

that my leg gets well the first." He used to boast that he beat the apothecary by a fortnight.

677. AN EYE TO THE SHOP.

A butcher of eminence was lately in company with several ladies at whist, where, having lost two or three rubbers, one of the ladies addressing him, asked, "Pray, sir, what are stakes now?" To which, thinking of his business, he replied, "Madam, the best rump I cannot sell lower than a shilling a pound."

678. THREE CAUSES.

Three gentlemen being in a coffee-house, one called for a dram *because he was hot*. "Bring me another," says his companion, "*because I am cold*." The third, who sat by and heard them, very quietly called out, "Here, boy, bring me a dram, *because I like it*."

679. BOOKSELLERS' DRINKING CUPS.

An author, calling upon his bookseller one evening, was asked to stay supper. A goblet being introduced made of a cocoa-nut shell, carved into the resemblance of a human head, attracted the notice of the guest, who admired it much.—"Pray," says Folio, "don't be afraid to drink, Mr. What-e'ye call'im; it is not a scull."—"Why," rejoined the other, "I should not have wondered if it was, for you booksellers drink your wine *out of our skulls*."

680. THE DISCOVERY.

Alderman Barber, one morning, while he was in bed, was visited by a friend, who being told he was ill of the gout, bolted into his chamber without any ceremony. The visitor sat down, and entered into conversation; but observing the curtains to be close drawn, and the alderman to be more reserved than usual, and looking under the bed spied a woman's shoe. "Well, Mr. Alderman," said he, "I hope you are not dangerously ill."—"I am miserably tormented in my feet," replied the

alderman. "I do not wonder at that," said the other, "when you wear such narrow-toed shoes."

681. CONUNDRUMS.

Question. Why is a parson's horse like a king?—*Answer.* Because he is governed by a *minister*.

Q. What is the difference between a school-boy and his master.—*A.* The one whips *tops* and the other *bot-toms*.

Q. Why is the king like the hangman?—*A.* Because both are members of the *executive*.

Q. What is the difference between the pope and the king of Great Britain?—*A.* The former is *infallible*, and the latter *can do no wrong*.

Q. Why is Ireland likely to become the richest country in the world.—*A.* Because her *capital* is every year *Dublin*.

682. A SUBLIME SONNET.

I've heard the tempest howl and roar,

The thunder roll its peels on high!

I've heard the waves dash on the shore;

The angry lion's horrid cry!

I've heard the patriot's awful voice,

Strong as a boundless river's course:

I've heard the battle's furious din;

The warrior, in his boiling ire,

His eyes emitting lambent fire.

His prayer to angry heaven preferr'd!

I've heard where other folks have been.—

God bless me! what a deal I've heard!

683. A JOINT CONCERN.

At Worcester there was an idiot, who was employed at the cathedral there, in blowing the organ. A remarkably fine anthem being performed one day, the organ-blower, when all was over, said, "I think we have performed mighty well to-day."—"We performed!" answered the organist; "I think it was *I* performed, or I am

much mistaken." Shortly after, another celebrated piece of music was to be played. In the middle of the anthem, the organ stops all at once. The organist cries out in a passion, "Why don't you blow?" The fellow, on that, pops out his head from behind the organ, and says, "Shall it be we then?"

684. AN ARTFUL QUESTION.

Dominico, the harlequin, going to see Lewis XIV. at supper, fixed his eye on some partridges that were served in gold. The king, who was fond of his acting, said, "Give that dish to Dominico." "And the partridges too, sire?" said Dominico.

685. PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

Lysander talks extremely well;
On any subject let him dwell,
His tropes and figures will content ye.
He should possess to all degrees
The art of talk: he practises
Full fourteen hours in four-and-twenty.

686. A COMPLIMENT DECLINED.

A person in company said to another, "You are a scoundrel." The other replied, "Gentlemen, you must not mind what the man says; he is only talking to himself."

687. A DISCLAIMER.

General Zarembo had a very long Polish name. The king had heard of it, and one day asked him, "Pray Zarembo, what is your name?" The general told him the whole of his long name. "Oh," said the king, "the devil himself has not such a name." "Sir," replied Zarembo, "he is no relation of mine."

688. RASH RESOLUTION.

A lady was some time ago followed by a beggar, who very importunately asked her for alms. She refused him,

when he quitted her with a profound sigh; "Yet the alms I asked would have prevented me from executing my present resolution." The lady was alarmed lest the man should make some rash attempt on his own life. She called him back and gave him a shilling, and asked him what he meant by what he had just said. "Madam," said the fellow, laying hold of the money, "I have been begging all day in vain, and but for this shilling I should have been obliged to work."

689. WELL SUITED.

It was told lord Chesterfield, that Mrs. W———, a ter-magant and scold, was married to a gamester. His lordship said, that *cards* and *brimstone* made the best *matches*.

690. A RETORT.

There was a lady of the west country that gave a great entertainment at her house to most of the gallant gentlemen thereabouts, and among others sir Walter Raleigh. This lady, though otherwise a stately dame, was a notable good housewife; and in the morning betimes she called to one of her maids that looked to the swine, and asked, "Are the pigs served?" Sir Walter Raleigh's chamber was close to the lady's. A little before dinner the lady came down in great state into the great chamber which was full of gentlemen, and as soon as sir Walter cast his eye upon her, "Madam," said he, "are the pigs served?" The lady answered, "You know best whether you have had *your breakfast*."

691. A CASE OF PRIVILEGE.

A buck of a highwayman was hanged along with a chimney-sweeper. When the ordinary was reading the preparatory prayers, the latter brushed rather rudely on the former to listen to the parson. "You dirty rascal," said the highwayman, "what do you mean pressing on me?" Poor sweep replied, "I have as good a right here as you."

692. GOOD EXCUSE.

A youthful parson one day preach'd
 Against the drunken, lewd, and idle ;
 His flock he earnestly beseech'd,
 On their desires to put a bridle.

The service o'er, his text forgot,
 The parson revel'd with the 'squire ;
 Bumpers went round ; Oh ! woeful blot ;
 His rev'rence tumbled in the mire.

“ Where's now your bridle ? ” quoth his host,
 He hiccup'd out ; “ What do you think
 I've thrown't away ? No, tis not lost ;
 I only took it off to drink. ”

693. THEATRICAL MISERIES.

After Mr. Boaden had read his *Aurelia* and *Miranda*, in the green-room of Drury-lane theatre, he observed he knew nothing so terrible as reading a piece before such a critical audience.—“ I know one thing more terrible,” says Mrs. Powell. “ What can that be ? ” asked our author. “ To be obliged to sit and hear it. ”

694. SUITABLE APPOINTMENT.

Bannister met a theatrical friend, who asked him when he would come and dine with him. “ What will you give me for dinner ? ” said Bannister.—“ Why,” replied the other, “ you shall have eggs and bacon. ” “ Then,” said Bannister, “ I had better come on a Fry-day. ”

695. UNREASONABLE EXPECTATIONS.

A first-rate singer being suddenly taken ill just before the curtain rose for the representation of an opera, an actor of inferior powers undertook the character designed for him. He had no sooner opened his lips than he was violently hissed ; but not in the least discouraged by this reception, he came forward, and addressing the pit, said,

“ Pray, did any of you suppose that for my salary of forty shillings a week I was going to give you a voice worth twenty pounds.”

696. AN EASY EXPEDIENT.

Some years ago the son of an eminent Jew was on the point of being married to a Christian lady, on which the father, who had no objection to the religion of the lady, but to the smallness of her fortune, expostulated with his son, and told him he might have a lady with more money, and that if he married without his consent, he would cut him off with a shilling. The son replied, that whether he consented or not, he would have the object of his wishes; adding, that if he refused, he would turn Christian, and then he should claim the benefit of an English law, and obtain half of what he possessed. At this answer, old Mordecai was greatly confounded, and resolved to apply to counsel to know whether there was any such law. The counsellor replied that there certainly was, and that his son, upon turning Christian, would obtain half his fortune; “ but if you’ll give me a fee,” added he, “ I’ll put you in a way to disappoint him, and the graceless dog shall not be able to obtain a farthing.” At this news the Jew’s hopes revived; and pulling ten guineas out of his pocket, he instantly clapt them into the lawyer’s hands, expressing his impatience to know how to proceed. “ Why,” said the counsellor, “ Mr. Mordecai, you have nothing to do but to turn Christian yourself.”

697. AN ILLUSTRATION.

Pleas’d if the liquor mantling flow,
Its lively sparkling smiles we prize,
For, from its excellence, we know
Those lively sparkling smiles arise.

So when my Mary’s charms bespeak
Her pow’r to captivate mankind,
Th’ illumin’d eye and dimpl’d cheek
Are but the mantling of her mind.

698. SCARCE COMMODITY.

An attorney in France having bought a charge of bailiff for his son, advised him never to work in vain, but to raise contributions on those who wanted his assistance. "What, father!" said the son in surprize, "would you have me sell justice?"—"Why not?" answered the father, "it is too scarce an article to be given for nothing."

699. A DOUBTFUL CAUSE.

At York assizes, a barrister met a tinker, and jocosely clapping his hand on the fellow's shoulder, asked him what news from hell? "A great deal," replied the tinker; "a wall is just fallen down." "Well," returned the counsellor, "it is to be built up again, I suppose." "I do'nt know," says the other; "there is a great dispute about it between the pope and the devil." "And how," cried the long-robed gentleman, "do you think the matter will go?" "I don't know," answered the tinker; "the pope has the most money, but the devil has the most lawyers."

700. EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

A gentleman fond of playing the violin, was one morning practising, when his uncle came in, and the following dialogue took place:

Uncle. "I fear Charles you *lose* a great deal of *time* with this fiddling." *Nephew.*—"Sir, I endeavour to *keep time*." *Uncle.*—"You mean rather to *kill time*." *Nephew.*—"No: I only *beat time*."

701. A WHITE FACE.

Dean Swift being on a visit to a gentleman in the north, the gentleman took him over his grounds; where meeting a man who was considered as a wit, the dean had a mind to try him, and observing his horse to have a white face, he asked him what made it so. "Why," replied the old man, "when you look through a hemp tether as long as he has done, you will have a white face too."

702. SYNONYMY.

A physician having been out a shooting one whole morning without killing any thing, his servant begged leave to go over into the next field, for he was sure there was some birds there; "and," adds the man, "if there are, I'll doctor them."—"Doctor them," says the master; "what do you mean by that?"—"Why, kill them, sir."

703. EQUESTRIAN PUN.

A person meeting a friend in Hyde-park, who had been in very distressed circumstances, driving a set of dun-coloured horses in his phaeton, exclaimed, "My dear sir, I am glad to see you driving your *duns* before you."

704. DOCTOR AND PATIENT.

A querulous invalid was telling his physician that he, though at an advanced time of life, did not know how to manage himself. "You know, my friend," says the doctor, "that a man at forty is himself either a fool or a physician." The invalid surveyed the son of Galen, who was of that age himself, and shrewdly replied, "Pray, doctor, may not a man be both?"

705. SHORT PETTICOATS.

A gentleman being on a morning visit to a lady, the conversation turned on fashion and female dress. The long waists and short waists, the high heads and the low heads, the high heels and the low heels, each had their turn; at length, said her ladyship, "So, sir, extremes of fashion do not meet with your approbation. But pray, what do you think of short petticoats?"—"That fashion," said he, "your ladyship may carry as high as you please."

706. CARD EXTRAORDINARY.

Sampy Sonnet, sole executor and residuary legatee of the late Mr. Jarman, chimney-sweeper, begs leave to inform the ladies and gentlemen of Penzance, that he has succeeded to the brushes and brooms, and (he humbly

hopes) to the abilities of his benefactor.—Sampy flatters himself, that those ladies and gentlemen, who may favour him with their commands, will see his efforts marked by the same *nicety of touch, dexterity of manner, precision of movement, and harmony of handling*, which distinguished the execution of his never-to-be-sufficiently lamented predecessor.

Among his sires
In yonder grove the druid sleeps ;
But blaze, ye fires,
For in his room
A Sampy wields the broom,

And with a kindred skill, a kindred genius sweeps.

N. B. Smoky chimneys cured on count Rumford's principles. Grates fixed, and their aperient angles ascertained with the greatest accuracy, whether intended for *culinary* or for *vestal* purposes—to *roast a goose*, or warm an *old maid*.

707. APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

When Phœbus was amorous, and long'd to be rude,
Miss Daphne cry'd, Pish! and ran straight to a wood ;
And rather than do such a naughty affair,
She became a fine laurel to deck the god's hair.
The nymph was, no doubt, of a cold constitution ;
For sure, to turn tree, was an odd resolution ;
Yet in this she behav'd like a true modern spouse,
She fled from his arms to distinguish his brows.

708. MUTUAL HINTS.

The captain of a trading vessel having some contraband goods on board, which he wished to land, says to an exciseman who came on board, " If I were to put a half-crown-piece upon each of your eyes, could you see?"—The answer was—" No, and if I had another upon my mouth I could not speak."

709. MODERATE REPRIMAND.

Henry IV. going into madame Gabrielle's chamber, when the duke de Bellegarde was with her, the latter

hid himself under the bed. The king stopped to a collation, and happening to discover the duke, took no notice of it except by throwing some sweetmeats that way, saying, "*every body must live.*"

710. DEVILISH GOOD MUSIC.

Tartini, a celebrated musician, who was born at Pirano in Istria, being much inclined to the study of music in his early youth, dreamed one night that he had made a compact with the devil, who promised to be at his service on all occasions; and, during this vision, every thing succeeded according to his mind; his wishes were anticipated, and his desires were always surpassed by the assistance of his new servant. At last he imagined, that he presented the devil with his violin, in order to discover what kind of a musician he was; when, to his great astonishment, he heard him play a solo so singularly beautiful, and which he executed with such superior taste and precision, that it surpassed all the music which he had ever heard or conceived in his life. So great was his surprize, and so exquisite was his delight, upon this occasion, that it deprived him of the power of breathing. He awoke with the violence of his sensation, and instantly seized his fiddle in hopes of expressing what he had just heard; but in vain: he, however, then composed a piece, which is, perhaps, the best of all his works: he called it, "*The Devil's Sonata,*" but it was so far inferior to what his sleep had produced, that he declared he would have broken his instrument, and abandoned music for ever, if he could have found any other means of subsistence.

711. ON LADY MANCHESTER.

White haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
Beheld this beautiful stranger there,
In native charms divinely fair,
Confusion in their looks they shew'd,
And with *unborrow'd* blushes glow'd.

712. SIMPLICITY EXEMPLIFIED.

When Dr. Piercy first published his collection of Ancient English Ballads, perhaps he was too lavish in commendation of their beautiful simplicity and poetic merit. This provoked Dr. Johnson to observe one evening, at Miss Reynolds's tea-table, that what they called *nature* was a poor substitute for the graces of poetry, and that he could rhyme as well in common conversation. "For instance," says he, "what can be more natural than these lines?"

As with my hat upon my head
I walk'd along the Strand,
I there did meet another man,
With his hat in his hand.

Or to render such poetry subservient to my own immediate use,

I therefore pray thee, Renny dear,
That thou wilt give to me,
With cream and sugar softened well,
Another dish of tea.
Nor fear that I, my gentle maid,
Shall long detain the cup,
When once unto the bottom I
Have drunk the liquor up.
Yet hear, alas! this mournful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown—
Thou canst not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down.

713. MILITARY PREPARATION.

His grace of Richmond being asked why he ordered a captain's guard to mount in the kitchen, replied that he wished to accustom the captains to *stand fire*.

714. CREDIT.

An officer of a disbanded regiment applying to his agent for his arrears, told him that he was in the most

extreme want, and on the point of dying with hunger. The agent seeing him of a jovial and ruddy aspect, replied, that his countenance belied his complaint. "Good sir," replied the officer, "for heaven's sake, do not mistake; the visage you see is not mine, but my landlady's; for she has fed me on trust for these two years."

715. A NICE POINT.

The following *impromptu* was written on hearing that a reverend gentleman died while his physician was writing a prescription for him.

