

---

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>





















NEW JOE MILLER

ODD FELLOWS COMPANION

A Chain Collection

From 1840, with additions, Thomas M. ...  
and ...

BY OTHER DIVIDING PIECES

...

REPRODUCED IN THE CITY AND COUNTRYSIDE OF  
...

BY OLIVER ODORIAN, ESQ.

...

...

...

...

Price, Two Dollars





1606 / 183.





THE OXONIANS.

THE  
**NEW JOE MILLER;**

OR,  
**ODD FELLOWS' COMPANION.**

**A Choice Collection**

OF

Comical Jests; droll Adventures; Touches of Humour;  
excellent Bon-mots; pleasing short Stories; Irish Balls  
and Blunders; whimsical Anecdotes;

WITH

**MANY OTHER DIVERTING PIECES,**

*Original and Select;*

**INSCRIBED TO THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF  
MIRTH.**

---

**BY OLIVER ODDFISH, ESQ.**

President of the most Comical Order of Droll Fellows.

---

**LONDON:**  
**PRINTED FOR JOSEPH SMITH,**  
**BROAD STREET, BLOOMSBURY.**

1826.





**LONDON:**  
**J. BULLOCK, PRINTER, WHITEFRIARS.**

THE  
EDITOR'S ADDRESS

TO

HIS NUMEROUS READERS, MOST DROLL, WHIM-  
SICAL, AND FACETIOUS FRIENDS.

---

It may add a little to your entertainment to acquaint you by what means I became the fortunate possessor of *part* of the CHOICE COLLECTION which is now offered to your notice. Know then, that as I was one day passing through an obscure street in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel, I observed a crowd assembled at the door of a mean habitation—an Auctioneer was exercising the duty of his function, to satisfy the demand of a clamorous landlord. "This chest," vociferated the knight of the hammer, "once belonged to a celebrated literary character, who was as popular in his day, as is now the *Great Unknown*, whose works have lately excited so much curiosity." My attention was raised by this flourish—"Look at this article, gentlemen," he continued, "whoever is the lucky purchaser of this lot, will doubtless possess an invaluable treasure." He at the same time raised the lid, and produced a large bundle of manu-

*script*, a few tattered *old books*, and a large parcel of printed *odds and ends*. Being, from my youth, a *hunter of oddities*, I immediately determined to make the lot my own, cost what it might, at the same time acting with caution. Not wishing to appear too anxious, I modestly offered—" *Five shillings.*" "Thank you, sir," said the auctioneer; "*five shillings only* offered for this most valuable lot—will no one advance? Gentlemen, you really do not study your own interests, to let such a *fund of literatures* go for so trifling a sum as *five shillings*—the last time at *five*—I shall not dwell—gone at *five shillings*. 'Tis yours, sir, with all the *wit and humour* it contains; retail it to the world—you have paid for it, and 'tis *all your own.*" I hastened home with my prize, and found it to contain many *good things*, of which I shall give my kind readers an ample specimen, trusting that they will be highly gratified by the perusal.

As the manner in which I became possessed of them, is fresh in my memory, I shall adopt the language of my friend, the *Auctioneer*. The first article, therefore, *Ladies and Gentlemen*, which I shall submit to your consideration, is—"A True Sportsman; or, Sheridan and the Irish Game-keeper."



THE  
NEW JOE MILLER.

---

*A True Sportsman; or, Sheridan and the Irish Gamekeeper.*

RICHARD Brinsley Sheridan, a few years before his death, paid a visit to an old sportsman in the sister kingdom, at the commencement of the shooting season, and, in order to avoid the imputation of being an *ignoramus*, he was under the necessity of taking a gun, and, at the dawn of day, setting forth in pursuit of game. Unwilling to expose his want of skill, he took an opposite course to that of his friend, and was accompanied by a game keeper, provided with a bag to receive the birds which might fall victims to his attacks, and a pair of excellent pointers. The game-keeper was a true Irishman, and possessed of all those arts which are known to belong to his countrymen: and thinking it imperative on him to be particularly attentive to his master's friend, he lost no opportunity in praising his powers. The first covey rose within a few yards of the statesman's nose, but the noise they made was so unexpected that he waited till they were out "of harm's way" before he fired. Pat, who was upon the look out, expressed his surprise, and immediately observed—"Faith, sir, I see you know what a gun is, it is well you wasn't nearer, or them chaps would be sorry you ever came into the country." Sheridan reloaded, and went on, but his second shot was not more successful. "Och!" cried Pat, "what an escape; I'll be bound you rumped some of their feathers." The gun was loaded again, and on went our senator, but the third shot was as little effective

as the two former. "Hah!" exclaimed Pat, although astonished at so palpable a miss, "I'll lay a tirteen you don't come near us again to day. Master was too near you to be pleasant." So he went on, shot after shot, and always had something to say to console poor Sheridan, who was not a little amused with his ingenuity. At last, on their return home, without a bird in the bag, Sheridan perceived a covey quietly feeding on the other side of a hedge, and unwilling to give them a chance of flight, he resolved to have a slap at them on the ground. He did so, but to his mortification, they all flew away untouched. Pat, whose excuses were now almost exhausted, still had something to say, and he joyfully exclaimed, looking at Sheridan very significantly—"Fait, you made them *lave that*, any way!" and with this compliment to his sportsmanlike qualities, Sheridan closed his morning's amusement, laughing heartily at his companion, and rewarding him with half-a-crown for his patience and encouragement.

#### *Ready Wit and Generosity of the King.*

Sir Edmund Nagle is a great and deserved favourite with the king. In company with his royal master, he was viewing a little Arabian pony, which the latter had a mind to purchase, but expressed an opinion that the price asked was too high: "Oh," said Sir Edmund, "it is the property of a poor man, and your majesty can have it very cheap." The king briskly replied: "Eddy, I should be a poor king indeed, and held very *cheap* by my subjects, if I made a poor man pay *dear* for confiding in my generosity: take the pony away, and let the man have double the price he asked for it."

#### *A Pun.*

Within the precincts of Soho,  
A tea-chest fell on a porter's toe,  
And made him dance and reel;  
Screwing his visage up, he saith,  
"Thou art a shrewd instructor, faith,  
Thou tea-chest! I can feel!"



*Simplicity.*

A countryman a few days back passing through Temple Bar in company with a friend in town, asked him the following question—"Be that High Gate."

*Whimsical Circumstance.*

When Isaiah Thomas, the printer of Massachusetts, was printing his almanack for 1788, one of his boys asked him what he should put opposite July 13th. Mr. Thomas being engaged, replied—"any thing he liked." The boy returned to the office, and set hail, rain, and snow. The country was all amazement, the day arrived, when it actually rained, hailed, and snowed violently; from that time, Thomas's Almanacks were in great demand.

*Nonsense.*

A gentleman being asked to give a definition of nonsense, replied in a Johnsonian style, "Sir, it is nonsense to bolt a door with a boiled carrot."

*The Tread Mill.*

Kate, sentenced at the mill to tread,  
 "Though I may walk the streets," she said,  
 "And you may keep your carriage,  
 I envy not your worship's wife,  
 Who is with you condemned for life  
 To the tread mill of marriage."

*The Witty Reply.*

A gentleman meeting a coal merchant, inquired what a chaldron of coals would come to? The coal-merchant began to consider, and knowing that the question was put to him from idle curiosity, deliberately answered—"Sir, if they are well burnt, they 'll come to ashes."

*Too Young to Serve in the Militia.*

A constable called upon a comb maker, who was then at work, to inform him that he was drawn for the militia; "I don't care," says the comb maker, "I am too young for service." "Too young, and about thirty! What do you mean?" "No matter

for that," rejoined the comb maker, "I can swear that I am now *cutting my teeth*."

*Meditation on Self.*

As I walk'd by myself, I said to myself,  
 And myself said again to me;  
 Look to thyself, take care of thyself,  
 For nobody cares for thee.  
 Then I said to myself, and then answered myself  
 With the self-same repartee:  
 Look to thyself, or look not to thyself,  
 'Tis the self-same thing to me.

*Soldier's Petition, an Anecdote of the late General Otway.*

This officer had been many years in the service with the rank of colonel, during which time several junior colonels had got regiments over his head. His friends frequently entreated him to state his services and petition the king; he resisted their importunities for a considerable time; but being at length prevailed upon, he desired the chaplain of the regiment he served in to draw up a petition, which being done, and sent to the colonel, he took notice, that it concluded with the words, "and your petitioner shall ever pray." He sent for the chaplain, and told him that he had made a mistake, and imagined he was presenting a petition for himself by the manner he had concluded it. He desired the petition to be altered from the usual conclusion: he insisted that the word *pray* was unfit to come from an officer. It was to no purpose that he was informed of the usual mode of drawing the prayer of all petitions; he would not give up his opinion upon the matter; he insisted it should run thus, and your petitioner shall ever *fight*; he took the petition to court and presented it to the late king, who was pleased with the novelty of the conclusion, and the honest bluntness of the officer; and in the course of a few weeks a regiment became vacant, which he gave to Otway.

*First Use of Mahogany in England.*

Dr. Gibbons, an eminent physician, had a brother,

a West-India captain, who brought over some planks of this wood as ballast. As the doctor was then building him a house in King-street, Covent-garden, his brother thought they might be of service to him. But the carpenters finding the wood too hard for their tools, they were laid aside for a time as useless. Soon after, Mrs. Gibbons wanting a candle-box, the doctor called on his cabinet-maker (Woollaston, in Long-Acre), to make him one of some wood that lay in his garden. Woollaston also complained that it was so hard. The doctor said, he must get stronger tools. The candle-box was made and approved; inasmuch, that the doctor then insisted on having a bureau made of the same wood, which was accordingly done, and the fine colour, polish, &c. were so pleasing, that he invited all his friends to come and see it; among them was the Duchess of Buckingham. Her Grace begged some of the same wood of Dr. Gibbons, and employed Woollaston to make her a bureau also; on which the fame of mahogany, and of Mr. Woollaston, were much raised, and the wood came into general use.

#### *Bad Temper.*

A gentleman of considerable talent and sarcastic humour, and withal a very good man, though occasionally troubled with an infirmity of temper, or *genus irritabile*, so common to poets and men of superior attainments, on being remonstrated with, by an old friend, at so frequently losing his temper on trifling occasions, wittily replied—"Losing my temper, sir! I have been trying to lose it these thirty years, for I know it is a d---d bad one."

#### *The Late Earl of Abercorn.*

This independent nobleman, was once solicited by his brother, to apply for a living which was vacant, and in the gift of the crown, worth £1000 a year. Lord A.'s answer was as follows: "I never ask favours. Enclosed is a deed of annuity of £1000 per annum.

ABERCORN."



*Modern Antiques.*

"Have you any thing else old?" said an English lady at Rome to a boy, of whom she had bought some modern antiques: "Yes," said the young urchin, thrusting forward his hat, which had seen some dozen summers, "*my hat is old.*" The lady rewarded his wit.

*Longing Ladies.*

Not a hundred miles from Gray's Inn, a young bride, named Mason, finding herself in that state wherein "women wish to be who love their lords," determined to let him and all her neighbours know the happy event, and commenced operations by longing for whatever was difficult to be had.

There was attached to the house a *Pet Goose*, named Bryan Boru, from being fed and pampered by a youth of that name, and Mrs. Mason, actually longed for a leg of this favourite roasted, when it was walking before the door in full feather, not dreaming of the deadly sentence pronounced upon it by Mrs. Mason's longing eyes. Accordingly the goose was killed, and served up at table, all the children in the court crying for the tail of poor old Bryan Boru; but, lo! when he came to be examined by the keen eyes of Mesdames Wilson, Sweeny, and Mason, his bones were marrowless, his blood was cold, and they verily thought the skeleton of Bryan Boru had been brought from its grave near Dublin, to make game of unnatural longings.

The longing lady, who observed the error in her judgment, now declared the smell of the stuffing was too strong for her, and removing from the table longed for a pound of pork sausages, with which she was soon stuffed, and the leg of Bryan Boru forgotten. The poor man, who has suffered by his wife's whims, actually gave a dustman a pot of beer to turn his horse's head from the window; "For," said he, "if she longs for the leg of your horse she must have it, or I shall lose the baby in the basket."

*Reasons for Marrying.*

A country Justice of the Peace, when upwards of seventy years of age, married a girl about nineteen, and being well aware that he was likely to be rallied on the subject, he resolved to be prepared. Accordingly, when any of his intimate friends called upon him, after the first salutations were passed, he was sure to begin the conversation, by saying, he believed he could tell them news. "Why," says he, "I have married my tailor's daughter." If he was asked, why he did so? the old gentleman replied, "Why, the father suited me so well for forty years past, that I thought the daughter might suit me for forty years to come."

*An Electioneering Anecdote.*

Mr. Coote, an ancestor of the late Lord Bellamont, adopted the following method to carry his election for the county of Cavan, in Ireland. Opposed by two gentlemen, leagued in interest, and who had been repeatedly returned to Parliament for that county, Mr. Coote, on mounting the hustings, placed four bags before him, each containing 1000 guineas. After thanking the first that voted for him for his suffrage, he said—"Pray, friend, how many miles are you from home?" "Five, your honour." "Then there are five guineas to carry you home." A second voter. "How many miles, sir, are you from home?" "Ten, sir." "There are ten guineas to bear the expense of your journey." The news instantly ran like wild-fire; in short, before two bags were thus expended, the election was entirely in favour of Mr. Coote. As this gentleman made no canvass previous to the election, nor so much as asked a single voter for his suffrage, no law, then in being, could bring the manœuvre under the description of bribery and corruption.

*Powerful Preacher.*

A certain reverend drone in the country preach-

ing a very dull sermon to a congregation not used to him, many of them slunk out of the church, one after another, before the sermon was nearly ended. "Truly," said a gentleman present, "this learned doctor has made a very moving discourse."

#### *The Expeditious Painter.*

A certain nobleman having built a chapel, had a mind the stair-case leading to it should be ornamented with some scripture history, which he at last determined should be the Children of Israel passing through the Red Sea, and the Egyptians pursuing them. A painter was employed on this occasion, and fell to work immediately; and after he had daubed the wall from top to bottom with red paint, he called to his lordship, and told him the work was done. "Done!" quoth the peer. "What's done? Where are the Children of Israel?" "My lord, they are gone over," replied the painter. "But zounds! where are the Egyptians, then?" "The Egyptians, my lord?—why they are drowned; to be sure."

#### *Death-bed Forgiveness.*

A veteran Highlander, between whose family and that of a neighbouring chieftain had existed a long hereditary feud, being on his death-bed was, reminded that this was the time to forgive all his enemies, even he who had most injured him. "Well, be it so," said the old mariner, after a short pause, "be it so; go tell Kenmare I forgive him—but my curses rest on my son if ever he does."

#### *Your Father's Health.*

"When I was very young," said Mr. Munden (rehearsing anecdotes of his past life), "and looking still younger, I performed the part of old Philpot, in the Citizen, to a respectable audience at Brighton, with great success; and it chanced, on the next evening, being disengaged from any professional duty, I was introduced, by the gentleman who principally patron-

ized me, as *Mr. Munden*, into a club-room full of company. On hearing my name announced, a nice smug looking good humoured personage laid down his pipe, and taking up his glass, said—"Here is to your health, young air, and to *your father's health*, I saw him perform last night, and a very nice clever old gentleman he is."

#### *Good Wishes.*

An Irish Jack Ketch, upon asking a criminal, on the point of execution, for the accustomed fee of his office, received something more than the usual sum, on which he exclaimed, in great glee—"Long life, and good luck to your honour," and instantly let the drop fall.

#### *Love of Music.*

A man asking another what had become of an old acquaintance of theirs, he replied—"Oh, poor Jack, by the powers of harmony his love of music hath proved his ruin." "Music," cried the other, with some astonishment, "I never considered him to have an ear for music." "No, but he had it seems a *hand* for it, for it has transported him beyond seas."

#### *Blackee's Rebuke.*

A black man proceeding along one of the fashionable streets of the west end of the town, was saluted with the sound of—"How d'ye do, blackee—how do Snowball?" He turned round in anger, but on perceiving the parrot, he said—"Ah! ah, you rogue, you grow rich now, have a fine golden house of your own, insult poor man, but I know your fader when he lived in a bush—mind dat, and keep civil tongue."

#### *Anecdotes of George Frederick Cooke, the Eccentric Actor.*

The morning after his last exhibition of his favourite character of Richard the Third, on March

20th, 1812, in the city of New York, he was visited by Mr. Francis, who expressed the pleasure he had received from witnessing his performances the last evening. "Why," says Cooke, "I was not well, and I had forgotten in the day that I was to play at night. I was sitting here quietly, when I was wanted at the theatre." "For what?" says I. "To play Richard, sir. I had no devotion to the deed, but I went. I made shift to get through the first act. In the second, sir, I was somewhat better. In the third I began to feel. In the fourth act I was alive; and in the fifth, I think I may say, *Richard was himself again.*"

During one of his provincial engagements, he had offended the public, by disappointing them, and on a following night, the audience was thin, and the gentlemen in the boxes near the stage, by concert, turned their backs to the scene when Cooke came on. He was dressed for Falstaff, and immediately noticing this unusual appearance, and comprehending the intent, instead of beginning the part, he said, in a voice sufficiently audible for those who were reproving him. "Call you this *backing* your friends? A plague of such *backing*, I say!"

#### *Curious Irish Examination.*

Mr. Edward Farrell, being charged with selling spirits without a licence, an itinerant informer, named John Hart, was produced, who preferred his complaint in the following words:—

*Informer*—"On the 8th day of December I went to the house of that man that keeps the ball-alley, (*pointing to Mr. Farrell*), and called for a naggin of whiskey, for which I paid him three-pence down on the counter, *more betoken*, he keeps a house for girls."

*Ned Farrell*—"You lie, you vagabond: I keep no girls—(*much laughter.*) Gentlemen (*to the Magistrates*), I'll cross-examine this scoundrel. 'Do you hear, you rascal—you paid three-pence for a naggin of whiakey—was it before or after you drank it?'"

*Informer*—"It was after, to be sure—I paid you at the counter.

*Ned Farrell*—"Now you lying thief, I knew I'd find you out—is there no law, is there no justice, is a man's life to be sworn away by such an infernal villain? He swore on his solemn oath that he paid me after he drank the whiskey. Now, gentlemen, have I not found him out? Look at him; is there a man in Ireland would give him a glass of whiskey, unless he paid for it beforehand?"—(*Shouts of laughter.*)

*Informer*—"I did pay you, and the girl that I took in with me could prove the same, only that she's now thirty miles off.

*Ned Farrell*—"You lie, you villain."—(*Here the Magistrate interposed.*)

*Ned Farrell*—"Are you there, Garret Gomerford?"

*Garret*—"Yes, sir."

*Ned Farrell*—"Come along up here. (*Master Garret gets upon the table.*) Here, gentlemen, is the boy I got to mind the ball-alley, when it will be finished, and a very proper boy he is. Now, Garret, what did I say to the rascal, when he applied to me for spirits?"

*Garret (three quarters drunk)*—"Why, you see when he had cum in, he axed for the sperits, and Mr. Farrell said he hadn't any, but he'd send to a licenced house for it."

*Ned Farrell*—"Where it could be fairly and honestly obtained."

*Garret (staggering)*—"Yes, where it could be got in a fair and decent way. All this happened the very day that I was last in the stocks.—(*Great laughter.*)

*Informer (to a question by Mr. Duan)*—"I will not swear, but he might have said whiskey, on Friday, Saturday, or Sunday, unknownst to me."

*Ned Farrell*—"Gracious God—only look at that fellow (*the informer*)—look at the cut of his jib—(*much laughter*)—Do you want to pamper that

fellow, who says that *another woman* and himself came into the house; let him produce that woman, and I'll stand or fall by her! but she is not to be found.—(*Loud laughter*).

Ned was convicted in the penalty of five pounds.

### *Chusing a Wife by a Pipe of Tobacco.*

Tube, I love thee as my life,  
 By thee I mean to chuse a wife—  
 Tube, thy colour let me find,  
 In her skin, and in her mind—  
 Let her have a shape as fine;  
 Let her breath be sweet as thine:  
 Let her, when her lips I kiss,  
 Burn like thee, to give me bliss;  
 Let her in some smoke or other,  
 All my failings kindly smother.  
 Often when my thoughts are low,  
 Send them where they ought to go.  
 When to study I incline,  
 Let her aid be such as thine:  
 Such as thine her charming pow'r,  
 In the vacant social hour  
 Let her live to give delight,  
 Ever warm, and ever bright:  
 Let her deeds, when'er she dies,  
 Mount as incense to the skies.

### *The Plowman's Ditty.*

When *Molly* smiles beneath her cow,  
 I feel my heart I can't tell how;  
 When *Molly* is on Sunday drest,  
 On Sundays I can take no rest.  
 What can I do! on working days  
 I leave my work, on her to gaze:  
 What shall I say? at sermons I  
 Forget the text, when *Molly's* by.  
 Good master curate, teach me how  
 To mind your preaching, and my plough:  
 And if for this you'll raise a spell;  
 A good fat goose shall thank you well.

### *The Doctor and Apothecary.*

An apothecary, one of the friends, meeting Dr. *Fothergill* in the street, accosted him in the following-manner. "Friend *Fothergill*, I intend dining with thee to day." "I shall be glad to see thee," replied the doctor. "I intended bringing my family

with me," says the apothecary. "So much the better," quoth the doctor. "But pray, friend, hast thou not some joke?" "No joke, indeed," replies the apothecary, "but a very serious matter. Thou hast attended friend *Ephraim* these three days, and ordered him no medicine. I cannot live at this rate in my own house, and I must therefore live in thine." The doctor took the hint, and prescribed handsomely for his friend *Ephraim*, and his friend *Leech* the apothecary.

### *On Old Age.*

Age is the heaviest burden man can bear—  
Compound of disappointment, pain, and care—  
For when the mind's experience comes at length,  
It comes to mourn the body's loss of strength.  
Resign'd to ignorance all our better days,  
Knowledge just ripens when the man decays—  
One ray of light the closing eye receives,  
And wisdom only takes what folly leaves

### *French Dexterity, or the Bailiffs Duped.*

Some months ago, Mr. Carlini, a Frenchman, being much in debt, was beset continually by the bailiffs: and being one morning informed by the maid of the house where he lodged that the Phillistines were banging about the door, he immediately packed up every article he had of wearing apparel, even to his shirt, hastened into bed, and requested the servant to secure his box in her room, telling her, if they asked for him, to say he was at home—they knocked and inquired—and being answered in the affirmative, were directed to his garret: tapping at the door, they were told to come in, and going to the bedside, they asked if he was Mr. Carlini. "Yes." "Then we have a writ against you for ——" "Ah! ha!" said Monsieur, "let-a-me see —ha! you take my body! your writ say." "Yes, you must get up and go with us—come, make haste and dress yourself." "Begar, I have no dress." "No dress! what do you mean by that? Come, come, we can't loiter here; get up." "Upon my



vord, all my dress at de pawn-broker—you take my body, your writ say—no dress”—and immediately sprang from his bed in *puris naturalibus*, and danced about the room. The myrmidons in vain insisted on his dressing, while he reiterated—“take my body!” “Why, who will take you in such a state?” “I cannot tell,” said he, “you takemy body.” “D—n your body—come along Fiannagan, we’ll have him as yet some how or other—D—n his body;” and for that time they left him. The Frenchman hastily equipped himself, and instantly changed his lodgings.

#### *Curious Notice.*

At a pastry cook’s shop, in Islington, the following notice is placed in the window:—“These mince pies *only two pence* each; they *ought to be four pence.*”

In the same parish, a paper pasted against a gate is thus described:—“These here grounds Toby Let: ink quire of any Ship Sales-man at the Bull, buy the Pens.”

#### *Judicious Revision.*

A French poetaster once read to Boileau a miserable rondeau of his own, and made him remark, as a very ingenious peculiarity in the composition, that the letter G was not to be found in it. “Would you wish to improve it still further?” said the critic. “To be sure,” replied the other, “perfection is my object.” “Then take all the other letters out of it,” said Boileau.

#### *Repartee.*

A young man visiting his mistress, met a rival who was somewhat advanced in years, and wishing to rally him, inquired how old he was? “I can’t exactly tell,” replied the other; “but I can inform you that an ass is older at twenty, than a man at sixty!”

*The Oxonians and the Transformation.*

Three or four roguish scholars walking out one day from the University of Oxford, espied a poor fellow near Abingdon, asleep in a ditch, with an ass by him laden with earthenware, holding the bridle in his hand. Says one of the scholars to the rest, "If you will assist me, I'll help you to a little money, for you know we are bare at present." Of course, they were not long consenting. "Why then," said he, "we'll go and sell this old fellow's ass at Abingdon; for you know the fair is to-morrow, and we shall meet with chapmen enough, therefore do you take the panniers off, and put them upon my back, and that bridle over my head, and then lead the ass to market, and let me alone with the old man." This being done accordingly, in a little time after, the poor man waking, was strangely surprised to see his ass thus metamorphosed. "Oh! for God's sake," said the scholar, "take this bridle out of my mouth, and this load from my back." "Zoons, how came you here," replied the old man? "Why," said he, "my father, who is a necromancer, upon an idle thing I did to disoblige him, transformed me into an ass; but now his heart has relented, and I am come to my own shape again, I beg you will let me go home and thank him." "By all means," said the crockery merchant, "I do not desire to have any thing to do with conjuration," and so set the scholar at liberty, who went directly to his comrades, that by this time, were making merry with the money they had sold the ass for; but the old fellow was forced to go the next day to seek for a new one in the fair, and after having looked on several, his own was shown him for a very good one. "Oh!" said he, "what, have he and his father quarrelled again already? No, no, I'll have nothing to say to him."

*The Danger of Disseminating Free-thinking Opinions.*

Mallet was so fond of being thought a sceptic, that he indulged this weakness on all occasions. His

wife, it is said, was a complete convert to his doctrines, and even the servants stared at their master's bold arguments, without being poisoned by their influence. One fellow, however, who united a bad heart to an unsettled head, was determined to practice what Mallet was so solicitous to propagate, and robbed his master's house. Being pursued, and brought before a justice, Mallet attended, and taxed him severely with ingratitude and dishonesty. "Sir," said the fellow, "I have often heard you talk of the impossibility of a future state; that after death, there was neither reward for virtue, nor punishment for vice, and this tempted me to commit the robbery." "Well, but, you rascal," replied Mallet, "had you no fear of the gallows?" "Master," said the culprit, looking sternly at him, "what is it to you, if I had a mind to venture that? You had removed my greatest terror; why should I fear the less?"

*Reverse of Fortune.*

When Amer, who had conquered Persia and Tartary, was defeated by Ismail, and taken prisoner, he sat on the ground, and a soldier prepared a coarse meal to appease his hunger. As this was boiling in one of the pots used for the food of the horses, a dog put his head into it; but from the mouth of the vessel being too small, he could not draw it out again, and ran away with both the pot and the meat. The captive monarch burst into a fit of laughter; and, on one of his guards demanding what cause upon earth could induce a person in his situation to laugh, he replied—"It was but this morning the steward of my household complained, that three hundred camels were not enough to carry my kitchen furniture; how easily it is now borne by that dog, who hath carried away my cooking instruments and dinner?"

*The Irishman's Complaint.*

Some time before the breaking up of the British head-quarters at Cambray, an Irish soldier, a private in the 23d regiment of foot, was convicted of shoot-

ing at, and robbing, a French peasant, and was, in consequence, sentenced to be hanged. On arriving at the place of execution, he addressed the spectators in a Stentorian voice, as follows:—"Bad luck to the Duke of Wellington! he's no Irishman's friend any way. I have killed many a score of Frenchmen by his orders, and when I just took it in my head to kill one upon my own account, by the powers, he has tuck'd me up for it!"

