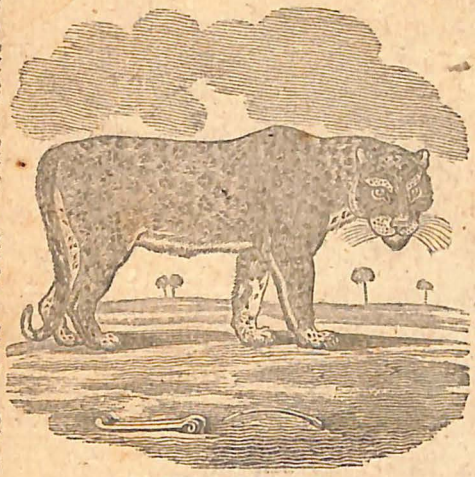

THE LEOPARD.

THE FARM HOUSE.

THE PROPERTY OF

Emma Nicholas

THE WREN.

SOLD BY PENDLETON AND HILL, No. 94 BROADWAY.

Emma Nicholas

Jerusalem Delivered - Tasso.

1st

I sing the godly war, & the captain that delivered the great Sepulchre of Christ. much he did with the mind, & with the hand; much he suffered in this glorious conquest; & in vain hell opposed him, & in vain the army of Asia & of Libia were against him; heaven favored him, & under the holy banners, he assembled his wandering companions.

2d

oh muse, thou, that didst not encompass the head, with frail laurels in Helicon, but in heaven among the happy choirs, thou hast a golden crown of immortal stars: do thou inspire my heart with celestial love, explain my song, & pardon me if I interweave ornament with my verse, if I adorn in part with other charms than thine my pages.

3rd

Thou knowest that there runs the world, where the flattering Parnassus most sheds its sweetness & that truth conveyed in soft verses, by attracting has persuaded the most timid; so to the sick child, we offer the edge of the vase, sprinkled with sweet liquor, deceived by the sweet bitter, immediately he drinks, & from the deception receives his life

4th

Thou magnanimous Alfonzo, who saved from the anger of fortune, & guided to port, me a wandering pilgrim, from among the rocks, & from the agitated sea, which almost overwhelmed me, thou didst receive these my pages, with a benign brow, that almost in a vow consecrated to thyself, I hear. Perhaps one day it may be that thee, divining pen, shall dare to write of thee, that to which now it only hints.

5th

It is right, (if it is possible that in peace, the good people of Christ ever see themselves, & with ships & horses, who from the fierce Thracian, seek to retake the great & unjust prize) That to thee the sceptre in earth, or, if it pleases thee the high empire of the sea, to thee be conceded, rival of Godfrey, in the meanwhile listen to our poems, & prepare thyself for arms.

6th

Already the sixth year is past, that in the east the Christian passed the camp, in the high undertaking & hired by assault, & the powerful Antioch with art they had already taken, they had afterwards in battle defended it against innumerable people of Persia; & Tortosa conquered: then they yielded to the bad season, & waited the new year.

7th

And the end now of that rainy winter, that made the army cease (their operations) was not

far off; when from the high throne the eternal Father, that is in the purest part of heaven, & as far as it is from the stars to hell, so far is it above the starry sphere; turned his eyes below; in a moment, in a glance beheld all that the world contained.

8th

He beheld all the things, in Syria he looked then at the Christian princes; with that look that spies into their most secret human affections, he sees Godfrey, who desired to drive away from the holy city the impious Pagans; & full of faith, & of zeal, cares not for glory, empire & treasures.

9th

But he sees in Baldwin an avaricious mind that aspires to human greatness; he sees Tancredi holding life in scorn, so much his vain love afflicts & grieves him; & he beheld Boemondo found high principles for his new kingdom of Antioch, & impose laws, introduce customs, & arts, & worship of the true Deity.

10th

And so much occupied with such thoughts, that he appeared to remember no other undertaking; I discerned in Rinaldo a warlike soul, & a spirit impatient in peace; he was not coveting of gold, or of empire, but immoderately & ardently desirous of honor. He perceived that he hung intently on the words of Guelfo, & learned the ancient, noble examples.