"How couldst thou thus so hasty be, O death?
 "And why be so precipitate with me;
 "Why not some moments longer spare my breath,
 "And let *thy friend*, the doctor, get his fee.

716. THE MIRACLE REVERSED.

On the king's birth-day in the year 1747, the magistrates of Edinburgh, as was then the custom, entertained company to drink the king's health at the market cross, in the open air. A violent shower of rain came on, the effects of which produced the following epigram from the pen of Alan Ramsay.

"In *Cana* once, heaven's king was pleas'd
 With some blythe bridal flock to dine;
 And there, to solemnize their feast,
 Turn'd jars of water into wine.
 But, when to honour Brunswick's birth
 Our tribunes mounted the theatre,
 God would not countenance their mirth,
 But turn'd *their claret* into water."

717. FAIR IS FOUL AND FOUL IS FAIR.

When Foote once wished to draw a full house at the Haymarket theatre, he inserted in the play-bills, that by particular desire, for that night only, the part of Calista, *the fair penitent*, would be performed by a *black lady* of great accomplishments,

718. UNDER PRIME COST.

A linen-draper advertising his stock to be sold under *prime cost*; a neighbour of his observed, that it was impossible to sell it under prime cost, *for he had never paid a farthing for it himself.*

719. USE OF MONASTERIES.

An envoy from Cairo to Lorenzo de Medicis, asked that wise prince, how it came to pass that there were so few madmen at Florence, while the capital of Egypt abounded with them? "We shut them up in those houses," replied Lorenzo, pointing to a monastery.

720. A BARRISTER BEATEN WITH HIS OWN CUDGEL.

A Berkshire countryman, being a witness in a cause at Guildhall, was thus addressed by Mr. Wallace, advocate for the opposite party. "How now, you fellow in the leathern doublet, what are you to have for *swearing*?" "Please your worship," quoth the countryman, "if you get no more by *bawling* and *lying* than I do by *swearing*, you will soon be in a leathern doublet as well as I am."

721. A POET AND A PEER.

Southern, the poet, once wrote a dedication to John duke of Argyle. It was shewn to his grace in manuscript, and he objected to one part as too complimentary, to another as inelegant in the construction; and to another, as not belonging to the subject. On this occasion, Southern wrote the following stanzas:

Argyle, his praise when Southern wrote,
First struck out this, and then that thought;
Said, this was flattery, that a fault,
How shall the bard contrive?

"My lord, consider what you do;
He'll lose his pains and verses too,
For if the lines will not fit *you*,
They'll serve no man alive."

722. A REASON.

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all wept but one man; on being asked why he did not cry with the rest, "Oh," said he, "*I belong to another parish.*"

723. A LEGACY BY ANTICIPATION.

When a French peer, a man of wit, made his last will, he bequeathed legacies to all his domestics for their long and faithful services—but to my steward, added he, I shall leave nothing, because *he has served me more than forty years.*

724. TWO LACONIC EPISTLES.

Mrs. Foote, mother of Aristophanes, was nearly as eccentric and whimsical a character as her son. The day she was sent prisoner to the King's Bench, Foote was taken to a spunging-house, and the following short epistles past between them:

"Dear Sam, I am in prison.

ANN FOOTE."

Answer.—"Dear Mother, So am I.

SAM. FOOTE."

725. TWO TITLES.

Almost immediately after Dr. Johnson's tract, entitled *Taxation no Tyranny*, appeared in America, it was answered by another, entitled, *Resistance no Rebellion.*

726. PROPER PRECEDENCE.

A lawyer and a physician having a dispute about precedence, referred it to Diogenes, who gave it in favour of the lawyer, in these terms: "Let the *thief* go before, and the *executioner* follow."

727. A POETICAL SHAPE.

When Mr. Pope once dined at lord Chesterfield's, one of the domestics told his fellow-servant, that he should have known Pope was a great poet by his very shape; for it was *in and out* like the lines of a *Pindaric ode.*

728. QUIN'S SOLILOQUY.

On seeing the embalmed body of duke Humphrey.

A plague on Egypt's arts, I say,
 Embalm the *dead*,—on senseless clay
 Rich wine and spices waste;
 Like sturgeon, or like brawn, shall I,
 Bound in a precious pickle lie,
 Which I can never taste!
 Let me embalm this flesh of mine,
 With turtle fat and Bourdeaux wine,
 And spoil th' Egyptian trade.
 Than Gloster's duke more happy I,
 Embalm'd alive old Quin shall die,
 A mummy ready made.

729. A PAIR OF KNAVES.

A clergyman said to one of his poor parishioners,
 "You have lived like a *knave*, and you will die like a
knave."—"Then," said the poor fellow, "you will bury
 me like a *knave*."

730. AN IMPROMPTU.

A gay young dissenter, whose manners were not quite
 so strict as the custom of his sect demanded, being
 frequently taken to task by two young starch female
 presbyterians, who were sisters, was one day pressed
 very hard by them, to take for his example the character
 of Joseph, who resisted every temptation, and came out
 pure from the severest trials—"And indeed, cousin,"
 added one of them, "if you consider his conduct, you
 must blush for your own."—"Not so indeed," replied
 he, "not so.

What a pother you make about Joseph's hard trial;
 Perhaps it might not be so much self-denial.
 Had I been as Joseph, the dev'l might have kiss'd her,
 If Potiphar's wife were like you or your sister."

731. A WARNING TO BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES.

The following little notice was handed about in some private circles in the city, previous to the lord mayor's day, a few years ago:

“ Bustards, pheasants, woodcocks, widgeons,
 Wild-ducks, plovers, snipes, and pigeons ;
 Every fowl of every sort,
 To your native haunts resort.
 Turbot, salmon, herring, soles,
 Plunge into your native holes.
 Bucks and does, and hares, and fawns,
 Speed ye to your native lawns.
 Each to your closest covert haste ;
 Beware ! beware the man of taste
 All you that can escape, away ;
 You're surely slaughtered if ye stay,
 For Monday next is lord mayor's day.”

732. PUFF.

In a print of the good Samaritan pouring oil into the wounds of the traveller that lay on the road side, the bottle which he holds in his hand is inscribed, “ *Sibley's Solar Tincture.*”

733. A SYMBOL.

A satiric poet underwent a severe drubbing, and was observed to walk ever afterwards with a stick. “ This gentleman reminds me,” says a wag, “ of some of the saints, who are always painted with the symbols of their martyrdom.”

734. NO CALUMNY.

A gentleman who was speaking of an ignorant coxcomb who always abused the ancients, calling Cicero a babler, and Demosthenes a dull fellow ; added, he could not bear such a blockhead. “ Mr. — has one good quality,” observed a person in company ; “ he never speaks ill of any of *his acquaintance.*”

735. MODERN MIRRORS.

An old coquette, looking into her glass, and seeing her wrinkles, cried, "This new glass is not worth a farthing. They cannot make mirrors so well as they used to do."

736. AFRICAN COMPLIMENT.

The princess of Conti, daughter of Louis XIV. speaking to the ambassador of Morocco, highly disapproved of the plurality of wives which prevails among the Mahometans. "We should only require one," replied the gallant ambassador, "if each resembled you, madam."

737. AN ALLEGORY EXPLAINED.

A person shewing a beautiful piece of sculpture to his friend, which represented the figures of Justice and Peace embracing one another, "Ah, my dear sir," says the other, with a satiric smile, "I see they are going to take a final leave of each other."

738. AN ACTOR'S MEMORY.

When the Beggar's Opera was acted the seventy-second time, Walker, who performed Macheath, happened to be rather imperfect in his part, which Rich, the manager, observing, exclaimed, "Why how, master Walker, has this happened? I thought you had a pretty strong memory."—"So I have," replied the actor, "but you cannot expect it to last for ever."

739. A SUCCESSION.

In the early part of the last century, when the writings of Whiston and his disciples had succeeded in making the doctrine of the Trinity a subject of popular discussion in the kingdom, it was usual to see chalked up against the walls of the churches, by some of the more eager maintainers of that doctrine, the words, "Christ is God." Two sailors passing a church one day, upon which this inscription appeared in large letters, one of them stop-

ped to read it; and then hallowed out to his companion, who had gone forward, "Do you hear that, Jack?" — "What is it?" said the other. "Why," replied the first, "Christ is God." — "Aye!" returned his mate; "what, is the old gentleman dead then?"

740. SCOTCH WEATHER.

Scotland! thy weather's like a modish wife,
Thy winds and rains for ever are at strife:
So Termagant awhile her thunder tries,
And, when she can no longer scold, she cries.

741. A MONK OUTWITTED.

A monk, who had introduced himself to the bed-side of a dying nobleman, who was at that time in a state of insensibility, continued crying out, "My lord, will you make the grant of such and such a thing to our monastery?" The sick man, unable to speak, nodded his head. The monk turned round to his son, who was in the room, "You see, sir, that my lord your father gives his consent to my request." The son immediately exclaimed, "Father, is it your will that I should kick this monk down stairs?" The usual nod was given, and the youth did not fail to attend to it.

742. MATRIMONY.

Olympias, the mother of Alexander, said of a young man in the court of Macedon, who had married a beautiful woman, but of doubtful character, that he had indeed consulted his eyes, but not his ears.

743. ON BAD DANCERS TO FINE MUSIC.

How ill the motion with the music suits!
So Orpheus fiddl'd; and so danc'd the brutes.

744. A CRITICISM ANSWERED.

Two cardinals of very mean intellects finding fault with Raphael's pictures of St. Peter and St. Paul, asserted that there was too much red in the faces of the two saints.

“They are blushing,” observed the painter, “at the present bad government of the church.”

745. ON SEEING BUTLER'S MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Whilst Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
 No gen'rous patron would a dinner give;
 See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to dust,
 Presented with a monumental bust!
 The poet's fate is here in emblem shewn:
 He ask'd for bread, and he received a stone.

746. PERSIAN STORY.

I was walking in a beautiful meadow with my friend, where I saw a man, whom I knew to be a villain, sleeping in great comfort and tranquillity. “Good heavens,” exclaimed I, “the evils which this man has committed do not break his repose!—“God,” said my friend, “suffers villains to sleep, that honest men may live undisturbed.”

747. COMPLIMENT TO A PRINCE.

The late queen Caroline declared her intention of honouring Mr. Pope with a visit at Twickenham. His mother was then alive; and lest the visit should give her pain, on account of the danger his religious principles might incur by an intimacy with the court, his piety made him, with great duty and humility, beg that he might decline this honour. Some years after, his mother being dead, the prince of Wales condescended to do him the honour of a visit. When Mr. Pope met him at the water-side, he expressed his sense of the honour done him in very proper terms, joined with the most dutiful expressions of attachment. On which the prince said, “It is very well; but how shall we reconcile your love to a prince, with your professed indisposition to kings, since princes will be kings in time.” “Sir,” replied Pope, “I consider royalty under that noble and authorised type of the lion: while he is young, and before his nails

are grown, he may be approached, and caressed with safety and pleasure."

748. DOUBLE ENTENDRE.

M. Menage, a learned Frenchman, talking to madam Savigné, held her hand between his during the conversation. When he let it go, a person in company exclaimed, "M. Menage, that was the finest work that ever came out of your hands."

749. APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

"I am," cried Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,
 And panting for breath the coy virgin pursued,
 When his wisdom, in manner most ample, exprest,
 The long list of his graces his godship possest,
 "I'm the god of sweet song, and inspirer of lays."
 Nor for lays nor sweet song the fair fugitive stays.
 "I am the god of the harp—stop my fairest!" In vain,
 Nor the harp nor the harper could fetch her again.
 "Ev'ry plant, ev'ry flower, and their virtues, I know:
 "God of light I'm above, and of physic below."
 At the dreadful word physic the nymph fled more fast,
 At the fatal word physic she doubled her haste.
 Thou fond god of wisdom, then alter thy phrase,
 Bid her view thy young bloom, and thy ravishing rays,
 Tell her less of thy knowledge, and more of thy charms,
 And, my life for't, the damsel will fly to thy arms.

750. FROM MARTIAL.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
 Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
 Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
 There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

751. ANOTHER.

Thy beard and head are of a diff'rent dye;
 Short of one foot, distorted in an eye:
 With all these tokens of a knave compleat,
 Should'st thou be honest thou'rt a dev'lish cheat.

752. A DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN IRISH INNKEEPER AND AN ENGLISHMAN.

Englishman. Holloa, house!

Innkeeper. I don't know any one of that name.

Eng. Are you the master of the inn?

Inn. Yes, sir, please your honour, when my wife's from home.

Eng. Have you a bill of fare?

Inn. Yes, sir, the fair of Mollingar and Ballinaslee are next week.

Eng. I see.—How are your beds?

Inn. Very well, I thank you, sir.

Eng. Have you any mountain?

Inn. Yes, sir, this country is full of mountains.

Eng. I mean a kind of wine.

Inn. Yes, sir, all kinds from Irish white wine (but-ter-milk) to burgundy.

Eng. Have you any porter?

Inn. Yes, sir, Pat is an excellent porter; he'll go any where.

Eng. No, I mean porter to drink.

Inn. Oh, sir, he'd drink the ocean, never fear him for that.

Eng. Have you any fish?

Inn. They call me an odd fish.

Eng. I think so. I hope you are not a shark.

Inn. No, sir, indeed I am not a lawyer.

Eng. Have you any soals?

Inn. For your boots or shoes, sir?

Eng. Psha! have you any plaise?

Inn. No, sir, but I was promised one if I would vote for Mr. B.

Eng. Have you any wild fowl?

Inn. They are tame enough now, for they have been killed these three days.

Eng. I must see, myself.

Inn. And welcome, sir, I'll fetch you the looking-glass.

753. EPIGRAM.

On seeing a whole-length of Nash between the busts of
sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope in the Rooms at Bath.

Immortal Newton never spoke
More truth than here you'll find ;
Nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a joke
More cruel on mankind.
The picture plac'd the busts between,
Gives satire all its strength ;
Wisdom and wit are little seen,
But folly at full length.

754. EXTEMPORE,

By Dr. Young, on being obliged, reluctantly, to comply
with lady Elizabeth Lee's request of leaving her in his
garden at Welwyn, while he went to attend a visitor
in the house.

Thus Adam look'd when from the garden driv'n,
And thus disputed orders sent from heav'n :
Like him, I go, and yet to go am loth ;
Like him, I go, for angels drive us both.
Hard was his fate ; but mine still more unkind ;
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind.

755. LONG COURTSHIPS.

Whisp'ring close a maid long courted,
Thus cried Drone, by touch transported—
“ Prithee, tell me, gentle Dolly !
“ Is not loving long a folly ?”
“ Yes,” said she, with smile reproving,
“ Loving long, and *only* loving.

756. A CHALLENGE.

At Bow-street, on Thursday, July 29th, 1808, notice
was given that Mr. Mackintosh, a journeyman-tailor, in
consequence of a quarrel with Mr. M'Creary, an Attor-
ney's clerk, sent him a challenge, of which the following
is a literal copy :—

“Mr. Mc. Crae.—You are to come to chork-farm to-morrow morning at half-past six o’clock, and you are to harm yourself with whatever you please accept sword.”
 “103 Warder-strette.” “W. MACKINTOSH.”

757. A SIMILE.

Sir Thomas Overbury says, that the man who has not any thing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potatoe—the only good belonging to him is under ground.

758. A NEW LIGHT.

An old woman, on the day devoted to St. Michael, the archangel, going into a church in Paris, where there was a representation of that angel discomfiting the devil, put one large taper close to the saint, and another close to the fiend. “Woman!” exclaimed the priest, “you are making an offering to Satan, you know not what you do.”—“I know what I am doing well enough; but as I do not certainly know where I am going, it is well to have a friend every where.

759. THE PROGRESS OF MATRIMONY.

In the blythe days of honey moon,
 With Kate’s allurements smitten,
 I lov’d her late, I lov’d her soon,
 And called her dearest kitten.

But now my kitten’s grown a cat,
 And cross like other wives,
 Oh! by my soul, my honest Mat,
 I think she has nine lives!

