

erected, gave so much offence, that the next time the judge came the circuit he was sent for. "Fellow," said the judge in a stern tone, "how came you to neglect making the gibbet that was ordered on my account?"—"I humbly beg your pardon," said the carpenter, "had I known it had been *for your lordship*, it should have been done immediately."

## 908. EPIGRAM.

Painters at a certain subject stick,  
They know not how to form *Old Nick*.  
With cloven feet they often draw him,  
And sometimes horn him, tail him, claw him;  
Pshaw, nonsense all! if 'tis n't uncivil,  
Draw *Delia* frowning—that's the Devil.

## 909. A WATCHMAN UNDER ORDERS.

A party who had been rather over-done by the *potentiality* of their beverage at a tavern in Leadenhall-street, staggered out of the house while the watchman was crying past three o'clock. This so much offended one of the company, that he insisted on the poor fellow's altering his tone, and announcing it to be past eleven o'clock. The watchman immediately complied, but being at some loss how to finish his sentence, said, "Pray, gentlemen, what sort of *weather* would you chuse to have?"

## 910. EPITAPH ON A BARBER'S BOY.

Here lies in blooming youth, a barber's boy,  
His master's grief now dead, alive his joy:  
His razor scarcely touched the tender skin,  
So sweetly soft he shav'd the bearded chin.  
O gentle earth! lie lightly on his grave,  
Thou canst not lie so light as he could shave!

## 911. THE DIFFERENCE.

The late Charles Townsend being once in a company where oratory was the subject, one of the gentlemen present said, that he was informed on authority he could



partly rely on, that there was better speaking at the Robin Hood, where the president was a *baker*, than there was in the House of Commons. "It is not to be wondered at," says Charles, "for gentlemen go to the *baker* for *oratory*, but they get into the House of Commons for *bread*."

## 912. A SPOON FOR HOGS.

The earl of Pembroke kept a number of swine at his seat in Wiltshire, and crossing the yard one day, he was surprised to see the pigs gathered round one trough, and making a great noise. Curiosity prompted him to see what was the cause, and on looking into the trough he perceived a large silver spoon. Just at this crisis a servant maid came out, and began to curse the pigs for crying so. "Well they may," said his lordship, "when they have got but one spoon among them all."

## 913. LORD STAIR.

In the war in Flanders, when the earl of Stair was commander in chief, after a severe battle, which lasted from morning till evening, and terminated in favour of the British troops, a veteran soldier, excessively fatigued, was resting on his arms, and looking very grave; Lord Stair coming by, asked why he looked so dull? "Dull, your honour, I am not dull; I am only thinking what a hard day's work I have done for a *groat*."

## 914. FAMILY ROW.

When the attempt was made against the life of Bonaparte by the explosion of the *Infernal*, madam Bonaparte was following her husband in another carriage, and the explosion took place between the two. A person being asked what the matter was, answered, "Nothing material; only a *blow-up* between the first consul and his wife."

## 915. A CITIZEN QUIZ'D.

A common-councilman was boaxed into an opinion, that, as a representative of the citizens, he was entitled to ride through the turnpikes free of expence. He next



day mounted his nag, to ascertain his civic privileges; and asked at the turnpike at the Dog-row, in Mile-end-road, if, as a common-councilman, he had not a right to pass without paying? "Yes," replied the turnpike-man, archly, "you may pass yourself, but you must pay for your horse."

## 916. MODEST REQUEST.

A French gentleman, travelling in his cabriolet from Paris to Calais, was accosted by a man walking along the road, who begged the favour of him to put his great coat, which he found very heavy, into his carriage—"With all my heart," said the gentleman, "but if we should not be travelling to the same place, how will you get your coat?"—"Monsieur," answered the man with great simplicity, "*I shall be in it.*"

## 917. GALLANT BON-MOT.

A fashionable countess, asking a young nobleman which he thought the prettiest flower, *roses* or *tulips*? He replied with great gallantry, "Your ladyship's *two lips* before all the *roses* in the world."

## 918. WOODEN PEERS.

It being asked in company with my lord Chesterfield, whether the piers of Westminster-bridge would be of stone or wood? "Oh," said my lord, "of stone, to be sure, for we have too many wooden piers (*peers*) already at Westminster."

## 919. DRY WIPE.

When James Boswell took Dr. Johnson to his father's house in Scotland, lord Auchenleck remarked that Jamie had brought an odd chiel along with him. "Sir," said Boswell, "he is the grand luminary of our hemisphere; quite a constellation, sir,"—"Ursa Major, I suppose," said the old judge.

## 920. AN EASY ROAD.

A noble lord on his death-bed, observed to his coach-



man, "Ah John! I am going a longer journey than ever you drove me."—"Never mind, my lord," replied he, "it is all down hill."

921. THE DIFFERENCE.

At Worcester assizes, a cause was tried about the soundness of a horse, in which a clergyman, not educated in the school of Tattersall, appeared as a witness. He was confused in giving his evidence, and a furious blustering counsellor, who examined him, was at last tempted to exclaim, "Pray, sir, do you know the difference between a horse and a cow?"—"I acknowledge my ignorance," replied the clergyman; "I hardly know the difference between a horse and a cow, or a bully and a bull; only that a bull, I am told, has horns, and a *bully*, (bowing respectfully to the counsellor) luckily for me, has none."

922. A DIVINE OUT OF COUNTENANCE.

A young clergyman, of great modesty, preaching before Charles II. took for his text the 13th verse of the 139th Psalm—"I am fearfully and wonderfully made." Apprehension, rather than the warmth of the weather, having caused him to perspire, he had, just before naming the text, wiped his face with one of his hands, on which was a new black glove, and the consequence may easily be imagined. The duke of Buckingham, one of the audience, on comparing the words of the text with the figure of the preacher, was seized with a fit of laughter, in which he was joined by sir Henry Bennet and several of the courtiers, nor was the king, who loved a jest, to the great discomfiture of the preacher, able to resist the contagion.

923. DR. SOUTH.

Dr. South, when he resided at Caversham, in Oxfordshire, was, one very cold winter's morning, called out of his bed to marry a couple who were then waiting at church. He hurried on his habiliments, and went shiver-



ing to the church ; but seeing only an old man of seventy, and a woman about the same age, asked his clerk in a pet, where the bride and bride-groom were? and what those old folks wanted? The old man replied, that they came there to be married. He looked sternly at them, and exclaimed, "*Married!*"—"Yes, *married,*" said the old man hastily, "better marry than do worse."—"Get you gone, you silly old fools," said the doctor; "get home and do your worst;" and then hobbled out of the church, abusing his clerk for disturbing him on so silly an occasion.

## 924. PERSEVERANCE.

A Chinese prime minister presented a memorial to the emperor on a subject he did not like. The emperor disregarded it. The minister repeated it three days successively. The emperor at length in a rage tore it to pieces. The minister coolly gathered up the fragments, and pasting them together, presented it a fourth time. This proof of his patience and perseverance had such an affect on the emperor, that he took the matter into consideration, and complied with the request.

## 925. PARISH PIETY.

A parish clerk in a country town, when *trade* (as he terms it) is *brisk*, and business *lively*, by burials and christenings flowing in upon him, in the gratitude of his heart, offers up the following stave:—"My soul give praise unto the Lord!" On the contrary, when trade is dead, and they have been long without a funeral, he gives out, "How long wilt thou forget me, Lord?" in which he is joined most vociferously by the sexton.

## 926. A MAN OF LETTERS.

When Mr. Wilkes was in the meridian of his popularity, a man in a porter-house, classing himself as an eminent literary character, was asked by one of his companions what right he had to assume such a title. "Sir," says he, "I'd have you to know, I had the honour of



chalking number 45 upon every door between Temple-bar and Hyde-park-corner."

927. WHERE THE CAP FITS.

A certain dashing nobleman, well known on the banks of the Steyne, who is not fond of prematurely paying his tradesmen's bills, and whose beauty is greatest in his own eyes, being rather impertinently pressed for money by an ill-visaged taylor, told him, in a sort of pettish good-humour, "I won't pay you one farthing till you produce me a fellow as ugly as yourself."—Mr. Cabbage stept into an adjoining room and presented to the mortified peer, *a looking glass.*

928. MONKEY SHAVING.

A coxcomb going into a barber's shop, facetiously asked the operator if he had ever shaved a monkey. Razor replied, with becoming deference; "Sir, I have not, but if you'll please to be seated I'll try."

929. ON A LADY WHO SQUINTED.

If ancient poets Argus prize,  
Who boasted of an hundred eyes;  
Sure greater praise to her is due,  
Who looks an hundred ways with two!

930. ON A STONE THROWN AT A VERY GREAT MAN, BUT WHICH MISSED HIM.

Talk no more of the lucky escape of the *head*  
From a flint so unluckily thrown—  
I think very diff'rent, with thousands indeed,  
'Twas a lucky escape for the *stone.*

931. THE ACTORS.

A shabby fellow chanc'd one day to meet  
The British Roscius in the street,  
(Garrick, of whom our nation justly brags.)  
The fellow hugg'd him with a kind embrace—  
"Good sir, I do not recollect your face,"  
Quoth Garrick.—"No!" replied the man of rags:



“ The boards of Drury you and I have trod  
Full many a time together, I am sure.”—

“ When ?” with an oath, cry’d Garrick,—“ for by G—  
I never saw that face of yours before !

What characters, I pray,  
Did you and I together play ?”

“ Lord !” quoth the fellow, “ think not that I mock—  
When you play’d Hamlet, sir,—I play’d the cock.”

## 932. A RETORT.

Cries Sylvia to a reverend dean,  
What reason can be given,  
Since marriage is a holy thing,  
That there is none in Heaven ?

There are no women, he replied,  
She quick returns the jest :—  
Women there are, but I’m afraid  
They cannot find a priest.

## 933. LAW-SUITS.

Once (says an author, where, I need not say)  
Two trav’lers found an oyster in their way ;  
Both fierce, both hungry ; the dispute grew strong,  
While, scale in hand, dame Justice pass’d along,  
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,  
Explain’d the matter, and would win the cause.  
Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful right,  
Takes, opens, swallows it before their sight.  
The cause of strife remov’d so rarely well,  
There, take (says Justice) take ye, each a shell,  
We thrive at Westminster, on fools like you :  
’Twas a fat oyster—Live in peace—Adieu !

## 934. AN ENTERTAINMENT.

Foote having been invited to dine with the late duke of Leinster, at Dublin, gave the following account of this entertainment : “ As to splendour, as far as it went, I admit it, there was a very fine sideboard of plate ; and if a man could have swallowed a silversmith’s shop, there



was enough to satisfy him; but as to all the rest—his mutton was white, his veal was red, the fish was kept too long, the venison not kept long enough: to sum up all, every thing was *cold* except his *ice*; and every thing *sour*, except his *vinegar*.”

935. BREAD TO THE SEA.

A party of nobleman being assembled in a coffee-house, a dispute arose respecting some nautical phrases, on which it was agreed to refer the matter in a note to a lieutenant who was then in the house. One of the noblemen undertook the office of secretary, and wrote a note, beginning thus, “Pray, sir, as you was *bread* to the sea, &c.” The lieutenant answered thus, “My lord, I never was *bread* to the sea, but the sea has been *bread* to me, and hard bread it has been.”

936. DISTRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

An officer and a lawyer talking of the disastrous battle of Auerstadt, the former was lamenting the number of brave soldiers who fell on this occasion, when the lawyer observed, that those who live by the sword must expect to die by the sword.—“By a similar rule,” answered the officer, “those who live by the law must expect to die by the law.”

937. COMPARISONS OF DRUNKENNESS.

As drunk as an *owl*; as drunk as a *sow*; as drunk as a *beggar*; as drunk as the *devil*; as drunk as a *lord*. These are the principal comparisons of drunkenness, and the explanation is as follows:—a man is as drunk as an owl when he cannot see; he is as drunk as a beggar when he is very impudent; he is as drunk as the devil when he is inclined to mischief; and as drunk as a lord when he is every thing that is bad.

938. THE CHURCHWARDEN; OR, THE FEAST ON A CHILD.

At Knightsbridge, at a tavern, called the Swan, Churchwardens, overseers, a jolly clan,



Order'd a dinner, for themselves and friends—  
 A very handsome dinner of the best:  
 Lo! to a turn, the diff'rent joints were drest—  
 Their lips, while licking, ev'ry man commends.

Loud was the clang of plates, of knives, and forks;  
 Delightful was the sound of claret corks.

\* \* \* \* \*

All ear, all eye, to listen and to see,  
 The landlord was as busy as a bee.

\* \* \* \* \*

Having well cramm'd, and swill'd, and laugh'd, and sung,  
 And toasted girls, and clap'd, and roar'd, and rung,  
 And broken bones of tables, chairs, and glasses,  
 Like happy bears, in honour of their lasses;

I say, when all were cramm'd unto the chin,  
 And every one with wine had fill'd his skin,

In came the landlord, with a cherub smile:  
 Around to ev'ry one he lowly bow'd,  
 Was vastly *happy*,—*honour'd*—*vastly proud*—  
 And then he bow'd again in *such* a style!

“Hop'd *gemmen* lik'd the dinner and the wine.”  
 To whom the *gemmen* answer'd, “Very fine!”

“A glorious dinner, Larder, to be sure.”—  
 To which the landlord, laden deep with bliss,  
 Did with his bows so humble almost kiss  
 The floor.

Now in an alter'd tone—a tone of gravity,  
 Unto the landlord, full of smiles and suavity,

Did mister Guttle, the churchwarden, call—  
 “Come hither, Larder,” said soft mister Guttle,  
 With solemn voice, and fox-like face so subtle—  
 “Larder, a little word or two, that's all.”

Forth ran th' obedient landlord, with good will  
 Thinking most naturally upon the bill.

“Landlord,” (quoth Guttle, in a soft sly sound  
 Not to be heard by any in the room,  
 Yet which, like claps of thunder, did confound)  
 “Do you know any thing of Betty Broom?”



“ Sir !” answer’d Larder, stamm’ring.—“ Sir ? what sir ?  
 Yes, sir, yes—yes—she liv’d with mistress Larder ;  
 But may I never move, nor never stir,  
 If but for *impudence* we did discard her !

No, mister Guttle—Betty was too brassy—  
 We never keep a *servant* that is saucy.”

“ But, landlord—Betty says she is with child.”—

“ What’s that to *me* ?” quoth Larder, looking wild.—

“ I never kiss’d the hussey in my life ;—

Lord, sir, you know that I have got a wife.

But then, *suppose*—I only say, *suppose*

I had been wicked with the girl—alack,

My wife hath got the cursed’st keenest nose,

Why, zounds, she would have catch’d me in a crack ;

Then quickly in the fire had been the fat—

Curse her ! she always watch’d me like a cat.”

“ Well,” answer’d Guttle, “ man, I’ll tell you what—

Your wind and eloquence you are now wasting :

Whether she hit your *taste* or not,

There’s proof enough that you’ve been *tasting*.

For, Larder, all your swearing will not do,

If Betty swear’s that she’s with child by you.

