

Month, hath XXXI Days, 1801.

PLACES, 600

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Sun's decli.	Place S. D.
3 10	29
3 33	10
3 56	22
4 20	4
4 43	17
5 6	29
5 29	12
5 52	25
6 15	9
6 38	22
7 0	6
7 23	20
7 46	4
8 8	18
8 30	2
8 53	16
9 15	1
9 37	15
9 59	29
10 20	13
10 42	26
11 3	10
11 24	23
12 45	6
13 6	18
14 27	30
15 47	19
16 8	24
17 28	6
18 47	18
19 7	30

Q's	Alioth	Lat.	on merid.
D.	H.	M.	
23	5 N.	0	19
1	1 S.	11	53
7	5 S.	11	31
13	3 S.	11	9
19	5 N.	10	46

Q's	High	South	water
rises	H. M.	H. M.	Halif.
Morn.	7 28	3 36	
	0 20	8 15	4 23
	1 27	9 1	5 9
	2 33	9 44	5 52
	3 39	10 26	6 34
	4 47	11 9	7 17
sets	11 52	8 0	
	5 53	aft. 37	8 45
	6 15	1 25	9 33
	6 44	2 18	10 26
	7 25	3 16	11 24
	8 16	4 17	0 6
	9 20	5 19	0 49
	10 36	6 21	1 51
	11 56	7 19	2 53
Morn.	8 14	3 51	
	1 17	9 6	4 46
	2 37	9 54	5 38
	3 54	10 41	6 26
	5 9	11 28	7 13
rises	Morn.	8 0	
	5 30	0 16	8 48
	5 59	1 4	9 36
	6 36	1 56	10 28
	7 19	2 49	11 21
	8 10	3 42	0 2
	9 8	4 34	0 42
	10 11	5 25	1 33
	11 17	6 13	2 21
Morn.	6 59	3 7	
	1 21	7 43	3 51

points you be like unto Christ himself, for Christ had no dwelling place, no more have you? Christ went from town to town, and so do you; he went down to hell, and so will you. In this you differ from him; for he arose, and went into heaven, that you'll never do without God's great mercy; which God grant you, Amen.

The sermon being ended, struck with remorse, they returned the money.

VERSES upon GAMING.

From the French of Mons. MENAGE.

PLEASURES are bitter when abus'd;
Play, if in Moderation us'd.
Vapours and spleen may serve to cure,
Or pass away an idle hour.
But no connexion should be made
With gamesters who profess the trade;
Tis not an easy thing to keep
Integrity in playing deep:
The thirst of gain, that sow'reign end,
Where all our thoughts and actions tend,
Temptation hard to be withstood;
Too often, though the heart is good,
To cards and dice devotes its slave,
At first a dupe, at last a knave.

SENLEY.

CATCH.

Every Man in his Humour.

I Love bustle, crowds, and rattle,
Sound of trumpets, coaches, battle...
I hate noise, and roar and riot;
Storms and tempests break my quiet—
Snug, yet active be my station!
I'm in love with moderation.