

so apt to make bulls, said he believed it must be something in the air of Ireland; adding, that if an *Englishman* were born there, he would probably do the same.

204. A MIRACLE ENHANCED.

A painter, intending to describe the miracle of the fishes listening to the preaching of St. Antony of Padua, painted the *lobsters* stretching out of the water *red*; having probably never seen them in their native state. Being questioned on this, and asked how he could justify his representing the lobsters as *boiled*, he extricated himself by observing, that *the miracle was the greater*.

205. THE METEMPSYCHOSIS.

A company were conversing on the subject of the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul. A person, poor in pocket and understanding, being desirous of displaying his wit, said, he remembered himself the *golden calf*. "You have then," replied another, "lost *only the gilding*."

206. OVER-CAUTIOUSNESS.

An ignorant young spendthrift wishing to borrow some money as privately as possible, was startled at reading the beginning of the bond, "*Know all men by these presents;*" and declared his unwillingness to sign it, as it must certainly *come to his father's ears*."

207. ROYAL MODESTY.

King Charles II. asked Stillingfleet, how it came about, that he always read his sermons before him, when he was informed he always preached without book elsewhere. He told the king, that the awe of so noble an audience, where he saw nothing that was not greatly superior to him, but chiefly the seeing before him so great and wise a prince, made him afraid to trust himself; with which answer the king was very well contented. "But pray," says Stillingfleet, "will your majesty give me leave to ask you a question too? Why do you read

your speeches, when you can have none of the same reasons?"—"Why truly, doctor," says the king, "your question is a very pertinent one, and so will be my answer. I have asked them so often, and for so much, that I am ashamed to look them in the face."

208. NEW WAY TO INCREASE GAME.

The following advertisement is literally copied from a Dublin paper. "On account of the *scarcity* of game on my mountains, I have ordered them to be *poisoned* this season, therefore warn all persons not to shoot on them."

209. EPISTOLARY BULL.

The wife of a Scotch laird being suddenly taken very ill, the husband ordered a servant to get a horse ready to go to the next town for the doctor. By the time, however, the horse was ready, and his letter to the doctor written, the lady recovered; on which he added the following postscript, and sent off the messenger: "*My wife being recovered, you need not come.*"

210. A SEARCH.

Cromwell was one day cracking a bottle with Ireton, Fleetwood, and St. John; they wanted to draw a cork, when the corkscrew happened to fall under the table, and they were all in search of it, but could not find it. In the mean time, word was brought in, that a deputation from the presbyterian churches waited for an audience in the antichamber. "Tell them," says Cromwell, "that I am in private seeking the Lord." When he had, in this manner, dismissed the deputation of the ministers, he made use of these words to his companions: "Those knaves think we were *seeking the Lord*, whereas, in truth, we are only *seeking the corkscrew.*"

211. PROFESSIONAL COMPLIMENT.

Quin being asked by a clergyman, who was not very earnest in his profession, to go and hear him preach;

was asked by the parson on his return how he liked his sermon? "Sir," replied he, "you are a *better actor* than I am."

212. DEGREES OF COMPARISON.

An Irishman meeting an acquaintance thus accosted him: "Ah! my dear, who do you think I have just been speaking to? Your old friend, Patrick; faith, and he is grown so thin, I hardly knew him: to be sure, you are thin, and I am thin, but *he is thinner than both of us put together.*"

213. MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUE, WITH A CLIMAX.

Mrs. Souchong. I wish you would take me to Margate, *my dear.*

Mr. Souchong. I had much rather not, *my duck.*

But why not, *my love?*

Because I don't chuse it, *my sweet.*

Not choose it, *my darling!*

I can't afford it, *my precious.*

Why not afford it, *Mr. Souchong?*

Because it is very expensive, *Mrs. Souchong.*

Expensive! why there is neighbour Jenkins and his whole family there now, *man.*

Neighbour Jenkins is a fool, and his wife no better than she should be, *woman.*

I think, however, you need not go to abuse my friends, *sir.*

I shall not imitate the example of your friends, *ma'am.*

Then if *you* won't go, *I will*; that's poz, *husband!*

And if *you* go, you don't have a penny from me; that's poz, *wife.*

"The force of language could *no further go!*"

214. HARD QUESTIONS SOLVED.

A parson, thinking to banter an honest quaker, asked him, where his religion was before George Fox's time. "Where thine was," says the quaker, "before Harry Tudor's time,—And now thou hast been so free with me,"

added the quaker, "pr'ythee let me ask thee a question. Where was Jacob going when he was turned of ten years of age? canst thou tell that?"—"No," said the parson, "nor you neither, I believe."—"Yes I can," replied the quaker; "he was going for eleven, was not he?"

215. A PRACTICAL BULL.

A worthy gentleman, living in Vauxhall-walk, had the bell-wire of his door cut one night by some inebriated persons returning from the garden. To prevent the recurrence of a similar outrage, he ordered the bell-hanger to place it *out of reach*.

216. A LONG-BACKED HORSE.

A sailor and two of his shipmates once wanted to go from Portsmouth to Petersfield; when one staying behind, desired the other two to proceed on foot, while he went and hired a horse. When he came to the livery-stables, the hostler brought him out a short-backed light gallop-way, about fourteen hands high, "Zounds," says Jack, "this will not do for me; he is too short in the back."—"Oh, sir," replies the ostler, "he is the better for that."—"He will not do, I tell you," returned the other: "get me a horse with a longer back, for I have *two more to take up at the turnpike*."

217. COMPLIMENTARY EPITAPHS.

Colonel —, who made the fine fire-works in St. James's-Square, on the peace of Ryswick, being in company with some ladies, was admiring the epitaph on Mr. Purcel's monument:

"He is gone to that place where alone his *harmony* can be exceeded."

"La! colonel," said one of the ladies, "the same epitaph might serve for you by altering only one word:

"He is gone to that place where alone his *fireworks* can be exceeded."

218. TWO OF A TRADE.

The celebrated actress, Mrs. Pritchard, having retired with her family during the summer into a village, took a fancy to see a play acted in a barn. She and her company engaged one of the best and most conspicuous seats in the little theatre. The scenes were made of pasteboard, and the clothes such as the manager could borrow or purchase. The orchestra was occupied by a single fiddler. The actors were uncelebrated, it is true, but did their best. Mrs. Pritchard, instead of taking up with such fare as the country afforded, laughed so loudly and incessantly at the business of the scene, that the country audience were affronted. Somebody present happened to know the great actress; and the fiddler, asking her name, was told that she was the great Mrs. Pritchard, of the theatre-royal in London. "I will give her a hint presently," said Crowdero; and immediately played the first tune in the Beggar's Opera:

"Through all the employments of life,
Each neighbour abuses his brother," &c.

"Come, let's be gone," said Mrs. Pritchard, "we are discovered; that fiddler is clever:" and as she crossed over the stage to the entrance, she dropped Crowdero a curtsey, and thanked him for his admonition.

219. THE COMPLIMENT RETURNED.

A lady of great accomplishments visiting a man of wit, was much pleased with the display of his talents, and complimented him on them at her departure. "Madam," replied the bard modestly, "I am only an instrument, and you have shewn your skill in playing on me."

220. ORIGIN OF WHIGS.

Doctor Johnson, not long before his death, asked a literary character of revolutionary principles, who was the first whig. "I can't immediately recollect, sir," replied the gentleman. "Then I'll tell you: the devil was, and he got kicked out of heaven for it."

221. THE STUDIOUS PRELATE.

A countryman had often called at a certain bishop's, and was always told, that his lordship was at his studies, and could not be disturbed. "I wish," replied he at last, "the king would never make folks bishops, who have not finished their studies."

222. A COCKNEY'S SIMILE.

A citizen in the country, preparing to get into a boat with the rest of his company, hesitated, and declared his apprehension of being drowned, should any accident happen; "for I assure you, gentlemen," said he, "I know no more how to swim than a *goose*."

223. VALUATION.

A young man was shewing a collection of his poems to an eminent critic, who turned his eye over some of them very quickly. "They have cost me *very little labour*," observed the bard. "They have cost you then," says the critic, "*as much as they are worth*."

224. DAY OF CEREMONY IN THE CITY.

The day that Mr. Atkinson stood in the pillory for perjury, the facetious Mr. Margray was asked by a countryman, while he was standing at his door in Fleet-street, what made such crowds of people flock toward the city; to which he with his usual humour replied, "My friend, it is a *collar-day* at the corn-exchange."

225. PUN ON A ROBBERY.

A thief, having stolen a cup out of a tavern, was pursued, and a great mob was raised around him. A bystander was asked, what was the matter. "Nothing," replied he: "a poor fellow has only *taken a cup too much*."

226. PUNCH IN DISGRACE.

Lord P——, being one night at a puppet-shew, was so struck with the pleasant sallies of Punch, that he resolved to purchase him, and gave Flockton his own price for that merry wag. Next morning he wrote cards of invitation to his acquaintance, requesting their company, as he had made acquaintance with one of the merriest fellows he had ever met, and that the choice spirit would take the chair precisely at four o'clock. In consequence of these invitations his lordship had a numerous set of guests, and Punch presided. After the usual ceremonies, all being seated, his lordship was astonished, that the genius had not yet opened his mouth, "Come, Punch," said he, "say a good thing." Not a syllable in reply. "What," resumed his lordship, "are you so sulky for to-day? you were facetious enough last night." Still Punch remained silent; when at length, his lordship was so provoked and enraged at the disappointment, that he took Punch by the collar, and *kicked him down stairs.*

227. A PRIME MINISTER'S MANUFACTURE.

Lord Thurlow, when lately at Scarborough, had an interview with one of the workmen. "What work is this?" said his lordship. "A pier," answered the fellow, "but not such as Mr. Pitt is famous at making."

228. ADVANTAGE OF TIME.

A merry but poor man being laughed at for wearing a short cloak, replied, "It will be *long enough* before I have done with it."

229. BAR-BAR-OUS FUN.

Bannister, senior, being at a coffee-house in St. Martin's Lane, over a bowl of punch, in company with a friend, who was descanting on the attractive charms of the barmaid, said, he had often been tempted to court her, but

that she had been so much used to the *bar*, he was afraid she was a *bar-bar-ian*. Being overheard by Miss Nancy, she replied, "Pray, Mr. Bannister, mind your own *bars*, (meaning the bars of music,) and I'll take care of mine."

230. UNFORTUNATE EQUIVOQUE.

A woman being brought before a justice for keeping an house of ill-fame, denied the charge in the face of many evident proofs. "I must commit you, woman," exclaimed his worship, very angrily; "you do keep a brothel, and I will *maintain* it."—"Thank your worship," replied the woman; "you were always one of my *best friends*."

231. THE TRAGIC BARBER.

A hair-dresser, in a considerable town, lately made an unsuccessful attempt in tragedy. To silence an abundant hissing, he stepped forward with the following speech: "Ladies and gentlemen; yesterday I *dressed* you; to night I *address* you: and to-morrow, if you please, I will *redress* you. While there is virtue in powder, pomatum, and horse-tails, I find it easier to make an actor than to be one. *Vive la bagatelle!* I hope I shall yet shine in the capital part of a beau, though I have not the felicity of pleasing you in the character of an emperor."

232. AN ARTICLE AT FIRST-COST.

A woman of quality, advanced in age, loving a courtier, gave him a considerable estate. A young and pretty lady, heiress of the old one, disputed at law the validity of the deed, which was however confirmed by a decree. The young lady said to him, on their leaving the court, "You have won this land very easily."—"Madam," he replied, "since you know what it cost, you shall have it at the *same price*."

