

1182. FRIENDLY WARMTH.

Addison and Mr. Temple Stanyan were very intimate. In the familiar conversations which passed between them, they were accustomed freely to dispute each other's opinions. Upon some occasion, Mr. Addison lent Stanyan five hundred pounds. After this, Mr. Stanyan behaved with a timid reserve, deference, and respect; not conversing with the same freedom as formerly, or canvassing his friend's sentiments. This gave great uneasiness to Mr. Addison. One day they happened to fall upon a subject on which Mr. Stanyan had always been strenuous to oppose his opinion; but even upon this occasion, he gave way to what his friend advanced, without interposing his own view of the matter. This hurt Mr. Addison so much, that he said to Mr. Stanyan, "either contradict me, or pay me the money!"

1183. TRAVELLER'S JEST.

A Scotchman and an Irishman were sleeping at an inn together. The weather being rather warm, the Scotchman in his sleep put his leg out of the bed. A traveller, in passing the room door, saw him in this situation, and having a mind for a frolic, gently fixed a spur upon Sawney's heel; who, drawing his leg into the bed, so disturbed his companion that he exclaimed, "Arrah, my dear honey, have a care of your great toe, for you have forgot to cut your nails I belaiiv." The Scotchman being sound asleep, and sometimes perhaps not a little disturbed by other companions, still kept scratching poor Teague, till his patience being quite spent, he succeeded in rousing Sawney, who not a little surprised at finding the spur on his heel, loudly exclaimed, "Deil take the daft chiel of an ostler; he's ta'en my boots off last night, and left on the spur."

1184. UNGALLANT ACTION.

It is said that sir Isaac Newton did once in his life go a wooing, and, as was to be expected, had the greatest in-

dulgence paid to his little peculiarities which ever accompany great genius. Knowing he was fond of smoking, the lady assiduously provided him with a pipe, and they were seated as if to open the business of Cupid. Sir Isaac smoked a few whiffs—seemed at a loss for something—whiffed again—and at last drew his chair near to the lady—a pause of some minutes ensued—sir Isaac seemed still more uneasy—“Oh the timidity of some!” thought the lady—when lo! sir Isaac had got hold of her hand. Now the palpitations began—he will kiss it no doubt, thought she, and then the matter is settled. Sir Isaac whiffed with redoubled fury and drew the captive hand near his head; already the expected salute vibrated from the hand to the heart, when pity the damsel, gentle reader! sir Isaac only raised the fair hand, to make the fore-finger what he much wanted—a *tobacco stopper!*”

1185. EXPERIENCE TEACHETH.

Charles the Fifth of Spain, while he was in possession of his regal dignity, thought so slightingly of it that when one day, in passing through a village in Spain, he met a peasant dressed with a tin crown upon his head, and a spit in his hand for a truncheon, as the Easter king, according to the custom of that great festival in Spain, who told the emperor that he should take off his hat to him. “My good friend,” replied the prince, “I wish you joy of your new office; you will find it a very troublesome one, I can assure you.”

1186. SUBTLE ANSWER.

An astrologer having predicted the death of a woman with whom Louis was in love, and which the chapter of accidents had been so kind as to verify, the prince sent for him, and sternly asked him, “You, sir, who foretel every thing, pray when shall you die?” The astrologer coolly replied, “I shall die, sire, three days before your majesty.” This reply so alarmed the king, that he ordered him to be lodged in one of his palaces, and particular care to be taken of him.

1187. RETORT COURTEOUS.

The pope having once written a letter to M. de Sully upon becoming minister, which ended in his holiness's wishes that he might enter into the *right way*; Sully answered, that on his part he never ceased to pray for the conversion of his holiness."

1188. A FABLE TO THE LADIES.

The fair sex once sent a petition to Jove,
And the bearer was Cupid, the sly god of love,
Entreating and praying, with might and with main,
That all might be handsome, instead of some plain.
The thundering god, turning round to dame Juno,
"Decide this affair, as 'tis certain that you know
Best to deal with the sex."—The goddess thus press'd,
Bade vanity dwell in each feminine breast,
Whose magical power, approaching to wonder,
Has produc'd the effect you will find written under—
"The beaux are more so (as gospel receive it,)
And those who are ugly will never believe it."

1189. THE CONTRACTORS. AN EPIGRAM.

To rob the public two contractors come;
One cheats in corn, the other cheats in rum;
Who is the greater, if you can, explain,
The rogue in spirit, or the rogue in grain?

1190. MAGISTRATE AND THIEF.

A thief was carried before a magistrate, being accused of having stolen horses. As soon as he saw him, the magistrate exclaimed, "Oh! that is the picture of a rogue; I see the villain in his countenance."—"Indeed, sir," says the fellow, "you surprise me; for I did not know that my face was a looking-glass."

1191. EXTEMPORE VERSES.

Ben Jonson in the early part of his life, was a brick-layer, but was then distinguished for his wit and poetical

talents. A lady of considerable humour, who had heard of him, passing him one morning while he was at work addressed him thus :

“ With line and rule,
Works many a fool.

Good morning, master bricklayer.”

To this Ben replied,

“ In silk and scarlet
Walks many a harlot.

Good morning, madam.”

1192. FORFEITS.

Whilst with the swains and nymphs at play,
The fair who guess'd amiss,
By joint consent was doom'd to pay
The forfeit of a kiss.

Laura guess'd wrong,—my timid mind
Could scarce its bliss believe,
To hear my happy self design'd
Her forfeit to receive.

Softly to her's my lips were laid,
Then breath'd a sigh to part;
No forfeit there I gain'd—but paid
The forfeit of my heart.

1193. CHEAP MAGGOTS.

A lady, who was very whimsical, had married a rich cheesemonger. A female friend said she was very glad of it, as now Miss ——— might indulge in *maggots* without any expence.

1194. ON THE TEMPLARS' ARMS.

When to the inns of court you go,
The horse and lamb display'd,
In emblematic figures show
The merits of their trade.
The client may infer from thence,
How just is their profession;
The lamb sets forth their *innocence*.
The horse their *expedition*.

Oh ! happy Britons ! happy isle !
 Let foreign nations say ;
 Where you get justice without guile,
 And law without delay.

1195. EPIGRAM.

TO A PERSON WHO WROTE ILL, AND SPOKE WORSE, OF
 THE AUTHOR.

Lie Philo, untouch'd, on my peaceable shelf ;
 Nor take it amiss that so little I heed thee ;
 I've no envy to thee, and some love to myself ;
 Then why should I answer, since first I must read thee.
 Drunk with Helicon's waters, and double brew'd bug ;
 Be a linguist, a poet, a critic, and wag ;
 To the solid delight of thy well-judging club :
 To the damage alone of thy bookseller, Brag.
 Pursue me with satire, what harm is there in't ?
 But from all *viva voce* reflection forbear ;
 There can be no danger from what you may print,
 There may be a little from what you may swear.

1196. ON THE SAME PERSON.

Whilst, faster than his costive brain indites,
 Philo's quick hand, in flowing letters, writes ;
 His case appears to me like honest Teague's,
 When he was run away by his own legs.
 Phœbus, give Philo o'er himself command ;
 Quicken his senses, or restrain his hand ;
 Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink,
 So he may cease to write, and learn to think.

1197. A BILIOUS COMPLAINT.

When Mr. ——— was dismissed from being prime minister, he became ill, and sent for sir William Duncan, who asked the servant, what ailed his master ? “ He has a bilious complaint, sir,” was the answer. “ I never in my life,” replied sir William, “ knew a minister out of place without a *bill-ious* complaint.”

1198. TRAGIC REPLY.

When the hon. Mr. S—— had finished his tragedy, he carried it to his friend; who having read, 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.”

1199. A PUN.

ON FINDING A PAIR OF SHOES ON A LADY'S BED.

Well may suspicion shake his head!
Well may Clorinda's spouse be jealous!
When the dear wanton takes to bed
Her very shoes, because they're fellows.

1200. THE LOYAL PAIR.

“I'll list for a soldier,” says Robin to Sue,
“To avoid your eternal disputes.”
“Aye, aye!” cries the termagant, “do, Robin, do;
And I'll raise the meanwhile fresh recruits.”

1201. A DUTCH PROVERB.

Fire, water, woman, are man's ruin,
Says wise professor Vander Bruin.
By flames a house I hir'd was lost
Last year, and I must pay the cost.
This spring the rains o'erflow'd my ground,
And my best Flanders mare was drown'd.
A slave I am to Clara's eyes,
The gipsey knows her pow'r, and flies!
Fire, water, woman, are my ruin,
And great thy wisdom, Vander Bruin.

1202. A SMART RETURN.

The chaplain of bishop Burnet, who had an impediment in his speech, one day examining a candidate for holy orders, and being disposed to exercise his wit, even at the expence of decorum, asked him, “Why the

Lord gave speech to Balaam's ass?"—"Because," replied the other, "his master had an impediment in his speech."

1203. WATCH AND PRAY.

When lord Howe commanded on the American station, it was a regulation in the fleet for the marine officers to keep watch with the lieutenants of the navy. His lordship once remarking, at his table, "that pursers, surgeons, and even chaplains, might occasionally be employed on that duty;" a son of the church, who was present, opposed the doctrine. "What!" cries his lordship, "cannot ye *watch* as well as *pray*."

1204. EPIGRAM.

Full oft does Mat with Topaz dine,
Eats baked meats, and drinks Greek wine;
But Topaz his own work rehearseth,
And Mat must praise what Topaz verseth;
Now, sure as priest did e'er shrive sinner,
Full hardly earneth Mat his dinner.

1205. FRET-WORK.

A gentleman, who had long danced attendance after the ministry, in hopes of preferment, being one day as usual at the premier's levee, and happening to cast his eyes up to the ceiling, observed to his fellow-solicitors, how properly that room was decorated. The gentlemen present, said, "they could see no great ornament about it."—"I did not say there was," replied he, "but I admire the propriety of what there is; for both top and bottom is full of *fret-work*."

1206. A NEW DISEASE.

When some person told the great marquis de Spinola, that John de Vir, a famous general, died of having nothing to do, he answered, "Upon my word, that is sufficient to kill any general."

1207. A PEDIGREE.

King James I. in his progress into England, was entertained at Lumley castle, the seat of the earl of Scarborough. A relation of the noble earl was very proud in shewing and explaining to his majesty an immense large genealogical line of the family, the pedigree of which he carried back rather farther than the greatest strength of credulity would allow. "In gude faith, man," says the king, "it may be they are very true, but I did na ken before that Adam's name was Lumley."

1208. BOUNDLESS AMBITION.

The late Hely Hutchinson was of such a solliciting disposition, that the marquis of Townsend, when lord lieutenant of Ireland, said of him, "If England and Ireland were given to him, he would solicit the Isle of Man for a *potatoe garden*."

1209. THE ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

Dr. Morell, who composed oratorios for Handel, once took the liberty to suggest to him, that the music he had composed to some lines of his was contrary to the sense of the passage. Instead of taking this hint, as he ought to have done, he exclaimed:—"Vat! you teach me music? De music is good music! D——n your vords!"—"Here," said he, thrumming his harpsicord, "here are my ideas; go and make vords to them."

1210. WRITTEN IN AN OVID.

Ovid is the surest guide
You can name, to show the way
To any woman, maid, or bride,
That resolves to go astray.

1211. TWO LEARNED DIVINES.

About the year 1414, Brickman, abbot of St. Michael, being at the council of Constance, was pitched upon to say mass, because he was a man of quality. He perform-

ed it so well, that an Italian cardinal fancied he must be a doctor of divinity, or of canon law at least, and desired to get acquainted with him. He approached, and addressed himself to him in Latin. The abbot, who knew no Latin, could not answer; but, without showing any concern, he turned to his chaplain, and said:—"What shall I do?"—"Can you not recollect," said the chaplain, "the names of the towns and villages in your neighbourhood? Name them to him, and he will think that you talk Greek, and will then leave you." Immediately the abbot answered the cardinal, "Sturwartz, Hase Gisen, Bousche, Ravenstede, Drispensede, Itzem." The cardinal asked if he was a Greek, and the chaplain answered, "Yes;" on which he instantly withdrew.

1212. A REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

On his death-bed poor Lubin lies,
 His spouse is in despair;
 With frequent sighs and mutual cries
 They both express their care.
 A different cause, says parson Sly,
 The same effect may give;
 Poor Lubin fears that he may die,
 His wife that he may live.

