense over flow'rets fair.
 Oh ! happiest hour of nature's sweet repose,
 When beauty slumbers, and when sleeps the rose
 'Twixt morn and moonlight,—when the world is bless'd—
 When thought is idle and the soul's at rest—
 Till earth awakens from her transient dream,
 And universal light reigns all supreme.

THE COUNTRY GIRL AND THE NEWSPAPER.

To town, dear mother, let me go :
 I must be happy there, I know :
 Three London Newspapers I've seen.
 Wrapped round some pipes for farmer Green,
 I've read the advertisements through,
 And if but half of them be true,
 In town I shall be sure to thrive,
 And be the happiest girl alive.
 Listen, dear mother, sit you down,
 Listen, and—let me go to 'Town.

The best of places I may fill,
 The Servants' Office, Holborn hill,
 Will give me choice of situations ;
 They have them there, to suit all stations.
 See, here is—"wanted by my Lord,
 A Lady's maid, to go abroad,
 To Canada, or to Madras ;
 Fine prospects for a country lass !
 Enquire at Lloyd's, of Mr. Brown,"
 Dear mother, let me go to 'Town.

You need not fear I shall be ill,
 For all complaints there seems a pill
 Ready to cure, for so they say,
 Be the disorder what it may :
 Morrison, Brandreth, Jones, and Fly,
 Have each a sovereign remedy.
 Some balsam, lotion, pills, or drops,
 Sold at so many different shops ;
 And all it seems, of such renown,
 You'd think folks never die in 'Town.

Then all we eat, or drink, or wear,
 Are cheap, and quite in plenty there ;

Muslin and silk, so very low,
 What we pay *here* for calico :
 A dress *there* costs a crown they say,
 And tea is almost given away :
 Shoes, hats, and lace, at such a price,
 They call it "quite a sacrifice."
 Mother, I'll send you home a gown,
 But do—do let me go to Town.

And now read this, dear mother, do—
 The Herald, top of column two :
 "A Gentleman of twenty-eight,
 Is anxious for the married state :
 Of strictest honour, temper sweet,
 A female partner hopes to meet ;
 Tall, amiable,—and twenty-three."
 Might not this, mother, do for me ?
 "Address, X. Y." I'll write it down :
 Who knows what I may do in Town ?

Think not my want of education
 Unfits me for so high a station ;
 With London teaching, bless you, mother,
 Three weeks will make me *quite another* ;
 To dance, to sing, to draw, to write,
 Six lessons will complete me quite ;
 For X. Y's. sake, as 'tis my duty,
 To keep my teeth, my hair, my beauty,
 Rowland shall have my first half-crown,
 The moment I arrive in Town.

SLEEP.

Soft, balmy sleep, though emblem of the dead,
 Be thou the friend, the partner of my bed ;
 Sweet slumber come ! for ah ! how great the joy
 Thus without life to live, thus without death to die.

CAPTAIN CRICHTON.

With the exception of the names of the parties, this story is founded on fact; and the incidents, at the time, caused much amusement to the staff of Dublin Castle.

Captain Montagu, a young staff officer, was seated in his apartment, in Dublin Castle, when he heard a gentle tap at his door, and a low, pleasant voice requested admittance, if Captain Montagu were "at home." Permission to enter being granted, a stranger made his appearance, young, well looking, elegantly formed, and apparently military. There is a freemasonry amongst military men which can dispense with churlish forms; and in its frank and friendly spirit Captain Montagu requested an explanation of this unexpected visit. The stranger, apologizing for the intrusion, mentioned what business had occasioned it; but as Captain Montagu proved not to be the person to whom he should have applied, a conversation upon desultory topics ensued, in which the unknown appeared to be the most elegant, well principled, highly informed, noble spirited, and honourably minded cavalier in existence. Montagu was fascinated; could not comprehend in what "dark unfathomed cave of ocean," this "gem of purest ray" had hitherto lain "*perdu*;" positively envied the felicity of those who had the honour to term him "friend;" but resolved, at all events, to secure to himself such an acquisition in the social line. It so happened that his visitor also needed a friend, being, as he said, a "stranger in Ireland;" Montagu, therefore, when he rose to depart, gave him a cordial invitation to his apartments, and requesting to know where he might have the pleasure of returning his call, was presented with his card, "Captain Crichton, Dragoon Guards, Bilton's Hotel, Sackville Street." Montagu consulted the army list, and therein found his new friend, as his card specified, a captain of the Dragoon Guards. Of

