

the client of another barrister. "I give you joy of your new office," returned a third, "for there is not a man in the kingdom better qualified to fill it."

#### 440. PHILOSOPHICAL CALMNESS.

An Irish labourer fell from the top of a house, but fortunately lighted in a large quantity of mortar, which saved his life. He immediately got up on his legs, and with the greatest coolness observed, *he had like to have hurt himself.*

#### 441. A MATERIAL CIRCUMSTANCE.

A grand-daughter of Oliver Cromwell, who was remarkable for her vivacity and humour, being in company at Tunbridge Wells, a gentleman who had taken great offence at some sarcastic remarks which she made, rudely said, to insult her, "I think, madam, you would hardly give yourself so many airs, had you recollected that your grandfather was hanged." To which she instantly replied, "Yes, sir, but please to recollect, he was not hanged till after he was dead."

#### 442. A LUCKY ESCAPE.

A sailor bought a share of a lottery-ticket, for which he paid six and twenty shillings. It came up a prize of twenty pounds, and he received two and twenty shillings and sixpence. "It is well it's no worse," says he: "I have only lost three and sixpence on my sixteenth; but if it had been a twenty thousand, I should have been ruined."

#### 443. LONGEVITY.

An historian of Poland says that the Poles are long-lived; that some of them attain to the age of one hundred; "in short," adds he, "they live—as long as they can."

#### 444. A TEXT.

A reverend divine, in preaching before a fashionable congregation at the west end of the town, took for his

text the 12th chapter of the Revelations, and part of the 1st verse: "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven, a woman!"

## 445. PROMETHEUS ILL PAINTED.

How wretched does Prometheus' state appear,  
While he his second mis'ry suffers here!  
Draw him no more, lest, as he tortur'd stands,  
He blame great Jove's less than the painter's hands.  
It would the vulture's cruelty outgo,  
If once again his liver thus should grow.  
Pity him, Jove, and his bold theft allow;  
The *flames* he once *stole* from thee, grant him now.

## 446. A GOOD MATCH.

A native, just arrived from India's land,  
Wish'd to appear gay, buckish, fine, and grand.  
Flesh-colour'd stockings he found all the fashion;  
So that, as other puppies, he might dash on,  
He straight, repairing to a hosier's shop,  
Flesh-colour'd stockings call'd for, like a fop.  
The hosier, fonder of his joke than trade,  
Of *black* silk hose a parcel quick display'd.  
"How!" said the Indian, "flesh-colour'd I sought,"  
And was to a prodigious passion wrought.  
The hosier held a pair politely to his hand,  
Saying, "A better *match* you'll find not in the Strand."

## 447. PRUDENT FORBEARANCE.

The late lord Kelly, who was remarkable for his rubicundity of nose, having spoken rather disrespectfully of a gentleman in the army, an Irishman present observed, that if any man that lived, or ever had lived, or ever could live, had said the same of him, he would have pulled him by the nose. "Yes," replied Foote, "I dare say you would; but in the present case that would not do: there are ways enough of revenging an insult, without running one's hand *into the fire*."

## 448. A REAL DISTINCTION.

An Irish horse-dealer sold a mare, as sound wind and limb, and without *fault*. It afterward appeared that the poor beast could not see at all out of one eye, and was almost blind of the other. The purchaser, finding this, made heavy complaints to the dealer; and reminded him, that he engaged the mare to be without *fault*. "To be sure," returned the other, "to be sure I did; but then, my dear, the poor *crater's* blindness is not her *fault*, but her *misfortune*."

## 449. A COMPLIMENT.

Dr. Balguy, a divine of great celebrity, having preached an excellent discourse at Winchester cathedral, the text of which was, "All wisdom is sorrow," received the following elegant compliment from Dr. Warton, then at Winchester school.

"If what you advance, dear doctor, be true,  
That wisdom is sorrow, how wretched are you!"

## 450. A COMPLIMENT ILL RECEIVED.

A person who dined in company with Dr. Johnson, endeavoured to make his court to him by laughing immoderately at every thing he said. The doctor bore it for some time with philosophical indifference; but the impertinent *ha, ha, ha!* becoming intolerable, "Pray, sir," said the doctor, "what is the matter? I hope I have not said any thing that *you* can comprehend."

## 451. PROVINCIAL THEATRE.

To a play-bill published by a country manager, was added the following attractive invitation:

Let none be afraid from the country to come,  
As the *moon* is engaged for to *light* them all home;  
But should she *herself* that honour decline,  
The *stars* have agreed with more lustre to shine.  
Doors open at six, begin about seven,  
At home safe in bed between ten and eleven.

## 452. A MEDICAL SPORTSMAN.

A physician who was fond of the chase, being asked how he came to send all his patients to Bristol, Bath, or Tunbridge, when past recovery, said, that it was only in the field he wished to be *in at the death*.

## 453. A CERTAIN BENEFIT.

Sarah, duchess of Marlborough, once pressing the duke to take a medicine, with her usual warmth said, "I'll be hanged if it do not prove serviceable." Dr. Garth, who was present, exclaimed, "Do take it then, my lord duke, for it must be of use one way or the other."

## 454. A HELP TO A SHORT MEMORY.

A Frenchman being at confession, accused himself of many crimes; and among others acknowledged that not more than an hour before, he had given his wife a sound drubbing. "Why did you do that, my son?" said the father-confessor. "Why," replied the penitent, "I do the same thing every time I come to confession; and were I once to omit it, my *shrift* would hardly entitle me to absolution. In conformity to the ordinations of our holy religion, I confess every year; but my memory is so defective, that I should never recollect any sin I have been guilty of unless I *beat my wife*, which I therefore always do on these occasions; and she in return comes rattling like a hail-storm, with a full, true, and particular account of every crime I have committed, from the hour I married her."

## 455. A COUNSELLOR'S HEAD.

A student of the Middle Temple being just called to the bar, sent for the peruke-maker to measure him for a new tie-wig. The barber, on applying his apparatus in one direction, was observed to smile; upon which the young barrister desired to know what circumstance gave rise to his mirth. The barber replied, that he

could not but remark the extreme length of his honour's head. "That's well," said the student; "we lawyers have occasion for long heads." The barber, who had by this time completed the dimensions, now burst into a fit of laughter; and an explanation being insisted on, at last declared, that he could not possibly contain himself, when he discovered that his honour's head was just as *thick as it was long*.

456. HOPELESS APPLICATION.

A gentleman begging Villiers, duke of Buckingham, to employ his interest for him at court, added, that he had nobody to depend on but God and his grace. "Then," said the duke, "your condition is desperate; you could not have named any two who have *less interest at court*."

457. ACCEPTABLE COMPULSION.

When a bill for regulating watchmen was in its progress through the house of commons, a member observed, that a great number of them, being employed in labour all day, could not do justice to their watch during the night; he therefore proposed as an amendment, that every watchman should be obliged to sleep six hours in the day-time. Another member rose and said, "I heartily second the amendment moved by the honourable member; and beg that, on account of my being much afflicted with the gout, I may be included in it."

458. POLEMICS OF A FRENCH NURSE.

Fontaine's confessor exhorting him to repent, the nurse came in, and entreated he would not plague him. "He is more stupid than wicked," added she; "God will not have the heart to damn him."

459. A CORRECT REPRESENTATION.

A gentleman coming into a coffee-room one stormy night, said, he never saw such a wind in his life. "Saw a wind!" says another; "I never heard of such a thing

as seeing a wind; pray what is it like?"—"Like?" answered the gentleman; "like to have blown my hat off."

## 460. ROYAL EPITAPH.

King Charles II. once said over his bottle, in his usual lively way, that he supposed some stupid pedant would write a nonsensical epitaph on him when he was gone. "Now," says his majesty, "I should like to have something appropriate and witty. Rochester, let's have a touch of your pen on the subject." His lordship instantly obeyed the command, and produced the following:

Here lies the mutton-eating king,  
Whose word no man relies on;  
Who never said a foolish thing,  
Nor ever did a wise one.

## 461. A GRATUITOUS PRESCRIPTION.

An old gentleman who used to frequent one of the coffee-houses, being unwell, thought he might make so free as to steal an opinion concerning his case; accordingly, one day he took an opportunity of asking one of the faculty, who sat in the same box with him, what he should take for such a complaint. "I'll tell you," said the doctor sarcastically; "you should *take advice*."

## 462. A TRAVELLING ACCIDENT.

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

## 463. AN ADEQUATE REASON.

A country fellow driving a team, all the horses in which were remarkably poor but the leading one, was asked by a portly attorney whom he met, why the fore-horse was so fat, and the others so lean. "Because,

master," says he, "the fore-horse is the lawyer and the rest be his clients."

## 464. THE PERVERSE ANSWERER.

A quaker at Bristol was remarkable for never giving a direct answer. A gentleman one day laid a wager that he would draw a direct reply from Obadiah to a question that he should put to him. He accordingly went, and met the quaker in the street. "Pray, sir," says he, "is the post come in?"—"Dost thou expect any letters?" asked the quaker.

## 465. HARD DUTY.

A colonel who had raised a regiment of fencible cavalry, was complaining in a company that he had the whole labour of the corps on himself. "I am," said he, "obliged to be my own major, my own captain, my own adjutant, &c."—"And," said a person present, "I presume, your own trumpeter."

## 466. AN OFFENSIVE TOAST ELUDED.

Dr. Byrom, of Manchester, was a violent jacobite, and determined on no occasion to drink the king's health. Several of his friends once agreed to invite him to a dinner, and surprise him into it. He was fond of his glass; and after dinner they pushed it about very briskly, and gave different toasts in succession. One gave the king; the next and the next repeated it as quick as possible. When it came to the doctor's turn, he took his glass, and in an audible voice repeated the following impromptu:

"God bless the king, God bless our faith's defender;  
There's no great harm in blessing the Pretender;  
Who the Pretender is, or who the king—  
God bless us all, that's quite another thing."

## 467. IMPATIENCE.

At an inn in a market-town upon the great road

leading to Holyhead, where a country company of comedians were murdering the language of some of our best dramatic writers, a gentleman sat in the kitchen smoking his pipe, and regarding with pleasure a fowl that was roasting for his supper. A tall meagre figure stalked in, and, with an earnest and melancholy look at the fowl, retired with a sigh. Repeating his visit a second time, he exclaimed, "That fowl will never be done in time."—"What do you mean?" said the gentleman: "that fowl is for my supper, and you shan't touch a bit of it."—"Oh," replied the other, "you misunderstand me: I do not want the fowl; but I am to play Oroonoko this evening, and we cannot begin for want of the *jack-chain*."

## 468. GRAVITY.

Some one writing against gravity, says, the gravest beast is an ass; the gravest bird is an owl; the gravest fish is an oyster; and the gravest man is a fool.

## 469. TERMINATION OF A FEVER.

A gentleman hearing of the death of another, "I thought," said he to a person in company, "you told me that Tom Wilson's fever was gone off."—"Yes," replied the latter, "I did so, but I forgot to mention that he was *gone off* along with it."

## 470. A COMPLIMENT RETURNED.

Hogarth being once at the house of Vanloo, then the fashionable portrait-painter, and looking over a legion of his portraits, monsieur, with a low bow, told him he had not words to express how much he admired *his caricatures*. Hogarth returned his bow, and told him, *he equally admired his*.

## 471. CATCHING A TARTAR.

An Irish soldier once returning from battle in the night, marching a little way behind his companion, called out to him, "Hollo, Pat, I have taken a pri-



soner."—"Bring him along then, bring him along."  
—"He won't come."—"Why then come yourself."—  
"He won't let me."

472. A LADY'S INSTRUCTIONS TO HER CHAMBER-MAID.

Lay *my head* on the top of the drawers; put *my bottom* on the chair, and the *hips* and *pantaloons* by it; take care of *my bosom*, and do not ruffle it; lay *my teeth* and this *eye* in the dressing-box; take this *shoulder*, and lay it under *my head*.

473. A HARD SEPARATION.

A Scotchman coming to England, by way of living better, hired himself to a farmer. Dining one day on bread, cheese, and butter, he spread the butter on the cheese. His mistress reproving him for his extravagance, Sawney replied, "Deel hae them that parted them."

474. A BREAKFAST.

A farmer's servant having a cheese set before him to take his breakfast of, and sitting a long time over it, his master asked him when he intended to have done. "Sir," said he, "a cheese of this size is not so soon eaten as you may think."

475. CONTRARY TRADES.

Through Lincoln's-inn as Mordecai was crying, [clowes!"]

"Old clowes! old clowes! clowes, clowes to sell! old  
It chanc'd old Pouncit too that way was prying,  
Wig on his pate, and 'spectacles on nose.'