1213. EPIGRAM.

To John I ow'd great obligation:
 But John unhappily thought fit
 To publish it to all the nation;
 Sure John and I are more than quit.

1214. ANOTHER.

What a frail thing is beauty, says baron le Crass,
 Perceiving his mistress had one eye of glass;
 And scarcely had he spoke it,
 When the more confus'd, as more angry she grew,
 By a negligent rage prov'd the maxim too true;
 She dropt the eye, and broke it.

1215. ADAM NOT THE FIRST OF MEN.

Father Adam, a polemical jesuit, once preached before the queen mother of France, and made but an indifferent sermon. The queen asked a courtier who was near her, "what he thought of the sermon?"—"Madam," replied the gentleman, "the sermon convinces me of the truth of the doctrine of *Preadamites*."—"How so?" says the queen. "Because, madam, I am certain that Adam is not the first of men."

1216. THE CONSIDERATE DEBTOR.

A prisoner in the Fleet lately sent to his creditor, to let him know that he had a proposal to make, which he believed would be for their mutual benefit. Accordingly, the creditor calling on him to hear it, "I have been thinking," said he, "that it is a very idle thing for me to lie here, and put you to the expence of seven groats a week. My being so chargeable to you has given me great uneasiness; and God knows what it may cost you in the end. Therefore, what I propose is this:—you shall let me out of prison; and instead of seven groats, you shall only allow me eighteen-pence a week, and the other ten-pence shall go towards the discharging of the debt."

1217. THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

John Trott was desired, by two witty peers,
To tell them the reason why asses have ears? [ters,
"An't please you," quoth John, "I'm not given to let-
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters;
Howe'er, from this time, I shall ne'er see your graces,
As I hope to be sav'd, without thinking of asses!"

1218. THE CUNNING PRIEST.

A Norman priest, whose parishioners had many of them not made the most honourable exit out of this bad world, insisted, when he was baptising one of their children, to be paid the nuptial and burial fees, as well as

those of baptism ; and when the parents asked the reason of this extraordinary demand, he replied, “ because I know, as soon as he is grown up, he will cheat me of my dues, by going to Paris to be hanged.”

1219. REPORTEE OF DANTE.

This charming poet lived very poor and an exile, at Verona, on a small pension from prince Scaliger. At the same court was a buffoon, who lived most magnificently. “ How happens it,” says the latter to Dante, one day, “ that with all your genius you remain so poor, whilst such a blockhead and a fool as I am, abound in all things ?” — “ I should be rich too,” said the indignant poet, “ had I your luck to find a prince with a character so like my own.”

1220. THE RULING PASSION.

A usurer, during his last illness, frequently fell into faintness, from which he was partially recovered by the attention of his friends, and the skill of his physicians. His spirits being a little restored, the confessor thought it a good opportunity to remind the sick man of his approaching dissolution: and, with this pious intention, presented to the eyes of the patient a silver crucifix. The usurer, “ who felt the ruling passion strong in death,” surveyed the cross with minute attention, and then suddenly exclaimed, “ Sir, I can advance but a very small sum on such a pledge.”

1221. A PLACE.

A cordelier, preaching on the merits of St. Francis, exalted him, in his discourse, above all the other saints in the calendar. After exaggerating his merits, he exclaimed, “ Where shall we place the seraphic father, St. Francis? He is greater in dignity than all other saints. Shall we place him among the prophets? Oh! he is greater than the prophets. Shall we place him with the patriarchs? Oh! he is greater than the patriarchs.” — In like manner he exalted him above the angels, arch-

angels, cherubim, seraphim, virtues, thrones, dominions, and powers; and still he exclaimed, "Where shall we place him? Where shall we place the holy saint?" A sailor in the church, tired with the discourse, stood up and said, "If you really don't know where to place him, you may place him in my seat; for I am going."

1222. THE MISER.

Avaro grieves when the bright sun,
Thro' the blue sky his course has run;
Avaro grieves not that the night
Closes the beauteous orb of light:
Or, that fair nature's charms are hid
Under night's cloudy coverlid:
He grieves not that he's thus benighted;
But, that his candle must be lighted.

1223. AMOROUS ADDRESS TO THE COOK-MAID AT DOLLY'S.

Dear Sally, emblem of thy chop-house ware,
As broth reviving, and as white bread fair;
As small beer grateful, and as pepper strong;
As beef-steak tender, as fresh pot-herbs young;
As sharp as knife, and piercing as a fork;
Soft as new butter, white as fairest pork;
Sweet as hung mutton, brisk as bottled beer,
Smooth as oil olive, juicy as cucumber,
And bright as cruet void of vinegar. }

O Sally! could I turn and shift my love
With the same skill that you your steaks can move,
My heart, thus cook'd, might prove a chop-house
feast;

And you, alone, should be the welcome guest.

But, dearest Sal! the flames that you impart,
Like chop or gridiron, broil my tender heart!
O let thy kindly helping hand be nigh;
Or, like an unturn'd chop—'twill burn and fry;
And must at least, so scorched is my soul,
Shrink, and become an undistinguished coal.

1224. DANGER OF A JOKE.

Philip I. of France, frequently exercised his wit at the expence of William the Conqueror's fat paunch; and once in particular, when the latter was residing at Rouen, he jocularly enquired of one of William's courtiers when his master would lie in? The conqueror did not relish the jest, and gave Philip to understand, that as soon as he should get abroad, he would acknowledge his kind enquiries at Paris, with ten thousand lances in his train.

1225. SERVILE FLATTERY.

Not many days before the cardinal Mazarin died, a comet appeared in France. Some of the sycophants who were in his bed-chamber, told him, that as it was impossible for a man of his rank and talents to go out of the world in an ordinary way, this awful phenomenon of the heavens was to announce to the world the death of so great a statesman and so consummate a politician as himself. Mazarin coolly replied, "Indeed, gentlemen, the comet does me too much honour."

1226. QUID FOR QUO.

Cardinal Massini, who was a great admirer of Poussin, visited him often when he was at Rome, and one evening staid with him till it was dark. On his taking leave of him, Poussin followed him to the door with a lamp, and conducted him to his carriage. "How I pity you, M. Poussin," said the cardinal, "for not having a servant!"—"And I, sir," replied Poussin, "pity you much more for having such a number."

1227. SEVERE REPROOF.

Cardinal Dubois had no great order in private affairs, nor even in the great detail of public business which he took upon him. He used frequently, in searching after any thing he wanted, to swear excessively. One of his clerks told him, "Your eminence had better hire a man to swear for you, and then you will gain so much time."

1228. SHREWD REMARK.

Marivaux being one day in company with Lord Bolingbroke, who had professed himself an infidel in religion, though he had mentioned as true many dubious historical facts, "Well, my lord," said he, "if you are an infidel, I see it is not for want of faith."

1229. MUTUAL CLAIM.

Some one observing to lord Chesterfield that the French were a more polite people than the English, and that the English acknowledged they were; "their *acknowledgment*," replied his lordship, "proves their own right."

1230. ANECDOTE OF SHUTER.

Shuter being engaged for a few nights, in a principal city in the north of England, it happened that the stage in which he went down (and in which there was only an old gentleman and himself), was stopped on the other side of Finchley common, by a single highwayman. The old gentleman, in order to save his own money, pretended to be asleep; but Shuter resolved to be even with him. Accordingly, when the highwayman presented his pistol, and commanded Shuter to deliver his money instantly, or he was a dead man.—"Money!" returned he, with an idiotic shrug, and a countenance inexpressibly vacant. "Lord, sir, they never trusts me with any; for nuncle here always pays for me, turnpikes and all, your honour." Upon which the highwayman gave him a few hearty curses for his stupidity, complimented the old gentleman with a smart slap on the face to awaken him, and robbed him of every shilling he had in his pocket; while Shuter, who did not lose a single farthing, with great satisfaction and merriment pursued his journey.

1231. SURGICAL BON-MOT.

It is well known that the veterans who preside at the examinations of surgeons, question minutely those who wish to become qualified. After answering very satisfactorily to the numerous enquiries made, a young gentleman was asked, if he wished to give his patient a pro-

fuse perspiration what he would prescribe. He mentioned many diaphoretic medicines in case the first failed, but the unmerciful question thus continued: "Pray, sir, suppose none of those succeeded, what step would you take next?"—"Why, sir," enjoined the enraged and harassed young Esculapius, "I would send him here to be examined; and if that would not give him a sweat, I do not know what would."

1232. AN ELEGY.

ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for madam Blaize;
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.
The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.
She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manner wond'rous winning;
And never followed wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.
At church, in silks and sattins new,
With hoop of monstrous size;
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.
Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has followed her—
When she has walk'd before.
But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
Her doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.
Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more—
She had not died to-day.

1233. THE PAPIST NON-PLUSSED.

Father Petre endeavoured to convert the duke of Buckingham. "Out of our church," says the priest, "none can be saved."—"And all in it will be damned," said his grace.—"You want charity," says the priest. "Quite as much as your reverence," replied the duke.

1234. TAXES.

A ministerial punster observed, on the subject of taxes, that people were never satisfied. "For instance," says this facetious observer, "when the income-tax came forth, all complained that it was very heavy. That might be; but the same complaint was made of the window-tax, which every one must acknowledged was a *light* one, and advantageous to large houses, as it removed from them many great pains, (panes)."

1235. BON-MOT.

A person was joked by his friends, because that, at an advanced age, he married a young woman. The old beau replied, "That he would rather have his heart pierced by a new and shining blade, than by a rusty nail."

1236. A MODERN CUPID.

Say, what did Antiquity purpose to show,
By giving young Cupid his arrows and bow?
Go ask the next amorous sparrow or dove,
If, pierc'd to the heart, they should feel any love.
In these days young Cupid is grown somewhat wiser;
No archer is he, but a curmudgeon miser;
His quiver a *settlement* roll'd up so tight;
His arrows the quills with which notories write;
His bandage is off—he sees very clear
How much love is mix'd with a thousand a-year;
He inspects every rent-roll—examines the coffers,
And then tells the lover 'tis time to make offers.

1237. AN OATH.

Pope's oath was, "God mend me." A link-boy, to

whom he had refused a penny, looking at his diminutive crooked stature, cried out, "God mend you, indeed! it would be less trouble to make a new one."

1238. THE WIG.

A person had so far irritated another by his impudent language, that he pulled off his wig, and beat his head and ears with it. "You would not," says the vanquished hero, "have done this three days ago."—"Why not?" replied his antagonist: "Because then I wore my own head of hair."

1239. THE BULLY.

A man, by very insolent language, provoked another to strike him. "Are you in earnest?" said the receiver of the blow. "Certainly I am," he replied. "I am glad of it," said the bully, very coolly, "for I do not like such jests."

1240. DINNER-TIME.

A person asked a Grecian philosopher, what he thought was the proper time to dine. "Sir," says the antient, "the proper time of dinner, with the opulent, is when they chuse; with the poor man, when he can."

1241. PROGRESS OF POETRY.

Before Will gain'd and lost his cash,
He was a merry fellow;
In the morning he wrote epigrams,
And songs when he was mellow.
To raise the pity of the rich,
To whom he doffs his bonnet,
Will now in elegy repines,
And blubbers in a sonnet.
Thus a blind fiddler, in the morn,
When sorrowful and sober,
Plays tunes most opposite to those
Of his afternoon's *October*.

1242. A REPARTEE.

A lady, who gave herself great airs of importance,

on being introduced to a gentleman, for the first time, said, with much cool indifference, "I think, sir, I have seen you somewhere."—"Very likely," replied the gentleman, "you may, ma'am, as I have often been there."

1243. EPIGRAM.

Frank carves very ill, yet will palm all the meats;
 He eats more than six, and drinks more than he eats;
 Four pipes after dinner he constantly smokes,
 And seasons his whiffs with impertinent jokes.
 Then sighing, he says, we must certainly break,
 As my cruel unkindness has forc'd him to speak;—
 For of late I invite him but four times a week.

1244. GASSENDI

Lost his temper in company with a babbler. This simpleton was endeavouring to explain the doctrine of the transmigration, and committed several enormous blunders. "Pythagoras," observed Gassendi, warm'd and irritated, "says that the souls of men pass into the bodies of brutes; but, till this hour, I did not know the converse of this proposition was true."

