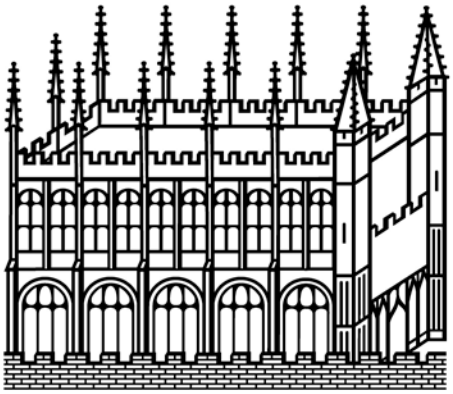

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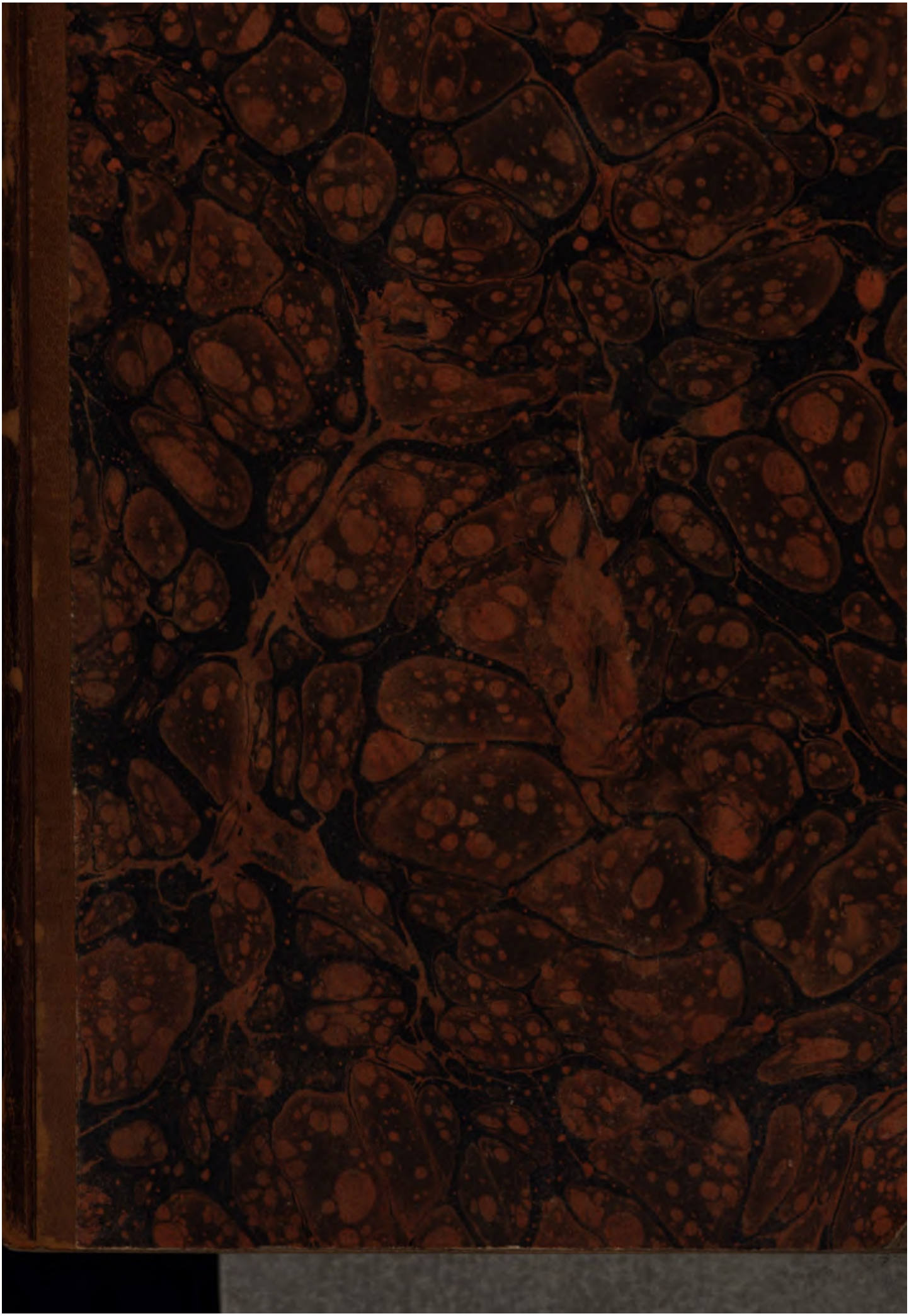

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# WIT AND WISDOM.

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## JOKES, CONUNDRUMS, SENTIMENTS, AND APHORISMS.

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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

# THE RAILWAY JOE MILLER.

"Is not one man as good as another?" exclaimed a stump orator.—"Of course he is," shouted an excited Irishman, "an' betther!"

*Hints to News Room Monopolists.* — In a country news room the following notice is written over the chimney:—"Gentlemen learning to spell are requested to use yesterday's paper."

Reynolds, the dramatist, observing to Morton the thinness of the house at one of his plays, added, he supposed it was owing to the war. "No," replied Morton, "I should judge it is owing to the *piece*."

"Sal," cried a girl, looking out at the upper story of a small grocery, addressing another girl who was trying to enter at the front door, "We've all been to camp meeting and been converted, so, when you want milk on Sundays, you'll have to come in the back way."