*Laconic Sermon, by Dean Swift.*

The Dean once preached a charity sermon at St. Patrick's, Dublin, the length of which disgusted many of his auditors; which coming to his knowledge, and it falling to his lot soon after to preach another sermon of the like kind in the same place, he took special care to avoid falling into the former error. His text was, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the lord, and that which he hath given, will he pay him again." The dean, after repeating his text in a very emphatical tone, added, "Now, my beloved brethren, you hear the terms of this loan; if you like the security, down with the dust." It is worthy of remark, that the quaintness and brevity of this sermon produced a very large contribution.

*The Curious Mistake.*

At a trial in a country town for sheep-stealing, the first witness called was the owner of the property, which he had discovered in Smithfield Market. He was a very good kind of man, but unfortunately his head was rather too thick for retaining, or rather comprehending, the usual rules of law etiquette. On the first question being asked him by the Judge, he raised his eyes, opened his mouth, and seemed fixed to the spot with amazement; at length he stammered out—"What d'ye say?" On the matter being explained to him, and that he should address the Judge by the title of "My Lord," he endeavoured to recollect himself, and being called on to mention his name, he boldly replied—"Thomas Blunt." "Well,

Mr. Blunt, where was you at the time you discovered your sheep?" (it must be observed, the Judge was rather hard of hearing.) "At Smithfield, your honor—my lord, I mean—I ax pardon." "At Smithfield, very well; and what did you do then?" "I went to handle 'em, my lord." "Handlum! where's Handlum? Where do you say you went?" "I went to handle 'em, your worship." "To Handlum! What have we to do with Handlum! I tell you, fellow, keep at Smithfield, where you began your story; stay at the place where you found your property till further orders. When we want you at Handlum, we'll call for you."

The mistake was, however, cleared up, by one of the counsel informing his Lordship, that the man's meaning was, that he "*handled the sheep*," in order to ascertain their value, by which means he made the discovery. This explanation set the matter in its proper light, and every thing went on in a tolerable smooth channel to the conclusion.

#### *Bad is the Best.*

"My wife's so very bad," cried Will,  
 "I fear she ne'er will hold it—  
 She keeps her bed."—"Mine's worse," said Phil,  
 "The jade has just now sold it!"

#### *Ascension Day.*

"I have forgot," said a gentleman, whose love for aerial flights has rendered him very noted, "on what particular day, Graham made his last successful voyage to the upper regions." "Phoo," said his friend, "you must of course remember it was on the ascension day."

#### *Rival Showmen.*

Two Showmen took their stations near the Thuilleries, at Paris—their booths were contiguous. In one was exhibited busts of the king and royal family, in the other a live rhinoceros. When the showman of No. 1, cried out—"Behold Louis the 18th in war," he in No. 2, bawled out—"A gross animal weighing 18 cwt."

## INTELLIGENCE, ORDINARY AND EXTRAORDINARY.

Lately, the wife of a tradesman of the city of London, who had been to pay a visit to an acquaintance on board an Indiaman in the river, and who had the appearance of a woman far advanced in pregnancy, was safely delivered by a custom house officer, of a large bundle of *East India muslins*.

A letter received some time since from Ireland, mentions, that a coast officer of Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, after going his round, entered in his diary—That he had not seen any thing but one ship—*out of sight!*

A schoolmaster of this city (a great enemy to idleness), thinking the old copy—“*Laziness will clothe a man with rags,*” not sufficiently correct, altered it; and gave it to one of his scholars thus—“*Laziness will clothe a man with nakedness.*”

During the time of the Emperor of Russia's residence in England, an Irish gentleman, in the true spirit of Bull-making, offered to bet a guinea that he would visit Ireland *before he left this kingdom.*

A secretary of war, being at a corporation feast, when the dinner was over, and the glass went merrily round, one of the aldermen addressed himself to his lordship as follows:—

“My lord, I wonder, amongst the various changes of ins and outs in the administration, I have always observed your lordship in constant employ.” This was repeated several times, as his lordship endeavored to evade giving a direct answer; however, at last, on the observation being repeated, his lordship made this laconic reply:—“Mr. Alderman, I look on the state as a large plumb-pudding, and whilst there is a bit of it left, I am determined to have a part of it.”

There was a grand masquerade-ball, held at Paris in the reign of Louis XIII. who was a weak prince. His majesty, notwithstanding his dress, was discovered by two young gentlemen, walking in the ball-room, with his arm round the waist of one of his mistresses. The gentleman soon came close up to his majesty, when one of them complained of the heat of the room, and made a motion to the other for them to adjourn to the *King's-arms*. "No," replied he, "that will not do, the *King's-arms* is full; but if you think proper, we will retire to the *King's-head*, for that is quite empty."

A late great personage, when masquerades were frequently allowed in this country, being present at one of those entertainments, he was struck with the form of a lady. After some conversation with her, he laid his hand upon her bosom, the softness of which he greatly commended. "I could," replied the lady, "put your hand upon a softer place," and upon his requesting her to do so, she immediately put his hand upon his own head, and directly mingled with the crowd.

Wanted by the Duke of Leinster, a groom of the bed-chambers, one who can dress ladies' hair, or understands the business of an upholsterer, &c.

It is not long since a publican sued a clergyman for not paying off his ale-house score: but having no written account, and being told he must produce his voucher, he ran out of court, fetched a closet door off its hinges, produced it, swore to the debt, and obtained a verdict.

A French paper states, that there is at present, near Pamponue, a miller's daughter, so pretty and so cruel, that the sighs of her numerous admirers would be sufficient to turn her father's mill.

A drunkard, in speaking of his wife, said—"She

is the glass of my heart—the wine cellar of my pleasures—and the tavern of my happiness.”

### *The Quaker's Caution.*

The following admonition was addressed by a quaker to a man who was pouring forth a volley of ill language against him—“*Have a care, friend, that mayest run thy face against my fist.*”

### *The Actress's Prayer.*

“Hear me, dramatic sisters, gay Thalia, and sublime Melpomene, be guardians to your supplicant, and aid her in her profession; well you know the hair-breadth 'scapes I have encountered since my *Blowments* and *Trip to Scotland*, evading the vigilance of my *Duenna*, braving the *School for Scandal*, and venturing *Neck or Nothing*, for Tommy Trap, the Tragedian. Oh! he was a jewel of an actor, the grand prop of a country company, the *Side-wing*, as it were, of theatrical genius, and though a *Poor Gentleman*, and frequently in the *Road to Ruin*, he was the *Pizarro* of my heart, and I was to him the very *Obi* of perfection.

But Tommy is no more!! The *O.P.* and *P.S.* that marked his *exits* and *entrances*, mourn him, and if he had failings, they are lost behind the *curtain* of oblivion.

Protect, I beseech ye, our little community, and may our *shares* be *trebled*; divide the *candle-ends* in equal proportion, and give additional *honesty* to our *door-keeper*, who, I am apprehensive, requires a large increase of that necessary article! *Prompt*, I beseech ye, the town-people to aid my forth-coming *benefit*, and open the hearts of the family of the *Throg-Mortons*, so that they may *all* appear at the theatre at an early hour, even down to Mrs. Dickens, the methodist house-keeper! And lastly, I pray ye, should I ever reach the *boards* of a London theatre, may my terms be as enormous as my *abilities* are



conspicuous; and finally, my labours be crowned with the *coronet* of honor, and that I may become a convert to domestic happiness."

*One Scrapper Enough at one Time.*

As Foote stood conversing along with a friend,  
A wretched street fiddler his ears did offend,  
The sound might be any thing called but a tune,  
And out of the window he sixpence flung soon.  
Good man haste away, and kindly he swore,  
One *scraper* is surely enough for a door.

*The Usurer's Diary.—Journal for de Week.*

"*Sunday.*—No business to be done—de Christians all out making holiday—waited at home for Levi—he never come—took a walk in St. George's-fields—bad luck all de day.

"*Monday.*—At 'Change till two—man in red coat wanted to borrow monish—did not like his looks—called in de afternoon in St. James's-street—not at home—bad luck—thought to have touched dere.

"*Tuesday.*—Went to west end of de town—bought some old cloash—took in—gave great price for de breeches—thought I felt a sovereign in de fob, left dere by mistake—only done to cheat me—nothing but a farthing—sold dem again to Levi—took him in, in de same manner, with profit—very good dat.

"*Wednesday.*—Went to St. James's-street again—devil in de man, never at home—met Levi—sold me about de breeches—not mind dat at all—swore I knew nothing of the matter—went to puff at auction—well paid—engaged at anoder in de evening—found out dare—obliged to sneak off—found a pair of candlesticks in my coat pocket—dropped in by accident—sold dem to Mr. Polish-plate, de silver-smith—did well by dat.

"*Thursday.*—On 'Change—met de gentleman wid de white wig—wanted more monish—let him have it—good securities—like white wigs—carried my advertisement to de newspapers—signed Z.—pretty crooked letter dat—always sure to bring in customers.

"Friday.—Met my good friend Mr. Smash—not seen him a long time—arrested him for de moniah he owed me—went home to prepare for de sabbath.

"Saturday.—Went twice to the synagogue—repeated of my shins—felt much comforted—remember to call in de morning ou de man with de white wig."

### *Nothing like Experience.*

So fair I thought your face and mind,  
I wonder'd much that half roankind,  
Were not of wits bereaved:  
I've had you now three weeks to try,  
And wonder how the devil I  
Could be so much deceived.

### *A Good Voice.*

A gentleman in public company commencing a song, was entreated by a friend to desist. "You will never," said the latter, "gain any thing by your voice." "You are wrong," replied the former, "my voice, as a voter, in a plumper, at the late election, gained me a thousand sum of money."

### *Cheap Dinners for Lawyers.*

Mr. Tooke, while studying in the Inns of Court, had, for fellow students and familiar associates, Messrs. Dunning and Kenyon, the former of whom afterwards became his defender in a court of justice, while the latter sat on the bench as his judge. Respecting the trio, Mr. Stephens says, in his "Memoirs" of Mr. Tooke:—

"I have been repeatedly assured, by Mr. Horne Tooke, that they were accustomed to dine together, during the vacation, at a little eating-house, in the neighbourhood of Chancery-lane, for the sum of seven-pence halfpenny each. 'As to Dunning and myself,' added he, 'we were generous; for we gave the girl who waited on us a penny a-piece: but Kenyon, who always knew the value of money, sometimes rewarded her with a halfpenny, and sometimes with a promise!'"

*Baron Von Weber.*

This late celebrated professor being invited to dine at Mr. L——'s, whose taste for magnificence as well as music is well known, was so struck with involuntary surprise, as he entered the drawing-room, that he made a pause, and then exclaimed, in an under-tone, which, however, reached the ears of some gentlemen near him—"Mon Dieu! It is far better to *sell* music than to *write* it." How many others might make the same remark.

*On an Old Maid, who Dropt Ten Years of her Age.*

A stiff starch'd virgin, of unblemish'd fame,  
And spotless virtue, Bridget Cole by name,  
At length the death of all the righteous dies;  
Aged just four and fifty—*here she lies.*

*A Legal Pun.*

As Jekyl was hastening with gown and with wig,  
He happened to tread on a very small pig.  
Cried he, "that's a learn'd pig, or I'm much mistaken,  
For 'tis, you may see, an abridgment of Bacon."

*On a Famous Toast.*

Belinda has such wondrous charms,  
'Tis Heaven to lie within her arms:  
And she's so charitably given,  
She wishes all mankind in Heaven.

*Elegant Wit.*

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,  
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;  
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,  
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

*Exaltation.*

A fellow boasting in company of his family, declared even his own father died in an exalted situation. Some of the company looking incredulous, another observed—"I can bear testimony of the gentleman's veracity, as my father was sheriff for the county when his was hanged for horse-stealing.

*Of the Duke de Nivernois.*

When this nobleman was ambassador in England, he was going down to Lord Towashend's seat in Norfolk, on a private visit, quite *deshabille*, and with only one servant, when he was obliged, from a very heavy shower of rain, to stop at a farm-house in the way. The master of this house was a clergyman, who, to a poor curacy, added the care of a few scholars in the neighbourhood, which in all might make his living about eighty pounds a year, and which was all he had to maintain a wife and six children.

When the duke alighted, the clergyman, not knowing his rank, begged him to come in and dry himself, which the other accepted, by borrowing a pair of old worsted stockings and slippers of him, and otherwise warming himself by a good fire. After some conversation, the duke observed an old chess-board hanging up, and, as he was passionately fond of that game, he asked the clergyman whether he could play? The other told him he could, pretty tolerably, but found it very difficult in that part of the country to get an antagonist. "I'm your man," says the duke. "With all my heart," says the parson, "and if you'll stay and eat pot-luck, I'll try if I can't beat you." The day still continuing to rain, the duke accepted his offer, when the parson played so much better that he won every game. This, so far from fretting the duke, that he was highly pleased to meet a man who could give him such entertainment at his favourite game. He accordingly inquired into the state of his family affairs, and just taking a memorandum of his address, without discovering his title, thanked him, and left him.

Some months passed over without the clergyman ever thinking a word about the matter, when, one evening, a footman in a laced livery rode up to the door, and presented him with the following billet:—  
"The Duke de Nivernois' compliments wait on sho

Rev. Mr. ———, and as a remembrance for the good drubbing he gave him at chess, and the hospitality he showed him on such a day, begs that he will accept of the living of ———, worth four hundred pounds per year, and that he will wait on his Grace the Duke of Newcastle on Friday next, to thank him for the same."

The poor parson was some time before he could imagine it any thing more than a jest, and was first not going, but his wife insisting on his trying, he came up to town, and found the contents of the bible literally true, to his unspeakable satisfaction.

*Of Vernet, the celebrated Painter of Sea Pieces.*

This artist, eager in the study of nature, made several long voyages in his younger years, in order to observe the various scenes which the changeful element exhibits. In one of these excursions, undertaken merely for the love of the art, a most violent gale of wind arose, when Vernet, without attending to the perils with which he was surrounded, desired one of the sailors to lash him fast to some of the rigging. Soon after this request was granted, the storm increased, attended with thunder and lightning, and with every circumstance that could add to the horror of the scene, and consternation and terror sat on every countenance; but in the young painter every emotion was lost in that of admiration, which so wholly engrossed his attention, that he every now and then exclaimed, in the most enthusiastic terms, "Good Heavens! what a noble scene!"

*Of the famous Sydney.*

During Mr. Sydney's stay in France, one day hunting with the French king, and being mounted on a fine English horse, whose form and spirit caught the king's eye, he received a message that he would please to oblige the king with his horse at his own price. He answered, that he did not choose to pay

with him. The king determined to have no denial; and gave orders to tender him money, and to seize the horse, which being made known to Mr. Sydney, he instantly took a pistol and shot him, saying, "That his horse was born a free creature, had served a free man, and should not be mastered by a king of slaves."

#### *Of Mr. Addison.*

When Mr. Addison lived in Kensington-square, he took unusual pains to study Montaigne's Essays, on finding little or no information in the chapters, according to what their titles promised, he one day in great anger throw away the book, wearied and confused, but not satisfied. A gentleman present, said—"Well, sir, what think you of this famous French author." "I think," replied he; "why but a dark dungeon, and fetters, would probably have been of some service to restore this author's incoherence." "How, sir," said his friend, "imprison a man for singularity in writing." "Why not," replied Mr. Addison, "had he been a horse, he could have been pounded for straying out of his bounds; and why, as a man, he ought to be more avowed I really do not understand."

#### *A Turf Bull.*

The mayor of a city in the North has put forth an advertisement previous to the races, "That no gentleman will be allowed to ride on the course, except the horses that are to run."

#### *A Curious Epitaph.*

Some years since, a Mr. Dickson, who was Provost of Dundee, in Scotland, died; and by will, left the sum of one guinea to a person to compose an epitaph upon him; which sum he directed his three executors to pay. The executors, thinking to defraud the poet, agreed to meet and share the guinea among

them, each contributing a line to the epitaph, which ran as follows:—

*First.* "Here lies Dickson, Provost of Dundee."

*Second.* "Here lies Dickson, here lies he."

The *Third* was put to it for a long time, but unwilling to lose his share of the guinea, vociferously bawled out,

"Hallelujah, hallelujah."

#### *Fine Thread.*

One ounce of fine Flanders thread has been sold in London for four pounds; such an ounce made into lace may be sold for forty pounds: which is ten times the price of standard gold, weight for weight.

#### *Which is the Way to Windsor.*

Two bucks riding on the western road on a Sunday morning, met a lad driving a flock of sheep towards the metropolis; when one of them accosted him with—"Prithee, Jack, which is the way to Windsor?" "How did you know my name was Jack?" said the boy, staring in their faces. "We are conjurers, young Hobnail," said the gentlemen, laughing. "Oh! you be! then you don't want to shew you the way to Windsor," replied the lad, pursuing his journey.

#### *Singularity of Two Brothers.*

In a manuscript in one of the libraries at Paris, we are told the Count de Ligniville, and Count d'Autricourt, twins, descended from an ancient family in Lorraine, resembled each other so much, that when they put on the same kind of dress, which they did now and then for amusement, their servants could not distinguish the one from the other. Their voice, gait, and deportment the same, and these marks of resemblance were so perfect, that they often threw their friends, and even their wives, into the greatest embarrassments. Being both captains of light horse, the one would put himself at the head of

the other's squadron, without the officers ever suspecting the change. Count d'Autricourt having committed some crime, the Count de Ligniville never suffered his brother to go out without accompanying him, and the fear of seizing the innocent instead of the guilty, rendered the orders to arrest the former of no avail. One day Count de Ligniville sent for a barber, and after having suffered him to shave one half of his beard, he pretended to have occasion to go into the next apartment, and putting his night-gown upon his brother, who was concealed there, and tucking the cloth which he had about his neck under his chin, made him sit down in the place which he had just quitted. The barber immediately resumed his operation, and was proceeding to finish what he had begun, as he supposed, but, to his great astonishment, he found that a new beard had sprung up. Not doubting that the person under his hands was the devil, he roared out with terror, and sunk down in a swoon on the floor. Whilst they were endeavouring to call him to life, Count d'Autricourt retired again to the closet, and Count de Ligniville, who was half-shaved, returned to his former place. This was a new cause of surprise to the poor barber, who now imagined that all he had seen was a dream, and he could not be convinced of the truth until he beheld the two brothers together. The sympathy that subsisted between the two brothers was no less singular than their resemblance. If one fell sick, the other was indisposed also; if one received a wound, the other felt pain; and this was the case with every misfortune that befell them, so that on this account they watched each other's conduct with the greatest care and attention. But what is still more astonishing, they both often had the same dreams. The day that Count d'Autricourt was attacked in France by the fever of which he died, Count de Ligniville was attacked by the same in Bavaria, and was near sinking under it.

*A Hint to Ladies.*

A learned judge was about to try a prisoner for a



rape, and observed the ladies seemed very unwilling to leave the court, upon which he acquainted them of the impropriety of their presence; some of them had, indeed, the decency to retire, others staid. He again expostulated with them on the indecency of staying, but without effect; when the judge's clerk told his lordship he might proceed on the business, as all the *modest ladies* were gone. This smart repartee had the desired effect, and they all retired immediately.

### *Tapping the Governor.*

A sailor on board a ship of war, being frequently drunk, the captain assured him, the next time he was guilty of that offence, he should be severely whipped, and, at the same time, forbid the purser, and all other persons, letting him have any liquor. Shortly after, this fellow appeared again drunk; how he got the liquor no one could guess. The captain resolved to find out, and punish the person, who had thus disobeyed his orders, and promised to forgive him if he would tell how he got the liquor: after some hesitation, he hiccupped out—"Why, and please your honour, *I tapped the Governor*," by which he meant, that he had stolen some of the arrack, in which was the body of an East Indian Governor, coming to England for interment.

### *Italian Blunders.*

An Italian singer, at the Opera House, who had but lately arrived in this country, and could not speak any English, was so anxious to acquire it, that he always had in his pocket an Italian and English dictionary; and being in general accompanied by a friend, who spoke a little better than himself, had determined to practice nothing else. On his first visit to the Orange Coffee House, he placed himself before the fire, and called, "Vater, vater," but to no purpose. His friend whispered him—"He's no vater at all—he's vaiter." "Oh, den, vaiter, vaiter." "What do you want gentlemen?" "Médin, médin." "I don't understand," said the

waiter. His friend again whispers—"He's no médin, he's dinné me." "Ah! dinné me," repeats the other. "Oh! dinner," says the waiter, "what would you like to have?" "One large porkshop." "The devil you will," said the waiter, "what! a whole porkshop?" His friend whispers—"He's no porkshop—he's one pork chop." "Oh! pork chops, very well." The dinner was brought—and after they had dined he called—"Vaiter, vaiter." "Well, sir." "*Mettes moi six or seven turnpikes.*" "Seven turnpikes—that's impossible, sir." His friend whispers again—"He's no turnpikes—he's tiddlepicks." "Ah! tiddlepicks." "I don't understand yet, sir." "'Tis to take it away de meat out ma tooth."

### *An Irish Negro.*

A Negro from Montserrat, where the Hiberno-Celtic is spoken by all classes, happened to be on the wharf at Philadelphia when a number of Irish emigrants were landed; and seeing one of them with a wife and four children, he stepped forward to assist the family on shore. The Irishman, in his native tongue, expressed his surprise at the civility of the negro; who, understanding what had been said, replied, in Irish, that he need not be astonished, for he was a bit of an Irishman himself. The Irishman, surprised to hear a black man speak his dialect, it entered his mind, with the usual rapidity of the Irish fancy, that he really was an Irishman, but that the climate had, no doubt, changed his complexion. "If I may be so bold, sir," said he, "may I ask you how long you have been in this country?" The negro-man, who had only come hither on a voyage, said, he had been in Philadelphia only about four months. Poor Patrick turned round to his wife and children, and, looking as if for the last time on their rosy cheeks, concluding that in four months they must also change their complexions, exclaimed—"O Merciful Powers!—Judy, did you hear that? he has not been more than four months in this country, and he is already almost as black as jet."

*Lord Anson.*

On a stone pedestal against the inn at Goodwood, in Sussex, is the Lion, carved in wood, which adorned the head of Commodore Anson's ship, the Centurion, during the circumnavigation of the globe. It has the following inscription :

Stay, traveller, awhile, and view,  
 One who has travell'd more than you.  
 Quite round the globe; in each degree,  
 Anson and I have plow'd the sea;  
 Torrid and frigid zones have pass'd,  
 And safe ashore arriv'd at last.

*The Grocer of Smyrna; or, Impartial Justice.*

A grocer of Smyrna had a son, who, with the help of the little learning that country afforded, obtained the post of Naib, that is, deputy of the Cadi, and as such visited the markets, and inspected the weights and measures of all who sold by retail. As he was one day executing his office, the neighbours, who were sufficiently acquainted with his father's character to know that it was necessary for him to be cautious, advised him to conceal the weights he commonly used, and replace them with others that would bear the strictest scrutiny. But the grocer smiled at their advice; and depending on his relation to the inspector, whom he thought would never expose him to a public affront, stood very carelessly at his shop-door, waiting for his coming.

The Naib, who had abundant reason to suspect the dishonest practices of his father, was determined not to spare him, but to detect his villany, and make him an example of public justice. Accordingly he stopt at his door, and said to him, "Bring out your weights that we may examine them." The grocer, instead of obeying, endeavoured to turn it off with a smile; but was soon convinced that his son was in earnest, by hearing him order the officers to search his shop, and seeing them produce the instruments of his fraud, which, after the most impartial examination, were condemned and broken to pieces. Confounded at such unexpected proceedings, he

stood motionless, but hoped the public shame he had suffered would plead sufficiently with his son, to remit all further punishment of his crime. In this, however, he was mistaken; the Naib rendered it as severe as for the most indifferent offender, sentencing him to a fine of fifty piastres, and to receive a bastinado of as many blows on the soles of his feet.

The whole sentence was immediately executed; after which, the Naib, leaping from his horse, threw himself at his feet, and wetting them with his tears, thus addressed him: "Father, I have discharged my duty to my God, my sovereign, my country, and my station; permit me now, by my respect and submission, to pay the debt I owe a parent. Justice is blind; it is the power of God on earth; it has no regard to father or son. God and our neighbour's rights are above the ties of nature. You had offended against the laws of justice; you deserved this punishment: you would in the end have received it from some other hand. I am sorry it was your fate to receive it from me. My conscience would not suffer me to act otherwise. Behave better for the future, and, instead of blaming, pity my being reduced to so cruel a necessity."

After saying these words, he again mounted his horse, and continued his journey amidst the acclamations of the whole city, for so remarkable a piece of justice. Nor did he lose his reward: the Sultan, who was soon informed of it, raised him to the post of Cadi, and afterwards to the dignity of Mufti; in which high office he continued the guardian of their laws, and the favourite of his country.

### *The Painter, a Match for a Victualler.*

A *Vict'ler* did once to a *Painter* repair,  
 To deck his old house with the *Sign* of a *Bear*;  
 But to lessen expense, thought it needless and vain  
 To bedeck *Brian's* back with a costly gold chain.  
 But the knave so untemper'd his colour did lay,  
 That the first Show'r of rain wash'd his tints quite away.  
 My landlord swore loud at the man of the brush,  
 That his daubing deserv'd not the skin of a rush.

"Why, friend," cried the artist, a master in cunning,  
 "Can a bear without chains be prevented from running?  
 You blame without reason, all thoughtless and warm,  
 Tho' your bear has escaped, here's no matter of harm."  
 "No harm," quoth mine host, "what to see, a pox on it,  
 A plain dangling board, with no picture upon it!"  
 "Tush, tush," quoth arch dry-brusk, "rave on till you burst,  
 'Tis as good I'll aver, as when hung up at first—  
 'Tis true there's no picture, what then? ne'er repine;  
 For your sign of a bear, you have here a bare sign."

#### *A Complaint on an Empty Purse.*

To thee, my purse, thus troubled, I complain,  
 To thee, that art the cause of all my pain;  
 Thy yellow gold is gone, and silver bright,  
 Alas! I am heavy, because thou art light;  
 To thee, my purse, for mercy thus I cry,  
 Be heavy once again, or else I die.

#### *Nautical Sermon.*

When Whitfield preached before the seamen at New York, he had the following bold apostrophe in his sermon:

"Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine headway over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the Heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Hark! Don't you hear distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves rise, and dash against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam ends! What next?"

It is said that the unsuspecting tars, reminded of former perils on the deep, as if struck by the power of magic, arose, with united voices and minds, and exclaimed—*Take to the long boat.*

*Burlesque Sonnet.—On a Youth who died by over-eating Fruit.—Illustrative of the ambiguities of our language.*

Currents have check'd the currents of my blood,  
 And berries brought me to be buried here:

Pears have pared off my body's hardihood,  
 And plumbs and plumbens spare not one so spare.  
 Pains would I feign my salt; so fair a fare  
 Lemons not fault, yet 'tis a lemon good,  
 Gill will not long hide guilt; such thin wash'd ware  
 Wears quickly, and its rude touch soon is roed.  
 Grave o.: my grave some sentence grave and terse,  
 That lies not as it lies upon my clay,  
 But in a gentle strain of unstrained verse,  
 Prays all to pity a poor Patty's prey:  
 Rehearses I was fruitful to my hearer;  
 Tells that my days are told, and soon I'm tolled away.

### A Rheumatic Joke.

"Well, Bob, how are you?" said a dashing blade to a poverty-struck poetaster.

"Why, I've been troubled a great deal with the rheumatics lately."

"And how's your wife?"

"She is very rheumatic too."

"And little Dicky?"

"He's very unwell; I am afraid he has got a touch of the family complaint; I think he is a little rheumatic!"