233. NAVAL WEDDING.

A few days ago a sailor went to a church, a short distance from town, to be married. The clergyman, during

the ceremony, requested the bridegroom to kneel; which he positively refused, saying he never did, and never would, *worship a woman*. Upon this the minister left the church; but the sailor called to him, saying, he would kneel on one knee, which occasioned some curious altercation; but on his kneeling *on one knee*, and *bending* the other a little, the ceremony was performed, to the no small entertainment of all present.

234. CONSISTENCY.

A lady's age happening to be questioned, she affirmed she was but forty, and called upon a gentleman who was in company for his opinion: "Cousin," said she, "don't you believe I am in the right, when I say I am but forty?"—"I am sure, madam," replied he, "I ought not to dispute it; for I have constantly heard you say so for these ten years."

235. APPEARANCES DECEITFUL.

A late member of the lower house, who was as often the subject of ridicule with his friends for penury, as he was distinguished in the world for his wealth, had once, after much bating at a shop in the Strand, purchased a waistcoat uncommonly cheap. The parcel being but small, he rather chose to put it in his pocket, than give the porter of the warehouse the trouble of carrying it to his house. In his return, however, he was met by a friend, who pressed him to step into the Cocoa-tree for half an hour, to pick up the news of the day. They entered the coffee-room arm in arm; and his companion, whose curiosity, as to the parcel, had been excited by the inconvenience he had felt from it in walking by his side, jocosely exclaimed, in the presence of half a dozen loungers, "What have you in your pocket; your wife's petticoat, or foreign dispatches?" The gentleman, who was the minister's friend, far from being confused, exposed the waistcoat; related every circumstance of the bargain; and after descanting very audibly for several minutes on the high perfection of the Manchester manufactures, vociferated, "Can any thing be more reasonable?"

Can any one conceive how they could let me have it so cheap?"—"Very easily," replied a wit in company: "they took you for *one of the trade.*"

236. A DANGEROUS CASE.

A surgeon being sent to a gentleman who had just received a slight wound in a duel, gave orders to his servant to go home with all possible speed and fetch a certain plaster. The patient, turning a little pale, said, "Sir, I hope there is no danger."—"Yes, indeed is there," answered the surgeon; "for if the fellow don't make haste, the wound will heal before he returns."

237. CLOCKS AND WOMEN.

Fontenelle being one day asked by a lord in waiting, at Versailles, what difference there was between a clock and a woman, instantly replied, "A clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them."

238. SCOTCH NOBILITY.

Quin being asked if he had ever been in Scotland, and how he liked the people, replied: "If you mean the lower order of them, I shall be at a loss to answer you; for I had no farther acquaintance with them than by the smell. As for the nobility, they are numerous; and, for the most part, proud and beggarly. I remember, when I crossed from the north of Ireland into their country, I came to a little wretched village, consisting of a dozen huts, in the style of the Hottentots; the principal of which was an inn, and kept by an earl. I was mounted on a shrivelled quadruped, for there was no certainty of calling it horse, mare, or gelding; much like a North Wales goat, but larger and without horns. The whole village was up in an instant to salute me; supposing, from the elegance of my appearance, that I must be some person of a large fortune and great family. The earl ran, and took hold of my stirrup while I dismounted; then turning to his eldest son, who stood by us with-

out breeches, said, My lord, do you take the gentleman's horse to the stable, and desire your sister, lady Betty, to draw him a pint of two-penny; for I suppose so great a mon will ha' the best liquor in the *whol hous*.—I was obliged," continued Quin, "to stay here a whole night, and to make a supper of rotten potatoes and stinking eggs. The old nobleman was indeed very complaisant, and made me accept of his own bed. I cannot say that the dormitory was the best in the world; for there was nothing but an old box to sit upon in the room, and there were neither sheets nor curtains to the bed. Lady Betty was kind enough to apologize for the apartment, assuring me, many persons of great *degnaty* had frequently slept in it; and that tho' the *blonkets loked sae block*, it was *not quite four years sin* they had been washed by the countess her mother, and lady Matilda Carolina Amelia Eleonora Sophia, one of her younger sisters. She then wished me a good night, and said, the viscount, her brother, would take particular care to *grease my boots*."

239. REQUISITES FOR GOING TO LAW.

A lady asked an old uncle, who had been an attorney, but left off business, what were the requisites for going to law; to which he replied: "Why, niece, it depends upon a number of circumstances. In the first place, you must have a *good cause*. Secondly, a *good attorney*. Thirdly, a *good counsel*. Fourthly, *good evidence*. Fifthly, a *good jury*. Sixthly, a *good judge*. And lastly, *good luck*."

240. FATAL OPERATION.

A facetious character, whose talents of humour in private companies were the cause of his being always a guest in convivial societies, had, by late hours and attachment to the bottle, brought himself into a dropsy; insomuch that the faculty, one and all, agreed nothing could save him but tapping. After much persuasion he consented to the operation, and his surgeon and assistants arrived with the necessary apparatus. Bob was got

out of bed, and the operator was on the point of introducing the trocar into the abdomen, when, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he bid the doctor stop. "What, are you afraid?" says the surgeon. "No," says the other, "but upon recollection it will not be proper to be tapped here, for nothing that has been *tapped* in this house ever *lasted long*."

241. ENCOURAGEMENT OF FRANKNESS.

Some years ago, says Richardson, in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, a gentleman came to me to invite me to his house: "I have," says he, "a picture of Rubens, and it is a rare good one. There is little H. the other day came to see it, and says it is *a copy*. If any one says so again, I'll *break his head*. Pray, Mr. Richardson, will you do me the favour to come, and give me *your real opinion of it*?"

242. RAISING THE DEVIL.

A mountebank once, as 'tis said, at a fair,
 To make the wise gentry who crowded it stare,
 Protested, in spite of the church's decree,
 That whoever chose it, the devil should see.
 So uncommon a sight, who would ever forego?
 The devil seem'd in them, they all scrambled so.
 When with mouth very wide, an old purse very long
 Was held out by this sorcerer, and shook to the throng.
 Good people! he cried, pray your eyes now unfold,
 And say, if within any thing you behold.
 When one, who stood nearest, replied with some gall,
 What is there to see, where there's nothing at all?
 Then, Ah! 'tis *the devil*, the wag said, I swear,
 To open one's purse, and to see nothing there.

243. CHECK TO EXTRAVAGANCE.

The manor of Winchendon (formerly the estate of the Wharton family) is situated in a dirty part of the county of Buckingham, where the soil is a very stiff clay. Cibber, the laureat, who sometimes visited the famous duke of Wharton at that place, was once in his

coach with him, when it went very slowly through a deep slough. Colley, with his usual vivacity and assurance, said to his grace, "It is reported, my lord duke, that you *ran through* your estate; but it is impossible for you to *run through* this."

244. THE INNOCENT PHYSICIAN.

A Persian author relates, that a lover was searching every place for a good physician to prescribe to his mistress, who was ill. He met a person who possessed a talisman, which enabled the possessor to see ghosts. On looking in it, he saw crowds of ghosts about the door of one physician, which had formerly been his patients: several others, though not so many, about the door of another doctor: at last, at one door, he saw only a *single* ghost. He immediately called on the doctor, and, with many compliments to his skill and superior practice, desired his advice. "My superior practice!" cried the doctor: "why, I never had but *two* patients in my life."

245. BETTER THAN NOTHING.

A Jack Tar, just returned from sea, met his old messmate, Bet Blowzy. He was so overjoyed, that he determined to commit matrimony; but at the altar the parson demurred, as there was not cash enough between them to pay the fees; on which Jack, thrusting a few shillings into the sleeve of his cassock, exclaimed, "Never mind, brother, marry us *as far as it will go*."

246. BOTTLING AND CORKING.

A comedian, who attended some time since to perform at a benefit, went to sleep in the green-room, before he had dressed for his character. Bannister, who happened to be present, immediately shook him, and exclaimed, "Why, you have been *bottling* your eyes."—"I have so," said he, "and now I'll go and *cork* my eyebrows."

247. HUNTING ON A WRONG SCENT.

The count de Grasse being wounded in the knee with

a musket-ball, the surgeons made many incisions. Losing patience at last, he asked them why they cut and carved him so cruelly. "We seek for the ball," said they. "Why did you not speak before?" said the count: "I have it in my pocket."

248. A MONARCH IN FAULT.

About the time when Murphy so successfully attacked the stage-struck heroes, in the pleasant farce of *The Apprentice*, an eminent poulterer went to a spouting club in search of his servant, who he understood was that evening to make his *debut* in *Lear*; and entered the room at the moment when Dick was exclaiming, "I am the king,—you cannot touch me for coining!"—"No, you dog!" cried the enraged master, catching the mad monarch by the collar, "but I can for *not picking the ducks.*"

249. CUT FOR CUT.

A gentleman at Paris amusing himself in the gallery of the Palais Royal, observed, while he was carelessly looking over some pamphlets at a bookseller's shop, a suspicious fellow stood rather too near him. The gentleman was dressed, according to the fashion of the times, in a coat with a prodigious number of silver tags and tassels, upon which the thief began to have a design; and the gentleman, not willing to disappoint him, turned his head another way, to give him an opportunity. The thief immediately set to work, and, in a trice, twisted off seven or eight of the silver tags. The gentleman perceived it; and, drawing out a penknife, caught the fellow by the ear, and cut it off close to his head. "Murder! murder!" cries the thief. "Robbery! robbery!" cries the gentleman. Upon this the thief, in a passion, throwing them at the gentleman, roared, "There are your tags and buttons."—"Very well," says the gentleman, throwing it back in the like manner, "*there is your ear.*"

250. SO MUCH THE BETTER.

An envious critic was saying, that the play of *Alzire*

was not written by Voltaire. "I am glad of it," answered a man of candour. "Why?" replied the opponent. "Because, if it be not," rejoined the other, "we have one good poet more."

251. A ONE-EYED WAGER.

A man with one eye laid another man, that he (the one-eyed person) saw more than the other. The wager was accepted. "You have lost," says the first; "I can see two eyes in your face, and you can see only one in mine."

252. DISCREET VALOUR.

A fellow hearing the drums beat up for volunteers for France, in the expedition against the Dutch, imagined himself valiant enough, and thereupon enlisted. Returning, and being asked by his friends, what exploits he had done there; he said, that he had cut off one of the enemy's legs: and being told that it would have been more honourable and manly to have cut off his head: "Oh!" said he, "*his head was cut off before.*"

253. PAINTERS.

Sir Godfrey Kneller, who was principally eminent as a portrait-painter, said, "Painters of history make the dead live, and do not themselves live till they be dead; I paint the living, and they make me live."

254. AN APOLOGY.

When lieutenant O'Brien, called *sky-rocket Jack*, was blown up at Spithead, in the *Edgar*, he was saved on the carriage of a gun; and when brought to the admiral, all black and wet, he said, "I hope, sir, you will excuse my appearance in this dishabille, as I came away in such a hurry."

255. AN APPLICATION.

Sir William B—— being at a parish meeting, made some proposals which were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, "Sir," says he to the farmer, "do you know, sir, that I have been at the two universities?" — "Well, sir," said the farmer, "I had a calf that sucked

two cows, and the observation I made was, he only grew the greater calf for that."

256. THE ROYAL RIVALS.

One evening, when the tragedy of Richard the Third was to be acted, the poet observed a smart damsel trip behind the scenes, and slyly whisper to Burbidge (a favourite player, and an intimate of Shakspeare's, who was to perform the part of Richard) that her master had gone out of town in the morning, that her mistress would be glad of his company after the play, and that she begged to know what signal he would use. "Three taps on the door, my dear, and 'Tis I, Richard the Third," was the answer of Burbidge. The girl decamped; and Shakspeare, whose curiosity was sufficiently excited, followed her steps till he saw her enter a house in the city. On enquiry in the neighbourhood, he found that the owner of the mansion was a wealthy merchant, but superannuated, and exceedingly jealous of his young wife. At length the hour of rendezvous approached; and the poet, having given the appointed signal, obtained instant admittance. Nothing could equal the indignation of the lady when she found herself in the arms of a stranger. He flattered and vowed; she frowned and stormed: but it was not in woman to resist the soft eloquence of a Shakspeare. In a word, the bard supplanted the player. The representative of Richard appeared. No sooner had he given the appointed taps, than Shakspeare, putting his head out of the window, demanded his business. "'Tis I, 'tis I, Richard the Third," replied the impatient Burbidge. "Richard?" rejoined the other: "knave, begone; know that *William the Conqueror* reigned before *Richard the Third*."

