



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

BON-MOTS

CHARLES LAMB &
DOUGLAS JERROLD



GROTESQUES
BY AUBREY
BEARDSLEY



BODLEIAN LIBRARY

The gift of

Miss Emma F. I. Dunston



Dunston B. 1204

BON-MOTS.







Charles Lamb

Bon-Mots

OF
CHARLES LAMB

AND

DOUGLAS JERROLD

EDITED BY

WALTER JERROLD

WITH GROTESQUES BY

AUBREY BEARDSLEY



LONDON: Published by J. M. DENT and Co.
at ALBINE HOUSE in Great Eastern Street, E.C.

MDCCCXCIII

DENT and

Great Eastern Street



Phacelia



Bon=Mots

OF

CHARLES LAMB

AND

DOUGLAS JERROLD

EDITED BY

WALTER JERROLD

WITH GROTESQUES BY

AUBREY BEARDSLEY

LONDON: Published by J. M. DENT and COMPANY
at ALDINE HOUSE in Great Eastern Street, E.C.

MDCCCXCIII



"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market."—CHARLES LAMB.

"Humour is one of the elements of genius."—
GOETHE.

*"I am persuaded that every time a man smiles—
but much more so when he laughs—it adds some-
thing to the fragment of his life."*—STERNE.

*"Cultivate not only the cornfields of your mind
but the pleasure grounds also."*—WHATELY.

*"Hard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest."*—
BEAUMONT.

"Humour is the harmony of the heart."—
DOUGLAS JERROLD.

*"Yea, Elia, thank thee for thy wit,
How poor our laughter lacking it."*—
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.



INTRODUCTION.

CHARLES LAMB.

“He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noontide grove ;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy to be loved.”

WORDSWORTH'S poet must have been a kindred spirit to Charles Lamb ; perhaps, indeed, as has been suggested, Wordsworth was thinking of his friend when he wrote of one “with modest looks, and clad in homely russet brown.” It is certainly true that to appreciate Lamb thoroughly one must love him first, and to love him it is but necessary to read the oft-told story of his life. To read this and see the full meaning of Lamb's noble self-sacrifice, disguised, as he often chose to disguise it, under an outward seeming of wild fun and rollicking, *is* to love him. Elia (“call it Ellia,” he wrote to his publishers), is indeed, it is safe to

say, one of the most widely-loved individuals among English men of letters. His contemporaries who knew him intimately always spoke of him by some endearing adjective, until, indeed, he playfully protested in a letter to Coleridge. All who met him have left some record of their acquaintanceship. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Keats, Haydon, Hood, Talfourd, Godwin, Hazlitt, Proctor, Leigh Hunt, Hone, it was indeed a brilliant circle that called Charles Lamb friend, and to all of them he was, indeed, a friend. They might quarrel with one another, but Lamb would take no side; he did, it is true, once defend some of his friends against Southey, but a reconciliation with Southey was merely a matter of days. Lamb perhaps supplied the key to his own character, when, on being asked if he did not hate a certain person, he replied that he could never hate anybody that he knew. Let us try to realise Elia as he appeared living and talking with those whom he knew. — A schoolfellow describing him, said, that his countenance was mild; his complexion clear brown, with an expression which might lead you to think that he was of Jewish descent. His eyes were not each of the same colour: one was hazel, the other had specks of grey in the iris, mingled as we see red spots in the bloodstone. His step was plantigrade, which made his walk slow and peculiar, adding to the staid appearance of his figure. — A

Diogenes with the heart of a St John.—Fine Titian head full of dumb eloquence.—Pensive, brown, handsome and kindly face.—The most delightful, the most provoking, the most witty, and sensible of men! He always made the best pun and the best remark in the course of the evening. . . . His jests scald like tears, and he probes a question with a play upon words. What a keen, laughing, hair-brained, view of homefelt truth! What choice venom!—Wit and good fellowship was the motto inscribed over his door.—He was of the genuine line of Yorick.—Lamb stammers out puns suggestive of wisdom.—Wit that never gave an ill thought birth.—His wit was in his eye, luminous, quick and restless.—Tender and fierce at a flash.—He stammered out wisdom in cap and bells.—In the jokes which he would throw out, the offspring of the moment, there was often more philosophy than in the premeditated sayings of other men.—As converser, and stimulator or witty scholarly converse, Lamb was unapproachable.—His jests were never the mere out-flowings of animal spirits, but were exercises of the mind.—Haydon, the painter, speaks of Lamb's quaint sparkle of lambent humour. — Wit, humour, punning, grotesque—Lamb had all these, not separately each as such, but massed together into the strongest intellectual compound ever seen in man. And even besides these he had an indefinite something—a Lamb-

ism—about him, which defied naming or description.—I am a Christian, Englishman, Londoner, Templar, God help me when I come to put off these snug relations and get abroad into the world to come. I shall be like the *crow in the sand*, as Wordsworth has it.—Oh, he was good if ever a good man was.

1775. Charles Lamb was born in Crown Office Row, Temple, on February 10; his father was John Lamb, clerk and servant to a Bencher, and his mother Elizabeth Field, from Blakesware, Herts.—1782. Entered Christ's Hospital in October, and remained there until November 1789. Clerk for a short time in the South Sea House.—1792. Clerk in the office of the East India Company.—1795. The Lambs removed to Little Queen Street, Holborn.—1796. First *Poems* published with Coleridge's. In September, Mary Lamb in a fit of insanity stabbed her mother, and Charles began his long devoted care of his sister.—1798. *A Tale of Rosamund Gray and Old Blind Margaret*.—1800. Charles and Mary removed for a short while to Chapel Street, Pentonville, and thence to King's Bench Walk.—1802. *John Woodvil*.—1806. *Mr H.*, a farce, unsuccessfully produced at Drury Lane.—1807. *Tales from Shakespeare. Adventures of Ulysses*.—1808. *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets Contemporary with Shakespeare*.—1809. Inner Temple Lane.—1817. Russell Street, Covent Garden (corner of

Bow Street).—1818. *Works*, in two volumes.—1820. First "Elia" contribution to the *London Magazine* in August.—1822. Short trip to Paris.—1823. *Essays of Elia*, first series. Colebrook Row, Islington (August). *Letter of Elia to Robert Southey, Esq.* (October).—1825. In April Lamb retired from the India House on a pension.—1827. Enfield.—1833. Bay Cottage, Edmonton. *Last Essays of Elia*.—1834. Died December 27.—1847. Mary Lamb died on May 20.

W. J.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"'GIVE a dog a bad name and hang him,' says the old saw; now certainly the worst and the shortest name to give him is—WIT." So wrote Douglas Jerrold, feeling keenly as he did the way in which his "wit" was remembered by the many at the cost of his true literary work. This "wit," too, was generally dubbed "biting," "acid," "ill-natured," &c., by a generation that never knew the man, and this despite the fact that those who *did* know him have left almost unanimous testimony to the geniality and gentleness of his nature; to the good-nature that shone in his face even while giving expression to the sharpest retort. There were exceptions, of course, and the wit, brilliant but harmless in friendly converse,

was not less ready and brilliant when called forth by presumption and pretence, and when, instead of being made harmless by the ready smile, it was driven home by a look from the piercing eyes from beneath their beetling brows. Let those who knew describe him.—His eager, courageous, somewhat wild but sensitive face, with a dash of Nelson in it as well as in his spare figure—would arrest attention even where he is not known.—His eager vehement face as he presides at a wit combat anywhere within a four mile circuit of Temple Bar is a sight worth seeing. No second part would he have played even in the famous wit combats of the Mermaid Tavern.—A humorist and wit of the first water. In witty talk among his friends he is *facile princeps*. The subtlest wit of the century.—In the one quality of wit, and above all in the faculty of instant, pungent, flashing, blasting retort he is believed to have no equal.—His social temperament, quickness of repartee, and hearty conversational talents were conspicuous, and never slackened. His wit was superior to that of Hook; it was much more manly, and not followed out for the sake of the mere laugh alone—it was not a play upon words so much as the sense of the satire couched beneath them, some concealed verity, or a bit of wit pregnant with mirth. Such dicteria, as the Romans called them, bristled over his talk. And he flashed them out with an eagerness and a quiver

of his large, somewhat coarse mouth, which it was quite dramatic to see. His intense chuckle showed how hearty was his gusto for satire, and that wit was a regular habit of his mind.—Good-natured and full of philanthropy, he still knew how to apply the lash to the forward fool or the braggadocio. He did not lose sight of a moral meaning in his pleasantry, which made thinkers as well as talkers regard him with respect. In his society time flew rapidly away, the party small, and the occasion meet.—The wit of Douglas Jerrold was like a gleam of sunshine amid April showers, like a flash of lightning amid the leaden clouds of a summer storm; ay, and not unlike the loud clap of the succeeding thunder was the peal of hearty laughter that would burst forth around after the great wit had emitted the electric shock from his well charged battery.—The sparkle of Jerrold's conversation invariably occupied the entire attention of those around him.—Jerrold in his little study, with a cigar, a flask of Rhine wine on the table, a cedar log on the fire, and half a dozen literary youngsters round the board, listening to his bright wit, and his wisdom that was brighter even than his wit—that is, we think, the image of the good friend and singular humorist that will live most brightly and permanently in the minds of those who knew him.

1803.—Douglas William Jerrold was born

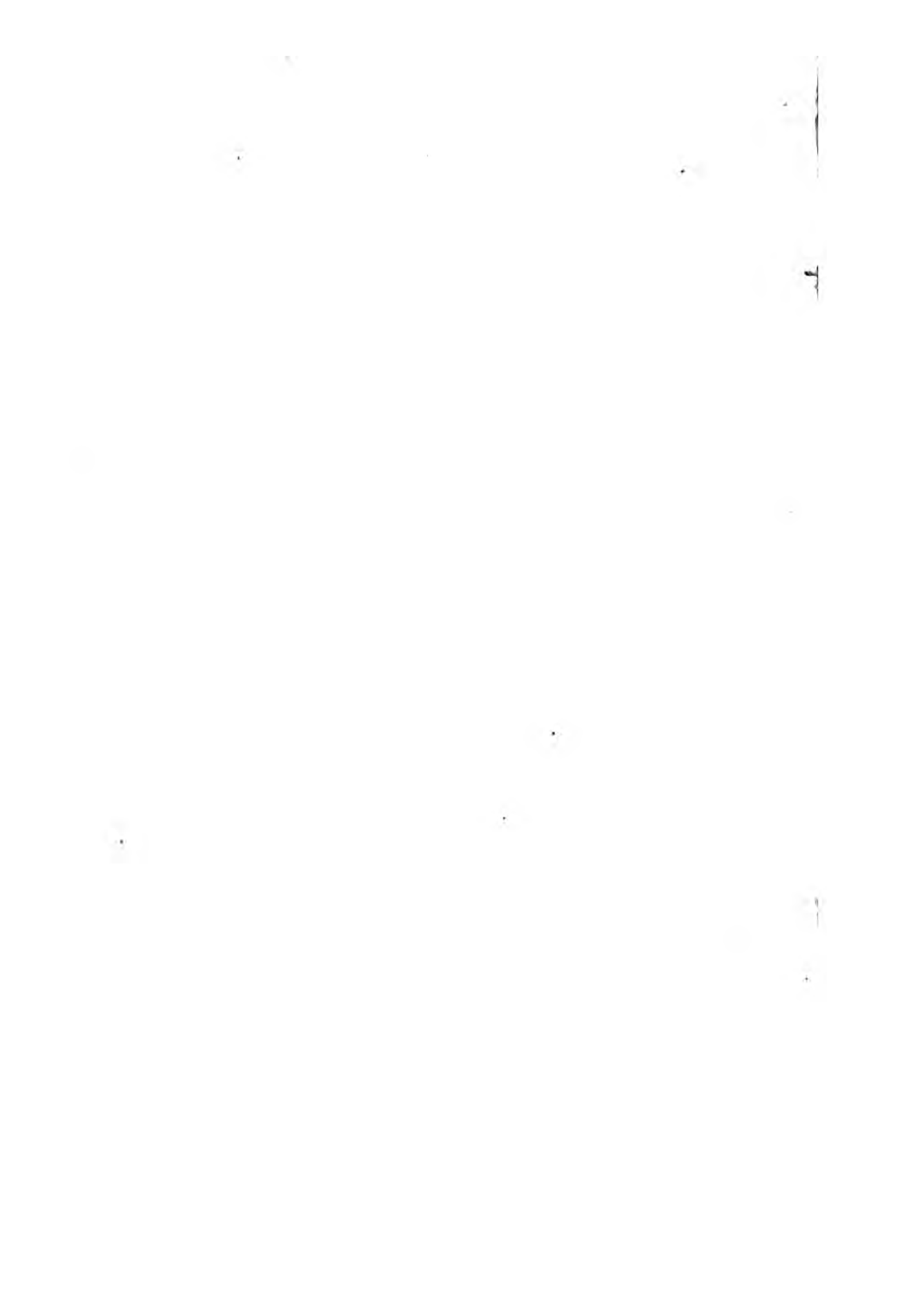
in London on January 3. His father was Samuel Jerrold.—1809. School at Sheerness.—1813. Entered the navy as midshipman in December.—1816. Started life in London as a compositor.—1821. His first play, *More Frightened than Hurt*, produced at Sadlers Wells.—1824. August, married Mary Swann.—1825. Engaged at a salary to write pieces for the Coburg Theatre when wanted.—1829. *Black-Eyed Susan* and *Thomas à Becket* at the Surrey. 1838. *Men of Character*, illustrated by Thackeray.—1839. *Handbook of Swindling*.—1840. Edited and partly wrote, *Heads of the People*, illustrated by Kenny Meadows.—1841. *Punch* started, with Jerrold as one of the principal contributors (*Mrs Caudle's Curtain Lectures*, *Punch's Letters to his Son*, &c.).—1843-4. Edited the *Illuminated Magazine* (*Chronicles of Clovernook* &c.).—1845-8. Edited *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine* (*St Giles and St James; the Hedgehog Letters; Twiddlethumb Town*, &c.).—1846-8. Edited *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper* (*Barber's Chair*, &c.).—1852. Became editor of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*.—1854. *The Heart of Gold* (the last of upwards of sixty plays), produced at the Princess's.—1857. Died June 8.

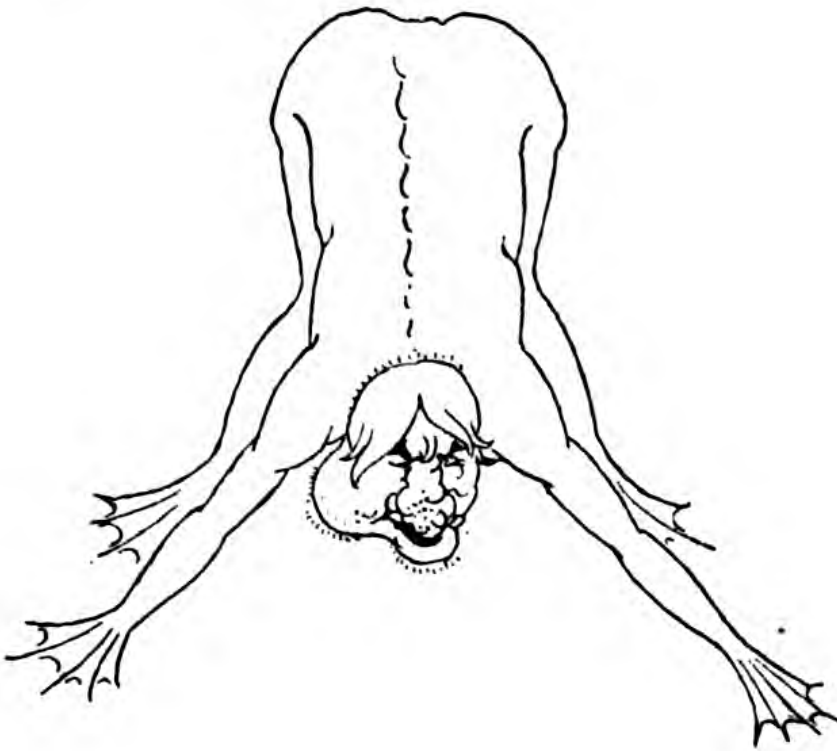
W. J.



CHARLES LAMB.







BON-MOTS
OF
CHARLES LAMB.



PUNSTERS being abused, and the old joke repeated that he who puns will pick a pocket, some one said, "Punsters themselves have no pockets."

"No," said Lamb, "they carry only a *ridicule*."

“IF you will quote any of my jokes,” said Charles Lamb to Crabb Robinson, “quote this, which is really a good one. Hume and his wife and several of their children were with me when Hume repeated the old saying, ‘One fool makes many.’ ‘Ay, Mr Hume,’ said I, pointing to the company, ‘you have a fine family.’”



HESSEY gave an account of De Quincey’s description of his own bodily sufferings. “He should have employed as his publishers,” said Lamb, “Pain and Fuss” (*i.e.*, Payne & Foss).



SOUTHEY showed Lamb a dull poem on a rose, and received this criticism:—Your rose is insipid; it has neither thorns nor sweetness.



A PERSON sending in an unnecessarily large sum with a lawyer’s brief, Lamb said it was a “fee simple.”



WHEN enjoying a pipe with Doctor Parr, Lamb was asked how he acquired the love of smoking so much.

“I toiled after it,” he replied, “as some people do after virtue.”

HAZLITT wrote a grammar for Godwin, who bound it up with a treatise of his own on Language. On Lamb hearing of this, he said, "The *grey mare* is the better horse."



CHARLES LAMB, meeting an acquaintance, asked him to lend him five shillings; but the friend had only half-a-crown about him, which he handed to Lamb.

Some time after, the friend meeting Lamb, said, "Ah, by-the-bye, you owe me half-a-crown."

"N-n-not at all," replied Lamb, "y-you owe me h-half-a-crown; f-for d-don't you recollect, I asked y-you for f-f-five sh-shillings and you only g-g-gave me t-two-and-six-p-pence?"



DURING his visit to Paris, Lamb went to the theatre to see Talma, and the actor supped with him afterwards. Lamb could not at all enter into the spirit of French acting, and had made no exception in favour of his guest. This, however, did not prevent their high relish of one another's conversation, nor was any allusion made to the performance,



till, on rising to go, Talma inquired how he liked it. Lamb shook his head and smiled.

“Ah,” said Talma, “I was not very happy to-night; you must see me in Sylla.”

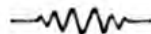
“Incidit in Scyllam,” said Lamb, “qui vult vitare Charybdim.”

“Ah! you are a rogue, you are a great rogue,” said Talma, shaking him cordially by the hand as they parted.



RETURNING from a dinner at the Gillmans', Lamb and his friends filled the stage coach, when an outside passenger asked, “All full inside?”

Lamb instantly answered, “Well, that last piece of Gillman's pudding did the business *for me!*”



THE Hoods were dining with Lamb at Enfield, and Lamb was talking of his dread of wasps, of which a number were about, when one of these insects crept up the table and stung him in the thumb. His cry of pain was instantly followed by a jest. It was, he said, “a stinging commentary on *Macbeth*:

‘By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.’”

PATMORE describing an evening with the Lambs, says:—"I took up a book on the table, *Almacks*, and Lamb said, 'Ay, that must be *all max* to the lovers of scandal.'"