course, he was now in Ireland on leave of absence. Bilton's Hotel was extremely fashionable; and, in brief, Captain Montagu was better satisfied with this day's achievement than if he had dined and danced all the preceding evening at Lord Combermere's, or Lord Wellesley's. Captain Crichton's call was quickly returned, and the young friends became inseparable. Montagu took the stranger with him every where—to the mess, the commander-in-chief's, the Castle, the park on a field-day, Morrison's, and the Rotunda on a ball night; and, in short, exhibited his "*rara avis*" on every occasion. Now, every body knows, who knows any thing at all, that occasions for exhibiting one's self or others, "are plenty as blackberries" in merry Dublin. Crichton, on the other hand, was far from ungrateful: he returned his friend's kindness by the display of fascinating manners, powers, and accomplishments, till, in fact, David and Jonathan, with every ancient worthy, Pylades and Orestes, Damon and Pythias included, were eclipsed on the rolls of amity, by the cronyship of our heroes.

In process of time, business took Captain Crichton across the sea into England, and into Derbyshire too, which, by the most fortunate chance in the world, happened to be the very county wherein resided Lord Penlyon, the uncle of Captain Montagu; of course, that estimable friend deemed it incumbent on him to furnish the paragon of allies with introductory letters to his near and dear relations, and the result was, that the most winning and superb of British officers accepted the splendid hospitalities of Trevallyan Castle. Captain Crichton thought himself, as well he might, in tolerable quarters at Lord Penlyon's; there he was housed in a magnificent abode, feasted at an abundant and luxurious table, caressed by his noble host and hostess, and (shall we say?) courted by the elegant and lovely cousins of his friend. The Misses De Gray were perfectly fas-

minated, as, of course, most young ladies would have been, with an elegant youth, a captain of dragoons, and one who could fence, and dance quadrilles, ride, and play at chess and billiards, draw, and sing, and "strike the light guitar," and speak French, Italian, and Spanish, as well as his mother tongue, in which, by the by, he was especially fluent; besides, he was well read in the modern British poets; and Lord Penlyon's domestic chaplain averred, that the talented guest of his patron spoke Latin and "Greek like a Roman," and understood the works of Eschylus and Terence better than their authors! He talked, also, of the glory he had sought "at the cannon's mouth," of the perils to which he had been exposed "in the imminent deadly breach," and by the lustre of his exploits tarnished those of the Black Prince, Bayard, the Campeador, and the "great captain of the age" himself.

"And what think *you* of the captain?" said Miss Emily De Gray to Miss Maria, as they were one afternoon making their toilet for dinner, at the same time dreading her sister's reply.

"I?—why, Emily, what *should* I think, but that he is the Admirable Crichton."

"Ah, Maria! I am sorry to hear you say so."

"Why, Emily, *why*?"

"Because, on the whole, I fancy he pays me greater attention."

"Nay, I don't see that *at all*; and, moreover I don't believe that the Admirable Crichton is a marrying man."

"Why not?"

"Cannot you guess?—There never is more than *one* phoenix in the world at a time, and therefore, you know, it never meets with its mate!"

