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COLLECTION OF ODDIAMS,

OR

A HISTORY OF THE

A SILENT

FASTS, BON MOTS, WIT,

CITADEL

AND

PROVERBS, PARABLES,

AND

AND

ON

THE

WORLD, &c.

AND

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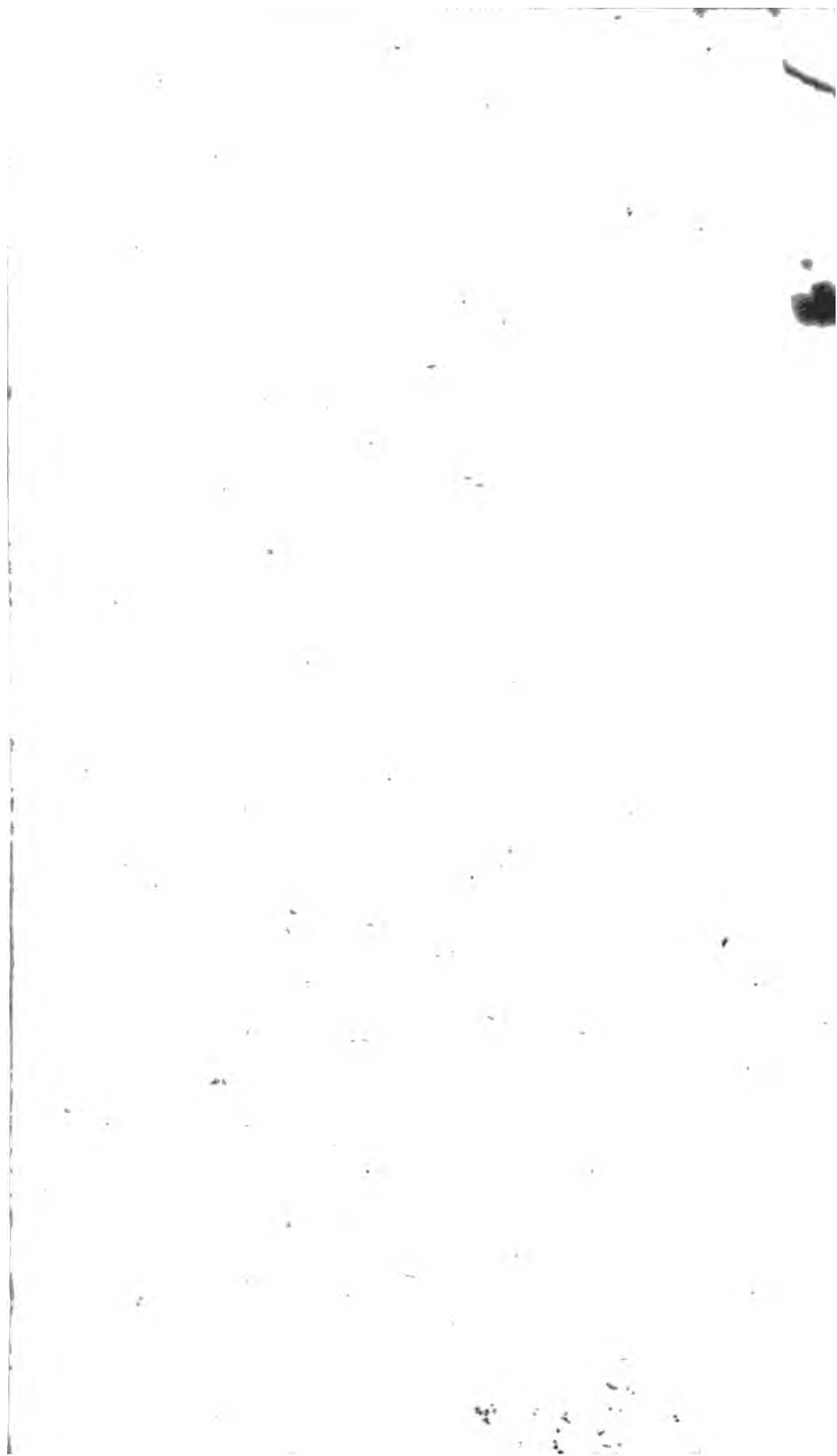
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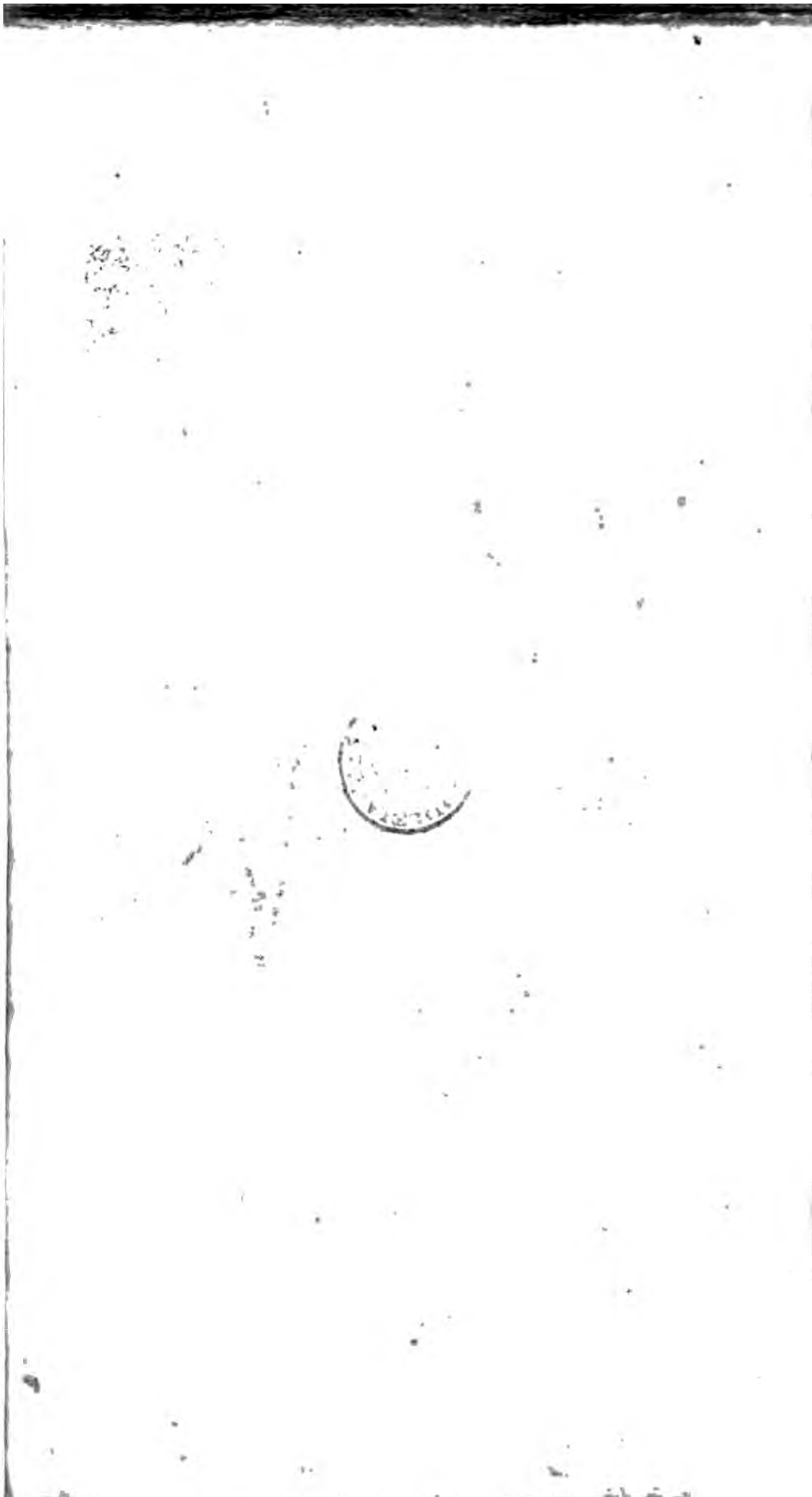
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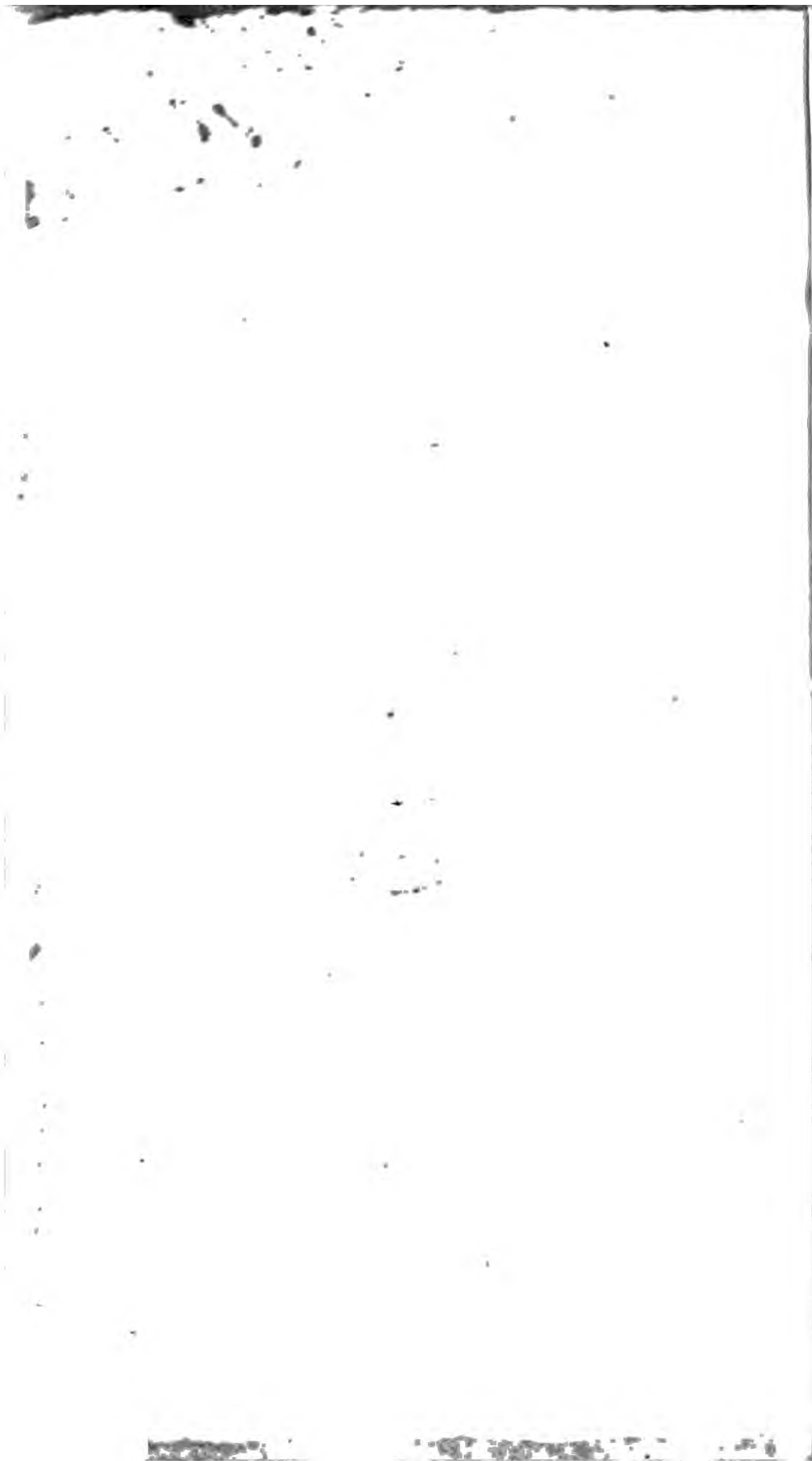




W. M.
1814

A
COLLECTION
OF
ODDITIES;
OR
NEW WORLD OF WIT,
BEING
A SELECTION OF
JESTS, BON MOTS, WITTICISMS, EPITAPHS,
&c. &c..
COMPILED PURPOSELY
FOR THE
Dispersion of the Blue Devils,
BY
DEMOCRITUS, Jun.

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PREFACE.

The compiler of this work has endeavoured to select the most entertaining anecdotes and choice jokes, from a variety of authors, both ancient and modern; so that the choice spirit, the plodding cit, the fox-hunting 'squire, the dapper draper, the spruce apprentice, the jolly tar, and the hospitable farmer, will each find something in the "COLLECTION OF ODDITIES" to tickle the imagination;—and, when they recite the jokes over the friendly bottle, "to set the table in a roar."—A wise man will ever be cautious of what he says in mixed companies, or amongst strangers. The egotist seldom repays the company for their attention to his

narratives ; and those people who talk much of their neighbours, without speaking handsomely of them, would shew more liberality in keeping mute. Political, religious, or scientific conversations, are by no means calculated to afford entertainment in promiscuous convivial societies ;—as the two first are apt to lead to quarrels, and the last cannot be generally understood ;—but entertaining anecdotes and sprightly bon mots give pleasure to all ; and if this publication should in the smallest degree promote more harmony and mirth amongst the biped race, Democritus, junior, will think his time well spent in compiling it.



A

COLLECTION OF ODDITIES,

&c. &c.



A private letter sent from one Quaker to another.

Friend John,

I desire thee to be so kind as to go to one of those sinful men in the flesh, called an attorney, and let him take out an instrument with a seal fixed thereunto, by means whereof we may seize the outward tabernacle of George Green, and bring him before the lamb-skin men at Westminster, and teach him to do as he would be done by. And so I rest thy friend in the light. R. G.

c

A husband and wife, who quarrelled rather more than man and wife usually do, which the reader will observe was bad enough, were on the eve of separation when the good lady, affecting to fall sick, told her spouse that she believed she should die, and to put on the best face to the world, thought she had better stay and end her days in their old house, which the good easy man full readily assented to; and very seriously asked her, whom she would advise him to marry when she was gone. This was too much.—Marry the devil, replied she, in great wrath. Marry the devil! No, my love, answered he—no, that can never be; the canons of the church prohibit it; I have married his daughter already.

Properties of a gardener.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

Question.—Why is a gardener the most extraordinary man in the world?

Answer.—Because no man has more business upon earth, and always chuses good grounds for what he does. He commands his thyme,—he is master of his mint, and fingers penny-royal. He raiseth his salary every year, and it is a bad year indeed that does not produce a plumb. He meets with more

bought than a minister of state. He makes more beds than the French king, and has in them more painted ladies : and more genuine roses and lillies than are to be found at a country wake. He makes raking his business more than his diversion, as many other gentlemen do ; but he makes it an advantage to his health and fortune, which few others do. He can boast more rapes than any other rake in the kingdom. His wife, notwithstanding, has enough of lad's-love and heart's-ease, and never wishes for weeds. Distempers fatal to others never hurt him. He walks the better for the gravel, and thrives most in a consumption. He can boast of more bleeding-hearts than your ladyship, and more laurels (if possible) than Frederick III. King of Prussia ; but his greatest pride, and the world's envy is, he can have yew when he pleases.

The brewer's coachman.

Honest William, an easy and good-natured
fellow,
Wou'd a little too oft get a little too mellow ;
Body-coachman was he to an eminent brewer :
No better e'er sat in a box, to be sure.
His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or
nurses
Took that care of their babes that he took of
his horses ;

He had these—ay, and fifty good qualities
 more,
 But the business of tipling cou'd ne'er be
 got o'er,
 So his master effectually mended the matter,
 By hiring a man who drank nothing but water.
 Now, William, says he, you see the plain case ;
 Had you drank as he does, you'd have kept
 a good place.
 Drink water, quoth William?—Had all men
 done so,
 You'd never have wanted a coachman, I trow.
 They're soakers, like me, whom you load
 with reproaches,
 That enable you brewers to ride in your
 coaches.

A pugilistic clergyman in Devonshire,
 one revel Sunday after service, got so pot-
 valiant, as to fight nearly half his parishioners,
 and wonderful to tell, conquered them all,
 though at the expence of a broken pate and
 two black eyes.

The next sabbath, several of his anta-
 gonists appeared at church, exhibiting in their
 countenances proofs of their pastor's valour.
 He was likewise a man of humour, and to
 mortify them still more, took for his text,
 Nehemiah xiii. 25.—And I contended with
 them, and cursed them, and smote certain of

them, and plucked off their hair, and made them swear by God.

Quack doctor's speech,

Supposed to be spoken by the famous Lord Rochester.

Gentlemen,

I, Waltho, Van Clauterbank, High German doctor, chymist and dentrificater, native of Arabia Deserta, citizen and burgomaster of the city of Brandipolis, seventh son of a seventh son, unborn doctor, of Hypocrates, Albumazar and Paracelsus, am now become the Æsculapius of the age, having been educated at twelve universities, and travelled through fifty-two kingdoms, and been councillor to the councillors of several monarchs, natural son of the wonder-working chymical doctor, Signior Hanesico, lately arrived from the farthest part of Utopia, famous throughout all Asia, Africa, Europe, and America, from the sun's oriental exaltation, to his occidental declination, out of pity to my own dear self and languishing mortals, have, by the earnest prayers and entreaties of several lords, dukes, and honourable personages, been at last prevziled upon to oblige the world with this notice. That all persons, young or old, blind or lame, deaf or dumb, curable or incurable, may know where to repair for cure in all cephelagias, paralytic,

paroxyism, palpitations of the pericardium, empyemas, tincopes, and nasieties, arising either from plethory, or a cacochymy, vertiginous vapours, hydrocephalus, dysenteries, odontalgic, or podigarica inflammations, illiac passions, icterical effusions, exanthemata, the hen-pox, the hog-pox, the whore's-pox, and the small-pox, and ascites tympanis anasarca, and the entire legion of letheferous distemper. —Imprimis, gentlemen, I have a never-failing styptic, corroborating, odoriferous, anodinous, balsamic balsam of balsams, made of dead mens' fat, rosin, and goose-grease, which infallibly restores lost maidenheads, raises demolished noses, and by its abstersive cosmetic quality, preserves superannuated bawds from wrinkles. Item, I have the true carthamorphra of the triple kingdom. My never-failing heliogenes, being the tincture of the sun, deriving vigours, influence, and dominion, from the same light: it causes all complexions to laugh or smile at the very time of taking it: it is seven years in preparing and being compleated, secundum artem, by fomentation, cohobation, calcination, sublimation, fixation, philtration, circulation, and quidibisication, in balneo Mariæ cruciabile and fixatory, and athanor cucurbita and reverbatory, is the only sovereign medicine in the world.—This is nature's paladium, health's magazien; it works seven manner of ways,

in order as nature itself requires; for it scorns to be confined to any particular way of operation, so that it effecteth the cure either hypnotically, hydroucally, cathartically, poppismatically, hydrogogically, pneumatically, or synecdochically, it mundifies the hypostragium, wipes off obstersively those tenacious conglomerated sentimental sordes, that adhere to the æsophagus and visera, extinguishes all supernatural fermentations and ebulations, and in fine, annihilates all nosotrophical morbidic ideas of the whole corporeal compages. A dram of it is worth a bushel of March-dust; for if a man chances to have his brains beat out, or his head chopped off, two drops (I say two drops, gentlemen) seasonably applied, will recal the fleeting spirits, reinthroned the deposed Archens, cement the discontinuity of the parts, and in six minutes restores the lifeless trunk to all its pristine functions, vital, natural, and animal, so that this, believe me gentlemen, is the only sovereign remedy in the world. I have the chiefest antipudenda egragrian specific in Venus's regalia, which infallibly cures the French pox, with all its train of gonorheas, buboes, and shankers; carnosities, phymosis, paraphymosis, chrySTALLINES, priapismus, caudalomata, and regades, without baths and stoves, and that with so much pleasure as the same was contracted, so that it is worth any person's while to get

this modish distemper once a fortnight, if it is to be had for love or money, to enjoy the benefit of so diverting a remedy.—I have the panchymagogen of Hermes Trismegistus, an incomparable spagyric tincture of the moon's horns, which is the infallible antidote against the contagion of cuckoldom.—Besides my vermifugis, or antivermatal worm-conquering powder, so famous for destroying all sorts of them, incident to human bodies, breaking their complicated knots in the duodenum, and dissolving the phlegmatic crudites that produce these anthopopheagus vermin; it has brought worms away by urine as long as the Maypole in the Strand, when it flourished in its primitive prolixity, though I confess not altogether so thick. Look ye, gentlemen, I have it under the hands and seals of all the greatest sultans, sophys, bashaws, viziers, chams, serasquiers, muf-ties, &c. &c. in Christendom, to verificate the truth of my operation, that I have actually performed such cures as are really beyond human abilities.—I cured Presto John's god-mother, to the great admiration of all the court of a stupendous dolour, about the os sacrum, so that the old lady really feared the perdition of her huckle-bone; I did it by fomenting her posteriors with a mummy of nature, alias called pilgrims' salve, mixed up with the spirit of mugwort, tartagraphated through an alembic of christalline transfluency.

Thence I was sent for to Sultan Gilgon, despot of Bosnia, who was violently afflicted with the spasmus, he came to meet me three hundred leagues in a go-cart; but I gave so speedy an acquittance of his doctor, that next night I caused him to dance a saraband with flip-flaps and somersets, I restored virility, and the comforts of generation, to above one hundred and fifty eunuchs in the grand seignior's seraglio; and by a pair of prolific pills, lately caused a vintner's widow, who having been barren all her days, to conceive a man-child in the twelfth lustre of her age, without the help of her husband.—I cured likewise the Duchess of Baramolpho of a cramp in her tongue,—and the Comte De Rodomontado Corect, of an illiac passion, contracted by eating buttered parsnips. I also cured an alderman of Grand Cairo, who had been sick seven years of the plague, in forty minutes; and by the like empirical remedies, I lately cured Duke Philorix of a dropsy, of which he died.—*Venient occurrite morbo, down with your dust.—Principes obsta, no cure, no money. Quærenda pecunia primus, be not sick too late.* You that are willing to render yourselves immortal, buy this packet, or else prepare to the sign of the Prancers, in *Vico Vulgo Dicto, Ratcliffero*, something south-east of *Templium Daacium*, in the square of *Profound Silence*,

not far from Titter-Tatter Fair, and you may hear, see, and return, re-infecta.

✓ The high-bailiff of Birmingham, attended by some officers of the town, goes round on a market-day to examine the weight of the butter, and they seize all which is found short of sixteen ounces. A countryman, who generally stood in a particular place, having on a former market-day lost two pounds of butter, was seen, the next time they came round, to laugh heartily, while the officers were taking a considerable quantity from a woman who stood near him. One of the officers, not pleased with the fellow's want of decorum, particularly in the presence of men vested with such awful authority, said, "What do you mean by laughing, fellow? I took two pounds from you last week." "I'll lay a guinea of it," said the countrymen:—"Done," replied the officer; and immediately put a guinea into the hands of a respectable tradesman, who was standing at his own door. The countryman instantly covered it; and then, with a triumphant grin, said, "D—n your thick skull, if it had been two pounds would you have taken it from me? Was it not for being short of weight that I lost it?"—The umpire without hesitation decided in his favour, to the great morti-

fication of the humble administers of justice.

Anecdote.

A young gentleman, who had learned the art of fencing, happened to have a quarrel with his former instructor, thought himself equal to a contest with him at his own weapons, and actually challenged him. The fencing-master accepted the challenge, on condition that no seconds attended. When the young combatant was beginning to push at his antagonist, the other, starting back, exclaimed, "Why have you broke your word with me? You agreed to bring nobody with you." The other, turning his head to see if there was any person behind him, the veteran closed upon his antagonist, seized his sword, and called on him to beg his life. The challenger remonstrating, "Ah!" replied the other; "that was a lesson I taught you before!"

Anecdote of a Noble Earl and a Naval Commander.

Sir Edward Hughes, it is known, before his appointment as commander in chief upon the India station, had little money and many debts. He obtained that appointment by the friendship of the Earl of Sandwch. Upon his return, after many testimonies of respect,

he seized one moment of cordiality to extort from the Earl a promise, that, whatever he might next ask should not be refused, if it could be granted. He asked accordingly a list of his lordship's debts. They amounted to an hundred thousand pounds, which the grateful seaman paid, believing that he had thus made a new man of his patron.

But it was not so. The Earl did not shew all his debts; and what he kept back was enough to begin a new list, the inconvenience of which harassed the latter years of a life, that, upon the whole, had more to be pitied than condemned.

The Odd Fellow.

Your odd fellow is one who will do nothing like the rest of the world. There was, a remarkable illustration of this character in one White, a man of small independent fortune, who lived in the borough of Southwark; this man acted wholly upon the principles of contradiction; on a Sunday he always wore the worst cloaths, and fed on the worst food he could get, because other people both eat and wore the best; on a Monday, because its a holiday, he used to employ himself in some sort of work from the morning till night; the rest of the week he kept holiday, dressing himself just decent on a Tuesday, better on a Wednesday, better

still on Thursday, and so on, till by Saturday evening, when other people are busy and dirty, he was the idlest and best drest man in the parish. He used to make a point of dining off a goose on Shrove Tuesday, and on pancakes on Michaelmas-day; he fed upon oysters as long as the weather continued hot, but left off eating them as soon as there was an R in the month; he almost starved himself on a Christmas-day, and eat like a glutton, when there was a public proclamation for a fast; when it rained hard he went without his waistcoat or great coat; but would button himself up close and warm in the hottest day in summer; he wrote with a skewer cut into the form of a pen, and fastened his letters with paste; he constantly sat on a low table, and eat off a chair; he slept in a kitchen, breakfasted in the garret, dined in the cellar, and eat his supper all the year round in the passage leading to the street door; he married three wives, and lived with neither of them; he would frequently pay a waterman to take his boat, and attend him on the banks of the Thames, but never got into it; and once a month he hired a coach, but always rode with the coachman; he sometimes called for liquor at a public house, but always drank it at the door; he shaved himself with a penknife, and combed his wig with a cloath's brush. He sometimes went to church, and

staid the whole service, but never sat down ;
 when in company he never spoke a word, but
 when alone he was always talking to himself ;
 when he was sick he sent for the butcher, but
 often when in health he consulted the apothecary. He paid his house-rent in the middle
 of the quarter, and always before it became
 due ; when he died he owed no man a shilling,
 and took sufficient care that no man should
 ever owe him six-pence.

Parody on Gray's Elegy.

St. Paul's proclaims the solemn midnight hour,
 The weary cit slow turns the master-key ;
 Time stinted 'prentices up Ludgate scour,
 And leave the street to darkness and to me.
 Now glimmering lamps afford a doubtful ray,
 And scarce a sound disturbs the night's
 dull ear ;
 Save where some rumbling hack directs its way,
 Or frequent tinklings souse the tavern bar.
 Save that in yonder iron grated tower,
 The watchmen to the constable complain
 Of such as in defiance to their power
 Molest their ancient solitary reign.
 Beneath these butchers stalls, that pent-house
 shed,
 Where rankling offals fret in many a heap ;
 Each in his several sty of garbage laid,
 The dextrous sons of buckhorse soundly
 sleep.

The cheerful call of "chair! your honor,
chair!"

Rakes drunk, and roaring, from the Bedford Head,

The calls of coachmen, squabbling for a fare,
No more can rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them the blazing links no longer burn,
Or busy bunters ply their evening care;
No setters watch the muddled cit's return,
In hopes some pittance of the prey to share.

Oft to their subtlety the fob did yield,
Their cunning oft the pocket string hath broke;

How in dark alleys bludgeons would they wield,

How bow'd the wretch beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their humble toil,
Their vulgar crimes and villainy obscure;
Nor rich rogues hear, with a disdainful smile,
The low and petty knaveries of the poor.
The titled villain, and the thief of power,
The greatest rogue that ever bore a name,
Await alike th' inevitable hour—

The paths of wickedness lead but to shame.
Nor ye, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If justice round their necks the halter fix;
If, from the gallows, to their kindred vault,
They ride not pompous in a coach and six.

Gives not the lordly axe so sure a fate?
 Are peers exempt from mouldering into
 dust?
 Can all the gilded 'scutcheons of the great
 Stamp on polluted deeds the name of just?
 Beneath the gibbet's self perhaps is laid,
 Some heart once pregnant with infernal fire;
 Hands which the sword of heroes might have
 sway'd,
 And, 'midst the carnage, tun'd th' exulting
 lyre!
 Ambition to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with such monstrous crimes, did ne'er
 unroll;
 Chill penury repressed their native rage,
 And froze the bloody current of their soul.
 Full many a youth, fit for each horrid scene,
 The dark and sooty flues of chimnies bear;
 Full many a rogue is born to cheat unseen,
 And dies unhang'd for want of proper care.
 Some petty Chartres, that, with dauntless
 breast,
 Each call of worth and honesty withstood,
 Some mute inglorious Wilmot here may rest,
 Some ———, guiltless of his ———'s
 blood.
 The votes of venal senates to command,
 The worthy man's opinion to despise,
 To scatter mischief o'er a ruined land,
 And read their curses in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbid—nor circumscribed alone,
 Their growing fortunes, but their crimes
 confin'd;
 Forbid with libels to insult the throne,
 And vilify the noblest of mankind.
 The struggling pangs of conscious guilt to hide,
 To bid defiance to all sense of shame,
 Their country's toil and labor to deride,
 And heap fresh fuel on sedition's flame.
 To such high crimes, such prodigies of vice,
 Their vulgar wishes ne'er presumed to soar;
 Content on wheel-barrows to cog the dice,
 Or pick a pocket at a playhouse door.
 Yet e'en these humble vices to correct,
 Old Tyburn lifts his triple front on high;
 Bridewell, with bloody whips and fetters
 deck'd,
 Frowns dreadful vengeance on the younger
 fry.
 Their years, their names, their birth, and pa-
 rentage,
 Tho' doubtful all, the grub-street bard
 supplies;
 Prints what first debauched the tender age,
 And with what words the ripen'd felon dies.
 For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 When to the dreadful tree of death con-
 sign'd,
 But yearns to think upon the fatal day,
 That first seduc'd to sin his pliant mind?
 No soul so callous but remorse may wring,

No heart so hard but guilt may teach to
 sigh ;
 Contrition forces heart-felt tears to spring,
 And melt to tenderness the sternest eye.
 For him the master of the pilfering herd,
 Whom certain punishment attends, though
 late,
 If, when his wretched carcase is interr'd,
 Some curious person should enquire his
 fate.
 Haply some hoary headed thief may say,
 " Oft have I seen him with his lighted link,
 Guide some unwary stranger 'cross the way,
 And pick his pocket at the kennel's brink.
 There, at the foot of yonder column
 stretch'd,
 Where the Seven Dials are exalted high ;
 He and his myrmydons for hours have
 watch'd,
 And poured destruction on each passer by.
 Hard by yon hill, where not a lamp ap-
 pears,
 Sculking in quest of booty he would wait ;
 Now as a beggar shedding artful tears,
 Now smiting with his crutch some hapless
 pate.
 One morn I missed him at the accustom'd
 place,
 The seven-fac'd pillar, and the favorite wall,
 Another came, nor yet I saw his face,
 The post, the crossings, were deserted all.