1245. THE UNSEASONABLE WISH.

When Damon was with Celia playing,
 In a snug room, and near a bed;
 When both were fooling, and were saying
 Just what came in each other's head;
 Damon unwittingly exclaimed,
 I wish in some large pathless wood
 We now were plac'd,—a thing not nam'd,
 And then my lovely Celia would—
 "What!" cried the lass, in a high note,
 Between a groaning and a hissing;
 "Does the man mean to cut my throat?
 Is not here room enough to kiss in?"

1246. BON-MOT OF OLYMPIAS.

When Alexander boasted of being a son of Jupiter,

his mother Olympias wrote to him a letter in very grave terms, exhorting him, for the future, to lay by such high claims of birth, and not to excite a jealousy between Juno and her.

1247. A DECLINATURE.

Henry VIII. quarrelling with Francis I. determined to send an ambassador, who should deliver a message to the French king, in terms of haughty menace, and appointed bishop Bonner to the place. Bonner told Henry, "that his embassy, on this occasion, would cost him his head."—"Should Francis," said the furious Henry, "cut off your head, I'll cut off all the heads of the Frenchmen in my dominions."—"I do not doubt it, sire," replied the prelate, "but I am afraid that not one of them would fit my shoulders."

1248. BON-MOT OF LORD DORSET.

The Earl coming to court one queen Elizabeth's birthday, Charles II. asked him, "what the bells rung for?" Being told, the king asked, "why her memory was so thought of, when his father and grandfather was quite forgotten."—"Because," said the earl, frankly, "Elizabeth, being a woman, chose men for her counselors; and men, when they reign, usually chuse women."

1249. TIT FOR TAT.

Some English officers, drinking in their tent, asked the chaplain for a toast. "The king of France."—"What! our foe?" said the colonel. "You live by him," said the chaplain. The colonel, in his turn, gave "the Devil."—"Do you mean to affront me?" exclaimed the chaplain. "You live by him," said the colonel, very coolly, "do you not, my good doctor?"

1250. EDUCATION MAKES MEN.

A rich citizen of Athens desiring the philosopher, Aristippus, to tell him how much he must give him to educate his son, Aristippus asked him a thousand

drachms. "How?" said the Athenian, "I could purchase a slave for that money."—"Do so," said the philosopher, "and then you'll have two."

1251. THE AFFECTIONATE WIFE.

"This asthma soon will take the life
Of my dear husband," cried the wife,
Like Niobe in tears!
"Weep not," the doctor cried, "this ill
Is very seldom known to kill,
Though it will last some years.
The only remedy is—death."
The matron scarce could keep her breath,
It went and came so quick.
"Good doctor, are there then no grains
To shorten my poor husband's pains?
I would not have him sick!"

1252. BEFORE AND AFTER.

Ten months after Florimel happen'd to wed,
And was brought, in a laudable manner, to bed,
She warbled her groans in so charming a voice,
That one-half of the parish was stunn'd with the noise;
But when Florimel deign'd to lie privately in,
Ten months before she and her spouse were a-kin;
She chose with such prudence her pangs to conceal,
That her nurse, nay, her midwife, scarce heard her once
squeal.
Learn, husbands, from hence, for the peace of your lives,
That maids make not half such a tumult as wives.

1253. WRITTEN IN A LADY'S PRAYER-BOOK.

In vain, Clarinda, night and day,
For mercy to the Gods you pray;
What arrogance on heaven to call
For that which you deny to all!

1254. ANTONY HENLEY.

Henley having spent a good deal of money in procur-

ing the good will of the mayor and the burgesses of ———, treated them very haughtily, on all occasions. Being solicited, by the borough, to espouse their sentiments in some pressing instance, he wrote laconically to them:—
“Ye rascals, I bought, and so I’ll sell you.”

1255. THE PROVIDENT FAIR ONE.

Helen was just stept into bed,
Her eye-brows on the toilet lay;
Away the kitten with them fled,
As fees belonging to her prey.
For this misfortune careless Jane,
Assure yourself, was loudly rated;
And madam, getting up again,
With her own hands the mouse-trap baited.
On little things, as sages write,
Depend our human joy and sorrow;
If we don’t catch a mouse to-night,
Alas! no eye-brows for to-morrow.

1256. THE MUNIFICENT SAINT.

A devout lady offered up a prayer to St. Ignatius, for the conversion of her husband; a few days after, the man died; “What a good saint is our Ignatius!” exclaimed the consolable widow, “he bestows on us more benefits than we ask for!”

1257. AN EPIGRAM WRITTEN IN 1596.

Great captain Medon wears a chain of gold,
Which at five hundred crowns are valued:
For that it was his grandsire’s chain of old,
When great king Henry Boulogne conquered.
And wear it Medon, for it may ensue,
That thou, by virtue of this massy chain,
A stronger town than Boulogne may’st subdue,
If wise men’s laws be not reputed vain.
For what said Philip, king of Macedon:
“There is no castle so well fortified;
But if an ass laden with gold comes on,
The guards will stoop, and gates fly open wide.”

1258. A HINT TO MANY PERSONS.

Boileau was very exact as to his time of keeping his engagements at dinner, &c. with this satiric and true observation, that the quarter of an hour which a person makes a company wait for him at dinner, is employed in finding out his faults, or inventing them.

1259. CURIOUS PROHIBITION.

A favourite of a king had a custom of plucking hair from his beard. The king forbid him to do this, under a severe penalty. Some time after, this man did the king an excellent service. "What shall I give?" said the king. — "A power over my own beard," replied the sage.

1260. THE PORTRAIT.

When a certain poet's works were to be printed, a very ugly woman desired the editor, in a preface, to contradict the report of her being mistress to the late bard. "Madam," replied the editor, "I will prefix your face."

1261. PETRARCH.

It is said, that the Pope advised Petrarch to marry Laura; but, that the poet refused, because he feared that the familiarity of marriage would extinguish his passion. A blunt person, on reading this anecdote, observed, "there is a fool, who wont eat his dinner lest he should spoil his appetite."

1262. QUESTION ANSWERED.

An attorney, in Dean Swift's company, gave himself great liberties of conversation with him. At length, this impudent limb of the law asked the dean, "supposing, doctor, that the parsons and the devil should litigate a cause, which party do you think would gain it?" "The devil, no doubt," replied the dean, "as he would have all the lawyers on his side."

1263. YOU ARE A JEW.

"You are a Jew," said one man to another; "when

I bought this pig of you, it was to be a guinea, and now you demand five-and-twenty-shillings, which is more than you asked."—"For that very reason," replied the other, "I am no Jew, for a Jew always takes less than he asks."

1264. PERSECUTION PREVENTED.

At the end of queen Mary's bloody reign, a commission was granted to one Dr. Cole, a bigotted papist, to go over to Ireland, and commence a fiery persecution against the protestants of that kingdom. On coming to Chester, the doctor was waited upon by the mayor, to whom he shewed his commission, with great triumph, saying, "Here is what shall lash the heretics of Ireland." Mrs. Edmunds, the landlady of the inn, hearing these words, when the doctor went down stairs with the mayor, hastened into the room, opened the box, took the commission, and put a pack of cards in its place. When the doctor returned, he put his box into the portmanteau without suspicion, and the next morning sailed for Dublin. On his arrival, he waited upon the lord-lieutenant and privy council, to whom he made a speech relating to his business, and then presented the box to his lordship; but on opening it, there appeared *a pack of cards with the knave of clubs uppermost*. The doctor was petrified, and assured the company that he had a commission, but what was become of it he could not tell. The lord-lieutenant answered, "Let us have another commission, and we will shuffle the cards the mean while." Before the doctor could get his commission renewed the queen died, and thus the persecution was prevented.

1265. WRITTEN ON A COQUETTE'S LOOKING-GLASS.

In me, false Thais, as you pass,
Your likeness may be seen,
Without all tinsel, paint, and glass,
All mercury within.

1266. A RECIPE.

A cockney telling his friend that he was going to Mar-

gate, the other asked the reason; he said, "For a change of hair."—"Then," said the other, "you had better get a wig."

1267. A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

A gentleman said to another in company, "if all drank like you, wine would be very cheap."—"Nay," replied the other, "it would be very dear, for I drink as much as I chuse."

1268. OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

The late amiable Mr. T. Warton, being at Winchester, on a visit to his brother, was solicited by a company of comedians, who performed over the butcher's shambles, to write a suitable prologue for the commencement of their theatrical campaign. How well he succeeded in real allusion and genuine humour we leave our readers to judge, assured there will be but one opinion among them.

Who'er our stage examines, must excuse
 The wond'rous shifts of the dramatic muse;
 Then kindly li ten, while the prologue rambles
 From wit to beef, from Shakspeare to the shambles!
 Divided only by one flight of stairs,
 The actor swaggers, and the butcher swears!
 Quick the transition when the curtain drops,
 From meek Monimia's moans to mutton chops!
 While for Lothario's loss Lavinia cries,
 Old women scold, and dealers d——n your eyes!
 Here Juliet listens to the gentle lark,
 There in harsh chorus hungry bull-dogs bark,
 Cleavers and scymiters give blow for blow,
 And heroes bleed above, and sheep below!
 While magic thunders shake the pit and box,
 Re-bellows to the war the staggering ox.
 Cow-horns and trumpets mix their martial tones,
 Kidnies and kings, mouthing and marrow-bones;
 Suet and sighs, blank-verse and blood abound,
 And form a tragi-comedy around,

With weeping lovers dying calves complain ;
 Confusion reigns—chaos is come again !
 Hither your steelyards butchers, bring, to weigh
 The pound of flesh, Antonio's blood must pay !
 Hither your knives, ye christians, clad in blue,
 Bring to be whetted by the worthless Jew.

Hard is our lot, who, seldom doom'd to eat,
 Cast a sheep's-eye on this forbidden meat—
 Gaze on sirloins, which ah ! we cannot carve,
 And in the midst of beef, of mutton—starve !

But would ye to our house in crowds repair,
 Ye generous captains, and ye blooming fair,
 The fate of Tantalus we should not fear,
 Nor pine for a repast that is so near ;
 Monarchs no more would supperless remain,
 Nor pregnant queens for cutlets long in vain.

1269. A DEFENCE.

A sheepstealer tried at the summer Warwick assizes, 1800, being called on for his defence, made the following, but to the discredit of the jury (*as wits*) be it spoken, inefficacious one: “ My lord, this is a pretty story these here witnesses have told your honour about me. They want to make you believe that it was an uncommon affair to find a few joints of mutton in my house, whereas they all know that I have been in the butchering line these many years ; that is, my lord, I buy up all the rotten sheep and cows. The farmers know it, my lord. Now you must know, my lord, this here man is the only one that opposes me in that line ; he knows, my lord, if he can do me it will be a pretty penny in his pocket ; I dare say, my lord, if I am done, it will be a fortune to him of full 15*l.* a year ; so you see, my lord, he is a pretty fellow for a witness. Then, my lord, here's this other fellow, he owes me a grudge, as you may suppose ; for you must know I'd a law-suit with him, and cast him, and so he's sore. Indeed, my lord, I only cast him as you may say, because the fact was this, we was both cast, for the lawyers got every farthing of him and

me too. So you see, my lord, taking all these things into consideration, there's not much to be depended on what they say."

1270. AN ORDER.

When the late illustrious chevalier Taylor was enumerating the honours he had received from the different princes of Europe, and orders with which he had been dignified by innumerable sovereigns, a gentleman present remarked that he had not named the king of Prussia, and added, "I suppose, sir, he never gave you any order."—"You are mistaken, sir," replied the chevalier, "he gave me a very *peremptory order* to quit his dominions."

1271. STERLING HUMANITY.

Louis XIV. was once harangued by a very indifferent orator, to whom his majesty paid a handsome compliment. A lady who was present appeared much surprised at the civil things that Louis said to him, "I think indeed, madam, as you do of the speaker," said the monarch, "but if a civil word or two will render a man happy, he must be a wretch indeed who will not give them to him."

1272. STEWARDS REMEMBER THEMSELVES.

A French peer, who was distinguished for his wit and bon-mots, resolved to make his will; and having remembered all his domestics except his steward, this omission was respectfully pointed out to him by the notary. "I shall leave him nothing," said the nobleman, "because he has served me these twenty years."