Miss Maria De Gray was perfectly correct in her surmise, Captain Crichton was not a "marrying man;" he found being quartered upon Lord Penlyon, an

amazingly pleasant, convenient, and economical mode of living; Trevalyan castle was *magnifique*. He envied his friend Montagu the occasional reversion of so agreeable an abode; it was Paradise to a barrack; Elysium to lodgings in any of the fashionable places of military resort. Its family and social circles were company far more angelic than dull coteries of his brother officers; but why, when the Admirable Crichton could obtain all these advantages for nothing, he was to burthen himself and regiment with a wife, he could not imagine. Behold, then, the Admirable Crichton in the zenith of his glory, courting my lord and lady, flattering their daughters, corresponding with their nephew, perplexing their chaplain; the aim of one sex, the envy of the other; behold him jesting, laughing, singing, dancing, quoting, reciting, hunting, riding, reading, writing, eating, angling, walking, lionizing, chaperoning; and, after the fatigues of the pleasant day, chaperoned, in turn, to his princely dormitory, by the groom of the chambers, bearing before him a couple of wax tapers, in richly chased candlesticks of massy silver!

In due time arrived the period, the fatal period, in which Captain Crichton's business, as he averred, was arranged.

How many tears were shed for his departure by the Misses De Grey; how many proffered consolations were rejected; how many pet kittens and loves of lap-dogs were voted odious creatures; and how many gaieties, in the form of rural balls and fêtes, were spurned, from mere vexation, by the two deserted belles, have not reached our ears. A mournful void was certainly left in the social circle of Trevalyan castle.

Two or three weeks after Crichton's arrival in Dublin, he was, as usual, in the apartment of Captain Montagu, and conversing with his friend, when Major Dennett was announced. This gentleman belonged to a regiment lately quartered in Dublin. He was an old

acquaintance of Montagu; had not seen him for some time; and now made his first visit to him immediately on his arrival. Of course, the gentlemen met as friends; but Captain Crichton appeared beyond measure disturbed, and even dismayed. The major glanced fiercely at him; Crichton's visage became red and deadly white by turns; he trembled, cast down his eyes, bit his lips, twirled his hat, muttered a word or two, hesitated—stopped—and, finally, catching up his cane, rushed from the room, without saying so much as “good morning,” to his “best friend in the universe!”

Montagu was petrified with astonishment. The thought struck him, that, possibly, a debt not yet honourably cancelled, or a challenge refused, might cause the extraordinary conduct of his friend at the sight of Dennett, and he was about to inquire, when the major spoke:—

“Impudent scoundrel! he has just saved me the trouble of kicking him out of doors. Pray, Montagu, how came you and that *fellow* on such a familiar footing?”

“Fellow! that fellow, as you call him, has long been one of my most particular friends!”

“Has he? Then, perhaps, you can tell me *who*, and *what*, he is?”

“Certainly; that fellow is Captain Crichton of the — dragoon guards.”

“Aye, so I thought. Now, I happen to know Crichton, and can tell you he is at this moment with his regiment in England. Your particular friend *was* his valet.

Those geographical philosophists, those wretched reasoners, who would make morality depend upon degrees of latitude, cannot be too severely reprobated. Were the physical fact true, it would overthrow the order of the universe.

THE CAVE OF DEATH.

No sound is heard within this lonely cave,
 Save voice of singing bird, or distant bleat
 Of flocks upon the hills, or ocean's wave,
 Breaking against the dark cliffs at your feet.
 Tradition tells, that to this cavern wild,
 A shipwrecked crew, by wind and water driven,
 Sought shelter from the angry scowl of heaven,
 With many a weeping mother and her child.

Meanwhile the plague had spread from shore to shore,
 And the rude natives, in their sudden fear,
 Lest these poor wanderers might have brought it here,
 Built up the threshold, which they crossed no more.
 This cavern is their grave—its scattered bones,
 The only remnant of the shipwrecked ones.

SONNET.

“Wait, prithee, wait!” this answer Lesbia threw
 Forth to her dove, and took no further heed;
 Her eye was busy, while her fingers flew
 Across the harp, with soul-engrossing speed;
 But from that bondage when her thoughts were freed,
 She rose, and toward the close-shut casement drew,
 Whence the poor unregarded favourite, true
 To old affections, had been heard to plead,
 With flapping wing for entrance. What a shriek,
 Forced from that voice so lately tuned to strain
 Of harmony!—a shriek of terror, pain,
 And self-reproach!—for, from aloft, a kite
 Pounced, and the dove, which from its ruthless beak
 She could not rescue, perished in her sight!

