

the cards No. 2
will be found on
the top figures of
d 16, which added

fix on 41; then he
4, and 6, and the
re 1, 8, and 32=41.
fix on 58; then he
5, and 6, and the
ese are, 2, 8, 16,

the method is e-
d in this case the
urned which have
nd the upper figures
nd their sum sub-
which is the sum of
all the cards,) will
xed on.

suppose a person fix
then, for an exercise
will return the cards
the top figures of
d 16,=22, and 22
ave 41.

fix on 51; then he
and 4, the top figures
and 8,=12, and 12
and so of all other

IAL FELICITY.

poor as Job,
verty can please us;
w Bonarobe,
he was rich as Croesus.

their bosoms own,
re—she, none could

or himself alone,
use he could not live
er.

RETORT.

end a pimp, forsooth
engaged in strife,
ant deny the truth,
ur tattling wife.

EPITAPH

ON A TOMB-STONE IN CALCUTTA
CHURCH-YARD.

The deceased kept an earthenware shop.

Bene:

AT, HT, Hi S: ST—

Oneli: E: Skat..

He, Ri, N. eg, Raye—

(Hang'd)

. F. R.

O! mab, U. Sali, Petol—

IF... E le:

(SSCL)

Ayb... Year.

. Than.

Dcl. ——— Ays

: Hego.

Therpel:

. Pand.

No, WS. He: stur

N'D to Ear,

TH, h, Ersel

Fy! EWE: EP...

In: G. F. R: IE: N

D. S. L.

Et, mea D

V: I.

Sea: Batey.

O! — U rg...

R i E Fan.

. D. D.

RY Y. O! U. RE

Yes. F. O. R. W: II

. ATa.

Vai LS. a. flo.

O! do. F. Tea. R.

SW: Hok: No: WS:

Buti. nar. U

No! Fy: Ear. SI: N...

. SO: Metal:

L. . Pit . . . c.

HERO: . . . r. Bro, a:

D. P.

ANS. Hei

N. H.

Ers. Hop. ma:

Y. B.

Ea: Cai . . . N. . .

EPITAPH ON A SAILOR.

(Written by his Messmate.)

HERE is honest Jack, to the lobsters a
prey,

Who lived like a Sailor, free, hearty,
and gay;

His rigging well-fitted, his sides close
and tight,

His bread-room well furnished, his
main-mast upright:

When death, like a pirate, built solely
for plunder,

Thus hail'd Jack, in a voice loud as
thunder—

“Drop your peak, my old boy, and
your top-sails throw back!

For already too long you've remained
on that tack.”

Jack heard the dread call, and with-
out more ado,

His sails flatten'd in, and his Bark she
broach'd to.

DRINKING.

THREE cups of wine a prudent man
may take:

The first of these, for constitution's
sake;

The second to the girl he loves the best;

The third and last to lull him to his rest;

Then home to bed. But if a fourth

he pours,

That is the cup of folly, and not ours:

Loud noisy talking on the fifth attends;

The sixth breeds feuds and falling out

of friends;

Seven begets blows and faces stained

with gore,

Eight, and the watch patrol breaks ope

the door:

Mad with the ninth, another cup goes

round,

And the swell'd sot drops senseless on

the ground.

*Epigram on a Sailor, who was thrown
on the neck of his horse.*

SPECTATOR, cease your cruel glee,

From taunting jests refrain,

Sure tis no wondrous thing to see

A sailor on the mane!