

'Twas wise though not to bid the tide
 With ruby-colour'd nectar flow;
 And drinking also the world had dried
 To dirt and ashes long ago.
 Then fill, &c.

1409. THE RESURRECTION.

The late Mr. Baker, of St. John's College, Cambridge, one evening having sat up late at a friend's room, in Jesus College, and being pretty far gone in liquor, he was very much pressed to take the porter and a lanthorn along with him, which he refused. In going to St. John's College it is necessary to pass through a church-yard, which when he arrived at, the wine growing too powerful upon him, he fell flat upon his back between two grave-stones. After making several efforts to raise himself to no purpose, he folded his arms with great calmness, and was heard to say, *'tis mighty well, I suppose I shall rise with the rest of them.*

1410. KNIGHTHOOD.

When the marquis of Townsend was lord lieutenant of Ireland, he was by some means or other detained at a little public-house one evening, where he liked the company of his land'ord so well, and got so good humoured, as to dub him a knight. In the morning, when his lordship recollected what had passed, he would fain have treated the whole as a joke; but the knight was not to be put off so; he was a knight and a knight he would remain. However, a few arguments made him rather more tractable, and he said, in all the simplicity of an Irishman, "Faith, I do not much care about it myself, but I must go upstairs and consult my lady."

1411. IRISH REASONING.

A poor Irishman, who was on his death-bed, and who did not seem quite reconciled to the long journey he was going to take, was kindly consoled by a good-natured friend, with the common-place reflection, that we must

all die once, "Why, my dear, now," answered the sick man, "that is the very thing that vexes me; if I could die half a dozen times, I should not mind it."

1412. ABSENCE.

Sweet girl! since you left me and went out of town,
I scarce utter a word, and I constantly frown;
As for business, or pleasure, I think them but folly,
And while others are laughing—I'm quite melancholy.

When I wake in the morning, I turn me around,
But, alas! my lov'd Susan is not to be found;
When your pillow unpress'd makes your absence quite
certain,

I curse blankets and sheets, and swear at the curtain.

When I leap out of bed, still your image bewitches;
I'm at least twenty minutes in finding my breeches;
And after I'm dress'd a full hour or more,
I find they are button'd the wrong side before.

Ah! Susan, at breakfast, how happy we've been,
O'er the fragrant infusion of eight-shilling green,
While rapture attended on every sip,
And I envied the cup the soft touch of your lip.

But now on my table I carelessly loll,
My appetite's gone—I can scarce eat a roll;
And I cannot help thinking while drinking my tea,
That the white sugar's brown, and the hyson—bohea.

At dinner—whenever your eye glanc'd a wish,
Tow'rs the hot roasted fowl—how I seiz'd on the dish
Then sent you a wing, and a bit of the breast—
For fancy still whisper'd me what you lik'd best.

But now I'm so stupid, I care not a button,
Who carves out the beef, or who cuts up the mutton—
I spill butter and gravy all over the cloth,
And when porter I drink—run my nose in the froth,
The sofa, on which we've so often beguil'd
The lingering hours, while you listen'd and smil'd;
Till rapture its tenderest language would speak,
And the tears of delight I have kiss'd from your cheek:

Sweet sofa! farewell, for thy influence is o'er,
 The lingering hours now but linger the more;
 And with tears of delight my eye never o'erflows,
 For I've got a bad cold and they run from my nose.

Then haste back to town, my sweet Susan, and prove
 All the whimsical pleasures that wait upon love;
 Our days shall be passed in frolicksome flirting,
 And as for our nights!—but I here drop the curtain.

1413. A MAJOR IN DISTRESS.

Lord Armadale, one of the Scotch Judges, has a son, who at the age of eleven or twelve rose to the rank of a major. One morning his mother hearing a noise in the nursery, rang to know the cause of it. "It is only," said the servant, "the major greeting for his porridge."*

1414. LAW QUALIFICATION.

A gentleman who had some law business on hand, and was at a loss what lawyer he should consult for the best advice, happening to pass along the High-street, in the Borough, where he observed the sign of a cook, who announced himself to have been formerly cook to the honourable society of the Inner Temple; stopped short, and said to a friend who was with him, "Here I have found my man. The qualification of the lawyer is to eat a certain number of dinners at the *inn* to which they belong; and if that is the case, the cook who prepares these dinners, must be of all others the best lawyer."

1415. FRENCH GALLANTRY.

An English gentleman visited at a house in Paris, where he was very hospitably entertained, and where the amiable hostess displayed all that gaiety for which the French women are remarkable. The husband happened to leave the room for a short time; shortly after, madame lost all her vivacity, and, at length rose up, and after giving John Bull a hearty box on the ear, flew out in a rage. Immediately after, the husband entered, when

* Crying for his breakfast.

our countryman told what had happened. The Frenchman was astonished. "You have not, I hope," said he, "been guilty of any rudeness to my wife."—"Assuredly not, sir."—"Good God! what can be the matter then? what did you say to her?"—"Why I talked about indifferent matters, about the weather and the news."—"Then," said the Parisian husband, "I am not at all surprised at her behaviour, when, being left alone with a fine woman, you had nothing to entertain her with but the weather and the news!"

1416. THE PAINTER.—A TALE.

In ev'ry town and village round,
A marv'ulous wight is always found,
Whose works, in signs and wonders shown,
Make both himself and others known
Within the reach of mortal ken:
Beyond that space, like other men,
His works unseen, unheard his name,
Remain untrumpeted by fame.

For each vain dauber must not hope
A Dryden, Addison, or Pope
To celebrate his art and skill
Although these brethren of the quill
Were loud and lavish in applause
Of sev'ral, with as little cause;
Whilst many such, for want of brass
Or gold, their lives obscurely pass;
Nor when they die shall marble bust
Be plac'd above their humble dust;
No monument, no epitaph
To make fools stare, and wise folks laugh;
Telling, that "Nature, now alive all,
Is glad she's rid of such a rival;
Though, finding him depriv'd of breath,
Fears that herself may suffer death."
Contented by their works to live,
Till death, the fatal stroke shall give:
Yet not entirely reft of praise,
While simple clowns admiring gaze,

Seeing the *globe* hang by a pole ;
 The *moon* that never shall be whole.
 With greater wonder they behold
Sol, radiant blaze in burnish'd gold :
 The *rainbow* too, plac'd as a sign,
 In earthly colours deign'd to shine ;
 And hither by a fixed *star*,
 Strangers are guided from afar.—
 Leaving the sky, sometimes he deigns
 To mimick what the world contains ;
 His hand obstetric, head prolific,
 Produce strange figures hieroglyphic
 Of man, of beast, of fish, and fowl,
 Of insect, plant, jug, glass, and bowl :
 Yet not confin'd to nature's store,
 His fertile fancy strikes out more ;
 And much more strange than she can brag on,
 Dire monsters!—such as fiery dragon ;—
 Of dreadful shape and dismal hue,
 The griffin green, the lion blue ;
 Phœnix unique, by him so doom'd,
 Dies in self-kindled flames consum'd :
 Pelican, shedding her heart's blood,
 Feeds her unfilial infant brood ;
 A white-lead *angel* here descends,
 And there a lamp-black fiend attends :
 Half fish, half woman, 'bove the surges
 A *mermaid* from the sea emerges ;
 A *satyr*, somewhat more than demi-
 Brute, and some others I could name ye :
 So great his art, so vast his genius,
 That things, howe'er heterogeneous,
 Are by his pow'r combin'd together,
 As if they all were of a feather ;
 But never with presumptuous hand
 Does he transgress heav'n's high command,
 For nothing with or without breath,
 In heav'n above or earth beneath,
 Or in the waters under earth,
 'S like that to which his brush gives birth ;

But all so like 'twould poze a witch
 Well to determine which is which,
 Had not that happy art been found
 Which "gives a form to empty sound,"
 And makes the hand talk to the eye;
 The traveller else, as passing by,
 Might for a cow mistake the steed;
 But that ev'n "he who runs may read,"
 In capitals, "THE WHITE HORSE INN,"
 And in less characters, "*wine, beer, and gin.*"

When England Charles for Noll did barter,
 Made one Protector—t'other a martyr;
 When roundheads rul'd our cavaliers,
 The arts and sciences in tears
 Mourn'd their protector's hapless fate,
 Gentle, generous, good, and great:
 It happen'd in these times fanatic,
 Such artist with his host ran a tick,
 Five pounds or so—a desperate score!
 (It might be less, or might be more.)
 Of their discourse, the constant theme
 Whene'er they met; at last this scheme,
 Poor Brush, quite harrass'd, did impart,
 To pay each other *art* for *art*;
 Quoth he, "They differ but in name,
 The principle of both's the same,
 On *drawing* both depend, 'tis clear—
 I *pictures* draw, and you *draw* beer.
 Then since they are so near a-kin,
 To quarrel would be shame and sin."

The host, who could not mend the matter,
 Thought something still than nothing better:
 In short, without much farther jargon,
 They both agreed, and struck a bargain;
 The host, in want of a new sign,
 Gives him the subject, or design;
 Not dictated by wicked wit,
 But taken out of holy writ;

Nathless, resolv'd to make a show,
 He would have Pharaoh's overthrow.
 Home went the painter, overjoy'd,
 To find himself again employ'd,
 Got his materials and tools,
 And laid the board all over *gules*;
 But how to place the figures there
 Requir'd more skill than fell to 's share;
 He beat his head, and rubb'd his brow,
 But rubb'd in vain, *as I do now*.
 Tir'd of the task, he soon gave o'er,
 Said that should do—he said, nay swore.

Next day returning to his host,
 He of his piece began to boast:—
 “I'm sure it must be to your liking,
 It is so very bold and striking.”
 “Well, say no more,—let's see,—dispatch,—
 Zounds!—what is this!—a mere red splatch!”
 “Red splatch d'ye call't?—'tis the Red Sea.”
 “The devil it is!—well, that may be,
 Then where are Pharoah and his host?”—
 “*Drown'd in the sea, you know they're lost.*”
 “True—the Egyptians went to the bottom,
 But the Israelites, where have you got 'em,
 And Moses too, who was their guide?”
 “*Oh! they're all safe on t'other side.*”
 The host, who hitherto had stickled,
 Finding at last his fancy tickled,
 His visage now began t' uncloud,
 And now he laugh'd both long and loud.
 When he recover'd from his fit,
 Quoth he, “Friend Brush, I love thy wit,
 And like thy joke, yet much I doubt
 Some dunces may not find it out;
 Therefore (*pro bono publico*),
 In order that all men may know,
 In letters fair write under, (bids he)
 “*This is Pharoah in the Red Sea.*”

1417. NEW CAUSE OF IMPRISONMENT.

Mr. Baldwin, who has now left the bar for the secretary of state's office, having one day been employed to oppose a person justifying bail in the court of King's Bench, after asking some common-place questions, was getting a little aground, when a waggish counsellor behind whispered him to interrogate the bail as to his having been a prisoner in the Gloucester-jail. Thus instructed, our learned advocate boldly asked—"When, sir, were you last in Gloucester-jail?" The bail, a reputable tradesman, with astonishment declared, that he never was in a jail in his life. Mr. B—— insisted that he had been a prisoner at Gloucester; but being able to get nothing out of him, he turned round to his friendly brother, and asked for what the man had been imprisoned. The answer was, "For *suicide*." Without hesitation he then questioned him thus: "Now, sir, I ask you upon your oath, and remember that I shall have your words taken down, was you not imprisoned in Gloucester-jail for the crime of suicide?"

1418. OH! WHAT A FALLING OFF WAS THERE!—BY PETER PINDAR.

Sweet was the nymph I lov'd, divine her air;
 Her cheeks were purer than the blush of morn;
 Fairer than Alpine snows, her breasts so fair
 Look'd down upon the lily's white with scorn.
 Mild on my ear her melting accents stole,
 And promis'd ages of delicious love:
 Her form with Grecian statues vied, her soul
 Seem'd borrow'd from some saint who sung above.
 Thus fancy rioted, all wrapt in flame;
 I married, blest my stars, and went to bed,
 Possess'd, and next day found my wondrous dame
 The damn'dest shrew that ever wore a head.

1419. A MIRACLE.

A monk of St. Anthony, in order to raise the fame of

his patron, and add to the profit of his convent, executed the following artifice. One day he preached under a tree where a magpie had built her nest, into which he had previously found means to convey a small box filled with gunpowder, having hanging out from it, but concealed in the tree, a long thin match that was to burn slowly. As soon as the monk or his confederates had set fire to the match, he began his sermon. In the meanwhile the magpie returned to her nest, and finding in it a strange body, which she could not remove, she fell into a passion, and began to scratch with her feet and chatter unmercifully. The father affected to hear her without emotion, and continued his sermon with great composure; only he would now and then lift up his eyes towards the top of the tree as if he wanted to see what was the matter. At last he pretended to be quite out of patience, cursed the magpie, and prayed that St. Anthony's fire might consume her; he then went on again with his sermon; but he had scarcely pronounced a few periods, when, to the astonishment of the devout auditors, the explosion took place, and consumed the magpie in her nest.