Beneath his arm was slung the trusty bag,  
The green depôt of master's briefs and speeches;  
Which made the Jew-man cry (a merry wag):

"Any old clowes to sell, shoes, hats, or breeches!"

"Thou fool of Hagar's offspring!" Pouncit cries;

"Think'st thou I sell old clothes, thou worst of brutes?"

"Here, on these papers squint thy sooty eyes:—

"These papers, Israelite, are all *new suits*."

## 476. SAFE AND SOUND.

An Irish seaman on board a merchant-ship, having had an accident with the tea-kettle, went to the officer, and scratching his head, cried, "Arrah now, will your honour be pleased to tell me whether a thing can be said to be lost when one knows where it is?"—"No, Pat," replied the officer. "Why then, sir, your tay-kettle is safe, for it is at the bottom of the sea."

## 477. A MODERATE GAMESTER.

A person saying that he made a point of never playing beyond the line of his own understanding, "Faith," says another present, "I now see the reason you never play deep."

## 478. ROYAL TASTE.

George II. when riding through Brentford in dirty weather, was accustomed to say, "I do love this place, it is so like *Yarmany*."

## 479. THE ALTERNATIVE.

It was customary with marshal Bassompierre, when any of his soldiers were brought before him for heinous offences, to say to them, "Brother, you or I certainly will be hanged;" which was a sufficient denunciation of their fate. A spy being discovered in his camp, was addressed in this language; and next day, as the provost was carrying the wretch to the gallows, he pressed earnestly to speak with the marshal, alleging that he had somewhat of importance to communicate. The marshal, being made acquainted with this request, exclaimed, in his rough and hasty manner, "It is the way of all these rascals, when ordered for execution; they pretend some frivolous story, merely to reprieve themselves for a few moments: however, bring the dog hither." Being introduced, the marshal asked him what he had to say. "Why, my lord," said the culprit, "when first I had the honour of your conversation, you were obliging enough to say, that either you or I should be hanged:

Now I am come to know whether it is your pleasure to be so; because, if you won't, I must."

## 480. ERRATUM.

Scarron wrote some verses addressed: "A Guillemette, *chienne de ma sœur*—To Guillemette, my sister's bitch." Some time after, having quarrelled with his sister, he collected his works for re-publication, and inserted among the errata, "For *chienne de ma sœur*, read *ma chienne de sœur*—For *my sister's bitch*, read *my bitch of a sister*."

## 481. A GRAND JURY.

Judge Doddridge having once complained that the sheriff of Huntingdon had summoned a grand jury that were deficient in rank, the sheriff at the next assizes presented him with the following high-sounding pannel. Maximilian King of Toseland, Henry Prince of Godmanchester, George Duke of Somersham, William Marquis of Stukely, Edmond Earl of Hartford, Richard Baron of Bythorn, Samuel Pope of Newton, Stephen Cardinal of Kimbolton, Humphrey Bishop of Bugden, Robert Lord of Waresley, Joseph Knight of Winwick, William Abbot of Stukely, Walter Dean of Old Weston, John Archdeacon of Paxton, Peter Squire of Easton, Edward Friar of Ellington, Henry Monk of Stukely, Thomas Gentleman of Spaldwick, George Priest of Graffham.

## 482. CUSTOM IS SECOND NATURE.

A gentleman seeing a woman skinning eels, said to her, "How can you be so cruel?"—"La, sir!" replied she, "the eels be used to it."

## 483. AN EXCEPTION.

An apothecary who used to value himself on his knowledge of drugs, asserted that all bitter things were hot. "No," said a gentleman present, "there is one of a very different quality; a *bitter cold day*."

## 484. WIT WELL MANAGED.

The duke of Mantua once observed to the celebrated Perron, that the court-jester was a fellow without either wit or humour. "Your grace must pardon me," said Perron; "I think he has a great deal of wit, to live by a trade that he does not understand."

## 485. A TURF BULL.

The mayor of an English city published an advertisement previous to the races, "that no gentleman will be allowed to ride on the course *except the horses that are to run.*"

## 486. WEAKNESS, NOT COWARDICE.

An officer in the French service having a favour conferred on him by Louis XIV., stood so much in awe of his sovereign as to tremble very visibly; which being observed by the monarch, he asked him if he was accustomed to tremble in that manner. "Not before your majesty's enemies," was the reply.

## 487. AMERICAN CURIOSITY.

So inquisitive are the Americans, that Dr. Franklin tells us, when he travelled in that country, and wished to ask his road from any one he met, he found it expedient to save time by prefacing his question with—"My name is Benjamin Franklin, by trade a printer, am come from such a place, and going to such a place; and now, *which is my road?*"

## 488. A SCOTCH VINDICATION.

A gentleman having, in a letter he wrote to a Scotch schoolmaster, called him an *ignorant Turk*, and an *untractable and obstinate beast*, received the following elegant stanza in reply:

"God not a beast did make me, but a man;  
And, not a Turk, but a true Christian;  
And, by his grace, I am a schoolmaster,—  
None of the meanest kind, I dare aver."

## 489. A DOUBLE PUNISHMENT.

When lord Howe was captain of the *Magnanime*, a negro sailor on board was ordered to be flogged. Every thing being prepared, and the ship's company assembled to see the punishment inflicted, captain Howe made a long address to the culprit on the enormity of his offence. Poor Mungo, tired of the harangue, and having his back exposed to the cold, exclaimed, "Massa, if you floggee, floggee; or if you preachee, preachee; but no *preachee and floggee too!*"

## 490. A HARD MASTER.

Old Astley, one evening when his band was playing an overture, went up to the horn-players, and asked why they were not playing. They said they had twenty bars rest. "Rest!" says he, "I'll have nobody *rest in my company; I pay you for playing, not for resting.*"

## 491. PROFESSIONAL CONDUCT.

At the rehearsal of one of Voltaire's tragedies, Mr. Cramer, bookseller at Geneva, (and the author's own immediate publisher,) was finishing his part, which was to end with some dying sentences, when Voltaire, who was despotic over those he thought his dependents, cried out, "Cramer, you lived like a prince in the four preceding acts, but in the fifth you die like a bookseller." Dr. Tronchin, the celebrated physician, being present, could not help, in kindness, interfering; and added, "Why, monsieur de Voltaire, can you expect gentlemen to be at the expence of dresses, and the fatigue of getting up such long parts, if you thus upbraid them? On the contrary, I think they all deserve the greatest encouragement at your hands; and as to my friend Cramer, I declare, that, as far as I am a judge, he dies with the same dignity he lived with." Voltaire, who detested advice or information from an inferior, (for an author was, in his eye, beyond even an *Æsculapius*, had he been living,) made this cool answer: "Pr'ythee, doctor, when *you* have got kings to

*kill, kill them in your own way; but let me kill mine as I please."*

## 492. APPROPRIATE PRESENTS.

On the city of London presenting admiral Keppel with the freedom in a box of heart of oak, and lord Rodney in a gold box:—

Each admiral's defective part,  
 Satiric cits, you've told:  
 The cautious Keppel wanted *heart*;  
 The gallant Rodney, *gold*.

## 493. A COMPANION IN DANGER.

The extravagant and enthusiastic opinion which Dennis had of the merit and importance of his tragedy, called *Liberty Asserted*, cannot be more properly evinced than by the following anecdote:—He imagined there were some strokes in it so severe upon the French nation, that they could never be forgiven; and consequently, that Lewis the Fourteenth would not consent to a peace with England, unless he were delivered up as a sacrifice to national resentment. Nay, so far did he carry this apprehension, that, when the congress for the peace at Utrecht was in agitation, he waited upon the duke of Marlborough, who had formerly been his patron, to intreat his interest with the plenipotentiaries that they should not consent to his being given up. The duke however told him with great gravity, that he was sorry it was not in his power to serve him, as he really had no interest with any of the ministers at that time: but added, that he fancied his case not to be quite so desperate as he seemed to imagine; for that he had taken no care to get *himself* excepted in the articles of peace, and yet he could not help thinking that he had done the French *almost* as much damage as Mr. Dennis had.

## 494. USEFUL HINT.

In the parlour of a public-house in Fleet-street, there is written over the chimney-piece the following notice:—  
 "Gentlemen *learning to spell* are desired to use *yesterday's paper*."

## 495. A WELL-INFORMED WITNESS.

A quaker was examined before the board of excise, concerning certain duties; when the commissioners thinking themselves disrespectfully treated by his *theeing* and *thouing*, one of them with a stern countenance asked him: "Pray, sir, do you know what we sit here for?"—"Yea," replied Nathan, "I do: some of you for a thousand, some for fifteen hundred, and others for seventeen hundred and fifty pounds a year."

## 496. A SCHOOLMASTER'S EPITAPH,

In the church-yard of Curry, near Edinburgh.

Beneath thir stanes lie Meekie's banes:  
O Satan! should you tak him,  
Appoint him tutor to your weans,  
And clever deils he'll mak them.

## 497. A BAD FIT.

Lord North, feeling some symptoms of an approaching fit of the gout, ordered his large gouty shoes. His servant could not find them; and, concluding they were stolen, began to curse the thief. "Pooh," said his lordship, "all the harm I wish the rogue is, that *they may fit him.*"

## 498. MUTUAL EXCEPTIONS.

Mr. Fox, in his canvas of Westminster, called to solicit the vote of a butcher, who refused him, adding with bluntness, "I admire your talents, but damn your principles." Charles immediately replied, "I admire your frankness, but damn your manners."

## 499. INCREDULITY JUSTIFIED.

A person speaking of the tenacity of life in turtles, asserted that he had seen one which had his head cut off, open his jaws six weeks afterwards. The company

seeming rather sceptical, he said, "I saw it, and I trust none of you will doubt my word." Then turning to one gentleman, he asked him what he thought. The other, observing that it was very remarkable, asked the rélater, "Sir, if you had not seen the circumstance yourself, could you have believed it?"—"Indeed," said he, "I could not."—"Then," replied the gentleman, "I hope you will excuse me if I don't."

500. LEAST SAID, SOONEST MENDED.

A man having been capitally convicted at the Old Bailey, was, as usual, asked what he had to say why judgment of death should not pass against him. "Say?" replied he: "why, I think the joke has been carried far enough already, and the less that is said about it the better; so, if you please, my lord, we'll drop the subject."

501. MISUNDERSTANDING BETWEEN ALLIES.

A gentleman having to fight a main in the country, gave two cocks in charge to his Irish servant to carry down. Pat put them together in a bag; on opening which at his arrival, he was not a little surprised to find one of them dead, and the other terribly wounded. Being scolded by his master for putting them into the same bag, he said he thought there was no danger of their hurting *one another*, as they were going to fight *on the same side*.

502. A FAIR BARGAIN.

When Jonas Hanway once advertised for a coachman, he had a great number of applicants. One of them he approved of; and told him, if his character answered, he would take him on the terms which they had agreed upon. "But," said he, "my good fellow, as I am rather a particular man, it may be proper to inform you, that every evening, after the business of the stable is done, I shall expect you to come to my house for a quarter of an hour to attend family-prayers. To this I suppose you can have no objection."—"Why, as to that, sir," replied



the fellow, "I do not see much to say against it; but I hope you'll consider it in my wages."

503. SIMILAR ANTIPATHIES.

The captain of one of our frigates, a man of undaunted bravery, had a natural aversion to a cat. A sailor, who for some misconduct had been ordered a flogging, saved his back by presenting to the captain the following petition:

By your honour's command,  
A culprit I stand,  
An example to all the ship's crew:  
I'm pinion'd and stript,  
And condemn'd to be whipt;  
And if I am flogg'd—'tis my due.

A cat, I am told,  
In abhorrence you hold:  
Your honour's aversion is mine.—  
If a cat with one tail  
Makes your stout heart to fail,  
Oh! save me from one that has *nine*.

504. RIGHT VIEWS OF THINGS.

The witty and convivial lord Kelly being in his early years much addicted to dissipation, his mother advised him to take example of a gentleman whose constant food was herbs, and his drink water. "What, madam!" said he, "would you have me imitate a man who *eats like a beast and drinks like a fish?*"

505. THE LAST RIDE.

When colonel Thornton once asked his coachman, whether he had any objection to go abroad with him; "To any place that ever was created," said the fellow eagerly. "Would you drive me to hell?" said the colonel. "That I would," answered the fellow. "Why, you

would find it a hot birth ; and you must go in first yourself.”—“ No, no ; I would *back* your honour in.”

506. NEW PLAN OF HORSE-DEALING.

A gentleman complained to old Bannister that some malicious person had cut off his horse's tail, which, as he meant to sell him, would be a great drawback. “ Then,” said Charles, “ you must sell him wholesale.”—“ Wholesale ! how so ?” —“ Because you cannot *re-tail* him.”