An Irish servant observing her mistress feeding a pet canary, asked, "how long it took them craters to hatch?" "Three weeks," was the reply. "Och, sure, that is the same as any other fowl, except a pig!"

"I would advise you to put your head in a dye-tub; it's rather red," said a joker to a sandy-headed girl. "In return, Sir, I would advise you to put your head in an oven; it's rather soft," said she.

"How is it," said a gentleman to Sheridan, "that your name has not an O attached to it? Your family is Irish, and no doubt illustrious." "No family has a better right to an O than our family," said Sheridan, "for we *owe* everybody."

"Tom, who did you say our friend B. married?"—"Well—he married forty thousand pounds—I forget her *other name.*"

*The Needlewomen's History.* — "They come like shadows, *sew*, depart."

*A Man of Business.*—An operative in Newcastle, who had availed himself on a Thanksgiving-day, of his master's offer to pay the day's wages to such of his workmen as chose to attend divine service at Church, called upon him towards evening, and inquired whether, if he went to Chapel at night, he would be paid for *overtime?*

*The Ideal Woman, or what a Woman ought to be.*—One of the fair sex being taken up for an assault, defended herself thus, like a true heroine:—"Why, on Saturday night I came across Mary Parsons, bouncing about what she'd do when she laid hold of me. So I says, 'Now, Mary, let's have it out, a fair stand-up fight, and whichever gets licked, not to Police the other.' For she ai'nt no woman as wouldn't fight it out there and then, if so be as how she has a quarrel with another woman."

A very plain young man, of loose habits, happening to remark before Jerrold that he was *fastidious*—"You mean," growled the latter, "that you are *fast* and *hideous.*"

*A Lawyer's Name.*—A lawyer wrote "rascal" in the hat of a brother lawyer, who, on discovering it, entered a complaint in open Court against the trespasser, who,

he said, had not only taken his hat, but had written his *own* name in it.

The late Rev. Rowland Hill once said, on observing some persons enter his Chapel to avoid the rain that was falling, "Many people are to be blamed for making religion a cloak; but I do not think them much better who make it an umbrella!"

*A Nuisance.*—"Mr. Magistrate, I want to ask you a question. Has a man got a right to commit a nuisance?" "No, Sir, not even the Mayor." "Then, Sir, I claim my liberty. I was arrested as a nuisance, and, as no one has a right to commit me, I move for a nonsuit."

*A Planter's Notion of a Man.* — Pope was with Sir Godfrey Kneller one day, when his nephew, a Guinea trader, came in. "Nephew," said Sir Godfrey, "you have the honour of seeing the two greatest men in the world." "I don't know how great you may be," said the Guinea man, "but I don't like your looks: I have often bought a man, much better than both of you together, all muscles and bones, for ten guineas."—*Spence's Anecdotes.*

"Ah, Mr. Simpkins, we have not chairs enough for our company," said a gay young wife to her frugal husband. "Plenty of chairs, ducky; but a little too much company," replied Mr. Simpkins.

A gentleman who greatly disliked the custom of giving fees to servants, provided himself with some farthings, and on leaving the next party he attended presented one to the footman as he stood at the door. "I beg your pardon, Sir," says John, "but you have made a mistake." "Oh no," said the gentleman, "I never give less!"

A boy once asked one of his father's guests who it was

that lived next door to him, and when he heard his name, inquired if he was not a fool. "No, my little friend," replied the guest, "he is not a fool, but a very sensible man. But why did you ask that question?" "Because," replied the boy, "mother said the other day that you were next door to a fool; and I wanted to know who lived next door to you."

An Irish peasant seeing a partridge that was shot fall from a considerable height, picked it up, and running with it to the sportsman who had killed it, cried out, "Arrah, your honour, you need not have shot—the *fall* would have *killed* him."

"*Yes, Sir.*"—The following utterly ridiculous instance of the painful habit London waiters have acquired of invariably repeating every syllable a customer utters before they can possibly return any answer, literally occurred to a gentleman, who thus triumphantly tested their imperturbable gravity of countenance:—"Waiter!" "Yes, Sir." "Bottled stout." "Bottled stout, Sir? yes, Sir." "And here, waiter." "Yes, Sir." "Meet me in the willow glen." "Willow glen, Sir? yes, Sir."

Why is the head of a lover like the sea serpent?—Because it is a secreter [sea creeter] of great sighs [size.]

"Do you really believe, Dr. Johnson," said a Lichfield lady, "in the dead walking after death?" "Madam," said Johnson, "I have no doubt on the subject: I have heard the Dead March in Saul."

The Bishop of Oxford, having sent round to the Churchwardens in his diocese a circular of inquiries, among which was:—"Does your officiating Clergyman preach the gospel, and is his conversation and carriage consistent therewith?" The Churchwardens near Wallingford replied:—"He preaches the gospel, but does not keep a carriage."

*Sailors' Notions of Politeness.*—As George III. was walking the quarter-deck of one of his men-of-war with his hat on, a sailor asked his messmate "who that fellow was who did not douse his peak to the Admiral?" "Why it's the King." "Well, King or no King," retorted the other, "he's an unmannerly dog." "Lord, where should he learn manners?" replied Jack, "he was never outside of land in his life."

*Paddy and the Pill Box.* — A surgeon had occasion to prescribe a couple of pills for an Irishman, which were sent home in a small box, bearing the direction, "The whole to be taken immediately." On visiting his patient afterwards, the doctor expressed his surprise on learning that the desired effect had not been produced, and asked Pat's better half if she had really given him the medicine. "Faith, that I did, Sur," she replied, "but may be, yer honour, the lid hasn't come off yet!" The poor sick man had been made to swallow, not only the pills, but the box as well.