At last, in dismal cart, and sad array,
 Backward up Holborn-hill I saw him
 mount,
 Here you may read (for you can read, you
 say)
 His Epitaph in the Ord'nary's account."

EPITAPH.

Here festering rests a quondam plague of
 earth,
 To virtue and to honest shame unknown;
 Low cunning on a dunghill gave him birth,
 And villainy confess'd him for her own.
 Quick were his fingers, and his soul was dark,
 In artful knavery lay all his hope;
 No pains he spared, and seldom miss'd his
 mark,
 And gained from justice all he fear'd—a
 rope!
 If farther you his villainies would know,
 And genuine anecdotes desire to meet,
 Go read the story of his vice and woe,
 Printed and sold by Simpson, near the
 Fleet.

Anecdote.

A Scotchman one day bragging in Shebbeare's company, that it was a countryman of his that had the honor of inventing the compass, Shebbeare took his part against the rest who differed from him, and said he could

further tell them the occasion of it. The Scotchman seemed much pleased at having so good an advocate, when Shebbeare proceeded as follows:—

“ Whilst a captain of a ship was coasting it with all the caution which was necessary before the invention of the compass, a storm suddenly sprang up which drove him out to sea. Not knowing where he was, and expressing his concern for the safety of the ship, a Scotchman, who was amongst the crew, bid him not be under so much uneasiness, for he could at least tell him in what direction they were.—‘ Well, that will do something,’ says the captain. ‘ Then here it is, mon,’ says the Scotchman, pulling a louse out of his head, and placing him on a sheet of paper; ‘ watch that fellow’s motions weel; for I ’ll be d——d if ever you saw a Scotch louse that did not always travel South.’ ”

As a proof that the majority of the deluded Irish were not acquainted with even ostensible reasons for their rebellion, the following anecdote will sufficiently prove:—

Four men were taken in arms, and brought before Lord Mazarine, the neighbouring magistrate. On being asked what the cause was for which they were fighting? one of them answered that they fought for

mancipation. Lord Mazarene asked what they meant by mancipation? The reply was, "By J—s, I don't know who he is; but Pat. Donly said, that we ought to fight for him, and so did the priest; and so if you let us go, we will fight again to the backbone."

As one of the Associations was performing their exercise, the commanding officer (a Serjeant of the Guards) observing a gentleman, whose name was Barrow, not very alert at his motions, exclaimed, with a satirical grin, "Wheel-Barrow?" The whole corps instantly burst into a loud laugh, at which the enraged private quitted the ranks, and made so furious an attack with his foot on the nethermost part of his serjeant, that the latter is resolved never again to let off any more puns till he can take surer aim.

A Jew old clothesman descended the area steps of a house in Devonshire-place, and, not seeing any of the servants, he made free with some liveries that lay in his way, and deposited them in his bag. As Moses was reascending the steps, he met the coachman coming down, who, seeing some of their liveries in the bag, asked him what he was going to do with them? The Jew, with great sang froid, replied, "he was going to have them

cleaned.”—“ Had you no orders to take mine with the rest ?” said the coachman.—“ No !” returned Moses ; “ but, if you please, I will take them.”—The coachman immediately took off his box coat, and gave it to the Jew, who, having promised to take great care of it, went off perfectly satisfied with his bargain.

A methodist preacher in Moor-fields lately prophesied the destruction of the French from a prophecy contained in the 35th chapter of Ezekiel.—The following verse, which forms the text, is directed against Mount Seir, which he properly Englished *mounseur*, thus saith the Lord, behold, oh, mounseer ! I am against thee, and I will stretch out my hand against thee, and make thee desolate !

Anecdote of the late Duchess of Queensberry.

The Duchess was accustomed to say, upon any high compliment paid her—“ Why, now, that is very well, but it is nothing to the carter.” Of course, the complimenter became anxious to know how the carter had risen above him in the agreeable, which her Grace thus told—“ I once in Piccadilly noticed a man who was driving a waggon, puffing away at a short pipe which had gone out. The fellow, observing me regard him, called

aloud—"Madam, madam, let me light my pipe at your eyes."—"O, no, sir, you are nobody to the carter!"

Anecdote of Marshal Keith.

The Russians and the Turks, in their war before last, having diverted themselves long enough in murdering one another, for the sake of variety, thought proper to treat of a peace. The commissioners for this purpose were, Marshal General Keith, and the Turkish Grand Vizir. These two personages met, and the interpreters of the Russians and Turks betwixt them. When all was concluded, they arose to separate; the Marshal made his bow with hat in hand, and the Vizir his Salam, with a turban on his head, but when these ceremonies of taking leave were over, the Vizir turned suddenly, and coming up to Keith, took him freely by the hand, and in the broadest Scotch dialect, spoken by the lowest and most illiterate men of that country, declared warmly, "That it made him unco happy, now he was so far frae hame, to meet a countryman in his exalted station. Keith stared with both eyes, but at last the explanation came, and the Vizir told him, "My father was bellman of Kirkaldy, in Fife, and I remember to have seen you, sir, and your brother, often occasionally passing."

An emigrant marquis was attended in his last moments by a constitutional priest.—“Console yourself,” says the reverend monitor, “in the hope that you will soon be a citizen of a better world.”—“A citizen” exclaimed the dying man, “I am a gentleman by ——! and a gentleman I will be to all eternity!”

The Irish Invalid.

As Patrick O’Kelly was taking the air,
To recruit his ill health and chace away care,
He was met by a woman, old, wretched, and
thin,

And to move his compassion she thus did begin :——

“Kind sir! give me alms, for I perish with want!”

“I’ve plenty,” said he, “and by Jasus you shan’t!”

And thus she continued——“I knew you’d relieve me,

“Good sir, you must know me, for I was
“your nurse,”

“And now I will speak, for I’m sure you’ll believe me.”

He started with horror, and put up his purse.

“Oh! sooner by far than I’d give thee a
groat,

“Thou wretch! I’d destroy thee, and cut
my own throat:

“ For I was a healthy stout child as you’d see,
 “ Just such as I now most assuredly should be,
 “ If thou, sinful hag, to my parents un-
 known,
 “ Hadst not wickedly chang’d me for one of
 thy own.”

Extraordinary Gazette.

The following dispatch was received by a gentleman in the city, from a friend in the country, who is in the habit of breakfasting twice a week with a general officer :—

“ Head Quarters, C—, Dec. 13.

“ Sir.—I have the honour to acquaint you, that, this morning, at half-past eight, I made an alerte, and, by a masterly movement, reached the general’s before the drum had beat to breakfast. After driving in his advanced posts, forcing the hall, and storming the staircase, I commenced a well-directed fire upon the library, where the breakfast forage was deposited. After a spirited defence by Marshal Jowler, and Brigadier-General Pompey, who had been commissioned to act during the absence of the commander in chief, I carried the place cane in hand. It is with incredible satisfaction I inform you, that, in less than eleven minutes, I was in possession of five plates of muffins, fifteen buttered buns, four-and-twenty crumpets, three

pyramids of dry toast, five manchots (three of them not rasped) a hot-cake, several canisters of sugar (as per margin), two six-penny loaves, a white and a brown one, together with various other stores. I have secured the military (tea) chest, spiked three eggs, after first unloading them, seized the coffee redoubt, and made a considerable impression on fort chocolate. All this was effected without the loss of a single tooth, and I feel much pleasure in being able to say, that my stomach and bowels are in excellent health and spirits. I am under infinite obligations to Lieutenant-General Foot, and Colonel Leg, whose eminent exertions on this and other occasions, demand my warmest gratitude; they were particularly serviceable to me during the rapid march I made from C——. I also beg leave to recommend to your notice two very deserving officers, Major Foretooth, and Captain Grinder; but for whose penetration and unremitting exertion in the laborious post they occupied. I should have been ill able to accomplish this undertaking,—nor ought I to pass over in silence the activity and intrepidity of Adjutants Thumb and Finger, who were extremely active on the occasion; and I indulge a sanguine hope, that they will meet with that distinction, to which their long and faithful services entitle them.

“ Health and Fraternity.”

*Curious advertisement, taken from the
Clonmell Journal.*

Run away last night, my wife, Bridget Coole.—She is a tight, and neat body, and has lost one leg. She was seen riding behind the priest of the parish, through Fermoy ; and as we never were married, I will pay no debt that she does not contract. She lisps with one tooth, and is always talking about fairies, and is of no use but to the owner.

August 17.

Phelim Coole,
his X mark.

A spirited Pun.

A French gentleman called at a public-house for a gill of wine, which being brought him in a glass, he observed, that the quantity was very small, and that in France it was always the custom to bring liquor in a measure: “Aye,” said the landlord, “but we don’t wish to introduce French measures here.”

Anecdote.

As Mr. Cunningham, the late pastoral poet, was fishing on a Sunday, near Durham, the reverend, as well as corpulent Mr. B.—, chanced to pass that way, and knowing Mr. Cunningham, austere reproached him for breaking the sabbath, telling him that he was doubly reprehensible, as his good sense should have taught him better. The poor poet turned

round and replied,—“Your external appearance, reverend sir, says, that if your dinner was at the bottom of the river, along with mine, you would angle for it, though it were a fast-day, and your Saviour stood by to rebuke you.”

The pious Rogue.

A FRAGMENT.

“Have you ought more whereof your conscience should be purged?” said the venerable father Anselm, addressing a kneeling sinner at the confessional. “Yes, holy father,” replied the penitent, “I have committed the foul sin of theft.—I have stolen this watch; will you accept of it?” “Me!” exclaimed the pious priest; “me receive the fruit of thy villainy! how darest thou tempt me to the commission of so abominable a crime? Go instantly return the watch to its owner.” “I have already offered it to him,” replied the culprit, “and he refused to receive it again, therefore, holy father, I beseech you to take it.” “Peace, wretch!” rejoined Anselm, “you should have repeated the offer.” “I did repeat it, holy father, and he persisted in the refusal.”—“then I must absolve thee from the sin thou hast committed.” The purified Catholic had scarcely departed, when the astonished father discovered that his own watch had been stolen from the place where it had been deposited near the confessional.

Ingratitude.

John Aytatt Stow, Esq. left in his will the following item:—"I direct my executors to lay out the sum of five guineas in the purchase of a picture of the viper biting the benevolent hand of the person who saved him from perishing in the snow, if the same can be purchased for that money; and that they do present it to —, in order that he may contemplate upon the same, and be able to form a just comparison which is best, and most profitable:—a grateful regard of past friendship, and, almost parental regard, or, ingratitude and insolence. This I give him in lieu of £3000. which I had by a former will (now revoked and burnt) given him.

The calm Clergyman.

A Prussian clergyman applied to the King of Prussia for his permission to preach in his chapel, and to honour him by his presence. His Majesty thought it presumptuous for a countryman to ask such a favour, but nevertheless granted his request, and told him he would give him a text to preach on, and that he should preach on the Sunday following, when he would be there to hear him. The clergyman waited with anxiety from day to day for the text, as he wished to have it in time, that he might make a fine sermon of it;

but Sunday morning came, and no text; he, however, went into the pulpit with an intention to preach one of his old sermons, thinking the king had forgot to send him a text. The king came to the chapel soon after, and sent the clergyman a letter, which he opened and read: the contents were—"The inclosed is your text; you will preach immediately." He opened the bit of paper that was inclosed, when to his great astonishment, he found it quite a blank, he looked at the other side, it was a blank there too: he held it out for the audience to look at, and said, "Here is nothing, and of nothing God created heaven and earth;" then quoted a verse in the first chapter of Genesis, to preach a sermon on it extempore. The king was so delighted at the great presence of mind the clergyman had shewn, that he made him his almoner.

A man whom nature had rendered remarkably deformed, was accosted in the street of Chester by a beautiful lady. Without any preamble, she took him by the arm, and conducted him to a neighbouring house. Ecstasied with the charms of his conductress, he had not power to resist her.—During his conveyance, he could not but flatter himself with a most agreeable denouement; but he was no sooner arrived, than she presented him to the owner of the house, saying only,—

“Traits for traits,” and immediately left him. —The enamerato, in the greatest surprize, begged the master to explain this enigma, who answered, “Sir, I am a painter, and having undertaken to represent for this lady the temptation of Jesus Christ in the desert, we could not agree upon the form the devil should have; the mystic words she used on your introduction, conveyed her wish that I should take you for the model.”

✓ When George Whitfield first visited America, Alexander Gardner, of Charleston, a man of learning, but who had formerly been in the copper-trade, was the episcopal clergyman of the place. To put the people on their guard, he represented Whitfield as a religious impostor, who had an excellent knack of setting off to advantage his poisonous tenets. On the other part, Whitfield who had been used to reproach and opposition, recriminated with double acrimony and greater success. While Alexander Gardner, to keep his flock from straying after this strange pastor, expatiated on these words of scripture:—“Those who have turned the world upside down, are come hither also:” Whitfield, with all the force of comic humour and wit, for which he was so eminently distinguished, by way of reply, enlarged upon those words:—“Alexander the coppersmith

hath done me much evil: the Lord reward him according to his works.”

Dr. Moore, father of the heroic Sir John Moore, used to relate the following anecdote with great humour:—A French student in medicine lodged in the same house in London with a man in a fever. This man was continually teased by the nurse to drink, though he nauseated the insipid liquids she offered him. At last, when she was more importunate than usual, he said to her, “For God’s sake, bring me a salt herring; and I will drink as much as you please.” The woman indulged him—he devoured the herring, drank plentifully, underwent a copious perspiration, and recovered. —The French student inserted this aphorism in his journal. —“A salt herring cures an Englishman of a fever.”—On his return to France he prescribed the same remedy to his first patient in a fever. The patient died, on which the student inserted in his journal the following caveat;—“N. B. Though a salt herring cures an Englishman it kills a Frenchman.”

Epigram.

All men are gods, pert Sally cries,
 ’Till they are wed, then devils fell!—
 Madam, they ’d need, old Blunt replies,
 Be devils, that must live in Hell!

*Written on a Window, under a Vow against
Matrimony.*

The lady who this resolution took,
Wrote it on glass, to shew it might be broke.

When Mrs. Goodhall appeared in breeches at Drury Lane Theatre with Mrs. Jordan, there was a dispute betwixt the ladies which had the handsomest legs; the disputants appealed to a literary gentleman present, who, from motive of delicacy, would not subscribe to the opinion of either, but prudently said "Mrs. Goodhall's were too long, and Mrs. Jordan's too short, and, for his part, he should like something between both."

A gentleman who happened to sit in company with Foote at the Smyrna Coffee-house, took up a newspaper, saying, he wanted to see what the ministry were about—Foote, with a smile, said, "Look among the robberies."

A glazier in Shoreditch was the first who hitched M. Otto's name into a rhyme. On his transparency were these lines: this happened in 1801, when an illumination took place in consequence of a peace.

Let's drink their healths by way of motto;
Here's to Lord Hawkesbury and Monsieur
As I approve the peace in toto, [Otto,
May he that breaks it first be shot-o.

In the year 1801 one of the clamorers against peace was enlarging on the disadvantages of it; but, at the same time, professing that he was no croaker. A wag who knew that an unsuccessful speculation was the real cause, denied the truth of this:—"For," said he, "you are not only a croaker, but an alley-croaker."

✓ A Lord Mayor, waiting upon King Charles the Second, who happened to be in the park feeding the ducks, with his hat in his hand, the Mayor desired he might not speak till his Majesty was covered:—"Phoo, phoo!" says the King; "you may go on very safely, 'tis to the ducks I pull my hat off."

A gentleman coming by Maidstone gaol, seeing an old acquaintance there, said, "How now, Tom! how came you here?"—"Faith," said he, "a blind man might have found the way hither, for I was led between two; and they would suffer me to go no other way."

✓ Lady W——, celebrated in Scotland for wit and beauty, happening to be at an assembly in Edinburgh, a young gentleman, son of his Majesty's printer, who had the patent for publishing bibles, made his appearance, dressed in green and gold. Being a new suit, and extremely elegant, he attract-

ed the attention of the whole company. A general murmur prevailed in the room to learn who he was; Lady W—— instantly made answer, loud enough to be heard, "Oh, don't you know him; it is young bible, bound in calf and gilt—but not lettered."

A clergyman, in the county of Norfolk, who was remarkable for odd sayings, wishing one day to go the nearest way to a village, he rode over a field of standing corn where there was no path! In coming out he was met by the farmer, who told him he did not think he would have served him so—to ride over his standing corn, &c.—"Indeed, sir," replied the parson, "I am very sorry; but if I have done you any harm I will ride back again."

An Irishman, running through a street in Dublin, was called out to with "Arrah, Pat, where in such a hurry?"—"By Jasus, honey! I'm only going to see the babes in the wood." Upon enquiry, it appeared that honest Pat had two sons, who were that day exalted; or, what is vulgarly called put in the pillory.

A provincial paper, after relating an account of a man having hanged himself, con-

cludes with remarking, that the only reason which can be assigned for this rash act, is, that something hung upon his mind.

The wife of a person at Ratcliffe was delivered of a child without arms.—The mother, being told of the imperfection, after the first shock, exclaimed—“ Well, thank God, I’ve one consolation!—Mr. Pitt can never make it take out a licence for wearing gloves.”

A man who is desirous to see another abused, is only to wish that his enemy would be a candidate for a seat in parliament; and, if the election is contested, he may depend upon being gratified by every species of merited censure or unjust reproach. A gentleman who offered himself for a borough in Yorkshire, was so much impressed with the expectation of being reviled, that, previous to going to the hustings, he assumed a very serious face, and asked his lady if she had ever been false to his bed? On her expressing some surprise at the question, he begged she would be frank in her answer, and added, “ whether you have, or not, I shall hear of it on the hustings.”

A judge, suspected of bribery, checked his clerk for having a dirty face—“ I plead guilty, my Lord,” said the clerk, “ but my hands are clean.”

✓ A poor man, with a wheel-barrow, was met by a reverend gentleman, in the old church-yard of Manchester, when the latter (feeling very properly for the shocking impiety of the transaction) exclaimed, "You dirty scoundrel, how dare you wheel this barrow here? Don't you know this is consecrated ground?—The poor man, stopping very innocently, but quaintly, replied, "Sir, I beg pardon, but I thought the wheel-barrow had been consecrated too, for I borrowed it of the sexton."

A nobleman, having chosen a very illiterate person for his library keeper, one said it was like a seraglio kept by an eunuch.

The following is the Picture of European Nations in Miniature, sold in the streets of Paris on a sheet of paper, decorated with large wood-cuts. Curiosity will read with pleasure the quintessence of the judgment and prejudices of Frenchmen respecting themselves and their neighbours.

In religion the German is unbelieving; the Englishman devout; the Frenchman zealous; the Italian very ceremonious; the Spaniard a bigot.—In keeping his word the German is faithful; the Englishman safe; the

Frenchman giddy; the Italian cunning; the Spaniard a cheat.—In love the German does not understand it; the Englishman loves a little here and there; the Frenchman every where; the Italian knows how one ought to love; the Spaniard loves truly.—In external appearance the German is tall; the Englishman well made; the Frenchman well looking; the Italian of the middle size; the Spaniard frightful.—In dress the German is shabby; the Englishman superb; the Frenchman changing; the Italian a tatterdemalion; the Spaniard decent.—In keeping a secret, the German forgets what he has been told; the Englishman conceals what he should divulge, and divulges what he should conceal; the Frenchman blabs every thing; the Italian does not utter a word; the Spaniard is very mysterious.—In manners the German is clownish; the Englishman barbarous; the Frenchman easy; the Italian polite; the Spaniard proud.—In vanity the German boasts little; the Englishman despises all; the Frenchman praises every thing; the Italian values little what is of little value; the Spaniard is indifferent to all.—In eating and drinking, the German is a drunkard; the Englishman a lover of sweets; the Frenchman delicate; the Italian moderate; the Spaniard niggardly.—In offending and doing good, the German does neither good nor bad;

the Englishman does both without reason; the Italian is prompt in beneficence but vindictive; the Spaniard indifferent in both respects.—In giving advice the German is slow; the Englishman resolute; the Frenchman precipitate; the Italian nice; the Spaniard circumspect.—In speaking, the German speaks little and badly, but writes well; the Frenchman speaks and writes well; the Englishman speaks badly, but writes well also; the Italian speaks well, writes much and well; the Spaniard speaks little, writes little, but well.—In address the German looks like a block-head; the Englishman resembles neither a fool nor a wise man; the Frenchman is airy; the Italian is prudent, but looks like a fool; the Spaniard is quite the reverse.—In laws, the German laws are indifferent; the Englishman has bad laws, but observes them well; the Frenchman has good laws, but observes them badly; the Italians and Spaniards have good laws; the former observes them negligently, the latter rigidly.—Servants are companions in Germany; slaves in England; masters in France; respectful in Italy; and submissive in Spain.—Diseases, the Germans are particularly infected with fleas; the English with whitlows; the French with the small-pox; the Italians with the plague; and the Spaniards with the wens. The women are housewives in Germany; queens in Eng-

land; ladies in France; captives in Italy; slaves in Spain. In courage, the German resembles a bear; the Englishman a lion; the Frenchman an eagle; the Italian a fox; and the Spaniard an elephant.—In the sciences, the German is a pedant; the Englishman a philosopher; the Frenchman has a smattering of every thing; the Italian is a professor; and the Spaniard a profound thinker.—Magnificence, in Germany the princes; in England the ships; in France the court; in Italy the churches; in Spain the armories are magnificent.—Husbands (make the conclusion), in Germany they are masters; in England servants; in France companions; in Italy schoolboys; and in Spain tyrants.

Epigram on a Welchman.

A Welchman, coming late into an inn,
 Ask'd the maid what meat there was within:
 Cow-heels, she answered, and a breast of
 mutton;
 But, quoth the Welchman, since I am no
 glutton;
 Either of these shall serve; to-night the
 breast,
 The heels i' th' morning, then light meat is
 best.
 At night he took the breast, and did not
 pay,
 In the morning took his heels and ran away.

“The hands of the Lord are with the French,” ejaculated a quaker: “Yea, and the legs of the Lord,” cried another, “are with the Austrians; for verily they run swiftly.”

A wag of a candidate for a certain borough, after having crammed the mayor and alderman with three dinners, on taking his leave very humanely left five guineas to purchase jalap, as a cathartic for the corporation. [*See the plate.*]

Singular Trait.

In the frequent insurrections which have taken place at Paris since the revolution, Miss Williams observes in her sketch of politics, the people have always dispersed at their usual hour of rest. The same observation was made a century ago by the Cardinal de Retz, when ordered by the court to disperse the crowd on the first day of the insurrection of the Ftonde.—“This cost me very little trouble,” says the Cardinal; “as it was the hour of supper.”

On Cropping the Hair, by an Eaton Boy.

Who talks of the scarcity of wheat, corn,
and hops?

Sure every thing promises wonderful crops;

Where'er we look round, sweet plenty appears.
If at all we may judge by the great show
of ears.

A chamberlain of London, being asked what he thought was the reason that divorces were so much more frequent than they were formerly, said in reply, that it was for the same reason that bankrupts were more numerous, because we did more business than our ancestors.

An accused culprit being put to the bar at the New Bailey court-house in Manchester to be arraigned, was asked in the usual form how he would be tried, when, making no reply, he was told to say, "By God and my country." The poor fellow, being asked a second time, and having mistaken the last word, loudly bawl'd out—"By God and the constable."

During the early months of the French revolution, the house of an unpopular character was attacked by the mob. An orator prevented their using violence, by addressing them nearly in these words:—"Gentlemen, why should you attack the house? It is the landlord's. Why kill his wife? She is public property. Why injure his children? They are, perhaps, your own."

The second Charles, at his levee, having asked how an envoy, that had been sent to a country not in the most civilized state, had fared, and being informed that he had been well roasted there, the facetious monarch replied, "I'll take care how I send them a raw ambassador."

A more grotesque instance of the sudden power of gratitude cannot be adduced than the following Kentish Anecdote, perfectly well attested.

A parson Patten, of Whitstable, was well known in his own neighbourhood as a man of great oddity, great humour, and equally great extravagance. Once (standing in need of a new wig (his old one defying all farther assistance of art), he went over to Canterbury, and applied to a barber, young in the business, to make him one. The tradesman, who was just going to dinner, begged the honor of his new customer's company at his meal, to which Patten most readily consented. After dinner a large bowl of punch was produced, and the reverend guest, with equal readiness, joined in its demolition. When it was out the barber was proceeding to business, and began to handle his measure, when Mr. Patten desired him to desist, saying, he should not make his wig—"Why not," exclaimed the host; "have I done any thing

to offend you, sir?"—"Not in the least," replied the guest; "I find you are a very honest good-natured fellow; so I will take somebody else in. Had you made it, you would never have been paid for it."

Irish Simplicity.

A young woman of Dublin, who was apprehensive of some unhappy effects from an illicit amour, which she had for some time carried on with a Dutch sailor, mentioned her situation to a friend of her's, who advised her to place her future offspring to her master, as being the richest man of the two.—"I was thinking of that," replied the fair one; but then, you know, the child will discover all when it begins to speak Dutch."

✓ "Sancho," said a dying planter to his slave, "for your faithful services, I intend to do you an honor; and I leave it in my will that you shall be buried in our family ground"—"Ah, massa!" replied Sancho; "Sancho no good be buried—Sancho rader have de money or de freedom; besides, if de devil come in de dark to look for massa, he make de mistake, and take away de poor Negar man."

Diogenes, being asked the reason that philosophers were the followers of rich men,

though rich men never followed philosophers, replied, "Because the one knew what they had need of, and the other did not."

A remarkable Charge of the Learned Judge Page, an original Anecdote.

Gentlemen of the Jury—Ye have heard the evidence against this here fellow and all that; he not only robbed the person who was so good as to prosecute him of his effects and money; but, as far as I can learn, has always been a vagabond, a stroller, I think; a fellow that went about with his tricks and fancies. Now I never like your tricks and fancies. I'll tell you a pleasant story:—Some years ago, when I was at Exeter, there was a fellow, an ill-looking dog, somewhat like the prisoner at the bar, that went about with a bear and a fiddle; a troublesome rascal; there was no living for his tricks and fancies. So this was very well; I was not then a judge, but went only on private business; however, some time after, I went that circuit; you may be sure I enquired for my old friend; but, some how or other, the bear was dead, and the fiddle broke. But, how do you think I served the fellow?—Why, I hanged him.

The pope Ganganelli, seeing a young man very intent upon taking off some fine

pieces in one of the churches at Rome, sent for him and desired to know his profession. The youth replied, that he had been bred to none; but that his father was a merchant, who had failed, and died in Florene.—“Whatever your father was,” said his holiness, “I see you are inclined to be a painter; but it is not customary to take off church pieces in the manner you did.” The young man now began to excuse himself, but the pope desired him not to be alarmed, insisted on seeing his piece, and had him instructed in drawing at his own expence. Some of those about him expressed their wonder at his holiness’s generosity to this stranger; and the more so, as they said it appeared he was a protestant, from which heresy not a step had been taken to convert him.—“Ah!” said Ganganelli; “As a pope, I am bound to commend your pious care; but, as a man, am bound to tell you, that painting is of no religion.”

An Irish gentleman, who had been appointed an ensign in the army, had his regimentals made in a very awkward manner; and, in particular, his sleeves were four or five inches too short. Some friend of his observed, that his clothes did not fit him at all. “How the devil should they,” said the honest Hibernian; “for when the taylor took measure of me, he was in London and I was in Dublin.”

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

Doctor King, archbishop of Dublin, having invited several persons of distinction to dine with him, had, amongst a great variety of dishes, a fine leg of mutton and caper sauce, but the doctor, who was not fond of butter, and remarkable for preferring a trencher to a plate, had some of the above-mentioned pickles preserved dry for his use; which, as he was mincing, he called aloud to the company to observe him:—"I here present you, my lord," said he, "with a sight that may henceforward serve you to talk of as something curious, viz. That you saw an archbishop of Dublin, at 87 years of age, cut capers upon a trencher."

The following Correspondence happened and afforded no inconsiderable share of merriment.

TO CAPTAIN P——.

Dear P—ne, I have betted a cool hundred that you were bread to the sea. Your answer is to decide it.

Your's ever, O'B——.

TO CAPTAIN O'B——.

Dear O'B——, Your country bias has
run you a little on the wrong side the post.
I was not bread to the sea, but the sea is
bread to me; and a—d bad bread it proves,
I assure you. Your's, J. P—NE.
Cocoa Tree, Sunday night.

*Monsieur Tonson. A Tale. Written by
J. Taylor, Esq.*

There liv'd, as fame reports, in days of yore,
At least some fifty years ago, or more,
A pleasant wight on town, yclepp'd
Tom King,
A fellow that was clever at a joke,
Expert in all the arts to teize and smoke,
In short, for strokes of humour, quite the
thing.

To many a jovial club this King was known,
With whom his active wit unrivalled shone;
Choice spirit, grave free mason, buck, and
blood,
Would crowd his stories and bon mots to hear,
And none a disappointment e'er could fear,
His humour flow'd in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight,
A frolic he would hunt for day and night,
Careless how prudence on his sport might
frown;

If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,
 At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,
 Nor left his game till he had ran it down.

One night our hero, rambling with a friend,
 Near fam'd St. Giles's chanc'd his course
 to bend,

Just by that spot, the Seven Dials' height :
 'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast,
 The watch, as usual, dozing on his post,
 And scarce a lamp display'd a twinkling
 light.

Around this place there liv'd the numerous
 clans,
 Of honest plodding foreign artizans,
 Known at that time by name of refugees ;
 The rod of persecution from their home
 Compell'd the inoffensive race to roam,
 And here they lighted like a swarm of
 bees.