11th

But when the king of the world, had of these & of other hearts, the inward thoughts perceived, he called to himself Gabriel, from the bright angels who in them of the first rank was the second. And who between God & the best souls was the faithful interpreter, the joyful messenger, to carry below the orders from heaven, & to heaven brings back the prayers & the zeal of mortals.

12th

God said to his messenger; find Godfrey, in

my name say to him, why he stops? Why the
war is not now renewed, to deliver the oppressed
Jerusalem? Call the commanders to council, &
move the tardy to the high undertaking; & he
shall be captain of it; I have chosen him to
rule do the others in the earth, already his com-
panions, or his ministers in war.

13th

So he spoke to him; & Gabriel prepared himself quickly
to execute the ordered things. His invisible form
surrounded by air, & to mortal sense subjected it.
He feigns human limbs, & human aspect, but
of celestial majesty composes it. He takes an age
between youth & infancy, & adorned with rays
his fair light hair.

14th

Clothed in white wings, tipped with gold,
indefatigably nimble, & active. He cleaves the
winds & the clouds, & sublimely goes over the earth,
& over the sea with these. Thus clothed the celestial
messenger set for the parts of the world. First
upon mount Lebanon he stopped, & balanced
himself upon his well proportioned wings;

15th

And then towards the shores of Gaza he pre-
cipitately directed his flight. The new sun
rose from the eastern shore, partly out, but
mostly concealed in the waves: when Godfrey
offered his morning prayers to God, as was his
custom; when at the same time with the
sun, but more brilliant, the angel appeared
to him in the east;

16th

And said to him; Godfrey, behold now is
the season which was waited for to make
war: why then make any delay to deliver cap-
tive Jerusalem? assemble the princes to
council: hasten to the work the lazy. God
has elevated thee to be captain over them; &
they will voluntarily subject themselves to
thee.

17th

God sends me, a messenger: I reveal to thee his will, in his name. Oh how great hope of high victory, oh much Zeal for the host to thee committed, now shouldst thou have! He stopped & disappeared, flew back to heaven to the most lofty, & pure parts. Godfrey remained at these words, the splendor dazzled his eyes, astonished his heart.

18th

But when he recovered himself, & remembered who came, who sent, that which was said to him, if already he desired, now he burns to put an end to the war, of which he is elevated to be captain. Not that seeing himself preferred to the others in heaven, does not make his heart swell with ambition, but his desire more by the will of his God was inflamed, as a spark in fire.

19th

Then his heroic companions, who were not far off, were scattered, he invites to reassemble themselves. Letters upon letters, & messengers upon messengers were added always, advice are prayers united. All that the generous soul allures, & urges, all that is able to awake slumbering virtue, all he appears to make use of, & in an efficacious manner so adorned it that constrains & pleases.

20th

The captains came, & the others also followed, & Bremondo only was not assembled. Part waited without, & part within the enclosure, & a part lodged in Fortosa. The great men of the army united themselves, (Glorious senate) in a solemn day. When the pious Godfrey commenced among them, with a countenance full of majesty, & sonorous voice:

21st

To my dear Emma. A Mother's prayer. 1829.

Had I a prayer to make for thee
I'd pray that thou shouldst happy be,
But still, my love, I would not pray,
For things that pass as breath away,
For lands, for state, or worldly gear,
And all the blessings of the year.
I'd hope for thee a better part,
The love of God within your heart,
A will resigned, whate'er betide,
And trust that He will be your guide,
Till sin & sorrow vex no more,
And thou depart to a brighter shore,
Where joy forever dwells above,
And all is life, & light, & love,
Where, with all the saints, you'll sing,
Praises to your God and King.

A receipt for Emma's wedding cake.
From her friend Ellen Dier.

A pound of ginger and a pound of spice
Three great big rats, & two dear little mice
An ounce of pepper and a quart of mace
Two pounds of salt & a horse's hoof and face
Three pretty lizards and a dozen flies.
Two large potatoes and a pound of peas
Three dozen flys, without their wings and eyes
Two little pigs just taken from their sties
A little gin, a little 'lasses too,
Some vinegar all mixed with an old shoe
Three onions, turnips, & a pound of meat
With flys, with nuts, and all my kittens feet
But now I'll finish, for 'tis time to make
A finish of poor Emma's wedding cake.