257. SIMILES ON A WIFE.

A wife domestic, good, and pure,
Like snail should keep within her door;
But not like snail, in silver'd track,
Place all her wealth upon her back.

A wife should be like echo true,
 And speak but when she's spoken to ;
 But not, like echo, still be heard
 Contending for the final word.

Like a town-clock a wife should be,
 Keep time and regularity ;
 But not, like clocks, harangue so clear
 That all the town her voice might hear.

Young man, if these allusions strike,
 She whom as bride you'd hail,
 Must be just like and just unlike
 An Echo, Clock, and Snail.

258. ECONOMY.

A lady told her butler to be saving of an excellent cask of small beer, and asked him how it might be best preserved. "I know no method so effectual, my lady," replied the butler, "as placing a barrel of *good ale by it.*"

259. A SCOTCH BULL.

A Scotch laird, whose estate in Argyleshire is intersected by the great military road constructed under the direction of marshal Wade, erected on a conspicuous part a stone with this inscription :

"Had you seen this road *before it was made,*
 You'd lift up your hands, and bless marshal Wade."

260. RETALIATION.

One who had been a termagant wife, lying on her death-bed, desired her husband, that as she had brought him a fortune she might have liberty to make her will, and bestow a few legacies to her relations. "No, madam," says he, "you have had *your will* all your lifetime, and now I will have *mine.*"

261. A WELSH BULL.

When sir John Davies, who was a Welshman, was in Ireland, in the reign of James the First, he wrote a let-

ter to the king in these words: "Most mighty prince; the *gold* mine that was lately discovered at Ballycurry, turns out to be a *lead* one."

262. SUSANNAH AND THE ELDERS.—AN ANCIENT EPIGRAM.

Fair Susan did her wifehede well menteine,
 Algates assaulted sore by letchrous tweine.
 Now, an I reade aright this antient song,
 Olde were the paramours, the dame was yonge.
 Had thilke same tale in other guise been tolde,
 Had they been yonge, pardie, and she been olde;
 That, by Sainte Kit, had wrought much sorer tryal:
 Full marvellous, I wot, were such denyal.

263. PRUDENCE WITH GENIUS.

Burke had written a tragedy, which he shewed to his friend Fox. Being asked by the latter if Garrick had ever seen it; "No," replied Burke; "I have had the folly to write it, but the wit to keep it to myself."

264. A TURF BULL.

At a race in the north, among other horses that started for the plate one was called Botherum. An Irishman, taking a fancy to the name, betted large odds in his favour. Towards the conclusion of the race, his favourite happened to be in the rear of all; on which Paddy exclaimed, "Ah! there he is: Botherum for ever; see how he *drives them all before him.*"

265. ANOTHER.

A gentleman speaking of the Litchfield races in 1804, observed they were very indifferent, for that *all* the horses were *distanced*.

266. A DISTINCTION IN SYNONYMY.

A quaker being examined by a judicious counsel, as he was retiring, another counsel on the same side asked him a question which he did not like to answer. "I have

told all I know to the counsel," said the quaker. "I am counsel also," answered the barrister. "Thou may'st be counsel *also*," replied the quaker, "but thou art not sounsel *like-wise*."

267. APPROPRIATE TEXT.

A reverend gentleman being appointed to preach a sermon before a society for the recovery of persons apparently drowned, selected the following: "Trouble not yourselves about him; the man is not dead."

268. ANOTHER.

For a *wedding* sermon, the reverend orator took part of the story of Jephtha's daughter: "And she went on the mountains *bewailing her virginity*."

269. ANOTHER.

Mr. Sterne, the day after his marriage, took for his text, "We have toiled all night and caught nothing."

270. ANOTHER.

When Mr. Pitt went to Cambridge after his first election for the university, the sops were naturally gaping for the good things in his gift. The chaplain who preached before the juvenile minister, took for his text: "There is a *lad* here that hath two barley-loaves and three small fishes, but *what are these among so many?*"

271. CLERICAL BULL.

A clergyman took occasion to reprove some of his congregation for sleeping in church; and observed, that many arguments could not be necessary to show the enormity of that offence, as it was not one of those sins into which people might be drawn unawares, but one which they must commit with *their eyes open*.

272. A DILEMMA.

An archbishop of Strasburg marching once at the head of a military force, a countryman who met them

on the road, burst into a violent fit of laughter. "What do you laugh at, friend?" said the prelate. "Why, please your eminence," replied the fellow, "I cannot but laugh to see an archbishop, a successor of the peaceable apostles, marching at the head of a train of soldiers."—"Aye," returned the other, "but I do not head these soldiers as *an archbishop*, but as a *prince of Strasburgh*." At this the countryman laughed louder than before, and on being asked the reason, replied, "Why I am thinking, if *the prince of Strasburgh* should chance to go to the devil, what will become of the *archbishop*?"

273. RANK.

A French nobleman, having a dispute with a simple officer, addressed him in the following imperious style. "Remember, sir, who *you* are, and who *I* am." The officer, who knew that the marquis had attained rank and fortune by means of the king's having been partial to his wife, immediately replied, "If you go by that, my lord, we are both of us what *his majesty* has been pleased to *make us*; *I* an officer, and *your lordship* a cuckold."

274. ANTICIPATION.

A nabob in a severe fit of the gout told his physician he suffered the pains of the damned. The doctor coolly answered, "What, *already*?"

275. THE WITTY SHEPHERD.

A proud parson and his man riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock; and having a new coat on, the parson asked him, in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat. "The same," said the shepherd, "that clothed you—the parish." The parson, nettled at this, rode on murmuring, a little way, and then bade his man go back, and ask the shepherd if he would come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man, going accordingly to the shepherd, delivered his master's message. "Why, are *you* going away then?" said the shepherd. "No," answered the other. "Then *you* may

tell your master," replied the shepherd, "his living cannot maintain *three of us.*"

276. NARCOTICS.

A judge, who shall here be nameless, being present at the representation of Pizarro, fell asleep in the midst of Rollo's speech to his troops. Mortifying as this must have been, Mr. Sheridan, with his usual good humour, said, "Let him sleep; *he thinks he is on the bench.*"

277. ANTIQUATED DAMES.

Some philosophers disputing on the antiquity of the world, a man of wit, tired with their tedious discussions, said, "The world, like other old ladies, does not choose to have her age discovered."

278. SAFE PREDICTIONS.

Henry IV. of France used to say of the fortune tellers that predicted his death, "These fellows must be right one day or another; and whenever it happens, they'll take themselves for conjurors."

279. ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

"To be disposed of, for the benefit of the poor widow, a blind man's walk in a charitable neighbourhood, the comings-in between twenty-five and twenty-six shillings a week, with a dog well drilled, and a staff in good repair. A handsome premium will be expected. For further particulars, inquire at No. 40, Chiswell-street."

280. A FRIENDLY ADVOCATE.

The fat Stephen Kemble was one day met by a friend, who told him he had just been with a person who spoke very contemptuously of his acting. "In short," added he, "he said *you were not fit to carry guts to a bear.*"—"Well," said Stephen, "and did not you take my part?"—"Oh yes, *I said you were.*"

281. A BLAZE.

The same *great* actor was one day mentioning in company something he had done, for which he was likely to be *hauled over the coals*. "Then," said Ralph Wewitzer, "*all the fat would be in the fire.*"

282. VERIFIED PREDICTIONS.

In a pamphlet printed in 1608, entitled, "The pennyless Parliament of threadbare Poets," among several of the thoughts that run in the form of predictions, are the following. "Some persons will then have such a megrim in their eyes, that they shall hardly know another man's wife from their own: some, such smell in their noses, that no feast shall ever escape them: others, such a palsy in their teeth, that they shall eat more than they shall ever be able to pay for: some, such a buzzing in their ear, that they shall never hear a creditor till he claps them on the shoulder. Some shall be so consumed in mind, that they shall not keep a good thought to bless themselves: some, so humourous in their walks, that they shall never be able to step one foot from a fool. Many gentlemen that sell land for paper, shall buy penalty with repentance. Those that have most gold, shall have least grace. Some that mean well shall fare worse; and he that hath no credit shall have no commodity."

283. DEPRAVITY OF THE AGE.

A parson preaching on this subject, said, that "little children, who could *neither speak nor walk*, were to be seen *running about the streets, cursing and swearing.*"

284. AN ABUSE.

On a benefit-night at a country theatre, many of the actor's friends were let in by a private door before the great doors were opened. When this was discovered, a gentleman cried out, "It is a shame they should fill the house before any body gets in."

285. EVERY ONE IN HIS WAY.

An eminent critic was reading a fine passage in Ho-

mer to his friend, who was a mathematician. "My dear sir," replied the philosopher, "what does all this *prove?*"

286. A NICE DISTINCTION.

A person who had rendered himself obnoxious in trade by all manner of roguery, was met upon change by a merchant who told him of some of his tricks with a freedom the other did not relish; but, irritated at the recital, asked, with some heat, "Sir, do you call me a knave?"—"No," replied the merchant, "but I'll give five guineas if you'll find any man here who will say you are an honest man."

287. A MATRIMONIAL BULL.

In a Limerick paper, an Irish gentleman whose lady had absconded from him, cautions the public against trusting her, in these words; "My *wife* has eloped from me without rhyme or reason; and I desire no one will trust her on my account, *as I am not married to her.*"

288. SUPERFLUOUS REQUEST.

Voltaire, having lampooned a nobleman, was one night in his way home intercepted by him, and cudgelled for his licentious wit; on which he applied to the duke of Orleans, then regent, and begged him to do him *justice*. "Sir," replied the regent, smiling, "*it has been done already.*"

289. LEISURELY PROCEEDINGS.

A Scotch physician walking in a gentleman's gardens, expressed his admiration at the rapid growth of the trees. "Why, sir," says the other, "please to consider, *they have nothing else to do.*"

290. MODERATE VIEWS.

A gentleman one day took occasion to speak of the married state before his daughter, and observed, that she who marries does well, but she who does not marry does better. "Well then," replied the young lady, "I will *do well*, let those who choose *do better.*"

291. MUTUAL AVERSIONS.

Sir John Trevor, who for some misdemeanors had been expelled the house of commons, one day meeting with archbishop Tillotson, cried out, "I hate to see an atheist in the shape of a churchman."—"And I," replied the good bishop, "hate to see a knave in any shape."

292. HOW DO YOU KNOW ?

"I'll hold a crown," quoth Dick to Ned,
 "You often wrong your neighbour's bed."—
 "And I," says Ned, "will hold my life,
 "You always had a tell-tale wife."

293. HOW TO SELL CHEAP.

Two broom-sellers meeting in the street, one of them asked the other how he could afford to undersell him, "for," said he, "*I steal the stuff* and make the brooms myself."—"Why," replied the other, "*I steal them ready-made.*"

294. SPONSORS.

A country clergyman who used to exercise the children of his parishioners in saying their catechism, asked a boy whom he met one day, according to the third question of the church-catechism, "what his godfathers and godmothers did for him?" The child, being thus taken unawares, replied, "I don't know what they will do, but they have done little enough for me yet."

