

**AN EPITAPH**  
ON THE STONE ERECTED OVER THE  
MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA'S LEG.  
*See the Right Hon. George Canning.*

How rest, and let no fancy knowe  
To resume to steer and laugh,  
Tidings that moulderling in the grave  
Is laid a British chieftain!

For he who writes these lines is sure  
That those who read the whole  
Will find such laugh were premature,  
For here too lies a note.

And here five little ones repose,  
Twice-born with other five,  
Unsheathed by their brother foes,  
Who all are now alive.

A long and lost, to speak more plain,  
Dear hero, of one commanding,  
Who's bane he might retain,  
Lies half his undermost limb.

And when this gaudy youth was slain,  
Four brothers still had him,  
Could only in this way be caught,  
To give the long leg-bell.

And when he died, he shew'd no grieve,  
As in that battle heave,  
Gone to that tomb, review or play,  
With one foot in the grave.

Brother! we wish were shew'd her spite,  
For now she will be found out,  
Should England's sons engage in fight,  
Resolved to stand his ground.

But here's her pardon I must beg,  
She meant no harm to me,  
And here lies the long'd for hero's leg,  
She did seek him o'er.

And but inclin'd a harmless whim,  
Since he could walk with one,  
She saw two legs were lost on him  
Who never meant to run.

**Mrs. CONVENTOR'S SOLILOQUY.**—There's no calculating the difference between us, and women boudoirs. Here's Mr. Jones, been in my house these six months, and no more trouble to me than my grey kitten. If his bed is shook up once a week, and his nose wiggles every letter, and his movements above the usual, I am obliged to sit in the middle of the floor, he is as contented as a peacock in vacation time.

"Take a woman to board, and if it is not convenient, she would like drapery, instead of drop curtains; and if the window is allowed to open at the top, and a door is given to the room, and a few more rooms and porticos, that will do, and a crooked bed, and a crooked sofa, and a crooked chair, and a crooked glass, and a pale green shade for her bay-bureau."

"She won't like a small room, but she wants that room to have her bed, her dresses, her toilet, and the song which shocks her ears so, altogether dispensed with.

"She can't drink coffee, because it is exhilarating; broncos for instax, and she has her own. She has no taste for English breakfast, and is the only beverage which agrees with her delicate spring-star organization.

"She can't digest a roast of boiled din'd; she might possibly peck an egg, if it were boiled with a few drops of oil, and she likes a few drops of oil in her drink, from what she does not come, which enters into its composition. Every article of food prepared with butter, salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar or oil or bread that is made with yeast, such milk as she can't bear, she rejects.

"She is continually in a bustle, and full of fears; of losses, collars, handkerchiefs, chemiselets and stockings, which she festoons up to the front windows, to dry; giving passes by the impression that your house is occupied by a blue hussar;—then jerks the bell twice for an hour or more, for safety of her amanuensis items, to put the finishing stroke to her operations.

"She is often afflicted with interesting little colds and influenzas, requiring the immediate consolation of a dose of laudanum or gentian; chewing tobacco, and such remedies when she thinks she has gone out, and the servants are out a fortnight. Oh! nobody knows, but those who've tried, how immensely troublesome women are! I'd rather have a whole regiment of men boarders. All you have to do is to heat them up in the morning, with a powerful cup of coffee, give them a cigarette to smoke, and a nightcap, and your work is done.

The Duke's progression of CHARACTER.—With an old staff officer of rank joined the Duke in the Peninsula; on his arrival from England, he was ordered to dine at headquarters, and sat at the Duke's right hand. On such occasions military subjects were dispensed with, but the Duke was sitting at the head of the table, and the staff officer, notwithstanding the rank of the day, was seated at the end of the table.

THE LONDON AND GERMAN TOYS.—The Subsister has just received two Packages from London, and two from Germany, forming a good assortment of London and German TOYS, of every description—**At Wholesale and Retail.**

25 dozen well assorted Gent's WALKING STICKS—WM. MAJOR.

Old Wines, Brandy, Geneva, &c. &c.

New Ladys, et al., Almondine, Dom. London—In Store, and daily expected per Caros, from Lon-

don, and daily expected per Caros, from Lon-

don, and other Makers—MADEIRA, LISBON, Mar-

gar, SHERRI; MADEIRA, LISBON, Mar-

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