1420. SPORTING INTELLIGENCE, FROM THE SEA-SIDE.

A partner in a banking-house, who lives near enough to the abode of a facetious alderman to nose his worship's kitchen whenever turtle is the order of the day, was very lately at a small watering-place on the coast of Essex. Being in the country he determined to partake of its sports; and, for the first time in his life, to have a day's shooting.—“When we are at *Rome*,” said the cit, “we must do as they *does* at *Rome*.” A vulgar sportsman, such as a country squire, or a rustic nobleman, sets off on foot, or at best on a shooting poney, in pursuit of his game. A city *Cræsus* disdains such simplicity. Accordingly our banker, with a merchant for his companion, got into his phæton, took the pointers he had borrowed in the carriage, and ordered his servants in livery to follow him. The dogs, who had never been used to such a fashionable style of travelling, soon began to shew symptoms of uneasi-

ness, and even of an inclination to desert.—They were detained, however, in part by caresses, and partly by force, till they had very nearly reached the scene of action; when, by a violent and unanimous effort, they all jumped out, and ran home, except one, who was persuaded to follow by the servants behind. But even *he* might as well have gone with the rest; for hardly had they hunted three fields over, when the obstinate brute stopped all of a sudden, to the great surprise and chagrin of the city sportsmen. They hallooed him on; they whistled to him; but nothing could make him move. It was provoking, they said, they never saw a dog so restive in their lives. So, taking a whip from a domestic, they belaboured the refractory Carlo, who darted into the covey, and away went the birds. Before the banker could recover from the alarm occasioned by the flapping of their wings, take up his gun and cock it, the partridges were out of sight. These were all he saw that day; nor could he sufficiently regret the bad behaviour of the dog.—“If he had not stopped,” said the banker, “I should have fired into the thick of the *brood*, and killed one half of them.” His companion made no doubt but he should have killed the rest. On his returning to his carriage, the *man of money* determined to try his skill at some sparrows on a dung-hill. He shut his eyes; and before he could open them again to count the dead sparrows, a pig, which was lying under the straw, and which he had shot in the head, came running out, and laid itself at his feet, squeaking most horribly in the agonies of death. And out came the farmer’s men with flails and pitchforks; and out came the farmer’s dog, and seized him by the coat; and out came the farmer himself, and seized him by the collar. Perceiving himself thus beset, the banker offered an honourable composition; but when he found that no less a sum than three guineas was demanded, he demurred, and said, that a pig of equal size might be purchased for less money in London. His companion, however, observing that pigs were more plentiful in Leadenhall-market than in the country, the money was produced;

and the farmer, and the farmer's men, and the farmer's dog, retired to their respective kennels. It is the quality of a great mind not to be easily discouraged. The banker therefore re-loaded his piece; and ere he had proceeded far, hearing a rustling in the hedge, he let fly at a venture. The report of the gun was immediately followed by cries of—"Good lack! I am shot! as Got shall have me, I'm shot!" It was a Jew, who had been making a sacrifice, which was not that of the Paschal lamb, and who, at the close of it, while employed in plucking up grass, "and shrubs of broader leaf and more commodious," received a large portion of the charge in that part where, according to Butler,

"———— A kick hurts honour more,
Than deepest wounds received before."

As the banker had never seen a magpie in the city that did not speak, he supposed that the whole species was naturally loquacious, and made no doubt but he had killed one of those talkative birds. "I have shot a magpie," said he to his companion, and off he ran to pick up his game; when, in the passage of the hedge, he was met face to face by the furious Israelite. Seeing him in the nakedness of a *sans-culotte*, and bleeding from flank to flank, the banker started back in speechless horror. The "circumcised dog" pursued and took him by the throat, swearing, by the God of Moses, that he would have blood for blood. The dreadful threat he enforced by the most sanguinary arguments *a posteriori*, and probably would have realized it, if the banker's friend had not offered him "egregious ransom." At the first mention of money, the bleeding member of the half-tribe of Manasseh relaxed his gripe, examined the paper that was tendered to him by the banker, and retired well satisfied, when he found that it was a check upon Messrs. ——— and ———.

1421. A GOOD REASON.

A gentleman who had a good library, and was ready

to accommodate his friends with the loan of them, complained to another of the difficulty he found in getting them back. "Sir," said the latter, "your acquaintances find it much more easy to retain the books themselves than their contents."

1422. PROOF OF IDIOTISM.

A country clergyman, by his dull monotonous discourse, set all the congregation asleep, except an idiot, who sat with open mouth listening. The parson, enraged, and thumping the pulpit, exclaimed, "What! all asleep but this poor idiot."—"Aye," quoth the natural, "and if I had not been a poor idiot, I would have been asleep too."

1423. REMARKABLE INSCRIPTION,

On the south wall of the parish church at Streatham,
"Elizabeth, wife of major-general Hamilton, who was married near forty-seven years, and never did one thing to disoblige her husband. She died in 1746."

1424. SIMPLICITY.

An innocent lad who lived in a large family, was made the constant butt of the servants. Whatever happened wrong was saddled on him, and he was sure to be scolded, if not beaten. On hearing that his lady was with child, he fell a crying. "Here now," says he, "master and mistress and all will say I did it."

The same youth one evening went up to the drawing-room on the bell being rung. When he returned to the kitchen, he laughed immoderately. Some of the servants asking the cause of his mirth, he cried, "What do you think, there are sixteen of them, who could not snuff the candles, and were obliged to send for me to do it."

1425. A MISTAKE.

An Irish gentleman having come over to London to make his fortune, soon found himself much distressed for a dinner. Happening to pass by a barber's shop, he

saw announced on the window, *money for live hair*, which, being no profound scholar, he read, *money to live here*. “Aha!” says Paddy, “this is just what I was looking for; I am now satisfied that the character of the English for generosity is well founded.”—“Please to walk in, sir,” says Mr. Shave-for-a-penny; “sit down, sir.” A dirty towel is then put over him, and a brass barber’s bason, full of warm lather, stuck under his chin. This is an odd sort of entertainment, thinks Paddy, but a given horse must not be looked in the mouth. Strap steps out for his razors, and in the mean time Paddy, being extremely hungry, falls to gobbling up the contents of the bason. Strap returning, stares with astonishment, while poor Paddy, after almost vomiting up his guts, exclaims, “By Jasus, you had need to give a man money to live here, for your soup is like p—ss, and your turnips are not half boiled!”

1426. EPITAPH ON A HIGHWAYMAN HUNG IN CHAINS.

A PARODY.

Here high suspended on a gibbet hangs,
A youth, to ev’ry vicious practice prone,
But, caught by iron law’s tremendous fangs,
The gaping gallows claim’d him as its own.

Bad were his principles, his practice worse,
And when he mounted Newgate’s fatal drop,
He gave the hangman an outrageous curse,
From him he got what he deserved—a rope.

1427. THE REPARATION.

I had a friend, I fondly thought,
I lent him money without measure,
Repayment vainly I besought,
I lost my friend, I lost my treasure.

But as a balance for this wrong,
To ease me of domestic strife,
And free me from a vicious tongue,
He kindly stole away my wife,

1428. I OWE YOU ONE.

Chloe, whene'er her spouse his joke began,
 Was wont to say, "My dear, I owe you one;"
 Begetting twins, and to his wife's text true,
 Strephon now said, "My dear I owe you two."

1429. DIFFERENT SPECIES OF DRUNKENNESS.

When Tom was poor as poor could be,
Drunk as a beggar still was he:
 Espousing then a wealthy dame,
 Sudden a fortune to him came;
 To drink he now can well afford,
 And daily gets—*drunk as a lord*.

1430. THE ALTERNATIVE.

An English envoy sent as a present to a handsome duchess, a fine table, which she had the day before very much admired at his house. The lady showed it her husband, and told him who gave it. The duke knew the envoy's amorous character, and surveying the table very seriously, said, "Then, either the envoy is a fool, or I am a cuckold."

1431. IRISH DISPATCH.

An Irishman told his friend, that some days before he had met with a person who struck him a blow—"And did you take it?" said the other. "Did I take it? May I never see dear Dublin again, my jewel, if I did not send the thief who gave it me into eternity before he had time to eat his breakfast the next morning!"

1432. GOOD REASONING.

The late marquis of Townsend being, when very young, at the battle of Dettingen, a drummer's head was shot off so close to him, that his brains bespattered his lordship's regimentals. A veteran went up to encourage him, and told him not to be alarmed, as this was a common accident of war. "O dear," said the other, "I

think nothing of that, but I am considering what the devil could bring this drummer here, who possessed such a quantity of brains."

1433. THE ECLIPSE.

The first regiment of foot, or Scotch Royals, have the nick-name of Pontius Pilate's guards. An officer, fond of a joke, seeing a very old sergeant of this corps, during a total eclipse of the sun, drily asked him—"Pray, sergeant, was it much darker than this at the crucifixion."

1434. CARDING AND SPINNING.

To spin with art, in ancient times, has been
Thought not beneath the lady or the queen;
From that employ our maidens had the name
Of Spinsters, which the moderns never claim;
But since to cards each damsel turns her mind,
And to that dear delight is so inclin'd,
Change the soft name of spinster to a harder,
And let each woman now be call'd a Carder.

1435. THE OBEDIENT ACTOR.

Once that John Kemble played Hamlet in the country, the gentleman who enacted Guildenstern was, or imagined himself to be, a capital musician. Hamlet asks him—"Will you play upon this pipe?"—"My lord, I cannot."—"I pray you."—"Believe me, I cannot."—"I do beseech you."—"Well, if your lordship insists on it, I shall do as well as I can;" and to the confusion of Hamlet, and the great amusement of the audience, he played God save the King.

1436. GASCONADES.

Our braggadocios are nothing to the French Gascons. Two of these worthies having an altercation, the one said, "Don't put me in a passion, otherwise I'll toss you up so high, that ere you reach the ground, you'll die of hunger." The other answered, "Take care, sir, I do not throw you so high, that ere you descend, the flies will have devoured you."—"Wretch!" returned the former,

“ my patience is at an end ; if I take you only in my left hand, I shall shake you into so many pieces, that the largest will be your ear.”

1437. AN UNLUCKY EXPRESSION.

A tragedy called *Edwy and Elgiva* was a few years ago brought forward at Drury-lane. In the course of it, the heroine, Mrs. Siddons, appeared with Mr. Maddocks. She being in a very distressed situation asked the attendant,

“ Where shall I go for ease ?”

To which he answered, softly,

“ Behind yon hedge.”

Which the audience taking rather in a ludicrous sense, by their laughter completely destroyed all tragic effect, and damned the piece.

1438. CANINE INFECTION.

The hair-brained son of a Scotch peer lately relating the danger in which he stood from a mad dog, which ran by him so close as to touch him, one of the company gravely asked, “ Pray, my lord, did you bite him.”

1439. WELCHMEN LOVE LEEKS.

A ship, in the course of a long voyage, was overtaken by a storm, in which she sprung a *leak*; the cook (who was a Welchman) on being informed of it, thanked God for it, as he had tasted no *fresh vegetables* for many months.

1440. A SUDDEN APPEARANCE.

An attorney enraged at the loss of a cause, on the success of which he depended for his fees, was uttering volleys of oaths, and calling for the Devil to take him, when a little sweep, who had been employed by his servant to clean the chimneys, and had descended from the top, suddenly made his appearance, and making a profound obeysance to the terrified lawyer, told him, “ Sir, my master will be here immediately.”

1441. A PALPABLE HIT.

A player, named Robinson, applied to Mr. Wilkinson, the manager of the York company, for an engagement for himself and his wife, stating, that she was capable of performing all the first characters; but as to himself, he was the worst actor in the world. Wilkinson engaged them, and the lady fully answered the character given of her. The first part sent to Mr. Robinson, was that of a mere walking gentleman. Indignant at this, he went to the manager, and asked how he could think of sending him so paltry a part. "Sir," replied the other, "here is your own letter, saying that you are the worst actor in the world."—"Aye, but then I had not seen you."

1442. COMFORT.

A gentleman, whose lady produced a fine boy six months after marriage, applied to a physician to account for this expedition. "Make yourself easy," answered the doctor, "this very often happens in the case of the first child, but never afterwards."

1443. A FAMILY LETTER.

A woman writing from the country to her husband, who had been absent for some months in London, after telling him how matters went on at home, added,— "Mrs. G. and Mrs. B. are pregnant; Mrs. L. and Mrs. P. pretend they are so; Miss A. and Miss B. are afraid they shall soon be: and I alone am neither pregnant nor expect to be, which *you* ought to be ashamed of."

1444. A BULL.

An Hibernian being asked if he liked salmon, answered, "Yes, pickled; for," says he, "if I go to market and buy a bit of *fresh* salmon, it is so *stale* that it is not fit to eat."

1445. THE MISTAKE.

A scholar, a bald man, and a barber, travelling together, agreed to watch four hours in the night, for the

sake of security: the barber's lot came first, who shaved the scholar's head while he was asleep, and waked him when his turn came. The scholar, scratching his head, and feeling it bald, exclaimed, "You wretch of a barber, you have waked the bald man instead of me."

1446. TO THE NETTLE.

Vile weed, irascible! whene'er I view
 Thy horrent leaves in circling points arise,
 And know, that underneath each fibre lies
 The keen receptacle of venom'd dew;
 And when I know, that if, with cautious fear,
 I touch thy pow'r, it punishes my dread:
 But if, with dauntless hand approaching near,
 I grasp thee full and firm—that pow'r is dead—
 Thus as, with 'sdainful thought, I view thy stings,
 Terrific to the coward wretch alone,
 Much do I meditate on grandeur's throne—
 The awe of subjects, and the might of kings!
 Like thee, they punish those whom they appal;
 Like thee, when firmly grasp'd, to native no-
 thing fall.

