THE KING OF NAPLES AND THE PRINCE OF CAPUA.—The King of Naples is expected about the 28th. The main purpose of his journey is to marry again, and to go to England for his brother the Prince of Capua, to persuade him to return to Naples, and if possible to cure him of his infatuated passion; that is to say, to use all his efforts to make him give up Miss Smyth. But if, as we imagine, Miss Smyth is already married to the Prince, he will certainly give his consent to a union which cannot be prevented, for he is excessively attached to his brother, and cannot bear to be long separated from him. The King, who is going to Vienna, will proceed from that city, by way of Amsterdam, to London, and visit Paris on his return home.—*Allgemeine Zeitung, June 6.*

Public Dinner and Testimonial to Mr. Alexander Rodger.

From the Glasgow Courier, June 9.

A number of the friends of Mr. Rodger, and the admirers of genuine Scottish song, some six weeks ago, resolved to express their sentiments in a tangible form, by the presentation to "The Bard of the West" of a piece of plate with an appropriate inscription. The resolution was carried into effect on Tuesday afternoon, in the Tontine Hotel, on which occasion, about 120 gentlemen, embracing parties of every political creed, sat down to an excellent dinner. Mr. James Scott, of the Greenock Advertiser, was in the chair, supported on the right by Mr. Rodger, and on the left by Mr. David Robertson, bookseller. The Croupiers were Mr. James M'Nab, of the Herald office, and Mr. Peter Donaldson. On the removal of the cloth, the toasts of "the King" and "the People" were proposed by the Chairman, and drank with the usual honours. The "Land of Cakes," and "Galt, Bulwer, Banim, and the living novelists of the day," were also drank with great cordiality.

The chairman proposed the toast of the evening in a neat, short speech, descriptive of the long and intimate friendship which had subsisted between Mr. Rodger and himself, and many members of the company, and of the peculiar pleasure which he felt in being selected as the medium through which so numerous and respectable a meeting, as well as many absent friends, thus expressed the high estimation which they entertained of the private worth and the poetical genius of their worthy guest. Mr. Scott proposed the toast, and then presented to Mr. Rodger an elegantly chased massive Silver Snuff-Box, value £10, containing about One Hundred Sovereigns, and bearing the following inscription:—

TO
ALEXANDER RODGER,
By his Friends and Admirers, in testimony of their respect for his worth as a Man—his sincerity as a Friend, his usefulness as a Citizen, and his genius as a Poet.—GLASGOW, *June*, 1836.

Mr. Rodger, in rising to acknowledge the presentation, was received with very great cheering. To the Chairman, and all the friends then around, he begged to state, that he rose to address them under no ordinary feelings of emotion,—they were so overpowering, that he could not express what he otherwise might have said on such an occasion. If he had in his heart even one grain of pride, he was justly entitled to be the proudest man in Glasgow that evening. (Applause.) While writing his little songs, he was doing at the time little else, and he never thought "that it would come to this."—(Cheers.)—but if, in writing these songs, he had in any manner contributed to the instruction and the amusement of his fellow-countrymen, then he declared himself proud of the acknowledgement, as well as the manner in which it had been expressed. (Long-continued applause.) In reviewing the circumstances under which they had then assembled, he was much inclined to think that the adage had been reversed, of a prophet not being honoured in his own country. Poets and prophets, in many instances, were of the same case, and if the adage, as he remarked, had not been reversed on this occasion, then was he no poet. (Cheers, laughter and applause.) The handsome presentation with which he had been honoured that evening, would always be worn by him with pride; and when he was gone, he trusted that it would descend through his family to sons and grandsons, that they might see what had been said and done to their departed grandfather. (Applause.) He felt particularly gratified at the proceedings, and hoped, as their time on this subsidiary stage was but short, that they would improve it, as he had always endeavoured to do in the varied circumstances in which he had been placed. Amidst loud cheering, Mr. Rodger declared that he could not express his feelings to the company for kindness so completely overpowering, and concluded with drinking all their very good healths.