1273. A RESERVATION.

When Lully, the celebrated composer, was once deemed dangerously ill, his friends sent for a confessor, who, finding his situation critical, and his mind agitated and alarmed, told him there was only one way by which he could obtain absolution, and that was by burning all that

he had composed of his new opera, to shew a sincere repentance for the sins he had committed by publishing so many. Remonstrance was vain, Lully burnt his music, and the confessor, after performing the holy office, withdrew. Lully soon after grew better, and a nobleman, who was his patron, calling to see him, was informed of the sacrifice which had been made. "And so," said he, "you have burnt your opera,—and you are really such a blockhead as to believe in the gross absurdities of a monk?"—"Stop, my friend, stop," said Lully, whispering in his ear, "I knew very well what I was about, *I have another copy.*"

1274. EPIGRAM.

What epithets, exclaims a clown,
To womankind belong!
Some are called women of the *town*,
Some ladies of the *ton*.

The diff'rence it is hard to trace,
Though diff'rence still there's some;
The w—— boldly one displays,
The other plays it mute.

1275. RARE INSTANCE OF DUTCH AGILITY.

In the great Dutch war, in the reign of Charles II. the English fleet and that of Holland fought in the channel for three days successively, engaging in the day and lying-to at night. But just as they were preparing to renew the action, advice came off that an armistice was concluded upon, and the hostile parties began to exchange mutual civilities. On board a Dutch man of war, which lay alongside an English first-rate, was a sailor so remarkable active, as to run to the mast-head, and stand upright upon the truck, after which he would cut several capers, and concluded with standing upon his head, to the great astonishment and terror of the spectators. On coming down from this exploit, all his countrymen expressed their joy by huzzaing, and thereby signifying their triumph over the English. One of our bold tars,

piqued for the honour of his country, ran up to the top like a cat, and essayed with all his might to throw up his heels like the Dutchman, but not having the skill, he missed his poise, and came down rather faster than he went up. The rigging, however, broke his fall, and he lighted on his feet unhurt. As soon as he had recovered his speech, he ran to the side, and exultingly cried out to the Dutchman, "There, do that if you can."

1276. MEDITATIONS AMONG THE BOOKS.—A PARODY.

What are they whose unadorned raiment bespeaks their inward simplicity? They are law-books, statutes, and commentaries upon statutes. These are acts of parliament, which all must obey, yet few only can purchase. Like the sphinx of antiquity, they speak in enigmas, and yet devour the unhappy wretches who comprehend them not. These are commentaries upon statutes, for perusing of them the longest life of man would prove insufficient; for the understanding of them the utmost ingenuity of man would not avail. Cruel is the dilemma between the necessity and the impossibility of understanding; yet are we not left utterly destitute of relief; behold for our comfort *An Abridgment of Law and Equity*. It consists not of many volumes; it extends only to *twenty-two volumes folio*; but as a few thin cakes may contain the whole nutritive substance of a stalled ox; so may this *compendium* contain the essential gravy of many a report and adjudged case. The sages of the law recommended this abridgment to our perusal; let us with thankfulness of heart receive their counsels. Much are we beholden to physicians who prescribe only the bark of the quinquina, when they might oblige their patients to swallow the whole tree.

1277. THE NOBLEMAN AND PHILOSOPHER.

A proud, but ignorant, peer, observing one day at table, that a person eminent for his knowledge and abilities was intent on chusing the delicacies before him, said, "What! do philosophers love dainties?"—"Why

not?" replied the scholar. "Do you think, my lord, that the good things of this world were made only for blockheads?"

1278. ON GENUINE WIT.

True wit is like the brilliant stone,
Dug from Golconda's mine;
Which boasts two various powers in one,
To cut as well as shine.

Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

1279. VULGAR WIT.

A gentleman crossing the water the other day below Limehouse, observed the labourers at work in a tier of colliers, and wanting to learn the price of coals in the pool, hailed one of the men with, "Well, Paddy, how are coals?"—"As black as ever, your honour," replied the Irishman.

1280. FRIENDSHIP.

When the late king of Denmark was in England, he very frequently honoured sir Thomas Robinson with his company, though the knight spoke French in a very imperfect manner, and the king had scarce any knowledge of English. One day, when sir Thomas was in company with the late lord Chesterfield, and boasted much of his great intimacy with the king, and added, that he believed the monarch had a greater friendship for him than any man in England, "Good God," exclaimed lord Chesterfield, "how reports will lie! I heard *no later than this day*, that you never met but a great deal of *bad language* passed between you."

1281. A BROAD HINT.

The late father O'Leary being in company with an Irish bishop of the protestant communion, his lordship

took occasion to make some remarks on the absurdity of believing in purgatory, to which the other drily answered, "I shall only say, my lord, that your lordship may go farther and fare worse."

1282. BON-MOT.

The powerful mistress of a great nobleman requested to be included in the prayers at church. The parson told her she was already comprehended in them. "How can that be?" said she, "I never heard it."—"O yes!" replied the parson, "in the Lord's prayer: *Deliver us from evil.*"

1283. THE BEGGAR.

A player met a man in the street who appeared extremely distressed, and asked charity: he gave him something, observing; "either that man must be in actual distress, or he is an excellent actor."

1284. DULL COMPANY.

Some one said to sir Charles Hanbury Williams, who had been minister at several courts, what a happy man he must have been to have conversed with so many crowned heads. "Faith," replied he, "I never could find that out; they were the dullest company I ever kept."

1285. FRIAR PAUL, TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

Friar Paul, in his cell, made his exit of late
Of the gravel, some say; but no matter for that:
He died, that's enough; and if story say right,
Arrived at hell-gates in a pitiful plight.
"Who's there?" cried the demon on guard: quoth the
"A guilty priest, sir, a catholic brother." [other,
"Halt, instantly," cry'd the centry; "stand clear;
Go be damn'd somewhere else, for you shan't enter here,
We admit no such savage, no wretch so uncivil,
Who above ate his God, may below eat the Devil."

1286. REASON FOR GOING TO CHURCH.

Of an old citizen it was observed, that he was the most

regular man in London in his attendance at church, and no man in the kingdom was more punctual in his prayers. "He has a very good reason for it," replied John Wilkes, "for as he never gave a shilling, did a kindness, or conferred a favour on any man living, no one would pray for him."

1287. SUICIDE.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

1288. PROBATUM EST.

A student reading in natural history that a short beard was a sign of folly, took the candle in his hand, and went to a mirror, in order to examine his, but holding the candle too near, he set fire to his beard, and burned off a great part; upon which, returning to his book, he wrote on the margin of the passage, *probatum est*.

1289. THE DRENCHER.

Voltaire said of an apothecary, that his employment was to pour drugs, of which *he knew little*, into a body of which *he knew less*.

1290. JEU D'ESPRIT OF DEAN SWIFT.

Lord Pembroke, who was a remarkable punster, during his viceroyship of Ireland, attached himself to Swift, from a conformity of disposition and talent. One day being at the castle, when a learned physician was reading a long dissertation to his excellency, on the nature and qualities of bees, in which he frequently denominated them, "a nation and a commonwealth."—"Yes, my lord," said Swift, "they are a very ancient nation, indeed; for you know, Moses takes notice of them; and numbers the *Hivites* among those nations which Joshua was appointed to conquer."

1291. THE COURAGEOUS DRUMMER.

An English drummer having strolled from the camp,

approached the French lines, and before he was aware, was seized by the piquet, and carried before the commander, on suspicion of being a spy, disguised in a drummer's uniform. On being questioned, however, he honestly told the truth, and declared who and what he was. This not gaining credit, a drum was sent for, and he was desired to beat a couple of marches, which he readily performed, and thus removed the Frenchman's suspicion of his assuming a fictitious character. "But, my lad," said he, "let me now hear you beat a retreat."—"A retreat," replied the drummer, "there is none such beat in our service."

1292. PARLIAMENTARY PATIENCE.

A gentleman some years since being obliged to ask pardon of the House of Commons upon his knees, when he rose up, brushed the knees of his breeches, saying, "I never was in so dirty a house in my life."

1293. THE BOOKISH BENEDICT.

The proud, the learned, the grave, and the sullen, can all unbend in female society, and domestic privacy. The principal of the academy of Saumur used to spend five hours regularly every morning in study; but was always very punctual at the hour of dinner. One day, not appearing precisely at the time expected, his wife entered the study, and found him still reading. "I wish, my love," said the lady, "that I were a book."—"Why so," said the scholar. "Because you would then be constant to me."—"I should have no objection," rejoined the husband, "provided you were an almanac."—"Why an almanac, my dear?"—"Because I should then have a new one every year."

1294. STERLING COMPOSITION.

Dryden, who was notoriously poor, was one evening in company with the duke of Buckingham, lord Dorset, and some other noblemen of wit and genius. It happened that the conversation, which was literary, turned on

the art of composition, and elegance of style; and, after some debate, it was agreed, that each party should write something on whatever subject chanced to strike his imagination, and place it under the candlestick for Mr. Dryden's judgment. Most of the company took uncommon pains to out-do each other: while lord Dorset, with much composure, wrote two or three lines, and carelessly threw them to the place agreed on. The rest having finished, the arbiter opened the leaves of their destiny. In going through the whole, he discovered strong marks of pleasure and satisfaction; but at one in particular he seemed in raptures. "I must acknowledge," says Dryden, "there are abundance of fine things in my hands, and such as do honour to the personages who wrote them; but I am under an indispensable necessity of giving the highest preference to my lord Dorset. I must request that your lordships will hear it, and I believe all will be satisfied with my judgment:

"I promise to pay John Dryden, or order, on demand, the sum of five hundred pounds. DORSET."

1295. THE ADVANTAGE OF AN EASY MIND.

An ecclesiastic, who was extremely anxious to obtain a cardinal's hat, at which dignity he afterwards arrived, said to his friend, one day, "How is it that you enjoy a good state of health, while I am always a valetudinarian?"—"Sir," replied he, "the reason is obvious—you have your *hat* always in your hand, while I have my *head* always in my hat.

1296. THE HUMOUROUS BUM-BRUSHER.

As a lame country schoolmaster was bobbling one day to his school-room, he was met by a certain nobleman, who asked his name and vocation. Having declared his name, he added, "and I am master of this parish."—"Master of this parish!" observed the peer, "how can that be?"—"I am master of the children of the parish," said the man; "the *children* are masters of their *mothers*;

the *mothers* are the rulers of the *fathers*, and consequently I am *master* of the whole parish."

1297. TO A LADY, WHO AFFIXED HER PORTRAIT TO HER NOVEL.

Whilst your novel, fair Chloe, dissuades us from passion,
And tells us that beauty is made to betray;
To your readers, alas! you have shown no compassion;
Then prithee, dear girl, take your portrait away.

1298. THE DOCTOR QUIZZED.

Dr. Goldsmith used to say he could play on the German flute *as well as most men*; at other times, *as well as any man living*; but, in truth, he understood not the character in which the music is written, and played on that instrument, as many of the vulgar do, merely by ear. Roubiliac, the sculptor, once heard him play; and meaning to put a trick upon him, pretended to be charmed with his performance: as also that himself was skilled in the art, and entreated him to repeat the air, that he might write it down. Goldsmith readily consented, Roubiliac called for paper, and scored thereon a few five-lined staves, which having done, Goldsmith proceeded to play, and Roubiliac to write; but his writing was only such random notes on the lines and spaces, as any one might set down who had never inspected a page of music. When they had both done, Roubiliac shewed the paper to Goldsmith, who, looking over it with seeming great attention, said, "It is very correct, and that if he had not seen him do it, he never could have believed his friend capable of writing music after him."

1299. A KING'S CRITIQUE ON AN EPITAPH.

Henry IV. of France, reading the following ostentatious inscription on the monument of a Spanish officer: "Here lies the body of Don, &c. &c. who never knew what fear was."—"Then," said the king, "he never snuffed a candle with his fingers."

1300. SINGULAR ESCAPE OF GROTIUS.

In 1662, when this illustrious scholar was confined in the castle of Louvestein, on suspicion of favouring the sect of Armenians, he obtained permission to have his books sent to him in boxes, and passed without examination. This suggested to his wife the expedient of returning Grotius in the same way. The guards imagined they were carrying out a box full of books; but jocularly and truly observed, "It seems as heavy as if an Armenian was in it." After suffering much from apprehension and confinement in this vehicle, Grotius had the good fortune to escape without detection. The following verses were made on the occasion:

This chest, which to its master did convey
Full many a massy volume every day,
Unconscious now of greater weight and cares,
A living library in Grotius bears.