"Dear me!—well—I will call upon you in a day or two and see how you are; where do you lodge?"

"I am almost ashamed to ask you to our lodging, for that is—*room-attic* too!"

### Medical Anecdote.

When the late Dr. Graham, of *celestial* memory, was practising in Cumberland, one of his patients, bargaining with the doctor for health and long life, would gladly have stipulated for a daily allowance of *Nantz* or *gin* and *bitters*, in which he had been accustomed to indulge himself pretty freely, and thought it had a pleasing effect in warming his stomach. The doctor was peremptory for a total abstinence from the "fiery fluid—the liquor of hell!" and so forth. The patient, finding this eminent dispenser of these inestimable blessings was inflexible to his entreaties, ventured to ask, "If he might not just make use of his present stock, and

then leave off!" "What stock have you?" said the doctor. "Only about three gallons," replied the man. "Only three gallons," exclaimed the doctor: "you have enough for the remainder of your life and to supply your funeral very decently at the end of it."

*Economy.—The Turbot.—A Tale.*

Lord Endless, walking to the Hall,  
Saw a fine turbot on a stall;  
"How much d'ye ask, friend, for this fish?"  
"Two guineas, sir."—"Two guineas! pish!"  
He paused, he thought; "Two guineas! sonnds!"  
"Few fish to-day, sir."—"Come, take pounds;  
Send it up quick to Bedford square;  
Here's a pound note—now mind, when there,  
Ask for one pound, and say that's all—  
My lady's economical."

The fish was sent, my lady thought it  
Superfluous, but—my lord had bought it.  
She paid one pound, and cried, "O drat it!"  
Yet could not think the fish dear at it.  
A knock announces Lady Tatter,  
Come for an hour to sit and chatter;  
At length—"My darling Lady E.  
I'm so distressed—you know Lord T.  
Can't dine without fish, and 'tis funny,  
There's none to-day for love or money."

"Bless us," cried Lady E. "two hours  
Ago, a turbot came—'tis yours  
I paid but thirty shillings for it,  
You'd say 'twas dirt cheap if you saw it."

The bargain struck—cash paid—fish gone—  
My lord, and dinner, came anon—  
He stared to see my lady smile,

'Twas what he had not seen some while;  
There was hash'd beef, and leeks a boat full,  
But turbot none—my lord look'd doubtful—  
"My dear!—I think—is no fish come?"

"There is, love—leave the room, John—mum!—  
I sold the fish, you silly man,

I make a bargain when I can;  
The fish which cost us shillings twenty,  
I sold for thirty, to content ye—

For one pound ten, to Lady Tatter—  
Lord! how you stare! why what's the matter?"

My lord stared wide with both his eyes,  
Down knife and fork dropt with surprise—

"For one pound ten to Lady Tatter?  
If she was flat ma'am, you were flatter.

Two pounds the turbot cost—'tis true—  
 One pound I paid, and one pound you."  
 "Two pounds! Good Heavens! Why then say  
 It cost but one pound!"—"Nay, ma'am, nay,  
 I said not so—said nought about it;  
 So, madam, you were free to doubt it."  
 "Two pounds! Good Heavens! Why who could doubt  
 That the fish cost what I laid out?  
 'Twould have been madness (you may rate)  
 In such a case to hesitate."—  
 "'Tis never madness," he replies,  
 "To doubt. I doubt my very eyes:  
 Had you but doubted the prime cost,  
 Ten shillings would not have been lost;  
 Though you and all the world may rate,  
 You see 'tis best to hesitate."

### *Involuntary Pickpocket.*

A gentleman passing through Holborn, lost his watch, and advertised it, with a reward of three guineas to the person who would bring it to him. Immediately after the appearance of the advertisement, a tradesman, in the neighbourhood of Holborn, came to the place to which the finder had been directed, and gave the following account of his getting the watch:—He said, that one evening going to the butcher's to buy some meat, the butcher observed a watch hanging by the upper button of the skirt of his coat, and asked him if he used to carry his watch so. At that time he knew nothing of the watch being there, but remembered passing through a crowd in the street that evening. There is no doubt that, in the pressure and scuffle, the ribbon of the watch had got entangled on the button.

### *Humerous Adventure of a Happy Marriage negotiated by a Bill of Exchange in Jamaica.*

A merchant, in Jamaica, originally from London, having acquired a handsome fortune in that island, concluded with himself he could not be happy in the enjoyment of it, unless he shared it with a woman of merit; and, knowing no one to his fancy, he resolved to write to a worthy correspondent in London. He knew no other style than that he used in his trade;



therefore, treating affairs of love as he did his business, after giving his friend, in a letter, several commissions, and reserving this for the last, he went on thus—"Item, Seeing that I have taken a resolution to marry, and that I do not find a suitable match for me here, do not fail to send, by next ship bound hither, a young woman, of the qualifications and form following. As for a portion, I demand none; let her be of an honest family; between twenty and twenty-five years of age; of a middle stature, and well-proportioned; her face agreeable, her temper mild, her character blameless, her health good, and her constitution strong enough to bear the change of the climate, that there may be no occasion to look out for a second, through lack of the first soon after she comes to hand, which must be provided against as much as possible, considering the great distance, and the dangers of the sea. If she arrives, and conditioned as abovesaid, with the present letter indorsed by you, or at least an attested copy thereof, that there may be no mistake or imposition, I hereby obligate and engage myself to satisfy the said letter, by marrying the bearer at fifteen days' sight. In witness whereof I subscribe this, &c."

The London correspondent, who read over and over the odd article, which put the future spouse on the same footing with a bale of goods, could not help admiring the prudent exactness of the merchant, and his laconic style, in enumerating the qualifications which he insisted on: he, however, endeavoured to serve him to his mind; and, after many inquiries, found a lady fit for his purpose, in a young person of a reputable family, but no fortune, of good humour, and of a polite education, well-shaped, and more than tolerably handsome. He made the proposal to her, as his friend had directed; and the young gentlewoman, who had no subsistence but from a cross old aunt, who gave her a great deal of uneasiness, accepted it. A ship bound for Jamaica was then fitting out at Bristol; the gentlewoman went on board the

same, together with the bales of goods, being well provided with all necessaries, and particularly with a certificate in due form, and indorsed by the correspondent. She was also included in the invoice, the last article of which ran thus—“*Item*, A maid of twenty-one years of age, of the quality, shape, and conditioned as per order; as appears by the affidavits and certificates she has to produce.” The writings which were thought necessary to so exact a man as the future husband, were an extract of the parish register; a certificate of her character, signed by the curate; an attestation of her neighbours, setting forth, that she had, for the space of three years, lived with an old aunt, who was intolerably peevish, and had not, during all that time, given her said aunt the least occasion of complaint; and, lastly, the goodness of her constitution was certified, after consultation, by four eminent physicians. Before the gentlewoman's departure, the London correspondent sent several letters of advice, by other ships, to his friend; whereby he informed him, that, per such a ship, he sent him a young woman, of such an age, character, and condition; in a word, such as he desired to marry. The letters of advice, the bales, and the gentlewoman, came safe to the port; and the merchant, who happened to be one of the foremost on the pier, at the lady's landing, was charmed to see a handsome person, who, having heard him called by his name, thus addressed him—“Sir, I have a bill of exchange upon you; and you know that it is not usual for people to carry a great deal of money about them in such a long voyage as I have now made; I beg the favour you will be pleased to pay it.” At the same time she gave him his correspondent's letter, on the back of which was written, “The bearer of this is the spouse you ordered me to send you.” “Ha, madam!” said the merchant, “I never yet suffered my bills to be protested, and I swear this shall not be the first: I shall reckon myself the most fortunate of all men, if you will allow me to

discharge it." "Yes, sir," replied she; "and the more willingly, since I am apprized of your character. We had several persons of honour on board, who knew you very well; and who, during my passage, have answered all the questions I asked them concerning you, in so advantageous a manner, that they have raised in me a perfect esteem for you." This interview was in a few days followed by the nuptials, which were very magnificent. The new-married couple were satisfied with their happy union, made by a bill of exchange, which turned out one of the most fortunate that had happened in that island for many years.

### ENTERTAINING SCRAPS.

During a late crowded night at Covent-garden Theatre, a beautiful woman, on whom the heat acted as a powerful *sudorific*, attracted a general attention. A gentleman, after viewing her for a few minutes, exclaimed—"A charming painting in oil."

"'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good," said a *Caledonian Laddie*, a few days since, when he picked up the hat of a gentleman which had been blown off, and with which he escaped.

Says Jack to Tom, "Your pluck display,  
And box the blade—don't run away,  
He's nothing more than *flesh and blood*."  
Says Tom, "Your reas'ning is not good;  
For I, my friend, am forc'd to own  
His fist has told me he has *bone*."

When Polly Watts was tried at the last Westminster Sessions, on a charge of vagrancy, for attempting to pick pockets in Covent-garden Theatre, Jack Townsend was called as to character, and saying that he knew her to be a notorious thief these last thirty years, Polly emphatically exclaimed—"Then, Mr. Townsend, it seems you can't boast of your acquaintances."

Two men disputing upon their genealogy, "I can

prove my family," said the first, "to have existed before the deluge." "And I," replied the other, "can prove mine from Adam." "And I mine before Adam," rejoined his opponent. "You are right," retorted the second, "for before Adam there were no animals but brutes."

A would-be wit at Margate, a summer or two back, wishing to be very amusing, wrote, instead of my name, in the one-card Loo, at Garner's,

"Mr. Garner's natty wig."

When he attended in the evening, to hear the names read over, anticipating a sort of triumph, he was not a little discomposed at hearing the following line read after his own, which a wag had added in the course of the day—

"As you've no brains 'twill be too big."

An under sheriff, at a county town, a short time since, was consulting the hangman as to the strength and size of the old gallows, to hang five men, who had been left for execution, when he received the following answer: "Lord bless you, sir, it be both strong enough and large enough; and take my word the men will hang *very comfortably*."

Mr. and Mrs. Liston dined one day with George Colman, when, late in the evening, Liston said to his wife (who is of exceeding low stature), "Come, Mrs. L., let us be going." "Mrs. L., indeed!" said Mr. Colman, "Mrs. *Inch* you mean."

A gentleman, who was rather near-sighted, being at a ball, and seeing a lady whom he thought he knew very well, began conversing with her in a very fine way, but finding she did not answer him, he discovered he was in error as to the person. "And," said he, as he told the story to a friend, "I was obliged to apologise *after all*." "Aye," said his friend, "and *before all*, too, I suppose."

"Walter," said a traveller at a country-inn,

"bring me a newspaper." "Sir," said the waiter, "we are badly off for papers at present. The *Day* is lost, we have no *Sun*, the captain of a ship is reading the *Pilot*, and the only paper you can have is an old *Times*."

An exciseman, looking at a boy angling, asked him what he was fishing for. "I'm fishing for the devil," says the boy, "but I'm unfortunately in want of the right bait to catch him with." "What bait is that?" said the exciseman. "Why, sir," says the boy, "I have heard for that purpose, there is no better bait in the world than an exciseman."

A *dashing buck*, having just mounted a fashionable great coat, trimmed with a profusion of *fur*, lately asked an old gentleman how he liked his *new kick*? "Upon my word, sir," said he, "I like it extremely, for it reminds me of a very excellent fable." "What is that?" returned the interrogator. "*The Ass in the Lion's Skin*," was the answer.

A *sporting parson*, the brother of an earl, had, last week, the misfortune to lose his *pointer* and his *bible*. In a *placard* upon the church-door, the next day, the *bible* was described as *dog-eared*, and the *pointer* lettered upon the back.

#### *The Mistake Rectified.*

Some city bucks, dining the other day at an inn, in the vicinity of the metropolis, to evince their superior taste, with a general roar, opened upon the waiter for bringing them such execrable wine, desiring him, at the same time, to send in his master. "Here," exclaimed the head of the party, as soon as the obsequious landlord made his appearance, "taste *this here* stuff, and then tell us if *gentlemen* ought to be served with such as this." "I am much obliged to you, gentlemen," replied the landlord, after tasting: "this is a bottle of famous *claret*, which my stupid waiter has brought you through mistake; I'll send in your *port* immediately."

*Striking Fate of Guilt.*

Three inhabitants of Balck, travelling together, they found a treasure, and divided it equally amongst them. They continued their journey, and entertained each other with their different schemes of employing the riches which they had thus suddenly acquired. The provisions which they had along with them were consumed: they, therefore, agreed that one of them should go to a town and buy some, and that the youngest should execute that commission. He accordingly went.

As he was upon the road he said to himself, "Now, indeed, I am rich; but I should have been much richer, had I been alone when the treasure was found. These two men have carried off two-thirds of my riches. Cannot I fall upon a way of recovering them? That, I think, may be very easy. I have only to poison the provision which I am going to buy, and on my return to say that I have dined in the town. My companions will eat without suspicion, and die, I shall then have the whole of the treasure."

In the mean time, the two other travellers conferred together in these terms: "We have little occasion for this young fellow's company at such a juncture. We have been obliged to give him a share of the treasure. His part of it would have increased ours, and we had been very truly rich. He will be back to us soon. We have good poniards."

The young man returned with the poisoned provisions. His companions assassinated him: they then ate and died, and none of the three enjoyed the treasure.

*Book Printing.*

The following twenty occupations are engaged to produce a single book:—the author, the designer, the rag-merchant, the paper-maker, the stationer, the type-founder, the press-maker, the ink-maker, the roller-maker, the chase-maker, the reader, the compositor, the pressman, the gatherer, the folder, the

stitcher, the leather-seller, the binder, the copper-smith, the engraver, the copper-plate printer, and the bookseller.

### *Black Eyed Susan.*

Gay wrote this well-known ballad upon Mrs. Montford, a celebrated actress, contemporary with Cibber. After her retirement from the stage, love, and the ingratitude of a bosom friend, deprived her of her senses, and she was placed in a receptacle for lunatics. One day, during a lucid interval, she asked her attendant what play was to be performed that evening, and was told that it was Hamlet; in this tragedy, whilst on the stage, she had ever been received with rapture in Ophelia. The recollection struck her, and with that cunning which is so often allied to insanity, she eluded the care of the keepers, and got to the theatre, concealed herself until the scene in which Ophelia enters to her insane state; she then pushed on the stage, before the lady who had performed the previous part of the character could come on, and exhibited a more perfect representation of madness than the utmost exertions of mimic art could effect. She was, in truth, Ophelia herself, to the amazement of the performers, and the astonishment of the audience. Nature having made this last effort, her vital powers failed her. On going off, she exclaimed—"It is all over!" She was immediately conveyed back to her late place of security, and in a few days after—

" Like a lily drooping,  
Bowed her head, and died."

### *Opposition Line.*

A gentleman on a stage-coach, passing through the city of Bath, and observing a handsome edifice, inquired of the driver what building it was? The driver replied—"It is the Unitarian Church." "Unitarian!" said the gentleman, "and what s

that?" "I don't know," said Jehu, "but I believe it is in the *opposition line*."

### *An Irish Bull.*

A worthy Baronet of Erin's clime,  
Had a fam'd telescope in his possession; :  
And on a time  
Of its amazing powers he made profession,  
"Yon church," cried he, "is distant near a mille,  
Yet when I view it steady, for a while,  
Upon a bright and sunny day,  
My glass so strong and clear,  
Does bring the church so near,  
That often I can hear the organ play."

### *How to raise the Rent.*

A farmer in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, was thus accosted by his landlord: "John, I am going to raise your rent." John replied—"Sir, I am very much obliged to you, for I cannot raise it myself."

### *Scarce Articles.*

George the First, on a journey to Hanover, stopped at a village in Holland, and while the horses were getting ready, he asked for two or three eggs, which were brought him, and charged two hundred florins. "How is this?" said his majesty, "eggs must be very scarce in this place." "Pardon me," said the host, "eggs are plenty enough, but kings are scarce." The king smiled, and ordered the money to be paid.

### *Kicking the Bucket*

Two gentlemen were walking in the High-street, Southampton, last week, about that hour which the industrious damsels of the mop and brush usually devote to cleansing the pavement before the door. It happened that the bucket used upon such occasions was upon the stones, and one of the gentlemen stumbled against it. "My dear friend," exclaimed the other, "I lament your death exceedingly!" "My death!" "Yes, you have just kicked the bucket." "Not so," rejoined his friend, "I have only turned a little pale (pail)."



*The Piper's Promotion.*

Two gentlemen passing a tavern, observed a painting of the far-famed piper of Vinierra over the door. I am glad, said one of them, that something has been done at last for the poor fellow. "What has been done for him?" asked his companion. "Why don't you see," said the other, "that they have made him an *inn-sign*."

*Barber shaved by a Lawyer.*

"Sir," said a barber to an attorney who was passing his door, "will you tell me if this is a good seven-shilling piece?" The lawyer, pronouncing the piece good, deposited it in his pocket, adding, with gravity, "If you'll send your lad to my office, I'll return the four-pence."

*Humane Commander.*

When the Archduke Charles was on his way from Bohemia, to take the command in Germany, as he approached the scene of action he fell in with a number of wounded, who were abandoned by their companions on the road, for want of horses to draw the carriages in their retreat; the prince immediately ordered the horses to be unyoked from several pieces of cannon that were retreating, saying, that these brave men were better worth saving than a few pieces of cannon. When General Moreau heard of this benevolent act, he ordered the cannon to be restored, observing, that he would take no cannon which were abandoned from motives so humane.

*Witty Reply.*

A young lady was accosted by a clergyman in a lane when going to church, who asked her why she did not go across the fields: upon which she replied—"they were too *stile-ish* for her."

*News from the Dead.*

An English gentleman talking with his Irish servant, said—"it is a long time since you heard from

your mother, mayhap she is dead." "Oh, no, your honour," answered he, "she is not dead, or she would have let poor Pat know of it."

*College Frolic.*

The poet Gray was notoriously fearful of fire, and kept a ladder of ropes in his bed-room. Some mischievous young men at Cambridge, who knew this, roused him from below, in the middle of a dark night, with the cry of fire! The staircase, they said, was in flames. Up went his window, and down he came by his rope-ladder, as fast as he could, into a tub of water, which they had kindly placed there to receive him.

*Turning King's Evidence.*

A company of sailors some years ago went ashore at Charlestown, Carolina. They naturally advanced towards a crowd which had gathered round the celebrated Whitfield, who was preaching with infinite vehemence against the sins of his audience. They had just arrived in time to hear him say, with his utmost of voice and gesture, "And I, your preacher, your pastor, shall be compelled to give witness against you at the day of judgment." "Hollo, Jack," cried one of the tars, whom the crowd had separated from his companions, "shiver my timbers, if that is not just the way it goes at the Old Bailey, the greatest rogue always turns King's evidence."

*Alliterative Love Letter.*

Adored and angelic Amelia. Accept an ardent and artless amouirist's affections, alleviate an anguished admirer's alarms, and answer an amorous applicant's avowed ardour. Ah, Amelia! all appears, an awful aspect! Ambition, avarice, and arrogance, alas! are attractive allurements, and abase an ardent attachment. Appease an aching and affectionate adorer's alarms, and anon acknowledge affianced Albert's alliance as agreeable and accept-

able. Anxiously awaiting an affectionate and affirmative answer, except an ardent admirer's adieu. Always angelic and adorable Amelia's admiring and affectionate amouirist, ALBERT.

*Doubling the Cape Impracticable.*

"A gentleman, well known for his facetiousness, was dining with a nobleman, and as the company were talking of a voyage to India, some glasses of Cape wine were handed round the table. All the guests expressed their praises of its exquisite flavour, and wished much to have a second taste of it; when the gentleman found it was in vain to indulge this hope, he turned to the person who sat next him, and happily alluding to the voyage to India, said, "As we cannot *double the Cape*, suppose we go back to *Madeira*."

*Travellers will Lie.*

Mr. Twiss, a romancing traveller, was talking of a church he had seen in Spain a mile and a half long. "Bless me!" said Garrick, "how broad was it?" "About ten yards," said Twiss. "This is, you'll observe, gentlemen," said Garrick to the company, "not a round lie, but differs from other stories, which are as broad generally as they are long."

*Precedence, or the Bishop and the Judge.*

A dispute about precedence once arose between a Bishop and a Judge, and, after some altercation, the latter thought he should quite confound his opponent by quoting the following passage:—"For on these two hang all the law and the prophets." "Do you not see," said the lawyer, in triumph, "that even in this passage of scripture, we are mentioned first?" "I grant you," says the bishop, "you hang first."

*Discontent and Ingratitude.*

When I give away a place, said Louis XIV. I make a hundred discontented and one ungrateful.

*Dread of Taration.*

Voltaire related to Mr. Sherlock an anecdote of Swift. Lady Carteret, wife of the Lord Lieutenant, said to Swift, "The air of Ireland is very excellent and healthy." "For God's sake, madam," said Swift, "don't say so in England; for, if you do, they will certainly tax it."

*Spinning-Jennies.*

Lord ———, the other day, speaking of the marriages of the two sons of Sir Robert Peel, the great manufacturer, the one to Lady Jane Lemon, the other to Lady Jane Manners, his M—y said, "you see, my lord, these Peels can't leave off their Spinning-Jennies."

*Lover's Stratagem.*

A gentleman who was in love with a lady, and had no opportunity to unfold his passion, appeared before her house, and cried out—"Fire! fire! fire!" upon which she threw up the window and asked where; when he placed his hand upon his heart, and said—"Here, here, here."

*Bachelors' Wives.*

An Irish colonel of a volunteer corps, who had long been a confirmed *bachelor*, excited much pleasure by haranguing his men—"Gentlemen, we are all assembled this day to defend our *wives* and our *children*."

*Loss, much Felt.*

Mr. Bannister passing by a house that had been almost consumed by fire, inquired whose it was? Being told it was a hatter's—"Oh, then," rejoined he, "the loss will be *much felt*."

*How to ship a Pig.*

Manœuvre with the animal till you have got his

snout in the proper direction facing the plank which communicates with the vessel, then take hold of his tail and pull it hard, as though you wished him to come from the place, when, from a spirit of opposition natural in pigs, he goes up the plank without further trouble.

#### *Irishman's Gun.*

A man having sold a gun to an Irishman, he soon returned with it, complaining that the barrel was much bent. "Is it?" said he, "then I ought to have charged more for it." "Why so?" said the other. "Because these pieces are constructed for shooting round a corner."

#### *Advantage of Politeness.*

An Irish officer happening to bow, at the moment a cannon ball passed over his head, and took off the head of a soldier who stood behind him: "You see," said he, "that a man never loses by politeness."

#### *Sympathy.*

As a certain musician, who had a very bad voice, was singing one day, he took notice of a gentlewoman who fell a-crying; when, imagining that the sweetness of his melody awakened some passion in her breast, he began to sing louder, and she to weep more bitterly. He had no sooner ended the song, but going to the lady, he asked her why she cried—"Oh!" said she, "I am the unfortunate woman, whose ass the wolves devoured yesterday, and no sooner did I hear you sing, but I thought on my poor ass, for surely never were voices so much alike."

#### *How to Doctor Them.*

A physician being out a-shooting one whole morning without killing any thing, his servant begged leave to go over into the next field, for he was sure there were some birds there: "And," adds the man, "if there are, I'll doctor them." "Doctor

them," says the master, "what do you mean by that?" "Why, kill them, sir."

#### *Lost Money Found.*

A young lady, on hearing that a thousand coins had been found near the Brighton race-course, innocently exclaimed—"I dare say they are my brother's; for I know he lost a thousand the last time he was at the races!"

#### *Fry-day; or Eggs and Bacon.*

Snott, meeting Bannister, said, "I intend dining with you soon, on eggs and bacon—what day shall I come?" To which the other replied—"Why, if you will have that dish, you must come on a—*friday.*"

#### *Sagacious Magistrate.*

A spark being brought before a magistrate, on a charge of horse-stealing, the justice, the moment he saw him, exclaimed—"I see a villain in your countenance." "It is the first time," said the prisoner, very coolly, "that I knew my countenance was a *looking-glass.*"

#### *Substantial Breakfast.*

A young man, boasting of his health and constitutional stamina, very lately, in the hearing of Wewitzer, the player, was asked to what he chiefly attributed so great a happiness—"To what, sir?—To laying in a good foundation, to be sure. I make a point, sir, to eat a great deal every morning." "Then I presume, sir," remarked Wewitzer, "you usually breakfast in a *timber yard.*"

#### *Lawyer Answered.*

An evidence in a court speaking in a very harsh and loud voice, the lawyer employed on the other side, exclaimed in an angry manner—"Fellow, why dost thou bark so furiously?" "Because," replied the rustic, "I think I sees a *thief.*"

*All on One Side.*

A buck being taken before a justice who was rather crooked, after the other witnesses were examined—"What have you to say?" said the justice. "Nothing at all," replied the spark, "for I see you are all on one side."

*The Two Wranglers.*

When Mr. D—— was once at Slaughter's coffee-house, two strangers came in and seated themselves in the same box, and began a very warm dispute on a literary subject. One of them, who had reason on his side, was very polite and moderate: the other, who was glaringly wrong in his argument, was very loud and violent. In about half-an-hour the moderate man, sick of vociferation and insolence, retired: when his adversary, flushed with his victory, turned round to Mr. D——, and exclaimed—"Well, sir, don't you think that I have mauled my antagonist to some purpose?" "Yes, sir," replied he drily, "you have; and if ever I should happen to fight with the Philistines, I should wish to make use of your jaw-bone."

*Rejoicing at a Fall.*

An Irishman having been told that the price of bread had been lowered, exclaimed—"This is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

*The Frenchman and Pigs.*

"A Frenchman happening to stop under a gateway, saw a sow and a litter of pigs pass him. He stood sometime admiring the diversity of colours, till he found an opportunity of popping one under his coat, and running off with it. This he attempted, but was pursued by the ostler, who overtook and seized him with the pig in his possession. He was taken to Bow-street, and fully committed. When the trial came on, the circumstances of the theft being clearly

proved, he was found guilty, and was asked what he had to say why sentence should not be passed—"Me lor, I vil trouble you attendez two tree vord dat I sal say, I, French gentleman, I no understand vat you call de tief in dis country. Mais I vil tell you tout d'affair, and you vil find dat I am innocent. Me lor, I never tief a pig in my life-time." "Why, it was upon you." "Oh, certainly, but I vas take him vid his own consent." "What do you mean?" "Vy, ven I vas see de mamma pig, and his childrens, I was very much in love vid dem; and dis little pig, I look his face, I say, you pretty little yellow, you come live vid me for one month?—He says, a week! a week! So I have taken him for a week, dat's all."

#### *Counsellor Foiled.*

A countryman, on a trial respecting the right of a fishery, at the late Lancaster assizes, was cross-examined by Sergeant Cockel, who, among many other questions, asked the witness—"Dost thou love fish?" "Yea," said the poor fellow, with a look of native simplicity, "but I donna like Cockle sauce with it." A roar of laughter followed, in which the serjeant joined, with his usual good humour.

#### *Matrimonial Similies.*

There are three things which a good wife should resemble, and yet those three things she should not resemble. She should be like a town clock—keep time and regularity. She should not be like a town clock—speak so loud that all the town may hear her. She should be like a snail—prudent, and keep within her own house. She should not be like a snail—carry all she has upon her back. She should be like an echo—speak when spoken to. She should not be like an echo—determined always to have the last word.

#### *Lying Counsellors.*

During a cause in which the boundaries of a piece of land were to be ascertained, the counsel of the one



party stated—"We lie on this side, my lord;" and the counsel of the other party—"And we lie on this side." The chancellor stood up and said—"If you lie on both sides, whom will you have me to believe?"

#### *Too Late to Grow.*

A few days ago, a person, short of stature, was asked by a friend—"Why he did not grow?" His reply was—"It is a late spring."