760. A STROKE AT A SLEEPING SOVEREIGN.

Dr. South once preaching before Charles II. (who was not very often in a church) observing that the monarch and all his attendants began to nod, and, as nobles are common men when they are asleep, some of them soon after snored, on which he broke off his sermon, and called, “Lord Lauderdale, let me entreat you to rouse yourself; you snore so loud that you will wake the king!”

761. HOW TO EXAMINE A WITNESS.

Barrister. Call John Tomkins.

Witness. Here—(is sworn.)

B. Look this way—What's your name?

W. John Tomkins.

B. John Tomkins, eh! And pray John Tomkins, what do you know about this affair?

W. As I was going along Cheapside—

B. Stop, stop! not quite so fast, John Tomkins. When was you going along Cheapside?

W. On Monday, the 26th of June.

B. Oh, oh! Monday, the 26th of June—And pray, now, how came you to know that it was Monday, the 26th of June?

W. I remember it very well.

B. You have a good memory, John Tomkins—here is the middle of November, and you pretend to remember your walking along Cheapside in the end of June.

W. Yes, sir, I remember it as if it was but yesterday.

B. And pray, now, what makes you remember it so very well?

W. I was then going to fetch a midwife.

B. Stop there if you please. Gentlemen of the jury, please to attend to this—So, John Tomkins, you, a hale, hearty man, were going to fetch a midwife. Now, answer me directly—look this way, sir—what could you possibly want with a midwife?

W. I wanted to fetch her to a neighbour's wife, who was ill a-bed.

B. A neighbour's wife! What, then, you have no wife of your own?

W. No, sir.

B. Recollect yourself; you say you have no wife of your own.

W. No, sir; I never had a wife!

B. None of your quibbles, friend; I did not ask you if you ever had a wife. I ask you if you have now a wife? and you say no.

W. Yes, sir; and I say truth.

B. Yes, sir! and no, sir! and you say truth; we shall soon find that out. And was there nobody to fetch a midwife but you?

W. No; my neighbour lay ill himself—

B. What! did he want a midwife too? (*a loud laugh.*)

W. He lay ill of a fever; and so I went, to serve him.

B. No doubt, you are a very serviceable fellow in your way. But pray, now, after you had fetched the midwife, where did you go?

W. I went to call upon a friend—

B. Hold, what time in the day was this?

W. About seven o'clock in the evening.

B. It was quite day-light, was it not?

W. Yes, sir; it was a fine summer evening.

B. What! is it always day-light in a summer evening?

W. I believe so—(*smiling.*)

B. No laughing, sir, if you please; this is too serious a matter for levity. What did you do when you went to call upon a friend?

W. He asked me to take a walk; and when we were walking, we heard a great noise—

B. And where was this?

W. In the street.

B. Pray attend, sir,—I don't ask you, whether it was in the street—I ask you what street?

W. I don't know the name of the street, but it turns down from—

B. Now, sir, upon your oath—do you say you don't know the name of the street?

W. No, I don't.

B. Did you never hear it?

W. I may have heard it, but I can't say I remember it?

B. Do you always forget what you have heard?

W. I don't know that I ever heard it; but I may have heard it, and forgot it.

B. Well, sir, perhaps we may fall upon a way to make you remember it.

W. I don't know, sir; I would tell it if I knew it.

B. Oh! to be sure you would; you are remarkably communicative. Well, you heard a noise, and I suppose you went to see it too.

W. Yes; we went to the house where it came from.

B. So! it came from a house; and pray what kind of a house?

W. The cock and bottle, a public-house.

B. The cock and bottle! why I never heard of such a house. Pray what has a cock to do with a bottle?

W. I can't tell, that is the sign.

B. Well, and what passed then?

W. We went into see what was the matter, and the prisoner there.

B. Where?

W. Him at the bar, there: I know him very well.

B. You know him? how came you to know him?

W. We worked journey-work together once; and I remember him very well.

B. So! your memory returns: you can't tell the name of the street, but you know the name of the public-house, and you know the prisoner at the bar. You are a very pretty fellow! and pray what was the prisoner doing?

W. When I saw him, he was—

B. When you saw him! did I ask you what he was doing when you did not see him?

W. I understood he had been fighting.

B. Give us none of your understanding, tell what you saw.

W. He was drinking some Hollands and water.

B. Are you sure it was Hollands and water?

W. Yes; he asked me to drink with him, and I just put it to my lips.

B. No doubt you did, and I dare say, did not take it soon from them. But now, sir, recollect you are upon oath—look at the jury, sir—upon your oath, will you aver, that it was Hollands and water?

W. Yes, it was.

B. What; was it not plain gin?

W. No; the landlord said it was Hollands.

B. Oh! now we shall come to the point.—The landlord said! Do you believe every thing the landlord of the cock and bottle says?

W. I don't know him enough.

B. Pray what religion are you of?

W. I am a Protestant.

B. Do you believe in a future state?

W. Yes.

B. Then, what passed after you drank the Hollands and water?

W. I heard there had been a fight, and a man killed; and I said, "Oh! Robert, I hope you have not done this:" and he shook his head.—

B. Shook his head; and what did you understand by that?

W. Sir!

B. I say, what did you understand by his shaking his head?

W. I can't tell.

B. Can't tell!—Can't you tell what a man means when he shakes his head?

W. He said nothing.

B. Said nothing! I don't ask you what he said—What did you say?

W. What did I say!

B. Don't repeat my words, fellow; but come to the point at once.—Did you see the dead man?

W. Yes; he lay in the next room.

B. And how came he to be dead?

W. There had been a fight, as I said before—

B. I don't want you to repeat what you said before.

W. There had been a fight between him and the—

B. Speak up—his lordship don't hear you—can't you raise your voice?

W. There had been a fight between him and the prisoner—

B. Stop there—Pray when did this fight begin?

W. I can't tell exactly; it might be an hour before. The man was quite dead.

B. And so he might, if the fight had been a month before; that was not what I asked you. Did you see the fight?

W. No—it was over before we came in.

B. We! what we?

W. I and my friend.

B. Well—and it was over—and you saw nothing?

W. No.

B. Gem'men of the jury, you'll please to attend to this; he positively swears he saw nothing of the fight. Pray, sir, how was it that you saw nothing of the fight?

W. Because it was over before I entered the house, as I said before.

B. No repetitions, friend.—Was there any fighting after you entered?

W. No, all was quiet.

B. Quiet! you just now said, you heard a noise—you and your precious friend.

W. Yes, we heard a noise—

B. Speak up, can't you? and don't hesitate so.

W. The noise was from the people, crying and lamenting—

B. Don't look to me—look to the jury—well, crying and lamenting.

W. Crying and lamenting that it happened; and all blaming the dead man.

B. Blaming the dead man! why, I should have thought him the most quiet of the whole—(another laugh)—But what did they blame him for?

W. Because he struck the prisoner several times without any cause.

B. Did you see him strike the prisoner?

W. No; but I was told that—

B. We don't ask you what you was told—What did you see?

W. I saw no more than I have told you.

B. Then why do you come here to tell us what you heard?

W. I only wanted to give the reason why the company blamed the deceased.

B. Oh! we have nothing to do with your reasons or theirs either.

W. No, sir, I don't say you have.

B. Now, sir, remember you are upon oath—you set out with fetching a midwife; I presume you now went for an undertaker?

W. No, I did not.

B. No! that is surprising; such a friendly man as you! I wonder the prisoner did not employ you.

W. No, I went away soon after.

B. And what induced you to go away?

W. It became late; and I could do no good.

B. I dare say you could not—And so you come here to do good; don't you?

W. I hope I have done no harm—I have spoken like an honest man—I don't know any thing more of the matter.

B. Nay, I shan't trouble you farther—(*witness retires but is called again.*) Pray, sir, what did the prisoner drink his Hollands and water out of?

W. A pint tumbler.

B. A pint tumbler! what! a rummer?

W. I don't know,—it was a glass that holds a pint.

B. Are you sure it holds a pint?

W. I believe so.

B. Ay, when it is full, I suppose.—You may go your ways, John Tomkins.—A pretty hopeful fellow that. (*Aside.*)

762. TYTHE GOSPEL.

A clergyman in an inland county lately concluded his sermon with the following words:—"Brethren, next Friday is my tythe-day, and those who bring the tythes on that day, which are my due, shall be rewarded with a good dinner; but those who do not, may depend, that on Saturday they will dine on a lawyer's letter."

763. TIT FOR TAT.

Tom Clark, of St. John's, once desired a fellow of the same college to lend him Burnet's History of the Reformation; the other told him he could not possibly spare it out of his chamber, but if he pleased, he might come there and read all day long. Some time after the same gentleman sent to Tom to borrow his bellows. "I cannot possibly spare them out of my chamber, but you may come there and blow all day if you will," was the reply.

764. HARD RUNNING.

John ran so long, and ran so fast,
No wonder he ran out at last:
He ran in debt, and then to pay,
He distanc'd all, and ran away.

765. COLD COMFORT.

A player once complaining to Sam. Foote, that his wife's drunkenness and illconduct had almost ruined him; concluding with a phrase he had a habit of using, "And for goodness sake, sir, what is to be said for it?" — "Nothing that I know," said our Aristophanes, "can be said *for it*, but a devilish deal may be said *against it*."

766. THE MISER AND THE MOUSE.

As ——— was stepping out of bed,
A lurking mouse he spies;
And thus, alarm'd with sudden dread,
Aloud to Tony cries:
"Tony, make haste; the trap prepare;
I see the rascal dodging."
"Friend," quoth the Mouse, "you need not fear,
I come but for a lodging;
Nor plant that dreadful engine there,
To catch me by the neck fast;
For surely I had ne'er come here,
If I had wanted breakfast.

767. THE DUTY OF A GOOD GENERAL.

At a violent opposition election for Shrewsbury, in the reign of George I. a half-pay officer, who was a non-resident burgess, was, with some other voters, brought down from London at the expence of Mr. Kynaston, one of the candidates. The old campaigner regularly attended and feasted at the houses which were opened for the electors in Mr. Kynaston's interest until the last day of the polling, when, to the astonishment of the party, he gave his vote to his opponent. For this strange conduct he was reproached by his quondam companions, and asked what could have induced him to act so dishonourable a part, and become an apostate. "An apostate," answered the old soldier, "an apostate! by no means—I made up my mind about who I should vote for before I set out upon this campaign, but I remembered the duke's constant advice to us when I served with our army in Flanders, 'Always quarter upon the enemy, my lads—always quarter upon the enemy.'"

768. POPISH PUN.

King James came in progress to the house of sir M. Pope, knt. when his lady had been delivered of a daughter. The babe was presented to king James, with the following paper of verses in her hand.

“ See this little mistress here
 Did never sit in Peter's chair,
 Or a triple crown did wear,
 And yet she is a Pope.
 No benefice she ever sold,
 Nor did dispense with sins for gold:
 She hardly is a se'nnight old,
 And yet she is a Pope.
 No king her feet did ever kiss,
 Or had from her worse look than this;
 Nor did she ever hope
 To saint one with a rope,
 And yet she is a Pope.

A female Pope you'll say, a second Joan;
 No, sure, she is *Pope innocent*, or none.”

769. TRIED CORPS.

In one of the engagements with the French at Cuddalore, the 101st regiment gave way, and their place was immediately supplied by a battalion of black infantry. A gentleman shortly afterwards, in company with colonel Kennedy, and conversing on the subject, said he was surprised that they gave way. "And so am I too," said the colonel, "for they were all *tried* men."—"How can you make out that," says the gentleman, "when they are a new regiment?"—"Oh, by my conscience," says the colonel, "they were all *tried* at the Old Bailey long ago."

770. ADDRESSES.

When, in 1650, Richard Cromwell succeeded his father Oliver in the protectorship, he received addresses from all parties in the kingdom, filled with the most extravagant professions of standing by him with their lives and fortunes, at the very moment that they were plotting his destruction. Richard was not quite so blind to all this as the world imagined; for after his seven months mock government, as he was giving orders for the removal of his own furniture from Whitehall, he observed with what little ceremony they treated an old trunk, and begged of them to move it more carefully, "because," added he, "it contains pledges of the lives and fortunes of all the good people of England."

771. CHALLENGING THE ARRAY.

An Irish bookseller, previous to a trial in which he was the defendant, was informed by his counsel, that if there were any of the jury to whom he had any personal objections, he might legally challenge them. "Faith, and so I will," replied he, "if they do not bring me off handsomely, I will *challenge* every man of them."

772. MEDICAL NOTICE.

A country apothecary has written over his door—
"All sorts of drugs and *dying* stuffs sold here."

773. THE BURTHENED HERO.

The prince of Condé coming to congratulate his master Louis XIV. on the battle of Seniff, in which his highness had commanded and gained great honour, the king stood on the top of the stairs to receive him. The prince, being lame of the gout, mounted very slowly, and stopping midway, begged his majesty's pardon if he made him wait. "Cousin," said the king, "do not hurry yourself; a person loaded with laurels, as you are, cannot move very quick."

774. EPIGRAM.

You say, without reward or fee,
Your uncle cur'd me of a dang'rous ill;
I say he never did prescribe for me,
The proof is plain, I'm living still.

775. SARCASTIC BON-MOT.

A gentleman in company with Foote, at the Smyrna coffee-house, took up a newspaper, saying, "He wanted to see what the ministry were about." Foote replied, "Look among the robberies."

776. THE CARDINAL'S BOW.

Pope Sextus V. while he was cardinal, feigned himself broken with age and infirmities, and stooped to excess; looking upon this as one probable means of his exaltation to the papal chair. It being observed to him soon after his election, that he carried himself much more erect than he had lately done, "I was looking for the keys of St. Peter," said he, "but having found them, I have no longer any occasion to stoop."

777. LONDON INSCRIPTIONS.

In High Holborn is a sign which would lead one to fear heels and pattens must have an end with the shopkeeper, who has over his door, "The *last* heel and patten maker."

In Oxford-street there is the sign of the Bricklayer's Arms, the motto of which being put down in the same

size as the articles dealt in, it appears, "Praise God for all brandy, rum, usquebaugh, and other spirituous liquors." In the same street we read, "Tyrell and 127 Sons, Hosiers."

One of the disseminators of novels and nonsense, writes over his door, "The Circulating Library Stationary."

By the ingenious contrivance of putting the name in the centre, in letters of equal magnitude and similar form, you read, "Cheese Hoare Monger;" and "Clock and Green Watchmaker."

One gentlewoman informs us, that she *restores deafness*, and disorders in the eyes; and another, that she cures the jaundice *in all*, and the scurvy in both sexes.

"Lodgings to be let unfurnished *with every convenience*," stares you in the face in every street in London.

On a board in Whitechapel Road is written, "To lett on a lease 87 feet long, and 58 feet broad."

Pity but neighbouring signs were either inscribed in different sizes, or the painter paid some attention to the pointing; for in Oxford-street we read, "*Books in all languages, bought, sold, and stand at livery.*"

In a field in the vicinity of the metropolis is an inscription, which would lead a foreigner to suppose, that beating carpets was a favourite amusement among the English; it is as follows: "You are particularly desired by the owner of this field not to play at any diversion in the same, such as quoits, cricket, or *beating of carpets*. If you do, you will be prosecuted by W. R."

A foreigner would also be apt to suppose that English dogs can read, when he sees an inscription on a board, stuck up in a garden at Millbank, "*all dogs coming into this garden will be shot.*"

A want of orthography is sometimes productive of the equivoque, as in the following: near Moorfields is a place which we may suppose was once blest with a beautiful view; it now fronts the City Road, and is baptised by an inscription at the corner, "*Russen Hurby street.*"

On an alehouse door, in Whitechapel, is written, "*The ladies' door, full proof spirits.*"

778. THE UNDAUNTED TAR.

During the American war, captain Fanshaw's ship, in company with the frigate commanded by sir Andrew Snape Hammond, was ordered to throw in some additional forces to our posts on the North River; to effect which service, they would be obliged to sail within point-blank of two of the enemies most powerful batteries; it was the opinion of the officers, that they would be blown out of the water in attempting it; to which Fanshaw replied, "Look you, gentlemen, we are positively ordered to convey these troops to their destination; and if that order had been to land them in hell, I would have had a thunder at the gate!"