"AN old woman begged of me for charity, saying, 'Ah, sir, I have seen better days.'

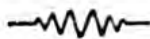
"So have I, good woman," I replied, glancing at the clouds, which were raining hard at the time.



CLARE, the peasant poet, was rallied by Charles Lamb on the "Clare obscurities" in his verse.



THE son of Cary, the translator of Dante, Lamb nick-named *Caryatides*, and recommended him to become an apothecary.



ON a certain minor poet being mentioned, Lamb described him as a sort of L.E.L. in pantaloons.

LAMB declared that he once knew a young man who wanted to be a tailor,—but hadn't the spirit.



AMR DAWE, having been made an Associate of the Royal Academy, Lamb said it was impossible to guess by what law of association he had been made so.



LAMB said that his friend, Burney, made a pun in Otaheite, the first that was ever made in that country. At first the natives could not make out what he meant ; but all at once they discovered the pun, and danced round him in transports of joy.



WHEN he and Mary Lamb were suffering from a spell of low spirits, Charles Lamb said that they were like tooth-ache and his friend gum-boil, which, though a kind of ease, is but an uneasy kind of ease, a comfort of rather an uncomfortable sort.



THE story of his life, according to Lamb, might have been told in an epigram.

MAY my last breath be drawn through a pipe, and exhaled in a pun.



WHEN Wordsworth was discussing with him the degree of originality to be allowed to Shakespeare, as borrowing his plots from sources ready to his hand, and was even hinting that other poets with the *History of Hamlet* before them, might have been equally successful in adapting it to the stage, Charles cried out, "Oh! here's Wordsworth says he could have written *Hamlet*—if he'd had the mind."



IN moments of hilarity Lamb would suddenly rise from his chair and playfully slapping his sister on the shoulder, repeat this half-jocular, half-grotesque triplet—

“ I had a sister
The devil kist her
And raised a blister !”

A triplet of which he pretended to be very proud, looking upon it as a rhyming difficulty vanquished.

ON Sir James Mackintosh receiving an appointment, Lamb "fired off" the following epigram—

Though thou'rt like Judas, an apostate black,
 In the resemblance one thing thou dost lack ;
 When he had gotten his ill-purchas'd pelf
 He went away, and wisely hanged himself :
 This thou may do at last, yet much I doubt,
 If thou hast any *bowels* to gush out.



LAMB had been medically advised to take a course of sea-bathing ; and, accordingly, at the door of his bathing machine, whilst he stood shivering with the cold, two stout fellows laid hold of him, one at each shoulder, like heraldic supporters ; they waited for the word of command from their principals who began the following oration to them :—

“Hear me, men ! Take notice of this—I am to be dipped.” What more he would have said is unknown, for having reached the word “dipped,” he commenced such a rolling fire of di-di-di-di, that when at length he descended *à plomb* upon the full word *dipped*, the two men, rather tired of the long suspense, became satisfied that they had reached what lawyers call the “operative clause” of the sentence ; and both exclaiming, “Oh yes, sir, we are

quite aware of that," down they plunged him into the sea.

On emerging, Lamb sobbed so much from the cold that he found no voice suitable to his indignation ; from necessity he seemed tranquil ; and again addressing the men, who stood respectfully listening, he began thus :—

"Men! is it possible to obtain your attention?"

"Oh surely, sir, by all means."

"Then listen ;—once more I tell you, I am to be di-di-di-di," and then, with a burst of indignation, "dipped, I tell you."

"Oh, decidedly, sir," rejoined the men, "decidedly," and down the stammerer went for a second time.

Petrified with cold and wrath, once more Lamb made a feeble attempt at explanation—

"Grant me pa-pa-patience ; is it mum-um-murder you me-me-ean? Again, and again I tell you I'm to be di-di-di-dipped," now speaking furiously, with the tone of an injured man.

"Oh yes, sir," the men replied, "we know that ; we fully understood it ;" and,



for the third time, down went Lamb into the sea.

“O limbs of Satan!” he said, on coming up for the third time, “it’s now too late; I tell you that I am—no, that I was—by medical direction, to be di-di-di-dipped only *once*.”



AT Billingsgate, Lamb witnessed a quarrel between two fisherwomen, one of whom, snatching up a knife, cut off the other’s thumb.

“Ha!” said he, looking about him, as if he had only just recognised the place, “this is Fairlop Fair.”



A GENTLEMAN who had lived some years in China mentioned that a formidable enemy to the Chinese would arise one day in a warlike piratical nation on the borders of China—the *Ladrones*. In the course of the evening, the progress of musical science in China was spoken of, and the traveller, by way of illustrating his remarks, sang a Chinese love-song.

Lamb listened very gravely to this dissonant performance, and at the end exclaimed, “*God prosper the Ladrones.*”

OF the ledger at the India House, where the rates of interest were entered from half-per-cent. upwards, Lamb said it was a book of interest, and the interest increased as you proceeded.



CHARLES LAMB hated noise and fuss and fine words, but never hated any person. Once, when he had said, "I hate X.," some one present remonstrated with him, "Why, you have never seen him."

"No," replied Lamb, "certainly not; I never could hate any man that I have once seen."



GODWIN was expatiating on the benefits of unlimited freedom of thought, especially in matters of religion, when Lamb, who did not like this, interrupted him by humming the nursery rhyme: "Old father Longlegs won't say his prayers," adding, violently, "*Throw him downstairs.*"



WE travelled with one of those troublesome fellow-passengers in a stage-coach that is called a well-informed man. For twenty miles we discoursed about the properties of

steam, probabilities of carriages by ditto, till all my science, and more than all, was exhausted, and I was thinking of escaping my torment by getting up on the outside; when, getting into Bishop's Stortford, my gentleman, spying some farming land, put an unlucky question to me, What sort of a crop of turnips I thought we should have this year? Emma's * eyes turned on me to know what in the world I could have to say; and she burst into a violent fit of laughter, when, with the greatest gravity, I replied that "it depended, I believed, upon boiled legs of mutton." This clenched our conversation.



CHARLES LAMB was sitting next some chattering woman at dinner, when she observed that he didn't appear to attend to her.



"You don't seem to be at all the better for what I have been saying to you."

"No, ma'am," he answered, "but this gentleman at the other side of me must, for it all came in at one ear and out at the other."

* Miss Isola, Lamb's adopted daughter, afterwards Mrs Edward Moxon.

MARY LAMB, we are told, was fond of *mitey* cheese, on one occasion Charles was with her when she purchased some of the dainty, and on the shopman saying that he would wrap it up, Lamb stammered out: "N-no th-thank you, if you'll g-g-give me a string I'll l-l-lead it h-home."



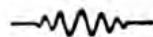
CRITICISING *Paradise Lost*, Lamb said that Adam and Eve were too much like married people.



A CONSTABLE in Salisbury Cathedral was telling me that eight people dined at the top of the spire of the Cathedral, upon which I remarked that they must be very sharp set.



WHEN Lamb was a child, walking in a churchyard with his sister, he asked—and spoke, perhaps better than he knew, "Mary, where do all the naughty people lie?"



REFERRING to Thicknesse's *Useful Hints to those who make the tour of France*, Lamb said that it was a book of no *great* thicknesse.

ON one occasion Lamb declaimed a great deal on the absurdity of reading one's own works aloud; that people were always tired instead of being pleased with it; and that he had made a poem the other day befitting the time (such overwhelming darkness as London all too often knows), and though he had not yet had leisure to transcribe it and recollect it perfectly, he should never think of repeating it to other people. Everybody, of course, at once entreated him to favour them by repeating it, assuring him that they should like it very much. At *length* he complied—

“O my Gog!
What a fog!”

“A fine thing to make a fuss about,” said Miss M—.

“Why, I can make a second part extempore—

I cannot see
To kill a flea.”



SOMEONE having told Lamb in an ill-natured manner that Miss X., a teacher at a ladies' school, had married a publican.

“Has she so?” said he, and there was a good-natured rebuke in the reply, “then I'll get my beer there.”



IN her recollections of Lamb's witticisms, Miss Beetham says: One day at the exhibition of the Royal Academy, I was sitting on a form, looking at the catalogue and answering some young people about me, who had none, or spared themselves the trouble of consulting it. There was a large picture of Prospero and Miranda, and I had just said, "It is by *Shee*," when a voice near me said, "Would it not be more grammatical to say *her*?" I looked, it was Mr Lamb.



LAMB sat in the pit of the theatre during one of Mrs Siddons's last performances. Two vulgar and conceited women sat behind, and kept commenting and explaining in an absurd manner to display their knowledge. The piece was *Macbeth*, and when Malcolm came on the stage, Lamb said audibly to his companion, "He a king! Why he's in petticoats!"

"Ignorant wretches," said one of the loud critics. "It's the dress of the country!"



HAVING watched a spider and fly on a gooseberry bush in his Enfield garden, Lamb thus described it directly after:—"Good

God ! I never saw such a thing ; directly he was caught in her fatal spinning, she dashed down on him, and in a moment turned him out, completely lapped in a shroud. It reminded me of the *Fatal Sisters* in Gray."

Lamb afterwards said, referring to this, that he cared more for men-sects than for insects.



LAMB visited Wordsworth in the country, and one morning complained that he had been kept awake by the nightingales.

"Well," said Wordsworth, "surely it is not much of a misery to be kept awake by the bird most musical."

"Nay," replied Lamb, "if I am kept from sleep, I do not see much difference between nightingales and cats."



ANOTHER of Miss Beetham's reminiscences is the following:—"Lamb went with a party down to my brother Charles's ship, in which the officers gave a ball to their friends. My brother hired a vessel to take us down to it, and some one of the company asked its name, on hearing it was the *Antelope*, Mr Lamb cried out, 'Don't name it ! I have such respect for my aunt, I cannot bear to think of her doing so foolish an action !'"

AT Christ's Hospital, where Lamb was the schoolfellow of Coleridge, the master was one with great faith in the educative efficacy of the rod. Lamb afterwards expressed a hope that when the master died he would not be carried to heaven by cherubim, because being only heads and wings they could not be whipped on the way.



OF a lady whose face was deeply marked with small-pox, Lamb said she looked as if the devil had ridden rough shod over her face. He was noticed shortly after talking to this lady, apparently with great interest; and on a friend later remarking that they thought he did not like her, he replied, "Oh, I like her internals very well."



CHARLES LAMB and Ayrton were playing at whist, when Ayrton took a trick by trumping.

"Ah!" said he, "when Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

"But when *you* meet Greek," retorted Lamb, "you can't read it."



LAMB imagined a Caledonian compartment in Hades where there should be fire without sulphur.

MISS BEETHAM describes an evening at the Lambs':—I saw Mr Hazlitt for the first time at their house, and was talking on metaphysical subjects with him. Mr Lamb came up, but my companion was very eloquent, and I begged him not to interrupt us. He stood silent, and Mr Dyer came to me.

“I know,” said he, “that Mr Cristall is a very fine artist, but I should like to know in what his merit principally consists. Is it colouring, character, design, &c.? My eyes are so bad!”

On which Mr Lamb began rhyming—

“Says Mr Dyer to Mr Dawe,
Pray how does Mr Cristall draw?
Says Mr Dawe to Mr Dyer,
He draws as well as you'd desire.”



“WHAT a fine style X. has,” said a poet-aster.

“Excellent,” echoed another person; “don't you think so, Mr Lamb?”

“I'm no judge of styles,” was the answer, “I only know what pleases myself.”

“But surely, Mr Lamb, you *must* think it fine. For my part, the word *fine* doesn't half express what I think of it. It doesn't at all come up to my ideas.”

“Perhaps,” observed Lamb, “the word *su-superfine* will do better.”

DE QUINCEY in his *Recollections* says of Lamb:—The case of insincerity, above



all others, which moved his bile, was where, out of some pretended homage to public decorum, an individual was run down on account of any moral infirmities, such as we all have, or have had, or at least so easily and naturally may have had, that nobody knows whether we have the or not. In such a case, and in this only, almost, Lamb could be savage in his manner. I remember one in-

stance, where many of the leading authors of

our age were assembled—Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, &c. Lamb was amongst them, and, when Mr X. was denounced as a man careless in the education of his children, and generally reputed to lead a licentious life—“Pretty fellows *we* are,” said Lamb, “to abuse him on that last score, when every one of us, I suppose, on going out this night into the Strand, will make up to the first pretty girl he sees.”

Some laughed, some looked grim, some looked grand; but Wordsworth, smiling, and yet with solemnity said:—“I hope, I trust, Mr Lamb, you are mistaken; or, at least, you do not include us all in that sweeping judgment?”

“Oh, as to that,” said Lamb, “who knows? There’s no telling: sad Josephs are some of us in this room.” Upon which everybody laughed, and Lamb amongst them; but he had been indignant and sincere in this rebuke of the hypocritical sacrifice to decorum.



A YOUNG aspirant to the poet’s bays had been visiting Charles Lamb, and on rising to leave had difficulty in opening the parlour door.

“Ah,” said Charles Lamb, coming to his assistance, with a sweet smile, “you can unlock the springs of Helicon, but you cannot open the door.”

AT the East India House the head of the office once reproved Lamb for the excessive irregularity of his attendance.

“Really, Mr Lamb, you come very late!” observed the official.

“Y—yes,” replied Lamb, with his habitual stammer; “b-but consi-sider how ear-early I go!”



THE large room in the accountant's office at the East India House was divided into boxes or compartments, in each of which sat six clerks, Charles Lamb himself in one. They were called Compounds, and the meaning of the word being asked one day, Lamb said it was “a collection of simples.”



OF the poetess L. E. L., Lamb said, “If she belonged to me, I would lock her up, and feed her on bread and water till she left off writing poetry.”



HAVING borrowed *Cælebs in Search of a Wife* from a very prim lady, Lamb returned it with this statement—

“If ever I marry a wife,
I'd marry a landlord's daughter;
For then I may sit in the bar
And drink cold brandy and water.”

WHEN Coleridge was speculating, in a dream worthy of Plato, upon a future state of existence, upon man as he is, and man as he is to be, Lamb said, "Give me man as he is *not* to be."

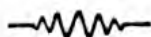


ONE evening, Coleridge had consumed the whole time in talking of some "regenerated" orthodoxy; Leigh Hunt, who was one of the



listeners, on leaving the house, expressed his surprise at the prodigality and intensity of Coleridge's religious expressions.

Lamb tranquillised him by, "Ne-ne-never mind what Coleridge says; he's f-full of f-f-fun."



DESCRIBING a Scotchman, Lamb said:—

His understanding is always at its meridian. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no border-land with him. You cannot hover with him on the confines of truth.



GEORGE DYER sent a pamphlet to Lamb on the subject of Unitarianism, hoping to convert him. On receiving it Lamb said, "Dear, blundering soul, why I am as old a One Goddite as himself."

WHY does not his guardian angel look to him? He deserves one—maybe, though, he has tired him out.



BLESS you, old sophist,—exclaimed Lamb, of Coleridge,—who, next to human nature, taught me all the corruption I was capable of knowing?



SPEAKING to Bernard Barton of some person of repute Lamb said:—There must be something in him. Such great names imply greatness. Which of us has seen Michael Angelo's things? yet which of us disbelieves in his greatness?



LAMB once silenced a solemn disputant by asking him gravely—taking his pipe out of his mouth to put the question—“Did he *really* mean to contend that a thief was not a good man?”



TO a discussion on the subject of absurd images, Lamb contributed the following: An elephant in a coach-office gravely coming to have his trunk booked. A mermaid over a fish kettle cooking her own tail.

SOMEbody having expatiated in a high-flown, exaggerated manner on the beauties of natural scenery, asked Lamb how he had felt among the mountains and lakes of Cumberland. Lamb, who hated all affectation, said that he was obliged to think of the ham-and-beef shop near St Martin's Lane, in order to bring down his thoughts from their almost too painful elevation, to the sober region of every-day life.



BEING asked how he knew his books, one from the other, for hardly any of them were lettered, Lamb answered, characteristically and truly—"How does a shepherd know his sheep?"



TO sport with the names of his fellow-clerks in the India House, was a favourite amusement of Charles Lamb. One named Wawd, distinguished for his stupidity, was hit off in these lines—

“What Wawd knows, God knows,
But God knows *what* Wawd knows!”

Another, Dodwell by name, was celebrated thus—

“My first is that which infants call their Maker;
My second that which is best left alone.”

LAMB and his sister were one evening supping at Mrs M.'s. Lamb (with a little assistance from another person) had made his way to the bottom of the second bottle of porter.

"You really shall not have any more, Charles," said his sister. "Pray, Mrs M., don't give him any more."

"You hear what your sister says, Mr Lamb," said Mrs M., pouring out the remains of the porter (which were thick) into his glass.

"She is a person of mean capacity," said he; "I never listen to her. Try the next bottle, madam, for this is thick, and — *Hospitality should run fine to the last.*"



ON being asked by a schoolmistress for some sign indicative of her calling, Lamb recommended, "The murder of the innocents."

AFTER going to live in the then comparatively rural retirement of Islington, his friend George Daniel* says that Lamb's eyes recovered the lustre, his step its firmness, his pulse its regularity, and his appetite its love. As Lamb himself put it, "I have the stomach of a Heliogabalus, and the gorge of a garreteer!"



LAMB once described himself as "an ancient Christian—too ancient to belong to any of the modern sub-hubbub divisions of Ists, Arians, and Inians."



AN old lady, who was fond of her dissenting minister, once wearied Lamb by the length of her praises.

"I speak because I *know* him well," said she.

"Well, I don't," replied Lamb; "I don't, but, damn him! at a venture."



SOMEONE speaking of the Mantchon Tartars and the Chinese Celtes, Lamb called them the Cannibal or Man-chew Tartars and Sell-Teas.

* The "D. G." of dramatic criticism.

CRABB ROBINSON relates how he met Sir Charles Bunbury, and shook hands with him while walking with Lamb in London. Lamb was all astonishment.

“I had no idea that you knew Sheridan.”

“Nor do I—that is Sir Charles Bunbury.”

“That’s impossible; I have known him to be Sheridan all my life. That *shall* be Sheridan. You thief! you have stolen my Sheridan!”



LAMB was out with a dog which set off to chase a flock. His reply to the indignant shepherd’s expostulation was, “Hunt lambs, sir! Why, he never hunted *me*.”



WHEN Dignum and Mrs Bland, two portly performers, came upon the stage, Lamb exclaimed, “And lo! two puddings smoked upon the boards!”



SHAKESPEARE’S anachronism was mentioned, in making Hector speak of Aristotle.

“That,” said Lamb, “is what Doctor Johnson means

‘And panting Time toils after him in vain.’”

MARTIN BURNEY earnestly explaining the three kinds of acid, was stopped by Lamb, "The best of all kinds of acids, however, as you know, Martin, is uity—assiduity."



DESCRIBING his meeting the Lambs at Crabb Robinson's chambers, N. P. Willis



says: — Nothing could be more delightful than the kindness and affection between the brother and sister, though Lamb was continually taking advantage of her deafness to mystify her with the most singular gravity upon every topic that was started.

"Poor Mary!" said he, "she hears all of an epigram but the point."

"What are you saying of me, Charles?" she asked.

"Mr Willis," said he, raising his voice, "admires your *Confessions of a Drunkard* very much, and I was saying that it was no merit of yours—that you understood the subject."