1447. ORIGIN OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

According to an author of that nation, the revolution was grounded upon the following prediction, contained in a public letter from Paris some years ago: "The French shall no longer be the only *Legislateurs de la Cuisine*; for, would you believe it, Mr. Fyon, formerly chief cook to the cardinal de Bernis, but now chief cook to the duke of Orleans, is actually set out for London, to learn the English mode of cooking. So that if food gives different spirits, as Hippocrates has proved, our nation, by changing their ragouts for roast-beef, &c. will very soon partake of some of those darling dispositions that are now peculiar to the English."

1448. HUNG BEEF.

Lord Norbery, the Irish judge, dining at a table where corned beef formed a dish, was asked if he chose

a slice. "I would try it," said he, "if it were hung." — "If you were to *try* it," observed Mr. Curran, "it would be sure to be *hung*."

1449. THE REQUEST.

An Irish physician, when on his death-bed, was visited by a neighbour, who, with a kind and friendly solicitude, asked him if there was any thing he wished to be done after his death, in which he could oblige him, adding,— "Indeed, indeed, doctor, I will pay a sacred attention to your request." — "Why, then," replied the other, "let me entreat you to be particularly kind to your three youngest children, *for they are all mine*."

1450. SCOTCH VANITY.

Mr. Boswell dining once at the Old Bailey dinner, complained to one of the judges, that he had had his pocket picked of his handkerchief. "Poh! poh!" said alderman Wilkes, "never mind him, my lord; it is nothing but the ostentation of a Scotchman, to let the world know that he had been in possession of a pocket-handkerchief."

1451. A SIMILE.

A gentleman haranguing on the perfection of the English law, and of its being equally open to the poor and to the rich, was answered by another, "So is the London Tavern."

1452. CONNOISSEURSHIP.

A connoisseur observed lately, at a sale of paintings, that it was remarkable that the best pictures in the collection were by women, particularly Ann Caracci, and Sal Rosa.

1453. A PROVERB EXPLAINED.

In a company of literati, the late Mr. Boswell observed, that the many definitions given of man, as a biped animal, an unfeathered animal, a speaking ani-

mal, a rational animal, &c. were all improper, suggesting, that to all these there were exceptions in other animals; "But," said he, "I think man may, without any exception, be called a cooking animal, as he is the only one that dresses his food."—"This observation," said Mr. Burke, "explains a proverb which I never before could make any thing of—There is reason in the roasting of eggs!"

1454. EPIGRAM.

As gay lord Edward, in a lively freak,
Kiss'd ancient Marg'ret (for the dame was kind,)
He found, although the *rose* had left her cheek,
The *thorn* upon her chin remain'd behind.

1455. AN EXPERIMENT.

A tradesman's wife having purchased a raven, one of her neighbours asked her, how she thought of buying such an ugly and useless bird? "My husband and I," replied she, "wish to try the experiment, whether it be true, that ravens live to the age of seven or eight hundred years."

1456. ANTIQUITY OF MODERN DRESS.

The ladies of Paris are at least as much attached to thin clothing as those of London. A lady of distinction there, having become very conspicuous by the thinness of her attire, one day, when she had a good deal of company, a packet was brought directed for her, and entitled "Dress for madame —." It was brought up, and thinking it was an elegant dress she had ordered from her milliner, the lady resolved to treat her friends with a sight of this new invention of her fancy. It was opened, and there appeared a vine-leaf.

1457. THE FARCE OF PHYSIC.

When Dr. — some years since went to practice at Bath, a gentleman asked Dr. Delacour, what could bring a practitioner from the metropolis, to open a shop in the

country. "The reason," replied he, "is obvious enough, sir; when a doctor breaks down on the *London turf*, he retires to *cover at Bath for a guinea and a shilling*."—"Why, my dear doctor, this makes physic a *mere farce*."—"True," rejoined he, "a *direct farce*, for it is generally the *last act* before the curtain drops."

1458. A CROPT HORSE.

"Indeed, indeed, friend Tom," said one citizen to another, "you have spoiled the look of your nag by cropping his ears so close; what could be your reason for it?"—"Why, friend Turtle, I will tell you,—my horse had a strange knack of being frightened, and on very trifling occasions would prick up his ears as if he had seen the devil, and so to cure him, I crompt him."

1459. THE SAW FOUND.

A carpenter on board a ship returning from the West Indies, having lost his saw, suspected the captain's Negro boy of having stolen it. Mungo denied all knowledge of the affair, and in this dubious way the matter remained, when the carpenter one day exclaimed to a brother sailor, "This d—d saw sticks in my gizzard." The boy instantly ran to his master, and joyfully cried out, "Massa, me glad, me glad, Massa! carpenman find him saw."—"Ah, ha! and where did he find it?"—"Yes massa! indeed me tell no lie; he say it stick in him gizzar."

1460. BENEFIT OF LAW.

Mr. Corri, the musician, became bankrupt in Edinburgh, and having been thrown into prison, he was liberated by the humanity of the law of that country, which allows an insolvent debtor, who has not acted fraudulently, to be released, on his giving up to his creditors all his property on oath. This is done by an action against the creditors, called *cessio bonorum*, in the course of which, the bankrupt must satisfy the court respecting his losses, &c. Mr. Corri's counsel, Mr. Robert Sim-

clair, after enumerating a variety of losses from the theatre, a tea-garden, &c. added, "There is one article, my lords, which I shall read to you from Mr. Corri's own statement, "Item, I have had forty-seven law-suits, all of which I lost, except one, and that cost me 3*l.* 17*s.* 4*d.* for the winning of it!"

1461. A SIMILE.

A very beautiful woman having the miniature picture of her ugly husband suspended on her breast, asked a gentleman whom he thought it like. "I think," said he, "it is like the Saracen's Head, on Snow-hill."

1462. JEU D'ESPRIT.—FROM THE PEN OF THE LATE HORACE WALPOLE.

What a rout do you make for a single poor kiss!
 I seiz'd it 'tis true, and I ne'er shall repent it:
 May he ne'er enjoy one, who shall think it amiss;
 But, for me, I thank dear Cytherea who sent it.
 You may pout, and look prettily cross, but I pray
 What business so near to my lips had your cheek?
 If you will put temptation so pat in one's way,
 Saints, resist if you can; but for me, I'm too weak.
 But come, my sweet Fanny, our quarrel let's end;
 Nor will I by force, what you gave not, retain.
 By allowing the kiss, I'm for ever your friend;
 If you say that I stole it, why take it again.

1463. SIMPLICITY OF STILE.

Mrs. Glasse, who for upwards of half a century has taught the world to "live well," in her preface condemns in such books "the high polite stile," it being the intention to instruct the lower sort. This lady, however, emulates Dr. Johnson himself, when she directs a dish to be made of "decorticated oats."

1464. AN ALDERMANIC PUN.

A distinguished country member having lately made

rather an undecorous exhibition in a certain great assembly, a no less distinguished city baronet observed to the gentleman who sat next to him, "That the honourable member was more Fuller than ever."

1465. LONDON NEWS.

From a gloomy citizen to his country correspondent,

These are disastrous *Times*; the *Ledger* is shut, the *Traveller* unemployed, and *Commercial Intelligence* at a stand, while the *British Press* is attacked in its most vital parts. The nation wants *Monitors* and strict *Examiners* to *Review* the conduct of its ministers; for it is a melancholy truth, that we have now no *British Guardian*, no *Statesman* fit to be a *Pilot*. In the mean time, *Heralds* continue sounding to arms. Besides the ordinary *Mails*, *Couriers*, and *Messengers*, are daily bringing *Packets* and *Dispatches* from different parts of the *Globe* to *St. James's* and *Whitehall*. Still however the *British Neptune* rides triumphant over the ocean. *Future Chronicles* will *Register* the passing events. For myself I am no *Oracle*, but a poor *Observer*, but I every *Day* see the evils of war; even the *Publicans* feel it. The *Gazette* is filled with bankrupts. In a word, I fear that our *Stars* have decreed that the *Sun* of Britain is for ever set.

1466. ERROR OF THE PRESS.

The *Morning Chronicle*, in the report of the *Old Bailey* trials, April sessions, 1799, stated that, "the grand jury came into court and applied to be discharged:" and added, that, "after a suitable exhortation from lord Kenyon, they were ordered to be privately whipped and discharged." Such a paragraph naturally excited the indignation of the grand jury, who next day held a meeting on the occasion. One of the number being a person versed in the law of libels, observed, from lord Coke, that to draw the figure of a gallows upon a person's back, was a libel; and as whipping was more disgraceful than hanging, *a fortiori*, to draw a cat-o'-nine-tails on the

backs of all the gentlemen present, was a still greater libel; especially being directed against them as public characters, and when in the exercise of one of the most honourable functions in the country. On these grounds, it was resolved to apply to his majesty's attorney-general to file an information. One of the jurors, however, having recommended to his brethren to demand in the first place of the editor his reason for publishing this false, scandalous, and malicious libel, a committee was appointed for that purpose. On their applying to the publisher, the whole was discovered to be a mistake of the compositor, and was corrected next day by an erratum stating that the paragraph should have stood thus: "The grand jury came into court and applied to be discharged. *Three prisoners*, after a suitable exhortation from lord Kenyon, were ordered to be privately whipped, and discharged.

ORIENTAL WIT.

The following articles are a selection of Persian pleasantries, many of which the reader will recognise dressed up as genuine English jokes.

1467.

A person complained to a cazy, or magistrate, that a man had formed an intimacy with his wife, but he could not discover who he was. The cazy gave him a phial of ittur of roses, and said, "entrust this to the care of your wife, and charge her not to use it on any one." He did so; the wife, however, could not resist obliging her lover with this powerful and elegant perfume. The cazy sent spies with orders to watch the house and seize any person scented with ittur. He was thus immediately detected, and carried before the cazy, who sent for the husband, saying, "here is your wife's gallant, take him away, and either pardon him or put him to death."

1468.

A woman complained to a cazy, that a man had violat-

ed her. He denied it, but the woman persisting, the cazy ordered him to pay the woman ten rupees. The woman was going away thankfully with the money, when the cazy desired the man to follow her and take it back. He attempted it, but she defended it with such force that he could not get it. The woman now returned into court, and complained that the man had attempted to force the money which had been awarded her. "And did he take it?" said the cazy. "No," said she, "I would die before he should." The cazy then said, "If you had defended your virtue as well as you have done your money, it would not have been taken from you; restore the money instantly."

N. B. This it will be remembered is exactly one of Sancho's most celebrated decisions, when governor of Barrataria."

1469.

In a certain city a large quantity of cotton had been stolen, but the thief could not be discovered. An ameer who had been applied to, made a great feast, inviting all persons indiscriminately. When they had sitten down, the ameer said, "What impudent blockheads are these who, having stolen the cotton, come to my feast with it sticking on their beards." Some persons instantly put their hands to their beards, and were thus detected.

1470.

A woman, who had an enmity against her neighbour, killed her own infant, and having flung it into the hovel of her neighbour, in the morning accused her of the murder of the child. The cazy examined the accused privately, when she persisted in her innocence. He then said, "If you will stand naked before me I will believe you." The woman abashed, said, "I may lose my life, but God forbid I should strip myself naked." The cazy then had the accuser brought to him, saying, "If you will stand before me naked, I will believe you." She without hesitation began to undress. The cazy for-

bade her, telling her she had killed her own child. He then ordered her to be whipped; after a few stripes she confessed the crime, and was hanged.

1471.

A person went to a physician, and complained of a pain in the belly. The physician asked what he had eaten that day; he answered, "Burnt bread." The doctor recommended him an eye-water; when he asked how that was to cure the belly-ache, the doctor answered, "You first require medicine for your eyes; for if they had seen perfectly you would not have eaten burnt bread."

1472.

A person went to see a friend who had just got a considerable promotion; being elated with which, he pretended not to know the other, saying, "Who are you? what do you want?"—"I am," said he, "your old friend, come to condole with you on the loss of your sight."

1473.

One day a bird was sitting on a tree; the king said to his courtiers, "I will kill that bird with an arrow;" he aimed and missed, at which he was not a little ashamed. One of the courtiers said, "The king intended at first to kill the bird, but he had mercy on its life, and took pains to miss."

1474.

A person married a woman, who in four months brought him a boy; she asked her husband what name he would give his son. He answered, "call him *Courier*, for he has performed a journey of nine months in the space of four."

1475.

A hawk said to a cock, "Men feed you and provide you a dwelling, why then do you run away from them?"

When I am taken under their protection, I hunt for them, and come back whenever they call me." The cock answered, "You have never seen a hawk on a spit, but I have seen a great many cocks served so."

1476.

A blind man in a dark night, was going along with an earthen jar on his shoulders, and a lantern in his hand. Somebody said to him, "Blockhead! day and night are alike to you; what use can a lantern be to you?" The blind man replied, "It is not to give me light, but to prevent you from breaking my jar in this dark night."

1477.

A king sent to a learned man, and said, "I want to make you crazy of this city." He answered, "I am not fit for the office." The king asked why, and he replied, "If what I have spoken be true, I hereby stand excused; and if I have uttered a falsehood, it is not adviseable to make a liar a crazy." The king excused him.

1478.

A dirveish went to a miser and told him he had a favour to beg of him. The miser said, "if you consent to one proposal I will do whatever you require."—"What is that?" said the dirveish. He replied, "never to ask me for any thing."