779. SCOTCH TENACITY.

When the affair of lord Melville was brought forward in the House of Commons, a gentleman mentioned in company that his lordship had quitted his place. "Did you ever," said a lady present, "hear of a Scotchman quitting his place?"—"Yes, madam," replied the gentleman, "his *native place*."

780. BON-MOT.

Dr. Johnson being asked his opinion of the title of a very small volume, remarkable for its pomposity, replied, "That it was similar to placing an eight-and-forty pounder at the door of a pig-sty."

781. EXPLANATION.

A countryman going into the office of the Commons, where the wills are kept, and gazing on the huge volumes on the shelves, asked if those were all *bibles*? "No, sir," answered one of the clerks, "they are *testaments*."

782. HERALDRY.

A gentleman having sent a porter on a message, which he executed much to his satisfaction, had the curiosity to ask his name, and was informed it was Russel: "Pray,"

says the gentleman, "is your *coat of arms* the same as the duke of Bedford's?"—"As to our *arms*, your honour," says the porter, "I believe they are pretty much alike; but there is a deal of difference between our *coats*."

783. HUMOURS OF AN APRIL-FOOL DAY.

"First of April.—Got up early this morning to prepare for business—Sally still a-bed—flung the watchman a shilling out of the window, to rap at my door, and cry fire!—Sally started up in a fright, overturned my best wig, which stood in the passage, and ran into the street half naked—was obliged to give her a shilling to quiet her.

"Ten o'clock.—Sent a letter to Mr. Plume, the undertaker, telling him that my neighbour, old Frank Fuz, who was married on Monday to his late wife's step-daughter, had died suddenly last night—saw six of Plume's men go in, and heard old Fuz very loud with them.

"Invited all our club to dine at deputy Drippings, and invited him to dine at alderman Grub's, at Hampstead.—N. B. The alderman is on a visit to his son-in-law in Kent.

"Twelve o'clock.—Received an order, in the name of a customer in Essex, for six pounds of snuff, to be sent by the coach—smoked the bite, and kicked the messenger out of the shop.—N. B. Not catch old birds, &c.

"One o'clock.—Afraid Sally would play some trick upon me in dressing my dinner; so went to get a steak at a coffee-house—chalked the waiter's back as he gave me my change.—N. B. Two bad shillings.

"Asked an old woman in Cheapside what was the matter with her hat?—she took it off; and while I was calling her April fool, a boy ran off with my handkerchief in his hand.

"Tapped a blue-coat boy on the shoulder, and asked what he had got behind him? He answered a fool—the people laughed at this; I did not see much in it.

"Three o'clock.—Sent Sally to the tower to see a de-

mocrat ; carried the key of the cellar with her, and spent me half-a-crown in coach-hire.

“ Gave Giles, my shopman, a glass of brandy, which he took for a glass of wine. Giles unable to attend shop the next day.

784. THE PEACEABLE DUKE.

Lord S—— meeting an intimate a few days after Mr. Fox and his friends resigned, wondered very much that his grace of R—— did not go out with the rest. “ There is nothing at all surprising in that, my lord,” said the gentleman, “ for you know his grace will not go out with any body.”

785. HORNED CATTLE.

In a Christmas party at Euston, consisting of the duke of G——n, lord B——e, George Selwyn, and a country squire, whose wife had lately eloped, the latter was one day, after dinner, extolling for a long time the fine fair for horned cattle he had on his estate ; when Selwyn, heartily tired of such conversation, proposed cards. “ Stop awhile,” says the duke, “ I expect sir Charles Bunbury here presently.”—“ Do you so,” says Selwyn, slapping the squire, who sat next him, upon the back, “ why then, my friend, we shall have a *horned fair* of our own.”

786. BON-MOT OF THE BAR.

Mr. Erskine being indisposed in the Court of King's Bench, told Mr. Jekyll, “ that he had a pain in his bowels, for which he could get no relief.”—“ I'll give you an infallible specific,” replied the humourous barrister, “ get made *attorney-general*, my friend, and then you'll have no *bowels*.”

787. INTERESTED DIVINITY.

A reverend divine being accused of negligence in his calling, and styled *an unfaithful shepherd*, from scarcely ever visiting his flock, defended himself by saying, he was always with them at the *shearing-time*.

788. THE DOCTOR'S REBUFF.

Dr. P——, an Irish rector, and in person very ordinary, having a neat parsonage-house, very curiously-furnished, was one day shewing it to Dr. Berkley, bishop of Cloyne; "Well, my lord," says the doctor, after they had returned to the dining-parlour, "you see what a nice *marriage-trap* I have got here."—"Why, yes, doctor," says the bishop, "I see you have; but I am afraid you will not find a lady that will relish the *bait*."

789. GRAVE DOCTOR.

Counsellor Crips being on a party at Castle-Martyr, the seat of the earl of Shannon, in Ireland, one of the company, who was a physician, strolled out before dinner into the church-yard. Dinner being served up, and the doctor not returned, some of the company were expressing their surprise where he could be gone to. "Oh," says the counsellor, "he is but just stept out to pay a visit to some of his old patients."

790. SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE.

The following humorous parody was written during the Pitt administration, and was intended to ridicule the ostentatious parade with which the stores in the captured West India islands was enumerated. The author observes, that after the first return was enclosed in the official dispatch, it was discovered that the French governor's apartments had not been examined at all; and the following important inventory was taken, of articles under the different heads of serviceable, unserviceable, and total.

	Serv.	Uns.	Total.
Red flannel nightcaps	2	1	3
Thrumb ditto	1	—	1
Bag-wig	1	1	2
Wig without a bag	1	—	1
Bag without a wig	1	—	1
Shirts without ruffles	2	—	2

Ruffles without shirts	-	-	-	4	-	4
Shirts with one flap	-	-	-	1	4	1
Ditto with no flap	-	-	-	3	-	3
Screw-box with snuff	-	-	-	1	-	1
Tobacco-pipes	-	-	-	7	3	10
Ditto, much blacked in the bowl	-	-	-	5	-	5
Ditto, without bowls	-	-	-	2	-	2
Spitting-box, full	-	-	-	1	-	1
Ditto, empty	-	-	-	1	-	1
Pots de chambre	-	-	-	3	1	4
Ditto, without a handle	-	-	-	1	-	1
Bason of mutton broth	-	-	-	1	-	1
Box of tooth powder	-	-	-	1	-	1
Small ditto of ointment	-	-	-	2	-	2
Ditto without tops	-	-	-	3	-	3
Ditto without bottoms	-	-	-	7	-	7
Small tooth combs	-	-	-	1	3	4
False tail, 1 foot 6 inches	-	-	-	1	-	1
Ditto 2 feet 1 inch, with a strong curl at the bottom	-	-	-	1	-	1
Bottle of eye-water, full	-	-	-	1	-	1
Ditto empty	-	-	-	1	-	1
Tinder-box with no flint	-	-	-	1	-	1
Ditto, with no tinder	-	-	-	1	-	1
Ditto, with no steel	-	-	-	1	-	1
Dark lantern, open all round	-	-	-	1	-	1

Live Stock.

Cat, tabby	-	-	-	1	-	1
Ditto, tortoise-shell	-	-	-	1	-	1
Ram ditto	-	-	-	1	-	1
Kittens of various colours	-	-	-	3	-	3
Blind puppies in a basket	-	-	-	2	-	2
Magpie without a cage	-	-	-	1	-	1
Raven with one leg	-	-	-	1	-	1

791. VOX POPULI.

When Oliver Cromwell, attended by Thurlow, once went to dine in the city, the populace rent the air with their congratulations. "Your highness," said the secre-

tary, "may see, by this, that you have the voice of the people, as well as the voice of God."—"As to God," replied the protector, "I will not talk about him here; but for the people, they would be just as noisy, and perhaps more rejoiced, if you and I were going to be hanged."

792. POSITIVE CHANCELLOR.

Mr. Pitt was disputing at a cabinet dinner, on the energy and beauty of the Latin language. In support of the superiority which he affirmed it to have over the English, he asserted, that two negatives made a thing more positive than one affirmative possibly could. "Then," said Thurlow, "your father and mother must have been two *negatives*, to make such a *positive* fellow."

793. AMAZONS.

A lady, who is a strong advocate for the rights of women, being lately engaged in a dispute with a gentleman, asserted, that an army of women would be in every respect competent to take the field against an army of men, adding, "Suppose I were the commander of 10,000 women, each of whom had a military education, and you of 10,000 men, how would you get an advantage that you might not have in an equal degree over men?"—"Madam," replied he, "I would keep from a general engagement—I would make propositions of peace, and during the treaty, the male and female officers and soldiers must frequently meet to settle the conditions, and at the end of eight or nine months, when all of you ought to be in the field, *you would be in the straw.*"

794. UNEXPECTED RECOMMENDATION.

One day when lord Thurlow was very busy at his house in Ormond-street, a poor curate applied to him for a living then vacant. "Don't trouble me," said the counsellor, turning upon him with a frowning brow, "don't you see I am busy, and can't listen to you?—what duke or lord recommended you?" The poor curate lifted up his eyes, and with dejection said, he had no lord to re-

commend him but the Lord of hosts. "The Lord of hosts," replied the chancellor, "the Lord of hosts!—I believe I have had recommendations from most lords, but do not recollect one from him before: so do you hear, young man, you shall have the living."

795. KEEP HIM DOWN.

Mr. Palmer going home after the business of the theatre was concluded one evening, saw a man lying upon the ground, with another upon him, beating him violently. Upon this, he remonstrated with the uppermost, telling him, that his conduct was unfair, and that he ought to let his opponent get up, and have an equal chance with him. The fellow drolly turned up his face to Mr. Palmer, and drily replied, "Faith, sir, if you had been at as much trouble to get him down as I have, you would not be for letting him get up so readily."

796. A TOAST.

A profligate young nobleman being in company with some sober people, desired leave to toast the devil. The gentleman who sat next him, said, he had no objection to any of his lordship's friends.

797. IMPRESSION.

A gentleman at the Rotunda, one evening, seeing some wax fall from a chandelier on that part of a ladies' dress, who sat next to him, not a great way from her bosom, immediately took out his watch, and clapped one of the seals upon it.—"Bless me, sir," said the lady, "what are you doing?"—"Only trying to make an impression upon you, madam," replied he.

798. THE COCKNEY'S JOURNAL OF THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

September 1st.—According to our agreement made at the Hole-in-the-Wall, six of us met on Blackfriars-bridge, at half-past five o'clock, armed, and furnished with a large quantity of ammunition.

Squibb'd our guns over the bridge, and got a volley of oaths from a west country barge that was passing under the centre arch.

Loaded and primed; gave the dogs a bit of bread each—the fox dog would not eat his—took a dram a-piece, and set forward, in high spirits, for the Circus-gate, on our way to Camberwell, where we were informed we should find several covies.

Just at Christ Church, Blackfriars, Ned Simple shot at a rat, and missed it: but it gave us a fine hunt, the dogs barking all the way, until we drove it into the Thames.

Beat over all the ground about the halfpenny hatches, and found nothing but one cat, which all of us fired at; but being only six in number, and a cat having nine lives, we missed killing, though we severely wounded her.

Passing at the back of Webber-row, we saw several pigeons; but though they were within pistol-shot, they flew so fast that none of us could take aim, although our guns were ready cocked, and loaded with No. 2 six finger's deep.

Saw five sparrows on the ground, opposite the Elephant and Castle, Newington, feasting on some new-dropped horse-dung—stole up with great caution within four yards of the game, and gave an irregular fire; but Bob Tape's musket going off before he took aim, the birds, we suppose, made their escape antecedent to the other five going off; for the devil a sparrow we killed.

Rather out of humour with such ill-luck—so took another dram a-piece, and pushed briskly forward for Camberwell.

Met two men driving geese at Kenington-common—offered them eighteen-pence, which they accepted, for a shot at the flock at twenty yards. Drew lots who should fire first. It fell to Billy Candlewick's chance, who, from his father belonging many years to the Orange regiment of City Militia, knew something of taking aim.

The goose-driver stepped the ground, and Billy took aim for about ten minutes, when shutting both his eyes, lest the pan might flash in his sight, he snapped and miss-

ed fire—he took aim a second time, snapped and missed again—borrowed Bob Tape's scissars, and hammered the flint—snapped and missed fire a third time—thought the devil had got hold of the gun; examined her, and found she was neither loaded nor primed. The goose-driver refused to let Billy try again, so we gave him another sixpence, and he sold us a lame gander, which we placed at about six yards, and taking a shot a-piece at him, killed him, and put him into Ned Thimble's cabbage-net.

When we came within sight of the Swan, at Stockwell, we all ran as fast as we could, to see who should get in first, as we had settled to breakfast there. Unfortunately our guns being cocked, I made a stumble, and the trigger being touched by something, off went the piece, and lodged the contents in the body of a sucking pig that was crossing the road. The squeaking of the poor little animal roused the maternal affection of the sow, and set the fox dog, the terrier, the Newfoundland bitch, and the mastiff, a barking. The noise of the sow, the pig, and the dogs, with the report of the gun, brought the people of the house, and indeed of the neighbourhood, and being threatened by one, and laughed at by another, we thought it best to buy the pig at four shillings, which we did, and having put it into Bob Tape's game bag, which, by the bye, was nothing but half a bolster tick, we made the best of our way to the Plough, at Clapham, where we had some cold buttock and ale for breakfast.

Tried all the common round—beat every bush with the muzzle of our guns, set the dogs on the pigs, and found but one chaffinch, which was rather wild, not letting us come within eight yards, so that we could not make sure of our bird. We hunted him from spray to spray for above an hour, without being able to get in a parallel line, so as to take sure aim, when at last he was killed by a little boy, who knocked him down with a stone—bought him, and put him into the net with the goose.

Resolved to make for Blackheath, and to cut across the

country that we might get amongst the stubbles—missed our road, and by some kind of circumbendibus, got into Brixton-causeway, where we asked if there were any birds in the neighbourhood. We were directed to a dead horse, where two ravens and several magpies were assembled; but they would not stay our arrival, for the moment they saw us they made off.

Our pig-carrying companion and our goose-carrier complained of the weight, so we took charge of the game by turns.

Hunted a weazel for above an hour, and lost him. The terrier was remarkably staunch.

Crossing a field near Camberwell, we thought we saw a covey of partridges at the side of a ditch—so we all made up to them with our guns cocked, tying the dogs to our legs, that they might not run in and spring the game.

What we thought to be a covey of partridges proved to be a gang of gypsies, who were squatted under the hedge, peeling turnips and preparing potatoes for dinner. It was the mercy of God we did not fire at them, as all our pieces were up to our shoulders, and we had but one eye a-piece open, when that which we took to be the old cock rose up, and said in a loud voice, “What the devil are ye about?”

After much difficulties, and but little sport, got by the direction of the gypsies into the Greenwich-road, where being rather fatigued, we stopped at the Halfway-house until a coach came by, when mounting the roof and the box, we were conveyed near Blackheath, to our unspeakable joy.

Never saw the heath before—amazed at the number of furze bushes, and the wide extent there is for game. Had an excellent chase after a jack-ass, which the mastiff tore in the leg. Kept close together for fear of losing each other.

Got down near a large round house—shot at a flock of sparrows, and killed one, which we think is a cock, his head being rather black.

Saw several brother sportsmen out, who had killed no-

thing but a hedge-hog and a tame jack-daw, which belonged to a public-house at New-cross Turnpike.

Got up to the main road—fired at a yellow-hammer, and frightened the horses in the Dover stage. The guard threatened to shoot us, and we took to our heels.

Saw some black game flying very high. They looked for all the world like crows.

The terrier came to point at a thick bunch of ferne. We were now sure this must be a covey of partridges, and we prepared accordingly. The mastiff run in and brought out one of the young ones. It proved to be a nest of grass-mice—took every one, and put them into the bolster.—Grass-mice were better than nothing.