Now Betty came and said she’d *swear* at once—

But *you* know best—yet mind, if Betty’ll *swear*,

And then again should mistress Larder *hear*,

The Lord have mercy, Larder, on thy sconce.

Why, man, were this affair of Betty told her,

Not all the dev’ls in hell would hold her.

Then there’s your modest stiff-rump’d neighbours all—

There’d be a pretty kick-up—what a squall !

You could not put your nose into a shop—

There’s lofty Mrs. Wick, the chandler’s wife,

And Mrs. Bull, the butcher’s imp of strife,

With Mrs. Bobbin, Salmon, Muff, and Slop,

With fifty others of these old *compeers*—

Zounds, what a hornet’s nest about thy ears !”



From cheerful smiles, and looks, like Sol so bright,  
 Poor Larder fell to looks as black as night.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Well, sir,” said Larder, whisp’ring, hemming, ha-ing,  
 Each word so heavy, like a cart-horse drawing—

“ This is a d—’d affair, I can’t but say—  
 Sir, please t’accept a note of twenty pound !  
 Contrive *another* father may be found ;  
 And, sir, here’s not a halfpenny to pay.”

Thus ended the affair, by prudent treaty ;  
 For who alas ! would wish to make a pother ?  
 Guttle next morning went and talk’d to Betty,  
 When Betty swore the bantling to another.

### 939. ANTIQUARIANISM.

Some years ago, in removing the earth of an old dyke, in Yorkshire, a stone was discovered, whose appearance bespoke its high antiquity. In rude and hardly legible letters, these was with some difficulty made out the following inscription in capital letters :

*Kee  
 pont  
 hiss  
 ide.*

Much antiquarian lore was exercised in discovering the meaning of this unprecedented legend, for which the curious may consult the *Transactions of the Antiquarian Society*. One of these minute investigators, however, condescended to ask an old man in the neighbourhood if he knew any thing of this stone. The ancient peasant scratching his head, said, “ I well remember, it was a stone put up by my grandfather, to desire passengers to *keep on this side*.”

### 940. 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*.



## 941. THE THREAT.

In the early part of Mr. Fox's political career, when he shone like a meteor in the regions of fashion, and was involved in its vortex, he told a low fellow whose insolence had provoked him, "that he would kick him to hell." The reply was, "then if you do, I'll tell your father how you are spending his money."

## 942. A SOUND SLEEPER.

A gentleman dined one day with a dull preacher; dinner was scarcely over before the gentleman fell asleep, but was awakened by the divine, and invited to go and hear him preach. "I beseech you, sir," said he, "to excuse me; I can *sleep* very well where I am."

## 943. RECRIMINATION.

A physician at Newcastle being summoned to a vestry, held in order to reprimand the sexton for the blunders he had committed through drunkenness, dwelt so much on the poor fellow's misconduct as to raise his choler, and draw from him a retort: "Upon my soul, sir, this is ill-natured; that you should be so eager to lay open all my blunders, when I have so often covered yours."

## 944. LOST AND FOUND.

An English gentleman travelling through the county of Kilkenny, came to a ford, and hired a boat to take him across. The water being rather more agitated than was agreeable to him, he asked the boatman if any person was ever *lost* in the passage. "Never," replied Terence, "never. My brother was *drowned* here last week, but we *found* him again the next day."

## 945. A WITTY QUAKER.

A young quaker from a distant county came to London a few years ago, and being struck with the gaudy fashions of the times, commenced beau. Among other articles of dress, he ordered a blue satin waistcoat,



trimmed with silver, and in this returned to his father, who, after staring at him, said, "How didst thou get this trumpery waistcoat, for the vain adornment of thy outward man?"—"I created it," said his son. "Created it!" echoed the father. "Yea," replied young Amini-dab, "for I said, *let it be made*, and it *was made*."

## 946. AN HIBERNIAN REMARK.

Dean Swift once dining with the mayor of Dublin, was served with part of a duck, and asking for apple-sauce, was told by the mayor there was none: upon which he cut an apple-pye, and put a spoonful of the apples on his plate. The mayor exclaimed, "Why, doctor, you eat *duck* like a *goose*."

## 947. A HORSE AND A MAYOR.

Dr. Magenis alighting at a public-house in Drogheda, for the purpose of passing a night, ordered his horse to grass, and meeting with a few social companions, exceeded his usual temperance. He discovered the next morning that his horse had been pounded, for trespassing on a plot of ground, belonging to the chief magistrate of the town, who insisted on half-a-guinea for the damage. The doctor paid the money, and wrote the following lines:—

Was e'er a horse so well befitted!  
His master drunk—himself committed!  
But courage, horse, do not despair;  
You'll be a *horse* when he's no *mayor*.

## 948. A KING AND A BISHOP.

By Frederick III. of Prussia taking possession of some part of Poland in 1773, the Polish bishop of Ermerond lost the principal part of his revenue. When the prelate waited on the Prince at Postdam to do homage, the old monarch asked him, if after what had passed he could possibly love him?"—"I shall never lose sight of the respect due to my sovereign," was the reply. "Why then," said Frederick, "I am your very good friend, and



so thoroughly rely on your esteem, that should Peter hereafter refuse me entrance into paradise, I trust you will be so kind as to carry me under your cloak."—  
 "That would be an insurmountable difficulty," replied the bishop; "for your majesty has pared away so much of it, that to hide *contraband goods* under the little which remains would be impossible."

## 949. SIMPLICITY.

Two countrymen who had never seen a play, nor had any idea of one, went to the theatre in Drury-lane, where they placed themselves snug in the gallery. They were delighted with the first and second music; at length the curtain drew up, and two or three actors entered to begin the play; upon which one of the countrymen said to the other, "Come, Will, let us be going, mayhap the gentlemen are talking about business."

## 950. A STAUNCH LAWYER.

A gentleman condoling with his friend on the trouble he had in a law-suit which had been of long duration, said, he was extremely sorry to learn that his adversary's solicitor had determined to remove it from one court to another as long as he possibly could. "He may remove it to the devil," replied the other, "and go to the infernal regions to attend the process, I am sure my *attorney* will follow him."

## 951. A PAIR OF PEERS.

The late marquis of Granby having returned from the army in Germany, travelled with all possible expedition from the English port, at which he landed, to London; and finding on his arrival that the king was at Windsor, he proceeded there in his travelling dress, where desiring to be instantly introduced to his majesty, *there came a certain lord, neat and trimly dressed, gay, and perfumed like a milliner*, who, in the style of a waiting gentlewoman, said, he hoped the noble marquis did not mean to go into the presence in so improper a habit, adding, "'Pon my



honour, my lord, you look more like a *groom* than a gentleman."—"Perhaps I may," replied the marquis, "and I give you my word, if you do not introduce me to the king this instant, I will *act like a groom*, and *curry* you in a way you won't like."

## 952. TOO KEEN FOR THE LAWYER.

A highwayman meeting a counsellor in his chariot, on the Surrey-road, presented a blunderbuss, and demanded his money, with the usual compliment. The gentleman readily surrendered about sixty guineas, but kindly told the thief, that for his own safety, he had better put the robbery on the footing of an exchange, by selling him the blunderbuss for what he had just taken from him. "With all my heart," said the highwayman, and gave it to the advocate, who immediately turned the muzzle, and told him that if he did not redeliver his purs, he would shoot him. "That you may do if you can," replied Turpin, "for I promise you it is not loaded," and rode off very coolly with his booty.

## 953. A SERIOUS TRUTH.

A labourer's daughter, who had been in service from her childhood, when weary, would be frequently wishing to be married, that, as she emphatically termed it, she might *rest her bones*. Hymen at last listened to her prayers, and a neighbouring clodhopper led her to the altar, *nothing loth*. Sometime afterwards her late mistress, meeting her, asked her, "Well, Mary, have you rested your bones yet?"—"Yes, indeed," replied she, with a sigh, "*I have rested my jaw-bones.*"

## 954. HOUSEHOLD SERVANTS.

The following curious paper contains regulations for the household servants of an English baronet, about the year 1566.

I. That no seruant bee absent from praier, at morning or euening, without a lawfull excuse, to be alledged within one day after, vpon paine to forfeit for eury time 2d.



II. That none sweare anie othe uppon paine for eury one 1d.

III. That no man leau any doore open that he findeth shut, without theare be cause, vppon paine for eury tyme 1d.

IV. That none of the men be in bed, from our Lady-day to Michaelmas, after 6 of the clock in the morning; nor out of his bed after 10 of the clock at night; nor from Michaelmas till our Lady-day, in bed after 7 in the morning, nor out after 9 at night, without reasonable cause, on paine of 2d.

V. That no man's bed be vnmade, nor fire or candle-box vncleane after 8 of the clock in the morning on paine of 1d.

VI. That no man make water within either of the courts, vppon paine of eury tyme it shall be proued 1d.

VII. That no man teach any of the children any dishonest speeche, or baudie word, or othe, on paine of 4d.

VIII. That no man waite at table without a trencher in his hand, except it be upon some good cause, on paine of 1d.

IX. That no man appointed to waite at my table be absent that meale without reasonable cause, on paine of 1d.

X. If anie man break a glasse hee shall answer the price thereof out of his wages: and if it hee not known who breake it, the butler shall pay for it, on paine of 12d.

XI. The table must be couered halfe an houre before 11 at dinner, and 6 at supper, or before, on paine of 2d.

XII. That meate be readie at 11 or before at dinner, and 6, or before, at supper, on paine of 6d.

XIII. That none be absent, without leave or good cause, the whole day, or anie part of it, on paine of 4d.

XIV. That no man strike his fellow, on paine of losse of seruice; nor reuile or threaten, or prouoke one another to strike, on paine of 12d.

XV. That no man come to the kitchen without reasonable cause on paine of 1d. and the cook likewise to forfeit 1d.



XVI. That none toy with the maids, on paine of 4d.

XVII. That no man weare foul shirt on Sunday, nor broken hose, or shooes, or dublett without buttons, on paine of 1d.

XVIII. That when any stranger goeth hence, the chamber be dressed vp againe within 4 howers after, on paine of 1d.

XIX. That the hall bee made cleane eury day, by eighth in the winter and seuen in the summer, on paine of him that shall doe it 1d.

XX. That the court-gate bee shut each meale, and not opened during dinner and supper, without just cause, on paine the porter to forfeit for eury time 1d.

XXI. That all stayrs in the house, and other rooms that need shall require, bee made cleane on Fryday after dinner, on paine of forfeiture for eury one whom it shall belong vnto 3d.

All which summes shall be duly paide each quarter-day out of their wages, and bestowed on the poore, or other goodly use.

#### 955. HORNE TOOKE.

When Horne Tooke was called before the commissioners to give an account of the particulars of his income, having answered a question that was asked, one of the *wise men* said peevishly, that he did not understand his answer. "Then," said Tooke, "as you have not *half the understanding* of another man, you ought at least to have *double the patience*."

#### 956. NAUTICAL BON-MOT.

An officer in admiral lord St. Vincent's fleet, asking one of the captains, who was gallantly bearing down upon the Spanish fleet, whether he had reckoned the number of the enemy? "No," replied the captain, "it will be time enough to do that, when we have made them strike."

#### 957. A REMARKABLE CURE.

A poor woman's cow being very ill, she went to the



parson, begging him to come and pray for it. The good man, wishing to indulge his parishioner, went with her, and going solemnly three times round the animal, exclaimed, "If she dies she dies, and if she lives she lives." The cow recovered, which the dame ascribed to the interference of the holy man. Soon after this, the clergyman was seized with a dangerous imposthume in his throat, which the old lady hearing, she went to the parsonage, and with some difficulty was introduced to the sick chamber, and walking three times round the bed, she cried, "If he dies he dies, and if he lives he lives;" the ludicrousness of which so tickled the parson's fancy, as to throw him into a violent fit of laughter, that broke the imposthume and produced a cure.

## 958. THE CONTRAST.

Marcus is proud—you ask me why?

I really do not know:

His looks and words are very *high*;

His ways are very *low*.

By such extremes if mortals think

In dignity to rise,

To mute regret let wisdom sink;

'Tis folly to be wise.

## 959. A FLUCTUATING COMMODITY.

Soon after the late peace, the following article appeared in a Manchester paper.—"Since the return of peace, one article of traffic has been very frequent in Manchester—namely, the *sale of wives*. The prices are very various, according to circumstances. Last *market-day*, one wife was sold for four-pence halfpenny, while another fetched no less than fifteen shillings, being *warranted not with child*.

## 960. EPITAPHS.

*In a church-yard in Kent.*

Here lies I,

Whom a sky-

Rocket hit in the eye.



961. *Near Birmingham.*

O cruel death, why wer't thou so unkind,  
To take the one, and leave the other behind.  
Thou should'st have taken both or neither,  
Which would have been more agreeable to the survivor.

962. *Near Sheffield.*

Thomas Hughes,  
Removed from over the way.

963. *On a watchmaker, in Aberconway church-yard.*

Here lies, in an *horizontal* position,  
the *outside case* of

Peter *Pendulum*, watch-maker.

Integrity was the *main spring*,  
and prudence the *regulator*,  
of all the *actions* of his life.

Humane, generous, and liberal,  
his *hand* never stopped  
till he had relieved distress.

So nicely *regulated* was all his *motions*,  
that he never *went wrong*,

except when *set a going* by people who did not  
know *his key*;

even then he was easily  
*set right again*.

He had the art of disposing his time so well,  
that his *hours* glided away

in one *continued round*  
of pleasure and delight,  
till an unlucky *minute* putting  
a *period* to his existence,

he departed this life, *wound up*  
in hopes of being *taken in hand*  
by his *maker*;

and of being thoroughly *clean'd, repair'd,*  
and *set a going*

in the world to come.



964. *At Neettlebed, Oxfordshire.*

Here lies father and mother, and sister and I;  
 We all died within the short space of one year:  
 They are all buried at Wimble, except I,  
 And I be buried here.

965. *At Holbeach, Lincolnshire.*

Beneath this Stone: lies our Dear Child.  
 Who's Gone from Wee.  
 For ever more unto Eternity  
 Where we do hope, that us shall go to He  
 But him shall ne'er go back again to Wee.

966. *From a grave-stone in Lincoln Church.*

In the memory of David Fletcher,  
 Smith,  
 To this church, who dyed  
 Feb. 14, 1774,  
 Aged  
 48  
 Years.

My *sledge* and *hammer* lye reclin'd;  
 My *bellows* too have lost their wind;  
 My *fire's* extinguish'd, *forge* decay'd,  
 And in the dust my *vice* is laid:  
 My *coal* is spent, my *iron* gone,  
 The last *nail's* driv'n; my work is done.  
*Finis coronet opus.*

967. *On a taylor.*

Here lies poor *Snip*, who, when he first began,  
 Bade fair to be *the ninth part of a man*;  
 In earth he lies, remov'd from all abuse,  
 Who, while alive, oft prov'd himself a *goose*;  
 But, as a *goose* to live must surely eat,  
 He dealt in *cabbage*—a most glorious treat.  
 To *cut* and *clip*, and *stitch*, he knew full well,  
 His work was done—he's gone to hell.