#### *Love your Enemies.*

A physician seeing Charles Bannister about to drink a glass of brandy, said—"Don't drink that filthy stuff; brandy is the worst enemy you have." "I know that," replied Charles; "but you know we are commanded by Scripture to *love our enemies*."

#### *Appropriate Toast.*

Dr. Egerton, the late Bishop of Durham, on coming to that see, employed a person of the name of Due as his agent, to find out the true value of the estates held by lease under him, and, in consequence of Due's report, greatly raised both the fines and rents of the tenants; on which the following toast was frequently drank in the bishopric—"May the Lord take the *bishop*, and the *devil* have his *Due*."

#### *City Improvements.*

A constant frequenter of city feasts having grown enormously fat, it was proposed to write on his back, "*Widened at the expense of the Corporation.*"

#### *Apology for Dehabille.*

When Lieutenant O'Brian (who was called Sky-rocket-Jack) was blown up at Spithead, in the Edgar, he was on the carriage of a gun, and when brought to the admiral, all black and wet, he said, with pleasantry—"I hope, sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, for I came out of the ship in so great a hurry, that I had no time to shift myself."

*Haughtiness Humbled.*

As Mr. Reynell, a man of some fortune in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, was one day taking his ride, and being, according to his own idea, a person of no small consequence, he thought proper to show it by riding on the foot-path. Meeting a plain farmer-looking man, he ordered him imperiously to get out of his way. "Sir," said the other, "I don't understand this: I am upon the foot-path, where I certainly have a right to walk." "Do you know, sir," said Mr. Reynell, "to whom you speak?" "I do not, indeed." "Sir, I am Mr. Reynell, of Edinburgh." "Well, sir, but that certainly does not entitle you to ride on the foot-path, and to drive a humble pedestrian off it." "Why, sir, I am a trustee of this road." "If you are, you are a very bad one." "You are a very impudent fellow—who are you, sir?" "I am John Duke of Montague." It is almost unnecessary to add that the haughty Laird, after a very awkward apology, went off into the main road.

*Arch Boy and his Maggie.*

An arch boy belonging to one of the ships of war at Portsmouth, had purchased of his play-fellows a magpie, which he carried to his father's house; and was at the door feeding it when a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had an impediment in his speech, coming up—"T—T—T—T—Tom," says the gentleman, can your mag t—t—t—talk ye?" "Ay, sir," says the boy, "better than you; bring his head off." 6

*The Blessings of Wedlock.*

Two farmers held dispute, to prove  
The blessings of connubial love;  
"See here," cries one with honest smile,  
"Six healthful boys my cares beguile."  
"And I," cried t' other, might, perhaps,  
Have had as fine a set of chaps:  
But (which our happiness ensures)  
Our priest is not so young as yours."

JOE MILLER'S JEST BOOK.

*My Uncle.*

Who lives where hangs three golden balls,  
Where Dick's poor mother often calls,  
And leaves her tippet, muffs, and shawls?

My Uncle.

Who, when you're short of the short stuff,  
Now starving for an ounce of snuff,  
Will "raise the wind" to buy enough?

My Uncle.

Who once put his heart with "Money lent,"  
When friends are cold, and all is spent,  
Receiving only cent. per cent.?

My Uncle.

Who, when I want a glass of gin,  
Will take my ragged jacket in,  
And keep it till I call again?

My Uncle.

Who takes my sancepan full of holes,  
And shoes in want of better soles,  
To raise the dust to buy the coals?

My Uncle.

Who takes the linen, torn and soil'd,  
And cradle, piddled till it's spoil'd:  
In short, takes all, except the child?

My Uncle.

Who, when the wretch is sunk in grief,  
And none beside will yield relief,  
Will aid the honest or the thief?

My Uncle.

Yet when detection threatens law,  
Who hidden stores will open draw,  
That future rogues may stand in awe?

My Uncle.

Who, fortune's golden glare withdrawn,  
When sycophants no longer fawn,  
Takes all but honour into pawn?

My Uncle.

Who cares not what distress may bring,  
If stolen from beggar or from king,  
And, like the sea, takes every thing?

My Uncle.

Who does all this, and think 'st no sin,  
And would he yield a glass of gin,  
Would take the very devil in?

My Uncle.

Bought wisdom is the best, 'tis clear,  
And since 'tis better as more dear,  
We for high prices should revere.

My Uncle.

*Irish Acumen v. Pathetic Appeal.*

A lawyer upon a circuit in Ireland, who was pleading the cause of an infant plaintiff, took the child up in his arms, and presented it to the Jury, suffused with tears. This had a great effect until the opposite lawyer asked the child—"What made him cry?" "He pinched me!" answered the little innocent. The whole court was convulsed with laughter.

*Whimsical Victuals:*

About half a century ago, when it was more the fashion to drink ale at Oxford than at present, a humorous fellow, of punning memory, established an alehouse near the Pound, and wrote over his door, "Ale sold by the Pound." As his ale was as good as his jokes, the Oxonians resorted to his house in great numbers, and sometimes staid there beyond the college hours. This was made a matter of complaint to the Vice-Chancellor, who was desired to take away his licence, by one of the proctors of the University. Boniface was summoned to attend, and when he came into the Vice-Chancellor's presence, he began hawking and spitting about the room; this the Chancellor observed, and asked what he meant by it?—"Please your worship," said he, "I came here on purpose to clear myself." The Vice-Chancellor, imagining that he actually weighed his ale, and sold it in that manner; he therefore said to him—"They tell me you sell your ale by the pound; is that true?" "No, an't please your worship" replied the wit. "How do you, then?" said the Chancellor. "Very well, I thank you, sir," replied the wit, "how do you do?" The Chancellor laughed, and said—"Get away for a rascal, I will say no more to you." The fellow departed, and crossing the quadrangle, met the Proctor who laid the information; "Sir," said he, "the Vice-Chancellor wants to speak with you," and returned with him. "Here, sir," said he, "here he is." "Who?" said the Chancellor. "Why, air," said he, "you sent me for a

rascal, and I have brought you the greatest that I know of."

*Both Parties Agreed.*

"I wonder," says a woman of humour, "why my husband and I quarrel so often, for we agree uniformly in one grand point; he wishes to be master, and so do I."

*Gun, charged too High.*

A person whose name was Gun, complaining to a friend that his attorney, in his bill, had not let him off easily—"That is no wonder," said he, "as he charged you too high."

*Matrimonial Quarrel.*

A clergyman was reproving a married couple for their frequent dissensions, which were very unbecoming both in the eye of God and man, seeing, as he observed, that they were both *one*. "Both *one*!" cried the husband. "Was your reverence to come by our door sometimes, you would swear we were *twenty*."

*Warped in Travelling.*

A crooked gentleman, on his arrival at Bath, was asked by another, what place he had travelled from? "I came *straight* from London," replied he. "Did you so?" said the other; "then you have been terribly *warped* by the way."

*Apt Reply of a Child.*

A boy having been much praised for his quickness of reply, a gentleman present observed, that when children were keen in their youth, they were generally stupid and dull when they advanced in years, and *vice versa*. "What a *very sensible* boy, sir, must you have been!" returned the child.

*Addison and Steele.*

A gentleman, who was dining with another, praised very much the meat, and asked who was the

butcher. "His name is Addison." "Addison!" echoed the guest; "pray is he any relation to the poet?" "In all probability he is, for he is seldom without his steel (*Steele*) by his side."

#### *No Danger.*

An obscure physician, quarrelling with a neighbour, swore, in a great rage, that some time or other he would be the death of him. "No, doctor," replied the other, "for I shall never send for you."

#### *Philosophic Tobacco Stopper*

It is said of Sir Isaac Newton, that he *did* once in his life go a wooing, and as it was to be expected, had the greatest attention and indulgence paid to the little peculiarities which ever accompany great genius. Knowing he was fond of smoking, the lady assiduously provided him with a pipe, and they were then seated as if to open the business of Cupid. Sir Isaac smoked a few whiffs—seemed at a loss for something—whiffed again—and at last drew his chair nearer to the lady—a pause of some minutes ensued—Sir Isaac seemed still more uneasy—Oh; the timidity of some men thought the lady. When, lo! Sir Isaac whiffed with redoubled fury, and drew the captive hand nearer his head; already the repeated salute had vibrated from the hand to the heart, when, (pity the damsel, gentle reader!) Sir Isaac only raised the fair hand to make the fore-finger, what he much wanted—*A tobacco stopper!!!*

#### *Beggar's Feeling Wish.*

A beggar in Dublin, had been a long time besieging an old gouty, testy, limping gentleman, who refused his wite with irritability; on which the medicant said—"Ah, please your honour's honour, I wish your heart was as tender as your toes."

#### *Drowned, but not Lost.*

An Englishman travelling in Kilkenny, came to a ford, and hired a boat to take him across. The

water being more agitated than was agreeable to him, he asked the boatman if any person was ever lost in the passage. "Never," replied Pat, "my brother was drowned here last week, but we found him the next day."

*Poor Miles Button.*

"Which is the deepest, the longest, the broadest, and the smallest grave in this church-yard?" said a pedestrian to his companion, whilst meditating among the tombs in the burying-ground at Esher. "Why," replied his companion, "it is that in which poor Miles Button lies buried, for it contains *Miles* below the sod, *Miles* in length, and *Miles* in breadth: and yet, after all, it is but a *Button-hole*."

*Chinese Jest.*

A woman, surprised by her husband, had just time to hide her gallant in a sack, and set him up against the wall. The man coming in, asks—"What is there in this sack?" The woman, taken suddenly, is confused; and heitates a moment for an answer. The gallant, afraid she would blunder, calls out from the inside of the sack—"Nothing but rice."

*An Epitaph.*

"Remember me as you pass by,  
As you are now so once was I;  
As I am now so you must be,  
Therefore, prepare to follow me."

Underneath these lines, some one wrote in blue paint,  
"To follow you I'm not content,  
Unless I knew which way you went."

*Apt Title.*

A Hampstead coachman, who drove two miserable hacks, styled his vehicle the Regulator. A brother whip called out the other day, while passing him—"I say, Tom, don't you call your coach the Regulator?" "Yes, I do," replied the other. "Ay, and a devilish proper name it is," resumed Jehu—"Why so?" "Why, because all the other coaches go by it."

*Wholesome Advice.*

A forward young lady was walking one morning on the Steyne, at Brighton, when she encountered a facetious friend. "You see, Mr. —," said she, "I am come out to get a little sun and air. "I think, madam, you had better get a little husband first," was the reply.

*Trick in Passing the Habeas-Corpus Act.*

Burnet relates, that the habeas corpus act was carried by an odd artifice in the House of Lords. Lords Grey and Norris being named to be the tellers, and Lord Norris being subject to the vapours, was not at all times attentive; so a very fat lord coming in, Lord Grey counted him for ten, as a jest at first: but seeing Lord Norris had not observed it, he went on with this misreckoning of ten, and it was reported to the house, and declared, that they who were for the bill were the majority, though it indeed went on the other side; and by this means the bill passed. Would to Heaven, that all tricks had the same happy results.

*An Irish Compliment.*

When the late Marquis of Lansdown paid a visit to his estates in Ireland, he fell in with a Mr. W——, who occupied a large farm of his lordship's; and understanding that he was hastening home to the christening of one of his children, his lordship very frankly offered himself to be his guest. The gentleman bowing very respectfully, replied—"That he could not possibly accept of the honour intended him; that his friends, who were assembled on the occasion, were all *honest plain-speaking* men, and, as such, could not be *fit company* for his lordship.

*Birds of a Feather.*

Lord Erskine and Dr. Parr, were considered, even by their personal friends, to be the vainest men of the age. The doctor said to the Ex-Chancellor, in one



of their social meetings—"Erskine, I mean to write your epitaph when you die." Lord Erskine replied—"Doctor, it is almost a temptation to commit suicide."

#### *Close Quarters.*

A young ensign residing in lodgings, the rooms of which were very small, was visited by a fashionable friend, who had no sooner entered, than he exclaimed—"Heaven defend me, Charles, where you do find space to breathe in here? Why there's hardly room enough for a cock to crow in! How long have you lived in this *nut shell*?" "Not long enough," replied the other, archly, "to become a *kernel*."

#### *Curious Distribution of Happiness.*

To give happiness, it is said, is godlike: but there are, it seems, different ways of giving it. We presume few would choose it as it was said once to have been administered by a captain in our navy, who, on meeting a friend as he landed at Portsmouth, boasted that he had left his whole ship's company the happiest fellows in the world. "How so?" asked his friend. "Why I have just flogged seventeen, and they are happy it is over; and all the rest are happy that they have escaped."

#### *A Pun in Perfection.*

James the I. of England, and VI. of Scotland, though in some degree a man of sense and wit, seems to have been remarkably deficient in the more important talent of steadiness and vigour of mind. It is said that he was not unconscious of this defect; and that he was once told of it in a very curious manner from the pulpit. He heard of a famous preacher, who, according to the fashion of the times, was very witty in his sermons, and peculiarly happy in his choice of texts. James got this person to preach before him; who, with all suitable gravity, gave out his text in the following words—"James I. and VI., in the latter part of the verse." "He that

wavereb is like a wave of the sea, driven by the winds and tossed." "God's chickens!" whispered the king, "he is at me already!" The preacher went on, and trimmed the king soundly. The text is genuine, and the application of it witty, even independently of the pun, which seems so well suited to the taste of the times of "James I. and VI."

*A Good Thing well Applied.*

Dr. Henniker, being engaged in private conversation with the great Earl of Chatham, his lordship asked him how he defined wit. "My lord," said the doctor, wit is like what a pension would be, given by your lordship to your humble servant, a *good thing well applied*.

*Sir John Mason.*

This celebrated courtier was born in the reign of Henry VII., and was privy counsellor to Henry VIII., Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth. He was a man of great talents, and greater probity, which he displayed in very treacherous and turbulent terms. On his death bed, he called his family together, and thus addressed, them—"Lo, I have lived to see five princes, and have been privy counsellor to four of them. I have seen the most remarkable things in foreign parts; and have been present in most state transactions for thirty years at home. After so much experience, I have learned that seriousness is the greatest wisdom; temperance the best physician; and a good conscience the best estate; and were I to live again, I would change the court for a cloister; my privy counsellor's bustle for the retirement of a hermit; and my whole life in the palace for an hour's enjoyment of God in my closet. All things now forsake me, except my God, my duty, and my prayers.

*A Legacy Gauge.*

A rich old baronet, constantly calculated the state of his health by the rise and fall of the mercenary

attentions of pretended friends and relatives. Some little time before he died, his physicians would have persuaded him that he was much better—it would not do; he had just discovered he had six fatal symptoms in his case, *three presents, and three visits, in one day, from his dear friend Mr. H.*

#### *Excessive Exercise.*

There were two very fat noblemen at the court of Louis XV., the duke de L——, and the duke de N——. They were both one day at the levee when the king began to rally the former on his corpulence. “You take no exercise, I suppose,” said the king. “Pardon me, sire,” said de L——, “I walk twice a day round my cousin de N——.”

#### *Generosity Rewarded.*

The following anecdote of the Hon. Mr. Rigby, has been attested by persons whose veracity may be relied on:—Like most young gentlemen in Ireland, he used to play, and sometimes pretty deep. Being one evening at hazard, in a public place, he was very successful; and having won a considerable sum, he was putting it in his purse, when a person behind him said, in a low voice to himself—“Had I that sum what a happy man I should be!” Mr. R. without looking back, put the purse over his shoulder, saying—“Take it, my friend, and be happy.” The stranger made no reply, but accepted it, and retired. Every one present was astonished at Mr. Rigby’s uncommon beneficence, whilst he received additional pleasure, on being informed that the person who had received the benefit was a half-pay officer in great distress. Some years after, a gentleman waited upon him in his own equipage, and, being introduced to Mr. R., acquainted him that he came to acquit a debt he had contracted with him in Dublin. Mr. R. was greatly surprised at this declaration, as he was an entire stranger. “Yes, sir,” continued the visitor, “you assisted me with above a hundred pounds, at a time that I was in the utmost indigence, without

knowing or even seeing me;" and then related the affair of the gaming-table. "With that money," continued the stranger, "I was enabled to pay some debts, and fit myself out for India, where I have been so fortunate as to make an ample fortune." Mr. Rigby declined taking the money, but, through the pressing solicitation of the gentleman, accepted a valuable diamond ring.

#### *Pennant's Tour.*

Mr. Pennant was a most ingenious, pleasing, writer; his tours display a great variety of knowledge, expressed in an engaging way. In private life, it is said, he had some peculiarities, and even eccentricities. Among the latter may be classed his singular antipathy to a wig; which, however, he could suppress till reason yielded to a little wine; for, when this was the case, off went the wig next to him, and into the fire. Dining once at Chester with an officer who wore a wig, Mr. Pennant became half-seas over; a friend placed himself between them to prevent mischief. After much patience, and many a wistful look, Pennant started up, seized the wig, and threw it into the fire. It was in flames in a moment, and so was the officer, who drew his sword. Down stairs ran Pennant, and the officer after him, through most of the streets in Chester, but Pennant escaped, from superior local knowledge. A wag called this "Pennant's Tour through Chester."

#### *Matrimonial Service.*

A friend of mine, a cosey old bachelor, who has been looking into a prayer-book, says, that the Matrimonial service exactly resembles Matrimony itself, since they both begin with "Dearly Beloved," and both end with "Amazement."

#### *Negro Shrewdness.*

During the American war an avaricious planter, in Jamaica, frequently curtailed his negroes' weekly

allowance of red herrings and Indian meal. The slaves more than once went in a body, and demanded the reason, but the constant reply from the overseer was—"The provision-vessels have been taken by American privateers. This satisfied them for some time; but at length, being exhausted with long fasting, and tired of a repetition of the same story, one of the principal negroes, in the name of the rest, proposed the following question:—"Massa, de provisions taken ebery day by de 'Merican privateer; vy dey not take de vessels wid de grubbin-höe and de pick-axe?"

#### *Economical Sportsman.*

The following well authenticated narrative will sufficiently prove that there is no passion of the human breast so strong, but that it may be equalled, and sometimes surpassed, by others, of less apparent energy.

With half a dozen children, as many couple of hounds, and two hunters, Mr. Osbaldeston, clerk to an attorney, kept himself, family, and these dogs and horses, upon sixty pounds per annum. This also was effected in London, without running in debt, and with always a good coat on his back. To explain this seeming impossibility, it should be observed, that after the expiration of the office hours, Osbaldeston acted as an accountant for the butchers at Clare Market, who paid him in offal. The choicest morsels of this he selected for himself and family, and with the rest he fed his hounds, which were kept in the garret. His horses he lodged in the cellar, and kept on grains from a neighbouring brewhouse, and on damaged corn, with which he was supplied by a corn-chandler, whose books he kept in order once or twice a week. In the season he hunted, and by giving a hare now and then to the farmers, over whose grounds he sported, he secured their good-will and permission; and several gentlemen, struck with the extraordinary economical mode of his hunting arrangements, which were generally known, winked

at his going over their manors. Mr. Osbaldeston was the younger son of a gentleman of good family, but small fortune, in the north of England, and having imprudently married one of his father's servants, was turned out of doors, with no other fortune than a ~~rather~~ hound big with pup, and whose offspring, from that time, became a source of amusement to him.

### *Impudent Thief.*

As two ladies were knocking at a door in the afternoon service-time (Sunday), a person, who had the appearance of a gentleman, stepped up to the house and bowed to them. The door opened, and they all walked in together. After some conversation in the parlour, the gentleman began to wonder at his aunt's not returning from church, and to observe upon the length of the sermon, which he imagined must be the cause of it. The wished-for lady, however, was soon heard at the door; and the gentleman instantly proposed a scheme to frighten his relation (pretty effectually as it turned out) for the diversion of the company. The scheme was, that he should slip into the next room with the silver teakettle and the lamp, in order that the lady, so soon as she should call for it, might conclude it was stolen. As the lady came into the room, the gentleman made round to the passage; the maid opened the door, and he told her he should be back again immediately to tea. After the first compliments had passed amongst the ladies, the tea was called for: the visitors, who thought themselves in the secret, entered; the lady of the house was at a loss to know the reason; she rang the bell; the maid missed the kettle. The alarm began, and (to make short of the story) the visitors were obliged to confess that the nephew had hid himself in the next room, with the kettle, on purpose to cause the surprise. The lady started at the name nephew, having no relation of that denomination; the maid was a sufficient evi-

dence of the gentleman's exit; and not the least doubt could remain as to what was become of the tea-kettle and lamp.

#### *Sporting Ardour.*

The late Duke of Grafton, when hunting, was thrown into a ditch; at the same time a young curate, calling out "Lie still my Lord," leaped over him, and pursued his sport. Such apparent want of feeling, we may presume, was properly resented. No such thing. On being helped out by his attendants, his Grace said—"That man shall have the first good living that falls to my disposal—had he stopped to have taken care of me, I never would have given him any thing:" being delighted with an ardour similar to his own, or with a spirit that would not stoop to flatter.

#### *Severe Rebuke.*

Sir William B. being at a parish meeting, made some proposals that were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, "Sir," says he to the farmer, "do you know, that I have been to two universities, and at two colleges in each university?" "Well, air," said the farmer, "what of that? I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was, the more he sucked the greater calf he grew."

#### *Electioneering Anecdote.—A Convenient Pulse.*

The late Dr. Barrowby interested himself very much in favour of Sir George Vandeput, who was nominated in opposition to the court party. At this period the doctor had for some weeks attended the noted Joe Weatherby, master of the Ben Jonson's Head, in Russell-street, Covent-garden, who had been greatly emaciated by a nervous fever. During the doctor's visits, the patient's wife, not knowing that gentleman's political attachment, had frequently expressed her uneasiness that her Joey could not get up and vote for her good friend Lord Trentham.

Towards the end of the election, when the very uncommon means were used on both sides to obtain the suffrages of the people, the doctor, calling one morning on his patient, to his great astonishment, found him up, and almost dressed by the nurse and her assistants. "Hey-day! what's the cause of this?" exclaims Barrowby, "why should you get out of bed without my directions?" "Dear doctor," says poor old Joey, in broken accents, "I am going to poll." "To poll," replies the doctor, with great warmth (supposing that he espoused the same side that his wife did), "going to the devil you mean; why do you not know that the cold air must destroy you? Get to bed, man; get to bed as fast as you can, or immediate death may ensue." "Oh, sir, if that be the case," returned the patient, in faltering accents, "to be sure I must act as you advise me; but I love my country, sir, and thought, while my wife was out, to seize this opportunity to go to Covent-garden church and vote for Sir G. Vandeput." "How, Joey, for Sir George?" "Yes, sir, I wish him heartily well." "Do you?" says the medical politician. "Hold! nurse! don't pull off his stockings again; let me feel his pulse. Hey! very well: a good firm stroke; this will do; you took the pills I ordered last night?" "Yes, doctor, but they made me very sick." "Aye, so much the better. How did your master sleep, nurse?" "O charmingly, sir," replied the nurse. "Did he! well, if his mind be uneasy about this election, he must be indulged; diseases of the mind greatly affect those of the body. Come, come, throw a great coat or blanket about him, it is a fine day; but the sooner he goes the better, the sun will be down very soon. Here, here, lift him up; a ride will do him good; he shall go to the hustings in my chariot. The doctor was directly obeyed, and poor Joey Weatherby was carried in the chariot to the place of poll, where he gave his vote according to his conscience; and, two hours after his medical friend had left him at his



own house, he departed this life, loaded with the reproaches of his beloved wife and the court party.

#### Gin.

The following elegant lines are inscribed above the door of the Red-Lion public-house, near Greenwich. We scarcely know which to admire the most, their rhyme or their reason :—

" Let us go in, and have some gin,  
I know 'twill make us cheerful ;  
This is the shop where friends do stop,  
And drink it by the pail-full."

#### Loss of Sight.

A rich but miserly man invited a poor acquaintance to dine with him, and when they were seated at table, helped him to a very small piece of meat ; upon which, the poor man, starting from his chair, exclaimed—" I'm blind ! I'm blind ! I'm blind !" The other, astonished at this sudden misfortune, begged his guest to resume his seat, and try if he could not see at all ; on this, the poor man, taking up his plate, said—" I think I can see a *little bit*."

#### Law's Brevity.

In a cause of three years, for three pinches of snuff,  
There's a *brief* of three yards ; I hope that's *brief* enough.

#### General Dissolution.

A gentleman happening to remark, one intensely hot evening, that Parliament would soon be dissolved, a young lady immediately added—" *So shall we all, if this weather continues.*"

#### Dr. Johnson's Dictionary.

When Johnson had completed his Dictionary, the delay of which had quite exhausted the patience of Millar, the bookseller, the latter acknowledged the receipt of the last sheet in the following terms :

" Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet

of the copy of the Dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him."

To this incourteous intimation, the doctor replied in this smart retort :

"Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find (as he does by his note) that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for any thing."

### *Indian Aouteness.*

Soon after the settlement of New England, Governor Dudley, taking a walk, met a stout Indian begging, and saying he could get no work. The governor told him to go to his house, and he would give him work. "But," says the negro, "why you no work, massa?" "O," said the governor, "my head works." He however turned out an idle good-for-nothing fellow, and his master found it necessary one day to have him flogged. With this view he gave him a letter, desiring him to carry it to the keeper of the workhouse. The negro, suspecting its contents, committed it to the care of one of his comrades; who got a sound whipping for his trouble. The governor having learnt this, asked Mungo why he did so—"O massa," said he, "head work."

### *Irish Dreaming.*

When General V—— was quartered in a small town in Ireland, he and his lady were regularly besieged, as they got into their carriage, by an old beggar woman, who kept her post at the door, assailing them daily with fresh importunities. Their charity and patience became exhausted: not so the petitioner's perseverance. One morning, as Mrs. V. stepped into the carriage, our oratrix began—"Oh, my lady! success to your ladyship, and success to your honour's honour, this morning of all the days in the year; for sure did I not *dream* last night her ladyship gave me a pound of tea, and your honour give me a pound of tobacco." "But, my good

woman," said the general, "don't you know that dreams go by the rule of contrary?" "Do they so?" rejoined the old woman: "then it must mean, that your honour will give me the tea, and her ladyship the tobacco."

*Claret v. Port.*

Home, the author of *Douglas*, held port wine in abhorrence. In his younger days claret was the only wine drunk by gentlemen in Scotland. He wrote these four lines on the enforcement of the high duty on French wine in this country:

Firm and erect the Caledonian stood:  
 Old was his mutton, and his claret good:  
 "Let him drink port," an English statesman cried—  
 He drank the poison, and his spirit died."

*Four Bon Vivants.*

Theo. Cibber, in company with three other bon vivants, made an excursion. Theo. had a false set of teeth; a second, a glass eye; a third, a cork leg; but the fourth had nothing particular, except a remarkable way of shaking his head, travelled in a post-coach; and while at the first stage, after each had made merry with his neighbour's infirmity, they agreed that every baiting-place they would all affect the same singularity. When they came to breakfast, they were all to squint; and as the countrymen stood gaping round when they alighted—"Od rot it," cried one, "how that man squints!" "Why, dom thee," said a second, "here be another squinting fellow!" The third was thought to be a better squinter than the other two, and the fourth better than all the rest. In short, language cannot express how admirably they squinted, for they went one degree beyond the superlative. At dinner they appeared to have cork legs, and their stumping about made more diversion than they had done at breakfast. At tea they were all deaf; but at supper, which was at the Ship, at Dover, each man resumed his character, the better to play his part in a farce

they had concerted among them. When they were ready to go to bed, Cibber called out to the waiter, "Here, fellow, take out my teeth." "Teeth, sir!" said the man. "Aye, teeth, sir. Unscrew that wire, and they'll all come out together." After some hesitation, the man did as he was ordered. This was no sooner performed than a second called out, "Here, you, take out my eye!" "Lord, sir," said the waiter, "Your eye!" "Yes, my eye. Come here, you stupid dog; pull up that eye-lid, and it will come out as easy as possible." This done, the third cried out, "Here, you rascal, take off my leg!" This he did with less reluctance, being before apprised that it was cork, and also conceived that it would be his last job. He was however, mistaken. The fourth watched his opportunity, and while the frightened waiter was surveying with rueful countenance the eye, teeth, and leg, lying on the table, cried out, in a frightful hollow voice, "Come here, sir, take off my head!" Turning round, and seeing the man's head shaking like that of a mandarine upon a chimney-piece, he darted out of the room, and after tumbling headlong down stairs, he ran about the house, swearing that the gentlemen up stairs were certainly all devils.