Much fatigued, and agreed to shoot all the way home—fired off our guns at the foot of Greenwich-hill, and were laughed at by the inhabitants—loaded them again, and fired at a sheet of paper for half an hour, without putting a grain in it—got to Smith's at dusk, and discharged our pieces in the air, before we went in—had something to eat and drink, then set off for the city, and squibbed our guns all the way, as long as the powder lasted.

Got home much fatigued with the day's sport—went to our club, and told a thousand lies about the birds we killed, and the presents we made of them—smoked our pipes, and by twelve got to bed.

799. THE PRESENT AGE.

No more, my friends, of vain applause,
Or complimentary rhymes;
Come, Muse! let's call another cause,
And sing about the *times*.

For, of all ages ever known,
The present is the oddest;
For, ministers are *honest grown*,
And all the women modest.

No *courtiers* now are fond of fees,
Or *bishops* of their dues;
Few people at the court one sees,
At church, what crowded pews!

No *ministers* their friends deceive,
 With promises of favour ;
 And, what they make them once believe,
 They faithfully endeavour.

Our *nobles*,—heaven defend us all !
 I'll nothing say about 'em ;
 For they are *great*, and I'm but *small*,
 So, Muse, jog on without 'em.

Our *merchants*, what a virtuous race,
 Despising earthly treasures,
 Fond of true honour's glorious chase,
 And quite averse to pleasures.

What *tradesman* now forsakes his shop,
 For politics or news ?
 Or from the court accepts a sop,
 Through interested views.

No soaking sot his spouse neglects,
 For mugs of mantling nappy ;
 Nor madly squanders his effects,
 To make himself quite happy.

No *banker*, slave to Mammon's will,
 Now seeks the venal tribe,
 With high-rais'd hopes, applies the till
 To frail electors bribe.

Or, if there are,—no men are found,
 Long held the people's friend,
 Who, mark'd for doctrines pure and sound,
 Such measures to defend.

See spies, informers, jugglers, lyars,
 Despisd and out of fashion ;
 And statesmen, now grown self-deniers,
 Fly all unlawful passion.

Happy the nation thus endow'd,
 So void of wants and crimes ;
 All zealous for the public good :
 Oh ! these are glorious times !

“Your character,” with wondrous stare,
Says Tom, “is mighty high, sir;

“But pray forgive me, if I swear
I think ’tis all a lye, sir.—”

“Ha! think you so, my honest clown,
Then take another sight on’t;

Just turn the picture up side down,
I fear you’ll see the right on’t.”

800. MUSICAL MATCH.

The late Mr. Palmer appeared at a rehearsal in a violent perturbation of mind, on some intelligence he had just heard. Mr. Bannister requested to know what made him so uneasy? “Monarchs, my dear sir,” says Palmer, with a tragedy strut, “monarchs have met with afflictions, then why should I grieve? my puppy of a brother, a cub, sir, has made as bad a match as he possibly could make; he was married yesterday, and the girl is as penniless as a third-rate actress’s dressing-woman.”—“What is the lady’s name?” says Bannister. “Sharp, I think they call her,” says Palmer. “My dear friend,” says Bannister, “I don’t see why you should fret so, it was a musical wedding, there was a flat and a sharp!”

801. A PAINTER AT STAMFORD.

A painter being employed to represent some cherubims and seraphims, in a church, not a hundred miles from Stamford, made them appear with very sorrowful *crying* faces. His reverend employer asking him his reason for so doing; he replied, that his prayer-book informed him that cherubims and seraphims continually do cry.

802. HIDDEN TREASURES.

Sir Simon Stuart, of Hartly, amusing himself with some old papers belonging to his family, found endorsed on the outside of a covenant, that 15,000 pieces of gold were buried in a certain field, so many feet from the ditch, towards the south. These words appearing as a kind of

memorandum, the baronet took a servant with him, and going to the place described, made him dig, and found the treasure in a large iron pot, the mouth of which was covered with parchment, on which were written in legible characters, the following words: "The devil shall have it sooner than Cromwell."

803. EPIGRAMS.

On the assertion of Mr. Hawkins Browne, "That Mr. Pitt found England of wood and left it of marble."

"From wood to marble," Hawkins cried,
 "Great Pitt transform'd us, 'ere he died!"
 "Indeed!" exclaimed a country gaper;
 "Sure he must mean to *marble paper*."

804. ANOTHER.

Browne says, "that Pitt, so wise and good,
 Could marble make from worthless wood!"
 And who can doubt that saying bold,
 Since he to paper chang'd our gold?

805. AN ELECTION MANŒUVRE.

The non-resident freemen of Berwick upon Tweed living in London, being put on board two vessels in the Thames, a few days previous to the election of 1768, in order to be conveyed to Berwick by water; Mr. Taylor, one of the candidates in opposition, covenanted with the naval commander of this election cargo, for the sum of 400*l.* to land the freemen in Norway. This was accordingly done, and in consequence Mr. Taylor and lord Delaval secured their seats without any farther expence,

806. NAUTICAL CRITICISM.

As Mrs. Porter was performing that part of the character of lady Nottingham, in the tragedy of the earl of Essex, where she excuses herself from having any concern in procuring the earl's execution, a sailor in the gallery cried out, "You lie, you know you have the ring in your pocket."

807. NEGRO RON-MOT.

A negro in the island of St. Christopher had so cruel a master, that he dreaded the sight of him. After exercising much tyranny among his slaves, the planter died, and left his son heir to his estates. Some short time after his death, a gentleman meeting the negro, asked him how his young master behaved. "I suppose," says he, "he's a chip of the old block?"—"No, no," says the negro, "Massa be all block himself."

808. COMPLIMENT TO POETS.

By the death of madame Geoffrin, there were about two hundred poetasters, who in all probability will never wear velvet again. That lady was so particularly nice in her taste, that she complimented every author, who sung her praises, at Christmas, with a pair of velvet breeches. It was computed by a member of her society, that no less than four thousand pair of velvet breeches have been worn out in the poetical service of that lady.

809. A JAMAICA LEGISLATOR.

A bill being brought into the House of Assembly of Jamaica for regulating wharfingers, Mr. Paul Phipps, a distinguished member, said, "Mr. Speaker, I very much approve of the bill. The wharfingers are all a set of knaves, I was one myself for ten years."

810. GRAVE REPARTEE.

The duke of D——, on his return from Hyde-park one morning, met with lord Chesterfield in a very sickly state, taking the air in his carriage: they had not conversed many minutes, when Foote rode up to enquire after his lordship's health. "Well Sam," says the earl, "what part do you play to-night?"—"Lady Dowager Whitfield," replied the wag.—"I am going to cut a figure myself," says his lordship.—"You have long cut a splendid figure, my lord," says Foote.—"It may be so," says his lordship with a smile, "but I am now, sir, rehearsing the principal character in the Funeral."

811. THE BREWER'S COACHMAN.

Honest William, an easy and good-natur'd fellow,
 Would a little too oft get a little too mellow,
 Body-coachman was he to an eminent brewer—
 No better e'er sat in a box to be sure.
 His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or nurses
 Took that care of their babes that he took of his horses.
 He had these—ay, and fifty good qualities more,
 But the business of tippling could ne'er be got o'er;
 So his master effectually mended the matter,
 By hiring a man who drank nothing but water.
 "Now, William," says he, you see the plain case,
 Had you drank as he does, you'd kept a good place."
 "Drink water!" quoth William, "had all men done so,
 You'd never have wanted a coachman, I trow.
 'Tis soakers, like me, whom you load with reproaches,
 That enable you brewers to ride in your coaches.

812. THE WORKS OF AN ENGLISH MINISTER.

On four windows in succession on the ground floor, in a corner house in one of the squares, being stopped up to avoid the window-tax, in 1784, some one chalked on the bricks, which denoted where the windows had been, *Pitt's works, vol. 1. vol. 2. vol. 3. vol. 4.*

813. AN ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.

Mr. Henry Erskine being one day in London, in company with the duchess of Gordon, asked her, "Are we never again to enjoy the honour and pleasure of your grace's society at Edinburgh?"—"Oh!" said she, "Edinburgh is a vile, dull place, I hate it."—"Madam," replied the gallant Barrister, "the sun might as well say, there's a vile dark morning, I won't rise to-day."

814. GO TO THE DEVIL.

An Irishman came to his patron to complain of the usage he had met with from a gentleman to whom he had applied for employment. "He told me," said

Paddy, "to go to the Devil, and so I have come straight to your honour."

815. AN UNLUCKY COMPLIMENT.

A French gentleman complimented madame Dennis with the manner in which she had just performed the part of Lara. "To do justice to this part," said she, "the actress should be young and handsome."—"Ah, madam," replied the complimenter with *naiveté*, "you are a complete proof of the contrary."

816. THE SADDLE SET ON THE RIGHT HORSE.

As a Peruvian, who, deeply involved in debt, was walking in the street with a very melancholy air, one of his acquaintance asked him, why he was so sorrowful. "Alas," said he, "I am in a state of insolvency."—"Well," said his friend, "if that is the case, it is not you but your creditors who ought to wear a woeful countenance."

817. HE BEST CAN PAINT THEM WHO CAN FEEL THEM MOST.

In a certain city of the Marca d'Ancona, it is customary for any one who has killed a pig to make a present of different pieces of it to his neighbours. An inhabitant of this city, grudging the loss of bacon consequent upon a compliance with the aforesaid custom, consults one of his friends on the best means of evading it. His friend advised him to spread abroad a report that his pig was stolen, which he promised to do. In the ensuing night the counsellor went to his friend's house, and actually stole the animal in question. Early in the morning he was awaked by the owner, who cried and cursed, and swore that somebody had stolen his pig.—"Bravo!" said the thief: "go on in this manner and every body will believe that you have really lost it."

818. EXTRAVAGANT DEMANDS ANSWERED.

Sir George Rooke, before he was made admiral, had

served as captain of marines upon their first establishment, and being quartered on the coast of Essex, where the ague made great havock among his men, the minister of the next village was so harassed by the duty, that he refused to bury any more of them without being paid extraordinary fees. The captain made no words, but the next that died he ordered to be carried to the minister's house, and laid upon the table in his kitchen. This greatly embarrassed the parson, who immediately sent the captain word, that if he would cause the dead man to be taken away, he would never more dispute it with him, but would readily bury him and his whole company for nothing.

819. GRACE AFTER DINNER, AT A MISER'S.

Thanks for this miracle; it is no less
Than finding manna in the wilderness:
In midst of famine we have found relief,
And seen the wonder of a chine of beef;
Chimnies have smok'd that never smok'd before,
And we have din'd where we shall dine no more.

820. A WISE PRINCE.

King James II. having a wish to converse with Waller, the poet, went for him one afternoon, and took him into his closet, where was a very fine picture of the princess of Orange. The king asked him his opinion of the picture, on which Waller said, he thought it extremely like the greatest woman that ever lived in the world. "Whom do you call so?" said the king. "Queen Elizabeth," replied the other. "I wonder, Mr. Waller," said the king, "that you should think so; for she owed all her greatness to her council, and that indeed it must be admitted was a wise one."—"And pray, sir," said Waller, "did your majesty ever know a fool choose a wise council?"

821. WAR OR PEACE.

A very thin audience attending the third representation of a new comedy, the author observed, "Oh, it is entirely

owing to the war."—"Oh, no," cried the manager, "it is actually owing to the *piece*."

822. AN ELEGANT COMPLIMENT,

Extempore by lord Lyttleton to lady Brown.

When I was young and debonnaire,
The brownest nymph to me was fair;
Now I am old and wiser grown,
The fairest nymph to me is *Brown*.

823. JUVENILE WIT.

Dr. Sheridan, the friend of Swift, had a custom of ringing his scholars to prayers, in the school-room, at a certain hour every day. The boys were one day very devoutly at prayers, except one, who was stifling a laugh as well as he could, which arose from seeing a rat descending from the bell-rope into the room. The poor boy could hold out no longer, but burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which set the others a-going, when he pointed to the cause. Sheridan was so provoked, that he declared he would whip them all if the principal culprit was not pointed out to him, which was immediately done. The poor pupil of Momus was immediately hoisted, and his posteriors laid bare to the rod, when the witty school-master told him, if he said any thing tolerable on the occasion, as he looked on him as the greatest dunce in his school, he would forgive him. The trembling culprit, with very little hesitation, addressed his master with the following distich:

There was a rat, for want of stairs,
Came down a rope—to go to pray'rs.

824. BOSWELL AND JOHNSON.

It was a constant custom with Mr. Boswell to frequent the coffee-houses, from whence he would repair to the doctor's lodgings, and report to him the news of the day. In one of these morning rambles, he had the mortification to peruse several scurrilous paragraphs directed

against a late publication of his friend. He purchased the papers, and hurrying to the doctor's apartment, acquainted him with the circumstance. "Well, sir," said the doctor, "and what have they said respecting me?" Mr. Boswell instantly proceeded to the perusal of the paragraphs in question. The doctor having heard him to an end, replied peevishly, "So, sir, this is what they say with regard to myself. Do you know what is said of you?" Mr. Boswell having answered in the negative, "Why then, I will tell you, sir," resumed the doctor. "They say that I am a mad dog, and you are a tin cannister tied to my tail."

825. THE OLD PLAN.

Colonel G——— calling on Foote, in an elegant new phaeton, at parting, desired Foote would come to the door, just to look at it.—" 'Tis a pretty thing," said the colonel, "and I have it upon a new plan."—"Before I set my eyes on it," said Foote, "my dear colonel, I'm afraid you have it on the old plan,—never to pay for it"

826. LEX TALIONIS.

The late lord *Hawke*, when a young man, was pressed very much by a taylor to discharge a debt which he was at that time unable to pay. "You know," said Mr. Buckram, "my bill is very long, and frightful to think of."—"I tell you," replies the blunt tar, "don't threaten me with your *bill*; my *talons* will prove a match for your *bill* at any hour!"

827. A RONDEAU.

By two black eyes my heart was won,
 Sure never wretch was so undone :
 To Celia with my suit I came,
 But she regardless of her prize,
 Thought proper to reward the same
 By two black eyes.

828. SHORT PIPES.

Daniel Purcell, the famous punster, calling for some pipes in a tavern, complained they were too short. The drawer said they had no other, and those were but just come in. "Aye," said Daniel, "I see your master has not bought them *long*."

829. A FINE AIR.

A bishop congratulating a poor parson, said he lived in a very fine air. "Yes, sir," replied he, "I should think it so, if I could live upon it, as well as in it."

830. THE ATHEIST CONVERTED.

The late David Hume lived in the new town of Edinburgh; between which and the old town there is a communication by means of an elegant bridge over a swamp. Desirous to cut his way shorter, Mr. Hume took it in his head to pass over a temporary one, which had been erected for general accommodation, till the new one could be completed. Unfortunately part of the temporary bridge gave way, and the illustrious philosopher found himself stuck in the mud. On hearing him call aloud for assistance, an old woman hastened to the spot whence the sound seemed to issue; but perceiving who he was, refused to give him any help.—"What," cried she, "are you not Hume the atheist?"—"Oh, no! no! no!" returned the philosopher, "I am no atheist; indeed you mistake, good woman, you do indeed!"—"Let me hear then," returned the other, "if you can say your creed."—Mr. Hume accordingly began the words, "I believe, &c." and finished them with so much propriety, that the old woman, convinced of his Christian education, charitably afforded him that relief which otherwise she would have thought it a duty of religion to deny him.

831. AN OFFICIAL SITUATION.

A tradesman near Oxford-street, announces himself "Rope-maker to the sheriffs of London and Middlesex."

832. THE MISTAKE.

A cannon-ball, one bloody day,
 Took a poor sailor's leg away ;
 As on a comrade's back he made off,
 A second fairly took his head off ;
 The fellow on this odd emergence,
 Carries him pick-pack to the surgeon's.
 What, cries the doctor, are you drunk,
 To bring me here a headless trunk ?
 A lying dog ! cries Jack—he said
 His leg was off, and not his head.

833. PROOF PRESUMPTIVE.

The celebrated lord Peterborough, having in one of his perambulations through the streets of the metropolis, been grossly insulted by a carman, very deliberately stripped, and gave the fellow such a drubbing, that he could scarcely move a limb. A man seeing the transaction, came up at the conclusion of the affray, and asked the man if he knew the person with whom he had been boxing was a lord ! “ A lord ! ” says the fellow, “ a lord !—they may call him what they please, and he may be what he will, but sure I am, from the weight of that leaden fist of his, that his father must have been a drayman.”