"*That's All.*"—"Does the Court understand you to say, Mr. Jones, that you saw the editor of the *Auger of Freedom* intoxicated?" "Not at all, Sir, I merely said that I had seen him frequently so flurried in his mind that he would undertake to cut out copy with the snuffers —that's all."

*Retort.* — "I go through my work," as the needle said to the idle boy. "But not till you are hard pushed," as the idle boy said to the needle.

An exquisite, just returned to England from a Continental tour, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii? "Not very well," was the reply; "they are so dreadfully out of repair!"

Mrs. Percy, a Bloomer, eloped from Massachusetts, with Levins Clough. When the husband found she was

*determined* to go, he gave her one hundred dollars to start with.

A countryman, seeing a globe of goldfish, exclaimed, "Well, if that ai'nt the first time as ever I see red herrings alive!"

"What makes the milk so warm?" said Betty to the milkman when he brought his pail to the door one morning. "Please mum, the pump handle's broke, and missus took the water from the biler."

*Typographical Wit.*—At a late printers' festival, the following sentiment was offered:—"Printers' wives—may they always have plenty of 'small caps' for the heads of the little original articles."

A husband at the grave of his wife delivered himself of the following to a neighbour, as the coffin was lowered into the grave:—"I've lost cows, I've lost sheep, I've lost hosses, and I've lost caaves, but this is the wust of the whole lot."

"Cato, what do you suppose is the reason that the sun goes to the South in the winter?" "Well, I don't know, Massa, unless he no stands de clemency ob de Norf, and so am obliged to go to the Souf, where he speriences warmer longimitude."

A traveller at a Pennsylvania Hotel once rose from his bed at night to examine the weather; but, instead of looking out upon the sky, thrust his head through the glass window of a cupboard. "Landlord," cried the astonished man, "this is very singular weather; the night is as dark as Egypt, and smells of cheese."

*A Man Making the Most of Himself.* — A native of one of the Sandwich Islands was found hiring out his back at so much a square inch, to the professional tattooers, for them to try their patterns on.

*A Considerate Warning.*—An American, visiting his English friends, was of course no sooner seated in the drawing-room, than he began to spit right and left. With an eye to the carpet, a spittoon was placed near to him. He kicked it away many times, and at last, out of all patience at finding it still placed near his legs, cried out, "Pretty considerable tiresome, that 'ere thing! If you don't take it away, I shall spit in it!"

"Why is it," asked a Frenchman of a Switzer, "that you Swiss always fight for money, while we French fight only for honour?" "I suppose," answered the Switzer, "that each fight for what they most lack."

*A Tavern Incident.* — "What are you about, you rascal? Twice have you awoke me from a sound sleep to tell me that breakfast was ready; and you awakened me by attempting to pull off the bed clothes! What the deuce do you mean?" "Why, Massa, if you isn't going to get up, I must hab de shete, 'cause they are waiting for the table clof."

*The Rappers and the Dutchman.*—A DUTCHMAN CONSULTING THE RAPPERS.—"Is dat you, Mrs. Hauntz?" inquired the Dutchman. "Yes, dearest, it is your own dear wife, who—"—"You lie, you ghost," interrupted Hauntz, starting from his seat, "mine vrow speak nothing but Dutch, and she never said tearest in her life. It was always 'Hauntz, you thief!' or 'Hauntz, you tirty shkamp!'" And the Dutchman hobbled from the room, well satisfied that the "rapping spirits" were all humbug, and that he was safe from any further communications with his shrewish vrow on earth.

Mr. ——, a New York printer, says that on one occasion an old woman from the country came into his printing office with an old Bible in her hand. "I want," said she, "that you should print it over ag'in. It's gettin a little blurred, sort of, and my eyes isn't wot they was.

How much do you ax?" "Fifty cents." "Can you have it done in half an hour?—wish you would; want to be gettin home; live good ways out o'teown." "Certainly." When the old lady went out, he sent down to the office of the American Bible Society and purchased a copy for fifty cents. "Lor' sakes a massy!" exclaimed the old lady, when she came to look at it, "how good you've fixed it!"—it's e'en' a'most as good as new! I never see nothin' so cur'ous as what printin' is!"

Why are bells the most sensible of inanimate things? —Because they make a noise when they're toll'd.

"What on arth ails these 'ere shirt-buttons, I wonder? Jest the minit I puts the needle through 'em to sew 'em on, they splits and flies all to bits."—"Why, grandmother, them isn't buttons, they's my peppermints, an' now you've been a spiling them."

An Irishman having arrived from Dublin at the house of a respectable merchant in the borough, and having left Ireland *three weeks* before, brought with him a basket of eggs; his friend asked him why he took the trouble to bring eggs from Ireland to England?—"*Because*," *said he*, "*I am so fond of them new laid, and I know these to be so.*"

"It is a great pity that you come dangling at my heels, Mr. Nonentity," said a consequential lady to her sentimental adorer, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Most amiable of your sex," said he, "for so flattering a compliment, let me remind you that you occupy it entirely."

*Wretched Ignorance.* — A stupid fellow wrote to a friend of ours to inform him he had received an invitation to an evening party, and that the note was sealed with a stamp on which was engraved the word *circumspice*, and he wished to know the meaning of the word.

Pitying his ignorance, our friend informed him its literal meaning is, "Sir, come spicy."