We had been speaking of this admirable essay (which was his own) half-an-hour before.

TALFOURD was once rather shocked at Lamb's declaring that he would like to know the Italian witnesses in a certain notorious trial, and have supper with them.

"You would not *sit* with them!" exclaimed the horrified Serjeant.

Lamb promptly replied that he would sit with anything—except a hen and a tailor.



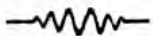
CHARLES LAMB told a good story at the expense of one of his occasional visitors. This visitor, says Lamb, had tried in vain to make out the text of a black letter Chaucer in the Temple library. At length he put the volume down, saying, "In those old books there is sometimes a great deal of very *indifferent spelling*."



SOMEONE was talking of his grandmother, when Lamb broke in with the question, "Was she a tall woman?"

"I don't know; no, why do you ask?"

"Oh! because mine was—she was quite a granny-dear.



LAMB said we are ashamed at sight of a monkey—somehow as we are shy of poor relations.

ON two Prussians of the same name being accused of the same crime, it was remarked as curious that they were not in any way related to one another.

“A mistake,” said Lamb, “they are cozens german.”



A LADY, Lamb was intimate with, had fine dark eyes, and one evening people rather persecuted him to praise them. “You should now write a couplet in praise of her eyes.”

“Aye, do, Mr Lamb,” said she, “make an epigram about my eyes.”

He looked at her and said—

“Your eyes! your eyes!
Are—both of a size!”

and could not well have said *less*.



LAMB on one occasion asked the name of a somewhat sharp-featured lady, who was absent; and on hearing that it was Elizabeth, remarked, “I should have thought it had been Mary, she might have been St Mary Axe.”



CRITICISING Coleridge, Lamb said that “he ought not to have a wife or children; he should have a sort of diocesan care of the world—no parish duty.”

ON the table lay a copy of Wordsworth in two volumes; it was the edition of Longman, printed about the time of Waterloo. Wordsworth was held in little consideration by the house of Longman; at any rate, their editions of his works were got up in the most slovenly manner. In particular the table of contents was drawn up like a shorthand bill of parcels. By accident the book lay open at a part of this table where the sonnet beginning—



“Alas! what boots the long laborious quest,”

had been entered, with mercantile speed, as—

“Alas! what boots—”

“Yes,” said Lamb, reading this entry in a dolorous tone of voice, “he may well say that. I paid Hoby three guineas for a pair that tore like blotting-paper when I was leaping a ditch to escape a farmer that pursued me with a pitchfork for trespassing. But why should Wordsworth wear boots in Westmoreland? Pray, advise him to patronise shoes.”



WHAT a hard heart mine must be, that these blows cannot break it!

AT Mr Cary's* one day, Lamb introduced and kept up an elaborate dissertation on the various uses and abuses of the word *nice*; and when its variations were exhausted, showed what he had been driving at by exclaiming, "Well! now we have held a Council of Nice."



A MISS PATE (when Lamb heard of her, he asked if she was any relation of Mr John Head of Ipswich) was at a party, and on hearing her name, Lamb said,

"Miss Pate
I hate."

"You are the first person who ever told me so, however," said she.

"Oh, I mean nothing by it. If it had been Miss Dove, I should have said,

"Miss Dove
I love."

or

"Miss Pike
I like."



A FRIEND recommended honey to Lamb as a good thing for the eyes, saying that her daughter had received much benefit from it.

"I knew," said Lamb, "that she had sweet eyes, but had no idea before how they became so."

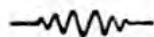
* The translator of Dante.

CRABB ROBINSON said that all his life he had felt a sort of horror come over him every time he caught a sight of his own face in the glass; and that he was almost afraid to shave himself for the same reason. He said he had often wondered how anybody could sustain an intimacy with, much less feel friendship for a man with such a face.

"I hope, then," said Lamb, "that you have mercy on the barbers, and always shave yourself."



WHEN Lamb visited Paris in 1822, he said of himself that he knew so little of the French language that he had intended to ask for an egg (*œuf*) but called in his ignorance for *eau-de-vie*, and that the mistake produced so pleasant a result that his enquiries afterwards for *eggs* were very frequent.



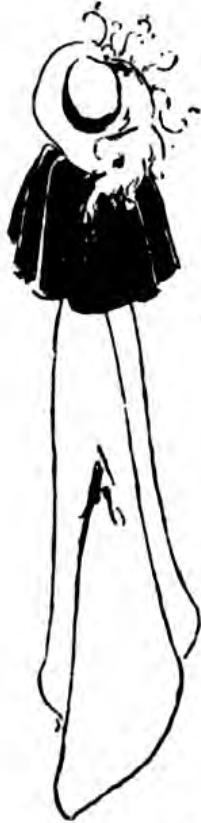
MRS K., after expressing her love for her young children, added tenderly, "And how do *you* like babies, Mr Lamb?"

His answer, immediate, almost precipitate, was, "Boi-boi-boiled, ma'am."



YOU have no mock modesty about you—
no, n-nor real either,

LAMB said he never could impress a Scotchman with any new truth; that they all required it to be spelled and explained away in old equivalent and familiar words and images. He said he had spoken to a Scotchman who sat next to him at dinner of a healthy book.



“Healthy, sir, healthy, did you say?”

“Yes, healthy.”

“I dinna comprehend. I have heard of a healthy man, and of a healthy morning, but never of a healthy book.”



A RETIRED cheesemonger, who hated any allusion to the business which had enriched him, once remarked to Charles Lamb, in the course of a discussion on the Poor Law: “You must bear in mind, sir, that I have got rid of all that stuff which you poets call the milk of human kindness.”

Lamb looked at him steadily, and gave his acquiescence in these words: “Yes, sir, I am aware of it; you turned it all into cheese several years ago.”

BARRY CORNWALL tells how he once said something in Lamb's presence which he thought possessed some smartness. Lamb commended him with a stammer.

"Very well, my dear boy, very well; Ben (*taking a pinch of snuff*) Ben Jonson has said worse things than that—and b-b-better."



WHEN somebody was speaking of a person who valued himself on being a matter-of-fact man, Lamb said, "Now, I value myself on being a matter-of-lie man."



TALKING of poetry, Lamb once said that he had just met with the most vigorous line he had ever read.

He was asked where.

"Out of the Camden's Head, all in one line—
To One Hundred Pots of Porter . £2 1 8
It is truly H-Ho-meric," he added.



LAMB met Procter (Barry Cornwall), and, speaking of his infant daughter, Procter said they had called her Adelaide.

"Ah!" said Lamb, "a very good name for her—*Addlehead*."

ON being told that somebody had lampooned him, Lamb said, "Very well! I'll *Lamb-pun him.*"



CRABB ROBINSON was speaking to Lamb of his first brief, when Lamb asked, "Did you not exclaim, 'Thou first great cause—least understood'?"



OF one of George the Second's sons it was said that he had a very cold and ungenial manner. Lamb stammered out that that was very natural in the Duke of Cu-Cumber-land.



HOOD, tempting Lamb to dine with him, said, "We have a hare."

"And how many friends?" anxiously enquired Lamb.



"I BELIEVE you have never heard me preach, Charles?" said Coleridge, referring to the days of his Unitarian ministry.

"Yes," retorted Lamb; "I—I—never heard you do anything else,"

SOMEBODY was telling of a merry party then in prospect.—There will be L. (Lamb smiled), and X. (another smile, but sickly), and G. (“You might have done better,” said Lamb), and D. D. (“Ugh!” shuddered Lamb at this last name, with a face expressive of nausea, “He! he’d throw a d-damp upon a-a-a funeral!”)



TO Leigh Hunt, with a face of great solemnity, Lamb said, “What must have been that man’s feelings who thought himself *the first deist*?”



HAYDON, the artist, relates the following :—
In December (1817), Wordsworth was in town, and as Keats wished to know him, I made up a party to dinner, of Charles Lamb, Wordsworth, Keats, and Monkhouse, his friend, and a very pleasant party we had. . . .

On December 28th, the immortal dinner came off in my painting room, with “Jerusalem” towering up behind us as a background. Wordsworth was in fine cue, and we had a glorious set-to on Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, and Milton. Lamb got exceedingly merry and exquisitely witty; and his fun in the midst of Wordsworth’s solemn intonations of oratory was like the sarcasm and wit of the fool in the intervals of Lear’s passion, Lamb soon got de-

lightly merry. He made a speech and voted me absent, and made me drink my health.

“Now,” said Lamb, “you old lake poet, you rascally poet, why do you call Voltaire dull?”

We all defended Wordsworth, and affirmed there was a state of mind when Voltaire would be dull.

“Well,” said Lamb, “here’s Voltaire—he’s



the Messiah of the French nation,—and a very proper one too.”

He then, in a strain of humour beyond description, abused me for putting Newton’s head into my picture—“a fellow who believed nothing except it was as clear as the three

sides of a triangle." And then he and Keats agreed he had destroyed all the poetry of the rainbow, by reducing it to the prismatic colours. It was impossible to resist him, and we all drank "Newton's health, and confusion to mathematics."

It was delightful to see the good humour of Wordsworth in giving in to all our frolics without affectation, and laughing as heartily as the best of us.

By this time other friends joined, amongst them poor Ritchie, who was going to penetrate by Fezzan to Timbuctoo. I introduced him to all as "a gentleman going to Africa." Lamb seemed to take no notice, but all of a sudden he roared out, "Which is the gentleman we are going to lose?" We then drank the victim's health, in which Ritchie joined.

In the morning of this delightful day, a gentleman, a perfect stranger, had called on me. He said he knew my friends had an enthusiasm about Wordsworth, and begged I would procure him the happiness of an introduction. He told me he was a Comptroller of Stamps, and often had correspondence with the poet. I thought it a liberty; but still, as he seemed a gentleman, I told him he might come.

When we retired to tea we found the Comptroller. In introducing him to Wordsworth I forgot to say who he was. After a time the Comptroller looked down, looked up, and said

to Wordsworth, "Don't you think, sir, Milton was a great genius?"

Keats looked at me, Wordsworth looked at the Comptroller. Lamb, who was dozing by the fire, turned round and said, "Pray, sir, did you say Milton was a great genius?"



"No, sir, I asked Mr Wordsworth if he were not."

"Oh," said Lamb, "then you are a silly fellow."

"Charles! my dear Charles!" said Wordsworth; but Lamb, perfectly innocent of the confusion he had created, was off again by the fire.

After an awful pause the Comptroller said, "Don't you think Newton a great genius?"

I could stand it no longer. Keats put his head into my books. Ritchie squeezed in a laugh. Wordsworth seemed asking himself, "Who is this?"

Lamb got up and taking a candle said, "Sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development?" He then turned his back on the poor man, and at every question of the Comptroller he chanted—

"Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his breeches on."

The man in office finding Wordsworth did not know who he was, said in a spasmodic and half-chuckling anticipation of assured victory, "I have had the honour of some correspondence with you, Mr Wordsworth."

"With me, sir?" said Wordsworth, "not that I remember."

"Don't you, sir? I am a Comptroller of Stamps."

There was a dead silence; the Comptroller evidently thinking that was enough.

While we were waiting for Wordsworth's reply, Lamb sung out—

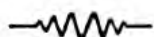
"Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle."

"My dear Charles!" said Wordsworth.

"Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John,"

chanted Lamb; and then rising, exclaimed, "Do let me have another look at that gentleman's organs." Keats and I hurried Lamb into the painting-room, shut the door, and gave way to inextinguishable laughter. Monkhouse followed, and tried to get Lamb away. We went back, but the Comptroller was irreconcilable. We soothed, and smiled, and asked him to supper. He stayed, though his dignity was sorely affected. However, being a good-natured man, we were all in good humour, and no ill effects followed.

All the while, until Monkhouse succeeded, we could hear Lamb struggling in the painting-room, and calling at intervals, "Who is that fellow? allow me to see his organs once more."



MRS INCHBALD and Mrs Barbould, Lamb used laughingly to speak of as the "two Bald women."



BLACKWOOD sent me twenty pounds for the Drama. Somebody cheated me out of it next day; and my new pair of breeches just sent home, cracking at first putting on, I exclaimed, in my wrath, "All tailors are cheats, and all men are tailors." Then I was better.



SPEAKING of the water-cure, Lamb said that it was old as the Flood, when, in his opinion, it killed more than it cured.



MY bedfellows, said Lamb, on one occasion, are cough and cramp; we sleep three in a bed.

CHARLES LAMB, in writing to Wordsworth to acknowledge the gift of some books, says, "When I first opened upon the just mentioned poem, in a careless tone I said to Mary, as if putting a riddle, '*What is good for a bootless bene?*' To which, with infinite presence of mind (as the jest book has it), she replied, 'A shoeless pea!' It was the first joke she ever made."



LAMB said that on one occasion he met Coleridge in the street. Coleridge took hold of his friend by the button of his coat and began telling something in his long-drawn-out manner, discussing perhaps one of those questions of "fate, freewill, foreknowledge absolute," of which he was so fond. Elia, who was on his way to the India House, had no time for discussion, so he took out his penknife, cut the button off his coat, and, leaving it in Coleridge's hand, continued his way. *On his return some hours later, says Elia, he found Coleridge still holding the button, and holding forth to his imagined auditor.*



ON one occasion Lamb was invited to a party where the room was crowded with children. Their noise and tricks plagued him not a little, and at supper, when toasts were flying to and fro, he rose to propose the health of the "m-much ca-ca-calumniated g-g-good King Herod!"



WHEN first reading *The Excursion*, Mary Lamb said, that according to Wordsworth it seemed very doubtful whether a liver in town had a soul to be saved.



HEAVEN tempers the wind to the shorn Lambs.



UPON the occasion of Munden's farewell performance, as it drew to a close, Mary Lamb, who sat with Charles in a corner of the orchestra, said, "*Sic transit gloria Munden!*"



"WHY is it that you are always aiming at wit?" asked someone of Charles Lamb.
 "It is better, at anyrate," replied he, "than aiming at dulness."

I AM born out of time. I have no conjecture what the present world calls delicacy. I thought *Rosamund Gray* was a pretty modest thing. Hessey assures me that the world would not bear it. I have lived to grow into an indecent character. When my sonnet* was rejected, I exclaimed, "Damn the age, *I will write for ANTIQUITY!*"



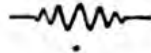
LAMB, dining with Tom Hood, was observed walking round the table, eyeing all the dishes. He told Mrs Hood that he was trying to select a seat opposite something that was difficult to carve, that he might take the trouble off her hands—and then deliberately placed himself before a lobster salad observing *that* was the thing.



ON the same occasion Lamb being pressed to sing excused himself, but offered to pronounce a Latin eulogium instead. This was accepted and he accordingly proceeded with a long string of Latin, in which the name of Mrs Hood so frequently occurred that some of the ladies thought it in praise of her. One of them asking the gentleman next her discovered that the eulogium being pronounced was on the lobster salad!

* The Sonnet was *The Gipsy's Malison*.

'TIS unpleasant to meet a beggar. It is painful to deny him—and if you relieve him, it is so much out of your pocket.



A MIDST the complaints of the wide spread of infidelity among us, said Lamb, it is consolatory that a sect is sprung up in the heart



of the metropolis, and is daily on the increase, of teachers of that healing doctrine, which Pope upheld, and against which Voltaire directed his envenomed wit. I mean those practical teachers of optimism, or the belief that *whatever is is best*—the cads of omnibuses; who, from their little back pulpits—not once in three or four hours as those proclaimers of "God and

His prophet" in Mussulman countries; but every minute, at the entry or exit of a brief passenger, are heard in an almost prophetic tone to exclaim—(wisdom crying out, as it were, in the streets)—ALL'S RIGHT.

THE greatest pleasure I know, is to do a good action by stealth—and to have it found out by accident.



WE read the *Paradise Lost* as a task, said Doctor Johnson. Nay, rather as a celestial recreation, of which the dullard mind is not at all hours alike recipient. “Nobody ever wished it longer,”—nor the moon rounder, he might have added. Why, 'tis the perfectness and completeness of it, which makes us imagine that not a line could be added to it, or diminished from it with advantage. Would we have a cubic added to the stature of the Medicean Venus? Do we wish her taller?



CHARLES LAMB said that men marry for fortune, and sometimes to please their fancy; but much oftener than is suspected, they consider what the world will say of it; how such a woman in their friends' eyes, will look at the head of a table. Hence, he added, we see so many insipid beauties made wives of, that could not have struck the particular fancy of any man—that had any fancy at all. These I call *furniture wives*; as men buy *furniture pictures*, because they suit this or that niche in their dining parlours.

AMUSINGLY, on one occasion, did Lamb speculate on sauces or mixed flavours. It is, he said, a desideratum in works that treat *de reculinariâ*, that we have no rationale of sauces, or theory of mixed flavours; as to show why cabbage is reprehensible with roast beef, laud-

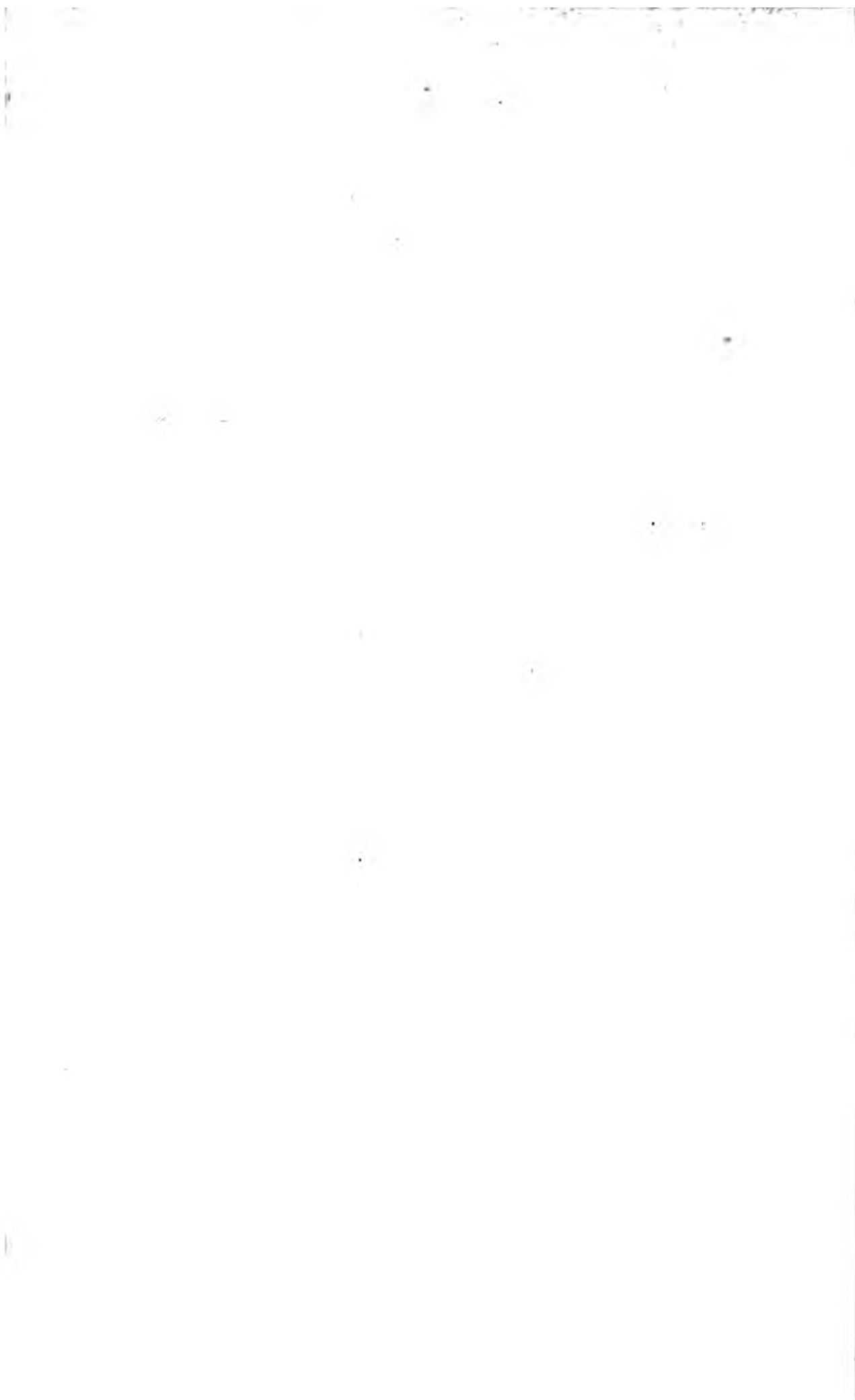


able with bacon; why the haunch of mutton seeks the alliance of currant jelly, the shoulder civilly declineth it; why loin of veal (a pretty problem), being itself unctuous, seeketh the adventitious lubricity of melted butter; and why the same part in pork, not more ole-

aginous, abhorreth from it; why the French bean sympathises with the flesh of deer; why salt fish points to parsnip, brawn makes a dead set at mustard; why cats prefer valerian to heart's ease, old ladies *vice versa*—though this is rather travelling out of the road of the dietetics, and may be thought a question more curious than relevant;—why salmon (a strong sapor *per se*) fortifieth its condition with the mighty lobster sauce, whose embraces are fatal to the delicater relish of the turbot; why oysters in death rise up against the contamination of brown sugar,

while they are posthumously amorous of vinegar; why the sour mango and the sweet jam by turns court, and are accepted by, the compliable mutton hash—she not yet decidedly declaring for either. We are as yet but in the empirical stage of cookery. We feed ignorantly, and want to be able to give a reason of the relish that is in us; so that if Nature should furnish us with a new meat, or be prodigally pleased to restore the phoenix, upon a *given* flavour, we might be able to pronounce instantly, on philosophical principles, what the sauce to it should be—what the curious adjuncts.