968. *In Betturbbet church-yard, Ireland.*

Here lies Father, Mother, and sister Nan. Father was drowned on his passage from America; Mother died in Scotland; and sister Nan in Cork; had they all lived, they would have been buried here.

969. *On Mrs. Greenwood, at Clehanger, in Devonshire.*

O death! O death! thou hast cut down  
The fairest Greenwood in the town;  
Her worth and amiable qualities were such,  
That she certainly deserv'd a Lord or a Judge;  
But her virtue and great humility  
Made her rather choose a Doctor in Divinity;  
For which heroic act among the rest,  
She was justly termed the phoenix of her sex:  
And, like that bird, a young one she did beget,  
One to comfort those she has left disconsolate.

My grief for her is so sore,  
That I can only add four lines more:  
For her's and another good woman's sake,  
Never let a blister be put on a lying-in woman's back:  
For in all such disorders any body may have,  
It seldom fails I think, to bring the patient to the grave.

970. *On an undertaker.*

Here lies Bob Master.—Faith! 'twas very hard,  
To take away our honest Robin's breath;  
Yet surely Robin was full well prepar'd—  
Robin was always looking out for death.

971. *In Lambeth church-yard, on William Wilson, a troublesome taylor.*

Here lies the body of W. W.  
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.

972. *On a physician.*

Here Doctor Fisher lies interr'd,  
Who fill'd the half of the church-yard.



973. *In Biddeford.*

The wedding-day appointed was,  
And wedding-clothes provided;  
Before the nuptial day, alas!  
She sickened and die did.

974. *In a country church-yard, in Wales.*

Two lovely babes lie buried here,  
As ever blessed their parents dear;  
But they were seized with ague fits;  
And here they lie as dead as nits.

975. *On a waggoner, in a country-church.*

Here I be—dead and gone,  
Kill'd by a fall from a waggon.

976. *On a postillion.*

Here I lays,  
Kill'd by a chaise.

977. *On Dr. Johnson.—By Soame Jenyns, Esq.*

Here lies poor Johnson;—reader have a care,  
Tread lightly, lest ye rouse a sleeping bear!  
Religious, moral, gen'rous and humane  
He was, but self-conceited, rude, and vain;  
Ill-bred, and overbearing in dispute,  
A scholar and a Christian, yet a brute;  
Would you know all his wisdom and his folly,  
His actions, sayings, mirth and melancholy;  
*Boswell* and *Thrale*, retailers of his wit,  
Will tell you how he wrote, and talk'd, and spit.

978. *In Norwich cathedral.*

Under this stone  
Lies John Knapton,  
Who died just  
The XXVIII. of August,  
MDXC and one.  
Of thys church Peli-Canon.



979. *In Edinburgh Grey-friars church-yard.*

Here lig I, Vander Heldenbrod,  
Have mercy on my soul, Lord God !  
As I would do, were I Lord God,  
And thou wert Vander Heldenbrod.

980. *In the same.*

Here lies Sir Anthony Keeling,  
And at his feet his lady kneeling ;  
But were they alive, and had their feeling,  
She would be lying, and he would be kneeling.

981. *In the same.*

*On Mrs. Hacket of Pitfarrin, Great Grand-mother of  
the late Earl of Roslyn.*

Here lies Mrs. Margery Hacket,  
Tho' she was modest, yet she could tack it  
Wi' mickle glee an' little din ;  
Her husband's name was *Pitfarrin*.

982. *On a learned alderman, written by himself.*

Here lies Willian Curtis, late our lord-mayor,  
Who has left *this here world*, and gone to *that there*.

983. *In Truro, Cornwall.*

Weep not for me, my dearest dear,  
I am not dead, but sleepeth here ;  
Therefore prepare yourself to die :  
Wait but awhile, you'll follow I.

A wag finding that this inconsolable husband had a few weeks after his deary's death married another, underwrote the following imitative lines :

I am not griev'd, my dearest life,  
Sleep on, I've got another wife,  
And therefore cannot come to thee ;  
For I must go to bed to she.



984. *In Hendon church-yard, written by Dr. Crosfield himself.*

T. Crosfield  
Died November 8th, 1808.

Beneath this stone Tom Crosfield lies,  
Who cares not now who laughs or cries,  
He laugh'd when sober, and when mellow,  
Was a harum-scarum, harmless fellow:  
He gave to none design'd offence,  
So *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

985. *On a blacksmith.*

Here cool the ashes of Mulciber Grim,  
Late of this parish, blacksmith;  
He was born in Seacoal-lane, and bred  
at Hammersmith.

From his youth upwards he was much addicted  
to vices, and was often guilty of  
*forgery.*

Having some talents for *irony*,  
He therefore produced many *heats* in his  
neighbourhood,  
Which he usually increased by *blowing up the*  
*coals.*

This rendered him so unpopular,  
That when he found it necessary to adopt  
*cooling measures*,  
His conduct was generally accompanied with  
*a hiss.*

Though he sometimes proved a *warm friend*,  
Yet where his interest was concerned,  
He made it a constant rule to *strike while the iron*  
*was hot;*

Regardless of the injury he might do thereby:  
and when he had

Any matter of moment upon the *anvil*,  
He seldom failed to *turn it to his own*  
*advantage.*



Among the numberless instances that might be  
 given of the cruelty of his disposi-  
 tion, it need only be  
 mentioned,

That he was the means of *hanging* many of  
 the innocent family of the *Bells*,  
 Under the idle pretence of keeping them from  
*jangling*.

And put great numbers of the *hearts of steel*  
 into the *hottest flames*.

Merely (as he declared) to *soften* the  
 obduracy of their *tempers*.

At length, after passing a long-life in the commission  
 of these *black actions*,

His *fire* being exhausted, and his  
*Bellows* worn out,

He *filed* off to that place where only the *fervid*  
*ordeal* of his own *forge* can be exceeded;

Declaring with his last *puff*,

That "man is born to trouble as the *sparks* fly  
 upwards."

986. *On a boy killed by a fall from Norwich cathedral.*

This hopeful youth by accident did fall,  
 From a Scaffold at the Cathedral.

987. *From the French.*

Careless and thoughtless all my life,  
 Stranger to every source of strife;  
 And deeming each grave sage a fool,  
 The Law of Nature was my rule,  
 By which I learn't to duly measure,  
 My portion of desire and pleasure.  
 'Tis strange that here I lie, you see;  
 For Death must have indulg'd a whim,  
 At any time t' have thought of me,  
 Who never once did think of him.

988. *On Sir John Vanbrugh, architect and poet.*

Lie heavy on him, Earth! for he  
 Laid many a heavy load on thee.



989. A PLAY BILL.

KILKENNY THEATRE ROYAL.

By his Majesty's Company of Comedians.

(The last night, because the company go to-morrow to Waterford.)

On Saturday, May 14th, 1793, will be performed, by command of several respectable people in this learned matrapolish, for the benefit of Mr. *Kearns*.*The Tragedy of Hamlet.*

Originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan. Hayes of Limerick, and insarted in Shakspeare's Works.

Hamlet by Mr. *Kearns*, (being his first appearance in that character,) who, between the acts, will perform several solos on the patent bagpipes, which play two tunes at the same time.Ophelia by Mrs. *Prior*, who will introduce several favourite airs in character, particularly "The Lass of Richmond-hill," and "We'll all be unhappy together," from the reverend Mr. *Dibdin's* Oddities.

The parts of the king and queen, by directions of the rev. father O'Callaghan, will be omitted, as too immoral for any stage.

Polonius, the comical politician, by a young gentleman, being his first appearance in public.

The Ghost, the Grave-digger, and Laertes, by Mr. *Sampson*, the great London comedian.

The characters to be dressed in Roman shapes.

To which will be added, an Interlude, in which will be introduced several slight of hand tricks, by the celebrated surveyor *Hunt*.

The whole to conclude with the Farce of

MAHOMET THE IMPOSTOR.

Mahomet by Mr. *Kearns*.Tickets to be had of Mr. *Kearns*, at the sign of the Goat's Beard, in Castle-street.\*.\* The value of the ticket, as usual, will be taken (if required) in candles, bacon, soap, butter, cheese, &c. as Mr. *Kearns* wishes, in every particular, to accommodate the public.

☞ No person whatsoever will be admitted into the boxes without shoes or stockings.



## 990. BON-MOT OF DR. SOUTH.

When doctors Sherlock and South had some controversy, on a theological subject, the former accused the latter of using wit in the debate. South dryly replied, that if it had pleased God to make him (Dr. Sherlock) a wit, he wished to know what he would have done.

## 991. HOW TO PLEASE A LARGE AUDIENCE.

Harmonides, a disciple of Timotheus, asked his master one day, how he should conduct himself, in order to obtain the prize of music at a public opera that was then to be performed. "If the theatre be thin," says the old man, "play your best, for the audience may be probably select and judicious: but to a crowded house, be sure you play as ill as you can, because the multitude have Midas's ears."

## 992. VOLTAIRE.

During Voltaire's last visit to Paris, he was fatigued by the congratulations of almost every rank and description. A young author, who had a much larger stock of vanity than of merit, thought it his duty to do homage to the Nestor of literature. On being introduced, he thus began his complimentary address:—"Great man, to day I am come to salute you as *Homer*: to-morrow I will salute you as *Sophocles*: next day as *Plato*:"—he would have proceeded, but was interrupted by Voltaire saying, "Little man, I am very old; could you not pay all your visits in one day?"

## 993. BERNIS AND FLEURY.

Cardinal de Bernis, when only an abbé, solicited cardinal Fleury, then four-score, for some preferment, Fleury told him fairly, he should never have any thing in his time. Bernis replied, "My lord, I shall wait."

## 994. CONJUGAL WIT.

A French lady wrote this letter to her husband. "I write to you, because I have nothing to do; I end my letter, because I have nothing to say."



## 995. A PRETTY METAPHOR.

A young lady marrying a man she loved, and leaving many friends in town, to retire with him into the country, Mrs. D——— said prettily, “She has turned one-and-twenty shillings into a guinea.”

## 996. ROYAL FAVOUR.

A low Frenchman bragged that the king had spoken to him. Being asked what his majesty had said, he replied, “he bade me stand out of his way.”

## 997. FOOTE AND QUIN.

As Quin and Foote  
One day walk'd out  
To view the country round,  
In merry mood  
They chatting stood,  
Hard by the village pound.

Foote from his poke  
A shilling took,  
And said, I'll bet a penny,  
In a short space,  
Within this place,  
I'll make this piece a guinea.

Upon the ground,  
Within the pound,  
The shilling soon was thrown :  
Behold, says Foote,  
The thing's made out,  
For there is one pound one.

I wonder not,  
Says Quin, that thought  
Should in your head be found,  
Since that's the way  
Your debts you pay—  
A shilling in the pound.



## 998. ECCLESIASTIC SQUABBLE.

A vicar and a curate of a village, where there was to be a burial, were at variance. The vicar not coming in time, the curate began the service, and was reading the words, "I am the resurrection," when the vicar arrived almost out of breath; and, snatching the book out of the curate's hands, with great scorn, cried, "*You* the resurrection! *I* am the resurrection," and then went on.

## 999. A LOST KEY ACCOUNTED FOR.

When Quin, the player, once dined at the country house of a nobleman famous for his parsimony, the peer apologized for treating his guest with port wine only, because the butler had *lost the key of the claret-cellar*. The table being cleared of a scanty desert, and the port wine finished, the noble lord took his guest into his garden, where was an aviary, with a number of foreign birds, and among others an ostrich. "This bird," said he, "has many strange properties, and can digest iron."—"Can he?" replied Quin; "why then I suppose he may have *swallowed and digested the key of your claret-cellar*, and if I might advise your lordship, you had better get another made as soon as possible."

## 1000. THEOLOGICAL STYLE.

Matthew Henry, whose Commentaries are well known, writes in this matter on judges ix.—"We are here told by what acts Abimelech *got into the saddle*—none would have *dreamed* of making such a fellow as he king.—See how he has *wheedled* them into the choice.—He hired into his service the *scum* and scoundrels of the country.—Jotham was really *a fine gentleman*.—The Sechemites that set Abimelech up, were the first to *kick him off*.—The Sechemites said all the ill they could of him in their *table-talk*; they *drank healths* to his confusion.—*Well, Gaal's interest in Sechem is soon at an end.—Exit Gaal.*"

## 1001. A CONVERT.

A methodist in America, bragging how well he had



instructed some Indians in religion, called up one of them, and, after some questions, asked him if he had not found great comfort last Sunday, after receiving the sacrament. "Aye, master," replied the savage, "but I wished it had been brandy."

## 1002. LADY SUNDON.

Lady Sundon was bribed with a pair of diamond earrings, and procured the donor a good place at court. Notwithstanding the matter was notorious, she was so imprudent as to wear them constantly in public. This being blamed in a company, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, like Mrs. Caundour, undertook lady Sundon's defence. "And pray," says she, "where is the harm? I, for my part, think lady Sundon acts wisely—for does not the bush shew where the wine is sold?"

## 1003. BEAUTIFUL PROVERB.

Proverbs are sometimes expressed in elegant metaphor. I was struck with an oriental one of this sort, which I met with in some book of travels: "With time and patience the leaf of the mulberry-tree becomes satin."

## 1004. THE BITER BIT.

A certain priest had hoarded up  
A secret mass of gold;  
But where he might bestow it safe,  
By fancy was not told.

At last it came into his head  
To lock it in a chest  
Within the chancel, and he wrote  
Thereon *Hic Deus est*.

A merry grig, whose greedy mind  
Long wish'd for such a prey,  
Respecting not the sacred words  
That on the casket lay,

Took out the gold; and blotting out  
The priest's inscript thereon,  
Wrote *Resurrexit, non est hic*.

"Your God is rose and gone."



## 1005. A SCOTCH THIEF.

A poor fellow, in Scotland, creeping through the hedge of an orchard, with an intention to rob it, was seen by the owner, who called out to him, "Sawney! hoot mon, where are you ganging?"—"Back again," says Sawney.

## 1006. A TRUISM.

An Englishman equally averse to *French measures* and every thing that was French, going into a coffee-house called for a glass of *brandy and water*. "But, do you hear, none of your confounded French stuff for me."—The waiter answered, "*Genuine British*, sir, I assure you."

## 1007. DOUBLE ACCIDENT.

A barber, shaving a thin-faced man, put his finger into his mouth, to push out the hollow of his cheek, and happening to make a slip, cut through the poor fellow's face. "Oh curse your lantern jaws," cries the barber, "I've cut my finger."

## 1008. AN ANSWER TO A CREDITOR.

Samuel Foote having a demand made on him for a debt *principal and interest*, answered, it was not his *interest* to pay the *principal*, nor his *principle* to pay the *interest*.