1301. BON-MOT GALLANT.

The Spaniards do not often pay hyperbolical compliments,—but one of their admired writers, speaking of a lady's black eyes, says, "They were in mourning for the murders she had committed."

1302. THE SIMPLE VENETIAN.

A Venetian, as blundering as an Hibernian, was riding into the country, with his servant behind him on foot. The master's horse kicked the valet, who, in a passion, flung a stone at him, which hit the rider on the back. The master, looking back, chid the servant for walking so slow. "I cannot walk faster," said he, "for your horse has given me a kick."—"Ah! a sorry beast," replied the master, "I will pay him as he deserves, for he has just kicked me on the back."

1303. THRALEAN ANECDOTE.

At a tea-party at Mrs. Thrale's, the company being warmly engaged in conversation, the fair hostess forgetting to put any tea into the pot, filled it with water, and

poured it out to the company. This instance of absence was remarked by Dr. Johnson, who, in his pompous way, instantly exclaimed, "Madam, in your own imagination you have been *making tea*, while in the opinion of your friends you have been *making water*."

1304. HINT TO A MINISTER.

George II. one day sent for Mr. Pelham, in a rage, to know why the civil list was not paid. The minister said, the money destined for that had been appropriated to another use, then more urgent. The king with an oath, told Mr. Pelham, that if he did not pay it he must get another minister who would; "I will not," said his majesty, "be the only gentleman in the kingdom who does not pay his servants wages."

1305. A MIRACLE.

A French monk relates a circumstance of a king of Armenia and his mandarines, who were turned into swine while holding a council to deliberate on the extirpation of the Christians; and that a priest named Gregorius, having questioned the swine if they would save their lives and consent to be baptised, they held up their snouts and said, *ouen, ouen, ouen*, as if they would have said *oui*, (yes); thereupon Gregorius having taken holy water and baptised them, they were miraculously restored to their former shape. One material part of this *miracle* seems to be, that the *Armenian* hogs should *speak French*.

1306. THE ENRAGED FRIAR.

Camden, in his remains, tells us a story of a friar, who preaching in the country, espied a poor woman whispering to another who sat in the same pew, at which the friar being enraged, "Peace babbler, I command thee, thou woman in the best hood!" Whereat the woman, angry at the reproof, cried out more vociferously, "Marry, sir, beshrew his heart that babbles most; for I have but whispered my neighbour for a moment, and thou hast been babbling at this place a good large hour."

1307. PROFESSIONS PUT TO THE PROOF.

Thus with kind words, a knight cajol'd his friend :
 Dear Dick, on me thou may'st assured depend,
 I know thy fortune is but very scant,
 But never will I see my friend in want.
 Dick soon in jail, expects his friend will free him ;—
 He kept his word—in want he ne'er would see him.

1308. THE BRUISING PARSON.

A certain bruising parson being examined at the Old Bailey on some point, the counsel, according to the laudable custom of the court, attempted to browbeat him. "I think you are a bruising parson," said he. "I am," answered the reverend divine; "and if you doubt it, I give it you under my hand."

1309. NO PLEASING.

A drummer of the 104th regiment, executing his duty on an Irish recruit, who was to receive a certain number of lashes; the fellow cried out, "Strike high, strike high."—The drummer, who was also an Irishman, desirous of obliging his countryman, did as he was requested; but the sufferer still continuing to roar out through pain, the drummer was offended—"The devil burn you," quoth he, "there is no pleasing you, strike where one will."

1310. A COMEDIAN'S TOOTH.

Spiller, the player, being one evening behind the scenes, tormented by a violent fit of the tooth-ach, the barber of the theatre offered to relieve him by drawing it. "No, my good friend," replied he, "no, I cannot spare one tooth now, but on the tenth day of June, the house closes, and you may then draw every tooth I have, for I am sure, after that, I shall have nothing to eat."

1311. A CUT AT A CHESHIRE CHEESE.

The celebrated Daniel Burgess dining with a gentle

man of his congregation, a large Cheshire cheese, uncut, was brought to table. "Where shall I cut it?" asked Daniel. "Any where you please, Mr. Burgess," answered the gentleman. Upon which Daniel handed it to the servant, desiring him to carry it to his house, and he would cut it at home.

1312. SCOTCH LAIRD HUMBLLED.

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

1313. HORNS.

At the restoration of Charles II. Dr. Bull, afterwards bishop of St. David's, who had zealously supported the royal cause in the time of the rebellion, was presented by the king with the grant of his former living, which the chancellor Hyde made some difficulty to confirm. The doctor found his pocket exhausted by this delay, but being a man of wit, and knowing the king's humour, he took occasion one day to tell him that he had just had his pocket picked, and that he had not a shilling left.

“ Well,” said the king, “ and can’t you tell the thief?”
 —“ Why,” replied Bull, “ if I may speak the truth, I
 have caught your majesty’s hand in it,” and out he pull-
 ed the grant. “ Cod’s fish!” says the king, “ are you
 not yet presented to your living?”—“ No,” replied
 Bull, “ nor ever shall with your chancellor’s leave.”
 On this the king gave him a grant of a better preferment,
 which was then vacant, with a peremptory order to the
 chancellor to present him. When he waited on his lord-
 ship, the chancellor asked him his name, “ Bull,” answer-
 ed he. “ *Bull!*” said the chancellor, “ where are your
 horns?”—“ Please your honour,” replied Bull, “ the
horns always go along with the *Hyde*.”

1314. A MISTAKE.

A sailor, half groggy, passing along the street of a sea-
 port town, discovered over an admiral’s door an escut-
 cheon, with chequers painted on it, and very naturally
 took it for an ale-house. The gentleman (a ruddy-
 looking portly man), standing at the door, Jack clapped
 him on the shoulder, crying, “ Landlord, you look like
 an honest fellow, give us a cup of the best.” The gen-
 tleman, to carry the joke, ordered his servant to bring
 him some beer; which being done, the jolly tar drank
 towards the landlord’s very good health, and enquired
 what was to pay; when the admiral told him, he might
 settle the next time he came that way.

1315. A DUEL.

Dr. Young was once on a party of pleasure with a few
 ladies, going up by water to Vauxhall, and he amused
 them with a tune on the German flute. Behind him se-
 veral officers were also in a boat rowing for the same
 place, and soon came alongside the boat in which were
 the doctor and his party. The doctor, who was never
 conceited of his playing, put up his flute on their ap-
 proach. One of the officers instantly asked why he
 ceased to play, or put up his flute. “ For the same
 reason,” said he, “ that I took it out—to please myself.”

The son of Mars very peremptorily rejoined, that if he did not instantly take out his flute, and continue his music, he would throw him into the Thames. The doctor, in order to allay the fears of the ladies, pocketed the insult, and continued to play all the way up the river. During the evening, however, he observed the officer by himself in one of the walks, and making up to him, said, with great coolness—"It was, sir, to avoid interrupting the harmony either of my company or yours, that I complied with your arrogant demand; but that you may be satisfied courage may be found under a black coat as well as under a red one, I expect that you will meet me to-morrow morning at a certain place, without any second, the quarrel being entirely *entre nous*." The doctor further covenanted, that the affair should be decided by swords. To all these conditions the officer assented. The duellists met; but the moment the officer took the ground, the doctor pulled out a horse-pistol. "What!" said the officer, "do you intend to assassinate me?"—"No," replied the doctor; "but you shall instantly put up your sword and dance a minuet, otherwise you are a dead man." The officer began to bluster, but the doctor was resolute, and he was obliged to comply. "Now," said Young, "you forced me to play against my will, and I have made you dance against yours; we are therefore again on a level, and whatever other satisfaction you may require I am able to give it."

1316. CARD-TABLE EPITAPH.

On a lady ruined by a frequenter of clubs,
 Clarinda reign'd the queen of hearts;
 Like sparkling diamonds were her eyes,
 Till through the knave of club's false arts,
 Here bedded by a spade she lies.

1317. LOUIS IX.

When this prince heard that Nicholas Raulin, chancellor of the province of Burgundy, who was a most

MM

notorious extortioner and usurer, had in his latter days founded an hospital for indigent persons: Louis observed, that it was but barely an act of justice, in a man who had reduced so many to poverty, at least to provide them with lodgings.

1318. TO A LADY STUNG BY A BEE.

To heal the wound a bee had made
On lovely Chloe's face,
Honey upon the part she laid,
And bade me kiss the place.

Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound
Extracted sweet and smart;
The honey on my lips I found,
The sting within my heart.

1319. PLEBEIANS.

Patricius cried—"While you've existence
Keep, son, plebeians at a distance!"
This speech a *butcher* overheard,
And quick replied—"I wish, my lord,
You'd thus advis'd, before your son
So deeply in my debt had run."

1320. ON MR. ———'S SERMONS.

The audience at friend ———'s church
Complain'd, that from the French and German
And English works, with labour'd search,
He filch'd each part of every sermon.

Pray, luckless wights, your censures humble,
And leave poor ———y's brains alone;
You'd have much greater cause to grumble,
If ever he should preach his own!

1321. A FRENCH BEAU.

Turk's pantaloons, a Dutchman's stocking,
The Prussian hat all martial cocking,

Hungarian cravat round the throat,
The Roman wig, an English coat,
With strutting air so fierce and sp—ky,
Compose a Paris beau (or monkey.)

1322. SHALLOW JEHU.

In park to drive, with dashing stroke,
His carriage, till the wheels quite smoke,
Rapid to turn each corner clear,
And make the Sunday folks all stare,
Is young squire Shallow's chief ambition,
His highest pitch of all fruition!

“ Jack, while I'm driving with such fire,
Listen to hear the folk's discourses.”

“ I do, sir; and they all admire—
Your honour's carriage—and the horses!”

1323. ADVERTISEMENT.

From the Daily Advertiser, Dec. 8, 1797.

Wanted for a wine-merchant's house in the city, as a porter, an athletic man, of a serious countenance, a good character, and the lady Huntingdon persuasion; must attend prayers twice a day, and divine service four times on Sunday; be able to bear confinement; have the fear of God before his eyes, and be able to carry two hundred weight.—Wages fourteen shillings a week and find himself.

N. B. A Yorkshireman will not be objected to, but no Irishman will be accepted.—Apply to-morrow at one o'clock, to T. D. at No.—, Philpot-lane.

1324. THE DEJECTED APOTHECARY.

It happen'd in a healthful year,
(Which made provision very dear,
And physic mighty cheap;)
A docter, sore oppress'd with want,
On business turning out so scant,
Was one day seen to weep.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF WIT.

A neighbour ask'd him why so sad,
And hop'd no dang'rous illness had
To any friend befel.

“ O Lord! you quite mistake the case!”
(Quoth Blister;) “ sir, this rueful face
Is—'cause my friends are well.”

1325. THE HONEY-MOON.

A clergyman preaching a wedding sermon, chose the following passage in the Psalms for his text. “ And let there be abundance of *peace while the moon endureth.*”

1326. DEGENERACY.

A lady railing against the vices of the present times, and asserting that no preceding age was half so profligate, Lady T—— gravely asked her, “ Pray, madam, what do you think of Mrs. Potiphar and the two Misses Lot?”

1327. A QUOTATION.

A young man of fashion was complaining to Foote, that he had lost a large sum of money at the gaming-table the night before, and what was more extraordinary, that he lost it at twelve casts of a die successively. “ Not at all extraordinary,” said Foote, “ Shakspeare has explained the cause:

“ The earth hath *bubbles* as the water hath.”

1328. SCOTCH ECONOMY.

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

1329. GEOGRAPHY.

Foote, who had a sovereign contempt for his wife, said to Murphy, "You may learn geography from her face; on one side you may see the Blue Mountains, on the other the Black forests, here the Red sea, and here, (pointing to his forehead) you may evidently behold the Rocks of Scilly."

1330. A MOTTO.

Davenport, a taylor, having set up his carriage, asked Foote for a motto, "There is one from Hamlet," said the wit, "that will match you to a button-hole; "List, list! oh list!"

1331. REPORTEE.

One of the performers at the Haymarket theatre was observing to Foote, what a hum-drum sort of a man Dr. Goldsmith appeared to be in the green-room, compared with the figure he made in his poetry.—"The reason of that," said he, "is, because the *muses* are better companions than the *players*,"

1332. A SIMILE.

Laughing at the imbecility of a friend, one day, somebody observed to Foote, "it was very surprising, as Tom D—— knew him well, and thought him far from being a fool."—"Ah, poor Tom," said Foote, "he is like one of those who eat garlic themselves, and therefore cannot smell it in a companion."