First class in astronomy, stand up. "Where does the sun rise?"—"Please, Sir, down in our meadow; I seed it yesterday mornin'."—"Hold your tongue, you dunce. Where does the sun rise?"—"I know—in the East."—"Right. And why does it rise in the East?"—"Because the 'East makes everything rise.'"—"Out, you booby, and just wipe your nose."

*Court Scene.*—"Sir," said a fierce lawyer, "do you, on your oath, swear that this is not your handwriting?" "I reckon not," was the reply. "Does it resemble your writing?" "Yes, I think it don't." "Do you swear that it don't resemble your writing?" "I do!" "You take your oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single letter?" "Y-e-a-s, Sir!" "Now, how do you know?" "Cause I can't write, Sir!"

"I think our Church will last a good many years yet," said a Deacon to his Minister; "I see the sleepers are very sound."

Why would a person who had never seen the Queen except on the postage stamps, judge that she was an affectionate disposition? Because the adhesiveness at the back of the head is quite remarkable.

"Paddy, do you know how to drive?" said a traveller to the Phæton of a jaunting car. "Sure I do," was the answer. "Wasn't it I upset yer honour in a ditch two years ago?"

"Do you know what made my voice so melodious?" said a celebrated vocal performer, of awkward manners, to Charles Bannister. "No," replied the other. "Why, then, I'll tell you. When I was about fifteen, I swallowed, by accident, some train-oil." "I don't think," rejoined

Bannister, "it would have done you any harm if, at the same time, you had swallowed a dancing master!"

An English gentleman was at a brilliant assembly of the élite of Vienna, where a distinguished lady of that city frequently amused herself and her immediate circle of friends, by saying smart and uncourteous things to annoy him. "By the way," added she, "how is it that your countrymen speak French so imperfectly? We Austrians use it with the same freedom as if it were our native tongue." "Madame," retorted he, but with the blandest manner possible, "I know not, unless it be that the French army have not been twice to our capital to teach it; as they have at yours."

*Not Perfect Yet.*—"You English," observed Shamuz Bey to Mr. Bell—"you English have invented steam--engines, steam-boats, infernal machines for blowing up ships, and many other wonderful things, but I cannot compliment you on your pantaloons, which are much too tight."

*On Different Kinds of Love,* (By a Young Lady.) —The sweetest, a mother's love; the longest, a brother's love; the strongest, a woman's love; the dearest, a man's love. And the sweetest, longest, strongest, dearest love, "a love of a bonnet."

*Candour.*—Quin, dining one day with the Duchess of Marlborough, observed that her Grace, to his great surprise, preferred the leanest part of a haunch of venison. "What!" said Quin, "and does your Grace eat no fat?" "Not of venison, sir." "What never, my Lady Duchess?" "Never, I assure you." Too much affected to restrain his genuine sentiments, the epicure exclaimed, "I like to dine with such fools!"

*Begging Pardon.* — A learned Irish Judge, among other peculiarities, had a habit of begging pardon on

every occasion. Once his favourite expression was employed in rather a singular manner. At the close of the Assizes, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the Court reminded him that he had not passed sentence of death on one of the criminals, as he had intended. "Dear me!" said his Lordship, "*I beg his pardon*—bring him up."

*Cause of Grey Hairs.*—At a private party in London, a lady—who, though in the autumn of life, had not lost all dreams of its spring—said to Douglas Jerrold, "I cannot imagine what makes my hair turn grey; I sometimes fancy it must be the '*escence of rosemary*,' with which my maid is in the habit of brushing it. What do you think?" "I should rather be afraid, madam," replied Jerrold, "that it is the essence of *Time*"—(Thyme.)

*Married Fleas.*—When the late Lord Erskine, then going the circuit, was asked by his landlord how he had slept, he replied, "Union is strength—a fact of which your inmates seem to be unaware; for, had the fleas been unanimous last night, they might have pushed me out of the bed." "Fleas!" exclaimed Boniface, affecting great astonishment, "I was not aware that I had a single one in the house." I don't believe you have," retorted his Lordship, "they are all married, and have uncommonly large families."

When is money damp? When it is *dew* in the morning and *mist* at night.

"Father," said a little boy the other day, "are not sailors very small men?" "No, my dear," replied the father, "pray what leads you to suppose they are so small?" "Because," replied the child, "I read the other day of a sailor going to sleep in his watch."

A Norfolk farmer, not accustomed to literary composition, having lost a new hat at a country meeting,

addressed the following note to its supposed possessor: —"Mr. A. presents compliments to Mr. B., I have got a hat which is not his. If he have got a hat which is not yours, no doubt they are the missing one."

*A Wife Wanted.* — A down-Easter advertises for a wife in the following manner:—"Any gal what's got a cow and a good feather bed with comfortable fixins, 500 dollars in hard pewter; one that's had the measles and understands tendin' children, can have a customer for life, by writing a billy dux, addressed 'Z. R.' and stick it on Uncle Ebenezer's barn, hinside, jinin' the hog pen."

During the late Sessions at N——, a man was brought up by a farmer, and accused of stealing some ducks. The farmer said he should know them anywhere, and went on to describe their peculiarity. "Why," said the Counsel for the prisoner, "they can't be such a very rare breed—I have some like them in my yard." "That's very likely, sir, " said the farmer, "these are not the only ducks of the sort I have had stolen lately."

"Ma," said little Wilhelmina, "I don't think Solomon was so rich as they say he was." "Why, my dear?" said her astonished ma. "Because he slept with his fathers, and I think if he had been so very rich he would have had a bed of his own."