## 1009. DECEPTION.

Sieur Boaz, (the slight of hand man) was accosted in the usual style by a retailer of oranges. "Well my lad," says the sieur, "how do you sell them?"—"Two-pence a piece, sir," quoth the man. "High-priced, indeed," rejoined the deceiver; "however, we'll try them." Cutting an orange into four pieces, "Behold," says the sieur, (producing a *new guinea* from the inside of the orange,) "how your fruit repays me for your extortion. Come, I can afford to purchase one more," and he repeated the same experiment, as with the first. "Well, to be sure," says he, "they are the first fruit I ever



found to produce golden seeds." The sieur then wished to come to terms for his whole basket; but the astonished clodpole, with joyous alacrity, ran out of the house, and reaching home, began to quarter the contents of the whole basket. But alas! the *seeds* were no more than the produce of nature—the conjurer alone possessing the *golden art*.

## 1010. A GOOD EXCUSE.

In the court of session in Scotland, the judges who do not attend, or give a proper excuse for their absence, are, by law, liable to a fine. This law, however, is never enforced, but it is common, on the first day of the session, for the absentee to send an excuse to the lord president.—Lord S— having sent such an excuse, on the president mentioning it, the late lord justice Clerk said, "What excuse can a stout fellow like him have?"—"My lord," said the president, "he has lost his wife." The justice, who was fitted with a Xantippe, replied, "Has he? that is a gude excuse indeed? I wish we had a' the same."

## 1011. ON WIT.

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

## 1012. BOTHERATION.

*Copy of an Order sent by a Farmer's Wife to a Tradesman  
in town for a scarlet cardinal.*

Sir,

If you please to send me a scarlet cardinal, let it be full yard long, and let it be full, it is for a large woman, they tell me I may have a large one and a handsome one for eleven shillings, I should not be willing to give more than twelve; but if you have any as long either duffel or cloth, if it comes cheaper I should like to have it, for I am not to give more than twelve shillings; I beg you, sir, to be so good as not to fail sending me this cardinal



on Wednesday without fail, let it be full yard long, I beg, or else it will not do, fail not on Wednesday, and by so doing you will oblige

Your humble servant, M. W.

P. S. I hope you will charge your lowest price, and if you please not to send me a duffel one but cloth, full yard long and full, and please to send it to Mr. Field's the waterman, who comes to the Beehive, at Queenhithe; pray don't send me a duffel one but cloth, I have altered my mind, I should not like it duffel but cloth, let it be full yard long, and let it be cloth, for I don't like duffel; it must not be more than twelve shillings at most, one of the cheapest you have and full yard long; send two, both of a length, and both large ones full yard long, both of a price, they be both for one woman, they must be exactly alike for goodness and price, fail then not on Wednesday, and full yard long.

1013. THE COURTIER AND THE SCHOLAR.

A haughty courtier meeting in the streets  
A scholar, him thus insolently greets:  
"Base men to take the wall I ne'er permit."  
The scholar said, "I do," and gave him it.

1014. AN EPILOGUE.

When the Hon. Mr. S. had finished his tragedy, he carried it to his friend, who having read it, returned it to him without saying a word. "Well, now, sir, can you supply me with an epilogue?"—"Trust me," says the other, drily, "it will never come to that."

1015. A DEATH-BED BON-MOT.

Swift's Stella, in her last illness, being visited by her physician, he said, "Madam, I hope we shall soon get you up the hill again."—"Ah!" said she, "I am afraid before I get to the top, *I shall be out of breath.*"

1016. AN ATTENTIVE COMEDIAN.

When the comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer* was in re-



hearsal, Dr. Goldsmith was at great pains to *drill* the actors. When it was first performed, the gentleman who played *Young Marlow* spoke it with the Hibernian dialect. On his coming off the stage, Goldsmith, in high anger, asked why he did so? "I endeavoured," answered the performer, "to imitate you in the lessons you gave as closely as I could, but *I was not able to speak the brogue quite so broad.*"

## 1017. FORGETFULNESS.

When Jack was poor, the lad was frank and free;  
Of late he's grown brimful of pride and pelf;  
You wonder that he don't remember me;  
Why so? You see he has forgot himself.

## 1018. GILES JOLT.

Giles Jolt as sleeping in a cart he lay,  
Some waggish pilf'ers stole his team away.  
Giles wakes, and cries—What's here? odsdickins! what?  
Why how now? am I Giles, or am I not?  
If he, I've lost six geldings, to my smart;  
If not—Odsbuddikins! I've found a cart.

## 1019. A LAST JEST.

Wicherly, in order to punish an ungrateful nephew, as soon as he found himself past recovery, had the marriage ceremony performed with a young woman he understood had merit. The evening before he expired, he called his wife to his bedside, and earnestly entreated her not to deny him one request, the last he should make. On her assurance of consenting, he told her, "My dear, it is only this, that you *will never marry an old man again.*"

## 1020. BIBO'S VOYAGE.

When Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,  
As full of Champagne as an egg's full of meat:  
He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,  
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.



“Trim the boat, and sit quiet,” stern Charon replied:  
 “You may have forgot, you were drunk when you died.”

## 1021. A LOVING COUPLE.

Sir Hal and lady Sneer were heard  
 Disputing which had most regard:  
 Says Madam, “When I die, my love,  
 Your guardian angel I will prove,  
 And hover round you night and day,  
 Lest you, my heart, should *go astray*.”  
 “And I shall be so blest, my dear,”  
 Cried spouse, “beneath your phantom-care,  
 That *speedy as you please*, my love,  
 You may my *guardian angel prove*.”

## 1022. JAMES I.

James I. being one day at play with a fellow pupil, his tutor Buchanan, who was reading, desired them to make less noise. Finding that they disregarded his admonition, he told his majesty if he did not hold his tongue, he would certainly whip his breech.—The king replied he would be glad to see who would *bell the cat*, alluding to the fable. Buchanan, in a passion, threw the book from him, and inflicted on his majesty a sound flogging. The old countess of Mar rushed into the room, and taking the king in her arms, asked how he dared to lay his hands *on the lord's anointed*. “Madam,” replied the elegant and immortal historian, “I have whipped his a—: you may kiss it if you please.” When Buchanan was asked how he came to make a pedant of his royal pupil, he answered, he thought he did a great deal to make any thing of him.

## 1023. THE GLUTTON.

From noon till morn, with unabated zeal,  
 A wealthy glutton at a luscious meal  
 Had cramm'd himself till he could breathe no more,  
 The short-liv'd joy at length brought to deplore,  
 With staggering steps he left the scene divine,  
 At home to snore away the fumes of wine.



By chance a beggar, naked and distress,  
 Met him, and thus with plaintive voice address'd :  
 " In pity, sir, some trifling alms bestow  
 On a poor man, a prey to every woe ;  
 Forlorn, unshelter'd from the wint'ry blast,  
 These lips no food have touch'd for two days past ;  
 And hunger"—" Hold," he cried, " complain no longer,  
 You lucky dog, to know the calls of hunger."

## 1024. ON LADIES WEARING WATCHES IN THEIR BOSOMS.

Do you think that your watch you from thieves can secure,  
 Whilst in that lovely bosom 'tis plac'd ;  
 No, the pilferer's hand 'twill more strongly allure,  
 And to plunder impart a fresh zest.  
 That bosom, dear Jessey, I ne'er can behold  
 Without longing its treasures to win :  
 The united temptation of beauty and gold  
 Would provoke a whole conclave to sin.

## 1025 MRS. F—'S DELIGHT.

*Composed by her husband, T. F.*

The following old Scottish song is from a MS. collection of poems, written and collected by Andrew Sympson, schoolmaster at Stirling, A. D. 1690.

Some men they do delight in hounds,  
 And some in hawks take pleasure ;  
 Some do rejoice in war and wounds,  
 And thereby gain great treasure.

Some men do love on sea to sail ;  
 And some rejoice in riding.  
 But all their judgments do them fail—  
 Oh ! no such joy as chiding.

When in the morn I ope my eyes  
 To entertain the day,  
 Before my husband e'en can rise,  
 I chide him—then I pray.



When I at table take my place,  
 Whatever be the meat,  
 I first do chide—and then say grace,  
 If so dispos'd to eat.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,  
 I ever do complain,  
 Too raw, too roast, too young, too old—  
 Faults I will find or feign.

Let it be flesh, or fowl, or fish,  
 It never shall be said,  
 But I'll find fault with meat, or dish,  
 With master or with maid.

But when I go to bed at night,  
 I heartily do weep,  
 That I must part with my delight—  
 I cannot scold and sleep.

However this doth mitigate,  
 And much abate my sorrow,  
 That tho' to-night it be too late,  
 I'll early scold to-morrow.

## 1026. SMART REPLY.

A young candidate was afternoon preacher at the church of a house of correction or workhouse, which was seldom attended by any but the inhabitants of the latter. However, once several of his young female acquaintances went thither, and seated themselves where they could not be seen by the parson. After service the candidate paid a visit to a place where one of these young women happened to be in company; he paid his compliments to her, and she asked him whence he came? appearing as if she did not know he had preached. "Ah!" said he, "I have this afternoon been preaching to a congregation of asses." To which his female friend replied, "That was the reason why you always called them *my beloved brethren.*"



## 1027. A YOUNG WIFE WELL MATCHED.

Samuel Baldwin, a gentleman of Hampshire, had, by his will in the year 1736, ordered, that after his decease, his body should be thrown into the sea beyond the Needles, which was accordingly complied with. On making enquiry into his motives for this singular disposal of his remains, it was discovered, that he made it for the purpose of disappointing a young wife, who had frequently assured him, by way of consolation, that she would—*dance upon his grave.*

## 1028. CONJUROR AND NO CONJUROR.

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

## 1029. COUNSELLOR GARROW'S FORTUNE TOLD.

A witness in the Court of King's Bench, being cross-examined by Mr. Garrow, that learned gentleman asked him if he was not a *fortune-teller*. “I am not,” answered the witness; “but if every one had his due, I should have no difficulty in telling your fortune.”—“Well, fellow!” says Mr. Garrow, “pray what is to be my fortune?”—“Why, sir,” rejoined the witness, “I understand you made your *first speech* at the Old Bailey, and I think it is probable that you will there make your *last speech.*”

## 1030. ON A PALE WOMAN.

Whence comes it, that in Clara's face  
The lilly only has its place?  
Is it that the absent rose  
Is gone to paint her husband's nose?



## 1031. A RECIPE FOR COURAGE.

A gallant soldier was once heard to say, that his only measure of courage was this: "Upon the first fire I immediately look upon myself as a dead man; I then fight out the remainder of the day, as regardless of danger as a dead man should be. All the limbs which I carry out of the field I regard as so much gained, or as so much saved out of the fire."

## 1032. EMPHATIC REPROOF.

When the marshal ——— was about ninety years of age, he was disturbed with the noise of some young officers, diverting themselves with some girls. "Is this, gentlemen, the example that I set you?"

## 1033. NAIVETE.

An old officer had lost an eye in the wars, and supplied it with a glass one, which he always took out when he went to bed. Being at an inn, he took out his eye, and gave it to the simple wench who attended, desiring her to lay it on the table. The maid afterwards still waiting and staring, "What dost thou wait for?" said the officer. "Only for the other eye, sir."

## 1034. A PASSIONATE MAN.

Fletcher, of Saltown, is well known to have possessed a most irritable temper. His footman desiring to be dismissed. "Why do you leave me?" said he—"Because, to speak the truth, I cannot bear your temper."—"To be sure, I am passionate, but my passion is no sooner on than it is off."—"Yes," replied the servant, "but then it is no sooner off, than it is on."

## 1035. ROYAL OATHS.

In former times sovereign princes had their favourite oaths, which they made use of on all occasions when their feelings or passions were excited. The oaths of the English monarchs are on record, and a list of them might easily be made out by having recourse to the old writers



of our history, from the conquest to the reign of Elizabeth, who did not scruple, pious queen and good mother of the church of England as she was, to swear by *God's wounds*, an oath issuing at this time frequently from vulgar mouths, but softened down to *zounds*. Brantome, who lived in the court of Francis the First, cotemporary with Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth's father, has recorded the oaths of four succeeding monarchs immediately preceding his time. He informs his readers that Lewis the XI.th swore by *God's Easter*; Charles the VIII.th swore by *God's light*; Lewis the XII.th used an oath still common amongst the French rabble, *The Devil take me*; but the oath of Francis, the first of that name, was polished enough for the present day; it was, *On the word of a gentleman*.

## 1036. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

One day when Mark Antony was indulging himself in his favourite amusement of angling, he had very bad success; this circumstance mortified him extremely, as the queen was of the party, and he was unwilling to seem to want address in her presence; he therefore ordered some fishermen to dive secretly under water and fasten to his hook some of the largest fishes they could take: his command was punctually obeyed, and Cleopatra affected much surprise at his extraordinary fortune, but, being perfectly apprised of the artifice, she caused one of her own people to dive under water and fasten to the triumvir's hook a large dry fish, of that kind which was brought from the Euxine sea into Egypt. When Antony drew up his line, his embarrassment afforded much diversion to the company; but Cleopatra embracing him, advised him to leave the angling line to the Egyptians, and direct his thoughts to the reduction of cities and kingdoms.

## 1037. VOLTAIRE.

It was observed by a certain person to Voltaire, that the king of Prussia had behaved to him in a manner singularly gracious and kind; "He has given you," adds the remarker, "a pension of twenty thousand livres;



and he gave you, moreover, a key."—"Yes," interrupted Voltaire, "but I can assure you it was not the key of paradise."

## 1038. JOHN TAYLOR.

This author had the merit of interrupting the servile etiquette of kneeling to the king. I myself, (says the Water poet), gave a book to king James once, in the great chamber at Whitehall, as his majesty came from the chapel. The duke of Richmond said merrily to me: "Taylor, where did you learn the manners to give the king a book and not kneel?"—"My lord," said I, "if it please your grace, I do *give* now; but when I *beg* any thing, then I will kneele."

An hostess of mine at Oxford, says he, roasted a shoulder of a ram, which in the eating was as tuff as a buff jerkin. I asked her why the mutton was so tough. She said, she knew not, unless the butcher deceived her in the age of it. Nay, quoth I, there is, I think, another fault in it, which will excuse the butcher, for, perhaps, you roasted it with old wood. In truth, replied she, that is likely enough, for my husband buys nothing but old stumps and knots, which make all the meat we roast or boil so exceedingly tough that nobody can eat it.

Being asked who invented the game of bowls, he replied, "No doubt, the philosopher Bias."

## 1039. OLD ANAGRAMS.

ARRESTING very well with this agrees,  
It is a STINGER worse than wasps or bees,  
The very word includes the prisoner's fees.  
Arresting briefly claps them up IN GRATES.

To all good verses PRISONS are great foes,  
And many poets they keep fast, IN PROSE:  
Again, this very word portends small hopes,  
For he that's in a prison is IN ROPES,  
Makes woeful purchase of calamities,  
And finds in it no profit, or NO PRIZE:  
Filth, cold, and hunger, dwell within the door,  
And thus a prison doth NIP SORE.



## 1040. THE PARISIANS.

Voltaire, being asked what he thought of the people of Paris—"The Parisians," answered he, "raise statues, and pull them down again; they spend their time in theatres, hissing, and clapping of hands; they have less ingenuity than the Athenians had, with all their faults, and more than double their extravagances."