Wordsworth.

RUSSIAN ETIQUETTE, AND IMPERIAL ENTERTAINMENT.

At the Russian court there is no kneeling to either the emperor or the empress, and the kissing of hands takes place only with the two empresses. No more obeisance to the sovereign is required than a profound inclination of the head, on his appearance and departure. The simplicity of the forms is strikingly contrasted with the fantastic pageantry of the scene, and the original character of the despotism.

In the evening we arrived in the ball-room, at a little before eight, at which hour precisely the two empresses entered. The reigning one, after bowing generally to the company, selected the Grand Duke Nicholas, and walked a *polonoise* with him, after which she did the same with Sir Charles Bagot, and two or three officers of high rank, when she addressed some of the ladies, and then taking her seat, waltzing and quadrilles began. There were five hundred persons present. The supper tables were placed in the form of a T, but separated. There was a great display of plate; the supper was good, and the wines excellent. The dowager empress came round and spoke to every person at our table. She asked me,* if I was pleased with it, and thought it magnificent? After we had been about forty minutes at table, the empresses retired, when a most unexpected and most extraordinary, but not unamusing scene, took place, a general scramble for the good things that were left, particularly at the imperial table; generals, counts, and subs, with their gold-laced coats, pocketing without mercy, and struggling to outdo the domestics, who did not appear to pay their competitors much respect, or to be willing to allow them to carry off the spoils quietly; and in

* Captain Jones, of the Royal Navy.

five minutes there was a perfect scene of devastation, even the very candles were carried off by the attendants, and to the blaze of splendour which we had just witnessed, succeeded darkness scarcely visible.

It is too common to form a judgment of, and to condemn a whole nation, from local circumstances, and without reflection one might be led to judge harshly of the state of society in this country, from the above scene; but upon mature reflection and inquiry, this would not be justified. By the custom of the country, what has once been put upon the tables at an imperial fête can never be brought into use again for the family, and consequently the fragments become the perquisites of the attendants.

[Could not the viands have been distributed without the uncourtly scramble between the menial and the guest?—the imperial guest! Surely such imitations of the manners of the olden time are better honoured in the breach than the observance. Our coronation feasts gave the like unseemly example, we hope for the last time, in eighteen hundred and thirty-one, when the plateaux as well as the eatables were the fraudulent objects of the muscular struggle and cupidity of even countesses and dames of high degree.

EUROPEAN SOCIETY IN INDIA.

FINESSE DISCONCERTED.

In every society there will always be a certain number of low-minded persons, who pay no respect but to rank or riches. One family, I recollect in particular, at the Presidency, which was so notorious in this respect, that a trick, which was played them by a captain in the navy whom they had offended, afforded considerable amusement, if not gratification, to the greater part of the settlement. Expecting to meet this family

at the assembly rooms, he brought a young midshipman ashore with him, and introduced him as the "Honourable Mr. —." As he anticipated, the bait took, and a set was immediately made at this sprig of nobility by the party in question. The daughters monopolized him as a partner for the evening. His dancing was admired, his face was pronounced truly patrician, his manners thought decidedly superior, and even his *gaucheries* set down as the *veritable ton*. They begged as a favour that the captain would allow him to stay on shore with them for a short time—they would take such care of him. To which the captain, after some demur, for "he was given into his special charge," consented. The next day middy is taken round to see the lions, and to be introduced to their most fashionable acquaintance. His cocked hat is rather the worse for a sea voyage, and his dirk is growing somewhat shabby; they stop at the European shops, and new ones are presented to him by the hands of the young ladies. A ball is given on purpose for him. In short, every possible attention is paid to the little "honourable," whose noble parents will doubtless seek out the family, on its return to England, to repay the obligation; and already had they begun to anticipate the pleasure which they should enjoy at the countess's fashionable parties, and the advantages they should derive from being introduced into the *beau monde* through the means of her ladyship. In fact, middy was in clover. To be obliged to part with their young friend at last was painful. It cost the fair members of the family some tears, and gained middy some caresses, and, what was of more value, some substantial tokens of friendship; and fame went so far as to say, that he carried away a lock of hair belonging to one of the young ladies. Nor did they part without mutual promises to renew the acquaintance in England. The next day, as the ship was about to sail, the master,