*Paddy's Boots.* — A green sprig from the Emerald Isle entered a boot and shoe shop to purchase himself a pair of "brogans." After overhauling his stock in trade, without being able to suit his customer, the shopkeeper hinted that he would make him a pair to order. "And what will yer ax to make a good pair iv em?" was the query. The price was named; the Irishman demurred, but after a "bating down," the thing was a trade. Paddy was about leaving the shop, when the other called after him, asking, "But what *size* shall I make them, Sir?" "Och!" cried Paddy, "niver mind about the size at all

*—make them as large as ye convaniently can for the money!"*

*Weather Prophets.* — Partridge, who was celebrated for Almanack-making about one hundred years since, in travelling on horseback into the country, stopped for his dinner at an Inn, and afterwards called for his horse, that he might reach the next town, where he intended to sleep. As he was about to mount his horse, the hostler said, "If you will take my advice, Sir, you will stay where you are for the night, as you will surely be overtaken by a pelting rain." "Nonsense, nonsense," exclaimed Partridge; "there is a sixpence for you, my honest fellow, and a good afternoon to you." Partridge proceeded on his journey, and sure enough he was well drenched in a heavy shower. Partridge was struck by the man's prediction, and being always intent on the interests of his Almanack, he rode back on the instant, and was received by the ostler with a broad grin. "Well, Sir," said he "you see I was right." "Yes, my lad, you have been so; and I will give you a crown on condition that you tell me how you knew of this rain." "Why, Sir," replied the man, "the truth is, we have an Almanack in our house, called 'Partridge's Almanack;' and the fellow is such a notorious liar, that whenever he promises us a fine day, we always know that it will be the direct contrary. Now, your honour, this day, the 21st of June, is put down in our Almanack in doors, as 'settled fine weather,—no rain.' I looked at that before I brought your honour's horse out, and so I was able to put you on your guard."

A lady of distinguished philanthrophy superintends a Ragged School, and every morning begins by giving the children some breakfast, and making them repeat the Lord's Prayer. On examining them one day as to its meaning, she found they had all been in the habit of saying it thus—"Give us this day our daily bread, and give us our 'breakfasses.'"

A visitor at a Sunday School was reading with her pupils this text, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted; he that exalteth himself shall be abased." "Now, children," said she, "which of you can tell me the meaning of the word 'abased?'" A pause followed, at last a little girl started up, "Please, teacher, I know—a cow's a baste! I said it first," cried she, jumping to the top of the class.

A Clergyman was discoursing to his Sunday School children on two Scripture lessons, 1st, the "Choice of Herodias's daughter," and 2nd, "Solomon's choice." At the conclusion of the second lesson he turned to a little girl, "Now, my little child, if you had been Solomon, which would have been your choice?" "John the Baptist's head in a charger, if you please, sir," said she, dropping a curtsy.

A Minister was much annoyed by a contumacious Deacon belonging to his congregation, who continually thwarted his wishes, and made himself otherwise obnoxious. On the death of this Deacon, the Minister was applied to, to preach his funeral sermon. "No," he said, "I can't do it—I don't feel in a proper state of mind with regard to the deceased to enable me to do it." His congregation urged upon him again and again, that out of common decency he must; at last he consented, and on the appointed Sunday gave out his text with strong and very peculiar emphasis, "And the *beggar* died."

Why are women like facts?—Because they are stubborn things.

When does a school-boy's copy-book resemble the Iron Duke?—When it's a Well-ink't-un (Wellington.)

Why does a blacksmith seem the most dissatisfied of all mechanics?—Because he is continually striking for wages.

*An Impossible Wager.*—"Ill lay you an egg."

*A Maxim.*—Men in a passion should be treated like kettles—when they boil over, they should be taken off.

*Allopathy.*—An Irishman complained of his physician that he kept so stuffing him with drugs, that he was "*sick* for a week after he was *quite well!*"

"My dear," said an Irish gentleman to his wife, "I would rather the children were kept in the nursery when I am at home, although I should not object to their noise if they'd only be quiet."

A vendor of patent nostrums has this infallible specific against deceptions and counterfeits on his invaluable compound:—"The patient may always know its ginuwine, if it fits—if it don't then '*tisn't his'n.*'"

Paddy one day being sent to count some pigs (the number being twenty), being asked by his master whether they were all right, said, "Faith, and I counted nineteen, but one little beggar ran about so fast, I could not count him."

"Uncle," said a young man, who thought that his guardian supplied him rather seldom with pocket money, and felt a little hesitation in beginning to make a request on his relative's generosity, "is the Queen's head still on the shilling piece?" "Of course it is, you stupid lad; why do you ask that?" "Because it is now such a length of time since I saw one."

"Well, Pat, my good fellow," said a victorious General to a brave son of Erin, after a battle, "and what did you do to help us to gain the victory? "Do!" replied Pat, "may it please yer honour, I walked up boldly to wun of the inimy, and cut off his fut." "Cut off his foot! and why did you not cut off his head?" asked the General. "Ah, an' faith, that was off already," says Pat.

It is said that Dr. Chalmers once entertained at his table a distinguished guest from France, whom he asked if he would be helped to "kippered salmon." Being helped, he asked the meaning of the strange word *kippered*, and was told that it meant *preserved.* Being soon after called upon to engage in public prayer, he offered a petition that the distinguished divine might long be *kippered* to the Free Church of Scotland!