Well, our two friends were sauntering through
 the street,
 In hopes some food for humour soon to
 meet,
 When in a window near a light they view ;
 And, though a dim and melancholy ray,
 It seem'd the prologue to some merry play,
 So tow'rd's the gloomy dome our hero
 drew.

Straight at the door he gave a thund'ring
knock

(The time we may suppose near two o'clock),
I'll ask (says King) if Thompson lodges
here;

Thompson (cries t'other), who the devil's he?
I know not (King replies), but want to see
What kind of animal will now appear.

After some time a little Frenchman came,
One hand display'd a rushlight's trembling
flame,

The other held a thing they call culotte ;
An old strip'd woollen night-cap grac'd his
head,

A tatter'd waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread,
Scarce half awake, he heav'd a yawning
note.

Though thus untimely rous'd he courteous
smil'd,

And soon address'd our wag in accents mild,
Bending his head politely to his knee ;

Pray sare, vat vant you, dat you come so late,
I beg your pardon, sare, to make you vate,
Pray tell me, sare, vat your commands
vid me ?

Sir (replied King), I merely thought to know
As by your house I chanc'd to-night to go—
But, really, I've disturbed your sleep, I fear;

I say, I thought, that you perhaps could tell,
 Among the folks, who in this street may dwell,
 If there 's a Mr. Thompson lodges here?

The shivering Frenchman, though not pleas'd
 to find

The business of this unimportant kind,
 Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer,
 Shrugg'd out a sigh, that thus his rest should
 break;

Then, with unaltered courtesy he spake—
 No, sare, no Monsieur Tonson lodges here.

Our wag begg'd pardon, and tow'rds home
 he sped, [bed,

While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to
 But King resolv'd not thus to drop the jest;
 So the next night, with more of whim than
 grace,

Again he made a visit to the place,
 To break once more the poor old French-
 man's rest.

He knocked—but waited longer than before,
 No footstep seem'd approaching to the door,

Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep pro-
 found;
 King, with his knocker, thundered then
 again,

Firm on his post determined to remain,
 And oft indeed he made the door resound.

At last, King hears him o'er the passage creep
 Wond'ring what fiend again disturbed his sleep,
 The wag salutes him with a civil leer ;
 Thus drawling out, to heighten the surprise,
 While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy
 eyes,
 Is there a Mr. Thompson lodges here ?

The Frenchman falter'd with a kind of fright,
 Vy, sare, I'm sure I tell you, sare, last night
 (And here he labour'd with a sigh sincere),
 No Monsieur Tonson in de varld I know,
 No Monsieur Tonson here, I told you so,
 Indeed, sare, dere no Monsieur Tonson here.

Some more excuses tendered, off King goes,
 And the old Frenchman sought once more
 repose, [career;
 The rogue next night pursued his old
 'Twas long, indeed, before the man came nigh,
 And then he uttered, in a piteous cry,
 Sare, pon my soul, no Monsieur Tonson here.

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid,
 And the next night came forth a prattling
 maid, [faster;
 Whose tongue, indeed, than any jack went
 Anxious she strove his errand to enquire,
 He said 'twas vain her pretty tongue to tire,
 He should not stir till he had seen her
 master.

The damsel then began in doleful state,
 The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate,
 And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day;
 King told her she must fetch her master down,
 A chaise was ready, he was leaving town,
 But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urg'd she went the snoring man to call,
 And long indeed was she obliged to bawl
 Ere she could raise the torpid lump of clay;
 At last he wakes—he rises—and he swears,
 But scarcely had he totter'd down the stairs,
 When King attacks him in the usual way.

The Frenchman now perceived 'twas all in vain
 To this tormentor mildly to complain,
 And straight in rage began his crest to
 rear;
 Sare, vat de devil make you treat me so,
 Sare, I inform you, sare, tree nights ago,
 Got tam, I swear, no Monsieur Tonson here.

True as the night King went and heard a
 strife
 Between the harrass'd Frenchman and his
 wife,
 Which should descend to chase the fiend
 away;
 At length to join their forces they agree,
 And straight impetuously they turn the key,
 Prepared with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,
 Collected to receive the mighty shock,
 Uttering the old enquiry, calmly stood;
 The name of Thompson rais'd the storm
 so high,
 He deem'd it then the safest plan to fly
 With, well, I'll call when you're in gentler
 mood.

In short, our hero, with the same intent,
 Full many a night to plague the Frenchman
 went,
 So fond of mischief was this wicked wit;
 They throw out water, for the watch they
 call,
 But King expecting, he escapes from all,
 Monsieur, at last, was fore'd his house
 to quit.

It happen'd that our wag about this time
 On some fair prospect sought the eastern
 clime,
 Six ling'ring years were there his tedious lot;
 At length, content 'midst his rip'ning store,
 He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
 And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London with impatient hope he flies,
 And the same night, as former freaks arise,
 He fain must stroll his well-known haunts
 to trace :

Ah! here's the scene of frequent mirth (he
 said),
 My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead,
 Egad, I'll knock, and see who holds his
 place.

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion
 roar,
 And, while he eager eyes the op'ning door,
 Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal;
 Why e'en our little Frenchman, strange to
 say,
 Had ta'en his old abode that very day,
 Capricious turn of sportive Fortune's wheel.

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
 Who, fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,
 Just in his former trim he now appears;
 The waistcoat and the night-cap seem'd the
 same,
 With rushlight, as before, he creeping came,
 And King's detested voice astonished hears.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
 His senses seem'd bewilder'd with affright,
 His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full
 sore;
 Then starting (he exclaim'd, in rueful strain),
 Be gar, here's Monsieur Tonson come again,
 Away he ran, and ne'er was heard of
 more.

Doctor Franklin's Whistle.

When I was a child, of seven years old, my friends on a holiday filled my pockets with coppers. I went to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a whistle that I met by the way, in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered, and gave all my money for one. I then came home and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle. My friends, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given for it four times as much as it was worth. This put me in mind of what good things I might have bought with the rest of my money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.—This, however, was afterwards of use to me; the impression continuing on my mind, so that often when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself don't give too much for the whistle, and so I saved my money.—As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle.—When I saw one too ambitious of court favor, sacrificing his time in attendance at levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, this man gives too much for

his whistle.—When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, he pays, indeed, said I, too much for his whistle.—If I knew a miser, who gave up every comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for sake of accumulating wealth; poor man, said I, you pay, indeed, too much for your whistle.—When I meet with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of his mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his constitution in the pursuit; mistaken man, said I, you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.—If I saw one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debt, and ends his career in prison; alas! said I, he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.—When I saw a beautiful sweet-tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a husband, what a pity it is, said I, that she paid so much for a whistle.—In short, I conceive that great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistle.

During the time of the riots in London, in the year 1780, a drunken soldier, reeling to his quarters in the Savoy, staggered against St. Clement's-church,—“ Ah! ah!” cried he, “ we have got together, are we? Drunk, as I am, I know you are old mother church; and, you old b—, drunk or sober, I'll stand by you to the last, I will; d—n me, if I won't.”

✓ A celebrated preacher, making a panegyric on Louis XIII., and praising his chastity, gave the following example, with all the emphasis of exaggeration: “ The prince,” said he, “ playing one day at shuttlecock with one of the ladies belonging to the court, and the shuttlecock having fallen into her bosom, she desired that his Majesty would come and take it out himself. But, what did this chaste prince?—To avoid the snare that was laid for him, he took the tongs from the chimney corner, and, by means of that instrument, prevented the danger to which he would otherwise have been exposed from such a temptation.

A surgeon of Manchester, who was sent to attend a young man, son to a farmer at a distance in the country, who had received a severe contusion in the thigh, by the kick of a horse, being asked by the young man's mother what would be best to apply to the

wound, answered, a lead poultice (which among the faculty signifies a poultice made of lead-water, bread, &c.). "Lord bless me," exclaimed the good woman, "how unfortunate! I don't think we have as much lead about the house as will make one without pulling the windows to pieces; but I can make him a pewter one, if that will do."

Dean Swift was once upon a journey, attended by a servant; they put up at an inn, where they lodged all night: in the morning the Dean called for his boots; the servant immediately took them to him. When the dean saw them, "How is this, Tom," says he, "my boots are not cleaned?"—"No, sir," replied Tom, "you are going to ride; I thought they would soon be dirty again."—"Very well," said the dean, "go and get the horses ready." In the mean time the dean ordered the landlord to let his man have no breakfast. When the servant returned, the dean asked if the horses were ready? "Yes, sir," says Tom. "Go bring them out, then," said the dean. "I have not had my breakfast yet, sir," says Tom. "Oh, no matter for that," says the dean; "if you had it you would soon be hungry again." They mounted and rode off: as they rode the dean pulled a book out of his pocket and fell to reading: a gentleman met them, and seeing

the doctor reading, and not willing to disturb him, but passed by till he met the servant—
 “Who is that gentleman?” said he to the servant. “It is my master, sir,” says Tom. “I know that, you blockhead,” says the gentleman. “But where are you going?”—
 “We are going to Heaven, sir,” says Tom. “How do you know that?” said the gentleman. “Because I am fasting, and my master is praying, sir; so I think we are in the right road to that place.”

Mr. G. A. Stevens, being once with an itinerant company at Lynn, in Norfolk, had to perform the part of Lorenzo in the Merchant of Venice; but having, previous to this, played several nights to empty benches, had much neglected the study of his part for that evening; however, he hustled through it tolerably well till he came to the last act, where he should have said to Jessica,

“In such a night as this Leander swam the
 Hellespont,
 And brav'd the winds and waves for Hero's
 sake,” &c.

Instead of which he began thus:

Oh! Jessica, on such a night as this—the man
 Swam over the water, and,—and he duck'd
 and he div'd,
 And he div'd and he duck'd,—and he got to
 the other side,

And there he met with his sweetheart; and
she met him,

And there you know they met each other.

There was no standing this—the audience smooaked the business, and an universal hiss was the consequence. Stevens, highly nettled at this, resolving to leave the town in a blaze, took Jessica by the hand, and, leading her forward, addressed the audience thus:—

Oh! Jessica, on such a night as this we came
to town,

And since that night we've touch'd but half-
a-crown;

Let you and I, then, bid these folks good
night,

For if we stay,—damme, they'll starve us
quite.

Mr. Nash once overtook, on the road, an extravagant young gentleman, who had, a little before, borrowed a few guineas of him at the gaming-table; when, Nash putting him in mind of it, he promised to pay him some of the money before they parted. As they were jogging on their journey they chanc'd to pass by a pound, when the young gentleman, taking a shilling out of his pocket, chucked it into the pound: "There, Nash," says he, "there's one pound one of your money." To which, Nash severely replied, "I can

make no more of it, sir, than a shilling in the pound ; which is the way, I suppose, you intend to pay all your debts.”

Mr. Nash used to tell of an old miserly gentleman of his acquaintance in the country who had occasion once to send his maid with a letter to the post-office (which was two miles from his house), on a very rainy day, when the girl, to save herself from being wet, offered a lad in the neighbourhood a groat, sixpence, and, at last, a shilling, to carry it ; which the old miser overhearing, “ Well, Betty,” says he, “ since you can get nobody to go, give me the shilling, and I will go myself ;” which he accordingly did.

Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson having had a general invitation from Lord Lansdowne to see Bowood, his Lordship's seat in Wiltshire, he accordingly made him a visit, in company with the late Mr. Cuming, a quaker, a character at that time well known, as the projector of the conquest of Goree. They arrived about dinner time, and were received with such respect and good breeding, that the doctor joined in the conversation with much pleasantry and good humour. He told several stories of his acquaintance with literary characters, and in particular repeated

the last part of that celebrated letter which he wrote to the late Lord Chesterfield, desiring to be dismissed from all further patronage. Whilst "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" was thus enjoying, a gentleman of Lord Lansdowne's acquaintance from London happened to arrive; but, being too late for dinner, his Lordship was making his apologies, and added, "but you have lost a better thing than dinner, in not being here time enough to hear Dr. Johnson repeat his charming letter to Chesterfield, though I dare say the doctor will be kind enough to give it us again."—"Indeed, my Lord," says the doctor, (who began to growl the moment the subject was mentioned), "I will not." I told the circumstance first for my own amusement, but I will not be dragged in as a story-teller to a company,"

In the course of the night, which the doctor enjoyed to a very late hour, he differed very much upon some subjects with one of the gentlemen at his Lordship's table, and used strong expressions, which the other took notice of, for the particularity of the doctor's character. In the morning, however, when Johnson cooled upon it, he went to the gentleman with great good nature, and said, "Sir, I have found out, upon reflection, that I was both warm and wrong in my ar-

gument with you last night; for the first of which I beg your pardon, and for the second I thank you for setting me right."

Mrs. C—— having subscribed for several copies of Johnson's first edition of Shakespeare, told Mr. M—— (a particular acquaintance of the doctor's) that she wished, above all things, to be introduced to the author, and that she would waive all ceremony, and pay him the first visit. Johnson, being apprized of this, consented, and a morning was appointed for the rendezvous. The parties accordingly arrived at Johnson's Chambers, in Gray's Inn, about one o'clock; when, after thundering at the door for near a quarter of an hour, Mr. M—— at last peeped through the key-hole, and observed Johnson just issuing from his bed, in his shirt, without a night-cap (which, by the bye, he never wore), the pot de chambre in one hand, and the key in the other. In this situation he unlocked the door, when, spying the lady, he gravely turned round, begged she would walk into another room, and he would have the pleasure of waiting on her immediately.—As soon as ever Mrs. C—— had recovered her surprise, she observed to Mr. M—— what a fortunate thing it was for her, that Johnson's milliner had not cheated him of his linen as much before as she had behind.

About the time of his bringing out the tragedy of "Irene," Johnson was told, it would be necessary for him to make a genteeler appearance than he used to do; upon which he made up a rich gold-laced waistcoat, with a blue coat, red collar, &c. &c. which was the fashionable undress of the time. On the second day of this transformation, a friend, looking in upon him, found him before a looking-glass in the following soliloquy:—"No: this wo'nt do; this is both troublesome and expensive; it may lead me into vanity, and when once in, 'tis not so easy to get out. I'll, therefore, return to my old brown again;" which colour, with an occasional suit of black, he continued during the remainder of his life.

The conversation turning one night at the club, in Essex-street, on the injury our language sustained by the abbreviations made by the poets, Dr. Burney was observing, that he knew a lady of literature, who was, in some instances, in the contrary extreme, and often added a letter too much, particularly in all words ending in e as agreeablee, infalliblee, &c. &c.—"Why did she take so much trouble?" says one of the company.—"Nay, sir," says Johnson, "it would be no trouble; on the contrary, she appears to be very much at her ee's.

Mr. Nash, being once engaged at a party of cards at a tavern; after playing a considerable time, the company in general were for giving over, when one of them proposed playing for four bottles of wine for the good of the house. For the good of the house, replied the man. "I'll tell you what," says Nash, "you may do as you please, gentlemen; but for the good of my house I'll go home."

Mr. Nash has often declared, that few things tickled his fancy so much as the following, of which he was an ear-witness. A humorous fellow, a carpenter, being subpoenaed as a witness on a trial for an assault, one of the counsel, who was very much given to brow-beat the evidence, asked him what distance he was from the parties when he saw the defendant strike the plaintiff? The carpenter answered, "Just four feet five inches and a half."—"Prithee, fellow," says the counsel, "how is it possible you can be so very exact as to the distance?"—"Why, to tell you the truth," says the carpenter, "I thought, perhaps, that some fool, or other, might ask me, so I measured it."

Mr. Nash often declared, he never laughed so heartily in his life, as at a mistake of a waiter, at a tavern in London. He, being

just arrived in town, went to a tavern in Fleet-street, in order to send for a friend and sup; but, being very thirsty when he came in, he bid the waiter fetch him a little porter immediately; upon which the lad ran to the Temple, and presently returned, introducing a little man, a ticket-porter, telling Mr. Nash he was the least porter he could meet with.

The wonderful Ape of Marseilles.

Apes have an extraordinary knack of mimicing human actions, of which the following history affords many remarkable instances.

A gentleman, of Marseilles, having bought one to divert his children, it played several of the most comical tricks imaginable. Among others, having one day observed the maid giving pap to the children, it took an opportunity to do the same.

One Sunday, the whole family being gone to church, the maid having left a saucepan full of pap near the fire, the ape took it; and, going up to the child, so bedaubed its face, that it was impossible to distinguish its nose from its eyes. Then he took the child's clothes in order to dress it, as the maid used; but this he did in a very awkward manner, putting the child's feet into the sleeves of the coat, and the arms where the legs should have been; so that nothing could make a

more grotesque appearance than the child thus dressed by the ape. The child, being thus oddly muffled, cried out as loud as it could bawl, which made the unlucky animal leave it as it was.

Just then the maid came from church, and, seeing the child so accoutred, made more exclamations, and more signs of the cross, than would have been sufficient to drive the devil out of the body of one possessed. After having quieted the child a little, she asked it who had dressed it in that manner? The child, who was scarce three years of age, made the best answer it could.

Soon after, the father and mother came home, and, seeing the child in the same plight that the maid had found it, were as much amazed as if they had dropped from the clouds.

The father, however, who had more sense than the mother, immediately concluded that it was the ape's doings, and could not refrain from laughter; but the mother, taking the thing seriously, was for having the ape killed without delay, for fear it should play her children some worse trick another time. The husband, however, would not consent to this; but the ape lived to play many stranger pranks, as will appear from the sequel.

One day, the people of the house being

gone to take a walk, the ape took a frolic to untie itself, and shave the cat, as he had seen a barber who came there every Sunday shave a gentleman who lived in the house. In order to effect this he tied the paws of the cat to the arms of a chair with strings, which he took from the child's cradle; then he went and took a dirty dish-clout, which he found in the kitchen, and put it about the cat's neck; then he took a dish full of black-ball, and, throwing a little water upon it, went to wash the face of the cat, which set up a terrible howling, whilst the ape washed it to such purpose, that nothing appeared but the eyes; that done, he clipped her beard with a bad pair of scissars, which he found on the table, then he began to play a thousand gambols about the room, overturning everything that came in his way.

The gentleman, soon returning with his company, laughed till he was ready to split his sides upon seeing the cat in such a pickle, and called in his neighbours that they might partake of his pleasure, and see the surprising feats of the ape.

The gentleman, however, being at last apprehensive that this animal might occasion some greater disorder in his house, during his absence, sent him for a time to one of his tenants, who had no children, enjoining him to take particular care of the animal.

The farmer had not kept him above a month, when he occasioned him the loss of about 50 livres. Sometimes he pulled up the pease and beans in his garden. Sometimes he broke the earthenware, and sometimes he pulled the tiles off his house. In a word, he played all sorts of tricks.

Being at last grown tired of his guest he went to town on a market-day, in his cart, in which he placed a fat hog, a runlet of wine, and the ape, which he intended to return to his master. The unlucky animal was constantly scratching the hog's hind parts with his fingers, and, perceiving that he f—ted by the way, took a whisp of straw to cork him up; but, finding that was not sufficient to prevent his f—ting, he pulled the spigot out of the tun, in order to do it more effectively. In the mean time the wine run out of the tun, without the farmer's ever taking notice of it till he arrived in town, when he perceived that the vessel was quite empty; he did not, however, know how to account for it, not thinking that the ape had played him this trick; but, when he come to sell his hog, he found the spigot still sticking fast where the ape had put it, which so enraged him, that, if he had not been afraid of disobliging his master, he would have killed the ape on the spot.

Having disposed of his hog, he went to

the gentleman in order to return him his ape ; and begged he would excuse him for not keeping him any longer, on account of the unlucky tricks he was constantly playing. The gentleman, concerned to find that his ape was so very vicious, was resolved to get rid of it at any rate. Having caused it to be chained with an iron chain in his apartment, in order to prevent his doing any mischief, he happened soon after to be seized with the cholic, which tormented him very much ; he, therefore, sent for a physician, who immediately caused a medicine to be prepared for him, and ordered the apothecary to carry it to him the next morning. The apothecary did as he was directed ; but, having found the gentleman in a sound sleep, he did not care to awake him, but left the medicine in a silver cup upon the table, and bid the valet de chambre give it to his master as soon as ever he awoke.

The ape, having got loose, mounted upon the table, and, finding the medicine very palatable, swallowed it in a moment. The medicine, being of a laxative nature, the ape began to let fly about the chamber, and to run about, overturning every thing that came in his way.

The gentleman, hearing the noise, awaked all of a sudden, and, seeing the odd postures and grimaces of the ape, was seized with a

sudden fit of laughter, that he found himself a great deal better the day following. The matter came to be known all over the town, and caused much laughter.

The chief commander of the galleys, who was then at Marseilles, hearing of the pleasant feats of this ape, bought it of the gentleman, but he did not keep it a long time; for this extraordinary ape, hearing the guns fired upon Mr. Gulfe's entering the harbour of Marseilles, got loose one day, and went upon the walls of the city with a fire-brand, and, meeting with a large piece of cannon, immediately clapped the fire-brand to its touch-hole.

Whilst the priming was taking fire, he ran to the mouth of the cannon to see what would come out; but, the piece then going off, the ape was blown away, and never heard of after.—Such was the end of the wonderful ape of Marseilles.

✓ The Mayor of Norwich, being in company with Lord Sandwich, at the finish of the evening, his Lordship, taking up a glass, said, "Here's bon repos."—The next day, after dinner, at his own house, the Mayor being called upon for a toast, said, "He would give them one, which had been given by no less a man than Lord Sandwich—Here's 'Bon repos!' my boys."

Two young collegians, meeting a countryman driving an ass, with loaded panniers, to market, agreed among themselves to smoke him, as it is generally termed. Accordingly, hearing the animal bray, one of them, addressing his discourse to the farmer, asked him why he suffered his cousin to make such a lamentable cry, instead of satisfying his wants—"Gentlemen," replied the farmer, "this poor cousin of mine, as you please to call him, has been a long time in search of the rest of his family, and, recognizing you for his brothers, he set up this outcry, in testimony of the joy he feels in meeting with you."

*A Story, related by Bishop Latimer,
against Corruption.*

There was a patron in England that had a benefice fallen into his hands, and a good brother of mine came unto him, and brought him thirty apples in a dish, and gave to his man to carry them to his master. It is like he gave one to the man for his labor to make up the game, and so there was thirty-one. This man cometh to his master, and presented him with the dish of apples, saying, "Sir, such a man has sent you a dish of fruit, and desireth you to be good unto him for such a

benefice.”—“Tush, tush,” (quoth he) “this is no apple matter; I have as good as these in mine own orchard.” The man came to the priest again, and told him what his master said:—“Then,” (quoth the priest) “desire him to prove one of them for my sake; he shall find them better than they look for.” He cut one, and found ten pieces of gold in it:—“Marry,” (quoth he) “this is a good apple.” The priest, standing not far off, hearing what the gentleman said, cried out, and answered, “They are all one apple, I assure you, sir; they all grew on one tree, and have all one taste.”—“Well, he is a good fellow, let him have it,” quoth the patron, “and get you a graft of this tree; and I warrant it will stand you in better stead than all St. Paul’s learning.”

Some ladies being lately invited to visit an eminent proctor, they found him in his study, encumbered with books and cobwebs; one of the former he still kept poring on, without taking the least notice of his visitants, till one of them that knew him best asked the rest to be seated; at the same time addressing the bear with, “Well, Mr. L—n, you see we are come to pay you a visit.” This, forcing his attention,—“Women,” said he, “avaunt! or solve me the sixth proposition in Euclid.” But, as they

were resolved to plague him, they chatted on, till, to avoid their interruption, or the return of good manners, he threw down the book, and, seating himself by one of them, took a pipe of tobacco, and turning, resolved to meditate, fixed his eyes upon the ground, till, insensibly as it were, attaching one of his hands to that of the lady's who sat next him, instead of a kiss, or a panegyric upon its whiteness, he very gravely introduced one of her fingers into the glowing tube—"You burn me, sir!" exclaimed the lady.—"Indeed, Madam!" replied he, staring, "I really took your finger for my tobacco-stopper!"

Jewish Economy.

Two criminals, a Christian and a Jew,
 Who'd been to honest feelings rather callous,
 Were on a platform once exposed to view,
 Or come, as some folks call it, to the gal-
 lows;
 Or, as of late, a quainter phrase prevails,
 To weigh their weight upon the city scales.

In dreadful form, the constable and shrieve,
 The priest, and ord'nary, and crowd attended,
 Till, fixed the noose, and all had taken leave,
 When the poor trembling Israelite, befriended,
 Heard, by express, from officers of state,
 A gracious pardon, which reversed his fate.

Unmoved he seemed, and to the spot close
 sticking,
 Ne'er offers, though he's bid, to quit the place,
 Till, in the air, the other fellow kicking;
 The sheriff thought that some peculiar grace,
 Some Hebrew form of silent deep devotion;
 Had, for awhile, depriv'd him of his motion.

But being question'd, by the sheriff's order,
 Why not with proper officer retiring?
 In tone of voice, that on the marvellous
 borders,
 While that his looks were to the beam as-
 piring,
 I only wait, said he, before I coes,
 On Mister Ketch, to puy the ted man's
 clothes.

The mutual Confession.

A certain nobleman chancing to die and go to hell, met with his old body-coachman there, who addressed him thus:—"My Lord, I hope I see your Lordship well; but pray, my noble master, what strange accident has brought you here so speedily? Indeed, we did not expect your company here for some time yet." The peer replied, "Honest Dick, my spotless wife, your kind mistress, as chaste as handsome, crowned my labors with an heir, and I, as well as all true fathers naturally would, intrigued and played

some tricks to secure some snug places for his future provision; but, in the midst of my schemes, I was hurried away, and, for those small peccadilloes, am sentenced to eternal torments. But, my worthy friend, what could bring so upright a man as you to this place?"—"Alas, my Lord," exclaims the coachman; "that plaguy son of yours, God rot him! only for begetting that bastard, your faithful servant, Dick, is sentenced to irreversible damnation."

The following curious Inscription was copied from over the Door of a House in a small Village in Dorsetshire.

John Gibbins, taylor, schoolmaster, and astronomer—I also keep a journeyman to all sorts of blacksmiths' and carpenters' work, and to hang church bells.—Any gentleman as bespeaks a coat may have it on Friday or Saturday, without fail.

N.B. It being rumoured that I intend to leave off business, on account of my being elected churchwarden, I hope my friends will not give ear to such blood-thirsty reports—by their humble servant,
JOHN GIBBINS.

High Road to Suicide.

Foppery begat a spruce shop-boy—a spruce shop-boy begat a pair of half-boots—

a pair of half-boots begat a little stick—a little stick and the half-boots begat ambition—ambition begat credit—credit begat a shop a shop begat a horse—a horse begat a chaise—a chaise begat a curricule—a curricule begat expense—expense begat a hazard table—a hazard table begat losses—losses begat a bankruptcy—a bankruptcy begat a gaol—a gaol begat want and misery—want and misery begat a disregard for life—and a disregard for life begat suicide.—*Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Panegyric upon Inebriation.—Spoken at the great Bottle-Club, held at the Star and Garter, Pall-Mall.

I am neither insensible of your dignity, nor of my own weakness; yet, if you were better, and I worse, as I am doomed to speak, I expect you will spare me the trouble of making any apology for my presumption. I am sure I may make large allowances for your goodness and generosity; yet, I must confess, that I rather wish than hope to please. What I am about to trouble you with is a few reflections on deep drinking and drunkenness; the utility of which I mean to point out, as a subject which the present depravity of the times renders peculiarly interesting.—Any man who is in the least conversant in public life must be sensible

of this. It is no uncharitable calculation to suppose that one half of the human race have, in a great measure, deserted the cause of Bacchus—have shamefully turned their backs upon the sparkling glass and flowing bowl, and gone in common with the very beasts of the field, to quench their thirst at the purling stream or bubbling fountain—or, if at any time they are prevailed upon to taste the nectarious juice, it is done in a manner so niggardly and sparing as to dishonor the name of drinking.—If we look back into the early ages of the world, how many illustrious advocates and votaries of inebriety do we meet with!—Noah, however, though an early, was yet but a middling toper. He was once, by the bye, confoundedly fuddled with the produce of his own vineyard; but, as we never heard of his having repeated it a second time, and seeing that all his other actions are far from speaking him a good subject of Bacchus, we cannot recommend him for an example. Any man may stumble upon a good action; but it is perseverance alone that merits applause.—Encouraged by wine, an ancient Lot laid the foundation of two great and populous nations, Moab and the children of Amnon; and I doubt not but many honorable and useful families of the present day, owe their existence to the nocturnal excursions of adventurous and in-

triguing bacchanals.—Alexander the Great had natural ferocity enough to deal death and destruction through the world, among those he oddly enough called his enemies; but, to wine alone he was indebted for that generous ardor, which gave him resolution enough, even to sacrifice his best friends; and to wine at last, he surrendered his pretended immortality. But we need not search the pages of antiquity for examples to recommend this vivifying antidote to spleen and dulness, this deifying stimulus to heroism and population. How many are there in this respectable society who owe their greatest actions, both public and private, to the commendable pursuit of drunkenness! How many distribute large fortunes in the temple of Bacchus, which would otherwise be circumscribed to the narrow limits of wives and families.—How many among us are there whose wives, in consequence of this nocturnal practice, are afforded liberal opportunities of granting services and favors, which otherwise they probably would not think of.—It is easy to discover, that words are altogether inadequate to describe the gladness of the drunkard's heart; nothing less than experience and observation can serve the turn. His ineffable raptures are either expressed by wry faces, eyes winking with delight, or bursts of inexpressible sounds and laughter.