834. PROOF POSITIVE.

Lord Peterborough was once taken by the mob for the duke of Marlborough, (who was then in disgrace with them,) and being about to be roughly treated by these friends to summary justice, he said to them, “ Gentlemen, I can convince you by two reasons that I am not the duke of Marlborough. In the first place, I have only five guineas in my pocket ; and, in the second, they are heartily at your service.” So throwing his purse amongst them, he got out of their hands, with loud huzzas and acclamations.

835. TACTICS.

A volunteer corps chose for its captain a taylor, who on the first day of their appearing in full dress, frequently found fault with one of the men, and at length peremptorily ordered him to step out full thirty inches. "I can't," replied the recruit. "Why?" says the captain. "Because, captain," bawled the man, "you have made my breeches too tight!"

836. THE NINE PIN.

The earl of Dorset having a great desire to spend an evening with Butler, the celebrated author of Hudibras, spoke to Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd to introduce him. The three wits, some time after, accordingly met at a tavern, when, upon the first bottle, Butler was rather flat; on the second, he broke out the man of wit and reading; but on the third, relapsed into a tameness very inferior to the author of Hudibras. Next morning, Mr. Shepherd asked his lordship how he liked his friend Butler. "I do not know any thing better to compare him to," says his lordship, "than a nine pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle."

837. A FEELING REPLY.

Milton was asked by a friend, whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages? to which he replied, "No, sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

838. A FLAT RETORT.

Lord Mansfield examining a man, who was a witness in the Court of King's Bench, asked him what he knew of the defendant? "Oh, my lord, I knew him; *I was up to him!*"—"Up to him!" says his lordship, "what do you mean by being up to him?"—"Mean, my lord, why *I was down upon him!*"—"Up to him, and down upon him," says his lordship, turning to counsellor Dunning, "what does the fellow mean?"—"Why, I mean, my lord, as deep as he thought himself, *I stagg'd him!*"—"I cannot

conceive, friend," says his lordship, "what you mean by this sort of language, I don't understand it."—"Not understand it!" rejoined the fellow, with surprise, "Lord, *what a flat you must be!*"

839. A POPULAR STANZA WELL APPLIED.

Horace Walpole wrote a catalogue of royal and noble authors; the witty speeches which have been made by royal and noble personages, from the earliest time to the present, perhaps would fill a sufficient number of pages to make a thin pamphlet. One of the best that has been recorded, was by the late duke of York, who soon after his brother's accession, went one morning to St. James's, in a very dejected state: the king, with great good nature, asked him what ailed him, why he was so low-spirited, &c. "Why am I so low-spirited?" said the duke, "who can be otherwise that is in my situation?—eternally teized by my creditors, and not a penny to pay them!" The king immediately opened his escrutoire, and presented him with a bank-note,—in which the duke very deliberately read aloud as follows: "*The Governor and Company of the Bank of England, promise to pay to Daniel Race, or Bearer, One Thousand Pounds!*" at which word, without waiting to return his thanks, or making the customary *congee*, he stalked out of the room, singing in a very loud voice, and cheerful key,—

"God save great George our king,
Long live our noble king,—God save the king:
Send him victorious,—happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,—God save the king!"

840. LEARNING IN A MAYOR.

Lord Shelburne, when secretary of state for the home department, had occasion to write to the magistrates throughout the empire, to intreat of them to exert all their influence in assisting the officers on the recruiting service to raise some new corps. Among the others he addressed Mr. C——, the mayor of Leicester, a baker, who received his lordship's letter with the most perfect humility,

and conceiving its contents to be of singular importance, thought he could not fulfil his duty better than by calling a meeting of the whole corporation. Having taken the chair, he gravely addressed his auditors, informing them that he had received a letter from one lord Shelburne, desiring that he would do all in his power to raise new crops. "Now, gentlemen," says he, "you are all acquainted with my loyalty, but as wheat is every day lowering in price, and as it would cost a deal of money to raise it, I have called you together, in order to avail myself of your united wisdom and assistance." The whole corporation were struck with the importance and intricacy of the business, and were beginning to consider of the means of putting this extraordinary mandate into execution, when an undertaker, one of the common council, carefully perusing the letter, asserted that it was a *corpse* instead of *the crops* which they were requested to raise. This assertion caused an examination of the letter, and after a sharp debate the interpretation of the undertaker was carried by a considerable majority!

841. CLOSE SHAVING.

A poor monk went one day into a barber's shop, in Paris, and requested to be shaved, *pour l'amour de Dieu*, "for the love of God." The barber, not being one of those who love to sacrifice two pence to an act of piety, treated the poor monk with a blunt razor, and water scarcely warm. Under these circumstances, it was impossible the operation could be well performed. The barber scratched and cut the poor victim, who sat with tears in his eyes, longing to be set at liberty. In the mean time, a cat and a monkey making a noise together, at the other side of the room, the barber called to know what was the matter. "Oh!" replied the monk, "it is only the monkey shaving the cat *pour l'amour de Dieu!*"

842. AVARICE.

Larkham, the apothecary of Richmond, told Mr. Henry Floyd that his patient, Mr. Watson, a man of very

large fortune, and uncle to lord Rockingham, just before he died, desired him to give him a shirt out of a drawer he pointed to. "Lord, sir," said Larkham, "what do you mean, to think of putting on another shirt now?"—"Why," said Watson, "I understand it is the custom for the shirt I have on to be the perquisite of those who shall lay me out; and that is an old ragged one, and good enough for them!"

843. SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

Kneller was very covetous, very vain, and a great glutton. Old Tonson, the bookseller, got many pictures from him by playing these passions against the other. He would tell Kneller that he was the greatest master that ever was, and send him every now and then a haunch of venison, and a dozen of claret. "Oh!" said he once to Vandergucht, "this old Jacob loves me; he is a very good man: you see he loves me, for he sends me good things, the venison was fat!"

Kneller would say to Cock, the auctioneer, and the Christie of his age, "I love you, Mr. Cock, and I will do you good; but you must do something for me too, Mr. Cock; one hand can wash the face, but two hands wash one another."

If you would be tickled, tickle first, seems to have been the maxim of sir Godfrey; or, according to the Latin adage, *manus manum fricat*—put water in the pump.

844. UNWORTHY MY NOTICE.

Frederick the great, king of Prussia, was informed that a person had attacked his character.—"Has he the command," said the king, "of 100,000 men?" Being answered in the negative, he said, "Had he 100,000 men, I would declare war against him; as he has not, I can do nothing against him."

845. DEFINITION OF A DRUNKARD.

A pious divine of the old school says—"A drunkard is an annoyance of modesty, the trouble of civility, the

caterpillar of industry, the tunnel of wealth, the brewer's agent, the ale-house benefactor, the beggar's companion, the constable's trouble, the woe of his wife, the scoff of his neighbour, his own shame, a walking swill-tub, the picture of a beast, and the monster of man!"

846. MISCONCEPTION.—A TALE.

Ere night her sable curtain spread,
Ere Phœbus had retir'd to bed
In Thetis' lap;

Ere drowsy watchmen yet had ta'en
Their early nap;

A wight, by hungry fiend made bold,
To farmer Fitz Maurice's fold
Did slyly creep,

Where num'rous flocks were quiet laid
In th' arms of sleep.

No doubt the sheep he meant to steal;
But, hapless, close behind his heel
Was plougman Joe,

Who just arriv'd in time to stop
The murd'rous blow.

May ill luck and ill actions wait!
The felon must to justice straight
Be dragg'd per force,
Where prosecutors urge his guilt
Without remorse.

With fear o'erwhelm'd the victim stands,
Anticipates the dread commands
From th' elbow chair,
Where justice sits in solemn state,
With brow austere.

"Rogue! what excuse hast thou for this?
For to old Gilbert Fitz Maurice
Thou knew'st full well
The sheep within that fold belong'd;
Come, quickly tell:—

Confess thy crime, 'twill naught avail
 To say, the mark above the tail
 Thou did'st not heed ;
 For G. F. M. in letters large,
 Thou plain might's read."

" 'Tis true, I did," the thief replies,
 " But man is not at all times wise ;
 As I'm a glutton,
 I clearly thought that G. F. M.
 Meant *Good Fat Mutton*."

847. WIT WELL APPLIED.

Tom Brown having once asked a man how he contrived to live in these hard times, was answered, " Why, master Brown, I live as I believe you do, by my *wits*."— " Faith," replied Tom, " you must be a much more able trader than I ever thought you, to carry on business, and live upon, so *small a capital*."

848. A QUALIFICATION FOR A KINSMAN.

Sir Nicholas Bacon, being once in the capacity of judge on the point of passing sentence upon a fellow just found guilty of a robbery, the culprit greatly importuned him to save his life ; and, among other things, alledged he had the honour of being one of his lordship's relations. " How do you prove that ?" said sir Nicholas. " My lord," replied the man, " your name is Bacon and my name is Hog, and hog and bacon have in all ages been reckoned akin."—" That is true," answered the judge ; " but hog is never bacon till it has been *hung*, and therefore, until *you are hung*, you can be no relation of mine.

849. SHORT AND SWEET.

As a monk was ascending the rostrum one St. Stephen's day, to preach a sermon in praise of that saint, the officiating priests, fearing that the holy father would be somewhat long-winded, whispered in his ear a petition that he would shorten his discourse. The monk gravely en-

tered the pulpit, and after a brief exordium, thus addressed his auditors: "My brethren, this time twelvemonths I told you all which could be said concerning this saint. As I have not learn't that he has done any thing new since that time, I have nothing to add to what I then related."

850. THE SYMBOL OF WISDOM.

Mrs. Barbauld, being on a visit to the university of Oxford, in company with a very stupid young nobleman, who acted as *Cicerone*, at one of the colleges; it was observed by a person who knew both the parties, how unfortunate she was in her conductor. "Not at all," said a gentleman present, "Minerva, you know, was always attended by an *owl*."

851. HIBERNIAN ARITHMETIC.

An Irish counsellor having lost his cause, which had been tried before three judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer, and the other two but indifferent, some of the other barristers were very merry on the occasion. "Well now," says he, "who the devil could help it, when there were an hundred judges on the bench?"—"An hundred!" said a stander-by, "there were but three."—"By St. Patrick," replies he, "there were *one and two cyphers*."

852. A SUDDEN SCRUPLE.

Two friars, the one a Dominican, the other a Franciscan, travelling together, came to a river. The Dominican told the Franciscan, that, as he went barefooted, he was bound in *charity* to carry him over; if he did not, it would be a *sin*. The Franciscan consented, and took him on his shoulders. When they came to the middle of the stream, the Franciscan asked the other if he had any cash. The Dominican answered, "Yes, two reals." The Franciscan hearing this, said, "Father, pardon me; but our order positively prohibits our carrying any money." So, saying, he threw him into the river.

853. AN IMPROMPTU.

A certain fribble was asked by the margravine of Anspach, if he had read a new publication of which the company were talking. "Pon honour, your highness," replied he, "what with the avocations of dressing and visiting, I can hardly ever find time to look into a book."—"I believe you, sir;" answered the margravine, and taking out her pencil, instantly wrote the following lines:

Like the high Alps, the head of Clodius shows,
 (Tho' odd perhaps the simile may sound)
Without as white as their eternal snows,
Within as barren as their rocky ground.

854. A PUN WITH A POINT TO IT.

When Mr. Penn, a young gentleman well known for his eccentricities, walked from Hyde-park-corner to Hammersmith, for a wager of one hundred guineas, with the honourable Butler Danvers, several gentlemen who had witnessed the contest spoke of it to the duchess of Gordon, and added, it was a pity that a man with so many good qualities as *this Penn* had, should be incessantly playing these unaccountable pranks. "It is so," said her grace; "but why don't you advise him better? He seems to be a *pen* that everybody *cuts*, but nobody *mends*."

855. A RECEIPT FOR FAMILY PEACE.

An emperor of China, making a progress, discovered a family, in which the master, with his wives, children, grand-children, daughters-in-law, and servants, all lived in perfect peace and harmony. The emperor, admiring this, enquired of the old man what means he employed to preserve quiet among such a number of persons. The man, taking out a pencil, wrote only these words:—*patience, patience, patience.*

856. PENNANT'S TOUR THROUGH CHESTER.

The late Mr. Pennant had some whimsical eccentrici

ties. Among the latter may be classed his singular antipathy to a wig, which, however, he could suppress 'till reason yielded to wine,—but when this was the case, off went the wig next him, into the fire. Dining once at Chester with an officer who wore a wig, Mr. Pennant became half seas over; and another friend that was in company carefully placed himself between Pennant and wig to prevent mischief. After much patience, and many a wistful look, Pennant started up, seized the wig and threw it on the burning coals. It was in flames in a moment, and so was the officer, who ran to his sword. Down stairs runs Pennant, and the officer after him, through all the streets of Chester—but Pennant, from his superior knowledge of topography, escaped. This was whimsically enough called *Pennant's tour through Chester*.

857. A PRESENT RETURNED.

Louis XI. when young used to visit a peasant, whose garden produced excellent fruit. Soon after he ascended the throne, this peasant waited on him with his little present, a turnip, the produce of his own garden, of an extraordinary size. The king, smiling, remembered the hours of pleasure he had passed with him, and ordered a thousand crowns to be given to him. The lord of the village hearing this liberality, thought within himself: “If this peasant have a thousand crowns for a turnip, I have only to present his majesty with a handsome horse, and my fortune is made.” Arriving at court, he requested the king's acceptance of him. Louis highly praised the steed, and the donor's expectations were raised to the utmost, when the king exclaimed, “Bring me my turnip!” and added, as he presented it to the nobleman, “There, this cost me a thousand crowns, I give it you in return for your horse.”

858. A TOAST.

Dr. Brown had long courted a lady, who was his constant toast. One day after dinner having given another lady, he was asked why he did not give his old toast.

“Because,” said he, “for as long as I have toasted her I cannot make her *Brown*.”

859. A WEEK'S JOURNAL OF A COUNTRY CURATE.

Monday.—Received ten pounds from my rector, Dr^r Snarl, being one half-year's salary—obliged to wait a long time before my admittance to the doctor; and even when admitted, was never once asked to sit down or refresh myself, though I had eleven miles to walk. Item, the doctor hinted he could have the curacy filled for fifteen pounds a-year.

Tuesday.—Paid nine pounds to seven different people: but could not buy the second-hand pair of breeches offered me as a great bargain by Cabbage, the taylor; my wife wanting a gown very much, and neither Betsey nor Polly having a shoe to go to church.

Wednesday.—My wife bought a gown for herself, and shoes for her two daughters; but unluckily, in coming home, dropped half a guinea through a hole (which she had never before perceived) in her pocket, and reduced all our cash in the world to half-a-crown. Item, chid my poor woman for being afflicted at the misfortune, and tenderly advised her to rely upon the goodness of God.

Thursday.—Received a note from the ale-house at the top of the hill, informing me, that a gentleman begged to speak to me on pressing business; went, and found it was an unfortunate member of a strolling company of players, who was pledged for seven-pence halfpenny in a struggle what to do. The baker, though we had paid him but on Tuesday, quarrelled with us to avoid giving any credit in future; and George Greasy, the butcher, sent us word, that he heard it whispered how the rector intended to take a curate who would do the parish duty at an *inferior price*; and therefore, though he would do any thing to serve me, advised me to deal with Peter Paunch, at the upper end of the town. Mortifying reflections these! But in my opinion the want of humanity is a want of justice. The Father of the Universe

lends his blessings to us, with a view that we should relieve a brother in distress; and we, consequently do no more than pay a debt, when we perform an act of benevolence. Paid the stranger's reckoning out of the shilling in my pocket, and gave him the remainder of the money to prosecute his journey.