A gentleman who had been for sometime engaged in the study of the English language, found much difficulty in learning to pronounce it, in consequence of the orthography of some words being so much at variance with the elementary sounds. He caught a violent cold: though ignorant of many things, he knew this, and also that he needed a doctor. But how was he to state his complaint? He had nothing but a dictionary for his guide; he consulted his Nugent, and found that *toux* in French was *ɔough* in English. "C-o-u-g-h," spelled the Frenchman, "how dey spell dat? I have him! P-l-o-u-g-h is *plow*, den C-o-u-g-h is *cow*—I got a cow!" The doctor entered and began to feel his pulse; all seemed tolerably right there. "I have no trouble dere," said the Frenchman; putting his hand to his throat. "I have got a cow!" "Well, I am not a cow doctor," said the medical adviser; "why do you send for me to see your cow!" "O, you vil not understand me," said the disconcerted Frenchman; "here is my cow—here!" thumping his breast vehemently. The doctor shook his head as though he thought the patient demented. Poor fellow! he had again recourse to his dictionary, thinking if he got the precise locality of his *cow*, the doctor would understand. Accordingly he looked for the word "*chest*," and found the first definition to be "*box;*" then shouting as loud as he could, he exclaimed—"Now you understand, *I got a cow in my box!*" The doctor burst into laughter, to the great chagrin of the Frenchman. Explanations, however, ensued, and the *cough* and the *chest* received due attention.

A merchant in the city suddenly entered his counting-house, and found one of his clerks rearing a large book in the air, with the end resting on his chin. "Why ain't you at work, John?" he inquired. "I am, Sir," replied the clerk. "You are!—at what work?" "Balancing the ledger, Sir!"

*A Prudent Delay.*—When the Brunswick Princesses were the guests of the Princess de Conde, the old retainer of that house, M. de Gourville, came to renew his homage to the Electress Sophia of Hanover. He opened a new scheme of flattering diplomacy, insinuating that his Royal master admired the Princess, and the young opening beauty of her accomplished daughter, with such sincerity, that if religion did not oppose the plan, he knew not where he could find a consort better worthy the hand of the Dauphin. When Gourville first was permitted to see the young daughter of Sophia, then in her twelfth year, he said, "This is a fair and beautiful Princess, worthy of the highest destiny. May I ask what religion she has been brought up in?" "She has none at present," answered Sophia. "When we know what Prince will be her husband, she will be instructed in his religion."—*Miss Strickland's Lives of the Queens of Scotland.*

*Ejaculations.* — Ejaculations are the bane of conversations among persons of but moderate culture. "I came from York by the mail train."—"*Indeed!*" "I came by the Great Northern."—"*Dear me!*" "The engine broke down soon after starting."—"*Lor!*" "But was quickly replaced by another sent from the York depôt—"*So ho!*"—and we hurried off again very much alarmed, but not hurt—"*Did you now?*"—but were destined to sustain another fright."—"*Good gracious!*" "A luggage van caught fire—"*Good heavens!*"—but was fortunately seen by the guard—"*Oh!*"—and at once uncoupled—"*Ah!*"—and effectually extinguished—"*Indeed!*"—and we arrived in London only ten minutes

after the usual time."—"*Gracious me!—oh goodness!* how fortunate to be sure."—*Talking and Debating.*

A lazy fellow lying down on the grass, said, "O, how I do wish that this was called work, and well paid for."

What would you say if you wished a Reverend Doctor of Divinity to play a tune on the violin?—Fiddle dee-de (D.D.)

The reason Æneas carried his father with such ease was because he had *Troy* weight upon his back instead of avoirdupois.

An old lady said to a lady visitor, that after reading a good book she liked to *mediate* upon it. "Right to a *t*," replied the lady.

A dun was somewhat taken aback by the coolness with which the debtor said, "Call next Thursday, my dear Sir, exactly at ten o'clock, and I'll tell you when to call again."

Philander says that it makes him shudder to read the advertisement of a printer for a boy of "good moral character," when it is well known that he means to make a "devil" of him.

The papers are bragging of an invention by which leather can be tanned in ten minutes. We have seen the human hide, however, tanned in five. Some School-masters can do it in less than two.

"Say, Pomp, you nigger, where you get dat new hat?" asked Cæsar. "Why at de shop, of course." "What is de price of such an article as dat?" "I don't know, nigger—I don't know, de shopkeeper wasn't dar!"

The proprietor of a forge, not remarkable for correct-

ness of language, but who, by honest industry, had realised a comfortable independence, being called upon at a social meeting for a toast, gave "Success to forgery."

"Here, you bogtrotter," said a coxcomb, with a patronising air, "come and tell me the greatest lie you can, and I'll treat you to a jug of whisky-punch." "By my word," answered Barney, and yer honour's a gintleman!"

A United States Consul was very rarely to be found in his office, although upon his sign were the words "In from ten to one." An indignant Captain, after trying to find the Consul several days without success, took a paint brush and altered the official's sign, so that it read, "*Ten to one* he is not in."

*Getting an Invitation.*—A Clergyman who had travelled some distance to preach, at the conclusion of the morning service waited for some one to invite him to dinner. One by one, however, the congregation departed without noticing him. Finally, when nearly all had gone, he walked up to an elderly gentleman, and gravely said, "Will you go home and dine with me to-day, brother?" "Where do you live?" "About twenty miles away, Sir." "No," said the man, colouring, "but you must go with me." This, of course, the Minister did cheerfully.