"The Memory of Burns" was proposed by Mr. Rodger, under feelings akin to those portrayed through the works of the departed "Bard of Scotia," and drank by the company. "Thomas Campbell, and the Living Poets of Scotland," was given by Mr. James M'Millan, in an excellently arranged address, eulogistic of the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," and recalling to memory the recent bereavements by the lamented deaths of Hogg and Motherwell. Mr. Weir, of the Argus, was eminently happy and magnanimous in proposing "Professor Wilson, and the Literature of Scotland,"—paying a just tribute of respect to the transcendant talents and genius of the author of the "Isle of Palms," the jovial Christopher North of Blackwood, and the sage Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Mr. John Taylor, the late candidate for the Ayr District of Burghs in a most felicitous speech, proposed "Southey, Wordsworth, Elliot, and the living Poets of England." Mr. John Warden, classical teacher, in an appropriate address, gave "Thomas Moore and the bards of Ireland." "The memory of Scott and Byron" was next given. Mr. George Mills, the unsuccessful candidate at our late Parliamentary election, gave "The trade of Clyde."—"Cooper, and the Authors of America," was proposed by the Chairman, who, while residing five years on the other side of the Atlantic, had remarked, that the cheapness of British literature almost completely extinguished American competition, and that the peculiar excellence of American literature was best exhibited in their newspaper paragraphs and their almanacks. (Cheers and laughter.)

"The memories of Thomas Atkinson and William Motherwell," was proposed by Mr. Weir in another admirable speech, splendid with biographical remarks on the private worth, the talents, and the peculiar excellencies in genius, of his two departed and intimate friends.

Mr. M'Nab proposed "Mrs. Rodger, and her sin fireside." It was, he said, just thirty years that night since the guest of the company and Mrs. Rodger were married, and there were either four or five of their sons in the room. The toast was drank with very great cordiality.

Many other toasts followed, but our limits preclude us from inserting them. Messrs. Turnbull and Stewart favoured the company with several excellent songs, and the guest himself delighted the company, in exerting his vocal talents on one or two of his own most admired pieces. "The Bard of the West," written for the occasion by Mr. George Donald, was spoken by Mr. Hart with admirable effect, as was also the happily expressed verse by Mr. Rodger, entitled "Jamie M'Nab." The company spent a very happy evening and did not separate till a late hour.

THE BARD O' THE WEST.

Spoken after presenting the Testimonial to Mr. Rodger.

About Allan Ramsay, an' Hogg, ye may fyke,
An' brag o' their jokes and their jibes, gif ye like;
But lang though their memories ha's stoodin' the test,
I'd rather ha's *Sandy*—The Bard o' the West.

His keen cuttin' satire, sae racy and terse;
His pith and his pathos, in prose and in verse;
His quips, and his quibbles, an' sangs o' the best—
Nae won'er we're proud o' The Bard o' the West.

Though sprung frae the people, and poortith his dower,
He cares nae, nor cronches, for siller or power;
Hale cont an' fou wame, whan wi' these he is blest,
A lordling might envy the Bard o' the West.

Wi' a sonsy Scotch face, roun' an' red as a rose,
Wi' a back that can bear either burdens or blows,
An' a kyte Epicurus wad tu'en for his crest,
He might be a Bailie—The Bard o' the West.

In politics, though he's nae "Vicar o' Bray,"
The Bard o' the West can discretion display;
He'll laugh wi' *Sam Hunter*, wi' Weir he can jest,
An' *Tait* shakes the haun o' The Bard o' the West.

As loyal's a Tory, when *Geordie* cam here,
He sung him a sang that some thought rather queer;
But "Gude save the King" put suspicion to rest,
When up it was struck by The Bard o' the West.

When *Charlie*, the Whig, moored the ship o' Reform,
He sang him "The Pilot that weathered the storm;"
And *Radicals* oft to their service ha'e prest
The pen an' the parts o' The Bard o' the West.

Though no wi' the drouth o' the drunkard acquaint,
He has counted his *heals* wi' auld *Mungo* the *Saint*;
An' the "Drygate Brig's" seen how the spirit possess'd
That sanctified sinner—The Bard o' the West.