To Miss Emma Nickolas, from her friend.
Deborah Harem Scarem.

My dear Emma, you would no doubt be pleased to receive from me a short sketch of Miss Williams' wedding dress, which I understand is to be quite comical, though she is not to have her wardrobe made until her lover has declared himself which I understand he has not yet done & will not probably for some years.

Her dress it will be of the deepest red,
A red feather, no doubt, she will wear in her head,
A little white apron that will reach to her knees
Greased from top to toe with butter & cheese.
Her stockings, my dear, will be filled with large holes
Her shoes, they will be all worn out at the soles.
A bag of green velvet she will have in one hand,
And around her waist clasped a black velvet band
She will ride to the alter on a little black goat,
And will have for her saddle her kind lover's coat.

This is only written for your own especial reading, will you do me the favor to return it as quickly as possible. Your ever affectionate, interested, and

devoted school fellow. Need's this any further signature?
No, my dear Emma, the giddy style will soon convince
you, that it is written by your friend

Deborah Harem Scare'em.

The favor of an answer is requested, direct to Deborah
Harem Scare'em.

x x x x x x x x

While I've a friendship for feeling remaining
And verses can write without overstraining
I'll write them to thee Mrs. Anne Nicholas
Pray dont laugh at them, though they are ridiculous
While thou art my theme, I'll write on forever
And never get tired, never, oh never
Inspire my verse, thou heaven sweet purity
Jingle the rhymes and brighten obscurity
My verses shall flow like the great Sacondaga
And waft thee, along like a Small Pettianger.

If I had thought thou wouldst have died,
I might not weep for thee,
But I forgot, when by my side,
That thou couldst mortal be;
It never through my mind had passed,
That time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain;
But when I speak, thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!!

If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,

And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill, bleak corpse I have,
Thou seemest still my own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am all alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me,
And I perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

— · —

A place in thy memory, dearest,
Is all that I claim,
To pause and look back when thou hearest,
The sound of my name.
Another may woo thee, nearer,
Another may win and wear,
I care not though he be dearer,
If I am remembered there.

Remember me — not as a lover
Whose hope was crossed —
Whose bosom can never recover
The light it hath lost.
As the young bride remembers the Mother
She loves, though she never may see,
As a Sister remembers a brother,
O, dearest! remember me.

Could I be thy true love, dearest,
Couldst thou smile on me,
I would be the fondest and nearest,
That ever loved thee!
But a cloud on my pathway is glooming,
That never must burst upon thine;
And heaven, that made thee all blooming,
Ne'er made thee to wither on mine.

Remember me then! – O, remember
My calm, light love;
Though bleak as the blasts of November
My life may prove,
That life will, though lonely, be sweet
If its brightest enjoyment should be
A smile and kind look when we meet,
And a place in thy memory.

— . —

Serenade. Air "The plain gold ring."

Wake lady wake – The stars on high
Are twinkling in the azure sky.
The dew-drops on the leafy spray
Are trembling in the moon's cold ray –
But stars and moon and dewy skies
Are dull to me unless thine eyes
Will waken to rival the Heaven's blue
And the stars and the moon in their brightness too.

Wake lady wake – The murmuring breeze
Is soft among the swaying trees.
And with the sound of brooks is heard
The note of autumn's evening bird –
But thy loved voice is sweeter far
Than whispering woods or breezes are,
Or the silver sound of the tinkling rill
Or the plaintive note of the Whippoorwill.

Wake lady, or my heart alone
Will, like a lute that's lost its tone,
So nature's touch refuse to sound
While all her works rejoice around.
How can I prize the brightest spot
If I am there and thou art not?
Then while thro' thy lattice the moon beams break,
'Tis thy lover that calls thee – wake lady wake.

H.

— . —

As a beam on the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be ring'd with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting!