507. A BAD DISH.

The same parties going into a shop where there were philosophical apparatus, and among the rest an electrical eel ; “ What sort of a pie would that eel make, Charles ?” said the gentleman.—“ A *shocking* one.”

508. A DESPERATE CASE.

A gentleman meeting a young and beautiful girl in the pump-room at Bath, asked her why she drank the waters. “ For mere wantonness, sir,” replied she. “ And pray, madam,” said he gravely, “ have they cured you ?”

509. EASY STUDY.

My garden neat  
Has got a seat  
That's hid from ev'ry eye, sir :  
There day and night  
I read and write,  
And *nobody's the wiser.*

510. USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

A certain earl having beaten Anthony Henley at Tunbridge for some impertinence, the next day he found Henley beating another person. The peer congratulated him upon his new acquisition of spirit. “ Oh ! my lord,” replied Henley, “ your lordship and I know whom we have to deal with.”

## 511. NEIGHBOUR EVILS.

Sir Godfrey Kneller and Dr. Radcliffe lived next door to each other, and were extremely intimate. Kneller had a very fine garden; and as the doctor was fond of flowers, he permitted him to have a door into it. Radcliffe's servants however gathering and destroying the flowers, Kneller sent to inform him that he would nail up the door; to which Radcliffe, in his rough manner, replied, "Tell him, he may do any thing but *paint* it."—"Well," replied Kneller, "he may say what he will; tell him I will *take* any thing from him except *physic*."

## 512. A GOOD EXCUSE.

I heard a judge his tipstaff call,  
And say, "Sir, I desire  
You go forthwith and search the hall,  
And send me in the *crier*."

"And search, my lord, in vain I may,"  
The tipstaff gravely said:  
"The *crier* cannot *cry* to-day,  
Because *his wife is dead*."

## 513. KEEPING AN EYE ON BUSINESS.

A shoe-black meeting a hackney-coachman on a very fine sun-shiny day, in the middle of November, accosted him with, "All's *bad* still, Tom, all's *bad* yet, for you and I; here's another of these *confounded* fine days."

## 514. THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

At Betty, astonish'd, the people all gaz'd,  
" 'Twas wonderful," still they kept saying;  
For my part I own I was not much amaz'd  
At seeing *a little boy playing*.

## 515. CURE FOR A MISCHIEVOUS MONKEY.

The late duke of Richmond had some capital hunters in Sussex. A monkey that was kept in the stable, was re-

markably fond of riding the horses; skipping from one to the other, and teasing the poor animals incessantly. The groom made a complaint to the duke, who immediately formed a plan to remedy the evil. "If he is so fond of riding," said his grace, "we'll endeavour to give him enough of it." A complete jockey-dress was provided for the monkey; and the next time the hounds went out, Jacko in his uniform was strapped to the back of one of the best hunters. The view-halloo being given, away they went, through thick and thin: the horse, carrying so light a weight, presently left all the company behind. Some of the party passing by a farm-house, enquired of a countryman whether he had seen the fox. "Aye, zure," said the man, "he be gone over yon fallow."—"And was there any one up with him?"—"Whoy yes," said John; "there be a little man in a yellow jacket, riding as though the devil be in 'um. I hope from my heart the young gentleman may'nt meet with a fall, but he rides monstrous hard."

## 516. PRAYING FOR RAIN.

A clergyman being requested by some of his parishioners to pray for rain, said he would do any thing to oblige them, but *it would be of no service* as long as the *wind continued in the same quarter*. However, having obeyed the wish of his people, he was told by the beadle as he went out, that a heavy shower was coming on. "I *hope not*," said he, "for I have *not brought my umbrella*."

## 517. DOUBLE PUN.

The earl of Leicester, that unworthy favourite of queen Elizabeth, forming a park about Cornbury, and thinking to enclose it, was one day calculating the expence. A gentleman who stood by, told him he did not go the cheapest way to work. "How can I do it cheaper?" said the earl. "Why," replied the gentleman, "if your lordship will find *posts*, the country will find *railing*."

## 518. A MINISTERIAL MANŒUVRE.

Sir Robert Walpole once wanting to carry a question in the house of lords, and not being quite sure of some of the bishops, prevailed upon his friend the archbishop of Canterbury to stay at home for two or three days. In the mean time, sir Robert circulated a report that his grace was dangerously ill. On the day of meeting, the house was, as might be expected, remarkably crowded with lawn sleeves, not one of whom voted against the minister.

## 519. VICISSITUDE.

On the doctrine of gravity being discovered by sir Isaac Newton, from the circumstance of an apple falling on his head from a tree.

When old Nick in his clutches first caught mother Eve,  
As all the learn'd fathers agree,  
He by glozing essay'd the fair dame to deceive,  
And of knowledge he shew'd her the tree.

Madam, longing to judge betwixt evil and good,  
Was curious to taste, though forbidden,  
Of the fruit of life's tree, in the middle that stood,  
All erect in the garden of Eden.

But knowledge to woman's a perilous gift,  
That unfits her too oft for her station ;  
Hence both Eve and poor Adam were turn'd out adrift,  
And destin'd to death and damnation.

Long time had this tree nearly barren remain'd,  
Unsown were its seeds in man's mind,  
Till by Newton replanted it flourish'd again,  
And an apple enlighten'd mankind.

As an *apple* occasioned the *fall* of frail man,  
And with Satan compell'd him to grapple,  
So was knowledge decreed by the Deity's plan  
To result from the *fall* of an *apple*.

## 520. MARRIAGE-QUALIFICATIONS.

A beggar having the accomplishments of a shrunk arm, a hump-back, and the want of a leg, paid his addresses to a young lady of the mendicant tribe, whose charms could only be equalled by the Baratarian beauty recommended to governor Sancho. Her father, however, indignantly denied his consent. "What!" said he, "you pretend to my daughter! I refused her last week to a man who goes with his breech in a bowl."

## 521. A TYPE.

An ingenious author has written a treatise against the use of chemicals and galenicals, in which he contends that the woes consequent to the *pouring out of the vials* in the Revelations are typical of the ills which arise from taking physic.

## 522. THE DEAREST LOSS.

It is a remark of St. Evremond, that the last sighs of a pretty woman are less for the loss of her life than of her beauty.

## 523. A PROVERB EXPLAINED.

In a company of literati, the late James Boswell observed, that many definitions had been given of man; as a biped animal, an unfeathered animal, a speaking animal, a rational animal: and yet all were exceptionable, and more or less characteristic of other animals. "But," said he, "man may, without exception, be termed a *cooking animal*, as the only one that dresses his food."—"This observation," said Mr. Burke, "explains a proverb which before I could make nothing of—There is *reason in roasting eggs.*"

## 524. A JUST OBSERVATION.

A buck parson going to read prayers at a village in the west of England, found some difficulty in putting on the surplice. "Confound the surplice!" said he to the

clerk, "I think the devil is in it." The clerk waited till the parson had got it on, and then answered, "I think as how he be, sir."

## 525. A SPIRITED PARSON.

A clergyman of Norfolk having a quarrel with a neighbouring gentleman, who insulted him, and at last told him, "Doctor, your gown is your protection,"—replied, "Though it may be mine, it shall not be yours;" and immediately pulled it off, and threshed the aggressor.

## 526. TRANSPOSITION OF TERMS.

A finished coquette at a ball asked a gentleman near her, while she adjusted her tucker, whether he could *flirt a fan*, which she held in her hand. "No, madam," answered he, proceeding to use it, "but I can *fan a flirt*."

## 527. AGRICULTURAL PUN.

Mention is made of a couple, eminent in the circles of fashion for many years past, having recently distinguished themselves in a particular manner by their attention to agriculture. A punster observes on this strange transformation, that in following up the duties of a *farmer* in his fields, some advantages may be made even of an *old rake*.

## 528. A PRESENT FEELINGLY DECLINED.

Mr. Fox having applied to a Westminster shopkeeper for his vote and interest, the man produced a *halter*, with which he said he was ready to oblige him. Mr. Fox thanked him for his kindness, but said he would by no means deprive him of it, as he presumed it was a *family piece*.

## 529. A PAIR OF POCKETS.

No prince was more addressed than Charles II.; but the very people who sent these generous, nay extravagant offers, scarcely allowed him the necessary supplies. Killigrew gave private orders to the king's taylor to

make one of his majesty's coat-pockets of an enormous size, and the other scarcely larger than a thimble. The king, being informed that this was done at the desire of Killigrew, asked him the reason. "May it please your majesty," replied the wag, "the large pocket is to receive the *addresses and professions* of your subjects; and the other is to put the *money* in, which they present you with."

## 530. ELEGANT WRITING.

Copied from a provincial print.—"On Monday last a fire broke out, in a house in this town. It was making its way to the cellar, but was prevailed upon to stop its course, and take a copious draught of water, which not only allayed its thirst, but cooled its courage, and then it went quietly to rest."

## 531. AN ACQUISITION.

As a press-gang were once patrolling about Smithfield, they laid hold on a man tolerably well dressed, who pleaded that, being a gentleman, he was not liable to be pressed. "Haul him away," says one of the tars, "he is the very man we want; we have pressed a great number of blackguards, and are at a loss for a gentleman to teach them good manners."

## 532. WORSE STILL.

"I am absolutely afraid," said the duke of Buckingham to sir Robert Viner, "that I shall die a beggar."—"At the rate you go on," replied sir Robert, "I am afraid *you will live one.*"

## 533. A VALUABLE POSSESSION.

A gentleman having a pad that started and broke his wife's neck, a neighbouring squire told him he wished to purchase it for his wife to ride upon. "No," says the other, "I will not sell the little fellow, *because I intend to marry again.*"



## 534. MUTUAL PREFERENCES.

The count De Choiseuil Praslin, a distinguished military officer, but a man of very ordinary understanding, admiring a superb ring worn by Ninon de l'Enclos, said, "I would rather have the ring than the finger."—"And I," exclaimed Ninon, laying hold on the count's ribbon, "would rather have the altar than the beast."

## 535. DEFINITION OF NOTHING.

Queen Elizabeth seeing a disappointed courtier walking with a melancholy cast in one of her gardens, asked him, "What does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?"—"Of a woman's promises," was the reply; to which the queen returned, "I must not confute you, *sir* Edward."

## 536. THE PROPER PLACE.

A certain nobleman who was more remarkable for his pride than his parts, being once withdrawing from a fashionable party, and wanting his servant to attend him, called out in a very loud voice, "Where can my block-head be?"—"Upon your shoulders, my lord," answered a lady.

## 537. DISTINCTION OF PHRASES.

M. De Charollais and M. De Brissac made love to the same actress, and met by chance at her house. Charollais said to Brissac, "*Go out.*"—"A man of spirit," answered, Brissac, "would have said, *Come out.*"

## 538. SUPERFLUOUS RELIGION.

Two boys belonging to the chaplains of two different men of war, entertained each other with an account of their respective manners of living. "How often, Jack," says one of them, "do you go to prayers?"—"We only pray," replied Jack, "when we are afraid of a storm, or are going to fight."—"Aye," says the former, "there's some sense in that; but my master makes us go to pray-

ers when there's no more occasion for it than for me to jump into the sea."

539. A COMFORTABLE CONSIDERATION.

In some parish-churches it is the custom to separate the men from the women. A clergyman, being interrupted by loud talking, stopped short; when a woman, eager for the honour of her sex, arose and said, "Your reverence, the noise is not among us."—"So much the better," answered the priest, "it will be the sooner over."

540. A RELIGIOUS HOUSE.

A wag observed the other day of a certain law lord, much given to swearing and parsimony, that he was a rigid disciplinarian in his religion, for that in his house it was *passion week* in the parlour, and *Lent* in the kitchen, all the year round.

541. HORACE CORRECTED.

Sir Robert Walpole, at the close of his administration, was sitting one evening with some intimate friends, to whom he was complaining of the vanities and vexations of office; adding, from the second epistle of the second book of Horace,

"Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti;  
"Tempus abire tibi est."

"Pray, sir Robert," says one of his friends, "is that good Latin?"—"Why, I think so: what objection have you to it?"—"Why," says the other, drily, "I did not know but the word might be *bribeisti* in your Horace."

542. METHODIST DEVOTION.

A methodist who kept a chandler's shop was heard one day saying to his shopman, "John, have you watered the rum?"—"Yes."—"Have you sanded the brown sugar?"—"Yes."—"Have you wetted the tobacco?"—"Yes."—"Then come in, to prayers."