## 1041. THE PILGRIM AND THE PEAS.—BY PETER PINDAR.

A brace of sinners, for no good,  
 Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,  
 Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,  
 And in a fair white wig look'd wond'rous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel,  
 With something in their shoes much worse than gravel;  
 In short, their toes so gentle to amuse  
 The priest had ordered peas into their shoes:  
 A nostrum famous in old popish times  
 For purifying souls that stunk with crimes;  
 A sort of apostolic salt,  
 That popish parsons for its pow'rs exalt  
 For keeping souls of sinners sweet,  
 Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.  
 The knaves set off on the same day,  
 Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;  
 But very different was their speed, I wot:  
 One of the sinners gallop'd on,  
 Light as a bullet from a gun;  
 The other limp'd as if he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin soon—*peccavi* cried—  
 Had his soul whitewash'd all so clever;  
 Then home again he nimbly hied,  
 Made fit with saints above to live *for ever*.

In coming back, however, let me say,  
 He met his brother rogue about half-way,  
 Hobbling with outstretch'd bum, and bending knees,  
 Damning the souls and bodies of the peas;



His eyes in tears, his cheeks, and brows in sweat,  
 Deep sympathising with his groaning feet.  
 "How now," the light-toed, whitewash'd pilgrim broke,  
 "You lazy lubber?"  
 "Ods curse it!" cried the other, "'tis no joke:  
 My feet once hard as any rock,  
 Are now as soft as blubber.  
 Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—  
 As for Loretto, I shall not get there:  
 No! to the devil my sinful soul must go,  
 For damme if I han't lost ev'ry toe.  
 But, brother sinner, do explain  
 How 'tis that you are not in pain;  
 What pow'r hath work'd a wonder for *your* toes;  
 Whilst *I* just like a snail am crawling,  
 Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,  
 Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?  
 How is't that *you* can like a greyhound go,  
 Merry, as if nought had happen'd, burn ye?"—  
 "Why," cried the other, grinning, "you must know,  
 That just before I ventur'd on my journey,  
 To walk a little more at ease,  
 I took the liberty to boil *my* peas."

## 1042. RHETORIC.

That sort is best which is most reasonable and catching. An instance we have in that old commander at Cadiz, who shewed a good orator. Being to say something to his soldiers, (which he was not used to do) he made them a speech to this purpose: "What a shame would it be, you Englishmen, that feed upon good beef and beer, to let those rascally Spaniards beat you, that eat nothing but oranges and lemons." And thus he put more courage into his men than he could have done by a learned oration.

## 1043. MONEY MAKES A MAN LAUGH

A blind fiddler playing to a company, and playing scurvily, the company laughed at him. His boy that led him observing it, cried, "Let us begone, father; they do



nothing but laugh at you.”—“ Hold your peace,” said the fiddler, “ we shall have the money presently, and then we shall laugh at them.”

1044. THE RAZOR SELLER.—BY PETER PINDAR.

A fellow in a market town,  
Most musical, cried razors up and down,  
And offer'd twelve for eighteen pence ;  
Which certainly seem'd wond'rous cheap,  
And for the money quite a heap ;  
As every man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard,—  
Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,  
That seem'd a shoe-brush, stuck beneath his nose :  
With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,  
And proudly to himself in whispers said,  
“ This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

No matter, if the fellow *be* a knave ;  
Provided that the razors *shave*,  
It certainly will be a monstrous prize.”  
So home the clown with his good fortune went,  
Smiling, in heart and soul content,  
And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,  
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,  
Just like a hedger, cutting furze :  
'Twas a vile razor ! then the rest he tried—  
All were impostors—“ Ah !” Hodge sigh'd,  
“ I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse.”

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,  
He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and stamp'd, and swore ;  
Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd, and made wry  
And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er. [faces,

His muzzle, form'd of *opposition* stuff,  
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff ;  
So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds :  
Hodge in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,  
Vowing the direst vengeance with clench'd claws,  
On the vile cheat that sold the goods.



“ Razors ! a d—n’d confounded dog !—

Not fit to scrape a hog !”

Hodge sought the fellow, found him, and begun—

“ P’rhaps, master Razor-rogue, to you ’tis fun,

That people flay themselves out of their lives :

You rascal ! for an hour have I been grubbing,

Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing,

With Razors just like oyster-knives.

Sirrah ! I tell you you’re a knave,

To cry up razors that can’t *shave*.”

“ Friend,” quoth the razor-man, “ I’m not a knave .

As for the razors you have bought,

Upon my soul I never thought

That they would shave,—”

“ Not think they’d shave !” quoth Hodge, with wond’ring eyes,

And voice not much unlike an Indian yell ;

“ What were they made for then, you dog ?” he cries.—

“ Made !” quoth the fellow, with a smile, “ to sell.”

#### 1045. A CALF PREFERRED TO A LORD.

A great lord and a gentleman walking together, there came a boy by leading a calf with both his hands. Says the lord to the gentleman, “ You shall see me make this boy let go his calf.” With that he came towards him, thinking that the boy would pull off his hat, but the boy took no notice of him. The lord seeing that, “ Sirrah,” says he, “ do you not know me, that you use no reverence ?”—“ Yes,” says the boy ; “ if your lordship will hold my calf, I will pull off my hat.”

#### 1046. ROYAL WIT.

A great personage finding fault with a carpenter whose work had shrunk, the carpenter expressed his concern, and declared that he would not have had such a thing happen for a good deal. “ A good deal,” replied his majesty ; “ if I were a carpenter, I would not have had it happen for a whole *timber-yard*.”



## 1047. POLITICAL PRUDENCE.

Wise men say nothing in dangerous times. The lion called the sheep to ask her if his breath smelt; she said, "Aye," and he bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf, and asked him. He said, "No," and he tore him to pieces for a flatterer. At last he called for the fox, and asked him, "Truly," said he, "I have got a cold and cannot smell."

## 1048. A TAYLOR OUT OF HIS PLACE.

A newly-raised volunteer corps chose for its captain a master taylor, who being complimented with the making of the regimentals, on the first day of their appearing in full dress, he 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!"

## 1049. PUN UPON PUN.

Two Oxonians dining together, one of them noticing a spot of grease on the neckcloth of his companion, said, "I see you are a Grecian."—"Pooh!" said the other, "that's far-fetched."—"No, indeed," says the punster, "I made it on the spot."

## 1050. OUTLANDISH CHEESE.

When the famous automaton chess-player was exhibited in St. James's-street, a board with the following words was placed over the door: "The automaton chess-player to be seen within. Admittance half-a-crown." One day two well-dressed Leicestershire graziers passing by, their notice was so far attracted by the board, that with open mouths they began to spell it. In two or three minutes, one of them looking very knowingly at his companion, exclaimed, with a horse laugh, "Hot-to-mot-ton-cheese! Why what fools these cockneys must be! I would not gee half-a-crown to see all the cheese in England."



## 1051. THE WILL OF JOHN HEDGES, ESQ.

*Secretary to his royal highness, Frederick, Prince of Wales.*

This fifth day of May,  
 Being airy and gay,  
 To hyp not inclin'd,  
 But of vigorous mind,  
 And my body in health,  
 I'll dispose of my wealth,  
 And all I'm to leave  
 On this side the grave,  
 To some one or other,  
 And I think to my brother ;  
 But because I foresaw  
 That my brethren-in-law,  
 If I did not take care,  
 Would come in for a share,  
 Which I no wise intended,  
 Till their manners were mended,  
 (And God knows there's no sign ;)  
 I do therefore enjoin,  
 And strictly command,  
 (Of which witness my hand,)  
 That nought I have got  
 Be brought to hotch-pot ;  
 But I give and devise,  
 As much as in me lies,  
 To the son of my mother,  
 My own dearest brother,  
 To have and to hold  
 All my silver and gold,  
 As the affectionate pledges  
 Of his brother

JOHN HEDGES.

This will was proved at Doctors' Commons, and deemed good in a court of law.

## 1052. THE TAYLOR'S DREAM.

A taylor, who was dangerously ill, had a remarkable dream—He saw, fluttering in the air, a piece of cloth of a prodigious length, composed of all the cabbage he had



made, of a variety of colours. The angel of death held this piece of patch-work in one of his hands, and with the other gave the taylor several strokes with a piece of iron. The taylor, awakening in a fright, made a vow, that if he recovered he would cabbage no more.—He soon recovered.—As he was diffident of himself, he ordered one of his apprentices to put him in mind of his dream, whenever he cut out a suit of clothes. The taylor was for some time obedient to the intimations given him by his apprentice. But a nobleman having sent for him to make a coat out of a very rich stuff, his virtue could not resist the temptation. His apprentice put him in mind of his dream, but to no purpose: “I am tired with your talk about the dream,” says the taylor; “there was nothing like *this* in the whole piece of patch-work I saw in my dream.”

#### 1053. A DIFFERENT LINE.

A gentleman returned from India, inquiring of a person respecting their common acquaintance, who had been *hanged* after he had left England, was told he was dead. “And did he continue in the *grocery line*?” said the former. “Oh, no,” replied the other, “he was quite in a *different line* when he died.”

#### 1054. THE EXCISEMAN BIT.

A countryman was stopped by a revenue officer, who took from him two casks of spirits, and carrying them to the next town (a distance of fifteen miles) was desired by the countryman to stop and leave it at the first public-house. The officer replied, “No; I have seized it, and it must go to the excise-office.”—“Not so, master,” said the countryman; “I have a little bit of paper here, which, if you’ll take the trouble of reading, will convince you I am right.” The officer reading his *bit of paper*, exclaimed, “Why, you rascal, this is a permit; why did you not shew it me sooner?”—“Because,” said he, “if I had, you would not have carried the liquor so far for me.”



## 1055. UGLY FOOT.

Mons. Scarron, who was lame by both his feet being turned inwards, to conceal his deformity used to wear a long gown. Being once in company, by chance he disclosed one of his feet; and observing a lady, who saw it, winked to the rest of the company that they might take notice of —“Ladies,” exclaimed the philosopher, “you have great reason to laugh at this stump of a foot of mine: but I will lay you a wager that there is a much more deformed foot than this in the present company.” A murmur arose on this speech through the whole circle; each man and woman looked at one another’s feet. “It is concealed,” said the gentleman; “but to prove the assertion true, I will make the discovery.” On saying which, he drew his gown aside and displayed his other foot.”

## 1056. A HOG THE ONLY GENTLEMAN.

Dr. Franklin, when last in England, used pleasantly to repeat an observation of his negro servant, when the doctor was making the tour of Derbyshire, Lancashire, &c. —“Every thing, massa, *work* in this country; *water work, wind work, fire work, smoke work, dog work, man work, woman work, bullock work, horse work, ass work*; every thing *work* here but the *hog*! he eat, he drink, he sleep, he do nothing all day! the *hog* be the only gentleman in England.”

## 1057. THE CRANES.

Messier Currado, of Naples, had a servant named Chinchillo, who one night, to treat his mistress, cut off the leg of a crane that was roasting for his master’s supper, who thereupon asked him what was become of the crane’s other leg. Chinchillo immediately swore that cranes had but one leg. The next morning, as he was riding behind his master, he made him, in order to convince him that he was right, observe several cranes at roost upon one leg; but his master shouting, they put down their other leg; whereupon Chinchillo perceiving



that his master was angry, cried out, "How lucky it was that you did not shout last night! for your crane would have put down the other leg, and have flown away as these did, and your supper would have gone too."

## 1058. FICTION AND TRUTH.

The English poet, Waller, wrote a fine panegyric on Cromwell at the time of his assuming the protectorship. Upon the restoration of Charles II, he wrote a poem likewise in his praise, and presented it to him. After the king had read it, he told Waller he had formerly made a better on Cromwell. "Please your majesty," answered Waller, "we poets are always more happy in fiction than in the truth."

## 1059. THE GOD MAKER.

A sculptor in Portugal, who had borne the character of a free-thinker, was dying. A Jesuit confessed him, and held a crucifix before him, exclaiming, "See! there is God, whom you have so often offended!—Do you know him?"—"Oh, yes," replied the sculptor; "I made it."

## 1060. TRIED FRIENDS.

A sharper having observed that there was no knowing one's friends till they were tried, was asked, if most of his had not been *tried* already?

## 1061. THE TWINS.

Miss P——, who had many lovers, and had had several children, complained thus to lord Chesterfield:—"Only think how I am belied; they give out that I was lately brought to bed of twins."—"Nay," answered his lordship, "I only believe reports by halves."

## 1062. PROGRESS OF A MODERN TRADESMAN.

Take a shop and stock it well with haberdashery, butter, and cheese, or tobacco, chiefly purchased with bills of your own, or others as good. About a month after you have opened a shop, keep a horse, and dine out every



Sunday at Highgate, Dulwich, or Shooter's-hill. In a little time clap a whisky to the horse; presently afterward get another horse, and buy yourself a phaeton, and then have a footman to ride after you. As soon as you can do this, take a country-house at Marybone, Mile-end, or Deptford-road. You must then have a coach or a chariot to carry you out of town on the Friday afternoon, and bring you back again on the Tuesday morning. All this may be done in the course of a twelvemonth, when a commission of bankruptcy comes, like an *extinguisher*, and puts an *end* to the whole.

## 1063. RUSTIC WIT.

A peasant came into Aurbach's square, at Leipsic, and looked round about him before he ventured to go into a shop. A shopman called out, "Come this way, father; what do you want?" The peasant went to him and asked, "What do you sell?"—"Do not you see?" replied the shopman; "asses heads."—"Faith," replied the countryman, "you must have a great demand for them, for I only see one left."

## 1064. THE IMPOSSIBILITY.

A bad woman upbraided her husband with his love of money, and said, she believed if she were to die that he would marry the devil's eldest daughter if he could have plenty of money with her. "That might be," answered her husband; "but the worst of it is, a man dare not marry two sisters."

## 1065. THE LEGACY.

An old miser was on his death bed, verbally declaring his last intentions, but alas! his eldest son had offended him past forgiveness, by his inattention to money matters, and vain were the endeavours of surrounding friends to intercede for him. "I leave my second son, Andrew," said the dying man, "my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, prayed heaven



to prolong his life, that he might long enjoy it himself. "I recommend Simon, my third son, to Andrew's care; leaving him four thousand pounds."—"Ah, father," said Simon, "may heaven grant you to live and enjoy it yourself!"—"As for you Dick," said he to his eldest son, "you have always been a sad dog; you'll never come to any good; you'll never be rich; I leave you a shilling to buy an halter."—"Ah, father," cried Dick, "heaven restore you, and permit you to enjoy it yourself!"

## 1066. A BAD AIR.

A person once hearing a lady sing, who had a disagreeable breath, was asked how he liked it. "The voice is good," said he; "but the air is intolerable."

## 1067. A WARM REPROOF.

The confessor of Bernardo, viscount of Milan, surprised this nobleman in company with a courtesan. Bernardo, in great confusion at the discovery, asked the priest what he would have done, had he been under the same temptation. "I know not, my lord," replied the discreet monk, "what I should have done, but I know what I ought to have done."