1479.

A king was sitting on his terrace, when a man held up a beautiful bird; the king asked his reason; he said, "My lord, I betted with somebody on the part of your majesty, and won this bird; deign to receive it." The king was pleased and took the bird. A few days after the same person came with a horse, saying, "This horse also have I won in your majesty's name." The king accepted it also. A third time he came attended by another person, saying, "I betted two thousand rupees with

this man on the part of your majesty, and having lost the wager, I bring him to you for the money." The king smiled and gave it him, but told him never to bet again on his account.

1480.

A person complained to Ali, saying, that a man has declared he dreamt he slept with my mother. May I not inflict upon him the punishment of the law? Ali replied, "Yes; place him in the sun, and beat his shadow, for what can be inflicted on an imaginary crime but imaginary correction?"

1481.

Haroon was eating his evening meal, when a roasted kid being set before him, he ordered an Arab who passed by, to sit down and partake, which he did, with a most ravenous appetite: "Why, thou tearest the animal with such fury," said Haroon, "that one would think its sire had bitten thy son to death." The Arab answered, "No, that is not the case, but thou lookest upon it with such a grudging eye, as if its mother had given thee suck."

1482.

A person having a bag of dinars stolen in his house, complained to the cazy, who ordered all the people of the house before him, and gave each of them a piece of stick, all of equal lengths, saying, that whoever was the thief, his stick would be a finger's breadth longer than the rest. The thief alarmed, cut a finger's breadth off his stick, and next day when they were called by the cazy to produce their sticks, he was thence detected.

1483.

When Tamerlane, who was lame, invaded Hindoostan, he sent for some singers. A blind musician appeared, and began to sing. The king was much pleased, and asked his name. He said, "My name is Dowlet, (or

Fortune.") The king said, "Fortune is also blind." The blind man replied, "True, if Fortune had not been blind, she would never have come to the house of a cripple."

1484.

A blind man having buried five hundred pounds in a corner of his garden, was robbed of them by a neighbour who saw him at work. Suspecting who had stolen his treasure, he went to him, and asked his advice in the most friendly way, concerning a bag with a thousand dinars, which he said he had by him, and would gladly know his opinion about the disposal of them. "I have at present," said he, "five hundred denars in a certain part of my garden, and I believe I shall decide upon putting this there likewise." His neighbour hearing this, took the first opportunity of replacing the five hundred denars, in hopes of being able soon to draw out double the sum; but the blind man having attained his end, put it out of his power to make a second attempt.

1485.

Shah Abbas, who, having being intoxicated at the house of one of his favourites, and attempting to go into the apartment of one of his wives, was stopped by the door-keeper, who bluntly told him, "Not a man, sir, besides my master, shall enter here so long as I am porter."—"What," said the king, "dost thou not know me?"—"Yes," answered the fellow, "I know you are king of the men, but not of the women." Shah Abbas, pleased with the answer, and the fidelity of the servant, retired to his palace. The favourite, at whose house the adventure happened, as soon as he heard of it, went and fell at his master's feet, intreating that he would not impute to him the crime committed by his domestic; and adding, "I have already turned him away from my service for his presumption."—"I am glad of it," answered the king, "for then I will take him into mine for his fidelity."

1486. A FRENCH BULL.

The commandant of Ostend in answer to a summons to surrender, thus addressed the British commander: "General, the council of war was sitting when I received the honour of your letter. We have unanimously resolved not to surrender the place until we shall have been *buried* in its ruins."

1487. A SPANISH BULL.

The celebrated bull of the Irish gentleman who abused a woman for having *changed him* at nurse is not original. Sancho Panza makes one perfectly similar. "Pray tell me, squire," says the duchess, "is not your master the person whose history is printed under the name of the Sage Hedalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha?"—"The very same, my lady," answered Sancho, "and I myself am that very squire of his, who is mentioned, or ought to be mentioned, in that history, *unless they have changed me in the cradle.*"

488. AN EXPERIMENTAL BULL.

A poor old woman, on being asked if she had any witnesses, answered thus, "My lord, I was so ashamed of being in jail that I have not sent for any body, but I will endeavour to give myself as good a character as I can."

1489. IRISH BULL.

An Irish gentleman once remarked in the House of Commons, that the French were the most restless nation in the universe; adding, very pointedly, "they will never be at *peace* till they are engaged in another war."

1490. ANOTHER.

In the Irish Bank Bill, passed in June 1808, there is a clause providing, that the profits shall be *equally* divided, and that the *residue* should go to the governor.

1491. A PULPIT BULL.

A clergyman preaching in the city, on the anniversary of a charity for *girls*, forgetting the last circumstance, informed his audience, that through their munificence some of the objects of this charity might hereafter become *lord mayors of London*, or even *archbishops of Canterbury*.

1492. THE DOUBLE MISTAKE.

“ I was walking,” said a certain person, “ on one side of the street, and saw Jack Stiles on the other ; he at the same time seeing me, we went across to meet, and behold it was neither one nor the other of us.”

1493. AN IRISH RENCONTRE.

When two Irish labourers meet in England, the common salutation is, “ Ah, Pat ! I’m glad to meet you on *t’other side of the water*.”

1494. A DANGEROUS BULL.

In one of the late revolutionary battles in Ireland, a rebel hair-dresser ran up to the muzzle of a cannon, to which an artilleryman was just applying the match, and thrusting his head into its mouth, exclaimed, the moment before he was blown to atoms : “ By Jusus, I have stopped your mouth, my honey, for this time.”

1495. A WELSH BULL.

In a part of South Wales, where inundations are frequent, a board is raised on a post with this inscription : “ Take notice, that when this board is *under water* this road is impassable.

1496. IRISH RECRUITING.

A sergeant enlisted a recruit, who, upon inspection, turned out to be a woman. Being asked by his officer how he made such a blunder, he said, “ Plase your honor I could not help it ; I enlisted this *girl* for a *man*, and now *he* turns out to be a *woman*.”

1497. THINGS TO BE ADMIRER.

Madam Mara's *modesty*.
 Madam Piozzi's *prudence*.
 Madam Hayley's *beauty*.
 Madam Graham's *taste*, and
 Madam Montague's *blue stockings*.

1498. NEWSPAPER BULL.

The Oracle of Monday, July 13th, 1807, has the following paragraph: "A government messenger arrived yesterday from the continent. His dispatches, which at this time are certainly of the greatest importance, remain a secret, *even to the leaders of the ministry.*"

1499. ANOTHER.

In the Mirror of the Times of Saturday, August 6, 1808, there was an advertisement of a house at Clapham to be sold by auction, the 12th instant, and another of a furnished villa on the borders of Kent to be let for seven years. In an after part of the same individual paper is the following notice: "The house at Clapham advertised, on the first page of this paper, to be sold the 12th instant, is postponed, and the furnished villa advertised to be let, is disposed of."

1500. A THEATRICAL BULL.

"Theatre Royal, Drury-lane. The new renters are respectfully informed, that the meeting desired by the proprietors of the theatre, for Monday next, the 17th inst. is postponed till next day.—*Due notice will be given of the day.*"

RICHARD PEAKE.

Treasury Office, Saturday, Nov. 15, 1800.

1501. A PAINTER'S BULL.

In a very finely-painted piece of Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac, in a church in Flanders, the patriarch is represented levelling at his son a musket, which is prevented from going off by an angel making water in the pan.

1502. A CHARITY BULL.

In the Morning Herald of 11th June, 1800, there is a

puff of the Bayswater Lying-in Hospital, stating that, "Since its first establishment, upwards of 52000 women have been delivered at this hospital, which at present particularly extends its succour to the widows of sailors and soldiers who are so gallantly fighting for their country."

1503. A TRANSLATOR'S BULL.

Dr. Hunter, in his translation of Sonnini's Travels in Egypt, informs his readers, that "At Malta, the *ridges* of the houses are *flat terraces*;" that, "at Rosetta, the inhabitants *cut the throats* of their ducks, and in that situation *keep them alive with their wings broken*." And lastly, that "the orientals never take a *walk* but on *horseback*."

1504. THE FIRST JEU D'ESPRIT OF HORACE WALFOLE EARL OF ORFORD.

Epitaphium vivi Auctoris, 1792.

An estate and an earldom at seventy-four; [more, }
 Had I sought them or wish'd them, 'twould add one fear }
 That of making a *countess* when almost fourscore;
 But *Fortune*, who scatters her gifts out of season,
 Though unkind to my limbs has still left me my reason;
 And whether she lowers, or lifts me, I'll try }
 In the plain simple style I have liv'd in, to die, }
 For ambition too humble, for meanness too high. }

1505. THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

As the late duchess of Devonshire was rambling one day in the neighbourhood of Chiswick, she was overtaken by a shower, which obliged her to take shelter in a small hut, where she happened not to be known. Among other topics of conversation which she introduced in her affable manner, she asked the good woman if she knew the duchess of Devonshire. "Know her," answered the woman, "aye, God save her, *every body* has cause to know her here, there never was a better lady born."—"I am afraid you are mistaken," said her grace, "from what I can understand of her, she is no better than she should be."—"I see you are no better than you should

be," returned the poor woman; "it would be happy for you if you were as good; but you—you'll never be worthy to wipe her shoes."—"Then I must be beholden to you, for they are at present very dirty," answered her grace. The honest cottager, perceiving her mistake, ran to perform the office with the greatest humility, which was generously rewarded by the duchess.

1506. TO THE CANDIDATES FOR MATRIMONY.

Virginibus puerisque canto.

Ranging a clean swept brewhouse round,
Some rat the spacious copper found,
Its bottom strew'd with rich remains
Of fresh and sweet high-scented grains.

A brave young rat leaps boldly down,
(Like — storming of a town,)
Whence boasting of his prey aloud,
He's follow'd by the hungry crowd:
Who cram and eat—and sport and play,
And scamper round—and, who but they?

A brindled rat, grown grey with age,
Though no less hungry, yet more sage,
Beheld how much they were delighted;
But, strongly to partake invited,
Halts on the brink, and there surveys
The dreadful gulph; then wisely says—
"I see, my friends, the prize you've got,
And almost envy you your lot;
You're vastly happy there, 'tis plain,
But how will you get back again."

1507. PARLIAMENTARY BULL.

On account of the great number of suicides, a member moved for leave to bring in a bill to make it a capital offence.

1508. ANOTHER.

When sir John Scott, now lord Eldon, brought in his bill for repressing the liberty of the press, a member

moved as an addition that all *anonymous works* should have the name of the author printed on the title-page.

1509. ANOTHER.

In May 1784, a bill, intended to limit the privilege of franking, was sent from the Parliament of Ireland for the royal approbation. It contained a clause that any member who, from illness or other cause, should be unable to write, might authorise another person to frank for him, provided that on the back of the letter so franked, the member gave a certificate under his hand of his inability to write.

1510. ANOTHER.

In a bill for pulling down the old Newgate, in Dublin, and rebuilding it upon the same spot, it was enacted, that to prevent unnecessary expence, the prisoners should remain in the old jail till the new one was finished.

1511. ANOTHER.

An act of Edward III. in the preamble, states, "that the French king intends as much as possible to destroy our sovereign lord the king, his allies, and subjects, lands and dominions, and the *English language*,"—and this very act of parliament is written in French!

1512. ANOTHER.

An act of queen Elizabeth orders the bible and prayer-book to be translated into Welsh, with the intention of making the Welsh *learn English*.

1513. APPROPRIATE TEXT.

A pugilistic clergyman one Sunday after service got so pot-valiant as to fight with a number of his parishioners, and even give them a sound drubbing. Next Sunday he preached from this text: "And I contended with them, and cursed them, and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair, and made them swear by God,"

1514. MILTON DEFENDED.

A lady having expressed her wonder to Dr. Johnson, that Milton, who had written so sublime a poem as the *Paradise Lost*, should have been so very inferior to himself, in the composition of his Sonnets; he replied, "Is it then matter of surprise, madam, that the hand which was able to scoop a Colossus, of the most perfect symmetry from a rock, should fail in an attempt to form the head of Venus out of a cherry-stone."

1515. A WIDOW'S TEARS.

Cecilia her dear husband lost,
 She wept, she wail'd, she tore her hair;
 A female friend who lov'd her most,
 Would visit her in her despair.

But she surpris'd her at her glass,
 Admiring a sweet smiling face:
 "How," said she, "does this come to pass?
 No mark of sorrow can I trace."

"You come too late," the widow cried,
 "I was indeed to grief a prey;
 But unavailing tears have dried,—
 You should have seen me yesterday."

1516. MAGNANIMITY.

The duke and duchess of Queensbury, in consequence of their patronage of Gay and his *Beggar's Opera*, having a message brought them by the vice-chamberlain to desire their absence from court, the duke gave up his employments, and the noble-spirited duchess wrote the following letter to the king and queen.