Douglas Gould

FEBRUARY

E

August 1891

DOUGLAS JERROLD.



E



BON - M O T S
OF
DOUGLAS JERROLD.



SOMEONE praised the *mise en scène* at one of Kean's revivals at the Princess's Theatre, to which Jerrold retorted, "Oh yes, it is all scenery and Keanery."



"LET them come," said Douglas Jerrold of the opponents of education, "and we will serve them as Luther served the Devil—we will throw inkstands at their heads."

A STRONG attachment existed between Charles Knight and Douglas Jerrold. At a dinner party at which they were both present, the conversation had turned upon epitaphs. Jerrold on rising to take leave, shaking hands with Charles Knight, said, "We have been talking of epitaphs ; I will now give one to you —Good (K)night !"



ONE afternoon, when Jerrold was in his garden at Putney, enjoying a glass of claret, a friend called upon him. The conversation ran on a certain dull fellow, whose wealth made him prominent at that time.

"Yes," said Jerrold, drawing his finger round the edge of his wine-glass, "that's the range of his intellect, only it had never anything half so good in it."



THE eternal Irish question was being talked about when Douglas Jerrold remarked, with admirable point, that "the Irish labourer just tickled the land with a hoe, and expected it to laugh with a harvest." *

* This *mot*, like many others of Jerrold's, was used with admirable effect in his writings.

THAT scoundrel, sir! Why, he'd sharpen a knife upon his father's tombstone to kill his mother!



GEORGE CRUIKSHANK having become a teetotaller, showed all the vehement zeal of a convert. Jerrold meeting him shortly after his conversion, exclaimed, "Now, George, remember that water is very good anywhere—*except upon the brain.*"



WHILE Jerrold was discussing one day with Charles Selby the vexed question of adapting dramatic pieces from the French, that gentleman insisted upon claiming some of his characters as strictly original creations.

"Do you remember my Baroness in *Ask no Questions?*" said Selby.

"Yes, indeed, I don't think I ever saw a piece of yours without being struck by your *barrenness*," was the retort.



DURING a rehearsal, one day, a lady whom Jerrold was in the habit of rallying gave him a cake. Whereupon he took his watch from his pocket, held up the present, and addressing those around him, said, "Ladies and gentlemen, it is now half-past twelve o'clock, and I am about to eat this cake. *Remember the hour!*"



AN old gentleman was in the habit of meeting Jerrold, and pouring long pointless stories into his impatient ears. On one occasion he related a long, limp account of a stupid practical joke, concluding with the information that the effect of the joke was so potent, "he really thought he should have died with laughter."

"I wish to heaven you had," was Jerrold's reply.



A DOZEN members of the Museum Club, all intimate friends, formed themselves into a lesser club which they called the Zodiac. This coterie dined together once a month, and each member was named after a Zodiacal sign.

Great amusement was caused in the distribution of names. Jerrold was *Scorpio*; a Hibernian member was christened *Taurus*, or *the Irish Bull*; a Caledonian, *Sagittarius*, or

the Scottish Archer; a native of Wales was *Capricornus, or the Welsh Goat*. An eminent physician celebrated for his treatment of cutaneous diseases was put down for *Cancer*; while a youthful blushing journalist was cast as *Virgo*, and the rest of the signs were appropriately allotted.

When the Club met it was imperative upon each member (penalty for each omission one penny) to address any other member by his Zodiacal name. The representative of that sign wherein the sun was at the time to be found, took the chair.

It was on the occasion of the formation of the Zodiac Club that a somewhat dull gentleman, fearful of being forgotten, asked what he was to be.

"Oh," instantly replied Jerrold, "We'll bring you in as the Weight in *Libra*."



ON the first night of the representation of one of Jerrold's pieces, a successful adaptor from the French rallied him on his nervousness.

"I," said the adaptor, "never feel nervous on the first night of my pieces."

"Ah, my boy," Jerrold replied, "*you* are always certain of success. Your pieces have all been tried before."

DOUGLAS JERROLD was in a railway carriage with a young gentleman one day, who, looking out on some cows in the field, remarked "How beautiful and peaceful cows look in the green fields. When I am at home, I often stroll through the pastures and sit down in the midst of the cows, reading, or sketching, or meditating. They come round me, and look at me with their calm wondering eyes. I look up, pleased, and smile, smile at them——"



"With a filial smile," quietly added Jerrold.



A VERY plain young man of loose habits happening to remark before Douglas Jerrold that he was fastidious, "You mean," said Jerrold, "that you are *fast* and *hideous*."



WHEN Jenny Lind gave a concert to the Consumption Hospital, the proceeds of which amounted to £1,776, 15s., and were to be devoted to the completion of the building, Jerrold suggested that the new part of the hospital should be called "The Nightingale's Wing."

A FRIEND was one day reading to Jerrold an account of a case in which a person named Ure was reproached with having suddenly jilted a young lady to whom he was engaged.

“Ure seems to have turned out to be a base 'un,” said Jerrold.



JERROLD was seriously disappointed with a certain book written by one of his friends. This friend heard that Jerrold had expressed his disappointment, and questioned him, “I hear you said — was the worst book I ever wrote.”

“No, I didn't,” came the answer, “I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote.”



JERROLD said to an ardent young gentleman, who burned with a desire to see himself in print:—Be advised by me, young man—don't take down the shutters before there is something in the window.



DOUGLAS JERROLD, describing a very dangerous illness from which his daughter had just recovered, said—“Ay, sir, it was a runaway knock at Death's door, I can assure you.”

A BOOK of Harriet Martineau's, written in conjunction with a man named Atkinson, created quite a sensation at the commencement of the fifties. Douglas Jerrold after reading it said, "There is no God, and Harriet Martineau is his Prophet."



ONE day a friend called on Jerrold to introduce a youth who, smitten with a love for the sea, was about to leave a position he held in a city establishment for the cockpit.

"Humph!" said Jerrold, "so you're going to sea. To what department of industry, may I enquire, do you now give your exertions?"

"Silk," briefly replied the youth.

"Well, go to sea, and it will be worsted."



JERROLD could not bear any degree of forwardness or impertinence. Dining one day at one of his clubs, seated alone at a side-table, an attendant who was remarkably free in addressing members, said to him: "It's a very wet day, sir, to-day, sir, isn't it, sir?"

The diner gave a sharp look, and exclaimed, "Waiter, salt!"

"Salt, sir; yes, sir, salt," and this demand was duly supplied.

Fancying, doubtless, that he had not been heard, the attendant a second time made an

attack, with an assertion as to his knowledge of the humidity of the day, and an inquiry as to whether the diner did not agree in the accuracy thereof.

"Pepper, I say, pepper!" was all the reply received.

"Pepper, sir; yes, sir, pepper," followed from the waiter, and the pepper was produced.

The pertinacious waiter was not to be abashed by a second rebuff, and a third time he returned to the charge with: "It's a very wet day, sir, to-day, sir, isn't it, sir?" but with no better success.

"Mustard, sir, confound it, mustard!" was Jerrold's sharp response.

Upon this, Robert, nettled at a third rebuke, uttered, "Perhaps, sir, you don't think so, sir."

An instantaneous look from Jerrold then drove the fellow, chop-fallen, out of the room, and his tormentor found relief in a hearty fit of laughter.



A COLD friend, said Jerrold, is like cold mutton, the less to be stomached for having once been hot.



WHEN Morris had the Haymarket Theatre, Jerrold, on a certain occasion, had reason to find fault with the strength, or, rather, the want of strength, of the company. Morris expostulated, and said, "Why, there's V——, he was bred on these boards!"

Said Jerrold, "He looks as though he'd been cut out of them."



SAID a friend to Jerrold: "Do you know that Holl has left the stage and turned wine-merchant?"

"Oh, yes," Jerrold replied; "and I'm told that his wine off the stage is better than his whine on it."



A LITERARY gentleman once said pretentiously to Jerrold, "My dear Jerrold, you know, of course, what guano is?"

"No," Jerrold replied; "but I can understand your knowledge, you've had so much thrown at you in your time."



ON being told that a recently-produced play had been done to order, Jerrold replied, "Ah! and it strikes me it will still be done to a good many orders."

THE Chain of Events was being played at the Lyceum Theatre. "Humph!" said Jerrold, "I'm afraid the manager will find it a door-chain strong enough to keep everybody out of his house."



A SOMEWHAT lack-a-daisical young member of the Museum Club hinted that the club was not sufficiently near the west-end, and suggested something more stylish and nearer Pall Mall.

Douglas Jerrold rebuked him, saying, "No, no, young gentleman, not near Pall Mall; we might catch coronets."



DISCUSSING Mrs Grundy and her "set," a member of the same club said, "They'll soon say marriage is improper."

"No, no," said Jerrold, "they'll always consider marriage good breeding."



DOUGLAS JERROLD was about to take one of his nieces out to a party; she appeared ready to start in all the glory of a new black-and-white gown—"Hm!" he exclaimed, looking her up and down, "appropriate—magpie."



“LET us,” said Jerrold at one of his club gatherings, “have some true Shakespearean grog—as for the brandy, ‘nothing extenuate,’ and the water, ‘put nought in in malice.’”



A CERTAIN lawyer was being discussed, when Douglas Jerrold remarked that he was a man who had studied his fellows as thieves study a house—merely to take advantage of the weakest parts.



COMMENTATORS are worthy folks, who too often write on books as men write with diamonds on glass—obscuring light with scratches.



MAN owes two solemn debts—one to society, and one to nature. It is only when he pays the second that he covers the first.



ON Wordsworth accepting the laureateship, Douglas Jerrold said that it was melancholy that bay-leaves should be pinched from the garland of the poet, merely to give flavour to a court custard.

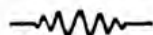
THE Shirt of Nessus was a shirt not paid for.



GIVE a friend your hand as often as you like, but never let there be a pen in it.



READERS, said Douglas Jerrold, are of two kinds, — the reader who carefully goes through a book, and the reader who as carefully lets the book go through him.



OF an inconsiderate philanthropist, Douglas Jerrold said that he was one of those people who in a time of famine would vote for nothing but a supply of toothpicks.



WOMEN are all alike. When they are maids they are as mild as milk ; but once make them wives, and they lean their backs against their marriage certificates, and defy you.



“ SELF-DEFENCE,” said Douglas Jerrold, “ is the clearest of all laws, and for this reason—the lawyers did not make it.”

A DINNER was given to Leigh Hunt at the Museum Club. Douglas Jerrold, speaking of the veteran poet and politician, said of him that, "even in his hottest warfare his natural sense of beauty and gentleness was so great that, like David of old, he armed his sling with shining pebbles of the brook, and never pelted even his fiercest enemy with mud."



Hunt gracefully retorted that, "if his friend Jerrold had the sting of a bee, he had also his honey."



HAPPINESS grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.



I NEVER see an Italian image merchant with his Graces, and Venuses and Apollos at sixpence a head, that I do not spiritually touch my hat to him. It is he who has carried refinement into the poor man's house; it is he who has accustomed the eyes of the multitude to the harmonious forms of beauty.

A LAWYER'S smile Douglas Jerrold described as "dirt cheap at six and eight-pence."



"WHY, however did you know that I was married?" enquired a friend of Jerrold.

"Oh! you look as if you were; there is a kind of a married mark about some people—a sort of wedding ring mark—not at all unlike the mark of a collar."



PHILOSOPHERS have called man a laughing animal, a tool-making animal, a cooking animal—but they have all missed the real description, they should call him a coining animal.



DOUGLAS JERROLD suggested that certain temperance crusaders should adopt as their sign, frogs—"bull-frogs in a pond; for they only muddy where they stir, and their monotonous croak is of water."



ASK a woman to a tea-party in the Garden of Eden, and she would draw up her eyelids and scream, "I *can't* go without a new gown."

MONEY is a habit—nothing more.



OF a hypocrite Jerrold said, that if he had to cut a man's throat, he would first sharpen his knife on the church marble.



SOMEONE discussing ancestry said, that for himself he knew nothing of his ancestors, when Jerrold suggested to him that he should take the cuckoo for his crest, and "Nothing" for his motto.



"MEN will not be made temperate or virtuous," said Douglas Jerrold, discussing some proposed legislation, "by the strong hand of the law, but by the teaching and influence of moral power. A man is no more made sober by Act of Parliament than a woman is made chaste."



WHEN in the "forties" there was much discussion of the habiliment of the clergy, Douglas Jerrold observed that the bishops evidently did not think it sufficient to belong to the army of martyrs unless they had very handsome regimentals.

JERROLD described Exeter Hall as a kind of safety valve for patriotism and indignation, scorn and hatred—and all sorts of public virtues.



AN old man being enamoured of a woman many years his junior, Jerrold said on hearing of it that “love like the measles—was all the worse when it came late in life.”



OF a money-lending wine merchant Douglas Jerrold said he was the best possible man to go to for a loan, for, as he sent you half cash and half wine, if you were unable to take up his bill on the settling day—you always had his poison at hand for a remedy.



DOUGLAS JERROLD suggested the institution of a new Parliamentary order—the Order of Brevity—to be conferred each Session upon two members—one of the Lords and one of the Commons — whose speeches should have contained the greatest wisdom *in the fewest syllables.*



THIS is what the world calls principle—he has owed me half-a-crown for seven years, and wears lavender water.



“**I** HAVE heard it said,” remarked Douglas Jerrold to a notorious boaster, “that truth lives in a well, and I’d advise you to take an early dip in the bucket.”



A FRIEND having taken unto himself a second wife, Jerrold said that he doubtless thought wedlock was like wine—not to be properly judged of until the second glass.



OF a certain statue of George the Third, “the anointed of obstinacy,” Douglas Jerrold said that his pigtail was pointing the way opposite to his head, the way of the wise—due East.

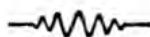


SOME conservative people, said Jerrold, appeared to want us to return to the Middle Ages—to make John Bull grow little again into John Calf.

AFTER likening a Lord Mayor without a Show to various things, Douglas Jerrold finished by saying, "he must be like—like calf's head without parsley and butter."



COMPARED with London, the country seems to me the world without its clothes on.



"**A**SK for nothing but what is right, and submit to nothing that is wrong," was suggested by Douglas Jerrold as a motto for every wise and free state.



"**H**UMPH!" said Jerrold of a man bringing an action for slander, "the character that needs law to mend it is hardly worth the tinkering."



OF his friend, Laman Blanchard, Jerrold said —with the slightest alteration of Goldsmith's well-known line—that

"He to *parties* gave up what was meant for mankind."



IF I were a grave-digger or a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of pleasure.



IT is told of a would-be French orator that, to give him confidence in the hour of trial, he was wont to rehearse his maiden speech in his garden to a large assembly of cabbages. And he got on admirably. Calmly considering the line of cabbages, and by a slight operation of the fancy, convincing himself that every cabbage was a solemn senator, he would pour forth his speech as freely and as limpidly as his gardener would pour out water. At length the hour of trial came, and our orator rose, not to cabbages, but to a human assembly. His lips were glued together; his heart beat thick; he was icy-cold and red-hot; and at length he confessed to his inability of speech in these words, "Gentlemen, I perceive that men are *not* cabbages."

A wholesome moral, this, for stump orators!



AN attorney's conscience!—Aye, tender as the bellies of alligators.



SOMEONE having insisted on telling him an unpleasant story, Jerrold remarked, how "odd it is that folks will force disagreeable knowledge on us—crab apples which we have to eat and defy the stomach-ache."

A FRIEND having referred to the wonderful "get up" of Robson, the actor, as a beggar in *The Wandering Minstrel*, Douglas Jerrold remarked that it was "horribly real," adding instantly, with a shudder, and a half covert glitter of the eyes, "One could fancy him on his benefit night playing with real vermin."



SAYS Sidney Cooper in his autobiography: One day after dinner at the Museum Club, I was asked how I would arrange the interior of Noah's Ark if I painted it, the animals being of every description—some tame and some wild. I answered that I should group them altogether, for I considered that Providence had so ordained that "the wolf did dwell with the lamb," that "the cow and the bear should feed," and, in fact, that all kinds of animals should live and mix together in unity.

"Oh no," they said, "they would fight."

"If they had fought," I observed, "it would have been recorded."

Some said one thing and some another, and at last they appealed to Jerrold, as he sat, in his usual manner, smoking by the fire, calling out to him—

"Cooper says that if he painted the interior of Noah's Ark he would group the cud animals with the wild, and we are asking why they did

not fight and consume each other, and we cannot tell; can you?"

"Any schoolboy could answer that question," said Jerrold.

"Oh, but we are schoolboys, and we cannot answer it," they all said.

"Why," said Jerrold, "I suppose they were all sick."