What inward greatness of soul, and strength of mind must a superior drunkard suck from the flinty lips of bowl or bottle, when, with the most philosophic composure, he can wallow in mire, or, perhaps, something worse—can sweetly kiss his mother earth, embrace the filth of a dunghill, or bathe in the loathsome dregs of a common sewer? Can, I say, without repining—nay, even with complacency and delight, sleep on a bulk head in preference to a bed of down, and laugh at visionary joys, instead of possessing real happiness!—How often do we see him, from some internal heartfelt motive, extending his jaws, and bursting into peals of thundering laughter, without any of those exterior causes which are necessary to provoke the sober fool to merriment! but this is not all: drunkenness will most effectually purge away that foolish sympathy which a person would otherwise feel for human nature in distress; so that if a man beholds his wife and family kicked out of doors—their beds seized and taken from under them, by an unfeeling landlord, why he is thereby enabled to submit to the will of fortune; or should it be necessary, for the support of his own exhausted funds, to rob and to cut the throat of his unsuspecting neighbour, which is now and then the case, a plentiful portion of wine, brandy, or more inspiring gin, will

enable him to do it with as much bravery and courage, as if he had been bred up in the school of Tippoo Saib:—and should he, after all, become the victim of legal resentment, like Gay's hero, by the use of such liquors he may stand the test. Death is an evil we all have to combat; and, perhaps, few like a person quitting the world in this way, shall do it with so much pomp, or be so numerously attended at his exit.—For your encouragement, ye heroes of the bottle, attend to the issue of a man so fortunate: he shall be endowed, as it were, with a spirit of prophecy, and be able to predict the very day and manner of his death. At his last hour he shall be punctually waited on by the officers of the state, and a numerous train of the lower order.—While others walk humbly on foot, he shall be borne in a vehicle, with a particular badge of honor about his neck; and, lastly, he shall swing away his life, without a groan or a sigh, raised from the earth above the gaping and admiring world.—When the soft passion of love takes possession of the aching breast, it reduces the man, who is not wise enough to seek consolation in his bowl or bottle, to the condition of a fawning spaniel, ready to lick the dust of his fair one's feet. But the jolly son of Bacchus salutes her with a bold front, and resolute mien, as if determined to insist upon

an immediate surrender:—disregarding foolish forms and ceremonies, he comes at once to the point. His loud, and, consequently, persuasive eloquence, aided by the shower of nectar, blown from his liquorish mouth, together with the fragrance proceeding from his stomach, surcharged with odorous brandy, cannot fail to soften the most obdurate nymph.—Horace, the great master of lyric poetry among the latins, has discovered the high value he set upon drunkenness in words to this effect.—What is beyond the power of drunkenness! it discovers the most important secrets; thrusts the coward into battle, and relieves the burden of anxiety from the human mind. How often do we see the drunkard so full of bravery, that he will nobly rush into the most imminent danger, merely to shew his stout heart.—I have known a man, who, when drunk, would strip himself as naked as Adam in his innocence, and run headlong into the thickets of briars and thorns, to the great admiration of every beholder!—What more, then, need be said to recommend it? How amiable does the drunkard appear! View him in the public streets; how is he followed! View him in his house; how is he adored! Behold his children, how are they cloathed and educated; how are they instructed in religion and morality!—How does peace and happiness shine

in his wife's countenance! and how are his more distant relations charmed at the report of his fame!

At a tavern meeting, where Mr. Nash was present, the money usually allotted being expended, and the company being in a merry mood, were disposed to stay somewhat longer, a whip was proposed, which Nash undertook to collect; but one of the company, a testy old gentleman, when applied to, made a great many words at spending a trifle extraordinary; and added, "Suppose I have not a mind to whip, what then?"—"Why then," says Nash, "you must e'en whip away."

One asking another which way a man might use tobacco to have any benefit from it:—"By setting up a shop to sell it," said he; "for, certainly, there is no profit to be had from it any other way."

A gentleman was joking with a physician in the presence of Mr. Nash, concerning the faculty's wearing swords, saying he thought it an absurd custom, as theirs ought to be a dress rather of gravity than of gaiety; and, therefore, they should leave the sword to the military and other gentlemen. But Mr. Nash insisted it was quite a necessary custom; and, upon being asked his reason for it, he re-

plied, in order that they may defend themselves against the resentment of the friends and relations of the many patients they send out of the world.

Two persons, distinguished by their excrescences upon their backs, having accidentally come together in a public company, one of them, turning and rubbing his back against the other's, exclaimed, with great good humour, "Who the devil dare to say, in future, that mountains never meet!"

A poor malefactor was lately surprized by his visitor, a methodist teacher, searching the bible very attentively, he said, he was looking for a passage he could not find!—"Give it me," said the pastor, "I can find any passage."—"Can you so?" said the criminal; "why, then I wish you would find me a passage out of this prison!"

Signs and Tokens.

If you see a man and woman, with little or no occasion, often finding fault, and correcting each other in company, you may be sure they are husband and wife.—If you see a lady and gentleman in the same coach in profound silence, the one looking out at one window, and the other at the opposite side, be assured they mean no harm to each other,

but are husband and wife.—If you see a lady accidentally let fall a glove or a handkerchief, and a gentleman that is next to her tell her of it, that she may herself pick it up, set them down for husband and wife.—If you see a man and woman walk in the fields at twenty yards distance, in a direct line, and the man striding over a stile and still going on, *sans ceremonie*, you may swear they are husband and wife.—If you see a lady whose beauty attracts the notice of every person present, except one man, and he speaks to her in rough manner, and does not appear at all affected by her charms, depend upon it they are husband and wife.

As a newly married couple were fondling a colt in a stable, the playful animal caught hold of the gentleman's side, but as it was but a trifling hurt, he exclaimed, in the following extempore epigram:—

The colt, indeed, has made my side his crib,
But thanks to heaven he has not hurt my rib.

Apophthegms, &c. chiefly from the Greek, Latin, and Italian.

Coracius agreed to teach Sosio rhetoric for a certain reward, which was to be paid as soon as the pupil had become master of the art. But when he had learned it he refused to advance the stipulated sum, upon which he

was sued by Coracius. Sosio, relying upon the sophistry he had learned, asked him what rhetoric was:—"The art of persuasion," replied Coracius. "Oh then," said Socio, "if I persuade the judges I owe you nothing, I shall have nothing to pay you, because I shall have gained my suit; and, if I am unable to persuade them, still you will have no demand on me; because, in that case, it will be proved that I am not master of the art of persuasion; therefore I think you will do well to proceed no farther. But Coracius, who was not to be foiled with his own weapon, retorted his argument upon him thus:—"Though you should succeed in persuading the judges, you shall nevertheless pay me, because then it will appear that you are perfect in the art of persuasion; and if you fail to persuade them, you shall still pay me, because then you will lose your suit; so pay you must, and pay you shall.

A certain magistrate invited a great many friends to the top of a large house in the city to see a beautiful inoculation of the planet Saturn by the moon.

Fortune, observing a child near the brink of a well, awakened him, saying, "Rise from thence, you little fool; for, should you fall into the water, it would be said, that

Fortune, not your own folly, was the cause of it.

An Archbishop of Florence told Cardinal Alexandrino, that man had nothing in this world but his possessions and his body; the first of which was destined to be preyed upon by the lawyers, and the latter by the physicians. "For which reason," replied the Cardinal, "we find but few lawyers that have any lawsuits, and few physicians that take physic."

General Fawcet once asked an Irishman at Munich if he would fight for a foreign crown? "Aye, or for half-a-crown either," said Paddy.

Alexander the Great asked a pirate, who had been taken prisoner, and was brought before him, why he was so daring as to infest the seas, and commit depredations in such a shameful manner? "For my own private advantage, as you do," replied the pirate; "but, as I only employ a single galley, I am called a pirate; whereas you, because you make your excursions with your whole fleet, are called a king!"—Alexander was so well pleased with the boldness (and, probably, with the justice) of the man's answer, that he immediately ordered him to be set at liberty.

An extempore Sermon, preached at the request of two Scholars (by a Lover of Ale) out of a hollow Tree.

Beloved, let me crave your attention; for I am a little man, come at a short warning to preach a brief sermon upon a small subject, to a thin congregation, in an unworthy pulpit.—And now, beloved, my text is Malt, which I cannot divide into sentences, because it is none; nor into words, it being but one; nor into syllables, because (upon the whole matter) it is but a monosyllable: therefore I must, as necessity enforces me, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be only these four—M, A, L, T, Malt.

M (my beloved) is moral. L is literal, and
A is allegorical. T is theological.

The moral is well set forth to teach you drunkards good manners, wherefore

M my masters L listen
A all of you T to my text.

The allegorical is, when one thing is spoken and another thing is meant. Now the thing spoken of is bare Malt, but the thing meant is strong beer which you rustics make

M meat L liberty, and
A apparel T treasure.

The literal is according to the letter.

M much L little
A ale T thrift.

Much ale little thrift.

The theological is according to the effects

which it works; which I find in my text to be of two kinds:—1st, in this world; 2d, in the world to come.—In this world, the effects which it works are, in some, M, murder; in others, A, adultery. In some L, looseness of life; in others T, treason. In the world to come, in some M, misery; in others A, anguish. In some L, languishing; in others T, torment.—Wherefore my first use shall be exhortation.

M my masters,
A all of you

L leave
T tippling.

Or else, 2dly, by way of communication, I say,

M my masters
A all of you

L look for
T torment.

So much for this time and text, *only*, by way of caution, take this; a drunkard is an annoyance of modesty, the trouble of civility, the spoil of wealth, the destruction of reason, the brewer's agent, the ale-house benefactor, the beggar's companion, the constable's trouble, his wife's woe, his children's sorrow, his neighbour's scoff, his own shame, a walking swill-tub, the picture of a beast, and the monster of a man.

Say-well and do-well end both with a letter,
Say-well is good, but do-well is better.

Ben Johnson, owing a vintner some money, refrained his house; the vintner, meeting him by chance, asked him for his

money; and also told him if he would come to his house and answer him four questions, he would forgive him the debt. Ben Johnson very gladly agreed, and went at the time appointed, called for a bottle of claret, and drank to the vintner, praising the wine at a great rate. Says the vintner, "This is not our business: Mr. Johnson, answer me my four questions, or else you must pay me my money, or go to jail," (and he had got two bailiffs waiting at the door to arrest him). "Pray," says Ben, "propose them:"—"Then," says the vintner, "tell me, 1st, What pleases God? 2dly, What pleases the devil? 3dly, What pleases the world? And, lastly, What best pleases me?"—"Well, then,

"God is best pleased when man forsakes
his sin;
The devil's best pleas'd when men persist
therein;
The world's best pleas'd when you do draw
good wine,
And you'll be pleas'd when I do pay for
mine."

The vintner was satisfied, gave Ben a receipt in full, and a bottle of claret into the bargain.

The desire of gain will sometimes inspire with dishonest cunning the illiterate

savage. After a successful attack on the royal party, in 1745, a highlander had gained a watch as his share of the spoils of the vanquished. Unacquainted with its use he listened, with equal surprise and pleasure, to the ticking sound with which his new acquisition amused him; after a few hours, however, the watch was down, the noise ceased, and the dispirited owner, looking on the toy no longer with any satisfaction, determined to conceal the misfortune which had befallen it, and to dispose of it to the first person who offered him a trifle in exchange. He soon met with a customer, but, at parting, he could not conceal his triumph, and exultingly exclaimed—"Why, she died last night!"

Charles Bannister, once calling for some pipes in a tavern complained they were too short. The drawer said, they had no other, and those were but just come in. "Aye," said Charles, "I see your master has not bought them very long."

A methodist brother, being censured for his improper attachment to one of the sisterhood, the superior, willing to favor his demure appearance, asked the lady if she had not led him like a lamb to the slaughter! "Oh, no, sir," replied she, "he always

some to me more like a lion than a lamb!"

An Odd Prayer of a Miser.

O Lord, thou knowest that I have nine houses in the city of London; and likewise that I have lately purchased an estate in fee-simple in the county of Essex; therefore, I beseech thee to preserve the two counties of Essex and Middlesex from fire and earthquakes. And for all the rest of the counties thou mayest deal with them as thou art pleased.

O enable the bank to answer all their bills, and make all my debtors good men. Give a prosperous voyage, and return to the Mermaid sloop, which I have insured.

And as thou hast said that the days of the wicked shall be but short, I trust in thee, that thou wilt not forget thy promise, having purchased an estate in reversion of Sir J. C. a profligate young man.

I also pray thee to keep our friends from sinking; and, if it be thy will, let there be no sinking-funds. And keep my son Caleb out of evil company, and gaming-houses: and sanctify this night to me, by preserving me from thieves and fire, and make my servants honest and careful, whilst, I thy faithful servant, lie down in peace. So be it.

Ridiculous Oddities, selected from various Authors.

Before the conquest by the Normans the land in Norfolk was so light and fine, that the farmers usually ploughed it with two rabbits, and a case-knife. Jones's *Wonderful Changes*, p. 86.—There are many stories told of the craft of the fox, to compass his prey, of which Ol. Magnus has many; such as feigning the barking of a dog to catch prey near the houses; feigning himself dead to catch such animals as come to feed upon him; laying his tail on a wasp's nest, and then rubbing it hard against a tree, and then catching the wasps so killed: ridding himself of fleas, by gradually going into the water with a lock of wool in his mouth, and so driving the fleas up into it, and then leaving it in the water; by catching crab-fish with his tail, which, he saith, he himself was witness of. Derham's *Physico Theology*, book iv. chap. xi. and *Ol. Mag. Hist. lib. 18. ch. xxxix. xl.*—Had man been a dwarf, he had scarce been a rational creature; for he must have had a jolt head, so there would not have been a body and blood enough to supply his brain with spirits; or he must have had a small head, answerable to his body, and so there would not have been brain enough to carry on his business. *Grew's Cosmol. Sacr. b. I. ch. v. sec. 25.*—The city of London is the largest city in the

world, and the people of London the wisest. Wilson's *Candid Traveller*, p. 42.—One Englishman can beat five Frenchmen. Williamson's *Serious Positions*, p. 42.—One English man of war will beat a Dutch fleet. Nebolt's *Naval Expedit.* chap. iv. sec. 9.—Among reptiles that have a strange faculty to shift for food, &c. may be reckoned eels, which, although belonging to the water, can creep on land from pond to pond, &c. Mr. Mosely, of Moseley, saw them creep over the meadows, like so many snakes from ditch to ditch; which he thought was not only for bettering their habitation, but also to catch snails in the grass. Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, c. vii. sec. 32.—Had the calf of the leg been providentially and prominently placed before, instead of being preposterously and prejudicially placed behind, it had been evidently better, forasmuch as the human shin bone could not have been so easily broken. Dr. Moreton's *Beauty of the Human Structure*, Glasgow edit. 4to. p. 62. Dublin edit. fol. 27.—It hath indeed been a doubt, nay a matter of much debate among the historians of the former days, whether Oliver Cromwell was that pious good man he pretended to be; but it is allowed, I think, that he was almost continually preaching and praying; and, therefore, he must have been a pious man, unless we suppose piety

not to consist in fervency, which would be absurd and ridiculous. Morgan's Case fairly stated, p. 69.—Though I have examined what all other authors have wrote on this affair, with great impartiality, yet I cannot conceive that any of them have the least merit, nor do I find one man that has treated this subject sensibly besides myself. Smithson's Amiability of Candour and Diffidence, p. 48.

“You murder time,” said Mr. Shaw, the leader of the band at Drury-lane Theatre, to Mr. Kemble, who was rehearsing a song in Richard Cœur de Lion.—“Well, if I do,” said the tragedian, “I am more merciful than you, who are continually beating him.”

Dignum and Moses Kean, the mimic, were both taylors and intimate friends—Bannister, meeting them under the Piazza in Covent-garden, arm-in-arm—“I never see those men together,” said Charles, “but they put me in mind of one of Shakspeare's comedies.”—“But which of them, Bannister?”—“Why, Measure for Measure.”

A Pill for Parsimony.

When Mr. Sheridan, Doctor Ford, and Mr. Linley commenced their government of Drury-lane Theatre, each of the gentlemen

had a private box for their several families— Doctor Ford, being more economical than the rest, became proverbial behind the scenes for superintending the bits of candle unconsumed the preceding evening. Shortly after, all the parties were standing behind the scenes at a rehearsal, when the present Duke of Norfolk paid them a visit, and, enquiring into the state of the Theatre, Mr. Sheridan pointed to all the private boxes, except Doctor Ford's, which made his Grace enquire what box the Doctor had; when Charles Bannister, who was present, instantly replied, “the candle-box, my Lord!”— The peer and Sheridan laughed heartily at the repartee.

Elegy on the late John Pratt, Esq.

Sacred

To the Memory of John Pratt, Esq.

Of Askrigg, in Wursley Dale,

Who died at Newmarket,

May the 8th, 1715,

A character so eccentric—so variable—so
valuable,

Astonish'd the age he lived in.

Tho' small his patrimony,

Yet, assisted by that and his own genius,

He, for upwards of thirty years,

Supported all the hospitality

Of an ancient Baron.

The excellent qualities of his heart
 Were eminently evinc'd
 By his bounty to the poor,
 His sympathetic feelings for distress,
 And his charity for all mankind.
 Various and wonderful were the means
 Which enabled him, with unsullied reputation,
 To support his course of life,
 In which he saw and experienced
 Many trials, and many vicissitudes
 Of Fortune;
 And, tho' often hard press'd, whipt and spurr'd
 By that jockey, Necessity,
 He never swerv'd out of the course
 Of Honor.
 Once, when his finances were impaired,
 He received a seasonable supply
 By the performance of a Miracle!
 At different periods he exhibited
 (Which were just emblems of his own life)
 A Conundrum, an Enigma, and a Riddle;
 And, strange to tell, even these
 Enrich'd his pocket.
 Without incurring censure,
 He train'd up an Infidel,
 Which turned out to his advantage.
 He had no singular partiality
 For flowers, shrubs, fruit, or birds,
 Yet for several years he maintained a Florist;
 And his Red-Rose more than once
 Obtain'd the premium.

He had a Honeysuckle, and a Pumpkin,
Which brought hundreds into his purse;
And a Phœnix, a Nightingale, Goldfinch,
and a Chaffinch,
Which produc'd him thousands.

In the last war

He was owner of a Privateer,
Which brought him in several valuable prizes.

Though never fam'd for gallantry,
Yet he had in keeping, at different periods,
A Virgin, a Maiden, an Orange-girl, and
a Ballad-singer,

Besides several Misses*,

To all of whom his attachment was notorious.

And (what is still more a paradox)
Tho' he had no issue by his lawful wife,
Yet the numerous progeny, and quick abilities
Of these very females

Prov'd to him a source of supply.

With all his seeming peculiarities and foibles

He retained his Purity

Till a few days before his death,

When the great Camden

Spread the fame thereof so extensively
As to attract ev'n the notice of his Prince,
Who thought it no diminution of Royalty
To obtain so valuable an acquisition

By purchase.

And though he parted with his Purity

* Miss Tims, Miss Lightfoot; &c.

At a great price,
 Yet his honor and good name
 Remain'd untarnish'd
 To the end of his life.
 At his death, indeed, Slander
 (In the semblance of pity)
 Talk'd much of his insolvency,
 And much of the ruin of individuals ;
 But the proof his substance,
 And of a surplus not much inferior
 To his original patrimony,
 Soon answer'd, refuted, and wip'd away
 The calumny.
 To sum up the abstract of his character,
 It may be truly said of him,
 That his frailties were few ;
 His virtues many ;
 That he liv'd
 Almost universally belov'd ;
 That he died
 Almost universally lamented.

Mr. Blizard, the surgeon, being ill of a fever, several of his profession made interest with the Governors of the London Hospital to succeed him. Blizard recovering, and meeting some time after with one of these surgeons at a coffee-house, the latter began to apologize for his having solicited, urging that it was no more than what was customary, where an hospital physician or surgeon was sup-

posed to be in danger.—“Sir,” said Blizard, “if you will forgive me living, I will forgive you soliciting.”

As the whole of the readers of this book may not be acquainted with the biography of Hugh Peters, I take the liberty of inserting the following account for their information, taken from Watkin's Biographical Dictionary.

Hugh Peters, an English fanatic, was born at Fowey, in Cornwall, in 1599, and educated at St. John's college, Cambridge, from whence he was expelled for irregular behaviour. He afterwards went on the stage, where he acquired that buffoonery which subsequently distinguished him in the pulpit. He was ordained by Bishop Montaine, and was, for some time, lecturer of St. Sepulchre's, London; but, having an intrigue with another man's wife, he fled to Rotterdam, where he joined the independents. He went from thence to New England, and at the beginning of the rebellion returned to London, where he became a zealous preacher in the cause of the parliament. For his activity in the rebellion, especially at the murder of the king, he was hung and quartered in 1660.

An eminent physician, having had the misfortune to lose a son, ordered the sexton

of the parish, who was a stone-cutter, to cut him a tomb-stone, which was accordingly done; but, unfortunately for honest Peter, he mis-spelt the name. This the doctor soon discovered; and, meeting him in the church-yard, accosted him to this effect:—"Pray, sir, did you cut that tomb-stone for my son?"—"Yes, sir," replied the knight of the shovel. "Then you are a fool," says the doctor; the name is wrong spelt. You have made a great blunder, sir. Well, sir."—"Well," rejoins the sexton (in his usual dry sarcastic manner), "if I have, say no more about it—I have covered a great many of your blunders."

On an old Woman who sold Pots at Chester.

Beneath this stone lies Cath'rine Gray,
 Chang'd to a lifeless lump of clay:
 By earth and clay she got her pelf,
 Yet now she's turn'd to earth herself.
 Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
 Abate your grief, and dry your eyes;
 For what avails a flood of tears?
 Who knows, but in a run of years,
 In some tall pitcher, or broad pan,
 She in her shop may be again?

A celebrated professor, having been called to dinner, and, not appearing, his wife went to his study to look for him, and found

him still reading—"I wish," my love, said she, "that I were a book."—"Why so?" said he. "Because then you would be constant to me," she replied, with animation.—"I should have no objection," rejoined the professor, "provided you were an almanack."—"Why an almanack, my dear?"—"Because I should have a new one every year."

On a Welchman, killed by a Fall from his Horse.

Here lies interr'd, beneath these stones,
David ap-Morgan, ap-Shenkin, ap-Jones,
Hur was born in Wales, hur was travell'd in
France,
And hur went to Heaven—by a bad mis-
chance.

The Newcastle Apothecary, Written by Mr. Colman.

A man, in many a country town, we know,
Professing openly with death to wrestle,
Ent'ring the field against the grimly foe,
Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.
Yet some affirm no enemies they are;
But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair;
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother.
So (many a suffering patient saith)
Though the apothecary fights with death,
Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line,
 Liv'd at Newcastle-upon-Tyne :
 No man could better gild a pill ;

Or make a bill ;

Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister ;

Or draw a tooth out of your head ;

Or chatter scandal by your bed ;

Or give a glister.

Of occupation these were quantum suff :

Yet still he thought the list not long enough ;

And, therefore, midwif'ry he chose to
 pin to't.

This balanc'd things :—for if he hurl'd

A few score mortals from the world,

He made amends by bringing others into't.

His fame full six miles round the country
 ran ;

In short, in reputation, he was solus :

All the old women call'd him a fine man,

His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade,

(Which oftentimes will genius fetter)

Read works of fancy, it is said,

And cultivated the Belles Lettres.

Yet, why should they be thought so odd ?

Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic ?

Of poetry, though patron God,

Apollo patronizes physic.

Bolus lov'd verse ;—and took so much de-
 light in't,

That his prescriptions he resolv'd to write
 in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
 Of writing his directions on his labels,
 In dapper couplets—like Gay's fables;
 Or, rather, like the lines in Hudibras.
 Apothecary's verse!—and where's the treason?

'Tis simply honest dealing;—not a crime;—
 When patients swallow physic, without reason,

It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,
 Some three miles from the town, it might be
 four;

To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article,
 In pharmacy, that's called cathartic,
 And on the label of the stuff

He wrote this verse,

Which one would think was clear enough
 And terse:

“ When taken,

“ To be well shaken.”

Next morning early, Bolus rose;
 And to the patient's house he goes

Upon his pad,

Who a vile trick of stumbling had;

It was, indeed, a very sorry hack;—

But that's of course:

For what's expected from a horse

With an apothecary on his back?

Bolus arrived, and gave a doubtful tap;

Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind
 Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance,
 By fiddlers, and by opera-singers :
 One loud, and then a little one behind,
 As if the knocker fell, by chance,
 Out of their fingers.
 The servant lets him in with dismal face,
 Long as a courtier's out of place,
 Portending some disaster ;
 John's countenance as rueful looked, and
 grim,
 As if the 'pothecary had physick'd him,
 And not his master.
 " Well, how's the patient ?" Bolus said.
 John shook his head.
 " Indeed !—humph !—ha !—that's very odd !
 " He took the draught ?"—John gave a nod.
 " Well, how ?—what then ?—speak out, you
 dunce ;"
 " Why then," says John, " we shook him
 once :"
 " Shook him !—how ?" Bolus stammered out :
 " We jolted him about."
 " Zounds ! shake a patient, man ?—a shake
 won't do :"
 " No, sir—and so we gave him two."—
 " Two shakes ! odd's curse !
 " 'Twould make the patient worse."
 " It did so, sir !—and so a third we tried ;"
 " Well, and what then ?"—" Then, sir, my
 my master died."

Said one old woman to another, after a storm—"I saw a most terrible wind yesterday"—"Saw a wind?" asked the other.—"I never heard of a wind being seen.—Pray, if you did see the wind, what is it like?"—"Like! why it was like—to have blown my house down."

The following whimsical bill was some time since to be seen in a shop window, near the foot of London bridge, in Southwark, viz.—Salt, peruke-maker, removed from Pepper-alley to Vinegar-yard.

A non-conformist parson, preaching on the fire of London, said—"The calamity could not be occasioned by the sin of blasphemy; for, in that case, it would have begun at Billingsgate; nor lewdness, for then Drury-lane would have been first on fire; nor lying, for then the flames had reached them from Westminster-hall;—no, my beloved, it was occasioned by the sin of gluttony; for it began at Pudding-lane, and ended at Pie-corner."

One man said to another, "I am very ill; I don't think I shall live a week?"—"Keep up your spirits," said the other; I dare say you'll live a month!"

An old actress, very fond of her charms, used to have the play-house call brought into her bed-chamber every day.—One morning a man came in, whom she thought was the call-boy—“Lay it down,” says she, “Ledger.”—“What do you mean by Ledger? I dye for you,” said the man.—“Lord bless me! who can this be!” said the actress.—“I die for you!—Dear me, there is somebody in love with me—let me see who it is.”—She put the curtain aside, and, seeing a ragged fellow, demanded what business the impudent rascal had there?—“I dye your clothes, ma’am,” said he; “and am come for your paddy’s way!”

An old maid, who had fallen out with the world, ordered a new deep grave to be dug, observing she would not then lie near any filthy he fellow; but as, on the next day, a lusty young farmer, allured by her money, made her an offer of his hand, it quite dispersed all her grave intentions. She immediately hobbled to the altar: and, since the succeeding morning, it has been observed, that the verjuice of her virgin mind has become so very sweet, that all her neighbours agree she is quite a new creature.

One Pratt, in Halifax, buried his second wife on Friday, and on the Sunday following went to hear her funeral sermon, and immediately after it was ended made up to a widow, of whom he had but little knowledge, and desired her to go to his house to drink tea with him; to which she agreed. He, in the mean time, asked her if she would be his wife. She answered, "For the sake of decency, don't propose it yet." Upon this head he said no more, but, as soon as she departed he went to another woman's house and asked the same question. She replied, without the least hesitation, she would, and, accordingly, all things were concluded on.

Ned Shuter, one day standing at a green stall in Bow-street, was accosted by a shabby man, who asked him for charity, declaring he had not a shoe to his foot. Ned immediately presented him with part of his purchase at the first fruit-stall, adding, "that if he had not a shoe to his foot he was now presented to a pear."

In the summer of seventy-seven, Foote was scolding the people under the stage about the slovenly state of the lamps—"What's the matter Charles,?" said Weston, hearing Foote's voice—"Don't you know that he is indisposed?" said Bannister.—

“No! What’s the complaint, Charles?”—
 “The rising of the lights.”

Foote had his weaknesses, and was never so happy as when the company laughed heartily at his jest. John Palmer wanted to procure an engagement for his brother Robert; and Griffiths, the late prompter at the Royalty Theatre, wished for a situation likewise.—Both parties attended the Hay-market Theatre, and it was not long before Mr. Foote started a witticism, at which Griffiths pretended to laugh immoderately, and wiped the tears from his eyes he never shed.—The manoeuvre had an effect, Foote immediately enquired who he was, and seemed disposed to listen to his terms, until another jest escaped the lips of Aristophanes, when, to make his ground sure, Griffiths began again, even louder than before; but here he was foiled; for Palmer and his brother (who had his cue) made such a bellowing, and accompanied it with the beating of their sticks so loud, that Foote caught Jack Palmer’s hand in rapture, swore he was a damn’d clever fellow, scowl’d at Griff, and Bob was engag’d.

An Irish Blunder, without a Bull.
 Colonel Patrick O’Blaney, as honest a Teague
 As ever took snuff to repel pest or plague,

Having got a French snuff-box of Papier
 Machee,
 Which to open required much pains, do
 you see?
 Always kept a bent six-pence at hand in his
 pocket,
 And called it his key, by the which to un-
 lock it;
 As, by niggling and wedging it under the lid,
 He came at his Rappee that was under it hid:
 But one day when he wanted a pinch for a
 friend,
 He search'd for his tester, but all to no end;
 Till, at last, 'twixt the pocket and lining he
 found it;
 When in rage he cried, Arrah, the devil
 confound it—
 I'll engage you don't serve me the same
 trick again,
 For to make me be after this hunting in vain;
 So opening the box by the help of the tizzey,
 And feaking his nose till his noddle was
 dizzy,
 He chuck'd in the coin, and exclaim'd with a
 shrug,
 While tight went the rim down, so there you
 lie snug,
 And, my hide-and-seek friend, I beg leave to
 remind ye,
 That the next time I want you I know where
 to find you.

Epigram on a Wedding Peal.

John wedded last month, and, for ringing
the bell,
Tipt the sexton a crown for his trou-
ble;
For tolling this morning the dear woman's
knell,
John made his gratuity double.

Genuine Humour of a School-boy.

A master of a free-school in Dorsetshire used frequently to recommend to his scholars never to speak without being, on reflection, fully convinced that what they wished to say was worth hearing, and that they might have time to deliberate, he advised them to repeat the Greek alphabet three times, before they opened their mouths. Being one day standing with his back to the fire, a l'Anglaise, a little boy, who was sitting near him, with great seeming naivete, said to his master "I have thought once, sir"—"Good boy," replies the master; "don't be in a hurry." About two minutes afterwards, "I have thought twice," cries the boy;—"Very well," quoth the master. In about three minutes more, "I have thought three times," says the boy, very ingeniously to all appearance. "Now then you may speak," replied the master—"Sir," said the boy, very deliberately, "your coat is on fire."