*Sermon by a Coloured Gentleman.* — The *Register*, published at Brandon, Mississippi, gives a partial report of a Sermon preached at Waterproofs, not far from Brandon. It is to be regretted that the whole Sermon was not preserved. The following paragraphs show the spirit of the preacher:—

"I may say to you, my breethering, that I am not an edecated man, an' I am not one o' them as bleeves that edecation is necessary for a gospel minister, fur I bleeve the Lord edecates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be edecated: an', although I say it that oughtn't to say it, yet in the State of Indianny, whar I live, thar's no man as gets a bigger congregation nor what I gits.

"Thar may be some here to-day, my breethering, as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I may say to you, my breethering, that I am a Hardshell Baptist. Thar's some folks as don't like the Hardshell Baptists, but I'd ruther hev a hard shell as no shell at all. You see me here to-day, my breethering, drest up in fine close; you mout think I was proud, but I am not proud, my breethering; and although I've been a preacher uv the Gospel for twenty years, an' although I'm capting of that flat boat that lies at yure landing, I'm not proud, my breethering.

"I'm not gwine to tell ye *edzuckly* whar my tex may be found; suffice it to say, it's in the leds of the Bible, an' you'll find it somewhar 'tween the first chapter of the book of Generation and the last chapter of the book of Revolations, and if you'll go and sarch the Scriptures, as I have sarched the Scriptures, you'll not only find my tex thar but a great many other *texes* as will do you good to read, an' my tex, when you shill find it, you shill find it to read thus:—'And he played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"My tex, breethering, leads me to speak uv sperits. Now, thar's a great many kinds of sperits in the world—in the fust place, thar's the sperits as some folks call ghosts, then thar's the sperits of turpin*time*, and then thar's the sperits as some folks call liquor, an' I've got as good an artikel of them kind uv sperits on *my* flat-boat as ever was fotched down the Mississippi river, but thar's a great many other kinds of sperits, for the tex sez—'He played on a harp of a *thou*-sand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"But I'll tell you the kind of sperits as is ment in the tex, its *fire*. That is the kind of sperits as is ment in the tex, my breethering. Now thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the fust place, that's the common sort uv fire you lite a segar or pipe with, and then thar's camfire, fire before youre ready, and fall back, and many other kinds uv fire, for the tex sez—'He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"But I'll tell you the kind uv fire as is ment in the tex, it's *hell fire!* an' that's the kind uv fire as a great many uv you'll come to ef you don't do better nor what you have bin doin' — for 'He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"Now, the different sorts uv fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions of Christians in the world. In the fust place we have the Piscapalians; and they are a high-sailin' and high-falutin set, and they may be likened unto a turkey buzzard that flies up into the air, and he goes up and up till he looks no bigger than your finger nail, and the fust thing you know, he cums down and down, and down and down, and is fillin' himself on the karkiss of a dead hoss by the side uv the road —and 'He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"And then thar's the Methedis, and they may be likened unto the squirrel, runnin' up into a tree, for the Methodist believes in gwine on from one degree ov grace to another, and finally on to perfeckshun, and the squirrel goes up and up, and up and up, and he jumps from lim' to lim,' and branch to branch, and the fust thing you know he falls and down he cums kerflummux, and that's like the Methedis, for they is allars fallin' from grace, ah! And—'He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"And then, my breethering, thar's the Baptist—ah! and they hev bin likened unto a 'possum on a 'simion tree, and the thunders may roll, and the earth may quake, but that 'possum clings there still, ah! And you may shake one foot loose, and the other's thar, and you may shake all feet loose, and he laps his tail around the lim', and he clings fur ever, for—'He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.'

Here the reporter could no longer contain himself, and his notes became unintelligible.—*American Paper.*

*Sympathies of a Child taking a Wrong Direction.* —A mother was giving religious instruction to her

little Joe, and was showing him the picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions, and talking very solemnly to him, trying to make him feel what a terrible thing it was. 'Ma!' said he, all at once, 'Oh, ma! just look at that poor little lion, away behind there, he won't get any!'"

*A Dutchman's Description of a Rainy Night.* — "Vell, lasht Friday night vash de vorst as never vash. I tought to go down de hill to mine house, but no sooner did I valk, den de vaster I stand still, for de darkness vas so tick dat I coot not stir it mit mine boots, and de rain, dunder and blixen, in more dan tree minute mine skin vas vet troo to mine clo's. But afther one leetle vile stopped quittin' to rain something; so I kept feeling of mineself all de vay 'long; and ven I comes to mine own house to valk in, vat you tink? Dunder and blixen, it belong to somebody else!"

A tourist in his rambles once met with Walton, seated on the arm of a tree, rod in hand. "Well, Izaak, what are you doing in that dangerous place?" he inquired. "Fiffin," was all the reply Walton made. "Fishing, you mean," said the other. "Yiff," and Walton closed his lips more tightly. "What have you in your mouth, Izaak?" asked the gentleman. Walton, emptying his mouth into the palm of his hand, "Nothing but worms for bait."

"Eliza, my child," said a prudish old maid to her pretty niece, who would curl her hair into pretty ringlets, "if the Lord had intended your hair to be curled, he would have done it himself." "So he did, aunty, when I was a baby, but he thinks I am big enough now to curl it myself."

"I'll take your part," as the dog said when he robbed the cat of her dinner.

The two celebrated divines and scholars, Doctors South and Sherlock, were once disputing on some religious subject, when the latter accused his opponent of using *his wit* in the controversy. "Well," said South, "suppose it had pleased God to give you wit, what would you have done?"