Friday.—A very scanty dinner, and pretended, therefore, to be ill, that, by avoiding to eat, I might leave something like enough for my poor wife and children. I told my wife what I had done with the shilling; the excellent creature, instead of blaming me for the action, blessed the goodness of my heart, and burst into tears. Mem. Never to contradict her as long as I live; for a mind that can argue like her's, though it may deviate from the more rigid sentiments of prudence, is even *amiable for its indiscretion*; and in every lapse from the severity of economy, performs an act of virtue superior the value of a kingdom.

Saturday.—Wrote a sermon, which on

Sunday—I preached at four different parish churches, and came home excessively wearied, and excessively hungry—no more than two-pence halfpenny in the house.

But see the goodness of God! The strolling player, whom I had relieved, was a man of fortune, who accidentally heard that I was as humane as I was indigent; and, from a generous eccentricity of temper, wanted to do me an essential piece of service. I had not been an hour at home when he came in, and declaring himself my friend, put a fifty-pound note into my hand, and the next day presented me with a living of three hundred pounds a year.

860. A PICK-POCKET.

A physician at Bath, paying his last visit to a patient who was just expiring, and no attendant being in the way, the sick man bade the doctor put his hand into his pocket and take out his fee. "But," says he gaily, "would not that be like picking your pocket, my friend?"—"Very like it, indeed," faltered out the dying patient.

861. NO ONE KNOWS WHAT HE MAY COME TO.

Mr. Kemble and Mr. Lewis, while performing at Manchester, were walking one day along the street, when a chimney-sweeper and his boy came up. The boy stared at them with open mouth, and cried out, "They be play-actors."—"Hold your tongue, you dog," said old sweep, "you don't know what you may come to yourself."

862. A PROFITABLE CORPS.

Mr. Bensley, before he went on the stage, was an officer in the army. Meeting one day a Scotchman, who had been in the same regiment, the latter was very happy to see his old brother officer, but being ashamed to be seen in the street with a player, he hurried him into an obscure coffee-house, when he began to remonstrate with him on his thus disgracing the honourable profession to which he had belonged.—"But," added he, "what do you make by this new business of yours?" Mr. Bensley said, from seven hundred to a thousand a year. "A thousand a year!" exclaimed Sawney, "hae ye ony vacancies in your corps?"

863. A FAULT IN CANDLES.

Ralph Wewitzer, ordering a box of candles, said he hoped they would be better than the last. The chandler said he was very sorry to hear them complained of, as they were as good as he could make. "Why," says Ralph, "they were very well till about half burnt down, but after that they would not burn any longer."

864. ADULTERY.

A Shandean Fragment.

"It is a shame—it is a disgrace to our laws—to our manners—to our religion," exclaimed Yorick, with more than his usual elevation of tone. My father waked him from his reverie, and expected, from the earnestness of Yorick, an elaborate disquisition on the laws, man-

ners, or religion. He drew, with great complacency of look, and much inquisitiveness of aspect, his chair towards that of Yorick, who pointed with his finger to several paragraphs in the paper, which he had been reading, dated from Doctor's Commons. My father surveyed them with calmness, or rather indifference. My father had been long married, and the subject of adultery was one of those few speculations which had never agitated his pericranium, or produced one eloquent speech, or one pointed observation. My father, besides the inconvenience of the hip-gout, was never, as my mother used to relate, a very fond lover. He had never written sonnets to praise her charms, or elegies to deplore her cruelty. My father had only written—his name to the marriage articles. These valuable MSS. he had all the morning been employed in perusing, or dandling on his knee before the fire-side. On Yorick's exclamation, my father, in hopes of some fresh subject, put them hastily into his pocket. "The many examples," repeated Yorick, smiling at the same time at the non-chalance, of my father, who had now placed his left leg on the top bar of the grate, a posture which betrayed a most unseemly fissure in his lower vestment, "are a disgrace to the religion we profess."—"In your church, Mr. Yorick," said Dr. Slop, sitting upright in his chair, and in a very professional voice, "marriage is not one of the communions, and therefore the immorality of the breach of the vow,"—continued Dr. Slop, with somewhat less fluency than before—"is not so great, as with you marriage has more of a civil nature."—"The parties," replied Yorick, "in our church, approach the altar, and, in the sight of God and man, vow eternal fidelity to each other, and therefore I conceive the adulterer of either side forfeits all claim"—"To a separate maintenance," observed my father very quickly, who had for some time resumed the perusal of his marriage articles.—"And the children, you know, Mr. Yorick—" continued my father very scientifically. "Poor dear little things, and are they included in the guilt of either sinner?" asked my uncle Tq-

by, whilst a big tear stood in his eye, and his bosom heaved with convulsive pity. Mrs. Wadman's bewitching looks came across my uncle Toby's imagination. Her age, which had not passed the probability of being a mother, and her vivacity, which had created certain doubts and apprehensions in the bosom of an old bachelor with a wound in his groin, all rushed at the same time upon his reservoir of ideas, and the tone of his voice was so elegiac, and the mode of putting the question so very energetic, that my father's sportive fancy was immediately on tiptoe; he rubbed the right side of his nose with great rapidity, and, stifling a smile, he approached my uncle Toby's chair, and looking at him with great earnestness,—“My dear brother, has then *the late* Mrs. Wadman done us the honour?”—“*The late!*” repeated my uncle Toby with great surprise. My father drew his inference, and resumed his chair and studies in perfect composure.

865. A MOTTO.

When the sun-dial in the Inner Temple was finished, and about to be erected, the maker went to the gentleman whose office it is to direct such things, to know if there was any motto to be on it. The gentleman being engaged, and unwilling to be disturbed, told him, “*Begone about your business.*” This the tradesman understood he meant for the motto, and it very appropriately is so to this day.”

866. NAUTICAL THEOLOGY.

Two sailors discussing some scriptural questions on deck, one of them quoted the apostle Paul.—“He was no apostle,” said the other. After some altercation, they agreed to refer this point to the boatswain. The case being stated to that officer, he turned his quid twice or thrice in his cheek, then gave this sage determination.—“Paul, do you see, was not properly an apostle, never having been rated, but he appears to have been an *acting apostle.*”

867. A GOOD NAME IS BETTER THAN RICHES.

A countryman carrying his son to be baptised, the parson asked what was to be the name. "Peter, my own name, and please your reverence."—"Peter! that is a bad name; *Peter denied his master.*"—"What then would your reverence advise?"—"Why not take my name, Joseph?"—"Joseph! ah! *he denied his mistress.*"

868. THE SNOW-BALL.

White as her hand, fair Julia threw
A ball of silver snow;
The frozen globe fir'd as it flew,
My bosom felt it glow.

Strange pow'r of love! whose great command
Can thus a snow-ball arm!
When sent, fair Julia, from thy hand,
E'en ice itself can warm,

How should we then secure our hearts?
Love's pow'r we all must feel,
Who thus can by strange magic arts,
In ice his flames conceal.

'Tis thou alone, fair Julia, know,
Canst *quench* my fierce desire;
But not with *water, ice, or snow,*
But with an *equal fire.*

869. ATTORNIERS.

Monsieur Balzac tells us, that in a valley near the Pyrenees, two leagues broad and five long, the inhabitants had from time immemorial lived in the most perfect friendship, when their ill-fortune brought an attorney to live among them. These people, who before never knew what a law-suit meant, immediately fell together by the ears—nothing was heard of but processes and appeals to the parliament of Thoulouse.

When they had thus torn each other to pieces, and

spent all their money, they began to consider what could occasion this wonderful change. They unanimously agreed it must originate in the lawyer, and considering him as the source of all their misfortunes, they rose, drove the harpy out of the country, and the pristine tranquillity of the valley was entirely restored.

870. FAMILY PRIDE.

In Georgia, people of quality exercise the office of *executioner*; and it is so far from being accounted infamous, that it reflects honour upon a whole family.—A Georgian will boast what a number of *hangmen* he has had among his ancestors.

871. CURIOUS PROCLAMATION.

In 1547, a proclamation was issued by Henry the VIII.th, “That women should not meet together to babble and talk, and that all men should keep their wives in their houses.”

872. WRITTEN EXTEMPORE ON A WINDOW.

By lady Mary Wortley Montagu,

Whilst thirst of praise, and vain desire of fame,
 In every age, is every woman's aim;
 With courtship pleas'd, of silly toasters proud,
 Fond of a train, and happy in a crowd;
 On each poor fool bestowing some kind glance,
 Each conquest owing to some loose advance;
 While vain coquettes affect to be pursued,
 And think they're virtuous if not grossly lewd,
 Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide:
 In part she is to blame that has been try'd—
 He comes too near, that comes to be deny'd. }

873. A SMALL MISTAKE.

An uninformed Irishman hearing the *Sphinx* alluded to in company, whispered to his companion, “Sphinx! who is that?”—“A monster, man.”—“Oh!” said our

Hibernian, not to seem unacquainted with his family, "a Munster-man, I thought he was from Conaught."

874. FINE STROKES.

A person who had been publicly horse-whipped, being asked by a friend, how he could suffer himself to be treated so like a cypher? "A cypher!" replied the former, with the most composed gravity, "when did you ever see a cypher with so many strokes to it?"

875. JOURNAL FOR DE WEEK.

The following paper was dropped from the pocket of a Jew, well known upon 'Change.

Sunday.—No business to be done—de Christians all out making holiday—waited at home for Levi; he never come—took a walk in St. George's fields—put me in mind of Newgate—called dere—supped and smoaked a pipe with Lord George Gordon—very sensible man.

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

Tuesday.—Went to de west end of de town—bought some old clothes—took in—gave great price for de breeches, thinking I felt guinea in de fob left dere by mistake—only done to cheat me—noting in the world but counterfeit halfpenny—sold dem again to Levi—took him in the same way—very good dat.

Wednesday.—Went to St. James's-street again—de devil is in de man—not at home—met Levi; he scolded me about de breeches—not mind dat at all—went to puff at de auction—very well paid—engaged to puff at anoder in de evening—found out dere—obliged to sneak off—found a pair of candlesticks in my coat pocket—*dropped in by acshident*—sold dem to Mr. Polishplate, de silversmith—did very well by dat.

Thursday.—On 'Change—met de gentleman with de white wig—wanted more monies—let him have it—very good securities—like white wigs—carried my advertise-

ment to de newspaper, signed Z—pretty crooked letter dat—alway sure to bring customers.

Friday.—Found a watch in my coat pocket—*dropped in by acshident*—made some money by dat—met my good friend Mr. Smash—not seen him since he was a bankrupt—arrested him for de monies he owed me—went home, and prepared for de sabbath.

876. HUMANITY.

A parish meeting, a few days since, at a village in Leicestershire, was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the parish apothecary, and the following dialogue ensued:—

Apothecary. Just stepped in, Mr. Overseer, to tell you, that I delivered John Blunt's wife of twins this morning; and the poor creature is without every necessary of covering and bodily comfort.

Overseer. She shan't have a rag or a morsel; John Blunt is an impudent rascal—only think now, Mr. Churchwarden, (*in a whining tone of voice*) that such a *feller* as John Blunt should burthen the parish with two children at once.

Churchwarden. Very-wicked, indeed!

Apothecary. Must likewise inform you, Mr. Overseer, that the pauper brought to the workhouse with a pass from Yorkshire, is so very ill, that if removed he will die; I therefore advise——

Overseer. Nay now, good Mr. Gallipot, (*sneering*) we pay you for your jalop, and want none of your advice—do we, Mr. Churchwarden?

Apothecary. But the man will die, sir!

Overseer. And so we must all, sir.—I say, let him be removed; and if he lives till he gets into the next parish, it is enough for us.

877. THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

The following is a specimen of fashionable and domestic intelligence from the prospectus of a new paper.

Yesterday the lady of Mr. Blackbrush, an eminent chimney-sweeper, in Dyot-street, was safely delivered

of a son and heir. The child is charming, and the mother as well as can be expected. She was delivered by Mr. Muckarsie, accoucheur, of Drury-lane.

Mrs. John Ketch, is said to be in that state in which ladies wish to be who love their lords.

On Saturday, Mrs. Skate of Billingsgate gave a grand rout, which was attended by all the fashion of the neighbourhood. Miss Theodora Charlotta Skate, we are concerned to say, met with a serious accident on the occasion. In a playful struggle with the handsome Mr. Sprat, she unfortunately fell backwards, from which it is apprehended an alarming swelling will ensue.

Yesterday sir William Curtis, bart. riding along the High-street of Islington, was thrown from his horse. Fortunately he fell on his head.

An unfortunate misunderstanding has taken place between Mr. and Mrs. Grubb, of Petticoat-lane, in consequence of the lady finding her faithless spouse in the arms of her maid. She is resolved to carry the matter into Doctor's Commons.

Mrs. Trulliber's beautiful pug bitch Cloe, has been delivered of five fine puppies.

The naturalists flock to Mr. Gibley's, of Newgate-market, to see the phenomena of his lately born son, distinctly marked on the forehead with the figure of a goose, an extraordinary instance of the effects of the mother's longing.

Sir George Cooke, the late unsuccessful candidate for Garratt, on Friday last again entered into the married state: he was united to the amiable Miss Grizzle Timber-toe. After the ceremony, the happy couple proceeded to Brentford, to enjoy the bliss of conjugal love.

A pugilistic contest took place a few days ago between *Poll of Plymouth* and *Black-eyed Susan*, in which the former proved victress. The prince of———, the duke of———, lord———, colonel———, the honourable Mr.———, and many other *amateurs*, were present, to view the contest, between the fair amazonian combatants.

The neighbourhood of Marybone has lately been very much disturbed by the noise of a blind fidler.

A charity sermon was preached last Sunday evening at _____ street chapel, for the benefit of the parson.

Much company is expected at the Old Bailey, on Wednesday next. We are well assured that miss Harriet Louisa Pentwizle has presented a night-cap worked by her own fair hands, to Mr. Hounslow, to wear on the occasion.

It is with great concern we inform the public, that Mr. Simeon Softley, an eminent cork-cutter, is confined by the gout.

Sunday last, as Mr. Humphrey Tripping, a grocer of considerable property, was riding on the High-street in the borough, his horse had the misfortune to lose a shoe.

Mr. Gubble has given his brother George the use of his horse during his stay at Margate.

Letters from Walworth advise that the widow Blight has received several visits from Mr. John Mildew, a circumstance which has occasioned no small speculation among the ladies.

By our last advice from Pancras we learn that a horse was clapped into the pound, on the 3d. instant, and had not been released when the letters came away.

Mr. Timothy Cabbage, of Little Wild-street, green-grocer, will shortly lead to the hymeneal altar, Miss Angelica Snip, of Bedfordbury.

There was a very numerous and fashionable company, on Thursday evening, at the free and easy, at the Queen's Head, Oxford-street. Among them we observed Mr. Henry Augustus Mug, Mr. Aaron Levi, Mr. Cubbison, two Misses Daggerwoods, &c. &c. &c. Mr. Mc Swell was in fine voice, and sang the Thorn divinely, and Mr. Blunder was irresistably comic in the Country Club. Mr. Kecksey was in the chair.

Mr. Truby having left off business is succeeded in his snuff-shop by Mr. Quid.—Mr. Truby retires to enjoy *otium cum dignitate*, at his villa, the bottom of Gray's Inn Lane.

Mr. Verpercal, of Lincoln's Inn, on Thursday, received a brief with a fee suitable to his abilities.

By a fisherman who lately touched at Hammersmith, there is advice from Putney, that a certain person is likely to lose his election for churchwarden, but we have been so often deceived by boat news, that we give little credit to it.

A fine field will be open for the gentlemen of the long robe, on the conjugal infidelity of the accomplished wife of Mr. Squeak, the sow-gelder, with an eminent old clothes-man.

Letters from Limehouse bring advice that a violent quarrel broke out between Mr. and Mrs. Turpentine, which was not got under when the three-penny-post came away.

The Red Cow has been disposed of by Mr. Dennis Brulgruddery, to Mr. Arthur Griffenhoofe.

A great number of rats have lately appeared in the immediate neighbourhood of Westminster-hall.

An elopement took place on Monday, from a private theatre in Berwick-street. The parties are Mr. Jonas Daggerwood, youngest son of Mr. Moses Daggerwood, of Monmouth-street, and the accomplished Miss Squeakall, of St. Giles's. The pair set off at the top of the coach for Gretna-green.