A MEMBER arrived late to a dinner at the Museum Club, and when upbraided for it he explained that he started in full dress, as he



was going elsewhere after dinner, but finding that it was too damp to walk in dress shoes, he had returned to his lodgings in Lincoln's Inn Fields, to put on others.

Then the question arose why the pavement was nearly always damp on the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields. The principal reason

suggested was that the buildings being high on that side of the square the sun could not pene-

trate to the pavement at that time of year. The discussion continued for some time, and at last Jerrold was appealed to, as usual, for they said, "You can account for all unaccountable things, Jerrold; what do you say about it?"

"Always damp, is it?" he answered; "why you must expect that—it is on account of the heavy *dues* in the neighbourhood."



I HAVE never in my life said a bitter thing of anyone who did not deserve it.



OF a mistaken philanthropist Jerrold said, he was "so benevolent, so merciful a man—he would have held an umbrella over a duck in a shower of rain."



SOMEONE having talked of man's injustice to women, Douglas Jerrold said, "Ah! my friend, but you forget there's that little matter of the apple still to be settled for."



IS it not delightful to see humble folk, who tune their tongues to the honour of dry bread and water, compelled by the gentle force of fortune to chew venison and swallow claret?

LOVE is an alchemist, and will, at least to the eyes and ears of some *one*, turn the coarsest lump of clay to one piece of pure human gold.



“ I HAVE an idea,” said a friend in Jerrold’s presence.

“ ’Tis strange,” said the wit, “ how some ideas fall like raindrops on a man’s head—*the head itself having nothing at all to do with the matter.*”



HE kissed her, and promised. Such beautiful lips! Man’s usual fate—he was lost upon the coral reefs.



“ THERE is no place,” said Jerrold, “ in which the very smallest joke goes so far as in the court of justice. There, a farthing’s worth of wit is often taken as though it were an ingot.”

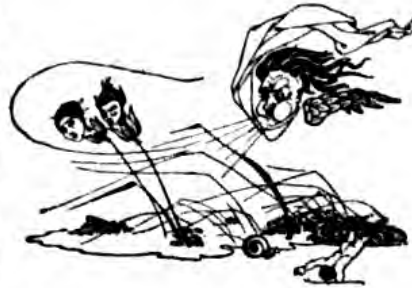


“ I WONDER that some people,” said Douglas Jerrold, “ do not refuse to go out when there’s a new moon; and all out of love and respect for that ‘ ancient institution ’—the old one.”

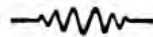
ROUGE is a darling little fib that sometimes lies like truth.



“**A** PART from association,” said Douglas Jerrold, “the expression of a bare skull has little in it serious; nay, there always seems a quaint cheerfulness in it. The cheek bones look still puckered with a smile, as though contracted when it flung aside the mask of life and caught a glimpse of the oncoming glory.”

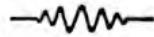


OF a certain prelate Douglas Jerrold said, “What a lawyer was spoiled in that bishop! What a brain he has for cobwebs! How he drags you along through sentence after sentence—every one a dark passage—until your head swims, and you can't see your finger close to your nose!”



WITH certain excellent and patriotic persons, literature, like a gipsy, to be picturesque, should be a little ragged.

A "DIPLOMATIC" person was being discussed, when Jerrold said that he had found some natures whose moral anatomy it would pain and perplex to move direct to an object; who, like snakes, seemed formed to take pleasure in indirect motion: whose true line of moral beauty was a curve.



"HAVING acquired a name for ill-nature," said Douglas Jerrold somewhat bitterly, "or, in reality, having acquired a fatal reputation for using your eyes, it is in vain to deal in praise of anything. The people who profess to know you, will, like witches, even read your prayers backwards."



"IT is true," exclaimed Jerrold, after reading of some strange doings of officialdom, "it is true that the bowstring is unknown in this free and happy country—but *red tape* has its daily victims."



A VERY matter-of-fact man was being discussed, when Jerrold summed up his characteristics, saying, "If you were to speak to him of Jacob's ladder, he would at once ask the number of steps."

IT being told to Jerrold of a certain man that he had made a fortune "in no time," "Depend upon it," said he, "that fortunes made in no time are like shirts made in no time—its ten to one if they hang long together."



"A TRUE woman," said Douglas Jerrold, "when a man has only half a meaning, supplies the other half—'tis that that makes the full circle of the wedding ring."



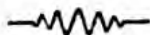
DEPEND upon it, every ton of iron expended on a railroad is worth a hundred times the value of the same metal used up in forty-pounds.



CHILDREN are earthly idols that hold us from the stars.



THE weakest part of the crocodile is his stomach—man is a crocodile.



HABITUAL intoxication is the epitome of every crime.

ONE evening at the Museum Club, a journalist of the ponderous kind (an editorial "heavy weight"), whose spirits were

at the moment elevated with wine, bragged of the number of years that he had been a member of a literary coterie, and stated, with great self-satisfaction, that he had at last been elected its president.



"That reminds me," said Jerrold, "of a story I once heard of an old soldier who in battle got shot in the calf of the

leg, and the bullet got so embedded that the doctors could not extract it. Well, at first the fellow did not feel comfortable with his heavy companion, and had to grin and bear it; but in illustration of the principle that use is second nature, *in course of time he began to like the lead.*"

SOMEONE was describing a state funeral with all its pageantry—its ostrich feathers, genoa velvet, and magnificent coffin.

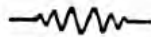
“Humph!” exclaimed Jerrold, “how truly is it called *lying* in state.”



OF a certain class of charitable persons, Douglas Jerrold said, “Upon my word, they are so good they would pour rose-water over a toad.”



EVERYBODY has imagination when money is the thought—the common brain will bubble to a golden wand.



SPEAKING of fairy tales, Douglas Jerrold remarked that, “Nothing can be truer than fairy wisdom ; it is true as sunbeams.”



LIVE in a palace without a petticoat—’tis but a place to shiver in. Whereas, take off the house-top, break every window, make the doors creak, the chimneys smoke, give free entry to sun, wind and rain—still will a petticoat make the hovel habitable, nay, bring the little household gods crowding about the fireplace.

DOUGLAS JERROLD imagined the Apostles, in their old-world attire, entering a London church, how the beadle, with a big look, would waive them from the pews and motion them down upon the benches. And Apostles would sit there, pitying the sleek pluralist in the pulpit, to whom even Jacob's ladder has its rungs encased with purple velvet to make the footing softer.



MONEY is the prose fairy of our mechanical generation.



“**P**IGS were created,” said Jerrold, “not to yield bacon for ploughmen, but for the higher purpose of supplying little pigs to parsons.”



A REMARKABLY ugly and disagreeable man sat opposite Jerrold at a dinner-party. Before the cloth was removed Jerrold accidentally broke a glass. Whereupon the ugly gentleman, thinking to twit his opposite neighbour with great effect, said sily, “What, already, Jerrold! Now, I never break a glass.”

“I wonder at that,” was Jerrold's instant reply, “you ought whenever you look in one.”

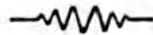




BROWN was said by all his friends to be the toady of Jones. The appearance of Jones in a room was the proof that Brown was in the passage. When Jones had the influenza, Brown dutifully caught a cold in the head. Jerrold met Brown one day, and holding him by the buttonhole, said, "Have you heard the rumour that 's flying about town?"

"No."

"Well, they say Jones pays the dog-tax for you."



AN actor who had left his wife without any money in London, wrote glowing letters from America, but still no supplies. One of these letters was read aloud in the Green-Room of the Haymarket.

"What kindness!" exclaimed Jerrold, with strong emphasis.

"Kindness!" ejaculated one of the actresses indignantly, "when he never sends the poor woman a penny."

"Yes," replied Jerrold, "unremitting kindness!"



ON a friend being laid up through sleeping in a damp bed, Jerrold remarked, "To think that two or three yards of damp flax should so knock down the majesty of man."

A LADY one day spoke to Jerrold about the beauty of an infant. In the enthusiasm of her affection she said—

“Really, I cannot find words to convey to you even a faint idea of its pretty ways.”

“I see,” Jerrold replied, “it’s a child more easily conceived than described.”



ONE of the members of the *Hooks and Eyes* Club was expatiating on the fact that he had dined three times at the Duke of Devonshire’s, and that on no occasion had there been any fish at table. “I cannot account for it,” he added.

“I can,” said Jerrold, “they ate it all up stairs.”



WHATEVER promises a man may make before marriage, the licence is as a receipt in full.



A RUMOUR had been very general that a certain hard lugubrious actor was labouring under an inflammation of the brain.

A friend having mentioned the report to Jerrold, was reassured in the following words: “Depend upon it, there is not the *least foundation* for the report.”

DR CHARLES MACKAY records that when everybody was at a loss to invent a name



for the great palace of glass built for the Exhibition of 1851, and when, in default of anything better, it was commonly called "The Great Exhibition Building in Hyde Park," Douglas Jerrold solved the difficulty by calling it "The Crystal Palace." The name took the public fancy at once, and "Crystal Palace" it became; and bequeathed its happy

title to one great and many smaller successors in Europe and America.



A CELEBRATED barrister—a friend with whom Jerrold loved to jest—entered a certain club-room where Jerrold and some friends were enjoying a cigar. The barrister was in an excited state, and exclaimed—

"I have just met a scoundrelly barrister!"

Jerrold, interrupting him, said, "What a coincidence!"

CHARLES DICKENS, after Jerrold's death, frankly wrote :—Of his generosity I had a proof within these two or three years, which it saddens me to think of now. There had been an estrangement between us — not on any personal subject, and not involving an angry word—and a good many months had passed without my even seeing him in the street, when it fell out that we dined each with his own separate party in the STRANGERS' ROOM of a club. Our chairs were almost back to back, and I took mine after he was seated and at dinner. I said not a word (I am sorry to remember), and did not look that way. Before we had sat so long, he openly wheeled his chair round, stretched out both his hands in the most engaging manner, and said aloud, with a bright and loving face that I can see as I write to you, "For God's sake, let us be friends again! a life's not long enough for this."



A DRAMATIC novice took a play which he had written to Douglas Jerrold, and asked his opinion of it. The play was very bad, and Jerrold hesitated.

"Do you think it good?" anxiously queried the author.

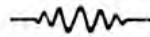
"Good?" repeated Jerrold, "good, dear boy? good is not the word."

“IS the legacy to be paid down on the nail?” somebody asked Jerrold, referring to a celebrated will case.

“On the coffin-nail,” Jerrold replied.



“WELL, Talfourd,” said Jerrold, on meeting the late eminent judge and author one day near Temple Bar, “have you any more *Ions* in the fire?”



THE author of an epic poem asked Jerrold if he had seen his *Descent into Hell*.

“No,” replied Jerrold, with a chuckle of delight, “but I should like to.”



JERROLD, Herbert Ingram, Peter Cunningham and Charles Mackay, were out for a day’s ramble which took them to the little village of Chenies; they visited the church or chapel, where many members of the ducal family of Bedford are buried.

“If I were one of the Russells,” said Cunningham, “I should not wish to come here often. I should not like to know the exact spot where I was to be buried.”

“My feeling exactly,” said Jerrold; “and for that reason I *never* enter Westminster Abbey.”

ON the great success of *Thomas à Becket* at the Surrey Theatre a friend congratulating the author said—

“Jerrold, you’ll be the Surrey Shakespeare.”

“The sorry Shakespeare, you mean,” was the quick retort.



AS an example of conservatism, Jerrold said he once met an acquaintance who was writhing and groaning, and, on his asking what was the matter, the sufferer said—

“Oh, my dear fellow, my cursed corns! they torment me so!”



“Corns!” echoed Jerrold, “why don’t you cut them?”

“Cut them?—what, the corns I’ve had for twenty years? Cut them!”



OF our system of government Jerrold said it is like an hour-glass: when one side’s quite run out, we turn up the other, and go on again.

ANGUS B. REACH had been pertinaciously insisting at a dinner table that his name should be pronounced *Re-ak* and not as spelt. When the dessert came on Jerrold leant across and said, "If you please Mr *Re-ak* will you hand me a *pe-ak*?"



OF Davidge, the grinding manager, Jerrold said, smarting under recent ill-use, "May he live to keep his carriage, and yet not be able to ride in it."



EVE ate the apple that she might dress.



JERROLD met a fop one day, who languidly offered him two fingers. Jerrold, not to be outdone, thrust forward a single finger, saying—"Well, who shall it be?"



MCIAN, the artist, figured as one of the jesters at the celebrated Eglinton tournament. He was mounted upon an ass. Jerrold called him an ass *centaur*; and said that it was impossible to discover where one animal began and the other ended.

IN a work on *The Duality of the Mind*, Dr Wigan gives the following anecdote:—That mysterious and incomprehensible thing, the *will*, has, we know, an important influence on the whole animal economy, and many instances have come before us where it has staved off insanity; others where it has aided in restoring health. I will cite a case which is well-known to me, and which exemplifies this action, although unconnected with insanity. A celebrated man of literature (Douglas Jerrold), dependent for his income on the labours of his pen—feeding his family, as he jocularly calls it, out of an inkstand—was in the advanced stage of a severe illness. After many hesitations, he ventured to ask his medical attendant if there was any hope. The doctor evaded the embarrassing question as long as possible, but at last was compelled sorrowfully to acknowledge that there was none.

“What,” said the patient, “die, and leave my wife and five helpless children! By —, I won’t die!”

The patient got better from that hour.



JERROLD said, speaking of a young gentleman who had dared the danger of print before he could hold a razor—

“Nowadays men think they’re frogs before they’re tadpoles.”

JERROLD was enjoying a drive one day with a well-known man—a jovial spend-thrift.

“Well, Jerrold,” said the driver of a very fine pair of greys, “what do you think of my greys?”

“To tell you the truth,” came the reply “I was just thinking of your duns!”



WHEN “Black-Eyed Susan” was in rehearsal at the Surrey Theatre, an important person—in his own estimation—strutted

upon the stage, and speaking of Elliston, the Bacchanalian manager, exclaimed in an angry voice—

“How is this? I can see a duke or a prime minister any time in the morning, but I can never see Mr Elliston.”

“There’s one comfort,” Jerrold replied, “if Elliston is invisible in the morning, he’ll do

the handsome thing any afternoon, by seeing you twice—for at that time of day he invariably sees double.”



OF a cold comic writer Jerrold said, He'd write an epigram upon his father's tombstone !



JERROLD on being told that a certain well-known tragedian was going to act Cardinal Wolsey, exclaimed—

“ He Cardinal Wolsey !—Linsey Woolsey ! ”



“ THAT cat has got a cold,” said a friend to Jerrold, pointing to a domestic favourite. “ Yes,” he replied, “ the poor thing is subject to cat-arrh.”



OF a light, frivolous, flighty girl whom Jerrold met frequently, he said, “ That girl has no more head than a periwinkle.”



AN eccentric party, of which Jerrold was one, agreed to have a supper of sheep's heads. One gentleman present was particularly enthusiastic on the excellence of the dish ; and, as he threw down his knife and fork, exclaimed, “ Well, sheep's heads for ever, say I ! ”

“ There's egotism ! ” quietly remarked Jerrold.

A LADY passing a dog that was following at Jerrold's heels, exclaimed, "What a beautiful dog!"

"Ay, madam," said Jerrold, turning sharply round, "he looks *very* beautiful now; but he ate two babies yesterday."



DOUGLAS JERROLD was at the Fielding Club once, as a guest, when the door opened and Albert Smith appeared. "Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains!" cried someone, in would-be facetious salutation.

"Yes," said Jerrold, "and Albert 'half-crown'ed him long ago."



WHILE at an evening party, Jerrold was looking at the dancers. Seeing a very tall gentleman waltzing with a remarkably short lady, he said to a friend at hand, "Humph! there's the mile dancing with the mile-stone."



AN old lady was in the habit of talking in a gloomy, depressing manner, presenting to her friends only the sad side of life.

"Hang it," said Jerrold, one day, after a long and sombre interview, "she wouldn't allow there was a bright side to the moon."



“ **N**EVER mind his principles. Wordsworth, the man, may have been a snob and a scoundrel. Dear Hood once asked me to meet him, and I would not. I hated the man; but then the poet had given me grand ideas, and I am grateful. Separate the writer from the writings. A truth *is* a truth—a fine thought *is* a fine thought. What matters it who is the mouthpiece? When Coleridge says—

“ ‘ And winter, slumbering in the open air,’
Wore on his smiling face a dream of spring,’ ”

what do I care for his being a sot and a tyrant.

I agree it would be better for the poet to be a good man, but his poem would be the same. The inductive method is not false because Bacon took bribes and fawned on a tyrant. The theory of gravitation would have been true if it had been discovered by Greenacre. Siddons was a great actress, irrespectively of her being a good mother and a faithful wife. The world has no concern with an artist's private character. Are the cartoons less divine because Raphael lived with a mistress? Art is art, and truth is truth, whatever may have been their agents.”

A jest ended the conversation in which Jerrold had said this. Somebody mentioned the Jews in connection with Rachel, and Jerrold exclaimed, “as somebody once said in the ‘ House,’ we *owe* much to the Jews.”

AT a social club to which Jerrold belonged, the subject turned one evening upon music. The discussion was animated, and a certain song was cited as an exquisite composition.

"That air," exclaimed an enthusiastic member, "always carries me away when I hear it."

Looking round the table, Jerrold anxiously inquired—"Can anybody whistle it?"



A CRITIC one day talked about the humour of a celebrated novelist, dramatist, and poet, who was certainly no humourist.

"Humour!" exclaimed Jerrold, "why, he sweats at a joke, like a Titan at a thunderbolt!"



A FAMOUS cook having put a flamingly high-flown and loving epitaph on his wife's tombstone, Jerrold, on hearing of it, said, "Ah, *mock* turtle."



JERROLD, at a party, noticing a doctor, in solemn black, waltzing with a young lady who was dressed in a silk of brilliant blue, exclaimed, "As I live! there's a blue pill dancing with a black draught!"

A GIRL, proud of her father's wealth, and shrewdly counting up the measure of its power, declared once to Jerrold, that she had



made up her mind to marry a lord. But time wore on, and still no lord made even a nibble at the hook baited with bank-notes. The girl began to feel nervous: and still Time's hour-glass dribbled, in no way impeded by the poor girl's rapid progress towards thirty. At last,

the soured woman became religious, and entered a convent.

"Ah," said Jerrold, "as the lord would not come to her, she has gone to the Lord."



ON one occasion when Leech had sung *King Death was a rare old fellow*, with even more than his usual vigour, Douglas Jerrold exclaimed, "I say, Leech, if you had the same opportunity of exercising your voice as you have of using your pencil, how it would *draw!*"

AT a dinner of artists, a barrister present, having his name coupled with the toast of the law, began an embarrassed answer by saying he did not see how the law could be considered as one of the arts; Jerrold jerked in the word *black*, and caused a roar of merriment.



HENRY MAYHEW,* philosopher, who played—and wisely—with many sciences, and was jocund among the wits of the day, was discovered one day by Jerrold busy with crucibles, retorts, acids, and alkalies, making a mysterious experiment. The prudent philosopher had encased himself from head to foot in a suit of black oil-cloth. “Why, Henry,” said Jerrold, “you look like a walking advertisement of Warren’s blacking!”



A WRITER to whom Douglas Jerrold had given almost his first appearance in print, was at a later date among the most persevering and unscrupulous of his enemies. Some friend, as friends will, mentioned the ingratitude.