295. EQUIVALENTS.

A young fellow once came dancing, whistling, and singing, into a room where old Colley Cibber sat coughing and spitting; and, cutting a caper, triumphantly exclaimed, "There, you old put, what would you give to be as young as I am?"—"Why, young man," replied he, "I would agree to be almost as foolish."

296. HINT TO HYPOCRITES.

Mr. Denzel Holles had been very gross insulted

and falsely accused by Ireton the puritan; upon which, with becoming spirit, Holles demanded satisfaction. Ireton replied, that his conscience would not suffer him to fight. His opponent, coolly crossing the room, pulled him by the nose, saying, "that if Mr. Ireton's conscience would not suffer him to give gentlemen satisfaction, it should at least prevent him from giving them cause of offence."

297. A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

A puppy of an officer being tried for an assault, the counsel against him began, "Gentlemen of the jury, this soldier—"—"Soldier, sir?" interrupted the defendant, "I am an officer."—"I ask your pardon," said the barrister: "well then, gentlemen, this *officer who is no soldier*."

298. OUTRAGEOUS ASSAULT.

In an Edinburgh newspaper, of the 9th of July, 1796, is the following paragraph: "An indictment has been preferred before the sheriff against a *breeches-maker* for a violent assault on *three* of the *Royal Edinburgh Volunteers*."

299. ADVANTAGE OF DEAFNESS.

Le Sage, the author of *Gil Blas*, said, to console himself for his deafness, with his usual humour: "When I go into a company where I find a great number of blockheads and babblers, I replace my ear-trumpet in my pocket, and cry, Now, gentlemen, I defy you all."

300. LITERARY CONCESSION.

A coxcomb was tuning in a coffee-house some favourite air of an opera, to which he boasted to have given the words. Just at that time the real and well-known author entered the room. A friend of his pointed to the coxcomb: "See, sir, the professed author of the favourite song."—"Well," replied the other, "the gentleman *might* have made it, for I assure him I found no difficulty in doing it myself."

301. POINT OF CEREMONY.

Piron had a high respect for his character as a poet. At a great man's house, a stranger stopped, that Piron might enter the room before him. "Pass, sir," said the master of the house, "he is *only a poet*."—"As my *rank* is mentioned," replied Piron with vivacity, "I shall claim the *precedence*."

302. SELFISHNESS.

A tavern-keeper who opened an oyster-shop as an appendage to his other establishment, was upbraided by a neighbouring oyster-monger as being ungenerous and *selfish*. The former replied, "And why would not you have me *sell fish*?"

303. A LAWYER'S PLEA.

An attorney who had courted a lady, and obtained (in Mr. Windham's language) *negative success*, brought in an enormous bill for business he had done for her. On her *demurrer* to the charge, *Brief* said, "Madam, I wished to convince you that you would not have made an unprofitable match."

304. DISCORDANCIES.

Piron, coming out of a house, met a bishop entering, who, observing his rich dress, told Piron, that his dress did not suit him. Piron knew the faults of the prelate, and replied haughtily, "My lord, nor do you *suit your dress*."

305. THE LETTERS REVERSED.

Voltaire was a great admirer of the works of Metastasio. Upon a new edition of the Italian poet coming out a little before Voltaire's death, the French bard, with his usual sprightliness, cried out, "I beg my name may be put down *first* in the list of subscribers, *in spite of the alphabet*."

306. ACCOMMODATION DECLINED.

The regent of France was so pleased with Voltaire's

tragedy of Œdipus, that he let him out of prison on seeing the representation, and promised to provide for him if he was prudent. "I am much obliged to your highness," replied the poet, "but I'll provide my own board and lodging."

307. EVIDENCE OF SEDUCTION.

The father of a girl brought an action against a young man for seduction; but the lawyer thought there were not *sufficient facts*. Next day she and her father again waited on the lawyer, when she said triumphantly, "Another fact, sir; he *seduced me again* this morning."

308. INTERESTED COMPASSION.

The celebrated duke de Roclore (the favourite wit and buffoon of Lewis XIV.) was in his person very far from being agreeable; his countenance was rather forbidding, and his person was awkward. Another nobleman, whose personal beauty was even inferior to that of Roclore, having killed his antagonist in a duel, applied to the duke for his protection, knowing it was the only channel through which he could obtain a pardon. The duke readily engaged in his friend's interest, and fairly rallied the king into compliance. After the king had finished his fit of laughter, and given his royal promise, he added, "But, for heaven's sake, Roclore, what could induce you to be so strenuous in this intercession?"—"I will tell your majesty: if he had suffered, I then should have been the ugliest man in all France."

309. CONJUGAL ANTIPATHY.

The marriage of Mrs. Clive, the celebrated comedian, with the counsellor of that name, was attended with continual jars and squabbles, which, according to public report, chiefly arose from the shrewish disposition of the lady. In a few months they parted, by mutual consent, to the great satisfaction of the hen-pecked counsellor; who, upon his return soon after to his chambers in Lincoln's-inn, from the western circuit, finding his washer-woman had pawned some of his linen in his

absence, dispatched his footman to engage another person in that capacity, whose honesty might be depended upon. A laundress was soon found; and, on her waiting upon Mr. Clive, while his man was counting out the clothes to her, he made some inquiries, which occasioned the good woman to give him an account of the many respectable people she washed for; and after mentioning the satisfaction she had given to several serjeants, benchers, and other limbs of the law; "Sir," says she, "I also wash for a namesake of your honour's."—"A namesake of mine?"—"Yes, an please you," says she, "and a mighty good sort of a woman too, though she be one of the player-folks."—"Oh! what, you wash for Mrs. Clive the actress, do you?"—"Yes indeed, sir, and she is one of my best customers too."—"Is she so?" replied the counsellor; "stop, John; toss the clothes into the closet again. Here, good woman, I am sorry you had this trouble; here is half-a-crown for you; but you must not wash for me, for I will never suffer my shirt to be rubbed against her shift any more as long as I live."

310. A COMPARISON.

A Scotchman boasting of the beauty of Glasgow, Dr. Johnson asked him drily, "Did you ever happen to see Old Brentford?"

311. COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

(An imitation of Chaucer.)

Righte welle by lerned clerkis it is said,
That womanhode for manne his use was made;
But naughty manne liketh not one of soe,
But wisheth aye unthriftilie for mo;
And when by holy church to one he's tied,
Then for his soule he cannot her abide.

Thus, when a dogge first lighteth on a bone,
His taile he waggeth, gladde thereof ygrown;
But if thilke bone unto his taile thou tie,
Pardie, he, fearing it, away doth flie.

312. WHITFIELD AND THE SAILOR.

When Whitfield first went to America, observing, during his voyage, the dissolute manners of the crew, he invited them to one of his pious declamations, and took occasion to reprehend them for their loose manner of living. "You will certainly," says he, "go to hell. Perhaps you may think I will be an advocate for you: but, believe me, I will tell of all your wicked actions." Upon this one of the sailors, turning to his messmate, observed, "Aye, Jack; that's just the way at the Old Bailey; the greatest rogue always turns king's-evidence."

313. ROYAL WIT.

A learned serjeant belonging to the Bloomsbury volunteers, who was more accustomed to let off *squibs* than to fire muskets, on a field-day thought it would save him some trouble if he loaded two or three times before he fired. The consequence was, that the musket gave him such a shock, as not only to throw him, but the gentlemen behind him in the centre and rear ranks, on their backs. Next day he attended the levee, when his majesty; who had been told of the circumstance by one of the pages, said, "What, what, what, serjeant; one at a time, serjeant! one at a time!"

314. ANOTHER.

The king, in one of his morning rides, noticed Mr. Blanchard's pretty house on Richmond-Hill; and being told it belonged to a card-maker, he observed, "What! what! what! a card-maker! all his *cards* must have turned up *trumps*."

315. AS IT HAPPENS.

A plasterer and his boy being employed to whitewash a house by the day, were so tedious, that tiring the patience of the owner, he one day asked the lad, in his master's absence, when he thought they would have done. The boy bluntly replied, that his master was looking

out for another job; and if he found one, they should make an end of it that week.

316. ADVANTAGES OF TROUBLES.

When treated by Fortune in mode rather base,
How oft have you call'd me the strangest of men,
When the jilt unprovokedly frowns in my face,
That I never look vex'd and frown at her again!

'Tis true, I'm not placed at the top of luck's tree;
Nor is it my fate, at its foot to be thrown:
Because there are some who are higher than me,
Should I for that reason, sir, cast myself down?

'Midst the storms of life's ocean so long I've been bred,
And so oft's been my fate its tornadoes to share,
That what some would perhaps as a hurricane dread,
Is as trifling to me as a cap-full of air.

Don't you think, of the spirits that life may require,
Some portion of trouble may be an exciter;
As we very well know that disturbing a fire
Is the way that we make it burn brisker and brighter?

317. EPISCOPACY AND PRESBYTERIANISM.

An innkeeper at St. Andrew's, who kept the house where the clergy dined, both before and after the Revolution, being asked what was the difference between the one and the other, answered, "there was not much: in the time of episcopacy, the dean used to *call boldly for a bottle of wine*; afterwards the *moderator whispered* the maid to fetch a *magnum bonum*."

318. A LADY'S VALUABLES.

When the duchess of Kingston wished to be received at the court of Berlin, she got the Russian minister there to mention her intentions to his Prussian majesty; and to tell him at the same time, that her fortune was at Rome, her bank at Venice, but that

her heart was at Berlin. Immediately on hearing this, the king sarcastically replied, "I beg, sir, you will give my compliments to her grace, and inform her, that I am sorry we are only entrusted with the *very worst part* of her property."

319. A FEMALE WIT.

A gentleman was introduced to a lady who was a great tatter, as a man of learning. The lady talked incessantly, and was unconscious that no answer was given her. On praising the *talents* of the gentleman next day, she was told, that this learned person was *deaf and dumb*.

320. BLENHEIM HOUSE.

See, sir, see, here's the grand approach ;
 This way is for his grace's coach ;
 There lies the bridge, and here's the clock ;
 Observe the lion and the cock,
 The spacious court, the colonnade,
 And mark how wide the hall is made.
 The chimneys are so well design'd,
 They never smoke in any wind.
 The gallery's contriv'd for walking ;
 The windows, to retire and talk in ;
 The council-chamber for debate,
 And all the rest are rooms of state.—
 Thanks, sir, cried I ; 'tis very fine :
 But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine ?
 I find, by all you have been telling,
 This is a *house*, but not a *dwelling*.

321. SIMILE.

A conversation turning on the little attention paid to men of letters by persons in high situations, "Ah!" says a person present; "they are as afraid of a man of wit, as a thief is of a reflecting lamp."

322. A FOWL PUN.

When Swift was at his living at Laracor, a sale took place of a farmer's stock in the parish. The doctor chanced to walk past just as a pen of poultry had

been put up. His celebrated clerk, Roger Cox, bid for them, and was overbid by a farmer named *Hatch*. "What, Roger, won't you buy the poultry?" exclaimed Swift. "No, sir," said Roger, "I see they are just going to *Hatch*."

323. MODERN THEATRES.

There is something very refined in the contrivance and structure of our modern theatres. First the *pit* is sunk below the stage, that whatever *weighty* matter shall be delivered thence, be it *lead* or *gold*, may fall plump into the jaws of the critics, which stand ready opened to devour them. Then the *boxes* are built round, and raised to a level with the scene, in deference to the ladies; because that large portion of art laid out in raising pruriencies and protuberances is observed to run much on a line, and ever in a circle. The whining passions and little starved conceits are gently wafted up by their own levity to the *middle region*, and are frozen by the frigid understanding of its inhabitants. Bombast and buffoonery, by nature lofty and light; soar highest of all; and would be lost in the roof, if the prudent architect had not, with much foresight, contrived for them a fourth place, called the *twelve-penny gallery*, and there planted a suitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their passage.