### *Man.*

Every man is a republic in miniature; and although very limited in its parts, yet very difficult to govern. Each individual is a little world—the elements; and having life like the brutes, and reason like the angels, it seems as though all were happily united in him. He can traverse the vast universe, comprehend the present, past, and future; in him are the principles of life and darkness; in him also are united the most extraordinary elements, and most incompatible qualities.

### *A Poser.*

A pedantic country school-master asked a sailor what was the third and half-third of ten-pence. The

sailor, who was illiterate, but unwilling to confess his ignorance, evaded giving an answer, by saying, that he did not choose to give that knowledge for nothing, which had cost him much trouble and expense to acquire: adding, that he could propose a much harder question than that. The pedagogue piqued at this, exclaimed—"What is that!" "Why," said the tar, "if a pound of cheese costs fourpence, what will a cart load of turnips amount to."

### *Slander.*

Against slander there is no defence. Hell cannot boast so foul a fiend, nor man deplore so fell a foe. It stabs with a word, with a nod, with a shrug, with a look, with a smile. It is the pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide, which the most wary traveller cannot avoid. It is the heart-searching dagger of the assassin. It is the poisoned arrow whose wound is incurable. It is as mortal as the sting of the deadly adder;—murder is its employment, innocence its prey, and ruin its sport.

### *Speculations on a Prize in the Lottery.*

In the early part of the reign of king George the II., the footman of a lady of quality, under the absurd infatuation of a dream disposed of the savings of the last twenty years of his life, in two tickets, which proving blanks, after a few melancholy days, he put an end to his life. In his box was found a plan of the manner in which he had proposed to spend the five thousand pound prizes, which his mistress preserved as a curiosity:

"As soon as I have received the money, I'll marry Grace Towers, but as she has been cross and coy, I'll use her as a servant. Every morning she shall get me a mug of strong beer, with a toast, nutmeg, and sugar in it; then I will sleep till ten; after which I will have a large sack posset. My dinner shall be on table by one, and never without a good pudding; I'll have a stock of wine and brandy

laid in ; about five in the afternoon I'll have tarts and jellies, and a gallon bowl of punch ; at ten a hot supper of two dishes ; if I'm in a good-humour, and *Grace behaves herself*, she shall sit down with me ; to bed about twelve.

### *Good Trade.*

At Highgate, by salubrious air,  
Had thriiven butchers--bakers ;  
But since a doctor settled there,  
None thrive but undertakers.

### *Special Pleaders in the Court of Requests.*

A dispute having arisen between *Jerry Snip*, a respectable tailor, and *Galen Glauber*, an eminent apothecary, respecting a pair of small-clothes, with which Mr. Snip had furnished him, the tailor was under the necessity of calling upon the doctor to meet him at the Court of Requests, where the following trial of *professional skill* took place, to the great entertainment of the whole court. Mr. Snip having thrice hemm'd, to clear his pipe, thus addressed the bench—

An't please your worship, I beg leave to tender my *suit* ; trusting I shall receive such *measure* of redress, as is *fitting*. I am in *sheer* distress, and live upon *remnants* and such-like, and besides am sorely afflicted with the *tape-worm* : else I would laugh in my *sleeve* ; and care not a *button* for my enemy. As it is, I must stick in his *skirts* 'till he pays : for I can't afford to be out of *pocket*. My *inside* must be *lined* with a *thimble*-full of good stuff, or I must *die* ! But though I am poor, I am a *pattern* of morality, and would rather go to *hell* and feed on *cabbage*, than say a *pin's-point* from the truth, before one *seated* on the *shop-board* of justice. Now your worship must know, this 'potticary *Galen Glauber*, who has not a *sheen* of *Honesty* in his *make*, ordered a pair of jalap-colored breeches, or as the ladies delicately call them, *inexpressibles*. When I took them home, no fault was found ; but, when I presented my bill, my *gemman* began to

hem ; and getting into a huge pucker, said I might as well have put him into a strait waistcoat, that the band was too high, and had given him a twist in the bowels, a stitch in the side, and such sort of nonsense. This raised my *choler*, and we were very near coming to cuffs. My fingers did itch to trim him, and to sew his eyes up—I'd have made him stiff as buckram. For I'll lay any man a goose to a remnant, there never was a better cut article in the trade. So I hope your worship will not allow Galen Glauber to leave the yard, before he opens the pleats of his purse, and gathers for me the amount of my bill.

Mr. Snip, having concluded, the doctor thus replied—now, that this *precipitate maniac* has made his *erude indigested motion*, replete with *gall*, let me submit a statement of the case. I trust I shall *purge* from your worship's mind, all ideas of my having followed a *wrong course* ; and that I shall so turn the scales, as to *gripe* my opponent smartly. Nothing *acid* shall issue from my lips. I would rather *heal* than *ulcerate* : I would rather *discuss* than *foment* this tumour of disputation. It shall be my endeavour to remove those *symptoms of inflammation* which must obstruct the cure of the *evil* before us. Yet I am by no means *lethargic* or *phlegmatic* : not so ; I only avoid *venomous applications*, such as must irritate the *subject*. But to proceed ; this *quack* of a *prick-louse*, was call'd in to make me a pair of small-clothes ; for which, after due *consultation* he had my *recipe*. But, having perhaps taken a *drachm* too much, or being void of all *scruples* of conscience, he neglected to form them *secundum artem*, as I had *prescribed*. He made the waistband too small, which operating as a *ligature*, pressed so severely on the *abdomen*, as to produce a *constipation* of the *rectum* ; and agitating the *intestines*, so accelerated the *peristaltic motion*, as to cause a rapid *expulsion* of the *faces*, such as eluded the retentive powers of the *sphincter ani* ! This operation so flooded the small-

clothes in question, as to render them not only an *eye-sore*, but too *fætid* for further use; as your worship's *olfactory nerves* no doubt can testify. The *revulsion* I have described was evidently *induced* by the *pressure* of the belly band; which being so *tense* as to render ineffectual all attempts to unbutton, compelled me to the necessity of making an *incision*, so as to *divide* the *noxious parts*. All this I pointed out in a *lecture* to this *phrenzied* man, who in lieu of being *patient*, and duly weighing causes with effects, became red as *dragon's blood*, and assuming a *daring tone*, adhered like *diachylon* to his unjust demands. I remained *cool*; else had I been of an *irritable habit*, I should have made my stick cling round him like *quill-bark*, or perhaps have *phlebotomised* him at the *nose*! However, I will *amputate* all *excrecences* from the *matter*, and having described the *rise*, *progress*, and *symptoms* of the *distemper*, will cheerfully confide in your worship's justice to *deliver* me from this *lunatic's obstruction* to the *functions* of my profession!

The court having heard both parties, decided, that, as the tailor had not abided by the orders given, he must submit to a non-suit.

*Hibernian Blunders, exemplified in the following copy of a Letter, written during the Rebellion, by an Irish Member of Parliament, to his friend in London:—*

“ My dear Sir—Having now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are in from these blood-thirsty rebels, most of whom are, thank God, killed and dispersed.

“ We are in a pretty mess; can get nothing to eat, nor any wine to drink, except whiskey; and when we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both hands armed. Whilst I write this letter I hold a sword in each hand and a pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it, and I see I was right, for it is not half over



yet. At present there are such goings on, that every thing is at a stand.

"I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning. Indeed, hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed; no longer ago than yesterday, the coach, with the mails from Dublin, was robbed near this town; the bags had been judiciously left behind for fear of accidents, and by good luck there was nobody in it but two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take.

"Last Thursday notice was given that a gang of rebels was advancing here under the French standard; but they had no colours nor any drums, except bag-pipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and boys, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little, and they were far too near for us to think of retreating. Death was in every face; but to it we went, and by the time half our little party were killed we began to be all alive. Fortunately the rebels had no guns but pistols, cutlasses, and pikes; and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword. Not a soul of them escaped except some that were drowned in an adjacent bog; and, in a very short time there was nothing to be heard but silence. Their uniforms were all of different colours, but mostly green. After the action we went to rummage a sort of camp they had left behind them; all we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles full of water, and a bundle of blank French commissions filled up with Irishmen's names.

"Troops are now stationed every where round the country, which exactly squares with my ideas.

"I have only leisure to add, that I am, in great haste, your's truly.

"P. S. If you don't receive this in course it must have miscarried; therefore I beg you will immediately write to let me know."

*Thomson the Poet.*

When the first edition of his *Seasons* came out, the poet sent a copy, handsomely bound, to Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto, afterwards Lord Justice Clerk, who had shown him great kindness. Sir Gilbert showed the book to his gardener, a relation of Thomson, who took the book into his hands, and turning it over and over, and gazing on it with admiration, Sir Gilbert said to him—"Well, David, what do you think of James Thomson now? there's a book will make him famous all the world over, and immortalise his name." David, looking now at Sir Gilbert, then at the book, said—"In troth, sir, it is a grand book! I did not think the lad had ingenuity enow to ha' done sic a neat piece of handicraft."

*Legal Risibilities Thrice Tried.*

The late counsellor E—, Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for Dublin, was so remarkable for his lenity to female culprits, that a woman was seldom convicted when he presided. On one occasion, when this humane barrister was not in the chair, a prim looking woman was put to the bar of the Commission court, at which presided the equally humane, though perhaps not so gallant, Baron L—. She was indicted for uttering forged bank notes. According to usual form of law, the clerk of the crown asked the prisoner if she was ready to take her trial? With becoming disdain, she answered, "No!" She was told by the clerk, she must give her reasons why. As if scorning to hold conversation with the fellow, she thus addressed his lordship—"My lord, I won't be tried here at all, I'll be tried by my Lord E—." The simplicity of the woman, coupled with the well known character of E—, caused a roar of laughter in the court, which even the bench could not resist. Baron L—, with his usual mildness, endeavoured to explain the impossibility of her being tried by the popular judge, and said—"He can't try you," when the woman stopped him

short, and with an inimitable sneer, exclaimed—  
 “Can’t try me! I beg your pardon, my lord; he tried  
 me twice before.” She was tried, however; and, for  
 the third time, acquitted!

#### *The Eton Montem.*

The origin of this triennial ceremony of the Eton scholars parading to Salt Hill is derived from monkish superstition; friars, in days of yore, having on certain occasions sold consecrated salt to passengers as an antidote against the plague. Two Eton boys, in fancy silk dresses and ostrich feathers, calling themselves salt bearers, stand on the bridge and exact money from all passengers—the king and royal family contribute—the king generally gives 100 guineas. The collection has exceeded 1000 guineas. The boys appoint a captain and two salt-bearers. The sum collected, after defraying the expenses of a dinner at Salt-hill, is given to the flag bearer, who leaves school for college.

#### *Mayor of Garratt.*

About the year 1750, several persons, who lived near that part of Wandsworth which adjoins Garratt-lane, formed a kind of club, not merely to eat and drink, but to concert measures for removing the encroachments made on that common, and to prevent others from being made in future. As the members were most of them persons in humble circumstances, they agreed to contribute some small matter at every meeting in order to make up a purse for the defence of their collective rights; when a sufficient sum was subscribed, they applied to an attorney in that neighbourhood, who brought an action against the encroachers in the name of the president (or, as they called him, the *mayor*) of the club, they gained their suit with costs, the encroachments were destroyed, and ever after the president, who lived many years, was called “*the Mayor of Garratt.*”

This event happening at the time of a general election, the ceremony, upon every new parliament

of choosing *out door* members for the borough of Gerratt, has been constantly kept up; and is still continued, to the great emolument of all the publicans at Wandsworth, who annually subscribe to all incidental expenses attending on this mock election.

### *A Noble Mother.*

The celebrated Duchess of Grammont, on being brought before the revolutionary tribunal, was asked by Fonquier Tinville, the public accuser, if it was not true that she had sent money to her emigrant children? "I was about to say, no," replied she; "but my life is not worth saving by a falsehood."

### *The Wisdom of a Fool.*

Bishop Hall relates, that there was a certain nobleman of his day, who kept a fool, to whom he one day gave a staff (a thing commonly used in walking at that time by all pedestrians whether rich or poor), with a charge to keep it till he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself. Not many years after, the nobleman fell sick even unto death. The fool came to see him; his sick lord said to him—"I must shortly leave you." "And whither are you going?" asked the fool. "Into another world," replied his lordship. "And when will you come back again? Within a month?" "No." "Within a year?" "No." "When then?" "Never." "Never!" echoed the fool, "and what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment there whither thou goest?" "None at all." "No," exclaimed the fool, "none at all! Here, then, take my staff; for, with all my folly, I am not guilty of any such folly as this."

### *Busby the Great.*

Charles the II. on a certain time paying a visit to Dr. Busby, the doctor strutted through the school-room with his hat on his head, while his majesty walked complaisantly behind him with his hat under

his arm; but when he was taking his leave at the door, the doctor, with great humility, thus addressed the king:—"I hope your majesty will excuse my want of respect hitherto; but if my boys were to imagine there was a greater man in the kingdom than myself, I should never be able to rule them." The king laughed heartily, and was satisfied with this humorous excuse.

*Praise Undeserved, a Kindness.*

Louis XIV. commended an indifferent orator; a lady who was present expressed much surprise on hearing the king speak in such terms of praise. "My opinion of the orator, madam," said Louis, "does not much differ from yours: but if I think a few compliments can make a person happy, I must be a churl not to bestow them."

*Making the Best Use of a Saint.*

The late Brinsley Sheridan, although no Catholic, knew how to make the best use of the saints. Returning home early one morning from a princely banquet, at Carlton House, the facetious orator, being *Bacchi plenus*, missed his perpendicular, and reeled into the mud. From this dilemma he was extricated by some labouring men who were going to their work. "Who are you?" says one of them who picked him up. "Hush! hush!" says Don Sherry, "don't expose me—I'm a saint and a Member of Parliament—my name's Wilberforce—here's my card," presenting one of that gentleman's, which he chanced to have in his pocket. "See me part of my way home, and call upon me to-morrow evening in the lobby of the House of Commons, at seven, and I'll reward you for your trouble." The men did as they were desired, and when they sent up for Mr. Wilberforce in the evening, to Bellamy's, Sheridan took care to be in waiting, followed the puritan down to the door, enjoyed the awkward embarrassment of the strangers, and the indignation of the saint, who professed he was never in that filthy state

in his life. When he retired, Sheridan stepped forward and gave each of the poor fellows a guinea, then returned to the lobby, and told the tale himself, to the no small amusement of his laughter-loving companions.

*The Lucky Thought; or, the Dream.*

An old, ricketty, fidgetty, amorous blade, who had taken to himself a young wife, had occasion to leave home, and puzzled his brains for some place to secure her fidelity in his absence. For, alas! the young men were such wicked wretches, that he feared some one or other might impose upon her weakness. This induced him to hit upon an expedient as novel as it was ludicrous. He explained to her the depravity of the age; and, as a security against any male entering into conversation with her, obtained her promise that she would answer in the negative to every thing that a man might ask her, and with this assurance departed. A gentleman soon passed the end of the garden, in which she was walking, and politely asked—"is this my way to \_\_\_\_\_!" (a place not fifty yards further). "No." "Can you inform me which is the road?" "No." "I beg your pardon, madam, but did you not misunderstand me?" "No." "Really it is strange, is it not?" "No." The spark surprised at so many negatives, thought to turn them to account. "Madam," said he, "have you any objection to my sitting down?" "No." "Will you be angry if I enter the house?" "No." "Have you any dislike to accompany me?" "No." The gentleman now knew his customer: found "no" as convenient as "yes," and after enjoying many unexpected and agreeable civilities, exchanged rings with his charmer, and took his leave. Old *Frostwig* returned, and believed his wife, when she informed him that she had never uttered "yes" to the most trifling question from a man in his absence. The old *boy* had a house in London, and thither they soon after removed.

The gentleman returned in a few months, but the bird had flown, no one knew whither; and the adventure formed one of his most amusing stories in most companies. One day, after dining with an old friend, who had recently introduced his lady to company, he began to relate the story. He had already enumerated three parts of the negatives and civilities he received:—The host rubbed up his wig, and appeared impatient. The lady of the house fidgetted about, and at length observing that her visitor must be thirsty, nearly forced a glass of wine down his throat, in which, to his astonishment, he discovered the identical ring he had exchanged with the object of his narrative. He had gone too far for the host's peace of mind; every thing coincided so exactly, that nothing but confusion was anticipated. "Well, well," said the host, impatiently, "go on, what then, what then?" "Why, then I awoke, and found my servant John had been calling me till he was tired, as it was past ten o'clock."

#### *A Double Delivery.*

At a village, near Cambridge, Mrs. Mills, who keeps the Post Office, is likewise a midwife, in considerable practice. A cantab passing that way, wrote with a diamond, on a front pane of glass—"*Ladies and letters safely delivered.*"

#### *The Female Eye.*

A modern writer gives the following enumeration of the expression of a female eye. The glare, the stare, the leer, the sneer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the glare of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishment of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, and the lustre of pleasure.

#### *Epitaph on a Country Sexton.*

Here lies old Here worn out with care,  
 Who whilome toll'd the bell;  
 Could dig a grave, or set a stave,  
 And say Amen full well,

For sacred song, he'd Sternhold's tongue,  
 And Hopkins' eke also;  
 With cough and hem, he stood by them,  
 As far as lungs would go.

Many a feast for worms he drest,  
 Himself then wanting bread;  
 But lo! he's gone, with skin and bone,  
 To starve 'em now he's dead.

Here take his spade and use his trade,  
 Since he is out of breath;  
 Cover the bones of him who once  
 Wrought journey-work for Death.

*Anecdotes of the Lord Chancellor.*

Lord Eldon tells with pleasure the difficulties with which, in his early days, he was surrounded, and over which he triumphed.—We give an account of his early success, as he related it himself at table to a friend:—"Yes," said the Lord Chancellor, "and I borrowed thirty pounds to go the northern circuit, but I got no briefs. And, sir, I borrowed another thirty, but met with no return. After some time at this game, I had determined to borrow no more; when I was prevailed on by a friend to try again, and did so. At York I had a junior brief, and Davenport, then a leading counsel on the circuit, was to state the case to the jury. The cause was called on in the morning, and Davenport was engaged in the Crown Court: I," said the Chancellor, "begged the judge to postpone it; but he replied, 'You must lead, Mr. Scott,' and I did so; it was an action for an assault: two Yorkshire ladies had quarrelled at cards: a scuffle ensued: and one of them was turned off her chair on the ground; this was the nature of the assault. It happened, proceeded the Chancellor, "that I set the court in a roar of laughter, and succeeded for my client: retainers began to flow in, and the prospect brightened. On proceeding to Carlisle, a fortunate circumstance occurred. I had retired early to bed the night before the assizes, when I was aroused by a knock at my door: on getting up, I found Mr. —, the solicitor, with a large brief in his hand; he observed that a cause was coming on in the



morning, and the leading counsel were all too much engaged to read so large a brief—"You must take it, Mr. Scott;" I hesitated, as Davenport and others had declined it, and expressed my doubt of being able to accomplish the task. He pressed me, and by the little light, as the attorney put the brief (it was a thick brief) into my hand, I saw written on it, 'Mr. Scott, twenty guineas.' This was not to be refused, and I said, "Well, I promise to read your brief, and state its substance." "That's all we want," replied the solicitor; "so I dressed myself and read it. The next day I succeeded in the cause, and never wanted briefs again."

*Extraordinary Memory.*

Mr. Thomas Fuller, B. D. was famed in the time of the grand rebellion to have a very strong memory, insomuch that he could name in order all the signs on both sides of the way, from the beginning of Paternoster-row, Ave-Maria-lane, to the bottom of Cheapside, and the Poultry, to Stock's-Market; and that he could dictate to five several writers at the same time, on as many different subjects.

This gentleman making a visit to a committee of sequestrators sitting in Essex, they soon fell into discourse and commendation of his great memory; to which Mr. Fuller replied—" 'Tis true, gentlemen, that Fame has given me the report of a memorist; and if you please I will give you an experiment of it." They all accepted the motion, and said, they should look on it as a great obligation; and laying aside the business before them, in expectation of the instance, prayed him to begin.

"Gentlemen (said he), I will give you an instance of my good memory in this particular. Your worships have thought fit to sequester an honest, but poor, parson, my neighbour, from his living, and have committed him to prison. He has a great charge of children, and his circumstances are but indifferent. If you please to release him out of prison,

and restore him to his living, I will never forget the kindness while I live."

This well-timed jest had such an influence upon the committee, that they gave immediate orders for the release and restoration of the poor clergyman.

### *The Painter's Cross.*

A tradesman upon this intent  
 A porter to a painter sent;  
 To wit — his worship did enjoin  
 He'd come forthwith to paint a sign.  
 The painter much obsequious went;  
 The tradesman told him his intent—  
 "I'd have you paint (quoth he) a sign;  
 I'll spare no cost so make it fine:  
 What it should be I'm at a loss!  
 But what do you say? suppose a cross."  
 "Cross!" quoth the painter—"that will show  
 Main fine—a great one, sir, I trow."  
 "The greatest you can paint, reply'd  
 His worship—for I take great pride  
 T' excel my neighbours all I can:  
 So make it fine, I say again —"  
 "Sir," says the painter, "I'll obey  
 Your orders," and so went away.

But here, I'll tell you, by the by,  
 The painter whom we here employ,  
 Had got (as a spread rumour teaches)  
 A wife at home that wore the breeches,  
 A scolding quean, that ne'er possess'd,  
 Nor suffer'd him a minute's rest.

Now home *Pill Galtick* came, her tongue,  
 As usual, straight began, ding doug,  
 But patiently he sits him down,  
 Whilst she, who swears to break his crown,  
 Raves on, — then tir'd, sat mute, when he  
 Broke silence thus submissively:

"My dear, a cit did me enjoin,  
 From your dear face to paint a sign."  
 "My face?" quoth she, and furious then,  
 Moves her click clack apace again.  
 But after rasy an argument,  
 My surly lady gives consent.

'Tis done—he to the tradesman goes—  
 "I've done, sir, what you did propose."  
 "Loud?" cries the cit, "the painter's mad;  
 I said the cross, and not a head."

"A cross, I own (says he), you said,  
 The greatest too that could be made!  
 'Tis here; — for, sir, upon my life,  
 I know no greater than my wife."

*Proverbial Crosses.*

*Prov.*—"The more the merrier." *Cross.*—Not so: one hand is enough in a purse.

*Prov.*—"He that runs fastest gains most ground." *Cross.*—Not so; for then footmen would possess more land than their masters.

*Prov.*—"He runs far that never turns." *Cross.*—Not so: he may break his neck in a short course.

*Prov.*—"No man can call again yesterday." *Cross.*—Yes, he may call till his heart aches, though it never comes.

*Prov.*—"He that goes softly goes safely." *Cross.*—Not so among thieves.

*Prov.*—"Nothing hurts the stomach more than surfeiting." *Cross.*—Yes, lack of meat.

*Prov.*—"Nothing is difficult to a willing mind." *Cross.*—Yes, to get money.

*Prov.*—"None are so blind as those who will not see." *Cross.*—Yes, those who cannot see.

*Prov.*—"Nothing but is good for something." *Cross.*—Not so: nothing cannot be good for any thing.

*Prov.*—"Money is the source of all comfort." *Cross.*—Not when making it brings an industrious man to the gallows.

*Prov.*—"The pride of the rich makes the labour of the poor." *Cross.*—No, the labour of the poor promotes the pride of the rich.

*Prov.*—"The world is a long journey." *Cross.*—Not so; for the sun performs it every day.

*Prov.*—"Every thing hath an end." *Cross.*—Not so; for a ring is round.

*Prov.*—"Virtue is a jewel of great price." *Cross.*—That must be disputed; for if so, the poor could not possess it.

*Prov.*—"It is a great way to the bottom of the sea." *Cross.*—How can that be, since it is merely a stone's throw?

*Prov.*—"A friend is best known in adversity." *Cross.*—Not so; for then no one is to be found.

*Love at First Sight.*

At the English Opera House, last summer, a gentleman fell suddenly in love with a young lady, who sat with her mother and sister a few seats from him; tearing a blank leaf out of his pocket-book, he wrote with a pencil—"May I inquire if your affections are engaged?" and handed it to her, which she showed to her mother. Shortly afterwards she wrote underneath his question—"I believe I may venture to say they are not; but why do you ask?" and returned him the paper. The gentleman then wrote on another leaf—"I love you dearly, I am single, I have £1000 a year, I am not in debt, I have a good house, and only want a good wife to make me completely happy—will you be mine? If you will, I promise (and with every intention of keeping my word) to be an affectionate, indulgent, and faithful husband to you, and what more can I say?" The young lady was so much pleased with the declaration that they immediately became acquainted, and in the course of four months afterwards he led her, with the consent of her parents, to the hymeneal altar.

*Alonzo the Brave, and the Fair Imogene.*

A warrior so bold, and virgin so bright,  
 Convers'd as they sat on a green;  
 They gaz'd on each other with tender delight,  
 Alonzo the brave was the name of the knight,  
 The maid was the Fair Imogene.

"And ah!" said the youth, "since to-morrow I go  
 To fight in a far distant land,  
 Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,  
 Some other will court you, and you will bestow  
 On a wealthier suitor your hand."

"Oh, hush these suspicions!" fair Imogene said,  
 "So hurtful to love and to me;  
 For if you be living, or if you be dead,  
 I swear by the virgin that none in your stead  
 Shall husband of Imogene be.

And if e'er for another my heart should decide,  
 Forgetting Alonzo the brave,  
 God grant that, to punish my falsehood and pride,  
 Thy ghost at my marriage may sit by my side,

May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,  
And bear me away to the grave."

To Palestine hasten'd the warrior so bold,  
His love she lamented him sore ;  
But scarce had a twelvemonth elaps'd, when, behold !  
A baron all covered with jewels and gold,  
Arriv'd at fair Imogene's door.

His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain,  
Soon made her untrue to her vows ;  
He dazzled her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain,  
He caught her affections, so light and so vain,  
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the priest,  
The revelry now was begun,  
The tables they groan'd with the weight of the feast,  
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceas'd,  
When the bell of the castle toll'd—*Ure!*

'Twas then, with amazement, fair Imogene found  
A stranger was plac'd by her side ;  
His air was terrific, he utter'd no sound,  
He spoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not around,  
But earnestly gaz'd on the bride.

His visor was clos'd, and gigantic his height,  
His armour was sable to view ;  
All laughter and pleasure were hush'd at his sight,  
The dogs, as they ey'd him, drew back with affright,  
And the lights in the chamber burnt blue.

His presence all bosoms appeared to dismay,  
The guests sat in silence and fear ;  
At length spoke the bride, while she trembled—" I pray,  
Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,  
And deign to partake of our cheer."

The lady is silent--the stranger complies,  
And his visor he slowly unclos'd--  
O, gods! what a sight met Imogene's eyes!  
What words can express her dismay and surprise,  
When a skeleton's head was expos'd!