## 543. BARE POSSIBILITIES.

Balthazer Gratian recommends all travellers to seek for the following rarities, in every country they may visit :

A great lord without debts ; a prince who was never offended at hearing truth ; a poet who became rich by his muse ; an humble Spaniard ; a silent Frenchman ; a sober German ; a learned man recompensed ; a discontented madman ; or a true friend. He might have added, *an honest lawyer*, which would be perhaps a greater rarity than any of the foregoing.

## 544. THE HEIGHT OF AUDACITY.

Agesilaus, seeing a malefactor endure the greatest torments with prodigious constancy, cried out with indignation, "What an audacious villain is this, that dares employ patience, courage, and magnanimity in such an impious and dishonest cause !"

## 545. THE COMPLIMENT RETURNED.

An officer, who was quartered in a country town, being once asked to a ball, was observed to sit sullen in a corner for some hours. One of the ladies present being desirous of rousing him from his reverie, accosted him with, "Pray, sir, are you not fond of dancing?"—"I am very fond of dancing, Madam," was the reply.—"Then why not ask some of the ladies that are disengaged to be your partner, and strike up?"—"Why, madam, to be frank with you, I do not see one handsome woman in the room."—"Sir, yours, *et cetera*," said the lady, and with a slight courtesy left him, and joined her companions, who asked her what had been her conversation with the captain. "It was too good to be repeated in prose," said she ; "lend me a pencil, and I will try to give you the outline in rhyme."

"So, sir, you rashly vow and swear,  
You'll dance with none that are not fair,

Suppose we women should dispense  
 Our hands to none but men of sense ;”  
 “Suppose! well, madam, pray what then?”  
 “Why, sir, *you’d never dance again.*”

## 546. THE BEST CUSTOMERS.

Dr. Majendie of Canterbury, Dr. Radcliffe, and Dr. Case, once passing a very jovial evening together, “Here, brother,” cried Radcliffe, “here, brother Case, suppose we drink a health to all the fools that are your patients.”—“I thank you, my wise brother Radcliffe,” replied Case; “let me have all the fools, and you are heartily welcome to the rest of the practice.”

## 547. FUNERAL ACCOMMODATIONS.

*Advertisement.*—“The vaults at Paddington are opened, and were always considered as the choicest, most commodious, and best-regulated burying-grounds in the environs of London. Is very much improved, having been enlarged by the addition of an extensive piece of ground. The undertakers and the public in general are informed, that the vaults erected under the new parish church, are also opened and consecrated, &c.”

Another speculator advertises *second-hand coffins*.

## 548. A POET’S PUNISHMENT.

The duke de Moutausier on Boileau’s satires, said, that the writer ought to be sent to the gallies crowned with laurels.

## 549. THE FORCE OF HABIT.

It is said of a Bath physician, that he could not prescribe even for himself without a *fee*, and therefore, when unwell, he took a guinea out of one pocket, and put it into the other.

## 550. MEDICAL SIMILES.

Old Taswell, the comedian, having a dispute with Mrs. Clive, concluded his remarks on her by saying,

“Madam, I have heard of *tartar* and *brimstone*; but you are the *cream* of the one, and the *flower* of the other.”

## 551. ORATOR HENLEY.

“I never,” says a person who knew little about the doctor, “saw *Orator Henley* but once, and that was at the Grecian Coffee-house, where a gentleman he was acquainted with coming in, and seating himself in the same box, the following dialogue passed between them”

*Henley.* “Pray, what is become of our old friend Dick Smith? I have not seen him for several years.”

*Gentleman.* “I really don’t know. The last time I heard of him he was at *Ceylon*, or some of our settlements in the *West Indies*.”

*Henley* (with some surprise.) “At *Ceylon*, or some of our settlements in the *West Indies*! My good sir, in one sentence there are *two* mistakes. *Ceylon* is not one of our settlements; it belongs to the *Dutch*, and it is situated not in the *West*, but the *East Indies*!”

*Gentleman* (with some heat.) “That I deny!”

*Henley.* “More shame for you! I will engage to bring a boy of eight years of age who will confute you.”

*Gentleman* (in a cooler tone of voice.) “Well—be it where it will, I thank God I know very little about these sort of things.”

*Henley.* “What, you thank God for your ignorance, do you?”

*Gentleman* (in a violent rage.) “I do, sir,—What then?”

*Henley.* “Sir, you have a *great deal* to be thankful for.”

## 552. A TRUE KING.

When Dr. Franklin applied to the King of Prussia to lend his assistance to America, “Pray, doctor,” says the veteran, “what is the object they mean to attain?”—“Liberty, sire,” replied the philosopher of Philadelphia; “liberty! that *freedom* which is the birth-right of man.” The king, after a short pause, made this memorable and *kingly* answer: “I was born a prince, I am become a

king, and I will not use the power which I possess to the ruin of my own trade."

553. AN AMATEUR.

Selwyn is well known to have had a strange propensity for seeing executions. A man being to be broke on the wheel for an enormous crime, at Paris, he hurried over to enjoy the spectacle. To render the scene more solemn, numbers of provincial executioners attended, who, on ascending the circle round the scaffold, were by the Paris executioner welcomed as Monsieur de Lyons, Monsieur de Boulogne, &c. Mr. Selwyn found means to procure a place in this assembly of performers; Monsieur de Paris, proud of being honoured by the presence, as he thought, of an English executioner, saluted him as Monsieur de Tyburn. The wit replied, "Sir, you do me too much honour. I am not a *professor*, but only an *amateur*."

554. AN INN-KEEPER'S REGRET.

Joseph II. emperor of Germany, travelling in his usual way, without his retinue, attended by only a single aide-camp, arrived very late at the house of an Englishman, who kept an inn in the Netherlands. It being fair time, and the house rather crowded, the host, ignorant of his guest's quality, appointed them to sleep in an out-house, which they readily complied with; and after eating a few slices of ham and biscuit, retired to rest, and in the morning paid their bill, which amounted to only three shillings and six pence English, and rode off. A few hours afterwards, several of his suite coming to enquire after him, and the publican understanding the rank of his guest, appeared very uneasy. "Psha! psha! man," said one of the attendants, "Joseph is accustomed to such adventures, and will think no more of it."—"But, I shall," replied the landlord; "for I can never forget the circumstance, nor forgive myself neither, for having had an emperor in my house, and letting him off for *three and sixpence*."

## 555. ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

The following singular advertisement was lately painted in large letters on a board placed on the side of a field in the neighbourhood of Greenwich :

‘ Good grass for horses. *Long-tails* three shillings and six-pence per week ; *short-tails* two shillings and sixpence per week.’—This difference in the charge was made, because the *long-tails* can whisk off the flies, and eat at their leisure ; while the *short-tails* are running about from morning till night.

## 556. A LITTLE DISTINCTION.

“ *An attorney* (says Sterne) is the same thing to a *bar-rister*, that an *apothecary* is to a *physician*, with this difference, that your *lawyer* does not deal in *scruples*.”

## 557. A COUNTRY QUARTER SESSION.

Three or four parsons, full of October ;  
 Three or four squires, between drunk and sober ;  
 Three or four lawyers, three or four liars ;  
 Three or four constables, three or four cryers ;  
 Three or four parishes, bringing appeals ;  
 Three or four writings, and three or four seals ;  
 Three or four bastards, and three or four w——s ;  
 Tag, rag, and bobtail, three or four scores ;  
 Three or four statutes, misunderstood ;  
 Three or four paupers, all praying for food ;  
 Three or four roads, that never were mended ;  
 Three or four scolds—and the session is ended.

## 558. LOYALTY.

A loyal shoemaker in Bristol lately advertised that he had the honour to be an *alarmist*, and requested the custom of all his majesty’s *loyal subjects*, as he was resolved not to make shoes for a *republican*.

## 559. GARRICK AND DOCTOR HILL.

Garrick's epigram, addressed to the redoubted sir John Hill.

“ For physic and farces,  
 “ Thy equal there scarce is ;  
 “ Thy farces are physic,  
 “ Thy physic a farce is.”

*From the same quarter.*

“ Thou essence of dock, of valerian, and sage,  
 “ At once the disgrace and the pest of this age,  
 “ The worst that we wish thee for all thy d——d crimes,  
 “ Is to take thy own physic, and read thy own rhymes,  
 “ THE JUNTO.”

*Answer to the Junto.*

“ Their wish in form must be reverst,  
 “ To suit the doctor's crimes ;  
 “ For he who takes his physic first,  
 “ Will never read his rhymes.

“ ANOTHER JUNTO.”

The doctor sent to one of the papers the following answer :

“ Ye desperate Junto, ye great or ye small,  
 “ Who combat dukes, doctors, the devil and all,  
 “ Whether gentlemen, scribblers, or poets in jail,  
 “ Your impertinent curses shall never prevail ;  
 “ I'll take neither sage, dock, valerian or honey,  
 “ Do you take the physic, and I'll take the money.”

## 560. A HAND-BILL.

“ May no miscarriage  
 “ Prevent my marriage.”

Matthew Dowsell, in Bothell, Cumberland, intends to be married at Holm church, on the Thursday before Whitsuntide next, *whenever that may happen*, and to return to Bothell to dine.



Mr. Reed gives a turkey to be *roasted*; Edward Clementson gives a fat lamb to be *roasted*; William Elliot gives a hen, to be *roasted*; Joseph Gibson gives a pig, to be *roasted*; William Hodgson gives a fat calf, to be *roasted*.

And in order that all this *roast meat* may be well *basted*—*do you see,*

Mary Pearson, Patty Hodgson, Mary Bushby, Molly Fisher, Sarah Briscoe, and Betty Porthouse, give each of them *a pound of butter*. The advertiser will provide every thing else suitable for so festive an occasion.

*And he hereby gives notice,*

To all young women, desirous of changing their condition, that he is at present disengaged; and he advises them to consider, that although *there may be luck in leisure*, yet in this case *delays are dangerous*; for with him, he is determined it shall be *first come, first served*.

So come along lasses, who wish to be married;  
Mat. Dowsell is vex'd that so long he has tarry'd,

561. EPIGRAM.

“Thou speak'st always *ill* of me;  
“Should I speak always *well* of thee,  
“Spite of all our noise and pother,  
“The world would believe nor one or t'other.”

562. A GOOD APOLOGY.

Erasmus, who was of a sickly constitution, and had therefore obtained a dispensation for eating of flesh in times of abstinence, being reproached by the pope for not observing Lent; “I assure your holiness,” said he, “that my heart is a catholic one, but I must confess I have a Lutheran stomach.”

563. LOVE IS BLIND.

A young gentleman speaking in very high terms of a lady's beauty, one of his companions made some objections to the picture being so highly coloured, adding,

“ My good fellow, you must allow that her teeth are but so so.” “ To be sure they are,” replied the other, “ to be sure they are; but, sir, she is the finest woman in England, *in spite of her teeth.*”

564. MAIMED BUT NOT MURDERED.

An Hibernian scribe being told that his orthography was faulty, and that by spelling the word *curiosity*, *curosimy*, he had murdered the word, set up the following defence :

“ My *curosimy*'s claim you refuse to admit,  
And, *I murder the muse*, says your classical wit.  
By the lord, my dear critic, that must be a lie;  
At the worst 'tis but *maiming* to knock out an *eye.*” [i]

565. A QUERY UPON A QUERY.

On the motto *Ultima Domus*, at Chichester cathedral, where are deposited the remains of the duke of R———'s family.

Did he, who thus inscrib'd the wall,  
Not *read*, or not *believe* St. Paul?  
Who says *there is* (wher'er it stands)  
*Another house not made with hands.*  
Or must we gather from these words,  
That house is *not a House of Lords.*

566. TWO WAYS OF ACCOUNTING FOR THE SAME THING.

*Jeu d'esprit* on George I. sending a regiment of horse to the city of Oxford, and presenting a number of books to the university of Cambridge.

The king observing with judicious eyes,  
The state of both his universities,  
To one a regiment sent, ask you for why?  
That *learned body* wanted *loyalty* :  
To t'other books he gave, as well discerning  
How much that *loyal body* wanted *learning.*

*Answered by sir William Browne.*

The king to Oxford sent a troop of horse,  
For Tories own no argument but force:—  
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,  
For Whigs allow no force but argument,

567. A TOUCHSTONE FOR THE TIMES.

Midas (we read) with wond'rous art of old,  
Whate'er he touch'd, at once transform'd to gold.  
This modern statesmen can reverse with ease,  
Touch *them* with gold, they'll turn to what you please.

568. ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.

The following little *jeu d'esprit* was ascribed to a friend of Pope, and addressed to Colly Cibber:

“ In merry old England it once was a rule,  
For the king to employ both a poet and fool:  
But now, we're *so frugal*, I'd have you to know it,  
That a *laureat* will serve both for *fool* and for a *poet*.”