“Never mind,” said Jerrold, “the boy is sick to windward. It’ll all fly back in his face.”

* Author of *London Labour and the London Poor*, first editor of *Punch*. He married Jerrold’s elder daughter.

WORDSWORTH was mentioned. Jerrold spoke of him in the warmest terms:— No writer, he said, has done me more good, excepting always Shakespeare. When I was a lad, I adored Byron—every lad does. Of course I laughed at Wordsworth and the lakers, and, of course, without knowing them. But one day I heard a line quoted,—

“ She was known to every star in heaven,
And every wind that blew.”

These lines sent me to Wordsworth, and, I assure you, it was like a new sense. For years I read him eagerly, and found consolation—the true test of genius—in his verse. In all my troubles his words have been the best medicine to my mind.



ON the first night of Sir E. Lytton's “Sea Captain,” when the hero came to that part of his *rôle* where he exclaims, “The sea—my mother sea,” Jerrold, who was present, said, “I have heard of Mother H., but never before of Mother C.”



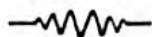
“ IF an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow,” said Jerrold, “the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event.”

WHILE living at Putney, Douglas Jerrold ordered a brougham, plain and quiet, to be built for him. He went one morning to the coach-builder's shop to see the new carriage. Its surface was without a speck.

"Ah!" said the customer, as he turned to the back of the vehicle, "its polish is perfect now; but the urchins will soon cover it with scratches."

"But, sir, I can put in a few spikes here that will keep any urchins off," the coach-maker answered.

"By no means, man," was the sharp, severe reply. "And know that, to me, a thousand scratches on my carriage would be more welcome than one on the hand of a footsore lad, to whom a stolen lift might be a godsend."



MAN owes two solemn debts; one to society, and one to nature. It is only when he pays the second that he covers the first.

JERROLD hated the cant of philanthropy, and writhed whenever he was called philanthropist in print. On one occasion, when he found himself so described, he exclaimed, "Zounds, it tempts a man to kill a child, to get rid of the reputation."



ON the death of Byron, Jerrold said—

"God, wanting fire to give a million birth,
Took Byron's soul to animate their earth!"



THAT girl would break the Bank of England if she put her hand upon it.



ALBERT SMITH once wrote an article in *Blackwood*, signed "A.S."

"Tut," said Jerrold, on reading the initials, "what a pity Smith will tell only two-thirds of the truth."



JERROLD was asking about the talents of a young painter when his companion described them as mediocre.

"Oh!" was the comment, "the very worst ochre an artist can set to work with."

SOMEbody was talking of Robson the actor, and his wonderful "get up" as Jem Baggs in the *Wandering Minstrel*, when presently the actor himself entered the room.

"I hear your rags were wonderful," said Jerrold to him; "why not, for your benefit, advertise that you will play the part with *real vermin*?"



AT the Lyon's customs, when on his way to Switzerland, Jerrold was asked the usual question—had he anything to declare?

"Yes," he said, "yes, only a live elephant—take care!"



SOMEONE who had recently emerged from the humblest fortune and position, exulting in the social consideration of his new elevation, wished to put his antecedents away from him. While on horseback one morning he met Douglas Jerrold, and said to him, ostentatiously, "Well, you see, I'm all right at last!"

"Yes," answered Jerrold, "I see you now *ride* upon your catsmeat."



TO a very thin man, who had been boring him, Jerrold said: "Sir, you are like a pin, but without either its head or its point."

IT was while walking home together from Serle's house, one bleak night of English spring, say the Cowden



Clarkes in their *Recollections*, that, in crossing Westminster Bridge, with an east wind blowing keenly through every fold of clothing we wore, Jer-

rold said to us, "I blame nobody; *but they call this May!*"



SOME years ago London was covered with announcements of the permanent enlargement of the *Morning Herald*. One day Jerrold called at the office, and on seeing the portly form of Mr Rodin, the publisher, said, "What! Rodin, you, too, seem to be permanently enlarged!"



DOUGLAS JERROLD took the chair at one of the anniversary dinners of the Eclectic Club—a debating society consisting of young barristers, authors, and artists. The *piece de resistance* had been a saddle of mutton. After dinner, the chairman rose and said, "Well, gentlemen, I trust that the noble saddle we have eaten has grown a wool-sack for one among you."

A GENTLEMAN described to Jerrold the bride of a mutual friend.

“Why, he is six feet high, and she is the shortest woman I ever saw. What taste, eh?”

“Ay,” Jerrold replied, “and only a taste!”



JERROLD described true Shakespearian grog as being made on the principle of—for the brandy, “nothing extenuate,”—and the water, “put nought in, in malice.”



PEOPLE with one leg in the grave are so devilish long before they put in the other, they seem, like birds, to repose better on one leg.



AT a meeting of literary gentlemen, a proposition for the establishment of a newspaper arose. The shares of the various persons who were to be interested were in course of arrangement, when an unlucky printer suggested an absent *litterateur*, who was as remarkable for his imprudence as for his talent.

“What!” exclaimed Jerrold, “share and risk with him? Why, I wouldn't be partners with him in an acre of Paradise!”

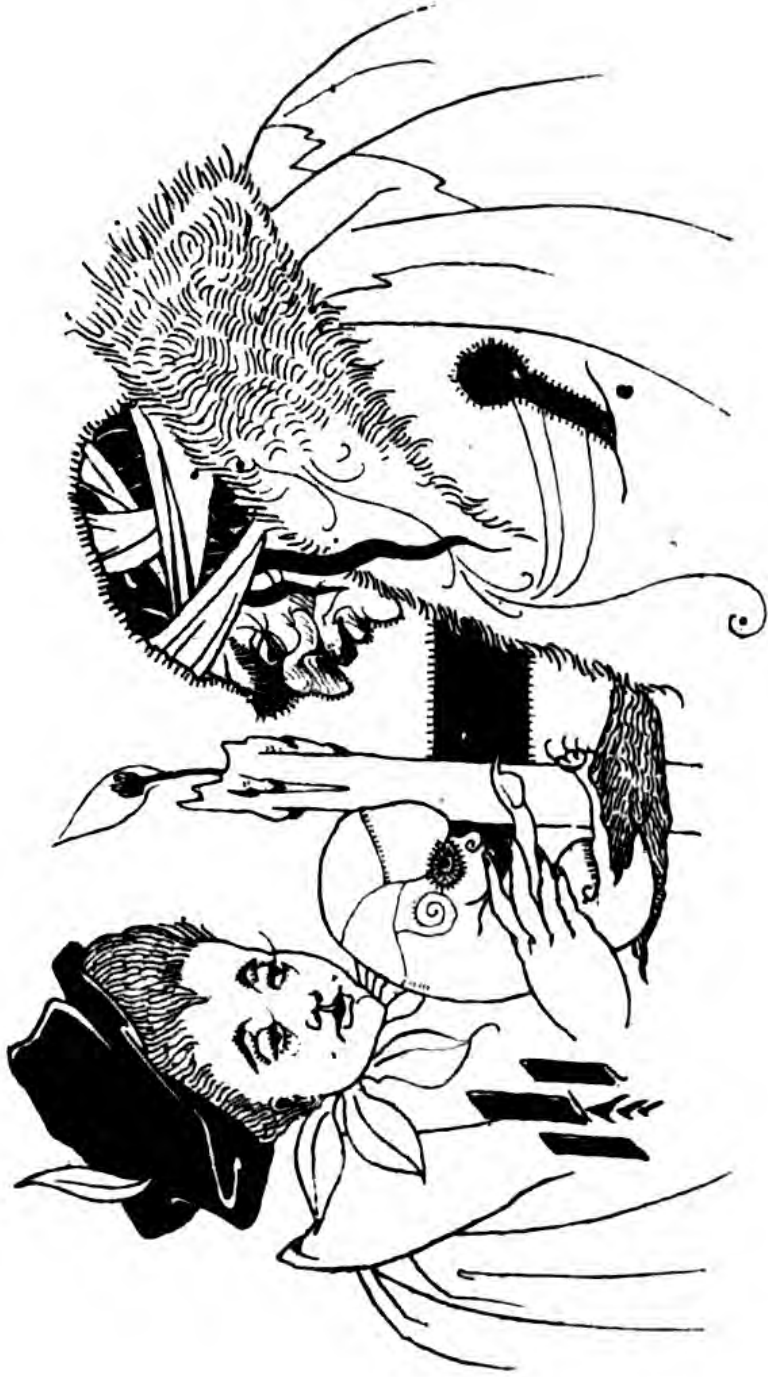
DURING his Swiss tour, Jerrold found himself and party at a very uncomfortable inn at Aix, the landlord of which, says Hepworth Dixon, "unable to catch four live English every day, and finding our society pleasant and profitable, as he could charge us for dinners we never touched, told us overnight there were no places to be got for a week in the Chambéry diligence, nor a single horse to be hired for posting. So Jerrold goes down before breakfast, makes a long face, and whispers to him that he fears one of the ladies is seized with cholera! The honest landlord suddenly recollects that horses and a very nice carriage may be got, and cheap too!"



JERROLD and a company of literary friends were out in the country, rambling over commons and down lanes. In the course of their walk, they stopped to notice the gambols of an ass's foal. There was a very sentimental poet among the baby ass's admirers, who grew eloquent as Sterne over its shaggy coat. At last the poet vowed that he should like to send the little thing as a present to his mother.

"Do," Jerrold replied, "and tie a piece of paper round its neck, bearing this motto—

" ' When this you see,
Remember me.' "



AT a bachelor party there was a gentleman remarkable for his thinness. Shall we call him Deedes? In the course of the evening, a servant opened the door, and the cold air rushed into the apartment.

“By heavens! quick! shut the door,” cried Jerrold. “This draught will blow Deedes up the chimney!”



THE Rev. Francis Mahoney (“Father Prout”) was asked, during the Museum Club dinner to Leigh Hunt, to which dish he would be served.

“Oh! I’ll thank you for a slice of that leg of mutton,” replied he.

“Just like you, Mahoney,” said Jerrold, “always trying to catch the Pope’s eye.”



JERROLD was dining at Greenwich with a congenial party but eight days before his death; the party were the guests of W. H. Russell, the “Pen of the War,” who asked Albert Smith to ring the bell for dinner.

“Yes, Albert,” said Jerrold, why “*don't* you ring the bell(e)?” with a ready allusion to the rumours then current of an engagement between Smith and Miss Keeley.

JERROLD was seated in his accustomed fire-side corner of the Museum Club one night when the famous author-amateurs commenced their theatrical career ; the conversation turned upon taking a rural Thespian tour, and one of the amateurs was discoursing of the delights to be derived from a brief vagabondising life ; and concluded with : " Suppose a lot of us go and play in the neat country barns, and billet ourselves in the nice country inns ? "

" Ay, and coo it, too," added Jerrold.



WHEN the affairs of Italy were the subject of general conversation in England, Jerrold was very enthusiastic in favour of Mazzini and his party. He was talking hopefully and warmly on the subject one evening at a party, when a very cold and stiff and argumentative gentleman was present. This iced man interrupted Jerrold at every turn with a doubting " but." At last, Jerrold, fairly roused by the coolness of his opponent, turned sharply upon him, and said, " Sir, I'll thank you to throw no more of your cold water ' buts ' at me."



A PRETENTIOUS young gentleman, elaborately dressed for an evening party, and whose hair was of that inflammatory hue

which is now generally regarded as undesirable, once thrust his head into the smoking-room of the Museum Club, and exclaimed, "Egad, I can't stay in this cloud."

"I don't see," replied Jerrold, "how it can hurt *you*. Where there's fire, there *must* be smoke!"

The inflammatory head was immediately withdrawn.



DOUGLAS JERROLD, as midshipman on board His Majesty's brig *Ernest*, once fell into sad disgrace at Cuxhaven. He had



gone ashore with the captain, and was left in charge of the boat. While the commander was absent, two of the men in the midshipman's charge requested permission to make some trifling purchases. The good-natured officer assented, adding—"By the way, you may as well buy me some apples and a few pears."

"All right, sir," said the men, and departed.

The captain presently returned, and still the seamen were away on

their errand. They were searched for, but they could not be found. They had deserted, and the captain's blame fell, of course, on the midshipman. Upon the young delinquent the event made a lasting impression, and years afterwards he talked about it with that curious excitement which lit up his face when he spoke of anything he had felt. He remembered even the features of the two deserters, as he had, most unexpectedly, an opportunity of proving.

Thirty years had passed, and the midshipman had become a fighter with a keener weapon than his dirk had ever proved, when one day walking eastward along the Strand, he was suddenly struck with the form and face of a baker, who, with his load of bread at his back, was examining some object in the window of the surgical instrument maker who puzzles so many inquisitive passers by near the entrance to King's College. There was no mistake; the ex-midshipman walked nimbly to the baker's side, and rapping him sharply upon the back, said—

“ I say, my friend, don't you think you've been rather a long time about that fruit ? ”

The deserter's jaw fell. Thirty years had destroyed the fear of punishment. He remembered the fruit and the little middy, for he said—

“ Lor' ! is that you, sir ? ”

The midshipman went on his way laughing.

A MEMBER coming into the Museum Club one night stated that he had just come from Lincoln's Inn Fields. He remarked that the ground was quite wet there, while in the neighbourhood of the club it was perfectly dry, and what could be the cause of the difference.

"Perhaps the lawyers have something to do with it," suggested a second member.

"Very likely," added Jerrold, "owing to the heavy dues."



WHEN Mrs Stowe's popular story was being widely read by all classes, Douglas Jerrold propounded the following conundrum:—

Why is it evident that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* cannot be the production of a man's hand?

Because it bears the evident impress of Harriet Beecher's toe!



A CERTAIN publisher, whose action made him better known to than loved by authors who had dealings with him, was having his boots polished at a street corner, when Jerrold came up, and laying his hand on his shoulder, said, "I'm glad to find a publisher attempting to possess clean feet, for I can't say much for his hands."

ON one occasion Douglas Jerrold took the chair at the annual dinner of the Eclectic Club, a discussion society, whose members were students in law and letters. After the cloth was drawn, the chairman, about to give the first toast, requested that the glasses should be charged; afterwards rising to fulfil the duty imposed upon him, casting his eyes, first down one side of the table, and then down the other, he exclaimed: —“I believe, gentlemen, that you are all charged — for the Queen, Prince Albert, and the rest of the Royal Family.”



T. SIDNEY COOPER, the artist, having told Jerrold that certain persons shunned meeting him because of his bitter tongue, he said, with great energy, “Sidney, I have never in my life said or written a bitter thing of anyone who did not deserve it.”

THACKERAY having announced that he had just stood god-father to a friend's little boy, "Lord, Thackeray," exclaimed Jerrold, "I hope you didn't give the child your own *mug*."



"SIR, there is but one path to substantial greatness—the path of statesmanship. For though you set out in a threadbare coat and a hole in either shoe, if you walk with a cautious eye to the sides; you'll one day find yourself in velvet and gold, with music in your name, and money in your pocket."



A POPULAR writer began a series entitled "The Latchkey," in two or three new publications. But each failed before the series was half-finished.

"Tut," said Jerrold, "that latchkey seems to be made to open and shut any publication."



DAVIDGE, the avaricious manager of the Surrey Theatre, died early one evening. A friend carried the news to Jerrold.

"Hang it," said Jerrold, "I should have thought he would wait till the half-price had come in."



A VERY popular medical gentleman called on Jerrold one day. When the visitor was about to leave, Jerrold, looking from his library window, espied his friend's carriage, attended by servants in flaming liveries.

"What! doctor, I see your livery is measles turned up with scarlet fever."



SOME prosy old gentleman was in the habit of waylaying Jerrold, whenever he met him, to have a chat in the street. Jerrold disliked very naturally to



be held by the button-hole in a crowded thoroughfare. One day Prosy met his victim, and, planting himself in the way, said, "Well, Jerrold,

what is going on to-day?"

Jerrold (sharply, and darting past the inquirer), "I am!"



LAMAN BLANCHARD and Jerrold were strolling together about London, discussing passionately a plan for joining Byron in Greece.

Jerrold, telling the story many years after, said, "But a shower of rain came on and washed all the Greece out of us."

JERROLD was challenged once by a friend to make a pun on any subject which should be given, and on engaging to do so, the friend added, "Well, I'm sure you can't pun on the Zodiac."

"By Gemini, I can-cer," said Jerrold.



ON one occasion at the Mulberry Club, it was suggested that the members' knowledge of Shakespeare should be tested in a novel manner. A word was given to each person which they were to define by an appropriate quotation.

On its becoming Jerrold's turn, his neighbour suggested an apparently hopeless word, "tread-mill," but Jerrold instantly and happily replied in Lear's well-known words, "Down—thou climbing sorrow."



DOUGLAS JERROLD, dining with a friend, was asked how he liked the port. "Not much," he replied.

"Not much! Why, my dear fellow, it's Hedge's and Butler's best."

"Possibly," said Jerrold, "but to my taste it partakes more of the hedges than the butler."

JERROLD was talking about a well-known comic lecturer, and of his tendency to reduce any subject to the absurd. "Egad, sir! that fellow would vulgarise the day of judgment!"



JERROLD was one of a rowing party, and when off the "Swan" at Battersea, by some mismanagement of the boat he fell backward into the water. He was taken into the boat with much difficulty, conveyed ashore, and put to bed in the "Swan" Inn, where he was left. On the following day he joined his friends to laugh over the accident, and to repeat a conversation he had had with the "Swan" chambermaid.

Jerrold remarked, "I suppose these accidents happen frequently off here."

"Oh, yes, sir," the maid replied, "frequently; but it isn't the season yet."

"Ah!" said Jerrold, "I suppose it is all owing to the *backward Spring*?"

"That's it, sir," sharply answered the maid.



A WOULD-BE wit having fired off all his stale jokes before Jerrold, but without effect, at last exclaimed, "Why, you never laugh when I say a good thing."

"Don't I?" retorted Jerrold, "only try me with one."



A *GOURMET* joined a social club to which Jerrold belonged, and opened a conversation on dining.

“Now nobody,” said this London Savarin, “can guess what I had for dinner to-day!”

The company declined to speculate, whereupon the *gourmet* said, with an air, “Why, calf’s-tail soup!”

“Extremes meet!” rapped out Jerrold.



ONE day Mr Tilbury entered a room where Jerrold was talking with some friends. Macready was about to produce “Macbeth” at Covent Garden; Tilbury complained that he had been cast for the *Physician*, having previously been entrusted with the more genial part of *Witch*.

“Made you the *Physician*!” said Jerrold. “Humph—that *is* throwing physic to the dogs with a vengeance!”



JERROLD was walking along the Strand one day, when he met Charles Selby, exquisitely gloved. Jerrold had a pair of modest Berlin gloves on. He glanced first at his own unassuming hands, and said, “Tut!—original writing!” Then pointing to Selby’s faultless yellow kid, added, “Translation!”

A GENTLEMAN of a somewhat ardent temperament paid great attention to his pretty servant in the absence of his wife. The good wife, before leaving London, had made a store of pickles and preserves that were to adorn her table till the following year. But the husband, taking Time vigorously by the forelock, shared the sweets of the year with the temporary object of his affections. When the wife returned, the pickle-jars were empty.