Luther used to tell this story of a beggarly monk.—A monk, who had introduced himself to the bedside of a dying nobleman, who was at that time in a state of insensibility, continued crying out, “My Lord, will you make the grant of such and such a thing to a monastery?” The sick man, unable to speak, nodded his head. The monk turned round to his son, who was in the room —“You see, sir, that my Lord, your father, gives consent to my request.” The son immediately exclaimed, “Father, is it your will that I should kick this monk down stairs?” The usual nod was given; and the youth instantly rewarded the assiduities of the monk, by sending him with great precipitation out of the house.

A man who had disposed of all his property in such a manner as to reserve a comfortable provision for himself during life, and, by sinking the principal for a given time, to receive a certain sum yearly. According to his calculation the term of his life was not to exceed 80 years. His computation was erroneous; he lived to 86, and was reduced to beggary. The words of his petition, when he went from door to door, were, “Pray remember a poor man, who has lived longer than he expected.”

Two Jesuits asked J. J. Rousseau the favor to communicate to them the secret whereby he was enabled to write on all subjects with so much warmth and eloquence —“ My secret,” replied the philosopher, “ and I am sorry it is one to your society, consists in never uttering a sentiment which I do not feel; or making any assertion whatever which I do not really believe.”

Doctor Barton, being in company with Doctor Nash, who had just printed two heavy folios, containing the antiquities of Worcestershire, the warden humourously observed to the Doctor, that his publication was deficient in several respects. Dr. Nash, as was but natural, endeavored to defend his volumes in the best manner he was able.— “ Then,” says Barton, “ I advise you to send your work to the House of Correction.”

The following Paragraph was taken out of the Morning Herald, December 17, 1782.

An old bachelor wants two rooms, one to sit and one to sleep in, in a family with no children (under 14 or 15 years of age), with whom he could occasionally dine, &c. and within ten minutes walk of the New Church in the Strand. As an old bachelor, the advertiser is rather particular in having

every thing neat and clean about him; and, as an unmarried man, is very irregular in his hours, consequently must have free egress and regress at all times, and all seasons, and expects to see what company he pleases. Must be found in bed, table, and other household linen. He will give little trouble to servants, provided he has good fires, and his attendant is a tolerable hand at a pie-crust. He wishes not to lodge with what is called polite people, as they are in general the rudest beings in existence, nor with what are called religious people, as he despises all contraction of sentiment; nor with those simpletons, who, "to kill time," spend hours and nights over cards, as he prefers any conversation to downright insipidity and dulness; above all, there must be no old maid in the family, as two whimsical creatures in one house will never do. The family of a widow, or single lady would be preferred, as the advertiser is not very fond of the company or conversation of the generality of his own sex. A line addressed to the old bachelor, to be left at the Morning Herald Office, will be respectfully attended to, and immediately answered.

Indian Artifice.

An American Governor of New England, surveying a house that he was building

in that country, had frequently noticed an Indian, who, though the weather was severely cold, was a naked, as well as an idle, spectator of the workmen!

“Hark ye, Indian!” said the Governor; “why don’t you work as these men do, and get some clothes?”—“An why you no work, Governor?” replied the Indian—“I work,” returned the Governor, clapping his fore finger upon his forehead, “with my head, and, therefore, have no need to work with my hands.” However, as the Indian was not totally averse to labor, he was employed by the Governor to kill a calf, and to do several other things, for which he was paid; but was artful enough, in consequence of that, to palm several bad shillings on his employer, who, intending to get him punished for it, gave him a letter to carry to the keeper of Boston bridewell, ordering him a severe whipping.—To go all the way to Boston with a letter, the Indian thought entirely unnecessary, and, accidentally meeting with another Indian, belonging to the Governor, he pretended he was sent to give him the charge, and with it, as might be expected, transferred the punishment. Conscious of the cheat, the first Indian returned no more; but how great was the astonishment of the Governor on the return of the other: he made every possible enquiry after the im-

postor; but never found the trace of him, till he saw him with a number of his countrymen at a meeting, and then, asking him how he dared to serve him such a trick, the Indian, staring him full in the face, and clapping his forefinger upon his forehead, "Head-work!" said he, "Governor; headwork!"

Copy of a Painter's Bill.

Accompt.

Lord ———, for Repairs in his Hall.

To a new Thief on the Cross.

To a new Face for King John, and Magna Charta mended.

To a new Head for King Charles II.

To filling up the Chasm in the Red Sea, and repairing Pharoah's Host.

To cleansing six of the Apostles, and adding a new Judas Iscariot.

To a pair of new Hands for Daniel in the Lion's Den.

To a Pair of Eyes for Homer, and a new Breast for Lucretia.

To new Wigs for his Lordship's Ancestors, and Clouds for a Storm Scene.

A few years since, the slaves in one of the West India islands had got into such a

habit of killing themselves, when put into the least ill humour by their masters, that they would go up into the mountains by whole companies at a time, and hang themselves with the utmost deliberation.—However, one of the planters, who was a fellow of some humour, finding his gang drop off, took a singular, but most effectual, method to put a stop to their self-executions; for, one day observing a number of them stealing up to the woods, and ready to turn themselves off, he suddenly made his appearance, loaded with chains, bills, and hoes, and told them he knew what they intended to do; but that he would follow them into the other world, where he should still be their master, work them harder, and punish them more severely than ever! This unexpected representation had its effect; the slaves thought, this being the case, it would be in vain to make their exit, and thus a stop was put to the practice.

A person concerned in attempting a religious settlement of Swedenborgians, upon the coast of Africa, had, in a former voyage, brought home one of the natives; he had taught him some English, and instructed him in religious principles, intending him afterwards as a missionary; but when the African was taken back with his patron, he took the first opportunity of deserting both his faith

and his master. Being afterwards met with, and sharply reprov'd for his apostacy, by his pious instructor—"Ah, Massa!" exclaimed the jetty apostle, "in your country they be all Heaven and Hell—in my country there be no Hell, no Heaven."

The following singular letter was actually sent to a gentleman at the west end of the town, by a person to whom he had promised a pound of snuff, but forgot to perform his engagement:—

Sir,

When I saw you last, you gave me your word that you would send me a pound of snuff in two days time; but what signifies your word, for if you had kept your word I should have had it long ago. Now, though you left your word with me, I don't know what to do with it; for, I am afraid, nobody will take your word (I mean for a pound of snuff), unless you retrieve it very soon. But, it may be, you only designed a compliment to my understanding, believing I knew you so well as not to depend upon your word; for words are but wind, and so a word to the wise is sufficient.

However, you will find, if you continue thus to forfeit your word, that your word, by the bye, will become a bye-word; as, for example, that, though it brought me not a pound of snuff, and consequently proved a

word of no weight, yet it is certain that I took snuff at it.

Perhaps you will not like my quibbling, because it is playing upon a word; but, remember, sir, that when your word comes to pass in earnest, then it naturally passes into a jest; and so, in a word, your word is the occasion of these words I have written, and of so many words more which I have still to say, when I shall have a further opportunity of wording on't with you by word of mouth, which shall certainly be the very next time we meet, upon the word of,

Sir, your humble Servant,

RICHARD FEW-WORDS.

A Sermon preached to a Set of Thieves.

They tell us a story of Whitney, the famous highwayman, that he and his gang, having strolled into Kent, happened to meet a clergyman on the road, whom they robbed; and being as usual, in their frolicsome airs, quoth Whitney, it is a long time, gentlemen, since I have heard a sermon, and therefore desired the parson to comply with their humour, and, being placed in a hollow tree, he made the following discourse:—

“Gentlemen, my text is theft, which, being not to be divided into sentences and syllables, as being but only a monosyllable; necessity, therefore, obliges me to divide it into letters, which I find to be these five,

T, H, E, F, T. Now **T**, my beloved, is theological, **H** is historical, **E** is exegetical, **F** is figurative, and **T** is tropological.

The theological part of my text is according to the effects which it works, which I find to be of two kinds: First, in this world; Secondly, in the world to come. In this world the effects which it works are **T**, tribulation, **H** hatred, **E** envy, **F** fear, and **T** torment. For what greater tribulation can happen to any man than to be debarr'd from sweet liberty, by a close confinement in a nasty prison, which must needs be a perfect representation of the iron age, since nothing is heard there but the jingling of shackles, bolts, grates, and keys, as large as that put for a weathercock on St. Peter's steeple in Cornhill. I must own that you highway-men are a sort of Christians, whilst under this tribulation, because ye are a kind of martyrs, and suffer really for the truth. Again ye have the hatred of all honest people as well as the envy of jailors, if you come under this jurisdiction without money in your pockets; I am sure all of your profession are very sensible that a jailor expects, not only to distil money out of your irregularities, but also to grow fat by your curses. Wherefore his ears are stopped to the cries of others, as God's are to his; and good reason, for lay the life of a man in one scale, and his

fees in another, he would lose the first to find the second. * Next, you are always in as much fear of being apprehended, as a poor tradesman in debt is of a serjeant, who goes muffled like a thief too, and always carries the marks of one; for he steals upon a man cowardly, plucks him by the throat, and makes him stand till he fleeces him; but only in this they differ; the thief is more valiant, and the honestest man of the two; and then, when you are apprehended, nothing but torment ensues; for, when once you are clapped up in jail, as I have hinted before, soon after ye come under the hangman's clutches, and he hangs you up like so many dogs, for using those scaring words, stand and deliver.

The effects which theft works in the world to come are much the same with the other, but only as they were temporal, and these are eternal. I shall proceed to the historical part of my text, when I will prove from human histories, that the art of theft is of some antiquity, in that Paris stole Helen, Theseus stole Ariadne, and Jason stole Medea. However, antiquity ought to be no plea for vice, since both divine and human laws forbid base actions, especially theft. For history again informs us, that Segron was thrown headlong into the sea, for thieving; Cacus was killed by Hercules;

Sysiphus was cut in pieces; Brunellus was hanged for stealing Angelicus's ring; and the Emperor, Frederic III., condemned all thieves to the gallies.

The exegetical part of my text is a sort of commentary on what was said when I set forth, that your transgressions were a breach both of divine and human ordinances, which are utterly repugnant to all manner of theft; wherefore, if ye are resolved to pursue these courses still, note, my respect is such to you, though you have robbed me, that if you can keep yourselves from being taken I'll engage to keep you from being hanged.

The figurative part of my text is to set forth, that, though I call you gentlemen, yet in my heart I think you all rogues; but only I mollify my spleen by a charientissimus, which is a figure or form of speech, mitigating hard matters with pleasant words. Thus a certain man being brought before Alexander the Great, king of Macedon, for railing against him, and being demanded by Alexander why he and his company had so done, made this answer—"Had not the wine failed, we had spoken much worse;" wherefore, he signified, those words proceeded rather from wine than malice; by which free and pleasant confession he assuaged Alexander's great displeasure, and obtained remission.

But now coming to the tropological part of my text, which is drawing a word from its proper and genuine signification to another sense, as in calling you most famous thieves, I desire your most serious attention, and that you will embrace this exhortation of St. Paul the Apostle, let him that stole steal no more; or else the letters of my text point towards a tragical conclusion; for **T** take care, **H** hanging, **E** ends not, **F** for felony, **T** at Tyburn.

This discourse being ended, Whitney and his gang were so well pleased with the fancy, that they gave him tythe of what they had taken from him, which being ten pounds, came to just twenty shillings, and taking their leave of him, rode away to look for another booty.

The Price of a Repartee.

Philip the Second of Spain was a prince of such a nice taste, that nothing but what was the most excellent in its kind could please him, of which the following story is an example:—

A Portuguese merchant brought to his Majesty a diamond of a very extraordinary lustre, which all the court highly commended for its beauty, and expected that his Majesty would have done the same, but, on the contrary, he condemned and despised it; not that he af-

fectured to be thought wiser than any of the rest, but because his mind was so clear in the wonderful productions of nature, that he could not be imposed on by any thing mean. However, turning to the merchant, he says to him—"At what price do you value this diamond, should I be minded to purchase it?" The merchant replied, "This illustrious spring of the sun I value at 7000 ducats; and whoever buys it at that price will have no reason to complain of his bargain."—"And what was you thinking on," said the king, "when you set so high a price on your diamond?"—"I was thinking," replied the merchant, "that Philip the Second was still alive." At which the king, more charmed with the aptness of the expression, than the lustre of the diamond, ordered him to be paid the money immediately.

A gentleman, who expected company to dinner, had for his principal guest a duke, whereupon he desired his servant (a country boy), when he accosted the duke, to say, his grace. When the duke arrived at the door, the servant began, "Bless, we beseech thee, &c." The duke was struck with the whimsicality of the servant, and said, "For what we have received the Lord make us truly welcome."

You must know, my dear, that **Doctor Demisiquaver**, an old fellow, who has a niece to transpose in the key of matrimony, has taken no small pains to fix me for a nephew; but I should be quite a natural to think of a duet with the lady. She is, I must confess, a very fine girl in her person, and she does not want understanding; but, with her beauty and sense, there are certain accompaniments, which she mistakes for graces; the most chromatic composition I ever met with. Her temper is very rarely in tune, so that one don't know in what key to have her. Her voice is naturally melodious, but she often throws it out in such a manner, that her notes are quite discordant. I have seen her shake with anger, and swell with envy. When she is in a rattling humour she never stops. To her inferiors she commonly talks in sharp tones; but she is cunning enough to change her key before those who figure in a superior style to herself. She is base enough to play off her dearest friends behind their backs, for the amusement of the company present, who frequently encore her for her execution, little thinking that they are to be new set, for the entertainment of others, with variations. After what I have said, with regard to the lady's behaviour, you cannot suppose that she has parts or powers sufficient to draw me out of my solo state, to

perform in concert with her. Her father may harp upon the old string, and repeat the strain as often as he pleases, but he will never find my sentiments concerning his niece in union with his own. With all his formal scrapes, and flattering speeches, he will never wind me to the purpose, and therefore he had better be mute upon the subject; for I shall go on piano, till I find a woman forte enough to peg me down in a duet with her for life. And I can assure you, my dear, that Doctor Demisemiquaver will not catch me soon bound in the chords of matrimony: I make a shift to keep up my glee extremely well in my harmonic meetings abroad, which would be considerably disturbed at home by a wife, always in alt, and the wild cantabilies of a human nursery.

Charles Bannister, in speaking to the regal barber at Windsor, called him Jack—"Sir John," said the other, "if you please, perhaps you have not heard that I was dubbed a knight?"—"No," rejoined Charles, "but I understand that you was drubbed one night."

The Matrimonial Creed.

Whoever will be married, before all things it is necessary, that he hold the conjugal faith in this. That there were two

rational beings created, both equal, and yet one superior to the other, and the inferior shall bear rule over the superior: which faith, except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt, he shall be scolded at everlastingly.

The man is superior to the woman, and the woman is inferior to the man; yet both are equal, and the woman shall govern the man.

The woman is commanded to obey the man, and the man ought to obey the woman; and yet there are not two obedients, but one obedient.

For there is one dominion nominal of the husband, and another dominion real of the wife; and yet there are not two dominions but one dominion.

For, like as we are compelled by the christian verity to acknowledge, that wives must submit themselves to their husbands, and be subject to them in all things, so are we forbidden by the conjugal faith to say, that they should be at all influenced by their wills, or pay any regard to their commands.

The man was not created for the woman, but the woman for the man; yet the man shall be the slave of the woman, and the woman the tyrant of the man, so that in all things, as is aforesaid, the subjection of the superior to the inferior is to be believed.

He, therefore, that will be married, must thus think of the woman and the man.

Furthermore, it is necessary to submissive matrimony, that he also believe rightly the infallibility of the wife :

For the right faith is, that we believe and confess, that the wife is fallible and infallible :

Perfectly fallible, and perfectly infallible ; of an erring soul, and an unerring mind, subsisting, fallible as touching her human nature, and infallible as touching her female sex.

Who, although she be fallible, and infallible, yet she is not two, but one woman : who submitted to lawful marriage, to acquire unlawful dominion, and promised religiously to obey, that she might rule in injustice and folly.

This is the conjugal faith ; which, except a man believe faithfully, he cannot enter the (miserable) state of matrimony.

A Whimsical Sharper.

A well-dressed sharper, observing once a servant-maid conversing with a young man two doors from her mistress's house, and that she had left the street door quite open, took the opportunity of slipping in, and stepped into a parlour, where an elderly lady was sitting by the fire, with two candles on the table, in silver candlesticks. Without the

least ceremony he took a chair, and seated himself opposite to her, and began, with saying, "Madam, if you please, I will tell you an odd story, which happened a few nights ago to a very worthy woman in our neighbourhood. Her servant maid was talking, at a little distance, to a silly fellow, as your own servant now is, and had left her own door open; in the interim, in slips a sharper, as I may do, and walks into a room where her mistress, good woman, was sitting before the fire with two candles, as you may now do—well, he had not sat much longer than I have done with you before he takes one of the candles out of the candlestick, snuffed it out, and put the candlestick into his pocket, as I may do now. The good woman was planet-struck, as you may be; upon which he takes out the other candle, as I may do, puts the candlestick into his pocket, as I shall do, and then wished her a good night, which I sincerely do you."

He was going out of the door when the maid finished her conversation, and, coming up the steps, he accosted her with saying, "My dear, your mistress has rung twice for you;" and, wishing her a good night, went clear off with the candlesticks.

Some young gentlemen drinking at a tavern, happened, amongst other things, to fall on the subject of apparitions, the ex-

istence of which one of them absolutely denied; and, as a proof of his fearlessness as to things of that nature, he undertook, in consequence of a wager, to bring off a skull from a neighbouring bone-house, at the dreadful hour of twelve at night. The sexton, for a proper acknowledgement, agreed to leave the door open, that nothing might obstruct him. Our adventurer arrived at the gloomy scene (entirely ignorant that one of his companions had got there before him), grouped among the bones, picked up a skull, and was marching off, when a hollow voice called him back, saying, "That's my skull." — "Very well," says our hero, "then I must have another." He then picked up two or three, which were also claimed. At last, having picked up another, he says, "I must have one, be it whose it may," and away he ran. When he got back to his company, "There," says he, flinging the skull upon the table, "there's a skull; but I'll be shot if the owner is not coming after it."

✓ *The Biter Bit; or, The Farmer's Blunder.*

A farmer once to London went,
 To pay the worthy 'squire his rent;
 He comes, he knocks, soon ent'rance gains,
 Who at the door such guests detains?
 Forth struts the 'squire, exceeding smart—
 "Farmer, you're welcome to my heart;

“ You’ve brought my rent, then, to an hair ?
 “ The best of tenants, I declare ! ”

The steward was call’d, the accounts made
 even,

The money paid, the receipt was given.

“ Well,” said the ’squire, “ now you shall
 “ stay,

“ And dine with me, old friend, to-day ;

“ I’ve here some ladies, wond’rous pretty,

“ And pleasant sparks, I warrant, will fit ye.”

He scratched his ears, and held his hat,

And said, “ No, zur, two words to that ;

“ For look, d’ye see, when I do dine

“ With gentlefolk, zo cruel fine,

“ I’ze use to make, and ’tis no wonder,

“ In word or deed, some plaguy blunder ;

“ Zo, if your honor will permit,

“ I’ll with the servants pick a bit : ” —

“ Pho,” says the ’squire, “ it shan’t be done,”

And to the parlour push’d him on : —

To all around he nods and scrapes,

With often bidding takes his seat,

But at a distance mighty great ;

Though often bid to draw his chair,

He nods, nor comes an inch more near :

By madam serv’d, with body bended,

With knife and fork, and arms extended,

He reach’d as far as he was able

To plate that overhung the table :

With little morsels cheats his chops,

And in the passage some he drops ;

To shew where most his heart inclin'd,
 He talked and drank to John behind;
 When drank, too, in a modish way,
 "Your loves, sufficient, zur!" he'd say;
 And, to be thought a man of manners,
 Still rose to make his awkward honors—
 "Pish!" says the 'squire, "pray keep your
 "sitting:"

"No, no," he cries, "zur, 'tis not fitting;
 "Tho' I'm no scholar, vars'd in letters,
 "I knaw my duty to my betters!"
 Much mirth the farmer's ways afford,
 And hearty laughs went round the board:—
 Thus the first course was ended well,
 But, at the next,—Ah! what befel?
 The dishes were now timely placed,
 And table with fresh luxury graced;
 When drunk too by a neighbouring charmer,
 Up, as usual, stands the farmer;
 A wag, to carry on the joke,
 Thus, to his servant, softly spoke:—
 "Come hither, Dick, step gently there,
 "And pull away the farmer's chair."
 'Tis done, his congee made, the clown
 Draws back and stoops to sit him down;
 But, by posteriors, overweigh'd,
 And of his trusty seat betray'd,
 As men at twigs, in rivers sprawling,
 He caught the cloth to save his falling;
 In vain—sad fortune! down he wallow'd,
 And, rattling, all the dishes followed

The fops they lost their little wits,
 The ladies squall'd—some fell in fits;
 Here tumbled turkeys, tarts, and widgeons,
 And there minced pies, and geese, and
 pigeons;

A pear pie on his belly drops,
 A custard pudding met his chops;
 Lord! what ado 'twixt belles and beaus,
 Some curse, some cry, and rub their clothes;
 This lady raves, and that looks down,
 And weeps and wails her spatter'd gown;
 One spark bemoans his spatter'd waistcoat,
 One, "Rot him, he has spoil'd my lac'd
 " coat."

Amidst the rout, the farmer long
 The pudding suck'd, and held his tongue;
 At length, he gets him on his breech,
 And scrambles up to make his speech;
 First rubs his eyes, mouth, and nostrils
 twangs,

Then snaps his fingers, and harangues—
 "Plague tak't, I'ze tell you how 'twould be,
 "Look, here's a pickle, zurs, d'ye see—
 "And some, I'll warrant, that makes this
 " chatter,

"Have clothes bedaub'd with grease or
 " butter;

"That cost"—he had gone on, but here
 Was stopp'd at once in his career;
 "Peace, brute! begone!" the ladies cry;
 The beaus exclaim—"Fly! rascal; fly!"

“ I’H tear his eyes out,” squeaks Miss
Dolly ;

“ I’ll pink his soul out !” roars a bully.

At this the farmer shrinks for fear,
And, thinking ’twas ill tarrying here,
Shab’s off, and cries, “ Aye, kill me then,
“ Whene’er you catch me here again.”

So home he jogs, and leaves the ’squire
To cool the sparks and ladies’ fire,
Thus ends my tale ;—and now I’ll try
Like Prior, something to apply.

— This may teach rulers of a nation,
Ne’er to place men above their station ;
And this may shew the wanton wit
That, while he bites, he may be bit.

*Facetious Letter from George Alexander
Stevens to Dr. Miller, of Doncaster.*

Dear Sir, Yarmouth Gaol.

When I parted from you, at Doncaster,
I imagined, long before this, to have met
with some oddities worth acquainting you
with. It is grown a fashion of late to write
lives :—I have now, and for a long time
have had, leisure enough to undertake mine,
but want materials for the latter part of it ;
for my existence now cannot be properly
be called living, but what the painters term
still life ; having, ever since February 13,
been confined in this town gaol for a London
debt.

As a hunted deer is always shunned by the happier herd, so am I deserted by the company*, my share taken off, and no support left me, save what my wife can spare me out of hers.

“Deserted, in my utmost need,

“By those my former bounty fed.”—

With an economy, which, till now I was a stranger to, I have made shift hitherto to victual my little garrison; but then it has been by the aid of my good friends and allies—my clothes. This week's eating finishes my last waistcoat, and next I must atone for my errors on bread and water.

Themistocles had so many towns to furnish his table; and a whole city bore the charge of his meals. In some respects I am like him; for I am furnished by the labors of a multitude.—A wig has fed me two days—the trimmings of a waistcoat as long—a pair of velvet breeches paid my washerwoman,—and a ruffled shirt has found me in shaving.—My coats I swallowed by degrees—the sleeves I breakfasted upon for weeks—the body, skirts, &c. served me for dinner two months—my silk stockings have paid my lodgings, and two pair of new pumps enabled me to smoke several pipes. It is incredible how my appetite (barometer-like)

* Norwich Company.

rises in proportion as my necessities make their terrible advances. I here could say something droll about a good stomach; but it is ill jesting with edge tools, and I am sure that's the sharpest thing about me.—You may think I can have no sense of my condition, that, while I am thus wretched, I should offer at ridicule: but, sir, people constituted like me, with a disproportioned levity of spirits, are always most merry when they are most miserable, and quicken like the eyes of the consumptive; which are always brightest the nearer a patient approaches to dissolution.—However, sir, to shew you I am not entirely lost to all reflection, I think myself poor enough to want a favor, and humble enough to ask it here.—Sir, I might make an encomium on your good nature and humanity, &c. but I shall not pay so bad a compliment to your understanding as to endeavour, by a parade of phrases, to win it over to my interest.—If you could, any night at a concert, make a small collection for me, it might be the means of obtaining my liberty; and you well know, sir, the first people of rank abroad will perform the most friendly offices for the sick. Be not, therefore, offended at the request of a poor (though a deservedly punished) debtor.

G. A. STEVENS.

*The Strange Adventures of George Ben-
net, written by himself.*

At the age of four years I fell from the tail of a cart in the town of Dartford, and another cart following at the instant of my fall, the wheel went over my head, which, having in the fall, slipped between two large stones, the weight of the wheel was borne by the stones, and I escaped unhurt.

At six years of age I fell into a river at Dartford, and was taken out, and recovered after being full twenty minutes in the water. About six months after this accident I fell from a window two stories high, broke my right arm, and fractured my skull; but, by the care of a skilful surgeon, I recovered.— Before I had completed my eighth year, my mother, having occasion to go to London, took me with her in the coach—there were three passengers besides us: just as we reached the top of Shuter's-hill, the horses took fright, and, galloping at full speed down the hill, they attempted to turn short at the bottom of the road which leads to Eltham: the coachman was thrown from the box and much bruised, and the other passengers all killed. My left arm and right thigh were broken, but a housekeeper of Dartford coming by at the time, took me home with him, and I was once more recovered, to live to encounter greater disasters.

I was no sooner recovered from the injuries I received by the accident at the bottom of Shuter's-hill, than it was thought adviseable to put me to a boarding-school. I was accordingly sent to Bromley, where, as soon as my years would permit me among the bigger boys, I distinguished myself at the game of cricket, which is much practised throughout the county of Kent. At this game it happened that I received a blow from the fall of a ball, which beat out my right eye, and laid my nose almost level with my face. I was scarce abroad again after this accident, than, regardless of the many disasters which had befallen me, I climbed a high tree in search of a nest of young rooks.—No sooner had I got my hand into the nest, than the twig on which I stood broke, and down I fell, but not to the bottom : my fate was to encounter the utmost danger, but not to be quite killed.—A good-natured branch of a tree caught hold of the waistband of my breeches, and suspended me in the air, where I hung full an hour, the sport of my companions, who declared that I was an excellent mark, and the finest bird in the whole rookery. At length, however, I was released, and, except a small scratch or two, unhurt.

Whether my fears brought on the necessity of a speedy evacuation ; or, whether it was the common course of nature, I know

not, but I was no sooner safe upon land again, than I betook myself to the necessary-house, my evil genius still attending me. The crazy boards on which I stood gave way, and I sunk in up to my neck. I was, however, immediately released by two of my school-fellows, who placed me under a large pump in the yard, and plied me so plentifully with cold water, by way of a sweetener, that I was as near drowning as I had before been of suffocation.

About six months after this accident, as I was chopping a piece of wood to oblige the cook-maid, I cut off all the fingers of my left hand: the wound was soon healed, but the loss is irreparable. My father now took me from school, in hopes I should be safer under his protection; in which, however, he was much mistaken. Scarce a week has happened, for these seventeen years past, in which I have not encountered some uncommon misfortune.—I have lost five of my teeth by a blow.—My left arm has been broke three times.—Twice have I been gored by an ox.—Three times have I been laid out for dead.—Once have I been cut for the stone.—Twice confined for several months in a mad-house, from the fatal effects of a fever.—And I am, at this very time, as handsome a figure of a fellow (losses, bruises, blows, scars, scabs, and accidents excepted) as ever

the sun shone upon. And, all things considered, my great fear is, that I shall live to be hanged.

G. BENNET.

An Irishman being asked, on a rainy day, what he would take to carry a message to such a place, cried, "Sure, and I'd take a coach!"

A malefactor, near his death, was asked by a fellow-sufferer what were his thoughts of a future world—"Very indifferent," replied he.—"Why?" asked the other:—"Because," replied he, "as there is nobody can carry any thing away with them, there will be few pockets to pick."

The late Lord Lyttleton, hearing that G——, a noted sharper, had married Miss V——, who was an idiot, and daughter of his particular friend, the first time he met the lady's father, being at a loss how to congratulate him upon so extraordinary an event and alliance, at last exclaimed, "By G—d, V——, your grand-children will be prodigies!"—"Why so?" said Mr. V——; "Because," replied his lordship, "your daughter is a fool, and her husband's a rogue; and at school I was taught to believe, that two negatives make an affirmative."

An impertinent fellow, who was a stranger to Lord Guilford, asked him, in the pit of the opera-house, who that plain lady was immediately before him—"That lady," said the noble lord, "is my wife.—It is true that she is a plain woman—I am a plain man—you, I perceive, are a plain dealer, and that's the plain truth!"

A Curious Love-Letter to a Lady.

Most amiable Madam,

After a long consideration of the great reputation, that you have in this nation; for my own preservation, I have a great inclination to become your relation; and to give demonstration of this my estimation, without equivocation, I am making preparation, by a speedy navigation, to remove my habitation, to a nearer situation, for to pay you adoration, for the sake of conversation.

And if this, my declaration, may but find your approbation, it will impose an obligation, without dissimulation, from generation to generation, upon

TIMOTHY OBSECRATION.

Answer.

Man of Ostentation,

I am filled with admiration, and fired with indignation, at your fulsome adulation, and deceitful laudation, I (to your mortifica-

tion) have a great detestation, to the constant tribulation, and usual vexation, of a conjugal station, and to Hymen's abomination, love free evagation, without refranation, and have mighty delectation, in every recreation, sans secret reservation.

You may save your versification, (devoid of adoration), your intended peregrination, or further application, for they will meet with frustration.

Know my solemn protestation, my firm asseveration, and final adjudication, is to make no astipulation, or dull annexation, with a man not worth appellanation, of age for regeneration.

When I incline to fornication, my plan of operation, is with a man of penetration, of vigorous co-operation, a lover of association, and pleasing redintegration, yielding to gubernation; a despiser of recrimination, and all defamation, ready at vindication, without tergiversation.