He ance was in luve, and he kens how to speak,
For he minds how he reddened his *ain* maiden's cheek;
An' the lads an' the lasses, in words wee lee express'd,
Are tauld to,"Behave" by The Bard o' the West.

He married for luve, as a wise body should,
For his maxim was "happy-go-lucky—the good;"
An' aye whan himsel' and guidewife gae to rest,
She cuddles fu' cozie The Bard o' the West.

Your Baukly Buchanans, Du'laps, and M'Nabs,
Are queer fanny fellows as e'er opened gabs;
But what about that, when it maun be confess'd
They're only the bairns o' The Bard o' the West.

Lang wear, *Sandy Rodger*, the laurels thou's won,
Enjoying a cloudless and slow settin' sun;
An' aye thy name wi' the title invest—
The Bard o' the People!—The Bard o' the West.

The temperature of the warm springs in Virginia, is from 106 to 98 degrees, rising and falling with the rise and fall of the river.

The number of Post Offices in the United States is eleven thousand; the amount of postage received is about two million dollars a year.

PARLIAMENTARY RETURNS.

An Account of the Home Consumption in the United Kingdom of the principal Articles of Foreign and Colonial Merchandize, and of the Customs Duties received thereon, in the year ended 5th of January, 1836, compared with the Consumption and Receipts of the preceding year, ended 5th January, 1835.