324. MUTUAL FEARS.

A man being asked by his neighbour, how his sick wife did, answered: "Indeed, neighbour, the case is pitiful; my wife fears *she shall die*, and I fear *she will not*, which makes a most *disconsolate* house."

325. A POACHER'S PUN.

A poacher was carried before a magistrate, upon a charge of killing game unlawfully in a nobleman's park, where he was caught in the fact. Being asked what he had to say in his defence, and what proof he could bring to support it, he replied, "May it please your worship, I know and confess that I was found in his lordship's park, as the witness has told you; but I can bring the whole parish to prove, that, for the last thirty years, this has been my *manner*."

326. EXTENSIVE DEALINGS.

A gentleman crossing the Strand, was applied to by a man who sweeps the cross-ways for charity. The gentleman replied, "I am going a little further, and will remember you when I return."—"Please your honour," says the man, "it is unknown the credit I give in this way."

327. THE REMONSTRANCE.

When first I attempted your pity to move,
 Ah! why were you deaf to my pray'rs?
 Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
 But why did you *kick me down stairs?*

328. ADVANTAGE OF DEAR TIMES.

When coals were extremely dear, a gentleman, meeting his coal-merchant, accosted him with "Well, my good sir, how are coals?"—"Indeed, sir," replied he, "coals are coals now."—"I am glad to hear it," returned the gentleman, "for the last you sent me were *half slates.*"

329. ON THE SHUTTING UP OF SERJEANTS' INN CHAPEL.

Our old-fashion'd judges, who, like other men,
 Had sins to deplore, said their prayers now and then;
 Nay, a chapel they open'd, where each in his pew [due,
 Heard their preachers expound, and then paid them their
 But our new-fashion'd judges, in law and decorum
 So superior to all who wore ermine before 'em,
 Are so much more religious to boot, 'tis agreed
 They've no sins to deplore, and no orisons need.
 Let barristers kneel down and plead for their souls,
 At Lincoln's Inn chapel, or that of the Rolls;
 But their lordships maintain 'tis sufficient for them,
 To pray for the souls of the rogues they condemn:
 And since none of those, whom they zealously strive
 To commend in their prayers, ever afterwards thrive,
 To pray for themselves they discreetly forbear,
 And have piously shut up their own house of prayer.
 Thus Pug, when the cat's paw was burnt to the bone,
 Ate his chesnuts, but singed not a hair of his own.

330. THE ABLE DECYPHERER.

A person went to a scribe and desired him to write a letter for him; but the other excused himself, having a sore foot. "What has that to do with it?" said the man: "I don't want you to carry it."—"Perhaps not," replied he; "but when I write a letter for any one, I am always sent for to read it, as nobody else can make it out." This man might with truth be called, though an able decypherer, only a *lame* writer.

331. AN ANTIQUARY DISAPPOINTED.

An antiquary travelling in Wales, observed a stone standing erect, and which he thought must have either been Druidical or Roman. He asked his guide why it was erected. The Welch cicerone answered, "*For the cattle to rub themselves against.*"

332. NO CHEAP SPENCERS.

Wewitzer, having given orders to his taylor for a spencer, asked how much it would cost. "I cannot," answered Snip, "say exactly; but to you, be assured, sir, it will come very low."—"Then," said the wit, "*it will not be a spencer.*"

333. A CLASSICAL PUN.

Lord North happening to meet with an acquaintance, whose affairs had gone into disorder, the latter told him that he had sold off all his moveables. "And what," said his lordship, "have you done with your mare?"—"I have sold her too."—"Then," said the other, "you have not attended to Horace's maxim:

*EQUAM memento rebus in arduis
Servare."*

334. A VICE-REGAL BULL.

"By the lord lieutenant and council of Ireland.
"A proclamation.—Whereas the greatest economy is necessary in *all species of grain*, and especially in the consumption of *potatoes*.—"

335. AN ALMANAC-MAKER'S BULL.

A Cork almanac-maker informs his readers, that the principal republics in *Europe* are Venice, Holland, and *America*.

336. EVERLASTINGS.

A shopkeeper recommending a piece of silk for a gown, told his customer, "Ma'am, it will wear *for ever*, and make a petticoat *afterwards*."

337. A COFFEE-HOUSE-KEEPER'S BULL.

On the window of a coffee-house in London, was lately stuck up the following notice: "*This coffee-room removed up stairs till repaired.*"

338. AN ORDER MISCONCEIVED.

A gentleman ordering a pair of boots, gave particular directions to make one of them bigger than the other, as one of his legs was bigger than the other. When they came home he tried the large boot on the small leg, and accordingly it slipped easily on; but when he came to try the other on the large leg, he found it impossible: on which he exclaimed, "You're a fine fellow for a boot-maker; I told you to make one of the boots *bigger than the other*, and instead of that you have made one *smaller than the other*."

339. A MILITARY BULL.

An Irish officer had the misfortune to be dreadfully wounded in one of the battles in Holland. As he lay on the ground, an unfortunate soldier who was near him, and was also severely wounded, made a terrible howling; on which the officer exclaimed, "What do you make such a noise for? Do you think there is nobody killed but yourself?"

340. A HERD OF BULLS.

Letter from an Irish baronet to a friend in London, during the late rebellion.

"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, however, 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* are obliged to keep *both hands armed* : whilst I write this letter I hold a *sword* in one hand, and a *pistol* in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the *end* of it ; and I saw 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 the coach but two *outside passengers*, who had *nothing* for the thieves to take.

“ Last Thursday an alarm was given, that a gang of rebels were advancing hither, under the French *standard* ; but they had *no colours*, nor any *drums*, *except bagpipes*. 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 was *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 adjoining bog ; and, in a very short time, nothing was to be *heard but silence*. Their uniforms were *all of different colours*, but *mostly green*. After the action, we went to rummage their camp ; 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. Nothing

however can save us but a union with England, which would turn our barren *hills* into fertile *valleys*. I have only *leisure* to add, that I am, in *great haste*,

“Yours truly, B. R.”

“P. S. If you do *not receive* this in course, it must have miscarried; therefore, I beg you will immediately write to *let me know*.”

341. BIRMINGHAM OUTDONE.

A few years ago, when Handel's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* were performed at Birmingham, the passage most admired was—

Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew *iron tears* down Pluto's cheek.

The great manufacturers and mechanics of the place were inconceivably delighted with this idea, because, they said, they had never heard of any thing *in iron* before, that could not be made at Birmingham.

342. THE STIFF QUAKER.

A gentleman of the cloth, calling at the house of a friend (vulgarly called Quaker), bought several articles, after which the tradesman accosted him thus: “Pray, friend, how am I to direct this for thee?”—“Oh! direct it to the Reverend ———.” Without any ceremony, the friend gave the parcel to the divine; and added: “Here, take and *reverence* thyself, for I won't *reverence thee*.”

343. DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

In the early part of Mr. Muilman's life, he became enamoured with Constantia Philips; and, finding he could not procure her as a mistress, resolved to venture upon her as a wife. They married; but as their dispositions were not *exactly* similar, they were not *superlatively* happy. “Mr. Muilman,” said Constantia, after they had been married about three months, “Mr. Muilman, I believe you are heartily tired of me, and I am heartily tired of you; so, if you will settle five hundred a year

upon me, I will put you in a way of dissolving our marriage." He eagerly embraced the proposal, and gave her his bond for performing the contract; and she produced a certificate of her previous marriage to a pastry-cook, who lived in Maiden-lane, Covent-Garden. This point being ascertained, Mr. Muilman refused to pay her annuity; and she found there was a flaw in the drawing up, which put it out of her power to compel him. She therefore told him, unless he entered into a new and legal engagement, she would take a step which would still render her marriage *with him* perfectly valid. He laughed at her; but she performed her promise, by bringing a certificate, and producing a register, by which it appeared that the Maiden-lane pastry-cook, previous to his marriage *with her*, was married to *another woman*, who was then alive. This disconcerted the merchant; who, however, got quit of her importunities, by giving her a considerable sum, on condition of her going to Jamaica, where she settled as keeper of a coffee-house, and died soon after.

344. PLAYING A SURE GAME.

Tetzel, a Dominican, who was a retailer of indulgences, had, by his traffic in this way, picked up a large sum of money at Leipsic. A gentleman of that city, who pretended to have a veneration for these superstitions, went to Tetzel, and enquired if he could sell him an indulgence beforehand, for a crime which he would not specify, but which he intended to commit. Tetzel said yes, provided they could agree about the price. The bargain was struck, the money paid, and the absolution delivered in due form. Soon after this, the gentleman, having information that Tetzel was about to leave Leipsic well loaded with cash, way-laid him, robbed him, cudgelled him, and told him at parting that this was the crime for which he had purchased an absolution. George, duke of Saxony, hearing of the robbery, was at first very angry; but having afterwards heard the whole story, he laughed very heartily, and forgave the criminal.

345. AN EMPEROR'S DREAM.

The emperor Charles V. having one day lost himself in the heat of the chace, and wandered in the forest far from his train; after much fatigue in trying to find a route, came at last to a solitary hedge ale-house, where he entered to refresh himself. On coming in, he saw four men, whose mien presaged him no good; he, however, sat down and called for something. These men pretending to sleep, one of them rose, and, approaching the emperor, said, he had dreamt that he took his hat; and accordingly took it off. The second, saying he had dreamt he had taken his coat, took that also. The third, with a like prologue, took his waistcoat. And the fourth, with much politeness, said, he hoped there would be no objection to his feeling his pockets; and seeing a chain of gold about his neck, whence hung his hunting-horn, was about to take that too. But the emperor said, "Stop, my friend, I dare say you cannot blow it; I will teach you." So putting the horn to his mouth, he blew repeatedly, and very loud. His people, who searched for him, heard the sound; and, entering the cottage, were surprised to see him in such a garb. "Here are four fellows," said the emperor, "who have *dreamt* what they please: I must also *dream* in my turn." Sitting down, and shutting his eyes a little while, he then started up, saying, "I have dreamt that I saw four thieves hanged;" and immediately ordered his dream to be fulfilled, the master of the inn being compelled to be their executioner.

346. SAD BLUNDERS.

During the reign of James II., when the king was much disliked for his oppression and the number of taxes imposed on the people, his majesty, in the progress of a tour, stopt at Winchelsea, when the corporation resolved to address him; but as the mayor did not possess much literature, it was settled that the town-clerk should be his prompter. Being introduced to the presence, the town-clerk whispered to the trembling mayor, "Hold

up your head, and look like a man." His worship, mistaking this for the beginning of a speech, repeated aloud to the king, "*Hold up your head, and look like a man.*" The town-clerk, in amaze, again whispered him, "What do you mean by this, sir?" The mayor, in the same manner, repeated, "*What do you mean by this, sir?*" The town-clerk, alarmed, whispered still more earnestly, "I tell you, sir, you'll ruin us all." The mayor, still imagining this to be part of his speech, concluded his matchless performance with, "*I tell you, sir, you'll ruin us all.*"

347. THE FLATTERING PAINTER.

A nobleman, bringing some of his friends to see his son's picture, stood staring about the room to look for it; and then asked the painter which it was. This provoked him; and when they were gone, he turned to a friend and exclaimed: "I never painted a liker picture than this young lord; but I put a little sense in his face, and now you see neither his father nor friends know the fool again."

348. DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

A lunatic in Bedlam was asked how he came there. He answered, "By a dispute."—"What dispute?" The Bedlamite replied: "The world said I was mad; I said the world was mad; and they outvoted me."

349. STRONG TESTIMONY.

A mountebank, expatiating on the virtues of his *drawing salve*, and reciting many instances of its success, was interrupted by an old woman, who asserted rather ironically, that she had seen it draw out of a door *four rusty tenpenny nails*, that defied the united efforts of two of the strongest blacksmiths in the country, with their hammers and pincers.