I here send my negation, to your confabulation, all manner of replication, or any visitation, upon pain of castration, perhaps amputation, or total ruination; and leaving you to meditation, on all words ending in a-tion, till you exhaust the termination, I, without alteration, for my own conservation, sweet pacification, and real consolation, shall

continue my fixation, in perpetual abhorra-
tion, while there's any animation, in

CONSTANTIA VARIATION.

The late Lord Ross engaged an apothecary in Oxford-street to attend three of his servants, who were dangerously ill, and went to Ireland without discharging the account.— In about two years after this event he returned to London, and was traced by the apothecary, who knew his carriage, and stopped him in Bond-street.—Lord Ross enquired for the bill, which the understrapper Esculapius presented in at the window, with a receipt.—The sum total was sixteen pounds ten shillings and six-pence, which the nobleman thinking an exorbitant charge, pulled out his purse, gave the pharmacopolist half-a-guinea, and then ordered his coachman to drive on; but not before the enraged apothecary had surveyed the limited recompence with surprise, and exclaimed, in the hearing of the mob, “Ah! you Irish bite, I have got six and three-pence by you now!”

A beef steak club, as it is called, has been established in Ireland, the first resolution of which is, that the society shall meet once a week, and have but one meat dish for dinner, consisting either of pork griskins or mutton chops!

The following whimsical inscription was put up on a rectangular sign-board by a Watch-maker, in Oxford.

Here—are fabricated and renovated, trochilia horologes, portable and permanent, linguaculous or taciturnal; whose circumgyrations are performed by internal spiral elasticks, or external pendulous plumbages; diminutives, simple or compound, invested with aurum, or argent integuments.—On the other side—

Here—sons of science, and the muse's friend
May find a younger brother to attend,
Who humbly hopes he may their watches
mend.

Dr. Franklin, when in England, used pleasantly to repeat an observation of his negro servant's, when the doctor was making the tour of Derbyshire, &c.:—"Every ting, massa, work in dis country; water work, wind work, fire work, smoke work, dog work (he had before noticed the last at Bath) man work, bullock work, horse work, ass work; every ting work here but de hog! He eat, he drink, he sleep, he do noting all day; de hog be de only gentleman in England!

One day during the last term, as a certain solicitor, of no gentlemanlike appear-

ance, was passing through Lincoln's Inn, with his professional bag under his arm, he was accosted by a Jew, with, "Clows to sell, sir, old clows!" The lawyer, somewhat nettled at this address, from a supposition that Moses mistook him for an inhabitant of Duke's-place, snatched a bundle of papers from their damask repository, and replied, "No, damn your blood, sir, they are all new suits."

A gentleman, where Nash was in company, was speaking of the behaviour of one of our late monarchs; and observed, that his Majesty was so disconcerted at the opposition the ministry made to a gentleman whom he wanted in office, that he threw up the sash, leaned out of the window, and would not speak a word. After a considerable time the nobleman, who was waiting to write down his Majesty's instructions, asked him whose name he would please to have put in the patent—"The devil's, if you will," said the king. "And would your Majesty," said he, "have the address run in the usual form of 'My dearly beloved cousin and counsellor?'" The king was so pleased with this stroke of wit, that he laughed immoderately. "True," says Nash, "but my Lord was not so well pleased; for, as the place was not given to the devil, he had not an

opportunity of obliging his old and most intimate acquaintance.

Nash, seeing a gentleman before him in Fleet-street, whom he took for an old acquaintance, ran after him, and, without speaking a word, clapped him on the shoulder. However, when the gentleman turned, he discovered his error, and asked pardon; but the other grumbled, and seemed displeased. "Pray dont be angry," says Nash, "why, I mistook you for a very honest gentleman;" "How do you know but I am so?" said the other, surlily. "Why, if you are," says Nash, "I shall be a second time disappointed."

A tailor who was accustomed to steal some of his customer's cloth, when he came to make himself a suit stole half a yard of his own; his wife perceiving it, asked the reason. "Oh!" said he, "it is only to keep my hand in, lest I should forget."

A gentleman in the west of England had a present made him of an exceeding fine ostrich, which excited the curiosity of the country, and such numbers went to see it, that, had he been a man of spirit, he might, with reputation, have spent half his fortune; but, as he was an egregious miser, the history

of that country tells us it never cost him a single bottle of wine. Nash, among others, was taken by a relation of the gentleman's to see this uncommon creature. It was in the summer-time, and they had travelled a great way without any refreshment; upon which, Nash desired his friend to make a motion for something to drink; but, he knowing his cousin's disposition, declined it. While they were viewing the animal a dispute arose between the two kinsmen, whether the account of its eating and digesting iron was true or false. After much altercation it was left to the decision of Mr. Nash, who boldly affirmed that they did eat iron; "and, it is my opinion," says he, "this devil has eaten the key of the cellar, or we should have been asked to drink before now."

One of the gamesters, frequenting Bath, having married a lady who brought forth a son before his female acquaintance had finished their reckoning, the company asked Nash what sign it was where six took place instead of nine—"Sign," says Nash; "why, it is a sign that he is a good gamester."

Some years ago there was an ingenious physician at Bath who had waited for patients till his finances were out of repair; in-somuch, that Nash, one day, met, him in the

street dressed, with a large muff upon his hand, but in a ragged night-gown. Such an uncommon appearance excited the attention of Nash, as well as others, who, going up to the doctor, asked him the reason of his appearing in that character—"This, sir, necessity has done for me," says the doctor. "Then necessity," says Nash, "has made you a raggamuffin." But, notwithstanding the coarseness of the joke, Nash felt for the poor gentleman, and did him some signal services.

The corporation of Bath, in honor to Mr. Nash, placed a full length statue of him in the Pump-room, between the busts of Newton and Pope, upon which occasion the Earl of Chesterfield wrote the following severe and witty epigram:

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

Odd Notions of Liberty.

A respectable tradesman, in Liverpool, finding two or three of his best workmen had

been absent for several days, went in search of them, and, after some time, found them in the dark kitchen of a little pot-house, so small, that there were scarcely room to breathe, or turn themselves; where, it seems, they had been for three days alternately drunk and sober. On their master reproaching them for their neglect of business, they told him, that one of their companions having got married, they were determined to enjoy two or three days of liberty.

A Cobbling Punster.

A young lady reprimanded her shoemaker for not following her directions respecting a pair of shoes which she had ordered; and, among other objections, insisted that they were not fellows.—Crispin replied, that he purposely made them so, in order to oblige her, well knowing the chastity of her disposition, and that she was not fond of fellows.

West-country Wit.

As a west-country mayor, with formal address,
Was making his speech to the haughty queen
Bess,
“The Spaniard,” quoth he, “with inveterate spleen,
“Has presumed to attack you, a poor virgin-
“queen;

“ But your Majesty’s courage has made it
 “ appear,
 “ That the Don had ta’en the wrong sow by
 “ the ear.”

A Court-Audience.

Old South, a witty churchman reckoned,
 Was preaching once to Charles the second,
 But much too serious for a court,
 Who, at all preaching, made a sport :
 He soon perceived his audience nod,
 Deaf to the zealous man of God ;
 The doctor stopp’d, began to call,
 “ Pray ’wake the Earl of Lauderdale :—
 “ My Lord, why, ’tis a monstrous thing,
 “ You snore so loud—you’ll ’wake the king !”

*On a Dispute between Dr. Radcliffe and
 Sir Godfrey Kneller.*

Sir Godfrey and Radcliffe had one common
 way
 Into one common garden, and each had a key ;
 Quoth Kneller, “ I’ll certainly stop up that
 “ door,
 “ If ever I find it unlock’d any more.”
 “ Your threats,” replies Radcliffe, “ dis-
 “ turb not my ease ;
 “ And, so you don’t paint it, e’en do what
 “ you please.”
 “ You’re smart,” rejoins Kneller ; “ but,
 “ say what you will,

“ I’ll take any thing from you—but **potion or**
 “ pill.”

A Clown’s Apology to a Doctor.

As honest Richard, a substantial clown,
 Had brought his corn one market-day to town,
 He met the doctor, who look’d vastly big,
 And sternly frown’d beneath his awful wig.
 The clown, whose heart still ran upon his
 treasure,
 Thus guess’d the cause of Syrinx’s displeasure:
 “ I ha’nt been lately at your shop,” quoth
 “ Dick,
 “ But don’t be angry—for I ha’nt been sick.”

The Doctor’s Arms.

A doctor who, for want of skill,
 Did seldom cure—and sometimes kill;
 Contriv’d at length, by many a puff,
 And many a bottle filled with stuff,
 To raise his fortune and his pride;
 And in a coach, forsooth! must ride.
 His family coat, long since worn out,
 What arms to take was all the doubt.
 A friend, consulted on the case,
 Thus answered, with a sly grimace:—
 “ Take some device in your own way,
 “ Neither too solemn nor too gay;
 “ Three ducks, suppose, white, grey, or
 “ black;
 “ And let your motto be, ‘Quack! Quack!’”

The last revel exhibited at the Temple, was in honor of King William, and conducted by Mr. Nash. His Majesty was so well pleased with the management of the master of the revels (as Nash was then called), and with the decorum observed, that he offered to knight him; but Nash, stepping up to the King, begged, if the honor of knighthood was designed for him, that he might be made one of his Majesty's poor knights of Windsor; and then, said he, my fortune would be sufficient to support my title.

We are told that Queen Anne offered Nash the same honor, which he again refused. The Queen, a little surprised, desired to know the reason of his refusal. Nash told her Majesty he was afraid to be knighted, lest Sir William Read, the mountebank (who had just been knighted), should call him brother.

When Nash was one evening employed in Wiltshire's room, in collecting money for the Bath hospital, a lady entered, who was more remarkable for her wit than her charity; and not being able to pass by him unobserved, she gave him a pat with her fan, and said, "You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I have no money in my pockets." "Yes, Madam," says he, "that I will with pleasure, if your Grace will tell me when to

stop." Then taking a handful of guineas out of his pocket, he began to tell them into his white hat, "one, two, three, four, five."—"Hold, hold," says the Duchess, "consider what you are about." "Consider your rank and fortune, Madam," says Nash, and continued telling, "six, seven, eight, nine, ten." Here the Duchess called again, and seemed angry. "Pray compose yourself, Madam," cried Nash, "and don't interrupt the work of charity—eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen." Here the Duchess stormed, and caught hold of his hand. "Peace, Madam," says Nash, "you shall have your name written in letters of gold, Madam, and upon the front of the building, Madam—sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty."—"I won't pay any thing more," says the Duchess. "Charity will cover a multitude of sins," replies Nash—"twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five."—"Nash," says she, "I protest you fright me out of my wits—L—d, I shall die!"—"Madam, you will never die with doing good, and if you do it will be the better for you," answered Nash; and was about to proceed, but perceiving her Grace had lost all patience, a parley ensued, when he, after much altercation agreed to stop his hand, and compound with her Grace for thirty guineas. The Duchess, however, seemed displeas'd the

whole evening, and when he came to the table where she was playing, bid him stand farther off, an ugly devil, for she hated the sight of him. But her Grace afterwards, having a run of good luck, called Nash to her, "Come," says she, "I will be friends with you, though you are a fool; and to let you see I am not angry, there are ten guineas more for your charity."

Two young men demanded a young woman in marriage of her father, one of which was rich, the other poor. The father having given her to the last, some of his friends asked him "why he did not bestow her on the rich man?"—"Because," says he, "the rich man has no wit, and so may grow poor; but the other, who is a wise and sensible man, may grow rich."

A gentleman who had been long attached to Cardinal Mazarin, and much esteemed by that minister, but little assisted in his finances by court favor, one day told Mazarin of his many promises, and dilatory performance. The cardinal, who had a great regard for the man, and was unwilling to lose his friendship, took his hand, and leading him into his library, explained to him the many demands made upon a man in his situation as minister, and which it would be politic to satisfy previ-

ous to other requests, as they were founded on services done to the state. Mazarin's friend replied, " My Lord, all the favor I expect at your hand is this :—that whenever you meet me in public, you will do me the honor to tap me on the shoulder in the most unreserved manner." In two or three years the friend of the cardinal became a wealthy man on the credit of the minister's attention to him ; and Mazarin used to laugh, together with his confidant, at the folly of the world, in granting their protection to persons on such security.

To the pye-house Memory of Nell Bachelour, the Oxford Pye-woman.

Here, into the dust,
 The mouldering crust
 Of Eleanor Bachelour's shoven ;
 Well vers'd in the arts
 Of pies, custards, and tarts,
 And the lucrative skill of the oven.
 When she'd liv'd long enough
 She made her last puff,
 A puff by her husband much prais'd ;
 Now here she does lie,
 And makes a dirt-pye,
 In hopes that her crust shall be rais'd.

A gentleman, apt to be very witty when in liquor, was asked by an acquaintance if he belonged to the play-house. He replied,

“No; why did you ask me?” “Because,” returned his friend, “you are so Dram-attic.”

One John Dennis wrote several pieces of poetry, and always took care to put the initials of his name in a very magnificent stile at the bottom. He one day asked a friend his opinion of his verses. “Why really,” replied the gentleman, “your J. D.’s are very splendid.”

Vicar of Bray.

The reader has frequently heard this reverend son of the church mentioned; probably his name may have outlived the recollection of his pious manœuvres.—The Vicar of Bray, in Berkshire, was a papist under the reign of Henry the Eighth, and a protestant under Edward the Sixth; he was a papist again under Mary, and at length became a protestant in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. When this scandal to the gown was reproached for his versatility of religious creeds, he made answer, “I cannot help that; but, if I change my religion, I am sure I keep true to my principle, which is to live and die Vicar of Bray!”

Anecdote of the Poet Churchill.

A gentleman who was in the habit of speaking oracularly, and with dogmatical

precision, of public characters, said one day, in company with Churchill, whom he had never seen, and did not know by person, that the greatest part of Churchill's works showed the author to have a ready talent of versification, but no poetic fire, inventive genius, or creative fancy. No one took notice of this philippic, and a dead silence ensued for some minutes. Soon afterwards Churchill being addressed by name, gave occasion to make a discovery, which threw the last speaker but one into confusion; and he actually began a long and humiliating apology, till the poet very candidly stopped him by saying, that when he published his works he expected they would be criticised.

A Welch Sermon, said to be preached at a Funeral, by a Minister of Glangothan, in Glamorganshire.

Tearly Beloved,—I am come here among you to make a creat preachment upon that dead pody. My tex is the ten-and-twentieth chapter of Maccabees, te verse, indeed, I cannot ferry well remember, but I am sure it be dere, te words be dese, “Fachilate de orate,” dat is to say, vatch and pray; and I will stick to my text I will warrant you.—Our creat crandfather Adam was a ferry coot man, in coot truth was he, and dwelt in Cot's house in Paradise, and a prave place I'll war-

rant you it was ; he had efry thing provided in his hand, he did not buy so much as a noggin, piggin, or spoon ; he had plenty of apple trees, plum trees, pear trees, sherry trees, cottling trees, and all sorts of trees ; but for want of coot take heed, he was fallen. Ah ! how was he fallen ?—Why, I will tell you how he was fallen. Our creat cranmother Eve, a pox take her for a plaugy package, must needs go a rambling and a changling from home, and coot not stay at home with her own husband, but did rop an orchard ; te devil show't the way, for if dere be any mischief about, te devil and woman must have a finger in the pye, so she came home and persuaded her husband to eat some of her stolen apple ; it was a creat mercy, O Cot, it did not stick in her throat and choak her. After this she proved with child, and was prout to ped of a fine boy, and called his name—I cannot now ferry well remember—O tear, it was Cain ; aye, Cain vas it : he vas a prave lad, but an unlucky rogue like his mother. And a little time after she proved with child again, and was prout to ped of another fine poy, and called his name Apel ; dis vas a very coot lad, for he did stick to part of my text, de did pray ; and had he vatched too before Cot, his brother Cain had never come pehind his pack and knocked out his prains. Dis vas a murder-

ing villain, so he vas obliged to over-run his country, and get him a wife in a strange land, which taught him strange tricks I will warrant you. Thus you see, peloved, how the sins of roppery and murder came upon the earth, and prout a heavy shudgment upon the world; vat you think that vas? I will tell you. It profed those parcel of plaguy lawyers, atornies, and pum-pailiffs, to rop the people and keep their estates and monies all themselves. But after dis their came another sin upon the earth, and prout a heavier shudgment upon all the world. Vat you think that was? It was the sin of trunkeness; for Got's sake, befare of trinking too much; for our crandfather Noah had no sooner escaped a scouring in the ark, and got safe on land again, but he went to the first ale-house he could find, and there he sat trink, trink, all day and all night, and then went home trunk and abused his family. The sin of trunkeness, my peloved, prout heavier shudgment than all the rest; and vat a heavy shudgment do you think it profed? Why, I will tell you. It prout dese destroying locusts, dese consuming catterpillars, those hellish vermin, those cursed Egyptian plagues, joined altogether, excisemen and custom-house officers, to pry into efry nook and and poke for efry drop of coot trink; Cot confound them all, and from them Libra nos

domine, that is to say, Lort deliver us.—In the dreadful day of shudgment, when the parstors shall be called to give an account of the sheep delivered to their charge, and I, your poor unworthy parstor, shall be called to give an account of the sheep delivered to my charge. And when the Lord calls, I will not speak; and when he calls a second time, I will not answer; but when he calls a third time, I will say as old Eli bid Samuel, “On say Lort, for thy servant heareth.” And when he asketh for the sheep delivered into my charge, before Cot, I will tell him, flat and plain, you are all turned goats!—*Amen.*

A gentleman being under the hands of a political barber, who was shaving his head, the tonsor was giving him an account of the seat of the late war in America, and describing Gen. Provost's situation before Charlestown. The barber growing rather tedious, and talking too much, the gentleman told him, that he hoped he was not drawing a map of the country on his head with a razor.

The Welsh peasants who came forward with pitch forks, reaping hooks, and other agricultural instruments, to impede the progress of the buccaniering French, may be said to have been well provided with field-pieces.

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

A lady asked an Irishman how he liked Vestris the dancer. "Upon my shoul," said the Hibernian, "I think he handles his legs very well."

A nobleman telling the husband of a lady remarkably beautiful, that he could never look at his wife without breaking the tenth commandment. "Your Lordship," replied the gentleman, "is welcome to break the tenth commandment as often as you please, provided you do not break the seventh."

Twas no bad joke of Lady Starvegut's footman, who, on the pantry being kept locked, nailed up the necessary. On being asked the reason, he told her Ladyship, while one was unopen the other was unnecessary.

The standers-by, to comfort a poor man who lay on his death bed, told him, he should be carried to church by four very proper fellows. "I thank ye," said he, "but I had much rather go by myself."

The first night that Mr. Dimond made his appearance at Drury-lane Theatre, Lady Spencer was observing to Sir G. W——n, who sat near her, what a number of jews were in the house. “O Lord, Madam,” says Sir George, “I do not wonder at that; consider they are assembled to try the value of a Dimond.”

The Rider and the Sand Boy.

To give the last polish to youth, 'tis agreed,
That travel doth all formal precepts exceed;
It adds ease and freedom to classic-glean'd
knowledge,

Rubs off the school rust and the stiffness of
college.

As proof of this system, what men are so easy
As those who for orders so fluently tease ye;
Who ride round the country, and shew far
and near,

Their Manchester patterns, or Birmingham
ware?

One day after dinner, as some of these wags
Were cracking their filberts and praising their
nags,

A poor shoeless urchin, half-starv'd and sun-
tann'd,

Pass'd near th' inn window, crying, “Buy
my fine sand.”

When saddle-bag Tommy, long fam'd for his
fun,

To banter the dust-cover'd squaller begun,
 "What dost cry there my lad?"—"Why,
 "sand, sir."—"And prithee,
 "Hast got a large stock? I see none of it
 "with thee."
 "Oh! I leaves sand and neddy about the
 "town's borders,
 "And am just going round, sir, to look out
 "for orders."

A clergyman preaching in the neighbourhood of Wapping, observing that most part of his audience were in the sea-faring way, very naturally embellished his discourse with several nautical tropes and figures. Amongst other things, he advised them to be ever on the watch, so that, on whatever tack the devil should bear down upon them, he might be crippled in action. "Aye, master," cried a jolly son of Neptune, "but let me tell you, that will depend upon your having the weather-guage of him."

On the report of Dr. Letsom's death, which falsehood the Doctor, to the great pleasure of all who knew him, was able publicly to contradict himself.

You say I'm dead, I say you lie,
 I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
 If after this my patients die,
 Why verily—I lets 'em.

Jeu d' Esprit.

Southampton's wise sons found the river so
 large,
 Tho' 'twould carry a ship 'twould not carry
 a barge ;
 But soon this defect their sage noddles supplied,
 For they cut a snug ditch to run close by its
 side.
 Like the man who contrived a hole thro' his
 wall
 To admit his two cats, the one great, t'other
 small,
 When a great hole was made for great puss
 to pass thro,'
 Had a little one cut for the little cat too !

All the teeth of a talkative lady being
 loose, she asked a physician the cause of it,
 who answered, " It proceeded from the vio-
 lent shocks she gave them with her tongue."

A certain nobleman, who had not the
 character of being very courageous, one day
 asked a miser what pleasure he experienced
 in hoarding up so many guineas and not mak-
 ing use of them? " I find as many charms in
 them," replied the miser, " as you do in car-
 rying a sword."

At the French academy, Abbe Reignier,
 the secretary, one day made a collection in

his hat of one pistole from every member, to defray the current expences. The Abbe did not observe that the president, who was a very avaricious man, had put his pistole into the hat, and presented it to him a second time. "I have given already," he replied. "I believe it," said the Abbe, "but I did not see it."—"And I," rejoined Fontenelle, who was standing at his side, "saw it, but did not believe it."

The Rev. Mr. — had a pointer called Sancho. One day as he was out a shooting, he unluckily shot the dog's tail off, after which he christened him San-cu.

Epitaph on Mr. Joseph Crump, a Musician of Worcester.

Once ruddy and plump,
 But now a pale lump,
 Bencath this safe tump,
 Lies honest Joe Crump,
 Who wish'd to his neighbour no evil;
 What tho' by death's thump
 He's laid on his rump,
 Yet up he shall jump
 When he hears the last trump,
 And triumph o'er death and the devil.

Minage had hold of a very handsome woman's hand between both his. When she

withdrew it, Pelletier said to him, "There is the best work that ever came from your hands"

A remarkable hard drinker, who was expiring, begged one of his friends, who was at his bed side, to bring him a goblet of water, telling him, "On our death-beds we must be reconciled with our enemies."

*Epitaph in a Country Church-yard near
Aberdeen, Scotland.*

Here lig I, Martin Elmrod,
Have mercy on my soul, gude God,
As I would have on thine ! gin I were God,
And thou wer't Martin Elmrod.

Some persons broke into the stables belonging to a troop of horse, which was quartered at Carlisle, and wantonly docked the tail of every horse close up to the rump.—The captain, relating the circumstance to a brother officer, said he was at a loss what to do with the horses. "I fancy you must dispose of them by wholesale," was the reply. "Why by wholesale?"—"Because you will certainly find it impossible to re-tail them."

A country vicar in the East Riding of Yorkshire, giving his text out of Hebrews, pronounced it He-brews 10 and 12 (meaning

the chapter and verse). An old toper, who sat half asleep under the pulpit, thinking he talked of brewing so many bushels to the hogshead, "By the Lord," says he, "and no bad liquor neither."

A gentleman invited to a funeral desired to be excused, for he said it was a doubt whether the deceased would have attended his, and he always followed the golden rule, "To do as he would be done by."

Whimsical Misfortune of a Jew.

In the year 1428, the Archbishop of Magdeburgh caused all the Jews to be driven out of his diocese, permitting them at the same time to carry with them all their effects. It happened that one jew had the misfortune to fall into a necessary-house, and as his brethren did not come to take him out, because it was Saturday, their sabbath, the archbishop forbid taking him out on the Sunday following, lest the sabbath of the christians should be profaned.

On a Gentleman who expended his whole Fortune in Horse-racing.

John run so long, and run so fast,
No wonder he run out at last.
He run in debt, and then to pay,
He distanced all, and run away.

A Fancy.

Eat what is new,
 Drink what is clear ;
 Speak what is true,
 Keep what you hear.

A certain bishop being one day walking with a person of great rank, and talking of the ignorance and stupidity of the country people, to convince his Lordship of the truth of his assertion, asked a clown, whom they accidentally met, "How many Gods there were?"—"But one," replies the clown, "and yet he is sadly served by all you gentlemen of the cloth."

*Epitaph to the memory of a drowned Man
 in the Church-yard of Whitby, York-
 shire.*

Here lies the body of John Round,
 Who was lost on the sea, and never was found.

An Irishman having bought a sheep's head, had been to a friend for a direction to dress it. As he was returning, repeated the method, and holding his purchase under his arm, a dog snatched it and ran away. "Now, my dear joy," said the Irishman, "what a fool you are making of yourself. What use will it be to you, as you do'nt know how it should be dressed?"

A wit having lost a large gouty shoe, being much afflicted with that disorder, said, "The only harm I wish the thief is, that my shoe may fit him."

A dreadful Sight.

I saw a peacock with a fiery tail,
 I saw a comet drop down hail,
 I saw a cloud begirt with ivy round,
 I saw a sturdy oak creep on the ground,
 I saw a pismire swallow up a whale,
 I saw the sea brim full of ale,
 I saw a convex glass full six feet deep,
 I saw a well filled with tears of men that weep,
 I saw their eyes all in a flame of fire,
 I saw a house high as the moon and higher,
 I saw the sun even at midnight,
 I saw the man who saw this dreadful sight.

A Lady's Instruction to her Chambermaid.

Lay my head on the top of the drawers;
 put my bottom on the chair, and the hips by
 it; take care of my bosom, and do not ruffle
 it; lay this eye in the dressing-box; take
 this shoulder and lay it under my head.

Written on a pane of glass in an inn window.

Our God and soldiers we alike adore,
 Just on the brink of danger, not before.
 After deliv'rance they're alike requited,
 Our God's neglected, and our soldiers slighted.

A gentleman crossing a very narrow bridge, which was not railed on either side to secure passengers from falling, said to a countryman whom he met, "Methinks this narrow cause-way must be very dangerous, honest friend! Pray are not people lost here sometimes."—"Lost! No, sir," replied the man, "I never knew any body lost here in my life; here have been several drowned, indeed, but they were always found again."

*Epitaph in the Church-yard of Dorchester,
Oxfordshire.*

Here lies the body of Mary Sexton,
Who pleas'd many men, but never vex'd one,
Not like the woman under the next stone.

A wise mayor, with his discreet wife, went to see a large ape. As they went in, the ape caught at his wife, and made mouths at her; but the mayor told the ape he was an unmannerly gentleman to mock an ancient woman as his wife was, and a midwife too, and one old enough to be his mother.

Burke once going to a book-case, and finding it locked, said, "This is Locke on Human Understanding."

As an ignorant countryman was walking along Cheapside, he stopt at a fruit-stall to

enquire the price of some fine oranges. "Two-pence a piece, master," replied the woman that kept the stall. "The devil they are," quoth the countryman, "then if a piece cost twopence, what must a whole orange come to?"

The reprobate Lord Ross being on his death bed, was desired by his chaplain to call on God. He replied, "I will, if I go that way, but I don't think I shall."

Two Oxford scholars slept in the same room at college. "Jack," says one, early in the morning, "are you asleep?" "Why," replied the other. "Because if you are not I will borrow half-a-crown of you."—"Is that all? Then I am."

A very ignorant nobleman observing one day at dinner a person eminent for his philosophical talents intent on chusing the delicacies of the table, said to him, "What! do philosophers love dainties?"—"Why not?" returned the scholar, "do you think the good things of this world were made only for blockheads?"

An Irishman passing by the Burton ale-house, in Gray's Inn-lane, was tempted to make a trial of the goodness of the liquor, which he had heard much praised. Accord-

ingly, having taken his seat, he called for his pint, which finding very palatable, he followed it with another, and that with another again ; till, at last, having fairly drank his belly full, he fell into a profound sleep, which lasted for upwards of an hour. On awaking, he rang for the waiter to discharge the reckoning, and desired to know how many pints he had drank. "Six pints, and please your honor," was the answer. "Nay, but by the living Jesus," replied the Irishman, "you have scored me too much ; for I'll wager what you please, that my belly don't hold more than five pints at the utmost." — "That may be," quoth the waiter, "but your honor must remember, that, the ale being good, you have disposed of one pint more ; which, it seems, for want of room in your belly, has entered into your head."

Two sailors were observed, by a gentleman, very busy in lifting an ass over the wall of a pound, where it was confined. On asking the reason, the tars, with true humanity and character, made the following reply :— "Why lookee, master, we saw this here animal aground, without victuals, d'ye see, sir, and so my messmate and I agreed to cut his cable and give him his liberty, because we have known before now, what it is to be at short allowance !"

A young fellow who used generally to spend his evening in the ale-house, was constantly reproached by his wife, on his return, with his stinking breath, "You smell so powerfully of gin, that there is no bearing it."— Having one evening taken a double allowance of his favorite liquor, he staggered so in his way home, that he actually fell into a bog-house up to his very chin. His wife, on his return, testifying her surprise at seeing him in that pickle, and beginning to scold him pretty handsomely. "Hold your tongue," quoth he, "you cannot say that I stink of gin to night."

A certain gentleman, remarkable for his fat, double chin, and well-lined belly, riding into Bristol on horseback, was accosted by one of the corporation; who, thinking to have a laugh at his expence, observed, that he travelled in a different manner from other people, by carrying his pack before him, instead of behind. "True," replied the gentleman, "and very necessary it is to keep one's eye upon one's bags, when one comes among thieves."

A poor hen-pecked, half-starved taylor, having at last taken his leave of this vale of tears, made the best of his way to the mansion of happiness, and knocking at the gate, was

asked by the porter, "Who was there?"—
To which he made answer, "A poor taylor
just come from a troublesome world."—
"Have you ever been in purgatory?" de-
manded the porter, a second time. "No,"
quoth stitch-louse, "but I have been mar-
ried."—"That, indeed," replied the porter,
"is much the same thing;" and accordingly
opened the gate for his admission.—Presently
afterwards a fat alderman, who had gorged
himself to death at a city feast, approached the
gate, and in a haughty magisterial tone de-
manded entrance."—"Patience, good friend,"
said the porter, "have you ever been in pur-
gatory?"—"Why, no," replied his worship,
"but what of that? I saw you this very
moment open the door to a half-starved tay-
lor, who has been no more in purgatory than
myself."—"Aye, but he has been married,"
returned the porter. "Married," quoth the
alderman, "why so have I been too; and
what is more, I have been married three se-
veral times."—"Then pray take yourself
off, and find a place where you can," inter-
rupted the porter, "for this is not a place
for fools."