569. A DEFICIENCY ACCOUNTED FOR.

An Oxford vintner complaining to his man that there were no bottles left, though he had laid in a large stock very lately. “ No wonder,” says the fellow, “ no wonder! for all those that were *full measure* you have broken; and all those that were *not full measure* the scholars have broken.”

570. HYMENEAL CASUISTRY.

The Roman catholics consider *matrimony* as a sacrament, and in defence of that opinion, assert that it confers *grace*. The protestant divines oppose this, and say it ought to be understood in a limited sense, for that marriage can only be considered as conferring *grace*, in that it generally produces *repentance*, which every body knows is one step towards it.

571. A NICE DISTINCTION.

Two Irish labourers being present at the execution of

a number of malefactors at the scaffold before Newgate, "Pray now," said one of them to the other, "pray now, Pat, is there any difference between being hanged on this new drop here, or hung in chains?"—"Why no," replied he, "no great difference, only on one you hang about an hour, and on the other you hang *all the days of your life.*"

## 572. PLEBEIAN PLEASANTRY.

An abbé, who was very fat, coming late in the evening to a fortified city, and meeting with a countryman, asked him if he could get in at the gate. "I believe so," said the peasant, looking at him jocosely, "for I saw a waggon of hay go in there this morning."

## 573. A HINT TO LADIES.

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

## 574. AN ALPHABETICAL PUN.

A gentleman and his friend passing through the Old Bailey, soon after the institution of the new drop, were stopped by an immense crowd, and on enquiring into the cause, were told that in a few minutes one *Vowel* was to be hanged. "I wonder what *Vowel* that can be," cried one of them. "It is neither U nor I," replied the other; "so let us pass on."

## 575. EPIGRAM.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:  
Knock as you will, there's nobody at home.

## 576. QUITE THE BARBER.

Partridge, in Tom Jones, was a poet as well as a barber; that some of the same trade in Somersetshire have a similar gift, is proved by the following quaint lines, which were faithfully copied from the original inscriptions:—

## I.

Poor bumpkins' skins I torture,  
When o'er with soap-suds lav'd;  
And tho' I shave them by the quarter,  
They're not a quarter shav'd.

## II.

Come from what place you will, you of me must have  
heard;  
I draw out the teeth, and cut off the beard;  
Besides this, I teach school, and if wanted I bleeds;  
And by all this a wife and six children I feeds.

## AT A WIG-MAKER'S.

If Absalom hadn't worn his own hair,  
He ne'er had been found a hanging there.

\*.\* Performed by me, J. K.

## III.

You that chuse to be shav'd for a penny, come in;  
Your beards I will mow, and give one glass of gin.

## 577. A KNOTTY PUN.

Caleb Whitford, of punning memory, once observing a young lady very earnestly at work, knotting fringe for a petticoat, asked her what she was doing. "Knotting, sir," replied she. "Pray, Mr. Whitford, can you knot?" "I *can-not*, madam," answered he.

## 578. A SLEEPING HEARER ROUSED.

Mr. Ogilvy, a Scottish clergyman, at Lunan, in Forfarshire, had a great deal of eccentricity. One Sunday, when he was in the middle of his sermon, an old woman who kept an alehouse in the parish, fell asleep. Her neighbour jogged her, in order to wake her. The parson

seeing this, said, "I'll waken her, I warrant you.—  
Phew!—(whistling)—Janet! a bottle of ale and a  
dram!"—"Coming, sir"

## 579. A LOVER'S LAMENTATION.

The following burlesque of the German pantomimical  
tragi-comedy, is extracted from *The Rovers*, a mock tra-  
gedy, published in a periodical print, in the year 1800.

*Scene, a prison. Song, by Rogero in chains.*

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view  
The dungeon that I'm rotting in,  
I think of those companions true,  
Who studied with me at the U-  
niversity of Gottingen.  
niversity of Gottingen.

*Weeps and pulls out a blue handkerchief, with which he  
wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds,*

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heavenly blue,  
Which once my love sat knotting in!  
Alas! Matilda then was true,  
At least I thought so at the U-  
niversity of Gottingen.

*(At the conclusion of this, Rogero clanks his chains in  
concert.)*

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift ye flew,  
Her neat post-waggon trotting in!  
Ye bore Matilda from my view,  
Forlorn I languished at the U-  
niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!  
This blood my veins is clotting in;  
My years are many—they were few,  
When first I entered at the U-  
niversity of Gottingen

There first for thee my passion grew,  
 Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!  
 Thou wast the daughter of my tu-  
 tor, law professor of the U-  
 niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu!  
 That kings and priests are plotting in;  
 Here doom'd to starve on water-gru-  
 el, never shall I see the U-  
 niversity of Gottingen.  
 niversity of Gottingen.

(During the last stanza, Rogero dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison, and finally so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops; the music continues to play till it is wholly fallen.)

580. A PROPER STUDY AT A PRIME MINISTER'S.

When lord Chesterfield was one day at Newcastle house, the duke happening to be very particularly engaged, the earl was requested to sit down in an anti-room, and Garnet upon Job, a book dedicated to the duke, happened to lie in the window. When his grace entered, and found the earl so busily engaged in reading, he asked him how he liked the commentary. "In any other place," replied Chesterfield, "I should not think much of it; but there is so much propriety in putting a volume upon patience in the room where every visitor is to wait for your grace, that here it must be considered as one of the best books in the world."

581. A FREE THINKER.

A profligate, that had spent his fortune, being asked what he intended to do with himself, said, he designed to go into the army. "How can that be?" says one.—"You are a catholic and cannot take the oaths?"—"You may as well tell me," said he, "I cannot take orders, because I am an atheist."—"I ask your pardon,"

replied the other; "I did not know the *breadth* of your conscience so well as I did the *depth* of your purse."

## 582. A COURTIER'S QUERY.

Soon after lord Chesterfield came into the privy council, a place of great trust happened to become vacant, to which his majesty (George II.) and the duke of Dorset recommended two different persons. The king espoused the interest of his friend with some heat, and told them he *would be obeyed!* but not being able to carry his point, left the council-chamber in great displeasure. As soon as he retired, the matter was warmly debated, but at length carried against the king, because if they once gave him his way, he would expect it again, and it would at length become a precedent. However, in the humour the king then was, a question arose concerning who should carry the grant of the office for the royal signature, and the lot fell upon Chesterfield. His lordship expected to find his sovereign in a very unfavourable mood, and he was not disappointed; he therefore prudently forbore incensing him by an abrupt request, and instead of bluntly asking him to sign the instrument, very submissively requested to know whose name his majesty would have inserted to fill up the blanks. The king answered in a passion, *the devil's* if you will. "Very well," replied the earl; "but would your majesty have the instrument run in the usual style—*Our trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor?*" The monarch laughed and signed the paper.

## 583. CONJUGAL FEELING.

A woman in France having gone to confession, the priest, by way of penance, was proceeding to give her a flagellation. As he was leading her behind the altar for this purpose, her husband, who from a motive of jealousy had followed her, and concealed himself in the church, made his appearance, and saying that she was too delicate to bear the discipline, offered to receive it in her stead. This proposal the wife greatly applauded,



and the man had no sooner placed himself on his knees, than she exclaimed, "Now, father, do not spare him, but lay on lustily, for truly I am a great sinner."

## 584. MRS. MONTAGUE AND MR. FOX.

Mrs. Montague was conversing with Mr. Fox in her own house; the subject probably was politics, at least there is no subject on which they are less likely to agree. In the course of their conversation the lady grew warm; at last she was so nettled at some remark of Mr. Fox's, that she declared to him she did not care three skips of a louse for him. Mr. Fox, turned aside, and in a few moments produced the following impromptu:

Says Montague to me, and in her own house,  
I do not care for you three skips of a louse.  
I forgive it; for women, however well bred,  
Will still talk of that which runs most in their head.

## 585. AN OPINION GIVEN BY AN ADVOCATE TO A JUDGE.

Judge Clayton was an honest man, but not very deep in the law. Soon after he was raised to the Irish bench, he happened to dine in company with counsellor Harwood, so deservedly celebrated for his brogue, humour, and legal knowledge. Clayton liked his glass, and having drank rather freely, began to make some observations on the laws of Ireland. "In my country,"—(England)—said he, "the laws are numerous, but then one is always found to be a key to the other. In Ireland it is just the contrary; your laws so perpetually clash with one another, and are so very contradictory, that I protest I don't understand them."—"True, my lord," cried Harwood, "*that is what we all say.*"

## 586. FRANKNESS WELL RECEIVED.

The late queen Caroline, who affected to patronise and converse with men of learning, was remarkably fond of the company of Whiston, the astronomer. He once observed the queen, at the royal chapel, whispering and talking to the ladies who attended her, and took an op-

portunity of informing her, that such levity was very unbecoming in a person of her exalted rank, and would be a bad example to others. The queen listened to the old philosopher with great attention, and when he had finished his reproof, told him she took his freedom very kind. "And now, Mr. Whiston," added she, "tell me of some other of my faults."—"When your majesty condescends to correct that of which I have now told you," replied he, "I will."

587. FAULTS NOT TO BE FORGIVEN.

When Hopkins, the Drury-lane prompter, once recommended a man to be engaged as *mechanist* in preparing the scenery of a new pantomime, Garrick made the following objections to employ him:

*Southampton-street, Thursday morning.*

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

588. A NEW NAME.

Lord Melcombe, whose name was *Bubb Doddington*, was intended to have been sent ambassador to Spain. Lord Chesterfield once met him, and touching on the subject, told him, he did not think him by any means a fit person to represent the crown of England at the Spanish court. Doddington begged to know the reason. "Why," returned he, "your name is too short. *Bubb! Bubb!* Do you think that the Spaniards, who pride themselves on the length of their titles, and sonorous

sound of their names, will suppose that a man can possess either dignity or importance with a name of one syllable, which is pronounced in a moment. No, my friend, you must not think of Spain, unless you lengthen your name." Doddington desired to know how that could be done. Lord Chesterfield, pausing a moment, exclaimed, "I have it—*Silly-Bubb* is the very thing!"

## 589. APPROPRIATE SIGN.

Swift, while resident on his living of Larocar, was daily shaved by the village barber, who at length became a great favourite with him. Razor, while lathering him one morning, said he had a great favour to request of his reverence; that his neighbours had advised him to take the little public-house at the corner of the church-yard, which he had done, in the hope that blending the profession of *publican* with his own, he might gain a better maintenance for his family. "Indeed," said the dean, "and what can I do to promote this happy union?"—"An please you," replied Razor, "some of my customers have heard much about your reverence's *poetry*, so that if you would but condescend to give me a smart little touch in that way, to clap under my sign, it might be the making of me and mine for ever."—"But what do you intend for your sign?" says the dean. "The *Jolly Barber*, if it please your reverence, with a *razor* in one hand, and a *full pot* in the other."—"Well," rejoined the dean, "in that case there can be no great difficulty in supplying you with a suitable inscription:" so taking up his pen, he instantly scratched the following couplet, which was affixed to the sign, and remained so for many years:

"Rove not from *pole* to *pole*, but step in here,  
"Where nought excels the *shaving* but the *beer*."

## 590. A WEAK ARGUMENT.

An accomplished and beautiful new-married lady, being once in company with Swift, spoke of her husband in very high terms, and, as the dean thought, gave him

rather more praise than he deserved; he, however, let it pass, but on meeting her a second time, and on finding her disposed to renew the subject, he changed it to another, by the following elegant impromptu:

“ You always are making a god of your spouse;  
 But this neither reason nor conscience allows;  
 Perhaps you will say, 'tis to gratitude due,  
 And you adore him, because he adores you.  
 Your argument's weak, and so you will find;  
 For you by this rule must adore all mankind.”

#### 591. NO ADMITTANCE.

A poor taylor being released from a troublesome world and a scolding wife, went to the gate of paradise. Peter asked him if ever he had been in purgatory. “ No,” said the taylor, “ but I have been married.”—“ Oh!” says Peter, “ that is all the same.” The taylor had scarce got in before a fat turtle-eating alderman came puffing and blowing. “ Hallo, you fellow,” said he, “ open the door.”—“ Not so fast,” said Peter; “ have you been in purgatory?”—“ No,” said the alderman; “ but what is that to the purpose? you let in that poor half-starved taylor, and he had been no more in purgatory than I.”—“ But he has been married,” said Peter. “ Married!” exclaimed the alderman, “ why I have been married twice.”—“ Then pray go back again,” said Peter, “ paradise is not the place for fools.”

#### 592. SCOTCH COMFORT.

On a very wet day in the west of Scotland, an English traveller inquired peevishly of a native, if it *always* rained in that country. “ No,” replied the highlander, dryly, “ it *snows* sometimes.”