"The duchess of Queensbury is surprised and well pleased that the king has given her so agreeable a command as forbidding her the court, where she never come for diversion, but to bestow a very great civility on the king and queen. She hopes that by so unprecedented an order as this, the king will see as few as she wishes at his court, particularly such as dare to think or speak the

against the introduction of French principles, our *glorious constitution*, produced by the wisdom of our ancestors, may fall to the ground, sir!—yes, fall to the ground, by the impulse of a jacobin innovation. But on this head, we are *ripe* to deliberate; and I trust the gentlemen with whom I have the honour to act, and who constitute the decided majority of this honourable house; for whose worth, integrity, firmness, perspicuity, ingenuity, perseverance, and patriotism, I have the most dignified respect, and in whom also I place the most perfect confidence: I say, sir, I trust they will preserve the privileges of this assembly from the lawless banditti of *acquitted felons*, who not having been *killed off*, insults us daily by their negative successes, and circulate their seditious principles, to the danger of every respectable man in the community, and who, by possessing property, becomes an object for their diabolical depredations. Not, however, to trespass any longer upon the patience of the house, I shall conclude by observing, with the great Latin poet of antiquity,

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere
Carpe diem.

1521. SHOES MISUSED.

A lady of fashion ordered a pair of dress-shoes from a shoe-maker, in Jermyn-street. When they came home, she was delighted with them, she put them on and went and danced at a ball. When she took them off they were all in tatters. Next morning she sent for the tradesman, and asked him how he could send her such a pair of shoes, that were destroyed by being once worn. He begged her pardon, and said it was impossible. But recollecting himself, “How stupid I am,” said he, “your ladyship must have walked in them.”

1522. ORIGINAL SIN.

Two persons talking about the fall of man, one of them observed, it was hard that anima's which could not commit sin, should suffer pain. “That horse, for example,”

said he, "what has that poor creature done to be tortured as he is, by his unfeeling driver."—"Perhaps," answered the other, "his first parents have eaten forbidden hay."

1523. A CONSIDERATE WENCH.

A girl driving her cow to bull, was affected to find the bull missing. The owner told her not to be uneasy, for he certainly would be found again. "Aye," says she, "but then it may be all over with my poor cow, for they are not like us Christians."

1524. A NEW PSALM.

A parish clerk, not a little vain of his poetical abilities, one Sunday gave out three staves of his own composition. After service the parson asked him, "John! what Psalm was that we had to-day? it was not one of David's"—"David's," replied he, "no, David never made such a psalm in his life; it was my own putting together, measter."

1525. THEATRICAL BON-MOT.

In a very thin house an actress spoke very low in her communication with her lover. The actor, whose benefit it happened to be, exclaimed with a face of woeful humour; "My dear, you may speak out, there is nobody to hear us."

1526. A GOOD WIFE.

A preacher in a funeral sermon on a lady, after summing up her good qualities, added, "that she always reached her husband his hat when he called for it, without muttering."

1527. CHELTENHAM BON-MOT.

A party at one of the libraries was lately enumerating the complaints in which the waters are supposed to give relief. They dwelt particularly on the horrors of vitiated and redundant bile. One of them, an East Indian, whose countenance bespoke his malady, took up the

subject thus: "The antients, gentlemen, have spoken much of one Prometheus, who they say was chained up, whilst a vulture preyed continually on his liver. But what is the plain English of this?—The man was confined with a bilious complaint!"

1528. THE COCKNEYS PUZZLED ABOUT THE NAME OF THE BALLET OF TERPSICORE.

Says a fine city fop to a bold volunteer,
T-e-psicore's to be acted to night as I hear.
Now John, though an honest and good-humoured fellow,
Thought it still the best blessing of life to be mellow:
Quoth he, "My old regiment, I'll stick to no more,
I should like to belong to this same *tipsy-corps*."

1529. NO PERIOD TO LAW.

Some gentlemen talking of the inattention of writers to punctuation, it was observed that the lawyers used no stops in their writings. "I should think nothing," said one of the company, "of their not using commas, semicolons, or colons, but the worst is, they put no *periods* to their works.

1530. LITTLE JACK HORNER.

"Little Jack Horner, sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas pie,
He put in his thumb, and pull'd out a plumb,
And said what a good boy am I."

When the venal and base, to eke out job or place,
The national business delay,
Con-tracting, pro-tracting, sub-tracting, ex-acting,
And are paid ——— for mere taking of pay;

What are they but Jack Horners, who snag in their cor-
Cut freely the public pie; [ners,
Till each with his thumb, has squeez'd out a plumb,
Then cries, "What a good man am I!"

1531. JACK KETCH OUTWITTED.

A fel ow being adjudged to lose his ears, when Jack

Ketch came to put the law into force, he found the culprit already cropped. Jack seemed surprised, "What!" said the criminal, "Am I obliged to find ears every time you please?"

1532. A NATURAL MISTAKE.

At the ceremony of making a serjeant, in the Court of Common Pleas, an ass, which had mistaken its way, popped its head into court just as the late lord chief justice was repeating, "*Methinks I spy a brother!*"

1533. A GRAMMATICAL PUN.

A country schoolmaster being lately interrogated by one of his pupils with respect to the etymology of the word *syntax*, replied, after some consideration, that it received its meaning from the circumstances of the ancients having laid a *tax on sin*.

1534. ANECDOTE.

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

1535. PROLOGUE TO MR. H——, A FARCE, PERFORMED ONE NIGHT AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE, BUT AFTERWARDS WITHDRAWN.

If we have sinn'd in paring down a name,
 All civic well-bred authors do the same.
 Survey the columns of our daily writers—
 You'll find that some initials are great fighters:—
 How fierce the shock, how fatal is the jar,
 When ensign W—— meets lieut. R——,
 With two stout seconds, just of their own gizzard,
 Cross capt. X—— and rough old gen. Izzard;
 Letter to letter spreads the dire alarms,
 Till half the alphabet is up in arms.
 Nor with less lustre have initials shone,
 To grace the gentler annals of crim. con.
 Where the dispensers of the public lash
 Soft penance give—a letter and a dash——

Where vice, reduc'd in size, shrinks to a failing,
 And loses half his grossness by curtailing.
 Faux pas are told in such a modest way—
 “The *affair* of col. B—— with Mrs. A——.”
 You must excuse them—for what is there, say,
 Which such a pliant vowel must not grant
 To such a very pressing consonant?
 Or who poetic justice dares dispute,
 When mildly melting at a lover's suit;
 The wife a liquid—her good man a mûte!
 E'en in the homelier scenes of honest life,
 The coarse spun intercourse of man and wife,
 Initials, I am told, have taken place
 Of deary, spouse, and that old-fashion'd race:
 And Cabbage, ask'd by brother Snip to tea,
 Replies “I'll come—but it don't rest with me,
 I always leaves those things to Mrs. C——.”
 O should this mincing fashion ever spread
 From names of living heroes to the dead,
 How would Ambition sigh and hang her head,
 As each lov'd syllable should melt away,
 Her Alexander turn'd into great A!
 A single C—— her Cæsar to express;
 Her Scipio shorten'd to a Roman S——
 And nick'd and dock'd to these new modes of speech,
 Great Hannibal himself a Mr. H——.

1536. LATIN PUN.

The late Dr. King of Oxford, was a very conspicuous character; by actively interfering in some measures which materially affected the university at large, he became very popular with some individuals, and as obnoxious with others. The mode of expressing disapprobation at either of the Universities, in the senate-house, or schools, is by scraping with the feet: but deviating from usual custom, a party was made at Oxford to hiss Dr. King at the conclusion of a Latin Oration he had to make in some public character. This was accordingly done: the doctor, however, did not suffer himself to be disconcerted, but turning round to the vice-chancellor, said very gravely, in an audible voice, “*laudator ab his.*”

1537. MY WIFE AND THE PAIR OF SHOES.—A TALE.

A fellow, famous from his birth,
 For witty tricks, sir, and for mirth,
 Once roam'd about a country fair,
 And carry'd in his hand a pair
 Of shoes;

That they were water-proof he swore,
 And never once had they been wore
 Upon the toes.

From what he said there was no doubt

But that the shoes were very good;
 Indeed he swore they'd ne'er wear out,
 Let them be trode in how they would.

To hear this fellow talk and joke,

A gaping crowd soon gather'd round him,
 Swallowing the very words he spoke,

For none with questions could confound him.

“Gemmen,” says he, “I carry here

A pair of shoes for him to wear

Who will upon the gospel swear
 His lawful wife he does not fear.”

Conscience, that fierce disarming pow'r,

Made many of them look quite sour,

As if the de'il possess'd them;

Indeed there was not one that could

Swear even by his flesh and blood

His rib, sir, had not dress'd him.

Again the shoes the fellow wav'd in air,

But all was disappointment and despair.

Some time elaps'd—at length a clown appear'd

Who said he nothing fear'd;

“Nothing,” the fellow cried, “have you a wife?”

“I have, and love her as my life;

She's comely, sprightly, dresses tight and clean,

And, zooks, I think the very shoes I've seen

Will fit

Her feet.”

“You're sure,” the wag replied, “you're speaking

“Upon my soul I an't afear'd of Ruth,” [truth?”

The bumpkin cried, and with a frown
 Offer'd to back his answer with a crown.
 "Then swear it," quoth the wag, "upon this book;"
 John doff'd his hat, and straight the oath he took;
 And then, with simp'ring jaws, and goggle eyes,
 He scratch'd his mopsy-head, and claim'd the prize.

"Take thou the shoes," the wag replied anon,
 "For thou dost certainly deserve them, John,
 But to preserve them,

Let me advise you that you take
 Of blacking, John, this patent cake,
 And frequently, and freely use
 The liquid it will make, about the shoes."

"Odds rabbit it!" the bumpkin said,
 Look'd at his bran-span coat, and scratch'd his head.
 "Why, what's the matter?" gravely ask'd the wag:

"Why now I think on't, if I take the blacking,
 And hap to dirt my pocket with the same;"

"What then? friend John."—"Odds clouts, my dame
 Would give me what she calls a *whacking*."

John now becomes the public butt—the wag,
 Popping the shoes into a bag,
 Exclaim'd,

"Go home, and let thy courage be reclaim'd,
 And learn from me, my friend, it is my plan,
 That any man,

Whether he lives in poverty or riches,
 Before he puts these shoes upon his feet,
 Shall wear, what makes the married *man* compleat,
 "The *breeches*."

1538. A BROAD HINT.

A person went out with an intention of dining with a gentleman, but returned soon after. His wife asked him how he had come back; he said he had a *hint* given him, that his company would be dispensed with,—the fact is, he was kicked down stairs.

1539. THE POLITE TURN.

A French officer in the Canadian war, as often as he

was defeated, used to write to his general, that he found it convenient to change his front.

1540. OFTEN THE CASE.

A person who was considerably involved in debt, was asked how he could sleep at night. "You should rather wonder," said he, "how my creditors sleep."

1541. A SUBSTITUTE.

The following circular application was lately made by the widow of a shoemaker in Dublin, to her late husband's customers: "My husband, Terrence O'Donochan, is dead; but this is nothing at all; for Patrick Murphy, our journeyman, will keep doing for me the same as he did before; and he can work a good deal better than Terrence did, poor man, at the last, as I have had experience of, because of his age and ailment; so I hope of your custom."

1542. A METAPHOR.

When a woman is married, the law language says, "she is *clothed with a husband*." The metaphor, in all probability, is taken from a cloak.

1543. IRISH GAME.

The following article appeared in an Irish newspaper during the rebellion: "General —— scoured the country yesterday, but had not the good fortune to meet with a single rebel."

1544. LAME AND BLIND.

During the retreat of the British last war in Holland, a soldier who had lost a leg was left behind with another who had lost both eyes. As they were assisting each other in their misfortune, a cry was made that the enemy was coming up. "Thank God!" said the latter, "I shan't see them."—"And I'll be damned," said his comrade, "if I run away from them."

1545. PRINTING.—A SONG.

When learning and science were both sunk in night,
 And genius and freedom were banish'd outright,
 The invention of Printing soon brought all to light :
 Then carol the praises of Printing,
 And sing in the noble art's praise.

Then all who profess this great heaven-taught art,
 And have liberty, virtue, and knowledge at heart,
 Come join in these verses, and now bear a part,
 To carol, &c.

Tho' every composer a *galley* must have,
 Yet judge not from that a composer's a slave,
 For printing hath often dug tyranny's grave.
 Then carol, &c.

If *correction* he needs, all mankind does the same,
 When he *quadrates* his matter, he is not to blame,
 For to *justification* he lays a strong claim.
 Then carol, &c.

Tho' he daily *imposes*, 'tis not to do wrong,
 Like Nimrod he follows the *chase* all day long,
 And always to him a good *slice* does belong.
 Then carol, &c.

Thro' friendly to peace, yet *French canon* he loves,
 Expert in his *great and long primer* he proves ;
 And with skill and address all his *furniture* moves.
 Then carol, &c.

Tho' no antiquary he deals much in *coins*,
 And freedom with loyalty closely combines,
 And to aid the republic of letters he joins.
 Then carol, &c.

Extremes he avoids and in *medium* invites,
 Tho' no blockhead he often in *foolscap* delights,
 And *handies* his *shooting-stick* tho' he ne'er fights.
 Then carol, &c.

But the art to complete, the stout pressmen must come,
 And make use of their *balls*, their *friskets*, and *drum*,
 And to strike the impression the *plattin* pull home.
 Then carol, &c.

But, as the old proverb declares very clear, [near,
 We're the farthest from God when the church we are
 So in all printing *chapels*, do devils appear.
 Then carol, &c.

On the press, truth, religion, and learning depends,
 Whilst that remains free, slav'ry ne'er gains its end,
 Then my *bodkin* in him who is not Printing's friend,
 And carol the praises of Printing,
 And sing in that noble art's praise.