A certain newly married couple, after
several disputes about prerogative, agreed
one day as they sat by the fire side, that who-
ever asked the first question should resign all

claim in future to wearing the breeches. The man's name was Glump, and his wife's name was Hump. It happened at the time of this dispute, that the pot was on the fire. "Hump, Hump," quoth the husband, pointing to the pot; but not daring to ask his wife to take it off. "Glump, Glump," said the wife; being as little inclined to do it, as her husband; and so between them they let the pot boil over. Anon, a strange dog seized upon one of their young pigs. The same farce was again repeated by our loving couple, and so the poor pig was sadly worried. Soon afterwards a drunken young rake rushed into the house, and clasping the wife round the waist, "A woman I want," says he, "and a woman I'll have, "Not here, though," interrupted the husband, "shall he, Hump?"—"But you asked the first question, though," quoth his wife, "and who is to be master now, pray?"

A fond couple on the eve of marriage, in one of their loving walks, discoursing on sundry matters relative to the holy state in which they were about to enter. "My dear," began the intended bridegroom, "I should be very sorry to conceal a matter, which, should it transpire after our marriage, may, perhaps, occasion you great uneasiness. For this reason I have thought proper to ac-

quaint you, that you must not be surprised if a little son of mine, already made to your hand, should occasionally pay you a visit.— You see, my dear, I deal frankly with you, and I hope you will not take it amiss.”— “Not at all,” replied his mistress, “and, indeed, I have long had it in my mind to inform you of a little girl of mine, which I have proposed for that self same son of your’s, as fine a child as ever you beheld, and of which your friend Roger is father. Now, my intention is, when your child and my child have attained to a proper age, we will have them married to each other, and thereby strengthen the alliance between us.”

On the Monument to Butler’s Memory.

When Butler, needy wretch! was still alive,
 No generous patron would a dinner give.
 See him, when starv’d to death and turned to
 dust,
 Presented with a monumental bust!
 The poet’s fate is here in emblem shown;
 He ask’d for bread, and he received a stone.

A veteran of the halbert employed in raising a regiment of infantry, being overtaken by a gentleman rider, who mistaking him for an officer, brought him to his inn, and introduced him into the room where several gentlemen of the saddle-bags were about

sitting down to supper. The hero of the worsted sash, modestly standing till the rest were seated, found the head of the table only left; there he was placed. Supper done, and all glasses charged, after a long pause, the voice at the bottom of the table, wanting the first toast from the chair, called upon his military president, "Well, sir, what will you give us?" The honest serjeant, infinitely better versed in the doctrine of bounty money than of toasts, mistook the enquiry, and answered quite in character, "I'll give you fifteen guineas and a crown."

An Irish gentleman being in company with several ladies, one of them, who was not altogether remarkable for her beauty, took great pleasure in waiting upon him, handing him tea, &c. which our gallant Hibernian observing, and willing to testify his acknowledgment, "By my faith, madam," he exclaimed, "although you are neither handsome nor well-shaped, you are remarkably good natured and polite."

A merry wag, who had the reputation of being an excellent trencherman, going one day into an eating-house, desired to have an omelet, giving particular orders to have it good. On its being serv'd up, our wag, with evident symptoms of dissatisfaction, put his

hand to his nose and mouth ; which the mistress of the house observing was very much offended, and in none of the politest terms, assured him, that there was no need for him to be more nice than wise ; that the omelet certainly was as sweet as need be, and none of the eggs addled. “ You mistake, good woman,” replied the wag, “ my design in acting in this manner. I have no doubt of the goodness of the omelet, but, as it is so exceedingly small and thin, I put my hand before my mouth that my breath may not blow it away.”

A lady in high life meeting with a gentleman of her acquaintance, who was remarkably ceremonious and polite, insomuch that he refused to be covered in her presence, begged of him to wave all compliments with his hat, and put it on. The gentleman at length obeyed, but observing that the lady was equally polite in curtsyng, could not refrain from exclaiming, “ Pray, my good lady, do me the favour to be less ceremonious, and wave all compliments with your backside.”

A young fellow, who was very partial to lying in bed late in the morning, being taken to task on the subject by one of his friends, made answer, that he was detained every morning by two ladies, named industry

and sloth, who came to plead their cause before him. "I am no sooner awake, than these ladies present themselves. The one desires me to rise, and not waste the precious hours of daylight in slothful inactivity; the other tells me that ease and repose are necessary to man, and that I must not neglect to enjoy them. To this, industry replies with a long string of arguments in defence of her assertions. Sloth does the same, whilst I in quality of judge, sit still and attend to the merit of the cause. But as they cannot be brought to agree in opinion, they generally launch into a wide field of argument, and thus between them both, the morning is generally spent before the dispute is settled, and I am obliged to adjourn the final hearing and decision till the next day."

An Epitaph at Melton Mowbray in Leicestershire.

Here lies the wife of Simon Stokes,
Who lived—and died—like other folks.

✓ A lady being at the play of the Hypocrite, in which there are several Latin sentences, she applied to a macaroni who sat behind her, for an explanation. He said it was dog latin, and he could not explain it. It is strange, cried she, that a puppy should not understand his own language.

On Mr. Edmund Purdon, an Author.

Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
 Who long was a bookseller's hack ;
 He led such a d—e life in this world,
 I don't think he'll ever come back.

A conceited coxcomb once said to a barber's boy, "Did you ever shave a monkey?"
 "Why n, n, n, no, Sir," replied the boy,
 "never ; but if you will p, p, please to sit
 down I will t, t, t, try."

In Cirencester Church-yard.

Our bodies are like shoes, which off we cast,
 Physic their cobbler is, and death their last.

*A methodist Sermon, from G. A. Steven's
 Lectures on Heads.*

Brethren ! brethren ! brethren ! The word brethren comes from the tabernacle, because we all do breathe therein. What are you drowsy ? Then I'll rouse ye ; I'll beat a tat-too upon the parchment cases of your consciences, and whip the devil about like a whirl-a-gig among you. I will, I will, I will, even as the cat,—even as the cat upon the top of the house doth squall out, so from the bottom of my voice will I bawl out ; and the organ pipes of my lungs,—and the organ pipes of my lungs shall play a voluntary among you ; and the sweet words that I shall utter

will sugar candy your souls, and make caraway comfits of your consciences. Do you know how many tailors make a man? Why nine. Nine tailors make a man;—and how many make half a man? Why four journey-men and an apprentice. Even so have ye all been bound apprentice to Miss Fortune, the fashion-maker, and now you are out of your times you have set up for yourselves, you have, you have, you have. Did you ever see a man eating boiling hot hasty-pudding? Do you know how many wry faces he makes when it scalds him? Just so many wry faces will you make when Old Nick has nicked you. My great bowels groan for you, and my small guts yearn for ye. I have got the gripes, the gripes of compassion, and the belly ache of pity. Give me a dram, give me a dram, give me a dram!—a dram of patience I mean, while I explain unto you what reformation and abomination mean; which the worldly wicked have mixed together like potatoes and buttermilk, and therewith make a sinful stir-about.—Reformation is like the comely froth at the top of a tankard of porter; and abomination,—why that is like the dregs at the bottom of the tap-tub.

Have you carried your consciences to the scourer's lately? Have you bought any fuller's earth to take the stains out? You say yes, you have, you have. But I say

no, you lie! you lie! you lie!—I am no velvet-mouthed preacher; I scorn your lawn sleeves. You are full of filth, ye must be boiled and purboiled; yea, ye must be boiled down in our tabernacle, to make portable soup for the Saints to sup a ladle full of, and then the scum and the scalding of your iniquities will boil over, and that is called the kitchen-stuff of your conscience, which serves to grease the cart wheels that carries us over the devil's ditch. Why, there is the devil's ditch, aye, and the devil's gap too. The devil's ditch, that's among the jockies at Newmarket; and the devil's gap, that's among the other jockies, the lawyers, at Lincoln's Inn-fields. And then there's the devil among the tailors, and the devil among the players; yes, yes, the players they play the devil to pay. The play-house is Satan's ground, where women stretch themselves out upon the tenter hooks of temptation. Tragedy is the blank verse of Belzebub, comedy is his hasty-pudding, and pantomine is the devil's country dance.—And yet you'll pay the players for seeing plays; yes, yes, but you won't pay me, not till Belzebub's bumbailiff lays hold of you, and then you think I will pay your garnish, but I won't though; ne, you shall all lay on the common side of the world, like a toad in a hole that is baked for the devil's dinner.

— Put some money in the plate,
 Or I, your preacher, cannot eat,
 For 'tis with grief of heart I tell ye
 How much this preaching scours the belly;
 How pinching to the human tripe
 Is pity's belly-ache and gripe,
 But that religion (lovely maid)
 Keeps a cook's shop to serve the trade.

Do put some money in the plate. Pray put
 some money in the plate, and then all your
 iniquities shall be scalded away, even as they
 scald the bristles off the hog's back; and
 you shall be cleaned from all your sins, as
 easily as the barber shaveth away the weekly
 beard from the chin of the ungodly.

Do put some money in the plate,
 That I, your preacher, now may eat,
 And then I will, whene'er you please,
 With lifted hands, on bended knees,
 Say, sing, and swear, that only those are
 right,

Who crowd this tabernacle every night.

A certain apothecary, in a country town,
 had a very large monkey, which he dressed
 up in man's clothes, and generally left to
 watch the shop. It happened one day that
 an Irishman, being in want of change for
 half a guinea, called in at the apothecary's
 shop to get it. He accordingly walked in,
 and, mistaking the monkey for an apprentice,

requested of him to give him change. The monkey heard his request without making any reply, as, indeed, he could not be expected to do; and stretching forth one of his paws, took up the half guinea, which lay upon the counter, and dropt it into the till. Hereupon he scampered away up stairs, leaving the Irishman to stand kicking his heels by himself. Pat's patience being at length exhausted, when he saw no signs of the monkey returning with his money, he began to stamp, curse, and rave, at a devil of a rate; swearing by all that's sacred, that he would not leave the shop without his money. This noise brought down the master, who, in a very angry tone of voice, desired to know the cause of all this tumult. Hereupon the Irishman recounted his story, at which the apothecary could not refrain from laughing heartily, and informed him, that what he mistook for the 'prentice was no other than a monkey, which had lived in the family for several years. This, however, would not satisfy Pat, who fancied that the apothecary was only cramming him, and therefore began to breed a greater riot than before. This, as is usual in such cases, drew together a large mob round the door, who almost all of them took part with the Irishman, and insisted that the apothecary should return the money. In the midst of this confusion,

the monkey, who had been the cause of all this uproar, looked out at the garret window, and seeing such a crowd of people, he very deliberately took up the chamber-pot, and discharged its oderiferous contents upon their heads.

The following is a Copy of a Painter's Bill, presented to the Vestry for work done in a Country Church.

To filling up the chink in the red sea, and repairing the damages of Pharaoh's host.

To a new thief on the cross.

To cleaning six of the Apostles, and adding an entire new Judas Iscariot.

To a pair of hands for Daniel in the lion's den, and a set of teeth for the lioness.

To a new alteration in the Belief, mending the Commandments, and making a new Lord's Prayer.

To repairing Nebuchadnezar's hand.

To mending the pitcher of Jacob's daughter.

To a pair of sleeves for Susannah's shift, and repairing the breeches of one of the elders.

To cleansing the whale's belly, varnishing Jonah's face, and mending his left arm.

To a new skirt to Joseph's garment, and a lascivious eye for Potiphar's wife.

To a sheet anchor, a jury mast, and a long boat, for Noah's ark.

- To** adding some Scotch cattle to Pharaoh's lean kine,
- To** making a new head for Holofernes, and cleaning Judith's hands.
- To** making perfect the Eunuch attending on Esther.
- To** giving a blush to the cheeks of Eve, on presenting the apple to Adam.
- To** mending the net in the miraculous draught of fishes.
- To** a perspective glass for David viewing Bethsheba, and mending his right eye.
- To** painting a new city in the land of Nod.
- To** cleansing the garden of Eden, after Adam's expulsion.
- To** finishing the tower of Babel, and furnishing most of the figures with new heads.
- To** painting a shoulder of mutton, and a shin of beef, in the mouths of the two ravens feeding Elijah.

A gentleman passing through a village in Lincolnshire, his attention was excited by an annunciation from the mouth of a parish clerk in the following words:—"I am to give notice, that, whereas King George the Third, of London, has ordered his proclamation to be read in our church on Sunday next, for the suppression of immorality; after which there will be a piece of beef roasted at my house, the King's Head, for all comers

and goes ; and on Monday, a large badger will be baited up my backside."

A new Mode of Challenging a Jury.

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

Epitaph on a Watch-maker, in Aberconway Church-yard.

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

PETER PENDULUM, watch-maker.

Integrity was the mainspring,
and prudence the regulator,
of all the actions of his life.

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

So nicely regulated were all his motions,
that he never went wrong,
except when set a-going by people who did not
know his key ;
even then he was easily
set right again.

He had the art of disposing his time so well,

that his hours glided away
 in one continued round
 of pleasure and delight,
 till an unlucky minute putting
 a period to his existence,
 he departed this life, wound up,
 in hopes of being taken in hand
 by his maker,
 and of being thoroughly cleaned, repaired,
 and set a-going,
 in the world to come !

A gentleman asked a Colonel of Militia,
 “ How the besiegers at Valenciennes managed to destroy the men working in the zig-zags ? ” The reply from the intelligent warrior was, “ By having crooked artillery, to be sure.”

Comparisons of Drunkenness.

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

The Mareschal of Toiras having made every necessary regulation for an approaching battle, an officer asked leave of absence, that he might receive his father's blessing, who, he said, was at the point of death. The mareschal, who suspected the cause of his retreat, answered him thus, "Go, honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be prolonged to you."

The grey Mare the better Horse.

A gentleman of a certain county in England having married a young lady of considerable fortune, and with many other charms; yet finding, in a very short time, that she was of a high domineering spirit, and always contending to be completely mistress of him and his family, he was resolved to part with her. Accordingly he went to her father, and told him he found his daughter of such a temper, and was so heartily tired of her, that if he would take her home again he would return him every penny of her fortune.

The old gentleman, having enquired into the cause of the complaint, asked him, why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was the common case with them all, and consequently no more than he ought to have expected when he entered into the married state? The young gentleman desired to be excused, if he said he

was so far from giving his assent to this assertion, that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled; and as, most certainly, no man, who had a sense of right and wrong, could ever submit to be governed by his wife. "Son," said the old man, "you are but little acquainted with the world; if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all, indeed, by the same method; however, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said to the proof, if you have a mind to try it. I have five horses in my stable, you shall harness these in a cart, into which I will put a basket containing one hundred eggs; and if, in passing through the country, and making a strict inquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, and leaving a horse in the house of every man who is master of his own family himself, and an egg only where the wife governs, you will find your eggs gone before your horses; I hope you will not think then your case uncommon, but will be contented to go home, and look upon your own wife as no worse than her neighbours. If, on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter home again, and you shall keep her fortune."

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected, our young-married man, there-

fore, set out with great eagerness to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and his wife.—At the first house he came to he heard a woman, with a shrill and angry voice, call to her husband to go to the door. Here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making any inquiry; at the next he met with something of the same kind, and at every house, in short, until his eggs were almost gone, when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the county; he knocked at the door, and enquiring for the master of the house, was told by a servant, that his master was not yet stirring, but, if he pleased to walk in, his lady was in the parlour. The lady, with great complaisance, desired him to seat himself, and said, “if his business was very urgent she would wake her husband and inform him of it, but had much rather not disturb him.” “Why really, Madam,” said he, “my business is only to ask him a question, which you can resolve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenuous with me; you will, doubtless, think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite, for any one, much more a stranger, to ask such a question; but as a very considerable wager depends upon it, and may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse. It is, Madam, to desire to be informed whether you govern your hus-

band or he governs you?" "Indeed, Sir," replied the lady, "this is somewhat odd, but as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty, I shall make no scruple to say, that I have always been proud to obey my husband in all things; but if a woman's own word in such a case will not do, let him answer for me, for here he comes."

The gentleman at that moment entering the room, and, after some apologies, being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her own favor; upon which he was invited to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present.—A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most, but the lady desired he would choose the grey mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side-saddle. Her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be the most useful to them, but madam still persisted in her claim to the grey mare. "What," said she, "and will you not take her then? But I say you shall, for I am sure the grey mare is by much the better horse." "Well, my dear," replied the husband, "it must be so."—"You must take an egg," replied the gentleman carter, "and I must take my horses back again, and endeavor to live happy with my wife."

Mrs. Webb, of Covent-Garden Theatre, was rehearsing the part of Lady Anne, in Richard the third, at Lynn, in Norfolk, in much distress, about the year 1778. When she came to that passage where the disconsolate fair utters, "Shall I never have rest again." Her irresistible landlady, who had been listening, suddenly popped her head into the room, and with her arms a-kimbo, bellowed, "No, thou waggabone, that thou shassn't, till you have paid me for your board and lodging."

Mr. Rook, of Covent-Garden Theatre, advised a scene-shifter to get a subscription, upon receiving an accident. A few days after, he desired the man to shew him the list of names, which he read, and returned it to the poor fellow; who, with some surprise, said, "Mr. Rook, won't you give me something?"—"Is it me you mane, my dear? Why zounds man, didn't I give you the hint?"

Lord Mansfield and a Jew.

"Mr. Abrahams," said Lord Mansfield, "this man is your son, and cannot go in the same bail bond."—"He ish not my son, my Lord."—"Why, Abrahams, here are twenty in the court will prove it."—"I will shwear, my Lord, he is not."—"Take care, Abrahams, or I shall send you to the King's

Bench.—"Now, my Lord, if your Lordship pleases, I will tell the truth."—"Well, I shall be glad to hear the truth from a Jew."—"My Lord, I wash in Amsterdam two years and three-quarters. When I came home I findsh dis lad. Now the law obliges me to maintain him; consequently he ish but my son-in-law."—"Well, Moses," rejoined Lord Mansfield, "this is the best definition of a son-in-law I ever heard."

A Country Quarter Sessions.

Three or four parsons, full of October;
 Three or four squires, between drunk and sober;
 Three or four lawyers, three or four liars;
 Three or four constables, three or four cryers;
 Three or four parishes, bringing appeals;
 Three or four writings, and three or four seals;
 Three or four bastards, three or four w—s;
 Tag, rag, and bobtail, three or four scores;
 Three or four statutes, misunderstood;
 Three or four paupers, all praying for food;
 Three or four roads, that never were mended;
 Three or four scolds—and the Session is ended.

A gentleman who drank hard being seized with a fever, had a consultation of physicians, who, while in his bedroom, dis-

puted about the best method of abating the thirst and curing the fever. "Gentlemen," said the patient, "permit me to put in a word, and I'll engage to take half the trouble off your hands. Do you cure the fever, and I'll abate the thirst myself."

An Irish Colloquy. Scene, Bloody Bridge, Dublin, in the year 1740.

"I say, you Mullooney, by the Holy Father, I've found the hand of a body—look at it, Paddy, do you know whose it is?"—"Oghone,—ah! bad luck to my mother's son, but I know it as well as he that made it. Its Paddy Fogarty's, myself knows it by the thick thumb."

A soldier falling into the Thames, he was asked what regiment he belonged to?—He answered, "The Life Guards."—"Nay, my lad," said a by-stander, "I think you must be mistaken, for you certainly belong to the Cold-stream."

An Irish gentleman being ill; and advised by a friend to take advice, said he believed Dr. R—— would be as well as any one else. "By no means," said his friend, "Dr. R—— is a quack, send for one of the faculty."—"With all my heart," replied he, "though

the only difference that I could see between a regular physician and a quack is, that you die under one and the other kills you."

Mr. Bearcroft and a Jew.

"My Lord," said Mr. Bearcroft to Lord Kenyon, "this fellow's word is not worth a farthing, he is the worst member of the whole tribe of Levi. In the six days of the week he follows six different professions,—on Monday he is a dealer in old clothes; on Tuesday he sells red slippers, sewed with burnt thread; on Wednesday he is a bailiff's follower."—"And pray my Lord," interrupted the Jew, "is it not better that I should follow the bailiffs, than that the bailiffs should follow me?" The bear was muzzled!

To Mr. Peter Petteward, parson, at Putney; per penny-post.

Sir,—I pray permission to acquaint you, that Polly and I have been pressed to partake of a plentiful dinner provided by Mr. Paul Pufferust; and as you always petition me to tell the particulars, I shall first present you with the party. There was Mr. Pufferust's nephew, the pastrycook; Mr. Price, the pewterer; Mr. Pulpit, the parson, with Mrs. Pulpit; Mr. Pullet, the poulterer, who was put in a passion because he had been prevented from possessing that portion of his

property which was previously provided for him; Mr. Prettyman, the pawnbroker; Mr. Parapet, the plasterer; and old Prose, the poet; with a parcel of very pretty ladies.—The dinner provided was very pretty, and put on the table in the following order:—a pair of fine plaice, a couple of pullets, a venison pastry, some potted plover, a pig, and plenty of pastry, with plates full of pears, plumbs, peaches, pine apples, and pomgranates. After dinner was placed on the table, plenty of port, which Prose, the poet, pushed about pretty briskly, till it put all the poetry out of his pate, and made him puffed up with pride, as he never, perhaps, before partook of a pint of port; but presently one of the party told him his poetry was a paltry performance, which put him in a passion, but he was prevailed on by Mr. Pullet to be pacified and put up with the affront, which old Prose promised to do; so that pushing the port about, being jovial, and all pretty good friends again, I persuaded myself to push homewards. I parted from them in pretty good time, and now I have put pen to paper, to tell you these particulars; and as I am pretty full of punch and port you must excuse my troubling your patience to peruse this epistle, and permit me to subscribe myself,

Your penitent parishioner.

PETER PEPPER-BOX.

Bar Anecdote.

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

*Epitaph in St. Michael’s Church-yard,
Crooked-lane, London.*

Here lies the body of Robert Preston, late a drawer at the Boar’s Head Tavern, in Great East Cheap, who departed this life March 16, 1730, aged 27 years.

Bacchus to give the toping world surprize,
 Produc’d our sober son, and here he lies :
 Tho’ nurs’d among full hogsheads, he defy’d,
 The charms of wine, and every vice beside.
 O reader ! if to justice thou’rt inclin’d,
 Keep honest *Preston* daily in thy mind :
 He drew good wine, took care to fill his pots,
 Had sundry virtues that outweigh’d his faults ;
 You that on Bacchus have the least depend-
 ence,
 Pray copy Bob, in measure and attendance.

A clergyman preaching a sermon on some particular patriarch, was extremely high in his panegyric, and spoke of him as far excelling every saint in the calendar. He took a view of the celestial hierarchy, but in vain, he could not assign to his saint a place worthy

so many virtues as he possessed ; every sentence ended thus : where then can we place this great patriarch ? One of the congregation, tired at last of the repetition, exclaimed, " As I am going away, you may put him in my pew."

A gentleman of acknowledged political sagacity, whilst conversing on the great burthen of taxes, being asked what he thought of the double toll upon turnpikes, concisely answered, "A highway robbery."

✓ A man and his dog, named Cuckold, going out together in the evening, in returning home, "Oh mother (says the boy), Cuckold's come !" " Nay, then child (replied the mother), your father is not far off."

A gentleman observing hung at a lady's watch, the picture of her deceased husband, who had hastened his end by intemperance in connubial joys, said it was barbarous in her to hang him in chains so near the place of execution.

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

Some persons in Edinburgh murmuring and complaining that none of the royal family ever made a tour that way to visit Scotland; "Recollect yourself," said an Englishman, "can you forget that the Duke of Cumberland paid you a visit in the year 1745?"

The following curious fact happened in Ireland.

A man was ordered to be hanged on a Wednesday, for being an United Irishman; but on that day, a principal officer who must be present at the execution, was engaged on a hunting party. He asked the poor fellow as a favour, that if it made no difference to him, he wished he would be hanged on the day before, that is Tuesday. The miserable creature said, it was all one to him whether he was hanged on a Tuesday or a Wednesday; and to oblige the officer, Tuesday should be the day; and it was accordingly.

✓ *Retaliation; or Conceit can kill or cure.*

A young gentleman having served his apprenticeship to a country doctor, whose practice was pretty extensive, determined to travel for the sake of improvement. His old master, who was fond of his ease, wished much to retain him in his service; and for that purpose made him several very advantageous proposals, and even offered under cer-

tain conditions, to admit him as a partner: but the young man could not be dissuaded from his determination to travel. Hereupon his master, vexed at his obstinacy, told him, that although he had instructed him in all that he had agreed to do, there was yet one secret in the profession, which unless he was master of, he could never be a complete doctor; and which he offered to reveal to him, provided he would continue in his service. This speech greatly disconcerted the young gentleman, who was sadly mortified to think he should be deficient in any thing so essentially necessary to his profession; for which reason he offered to pay his master any reasonable sum to put him in possession of the said secret; but could by no means be prevailed upon to continue with him. Hereupon the master finding all his efforts ineffectual, demanded the extravagant sum of two hundred pounds, which, after long hesitation, was at length agreed to, and the money being counted down, the pupil was informed that the whole mystery was contained in these few words: Conceit can kill and cure. Not a little chagrined at finding himself imposed upon in this manner, the young gentleman took his leave, and pocketing for the present his resentment, resolved to contrive some method or other of being even with his master. After being absent rather better than a year, he returned to his native

town, and disguising himself in the character of a mountebank, fixed his stage not far from his old mster's house, where he had soon the satisfaction of seeing himself surrounded by a large concourse of people, to whom he related the wonderful cures he had performed, and the amazing virtues of his nostrums and drugs. From his great skill in pharmacy, he next digressed to his knowledge in the occult sciences, which he pretended was so great, that he could tell how long any one had to live.—“For instance,” says, he, pointing to his late master, who by this time had joined the crowd, “that old gentleman there, in the velvet cap, will most assuredly die before the end of this week, unless he makes haste to take my advice, which alone can save him.” This speech did not fail of the desired effect upon the old gentleman, who soon went home, and revolving in his mind what the mountebank had said, presently began to fancy himself out of order. He tried a cordial, but still thinking of the ominous words, it had no effect; wherefore, as he found himself grow worse and worse, he took to his bed, and the disorder still increasing, he sent for the stranger who had denounced this terrible judgment upon him. Our mountebank accordingly made his appearance, and after a deal of strange jargon, and wretched wry faces, pro-

nounced his disorder incurable, unless he could afford to purchase a prolongation of his life, for which the stranger asked the extravagant price of two hundred guineas. The doctor, who, next to his life, loved money above all things, would fain have stipulated for a less sum : but the mountebank was peremptory, and would not bate a farthing of his demand. Hereupon, as the doctor still demurred, he went away, but was soon sent for again, the hopes of life in the present case outweighing the love of money.—The doctor was helped out of bed, and placed in a great arm chair, with his night-gown on ; the window-curtains were drawn back, that the room might be light. The pretended mountebank having withdrawn a little while, returned in his usual dress, and bowing respectfully to his old master, repeated the words :—*Conceit can kill; and conceit can cure.* Struck with the justness of the retaliation, the doctor became well as suddenly as he had been ill : the young gentleman relinquishing all further thoughts of travelling, married his master's daughter, and in process of time became sole master of the business ; but still remembering the story of *conceit*, and how dear he had himself paid for the secret, he neglected not to apply it occasionally, and found it of infinite service to him in all his future practice.

Curious Letter.

DEAR FATHER,

I write to you this day, which is Monday, and send it by the messenger, who goes from here Tuesday ; he will be in London by Wednesday, and you will receive my letter Thursday ; you will please to let me have the money Friday ; if not, I shall quit this place Saturday, and be with you on Sunday.

Your Son,

EPHRAIM HASTY.

*Epitaph in St. Nicholas's Church-yard,
Nottingham.*

Here lies a marksman, who with art and skill,
When young and strong, fat bucks and does
did kill ;

Now conquer'd by grim Death, go reader
tell it,

He's now took leave of powder, gun, and
pellet.

A fatal dart, which in the dark did fly,
Has dropt him down amongst the dead to lie.
If any want to know the poor slave's name,
'Twas old Tom Booth,—ne'er ask from
whence he came,

He's hither sent, and surely such another,
Ne'er issu'd from the belly of a mother.

A little boy having been much praised
for his quickness of reply, a gentleman ob-

served, when children were so keen in their youth, they are generally stupid and dull as they advance in years. "What a very sensible boy must you have been, Sir," then replied the child.

An Irishman, at an assize in Cork, arraigned for felony, before Judge Montenoy, was asked who he would be tried by? "By no one, by Jasus," said he. The jailor desired him to say, "By God and his country." "Upon my shoul I will not," says paddy, "for I don't like it all, at all, my dear."—"What's that you say, honest man," says the judge. "See there now," says the criminal, "his lordship, long life to him, calls me an honest man, and why should I plead guilty."—"What do you say?" says the judge, in an authoritative voice. "I say, my Lord, I won't be tried by God at all, for he knows all about the matter, but I will be tried by your Lordship and my country."

In a cause respecting a will at Derby assizes, evidence was given to prove the testatrix (an apothecary's wife) a lunatic; and amongst other things it was deposed that she had swept a quantity of pots, phials, lotions, potions, &c. into the street, as rubbish—"I doubt," said the Learned Judge, "whether sweeping physic into the street, be any proof

of insanity.”—“ True, my Lord,” replies the Counsel, “ but sweeping the pots away certainly was.”

Charles V. speaking of the different languages of Europe, thus characteristically described them :—The French is the best language to speak to one’s friend—the Italian to one’s mistress—the English to the people—the Spanish to God—and the German to a horse.

A little girl, the daughter of the proprietor of a coal-mine, after attentively listening to an account given her of hell, by her father, who said it was a place where the devil perpetually roasted sinners at an immense fire, exclaimed, “ O papa ! have not you interest enough with the devil to get him to take his coals of you ? ”

Wrote on a pane of glass in Oxford.