ARTICLES.		HOME CONSUMPTION. 1834	1835	DUTY RECEIVED. 1834	1835
				£	£
BARILLA	cwt	180490	146584	17752	14616
BARK, for Tanners or Dyers use	cwt	849561	805999	28370	25805
BUTTER	cwt	130170	143254	130259	143276
CHEESE	cwt	140181	135667	73705	71114
COCOA NUTS	lb	1173795	1085980	9860	9056
COFFEE, British American	lb	22248364	27719625	556217	443000
Mauritius	lb	716	35	18	1
East India, B. P.	lb	1559198	5583898	58460	209377
Foreign	lb	199	20276	10	82
Other sorts	lb	2419	2322	151	143
Total of Coffee	lb	23810396	23326080	614856	652605
CORN, Wheat	qrs.	45939	16350	11571	4137
Barley	do	11071	136303	7509	91776
Oats	do	55618	176142	28120	89830
Rye	do	22	3	23	4
Peas	do	57777	95185	15058	11132
Beans	do	44566	69823	30481	35046
Maize or Indian Corn	do	217	360	39	62
Buck Wheat	do	4	1991	3	273
Wheat Meal or Flour	do	66659	49465	2720	2715
Barley Meal	do				
Oatmeal	do	3		1	
Indian Meal	do				
Bean Meal	do	34			
DYES, Cochineal	lbs	139950	154109	3497	4103
Indigo	do	2147827	956772	39111	33490
Lac Dye	do	203474	600640	1057	1609
Logwood	do	14096	15011	2955	3058
Madder	do	70961	94853	7229	9662
Madder Root	do	75871	69685	1936	1717
Shumac	do	63665	178073	417	449
EGGS	No.	69995049	60016159	24197	20914
FLAX and TOW, or Codilla of Hemp and Flax	cwt	794272	749869	3417	3141
FRUIT, Currants		163523	193691	242943	214673
Figs		19476	20745	16460	15559
Oranges and Lemons	chests	254783	302530	57898	63658
	No.	11970	33840		
	Value	1686	2389		
Raisins	cwt	147469	161370	129601	130836
GLOVES, Leather	pairs	1603283	1293059	30025	24251
HEMP, undressed	cwt	666098	686759	2855	2862
HIDES, unenumerated	do	348719	294988	51977	43558
MAHOGANY	tons	16721	18169	39838	43797
MOLASSES	cwt	507989	603005	229670	280237
METAL, Copper Ore	do	21	105	10	63
Copper, unwrought	do	2	4	3	5
Iron, in bars or unwrought	tons	15399	17683	23453	26923
Steel, unwrought	cwt	466	23	68	1
Lead, Pig	tons	26	3	51	5
Spelter	cwt	41668	52620	6925	6526
Tin	do	19	4	39	9
OIL, Train, Blubber and Spermaceti	tuns	21469	23432	1567	1184
Palm	cwt	264806	243949	23785	15944
Cocoa Nut	do	7505	14317	650	895
Olive	gals	2225227	569584	46679	9620
OPIUM	lb	28467	31947	5706	6349
QUICKSILVER	lb	193421	234619	810	936
RICE	cwt	108315	104351	5913	5365
Do in the husk	bushels	255406	314729	30078	34650
SALTPETRE & CUBIC NITRE	cwt	215963	219550	6010	5489
SEEDS, Clover	cwt	56955	68573	57035	68434
Flax and Linen	bushels	2211968	2170092	14012	13654
Rape	do	516125	690879	2448	4318
SILK, Raw	lb	3346751	4151008	13945	17296
Waste Knubs and Husks	do	1009932	1393879	451	617
Thrown	do	165669	254578	27137	40691
Manufactures of Europe, Silk or Satin plain		57219	51330	31474	28225
Figured or brocaded		22837	39949	17105	32577
Gauze, plain		1757	1589	1494	1296
Striped or figured		71035	31379	97521	43144
Tissue Foulards		608	25633	658	23569
Crape, plain		3855	3098	3100	2479
Figured		11	94	10	21
Velvet, plain		5749	5922	6317	6517
Figured		1893	1934	2605	2659
Other sorts				31519	28598
India Handkerchiefs & other Silk Handkfs.	pcs	104091	163981	17852	26499
Other sorts				3379	2817
SKINS, Goat, undressed		476097	452965	1030	983
Kid, undressed		181592	255342	30	42
dressed		617414	791331	3101	3957
Lamb, undressed		2794345	2290781	469	382
Tanned or dressed		19497	84932	99	424
SPICES, C. Tagnes	lb	100182	98364	2205	2346
Cinnamon		11686	17100	313	448
Cloves		86488	93535	8582	9343
Mace		17184	18834	3606	3919
Nutmegs		119228	128925	13145	16975
Pepper		2457020	2359272	122948	117983
Pimento		322751	341564	6743	7178
SPIRITS, Rum	gallons	3345177	3417779	1505519	1538018
Brandy	do	1388639	1315150	1561629	1476836
Geneva	do	21652	19672	24414	22126
SUGAR, unrefined, British Plantation		3748934	3778294	4496315	4529792
Mauritius		544509	501952	653335	602789
East India, British		121470	98712	194352	157949
Foreign		11	5	35	15
Other sorts		39	28	194	83
Total of Sugar	cwt	4414863	4466900	5344691	5397633
TALLOW	cwt	1160180	1011002	183735	149496
TAR	lasts	13105	11850	10068	8987
TEA*	lb	20557244	36606295	2135563	3837460
TIMBER, battens and batten ends	c	13560	13371	13096	216863
Deals and ends, British America		39822	36188	44088	34004
Other parts		30093	25006	569213	531776
Staves		83186	188232	36849	45116
Timber, 8 in. square and upwards, B. A.	lds	448816	554866	211296	267007
Other parts		190346	192859	329906	356516
TOBACCO, Manufactured	lb	21048384	21974048	3176989	3290654
Manufactured and Snuff		114546	141834	64997	62803
TURPENTINE, common	cwt	331479	301773	78036	66256
WINE, Cape	gallons	594081	523598	78145	78928
French		260630	293436	77638	80990
Other sorts		5695833	5823501	1630111	1606274
Additional Duty on Wine				119	14
Total of Wine	gallons	6450544	6640519	1770013	1758606
WOOL, Cotton, British American	lb	1719065	1511171	256	225
British East India		21799819	26076904	3244	3928
United States		261233596	329653949	340148	351184
Brazil		20028836	27457678	26074	33837
Egypt		453409	1810800	603	5881
Other parts		3257733	5833562	4371	7586
Total of Cotton Wool		308609457	333043464	374696	409975
Wool, Sheeps and Lambs		40840271	45185998	131685	137424
Other articles	£			667718	683670
	£		Total	20987579	23979809

* Exclusive of 14,625,288 lbs. of Tea sold at the East India Company's sales, prior to 22d April, 1834, the Duty on which, amounting to £1,454,457, was collected by the Excise.