## 1068. A BON-MOT.

A knight of the order of the Golden Fleece, employed in an embassy to Florence, with great parade and ostentation, wore several chains round his neck. A man of wit, who saw the knight thus caparisoned, observed, that for other mad people one chain was thought sufficient, but this fellow requires a dozen.

## 1069. ON A GIANT'S ANGLING.

His angle-rod, made of a sturdy oak,  
His line a cable, which in storms ne'er broke;  
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,  
And sat upon a rock, and bobb'd for whale.



## 1070. SWIFT SPIRIT.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,  
 He took to his heels and ran for his life,  
 Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,  
 And screen'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble,  
 Then ventur'd to give him some wholesome advice:  
 But Tom is a fellow of honour so nice,  
 Too *proud* to take counsel, too *wise* to take warning,  
 That he sent them all three a challenge next morning:  
 He fought with all three, and thrice ventured his life,  
 Then went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

## 1071. AN AGREEMENT.

Colonel Chartres agreed to purchase the timber of a large estate in the north, from a young heir, and pay the whole money as soon as he had cut down the *last* tree, which agreement was accepted of. His labourers were immediately set to work, and they cut away with uncommon expedition till they came to the *last* tree, where they halted, and left it standing, as well as the *purchase-money unpaid*, until the death of the colonel.

## 1072. ROYAL BON-MOT.

The king, in one of his morning rides, noticed Mr. Blanchard's house on Richmond-hill, and being struck with its situation and elegance, enquired who the owner was? He was told it belonged to a *card-maker*; upon which his majesty remarked, that one would think this man's *cards* had all turned up *trumps*.

## 1073. LIE UPON LIE.

When Cibber once went to visit Booth, and knew that he was at home, a female domestic denied him. Colley took no notice of this at the time, but when a few days afterwards Booth paid him a visit in return, called out from the first floor that *he was not at home*. "How can that be," answered Booth; "do I not hear your voice?"



“To be sure you do,” replied Cibber, “but what then? I believed your servant maid, and it is hard indeed if you won’t believe me.”

## 1074. FORESIGHT.

Dr. Franklin, when last in London, walking in the street with a friend, and wearing his spectacles, was advised to take them off, but refused, observing, that they might probably save his eyes. Shortly after, they met a porter, against whom the doctor happened to jostle; upon which the fellow turned round, and putting on a surly countenance, said, “D—n your spectacles!”—“There!” said the doctor to his friend, “I told you of what use my spectacles would be; it is not the first time they have saved my eyes.”

## 1075. EFFECTS OF WAR.

A woman in Lancashire being lately told that tallow was risen on account of the war, “why then,” said she, “I suppose they have ta’en to fighting by candle-light.”

## 1076. DUTCH HOSPITALITY.

An Irish soldier, who came over with General Moore, being asked if he met with much *hospitality* in Holland, “O yes,” replied he, “*too much*; I was in the hospital almost all the time I was there.”

## 1077. MODERN CORRUPTION.

The late Mr. Flood once talking of the Irish pensionist, said it may be compared to death, for it was the wages of sin.

## 1078. A CLASSICAL PUN.

Sir William Dawes, archbishop of York, was very fond of a pun. His clergy dining with him, for the first time after he had lost his lady, he told them he feared they did not find things in so good order as they used to be in the time of poor Mary: and, looking extremely sorrowful,



added, with a deep sigh, "She was, indeed, *Mare pacificum!*" A curate, who pretty well knew what she had been, called out, "Aye, my lord, but she was *Mare mortuum* first." The curate was soon appointed to a benefice.

1079. THE MISTAKE.

Marshal Turenne happening one hot day to be looking out at the window of his anti-chamber, in a white waistcoat and night-cap, a servant entering the room, deceived by his dress, mistakes him for one of the undercooks. He comes softly behind him, and with a hand, which was not one of the lightest, gives him a violent slap on the breech. The marshal instantly turns about; and the fellow, frightened out of his wits, beholds the face of his master. Down he drops upon his knees—"Oh! my lord! I thought it was George."—"And suppose it had been George," replied the marshal, rubbing his breech, "you need not have struck so hard."

1080. ON PART OF THE UNIVERSITY CHURCH IN OXFORD  
BEING TURNED INTO A LAW-SCHOOL.

Yes, yes, you may rail at the Pope as you please,  
But trust me, that miracles never will cease;  
See here an event which no mortal suspected,  
See law and divinity closely connected;  
To prove the old proverb, which long had seem'd odd,  
That the nearest the church are the farthest from God.

1081. EPIGRAM.

Kate kiss'd her husband with these words:  
"What transports do I prove,  
While Heaven my own sweet Will affords,  
To bless his only love!"  
"I do believe," cried he, "my Kate,  
That women, good or ill,  
Were never understood to hate,  
No, never, their own will."



## 1082. SAMARITAN WOMAN.

A father was once going to preach upon the text of the Samaritan woman, and after reading it, he said, "Do not wonder, my beloved, that the text is so long, for it is a woman that speaks."

## 1083. THE CARDINAL IN HELL.

The celebrated Michael Angelo having received some insult from one of the cardinals of Rome, in revenge, painted a most striking likeness of his enemy, and placed him among the damned, suffering the torments of hell. The satire had its effect. It was the topic of general admiration and merriment. The cardinal, stung with the bitterness of the caricature, complained to his holiness. Pope Leo was too much a lover of the fine arts to gratify the cardinal's desire, and therefore told him, that he had it not in his power to punish the offender. "If," said he, "the insult had been laid in heaven or the earth, or even in purgatory, I could perhaps have redressed you, for I have something to say in all those places; but I have no interest in hell."

## 1084. OBSTINATE WIFE.

A woman having fallen into a river, her husband went to look for her, proceeding up the stream from the place where she fell in. The bye-standers asked him if he was mad? she could not have gone against the stream. The man answered, she was obstinate and contrary in her life, and supposed for certain she was the same at her death.

## 1085. WISE BOY.

There was once a boy of five years old at Florence, possessed of uncommon abilities, and acute understanding. Lorenzo de Medici sent for him upon a time to entertain the Milanese ambassador; and asked him what he thought of this almost supernatural genius. The ambassador answered, that such very wise children generally grew stupid when they arrived at the years of maturity. The



little boy instantly replied to the ambassador, "Then you, certainly, in your infancy, were such another wise child."

## 1086. PAINTER TURNED PHYSICIAN.

A painter who had turned physician, was asked why he had quitted his profession; "Because," replied he, "my former business exhibited my mistakes in too glaring a manner, therefore I have now chosen one in which they will be buried."

## 1087. QUIN ON CHARLES I.

Quin sometimes said things at once witty and wise. Disputing concerning the execution of Charles I., "But by what laws," said his opponent, "was he put to death?"—Quin replied, "By all the laws that he had left them."

## 1088. LOUIS XIV. AND MAZARIN.

When Louis XIV. came to the throne, he was remarkably obstinate, and it could not be known whether he took advice of any one. He had no public council, nor any private counsellor. One day being hunting on a very small Brittany bidet, cardinal Mazarin frequently repeated, "What a very strong horse that must be!" "Why so, my good cardinal?" replied the king. "Why, sire," answered his eminence, "it not only carries your majesty, but the whole body of your council."

## 1089. COUNSELLER DUNNING'S REBUFF.

A handsome young woman, who was a witness in a trial of *crim con.* before lord Mansfield, was interrogated by counsellor Dunning, who, thinking to confuse the woman, made her take off her bonnet, that he might have a view of her countenance, and see (for all counsellors are judges of physiognomy) whether the *truth* came from her lips. After he had put many questions to her, he asked her "whether her mistress had ever committed the important secret to her?"—"No, sir," said the woman, "she never did,"—"And how can you swear



to her infidelity?"—"Because I saw another gentleman besides my master in bed with her."—"Indeed!" said the counsellor.—"Yes, indeed, sir."—"And pray, my good woman," said the modest counsellor, thinking to silence her at once, "did your master (for I see you are very handsome,) in return for his wife's infidelity, go to bed with *you*?"—"That trial," says the spirited woman, "does not come on to-day, Mr. Slabberchops."

## 1090. GOOD MANNERS.

When Pope Clement XIV. (Ganganelli) ascended the papal chair, the ambassadors of the different states waited on him with congratulations: when they were introduced, they bowed, and he returned the compliment by bowing likewise; the master of the ceremonies told his holiness, he should not have returned their salute; "O, I beg your pardon," said the good pontiff, "I have not been pope long enough to forget good manners."

## 1091. TWO SIDES.

After Cromwell's first coinage, an old adherent of the royal party seeing one of the new pieces, having on one side the inscription "God with us;" and on the other the arms of the republic of England, said, "it may be seen by this, that God and the republic are not on one side."

## 1092. THE TYTHE.

A witty divine received an invitation to dinner, written on the *ten of hearts*, by a young lady of great beauty, merit, and fortune. This the gentleman thought a good opportunity to give the lady a distant hint of his hopes; he wrote therefore the following lines on the same card, and returned it by her own servant:

Your compliments, lady, I pray now forbear,  
For old English service is much more sincere;  
You've sent me *ten hearts*, but the tythe only 's mine,  
So give me *one heart*, and take back *t'other nine*.

## 1093. THE REBUKE.

Dr. Johnson being one night at Drury-lane theatre, to



see Mr. Garrick play Macbeth ; in one of the most interesting scenes of the play, he and the whole company in the box where he sat were interrupted by the impertinence of a young man of fashion, who insisted on having a *place*, though none was kept for him : the disturbance continued until the end of the act ; when the doctor turning about with great contempt, cried, “ Pshaw, sir, how can you be so mistaken ? *Your place* is in the *shilling gallery*.”

## 1094. COMPARATIVE HONESTY.

Some soldiers once fell upon a watchman in a small town, in a lonely street, and took away his money and coat. He immediately repaired to the captain of the regiment, to complain of his misfortune. The captain asked him whether he had on the waistcoat he then wore, when he was robbed by the soldiers. “ Yes, sir,” replied the poor fellow.”—“ Then, my friend,” rejoined the captain, “ I can assure you they do not belong to my company ; otherwise they would have left you neither waistcoat nor shirt.”

## 1095. IRISH REGIMENT.

A lieutenant-colonel in one of the Irish regiments in the French service was dispatched by the duke of Berwick, from fort Kehl, to the king of France, with a complaint relating to some irregularities that had happened in the regiment. His majesty, with some emotion of mind, told him that the Irish troops gave him more uneasiness than all his forces besides. “ Sir,” says the officer, “ all your majesty’s enemies make the same complaint.”

## 1096. KEEN SATIRE.

A facetious Abbé, having engaged a box at the Opera-House, at Paris, was turned out of his possession by a Mareschal, as remarkable for his ungentlemanlike-behaviour, as for his cowardice and meanness. The Abbé, for his unjustifiable breach of good manners, brought his action in a court of honour, and solicited permission to



be his own advocate, which was granted. When he pleaded to the following effect: " 'Tis not of Monsieur Suffrein, who acted so nobly in the East Indies, that I complain; it is not of the duke de Crebillon, who took Minorca, that I complain; it is not of the Comte de Grasse, who so bravely fought Lord Rodney, that I complain; but it is of Mareschal —, who *took* my box at the Opera-House, and never *took* any thing else." This most poignant stroke of satire so sensibly convinced the court that he had already inflicted punishment sufficient, that they refused to grant him a verdict. A fine compliment to the Abbés wit.

## 1097. THE MUSHROOM.

Sir Watkin Williams Wynne talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family, which he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere mushroom. "Aye," said he, "how so, pray?" — "Why," replied the other, "when I was in Wales, a pedigree of a particular family was shewn to me; it filled up above five large skins of parchment, and near the middle of it was a note in the margin;—*About this time the world was created.*"

## 1098. THE COLOUR-SHOP.

A lady who was highly painted was one day sitting to Rigaud; she complained of the glare of his colours: "We both of us buy them at the same shop," replied the artist.

## 1099. THE KING UPON ALL FOURS.

The Spanish ambassador one day entered the room in which Henry the Fourth was on all fours, with his little son upon his back. The king stopped, and looking earnestly at the ambassador, said to him, "Pray, sir, have you any children?" — "Yes, sire, several." — "Well then, I shall complete my round."

## 1100. THE VISIT.

Beaulieu was one day visited by a noble and unprofessional person, who reproached him with not having re-



turned his first visit. "You and I," said the satyrst, "are upon different terms. I lose my time when I pay a visit; you only get rid of yours when you do so."

## 1101. TALL MEN.

A French ambassador, at an audience with James the First, conversed with such rapidity, gesticulation, and grimace, that he became the public talk. King James asked Lord Chancellor Bacon what he thought of the ambassador. "Sir," replied the philosopher, "he appears a fine, tall, well-built man."—"I mean," replied James, "what do you think of his head? Do you think it equal to his employ?"—"Sir," rejoined the chancellor, "men of high stature very often resemble houses of four or five stories, where the upper one is always the worst furnished."

## 1102. VIRTUES AND VICES.

Andrea Marteneti, a celebrated painter, pourtrayed, by order of Innocent VII. the four cardinal virtues with the opposite vices. The pope not rewarding him as he expected, he said, "Holy Father, shall I paint one more vice, called ingratitude?"—"Yes," answered the pope, "if you add another virtue, called patience."

## 1103. UNRULY HORSE.

King James I. mounting a horse that was unruly, cried, "The de'el tak my saul, sirrah, an ye be na quiet, I'll send ye to the Five Hundred Kings in the House o' Commons. They'll sune tame ye."

## 1104. THE TWO DOCTORS.

Dr. Mead, when very young, consulted Dr. Radcliffe on the means of rising in his profession. "There are two ways of doing so," replied that sagacious and extensive practitioner, "by bullying or cajoling mankind. I have bullied them, and done very well, as you see; you perhaps will cajole them, and that may do full as well."



## 1105. A TERRIBLE FRIGHT.

A man of fashion travelling in Spain, was shown the Escorial, and the stupendous convent of St. Jerome. The prior told him, that this building was erected in consequence of a vow, made by Philip, at the battle of St. Quintra, in case he became victorious. "The king," replied the traveller drily, looking round the immense edifice, "must have been confoundedly frightened."

## 1106. NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE.

A gouty gentleman in Palace-yard, one night sitting alone by his parlour fire-side, a well-drest man came very civilly into the room, with a "Sir, I observe your servant has just gone to the alehouse, and has carelessly left your street-door open: how easy it would be, now, for any rascal to come in, and blow out these two wax candles, thus! and run away with this heavy pair of silver candlesticks, thus!" which he accordingly did, without waiting for a reply.

## 1107. ASK FOR ENOUGH.

An old farmer on paying his rent, told his landlord he wanted some timber to build a house, and would be much obliged to him if he would give him permission to cut own what would answer the purpose? The landlord answered peremptorily, "no!"—"Why then, sir," said he, "will you give me enough to build a barn?"—"No."—"To make a gate then?"—"Yes."—"That's all I wanted," said the farmer, "and more than I expected."