All present then utter'd a terrified shout,  
And turn'd with disgust from the scene ;  
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,  
And sported his eyes and temples about,  
While the spectre address'd Imogene:

" Behold me, thou false one! behold me!" he cried,  
" Behold thy Alonzo the Brave!  
God grants that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,  
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side,  
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,  
And bear thee away to the grave!"

This saying, his arms round the lady he wound,  
 While fair Imogene shriek'd with dismay;  
 Then sunk with his prey through the wide-yawning ground,  
 Nor ever again was fair Imogene found,  
 Or the spectre that bore her away.

Not long liv'd the baron, and none since that time,  
 To inhabit the castle presume;  
 For chronicles tell that by order sublime,  
 There Imogene suffers the pain of her crime,  
 And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight four times in each year does her sprite,  
 When mortals in slumber are bound,  
 Arise in her bridal apparel of white,  
 Appear in the hall with her skeleton knight,  
 And shrieks as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,  
 Dancing round them pale spectres are seen;  
 Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave  
 They howl, "To the health of Alonzo the Brave,  
 And his consort, the false Imogene."

### *The Secret Betrayed.*

Augustus Cæsar intrusted his friend, Fulvius, with a secret of some moment. He told it his wife; she related it to Livia, and from her it came again to her husband, the emperor. The next morning, Fulvius, as usual, attended to salute the emperor, using the customary term of "Hail Cæsar!" "Farewell, Fulvius," returned the emperor, which is what is said to the dying. Fulvius went home, and calling to his wife, "Cæsar," said he, "knows I revealed his secret to you, and has sentenced me to die." "And you deserve it," she replied, "you ought to have known a woman's inability to keep a secret; but, however, I will go before you." Having said this, she stabbed herself. So much less pain is there to a woman in death, than in keeping a secret.

### *The Discovery.*

A gentleman praising the personal charms of a very plain woman before Foote, the latter whispered him, "And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?" "What right have I to her?"

said the other. "Every right by the law of nations, as the first discoverer!"

### *Reproof.*

A person was remonstrating with a friend, inclined too much to dandyism, on the absurdity of following such foppish fashions. "They are really contemptible," said he, "and I am sure all who see you must think you ridiculous." "I don't value the opinion of the world," answered the irritated puppy, "I laugh at all those who think me ridiculous." "Then you can never give over laughing," observed his Mentor, drily.

### *First mention of an Organ.*

In the year 757, among other rich presents sent by Constantine, Emperor of the East, to Pepin, King of France, was a musical machine, which the French writers describe to have been composed of pipes and large tin tubes, and to have imitated the roaring of thunder, and the warbling of a flute. A lady was so affected by hearing it played on, for the first time, that she fell into a delirium, and could never afterwards be restored to the use of her senses.

### *Novelty.*

At a vestry meeting for the parish of Houghton, Dover, Mrs. Elizabeth Best, the repudiated wife of James Best, Esq., of Chatham, was nominated to serve the office of Overseer!!!

### *The Two Cibbers.*

Theophilus Cibber, who was very extravagant, one day asked his father for a hundred pounds. "Zounds, sir," said Colly, "can't you live upon your salary? When I was your age, I never spent a farthing of my father's money." "But you have spent a great deal of my father's," replied Theophilus. This retort had the desired effect.

*Mistake of a Gender and Case.*

A gentleman, who was extremely partial to the innocent simplicity of country servants, had been expecting a box from town, from a lady of his acquaintance. One morning as he was sitting at breakfast, his servant came in, and told him, "She were com." "She," said the gentleman, "that is extraordinary. Show her in immediately." "That winna do," said the servant; "I canna get her in at the gate, she be too large." "Impossible," replied the master; "what do you mean by too large?" "Why," rejoined the servant, "she be drawn by six horses; she be what they calls the Lunnun waggon." "You blockhead," exclaimed the master, "how could you think of calling her *she*?" "Why, I begs pardon," answered the servant—"I meant no offence—how should I know *she* were a *mon*?"

*Epilogue, Spoken by Mr. Liston (on his Benefit Night), in the Character of Lord Grizzle, sitting on an Ass—Written by George Colman, Esq.*

Behold a pair of us!—before the curtain  
 A prettier couple can't be found, that's certain.—  
 Sweet Billy Shakspeare, lord of Nature's glass,  
 Has said—"Then came each actor on his ass;"  
 And, since great Billy sanctions little Neddy,  
 I enter on my Donkey, squat and steady!  
 But softly;—on these Boards I'm nothing new:  
 Here's a raw actor, making his *debut*;  
 So let me introduce him, pray, to You.

Ladies and Gentlemen! your kindness show me,  
 By patronizing the poor Thing below me.  
 He's a Young Roscius,—rising Four,—his line  
 (Though I'm not jealous) much the same as mine.  
 He'll top me in *one* character I play,—  
 The part in X Y Z, called Neddy Bray.  
 He has refused a Scotch engagement proffered,—  
 No less than Twenty Thistles, weekly, offered.  
 I throw him on your candour:—all his brothers,  
 Aunts, uncles, with their fathers and their mothers,  
 Are quite the rage;—the Ladies (bless their faces!)  
 Bump themselves on them, at the Watering-places.  
 In short, without more ha'ing and more huming  
 (Since there's a General Election coming),  
 If for this Candidate your voice you give,  
 He'll be your faithful Representative;



And prove as useful, in this best of nations,  
As many of his near and dear relations.

As for myself,—I've not a word to say,  
I came, Lord Grizzle, on my grizzly Grey,  
To bring this acquisition to our corps,  
Then, like a ghost, glide off, and speak no more.  
"I snuff the morning air;"—"Farewell;" I see;—  
Cherish my Neddy,—and "Remember me!"

### *Royal Anecdote.*

The Earl of St. Albans, Secretary to Queen Henrietta Maria, in all her misfortunes, found himself at the restoration but in an indifferent condition. Being one day with Charles the Second, when all distinctions were laid aside, a stranger came with an importunate suit for an employment of great value, which was just vacant. The King ordered him to be admitted, and bid the earl personate himself. The gentleman addressed him accordingly, enumerated his services to the Royal Family, and hoped the grant of the place would not be deemed too great a reward. "By no means," replied the earl, "and I am only sorry that, as soon as I heard of the vacancy, I conferred it on my faithful friend there, the Earl of St. Albans, (pointing to the king), who has constantly followed the fortunes both of my father and myself, and has hitherto gone ungratified: but when any thing of this kind happens again, worthy your acceptance, pray let me see you." The gentleman withdrew. The King smiled at the jest, and confirmed the grant to the earl.

### *Pulpit Bull.*

A clergyman preaching a sermon on death, concluded with the following apostrophe:—"But even death, my brethren, so well deserved by mankind, through their sins, the wisdom of Providence has, in its paternal kindness, put at the end of our existence; for, only think what would life be worth if death were at the beginning."

The same preacher began a sermon with the following bombast—"Dear friends, I shall embark my

exhortations to-day on the barge of my lips, in order to cross the stormy ocean of your attention, and in hopes of safely arriving at the port of your ears."

A further idea of his talents may be gathered from his giving it as a proof of the wise and benevolent dispositions of Providence, that the greatest rivers were always seen to flow past the most populous towns.

### *A Bad Mechanist.*

Hopkins, the Drury-lane prompter, once recommended, to David Garrick, a man whom he wished to be engaged as *mechanist*, to prepare the scenery for a new pantomime. To his application, Garrick returned the following answer:—

"I tell you what, Hopkins, the man will never answer the purpose of the Theatre. In the first place, he cannot make a *moon*. I would not give him three-pence for a dozen such *moons* as he showed me to-day; and his *suns* are, if possible, *worse*; besides, I gave him directions about the clouds, and he made such as were never seen since the flood. Desire the carpenter to knock the *rainbow* to pieces, 'tis execrable; his *stars* were the only things tolerable. I make no doubt of his honesty; but until he can make a good *sun*, *moon*, and *rainbow*, I must dispense with his services.

D. GARRICK."

### *Anecdote of Mr. Wilkes.*

At the commencement of a public dinner at Guildhall, on Lord Mayor's Day, Mr. Chamberlain Wilkes lisped out—"Mr. Alderman Burnell, shall I help you to a plate of turtle, or a slice of the haunch? I am within reach of both."

"Neither one nor t'other, I thank you, sir," replied the alderman, "I think I shall dine on the beans and bacon, which are at this end of the table."

"Mr. Alderman A---- n, which would you choose, sir?" continued the chamberlain. "Sir, I will not

trouble you for either, for I believe I shall follow the example of my brother Burnell, and dine on beans and bacon," was the reply. On this second refusal, the old chamberlain rose from his seat, and with every mark of astonishment in his countenance, curled up the corners of his mouth, cast his eyes around the table, and in a voice as loud and articulate as he was able, called—"Silence;" which being obtained, he then addressed the Prætorian Magistrate, who sat in the chair:—"My Lord Mayor, the wicked have accused us of intemperance, and branded us with the imputation of *gluttony*; that they may be put to open shame, and their profane tongues be from this day silenced, I humbly move that your lordship command the proper officer to record in our annals—that two Aldermen of the City of London prefer beans and bacon to either venison or turtle soup."

#### *The Kiss Repaid.*

Chloe, by that borrow'd kiss,  
I, alas! am quite undone;  
'Twas so sweet, so fraught with bliss,  
Thousands will not pay that one.

Lest the debt should break you heart,  
Roguish Chloe smiling cries,—  
Come, a hundred then, in part,  
For the present shall suffice.

#### *Anecdote of Dr. Johnson.*

During the last visit which the doctor made to Litchfield, the friends, with whom he was staying, missed him one morning at the breakfast table; on inquiring after him of the servants, they understood he had set off from Litchfield at a very early hour, without mentioning to any of the family whither he was going. The day passed without the return of the illustrious guest, and the party began to be very uneasy on his account, when just before the supper hour, the door opened, and the doctor stalked into the room. A solemn silence ensued of a few minutes, nobody daring to inquire the cause of his absence,

which was at length relieved by Johnson addressing the lady of the house as follows:—"Madam, I beg your pardon for the abruptness of my departure this morning, but I was constrained to it by my conscience. Fifty years ago, madam, on this day, I committed a breach of filial piety, which has ever since lain heavy on my mind, and has not until this day been expiated. My father, you recollect, was a bookseller, and had long been in the habit of attending Walsall market; and opening a stall for the sale of his books during that day. Confined to his bed by indisposition, he requested of me, this time fifty years ago, to visit the market, and attend the stall in his place. But, madam, my pride prevented me from doing my duty, and I gave my father a refusal. To do away the sin of this disobedience, I this day went in a post-chaise to Walsall, and going into the market at the time of high business, uncovered my head, and stood with it bare an hour before the stall which my father had formerly used, exposed to the sneers of the standers by, and the inclemency of the weather, a penance by which I have propitiated Heaven for this only instance, I believe, of contumacy towards my father."

*Written on a Looking-Glass.*

I change, and so do women too;  
But I reflect—*that* women never do.

*Answer by a Lady.*

If women reflected, Oh! scribbler, declare,  
What man, faithless man, would be bless'd by the fair?

*Anecdote of a Persian Emperor.*

A Persian Emperor, when hunting, perceived a very old man planting a walnut-tree, and advancing towards him, asked his age. The peasant replied, "I am four years old." An attendant rebuked him for uttering such an absurdity in the presence of the Emperor. "You censure me without cause," replied the peasant; "I did not speak without reflec-

tion ; for the wise do not reckon that time which has been lost in folly and the cares of the world ; I therefore consider that to be my real age which has been past in serving the Deity, and discharging my duty to society." The emperor, struck with the singularity of the remark, observed—"Thou canst not hope to see the trees thou art planting come to perfection." "True," answered the sage ; "but since others have planted that we might eat, it is right that we should plant for the benefit of others." "Excellent!" exclaimed the emperor ; upon which, as was the custom when any one was honoured with the applause of the sovereign, a purse-bearer presented the old man with a thousand pieces of gold. On receiving them, the shrewd peasant made a low obedience, and added—"O king, other men's trees come to perfection in the space of forty years, but mine have produced fruit as soon as they were planted." "Bravo," said the monarch ; and a second purse of gold was presented, when the old man exclaimed—"The trees of others bear fruit only once a year, but mine have yielded two crops in one day." "Delightful!" replied the emperor ; and a third purse of gold was given ; after which, putting spurs to his horse, the monarch retreated, saying—"Reverend father, I dare not stay longer, lest thy wit should exhaust my treasury."

#### *The Second Sampson.*

Jack, eating rotten cheese, did say,  
 "Like Sampson, I my thousands slay :"  
 "I vow," quoth Roger, "so you do,  
 And with the self-same weapon too."

#### *Singular Parish.*

In the parish of East Twyford, near Harrow, in the county of Middlesex, there is only one house, and the farmer who occupies it is perpetual churchwarden of a church which has no incumbent, and in which no duty is performed. The parish has been in this state ever since the time of Queen Elizabeth.

*Postponement of a Trial.*

A highwayman, named Bolland, confined in Newgate, sent for a solicitor to know how he could defer his trial, and was answered—"By getting an apothecary to make affidavit of his illness." This was accordingly done, in the following manner—"The deponent verily believes, that, if the said James Bolland is obliged to take his trial at the ensuing sessions, he will be in imminent danger of his life." To which the learned judge on the bench answered—"That he verily believed so too." The trial was ordered to proceed immediately.

*An Apology for Fortune—From Owen.*

Bad Fortune is a fancy; she is just:  
Gives the poor hope—and sends the rich distrust.

*The Masquerade.*

"To this night's masquerade," quoth Dick,  
"By Pleasure I am beckon'd,  
And think 'twould be a pleasant trick  
To go as Charles the Second."

Tom felt for repartee a thirst,  
And thus to Richard said;  
"You'd better go as Charles the First,  
For that requires no head."

*Anecdote of Queen Caroline.*

Queen Caroline, consort of George the Second, was remarkable for having the largest feet of any female in the kingdom. One morning, as her majesty was walking on the banks of the river near Richmond, attended only by one lady, venturing too far on the sand, from which the water had recently ebbed, she sunk in up to her ankles, and in endeavouring to extricate herself, lost one of her *galloches*; at that instant, the lady observing a waterman rowing by, requested he would land, and recover the queen's *slipper*. The request was instantly complied with, and whilst the son of Old Thames was, with evident marks of astonishment in his coun-

tenance, examining its extraordinary size, turning to her majesty, he inquired if that was her slipper. On being answered in the affirmative, he bluntly replied—“Then, I am out of my *reckoning*, for I mistook it for a *child's cradle*.”

### *The Happy Thought.*

Among other ventures which were sent to Buenos Ayres after the successes of the British forces, were a considerable number of hearth-rugs. For these, however, as there were no fire-places, no purchasers could be found, until at length the supercargo of the vessel, in which they were, hit upon the expedient of placing one of the most showy upon a horse, as a sort of saddle. The hint was immediately taken, the rugs were soon sold off; and in a few days every horseman was in possession of an *English saddle*.

### *The Touchstone.*

A fool and knave, with different views,  
For Julia's hand apply.  
The knave to mend his fortune sees,  
The fool to please his eye.  
Ask you how Julia will behave?  
Depend on 't for a rule,  
If she's a fool she'll wed the knave,  
If she's a knave, the fool.

### *Singular Defence in a Case of Seduction.*

A painter, who was ugly, stupid, and poor, was greatly terrified by a girl who took advantage of these circumstances, and accused him of having seduced her. She demanded that he should marry her, or make a pecuniary compensation for the loss of that virtue which she had, in fact, trafficked with for more than fourteen years. He knew not what to do, and at length resolved to consult an advocate, who was renowned for his successful humour. The poor painter protested that it was he who had been seduced, and offered to explain the manner by a painting which he would display to the court: this novel mode of explanation was however rejected. The advocate said—“I will undertake your case on one

condition, which is, that you remain quiet in court, and that, whatever I may say, you will on no account open that ugly mouth of your's; you understand, and unless you obey, you will be condemned."

The day arrived, and the cause having been called, the painter's advocate allowed his adversary to declaim simply on the inestimable advantages of modesty—on the protection that ought to be given to the weakness and the frailty of the sex—and the artifices and the sneers which every where surrounded them, &c.

The painter's advocate then rose, and said—"My lords, I plead for a scarecrow, I plead for a beggar, I plead for a fool (here the painter began to murmur, but the advocate imposed silence upon him). To prove to you that he is only fit to be a scarecrow, my lords, I have only to ask you to look at him. To convince you that he is a beggar, I have only to mention that he is a painter. To manifest that he is a fool, I have only to request that the court would interrogate him. These three grand points being established, I reason thus—Seduction can only be effected by money, by wit, or by a good figure. My client cannot have effected the alleged seduction by money, since he is a beggar; he cannot have accomplished it by his wit, since he is a fool; he could not have attained the end by the fascination of a fine person, since he is one of the most ugly of men. From all of which I conclude, that he is falsely accused." These conclusions were admitted, and the painter obtained an unanimous verdict in his favour.

#### *Bills and Acceptances.*

Two city merchants conversing upon business at the door of the New York Coffee-house, one of them made some remarks on the badness of the times; and perceiving at the moment, a flight of pigeons passing over their heads, he exclaimed—"How happy are these pigeons! they have no acceptances to provide for." To which the other replied—"You are rather in error, my friend, for *they* have their bills to provide for as well as we!"



*Dr. Johnson.*

Mr. Garrick was once present with Dr. Johnson, at the table of a nobleman, where, amongst other guests, was one, of whose near connexions some disgraceful anecdote was then in circulation. It had reached the ears of Johnson, who, after dinner, took an opportunity of relating it in his most acrimonious manner. Garrick, who sat next to him, pinched his arm, and trod upon his toe, and made use of other means to interrupt the thread of his narration, but all was in vain. The doctor proceeded, and when he had finished the story, he turned gravely round to Garrick, of whom before he had taken no notice whatever—"Thrice," said he, "Davy, have you trod upon my toe; thrice have you pinched my arm; and now, if what I have related be a falsehood, convict me before this company." Garrick replied not a word, but frequently declared afterwards, that he never felt half so much perturbation, even when he met "his father's ghost."

*A Spiritless Wife.*

"Is my wife out of spirits?" said Jack, with a sigh,  
As her voice of a tempest gave warning.

"Quite out, sir, indeed," said the maid, in reply,  
"For she emptied the bottle this morning."

*A Lover's Request.*

"Oh spare me, dear angel, one lock of your hair,"  
A bashful young lover took courage, and sighed;  
"Twere a sin to refuse you so modest a prayer,  
So take the whole wig," the sweet creature replied.

*Dramatic Hardship.*

A young man being announced for the part of Romeo, and being engaged to perform all that line of acting, a veteran, in the same company, declared it was very hard. "For," added he, "I have played Romeo myself these forty years; and here comes a whipper-snapper of a boy and takes it from me at last."

*Effect of Habit.*

A certain poor unfortunate gentleman was so often pulled by the sleeve by the bailiffs, that he was in continual apprehension of them; and going one day through Tavistock-street, his coat-sleeve, as he was swinging it along in a hurry, happened to catch upon the iron spikes of one of the rails; whereupon he immediately turned about in a great surprise, and cried out—"At whose suit, sir; at whose suit?"

*The World.*

The world's a book, writ by th' eternal art  
Of the great Author; printed in man's heart;  
'Tis falsely printed, though divinely penn'd,  
And all the *errata* will appear at th' end.

*Epitaph on an Innkeeper at Exon.*

Life's an inn, my house will show it,  
I *thought* so once, but now I *know* it.  
Man's life is but a winter's day:  
Some only *breakfast* and away;  
Others to *dinner* stay, and are full fed;  
The oldest man but *sups*, and then to *bed*.  
Large is his debt who lingers out the day!  
He who goes *soonest* has the least to pay.

*Electioneering.*

During the contested election for Devon, between Mr. Bastard and Lord Ebrington, Mrs. \*\*\*\*\* and her daughter were walking in the Castle-yard, at Exeter, when miss having silyly mounted a little bit of blue, in opposition to the vote and interest of papa, was accosted by a young friend, with "Dear me! you are not a *Bastard*, are you?" When the former replied—"Indeed, miss, I am, ask mamma if I a'n't." "Yes, my dear," replied mamma, "I believe you are, but papa must not know it."

*Recipe to keep a Person Warm the whole Winter with a single Billet of wood.*

Take a billet of wood of the ordinary size, run up into the garret with it as fast as you can, throw

it out of the garret window, run down after it (*not out of the garret window, mind*) as fast as possible; repeat this till you are warm, and as often as occasion may require. It will never fail to have the desired effect, while you are able to use it.

#### *Irish Simplicity.*

A young woman of Dublin, who was apprehensive of some unhappy effects from an illicit amour which she had for some time carried on with a Dutch sailor, mentioned her situation to a friend of hers, who advised her to place her future offspring to the account of her master, as being the richer man of the two: "I was thinking of that," replied the fair one, "but then you know the child will discover all when it begins to *speak Dutch*."

#### *Retort Courteous.*

Bigaud, the much admired French painter, was as much esteemed for his ready wit, as for his talents as an artist. Though sought after by all as a portrait painter, he was always unwilling to employ his pencil in the service of the ladies of the court—"For," said he, "if I paint real likenesses they are always dissatisfied, and were I to paint them all handsome, how few of their portraits would bear a resemblance."

To one lady in particular, who, whilst she sat to him, complained of the glare of *his colours*, he sarcastically replied—"And yet, madam, *we both* buy at the same shop."

#### *Charles James Fox.*

Mr. Fox, after he had arrived at years of maturity, often boasted that, from his earliest infancy, he never failed to do whatever he had an inclination for; two singular instances of which occurred before he was six years old. One day, standing by his father while he was winding up a watch—"I have a great mind to break that watch, papa," said the boy. "No, Charles," replied the father, "that would

be foolish." "Indeed, papa," said he, "I must do it." "Nay," answered the father, "if you have such a violent inclination, I won't balk it." On which he delivered the watch into the hands of the youngster, who instantly dashed it against the floor.

Another time, while he was Secretary at War, having just finished a long dispatch, which he was going to send, Charles, who stood near him with his hand upon the inkstand, said—"Papa, I have a mind to throw this ink over the paper." "Do, my dear," said the secretary, "if it will afford you any pleasure." The young gentleman immediately threw the ink, and the secretary, with great composure and good humour, sat down to write the dispatch over again.

### *Lines on John Tissey, a Punster.*

Merry was he, for whom we now are sad;  
 His jokes were many, and but few were bad,  
 The gay, the jocund, sprightly, active soul,  
 No more shall pun, alas! no more shall bowl.  
 Now, at his tomb, methinks I hear him say—  
 "I never liked to be in a grave way!"  
 Then, by and by, he cries—"for all your scoffing,  
 I now am only in a fit of coffin!"  
 Thy passing bell with heavy hearts we bear;  
 For thee each passing bells shall drop a tear.  
 That sable hearse which drew thy corpse along,  
 Shall be rehears'd in dismal poet's song.  
 Oh! how unlike—yet this is he, we're sure,  
 Who once in Gratton's coach sat so demure.  
 Many a ball he gracefully began;  
 Well may we *dawl* to lose so great a man.  
 Thy friendly club their mighty loss deplore,  
 Their friendly secretary now no more:  
 Thou ne'er shall *secret carry*, though in death,  
 While puns are puns, and punning men have breath.

### *Origin of Tea Drinking.*

About the year 1720, tea was unknown as a beverage in this kingdom, when a mate of an Indian having brought some home from China on speculation, gave it to a waterman's apprentice of the name of Burrows to dispose of for him. The young man, after hawking it about for some days, carried

it to a Mr. Lloyd, who kept a *coffee-house* in Lombard-street. Mr. L. out of curiosity purchased the tea, and the first dish ever made in London was at his house. It is almost needless to mention that this Mr. Lloyd gave his name to the *coffee-house* which still retains it, though removed to the Royal Exchange. Burrows himself, from some lucky chances, rose to opulence, and is still remembered by some old inhabitants of the city.

#### *How to Please your Friends.*

Go to India—stay there twenty years—work hard—get money—save it—come home—bring with you a store of wealth, and a diseased liver—visit your friends—make a will—provide for them all—then die: what a prudent, good, generous, kind-hearted soul you will be!

#### *Repartee of a Lombardy Lass.*

A girl of Lombardy, running after her she-ass, which was in haste to get up to her foal, passed a gentleman on the road; who, seeing her look very buxom, and having a mind to be witty, called out—“Whence do you come, sweetheart?” “From Villejuiff, sir,” said she. “From Villejuiff!” answered the gentleman; “do you know the daughter of Nicholas Gillot, who lives there?” “Very well!” replied the girl. “Be so kind, then,” replied he, “as to carry her a kiss from me!” And, throwing his arms round her neck, was about to salute her. “Hold, sir,” cried the wench, disentangling herself from his rude embrace; “since you are in such a hurry, it will be better to kiss my donkey, as she will be there some time before me.”

#### *Bishop Thomas's Art of Killing Wives.*

Bishop Thomas, who was a man of great wit and drollery, was observing, at a visitation, that he had been four times married; and, should his present wife die, he declared that he would take another,

whom it was his opinion he should survive. "Perhaps, gentlemen," continued the bishop, "you do not know the art of getting quit of wives: I will tell you how I do. I am called a good husband: and so I am, for I never contradict them. But, do you not know, that want of contradiction is fatal to women? If you contradict them, that alone is exercise and health, the best medicine in the world for all women; but if you constantly give them their own way; they will soon languish and pine, or become gross and lethargic, for want of exercise."

*To-morrow.*

To-morrow you will live, you always cry,  
 In what fair country does this morrow lie;  
 That 'tis so mighty long 'ere it arrive--  
 Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?  
 'Tis so far-fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear,  
 'Twill be both very old, and very dear.  
 To-morrow I will live, the fool does say;  
 To-day itself's too late, the wise lived yesterday.

*On a Globe of the World.*

Try 'ere you purchase; hear the bauble ring;  
 'Tis all a cheat, a hollow empty thing.

*Men of Genius not incapable of Business.*

The Duke of Newcastle, being one day engaged in conversation with Sterne, author of *Tristram Shandy*, and observing, that men of genius were unfit to be employed, being generally incapable of business, the wit sarcastically replied,—"They are not incapable, my lord duke, but above it. A sprightly, generous horse is able to carry a packsaddle as well as an ass, but he is too good to be put to the drudgery."

*Madame de Stael and Talleyrand.*

Madame de Stael's daughter, the Baroness de Broglie, was an extraordinary beauty. Her charms made such an impression on Prince Talleyrand, that, in contemplating them, he was often deficient in his attentions to her highly-gifted mother. One day,

being on a party of pleasure on the water, she determined to confound him, and put this question—“If our vessel were to be wrecked by a storm, which of us would you strive to save first, me or my daughter?” “Madam,” instantly replied Talleyrand, “with the many talents and acquirements you possess, it would be an affront to you to suppose that you cannot swim; I should therefore deem it my duty to save the Baroness first.”

### *On Self-conceit.*

Hail, charming power of self-opinion!  
For none are slaves in thy dominion;  
Secure in thee, the mind's at ease;  
The vain have only one to please.

### *Procrastination.*

When sloth puts urgent business by,  
To-morrow's a new day she'll cry;  
And all her morrows prove it true,  
They're never used, and therefore new.

### *The Lost Law-Suit.*

A little girl, who knew very well the painful anxiety which her mother had long suffered, during a tedious course of litigation, hearing that she had at last lost her law-suit, innocently cried out—“O, my dear mamma! how glad I am, that you have lost that nasty law-suit, which used to give you so much trouble and uneasiness.”

### *The Banker and the Sailor; or the Tickler.*

When Mr. Hankey was in vogue as a great banker, a sailor had, as part of his pay, a draft on him for fifty pounds. This the sailor thought an immense sum, and calling at the house, insisted upon seeing the master in private. This was at length acceded to; and when the banker and the sailor met together, the following conversation ensued—

*Sailor.*—“Mr. Hankey, I've got a tickler for you—didn't like to expose you before the lads.”