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead, leafless branch, in the summer's bright ray;
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

—·—

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sun-beams melt along the silent seas,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

—·—

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

—·—

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away;
Thou wouldst still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart,
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,

To which time will but make thee more dear.
Oh! the heart that has truly lov'd, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

The sun is in the west,
The stars are on the sea, –
Each kindly hand I've pressed,
And now – farewell to thee!
Our cup of parting done,
'Tis the darkest I can sip,
And I've pledged them every one,
With my heart & with my lip;
But I come to thee the last
That in sadness we might throw
One look upon the past
Together – ere I go.

I met thee in my spring,
When my heart was like the fly
That on its airy wing
Sports the live-long summer by;
I loved thee with the love
Of a wild & burning boy,
Thy being was interwove
With my grief and with my joy;
Thou wert to me a star
In the silence of the night, –
A thing to see from far,
With a fear – & a delight.

The hour of joy is gone –
When man & man depart,
The deep young hand alone
May tell the anguish'd heart;
No tear may stain the eye
And their parting look must be
Like the stillness of the sky,
Ere the storm has swept the sea:
But when we say farewell
To her we love the best,

One bitter tear may swell,
Nor shame the stoutest breast.

I would not that my name
Should ever meet thine ear;
I have smiles for men's acclaim,
For their censures not a fear:
Nor would I, when thy home
Looks joyously & bright,
That the thought of me should come
To sadden thy delight;
I would dwell a thing apart,
For thy spirit to descry, –
A brightness on thy heart,
A shadow on thine eye.

When the wine cup circles round,
I will quaff it with the rest,
But thy name will never sound
At the revel or the feast;
But with him who shares my heart,
When the banquet hall is lone,
In one deep cup ere we part,
We will pledge thee, lovely one!
Thy name I'll murmur then
With a prayer, if heaven allow,
To embrace thee once again
As close as I do now.

Beloved one – farewell!
And though no hope be given,
Thy name shall be a spell,
To turn my thoughts to heaven;
And thy memory to me,
What the dew is to the rose,
It shall come as gratefully,
In the hour of my repose;
It shall be – what it has been –
A lamp within a tomb –
To burn – tho' all unseen,
To light – though but a gloom.

When the shade is on thy dwelling,
And the murmur in thine ear,
When the breeze is round thee swelling,
And the landscape dark & drear;
When no lover is beside thee
To flatter & to smile,
When there be none to guide thee,
And many to beguile,
When withered is the token,
And all unlink'd the chain, –
With a faith unwarp'd – unbroken,
I may kneel to thee again.

— · —

Chicago. Jan; 1888.

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light
And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns!
But send round the bowl, & be happy awhile;
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship & love interwoven;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind;
But they who have loved, the fondest, the purest,
Who often have wept o'er the dream they believed;
And the heart that has slumbered in friendship securest
Is happy indeed if it was never deceived.
But send round the bowl, while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine,
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

— · —

Say, my heart, whence comes thine anguish?
And what means that bitter sigh?
There are lovely scenes around thee,
Tho' beneath a foreign sky.

Oh! I know whence comes this anguish,
Whence my sighs & sadness comes;
There are lovely scenes around me,
But <u>not one</u> that looks like <u>home</u>.

No! abroad none love so truly,
None so warmly press the hand,
Not e'en childhood laughs so sweetly,
As at home, in Switzerland.

Oh! my heart! cease, cease thy mourning,
If 'tis still thy fate to roam;
Wait in hope, till, heaven ordaining
We may smile once more at home.

Oh! ye hills, & woods, & valleys,
Where my hopes & joys remain;
Oh! my father & my Mother,
Could I see you once again!

See the cottages around me,
With their gaily chequered walls;
Hear my neighbors kindly greeting,
And my loved the best of all!

I will up, away, and hasten
To my home of youthful glee;
I can know no joy or pleasure
Till my native land I see.

To Eliza S. | —— · ——

Oft in my lonely hours
My Friend I've thought of thee,
And mourned that like the flowers
Thy life should transient be.

I've thought thy meek bearing,
Thy mild & soothing voice,

When in my sorrows sharing,
Thou bad'st me to rejoice.

When spring has come in gladness,
Clothed in her robes of green,
I've wept in heartfelt sadness,
In scenes where thou hast been.