1333. FIGRAM.

When Lovelace marry'd Lady Jenny,
Whose beauty was the ready penny;
"I chose her," said he, "like old plate,
Not for the *fashion* but the *weight*,"

1334. A DIFFERENCE.

Sir Robert Walpole often played billiards with his neighbour Dr. Monsey, who was much his superior at the game. "How happens it," said Sir Robert one day,

“that nobody beats me at billiards but you, Dr.?”—
 “Because,” said Monsey, “they play for places; I
 only for a dinner and praise.”

1335. ON THE ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT.

Quoth Dick to Tom this act appears
 Absurd, as I'm alive,
 To take the crown at eighteen years,
 The wife at twenty-five!

The mystery how shall we explain;
 For sure, as *Drowdeswell* said,
 Thus early if they're fit to reign,
 They must be fit to wed.

Quoth Tom to Dick, thou art a fool,
 And little know'st of life;
 Alas! 'tis easier far to rule
 A kingdom than a wife.

1336. EPIGRAM.

Your comedy I have read, my friend,
 And like the *half* you pilfer'd best;
 But sure, the drama you might mend;
 Take courage, man, and steal the rest.

1337. A GHOST.

Dr. Monsey meeting Garrick in the Strand, in a pen-
 sive mood, asked him what he was thinking of. “Think-
 ing of,” said Garrick, “I was thinking what a fool I
 have been through life, scraping up money from morn-
 ing to night, and all for whom? why for George and his
 children, who may make ducks and drakes of it.”—
 “Why then,” said Monsey, “don't you do as I do,
 spend your money yourself, and save your executors
 the trouble?”—“And so I will,” cried Garrick.—“With
 a courage,” said Monsey, in telling the story, “that at
 the time I thought natural; but alas! turning the corner
 of Southampton-street, he unfortunately met *the ghost of*
a farthing, and all his boasted resolution vanished into
 air.”

1338. THE DECOY.

A noble lord, liberal but not rich, wishing to promote a public subscription, for which he found the pulse of the audience not very strong, began it by putting down his own name for 500*l*. On this his old steward took fire, and hobbling up to him, whispered, "My lord, are you mad? why we have not five pounds in the house."—"I know it, you old blockhead! go about your business;" then raising his voice to the clerk of the meeting, he repeated, "Put me down for 500*l*." The liberality of his sum had a wonderful effect on the assembly, and subscriptions poured in apace. About a month afterwards, when the collecting-clerk made his best bow to his lordship, requesting his subscription-money, "Subscription from me!" said his lordship, "What! did not I devise the ways and means by which you got all this money, and now you want to drag more out of my own pockets! why you unfeeling man, would you kill your *decoy-duck*?"

1339. A COMPLIMENT.

Swift riding out one day, met a parishioner capitally mounted, and began to pay him compliments on his horse. "Mr. Dean," said the other, "he is very well, but still not equal to yours."—"To mine!" returned Swift, "why this is a mere pad."—"Aye," replied the other, "he carries the best head of any horse in Ireland."

1340. GIVING WARNING.

A gentleman who did not live very happy with his wife, on the maid telling him that she was going to give her mistress warning, as she kept scolding her from morning till night, "Happy girl!" said the master, "I wish I could give warning too."

1341. GARRICK.

At the rehearsal of *Venice Preserved*, when a new actress, highly recommended to Garrick, was to make her debut in *Belvidera*, she repeated that tender excla-

mation, "Would you kill my father, Jaffier?" with so much *sang froid*, that Garrick whispered her nearly in the same tone, "Can you chop cabbage, madam?"

1342. EPIGRAMS.

When fancies queer plagu'd Menelaus' head,
Thus to her lord the blooming Helen said;—
This earthly part to Troy though Paris bore,
Still was my soul with thee on Sparta's shore!
Truth, it may be, quoth spouse, just as you tell;
Howe'er, the next time, leave your body, Nell.

1343. THE DEAF.—SWIFT.

Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burden grown:
No more I hear the church's bell
Than if it rang out for my knell:
At thunder now no more I start,
Than at the rumbling of a cart:
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

1344. FAIR HELEN.

A gentleman having introduced his wife, who was very plain, to Foote, observed, that though his Helen could not boast of much beauty, she was an excellent housewife.—"I have no doubt of it, my good friend," said Foote, "I was only thinking it was a thousand pities that the Grecian Helen was not more like her, for if she was, Troy certainly never would have been burned."

1345. APOLOGY FOR ABSENCE.

A conceited young man asking Foote what apology he should make for not being one of a party the day before, to which he had been invited. "Oh, my dear sir," replied the wit, "say nothing about it, *you were never missed.*"

1346. THE DISCOVERY.

A gentleman praising the personal charms of a very

plain woman, before Foote, the latter asked him, "And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?"—"What right have I to her?" said the other. "Every right, by the laws of all nations; as the first discoverer."

1347. A HIT AT GARRICK.

Previously to Foote's bringing out his Primitive Puppet-shew, a lady asked him, "Pray, sir, are your puppets to be as large as life?"—"Oh, dear madam, no; not much above the size of Garrick."

1348. TREES IN SCOTLAND.

Foote, on his return from Scotland, being asked by a lady if there was any truth in the report of there being no trees in that country, replied, very maliciously, "No, indeed, for when crossing Fort Patrick to Donnaghdee, I saw two blackbirds perched on as fine a *thistle* as ever I beheld."

1349. NECK OR NOTHING.

Foote dining at the house of Mrs. Thrale found nothing to his liking, and sat in expectation of something better coming up. A neck of mutton being the last thing, he refused it, as he had the other dishes. As the servant was taking it away, however, understanding that there was nothing more, he called out to the fellow, "Hollo, master, bring that back again; I now find it is *neck or nothing*."

1350. IRISH HUMOUR.

A passenger in a ferry-boat near Dublin, was so drunk as to be very ungovernable. This occasioned many remarks, as, how beastly drunk he was; that he should be thrown overboard, &c. At last the boatman exclaimed, "Why to be sure the man is bad enough, but bad as he is, I wish I had half his disorder about me."

1351. ANOTHER.

An Irishman comparing his watch with St. Paul's, burst into a fit of laughter. Being asked what he laughed

ed at, he replied, "And how can I help it? Here is my little watch, that was made by Paddy O'Flaherty, on Ormond Quay, and which only cost me five guineas, has beat your big London clock there a full hour and a quarter since yesterday morning."

1352. THE INSENSIBLE FAIR.

William unsheath'd his shining blade,
Then fix'd the point against his breast;
He gaz'd upon the wond'ring maid,
And thus the dire intent express'd.

"Since, cruel fair! with cold disdain
You still return my raging love;
Thought is but madness,—life is pain,—
And thus, at once, I'll both remove!"

"Oh! stop one moment!" Celia said;
Then, trembling, hasten'd to the door—
"Haste, Sally!—quick!—a pail, dear maid;
This madman, else, will stain the floor!"

1353. LOVE AND FORTUNE BLIND.

The gamester and the gallant find
Fortune and love are of a mind;
Both by the merest whim directed,
In vain the generous lover sighs;
In vain his art the gamester plies—
Virtue and skill are both neglected.

Fortune and Cupid, all agree,
Are so stark blind they cannot see
The worth of any kind of merit.
Blockheads grow rich, ere well aware;
To women fools and fops are dear,
Dearer than men of wit and spirit.

1354. VANITY MORTIFIED.

Mr. C——, a very useful performer of Covent Garden, but whose talents are generally confined to the personation of walking gentlemen, when he takes his

country expeditions, soars to the first characters. One day in the green-room he was relating, with a good deal of consequence, an incident that occurred *the second time* he played Richard, at a particular place. "What!" said Harris, "did you play it twice in the same town?"

1355. SHALL AND WILL.

A Scotch gentleman having a conversation with Mr. Horne Tooke, observed, that he, in common with his countrymen, was apt frequently to confound *shall* and *will*, and that he wished to have from so great a grammarian some rule respecting the use of those verbs. "I can," said Mr. Tooke, "give you an extremely simple rule. When you sit down to write, go on as your pen leads you, then revise what you have written, and wherever you find *will* substitute *shall*; and wherever you find *shall* substitute *will*."

1356. TO A LADY READING SHERLOCK ON DEATH.

Mistaken fair, lay *Sherlock* by,
His doctrine is deceiving;
For whilst he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know
Too soon without a master;
Then let us only study now,
How we may live the faster.

To live's to love; to bless, be bless'd,
With mutual inclination;
Share then the ardour in my breast,
And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus bless'd I may not live,
And pity you deny;
To me, at least, your *Sherlock* give,
'Tis I must learn to die.

1357. HOW TO PREVENT A HORSE FROM FALLING.

An honest tar hired a horse to carry him a few miles,

but before he had got many yards, he found he possessed the usual excellencies of the unfortunate four-footed hirelings of the roads, such as blindness, lameness, stumbling, &c. &c. The sailor, however, (having being unshipped twice with very little ceremony in the length of half a mile, by the creature falling on its knees) hit upon a very whimsical mode of curing the impediment, which was by tying a large stone to the tail, and in that state rode it several miles, swearing, "shiver his timbers, but it was the only thing to prevent the ship's going too much ahead."

1358. THE APRIL-FOOL.

"To day," says Dick, "is April-day,
And, tho' so mighty wise you be,
A bet, whate'er you like, I'll lay,
Ere night I'll make a fool of thee!"

"A fool I may be it is true:
But Dick," cries Tom, "ne'er be afraid;
No man can make a fool of you,
For you're a fool already made."

1359. LOSSES.

A young clergymen complaining one day to Dr. Johnson, that somehow or other he had lost all his Greek. "I fancy, sir," replied Johnson, "it was at the same time that I lost my great estate in Yorkshire."

1360. I KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.

A physician who lived in London, attended a lady who lived in Chelsea. After continuing his visits for some time, the lady expressed an apprehension that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account. "Oh, madam!" replied the doctor, "I have another patient in this neighbourhood, and by that means, you know, I kill two birds with one stone."—"Doctor," replied the lady, "you are too good a shot for me."

1361. SPARTAN BON-MOT.

A stranger who had acquired the habit of standing a

long time on one leg, visited Lacedemon. Practising this trick before a Spartan, he vauntingly said, "You could not preserve that posture so long."—"No," replied the Lacedemonian, "but a goose can."

1362. EPIGRAM FROM MARTIAL.

Whilst Zoilus, with canker'd spite,
My reputation slays,
The way that I his spleen requite,
Is loading him with praise.
How oddly happy is my case,
'Tis easy to conceive,
Since whatsoever either says,
No mortal will believe.

1363. THE KISS REPAID.

Chloe, by that borrowed kiss,
I, alas! am quite undone;
'Twas so sweet, so fraught with bliss,
Thousands will not pay that one.
Lest the debt should break your heart,
Rogueish Chloe smiling cries,
Come, an hundred then, in part,
For the present will suffice.

1364. REVENGE AT THE RIGHT END.

A Spanish soldier passing through a meadow near Toledo, a large mastiff ran at him, and he stabbed the dog with a spear that he had in his hand. The master of the dog brought him before the alcade, who asked him, why he had not rather struck the dog with the butt-end of his weapon? "So I should," said the soldier, "if he had run at me with his tail."

1365. THE DAZZLING BEAUTY.

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes,
Uniting, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy,
 Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
 Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
 That runs his link full in your face.

1366. THE PARGEL ACT.

A gentleman thinking he was charged too much by a porter for the delivery of a parcel, asked him what his name was, "My name," replied the man "is the same as my father's."—"And what is his name?" said the gentleman. "It is the same as mine."—"Then what are both your names?"—"Why they are both alike," answered the man again, and very deliberately walked off.

1367. SHAKSPEARE'S COMMENTATORS IMITATED.

(From the Monthly Magazine.)