## 1108. AN INTRODUCTORY CEREMONY FOR AN AUTHOR.

An alderman of London once requested an author to write a speech for him to deliver at Guildhall. "I must first dine with you," replied he, "and see how you open your mouth, that I may know what sort of words will fit it."



## 1109. SHOOTING.

King William the Third had a Frenchman who took care of his majesty's pointers, and whose place it was also to load and deliver the fowling-pieces to the king. One day, however, it chanced that monsieur forgot to bring any shot with him into the field. Not daring to confess his negligence to so passionate a man, and so eager a sportsman as the king, he gave his majesty the gun charged only with powder. The king having fired without effect, the cunning Frenchman shrugged up his shoulders, turned up his eyes, folded his hands, and extolling the king's skill in shooting, declared he had never seen his majesty miss his aim before in his life.

## 1110. WHICH IS THE WAY TO WINDSOR.

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

## 1111. THE PHYSICIAN AND HIS PATIENT.—FROM THE FRENCH.

"Doctor, for one short moment's ease,  
Ere death his fated victim seize;

Permit me to salute my lass!"

The doctor shakes his sapient pate,  
And gives the negative of fate.

"Allow me then a cheerful glass,  
And converse of some social friend!"—

"Neither, if e'er you hope to mend!"

Three shakes prophetic loudly cry.

"Then, doctor, clip my mortal time,  
For kept from friends, from love, and wine,

It matters not how soon I die."



## 1112. TRUE RICHES.

Irus, though wanting gold and lands,  
 Lives cheerful, easy, and content;  
 Corvus, a wretch, with many hands,  
 Employ'd to count his yearly rent.  
 Sages of Lombard ! tell me which  
 Of these you think possesses more !  
 One with his poverty is rich,  
 The other with his wealth is poor.

## 1113. THE STUTTERING SOLDIER.

A soldier being sent on the late Dutch expedition, said to the officer directing the drafts, "Sir, I cannot go because I stut-ter."—"Stutter!" says the officer; "you don't go to talk, but to fight."—"Aye; but they'll p-p-put me on g-g-guard, and a man may go ha-ha-half a mile before I can say, wh-wh-who goes there?"—"Oh, that's no objection, for there will be another sentry placed along with you, and he can challenge if you can fire."—"Well, b-b-but I may be t-taken, and run through the g-g-guts, before I can cry qu-qu-quarter."

## 1114. CONTRIVANCE.

A couple of sweeps having occasion to pass the new bridge at Manchester, unluckily could muster only a single halfpenny between them. How to raise the other halfpenny to pay the toll they knew not, till one of them proposed to toss up which should carry the other over. This was done—one was instantly crammed into the bag, and lugged over on the shoulders of the other as a burthen of soot.

## 1115. TALLOW.

Flechier, bishop of Nismis, was the son of a tallow-chandler. A proud duke once endeavoured to mortify the prelate, by saying at the levee that he smelt of tallow: to which the other replied, "My lord, I am the son of a chandler, 'tis true, and if your lordship had



been the same, you would have remained a tallow-chandler all the days of your life."

## 1116. WELL AIMED.

An Irishman seeing a wicked little boy busily employed in throwing stones at the gallows, called out lustily, "Go it! my little fellow, go it! I will be answerable that *you'll come to your mark at last.*"

## 1117. A CONUNDRUM.

A fashionable emigrant was invited on Michaelmas-day last to dine with an alderman in the city, in whose hands he had lodged money, and was for a long time tormented with extravagant encomiums on a gilet-pye, which his host was most voraciously devouring. "Have you ever, mounseer," said Mr. Greenfat, "have you ever seen any thing like it?"—"Nothing in my life," replied the other, "except your worship's wig."—"Ha! ha!" exclaims the alderman, "that's a *good one.* But pray how is my wig like that pye?"—"Pardie," rejoined the Frenchman, "because it has a *goose's head* in it."

## 1118. THE DANGER OF DISSEMINATING FREE-THINKING NOTIONS.

Mallet was so fond of being thought a sceptic, that he indulged this weakness on all occasions. His wife, it is said, was a complete convert to his doctrines, and even the servants stared at their master's bold arguments, without being poisoned by their influence. One fellow, however, who united a bad heart to an unsettled head, was determined to practice what Millet was so solicitous to propagate, and robbed his master's house. Being pursued, and brought before a justice, Mallet attended, and taxed him severely with ingratitude and dishonesty. "Sir," said the fellow, "I have often heard you talk of the impossibility of a future state; that, after death, there was neither reward for virtue, nor punishment for vice, and this tempted me to commit the robbery."—"Well! but, you rascal," replied Mallet, "had you no fear of



the gallows?"—"Master," said the culprit, looking sternly at him, "What is it to you, if I had a mind to venture that? You had removed my greatest terror; why should I fear the less?"

## 1119. THE ROPE.

Two persons quarrelling in a public-house, one told the other he knew what would hang him, "You are a liar," replied his antagonist, "and I defy you to prove your words," when the first produced a rope, and said, "*this would hang you.*"

## 1120. ON DEAN SWIFT'S WRITINGS.

Athens call'd Sophocles her bee, to show  
His strains did with a honey'd sweetness flow;  
Name Swift the bee, and let the title tell,  
His strains in honey as in stings excel.

## 1121. ON MODESTY.

As lamps burn steadiest when unglaring light,  
So modesty in beauty shines most bright,  
Charms unambitious powers resistless boast,  
And she who means no mischief does the most.

## 1122. A QUERY ANSWERED.

*Why is a Gardener the most extraordinary man in the world?  
Addressed to the countess of Coventry.*

Because no man has more business upon *earth*, and he always chooses good *grounds* for what he does. He commands his *thyme*, he is master of the *mint*, and fingers *penny-royal*; he raises *celery* every year, and it is a bad year indeed that does not bring him a *plumb*. He meets with more *boughs* than a minister of state; he makes more *beds* than the French king, and has in them more *painted ladies* and genuine *roses* and *lillies* than are to be found at a country wake; he makes *raking* his business more than his diversion, as many other gentlemen do, but makes it an advantage to health and fortune, which few others do; he can boast of more *rapes* than any rake in



the kingdom. His wife, notwithstanding, has enough of *lad's love*, and *heart's ease*, and never wishes for *weeds*. Distempers fatal to others never hurt him: he walks the better for the *gravel*, and thrives most in a *consumption*. He can boast of more *bleeding hearts* than your ladyship, and more *laurels* than the duke of Marlborough; but his greatest pride, and the world's greatest envy, is, that he can have *yew* when he pleases.

## 1123. ROOTED DISTASTE.

Edmund Burke had a rooted contempt for the character and profession of a merchant. "Do not talk to me," said he once in the House of Commons, "of the liberality and patriotism of a merchant: his God is his gold—his country his invoice—his desk his altar—his ledger his bible—his church his exchange—and he has faith in none but his banker."

When he made a speech which was well received from the hustings of Bristol, at the time of the rupture between this country and America, Mr. Cruger, who was one of the candidates, was standing by his side. Equally averse with Mr. Burke to the American contest, but master of no other language than the short vocabulary of the counting-house, he cried, "I say *ditto* to Mr. Burke; I say *ditto* to Mr. Burke."

## 1124. NORTHERN WIT.

A Scotch woman, whose name was Margaret, did nothing but swear and abuse, instead of answering the minister, "Ah, Margaret," says he, "donna ye ken where a' the sinfu' gang?"—"Deel tak them that kens, as woel as them that speers," cries she. "Ah, Margaret, they gang where there be wailing and gnashing of teeth."—"by my trow, then," says Margaret, "let them gnash that hae them, for dee'l a stump have I had these twenty years."

## 1125. RETORT.

I heard last week, friend Edward, thou wast dead, I'm very glad to *hear* it too, cries Ned.



## 1126. ORIGIN OF AN OLD SAYING.

A taylor who lived near a church-yard in a large town, used to count the number of funerals, by putting a stone into a pot, hung up in his shop for that purpose. At his death his house was shut ; and, on enquiry, it was observed by a next-door neighbour, " that now the taylor himself was *gone to pot.*"

## 1127. CASTLES IN THE AIR.

During the civil wars, some persons of the royal party having mixed with the republicans in company, were talking of their future hopes. "'Tis all building castles in the air," observed a surly republican. " Where can we build them else ?" replied a cavalier ; " you have robbed us of every inch of land."

## 1128. A MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

Whilst Tom will say with impious notion,  
That ignorance begets devotion ;  
His own example makes the doubt,  
For Tom by no means is devout.

## 1129. ECLIPSE POSTPONED.

One day Swift observed a great rabble assembled before the deanery door in Kevin-street, and upon enquiring the cause was told it was to see the eclipse. He immediately sent for the beadle, and gave him his lesson what he should do. Away ran Davy for his bell, and after ringing it some time among the croud, bawled out, " Oh yes, Oh yes, all manner of persons concerned, are desired to take notice, that it is the dean of St. Patrick's will and pleasure, that the eclipse be put off till this hour to-morrow. So God save the king, and his reverence the dean."

## 1130. THE COURTIER CUT SHORT.

A borough, famous in the country on account of an ass-fair, which is held there every year, had sent its magis-



trate to meet a prince, in order to harangue him. A courtier of the prince's retinue, perceiving that the speech began to grow tiresome to him, thought proper to make a diversion, by asking the speaker what asses were worth in his country? The magistrate stopt short, and after having examined from top to toe the person who had made him such an out of the way question, "When they are," answered he, "of your colour and size, they are worth five crowns." And then resumed the thread of his speech.

#### 1131. PUN OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

The town of Chartres was besieged by this prince, and capitulated. The magistrate of the town on giving up the keys, addressed his majesty:—"This town belongs to your highness by divine law and by human law."—"And by cannon law," replied the king."

#### 1132. ERIGRAM.

Women talk of love for fashion,  
So they do of spirits walking;  
But no more they feel the passion,  
Than see the ghosts of which they're talking.

#### 1133. THE COMPLIMENT.

A lady of rank made reproaches to a Turkish Ambassador, on account of Mahomet's religion permitting to have several wives. The ambassador, without entering into any discussion, answered to her, "It allows it, madam, that we may find in several, all the qualities which are in you alone."

#### 1134. SINCERITY REWARDED.

The duke of Ossone, Viceroy of Naples, had gone on board the gallies of the king of Spain, on a great holiday, to indulge himself in a right he had to set a slave at liberty. He questioned several of them, who all endeavoured to excuse themselves, and convince him of their innocence. One alone ingenuously confessed his



crimes, saying, that he was deserving of a still greater punishment.—“Turn this wicked fellow away,” said the duke, “for fear he should pervert these honest people.”

## 1135. THE MARQUIS NO PHILOSOPHER.

A beauish marquis waited on some ladies, in order to take them to the Paris observatory, where the celebrated Cassini was to observe an eclipse of the sun. The arrival of this company had been delayed by their toilet; and the eclipse was over when the petit-maitre appeared at the door. He was informed he had come too late, and that all was over. “Never mind ladies,” said he to them, “step up; Mr. Cassini is a friend of mine, he will be so obliging as to *begin again* for me.”

## 1136. HINT TO A POET.

An author was reading some bad verses in his poem to a friend, in a very cold apartment. The critic cried out, in a shaking fit, “My dear friend, either put fire into your verses, or your verses into the fire, or I shall not be able to stand here any longer.”

## 1137. CONFESSION.

A curious confessor, who had listened with as much attention as surprise to a young woman, who had opened the state of her mind to him, at last enquired her name. The lady, with a readiness of mind peculiar to herself, replied, “My good father, my name is no Sin.”

## 1138. JAMES THE FIRST.

When Henry IV. and his mother heard that James I. was called Solomon by his courtiers, Henry laughed, and said, “I cannot imagine why they call James Solomon, unless it is because he is the son of David,” (meaning David Rizzio).

## 1139. THE GHOST-SEER.

A wag, who pretended to have seen a ghost, was closely



cross-examined by the persons to whom he related this marvellous story. Amidst various interrogations to detect his falsehood, one asked him, what the ghost said to him. "How should I understand," replied the narrator, "what he said, as you know I am not skilled in any of the *dead languages*."

## 1140. EPIGRAM.

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

## 1141. THREAT EFFECTED.

An eminent painter, who had suffered under the common malady of his profession, viz. to paint portraits for persons who neither paid for them, or took them away, had pourtrayed a gentleman of a very dark complexion. This person, though satisfied with the painter's similitude, delayed to pay for it till the artist sent him word, that he was in treaty for the picture with the landlord at the Blackamore's Head.

## 1142. THE CONTEST.

Chloe and I for kisses play'd ;  
 She would keep stakes, I was content :  
 But, when I won, she would be paid ;  
 I angry asked her what she meant.  
 Nay, since, she said, you wrangle thus in vain :  
 Give me my kisses back, take your's again.

## 1143. THE FACETIOUS LANDLADY.

A captain, chatting with his hostess, in an amorous humour was resolved to give her a hint of his wishes. He placed a guinea upon one of his eyes, and with the other performed most significant ogles. The landlady, not unused to such sparks, soon guessed his meaning, and



replied, " Captain, you have forgotten your learning; you know Love was blind in *both* eyes."

#### 1144. HOW TO BE A CONNOISSEUR.

A lady, to whom a painter had promised the best picture in his collection, knew not which to take, and hit upon this stratagem:—She sent a person to the painter, who was from home, to tell him that his house was on fire. " Take care of my Cleopatra," exclaimed the artist. The next day the lady sent for the Cleopatra.

#### 1145. TRIAL BY PEERS.

A certain sea captain, who had considerable interest with his brother officers, and the cook aboard his vessel, were once to be tried for an offence against the laws of the navy, of such a nature as put their lives in some jeopardy. The cook displayed every mark of fear and apprehension for his safety. The captain, on the contrary, seemed in very good spirits, and said, " Cheer up man, —why should you be cast down! I fear nothing, and why should you?"—" Why faith, your honour," replied the fellow, " I should be as courageous as you are, if we were to be tried by a jury of cooks."

#### 1146. PRACTICAL JOKE.

An alchymist, who knew Leo X. was a great encourager of arts and sciences, addressed him on a discovery which he had made, of turning other metals into gold. The pope read his address with great attention. Whilst the philosopher was gaping after his remuneration from his holiness, he received from the pope a very large empty purse, with these words, " You can fill it."

#### 1147. REAL MODESTY.

A young girl, with her eldest sister, was in company where stories of gallantry were told with very minute details. The eldest girl took her sister aside, and said, " Are you able to hear such stories with so much atten-



tion, and not blush?"—"Indeed, sister," said the younger vestal, somewhat archly to her senior, "indeed, I see nothing to blush at; but you may understand the stories better than I, perhaps."

## 1148. THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

Distracted with care  
For Phyllis, the fair,  
Since nothing could move her,  
Poor Damon, her lover,  
Resolves in despair  
No longer to languish,  
Nor bear so much anguish;  
But, mad with his love,  
To a precipice goes,  
Where a leap from above  
Would soon finish his woes.  
But when he came there,  
Beholding how steep  
The sides did appear,  
And the bottom how deep:  
His torments projecting,  
And sadly reflecting,  
That a lover forsaken  
A new love may get;  
But a neck, when once broken,  
Can never be set;  
And that he could die  
Whenever he would,  
While that he could live  
But as long as he could:  
How grievous soever  
The torment might grow,  
He scorn'd to endeavour  
To finish it so.  
But bold, unconcern'd,  
At thoughts of the pain,  
He calmly return'd  
To his cottage again.