*Hankey*.—"That was kind. Pray what's this tickler?"

*Sailor*.—"Never mind, don't be afraid, I won't hurt you; 'tis a *fifty*."

*Hankey*.—"Ah! that's a tickler, indeed."

*Sailor*.—"Don't fret; give me five pounds now, and the rest at so much a week, and say nothing to nobody."

#### *Pugilistic Friendship.*

A baronet, a great amateur of the pugilistic art, had written a work to demonstrate its utility. He even taught it gratis to those who had an inclination to receive his lessons. A nobleman, in the neighbourhood, happening to pay him a visit, and conversing with him about wrestling, the knight laid hold of him behind, and threw him over his head. The former, a little bruised by his fall, rose in a passion. "My lord," said the baronet, gravely, "I must have a great friendship for you; you are the only one to whom I have ever shown that trick."

#### *Crooked Coincidences.*

A pamphlet, published in the year 1703, has the following strange title—"The *Deformity of Sin cured*, a Sermon preached at St. Michael's, *Crooked-lane*, before the Prince of Orange, by the Rev. J. *Crookshanks*. Sold by Matthew Denton, at the *Crooked Billet*, near *Cripplegate*, and by all other Booksellers." The words of the text are—"Every *crooked path shall be made straight*;" and the prince, before whom it was preached, was *deformed* in his person.

#### *Going and Returning.*

A *bon vivant* one evening told one of his bottle companions, that he intended to leave the sum of £20. to be spent at his funeral. His companion asked—"Whether the said money was to be spent in going or returning?" and was answered, "*going*, to be sure; for, when you *return*, you know I shan't be with you."



*In Health, yet Out of Order.*

A gentleman of the sister country, being at a public meeting at the city of London Tavern, in the course of his speech made a digression or two, which caused some remarks from the company; but, still continuing wide of the subject relating to the meeting, the noble chairman at last interrupted him with—"I am very sorry, sir, but I must say, that you are *very much out of order.*" "Oh!" replied Mr. O'Leary, "you may make yourself *airy* on that score, my lord, for *I never was in better health in all my life.*"

*Far Gone.*

A party dining at a tavern, most of them got top heavy, and, on leaving the house, two of them missed their footing and rolled down stairs. The one happened to stop at the first landing place, while the other went to the ground floor. On some of them coming down to assist, the first one observed, that he was *dead drunk.* "Allowed," says a wag; "but yet he is not so *far gone* as the gentleman below."

*The Witicism of an Astrologer.*

As the officers were carrying an astrologer to the gallows—"You," says a spectator to him, "that could so perfectly read in the stars the destiny of others, how came you not to foresee your own?" "Three times," replied the astrologer, "I cast my nativity; and three times it informed me that I should one day be elevated above others, and see every one else at my feet."

*How to Get Sober.*

A gentleman who resides in the Octagon had been to a party a few nights since, and was found by the watchman endeavouring to support himself by one of the lamp posts. "Why do you not go home, sir?" said the guardian of the night to him. "I'm waiting till my door comes round to me, when I shall try and run into it," replied the unsteady *bon vivant.*

*Scotch Economy.*

When Foote went first to Scotland, he was inquiring of an old highlander, who had formerly been prompter to the Edinburgh theatre, about the state of the country, with respect to travelling, living, manners, &c. of all which the Scot gave him very favourable accounts. "Why then," said Foote, "with about £300 a year, one may live like a gentleman in your country." "In troth, master Foote," replied his informant, "I cannot tell that, for as I never knew a man there who spent half that sum, I don't know what might come into his head, who would attempt to squander the whole."

*An Important Question.*

Some one was disputing the opinion of M. ——— respecting a work, and spoke of the public, who would entertain a different opinion: "The public, the public!" said he, "how many fools go to make up a public."

*No Attraction.*

The Muses are old maids. "Do you know why?" said a man, who had courted them without improving his circumstances. "They have no fortune, and therefore no one will marry them."

*Lawyers' Wigs.*

An attorney-general once receiving a client, who was intimate with him, in his library, the gentleman expressed surprise at the number of wigs that were hanging up. "Yes, there are several," replied the attorney, "*that*," pointing to a scratch, "is my common business wig; *that*, my chancery wig; *that*, my house of lords' wig; and *that*, my court wig." "And pray, sir," asked his friend, "where is your *honest man's* wig?" "O," replied the lawyer, "that's not professional!"

*The Witty Barber's Boy.*

A conceited coxcomb once said to a barber's boy,

"Did you ever shave a monkey?" "Why no, sir," replied the boy, "never; but if you will please to sit down, I will try."

#### *An Irish Looking Glass.*

An Irishman having a looking glass in his hand, shut his eyes, and placed it before his face: another asking him why he did so—"Upon my soul," says Teague, "it is to see how I look when I am asleep."

#### *How to Rise Early.*

An Irishman, a short time since, had an extraordinary price for an alarm clock, and gave as a reason—"That, as he loved to *rise early*, he had nothing to do but to *pull the string, and he could wake himself.*"

#### *Equality.*

I dream'd, that, buried in my fellow clay,  
Close by a common beggar's side I lay:  
And as so mean a neighbour shock'd my pride,  
Thus like a corse of consequence, I cried—  
"Scoundrel, be gone!" and henceforth touch me not:  
More manners learn; and, at a distance rot."  
"How! scoundrel!" in a haughtier tone, cried he;  
"Proud lump of dirt, I scorn thy words, and thee."  
Here all are equal; now thy case is mine;  
This is my rotting-place, and that is thine."

#### *Play the Fool.*

A lady beating a tune on a table, as destitute of harmony as time, asked another, if she knew what she played—"I do," answered she; "*you play the fool.*"

#### *Power of Patience.*

Let him whose present fortune gives him pain,  
Scorn the low vulgar custom to complain!  
All that withholds his wish the brave will break,  
Or silent bear those claims 'tis poor to shake.

#### *Habitual Cold.*

"When I have a cold in my head," said a gentleman in company, "I am always remarkably dull and

stupid." "You are much to be pitied, then, sir," replied another, "for I don't remember ever to have seen you without a cold in you head."

*On the Death of a Young Man.*

Mourn not this hopeful youth so soon is dead,  
But know, he trebles favours on his head,  
Who, for a morning's work, gives equal pay  
With those who have endured the heat o' th' day.

*Irish Arithmetic.*

An honest Hibernian, in a company who blamed the clergy for taking a *tenth* part of the people's property, exclaimed—"Aye! they would take a *twentieth* if they could."

*Compliment to a Judge.*

An attorney brought an action against a farmer for having called him a rascally *lawyer*. An old husbandman being a witness, was asked if he heard the man call him a lawyer—"I did," was the reply. "Pray," says the judge, "what is your opinion of the import of the word!" "There can be no doubt of that," replied the fellow. "Why, good man," said the judge: "there is no dishonour in the name, is there?" "I know nothing about that," answered he, "but this I know, if any man called me a *lawyer* I'd knock him down." "Why, sir," said the judge, pointing to one of the counsel, "that gentleman is a lawyer, and that, and I too am a lawyer." "No, no," replied the fellow; "no, my lord: you are a judge, I know; but I'm sure you are *no lawyer*."

*An Advertisement.*

"Whereas my lawful wife, Mary Murphy, alias Humphrey, was kidnapped away from her father's, John Humphrey's house, at Glanattale, in the county of Limerick, on the night of Sunday, the 8th instant, by an *old goat*; now, in order to get intelligence where she may be found, I will pay a reward of five guineas on being put in possession of her.

"TIMOTHY MURPHY."

*How to Make the Dumb speak.*

A gentleman being one day at a public entertainment, where one of the company sat several hours without speaking a word; and as, from the character of the person, there was great reason to suspect that his silence was owing to a supercilious contempt of the company, he determined to show his resentment the first opportunity that offered. Accordingly, when supper was brought in, he was remarkably assiduous in helping the silent man to the best on the table, and taking care to supply his plate when he saw it nearly empty. Upon this, one of the company desired to know his reason for this extraordinary attention to the silent person; to which he replied—"Assure you, it is from the tenderness of my disposition, for I cannot bear to see a *dumb creature want.*"

*What is Honour.*

Not to be captious, nor unjustly fight;  
'Tis to confess what's wrong, and do what's right.

*From the Greek.*

Of all bad things with which mankind are curs'd,  
Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.

*Short Commons.*

At a shop window in the Strand, there appears the following notice—"Wanted *two* apprentices, who will be treated as *one* of the family."

*The Question Answered.*

Why is a handsome wife adored,  
By every coxcomb, but her lord?  
From yonder poppet-man inquire,  
Who wisely hides his wood and wire;  
Shows Sheba's queen completely drest,  
And Solomon in regal vest:  
But view them litter'd on the floor,  
Or strung on pegs behind the door,  
Punch is exactly of a piece  
With Lorrain's duke, and prince of Greece.

*Anecdote of George III.*

Shortly after a change in the ministry in the late

reign, the king having remarked that his shirt was not made up in the usual way, and finding, upon inquiry, that the old laundress, with whom he was very well satisfied, had been dismissed from her situation, complained of the latter circumstance to the Lord Chamberlain; upon which his lordship replied, that when he came into office he had, as was usual, exercised his patronage, by appointing a new laundress. The king continued dissatisfied with the manner in which his linen was got up, complained again, and was again told by the Lord Chamberlain, that the change of laundress was only in the due exercise of his patronage. "Then," replied George III., somewhat ruffled, "I am to understand that I cannot change my laundress." His lordship respectfully bowed assent. "But," his Majesty resuming, "if I cannot change my laundress, may I not be allowed to change my Lord Chamberlain?" "Oh! certainly," answered the latter; and here the conversation ended. On the next day, however, the old laundress was reinstated in office.

#### *Time.*

How swift the pinions Time puts on,  
 To urge his flight away;  
 To-day's soon yesterday; anon,  
 To-morrow is to-day;  
 Thus days, and weeks, and months, and years  
 Depart from mortal view;  
 As, sadly, through this vale of tears  
 Our journey we pursue!  
 Yet grieve not, man, that thus he flies,  
 He hastes thee to thy rest;  
 The drooping wretch that soonest dies,  
 — Is soonest with the blest!

#### *Anecdote of Fordyce, the Banker.*

With the foibles generally attendant upon an aspiring man, Fordyce had generous qualities. A young intelligent merchant, who kept cash at his banking-house, one morning making a small lodgment, he happened to say in the shop—"That, if he could command some thousands at present, there was a certain speculation to be pursued, which, in all probability,

would turn out fortunate." This was said loosely, without Fordyce's making any answer, or seeming to attend to it, and no more passed at the time.

A few months afterwards, when the same merchant was what they call *selling his book* with the house, he was very much surprised to see the sum of five hundred pounds placed to his credit side more than he knew he possessed. Thinking it a mistake, he pointed it out to the clerk, who seeing the entry in Mr. Fordyce's hand-writing, said, he must have paid it to him.

The merchant shortly after meeting Mr. F. requested an explanation, when Mr. F. told him—"That he had gained a handsome sum by the hint which he dropt a few months before, and thought he was justly entitled to the sum he had placed to his credit."

*By Dr. Doddridge, on his Motto, "Dum Vivimus Vivamus."*

Live, while you live—the epicure would say,  
 And seize the pleasure of the present day;  
 Live, while you live—the sacred preacher cries,  
 And give to God each moment as it flies.  
 Lord, in my views let both united be,  
 I live to pleasure, while I live to thee.

*Tierney v. Fox.*

Mr. Fox, in the course of a speech, said—"If any thing on my part, or on the part of those with whom I acted, was in obstruction to peace, I could not lie on my pillow with ease." George Tierney (then in the administration) whispered to his neighbour—"If he could not lie on his pillow with ease, he can lie in this house with ease."

*An Amorous Pun.*

"Who is that lovely girl?" exclaimed Lord Norbury, riding in company with his friend Counsellor Grahaarty. "Miss Glass," replied the barrister. "Glass!" reiterated the facetious judge; "by the love which man bears to woman, I should often become intoxicated, could I press such a glass to my lips."

*Curled Hair.*

Lord Norbury calling one day on Mrs. O'Connor, the mattrass maker, in Sackville-street, Dublin, who is a very pretty woman, remonstrated with her on having so long delayed sending home his order: "Sure, your lordship," said the good woman, with great *naivete*, "there's *no curled hair* to be had now in Dublin, neither for *love nor money*." "By the powers above," replied his lordship, looking amorously, "but it was very plentiful in this city, Mrs. O'Connor, when I was a *curly boy*."

*A Dry Wipe.*

Lord Norbury being in company with some lawyers, was asked, had he seen a pamphlet written by O'Grady, in which he was reflected on, replied—"Yes, yes, I took it to the water-closet with me." When told who was the author, he replied—"Ha! I did not think my friend Grady intended me such a *wipe*."

*A Cockney's Pun.*

A Londoner told his friend he was going to Margate for a change of *hair*: "You had better," said the other go to the *wig-maker's shop*."

*A Sporting Pun.*

A gentleman on circuit narrating to his lordship some extravagant feat in sporting, mentioned that he had lately shot thirty-three hares before breakfast—"Thirty three *hares*!" exclaimed Lord Norbury: "Zounds, sir! then you must have been firing at a *wig*."

*A Rum Witness Sent to Quod.*

A witness being interrogated by Lord Norbury, in a manner not pleasing to him, turned to an acquaintance, and told him, in a half whisper, that he did not come there to be *queered* by the old one. Lord Norbury heard him, and instantly replied in his own *cont*—"I'm *old*, 'tis true, and I'm *rum* sometimes, and once I'll be *queer*, and send you to *quod*."



*The Racket Court.*

The counsel in the Irish courts are not always so decorous and attentive as they should be. During the examination of a witness, Lord Norbury had occasion, once or twice to request silence; when the man, in reply to a question from his lordship relative to his occupation, answered—"That he kept a racket court." "Indeed," said the judge, and looking archly at the bar, continued, "and I am very sorry to say that I am Chief Justice of a racket court much too often."

*Monopoly.*

In a humorous trial between the rival managers, Messrs. Daly and Astley, respecting the right of the latter to perform the farce of "My Grandmother," at the Peter-street Theatre, Dublin, Daly's counsel stated, that the penalties recoverable from the defendant, for his infringement of the right of the patent theatre, would all be given to that excellent charity the Lying-in Hospital. Mr. Toler, in reply, observed—"That it was notorious, no man in Dublin had contributed more largely, *in one way*, to the Lying-in Hospital than Mr. Daly; and it was therefore but fair, if he recovered in this action, that he should give them *the cash*, but," continued the facetious counsel, "although Mr. Daly's attachment to *good pieces* is proverbial, we don't choose that he shall monopolise all the *good pieces* in Dublin, from "My Grandmother" down to *Miss in her Teens*."

*To Captain Parry, the Polar Navigator, on his giving a Fete on board the Hecla.*

Dear Captain Parry, you are right  
To give the belles a loves;  
God grant your dancing may be light,  
For, oh! your book is heavy.

*One Lawyer More.*

"Pray does one More, a lawyer, live hard by!"  
"I do not know of *one*," was the reply;  
"But if one *less* were living, I am sure,  
Mankind his absence safely might endure."

*On Sir Isaac Newton.*

"Some *demon*, sure," says wond'ring Ned,  
 "In Newton's brain has fix'd his station;"  
 "True," Dick replies, "you've rightly said,  
 I know his name—'tis *demon-stration*."

*A Man-milliner's Pun.*

An amateur, famous for taking a front seat in the pit, the first night of a new opera, was dreadfully annoyed one night by the big drum, opposite to whose "loud sounds" he was unfortunately placed. He expressed his uneasiness so frequently, that the performer made use of the word, "man milliner" once or twice, in derision of his tender auriculars. "Man-milliner," said the gentleman, "I am none, but you're the vilest *tambour-worker* I ever met with."

*Affectionate Regret.*

A Chinese, forty years of age, who had a very passionate mother, frequently received from her a sound beating, which he always bore with exemplary patience. A friend, who knew the life the poor fellow led, calling on him one day just after he had received a severe drubbing from his mother, found him dissolved in tears, and quite inconsolable. "What," said the friend, "can be the cause of this immoderate grief?" "Ah:" replied the poor fellow, "my dear mother did not thrash me half so soundly to-day, as she used to do—poor creature! her strength is fast declining; I am much afraid that I shall soon lose her."

*The Lottery of Life.*

Prince Maurice, in an engagement with the Spaniards, took twenty-four prisoners, one of whom was an Englishman. He ordered eight of these to be hanged to retaliate a like sentence passed by Archduke Albert, upon the same number of Hollanders. The fate of the unhappy victims was to be determined by drawing lots. The Englishman, who had the good fortune to escape, seeing a Spaniard ex-

press the strongest symptoms of horror when it came to his turn to put his hand into the helmet, offered for twelve crowns to stand his chance. The offer was accepted, and he was so fortunate as to escape a second time. Upon being called a fool for so presumptuously tempting his fate, he said—"He thought he acted very prudently, for, as he daily hazarded his life for sixpence, he must have made a good bargain in venturing it for twelve crowns."

#### *Letter of the Law.*

A girl was tried at the Westminster sessions for stealing a pair of black silk stockings! but it being proved upon evidence that they were two *odd ones*, she was acquitted.

#### *Robin and Dolly.*

A cheerful, merry country damsel, who was fond of a game of romps, cast a wistful eye towards a clean well made youth. Dolly (for that was the name of the damsel), by way of giving him a challenge, began with tickling him on the side, his collar bone, the belly, or any where else she could think of. This made Robin laugh, squall, snigger, and grin, but all did not induce Robin to romp with Dolly. However, Dolly was determined not to give up the matter easily, but again attacked, pulled him backwards, and falling upon him, then pinching him, then kissing him, then scratching him, and then coaxing him, then fondling, and then hugging him, till her strength and patience were quite exhausted, and she was obliged to give over; yet all this did not invite Robin to romp with Dolly, for, as soon as Dolly quitted him, he arose, and set himself down to rest, and became as calm as before. This somewhat vexed Dolly; till at last, finding Robin did not sufficiently understand her wishes, she began to scream vehemently—"Let me alone, let me alone." Robin, quite surprised at her bawling out, when no other person was there, nor did he touch her, answered—"Why, I don't meddle with you, Dolly." "Aye,

but you might if you would, Robin," replied Dolly. Robin took the hint to romp: they romped till Robin was quite tired, and Dolly quite faint and out of breath.

*Curious Electioneering Anecdote.*

During the Election for the City of London, in 1818, the candidates being *Wood, Wilson, Walthman, Curtis, Thorp*, and *Johnny Atkins*, a whimsical occurrence took place. One of the Society of Friends appeared before the hustings to give his vote, and spoke as follows—

"Friend Alderman Wood, I have come to vote for thee because thou hast been a good magistrate, a friend to the poor, and hast kept thy word with the people in Parliament. Thou art not like the *large* candidate who stands beside thee, for he hath deceived the people, and even hath no mercy upon females. He hath in his magisterial capacity called a woman an *Amazon*."

*Sir W. Curtis*—"Friend, dost thou mean me?"

*Quaker*—"Yea, verily, that I do."

*Sir W. Curtis*—"Then, friend, I tell thee thou liest, and art a wicked one; and the information thou hast derived is false—it is from a newspaper."

*Quaker*—"Friend William, I do not like thee."

Here the worthy baronet was treated with little ceremony by the Livery.

The quaker resumed—"Friend Walthman, I give thee my vote, trusting that thou wilt perform one half of what thou hast so long promised. Friend Thorp, I do the same for thee, though thee hast promised less; but I have known the most virtuous and patriotic of thy name. Friend Wilson, I know thee not, but thou hast been recommended, and I trust thou wilt merit the future support of thy fellow-citizens." The quaker retired amidst the most uproarious applause.

*Undecided.*

A bachelor in Portugal lately bethought him of taking unto himself a helpmate. His fair one con-

sending, the preliminaries were arranged, and the parties appeared before the holy man. "Are you willing to take this woman to be your lawful wife?" said the parson. The bridegroom hesitated: "I dinna freely ken, sir;" at last he drawled out, "Ay." It now came to the lady's turn to answer: scandalized by the backwardness of the husband elect, she, too, "didna ken, till she consulted her brither." Off she set to hold the consultation; but she stayed so long, as to make it apparent to the bachelor that he was still to live in single blessedness.

### *Force of Conscience.*

Last week, an anonymous letter covering two one pound notes, was received by the overseers of the poor of Castle Donington, desiring its application to the general purposes of the parish, and stating, that the writer some time since, in a transaction with the parish, made a fraudulent charge of twenty-five shillings. It appears that the imperative mandate of the monitor within has, after a lapse of ten or twelve years, compelled him to refund both principal and interest, ere it would quietly permit him to pass to that "bourne, from whence no traveller returns."

### *Losing a Wife.*

When Zachariah Pierce, the famous Bishop of Rochester, had lost the wife he loved, he called for one glass to the *health* of her who had departed never to return, and so went *gently* back to the usual duties of life, and forbore to mention her again, from that time to the last day of it. This may be pious resignation in a bishop; but it very forcibly recalls to our mind, the man of fortitude in the play, who consoles his afflicted friend, by exclaiming—"You see how well I bear my sorrows—when I lost my wife last week, you did not see me shed a tear, or hear me utter a single sigh. I bore the loss with Christian resignation."

## SCRAPIANA.

Foreigners have a wonderful idea of the grandeur of London, and our mode of living, when they hear that we have a *golden square*, and a *silver street*, a *pudding lane*, and a *pie corner*.

A gentleman in the country lately addressed a passionate *billet-doux* to a lady in the same town, adding this curious postscript—"Please to send a speedy answer, as I have *somebody else in my eye*."

A man boasting, in a coffee-house, that he had drank *six bottles of wine*, a bystander observed, it was more than *he could swallow*.

A poor man lately applied to a clerical *bon vivant* in the country, to preach a funeral sermon on his deceased wife, at the same time requesting to know the expense. "Two guineas," was the reply. "Couldn't your reverence do it for one?" "Why, I could preach you a sermon for one guinea, but it would not be *worth your hearing*."

A conflict occurred a few days ago in the Cork theatre. One of the performers having upbraided a fiddler in the orchestra with playing out of tune, the *enraged musician* rushed upon the stage, and broke the *bridge* of the actor's nose.

A bill has been brought into the House of Commons for *enclosing Great Snoring*, in Norfolk. This measure must tend greatly to the *quiet and repose* of all the other counties.

Sir, if you catch me making faces,  
Think not I mean those *nibs* for *graces*;  
My soul such affectation acorns,  
But my tight shoes, sir, pinch my corns.

Among the prisoners discharged at one of the

Quarter Sessions, under the late Insolvent Act, was a *chimney-sweeper*; he said he came there to be *white-washed*.

The Rev. Rowland Hill, in a late sermon, at Wapping, thus *appropriately* addressed his audience—"There are among you some great sinners, some large sinners, and some *whapping* sinners!"

Some villains broke into a counting-house, in Glasgow. Fortunately for them they were scared. The owner has since posted the following note on his door, and different public places—"Loaded spring-guns set in ——'s counting-house. If any dare break into it, let them bring their coffins."

At the fashionable *supper* parties, it is considered ungentleel to cut the *pastry*; as, if not touched, it will serve most of the suppers for the season, which are generally provided by *contract*. A few nights ago, on the bill of fare being handed about, a gentleman called for some *pigeon-pie*; but, on its being opened, the interior was *wood*. The lady of the house said, with great *nonchalance*—"that there was a mistake, for the pie consisted not of *hause*, but *wood, pigeons*."

Some words in French have no correspondent rhyme. A lady asking a poet a rhyme for *coiffe* (a lady's head-dress), was answered—"Madam, there is none; for what belongs to a lady's head has neither *rhyme* nor *reason*."

A *Yorkshireman* and *Leicestershireman* contending for the superior fertility of their respective counties, the Leicestershireman declared, that he could turn a horse into a field new-mown, and the next morning the grass would be grown above his hoofs. "Pho! that's nothing," cried the Yorkshireman, "you may turn a horse into a field in Yorkshire, and not be able to find him next morning."

At a general illumination, some time back, the

mob having gathered round a house which happened to be a butcher's, began to call out—"Lights, lights;" when the master of the house opened one of his windows, and put out a pole, at the end of which was suspended a *bullock's lights*; which so amused the mob, that upon the butcher assuring them he meant to light up, they went on, and left his windows unmolested.

"As you do not belong to my parish," said a clergyman to a begging sailor, with a wooden leg, "you cannot expect that I should relieve you."  
"Sir," said the sailor, with a noble air, "I lost my leg fighting for *all parishes*."

A person, talking of a parlour grate he had purchased, was asked whether it was upon the *Romford* principle; when he very simply replied, "No; I bought it at *Stratford*."

If our painters knew more of *punctuation*, we should not so frequently see written up, *Circulating Library Stationery*.

Candidates, canvassing for seats in Parliament, are recommended to provide themselves with *memorandum* books, for the purpose of inserting their *promises*, as, in case of their being elected, the circumstance is generally attended with a *loss of memory*.

The landlord of a public-house, in the vicinity of London, whose name is *White*, had the following party to dinner, a few days ago, viz.—*Mr. Green*, *Mr. Gray*, *Mr. Motley*, *Mr. Brown*, and *Mr. Black*. *Mr. Scarlet*, we understand, was prevented from attending by indisposition.

There is, near the City-road, a public house, called the *Crown and Sceptre*, which was once kept by a person of the name of *A. King*.

A gentleman filled up a banker's check for his



butcher, whose name was Govia, "Pay Mr. Bovia," which word in Latin signifies of an ox.

It appears from the experience of all ages and nations, that the work done by freemen, comes cheaper in the end than that performed by slaves.

Diogenes seeing a boy throwing stones at a gallows, cried out—"Well done! you will come to your mark at last."

A person reading in a newspaper, that the Bishop of London had refused to grant a licence to the floating chapel on the river Thames, cried out—"That he was not at all surprised at his lordship's refusal, for," says he, "the chapel does not float in his see."

A dancer said to a Spartan—"You cannot stand so long upon one leg as I can." "True," answered the Spartan, "but any Goose can."

A blind man who goes about the streets of London, whining out a long story about his misfortunes, has, amongst other prayers for the charitable and humane, the following curious wish—"May you never see the darkness which I now see."

When the late Marquis Londonderry, then Lord Castlereagh, was going to the Congress at Vienna, some thieves cut away a trunk from behind his travelling chariot, between London and Harwich. A gentleman related this circumstance to a friend, who immediately observed—"His lordship ought to have followed the example of the elephants." "What is that?" said the other. "Why, he should have carried his trunk before him."

A gentleman who lived in Great Turnstile, Holborn, being the subject of conversation in a party, a person inquired where he lived, if he had a large house, kept a good table, &c. "Oh! yes," answered another, "he lives in the greatest stile in Holborn."

In a dispute a Spartan was told he lied. He an-

swered—"After I had told you so, I would whip you." For in Sparta lying slaves were whipped; and this retort was equal to calling the other a slave. Our point of honour was unknown to the ancients, who thought the infamy lay in lying, not in being told of it.

A very shrewd person wishing to catch a mouse that eat his books, baited and set a trap, and sat by it to watch!

Demonax, hearing one declaim miserably, said—"You should practice more." The orator answering—"I am always declaiming to myself," he replied—"No wonder you do not improve, having so foolish an audience."

A person looking at a London directory, and observing a man put into it as a *diamond merchant*, expressed his surprise, as the man had the words *coal merchant* on his door. "Oh!" cried Suett, "'tis only an error of the press, you see; they have omitted the word *black* before that of *diamond*."