“Conceive his baseness, my dear,” said the injured wife to a female friend, “he not only destroyed my peace of mind, but with a depravity that makes one shudder, he actually ate all my pickles.”

In the following spring Jerrold met the husband and wife in Covent Garden Market, walking lovingly.

Jerrold—pointing to a sieve of young walnuts—“Going to do anything in this way this year?”



WHEN Jerrold was once returning from the Continent, a Folkstone custom-house officer seized his carpet-bag—a very small one—and said, “I cannot let that pass—you must tell me what’s in it.”

“In this reticule!” Jerrold replied, “well, you shall see it ; but I can assure you that it’s only a very small hippopotamus.”

WHEN Jerrold was living at Boulogne, he caught rheumatism in the eyes. He was attended by a coarse, brutal, French doctor,



who blistered him severely, to no purpose. Jerrold was in a dark room for several weeks, under the ineffectual treatment of this unpleasant practitioner. One day the doctor was dressing the blister roughly, when his patient winced.

“*Ce n'est rien —ce n'est rien!*” said the doctor.

Presently some hot water was brought in for the doctor's hands. The doctor dipped his fingers into the basin, but withdrew them rapidly, with a loud exclamation, for the water was nearly boiling. Jerrold could not resist the opportunity—ill as he was, he said to the scalded doctor, imitating his voice,

“*Ce n'est rien—ce n'est rien!*”

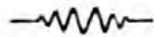


SCISSORS Jerrold defined as “an editor's steel-pen.”

JERROLD met a well-known picture-collector, whom he knew, on Waterloo Bridge. The collector was possessed with a passion for Richard Wilson's pictures, and on the occasion in question asserted that the canvas he had **under his arm** was a veritable example of his favourite master, which **he had just picked up** in the Waterloo Road. Propping the picture against the parapet of the bridge, he drew Jerrold's attention to its evidences of authenticity.

"See Jerrold—with those trees—that sky—it must be a Richard Wilson."

"Well," Jerrold replied, "considering the locality where you found it, are you sure it isn't a Harriet Wilson?"



WHEN told that somebody had spoken something against him, had indeed systematically abused him, Jerrold quietly observed.

"Ah! I suppose I have done him a good turn."



OF a mysterious gentleman who spoke many languages, and all equally well, and whose native country could not be ascertained, Jerrold said, "It's my faith he was born in a balloon."

THE tax-gatherer once said to Jerrold—"Sir, I'm determined to put a man in the house."

Jerrold replied, with a laugh, "Couldn't you make it a woman?"



SAID a lady, getting on in years, to Douglas Jerrold, "Do you think, Mr Jerrold, that it can be the essence of myrrh that I use, which is making my hair grey?"

"Madam," he replied, "I should say it was the essence of *thyme*!"



JERROLD admired Carlyle; but objected that he did not give definite suggestions for the improvement of the age which he rebuked.

"Here," said he, "is a man who beats a big drum under my windows, and when I come running downstairs, has nowhere for me to go."



ALFRED BUNN met Jerrold one day in Jermyn Street. Bunn stopped Jerrold, and said, "What! I suppose you're strolling about, picking up character."

"Well, not exactly; but there's plenty lost hereabouts."

AN empty-headed fellow was boasting to Douglas Jerrold that he was never sea-sick. "Never!" echoed Jerrold; "then I'd almost put up with your head to have your stomach."



TOGETHER with his wife and Mr and Mrs Hepworth Dixon, Douglas Jerrold set forth to visit Switzerland and the Rhine. Italy, also, had been marked upon their programme, but on going to the Austrian Consul in London for the visa of Jerrold's passport, that functionary remarked that "he had orders not to admit Mr Douglas Jerrold within the Austrian territory."



"That shows your weakness, not my strength," said the applicant to the consul. "I wish you good morning."



AMONG his many travel-projects, Douglas Jerrold once contemplated a visit to Constantinople; but, giving it up suddenly, he turned laughingly to his wife and said, "Well, my dear, if it *can't* be Constantinople, what do you say to Highgate?"

ONE young friend whom Jerrold regarded with great admiration, confessed to him that he had had the hardihood to attack him in a comic journal before they were acquainted. This friend was James Hannay, the author of *Singleton Fontenoy*, a writer who had also started life on salt water.

They were together two ex-midshipmen at Southend, when the younger one made this confession to his companion.

"Never mind, my boy," answered Jerrold, "every young man has spilt ink that had better been left in the horn."



DOUGLAS JERROLD met a Scot whose name was Leitch, and who carefully explained that he was not the popular caricaturist, John Leech.

"I'm aware of that," said Jerrold, "you're the Scotchman with the i-t-c-h in your name."



SOME friends were talking with Jerrold about an eminent litterateur, who was a devoted admirer and constant companion of Charles Dickens.

"In fact," said one of the friends, "he is to Dickens what Boswell was to Johnson."

"With this difference," Jerrold replied, "that Forster doesn't do the Boz well."

DAVENANT about to cut down and put music to "Othello!" He takes away the golden wires of Apollo and puts in their place his own cat-gut.



A GENTLEMAN waited upon Jerrold one morning to enlist his sympathies in behalf of a friend, who was in want of a round sum of money. But this friend had already sent his hat about among his literary brethren on more than one occasion. His hat was becoming an institution; and the friends were grieved at the indelicacy of the proceeding. On the occasion to which we now refer, the bearer of the hat was received by Jerrold with evident dissatisfaction.

"Well," said Jerrold, "how much does he want this time?"

"Why just a four and two noughts will, I think, put him straight," the bearer of the hat replied.

"Well, put me down for one of the noughts."



SOME people were praising the writings of a certain Scot. When Jerrold said, "I quite agree with you that he should have an itch in the Temple of Fame."

AT a club, of which Jerrold was a member, a fierce Jacobite, and a friend, as fierce, of the cause of William the Third, were arguing



noisily, and disturbing less excitable conversationalists. At length the Jacobite, a brawny Scot, brought his fist down heavily upon the table, and roared at his adversary—

“I tell you what it is, sir, I spit upon your King William!”

The friend of the Prince of Orange was not to be out-mastered by mere lungs. He rose,

and roared back to the Jacobite—

“And I, sir, spit upon your James the Second!”

Jerrold, who had been listening to the uproar in silence, hereupon rung the bell, and shouted—

“Waiter! spittoons for two!”

THE Adelphi company once removed, temporarily, to the Haymarket Theatre. Jerrold, being asked his opinion on the change, replied: "The master and mistress are out; and the servants have got into the drawing-room."



SAID Douglas Jerrold to a lady on breaking her watch, "It is the privilege of beauty to kill time."



JERROLD, who went to a party at which a Mr Pepper had assembled all his friends, said to his host, on entering the room, "My dear Mr Pepper, how glad you must be to see all your friends mustered!"



MY notion of a wife at forty is, that a man should be able to change her, like a bank-note, for two twenties.



SOMEBODY told Jerrold that a friend of his, a prolific writer, was about to dedicate a book to him.

"Ah!" replied Jerrold, with mock gravity, "that's an awful weapon he has in his hands!"

TO an impertinent fellow, whom Jerrold avoided, and who attempted to intrude himself by saying a sharp thing, Jerrold said, quickly turning upon the intruder, "You're like lead, sir, bright only when you're cut."



DR WILLIAM SMITH invited Douglas Jerrold to accompany him and a German friend on an expedition to Hampton Court. At lunch the foreign guest asked if the salad were not gritty?

"Gritty!" cried Jerrold, "it's simply a gravel path with a few weeds in it!"



WHEN an acquaintance came to Jerrold and said, indignantly, "I hear you said my nose was like the ace of clubs!" He replied, "No, I did not; but now I look at it, I see it is—very like."



THE publisher of *Bentley's Miscellany* said to Jerrold, "I had some doubts about the name I should give the magazine; I thought at one time of calling it the *Wits' Miscellany*."

"Well," was the rejoinder, "but you needn't have gone to the other extremity."



A WILD republican said, profanely, that Louis Blanc was next to our Saviour.

“On which side?” Jerrold asked.



JERROLD was at a party when the Park guns announced the birth of a prince; he exclaimed: “How they do powder these babies!”



OF a celebrated actress who, in her declining days, bought charms of carmine and pearl-powder, Jerrold said, “Egad, she should have a hoop about her, with a notice upon it, ‘Beware of the paint.’”



THE first time Jerrold saw Tom Dibdin, the song-writer said to him—

“Youngster, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?”

“Oh! yes,” was the reply; “I’ve all the confidence,—but I haven’t the guinea.”



CARLYLE and a much inferior man being coupled by some sapient reviewer, as biographers, Jerrold exclaimed—

“Those two joined! You cannot plough with an ox and an ass!”

A GENTLEMAN, who was remarkable at once for Bacchanalian devotion and remarkably large and prominent eyes, was, one evening, the subject of conversation. The question appeared to be, whether the gentleman in question wore upon his face any signs of his excesses.

“I think so,” said Jerrold, “for I always know when he has been in his cups by the state of his saucers.”



IN the midst of a stormy discussion, a gentleman rose to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hands majestically over the excited disputants, he began :—

“Gentlemen, all I want is common sense—”

“Exactly,” Jerrold interrupted, “that is precisely what you *do* want !”

The discussion was lost in a burst of laughter.



“H AVE you seen the wife of poor Augustus ?” a gentleman asked Jerrold, referring to a friend.

“No ; what’s the matter ?” said Jerrold.

“Why, I can assure you, she’s a complete wreck.”

“Then, I suppose,” replied Jerrold, “he’ll be the jolly-boat to put off from her !”

“WE row in the same boat, you know,” said a literary friend to Jerrold. This literary friend was a comic writer, and a comic writer only.

Jerrold replied—“True, my good fellow, we *do* row in the same boat, but with very different skulls.”



EDMUND YATES in his *Recollections* has the following story of Douglas Jerrold :—

I had been one of a party which had escorted

him, after the successful production of one of his comedies—*the Cats-paw*, I think—to the Bedford Hotel in Covent Garden, where supper was prepared. Jerrold was flushed with triumph, but his bodily strength was small, and he hung on to my arm.



As we went up New Street, we met two or three drunken roysterers, one of whom, after tumbling up against

me, apologized, and asked the way to the Judge and Jury, a popular entertainment of the day. Instantly Jerrold bent forward and addressed him : “Straight on, young man. Continue in the path you are now pursuing, and you can’t fail to come to them.”

THIS is another of Edmund Yates's reminiscences:—In the spring of the year in which Jerrold died, Mr Benjamin Webster had a pleasant gathering of friends at his quaint old home by Kennington Church, to celebrate the birthday of his daughter. Jerrold was there, playing whist; in the adjoining room they were dancing. Touching him on the shoulder, I



asked—"Who is that man, Jerrold, there, dancing with Mrs Jerrold?"

He looked round, for an instant, through the open door. "God knows, my dear boy!" he replied, "some member of the Humane Society, I suppose."



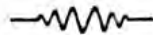
SAM PHILLIP met Douglas Jerrold one day and told him that he had seen Payne Collier the day before, looking wonderfully gay and well—quite an evergreen.

"Ah," said Jerrold, "he may be ever green, because he is never-read."

JERROLD was in France, and with a Frenchman who was enthusiastic on the subject of the Anglo-French alliance. He said that he was proud to see the English and French such good friends at last, when Jerrold promptly answered: "Tut! the best thing I know between France and England is—the sea."



A FAVOURITE dog followed Jerrold everywhere. One day, in the country, a lady who was passing, turned round, and said, audibly, "What an ugly little brute!" whereupon, Jerrold, addressing the lady, replied, "Oh, madam! I wonder what he thinks about us at this moment!"



JERROLD was showing off the accomplishments of a favourite terrier.
"Does he beg?" asked a visitor.
"Beg!" replied Jerrold, "ay, like a prince of the blood!"



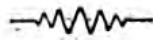
SOME people were talking with Jerrold about a gentleman as celebrated for the intensity as for the shortness of his friendships.

"Yes," said Jerrold, "his friendships are so warm that he no sooner takes them up than he puts them down again."

SUNDAY afternoons Douglas Jerrold often spent in the Zoological Gardens—natural history always having had great attractions for him—and would always have something brisk and sprightly to say as he stood surveying the birds and beasts. The mandril suddenly turned, revealing the rich colours of his hind quarters.



“Ah!” said Jerrold, “that young gentleman must have been sitting upon a rainbow.”



WHEN Macbeth was played, many years ago, at the Coburg Theatre, a certain actor was cast, to his great disgust, for Macduff. He told his bitter disappointment to Jerrold, who thus consoled him :—

“Never mind, my good fellow, there’s one advantage in playing Macduff—it keeps you out of Banquo.”



“GOD has written ‘honest man’ on his face,” said a friend to Jerrold, speaking of a person in whom Jerrold’s faith was not altogether blind.

“Humph!” Jerrold replied, “then the pen must have been a very bad one.”

WALKING in the country, Douglas Jerrold, plucking a buttercup or some other simple flower of the fields, was wont to say, "If they cost a shilling a root, how beautiful they would be."



AN eminent artist, celebrated for his love of discussion, paused once in the middle of one of his speeches; then said—

"I was thinking."

"Thinking! impossible! I don't believe it," Jerrold replied.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORN, Charles Mackay, and Douglas Jerrold were dining together at the Reform Club, when the conversation having turned upon "the art of sculpture and the glorification of the nude," Hawthorn expatiated upon the perfection of the human form, asserting that it was impossible for the wit or ingenuity of the wisest or most imaginative of men to suggest the slightest improvement.

"Don't you think," said Mackay, "it might be an improvement upon the divine human form, if by an unseen apparatus we might, by a mere effort of the will, be able to shut our ears against a disagreeable, and against a prosy and long-winded speech, or against the firing

of guns, or against the odious shriek of the railway whistle, just as easily as we can shut our eyes against a sight that displeases us?"

"Decidedly," said Jerrold, laughing, "and I should like a similar power to be conferred upon the nose, so that it might shut out a bad smell,—mine is unusually sensitive. I like the idea of nose-lids as well as eye-lids. It is a clumsy method, at best, to stop your ears with your hands, or to take your nose between your fingers, to exclude the smell of paint, or gas, or the abominations of the common sewer."



WHEN a man has nothing in the world to lose, he is then in the best condition to sacrifice for the public good everything that is his.



A GENTLEMAN who enjoyed the reputation of dining out continually, and of breaking bread with the refinement of a *gourmet*, once joined a party, which included Jerrold, late in the evening. The diner-out threw himself into a chair, and exclaimed with disgust, "Tut! I had nothing but a d—d mutton chop for dinner!"

"Ah! I see," said Jerrold, "you dined at home."

SAID an individual to Jerrold one evening in a green-room—

“I believe you know a very particular friend of mine, Mrs Blank?”



Now Mrs Blank was remarkable for beauty, but it was the beauty of Venus, by no means that of Diana.

“I have met with an actress named Mrs Blank,” replied Jerrold, “but she cannot be *the particular* friend you allude to.”

“I beg your pardon,” said his companion, “it is the same person.”

“Excuse me, sir,” Jerrold replied, “the lady I speak of is not very particular.”



A YOUNG author, somewhat too proud of a religious work he had written, entitled “Schism and Repentance,” wished Jerrold to subscribe for a copy. Jerrold replied that he might put him down for “Schism” by all means, but he would advise him to keep “Repentance” for his publishers and readers.

A LADY said to her husband, in Jerrold's presence—

“My dear, you certainly want some new trousers.”

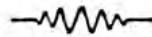
“No, I think not,” replied the husband.

“Well,” Jerrold interposed, “I think the lady who always wears them ought to know.”



A CERTAIN sharp attorney was said to be in bad circumstances. A friend of the unfortunate lawyer met Jerrold, and said, “Have you heard about poor R. ? His business is going to the devil.”

“That's all right—then he is sure to get it back again,” said Jerrold.



DOUGLAS JERROLD, in describing a meeting with Carlyle at Bulwer Lytton's, said they had spoken of Tawill (the murderer of the day). Jerrold saying something about the absurdity of capital punishment, Carlyle burst out—

“The wretch! I would have had him trampled to pieces underfoot and buried on the spot!”

“*Cui bono—cui bono?*” said Jerrold.

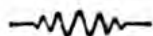


CERTAINLY man's wicked angel is in money.

A GENTLEMAN, when the cholera was raging in London, complained to his landlady that the water with which she made his tea had a strong and unwholesome flavour.

“Well, sir,” said the landlady, “I can only account for it by the graveyard at the back of the house. The spring must pass through it!”

The lodger rushed frantically from the house, and presently met Jerrold, to whom he communicated his trouble, and who consoled him, saying, “I suppose your landlady thought you liked your tea like your port—with plenty of *body* in it!”



JERROLD and some friends were dining in a private room at a tavern. After dinner, the landlord appeared, and having informed the company that the house was partly under repair, and that he was inconvenienced for want of room, requested that a stranger might be allowed to take a chop at a separate table in the apartment. The company assented, and the stranger, a person of common-place appearance, was introduced. He ate his chop in silence; but having finished his repast, he disposed himself for those forty winks which make the sweetest sleep of gourmets. But the stranger snored so loudly and inharmoniously that conversation was disturbed. Some gentlemen of the party now jarred glasses, or

shuffled upon the floor, determined to arouse the obnoxious sleeper.

Presently the stranger started from his sleep and to his legs, and shouted to Jerrold, "I know you, Mr Jerrold ; but you shall not make a butt of me !"

"Then don't bring your hog's head in here," was the prompt reply.



WHEN the Marylebone vestrymen were discussing the propriety of laying down wood pavement within their parish, and were raising difficulties on the subject, Jerrold, as he read the report of the discussion, said,—

"Difficulties in the way ! Absurd. They have only to put their heads together, and there *is* the wood pavement." *



TO a popular adapter of dramatic pieces from the French, Jerrold suggested as a motto :
Aut scissors aut nullus.

* This joke has been erroneously given to Sidney Smith.

WITH fanaticism in all forms Douglas Jerrold had little sympathy, and so, speaking of certain notable teetotal reformers of the time, he said, "Temperance is an admirable quality, even as peace is a blessing ; but somehow, as there are certain men who become public disturbers in the name of peace, so are there teetotalers who make more noise upon water than other men upon wine. They have continual water on the brain, and, like an overflowing pump, it continually runs out of their mouths."



DESCRIBING a man of strong conservative character, Jerrold said that he would have opposed vaccination as interfering with the marked privileges of small-pox.



A FRIEND was describing to Jerrold the story of his courtship and marriage. How his wife had been brought up in a convent, and was on the point of taking the veil, when his presence burst upon her enraptured sight.

Jerrold listened to the end of the story, and by way of comment said, "Ah ! she evidently thought you better than nun."

A WOMAN is like tar—only melt her, and she will take any form you please.



DESCRIBING the sordid avarice of a certain Hebrew bill-discounter Jerrold said : “The only difference between Moses and Judas Iscariot is that Moses would have sold our Saviour for more money.”



FITZBALL, the dramatist, and grand compounder in his day of “blue fire,” “terrific combats,” and other melodramatic elements, was complacently repeating in the presence of Douglas Jerrold, that “some one had called him the Victor Hugo of the English stage.”

“Much more likely the Victor *Nogo*,” said Jerrold.



SAID an ardent and somewhat boastful sportsman—“I can bring down anything.”