1546. A GIFT RESUMED.

In St. John's College, Oxon, there is a very curious portrait of Charles I. done with a pen, in such a manner that the lines are formed by verses from the psalms, and so contrived as to contain every psalm. When Charles II. was once at Oxford, he was greatly struck with this portrait, begged it of the college, and promised, in return, to grant them whatever request they should make. This they consented to, and gave his majesty this picture, accompanied with the request, which was—that he would give it them again.

1547. DAYS OF VORE.

Among the many duties anciently attached to the high office of Earl Marshal of England was the following, which, we think, if now put into practice, would not merely increase the business of that great officer, but would create some little bustle in the purlieus of St. James's: "The earl marshal hath a verge to be carried before the king; whereupon the space about the king, wheresoever he be in England, containing twelve miles, is called the verge. It is his charge, and the charge of those assigned unto him, to keep the verge from harlots. The marshal shall have, from every common harlotte found within the lymittes of the house, fourpence the

first day.—If she be found agayne, she shall be forbidden before the steward not to enter the kyng's house, nor the Queene's, nor their children's.—If the thyrd time she be found, she shall be imprysoned or abjured the court; if she be found the fourth time, her hair shall be shaven; and, the fifthe time, the upper lyp shall be cut off."

1548. PAROCHIAL CERTIFICATE.

Certificate of character given to a young girl, upon her removing from one parish in the Highlands to another, deposited with the session clerk:—"This certify that Isable Wier served with us during the half year, and found her in every respect *credidable* and *free* of nothing that was in any way *rong*.
MICHAEL WELSH.

1549. IRISH ACCURACY.

The following is a copy of an advertisement which appeared in a Dublin paper: "A horse.—To be sold a beautiful *mare*.—Would mount a lady well; or draw a gig in an elegant style.—Any gentleman in want of a *horse* for the season, will in *her* find a valuable acquisition. Enquire, &c."

1550. BIRMINGHAM LIAR.

A gentleman told his friends that he was born in Birmingham, and though he loved the country, and respected its inhabitants, yet he must in justice declare, that all people born in that town, and its vicinity, were the greatest liars in the universe. "Then," says a gentleman present, "if you speak truth, you lie; and if you lie, you speak truth."

1551. RECIPE FOR GETTING GOOD CUSTOM.

During the period when king James I. studied the sciences at St. Andrews, under the tuition of the celebrated George Buchanan, every sort of superior learning and knowledge was considered by the illiterate and superstitious vulgar, as proceeding from magic, or, as it was usually termed, the black art. On this

principle, George Buchanan, on account of his superior attainments in literature, was esteemed a wizzard, or one who, by the use of certain charms and incantations, could work miracles. A poor woman, who kept an ale-house in St. Andrews, and who, by some means or other, had lost all her custom, applied to George for his witchcraft assistance. After some serious conversation, George told her, that if she strictly adhered to his instructions, she would soon become very rich. To remove all his doubts, she gave him the strongest assurances of her punctual compliance with his orders. "Then Maggie, (said the learned wizard,) the next time you brew, throw out of the vat six ladles full of water in the de'il's name, turning between each ladle full round on the left; this done, put six ladles full of malt in the vat in God's name, turning round by the right between each time. And in addition to this, be sure to wear this bandage about your neck, and never open it till the day of your death." Maggie strictly obeyed, and in the course of a few years accumulated great riches. At her death the bandage was opened in a solemn manner, when it was found to contain a label of paper, on which were written these words:

"Gin Maggie brew good ale,
She will get good sale."

1552. THE PARSON'S WIG.—AN EPIGRAM.

Fam'd parson Patten wore a comely wig,
With which in pulpit he look'd wond'rous big;
But time, destroyer of all earthly things,
In Patten's wig sad revolution brings.
Poor was the parson, and his credit bad,
Another caxon was not to be had;
So often had it shewn itself at pray'rs,
At length it counted more of years than hairs.

1553. AN IMPROMPTU.

G. A. Stevens having played at Lynne, in Norfolk, several nights to an empty barn, neglected to perfect himself in the part of Lorenzo, in the Merchant of Ve-

nice, which he had given out to perform before the company left town. He however bustled through it tolerable well, till he got to the part where he should address Jessica on the subject of Leander's being drowned in crossing the Hellespont, where he made a monstrous boggle, which was so intolerable to the audience, that a general hiss from all parts expressed their disapprobation, and he retired, as he called it, in a blaze. As soon as silence was obtained by his exit, he returned on the stage, leading Jessica forward, with whom he addressed the audience thus:

“ O Jessica, in such a night as this we came to town,
And since that night have touch'd but half-a-crown;
Let you and I, then, bid these folks good night,
Lest we by longer stay are starved quite.”

1554. ACME OF DISTRESS.

Mr. Moore having been long under a prosecution in Doctors Commons, his proctor called on him one day while he was composing the tragedy of the Gamester. The proctor having sat down, he read him four acts of the piece, being all he had written, by which the man of law was so much affected, that he exclaimed, “ Good god ! can you add to this couple's distress in the last act ? ” — “ Oh ! very easily,” said the poet, “ I intend to put them in the spiritual court.”

1555. A SKETCH.

Whom shalt thou, 'midst this full-blown garden choose,
To form thy first bright wreath, discerning muse ?
Say, are not her's the most exalted charms,
Who lures an H—— A—— to her arms ?
And hopes to shine the first of royal —
The Gwyns surpassing e'en and Pompadours ?
While with deep groans foreboding parents breathe,
And turn their eyes indignant to Blackheath.

1556. MORALITY.

A bookseller who publishes a Bible in numbers, with plates, has had information laid against him by the Soci-

ety for the Suppression of Vice, on the charge of exhibiting Eve in a state of nudity before her first fall.

1557. PROPER PRIVACY.

A married lady just arrived from the West Indies, begged of the accoucheur to recommend her a private place for her lying in. He asked what reason a married lady could have to lie in privately. "To tell you the truth," said she, "I wish to be private till I know what colour the child is."

1558. A MEDICAL OPINION.

A lady having brought forth a full-grown child six months after her marriage, her husband asked his physician if such a circumstance was common. "It not unfrequently happens," said the doctor, "with the first child, but never afterwards."

1559. MATRIMONY.

I will not have a man that's tall,
 A man that's little is worse than all;
 I will not have a man that's fair,
 A man that's black I cannot bear;
 A young man is a constant pest,
 An old one would my room infest;
 A man of sense they say is proud,
 A senseless one is always loud;
 A man that's rich I'm sure won't have me,
 And one that's poor I fear would starve me:
 A sailor always smells of tar,
 A rogue, they say, is at the bar;
 A sober man I will not take,
 A gambler soon my heart would break;
 Of all professions, tempers, ages,
 Not one my buoyant heart engages;
 Yet strange and wretched is my fate,
 For still I sigh for the marriage state.

1560. THE TARGET.

A part of the prince of Wales's artillery corps made an

excursion to Woolwich, in order to fire at the target; when, in the course of their evolutions, an individual of the regiment, who is called by his brother volunteers the field-marshal, from not taking his aim correctly, killed an unfortunate cow that was grazing close by. This ludicrous incident has given rise to the following

IMPROMPTU.

Artillery lads a shooting went
At target; but, somehow,
A ball to hit the *bull's-eye* meant,
Went wrong, and shot a *cow*.

Field-Marshal brave! thy fame is scal'd,
Of thee the corps is proud;
Since now, 'tis plain, that in the field
Thou never wilt be *cowed*.

1561. TO A FRIEND.

Of two illustrious statesmen dead,
You ask, dear friend, what may be said
Of either's memory?
For once, I answer you in rhyme,
That Pitt may be compared to *time*,
Fox, to *eternity*.

1562. A SMITHFIELD BARGAIN.

A man tired of his rib, carried her to Smithfield-market, where he led her along, crying, "A wife to be sold! a wife to be sold."—"Aye, and a good one," said she. "A hum!" ejaculated the husband.

1563. A VALUABLE WOMAN.

The following is copied literally from a Dublin newspaper, of 16th of August, 1806.

For the good of the public.

Mary Walker, who lately arrived here from Philadelphia, Venice, the Madeira Islands, London, and Liverpool, under God, by her directions, has brought women to bear children that never had any, tho' many years

married, certificates whereof, by people of character in England, Ireland, &c. she has to produce; a few of such as have received the expected benefit by her, and are herein inserted at their own request, viz. Mrs. Nicholson of Liverpool, delivered some time ago of a son in the 31st year of her marriage, who never had a child before; Mrs. Anne Barker of Ross, in the county of Wexford, of a daughter, in February last, though barren during her marriage, eight years before; and a lady lately come to town from Leicester, who was delivered of a son the beginning of last August, whose name she will forbear to mention in a public manner; and several others too tedious to mention. She will likewise tell in twenty-four hours whether it be the husband or wife's fault that they have not children, and will make him or her be as fruitful as any man or woman in the kingdom, provided the woman be not past child-bearing. She has many now under her care that have conceived, who are ready and willing to satisfy any that may doubt her success if required.

P. S. This being a secret practised by her grandmother with success, and descended to her; but owns to be ignorant in either physic, surgery, or midwifery, therefore hopes the gentlemen of that faculty will take no umbrage, provided she gives a clear demonstration of what she professes.

1564. A SONG OF CONTRADICTIONS.

By Mac Laren, the Scotch dramatist.

Tom Walker was riding, Jack Rider on foot,
 Sall Black was quite fair, Betty White was like soot,
 Jack Coward in battle some hundreds did slay,
 Ned Valiant grew faint-hearted and ran away.
 Joe Little was tallest among many men,
 Sam Big was in stature a perfect bit wren;
 But some have asserted, and I do the same,
 That we never should judge any man by his name.

Bill *Swift* in foot-racing came always behind,
 Dan *Slow* was in motion more fleet than the wind,
 Dick *Lion* was harmless, and perfectly tame,
 Jack *Lamb* could spread terror wherever he came,
 Matt *Garret* in cellars would oftentimes lye,
 Ben *Kitchen* took lodgings adjoining the sky.

But some have asserted, and I do the same,
 That we never should judge any man by his name.

1565. PRUDENT PRECAUTION.

A lady begged of her lover to give her his picture to hang at her breast. Said he, "That would at once let your husband know of our amour."—"Ah" said she with naiveté, "but, I would not have it drawn like you."

1566. POLOGUE SPOKEN BY MR. BARRINGTON, ON OPENING THE THEATRE AT SYDNEY, BOTANY BAY.

From distant climes o'er wide spread seas we come,
 Tho' not with much eclat or beat of drum.
 True patriots all, for be it understood,
 We left our country for our country's good;
 No private views disgrac'd our generous zeal,
 What urg'd our travels, was our country's weal;
 And none will doubt, but that our emigration
 Has prov'd most useful to the British nation.
 But you enquire what could our breasts inflame
 With this new fashion for theatric fame?
 What in the practice of our former days
 Could shape our talents to exhibit plays?
 Your patience, sirs, some observations made,
 You'll grant us equal to the scenic trade.
 He who to midnight ladders is no stranger,
 You'll own will make an admirable *Ranger*.
 To see *Macheath* we have not far to roam,
 And sure in *Filch* I shall be quite at home;
 Unrivall'd there, none will dispute my claim
 To high pre-eminence and exalted fame.
 As oft on *Gadshill* we have ta'en our stand,
 When 'twas so dark you could not see your hand,

Some true-bred Falstaff we may hope to start,
 Who, when well bolster'd, well will play his part;
 The scene to vary, we shall try in time
 To treat you with a little pantomime;
 Here light and eazy columbines are found,
 And *well-try'd* harlequins with us abound;
 From durance vile our precious selves to keep
 We often had recourse to a flying-leap!
 To a black face have sometimes ow'd a 'scape,
 And Hounslow Heath has proy'd the worth of crape,
 But how, you ask, can we e'er hope to soar
 Above these scenes, and rise to tragic lore?
 Too oft, alas! we forc'd the unwilling tear,
 And petrified the heart with real fear!
 Macbeth a harvest of applause will reap,
 For some of us, I fear, have murder'd sleep!
 His lady too, with grace will sleep and talk;
 Our females have been used at night to walk.
 Sometimes, indeed, so various is our art,
 An actor may improve and mend his part.
 "Give me a horse!" bawls Richard like a drone;
 We'll find a man would help himself to one.
 Grant us your favour, put us to the test,
 To raise your smiles we'll do our very best;
 And without dread of future turnkey *Lockits*,
 Thus, in an *honest* way, still pick your pockets.

1567. THE HANGMAN.

Executions not being altogether so frequent in Sweden as here, there are many towns in that country without an executioner. In one of these a criminal was sentenced to be hanged, which occasioned some little embarrassment, as it obliged them to bring a hangman from a distance at a considerable expence, besides the customary fee of two crowns. A young tradesman, belonging to the city council, giving his sentiments, said, "I think, gentlemen, we had best give the malefactor the two crowns, and let him go and be hanged where he pleases."

1568. A DOUBLE ENTENDRE.

A horse belonging to a student at Oxford, having trespassed on the premises of one of the heads of a college, the latter sent him to his master, with a message, that if ever he found the horse there again, he would cut off his tail. "You may tell the doctor," said the student, to the messenger, "if he cuts off my horse's tail, I'll cut off his ears." The two happening to meet next day, the senator asked the student imperiously, how he dared to send him so impertinent a message? "Sir," answered he submissively, "I meant nothing disrespectful; I only said, if you cut off my horse's tail, I would cut off *his* ears."