Exports of Foreign and Colonial Merchandize.

An Account of the Exports of the principal Articles of Foreign and Colonial Merchandize from the United Kingdom, in the Years 1834 and 1835.

ARTICLES.		Quantities Exported 1834	1835
Cocoa Nuts	lbs	2205316	2481133
Coffee, British Plant.	do	768819	290255
Sierra Leone	do	127	.....
East India, B. P.	do	5482544	1159676
Foreign	do	891018	1464805
Other sorts	do	8177776	10932598
Corn, Wheat	qrs	113576	84992
Barley	do	9865	44365
Oats	do	13446	30792
Wheat, Meal and Flour	cwt	160721	165398
Dyes, Cochineal	lbs	285490	358023
Indigo	do	3928826	4074598
Lac Dye	do	88824	206169
Logwood	tons	4548	3697
Metals, Copper unwrought	cwt	10829	6898
Iron, bars or unwrought	tons	9885	9635
Steel, unwrought	cwt	19359	27284
Lead, pig	tons	853	1268
Spelter	cwt	28385	69273
Tin	do	46685	23736
Oil, Olive	galls	234930	283734
Opium	lbs	31604	74126
Quicksilver	do	756169	1239236
Rice, not in the husk	cwt	121199	244343
Spices, Cassia Lignea	lbs	1640350	1432035
Cinnamon	do	222493	413128
Cloves	do	55400	301551
Mace	do	6677	17910
Nutmegs	do	175640	194997
Pepper	do	6391947	1216482
Pimento	do	1799138	2469495
Spirits, Rum, includ. overpr.	gls	1642982	1678374
Brandy	do	912325	1117253
Geneva	do	261571	280768
Sugar, British Plantation	cwt	12313	11455
Mauritius	do	4851	1750
East India, B. P.	do	11399	28006
Foreign	do	69477	129035
Other sorts	do	500714	200983
Tobacco, unmanufactured	lbs	12980950	13218497
Foreign, manuf and snuff	do	220321	205651
Wine, Cape	galls	5564	3184
French	do	128506	113236
Other sorts	do	1509947	1757161
Wool, Cotton, B. P.	lbs	7950	5878
East India, B. P.	do	10947304	17104367
Of other parts	do	12906789	15669489
Sheep and Lambs	do	807362	4104700

Customs' Duties.

An Account of the Gross and Net Produce of the Duties of Customs in the United Kingdom, in the Year 1834 and 1835.

	1834	1835
	£	£
Gross Receipts of Duties inwards	20897579	23979809
Outwards	110823	112068
Total	20993404	22990877
Payments for drawbacks and bounties on British Refined Sugar	765980	709410
On other Articles	172813	220688
Allowances on quantities over entered, &c	66224	66062
Total	1006717	996120
Net Receipt	19993687	21994757

Ships Entered Inwards and Cleared Outwards in the United Kingdom in the Years 1834 and 1835.

ENTERED INWARDS.

Countries to which the Vessels belonged	1834. Ships	Tonnage	1835. Ships	Tonnage
United Kingdom and Dependencies	11678	2,108492	11740	2,203026
Russia	196	54458	204	55824
Sweden	111	15765	130	16839
Norway	711	119151	734	115914
Denmark	679	55377	689	55307
Prussia	545	117009	576	121815
Other German States	552	44880	505	38333
Holland	336	31942	295	27372
Belgium	273	26918	282	29843
France	829	35441	768	32058
Spain	32	3969	35	5007
Portugal	98	9237	60	6530
Italian States	65	15986	25	5036
Other European States	1	296	1	—
U. S. of America	505	208802	546	238112
Other States in Amer. Africa or Asia	4	1053	6	1866
Total	16548	2,841378	16531	2,952855

CLEARED OUTWARDS.