a gruff, tobacco-chewing tar, waited upon the family, to thank them for their kindness to his son. Conceive their astonishment! Not long afterwards they took their passage for England, not, certainly, to renew their acquaintance with their "honourable" guest and his noble parents, though, as was shrewdly suspected, to escape the ridicule with which the story of their folly had covered them.—*Military Adventures.*

POWER OF LOVE.

Charles, Duke of Lorraine, was desperately in love with the daughter of a burgomaster of Brussels. So closely was the fair damsel watched by her relations, that the meetings of the lovers were, "like angel's visits, few and far between." At last, however, the happy duke met the object of his passion at a ball, in company with her mother. In vain the prudent old lady was solicited to sanction a tender conversation between the youthful pair, even in the presence of witnesses. As a last desperate resource the duke proposed an interview on the express condition that it should hold no longer than whilst he could hold a lighted coal in his hand. The maternal Argus judged the proposal reasonable, and consented. Charles retired to a corner with his damsel, took the redhot coal in his hand, and commenced the amorous parley, which, however, lasted so long that mamma thought proper to interrupt it. The coal was totally extinguished in the duke's hand. It is difficult to say, which is more worthy of admiration, the resolution or the sentimental attachment of this modern Scævola.—*Foreign Literary Gazette.*

TOUCH THEM AT YOUR PERIL.

The late Mr. Sergeant Lens used to tell with great glee the following anecdote of his learned brother, Mr. Sergeant Hill. Having business to transact with him, he went to his chambers in the New square, Lincoln's Inn, and found him with the bookcases, tables, chairs, and carpet, on one side of the room; the quantity of furniture crowded together, hardly leaving space for the learned lawyer to move while the other half of the apartment was without a single article. After the usual greeting—"Pray," said Mr. Sergeant Lens, "what do you intend to do with all the furniture arrayed in this strange fashion?" The learned Sergeant replied—"That since half his chambers had been found to stand in the parish of St. Clement's Danes, he had formed this encampment on the side of the room belonging to Lincoln's Inn, to prevent the officers from distraining his goods for the poor rates." At a future period Mr. Sergeant Lens happened to visit his "brother in distress," as he humourously called him, having actually found the officers, who had effected an entrance through the back windows, in the apartments, and the learned Sergeant daring them to touch his goods out of the parish, the boundary of which he had carefully marked on the floor. The officers were so intimidated at his threats that they never again molested him, and he continued to reside in those chambers without paying any parochial dues.

DEAN SWIFT.

When Swift, who did every thing in his own way, introduced Bishop Berkeley to Lord Berkeley, of Stratton, he made use of these words:—"My lord, here is a relation of your lordship's who is good for something; and that, as times go, is saying a great deal."

THE AUTUMN EVENING.

Behold the western evening light!
 It melts in deepening gloom ;
 So calmly christians sink away,
 Descending to the tomb.

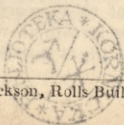
The winds breathe low ; the withering leaf
 Scarce whispers from the tree ;
 So gently flows the parting breath,
 When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
 The crimson light is shed !
 'Tis like the peace the christian gives
 To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
 The sunset beam is cast !
 'Tis like the memory left behind,
 When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dews of night,
 The yellow star appears ;
 So faith springs in the heart of those
 Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
 Its glory shall restore,
 And eyelids that are sealed in death,
 Shall wake to close no more.



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