1569. SCIENTIFIC DISTINCTIONS.

A learned physician, and fellow of the Royal Society, seeing over the door of a paltry public-house, "The Crown and Thistle, by Malcolm Mac Tavish, M. D. F. R. S." went in and severely took to task the landlord for this presumptuous insult on science. Boniface, with a respect but firmness which shewed he had been a soldier, assured the doctor, that he meant no insult on science. "What right then," asked he, "have you to put up these letters after your name?"—"I have as good a right to these," answered the landlord, "as you, having been *Drum Major of the Royal Scotch Fusileers.*"

1570. MRS. DIDIER'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

Spoken at the Bath Theatre, Feb. 7, 1807.

Can none remember, nay, I know all must,
 When the great Siddons gave her reasons just,
 For quitting those whose approbation drew
 Her wond'rous merits first to public view.
Three reasons only could that prop unfix,
 Whilst dame Didier, alas! has *sixty-six*;
 Look in my face, and there too plain appears,
 Th' unerring mark of six and sixty years.

1579. A DEBT OF HONOUR.

In Mr. Fox's frolicsome days, a tradesman who held his bill for two hundred pounds, called for payment. Charles said he could not then pay him. "How can that be," said the creditor, "you have just now lying before you bank-notes to a large amount?"—"These," replied Mr. Fox, "are for paying debts of honour." The tradesman immediately threw his bill into the fire. "Now, sir," said he, "mine is a debt of honour, which I can't oblige you to pay." Charles immediately paid.

1580. A MELANCHOLY RECOLLECTION.

An Irish gentleman passing by Greenwich Hospital, observed, "I never can see that place without almost crying, it puts me so much in mind of my father's stables."

1581. TO CHLOE.

I prithee send me back my heart,
 Since you refuse me thine;
 For, if from your's you will not part,
 Why should you fetter mine?
 Yet, now I think on't,—let it lie;
 To send it me were vain:
 For there's a thief in either eye
 Would steal it back again.

1582. ANTETERRESTRIAL GENEALOGY.

A Scotch gentleman, of the name of Urquhart, has published a book tracing his genealogy back for twelve thousand years! In the middle of the work is the following N. B. "About this time the world was created."

1583. A NARCOTIC.

A gentleman being ill, could get no sleep; opiates were in vain. He had a son, a sort of a natural, who said, "If you read ever so short a chapter of the bible to father, he'll sleep directly." By the way of whim, the experiment was tried and succeeded.

1584. A COURTIER BIT.

William I. of Prussia, notwithstanding his indifference to the arts in general, had a taste above mediocrity in painting. He used to shew his paintings, and they were of course admired. "How much do you think this might sell for?" said he one day to his courtiers. "At a hundred ducats, sire."—"It would be dog cheap," replied one of them. "Well," said William, who loved money, "I will give it to you for fifty, because I see you are a good judge, and am happy to do you a pleasure." The poor courtier, obliged to carry it away, and, what was worse, to pay for this miserable daubing, resolved in future to be more circumspect in his praises.

1585. MENTAL RESERVATION.

An Irish sailor, in a storm, invoked his tutelary saint, promising, that if he would deliver him out of his present danger, he should offer to him a candle as large as the mainmast; which one of his companions overhearing, whispered, that he would never be able to do it. "Hush," replied he, "I must speak him fair now, but if I once get safe on shore, I'll make him satisfied with a rush-light."

1586. AN INVITATION DECLINED.

A thief being to be hanged at Newgate, the ordinary bade him be of good cheer, for "this night," said he, "thou shalt sup with the lord in Paradise."—"I am much obliged to you," replied the other, "but I had rather be excused, for I am now no supper-man."

1587. EPIGRAM.

Thomas Bastard, esq. educated at Wykeham's school, admitted fellow of New College 1588, wrote the following epitaph on his three wives:

Though marriage by most folks be reckoned a curse,
 Three wives did I marry for better or worse;
 The first for her person—the next for her purse—
 And the third for a warming-pan, doctress, and nurse.

1588. THE BATHOS.

A provincial newspaper giving an account of a violent hurricane, says, "That it shattered mountains, tore up oaks by the roots, and carried them through the air to a great distance; dismantled churches, laid villages waste, and overturned a hay-stack."

1589. CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

A soldier having, by order of a court-martial, been sentenced to receive corporal punishment, one of the drummers, ordered to inflict it, absolutely refused, saying, that it was not his duty. "Not your duty!" said the serjeant-major. "Not your duty!" repeated the adjutant, "what do you mean?"—"I know very well," replied the drummer, "that it is not my duty: I was present at the court-martial as well as you, and I heard the colonel say, he was to receive *corporal* punishment. I am only a drummer, not a corporal."

1590. A CAUSE OF GRATITUDE.

An Irishman was run over by a troop of horse, and miraculously escaped unhurt. "Down on your knees and thank God," said one of the spectators. "Thank God," said he, "for what? is it for letting a troop of horse run over me?"

1591. A TRADESMAN ABOVE HIS BUSINESS.

A soldier who was very industrious, employed all the time he was off duty, in work as a labourer; but thinking if he were to learn a trade it would be more profitable, as well as easier, he consulted his colonel, of whom he was a considerable favourite. The colonel approved his resolution, and asked what trade he meant to apply himself to. "Please your honour," said he, "I was thinking to be a lady's garter-maker."—"I am afraid," replied the colonel, "you would soon be above your business."

1592. MRS. ARMSTEAD.

The following lines were addressed by Mr. Fox to this lady, since Mrs. Fox, on his birth-day, 24th January, 1799, when he had attained his fiftieth year.

Of years I have now half a century past,
 And none of the fifty so blest as the last;
 How it happens my troubles thus daily should cease,
 And my happiness thus with my years should increase,
 This defiance of nature's more general laws,
 You alone can explain who alone are the cause.

1593. A JUDICIAL EXPERIMENT.

The conversation in a company at a coffee-house, turned on the young men who lately tried the effect of suspension by the rope. A gentleman present observed, that he would not put the experiment to trial, without first having the approbation of a judge.

1594. A FRENCH ECHO.

The great lord Verulam says, when I went to the echo at Port Charenton, there was an old Parisian, that took it to be the work of good spirits, "For," said he, "call *Satan*, and the echo will not deliver back the devil's name, but will say *va'ten*."

1595. DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

Mr. H. Erskine one day meeting the duchess of Gordon's sister, the late lady Wallace, paid her a compliment on her looks. "Lord!" said she, "I'm grown as fat as a whale."—"I wish," quoth he, "I were Jonas."—"What!" replied she, "three days and three nights?"

1596. PRICE OF A WIFE.

The lady of a certain manor having promised a young man to portion any young woman in the village he should fix on for his wife, gave him, one morning, ten pounds for the purpose, at the same time expressing a desire to

see his bride: he carried her the most deformed and plain woman he could select. "Bless me!" she exclaimed, "and is this your choice?"—"Lord love you!" replied the youth archly, "what could I expect for ten pounds?"

1597. KINGS MAY MISTAKE.

Soon after lord S——'s elevation to the peerage, he happened to observe, in company, that authors were often very ridiculous in the titles they gave. "That," said a gentleman present, "is an error from which even kings appear not to be exempt."

1598. A NEW RELATIONSHIP.

A lady being in company with a lad, observed, "Young gentleman, I had like to have been your mother?"—"How could that be?" answered he. She replied, "Before your father and mother were married, your father and I were on the point of matrimony, and then, you know, when you was born you would have been my son."

1599. ABRAHAM NEWLAND.

A Dialogue.

Friend. Newland hath just expir'd! Oh matchless name!
Most sterling writer on the rolls of fame.

Poet. Just dead! I've seen so little from his pen,
I vow I thought him dead the lord knows when.

1600. NAIVETE.

A pot-girl belonging to a village ale-house thought proper one day to go to be catechised. Being at the head of the pew, the curate began with her, "What is thy name?"—"Lord, sir," said she, "how can you ask that question, when every night you cry out a dozen times, *Nan, you w——, bring us another pot!*"

1601. ALL HUMBUGS.

When Stephen Kemble was manager at Newcastle, and the houses were rather thin, no less a personage arrived

in town than prince Annamaboo, who offered his services for a very moderate consideration. Accordingly, the bills of the day announced, "that between the acts of the play, prince Annamaboo would give a lively representation of the scalping operation; he would likewise give the Indian war-whoop in all its various tones, the tomahawk exercise, and the mode of feasting at an Abyssinian banquet." The evening arrived, and many people attended to witness these princely imitations. At the end of the third act his highness walked forward, with dignified step, flourishing his tomahawk, and cut the air, exclaiming, "ha ha—ho ho!" Next entered a man with his face blackened, and a piece of bladder fastened to his head with gum; the prince, with a large carving knife, commenced the scalping operation, which he performed in a style truly imperial, holding up the skin in token of triumph—Next came the war-whoop, which was a combination of dreadful and discordant sounds; lastly the Abyssinian banquet, consisting of raw beef-steaks; these he made into rolls, as large as his mouth would admit, and devoured them in a princely and dignified manner. Having completed his cannibal repast, he flourished his tomahawk, exclaiming, "ha ha—ho ho!" and made his exit. Next day, the manager, in the middle of the market-place, espied the most puissant prince of Annamaboo selling pen-knives, scissars, and quills, in the character of a Jew pedlar. "What!" said Kemble, "my prince, is that you? are not you a pretty Jewish scoundrel to impose upon us in this manner?" Moses turned round, and with an arch look replied, "Prince be d—d, I vash no prince, I vash acting like you—you vash kings, princes, emperor to-night, Stephen Kembles to-morrow; I vash humpugs, you vash humpugs, and all vash humpugs."

1602. THE ANTIGALLICAN.

A Frenchman in a coffee-house called for a gill of wine, which was brought him in a glass. He said it was the French custom to bring wine in a measure; said the waiter, "We wish for no French *measures* here."

1603. A QUOTATION APPLIED TO MISS LONG, A LITTLE LADY.

Where any thing abounds, we find
That nobody will have it;
But when there's *little* of the kind,
Don't all the people crave it?

If wives are evils, as 'tis known
And woefully confess'd,
The man who's wise will surely own
A *little* one is best.

The god of love's a *little* wight,
But beautiful as thought;
Thou too art *little*—fair as light,
And every thing in *short*.

Oh! happy girl! I think thee so,
For mark the poet's song:
"Man wants but *little* here below,
Nor wants that little *Long*."

1604. A GALLOWS JOKE.

A Frenchman and an Irishman being to be hanged at the same time, the former was sadly in the dumps; when his companion blasted him for a snivelling coward. "Ah!" said he, "it is nothing to you Irishmen, you are used to it." When the hangman was putting the rope round his neck, he exclaimed piteously *miseracorde! miseracorde!*—"Measure the cord! you thief," says Jack Ketch, "I'll warrant it long enough to hang half a dozen such rogues as you."

1605. THE BARDS.

The following jeu d'esprit lately passed between Dr. Walcot, (the celebrated Peter Pindar) and Mr. Pratt. Dr. Walcot had just returned from Cornwall, and he an-

nounced his arrival to his friend, Mr. Phillips, in these pleasant rhymes :

Great patron of the muses, say,
The hour precisely and the day,
On which thou askest me to dine ?
And empt thy bottles, and thy jars
Amidst the host of brother stars,
That in thy Bridge-street Zodiac shine.

May 24, 1806.

To R. Phillips, esq.

J. WALCOT.

ANSWER, EXTEMPORE,

BY MR. PRATT, WHO HAPPENED TO BE DINING WITH MR. PHILLIPS, WHEN DR. WALCOT'S EPISTLE WAS OPENED.

O mighty Czar of modern satire,
Thy Muse less social than thy nature,
By me, great Phillips of the city,
Chief patron of the wise and witty,
Hails thy return, and swears while able
To place a bottle on his table.
Genius and worth of every class
Shall never want a welcome glass.
Of course the age's tuneful thumper
May always claim an ample bumper !
He adds a vow, to tell thee when
The bards in Bridge-street meet again,
And till that day of mental treating
I pray accept the gleaner's greeting.

May 25th, 1806.

1606. EFFECTS OF EDUCATION.

An ancient maiden lady had a present sent her of a parrot, which in its voyage from the West Indies had learned a number of naughty words from his fellow-passengers in the fore-castle. While the good damsel admired his beauty, she was shocked at his immorality, observing what a pity it was they had not rather taught him his creed. She flattered herself, however, that as he would now associate with her other parrot, who repeat-

ed the Lord's prayer, the creed, and the litany, he would soon reform and forget his vulgar sea-phrases. The same afternoon the lady had a party of pious dames to tea, to whom she introduced both her birds, first giving her new comer a caution to behave well. Poll, however, to her utter mortification, and the profanation of her guests, exclaimed, "Damn the old b—— my mistress," while her more godly brother uttered his response, "We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!"

1607. VENUS AND ADONIS.—BY SHAKSPEARE.

Fair Venus, with Adonis sitting by her,
 Under a myrtle shade began to woo him.
 She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
 And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
 "Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god embrac'd
 And then she clip'd Adonis in her arms; [me,"
 "Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god unlac'd me;"
 As if the boy should use such loving charms.
 "Even thus," quoth she, "he seized on my lips,"
 And on his lips, with this, did act the seizure;
 But as she fetched breath, away he trips,
 And would not take her meaning, or her pleasure.
 Ah! that I had my lady at that bay,
 To kiss and clip me till I ran away!