He that drinks well, sleeps well ; he that sleeps well, sins not : Ergo, He that drinks well, sins not.—*Dr. Swift.*

After the putting up of some inscriptions and attempts having been made to deface them, or pull down the sign, the proprietor stuck up the following caveat at his shop window :—Whereas an attempt was made last night about the hour of twelve, to storm the horn-work of this castle, by four batter-

ing blunderbusses, (enemies to wit and humour) without any previous declaration of war : friendly notice is hereby given, that the owner will defend his property with artillery. Therefore, beware.

† “Who is that very red-faced lady, pray?” said one gentleman to another, at a rout. “Why,” answered the other, with whom the lady in question was no favourite, “I take her to be the scarlet fever that goes about.”

A gentleman saying one day at a table, that he could not endure a breast of mutton : “You said so the other day,” cried another, “of a breast of veal.” “Very true,” answered the first, “I do not love the breast of any thing but of a woman, and that goes against my stomach.”

Epigram.

Two drabble-tail'd drabs, pot acquaintances,
meeting,
Moll hinted to Bess an old promise of treating.
“You shall have it, and welcome,” cries Bess,
cunning b—h.
Moll in raptures shook hands, and was given
the i—h.

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

*On Coleman, a plotting Papist in the Reign
of Charles the second.*

If heaven be pleas'd when sinners cease to sin;
If hell be pleas'd when sinners enter in;
If earth be pleas'd when ridden of a knave;
Then all are pleas'd—for Coleman's in his
grave.

On a drunken Landlord.

Landlord, with thee now even is the wine,
For thou hast pierc'd his hogs-head, and he
thine.

None fight with true spirit who are over-
loaded with cash. A man who had been for-
tunate at cards was applied to, to act as a
second in a duel, at a period when the seconds
engaged as heartily as the principals. "I
am not," said he, "the man for your pur-
pose just at present, but go and apply to
him, from whom I won a thousand guineas
last night, and I warrant you he will fight
like any devil."

"Your unchristian virulence against
me," said a Huguenot who had been perse-
cuted for preaching, "shall cost hundreds
of people their lives." This menace brought
the author into trouble; he was cited to a
court of justice, and was charged with har-
bouring the most bloody designs against his

fellow subjects. "I am innocent," said he, "of all you lay to my account. My only meaning was, that I intended, since I could not act as a minister, to practice as a physician."

A fashionable Countess asking a young nobleman which he thought the prettiest flowers, roses or tulips. He replied with great gallantry, "Your Ladyship's two lips before all the roses in the world."

A gentleman entering into the study of his friend, who was a youth of the poet tribe, and finding him absent, and the following unfinished stanza lying on the table:—

The sun's perpendicular height
 Illumin'd the depths of the sea;
 Took up the pen, and thus concluded it:—
 And the fishes beginning to sweat,
 Cried damn it, how hot we shall be.

A gentleman happened one day to go into the apartment of his nephew, who was playing on the violin, where the following dialogue passed between them:

Uncle.—Charles, I am afraid that with fiddling you lose a great deal of time.

Nephew.—Sir, I endeavour to keep time.

Uncle.—You mean rather to kill time.

Nephew.—No, Sir, I only beat it.

A person of the name of Rose having married a Miss Lilly, a gentleman observed, this is what Dr. Darwin might justly denominate the loves of the plants.

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

On Mr. Pitt being pelted by the mob when going to Guildhall on the Lord Mayor's Day, 1785.

The city feast inverted here we find,
For Pitt had his desert before he'd din'd.

Legal Pun.

In a case of incompetent bail the party was asked, what was his profession? He answered, that he was a colourman. On which Lord Kenyon remarked, "Then, Sir, you are merely brought here in the way of your business, to give a colour to this transaction."

A wag was observing, that upon looking on the play-bills, they afforded a good matrimonial lesson; for first you was put in the Way to get Married, and then came instructions how to Rule a Wife and have a Wife,

which probably was by keeping her under Lock and Key ; but even this perhaps would not prevent her finally proving The Deserter.

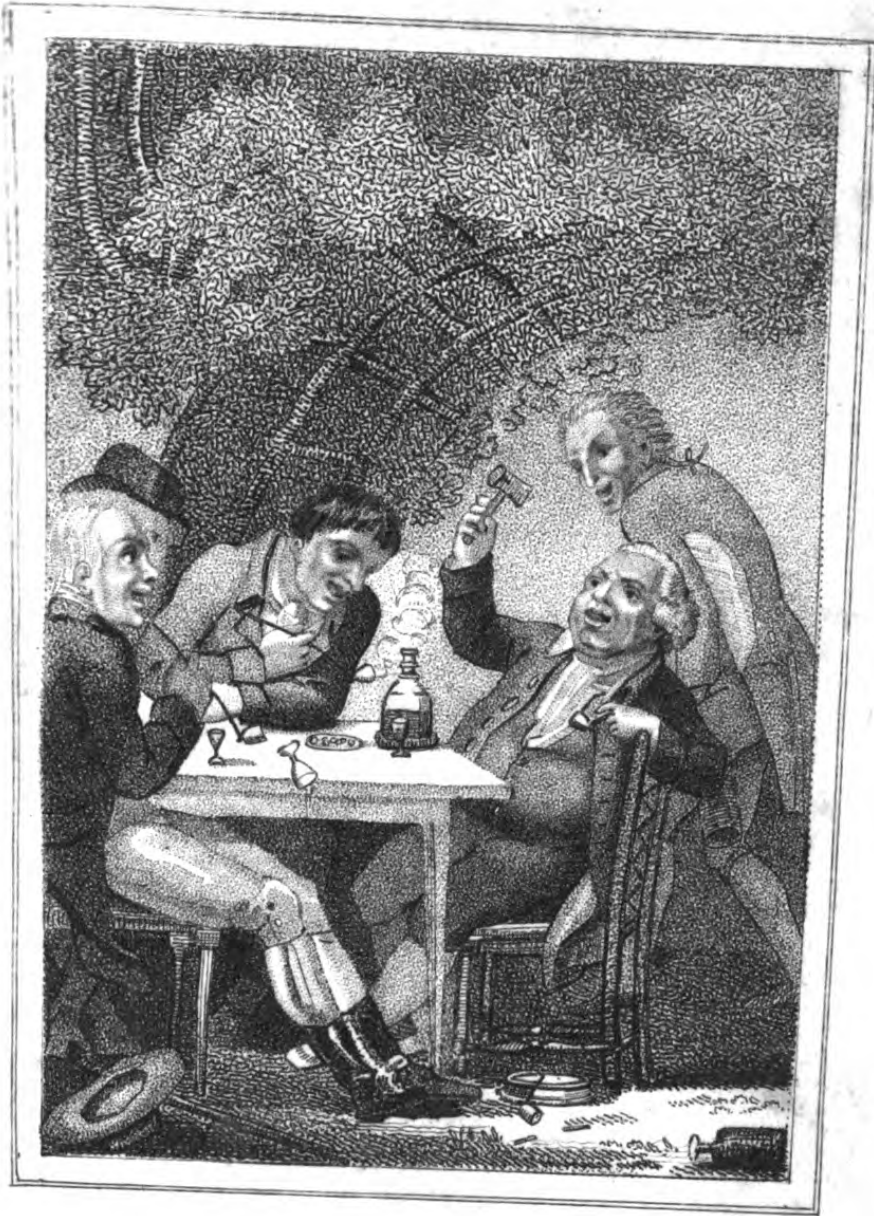
A new Mode of Courtship.

A young gentleman and lady in a church, in America, happened to be in the same pew ; during the sermon the youth read something in the eyes of the fair one, which made a deeper impression on her mind than the pious lecture of the preacher. As love is seldom without an expedient, he presented her with the following verse from the 2d epistle of John :—“ And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another.”—After perusal she, in answer, opened to the 1st chapter of Ruth, verse 16 :—“ And Ruth said, entreat me not to leave thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge ; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.”

FINIS.

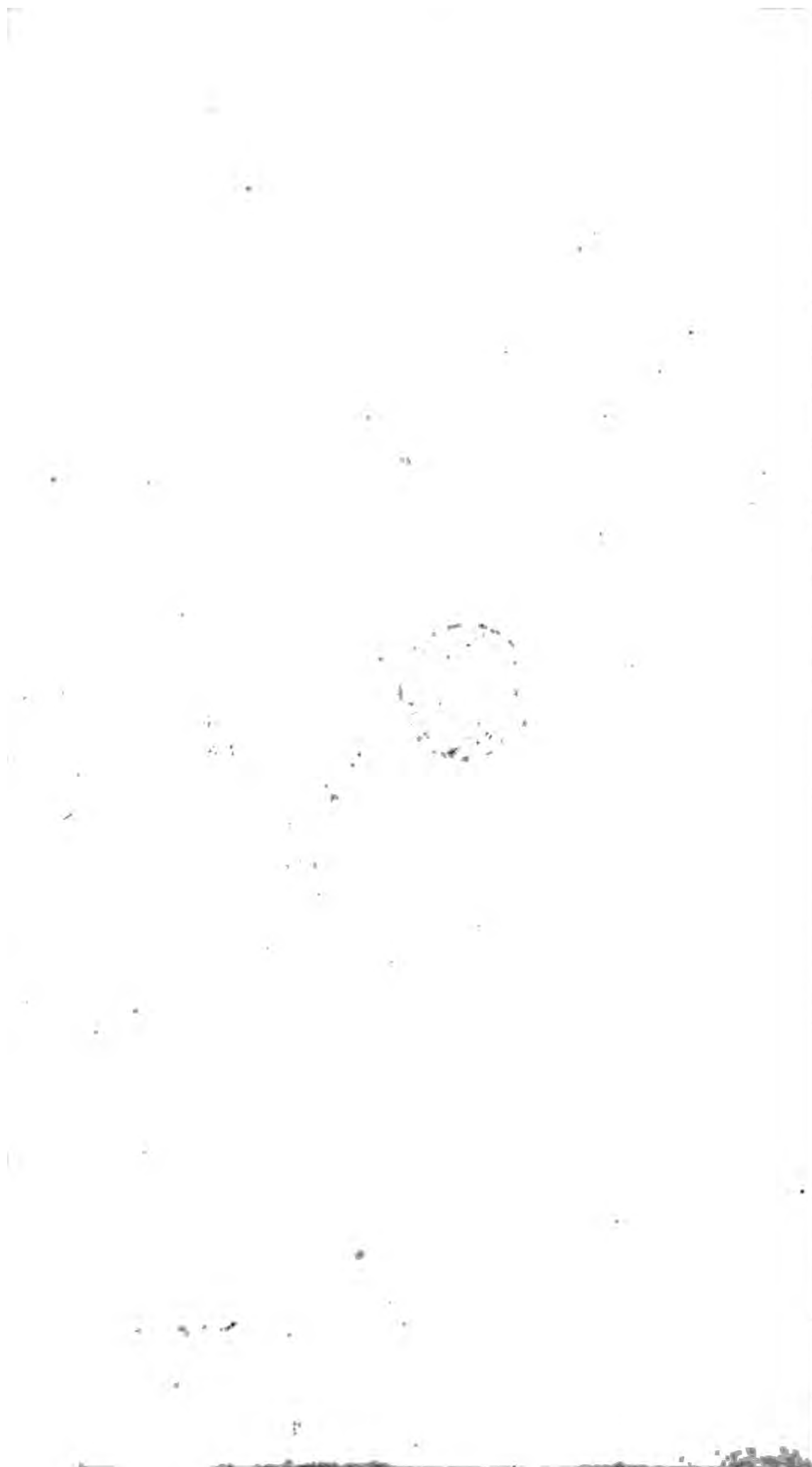


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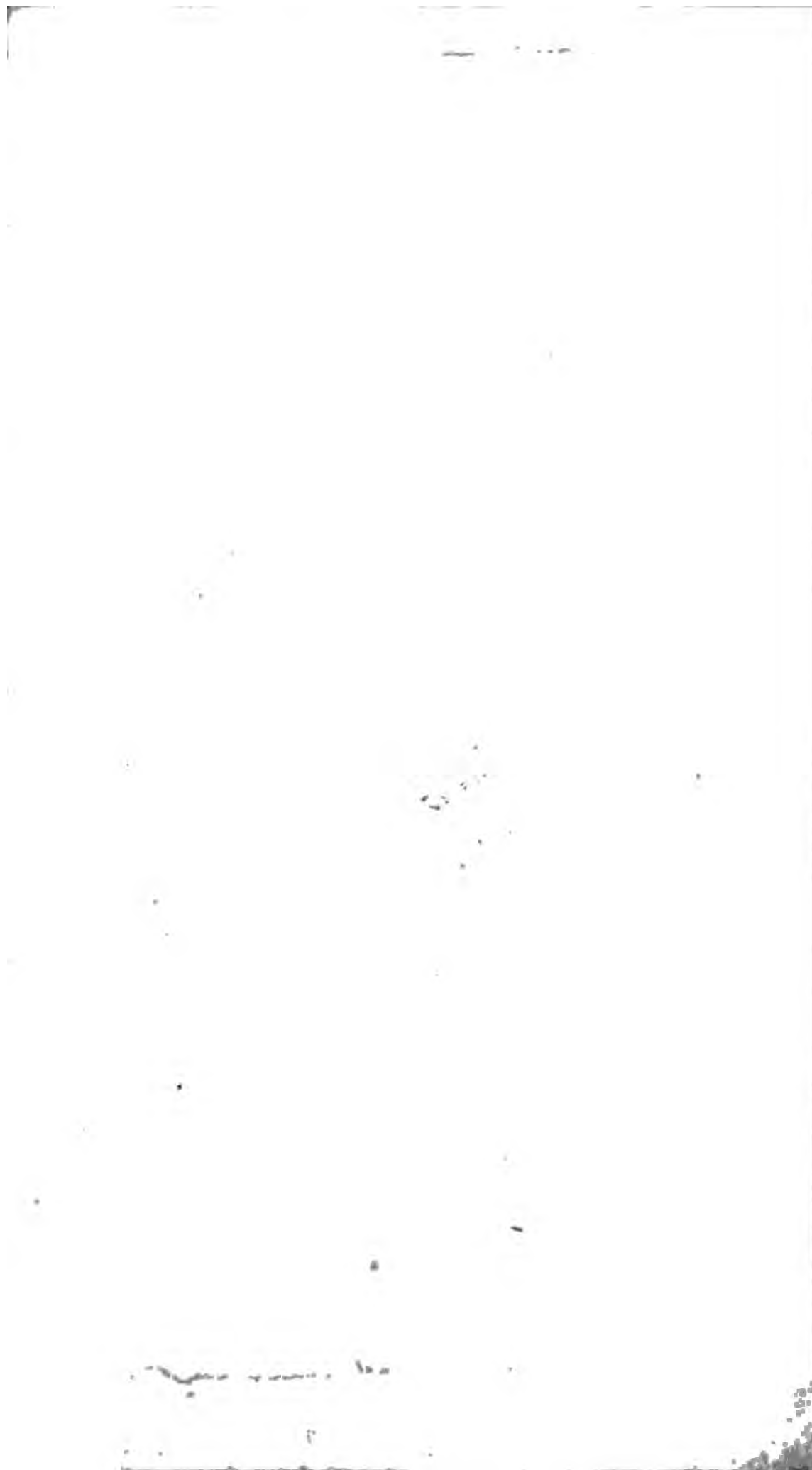




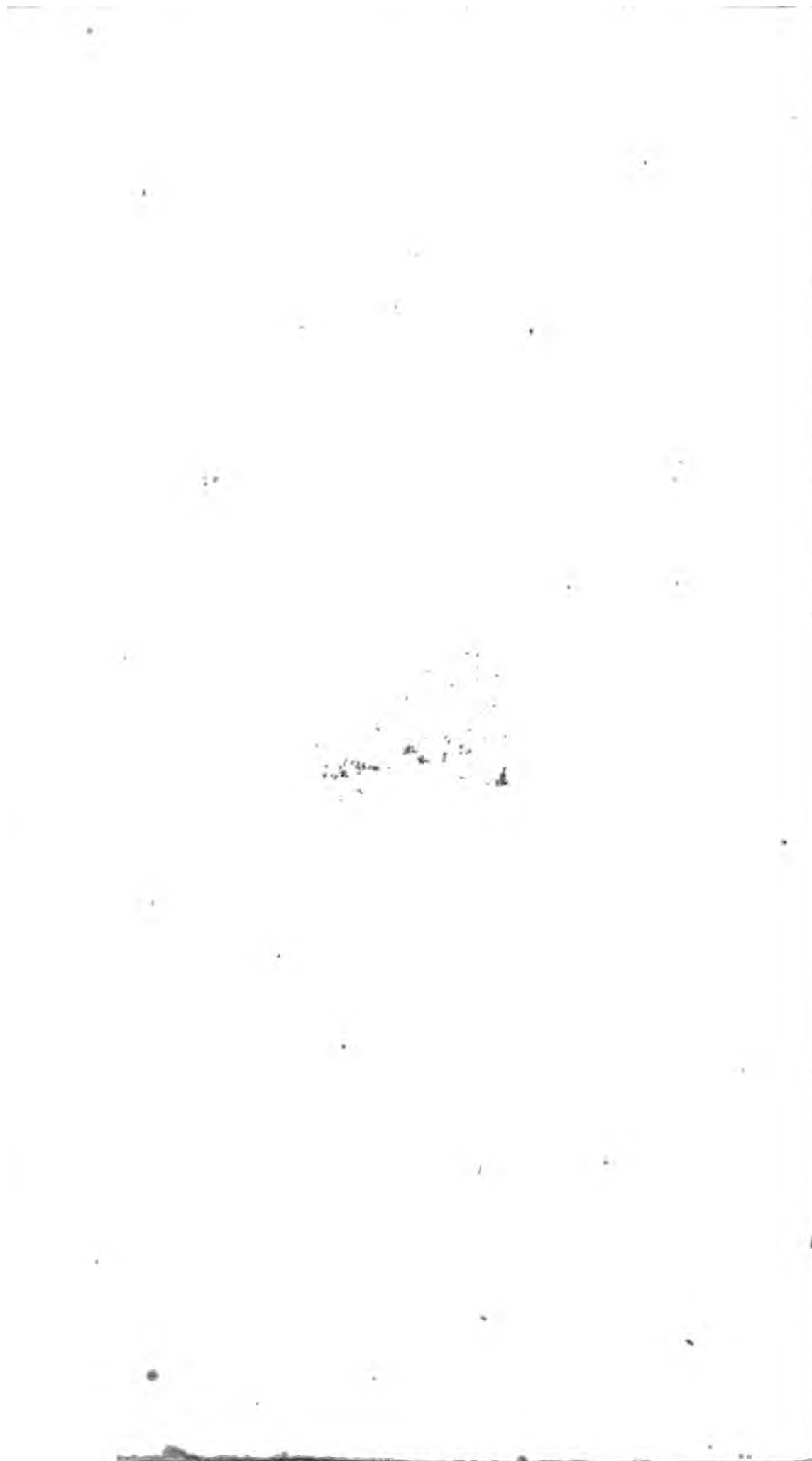




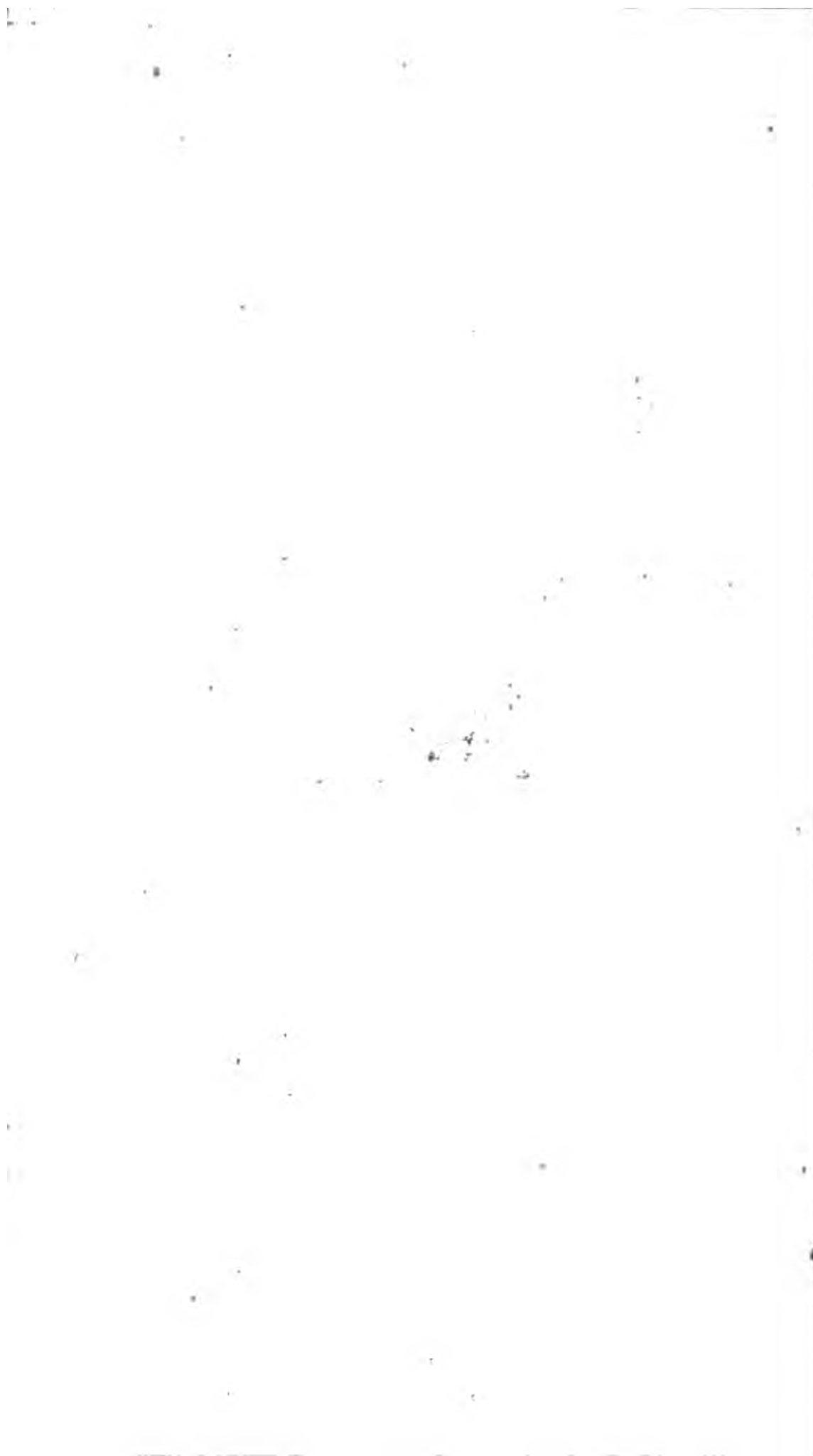


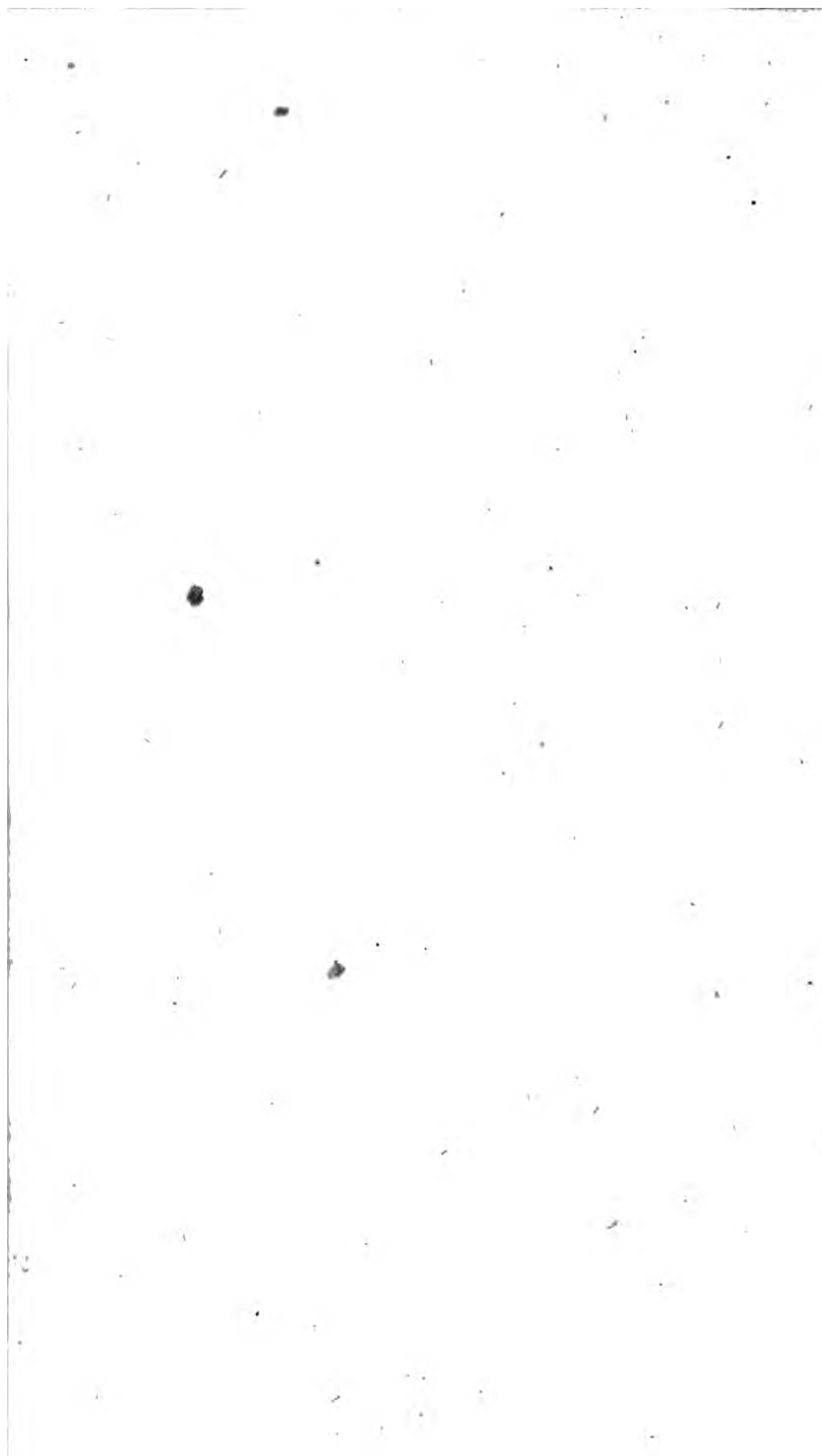




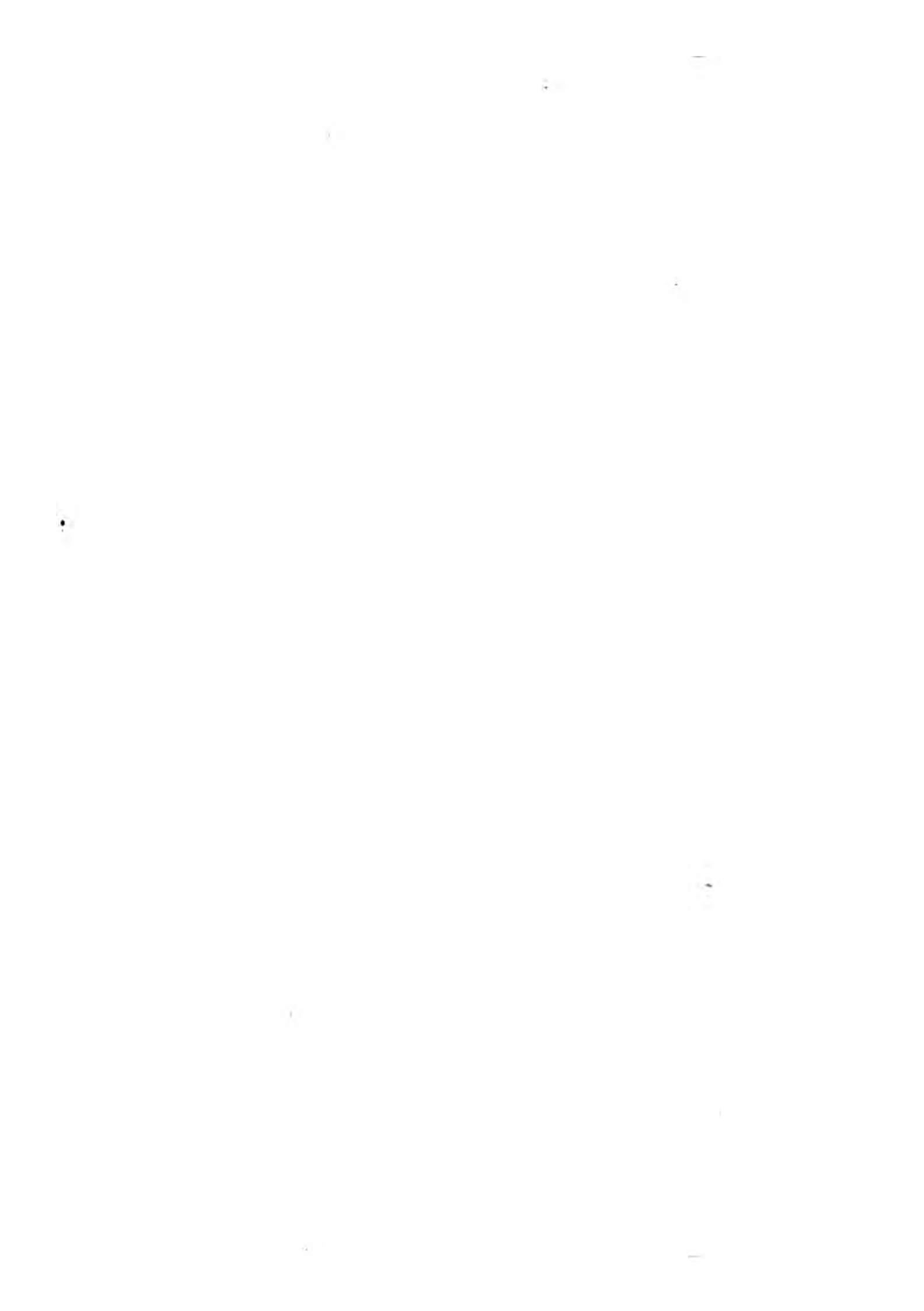














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