“Can you? I wish you’d bring down the taxes.”



“THERE are some squeamish people,” said Douglas Jerrold, “who having but little honesty themselves, make up for the want by their uncharitable suspicions of others.”

IMAGINING a picture of the "City gentleman," Jerrold spoke of him as, "Calm, plain, self-assured in the might of his wealth. All the bullion of the Bank of England makes back-



ground details; the India House dawns in the distance, and a hundred pennants from masts in India Docks tremble in the far-off sky."



CEREMONY is a scarecrow to awestrike fools.

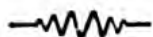
OF a physically poor man of talents, Douglas Jerrold said, "His body is weak, but his mind tremendous—a Damascus blade in a scabbard of brown paper."



THE commercial spirit of the age was summed up by Jerrold thus, "We live in twopenny times, when chivalry goes to church in the family coach, and the god of marriage bargains for his wedding breakfast."



"LAURELS," on another occasion Jerrold said upon a similar theme, "are fast sinking from the camp to the kitchen. In a very little while the cook will rob Cæsar of his wreath to flavour a custard."



WHEN men would prove relationship to greatness, they care not how. If greatness were a polecat, rather than be no part of it, they would be its odour.



ON some inhuman deed perpetrated in the name of religion : "If such be religion, oh ! take, take away the dove, and let the red-beaked vulture be her ghostly symbol."

A GOOD murder is now the very life of the drama. Thus, if a playwright would fill his purse, he should take a hint from the sugar baker and always refine his commodity with blood.



OF a man sombre and melancholy in the midst of gorgeous pageantry : He reminds me of a spear—the handle, painted and carved with an amorous and jovial story—Cupid's bow and Bacchus' grapes—ending in cold iron.



COLD words—the courtly frost that freezes the red blood within the cheek of hope.



DON'T call it a face—it's like a bank-note, every line in it means money.



WORLDLY greatness ! 'tis the silken semblance of a giant blown out with wind ; but prick the shining covering, silently Colossus shrinks into a pigmy, and the vile herd that shook and bowed before the monster now use his shrunk skin to carpet their ungrateful feet !



OF a man whose double dealing had roused his wrath Douglas Jerrold said, he was a varlet who acknowledged no villainy on the safe side of an Act of Parliament.



“ THERE are people,” said Douglas Jerrold, “ who make even a million a very small matter, merely by their condescending way of speaking of it.”



OF a would-be wit who strove to sparkle before him, Jerrold said, “ Surely the wit of the gentleman is small—he takes such pains to show it.”

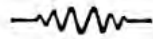


OF an exemplary schoolmaster Jerrold said, “ It was his prejudice to prefer one slip of olive to a whole grove of birch.”



A PARTICULARLY cool and collected individual was being discussed : He would eat oysters while his neighbour's house was in flames—always provided that his own was insured. Coolness!—he's a piece of marble, carved into a broad grin.

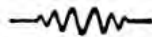
IN this world truth can wait—she's used to it.



THE following lines were spoken impromptu by Douglas Jerrold on seeing the daughter of Sir Joseph Paxton standing upon a leaf of the *Victoria Regia* in one of the hot-houses at Chatsworth, on an occasion perhaps sufficiently explained in the verses :—

On unbent leaf in fairy guise,
 Reflected in the water,—
 Beloved, admired, by hearts and eyes—
 Stands Annie, Paxton's daughter.

Accept a wish, my little maid,—
 Begotten of the minute—
 That scene so fair may never fade,
 You still the fairy in it.



IF sanctity spring from a hair shirt I marvel we do not canonise the bears.



SPEAKING of an ex-publican a friend said to Jerrold—

“My dear fellow he has no head.”
 “That's easily explained,” Jerrold replied,
 “he gave it all away with his porter.”

DOUGLAS JERROLD said that whenever England is destroyed her political Jeremiahs neither rend their Saxony nor sprinkle ashes on their bursting heads; but



straightway ship their woes, and steam to a tavern.

“England beloved,” cries our modern patriot, “is wiped from the world! Waiter, some Burgundy!”



OF a crotchety man Jerrold said, “He is one of those fellows who dive into the well of truth, and croak only with the frogs at the bottom.”

HE lives like a spider under a fretted dome,
a worm within a dusty drinking cup.



IT being told to Jerrold that there was a
rumour that the Duke of Wellington was
going to marry Miss Burdett-Coutts he ex-
claimed that it would be an extraordinary
union of iron and tin.



GLORY—'tis but a bubble blown from blood !
law—a spider's wisdom ; and politics—
the statesman ponders and plans, winning
nothing certain but ingratitude and indigestion ;
whilst for woman we hunt a wildfire and vow
it is a star.



THAT fellow can cover more brain with the
end of his little finger than many with
their whole palm ! There is no handling him ;
touch him where you will, and like a porcupine
he pierces you.



HONOUR with a crack in it, said Jerrold,
like flawed china, may be made to serve
well enough, if only handled carefully.

INDIGNANT with some over zealous temperance crusaders Jerrold said, "There are teetotallers who make more noise upon water than other men make upon wine. They have continual water on the brain, and, like an everflowing pump, it continually runs out of their mouths."



A CERTAIN pretty actress being mentioned, Douglas Jerrold praised her early beauty. "She was a lovely little thing," he said, "when she was *a bud* and"—(a pause)—"before she was a blowen."



A LITERARY caller upon Douglas Jerrold happening to ask what Thackeray was like, Jerrold said, "He's just a big fellow with a broken nose, and though I meet him weekly at the *Punch* dinner, I don't know him so well as I know you."

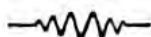


IT being said that an attorney was a kind of conscience-keeper to his client, Jerrold remarked that, when men trust their consciences to such keepers is it to be wondered at if they are returned soiled?

SPEAKING of the work of some minor poet of the day much talked of at the time, Jerrold said that he was to *the* poet, as the kitten with eyes just opened to the merits of a



saucer of milk, compared with the lion in his majesty, glaring athwart the desert. Then he added—"There is the true Helicon, and there is such a thing as the smallest of small beer over-kept in a tin mug—with the dead flies in it."



"**S**TUDY the law," exclaimed Douglas Jerrold, "and see recorded, aye ten thousand times, how Quibble with his varnished cheek, hath laughed defrauded Justice out of court!"

LIKE a tailor's pattern-book society is of all colours, and yet make up the colours as you will, they all cover the same kind of Adam.



A BOOK Douglas Jerrold called a blessed companion, "a book that, fitly chosen, is a life-long friend. A book—the unfailing Damon to his loving Pythias. A book that, at a touch, pours its heart into our own."



IT is the implements of husbandry, said Jerrold, that conquer the wilderness, making the earth smile with the noblest of victories.



ON some notorious instance of a clerical pluralist, Douglas Jerrold said that such men, "take the cure of souls as men take the cure of herrings, at so much per hundred—with this difference, that the soul curers do nothing, and the herring curers fulfil their contract."



WHEN men join for freedom, the cause itself does consecrate the act.

A WOMAN, said Douglas Jerrold, will forgive anything but a jest. Break her heart and she'll fit the pieces together, and, with a smile, assure the penitent that no mischief is done—indeed, and indeed, she was never better. Break a joke, light as a water-bubble, upon her constancy, her magnanimity,—nay, upon her cookery,—and take good heed ; she declares war—war to the scissors.



WE are poor fools, and make sad mistakes ; but there is goodness hived, like wild honey, in strange nooks and corners of the world.



“ A MAN is safe,” said Douglas Jerrold, “ only so long as he talks his love—to write it is to impale himself upon his own pot-hooks.”



INTENSE impudence, according to Jerrold, is the true philosopher's stone.



REFERRING to some notorious trial Douglas Jerrold asked, “ did we legislate a little more for the cradle, might we not be spared some pains for the hulk ? ”

DOUGLAS JERROLD pointed out the insularity of your true cockney when abroad, saying, "The inn at which he puts up, it is his boast, is kept by an Englishman ; the dinners are English ; the waiter is English ;



the chambermaid is English ; the boots is English ; and the barber who comes to shave him, if he be not English, has at least this recommendation—he has in his time lived five years in Saint Mary Axe and is *almost* English."



SPEAKING of some parson of many livings, Douglas Jerrold exclaimed, that he "had no faith in such *polyipi* parsons, pulpit things, with many stomachs and no hearts !"

THE great secret, according to Douglas Jerrold, is poverty—"the mystery of mysteries, guarded at any cost by neighbour Brown from next door neighbour Green."



FRIENDSHIP in ill-luck turns to mere acquaintance. The wine of life goes into vinegar, and folks that hugged the bottle, shirk the cruet.



IN a large gathering on one occasion Douglas Jerrold found one man the centre of a deal of attraction, and on enquiring who it was he was informed that it was "Mr Mills of Manchester."

"Oh," replied he, "I thought all the mills had stopped in Manchester."



STRANGE is the love of woman: it's like one's beard—the closer one cuts it the stronger it grows—and both a plague.



EXTINCT old virtues Douglas Jerrold likened to extinct volcanoes, with a strong memory of fire and brimstone.

WHITE lies by frequent use become black ones.



ON the carrying of Free Trade, Douglas Jerrold, an earnest free trader, immediately proposed the following epitaph for Protection—

HERE LIES
PROTECTION:
IT LIED THROUGHOUT ITS LIFE,
AND NOW
LIES STILL.





BREVITIES.

FORTUNE is painted blind that she may not blush to behold the fools who belong to her.



FINE ladies who use excess of perfumes must think men like seals—most assailable at the nose.



SOME men get on in the world on the same principle that a sweep passes uninterruptedly through a crowd.



PEOPLE who affect a shortness of sight must think it the height of good fortune to be born blind.

HE who loses, in the search for fame, that dignity which should adorn human nature, is like the victim opera-singer, who has exchanged manhood for sound.



LOUNGING, unemployed people may be called of the tribe of Joshua, for with them the sun stands still.



FANATICS think men like bulls—they must be baited to madness ere they are in a fit condition to die.



THERE is an ancient saying; “Truth lies in a well.” May not the modern adage run, “The most certain charity is at a pump?”

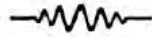


SOME connoisseurs would give a hundred pounds for the painted head of a beggar, that would threaten the living mendicant with the stocks.



THE friendship of some men is quite Briarean—they have a hundred hands.

IF you boast of a contempt for the world,
 avoid getting into debt. It is giving gnats
 the fangs of vipers.



THE heart of the great man, surrounded by
 poverty and trammelled by dependence,
 is like an egg in a nest built among briars. It
 must either curdle into bitterness, or, if it take
 life and mount, struggle through thorns for
 the ascent.



FAME is represented bearing a trumpet.
 Would not the picture be truer were she
 to hold a handful of dust?



FISHERMEN, in order to handle eels
 securely, first cover them with dirt. In
 like manner does detraction strive to grasp
 excellence.



THE easy and temperate man is not he who
 is most valued by the world; the virtue of
 his abstemiousness makes him an object of
 indifference.

One of the gravest charges against the ass is
 —that he can live on thistles.

WERE we determined resolutely to avoid vices—the world would foist them on us—as thieves put off their plunder on the guiltless.

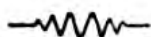


WHEN we look at the hide of a tiger in a furrier's shop, exposed to the gaze of every malapert, and then think of the ferocity of the living beast in his native jungle, we see



a beadle before a magistrate—a magistrate before a minister. There is the *skin* of office—the sleekness without its claws.

THE wounds of the dead are the furrows in which living heroes grow their laurels.



WITH some people political vacillation heightens a man's celebrity—just as the galleries applaud when an actor enters in a new dress.



IF we judge from history, of what is the book of glory composed? Are not its leaves dead men's skins—its letters stamped in human blood—its golden clasps the pillage of nations? It is illuminated—with tears and broken hearts.





FIRESIDE SAINTS.

ST PATTY.

ST PATTY was an orphan, and dwelt in a cot with a sour old aunt. It chanced, it being bitter cold, that three hunters came and craved for meat and drink. "Pack!" said the sour aunt, "neither meat nor drink have ye here." "Neither meat nor drink," said Patty, "but something better." And she ran and brought some milk, some eggs, and some flour, and beating them up, poured the batter in the pan. Then she took the pan and tossed the cake over; and then a robin alighted at the window, and kept singing these words—*One good turn deserves another*. And Patty tossed and tossed the cakes; and the hunters ate their fill and departed. And next day the hunter baron came in state to the cot; and trumpets

were blown, and the heralds cried—*One good turn deserves another*; in token whereof Patty became the baron's wife, and pancakes were eaten on Shrove Tuesday ever after.



ST SALLY.

ST SALLY, from her childhood, was known for her innermost love of truth. It was said of her that her heart was in a crystal shrine, and all the world might see it. Moreover, when other women denied, or strove to hide their age, St Sally said, "*I am five-and-thirty.*" Whereupon next birthday, St Sally's husband, at a feast of all their friends, gave her a necklace of six-and-thirty opal beads; and on every birthday added a bead, until the beads mounted to fourscore and one. And the beads seemed to act as a charm; for St Sally, wearing the sum of her age about her neck, age never appeared in her face. Such, in the olden time, was the reward of simplicity and truth.



ST BETSY.

ST Betsy was wedded to a knight who sailed with Raleigh and brought home tobacco; and the knight smoked. But he thought that St Betsy, like other fine ladies of the court, would

fain that he should smoke out of doors, nor taint with 'bacco-smoke the tapestry. Whereupon the knight would seek his garden, his orchard, and in any weather smoke *sub Jove*. Now it chanced as the knight smoked, St Betsy came to him and said, "My lord, pray ye come into the house." And the knight went with St Betsy, who took him into a newly-cedared room,



and said, "I pray my lord, henceforth smoke here: for is it not a shame that you, who are the foundation and the prop of your house, should have no place to put your head into and smoke?" And St Betsy led him to a chair, and with her own fingers filled him a pipe; and from that time the knight sat in the cedar-chamber and smoked his weed.

ST PHILLIS.

ST PHILLIS was a virgin of noble parentage, but withal as simple as any shepherdess of curds and cream. She married a wealthy lord, and had much pin-money. But when other ladies wore diamonds and pearls, St Phillis only wore a red and white rose in her hair. Yet her pin-money brought the best of jewellery in the happy eyes of the poor about her. St Phillis was rewarded. She lived until fourscore, and still carried the red and white rose in her face, and left their fragrance in her memory.



ST PHŒBE.

ST PHŒBE was married early to a wilful, but withal a good-hearted, husband. He was a merchant, and would come home sour and sullen from 'change. Whereupon after much pondering, St Phœbe in her patience, set to work, and praying the while, made of dyed lambs' wool a door-mat. And it chanced from that time, that never did the husband touch that mat that it didn't clean his temper with his shoes, and he sat down by his Phœbe as mild as the lamb whose wool he had trod upon. Thus gentleness may make miraculous door-mats!

ST NORAH.

ST NORAH was a poor girl, and came to England to service. Sweet-tempered and gentle, she seemed to love everything she spoke to ; and she prayed to St Patrick that he would give her a good gift that would make her not proud, but useful ; and St Patrick, out of his own head, taught St Norah how to boil a potato—a sad thing, and to be lamented, that the secret has come down to so few.



ST BECKY.

A VERY good man was St Becky's husband, but with his heart a little too much in his bottle. Port wine—red port wine—was his delight, and his constant cry was—bee's-wing. Now as he sat tipsy in his arbour, a wasp dropt into his glass, and the wasp was swallowed, stinging the man inwardly. Doctors crowded, and with much ado the man was saved. Now St Becky nursed her husband tenderly to health, and upbraided him not ; but she said these words, and they reformed him :—“ *My dear, take wine, and bless your heart with it—but wine in moderation : else, never forget that the bee's-wing of to-day becomes the wasp's sting of to-morrow.*”

ST LILY.

ST LILY was the wife of a poor man, who tried to support his family—and the children were many—by writing books. But in those days it was not as easy for a man to find a publisher as to say his paternoster. Many were the books that were written by the husband of St Lily; but to every book St Lily gave at least two babes. However, blithe as



he cricket was the spirit that ruled about the hearth of St Lily. And how she helped her helpmate! She smiled sunbeams into his ink-bottle, and turned his goose-pen to the quill of a dove! She made the paper he wrote on as white as her name, and as fragrant as her soul.

And when folks wondered how St Lily managed so lightly with fortune's troubles, she always answered, that she never heeded them, for—*troubles were like babies, and only grew the bigger by nursing.*



ST FANNY.

ST FANNY was a notable housewife. Her house was a temple of neatness. Kings might have dined upon her staircase! Now her great delight was to provide all things comfortable for her husband, a hard-working merchant, much abroad, but loving his home. Now one night he returned tired and hungry, and, by some mischance, there was nothing for supper. Shops were shut; and great was the grief of St Fanny. Taking off a bracelet of seed-pearl, she said—“*I'd give this ten times over for a supper for my husband!*” And every pearl straightway became an oyster; and St Fanny opened—the husband ate—and lo! in every oyster was a pearl as big as a hazel-nut; and so was St Fanny made rich for life.



ST. DOLLY.

AT an early age St Dolly showed the sweetness of her nature by her tender love for her widowed father, a baker dwelling at Pie-

corner, with a large family of little children. It chanced that with bad harvests bread became so dear, that of course bakers were ruined by high prices. The miller fell upon Dolly's father, and swept the shop with his golden thumb. Not a bed was left for the baker or his little ones. St Dolly slept upon a flour-sack, having prayed that good angels would



help her to help her father. Now, sleeping, she dreamt that the oven was lighted, and she felt falling in a shower about her, raisins, currants, almonds, lemon-peel, flour, with heavy drops of brandy. Then in her dreams she saw the fairies gather up the things that fell, and knead them into a cake. They put the cake into the oven, and dancing round and round, the fairies vanished, crying, "*Draw the cake, Dolly—Dolly, draw the cake!*" And

Dolly awoke and drew the cake, and behold, it was the first twelfth-cake, sugared at the top, and bearing the images of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Now this cake shown in the window came to the king's ear: and the king bought the cake, knighted the baker, and married Dolly to his grand falconer, to whom she proved a faithful and loving wife, bearing him a baker's dozen of lovely children.



ST FLORENCE OR ST NIGHTINGALE.

ST FLORENCE, by her works, had her lips blessed with comforting, and her hands touched with healing; and she crossed the sea, and built hospitals, and solaced, and restored. And so long as English mistletoe gathers beneath it truthful hearts, and English holly brightens happy eyes, so long will Englishmen, at home or abroad, on land or on the wave—so long, in memory of that Eastern Christmas, will they cry — “*God bless St Florence! Bless St Nightingale!*”



ST JENNY.

ST JENNY was wedded to a very poor man; they had scarcely bread to keep them; but Jenny was of so sweet a temper that even

want bore a bright face, and Jenny always smiled. In the worst seasons Jenny would spare crumbs for the birds, and sugar for the bees. Now it so happened that one autumn a storm rent their cot in twenty places apart ; when, behold, between the joists, from the basement to the roof, there was nothing but honeycomb and honey—a little fortune for St Jenny and her husband, in honey. Now some said it was the bees, but more declared it was the sweet temper of St Jenny that had filled the poor man's house with honey.



PRINTED BY
TURNBULL AND SPEARS
EDINBURGH