#### 593. ADVANTAGE OF SPECTACLES.

Dr. Franklin constantly wore spectacles. As he was one day walking in Ludgate-street, a porter passing him was nearly pushed off the pavement, by an unintentional motion of the doctor. The fellow, much irritated, ex-

claimed, "Damn your spectacles!" The doctor, smiling, made answer, "It is not the first time they have saved my eyes."

## 594. THE SCRIPTURE OBEYED.

A quaker being interrogated by alderman Wilkes, could not be prevailed on to answer plainly the questions put to him. Wilkes being naturally irritable, was at length in a violent passion, and swore at his prevaricating friend. "Dost thou not know," said the quaker, "it is written, Swear not at all?"—"I do not swear at all," replied Wilkes, "only at such fellows as you, who will not give a direct answer."

## 595. IMPOLITIC REGULATION.

There being once many complaints made to the magistrates of Leicester, that the working people were continually intoxicated, and the informers declaring that they believed it was owing to the peculiar potency of the ale, the justices at a quarter sessions sagaciously agreed to take off a halfpenny a pint from the price, knowing that the brewers would of course lower the quality: Mr. Woolley, who was a magistrate, and in the habit of singing the old song of, "Ale, good ale, thou art my darling," did not come among them till the business was determined; but being informed of what had passed, thus addressed them: "Gentlemen, I am informed that you have made an order that ale should be sold in our county for three halfpence a pint; I desire that you will now make another order, and appoint *who is to drink it*, for I won't."

## 596. A NEW CHARACTER.

A young fellow offered himself to the manager of Covent Garden theatre, who desired him to give a specimen of his abilities to Mr. Quin. After he had rehearsed a speech or two, in a wretched manner, Quin asked him, with a contemptuous sneer, whether he had ever done any part in comedy. The young fellow answered, "that he had done the part of Abel, in the Alchymist. To which

Quin replied, "You mistake, it was the part of *Cain* you acted; for I am sure you murdered *Abel*."

## 597. COMFORT FOR A STATESMAN.

Lord Castlereagh, travelling in the country, and stopping at an inn, called for a newspaper. They brought the *Sunday Review*.—"Take away that abusive paper, and bring me the *Observer*."—"Indeed, my lord," said the landlord, with much simplicity, "you are as much abused in the one as the other."

## 598. REPRESENTATIVES.

The grand duke of Florence once complaining to the Venetian ambassador, that the envoy who had been sent by the state, previous to his appointment, had conducted himself very improperly, and was by no means qualified for the office. "Your highness," said the minister, "must be conscious that we have fools in Venice."—"So have we in Florence;" said the duke, "but we do not send them to *represent ourselves*."

## 599. AN EXCUSE.

A lady reproving a gentleman during the late hard frost for swearing, advised him to leave it off, saying it was a very bad habit. "Very true, madam," answered he, "but at present it is too cold to think of parting with any *habit* be it ever so bad."

## 600. COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS.

Counsellor Dunning was cross-examining an old woman, who was an evidence in a case of assault, respecting the identity of the defendant. "Was he a tall man?" says he. "Not very tall; much about the size of your honour."—"Was he good-looking?" "Not very; much like your honour."—"Did he squint?"—"A little; but not so much as your honour."

## 601. ELECTION PUNS.

During the poll at Westminster, in the year 1784, a

dead cat being thrown on the hustings, one of Sir Cecil Wray's party observed it stunk worse than a *fox*; to which Mr. Fox replied, there was nothing extraordinary in that, considering it was a *poll-cat*.

## 602. A LOVER'S OATH.

“Do you,” said Fanny, t’other day,  
 “In earnest love me as you say;  
 Or are those tender words applied  
 Alike to fifty girls beside?”  
 “Dear, cruel girl,” cried I, “forbear,  
 For by those eyes, those lips, I swear!”  
 She stopp’d me as the oath I took,  
 And cried, “You’ve sworn; now *kiss the book!*”

## 603. ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

The following notice is copied from the Halifax Chronicle of December 19, 1806. “These are to certify, that my wife Elizabeth (formerly the widow Wild), is too wild to be steered by my compass, but one of her own making; and as she has the devil for her pilot, she has altered her course, and steered away from me, so that I will pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

“RICHARD JENKINS.”

## 604. ECONOMY.

Dean Swift, in a conversation with lord Bolingbroke, concerning economy, told his lordship, it was always good to have money in the head, though not in the heart. “Dear doctor,” replied Bolingbroke, “he that has money in his head cannot prevent its descending into his heart.”

## 605. HINT TO A PARISH.

A clergyman having preached during Lent, in a small town, in which time he had not once been invited to dinner by any one of the parishioners, said, in his farewell sermon, “I have preached against every vice but luxurious living; for I have not had an opportunity of observing to what an excess it is carried in this town.”

## 606. THE END OF WRITING. ADDRESSED TO AUTHORS.

The fair sheets of foolscap, which thus ye are soiling,  
 Still cutting, and scribbling, and blotting, and spoiling;  
 This paper, I say, had an honest beginning,  
 Being born of good flax, and begotten by spinning.  
 To the loom in good time, and the rag-shop it past,  
 Into leaves of fine foolscap converted at last.  
 Now seiz'd by the wits, it incessantly teems,  
 Or with *visions in verse*, or *political dreams*.  
 'Till his worship, just rouz'd from his afternoon doze,  
 With a pipe of Virginia regaleth his nose;  
 Then twisted, and twirl'd, and condemned to the taper,  
 In a *puff* is consumed this unfortunate paper.  
 It is thus, my good friends, that truth setteth before ye,  
 Of your boasted employment, the tragical story.  
 Your choicest productions, whate'er be their name,  
 Will end at the last in the vapour of fame.  
 That vapour, my friends, do you think it will stay?  
 Like his lordship's last whiff, *it will vanish away*.

## 607. HINT TO A KING.

Charles the Second said to the earl of Shaftesbury one day, "Shaftesbury, I believe thou art the wickedest fellow in my dominions." He bowed, and replied, "Of a *subject*, sir, I believe I am."

## 608. HINT TO A GOVERNMENT.

When sir John Sinclair moved in the house of commons, a few years since, for a reward of a thousand pounds to be granted to Mr. Elkington, whom he stated to be the best artist for draining the country, a member, who sat next to him, whispered, "You forget the king of Prussia, and the emperor of Germany, who have both shewn themselves successful artists for *draining* the country."

## 609. A STRIKING PERFORMANCE.

When Woodward first played sir John Brute, Garrick was induced, from curiosity, or perhaps jealousy, to be



present. A few days after, when they met, Woodward asked Garrick how he liked him in the part, adding, "I think I struck out some beauties in it."—"I think," said Garrick, "you *struck out* all the beauties in it."

## 610. BOX-LOBBY-LOUNGERS.

On hearing two worthless cowards challenge each other in Drury-lane play-house, a gentleman present wrote the following stanzas:

In Drury's lobby, Tom and Dick  
Pull'd each the other's nose;  
Yet, if Dick or Tom was right,  
Pray who the devil knows?

"I am a gentleman!" cried Dick.  
"And so" quoth Tom, "am I!"  
Each strove to hide his trembling heart  
While each roar'd out,—You lie!

Dick said, "I'm cousin to lord Cog."  
Tom swore, "he roll'd in riches."  
Dick knit his black Patrician brows,—  
And Tom pull'd up his breeches.

Now if this palsied pair should meet,  
Impell'd by common sneers,  
If *either*, or if *both* were shot,  
Pray who the devil cares?

## 611. A CONTRAST.

A fellow who went about the country playing slight of hand tricks, was apprehended and carried before the sapient mayor of a town, who immediately ordered him to be committed to prison. "For what?" said the fellow. "Why, sirrah, the people say you are a conjurer!"—"Will your worship give me leave to tell you what the people say of you?"—"Of me? what dare they say of me, fellow?"—"They say you are *no conjuror*."

## 612. REASONABLE DEDUCTION.

A poor labourer, having been obliged to undergo the

operation of having his leg cut off, was charged sixteen-pence by the sexton for burying it. The poor fellow applied to the rector for redress, who told him, he could not relieve him at that time; but that he should certainly consider it in his fees, when *the rest of his body* came to be buried.

## 613. A PROVERB INTERPRETED.

A man who had a large family, and but very moderate means to support them, was lamenting how difficult it was to make both ends meet, to an acquaintance of no family, and a large fortune. "We should not repine," replied his friend; "He that sends mouths, sends food." "That I do not deny," returned the other; "only permit me to observe, he has sent *me the mouths*, and *you the food*."

## 614. THE COMPOSITION OF WINE.

An Asiatic chief being asked his opinion of a pipe of Madeira wine, presented to him by an officer of the Company's service, said, he thought it a juice extracted from women's tongues, and lion's hearts; for after he had drank enough of it, he could talk for ever, and fight the devil.

## 615. A QUACK'S NOTE ALTERED.

When Dr. Lotion first began  
To practice on the frame of man,  
He bore but humble sway;  
Each morn his hospitable door  
Was open gratis to the poor,  
'Twas then, *No cure, no pay*.

At length, with cane and pond'rous wig,  
The doctor struts a perfect prig,  
In eminence secure;  
The former system quite derang'd,  
The poor forgot, the motto chang'd;  
'Tis now, *No pay, no cure*.

## 616. A CITY VARNISH.

It being remarked of a picture of *the lord mayor and*

*Court of aldermen*, that the varnish was chilled, and the figures rather sunk, the proprietors directed one of their assistants to give it a fresh coat of varnish. "Must I use copal or mastic?" said the young man. "Neither one nor the other," said a gentleman present; "if you wish to bring the figures out, varnish it with *turtle soup*."

## 617. A SUBSTANTIAL BREAKFAST.

Mr. Wewitzer meeting an old friend, complimented him on his looks. The other said, "I take care to live as well as I can, and in particular I eat a great *deal* to breakfast."—"Then," said Wewitzer, "I presume you generally breakfast in a *timber-yard*."

## 618. A RECEIPT IN COOKERY.

Some gentlemen in a coffee-house disputing about the best mode of dressing a beef-steak; says Wewitzer, "For my part I prefer Shakespeare's receipt."—"Shakespeare's receipt," exclaimed one of the company, "What is that?"

"If when 'twere done, 'twere well done,  
Then 'twere well it were done quickly."

## 619. HAND-BILL EXTRAORDINARY.

As dancing is the poetry of motion—those who wish to sail through the mazes of harmony—or to "trip it on the light fantastic toe," will find an able guide in John Wilde, who was formed by nature for a dancing-master.—N. B. Those who have been taught to dance with a couple of left legs, had better apply in time, as he effectually cures all bad habits of the kind.

## 620. A MATCH.

As Dr. Glover was returning from a tavern across Covent Garden, a chairman cried out, "Chair, your honour, chair!" Glover took no notice, but called his dog, who was a good way behind, "Scrub, Scrub, Scrub."—"Och, by my soul," says the chairman, "there goes a pair of you."

## 621. SHOP-BILL.

James Williams, parish clerk, saxtone, town-cryer, and bellman—makes and sells all sorts of haberdasheries, groceries, &c. likewise hair and whigs drest, and cut, on the shortest notice.

N. B. I keeps an evening school, where I teach, at reasonable rates, reading, writing, and singing.

N. B. I play the hooboy occasionally, if wanted.

N. B. My shop is next door, where I bleed, draw teeth, and shoo horses, with the greatest scil.

N. B. Children taut to dance, if agreeable, at six pence per week, by me J. Williams, who buy and sell old iron, and coals—shoos cleaned and mended.

N. B. A hat and pair of stockings to be cudgelled for, the best in 5, on Shrof Tushday. For particulars enquire within, or at the horse shoo and bell, near the church, on tother side of the way.

N. B. Look over the door for the sighn of the 3 pigeons.

N. B. I sell good ayle, and sometimes cyder.—Lodgings for single men.

## 622. ACCOMMODATION.

A young gentleman, informed by a bill on a window of a house, that apartments were to be let, knocked at the door, and, attended by a pretty female, took a survey of the premises. “Pray, my dear,” said he smiling, “are you to be let with these lodgings?”—“No, sir,” replied she, “I am to be *let-alone*.”

## 623. CONTRABAND GOODS.

A Scotch nobleman, of no bright parts, chatting with a lady in London, she asked how it happened, that the Scots in general made a much better figure from home than in Scotland. “Oh,” says he, “nothing is so easily accounted for. For the honour of the nation, persons are stationed at every egress, to see that none leave the country but men of abilities.”—“Then,” answered she, “I suspect your lordship was smuggled.”

## 624. FROM BAD TO WORSE.

The following little stanza was one night pasted on the pedestal of the statue of a Moor supporting a sundial, which is in the garden of Clement's Inn.