350. HIGH LIVING.

Two girls of high fashion, coming into an assembly-room at Bath, met a fat citizen's wife quitting it.

“ Ah ! ” said one of them, pretty loud, “ there is *beef à-la-mode* going out. ” — “ Yes, ” answered the fat woman, “ and there is *game* coming in. ”

351. INCOME-TAX.

It is said that Horne Tooke gave in his return, under the property-tax, as having an income of only sixty pounds a year. Being, in consequence, summoned before the commissioners, who found fault with his return, and desired him to explain how he could live in the style he did, with so small an income ; he replied, that he had *much more reason* to be dissatisfied with the smallness of his income than they had ; that as to their inquiry, there were three ways in which people contrived to live above their income, namely, by *begging, borrowing, and stealing* ; and he left it to their sagacity, which of these methods he employed.

352. PROOF OF PROPERTY.

When a Jew in a rich suit of embroidered clothes once came before lord Mansfield to justify bail, the opposite counsel pressed him very hard as to what the property he swore to consisted of. This Moses evaded as well as he could ; but lord Mansfield at last put an end to the conversation, by fixing his eyes on the Jew's lace, and exclaiming, “ Ask him no more questions : he will burn for the money. ”

353. MUDDY MANŒUVRES.

In the campaign in Holland, a party marching through a very soft morass, was ordered to form *two deep*. “ Why, ” exclaimed a corporal, who had sunk in nearly up to the neck, “ I am *too deep* here already. ”

354. THE CRITERION OF REASON.

Some philosophers maintain, that speech is the criterion of reason. Parrots and other birds speak ; are they then rational ? Women we know are rational, but *would they be less so if they spoke less ?*

355. THE COMPLAISANT PAINTER.

Vigée, taking the portrait of a lady, perceived that when he was working at her mouth she was twisting her features in order to render it smaller, and put her lips into the most extreme contraction. "Do not trouble yourself so much, madam," exclaimed the painter; "for if you choose, I will draw you without any mouth at all."

356. ALL IN ONE STORY.

One day, behind my lady's back,
 My lord attack'd her maid,
 And stole a kiss, which she repaid;
 And gave him smack for smack.
 Pert with such freedoms, "Pray (said she)
 Who kisses with the greatest glee?
 Is it my lady; is it I?"—
 "'Tis you no doubt," he made reply.
 "Why, in good faith, it must be true,"
 Resum'd the wanton dame;
 "For Tom, and John, and chaplain too,
 "All say the very same."

357. A LEGAL CLAIM.

Jack Ketch, being asked on what ground he claimed the clothes of those he hanged, answered, "As their *executor*."

358. A HANDSOME COMPLIMENT.

Turenne at his death was universally regretted. It was asked, what person would feel his death most. Marshal Fierté replied, "The man who succeeds to his arduous office; by the difficulty he will find in executing it."

359. THE LIGHT GUINEA.

Foote and Garrick being at a tavern together at the time of the first regulation of the gold coin, the former, pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning, asked the latter, what he should do with a light guinea he had.

“Pshaw, it’s worth nothing,” says Garrick, “fling it to the devil.”—“Well, David,” says the other, “you are what I always took you for, ever contriving to make a guinea go farther than any other man.”

360. NO RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.

Dryden’s Translation of Virgil being commended by a right reverend bishop, a witty earl said, “The original is indeed excellent; but every thing suffers by translation except a bishop.”

361. A NEW SCHEME.

Mr. S——, one day, being dressed in a very handsome pair of new boots, met a friend, when the following conversation ensued. “Friend. These are handsome boots, Sherry; who made them?”—S. “Hoby.”—F. “How did you prevail on him?”—S. “Guess.”—F. “I suppose you talked him over in the old way.”—S. “No, that won’t do now.”—F. “Then when they came home you ordered half a dozen pair more?”—S. “No.”—F. “Perhaps you gave a check on Hammersley, which you knew would not be honoured.”—S. “No, no, no; in short, you might guess till tomorrow before you hit it: I paid for them.”

362. CRITICISM.

A would-be Mæcenas, at a certain time of life, desired his friend to teach him some rules by which he might be able to form a judgment on the poetry which might be brought for his perusal. “That’s a difficult matter to do,” replied the critic; “but say the verses are bad, and nine times out of ten you will pass for a good critic.” This seems to be the ruling maxim of our modern Scotch reviewers.

363. FRIENDLY ADVICE.

A lady desired Dr. Johnson to give his opinion of a work she had just written; adding, that if it would not do, she begged him to tell her, for she had other irons

in the fire; and in case of its not being likely to succeed, she could bring out something else. "Then," said the doctor, after turning over a few leaves, "I advise you, madam, to put it *where your irons are*."

364. HARD TIMES.

A young member of parliament lately, in the midst and heat of his harangue, addressed the chair; "And now, *my dear Mr. speaker*," &c. which creating a laugh, another member observed, that the honourable member was perfectly in order, as now-a-days *every thing is dear*.

365. A DEAD PUN.

In company, a curious circumstance of a corpse in armour, with *spurs* on, being dug out of an old vault, was mentioned, and the persons present were conjecturing about the mode of the death of the deceased. "I suppose," said a wag, "the gentleman died of a *galloping consumption*."

366. GOOD CUSTOMERS.

A considerable coal-owner in the north was instructing his daughter, a little girl, about eight years of age, in the principles of religion, and explaining to her the rewards and punishments of a future state. He told her, among other things, that the wicked would be sent to a large pit, where they would be roasted in an immense fire by evil spirits. She was very attentive, and after a pause, said, "Papa, what a good thing it would be if you could get them to *take their coals of you!*"

367. ONE SWALLOW DOES NOT MAKE A SUMMER.

One sharp frosty day, the prince of Wales went into the Thatched House tavern, and ordered a beef-steak; but, observing that it was excessively cold, desired the waiter to bring him first a glass of brandy and water. He emptied that in a twinkling, then a second, then a third. "Now," said his royal highness, "I am warm and comfortable; bring my steak." On this, Mr. Sheridan, who was present, wrote the following *impromptu*:

The prince came in, and said 'twas cold,
 Then put to his head the rummer;
 Till *swallow* after *swallow* came,
 Then he pronounc'd it *summer*.

368. PUN ECCLESIASTIC.

A very tall man, foppishly dressed, coming into the rooms at Bath, attracted the attention of all the ladies. One asked her neighbour who he was. "It is a Mr. ———, an acquaintance of mine. He is intended for the church."—"I should suppose, madam," replied the other, "you meant, for the *steeple*."

369. RETALIATION.

If Eve in her innocence could not be blam'd,
 Because going naked she was not asham'd;
 Whosoe'er views the ladies, as ladies now dress,
 That again they've grown innocent sure will confess;
 And that artfully too they retaliate the evil,
By the devil once tempted, they would now tempt the devil.

370. A POLITICAL PUN.

Dr. ———, meeting some friends in the street whose political opinions were democratical, asked them where they were going. They answered, "To dine at the King's Head."—"O, then I guess your dinner. You are going to have a *chop*, I suppose."

371. THE RULING PASSION.

A gambler, on his death-bed, having seriously taken leave of his physician, who told him that he could not live beyond eight o'clock next morning, exerted the small strength he had left to call the doctor back; which having accomplished with difficulty, for he could hardly exceed a whisper, "Doctor," said he, "*I'll bet you five guineas I live till nine.*"

372. ROUGH COURTSHIP.

The method which king Sigar took to gain the affections of Avilda, daughter of the king of Gothland, was

somewhat uncommon. That lady, contrary to the manner and disposition of her sex, exercised the profession of piracy; and was scouring the seas with a powerful fleet, while a sovereign was offering sacrifices to her beauty at the shrine of love. Perceiving this masculine lady was not to be gained by the usual arts of lovers, Sigar took the extraordinary resolution of addressing her in a mode more agreeable to her humour: he fitted out a fleet, went in quest of her, and engaged her in a furious battle, which continued two days without intermission; thus gaining possession of a heart which was to be conquered only by valour.

373. HOMOGENEOUS MATTER.

Some one had written upon a pane in the window of an inn on the Chester road, "Lord M—— has the *softest* lips in the universe." Mrs. Abingdon once, returning from Ireland, saw this inscription, and wrote under it:

"Then as like as two chips
Are his *head* and his lips."

374. TOWN-TALK.

One of the last times that the earl of Chesterfield was at court, miss Chudleigh and another lady came up to him; and, after the customary salutation, one of them said, "Now, my lord, I suppose we shall hear of our faults and follies."—"No, no," replied the earl; not so: I never choose to introduce what all the town talks of."

375. GAINING A LOSS.

Count Tracey, complaining to Foote that a man had ruined his character; "So much the better," replied the wit; "for it was a very bad one; and the sooner it was destroyed, the more to your advantage."

376. A DISAPPOINTMENT.

A scolding wife so long a sleep possess'd,
Her spouse presum'd her soul was *now* at rest.

Sable was call'd, to hang the room with black ;
 And all their cheer was sugar, rolls, and sack.
 Two mourning staffs stood sentry at the door ;
 And *Silence* reign'd, who ne'er was there before.
 The cloaks, and tears, and handkerchiefs prepar'd,
 They march'd in woeful pomp to Abchurch-yard ;
 When see, of narrow streets, what mischief come !
 The very dead can't pass in quiet home.
 By some rude jolt the coffin-lid was broke,
 And *madam* from her dream of death awoke.
 Now all was spoil'd ; the undertaker's pay,
 Sour faces, cakes, and wine, quite thrown away.
 But some years after, when the former scene
 Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again,
 The tender husband took especial care,
 To keep the passage from disturbance clear ;
 Charging the bearers that they tread aright,
 Nor put his *dear* in such another *fright*.

377. REFUSAL OF A COMEDY.

An author who had given a *comedy* into the hands of a manager for his perusal, called on him for his opinion of the piece. Whilst the poor author in trembling anxiety expected the fate of his performance, the manager returned the play with a grave face, saying, " Sir, depend upon it, this is a thing *not to be laughed at.*"

378. AN AWKWARD COMPLIMENT.

When the late marquis of Lansdowne paid a visit to his estates in Ireland, he met with a Mr. W——, who occupied a large farm of his lordship ; 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 other, 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.

379. DOUBLE-DEALING.

A woman in France, who led a loose life, was always saying, that the money she amassed was to introduce her to a convent. "The lady," observed a wag, "reminds me of barge-men, who are always looking one way and rowing another."

380. THE PATRIOT.

A person entering the house of commons when the Rump parliament was sitting, exclaimed, "These are goodly gentlemen; I could work for them all my life for nothing."—"What trade are you, my good friend?" said one of the attendants. "A rope-maker," replied the other.

381. TRAVELLING-EXPENCES.

A foolish young man bragging in company of his travelling abroad and having never sent to his parents for any remittances, was asked by one present, how he made his way. "By my wits," replied the other. "Indeed!" says he: "then you must have travelled very cheaply."

382. EASE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A man very much in debt, being reprimanded by his friends for his disgraceful situation, and the *anxiety* of a debtor being urged by them in very strong expressions: "Ah! that may be the case," said he, "with a person who *thinks of paying.*"

383. THE DIFFERENCE.

A Welshman who had long frequented an alehouse, was intreated by his landlady to pay a certain sum for his cheese; which he refused, as too high a charge. The landlady shewing him the score behind the door, the Cambro-Briton exclaimed, "What, I suppose hur does not know *chalk from cheese!*"

384. ALL OUT.

A gentleman having appointed to meet his friend on particular business, went to his house and knocked at the door, which was opened by a servant girl. He informed her he wanted her master. "He is gone out, sir," says she. "Then your mistress will do," said the gentleman. "She," said the girl, "is gone out too."—"My business is of consequence," returned he: "is your master's son at home?"—"No, sir," returned the girl, "he is gone out."—"That's unlucky indeed," replied he, "but perhaps it may not be long before they return; I will step in and sit by your fire."—"Oh, sir," said the girl, "the fire is gone out." Upon which the gentleman bade her inform her master, that he did not expect to be received so *coolly*.