Countries to which the Vessels belonged	1834. Ships	Tonnage	1835. Ships	Tonnage
United Kingdom and Dependencies	9734	1,640274	10158	1,744094
Russia	77	19830	118	34502
Sweden	75	8305	116	13871
Norway	138	16809	209	25415
Denmark	490	41899	671	62384
Prussia	238	59454	376	74306
Other German States	391	34576	445	40850
Holland	474	55714	370	41560
Belgium	318	34546	286	30181
France	530	29865	695	46660
Spain	40	4675	30	3447
Portugal	29	2725	37	4899
Italian States	55	12067	35	8693
Other European States	—	222	—	—
U. S. of America	551	222318	547	237074
Other States in Amer. Africa or Asia	3	660	2	457
Total	13181	2,184099	14093	2,370033

Coasting Vessels Entered Inwards and Cleared Outwards in the United Kingdom in the Years 1834 and 1835.

Coasting Trade.	ENTERED INWARDS. 1834. Ships	Tonnage	1835. Ships	Tonnage
Employed in the intercourse between Great Britain and Ireland	10096	1,100389	10116	1138147
Other Coasting Ves.	119414	8,774326	112213	9050769
Total	129440	9,874751	121329	10188916

Coasting Trade.	CLEARED OUTWARDS. 1834. Ships	Tonnage	1835. Ships	Tonnage
Employed in the intercourse between Great Britain and Ireland	14567	1440617	14608	1473255
Other Coasting Ves.	116131	8892632	125144	9187075
Total	130691	10333249	129752	10660330

THE AUTHOR OF DR. SYNTAX'S TOUR.—The following anecdote of William Coombe is extracted from a pamphlet, which is very scarce, published by Sir Egerton Brydges in Paris:—"Coombe was also the author of 'The Letters of Thomas, second lord Lyttelton,' which were so long believed to be genuine, and which excited such strong and general interest for several years. I am told that his average gains by authorship were about £100 a-year. He inherited about £10,000 from an uncle in the city, which enabled him to live splendidly in the circles of high fashion for about two years—perhaps about the year 1772 or 1773, when he entirely disappeared, till at length he was discovered in the ranks of a regiment of the line in an inn at Derby, by George Stevens, an old crony, to whom he long denied himself; but who persevered in rescuing him from his degraded situation. He then came to London, and made authorship a profession. A quarrel with the late Lord Hertford was the cause of his principal satires; his heroine was an old Countess Dowager of Home. I remember distinctly the great impression those satires made when I was a boy, and how many of the severest passages were on every one's lips. He had been educated, I think, at Eton; and the two years he spent in fashionable society enabled him to penetrate and be familiar with the interior of high life. He had extraordinary rapidity of apprehension and acuteness of understanding. His adversity had still sharpened his wit; and he had seen mankind in situations where the heartlessness could be tried and brought to view. He had lived long enough out of the world—at least out of the highest rank—to have some correseness of accent when I conversed with him; but he had two delightful attractions—he was hasty and unaffected. He was then perhaps 77, but he did not look more than 65."

The Fountain of Love.

BY SILAS F. HOLBROOK.

'Tis the Fountain of Love in this wilderness gushes;
If you thirst for its waters, yet pause ere you drink;
Though red is the rose on the margin that blushes,
And pale is the lily that bends o'er the brink.

How it bursts over rocks, how it steals among flowers,
How it gleams in the sunshine, or deepens in shade;
Now dancing along like the roseate hours,
Or murmuring sawly its soft serenade!

'Tis the Fountain of Love, and of happiness too!
Ask that of the thousands that drink of its tide,
Of all that approach it the happy are few,
And many, like Sappho, have tasted and died.

When the waters are troubled, it is not to cure;
No angel descends the afflicted to save;
Drink little, if little you wish to endure—
But if you love sadness drink deep of the wave.