I've called the little hearts-ease,
Which thou didst love so well,
And I've thought that in the soft breeze,
Thy spirit seemed to dwell.

When the sun is last descending
In mild & placid eve,
And the shade around extending
A pensive gloom will leave;

Then I've thought of all the pleasure
That I have shared with thee,
And what a priceless treasure
Thy friendship was to me.

But thou art gone before us
In the morning of thy days,
To join the heavenly chorus
In the never ending lays.

And I would not recall thee
From thine abode of bliss,
To a scene where ills befall me
In a world of woe like this.

But in fancy oft I'll wander
Back to the faded past,
On vanished scenes I'll ponder
Whilst the pulse of life shall last

Farewell, till life's last slumber
Shall hover round my bed,
To place me in the number
Of the cold & silent dead.

Then in the last sad hour
My friend I'll think of thee,
And rejoice that like the flower
Thy life should transient be.

Twelve years before Nicholas Biddle had written some verses on Miss E— she now asked him to write for her album. The request was declined in the following note.

"Time was when to see thee, fair lady, alone
Would wake into verse this cold bosom of stone
But now thy commands, all unchanged as thou art
Cannot kindle the fancy, nor soften the heart.
So unequal our fates, since that scythe bearing Time
Appeased by thy beauty, provoked by my rhyme
Tho' he folded his wings, and muffled his tread
And passed without touching a hair of your head
As he came by my farm, cut me down like a cit
And dispersed my whole stock of merriness & wit.

If you deem this a pretext made up for my wife
Only look at my dwelling — & think of my life.
Not a mummy wrapt up in his pyramid pall
Nor the toad who lies on for whole years in a wall
Nor the famed iron mask breathes more dullness & gloom
Than I, when enclosed in my vast marble tomb
Mid vaults of damp stone, & chests of cold iron
That would quell all the fancy of Shakespeare & Byron
Alas, had the ancients who always surpass us
In their fine golden age fixed a bank on Parnassus
What an exquisite treat their example to follow
Only think now — to sign on Bank notes like Apollo
But that rake of Olympus, too happy to rove
Would have scorned to make money, & ceased to make love
And the muses, whose sex may admit of protection
Have a true female hate for all sorts of Directors.
'Tis fiercely avenged tho' whene'er they can show it

For Banks have an instinct to shun every Poet
And since the first rhyme, the muses found (Botany
(If ever he's trusted) soon goes to the notary.
Even I, sainted ladies, who, when on my farm
Tho' you never would visit me, wished you no (harm
Even I would exchange - shall I dare to confess
t'ye all (Celestial
For one sheet of Bank notes, the whole quire
I prefer my last letter from Baring or Hope
To the fairest epistles of Pliny or Pope.
My "much esteemed favors" from Paris to those
Which brought on fair Helen an Iliad of woes
Nay two lines of poor prose with a good name
upon it
To the tendrest fourteen ever dynceded in a sonnet
And one lot of good paper from Prime or Mr Biddle
To whole volumes of pastorals, eclogues & idyls,
Why I would not accept - not on Hebe's account
The very best draft from Helicon's fount
Nor give, this it grieves me to say to their faces
More than three days of grace to all the three (graces

Then their music of spheres, what more rapturous
Than heap of new dollars all rolling around.
And Celilia Horsey, tho' her lyre was divine
Never gave to the world notes equal to mine
I'll be judged by the fair sex, & if she deny it
Will go down to the fishmarket with her & try it.
But we're parted in peace now, I never shall
quarrel. (Laurel
That all my wide branches can furnish no
And awaked from illusions, am humbly content
With discounts, exchanges, and quarters per cent
While the Bank is my Goddess, its desks (altars are my
And all my "fine frenzy" is spent in Defaulters.
So unless like the sculptor of old, in this stone
You can make inspiration as true as mine own
Be it mine, while no scribbling your tablets
defaces,
To keep out of your books, but keep in your
good graces.

Written by Mr. Biddle on Miss Keene.

NUMERATION TABLE.

C Millions,	X Millions,	Millions,	C Thousands	X Thousands	Thousands,	Hundreds,	Tens,	Units,
9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1
	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2
		9	8	7	6	5	4	3
			9	8	7	6	5	4
				9	8	7	6	5
					9	8	7	6
						9	8	7
							9	8
								9

MULTIPLICATION TABLE.