385. A POOR PUN.

A man praising ale, said, that it was such an excellent drink, that though taken in great quantities it always made him fat. "I have seen it make you *lean*," replied the other, "When?" enquired the eulogist. "Why, last night—upon your stick."

386. A GRIEVANCE REDRESSED.

A man in a public office in Sparta was guilty of many peculations and frauds; and being called openly a rogue and scoundrel, he complained to his master of these indignities. "Sir," says the king, "my subjects are plain men in their speech, and call things by their right names."

387. A PARALLEL CASE.

A captain in regimentals, whose character for courage was not very eminent, began to jeer another on his immense wealth and his penury. "What pleasure can riches give you, who never dare use them?"—"The same," replied the miser, "as you feel in wearing those clothes and that long sword."

388. NEGRO ATTACHMENT.

A Scotch merchant, in the island of Jamaica, had, among his slaves, one whom he very much disliked, and treated with the greatest severity: a mutual dislike soon grew on the part of Quashy; not only to his master, but to all Scotchmen. Sunday being his holiday, he bought at the water-side some fry (a small fish like shrimps), and called past his master's door, "Fine Scotchmen, all alive! Scotchmen! buy my Scotchmen!" His master in a rage calls him, "What have you there?"—"Scotchmen, massa."—"Let me look. Why, you rascal, these are shrimps; how dare you call them Scotchmen?"—"Oh, massa, looka here, dem *stick together like Scotchmen*; come one, come twenty, every time." His master did not forget the first opportunity to scratch Quashy's back. After some time, the master was laid on his death-bed. Touched with remorse at the reflection of the severity he had treated this poor creature with, he sent for him to the bed-side. "Well, Quashy, I am going to die."—"Oh, massa, no *kickeraboo* yet."—"Yes, I must. I now feel I have been too harsh with you."—"Oh, massa, you flog me like a devil!"—"To make you amends, I'll leave you your freedom."—"Bless you heart, massa."—"Any thing else can you ask of me?"—"Yes, massa, one little favour: when Quashy dead, let him bury close alongside of you."—"Affectionate creature! But why so?"—"Because, when the devil come, he will be so *busy about you*, he forget Quashy."

389. PAINTERS SHOULD VISIT POLAND.

Ambrose Philips was, in his conversation, solemn and pompous. At a coffee-house he was once discoursing upon pictures, and pitying the painters, who, in their historical pieces, always drew the same sort of sky. "They should travel," said he, "and then they will see that there is a different *sky* in every country; in England, France, Italy, and so forth."—"Your remark is just," said a grave old gentleman who sat by: "I have

been a traveller, and can testify what you observe is true ; but the greatest variety of *skys* that I found was in Poland.”—“ In Poland, sir ?” said Philips. “ Yes, in Poland ; for there are *Sobiesky*, *Poniatowsky*, *Sarbrunsky*, *Jablonsky*, *Podebrasky*, and many more *skys*, sir, than are to be found any where else.”

390. AN ANCIENT DIPLOMA.

A vain old country surgeon once calling upon Dr. Harrington, of Bath, told him with great exultation, that he had obtained a diploma to practise physic. The doctor asked if the form of a diploma now ran in the same style as at the early commencement of those honours. “ Pray, what might that be ?” said the surgeon. “ I’ll give it you,” replied our Galen ; when, stepping to his daughter’s harpsichord, he played and sung the following prophecy of the witches to Macbeth :

“ He must, he must,
He shall, he shall,
Spill much more blood,
And become worse,
To make his title good.”

“ That, sir,” added he, “ was the true ancient mode of conferring a Scotch degree on doctor Macbeth.”

391. PRIVILEGE OF AGE.

Dr. King, who had been many years archbishop of Dublin, and had been long celebrated for his wit and learning, when Dr. Lindsey, the primate of Ireland, died, claimed the primacy, as a preferment to which he had a right from his station in the see of Dublin, and his acknowledged character in the church. Neither of these pretensions was admitted. He was looked upon as *too far advanced in years to be removed*. The reason alleged was as mortifying as the refusal : but the archbishop had no opportunity of shewing his resentment, except to the new primate, Dr. Boulter ; whom he received in his own house, and in his dining-parlour, without rising from

his chair; saying, by way of apology, with his accustomed sarcastic sneer on his countenance, "My lord, I am certain you will forgive me, because your grace knows *I am too old to rise.*"

392. A FEELING RETORT.

A young officer of the regiment of Orleans, being sent to Lewis the Fourteenth with some good news, petitioned him for the order of St. Lewis. "You are a very young man," observed the monarch. "True, sire," replied the officer, "but you'll remember, our regiment are very *short-lived.*"

393. THE HARMLESS THREAT.

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."

394. NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE.

Jeremy White, one of Oliver Cromwell's domestic chaplains, paid his addresses to lady Frances, the Protector's youngest daughter. Oliver was told of it by a spy; who followed the matter so closely, that he hunted Jerry to the lady's chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector with this news. Oliver in a rage hastened thither himself, and going in hastily, found Jerry on his knees, kissing the lady's hand. In a fury, he asked what was the meaning of that posture before his daughter. White said, "May it please your highness, I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail; I was therefore humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me." The Protector, turning to the young woman, cried, "What's the meaning of this, hussey? Why do you refuse the honour Mr. White would do you? He is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such." My lady's woman, who desired nothing more, with a very low curtsey, replied, "If Mr. White intends me that honour, I shall not

be against him."—"Say you so, my lass?" cried Cromwell: "call Godwyn; this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room." Mr. White had gone too far to retreat; the parson came, and Jerry and my lady's woman were married in the presence of the Protector.

395. A SCHOLAR PUZZLED.

The learned Casaubon being invited by an ignorant pedagogue to hear his students speak some orations out of Cicero, being disgusted with their bad pronounciation, whispered to a person next to him, "I never heard so much Latin before without understanding it."

396. A FOOL AND HIS MONEY.

Some merchants went to an Eastern sovereign, and exhibited for sale several very fine horses. The king admired them and bought them: he moreover gave the merchants a lack of rupees to purchase more horses for him. The king one day, in a sportive humour, ordered the vizier to make out a list of all the fools in his dominions. He did so, and put his majesty's name at the head of them. The king asked why. He replied, "Because you entrusted a lack of rupees to men you don't know, and who will never come back."—"Aye, but suppose they should come back?"—"Then I shall erase your name, and insert theirs."

397. TRUE POLITENESS.

Sir William Gooch, being in conversation with a gentleman in a street in the city of Williamsburgh, returned the salute of a negro, who was passing by about his master's business. "Sir," said the gentleman, "do you descend so far as to salute a slave?"—"Why, yes," replied the governor; "I cannot suffer a man of his condition to exceed me in good manners."

398. FITTING UP A LIBRARY.

A steward wrote to a bookseller in London for some books to fit up his master's library: "In the first place,

I want for the vacant shelves, *six feet of theology, the same quantity of school-metaphysics, and near a yard of old civil law in folio.*"

399. A PATIENT COMPANION.

A gentleman who once introduced his brother to Johnson, was very earnest to recommend him to the doctor's attention; which he did by saying: "Doctor, when we have sat together some time, you'll find my brother very entertaining."—"Sir," said Johnson, "*I can wait.*"

400. A CONTRIBUTION TO 'NATURAL HISTORY.

A traveller was talking of having seen in some foreign country bugs so large and powerful, that two of them would drain a man's blood in a night. Sir John Doyle, to whom this was addressed, replied, "My good sir, we have the same animals in Ireland, but they are there known by another name; they are called *hum-bugs.*"

401. UNANIMITY.

When the Scotch court of justiciary passed sentence of fourteen years' banishment on Mr. Muir, some persons in the gallery began to hiss. The lord-justice-clerk turned round in a great fury, and ordered the macer to take the ~~persons~~ who were hissing into custody. The macer with simplicity answered, "My lord, they are all *hissings.*"

402. AN IRISH DUELLIST.

A gentleman just arrived at Dublin, put up at an inn, and, hearing a noise in the next room like somebody pricking the wainscot with a sword, asked what it was. "Oh, an plaze your honour," said the fellow, "its only lord C—pushing a little, because he expects a party to dinner to-day; and he is practising, in case he should have to fight with any of his friends."

403. AGREEABLE QUALITIES.

Dr. Johnson was in company with a very talkative

lady, of whom he appeared to take very little notice. She, in pique, said to him, "Why, doctor, I believe you are not very fond of the company of ladies."—"You are mistaken, madam," replied he: "I like their delicacy, I like their vivacity, and I like their *silence*."

404. VIRTUES OF PORTER.

A man who had been quaffing porter till he was completely drunk, hiccup'd out, that porter was both *meat and drink*. Soon after, going home, he tumbled into a ditch; on which a companion who was leading him observed, that it was not only meat and drink to him, but *washing and lodging too*.

405. A MIRACLE PARALLELED.

Lord Kellie was amusing the company with an account of a sermon he had heard in Italy, in which the priest related the miracle of St. Antony, when preaching on ship-board, attracting the fishes, which, in order to listen to his pious discourse, held their heads out of the water. "I can perfectly well believe the miracle," said Harry Erskine; "for when your lordship was at church, there was at least *one fish out of water*."

406. A SHOEBLACK'S WIT.

A gentleman having had his boots blacked on the street of Dublin, paid his shoe-black with a considerable degree of haughtiness; on which the little fellow, when the other had got a short way from the stall, said, "By my shoul, all the *polish* you have is on your boots, and I gave it to you."

407. PUN NOMINAL.

A gentleman who was examined as a witness by the late celebrated Mr. Dunning, being repeatedly asked by the counsellor if he did not lodge in the verge of the court, at length replied, he did. "And pray, sir, for what reason did you take up your residence in that

place?"—"In the vain hope," replied the other, "of avoiding the impertinence of *dunning*."

408. A MODEL.

A lady meeting in the street a gentleman who was frightfully ugly, took him by the hand, and led him to the shop of a statuary, to whom she said, "*Just like this*," and departed. The gentleman astonished, asked the meaning of this: the statuary answered, "The lady has employed me to make a figure of the Devil, and as I had no *model* she promised to bring me one."

409. JOINT PROPERTY.

A countryman having bought a barn in partnership with a neighbour who neglected to make use of it, plentifully stored his own part with corn, and expostulated with his partner on having laid out his money in so useless a way; adding, "You had better do *something* with it, as you see I have done."—"As to that, neighbour," replied the other, "every man has a right to do what he will with his own, and *you* have done so: but I have made up my mind about my part of the barn; I shall *set it on fire*."

410. INGRATITUDE.

Soon after the first performance of the *School for Scandal*, it was reported to Sheridan that Mr. Cumberland had observed that he saw it, but could find nothing in it to make him laugh. "This," said the former, "was very ungrateful, for I *laughed heartily* at his *tragedy*."

411. SAMSON'S WEAPON.

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 very rude 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.”

412. A FRIENDLY WISH.

Two Irishmen one day meeting; “I am very ill, Pat,” said one, rubbing his head. “Then,” replied the other, “I hope you may keep so—for fear of being worse.”

413. A CAUTION.

When baron Niewman was once playing at cards in a large company, he was guilty of an *odd trick*; on which the company, in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of the window of a one pair of stairs room, where they had been playing. The baron, meeting Foote some time after, was loudly complaining of this usage, and asked what he should do. “Do?” says the wit: “why, never *play so high* again.”