It will double your cares and divide your delights,
Plant grief in the heart of the constant and true,
And the sorrow, the peace of another that blights,
Must be borne in its pa and its anguish by you.

But 'tis thought that this current leads far far away,
Till it reaches a distant and happier shore,
Where affection and love will be neither be gay,
And sorrow depress and divide them no more.

The Old Gentleman.

Our old gentleman, in order to be exclusively himself, must be either a widower or a bach or. Suppose the former. We do not mention his precise age, which would be invidious;—nor whether he wears his own hair or a wig; which would be wanting in universality. If a wig, it is a compromise between the more modern scratch and the departed glory of the toupee. If his own hair, it is white, in spite of his favourite grandson, who used to get on the chair behind him, and pull the silver hairs out, ten years ago. If he is bald at top, the hairdresser, hovering and breathing about him like a second youth, takes care to give the bald place as much powder as the covered; in order that he may convey to the sensorium within a pleasing indistinctness of idea respecting the exact limits of skin and hair. He is very clean and neat; and in warm weather, is proud of opening his waistcoat half way down, and letting so much of his frill be seen; in order to shew his hardiness as well as taste. His watch and shirt-buttons are of the best; and he does not care if he has two rings on a finger. If his watch ever failed him at the club or coffee-house, he would take a walk every day to the nearest clock of good character, purely to keep it right. He has a cane at home, but seldom uses it, on finding it out of fashion with his elderly juniors. He has a small cocked hat for gala days, which he lifts higher from his head than the round one, when made a bow to. In his pockets are two handkerchiefs (one for the neck at night-time,) his spectacles, and his pocket-book. The pocket-book, among other things, contains a receipt for a cough, and some verses cut out of an odd sheet of an old magazine, on the lovely Duchess of A., beginning—

When beautous Mira walks the plain.

He intends this for a common-place book which he keeps, consisting of passages in verse and prose cut out of newspapers and magazines, and pasted in columns; some of them rather gay. His principal other books are Shakspeare's Plays and Milton's Paradise Lost; the Spectator; the History of England; the works of Lady M. W. Montague, Pope, and Churchill; Middleton's Geography, the Gentleman's Magazine; Sir John Sinclair on Longevity; several plays with portraits in character; Account of Elizabeth Canning, Memoirs of George Ann Bellamy, Poetical Amusements at Bath-Easton, Blair's Works, elegant extracts; Junius as originally published: a few pamphlets on the American War and Lord George Gordon, &c. and one on the French Revolution. In his sitting rooms are some engravings from Hogarth and Sir Joshua; an engraved portrait of the Marquis of Granby; ditto of M. le Counte de Grasse surrendering to Admiral Rodney; a humourous piece after Renny; and a portrait of himself, painted by Sir Joshua. His wife's portrait is in his chamber, looking upon his bed. She is a little girl, stepping forward with a smile and a pointed toe, as if going to dance. He lost her when she was sixty.

The Old Gentleman is an early riser, because he intends to live at least twenty years longer. He continues to take tea for breakfast, in spite of what is said against its nervous effects; having been satisfied on that point some years ago by Dr. Johnson's criticism on Hanway, and a great liking for tea previously. His china cups and saucers have been broken since his wife's death, all but one, which is religiously kept for his use. He passes his morning in walking or riding, looking in at auctions, looking after his India bonds or some such money securities, furthering some subscription set on foot by his excellent friend Sir John, or cheapening a new old print for his portfolio. He also hears of the newspapers; not caring to see them till after dinner at the coffee-house. He may also cheapen a fish or so; the fishmonger soliciting his doubting eye as he passes, with a profound bow of recognition. He eats a pear before dinner.