Twice

2	are	4
3	...	6
4	...	8
5	...	10
6	...	12
7	...	14
8	...	16
9	...	18
10	...	20
11	...	22
12	...	24

3 Times

2	are	6
3	...	9
4	...	12
5	...	15
6	...	18
7	...	21
8	...	24
9	...	27
10	...	30
11	...	33
12	...	36

4 Times

2	are	8
3	...	12
4	...	16
5	...	20
6	...	24
7	are	28
8	...	32
9	...	36
10	...	40
11	...	44
12	...	48

5 Times

2	are	10
3	...	15
4	...	20
5	...	25
6	...	30
7	...	35
8	...	40
9	...	45
10	...	50
11	...	55
12	...	60

6 Times

2	are	12
3	...	18
4	...	24
5	...	30
6	...	36
7	...	42
8	...	48
9	...	54
10	...	60
11	...	66
12	...	72

7 Times

2	are	14
3	...	21
4	...	28
5	...	35
6	...	42
7	...	49
8	...	56
9	...	63
10	...	70
11	...	77
12	...	84

8 Times

2	are	16
3	...	24
4	...	32
5	...	40
6	...	48
7	...	56
8	...	64
9	...	72
10	...	80
11	...	88
12	...	96

9 Times

2	are	18
3	...	27
4	...	36
5	...	45
6	...	54
7	...	63
8	...	72
9	...	81
10	...	90
11	...	99
12	...	108

10 Times

2	are	20
3	...	30
4	...	40
5	...	50
6	...	60
7	...	70
8	...	80
9	...	90
10	...	100
11	...	110
12	...	120

11 Times

2	are	22
3	...	33
4	...	44
5	...	55
6	...	66
7	...	77
8	...	88
9	...	99
10	...	110
11	...	121
12	...	132

12 Times

2	are	24
3	...	36
4	...	48
5	...	60
6	...	72
7	...	84
8	...	96
9	...	108
10	...	120
11	...	132
12	...	144

TIME.

60 Seconds make 1 Minute,
60 Minutes 1 Hour,
24 Hours 1 Day,
7 Days 1 Week,
4 Weeks 1 Month,
13 Months, 1 Day, 6 Hours, or 365 Days, 6 Hours, 1 Julian Year.
365 Days, 5 Hours, 40 Minutes, 57 Seconds, 39 thirds make a Solar Year.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
February Twenty-eight alone,
And all the rest have Thirty-one,
Except Leap Year; at that time,
February hath Twenty-nine.

PENCE TABLE.

d.	s.	d.	d.	s.	d.
20	1	8	12	1	0
30	2	6	24	2	0
40	3	4	36	3	0
50	4	2	48	4	0
60	5	0	60	5	0
70	5	10	72	6	0
80	6	8	84	7	0
90	7	6	96	8	0
100	8	4	100	8	4
110	9	2	108	9	0
120	10	0	120	10	0

HAY.

A Load contains 36 Trusses,
A Truss weighs 56 Pounds.

ALIQUOT PARTS OF A POUND.

10s.	0d.	the half.
6	8	— third.
5	0	— fourth.
4	0	— fifth.
3	4	— sixth.
2	6	— eighth
2	0	— tenth.
1	8	— twelfth

ALIQUOT PARTS OF A SHILLING.

6d	the	half.
4	—	third.
3	—	fourth.
2	—	sixth.
1½	—	eighth.
¾	—	sixteenth

PARTS OF A POUND IN PENCE.

8d	the	30th.
6	—	40th.
4	—	60th.
3	—	80th.
2	—	120th.

TENTHS OF A POUND.

2s.	the	10th
4	—	2-10ths.
6	—	3-10ths.
8	—	4-10ths.
12	—	6-10ths.
14	—	7-10ths.
16	—	8-10ths.
18	—	9-10ths.

MONEY.

10 mills 1 cent,
10 cents 1 dime.
10 dimes 1 dollar.
10 dollars 1 eagle, which is the largest coin in the United States.