The last dying speech of Joseph Touchit is pronounced by the literati a finished composition.

We are happy to inform our readers that a new edition is in the press, of the whole works of the learned Mr. Humdrum, of Grub-street.

On Monday, as a boat with a party were on an excursion on the Thames, near Putney, Miss Amelia Scraggs lost her bonnet in a squall.

A duel was to have taken place on Sunday, in Hyde-park, between master Odour, an apprentice of an eminent nightman, and Mr. Yell, the ballad-singer, but unfortunately they could not procure pistols.

878. SIMILES.

Is not religion a *cloak*; honesty a *pair of shoes* worn out in the dirt; self-love a *surtout*; vanity a *shirt*; and convenience a pair of *breeches*, which through a cover of lewdness, as well as nastiness, is easily slipped down for the service of both?

879. UNIVERSAL CHARITY.

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

880. THE FEMALE PHILOSOPHERS OF OUR ROYAL INSTITUTION.

In Bess's day each silly maid
 Could scrawl, perhaps, but could not spell,
 Of her own shadow was afraid,
 And trembled when she thought on hell!

But *we* are fall'n in other times—
 Queer soul; thou nothing knowst of *ustion*.
We read and write, and deal in rhymes,
 And pierce the secrets of combustion.

It is not now, as 'twas of yore—
 Pleasures *we* have *you* never felt;
 On dry Linne we nightly pour,
 Or with the delicious Darwin melt.

Wonder that *pistil* and that *stamen*
 Should make the vegetable elves,
 E'en the most despicable *gramen*
 In all things like unto *ourselves*.

All male and female acts we know,
 As they're by wise men understood,
 Like rivers *necessarily* flow,
 And all are for the gen'ral good.

Your females *necessarily* cover'd
 The charms which bounteous nature gave;
We necessarily have discover'd,
 'Tis best to shew the charms we have.

So, innocent as sinless Eve,
 Ere yet one fig-leaf spread umbrageous,
 In native *buff* we'll boldly give
 The best of proofs that we're courageous!

881. A PERSUASIVE SERMON.

When the duke of Ormond, whose family name was Butler, went over as lord lieutenant of Ireland, the vessel was driven by stress of weather into the Isle of Man, where his grace was hospitably entertained by the curate of the place, named Joseph. The pleasantness of his landlord induced the duke to enquire into his circumstances, and finding that they were but scanty, he promised to provide for him as soon as he should be settled in the viceroyship. Joseph waited many months in hopes of hearing from his patron, but being disappointed, he resolved to go over to Dublin to remind him of his promise. Despairing of gaining access to the duke, he waited upon dean Swift, and asked his permission to preach at the cathedral the next Sunday. The dean, delighted with his conversation, gave his consent. The lord lieutenant with his court were all at church, and sat opposite to the pulpit. None of them had any recollection of Joseph, till after naming his text, which was in Genesis xl. 23, "Yet did not the chief *Butler* remember *Joseph*, but forgot him." He made so pointed an allusion to the duke, and his entertainment in the Isle of Man, that his features were recognised, and when the sermon was done, he was invited to the castle, and a good living provided for him.

882. WHICH IS THE KING.

Henry IV. of France being out one day upon a hunting match, lost his party and was riding alone. Observing a country fellow standing upon a gate, apparently on the watch, he asked him what he was looking for. "I am come here," says he, "to see the king."—"Get up behind me," replied the monarch, "and I will soon conduct you to the place where you may see him." Hodge without any scruple, mounted; but as they were riding along he put this sagacious question to his companion. "They tell me he's got a number of lords with him—how may a body know which is he?" The king replied, "That he

would be able to distinguish him by seeing that all his attendants took off their hats, while he himself remained covered." Soon after, they joined the hunt, when all the circle, as may well be expected, were greatly surprised to see the king so oddly attended. When they were arrived, his majesty turning to the clown, asked him if he could tell which was the king. "I don't know," answered he, "but faith it must be one of us two, for we've both got our hats on."

883. AN OPINION WITHOUT A FEE.

Serjeant Fazakerly being on a visit in the country, in the time of long vacation, was one day riding out with a rich squire, who happened at that time to be about engaging in a law suit, and thought it a good opportunity to pump an opinion out of the counsellor gratis. The serjeant gave his opinion in such a way, that the gentleman was encouraged to go on with his suit, which, however, he lost, after expending considerable sums. Irritated by his disappointment, he waited upon the serjeant at his chambers, and cried out, "Zounds! Mr. Serjeant, here have I lost three thousand pounds by your advice."—"By my advice," says Fazakerly, "how can that be? I don't remember giving you my advice, but let me look over my book."—"Book," says the other, "there is no occasion to look at your books, it was when we were riding together at such a place."—"Oh," answered the serjeant, "I remember something of it, but, neighbour, that was only my travelling opinion, and that is never to be relied on, except registered in my fee-book."

884. A SHINING CHARACTER.

The late John Palmer, whose father was a bill-sticker, and who had occasionally practised in the same humble though hereditary occupation himself, being one evening strutting in the green-room in a pair of glittering buckles, a gentleman, who was present, remarked, that they really resembled diamonds. "Sir," said the actor with some warmth, "I would have you to know, I never

wear any thing but diamonds.”—“ I ask your pardon,” replied the gentleman, “ I remember the time when you wore nothing but *paste*.” This produced a loud laugh, which was heightened by Parsons jogging him on the elbow, and dryly saying, “ Jack, why don’t you *stick* him against the *wall*?”

885. TO A PRUDE.

You, like Penelope, delight
Daily to fast, and weep, and pray;
And like her too,—*undo each night*
The pious labours of the day.

886. BENEFIT OF STAMMERING.

Lord D——, who stammers a great deal, being in a cockpit, and proposing several bets, which he would have lost if he could have replied in time, at length offered five thousand pounds to a hundred. A gambler who stood by said *done*; but his lordship’s fit of stuttering happening to seize him, he could not repeat the word *done* before his favourite cock was beat. On this colonel Thornton, giving him a knowing jog, observed, “ If your lordship had been a *plain speaking* man, you would have been ruined by this time.”

887. HODGE AND THE DOCTOR.

With a big bottle-nose, and an acre of chin,
His whole physiognomy ugly as sin,
With a huge grizzle wig, and triangular hat,
And a snuff-besmeared handkerchief tied over that,
Doctor Bos, riding out on his old Rozinante,
In hair very rich, but in flesh very scanty,
Was a little alarm’d, out of fear for his bones,
Seeing Hodge cross the way with a barrow of stones.
“ Hip! friend,” cried the doctor, with no little force,
“ Do set down your barrow, you’ll frighten my horse.”
Hodge instant replied, as an Erskine or Garrow, [row.”
“ You’re a damn’d deal more likely to frighten my bar-

888. AN AWKWARD ACCIDENT.

Two Irish porters meeting in Dame-street, Dublin, one addressed the other with, "Oho, Mac Shane, how are you, my dear, you are just come from England; pray did you see any thing of our old friend, Pat Murphy?"—"No," says he, "and I am very much afraid I shall never see him again."—"How so?"—"Why he has met with a very unfortunate accident lately."—"What the devil was it?" asked Mac Shane. "Oh! faith, nothing more than this; as he was standing on a *plank*, talking devoutly to a priest, at a place in London, which I think they call the Old Bailey, the *plank* suddenly gave way, and poor Pat got his neck broke."

889. PLUMB-PUDDING.

When the late lord Paget was ambassador at Constantinople, he, with the rest of the gentlemen who were in a public capacity at the same court, determined on one *gala day* to have each of them a dish dressed after the manner of their respective countries, and lord Paget, for the honour of England, ordered a piece of *roast beef* and a *plumb pudding*. The beef was easily cooked, but the court cooks not knowing how to make a plumb-pudding, he gave them a receipt, "So many eggs, so much milk, so much flour, and a given quantity of rasins; to be beaten up together, and boiled for three hours." When dinner was served up, first came the French ambassador's dish—then that of the Spanish ambassador—and next, two fellows bearing a tremendous pan, and bawling "Room for the English ambassador's dish!"—"By Jove," cried his lordship, "I forgot the bag, and these stupid scoundrels have boiled it without one,—and in five gallons of water too." It was a noble mess of plumb-broth."

890. SCOTCH DIPLOMAS.

When Dr. Johnson visited the university of St. Andrews, a famous place for bestowing academical honours without much discrimination, he took occasion to enquire

of one of the professors into the state of their funds, and being told that they were not so affluent as many of their neighbours, "No matter," said the doctor drily, "persevere in the plan you have formed, and you will get rich *by degrees*."

891. A CAPITAL REASON FOR FIGHTING.

When the duke of Marlborough and the allies once held a council of war, the duke proposed fighting the French at Hochstet; this was violently opposed by prince Eugene, nor could the duke, with all his eloquence, alter his opinion, until he took him aside, and shewed him a letter he had received from lord Godolphin, informing him that if he did not fight, he would inevitably be beheaded when he returned to England. This the prince thought a *capital reason for fighting*.

892. AN IRISHMAN AT HOME.

An Hibernian, who had taken a tour through the northern counties of England, observed that he found himself more at *home* at York and Scarborough, than at any other place in his route. "In the first," said he, "they have a square, which they call *Thursday market*, because the market is held there on *Saturday* only; and in the latter they have a street, which they call *Saturday market*, because there is no market held in it at all."

893. AN EXAMINATION.

On the first day of Michaelmas term, 1800, a *Jew*, named Cohen, justified bail in the Court of Common Pleas. The opposing counsel, Mr. Serjeant Runnington, thus examined him:—"What is your *Christian* name?"—"Jacob."—"What are you?"—"A merchant."—"What do you deal in?"—"Varieties of goots."—"Do you keep a shop?"—"No."—"How then do you dispose of your goods?"—"To the best advantage, my good fellow."

894. A DUMPLING DECIDES IT.

At a house where dean Swift was once dining, the lady

of the mansion boasted much of her family, observing that as her name began with a *de*, it must necessarily be of old French extraction. When she had finished, "Now," says the dean, "I will thank you, madam, to help me to a little of that *d'umpling*."

895. WHICH IS WORST.

When the late lord Clive was a boy, and once walking with a schoolfellow through Drayton market, the two lads stopped to look at a butcher killing a calf. "Dear me, Bobby," says the lad, "I would not be a butcher for all the world."—"Why, I should not much like it," said Clive; "it's a dirty beggarly business; but I'd a plaguy deal rather be a butcher than a calf!"

896. CHINA AND CROCKERY.

A lady of rank, proudly conscious of her dignity, one day descanting on the superiority of the nobility, remarked to a large company of visitors, that the three classes of the community, *nobility*, *gentry*, and *comonality*, might very well be compared to the tea-drinking utensils, *china*, *delph*, and *crockery*. A few minutes elapsed, when one of the company expressed a wish to see the lady's little girl, who was in the nursery. John, the footman, was dispatched with orders to the nursery-maid, to whom he called out from the bottom of the stairs, in an audible voice, "Hollo, *Crockery*, bring down little *China*."

87. A PENNYWORTH OF WIT.

A poor fellow having with difficulty procured an audience of the late duke of Newcastle, told his grace, he only came to solicit him for something towards a support, and as they were of the same family, *both being descended from Adam*, he hoped he should not be refused. "Surely not," said the duke, "surely not—there is a penny for you; and if all the rest of your *relations* will give you as much, you'll be a richer man than I am."

998. A HINT.

Lord Kaimes, in one of his circuits, as a lord of justice in Scotland, having crossed the ferry to Kingshorn, the boatman, to his lordship's surprize, refused to take any money for the service he had rendered him, in consequence of their being old acquaintances. On being desired to explain, the boatman observed that his name was Tom Clark, and that he and his wife Bet had both been tried for sheep-stealing, and if it had not been for his lordship's *jaw*, both Bet and himself had either been hanged or transported. His lordship, smiling, bade him be more honest in future, as the consequence might be fatal to him should their acquaintance ever be renewed.

899. THE PRINCE OF ORANGE AND JUDGE JEFFERIES.

When Jefferies was told that the prince of Orange would very soon land, and it was reported that a manifesto, stating his inducements, objects, &c. was already written, "Pray, my lord chief justice," said a gentleman present, "what do you think will be the *heads* of this manifesto?"—"Mine will be one," replied he.

900. VARIETY OF PIES.

Swift in passing through the county of Cavan, called at an hospitable house. The lady Bountiful of the mansion, rejoiced to have so distinguished a guest, with great eagerness and flippancy asks him, what he will have for dinner? "Will you have an apple-pie, sir? will you have a gooseberry-pie, sir? will you have a cherry-pie, sir? will you have a currant-pie, sir? will you have a plumb-pie, sir? will you have a pidgeon-pie, sir?"—"Any pie, madam, but a *mag-pie*!"

901. A NEW THOROUGHFARE.

Two ladies of distinction stopped in a carriage at a jeweller's, near Charing-cross; one of them only got out, and the coach stood across the pathway, which some gentlemen wanted to cross to the other side, and desired the

coachman to move on a little. The fellow was surley, and refused; the gentlemen remonstrated, but in vain. During the altercation, the lady came to the shop-door, and foolishly ordered her coachman not to stir from his place. On this one of the gentlemen opened the coach-door, and with boots and spurs stepped through the carriage. He was followed by his companion, to the extreme discomposure of the lady within, as well as the lady without. To complete the jest, a party of sailors coming up, observed, that if it was a *thoroughfare*, they had as much right to it as the gentlemen, and accordingly scrambled through the carriage.

902. GAME.

The late Lee Lewis, shooting on a field, the proprietor attacked him violently: "I allow no person," said he, "to *kill game* on my manor but my myself, and I'll shoot you, if you come here again." — "What," said the other, "I suppose you mean to *make game* of me."

903. THE REPROOF PROPER.

Swift having paid a visit at sir Arthur Acheson's country seat, and being, on the morning of his return to his deanry, detained a few minutes longer than he expected at his breakfast, found, when he came to the door, his own man on horseback, and a servant of sir Arthur's holding the horse he was to ride himself. He mounted, turned the head of his horse towards his own man, and asked him in a low voice if he did not think he should give something to the servant who held his horse, and if he thought five shillings would be too much? "No, sir, it will not, if you mean to do the thing haudsomely," was the reply. The dean made no remark upon this, but when he paid his man's weekly account, wrote under it, "Deducted from this, for money paid to sir Arthur's servant for doing your business, five shillings."

904. ACCOMMODATION.

David Hume and R. B. Sheridan were crossing the

water to Holland, when a high gale arising, the philosopher seemed under great apprehension lest he should go to the bottom. "Why," said his friend, "that will suit your genius to a tittle; as for my part, I am only for skimming the surface."

905. NO ADMISSION.

The late sir Thomas Robinson, whose company might generally have been dispensed with, frequently calling at the house of a gentleman high in office, where he was considered as a disagreeable visitor, and not chusing to take the hint of "My master and mistress are out," &c. would often get admission by the following pretences, and then wait until the person he wished to see made his appearance.—"O! not at home!—well, I'll just step in and chat with the children," or—"I'll have a talk with the parrot," or—"I'll just take the opportunity of setting my watch by the great clock on the staircase." One morning, however, the servant was prepared, and seeing him from the window advancing towards the house, opened the door at the moment he knocked, and keeping it nearly closed, said, in a louder tone than ordinary, "Oh, sir! my master and mistress are both out—the children are all asleep—the parrot is dead—and the clock stands."

906. ASTONISHING ASSURANCE.

One of Swift's servants was excusing himself by telling the dean a number of lies, when the dean stopped him short,—"Why, you impudent, confounded rascal! how dare you lie after this manner? *You* pretend to tell lies! *you* pretend to tell *me* lies! I, you rascal, who have been acquainted with all the great liars of the age! my lord —, my lord —, Mr. —, Mr. —. Get along, you rascal! how dare *you* tell lies?"

907. AN APOLOGY.

A country carpenter having neglected to make a gibbet, (which was ordered by the executioner) on the ground that he had not been paid for the last he had