"*Stilton Cheese.*"—So, some of the old copies; yet the 4to, 1600, reads "*Tilton.*" But I confess the word *Tilton* gives me no idea. I find *Stilton* to be a village in Huntingdonshire, famous for its cheese—a fact which clearly evinces the propriety of the reading in the old copy, and justifies my emendation. *Theobald.*

Here we have a very critical note! the word *Tilton* can give Mr. Theobald no idea. And it is true, words cannot give a man what nature has denied him. But, though our critic may be ignorant of it, it is well known that, in the days of chivalry, *Tilting* was a very common amusement in this country; and I find that, during the performance of these martial exercises, the spectators were frequently entertained with a sort of cheese, which, from the occasion on which it was made, was called *Tilting*, and by corruption *Tilton* cheese. Mr. Theobald's emendation, therefore, as needless and truly absurd, ought by all means to be rejected. *Warburton.*

The emendation, in my opinion, is not more absurd than the remark which the learned annotator has made upon it. There is, indeed, a stupid error in some of the old copies. But discordant opinions are not always nu-

gatory, and by much agitation the truth is elicited. I think Mr. Theobald's alteration right. *Johnson.*

Stilton is a village in Huntingdonshire, on the great North road. *Tilton*, though not so well known, is a village in Leicestershire. In an old collection of songs, black letter, no date, we read "*Tilton's* homely fare," which all critics will allow can only mean cheese. In an old MS. of which I remember neither the date nor the title, *Tilton* is said to abound in rich pasturage; both which circumstances make it highly probable, that our author wrote, not as Mr. Theobald supposes, *Stilton*, but *Tilton*; though I confess the passage is not without difficulty. *Steevens.*

1368. MODEST PREACHER.

When doctor — preaches, said an humble pastor, the ploughman leaves his furrow, the tradesman his shop, the scholar his books, and the fine lady her toilet, to croud round his pulpit. "When I preach, I set all things to rights again, and every one follows his own business."

1369. A ROUND LIE.

Dean Swift's servant was one time hesitating some foolish excuse to his master, when the dean, observing his embarrassment, says to him, "What signifies all this shuffling? tell me a round lie at once:" which the fellow did with so good a grace, that the dean put his hand in his pocket, and gave him half-a-crown for his readiness and dexterity.

1370. THE JUDGE MISTAKEN.

Baron Perryn, having been engaged on a visit to Foote, came at an early hour, in order to enjoy the pleasure of angling in the pond. Foote, ever ready to oblige his guests, ordered the fishing apparatus to be got ready, and a chair to be placed at the pond-side for the accommodation of the *learned sportsman*. Two hours did the baron throw the line, with as much patience as he would, when on another *seat*, hear the oratory of Mr. ———, or Mr. ———. At length Foote and

his company came out. "Well, baron, do they bite?"—"No, I have only had a nibble or two."—"By God, you have not!" says the son of Aristophanes. "What do you mean?" said his lordship. "I mean, that there is not a fish in the pond, for the water was only put in yesterday."

1371. OLD TALES REVIVED.

TO THE LADIES.

Ovid has made a mighty fuss
 Of Thisbe and of Pyramus;
 Who, being neighbours, lov'd each other,
 Not like a sister and a brother;
 Nor like a husband and a wife,
 But with true spirit, zest, and life.
 Their houses were so very close,
 Nought but a wall did interpose;
 And that a wall of lath and plaster,
 Kept at a distance miss and master;
 Had not her lips been very pouting,
 His ardour, great beyond all doubting,
 The wall was built so much amiss,
 They hardly could obtain a kiss.
 Had Ovid liv'd in present times,
 He ne'er had plain'd in doleful rhymes,
 And thought it was a sad disaster,
 To kiss through a thin wall of plaster;
 Since modern belles, who love a kiss,
 Full quite as well as little *This*,
 Plaster their cheeks so very thick,
 That it would puzzle e'en old Nick
 To tell what ladies had been doing,
 In making obstacles to wooing;
 And think that mamma or old dad
 Had thus their cheeks in armour clad,
 To hinder merry lads and misses
 From rioting on lawless kisses.

1372. A DIPLOMATIC REPLY.

Sir Andrew Mitchell, the English resident at Berlin, during the second Silesian war, in communicating to the

king of Prussia the intelligence of some advantage obtained over the enemy, made use of the following expression:—"By the help of God we have gained a victory over the French."—"What!" said Frederick, "is God one of your allies, then?"—"Certainly," replied the ambassador, "and the only one that demands no subsidies from us."

1373. THE AMUSEMENTS OF MODERN YOUNG MEN.—SWIFT.

Gaming, talking, swearing, drinking,
 Hunting, shooting, never thinking;
 Chattering nonsense all day long,
 Hamming half an opera-song;
 Chusing baubles, rings, and jewels;
 Writing verses, fighting duels.
 Mincing words in conversation,
 Ridiculing all the nation.
 Admiring their own pretty faces,
 As if possess'd of all the graces;
 And, though no bigger than a rat,
 Peeping under each girl's hat.

1374. AN EXPEDIENT.

The late Mr. Philip Thicknesse, father of lord Audley, being in want of money, applied to his son for assistance. This being denied, he immediately hired a cobbler's stall, directly opposite his lordship's house, and put up a board, on which was inscribed in large letters, "Boots and shoes mended in the best and cheapest manner, by Philip Thicknesse, father to lord Audley." His lordship took the hint, and the board was removed.

1375. STUTTERING WITNESS.

The late judge Clayton one day had occasion to examine a witness, who stuttered very much in delivering his testimony. "I believe," said his lordship, "you are a very great rogue."—"Not so great a rogue as you, my lord — t-t-t-take me to be."

1376. THE DUNS.

The witty lord Ross having spent all his money in

London, set out for Ireland, in order to recruit his purse. On his way, he happened to meet with the late sir Murrough O'Brien, driving for the capital, in a lofty phaeton, with six fine dun-coloured horses. "Sir Murrough," exclaimed his lordship, "what a contrast betwixt you and me! I have left my *duns* behind me, and you are driving yours before you."

1377. SIGN OF THE THREE CROSSES.

Dean Swift in his journies on foot from Dublin to London, was accustomed to stop for refreshment or rest at the neat little ale-houses on the roads' side. One of these, between Dunchurch and Daventry, was formerly distinguished by the sign of the *three crosses*, in reference to the three intersecting ways which fixed the site of the house. At this, the dean called for his breakfast; but the landlady, being engaged with accommodating her more constant customers, some waggoners, and staying to settle an altercation which unexpectedly arose, keeping him waiting, and inattentive to his repeated exclamations, he took from his pocket a diamond, and wrote on every pane of glass in her bettermost room:

To the Landlord.

There hang three crosses at thy door:
Hang up thy wife, and she'll make four.

1378. A DEFINITION.

When sir John Tabor went to Versailles, to try the effects of bark upon Louis the Fourteenth's only son, the dauphin, who had been long ill of an intermitting fever, the physicians who were about the prince did not chuse to permit him to prescribe to their royal patient till they had asked him some medical questions: among others, they desired him to define what an intermitting fever was. He replied, "Gentlemen, it is a disease which I can cure, and which you cannot."

1379. TRIAL OF COURAGE.

Louis the Twelfth being one day desired by some of

his courtiers, who thought their own lives in danger, not to expose his sacred person so much in an engagement, he exclaimed, "Let all those who are afraid stand behind me."

1380. CATHOLIC ADVICE.

At a time when some of the Pope's dominions were invaded by some of the neighbouring states, an army was collected to meet the foe; and previous to the engagement beginning, a cardinal, commissioned by his holiness, went among the soldiers, and exhorted them to fight valiantly,—“exert their utmost courage, and not fear death,—for should they lose their lives, the pope promised them a plenary remission of all their sins, and that they should dine with angels in Paradise.” Having thus spoken, he retired; when one of the soldiers called after him, —“Lord Cardinal, will you not stay and dine with us?”—“No, no,” says he, “this is not my dinner-hour.”

1381. GRACE AFTER DINNER.

Dean Swift was once invited by a rich miser with a large party to dine; being requested by the host to return thanks at the removal of the cloth, he pronounced the following grace:

Thanks for this miracle, this is no less,
Than to eat manna in the wilderness.
Where raging hunger reign'd we've found relief,
And seen that wond'rous thing, a piece of beef.
Here chimneys smoke, that never smok'd before,
And we've all ate, where we shall eat no more!

1382. TO BURN LIKE A GENTLEMAN.

The late lord Bottetourt, in passing through Gloucester, soon after the Cyder-tax, in which he had taken a part that was not very popular in that county, observed himself burning in effigy in one of the streets of that city. He stopped his coach, and giving a purse of guineas to the mob that surrounded the fire, said, “Pray, gentlemen, if you will burn me, at least do me the favour to

burn me like a gentleman. Do not let me linger; I see that you have not faggots enough."

1383. THE DESTINY OF A PERSECUTOR.

Archbishop Laud was a man of short stature; Charles the First and the archbishop were one day about to sit down to dinner together, when it was agreed that Archer, the king's jester, should say grace for them, which he did in the following words:—"Great praise be given to God, but little Laud to the Devil!"

1384. A LOVELY COQUET.

On a beautiful young lady who wore a thick veil.

So when the sun with its meridian light
Too fiercely darts upon our feeble sight,
We thank th' officious cloud, by whose kind aid
We view its glory, lessen'd in a shade!

1385. A MODERN SERMON.

TEXT—*Job. chap 5, v. 9.* "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards."

I shall divide the discourse into the three following heads:

First—Man's Ingress into the world.

Secondly—His Progress through the world.

Thirdly—His Egress out of the world.

And first—his ingress into the world is naked and bare. Secondly, his progress through the world, is trouble and care.

Thirdly, his egress out of the world is nobody knows where.

To conclude,
If we live well here, we shall live well there:
And I can tell you no more, was I to preach a whole year.

1386. PROFESSIONAL TOASTS.

The schoolmasters of London held a meeting in the

year 1794, and after dinner the following toasts were given from the chair, with three times three:

Addition to the Whigs!

Subtraction from the Tories!

Multiplication to the Friends of Peace!

Division to its Enemies!

Reduction to Abuses!

Rule of Three to King, Lords, and Commons!

Practice to Reformation!

Fellowship to the Patriots!

Discount to the National Debt!

Decimal Fractions to the Clergy!

1387. FEMALE SYMPATHY.

When first my shepherd told his tale,
He droop'd and languish'd, look'd and sigh'd;
"Good heav'n," thought I, and then turn'd pale,
"How often men for love have died!"
Then pond'ring well, thought I again,
"Pity to kill so sweet a swain."

With such a warmth my hand he prest,
My heart was fill'd with wild alarms,
That bouncing, bouncing at my breast,
Cry'd, "Take poor Colin to your arms."
And then my tongue began its strain,
"Pity to kill so sweet a swain!"

Now wishes rise his cause to plead,
The mutineers in saucy bands,
And roar, "For shame to strike him dead,
And have a murder on your hands!"
"Wishes, you're right," quoth I, "'tis plain—
"What then?—What then! I sav'd the swain."

1388. RETORT COURTEOUS.

Some years ago a noble peer, well known at St. James's for his unremitting assiduities, meeting with one of his old college companions, who had turned farmer, thus accosted him: "Why don't you learn to please? You would then be no longer obliged to live by the la-

bour of your hands."—"And why," answered the farmer, "do you not learn to work? You would then no longer be a *slave*."

1389. A CERTIFICATE OF MARRIAGE.

Dean Swift, in one of his pedestrian journeys from London towards Chester, is reported to have taken shelter from a summer tempest under a large oak on the road side, at no great distance from Litchfield. Presently a man, with a pregnant woman, were driven by the like impulse, to avail themselves of the same covert. The dean, entering into conversation, found the parties were destined for Litchfield, to be married. As the situation of the woman indicated no time should be lost, a proposition was made on his part, to save them the rest of the journey by performing the ceremony on the spot. The offer was gladly accepted, and thanks being duly returned, the bridal pair, as the sky brightened, was about to return; but the bridegroom suddenly recollecting that a certificate was requisite to authenticate the marriage, requested one, which the dean wrote in these words:

Under an oak, in stormy weather,
I join'd this rogue and whore together;
And none but he who rules the thunder
Can put this whore and rogue asunder.

1390. BAR ANECDOTE.

"What have you got to say, old Bacon-face?" said a counsellor to a farmer, at a late Cambridge assizes. "Why," answered the farmer, "I am thinking that my bacon-face and your calf's-head would make a very good dish."