## 1149. BUTCHER'S WIT.

When captain Grose first went over to Ireland, his curiosity led him to see every thing in the capital worth seeing: in the course of his perambulations, he one evening strolled into the principal meat market of Dublin, when the butchers, as usual, set up the constant outcry of "What do you buy? what do you buy, master?" Grose parried this for some time, by saying, "he wanted nothing;" at last a butcher starts from his stall, and eyeing Grose's figure from top to bottom, which was something like doctor Slop's, in *Tristram Shandy*, exclaimed, "Well, sir, though you don't want any thing at present, only *say* you buy your meat of me, and you'll make my fortune."

## 1150. LONG LIFE ENSURED.

A man greatly in debt, on his death bed, said to his friends, "I only wish to live till I have paid all my debts." His friends commended the motive of his prayer. The sick man, in a lower tone, proceeded, "and if heaven would grant me this favour, I know my life would be very long indeed."

## 1151. EPIGRAM.

Two intimate friends, whom, for many a year,  
I had not the pleasure to see, or to hear,  
I chanc'd once to meet; they talk'd without ceasing,  
And I wish I could add, that their prosing was pleasing.  
The one, fresh from Italy, utter'd his strictures  
On Raphael's, on Guido's, and some modern pictures:  
The other he talk'd of elections and votes,  
Of bribing, and rascals' ycleped turn-coats.  
I wish'd to get quit of the noise and the babble,  
From the friend of vertu and the friend of the rabble;  
Good sirs, as I know not vertu or the law,  
As you are both on the *canvas*, I'll beg to withdraw.

## 1152. BON-MOT.

A jockey lord met his old college tutor at a great



horse fair. "Ah! doctor," exclaimed the priest, "what brings you here among these high-bred cattle? Do you think you can distinguish a *horse* from an *ass*?"—"My lord," replied the tutor, "I soon perceived *you* among these horses."

1153. WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S PRAYER-BOOK.

Whilst you, fair virgin! heaven alone pursue,  
 My thoughts are fix'd on equal heaven in you,  
 But why such beauty and such rigour join'd?  
 Ne'er for a cloister was that face design'd;  
 To bless, not curse, some happy man 'twas given;  
 Then smile, and answer the decrees of heaven.

1154. POPE GANGANELLI,

When raised to the papal chair, changed nothing of  
 his former simplicity of manners, or his mode of living.  
 When his butler waited on him for orders for his table,  
 "Never mind my negligence," said the pope, "of these  
 matters. I shall not trouble you; but you may keep  
 your place, and let me keep my health."

1155. NECESSITY OF SHOW.

A doctor who advertised his cure for the gout, was  
 sent to by a rich patient. The servant announced to his  
 master, lying in bed, the arrival of the doctor. "I  
 have no carriage under my window," said the patient.  
 —"Sir," says the servant, "the doctor came on foot."  
 —"What;" exclaimed the angry patient, "cure the  
 gout, and not keep his carriage! John, go down and  
 horsewhip the fellow."

1156. ON A LADY'S GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confin'd,  
 Shall now my joyful temples bind;  
 No monarch but would give his crown  
 His arms might do what this has done.  
 It was my heav'n's extremest sphere,  
 The pall which held that lovely dear;  
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,  
 Did all within this circle move.



A narrow compass! and yet there  
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair!  
 Give me but what this ribbond bound,  
 Take all the rest the Sun goes round.

## 1157. THE LAST FOLLY.

A very volatile young lord, whose conquests in the female world was numberless, at last married. "Now my lord," said the countess, "I hope you'll mend." "Madam," says he, "you may depend on it, this is my last folly."

## 1158. MODERN ANTIQUES.

Talking on this subject, a person observed, that my lord had sent to Rome to purchase a collection. "Why," replied Mr. G——, whose patriotism was greater than his classical taste or knowledge, "why does his lordship send so far for works of art, when we have so many able workmen in London."

## 1159. A REPLY IN A PROPER PLACE.

Two persons of a satiric turn met a neighbour, and said, "Friend, we have been disputing, whether you are more fool or rogue." The man took each of the querists by the arm, and walking in the middle, after some hesitation, replied, "Why, faith, I believe I am between both."

## 1160. PHILOSOPHERS ARE MEN.

Lais, the famous Athenian courtezan, hearing the learning and wisdom of philosophers inordinately praised, "I do not know what books these philosophers read, what are the doctrines they support, or what edifications they may boast of, but I know that they are often rapping at my door."

## 1161. THE COPY.

A lady, who was indebted more for the charms of her face to her own skill than to the bloom of nature, sat to a famous painter. The artist was so pleased with the



exact likeness of the portrait, that he spoke in raptures of it to a friend, to whom he showed it. "Sir," said he to the painter, after a pause, "you know when you paint after nature, you have my unbounded applause, but when you condescend to copy, I am silent."

## 1162. SELINDA.

Pious Selinda goes to prayers,  
 If I but ask the favour;  
 And yet the tender fool's in tears,  
 When she suspects I'll leave her.  
 Would I were free from this restraint,  
 Or else had hopes to win her!  
 Would she could make of me a saint,  
 Or I of her a sinner!

## 1163. THE GHOST.

A foolish fellow went to the parish priest, and told him, with a very long face, that he had seen a ghost. "When and where," said the pastor. "Last night," replied the timid man, "I was passing by the church, and up against the wall of it did I behold the spectre."—"In what shape did it appear," said the priest. "It appeared to be the shape of a great ass."—"Go home, and hold your tongue about it," rejoined the pastor, "you are a very timid man, and have been frightened by your own shadow."

## 1164. LESBIA.

When Lesbia first I saw, so heavenly fair,  
 With eyes so bright, and with that awful air,  
 I thought my heart which durst so high aspire,  
 As bold as his who snatched celestial fire!  
 But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,  
 Forth from her coral lips such folly broke;  
 Like balm, the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,  
 And what her eyes enthral'd, her tongue unbound.

## 1165. A REPROOF.

When sir Thomas Moore was lord chancellor, a noble-



man, who had a cause pending in his court, sent him two large silver flaggons, of great value: "Tell my lord," says sir Thomas to the bearer, "that they shall be filled, and when he has emptied them, he shall have some more wine, if he approves it."

## 1166. THE PRECAUTION.

A man in the habit of travelling, complained to his friend, that he had often been robbed, and was afraid of stirring abroad, was advised to carry pistols with him on his journey. "Oh! that would be worse," replied the hero, "the thieves would rob me of them also."

## 1167. BON-MOT.

The marshal L———, who had frequently repelled the troops of the prince of Orange, in a passion exclaimed, "This humpbacked fellow is always standing in my way." This expression being repeated to the marshal, he said, with a laugh, "What does the prince know of my hump, for he never saw my back yet?"

## 1168. CRITICAL CRITERION.

The late dean Tucker made a point of purchasing every book upon which those anonymous critics, the scribblers in the reviews, bestowed their censures, and he used to boast, that, by adopting this rule, he possessed a more valuable collection of the standard national genius than any of his friends who were credulous enough to rely on those corrupt and partial vehicles.

## 1169. GENERAL OTWAY.

This brave officer, who had been many years in the army with the rank of colonel, was advised to present a petition to the king, stating his age, service, and circumstances. This he long objected to, but at length consented, and applied to the chaplain of the regiment to write it. The divine concluded with the usual words, "and your petitioner will ever pray;" but to this the colonel strongly objected, remarking, that "it would



have been proper for a parson, but was very improper for a soldier: I insist, let common forms be what they will, that you erase the word, and insert, and your petitioner will ever *fight*."

1170. THE GOLDEN AGE.

Dr. Sherlock, when preaching in the Temple church, concerning the customs of the primitive times, observed, among other things, that in those happy days all things were held in common but their wives. A gentleman in one of the pews pulled his next neighbour by the sleeve, and whispered in his ear, "Their daughters, *then*, were common."

1171. THE RETORT.

Charles the Second once said to the earl of Shaftesbury, "Odds fish, man! thou art the wittiest and wickedest fellow in my dominions." To this compliment the other replied with a bow, "Of a *subject*, sir, I believe I am."

1172. BRAGGING SCOTCHMAN.

A Scotchman one day bragging in Shebbeare's company, that it was a countryman of his that had the honour of inventing the compass. Shebbeare took his part against the rest who differed from him, and said he could further tell them the occasion of it. The Scotchman seemed much pleased at having so good an advocate, when Shebbeare proceeded as follows:

"Whilst a captain of a ship was coasting it with all that caution which was necessary before the invention of the compass, a storm suddenly sprang up, and drove him out to sea. Not knowing where he was, and expressing his concern for the safety of the ship, a Scotchman among the crew, bid him not be under so much uneasiness, for he could at least tell him in what direction they were.— "Well that will do something," says the captain. "Then here it is, mon, (says the Scotchman, pulling a louse out of his head, and placing it on a sheet of white paper,) watch that fellow's motions well, for you never saw a Scotch louse that did not always travel south."



## 1173. LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

Mr. Campoa, Savoyard and friar, is to be the bearer to you of this letter: he is one of the most vicious persons that I ever knew, and hath very earnestly desired me to give him a letter for you, of recommendation, which to his importunity I have granted; I should be sorry you should be mistaken in not knowing him, as very many others have been who are among my best friends. I am desirous to advertise you to take particular notice of him, and to say nothing before him in any sort; for I may truly assure you, there can't be a more unworthy person in the world, I am sure, that as soon as you have any acquaintance with him, I shall receive thanks for the advice. Civility hinders me from writing any more on the subject.

of the holy order of Saint Bernard, some news from me, by means of discreet, worthy, wise and least among all I have conversed with, to write to you in his favour, and credence in his behalf, and my merit (I assure you) rather than his he deserves greatly your esteem, and backward to oblige him, by being I should be concerned if you were, already upon the same account, Hence, and for no other motive, that you are obliged for my sake to pay him all possible respect, that may offend or displease him say, he is a most worthy man, and convincing argument, with me, of an than to be able to injure him. cease being a stranger to his virtue and you will love me as well as I, and The assurance I have of your farther of him to you, or saying



## 1174. YORICK.

The following incident which occurred at an early period of M. Sterne's literary career, contributed much to establish his reputation for wit. There was a coffee-room in the principal inn, where gentlemen who frequented the house might read the newspapers: one of the greatest enjoyments of Yorick's life was spending an inoffensive hour in a snug corner of this room. There was a troop of horse at that time quartered in the town; one of the officers was a gay young man, spoiled by the free education of the world, but not destitute of many good qualities; this young gentleman was remarkable for his freedom of conversation and pointed reflections against the clergy. The modest Yorick was often constrained to hear toasts he could not approve, and conversations shocking to the ear of delicacy, and was frequently obliged to move his seat or pretend deafness; the captain resolving this conduct should no longer avail him, seated himself by Yorick, so as to prevent his retreat, and immediately began a profane indecent tale, at the expence of the clerical profession, with his eyes fixed stedfastly on Yorick, who pretended for some time not to notice his ill manners; when that became impossible, he turned to the military intruder, and gravely said, "Sir, I'll tell you my story:—my father is an officer, and is so brave himself, that he is fond of every thing else that is brave, even his dog; you must know we have at this time one of the finest creatures in the world of this kind; the most spirited, yet the best-natured that can be imagined; so lively that he charms every body; but he has a trick that throws a strong shade over all his good qualities." "Pray what may that be?" interrogated the officer. "He never sees a clergyman but he instantly flies at him," answered Yorick.—"How long as he had that trick?"—"Why, sir," replied the divine, with a significant look, "ever since he was a puppy."

## 1175. JOHNSONIAN COMPLIMENT.

In spite of the ill-founded contempt Dr. Johnson pro-



fessed to entertain for actors, he persuaded himself to treat Mrs. Siddons with great politeness; and said, when she called on him at Bolt Court, and Frank, his servant could not immediately provide her with a chair.—“ You see, madam, wherever you go there are no seats to be got.”

#### 1176. WAY TO WIPE OFF A DEBT.

A fire happening at a public-house, one of the crowd was requesting the engineer to play against the wainscot; but being told it was in no danger, “ I am sorry for that,” said he, “ because I have a long score upon it which I shall never be able to pay.”

#### 1177. WHO'S TO BLAME.

King James used to say, that he never knew a modest man make his way in a court. As he was repeating this expression one day, a David Floyd, who was then in waiting at his majesty's elbow, replied bluntly,—“ Pray, sir, whose fault is that?”

#### 1178. COLLEGE ANECDOTE.

The late duchess dowager of Bedford meeting once a Cambridge student, asked him how her noble relation did? “ Truly madam,” says he, “ he is a brave fellow, and sticks close to Catherine-hall.” (The name of a college there.) “ I vow,” said her grace, “ I feared as much—for he had always an hankering after the wenches.”

#### 1179. FRIENDLY STRATAGEM.

General Guise going over one campaign to Flanders, observed a young raw officer who was in the same vessel with him, and with his usual humanity told him that he would take care of him and conduct him to Antwerp, where they were both going; which he accordingly did, and then took leave of him. The young fellow was soon told by some arch rogues, whom he happened to fall in with, that he must signalize himself by fighting some man of known courage, or else he would soon be despised in the regiment. The young man said, he knew



no one but colonel Guise, and he had received great obligations from him. It was all one for that, they said, in these cases; the colonel was the fittest man in the world, as every body knew his bravery. Soon afterwards, up comes the young officer to colonel Guise, as he was walking up and down the coffee-room, and began in a hesitating manner to tell him how much obliged he had been to him, and how sensible he was of his obligations. "Sir," replied colonel Guise, "I have done my duty by you and no more."—"But colonel," added the young officer faltering, "I am told that I must fight some gentleman of known courage, and who has killed several persons, and that nobody—"—"Oh, sir," interrupted the colonel, "your friends do me too much honour; but there is a gentleman (pointing to a fierce-looking black fellow that was sitting at one of the tables) who has killed half the regiment." So up goes the officer to him, and tells him he is well informed of his bravery, and that for that reason he must fight him. "Who, I sir?" replied the gentleman, "Why, I am *the apothecary*."

## 1180. DESERVED CONTEMPT.

Louis XI. not only invited the lords of his court to eat with him, in order to attach them the more strongly to him, but even strangers. A merchant, named Master John, flattered by this distinction, determined to ask of him letters of nobility; the king granted them; but from that time took no further notice of him. Master John testified his surprise. "Go, master gentleman," said Louis to him, "when I made you sit at my table, I looked on you as the first of your class; you are now the last; and it would be an injury to others if still I did you the same favour."

## 1181. NAVAL BON-MOT.

The duke of Clarence jocularly observing to captain H—y, of the navy, that he heard he read the Bible, wished to know what he learned from it.—The captain replied one part of the scripture he well remembered; which was—"Not to put his trust in princes,"