In vain, poor sable son of woe,  
 Thou seek'st the tender tear;  
 From thee in vain with pangs they flow,  
 For mercy dwells not here:  
 From cannibals thou fled'st in vain;  
 Lawyers less quarter give;  
 The first won't eat you till you're slain,  
 The last will do 't alive.

## 625. A PROPER ANSWER.

Augustus, having heard of a countryman who lived at a distance from Rome, so like himself, that their faces were scarcely distinguishable, was curious to see him, and being in that part of the country, sent for him. Being brought into his presence, the emperor, among other things, jocularly asked whether his mother used ever to go to Rome. "No," answered he, "but my father did."

## 626. AN ADAGE APPLIED.

A lady hearing a priest in company declare, "That saint Dennis, after his head was cut off, walked two whole leagues with it in his hand;" and added, with great emphasis, "Yes, two whole leagues."—"I do not doubt it," she replied: "on such occasions, the *first step is the only difficulty.*"

## 627. A GOOD COMPARISON.

The late George Colman being once told, that a man whose character was not very immaculate, had grossly abused him, pointedly remarked, that "the scandal and ill-report of some persons, was like fuller's earth; it daubs your coat a little for a time, but when it is rubbed off your coat is so much the cleaner."

## 628. THE CLIMAX OF CALAMITY.

When poor Job was afflicted with loss of his wealth,  
 The devil contriv'd the downfall of his house;  
 There destroy'd all his children, and robb'd him of health,  
 Whilst, *more to afflict him, he left him his spouse.*

## 629. UPPER STORIES.

Lord Verulam being asked by James I. what he thought of Mr. Caderes, a very tall man, who was sent on an occasional embassy to the monarch of France, answered, that some tall men were like lofty houses, where the *uppermost rooms* are commonly the most *meanly furnished*.

## 630. NOTICE EXTRAORDINARY.

The following advertisement was pasted up at North Shields, "Whereas several idle and disorderly persons have lately made a practice of riding on an ass, belonging to Mr. ———, the head of the Ropery stairs; now, lest any accident should happen, he takes this method of informing the public, that he is determined to *shoot* his said *ass*, and cautions any person who may be riding on it at the time, to take care of himself, lest by some unfortunate mistake he should shoot the *wrong one*."

## 631. NO LOSS.

When Pluto was told that old Gripus was dying,  
 Who through life every villainous scheme had been trying,  
 But, to cheat the infernals had left all his store  
 To four friends, "in trust," for the use of the poor;  
 "He may," says grim Pluto, "do so if he please;  
 If I lose my friend Gripe, I shall have the trustees."

## 632. INGENIOUS DECEPTION.

A gentleman having lost a pair of silk stockings, made a bellman cry them, with a reward of eighteen-pence. "That is too little," said his friend, "the finder will not give up a pair of silk stockings for eighteen-pence."—"Aye!" quoth cunning Isaac, "but for that reason I have desired him to say they are worsted."

633. THE ROYAL QUERIST.

After Dr. Johnson had been honoured with an interview with the king, in the queen's library at Buckingham-house, he was interrogated by a friend concerning his reception, and his opinion of the royal intellect. "His majesty," replied the doctor, "seems to be possessed of much good-nature and much curiosity, and is far from contemptible. His majesty, indeed, was multifarious in his questions, but he *answered them all himself.*"

634. AN UNIQUE.

The late lord Willoughby de Broke was a very singular character, and had more peculiarities than any nobleman of his day. Coming once out of the house of peers, and not seeing his servant among those who were waiting at the door, he called out in a very loud voice, "Where can my fellow be?" "Not in Europe," said Anthony Henley, who happened to be near him; "not in Europe."

635. A PRECIOUS ANTIQUE.

A student shewing the museum at Oxford to a party, produced among many other curiosities a rusty sword. "This," said he, "is the sword with which Balaam was going to kill his ass." One of the company observed, that he thought Balaam had no sword, but only wished for one. "You are right," replied the student, "and this is the very sword he wished for."

636. A MISCONCEPTION.

A barber having a dispute with a parish clerk, on a point of grammar, the latter said it was a downright barbarism. "What," replied the other, "do you mean to insult me? *Barberism!* I'd have you to know a barber speaks as good English any day as a parish clerk."

637. PROFESSIONAL CHARACTER.

A hackney-coachman seeing a certain man of the ton driving four in hand down Bond-street, said,

“That fellow looks like a coachman, but drives like a gentleman.”

638. SETTING THINGS IN A NEW LIGHT.

In spite of the maxim that there is nothing new under the sun, the following version of the story of Orpheus and Eurydice will shew that it is still possible to throw new light on very old subjects:

When Orpheus went down to the regions below,  
Which men are forbidden to see,  
He tun'd up his pipe, as old histories shew,  
To set his Eurydice free.

All hell was astonished, a person so wise  
Should rashly endanger his life,  
And venture so far;—but how vast their surprise,  
When they heard that he came for his wife!

To find out a punishment due to his fault,  
Old Pluto long puzzled his brain;  
But hell had not torments sufficient he thought;  
So he gave him his wife back again.

Yet pity succeeding, found place in his heart;  
And, pleas'd with his playing so well,  
He took her again, in reward of his art:—  
Such power had music in hell.

639. FIDDLER'S DUEL.

A desperate, and probably a most bloody duel was lately prevented in the musical world, by the interference of a friendly *second fiddle*, fortunately screwed up in *concert pitch* for the *harmonic* purpose. The *minor-keyed* Cramer, it seems, called out the *con-furioso* Giornowichi, for an *orchestra* insult on his father. It happening that neither of the *primos* having a *bow* to draw the next day, heroically agree to draw a *trigger* against the first *string* of each other's life. The *instruments* were prepared; but, happily, the *time* was not duly kept, as one of them



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only began his *dead march* to Paddington in three flats' while the other had run his rapid *fugue* to the termination of the *passage*, marked for the *last movement*, where he remained *con poco affettuoso*! From this error in counting, a confused interval of 24 *bars rest* took place, in which the *two-part* friend happily threw in a *melting cantabile* of his own composing: this brought the principal performers into *unison* with each other, by an *amicable rondeau*, which, after a long *shake*, closed the performance by a very laughable **FINALE**.

### 640. BEST PAY, BEST CUSTOM.

When lord Kenyon and lord Loughborough were chief justices of the king's bench and common pleas at the same time, one fishmonger near Lincoln's-inn-fields supplied these piscatory luxuries of both tables, whose custom it was to ticket the principal article with the name of the purchaser, and hang it up conspicuously in his shop. One day the following labels appeared on the fish destined for the respective boards of these noble lords:— "Lord Loughborough—2 *turbots*, 6 *hen lobsters*, 4 dozen *smelts*, 100 *prawns*." "Lord Kenyon, a *haddock*."—A gentleman passing by, observed to the fishmonger, that there was some difference in the orders of his noble friends. "Yes, sir," replied the other, "there is; and yet it would puzzle the best lawyer amongst you to tell me which will prove the best customer."

### 641. EDUCATION OF PRINCES.

It has been observed that most princes are good horsemen; and indeed that riding is in general the only thing they learn well, as horses do not flatter.

### 642. SHARP WORK.

A person who, in the course of a tedious law-suit, had given his attorney many hospitable invitations, was surprised at last to find as an article in his bill, "dining with you — times, at 6s. 8d. each." Being indignant at this return to his kindness, he resolved to turn the

tables in some degree on the attorney, and accordingly charged him five shillings a time for his dinners and wine. The man of law however was too deep for him, and informed against him for *selling wine without a licence*

## 643. DOCTORS DIFFER.

At the time that Dr. Cheyné and Dr. Winter were the two principal physicians at Bath, they adopted very opposite modes of practice; but the former gave some credence to his prescription of milk diet, by making it the principal article of his own sustenance. On this occasion Winter wrote him the following stanzas:

Tell me from whom, fat-headed Scot,  
Thou didst thy system learn;  
From Hyppocrate thou hast it not,  
Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairne.

Suppose we own that milk is good,  
And say the same of grass;  
The one for babes and calves is food,  
The other for an ass.

Doctor, one new prescription try;  
A friend's advice forgive:  
Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die,  
*Thy patients then may live.*

*Dr. Cheynés Answer.*

My system, doctor's, all my own,  
No teacher I pretend;  
My blunders hurt myself alone,  
But yours your dearest friend.

Were you to milk and straw confin'd,  
Thrice happy might you be;  
Perhaps you might regain your mind,  
And from your wit get free.

I can't your kind prescription try,  
But heartily forgive;  
'Tis natural you should bid me die,  
*That you yourself may live.*

## 644. A PREMATURE PROMISE.

A French gentleman apprehending himself on his death-bed, earnestly entreated his young wife not to marry an officer, of whom he had been jealous. "My dear," said she, "do not distress yourself, I have given my word to another a great while ago."

## 645. DEATH BY DEGREES.

A physician who attended Fontenelle, once found him drinking coffee. "My good sir," said this sage descendant of Galen, "I am astonished to see you swallowing the juice of that pernicious berry! coffee is a slow poison!"—"I should think it must be *slow*," said Fontenelle, "for I have drunk it with great perseverance for more than forty years."

## 646. ARCHITECTURAL PUN.

On the statue of George I. being placed on the top of Bloomsbury church.

The king of Great Britain was reckon'd before  
The *head of the church* by all protestant people;  
His Bloomsbury subjects have made him still more,  
For with them he is now made the *head of the steeple*.

## 647. AN ILLUSTRATION.

At an assize for the county of Kilkenny, a witness being asked, if, when examined before a justice, he had not given a different account of the transaction from what he now stated, admitted the fact, but said he was then humbugged in the business. "Humbugged, fellow," exclaimed the opposite counsel, "I don't know what you mean."—"Don't you, sir?" said the man; "why then, upon my conscience, I must try to explain it to you in my own way, by putting a case. Suppose, now, I should tell the judge and jury you are an able counsel, and they were to believe me, every mother's son of them would be humbugged, my dear; that's all."

## 648. COURT JESTERS.

Why pray of late do Europe's kings  
 No jester to their courts admit?—  
 They're grown such stately solemn things,  
 To bear a joke they think not fit.  
 But though each court a jester lacks,  
 To laugh at monarchs to their faces,  
 Yet all mankind, behind their backs,  
 Supply the honest jester's places.

## 649. A POINT FOR A POET.

When Pope was one evening at Burton's coffee-house, and with Swift, Arbuthnot, &c. poring over a manuscript of the Greek Aristophanes, they found one sentence which they could not comprehend. As they talked pretty loud, a young officer who stood by the fire heard their conference, and begged permission to look at the passage. "Oh," says Pope, sarcastically, "by all means, pray let the young gentleman look at it." Upon which the officer took up the book, and considering awhile, said there wanted only a note of interrogation to make the whole intelligible. "And pray, master," says Pope, (piqued perhaps at being outdone by a red coat) "what is a note of interrogation?"—"A note of interrogation," replied the youth, with a look of the utmost contempt, "is a little crooked thing that asks questions."

## 650. A FAIR RETORT.

A lady in a large company was attacked by a young coxcomb of high rank, whose mother was remarkable for her gallantries, with this question: "Pray, madam, tell me now, was not that fine gown you have, given you by one of your lovers?"—"No, my pretty little fellow," replied she; "*you think you are talking to your mamma.*"

## 651. A HINT TO INSOLENCÉ.

A haughty Italian prince, famed for his pride and ill-humour, once walking to the window of his audience-

chamber, with a foreign envoy, said to him, "Do you know, sir, that one of my ancestors formerly forced an ambassador to leap from this balcony into the street?"—"Did he?" replied the minister; "perhaps it was not then the custom for ambassadors to wear swords?"

## 652. CITY TEMPERANCE.

At a lord mayor's feast, Wilkes called out, "Mr. Alderman Boydell, shall I help you to a plate of turtle, or a slice of the haunch? I am within reach of both, sir."—"Neither one nor t'other, I thank you, sir," replied the alderman; "I think I shall dine upon the beans and bacon, which are at this end of the table."—"Mr. alderman Macauley," continued the chamberlain, "which would you choose, sir, venison or turtle?"—"Sir, I will not trouble you for either; for I believe I shall follow the example of my brother Boydell, and dine on beans and bacon," was the reply. On this second refusal, the old chamberlain rose from his seat, and with every mark of astonishment in his countenance, curled up the corners of his mouth, cast his eyes round the table, and in a voice as loud and articulate as he was able, called, "Silence!" which being obtained, he thus addressed the chief magistrate, "My lord mayor, the wicked have accused us of intemperance, and branded us with the imputation of *gluttony*; that they may be put to open shame, and their profane tongues be from this day utterly silenced, I humbly move, that your lordship command the proper officer to record on our annals, that two aldermen of the city of London prefer beans and bacon to either turtle-soup or venison!"