A young man, one day, was railing, in a jocular way, at Fortune, and lamenting the absence of her smiles: "But," says he, "I think I shall go and make a hole in the bank, rob it, and so get rich at once." "Then, certainly," said a lady present, "you will be exalted." "Yes," he replied, "I shall get into a new line."

The following advertisement was stuck in the window of a house in Cheltenham: "Groan Jentelmon tort Joggerbaffy hand the Huez of the Globa."

The following order was received from a farmer by a druggist in a country town: "Sir, please to send me a clanging drink for a cow, after calving Dick Baldwin."

A man used to go about Hoxton, selling something which he carried in a basket, carefully covered

over with a clean white cloth. What was the commodity he had to dispose of, Toby never could ascertain from his cry, and he had not curiosity to inquire, but it certainly amused him much to hear the man announce it to the public in the following words.....“*Rum-ti-tum, two pots for a ha'penny.*”

---

*Vanity Corrected.*

The father of Mr. Wesley, founder of the methodists, was rector of Epworth, England. He had a clerk, a well meaning, honest, but weak and vain man. He believed the rector, his master, to be the greatest man in the parish, if not in the county; and himself, as he stood next to him in church ministrations, to be next to him in worth and importance. He had the advantage and privilege of wearing out Mr. Wesley's cast-clothes and wigs, for the latter of which his head was by far too small; and the figure he cut in it was most ludicrously grotesque. The rector finding him particularly vain of one of those canonical substitutes for hair, which he had lately received, formed the design to mortify him in the presence of that congregation, before which John wished to appear in every respect what he thought himself, the next person in importance to his master. One morning, before church time, Mr. W. said—“John, I shall preach on a particular subject to-day, and shall choose my own psalm, of which I shall give out the first line, and you shall proceed as usual.” John was pleased; and the service went forward as it was wont to do, till they came to the singing, when Mr. Wesley gave out the following line—

“Like to an owl in ivy bush”—

This was sung, and the following line, John peeping out of the large canonical wig, in which his head was half lost, gave out with an audible voice, and appropriate connective twang—

“That rufal thing am I!”

The whole congregation, struck with John's ap-

pearance, saw and felt the similitude, and burst out into laughter.

The rector was pleased; for John was mortified, and his self-conceit lowered.

This is the same man who, when King William returned to London, after some of his expeditions, gave out in Epworth church—"Let us sing to the praise and glory of God, a hymn of my own composing—

' King William is come home, come home,  
King William home is come;  
Therefore let us together sing  
The hymn that's call'd Te Dum.' "

### *Irish News.*

The Dublin Evening Post lately gave a long account of an attack upon a farm-house by a gang of villains, which it concludes, by stating, is entirely unfounded!

### *Scotch Economy.*

A highlander who sold brooms, went into a barber's shop, in Glasgow, to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and, after having shaved him, asked the price of it. "Tippence," said the highlander. "No, no," says the shaver; "I'll give you a penny, and if that does not satisfy you, take your broom again." The highlander took it, and asked what he had to pay. "A penny," says Strap. "I'll gie ye a baubee," says Duncan, "and if that dinna satisfy ye, pit on my beard again."

### *Grave Subjects.*

A lady asking a gentleman, how it was most medical men dressed in black, he replied—"The meaning is very obvious, as they are chiefly occupied in preparing grave subjects."

### *A Livery-man.*

A wealthy merchant of Fenchurch street, lament-

ing to a confidential friend, that his daughter had eloped with one of his footmen, concluded, by saying—“Yet I wish to forgive the girl, and receive her husband, as it is now too late to part them. But then, his condition; how can I introduce him?” “Nonsense,” replied his companion; “introduce him as a *Livery Man* of the *City of London*. What is more honourable?”

#### *Toast.—A Sot.*

A toast is like a sot; or, what is more  
Comparative, a sot is like a toast;  
For when their substances in liquor sink,  
Both, properly, are said to be in drink.

#### *English Love-Letters.*

The French ridicule, and not without reason, the absurdity and want of gallantry apparent in English love epistles. We quote two instances; one of rather ancient bearing, the other of modern date. A royal duke long since in addressing a countess, whose regard for him cost her nothing less than honour, run on in a style of rhapsody as to her beauty, &c., but ended with the following curious postscript—“Mutton fell a penny a pound, yesterday.” And Colonel Berkeley, reminding Miss Foote of the various instances he had given her of his love, says—“Have I not kept my horses waiting for hours in the cold, while I was attending you at the theatre.”

#### *Member for Downshire.*

A gentleman observing a man fall in the street, through intoxication, as often as he was picked up by his more sober companions, observed to his friends—“There is a nice *Candidate* for *Downshire*.”

#### *Hobson's Choice.*

“Gentlemen and ladies,” said the facetious Beau Nash, the then master of the ceremonies for Bath, introducing a most lovely woman into the ball-room,

said—"This is Mrs. Hobson. I have often heard of Hobson's choice, but never had the pleasure to view it till now, and you must coincide with me, that it reflects credit on his taste."

#### *Curious Toast.*

During the late war, at a dinner given on the occasion of raising a volunteer corps in a small town, near York, the colonel sent round the following singular toast—"May our regiment prove a terror to the whole world."

#### *Dr. Franklin's Epitaph.*

Dr. Franklin's well known epitaph on himself, as a printer, is of later date than either of the two following epigrams, which most probably suggested the idea:

The world's a *printing-house*, our words are thoughts;  
 Our deeds are *characters* of several sizes;  
 Each soul's a *compositor*, of whose faults  
 The *Levites* are *correctors*; and *heaven* *revises*;  
 Earth is the *common press*, from which being driven,  
 We're *gather'd*, sheet by sheet, and *bound* for heaven.

Scholars have often indulged in *spiritualising* books. "A woman," says one, "is a book." Another has the following epigram on marriage:

Let the good man, for nuptial rights designed,  
 Turn over every page of woman kind;  
 Mark every sense, and how the readings vary,  
 And when he's read them through, let him marry.

#### *Epitaph for a Card-maker.*

His card is out, long days be *shuffled* through,  
 The *game* of life he *dealt* as others do;  
 Though he by *agnouts* tells not its amount,  
 When the last trump is *played*, his *tricks* will count.

#### *Sir Isaac Newton and the Shepherd.*

There is a story related of Sir Isaac Newton, the celebrated astronomer, that, being one day in the country, he saw a shepherd tending his flock, and

inquired of him how far it was to the next town. The shepherd replied—"About a mile," and added—"but unless you make haste, you will be wetted through before you get there." Sir Isaac proceeded; and as the day was uncommonly fine, disregarded the shepherd's caution, till drops of rain began to fall. He then quickened his pace; but before he could reach the inn, he was thoroughly wetted. Struck with the circumstance, when the rain abated, he returned to ask the shepherd how he came to know that there would be rain, when no signs thereof were apparent. The shepherd declined explanation. Sir Isaac offered him a guinea, and afterwards five; but still the shepherd refused to reveal the secret. At length, Sir Isaac offered him *twenty* guineas: he then consented, on condition that he should have the money in hand before he spoke. Sir Isaac complied. The shepherd then said—"You see that black ram?" "Yes," said Sir Isaac, "but what has that to do with the question?" "Why," said the shepherd, "whenever that ram makes for shelter, and thrusts his rump into the hedge, I always know that rain will fall within a quarter of an hour."

#### *A clever Thief.*

A leader of a noted band of thieves, who infested some of the villages and public fairs in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, had a custom of waiting in some garret, or private place, contiguous to the bustle, and when his light-fingered troops (dispensing with the usual tedious formalities of bargain and barter) had made a transfer of property in their favour, they repaired to the resort of their captain, and deposited their booty.

On a fair-day at Kirkintilloch, the troops being rather unsuccessful, the captain wearying, sallied out himself, and observing a customer weaver, with a wallet on his back, containing a web, a small part of the end of which was hanging out of the wallet, the captain placed himself close up to the back of the weaver, and, with a needle and thread, quietly and

firmly sewed the end of the web to the tail of his own coat, then made his way through the crowd, pulling the web after him. The weaver, feeling that he was relieved of his burden, hastily turning round, and observing the latter end of his web passing from his view, with considerable celerity, followed, and found the captain with the web under his arm, and accused him of stealing it. The arch rogue coolly replied—“Have you really lost your web? Hut man, had you only been as cautious as I was, you would not have lost your web. See,” continued he, turning up the tail of his coat, “I sewed mine firmly to my coat-tail.” The weaver seemed satisfied, and the rogue carried off the booty.

#### *The Comforts of an Inn.*

A gentleman, whose veracity may be depended on, slept, or rather should have slept, at the York Hotel, in the city of York, one morning, in the month of May, 1822. Having been engaged with a party of friends, he did not retire till midnight; an hour, which in that place is not considered untimely. Having taken his place by the Highflier Sheffield coach, which left York at half-past eight the next morning, he gave express orders to be called at half-past seven. Having no dread of evil spirits, he straightway composed himself; but his rest was of short duration, for, at one o'clock, he was roused by a knocking at the door. “Who’s there?” said the sleepy traveller. “Pray, sir, don’t you go by Mail?” “No, I go by the Highflier.” “Beg your pardon, sir, it’s another gentleman.” This unwelcome visitor robbed him of his next half-hour’s repose; but, after many twistings and twinings, he slumbered again. Scarcely had Morpheus taken him into his service, ere a second voice saluted his ear. “Two o’clock, sir, the Express will be off in half-an-hour.” “What have I to do with the Express? I wish you would express yourself elsewhere.” “Laws, sir, why I was told at how you went by the Express.” “I told your master I was



to go by the Highflier, and I hope I shall hear no more of you till half-past seven." "I ask your pardon, sir." Again he tumbled and tossed, and again he became subject to the son of Erebus; but like poor Monsieur Tonson, he was doomed to be haunted. At half-past three, he heard a loud thundering at the door. "Sir, I've brong your boots, you mun be up in a moment, the coach is at the door." Out bounced the astonished guest, and quickly rejoined—"Why did you not speak before? I have had trouble enough with one or the other of you. Why did your master say that the coach went at half-past eight?" "Bless me, sir, is it you as goes by the Highflier? they towed me as how you went by the Nelson. Beg your pardon, sir, as sure." In any place but York, this would have been the last customer, but the fates conspired. At five he hears another knocking, and his patient being exhausted, he exclaims—"What the d— do you want?" A faltering female replies—"Don't you go by the Highflier, sir?" "To be sure I do." "Well, sir, I'll be sure to call you at half-past seven." Half-past seven arrived, and the gentleman made his appearance amidst a numerous assemblage of menials, all laden with petitions and apologies. "Please to remember the porter, sir." "Please to remember the waiter, sir." "Remember boots, sir." "Remember me, sir, if you please. I'm the chambermaid—I called you, sir." Omnes. "I beg pardon, sir, for disturbing you." "Yes, I'll pardon and remember you too, when I am many miles hence." "But don't you mean to give us nothing, sir." "Yes, I do mean to give you nothing: and I'll remember you all as long as I live, you may rely upon it."

*Sir John Falstaff's Description of a Ragged Regiment, by Shakspeare.*

If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused garnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred

and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders—yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been saked twice on the banna; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild duck. I press me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pin's heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded, unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers, trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonourably ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: Nay, the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company, and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from ray host at St. Alban's, or the red-nosed inn-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one, they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

#### *Curious Courtship.*

A young gentleman and lady happened to be in the same pew in a free church in America. During the course of the Sermon, the youth read something

in the eyes of the fair, which made a deeper impression on his mind than the pious lecture of the preacher. As love, although blind, is never at a loss for expedients, he presented the maiden, whose charms had attracted his notice, with the following passage, being the 5th verse of the Second Epistle of John :

“ Now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another.”

After reading this passage, the lady, in reply, promptly referred her suitor to another passage in the Old Testament—namely, the 16th verse of the 1st chapter of Ruth :

“ Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God.”

#### *Original Irish Blunder.*

A person having called at the house of a gentleman (who had been some time out of town), asked the maid-servant (an Irishwoman), “ Pray, has Mr. Mills returned from the country yet?” “ Yes, sir,” replied our female Paddy, “ *but he's not in town.*”

#### *The Tailor's Clock.*

A gentleman popping his head through a tailor's working shop window, exclaimed—“ What o'clock is it?” Upon which the tailor lifted his lap-board, and struck him a blow on the head, answering—“ It has just now *struck* one.”

#### *Bowl of Punch Extraordinary.*

On the 25th of October, 1694, a bowl of punch was made at the Right Honourable Edward Russell's house, when he was Captain-general, and Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's forces in the Medi-

terranean seas. It was made in a fountain in a garden, in the middle of four walks, all covered over head with lemon and orange trees, and in every walk was a table the whole length of it, covered with cold collations, fruits, &c. In the said fountain, were the following ingredients, viz.—

4 Hogsheads of brandy.

8 Hogsheads of water.

25,000 Lemons.

20 Gallons of lime juice.

13 Cwt. of fine Lisbon sugar

5 Pounds of grated nutmegs.

300 Toasted biscuits, and

1 Pipe of dry Mountain Malaga.

Over the fountain was a large canopy, built to keep off the rain; there was also built on purpose, a little boat, wherein was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain, and filled the cups of the company; and it is estimated, that not less than 5000 men drank thereof,

#### *Pomposity Rebuked.*

Mr. Horace Twiss, who had visited the Columbus, was describing in very pompous terms the extent of her decks, the size of her chicken-coops, and stalls for cattle, &c. when Mr. C. observed—"O! yes, I hear they had a pack of hounds and a few hares, for the amusement of hunting occasionally as they crossed the Atlantic!"

#### *Anecdote of Bonnel Thornton, Esq.*

Bonnel Thornton, whose turn for wit and humour was only equalled by the strength of his understanding, used frequently to entertain himself and his friends, at the expense of physicians, conceiving he had a right, as he was bred to the profession of physic. The formal wig was generally the object of his mirth. Mr. Thornton being once confined to his bed by a fever, and his friends thinking he might never recover, urged him incessantly to

call in the assistance of the faculty. Wearied with their importunities, he at length promised to have a consultation on a certain day, when his friends attending, they found Mr. Thornton sitting upon his bed, with the curtains open, looking gravely at *three tie wigs*, placed in order upon blocks, between the bed posts. "What is the meaning of this?" exclaimed his friends. "Why this is the consultation of physicians," answered Mr. Thornton; "I know what I am about, it is allowed to be more than an even chance against a patient when he calls in a consultation of the *periwigs*. The sight of the doctor has cured many a patient, the danger lies in the doctor's physic. Be at ease, my friends, nature is the best physician; the assistance she wants I shall give, and save my money and my life."

Thornton soon recovered, and for many years joined his friends in laughing at his *consultation of physicians*.

#### *Anecdote of Horne Tooke and Professor Porson.*

The professor it seems, at Mr. Tooke's own table, had threatened to *kick and cuff* him. Tooke, however, persisted in fighting it out "in a couple of quarts of brandy," a kind of duel sufficiently to the professor's taste, but which soon laid him senseless on the floor. Upon this, the victor in this new Olympic game, taking hold of his antagonist's limbs in succession, exclaimed—"This is the foot that was to have *kicked*, and the hand that was to have *cuffed*, me." And then drinking one glass more to the speedy recovery of his prostrate adversary, ordered that great care should be taken of Mr. Porson, and withdrew into an adjacent apartment, where tea and coffee had been prepared, with the same serene calmness as if nothing had happened.

#### *Landscapes.*

An Irish captain being on the ocean, many leagues from the most remote part of land, beheld at a short distance four sail of ships, and in the joy of his heart

exclaimed—"Arrah! my lads, pipe all hands on deck, to behold this rich landscape."

*Anecdote of Burke.*

It is well known that the celebrated Edmund Burke, on his first *debut* in life, improved himself not a little under the banners and patronage of the opposition; for which purpose he was a constant frequenter of the various debates and disputations held at the house of one Seacocke, a baker, but who, notwithstanding his situation in life, was gifted with such a vein of eloquence, that he was unanimously constituted perpetual president of the famous disputing society held at the Robin Hood, near Temple Bar. On a certain memorable occasion in the House of Commons, Mr. Burke exclaiming—"I quit the camp," suddenly left the opposition benches, and going over to the Treasury side of the house, thundered a violent philippic against his former friends and associates. Mr. Sheridan concluded a spirited reply to that unlooked for attack, nearly in the following words—"That gentleman, to use his own expression, has *quitted the camp*; but he will recollect that he has *quitted it* as a deserter, and I sincerely hope he will never return as a spy. But I, for one," he continued, "cannot sympathize in the astonishment, with which so flagrant an act of apostacy has electrified the house, for neither I nor that gentleman have forgotten from whom he has borrowed those weapons, which he now uses against us. So far therefore from being astonished at that gentleman's present tergiversation, I consider it not only characteristic, but consistent; for it is but natural that he, who, on his first starting in life, should commit so gross a blunder as to go to a *baker's* for his *eloquence*, should conclude such a career, by coming to the *House of Commons* for his *bread*."

*The Devil Among the Tailors.*

Some-time ago, a French teacher, resident in Oxford, by the name of Ducane, called on Mr. Wick-

ham, a mercer, who lived opposite University College, for a waistcoat piece, but could not recollect the name of the material he wished for. He said that he thought it was de English for de diable." Mr. Wickham mentioned the several names of his infernal highness, such as Old Nick, Beelzebub, &c. "No, no, it was not dat," was the reply. At length Mr. W. thought of Satan. "O dat is vat I vant," said Ducane; "I vant a satan vescoat."

#### *Apathy.*

A footman of Lord Dacre's was hung, in 1763, for the murder of his lordship's butler. The culprit was only nineteen years of age. While writing his confession—"I murd"—he stopped short, and asked—"Pray how do you spell murdered?"

#### *Diversity.*

A learned and witty dissenting minister, not many years deceased, married three wives: the first for her pecuniary advantages, the second on account of her personal charms, the third he married in his old age, for the sake of securing her attention, and his own comfort; she, however, proved "a very shrew." "Well," said the Rev. to a friend, "I have in my time had three wives; the World, the Flesh, and the Devil."

#### *Revolutions of Life.*

Indigence and obscurity, are the parents of vigilance and economy—

Vigilance and economy, of riches and honesty—

Riches and honour, of pride and luxury—

Pride and luxury, of impunity and idleness—

Impunity and idleness, of indigence and obscurity—

Such are the Revolutions of Life.

#### *Gaming for Money.*

In the reign of Richard the First, an edict was issued concerning gaming, by which no person in the

army was permitted to play at any sort of game for money, except knights and clergymen, who in one whole day and night should not each lose more than twenty shillings, on pain of forfeiting one hundred shillings to the archbishop of the army. The two kings might play for what they pleased; but their attendants not for more than twenty shillings, otherwise they were to be whipped naked through the army for three days.

*Recipe for a Wife, found in a Bachelor's Portfolio.*

Good temper, health, good understanding, agreeable physiognomy, figure, good connection, domestic habits, resources of amusement, good spirits, conversation, talents, elegant manners—Money!

*A Remedy for Grief.*

The Marshal de Mouchy maintained, that the flesh of pigeons possessed a consoling virtue. Whenever this nobleman lost a friend or relation, he said to his cook—"Let me have roast pigeons for dinner to-day. I have always remarked," he added, "that, after eating two pigeons, I rise from table much less sorrowful."

*Just in Time.*

A doctor call'd in Bedford-row,  
 (It matters not how long ago)  
 To see a patient. When he knock'd,  
 Now only think how he was shocked,  
 When instantly the footman said—  
 "Dear doctor, our poor lady's dead."  
 "Dead! surely not, it may by chance  
 Be nothing but a sleeping trance:  
 I'll just walk up and see for certain;"  
 He did so, and drew the curtain;  
 Where laid the lady pale and calm,  
 The usual guinea in her palm.  
 "I see," he cried, (and took the fee),  
 "The poor dear soul expected me."

*Perfidy Punished.*

Among the lives of female heroines, lately pub-



lished at Paris, it appears, that in 1722, a M. d'Estache, formerly a cornet in the French dragoons, having seduced a young woman, of the name of St. Cheron, the daughter of a brother officer, and by whom she became pregnant, he at length carried the insult so far as to refuse to marry her, under the shameful pretence of having been intimate with her mother in the early part of his life! The abused damsel had two brothers, lieutenants of horse in the regiments of Brisac, who would have compelled the sieur d'Estache to marry their sister, to retrieve her honour, and vindicate their calumniated mother; but d'Estache wounded the eldest in the face with a pistol, and shot the youngest with a gun out of a window. This injured family had a sister, who for some time abandoned herself to grief and rage, but the last of those passions at length prevailing, prompted her to a revenge above the daring of her sex; this young gentlewoman being informed that her sister's ravisher and brother's murderer was at Montpellier, went thither from Gignac, where she lived, and arrived there on the 5th of March, in the evening. She found means on the 7th to be introduced to the guilty author of her family's disgrace, and without any ceremony shot him dead with a pistol. Having done the deed, she wrote the next day to the regent, and to M. le Blanc, secretary at war, owning the fact, but denying it to be an offence, and, justifying her innocence by the provocation, yet at the same time humbly imploring for mercy. Her letters were received on the 15th, in the morning, and his royal highness the duke regent immediately dispatched an express to the lieutenant criminal of Montpellier, to send the information against her to M. le Blanc, and not to give judgment till farther orders. The ladies of Montpellier, one and all, declared their approbation of the action, and two of them even made themselves prisoners to bear her company in her confinement, which was not of long continuance; for, notwithstanding that she had acted

the heroine's part, rather than that of the Christian, she soon obtained her pardon.

### *Poetry and Pastry.*

A German poet, having lately written a gastronomic song upon the pastry of one of the best pastry-cooks of his place, the latter thought he could not better testify his gratitude than by sending him one of the objects he had celebrated in his song. The poet was at first enchanted with the work; but, to his grief, on finishing the last morsel, he recognized in the paper, upon which it lay when baked, the copy of his song with which he had testified his homage to the pastry-cook. In a great rage he ran to his shop, and accused him with the crime of *læsa poetica*. "Ah, Sir," replied the artist, not in the least disconcerted, "why so angry? I have only followed your example: you have made a song upon my pastry, and I have made pastry upon your song!"

### *Consolation.*

A lady complaining she was near thirty, a person who knew she was older, replied—"Madam, every day removes you *further* from the complaint."

*Rules for Young Maids, by the observance of which they may retain their powerful ascendancy from the age of Fifteen to Twenty-four.*

*At Fifteen*—Affect vivacity, and line your bonnets with pink. If in company with the man you would like for a husband, hold your breath long enough to blush when he speaks to you, and incline your eyes downwards in giving an answer. Be cautious at this age to wear your gowns made high in the neck, that your charms may be conceived to be greater than nature usually allots to you at this time of life.

*At Sixteen*—Seem to have a high spirit, with the most unbounded submission to the opinions of the favoured one. You may now look, when in conver-

sation, in the gentleman's face, but be cautious the eye-brows are kept well arched. Affect a liking for little babies, and get the credit of a good nurse.

*At Seventeen.*—Read the news of Literature and Fashion, and form your opinion of the follies of the day upon its model. Condemn play-going and talk of the happiness of retirement and domestic life. Simper "nimmity pimmity," to put you in pretty shape, and kiss children voluptuously to gentlemen, to set them longing. Wear low feet but do not show too much.

*At Eighteen.*—Look out for a husband for yourself, and practice making baby-linen for a male friend. Read "Little's Poems" in secret.

*At Nineteen.*—Go to routs and parties, but do general flirting. Dress fashionably, but with the greatest decency. Wear no flowers in the hair, let the curls be displayed wildly.

*At Twenty.*—Consider yourself in some danger of not getting a husband, and suit your conduct to the circumstances.

*At Twenty-one.*—Affect every thing, and make every body.

*At Twenty-two.*—Try the watering places.

*At Twenty-three.*—Go to Cheltenham, and look out for the old East Indians.

We have done! you cease to be a Young Man at Twenty-four.



James Bullock, Printer, Whitefriars.



# A LIBRARY OF BOOKS FOR THE USE OF W. SMITH, No. 110 1/2 N. 3rd St., ELIZABETH, N. J.

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. <i>Principles of Arithmetic</i></li> <li>2. <i>Principles of Algebra</i></li> <li>3. <i>Principles of Geometry</i></li> <li>4. <i>Principles of Trigonometry</i></li> <li>5. <i>Principles of Statistics</i></li> <li>6. <i>Principles of Political Economy</i></li> <li>7. <i>Principles of Moral Philosophy</i></li> <li>8. <i>Principles of Natural Philosophy</i></li> <li>9. <i>Principles of Chemistry</i></li> <li>10. <i>Principles of Botany</i></li> <li>11. <i>Principles of Zoology</i></li> <li>12. <i>Principles of Geology</i></li> <li>13. <i>Principles of Meteorology</i></li> <li>14. <i>Principles of Astronomy</i></li> <li>15. <i>Principles of Cosmology</i></li> <li>16. <i>Principles of Optics</i></li> <li>17. <i>Principles of Acoustics</i></li> <li>18. <i>Principles of Electricity</i></li> <li>19. <i>Principles of Magnetism</i></li> <li>20. <i>Principles of Heat</i></li> <li>21. <i>Principles of Light</i></li> <li>22. <i>Principles of Sound</i></li> <li>23. <i>Principles of Music</i></li> <li>24. <i>Principles of Artillery</i></li> <li>25. <i>Principles of Fortification</i></li> <li>26. <i>Principles of Naval Architecture</i></li> <li>27. <i>Principles of Naval Tactics</i></li> <li>28. <i>Principles of Naval Administration</i></li> <li>29. <i>Principles of Naval Discipline</i></li> <li>30. <i>Principles of Naval Medicine</i></li> <li>31. <i>Principles of Naval Hygiene</i></li> <li>32. <i>Principles of Naval Education</i></li> <li>33. <i>Principles of Naval Law</i></li> <li>34. <i>Principles of Naval History</i></li> <li>35. <i>Principles of Naval Geography</i></li> <li>36. <i>Principles of Naval Chronology</i></li> <li>37. <i>Principles of Naval Cosmography</i></li> <li>38. <i>Principles of Naval Cosmology</i></li> <li>39. <i>Principles of Naval Astronomy</i></li> <li>40. <i>Principles of Naval Meteorology</i></li> <li>41. <i>Principles of Naval Zoology</i></li> <li>42. <i>Principles of Naval Botany</i></li> <li>43. <i>Principles of Naval Chemistry</i></li> <li>44. <i>Principles of Naval Mineralogy</i></li> <li>45. <i>Principles of Naval Metallurgy</i></li> <li>46. <i>Principles of Naval Carpentry</i></li> <li>47. <i>Principles of Naval Joinery</i></li> <li>48. <i>Principles of Naval Painting</i></li> <li>49. <i>Principles of Naval Sculpture</i></li> <li>50. <i>Principles of Naval Architecture</i></li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1</li> <li>2</li> <li>3</li> <li>4</li> <li>5</li> <li>6</li> <li>7</li> <li>8</li> <li>9</li> <li>10</li> <li>11</li> <li>12</li> <li>13</li> <li>14</li> <li>15</li> <li>16</li> <li>17</li> <li>18</li> <li>19</li> <li>20</li> <li>21</li> <li>22</li> <li>23</li> <li>24</li> <li>25</li> <li>26</li> <li>27</li> <li>28</li> <li>29</li> <li>30</li> <li>31</li> <li>32</li> <li>33</li> <li>34</li> <li>35</li> <li>36</li> <li>37</li> <li>38</li> <li>39</li> <li>40</li> <li>41</li> <li>42</li> <li>43</li> <li>44</li> <li>45</li> <li>46</li> <li>47</li> <li>48</li> <li>49</li> <li>50</li> </ul>
--	---