1608. TANDEM DRIVING.

At length Bill Puncheon sees his sire laid low;
 At length Bill Puncheon means to be "the go;"
 At length he soars to manage whip and reins:
 At length he's "all the kick" from Bow to Staines;
 At length he drives upon Newmarket sod;
 At length he drives, until he drives to—quod.

1609. DOGS WITH CHRISTIAN NAMES.

A man who had a dog pupped on Michaelmas-day,
 called it Michael. His son asked him, "Father, what

would you have called it, had it been pupp'd on Christmas-day?"

1610. JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

Quoth Tom to Sue, " My life, my dear!
I'm fascinated when you're near,
But when you're absent from my sight,
No object can afford delight;
I mourn, I grieve, I sigh and weep,
The live-long night I cannot sleep."
Quoth Sue, " You're laughing in your sleeve,
These idle tales I'll ne'er believe;
You never in my absence pine,
But drown your cares in floods of wine;
No female charms to you afford
Joys like the Bacchanalian board,
Your want of sleep is all a fudge."
Says Tom, " Take half my bed, and judge."

1611. EPIGRAM.

Young Saul went out, as holy writ doth say,
To seek his father's asses gone astray;
Should younger George on such a job go out,
He'd find his father's ministers no doubt.

1612. WOMEN'S PRIOR TITLE TO LEARNING.—BY POPE.

Impertinent schools, with musty dull rules,
Have learning to females denied,
Thus Papists refuse, the bible to use,
Lest flocks should be as wise as their guide.

'Twas woman at first, (indeed she was curst,)
In knowledge that tasted delight;
And sages agree, the law should decree
To the first of possessors the right.

1613. A VIEW IN SCOTLAND.

The late Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Webb,
and others during the vacation of the Edinburgh Theatre,
formed a strolling company to the West of Scotland. At

Dumbarton, finding their receipt very poor, they, as a last resource, advertised a charming view of Lochlomond, to procure which, they mustered among them half a guinea to a scene-painter, who was one of the company. Mr. Brush, however, thinking a bird in the hand worth two in the bush, brushed off with the gold, and when the hour of performance came, neither scene nor painter were to be found. Meanwhile the stable in which they played was crowded with company, anxious to behold this fine view. They became impatient, and threatened vengeance on the actors, who finding themselves in such danger, resolved to make their escape through a small window, being the only aperture they could command. After some of them had got through, Mrs. Webb, from her corpulence, fairly stuck fast, and from her exertions, her clothes were so much discomposed, that she presented a full prospect of the broadest part of her body. At this moment, Dick Wilson, with a happy presence of mind, put the audience in good humour, by pulling up the curtain, and addressing them, "Ladies and gentlemen, behold the view of Lochlomond!"

1614. THE BACCHANALIAN RIVALS.

Two actors who jovially bow to the shrine
Of the god who presides o'er the fruit of the vine,
In order the *bill* most attractive to make,
Disputed what plays they should mutually take;
'Till at length (surely tippling gives exquisite pleasure,)
They sate down and agreed to take Measure for Measure.

1615. BOTTOM TO THE LAST.

A jester being on his death-bed, one of his companions begged when he got to the other world, he would put in a good word for him, "I may perhaps forget," said he; "tie a string about my finger."

1616. ANOTHER.

Rabelais, after he had received extreme unction, ordered his Domino to be put on him, saying, "*Beati qui in Domino moriuntur.*"

1617. THE ARGUMENT.

Imitated from Anacreon.

Ah ! fly me not then, lovely fair,
 But let my passion be return'd,
 Though cruel time my golden hair
 Has all to silver ringlets turn'd.

In thee the flow'rs of beauty breathe,
 Yet ne'er despise these locks of mine ;
 For think in chaplet or in wreath,
 How sweet the rose and lilly twine.

CLASSICAL BULLS.

1618. MILTON.

"God and his son except,
 Created thing nor valued he nor fear'd."

1619. ANOTHER.

"Adam the goodliest of men since born,
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters, Eve."

1620. ANOTHER.

"Who will tempt with wandering feet
 The dark unbottom'd, infinite abyss,
 Or through the palpable obscure, find out
 His uncouth way."

1621. ANOTHER.

"The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer."

1622. SHAKSPEARE.

"I will strive with things impossible,
 Yea get the better of them."

1623. DR. JOHNSON.

"Turn from the glitt'ring bribe your scornful eye,
 Nor sell for gold what gold can never buy."

1624. ANOTHER.

“Shakspeare has not only shewn human nature as it is, but as it would be found in *situations to which it cannot be exposed.*”

1625. ANOTHER.

In his tour to the Hebrides, he says, “these observations were made by *favour of a contrary wind.*” And elsewhere, “The Scottish dialect is likely to become in half a century *provincial and rustic even to themselves.*”

1626. ANOTHER.

In his life of Pope he observes, that every monumental inscription should be in Latin; for that being a *dead language*, it will always *live.*

1627. ANOTHER.

“Nor yet perceived the vital spirit fled,
But still fought on, nor knew that he was dead.”

1628. POPE.

On an eagle and her young.

“Eight callow infants fill'd the mossy nest,
Herself the ninth.”

1629. ANOTHER.

“When first young Maro, in his noble mind,
A work *t'outlast immortal Rome* design'd.”

1630. DRYDEN.

“Obey'd as sovereign by thy subjects be,
But know that *I* alone am king of *me.*”

1631. ANOTHER.

“A horrid *silence* first invades the ear.”

1632. THOMSON.

“He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.”

1633. VIRGIL.

"Moriatur et in media arma ruamus."

1634. HOME.

"The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a *stilly sound*."

1635. GREY.

"To each their suff'rings; all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The feeling for another's woes,
Th' *unfeeling for their own*."

1636. PUN OF CHURCHILL.

The late Mr. Churchill having baptised the child of a friend, and coming after the ceremony into an adjoining room, where was the child's grandfather and several other friends of the family, the old fellow desired the parson would tell them how little miss had behaved at her sprinkling. "As well as they generally do," replied Charles, "there was a little whimpering to be sure." Aye, aye, said the grandfather, that's the way, that's the way; they come crying into the world, and are perpetually out of temper 'till they go out of it; is not it so, Charles?" --- "It certainly is," replied Churchill, "it certainly is; but it is not confined to them, we are all of us out of temper when we are *cross'd*."

1637. ROYAL TASTE AND PATRONAGE.

When Hogarth had finished his print of "The March of the Guards to Finchley Common," he proposed dedicating it to the king, and for that purpose went to court to be introduced. Previous to his majesty's appearance, Hogarth was spied by some of the courtiers, who guessing his business, begged to have a peep; he complied, and received much laughter and commendation. Soon after, however, the king entered the drawing-room, when Hogarth presented his print; but no sooner had the mo-

maroh thrown his eyes upon it, than he exclaimed, "Dendermons and death, you Hogarth, what you mean to abuse my soldier for?" In vain the other pleaded his attachment to the army in general, and that this was only a laugh at the expence of the dissolute and idle. His majesty could not be convinced, till the late lord Ligonier told him, "He was sure Mr. Hogarth did not mean to pay any disrespect to the army." This, however, but half pacified him; for holding up the print hastily, he carelessly handed it to one of the lords in waiting, and desired him to let the artist have two guineas. Hogarth took the money, as the etiquette, as well as the practice of courts, is not to refuse any thing, but dedicated his piece to the king of Prussia.

1638. ODD PROCLAMATION FOR HOLDING A FAIR AMONG THE SCOTCH.

O yes! and that's e'e time; O yes! and that's twa times; O yes! and that's third and last time. All manner of person or persons whosoever, let 'em draw near, and I shall let 'em ken that there is a fair to be held at the muckle town of Langholm, for the space of aught days, wherein any hustrin, custrin, land-lopper, dubskouper, or gang-the-gate-swinger, shall breed any hurdam, durdam, rabblement, brabblement, or squabblement, he shall have his lugs tacked to the muckle throne, with a nail of a twa-a-penny, until he down on his hobshanks, and up with his muckle doup, and pray to ha'en nine times God bless the king, and thrice the muckle laird of Relton, paying a groat to me Jemmy Ferguson, bailey of the aforesaid manor. So you heard my proclamation, and I'll gang home to my dinner.

1639. THE ROYAL SHEPHERD.

A certain great personage asked a poor fellow who was driving some sheep (and who did not know his majesty) how much he expected for the sheep per head. "Whoy, seven-and-twenty shillings, sur."---"Seven-and-twenty, I can't get more than four-and-twenty."---"Then you don't know your business," said the clown.

164. THE PRINCE'S WARDROBE.

A chevalier d'Industrie, in London, finding his finances at a low ebb, profited of the epocha when the heir apparent of the crown preferred retrenching his retinue, &c. to be enabled to pay his creditors. The Frenchman saw himself reduced to 100 guineas, without entertaining a hope of being ever able to add a single shilling to them; he visited all the old clothes shops in the capital, and selected about a dozen pair of breeches, half that number of waistcoats, three coats, and a hat, and with them proceeded to Paris. When the chevalier arrived, he caused to be published through the capital, "That the prince of Wales was become a bankrupt, that his numerous creditors had forced him to sell his wardrobe, and that he (the chevalier) had purchased it at a very considerable price." This strange intelligence was believed, and people of all ranks, ages, and sexes, flocked to the apartments of the industrious knight, who soon bought his whole stock in trade, and made him 500 per cent. richer than when he landed at Calais.

1641. FASHION.

Geoffrey Plantagenet, count of Anjou, one of the most accomplished and handsome men of his time, had the misfortune to have a large excrescence on the tip of his great toe; in order to conceal this imperfection, and walk easy, he had some shoes made with points turned up, of a sufficient length not to pinch him. No sooner had he these shoes, than every one was anxious to be like the count. This fashion was so much followed, and had such a run, that the different degrees of rank were known by the length of the points of the shoes. Those of the common people were six inches long, those of citizens a foot; but those of gentlemen, lords, and princes, were never less than two feet; from whence came the French proverb, *etre sur un grand pied*, (to be in easy circumstances.) These points to the shoes increased so in length, that it was feared lest they should affect public order, and the established religion. Sermons were preached

and ordinances issued against them; the clergy anathematised them, and Charles V. expressly forbade them being worn. Thus every one appeared as if he had an excrescence on the tip of his great toe; so likewise, in most fashions, every one seems desirous of creating imperfections that he has not.

1642. ANECDOTE OF A GASCON.

A Gascon who had been for some years in the services of Louis XIV. obtained from the king a gratification of 1500 livres. He went immediately to be paid by M. Colbert, who just at his coming had sat down to dinner. Notwithstanding, he passed boldly into the dining-room, and asked where was Colbert? "I am the person," said M. Colbert, "what would you be pleased to have?"—"A trifle scarce worth mentioning," said the other; "a small order of the king, for letting me have 1500 livres." M. Colbert, with great good nature, and according to his usual good humour, desired him to be seated at table and partake of their fare, which the Gascon did without a second invitation. After dinner, he was directed by him to one of his clerks, who gave him 1000 livres. The Gascon said there were 500 more coming to him. "Very true," said the clerk, "but so much of the payment has been stopped for your dinner."—"Odds-fish!" said the Gascon, "500 livres for a dinner! I give but twenty sous at the eating-house."—"That may be," said the clerk, "but you have had the honour to dine with M. Colbert, that great and first minister of state, and it is but fit you should pay for the honour."—"Well then, if it be so," replied the Gascon, "here, take back all the money; what signifies my incumbering myself with 1000 livres? To-morrow I'll bring here a friend to dine, and all will be paid." M. Colbert admired the gasconade, had the officer paid the whole of his bill, and afterwards rendered him several good offices.

1643. BON-MOT OF HENDERSON THE PLAYER.

He went to dine one day with an eminent physician,

with whom he lived in habits of intimacy, and who was remarkable for his attachment to money. As soon as the doctor arrived, he went to his desk to deposit the fees he had received in the morning. "Pray," says Henderson, "what are you about there, sir J——?"—"I am laying up treasure in heaven."—"The more fool you," replied Falstaff, "for you'll never go there to enjoy it."

1644. ROYAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Dr. Schmidt, of the cathedral of Berlin, wrote a letter to the king of Prussia, couched in the following terms: "Sire, I acquaint your majesty, 1. That there are wanting books of Psalms for the royal family. I acquaint your majesty, 2d. that there wants wood to warm the royal seats. I acquaint your majesty, 3d. that the balustrade, next the river behind the church, is become ruinous.

1645. THE MISER.

The late Richard Russel, esq. had a renter's share at the Theatre-royal, Drury-lane, where he used to go almost every evening; and notwithstanding his immense fortune, his penury was so great, that rather than give a trifle to any of the women who attended in the lobby box to take care of his great coat on an evening, he used constantly to pledge it for a shilling at a pawnbroker's near the theatre, and redeem it when the performance was over, which cost him one half-penny as the interest.

1646. BON-MOT.

A tar, who had lately commenced porter, going with a heavy load a few days ago up one of the long streets of Marybone, where there are very few resting places for loaded passengers; as divine service was then performing in Bentinck chapel, not knowing the decorum of the place, was going into the porch to pitch his load, when he was interrupted by a person at the door, who told him he did not know what place it was, that it was a