## 653. A VOWEL PUN.

In a pamphlet written by sir John Hill, the doctor asserts, that in the words *virtue*, *stir*, &c. Garrick pronounced the letter *i* like the letter *u*. This drew from David the following epigrammatic reply, addressed to Dr. Hill:

If its true, as you say, that I've injured a letter,  
I'll change my notes soon, and I hope for the better.

May the just rights of letters, as well as of men,  
 Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen ;  
 Most devoutly *I* wish they may both have their due,  
 And that *I* may be never mistaken for *U*.

## 654. A HINT TO WORD-MAKERS.

Sir John Burkenhead published *The Children's Dictionary*, an exact collection of all new words born since Nov. 3, 1640, in speeches, prayers, and sermons, *as well those that signify something as nothing.*

## 655. PREPARATORY PRACTICE.

A cordelier once preaching before cardinal Richlieu, and a number of the French nobility, was after the sermon introduced to the minister, who told him he was pleased with his discourse ; but added, he was surprised that a provincial priest could speak before such an assembly without any embarrassment. "Why, my lord cardinal," said the preacher, "I knew I was to have that honour some months ago, and from that time to this I have every morning rehearsed my sermon before the cabbages in my own garden, and one great red cabbage, which grows in the centre, I always considered as your excellency."

## 656. A HAND-BILL AND AN EPITAPH.

"John Hopkins, parish clerk and undertaker, sells epitaphs of all sorts and prices. Shaves neat, and plays the bassoon. Teeth drawn, and the Salisbury Journal read gratis every Sunday morning at eight. A school for psalmody every Thursday evening, when my son, born blind, will play on the fiddle.

*Epitaph on my wife.*

"My wife ten years, not much to my ease,  
 But now she is dead, *in cælo quies.*

"Great variety to be seen within.

"Your humble servant,  
 JOHN HOPKINS."

## 657. NEW JURISDICTION.

When counsellor Madan was once at Croyden assizes, he went, in company with a very beautiful young lady, to hear the trials. In the course of conversation, the lady happened to say, that she thought some of the little offenders were punished with too much severity, while others, though guilty of greater crimes, were suffered to escape. "Do not you think so, sir?"—"I do, madam," replied he, "and if you will lend me your pencil, I will give it you under my hand." He immediately wrote the following lines:

"Whilst petty offences and felonies smart,  
Is there no jurisdiction for stealing a heart?  
You, fair one, may smile, and cry, "Law, I defy you!  
Assur'd that no *peers* can be summoned to try you,  
But think not this paltry defence will secure ye,  
The Muses and Graces will just make a jury."

## 658. A COUNSELLOR AND A COURTEZAN.

When Lucy Cowper was once examined in the court of justice, one of the counsellors asked her if she came there in the character of a modest woman? "No, sir," replied she, "I do not; that which has been the ruin of me, has been the making of you.—I mean impudence."

## 659. A GOUTY PUN.

A person meeting a friend, who had lately laboured under a fit of the gout, enquired after his health, and was answered, "So, so."—"I am sorry you are no better," replied the gentleman; "for I hoped you was recovered in to-to."

## 660. CONDOLENCE.

A wag called on his friend at his country-house, and perceiving him running very fast through his grounds to meet him, told the gentleman he was very sorry to see him go on so ill. "Why so?" replied the other. "I see," rejoined the wag, "you are running through your estate very fast."

## 661. A CONNOISSEUR'S PUN.

A person, to whom the curiosities, buildings, &c. in Oxford were shewn one very hot day, was asked by his companion, if he would see the remainder of the university. "My dear sir," replied the connoisseur, "I am stone blind already."

## 662. SAFE TRAVELLING.

It was related of a very careless author, that he was often seen walking in the streets with his manuscripts sticking out of his pocket. "Yes," replied a person in company, "that author is too well known; nobody will steal any thing from him."

## 663. SLOW TRAVELLING.

An author was reproved by a friend for editing so many volumes: "My dear sir, you will never reach posterity if you carry so much luggage."

## 664. TOWN AND COUNTRY.—BY CAPTAIN MORRIS.

In London I never know what to be at,  
Enraptur'd with this, and transported with that;  
I'm wild with the sweets of variety's plan,  
And life seems a blessing too happy for man.

But the country, Lord bless us, sets all matters right,  
So calm and composing from morning till night;  
Oh! it settles the stomach when nothing is seen  
But an ass on a common, a goose on a green.

In London how easy we visit and meet,  
Gay pleasure's the theme, and sweet smiles are our treat;  
Our mornings, a round of good-humour'd delight,  
And we rattle in comfort and pleasure all night.

In the country how pleasant our visits to make,  
Through ten miles of mud for formality's sake,  
With the coachman in drink, and the moon in a fog,  
And no thought in our heads but a ditch or a bog.



In London, if folks ill together be put,  
A bore may be roasted, a quiz may be cut.—  
In the country, your friends would feel angry and sore,  
Call an old maid a quiz, or a parson a bore.

In the country, you're nail'd like a pale in your park,  
To some stick of a neighbour cramm'd into the ark ;  
Or if you are sick, or in fits tumble down,  
You reach death ere the doctor can reach you from town.

I've heard that how love in a cottage is sweet,  
When two hearts in one link of soft sympathy meet ;  
I know nothing of that, for alas ! I'm a swain  
Who require (and I own it) more links to my chain.

Your jays and your magpies may chatter on trees,  
And whisper soft nonsense in groves if they please ;  
But a house is much more to my mind than a tree,  
And for groves,—Oh ! a fine grove of chimneys for me !

In the evening you're screw'd to your chairs fist to fist,  
All stupidly yawning at sixpenny whist,  
And though win or lose, it's as true as it's strange,  
You've nothing to pay—the good folks have no change.

But for singing and piping, your time to engage,  
You have cock and hen bulfinches coop'd in a cage ;  
And what music in nature can make you so feel  
As a pig in a gate stuck, or knife-grinder's wheel ?

I grant, if in fishing you take much delight,  
In a punt you may shiver from morning to night,  
And though blest with the patience that Job had of old,  
The devil a thing will you catch but a cold.

Yet it's charming to hear, just from boarding-school come,  
A hoyden tune up an old family strum,  
She'll play " God save the King," with an excellent  
tone,  
With the sweet variation of " Old Bobbing Joan."

But what though your appetite's in a weak state?  
 A pound at a time they will put on your plate.  
 It's true, as to *health* you've no cause to complain,  
 For they'll drink it, God bless 'em, again and again.

Then in town let me live, and in town let me die,  
 For in truth I can't relish the country, not I;  
 If I must have a villa, in London to dwell,  
 Oh! give me the sweet shady side of Pall-Mall.

## 665. PRESUMPTIVE PROOF.

Lord Mansfield being one time on the circuit, a man was brought before him charged with stealing a silver ladle; and in the course of the trial, the counsel for the crown was rather severe upon the prisoner for being an attorney, "Come, come," said his lordship, in a whisper to the counsel, "don't exaggerate matters; if the fellow had been an attorney, you may depend on it he would have stolen the bowl as well as the ladle."

## 666. A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

A Jew travelling, slept at an ale-house, and asked for something to eat. Nothing was to be had but a rasher of bacon. His conscience said no, while his hungry belly loudly spoke the contrary. The privacy too of the place made him venture on the forbidden food. Just as he was about to swallow the first mouthful, came a tremendous clap of thunder. Our Israelite dropt the meat, exclaiming, "Here is a noise about a bit of bacon!"

## 667. BENEFIT OF ASTRONOMY.

M. Lalande, the French astronomer, during the whole time of the revolution, confined himself to the study of that science. When he found that he had escaped the fury of Robespierre, he jocosely said, "I may thank my stars for it."

## 668. A DAY OF REST.

When lord Mansfield was very eminent at the bar, he

used frequently to spend from Saturday evening to Monday morning at the late lord Foley's, who, though a very good sort of a man, was not remarkable for either wit or talents. Somebody asking Charles Townsend what could be Murray's motive for spending so much of his time in such a manner; "Pooh!" says Townsend, "Murray is a very prudent fellow. He is obliged to think a great deal in the course of the week, and he goes down to Foley's to rest his understanding on a Sunday."

## 669. TO A BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

If to reward them for their various evil,  
All lawyers go hereafter to the devil;  
So little mischief dost thou from the laws,  
Thou'lt surely go below, *without a cause.*

## 670. ADVANCEMENT IN LIFE.

An auctioneer having commenced publican, and soon after being thrown into the king's bench, the following article appeared in a newspaper: "Mr. ———, who lately left the *pulpit* for the *bar*, is promoted to the *bench.*"

## 671. THE MAN MILLINER.

Whoe'er his head by any chance should pop  
Within the precincts of a modish shop,  
In whose gay windows every thing appears  
Of decking finery that a woman wears,  
Find an *automaton* in shape of man,  
Present a necklace, or display a fan!  
Powder'd and perfum'd, see the creature stalk,  
Smirk like a lady, delicately talk,  
Chuse out a head-dress, praise laced shifts to sin in,  
Or descant on the prettiest baby-linen;  
Commend the muslin drawers, or advise  
The pillowy shape to swell the female size.

Rise, women, rise! unto yourselves be just,  
And tread such *he-she* beings into dust,  
While these consume what ought to be your bread,  
What lovely thousands must on shame be fed!

Base slave, be gone! no woman's birthright spoil,  
 Resume your manhood by some manly toil,  
 Nor meanly rifle those whom nature gave  
 Man's heart to succour and his strength to save.

## 672. SENSIBLE MADNESS.

Mr. Goldie, a Scotchman of some fortune, being supposed to be deranged in his intellects, his friends applied for a commission of lunacy against him; which, by the law of Scotland, proceeds on the verdict of a jury. Mr. Goldie conducted his defence with an ability that astonished every one, and concluded an unsuccessful address to the jury in these words: "Thus, gentlemen, I have gone through the whole case, and it is for you to determine whether I be mad or not. If I am declared to be *mad*, I shall, at least, have the satisfaction to have it found by a verdict of my *peers*."

## 673. THE REASON.

A tradesman finding his circumstances irretrievably involved, put a period to his existence in the Canal in Hyde-park. Two neighbours talking on the subject, one of them asked how he came to *drown himself*. The other answered, "Because he could not *keep his head above water*."

## 674. PRIZE-MONEY.

When Mr. Whitfield once preached at a chapel in New England, where a collection was to be made after the sermon, a British seaman, who strolled into the meeting, observed some persons take plates, and place themselves at the door; upon which, he laid hold of one, and taking his station received a considerable sum from the congregation as they departed, which he very deliberately put into the pocket of his tarry trowsers. This being told to Whitfield, he applied to the sailor for the money, saying it was collected for charitable uses, and must be given to him. "Avast there," said Jack; "it was given to me, and I shall keep it."—"You will be d——d," said the parson, "if you don't return it."—"I'll be d——d if I do," replied Jack.

## 675. THE DEAD ALIVE.

A man sitting one evening in an ale-house, thinking how to get provision for the next day, saw a fe'low dead drunk upon the opposite bench. "Do you not wish to get rid of this sot?" said he to the landlord. "I do, and half-a-crown shall speak my thanks," was the reply. "Agreed," said the other, "get me a sack." A sack was procured, and put over the drunken guest. Away trudged the man with his burden, till he came to the house of a noted resurrectionist, at whose door he knocked. "Who's there?" said a voice from within. "I have brought you a *subject*," replied the man; "so come, quick, give me my fee." The money was immediately paid, and the sack with its contents, deposited in the surgery. The motion of quick walking had nearly recovered the poor victim, who, before the other was gone two minutes, endeavoured to extricate himself from the sack. The purchaser, enraged at being thus outwitted, ran after the man who had deceived him, collared him, and cried out, "Why, you dog, the man's alive."—"Alive!" answered the other, "so much the better; *kill him when you want him.*"

## 676. A PROFESSIONAL WAGER.

One very dark night, Mr. Elwes, hurrying along the street, ran with such violence against the pole of a sedan chair, that he cut both his legs very deeply. Colonel Timms, at whose house he was, insisted on an apothecary being sent for, with which Mr. Elwes reluctantly complied. The apothecary, on his arrival, began to expatiate on the dangerous consequences of breaking the skin, the peculiar bad appearance of the wounds, and the good fortune of his being sent for. "Very probably," said old Elwes, "but, in my opinion, my legs are not much hurt; now you think they are—so I will make this agreement; I will take one leg, and you shall take the other; you shall do what you please to yours, and I shall do nothing to mine; and I'll wager your bill