1391. WILLIAM WHISTON.

Whiston was much taken notice of after his expulsion from Cambridge, and had the friendship of all the eminent Whigs then in London: among these, Secretary Craggs, Addison, Steele, Walpole, sir Joseph Jekyl, sir Peter

King, and lord chief justice Parker, were his most intimate. Dining one day with Mr. Craggs, when Addison, Walpole, and Steele were present, the conversation happening to turn on this point, "Whether a secretary of state could be an honest man, as to his veracity in dealing with foreign courts, consistent with the good of the country" Craggs said it was impossible; Addison and Steele were of the contrary opinion. Having long debated this matter with some warmth, during all which time Mr. Whiston continued silent, Mr. Walpole insisted on him giving his opinion: he begged to be excused as not having made politics at all his study, though the moral duties between man and man he thought very plain. Being pressed strongly to speak his sentiments, he said it was very clear that the duty of speaking truth was so strong, that no apprehension of any inconvenience arising from it, could be a sufficient reason against it; that it was not always our duty to speak, but, when we did speak, it should be the truth, without any prevarication: and that he did firmly believe, if ministers of state did in general practice it, they would even find their account in it. To which Mr. Craggs replied warmly, "It might do for a fortnight perhaps, Mr. Whiston, but it would not hold." Whiston immediately asked, "Pray, Mr. Craggs, did you ever try it for a fortnight?" To this no answer was returned. Walpole cried out, "Mr. Whiston, truth has prevailed; Craggs is convinced."

1392. THE PUNSTERS.

At a tavern one night,
 Messrs. *More*, *Strange*, and *Wright*,
 Met to drink, and good thoughts to exchange:
 Says *More*, "of us three,
 The whole town will agree,
 There is only one knave, and that's *Strange*."
 "Yes," says *Strange*, (rather sore)
 "I'm sure there's one *More*,
 A most terrible knave and a bite,
 Who cheated his mother,
 His sister and brother."—
 "O yes," replied *More*, "that is *Wright*."

1393. HELTER SKELTER; OR, THE HUE AND CRY AFTER
THE ATTORNIES, UPON RIDING THE CIRCUIT.

Now the active young attornies
Briskly travel on their journies,
Looking big as any giants,
On the horses of their clients;
Like so many little Marses,
With their tilters at their a——s,
Brazen hilted, lately burnished;
And, with harness buckles furnished;
And with whips and spurs so neat;
And with jockey coats complete;
And with boots so very greasy;
And with saddles eke so easy:
And with bridles fine and gay,—
Bridles borrow'd for a day;
Bridles, destin'd far to roam,
Never, never to come home.
And with hats so very big, sir;
And with powder'd caps and wigs, sir;
And with ruffles to be shown,—
Cambric ruffles, not their own;
And with Holland shirts so white,—
Shirts becoming to the sight,—
Shirts besought with different letters,
As belonging to their betters;
With their pretty tinsel'd boxes,
Gotten from their dainty doxies;
And with rings so very trim,
Lately taken out of lim—
And with very little pence;
And as very little sense;
With some law, but little justice,
Having stolen from my hostess,
From the barber, and the cutler,
Like the soldier from the sutler;
From the vintner and the tailor,
Like the felon from the jailer;
First through this, and t'other county,
Living on the public bounty;

Thorough town, and thorough village,
 All to plunder, all to pillage;
 Thorough mountains, thorough vallies,
 Thorough stinking lanes and alleys;
 Some to kiss with farmer's spouses,
 And make merry in their houses;
 Some to tumble country wenches
 On their rushy beds and benches;
 And, if they begin a fray,
 Draw their swords and run away.
 All to murder equity,
 And to take a double fee;
 Till the people are all quiet,
 And forget to broil and riot;
 Low in pocket,—cowed in courage,
 Safely glad to sup their porridge;
 And vacation over, then,—
 Hey for London town again.

1394. SINGULAR PROOF OF FRIENDSHIP.

A baronet, who was a great amateur, and even a practitioner, in boxing and wrestling, was proud of imparting his knowledge to such as consulted him in those *sublime* sciences. A nobleman in his vicinity, happening to call on him, they took a walk in the garden, when the baronet stated his favourite topic. The peer, full of politeness, said he should like to see a specimen of his skill. Without more invitation, sir ——— suddenly seized him from behind, and threw him over his head. His lordship, as soon as he could recover his feet, appeared all in a flame at the fall he had received. The gravity of the baronet was not to be altered. "My dear lord," said he, "this is a proof of my great friendship for you. I have never before shown this master-stroke to any person living."

1395. A SEA CHAPLAIN'S RELIGION.

When the earl of Cloncartie was captain of a man of war, and was cruising on the coast of Guinea, he hap-

pened to lose his chaplain, who was carried off by a fever; on which the lieutenant, a Scotchman, gave him notice of it, saying at the same time, that he was sorry to inform him that he died a Roman Catholic."—"Well, so much the better," said his lordship. "Oot awa, my lord, how can you say so of a British clergyman."—"Why," says his lordship, "because I believe I am the first captain of a man of war that could boast of having a chaplain who had any religion at all."

1396. AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

A legislator desirous of binding the people in iron chains, enacted laws without number. In the interim, he fell sick, and his physicians prescribed for him innumerable medicines. "Why is this *profusion* of physic?" cried the patient. "To restore you to health," was the reply. "But, amidst so many remedies, may not some destroy the effect of others?"—"Pardon me, sir, it was my intention to treat your malady in the same manner in which you treat the state."

1397. FACILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI.

A Cornish clergyman having a dispute concerning several shares in different mines, found it necessary to send for a London limb of the law, to have some conversation with the witnesses, examine the title deeds, view the premises, &c. The divine very soon found that his legal assistant was as great a scoundrel as ever was struck off the rolls. However, as he thought his knowledge might be useful, he shewed him his papers, took him to compare the surveyor's drawing with the situation of the pits, &c. When in one of these excursions, the professional gentleman was descending a deep shaft by means of a rope, which he held tight in his hand, he called out to the parson who stood at the top, "Doctor, as you have not confined your studies to geography, but know all things from the surface to the centre, pray how far is it from this to the pit in the infernal regions?"—"I cannot exactly ascertain the distance," replied the divine, "but let go your hold and you'll be there in a minute."

1398. A WOMAN NEVER WANTS AN EXCUSE.

No plate had John and Joan to hoard,
 Plain folks in humble plight,
 One only tankard crown'd their board,
 And that was fill'd each night;

Along whose inner bottom—stretch'd
 In pride of chubby grace—
 Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
 A baby angel's face.

John swallow'd first a moderate sup;
 But Joan was not like John;
 For when her lips *once* touch'd the cup,
 She swill'd till all was gone.

John often urg'd her to drink fair;
 But she ne'er chang'd a jot;
 She lov'd to see the angel there,
 And therefore—drain'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
 Another card he play'd;
 And where the *angel* stood so plain,
 He got a *devil* pourtray'd.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
 Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd;
 And ever, when she seiz'd her ale,
 She clear'd it at a draught.

John star'd with wonder petrify'd,
 His hair stood on his pate;
 And, "Why dost guzzle now," he cry'd,
 "At this enormous rate?"

"John," said she, "how am I to blame?
 I can't in conscience stop:
 For then 'twould be a burning shame,
 To leave the *devil*—a drop."

1399. A LEGAL DISTINCTION.

Under the head of—"What sort of Irishmen may

come to dwell in England." Henry 6. chap. 3.—In the margin is printed, "*All persons born in Ireland shall depart out of the realm, Irish persons excepted, which remain in England.*"

First vol. of Ruffhead's Statutes at large.

1400. ROYALTY.

Dean Swift observes, "that considering how many *hopeful princes* we have had, it is perfectly astonishing, that we have had so few *tolerable kings.*"

1401. DEATH WITHOUT THE DOCTOR.

The punning card which follows has some whim, and contains more point than one would expect to find at the sign of the Falcon.

Robert Death, at the Falcon, near Sewell's Folly, Battersea Rise, on the Kingston Road, dealer in spirituous liquors, wholesale and retail.

Oh! stop not here ye sottish wights,
For purl, nor ale, nor gin,
For if you stop, whoe'er alights
By *Death* is taken in.

Where having eat and drank your fill,
Should ye, (Oh! hapless case,)
Neglect to pay your landlord's bill,
Death stares you in the face!

With grief sincere I pity those
Who've drawn themselves this scrape in;
Since from his dreadful gripe, heaven knows,
Alas! there's no escaping!

This one advice my friends pursue,
Whilst yet ye've life and breath;
Ne'er *pledge* your host; for if you do,
You'll surely drink to *Death*!

1402. A HECTIC FEVER.

As the duke of Sully was going one morning into the chamber of Henry IV. of France, he met a lady of easy

virtue, who he knew had just left the apartment of this amorous monarch. When Sully came, the king received him with a very serious countenance, told him he was very unwell, and added, that, "For the whole morning he had a fever, which had but just left him."—"I know it has left you," replied the minister, "I know it has left you, I met it going away, all in green."

1403. A PARODY.

The ode to the memory of Shakspeare, which Garrick wrote, and spoke at Stratford, has the following lines.

When Philip's fam'd all-conquering son,
Had ev'ry blood-stain'd laurel won,
He sigh'd that his creative word,
Like that which rules the skies,
Could not bid other nations rise,
To glut his yet unsated sword.

But when our Shakspeare's matchless pen,
Like Alexander's sword had done with men,
He heav'd no sighs, he made no moan;
Not limited to human kind,
He fir'd his wonder-teeming mind,
Rais'd other worlds and beings of his own.

In an ode to the memory of Le-Stue, cook to the duke of Newcastle, this was parodied, as follows:

When *Philip's* fam'd all-conquering son,
Had every blood-stain'd laurel won,
He sigh'd that his creative word,
Like that which rules the skies,
Could not bid other nations rise,
To glut his yet unsated sword.

But when *Le-Stue's* unrivall'd spoon,
Like Alexander's sword, with flesh had done,
He heav'd no sighs, he made no moan;
Not limited to butcher's meat,
To fire the teaming treat,
He rais'd ragouts and olios of his own.

1404. EPITAPH.

In Hadleigh church-yard, Suffolk.

The charnel mounted on the w
 Sets to be seen in funer
 A matron plain domestic
 In care and pain continu
 Not slow, not gay, not prodig
 Yet neighbourly and hospit
 Her children seven, yet living
 Her sixty-seventh year hence did c
 To rest her body natur
 In hopes to rise spiritu

} all

Ellen, the wife of Robert Reson,
 late alderman of this town,
 Ob. Jan. 20, 1630.

1405. A QUERY FOR A KING.

When Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, was preparing for an expedition he had long meditated against the Romans, Cyneas, one of his chief favourites, asked him what he proposed to himself by this war? "To conquer the Romans, and reduce all Italy to obedience," was the reply. "What then?" asked Cyneas. "To pass over into Sicily," answered Pyrrhus, "and then all the Sicilians must be our subjects."—"And what does your majesty intend next?"—"Why truly," replied the king, "to conquer Carthage, and make myself master of all Africa."—"And what, sir," said the minister, "is to be the end of all your expeditions?"—"Why then," answered the monarch, "for the rest of our lives we'll sit down to good wine."—"How, sir," said Cyneas, "can we sit down to better wine than we have now before us? Have we not already as much as we can drink?"

1406. NEW INSTRUMENTS OF WARFARE.

During the time that martial law was in force in Ireland, and the people were prohibited from having fire-arms in their possession, some mischievous varlets gave information that a Mr. Scanlon, of Dublin, had three

mortars in his house. A magistrate, with a party of dragoons in his train, surrounded the house, and demanded in the king's name, that the *mortars* should be delivered to him. Mr. Scanlon, a respectable apothecary, immediately produced them,—adding, that as they were useless without the *pestles*, these also were at his majesty's service.

1407. RONDEAU.

“ I told my love, I told her true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few ;”
Four bow-pots constitute my fields,
This but a scanty harvest yields;
My *flocks* are center'd in my bed,
Beneath an almost roofless shed ;
Did I not then, my love, tell true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few ?”

1408. MILITARY DRINKING SONG.—FROM THE FRENCH.

Drink, soldiers! noble is the plan,
E're dreadful o'er the foe you pour,
Though I can sober fight my man,
My bottle gives me strength for four.
Then fill the bumper, let it pass,
I ne'er am weary of my glass.

He that to battle sober goes,
Will dimly shine in future story ;
He views the danger of the blows,
The toper only views the glory.
Then fill, &c.

As wine the heart of man can cheer,
And raise him to a brighter fellow,
He that when sober shakes for fear,
Makes others shake when he gets mellow.
Then fill, &c.

'The world's a wond'rous work and fine,
But to my mind the great creator
Was somewhat sparing of his wine,
And mighty lavish of his water.
Then fill, &c.