414. AN EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY.

When the Irish union was effected, sir John Parnel’s health was frequently drunk in genteel companies. Being one day, in a convivial party, he observed jocularly, that by the union he had lost his *bread and butter*. “Ah! my dear sir,” replied a gentleman, “never mind, for it is amply made up to you in *toasts*.”

415. REASONABLE INDULGENCE.

In an advertisement for a young gentleman who left his parents, it was stated, that “if master Jacky will return to his disconsolate parents, he shall no more be put upon by his sister, and shall be allowed to sweeten his *own tea*.”

416. A NATURAL PHENOMENON EXPLAINED.

A viceroy of Ireland asked one of his guests at a great dinner given at the castle, why there were no *toads* in Ireland; to which he replied, "Because, please your excellency, there are so many *toad-eaters*."

417. ALGERINE WIT.

A Frenchman being taken prisoner by the Algerines, was asked what he could do as a slave. His answer was, that he had been used to a *sedentary* employment. "Well then," said the pirates, who were not used to employments of that nature, "we will give you a pair of feather breeches, and set you to hatch chickens."

418. ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

Some time after the expiration of Dr. Sacheverel's punishment (he having been silenced for three years from preaching, and his famous sermon burnt by the hangman,) the minister treated him with great indifference; and he applied in vain for the vacant rectory of St. Andrew's, Holborn. Having however a slight acquaintance with dean Swift, he wrote to him for his interest with government on his behalf, stating how much he had suffered in the cause of the ministry. Swift immediately carried the letter to lord Bolingbroke, who railed much at Sacheverel, calling him a busy intermeddling fellow, a prig, and an incendiary who had set the kingdom in a flame that could not be extinguished, and therefore deserving censure rather than reward. Swift replied, "True, my lord; but let me tell you a short story: In a sea-fight in the reign of Charles the Second, there was a bloody engagement between the English and Dutch fleets, in the heat of which a Scotch seaman was severely bitten in the cheek by a louse; which he caught, and, while he stooped down to crack it between his nails, several of the sailors near him had their heads taken off by a chain-shot: on this he had compassion on the poor louse, returned him to his place, and bade him live there at discretion; for as

it had saved *his* life, he was bound in gratitude to save *his*."

419. HOW-D'Y'-DO AND GOOD-BYE.

One day Good-bye met How-d'y'-do
Too close to shun saluting;
But soon the rival sisters flew
From kissing, to disputing.

Away! says How-d'y'-do, your mien
Appals my cheerful nature;
No name so sad as yours is seen
In sorrow's nomenclature.

Whene'er I give one sunshine hour,
Your cloud comes o'er to shade it;
Where'er I plant one bosom-flower,
Your mildew drops to fade it.

Ere How-d'y'-do has tuned each tongue
To hope's delightful measure,
Good-bye in friendship's ear has rung
The knell of parting pleasure.

From sorrows past my chemic skill
Draws smiles of consolation,
While you from present joys distil
The tears of separation.—

Good-bye replied, Your statement's true,
And well your cause you've pleaded;
But pray who'd think of How-d'y'-do,
Unless Good-bye preceded?

Without my prior influence
Could yours have ever flourish'd?
And can your hand one hour dispense
But those my tears have nourish'd?

How oft, if at the court of Love
Concealment be the fashion,

When How-d'y'-do has failed to move,
Good-bye reveals the passion!

How oft, when Cupid's fires decline,
As every heart remembers,
One sigh of mine, and only mine,
Revives the dying embers!

Go bid the timid lover choose;
And I'll resign my charter,
If he for ten kind How-d'y'-do's
One kind Good-bye would barter.

From love and friendship's kindred source
We both derive existence,
And they would both lose half their force
Without our joint assistance.

'Tis well the world our merit knows;
Since time, there's no denying,
One half in How-d'y'-doing goes,
And t'other in Good-byeing.

420. THE SUCCESSION OF AGES.

The house of Mr. Dundas, late president of the court of session in Scotland, and elder brother of lord Melville, having after his death been converted into a blacksmith's shop, a gentleman wrote upon its door the following impromptu:

“ This house, a lawyer once enjoy'd,
A smith does now possess;
How naturally the *iron age*
Succeeds the age of *brass!*”

421. SIMILARITY OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

On the Scotch circuits, the judges give dinners, having an allowance for that purpose. The great lord Kaims was extremely parsimonious; and at a circuit dinner at Perth did not allow claret, as had been the custom. The conversation turned on sir Charles Hardy's fleet, which was then blockaded by the French; and one of the company

asked, what had become of our fleet. Mr. Henry Erskine answered, "They are like us, confined to *Port*."

422. SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

It is said, that when Mr. Thelwall was on his trial at the Old Bailey for high-treason, during the evidence for the prosecution, he wrote the following note and sent to his counsel: "Mr. Erskine, I am determined to plead my cause myself." Mr. Erskine wrote under it, "If you do, you'll be hanged;" to which Thelwall immediately returned this reply, "I'll be hanged then if I do."

423. A PRIVILEGE WAVED.

A parson who had a scolding wife, one day brought home a brother-clergyman to dinner. Having gone into a separate apartment to talk to his rib about the repast, she attacked and abused him for bringing a parcel of idle fellows to eat up their income. The parson, provoked at her behaviour, said in a pretty loud tone, "If it were not for the stranger, I would give you a good drubbing."—"Oh!" cried the visitor, "*I beg you will make no stranger of me.*"

424. DESCRIPTIVE NAMES.

A gentleman who thought his two sons consumed too much time in hunting and shooting, gave them the appellations of *Nimrod* and *Ramrod*.

425. MUTUAL APOLOGIES.

An attorney presenting a copy of a writ to an auctioneer, apologised, saying he hoped the other would not be offended, as he was merely performing an unpleasant duty of his profession. "Certainly not," said the auctioneer; "you must attend to the duties of your profession, and so must I to *mine*:"—so saying, he *knocked him down*.

426. A BAD SUBJECT.

Dr. Gregory, professor of physic at Edinburgh, was

one of the first to enrol himself in the Royal Edinburgh Volunteers, when that corps was raised. So anxious was he to make himself master of military tactics, that he not only paid the most punctual attendance on all the regimental field-days, but studied at home for several hours a day, under the serjeant-major of the regiment. On one of these occasions the officer, out of all temper at the awkwardness of his learned pupil, exclaimed in a rage, "Sir, I would rather teach *ten fools* than *one philosopher*."

427. A FAIR PROPOSAL.

Jack Ketch being summoned to the court of conscience for a small debt, was asked how he meant to pay it. The answer was, "An please your honour, as I know the plaintiff and his family well, *I'll work it out for him in my own line*."

428. A WEEK'S WORK.

Letter from a youth to his father.

DEAR FATHER,

"I write to you this day, which is *Monday*, and mean to send it by the messenger who goes from hence to-morrow, *Tuesday*; he will be in London by *Wednesday*, and you will receive it on *Thursday*: please let me have some money by *Friday*, as I shall quit this place on *Saturday*, and be with you on *Sunday*."

429. A DANGEROUS CASE.

A regular physician being sent for by a maker of universal specifics, grand salutariums, &c. expressed his surprise at being called in on an occasion apparently trifling. "Not so trifling neither," replied the quack; "for to tell you the truth, I have by mistake taken some of my own pills."

430. GRATITUDE.

Parson Patten, curate of Whitstable, was a witty and

eccentric character. With his fifty pounds a year, it is not surprising that he involved himself in debt, and lost his credit. He sadly wanted a new wig; and fortunately there came to the village a new barber, who, he flattered himself, was unacquainted with his circumstances and character. He went therefore boldly, in his best array, to the shop to order a wig; and Mr. Razor felt himself very happy in his reverend customer: "But, sir," said he, "I am just going to a homely dinner, and shall be proud of your company." To this proposal the parson joyfully acceded. After dinner, and a comfortable cup of ale, the wig-maker said, "Now, sir, if you please, I will take your measure."—"No," answered Patten, "I have changed my mind." The barber, alarmed, said, "I am sorry if I have in any respect offended your reverence."—"Indeed you have not," replied the curate, "but I find you are an honest fellow: if you had made me a wig, you never would have been paid; so I must take in some less liberal knight of the comb."

431. CAUTIONS.

An old French gentleman once complained that he had been cheated by a monk; when Santeuil, who was himself of that order, being present, said to him, "Sir, it is never too late to learn; and, for the future, let me advise you to *beware of three things*; of an ox before, a horse behind, and of a monk every way."

432. LOGICAL CONSEQUENCE.

An attorney having died, two of his friends meeting, one of them observed that he had left few *effects*. "I am not surprised at that," said the other, "for he had few *causes*."

433. FALSE CALCULATION.

A person who had just two thousand a year, being unwilling to leave any thing to his heirs, resolved to spend not only the annual income, but also the principal. He accordingly made a calculation that he could not possibly live longer than to the age of fourscore; but

happening to survive that period, he found himself reduced to beggary during the last six years of his life, and begged charity from door to door, crying: "Pray give something to a poor man who has lived longer than he thought for."

434. PUNCTILIOS OF HONOUR.

Two Gascon officers disputing on some particular subject, one of them unhandsomely contradicted the other, by saying, "That's not true." The asserter of the fact instantly replied: "You are very bold, sir, to dare to give me the lie: if I were a little nearer to you I would box your ears to teach you better manners; and you may consider the *blow* as *already given*." Their brother-officers present were alarmed for the consequence; but the other, assuming a serious air, rejoined, "And I, sir, to punish you for your insolence, would run you through the body; so consider yourself dead."

435. POLITICAL DEFINITION.

A king of France inquired of one of his ministers, what was the real difference between a whig and a tory. "Please your majesty," replied the minister, "I conceive the difference to be merely nominal: the tories are whigs when they want places, and the whigs are tories when they have got them."

436. THE LAUGH RETURNED.

When we've nothing to dread from the law's sternest frowns,
How we laugh at the barristers' wigs, bands, and gowns!
But no sooner we want them to sue or defend,
Than *their* laughter begins, and *our* mirth's at an end.

437. GOOD-HUMOURED REPLY.

At the first masquerade which George the Second honoured with his presence in England, a lady invited him to drink a glass of wine at one of the beaufets. With this he readily complied: and the lady, filling a bumper,

said, "Here, mask, the Pretender's health;" then filling another glass, presented it to the king, who, receiving it with a smile, replied, "I drink with all my heart to the health of all unfortunate princes."

438. A LOVE-LETTER AND ITS ANSWER.

To Eliza, with a Bird.

Accept, dear maid, the most delightful bird
That ever Venus to her chariot bound;
By Love adopted, and by Peace preferr'd,
For meekness valued, and for faith renown'd,
A bird in which such rare perfections meet,
Alone is worthy to be counted thine;
His beauty, fair one, is like yours complete,
And his fidelity resembles mine.

To Julius, with another.

Swain, I accept your all-accomplish'd Dove,
With rapture listen to his plaintive moan,
And vow with constancy the bird to love,
Whose beauty thus reminds me of my own.
I cannot prove my gratitude too soon,
For such a mark of tenderness conferr'd;
So song for song be thine, and boon for boon,
Kindness for kindness, swain, and bird for bird.
Lo, the best fowl that Lincoln can produce,
My choice has singled from a *tuneful* group!
Accept, sweet bard, from me as *great a Goose*
As e'er was fattened in a poulterer's coop.
Your verse the merit of the Dove displays:
The compliments I pay my bird are few;
Yet 'tis, methinks, no niggard share of praise
To say how strongly he resembles *you*.

439. A CONGRATULATION.

At a late circuit-dinner, one of the counsellors observed, with great virulence, that he should certainly hang