His dinner at the coffee-house is served up to him at the accustomed hour, in the old accustomed way, and by the accustomed waiter. If William did not bring it, the fish would be sure he be stale, and the flesh new. He eats no tart, to if he ventures on a little, takes cheese with it. You might as soon attempt to persuade him out of his senses, as that cheese is not good for digestion. He takes port; and if he has drank more than usual, and in a more private place, or may be induced by some respectful enquiries respecting the old style of music, to sing a song composed by Mr. Oswald or Mr. Lampe, such as—

Chole, by that borrowed kiss,

or

Come, gentle god of soft repose;

or his wife's favourite ballad beginning—

At Upton on the Hill
There lived a happy pair.

Of course, no such exploit can take place in the coffee-room; but he will convince the theory of that matter there with you, or discuss the weather, or the markets, or the theatres, or the merits of "my lord North" or "my lord Rockingham;" for he rarely says simply, lord, it is generally "my lord," trippingly and genteel off the tongue. If alone after dinner, his great delight is the newspaper; which he prepares to read by wiping his spectacles, carefully adjusting them on his eyes, and drawing the candle close to him, so as to stand sideways between his ocular aim and the small type. He then holds the paper at arms length, and dropping his eyelids half down and his mouth half open, takes cognizance of the day's information. If he leaves off, it is only when the door opens for a new comer, or when he suspects a waiter of over-anxious to get the paper out of his hands. On these occasions, he gives an important cough or so; and resumes.

In the evening, our Old Gentleman is fond of going to the theatre, or having a game of cards. If he enjoys the latter at his house or lodgings he likes to play with some friends whom he has known for many years; but an elderly stranger may be introduced, if quiet and scientific, and the privilege is extended to younger men, if they are who, if ill players, are good losers. No man is a miser; but to win money at cards, or proving his victory by getting the biggest stake to win of a younger man is a subject he does not bear patiently, and he rarely plays long. He breaks up early, whether at home or abroad.

At the theatre, he likes a front row in the pit. He comes early, if he can do so without going into a squeeze, and sits patiently waiting, with his hat on, drawing up of the curtain, with his hands quietly lying one over the other on the top of his stick. He generally admires some of the old performers, but thinks them far inferior to Garrick, Woodward, and Clive. During the scenes, he is anxious that the audience should see.

He has been induced to look in at Vauxhall again, but likes it still less than he did years back, and cannot bear it in comparison with Ranelagh. He thinks every thing looks glaring, and jaded. "Ah!" says he, with a sigh of triumphant sigh, "Ranelagh was a place! Such taste, such elegance—such company! There was the Duchess of A. the finest woman in England, Sir; and Mrs. L. a sweet creature; and Lady Susan which I thought that had that unfortunate affair with Sir—. Sir, they came swimming by in state like swans."

The Old Gentleman is very particular having his slippers ready for him at the hour he comes home. He is also extremely nice in his snuff, and delights to get it from a shop in Tavistock-street, in his way home. His box is a curiosity from India. His favourite young ladies by their Christian names, however slightly acquainted with them, he has a privilege also of saluting after dinner, and indeed every species of lady on any holiday occasion. If the husband is present, he has met with a piece of luck, he instantly moves forward, and gravely kisses the wife on the cheek. The wife then says, "My nieces, sir, from the country;" and he kisses the nieces. The niece, seeing her cousin being forward, the joke, says, "my cousin Harriet," when he kisses the cousin. He never recollects the weather, except during the Great Frost, or when he rode down with Jack Skrimshire to Newmarket. He grows young again in his little grandchildren, especially the one which he loves most like himself; which is the Lincoln imp. Yet he likes best perhaps the one most resembling his wife; and will sit with him on his knee, holding his hand in silence, for a quarter of an hour together. He plays most tricks with the former, and makes high sport. He asks the boys in general who was the father of Zebedee's children. If his grandsons are at school, he often goes to see them; and makes them blush by telling the master or the upper-scholars that they are fine boys, and of a precious genius. He is much struck when an old acquaintance dies, but adds that he lived too fast; and that poor Bob was a sad dog in his youth; "a very sad dog, Sir, mightily set upon a short life and merry one."

When he gets very old indeed, he will sit whole evenings, and say little or nothing, unless he informs you, that there is Mrs. Jones, the housekeeper,)—"*She'll* talk."

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