*Rustic Manners.*—A gentleman anxious to take a house in Essex at last saw a house that was shut up. After trying, in vain, to obtain admission, first at the front and then at the back door, he made his way to a boy at work in the field, and said, "My lad, I want to see this house." "Wheel," said the boy, "*there* it be, I s'pose you ain't blind."

Sir Godfrey Kneller, for once in his life, turned the laugh against Pope. Pope, in banter, said, if Sir Godfrey had been consulted in the creation of the world, it would have been more perfect than it is; upon which the painter, looking at the diminutive person of his friend, said, "There are *some little things* in it I think I could have mended."

*The Old Style of Civil Service Examinations.*—Pleasant stories are told of such interviews. In one case we know a young lad, clever enough, indeed, but very timid and tremulous, was told to attend next morning at ten to be examined in arithmetic by an old chief clerk, "a great arithmetician," like Michael Cassio or De Morgan. Trembling with fear, the young candidate entered next day the gruff presence of the terrible examiner. "Sit down, Sir," roared a voice of thunder. "Now, Sir, attention. I shall examine you in arithmetic." "Shall I have pen and pa—." "No Sir," thundered out the tyrant's voice. "Attention! How much are two and two?" Paralysed by the voice and sudden question, the youth stared, and then gasped out quite seriously, "Four, Sir." "Quite right, Sir," roared out the examiner, slapping him on the back; "you'll do, Sir."

And the old humourist walked out of the room. This ended the examination in arithmetic.

An Orleans paper says it requires three persons to start a business firm there; one to die with yellow fever, one to get killed in a duel, and a third to wind up the partnership business.

Coals are not like the objects of your affections; the dearer they are to you, the colder you become.

A Quaker said to a gunner, "Friend, I counsel no bloodshed; but if it be thy design to hit the little man in the blue jacket, point thine engine three inches lower."

The clerk of a retired parish in North-West Devon, who had to read the first lesson, used to make a hash of Shadrac, Meshac, and Abednego; and as the names are twelve times repeated in the third chapter of Daniel, after getting through them the first time, he called them "the aforesaid gentlemen."

*A Slight Mistake.* — "Excuse me, madam; but I would like to ask why you look at me so savagely?" "Oh! beg pardon, Sir! I took you for my husband!"

The last Yankee case of indolence is that of a man named John Hole, who was so lazy that in signing his name he simply used the letter J., and then punched a hole through the paper.

*Utilitarianism.*— Dr. Sandirth, hearing from Sultum that the Arabs had no opiates, asked what they did with one who could not sleep. "Do!" answered the Sheikh, "we make use of him, and set him to watch the camels."

*Real and Mock Turtle.* — A distinguished politician from the rural districts came to town and resolved to give a good dinner to some of his party friends. In order

to make sure that everything should be of the very best quality, he went to the market himself, and bought first a turtle. After taking great pains to select one of the finest specimens in the lot, and ordering it to be sent home—he said to the tradesman, by way of making it quite right, "This is a right down genuine *turtle*, ain't it?" "Oh, certainly," was the reply, "one of the very best." "Because," he added, "although I ain't been in the city long, I ain't to be humbugged; it won't do for you to try to put off your confounded mock turtles on me!" The turtle-dealer stood astonished at his customer's sharpness.

*A Shameful Imposition.*—A New Hampshire editor, while travelling, had his wallet abstracted from his pocket by an adroit pickpocket, while indulging in a short nap. The thief was so disgusted with the result of his exploit, that he returned the plunder by express, to the address written inside the wallet, with the following note:—"You miserabil skunk, hears your pockit-book. I don't keep no sich. Fur a man dressed as well as you was to go round with a wellit with nuthin' in it but a lot of noospapur scraps, a ivury tooth-comb, two noospapur stamps, an' a pass from a ralerode directur, is a contemterble impursition on the public. As I hear your a editor, I return your trash. I never robs any only gentlemen." —*Country Gentleman, (Albany, N. Y.)*

Why is smoke like a novel?—Because it goes out in volumes.

How do you know that the island on which Robinson Crusoe lived was inhabited?—Because when he landed, he saw a great "swell," and a number of "little coves" running up into the island.

It is a remarkable peculiarity with debts, that their expanding power continues to increase as you *contract* them.

A Scotch preacher strongly advocated justification by faith as opposed to justification by works, and an admirer eulogising his power, said, "Eh, mon, he's a terrible enemy to guid works."

*A Correspondent of Royalty.*—A letter was received in London from North Shields with the following address:—"Lady Quine Victoria, to Somasstoot hous, Lundon."

A Sydney paper, dated the 18th of November, has the following:—"Steam engine wanted, and a train of night carts, to convey the Melbourne Corporation, Town Clerk, and all, to the North Melbourne manure depôt. —N.B. No return tickets."

*Accounting for a Loss.*—A merchant, examining a hogshead of hardware, on comparing it with the invoice, found it all right, except a hammer less than in the invoice. "Och! don't be troubled," said the Irish porter, "sure the nagur took it out to open the hogshead with."

Is it not, indeed, something superhuman which enables a woman, after she has passed an hour and a half in Church, without ever lifting her eyes from her prayer-book, or letting them wander from the preacher, to describe to you the toilette of every lady in Church, without omitting the smallest details?

*Liver and Lights.*—"How rapidly they build houses now," said Charles, to an old acquaintance, as he pointed to a near two-story house. "They only began that house the week before last; they are already putting in the lights." "Yes," replied his friend, "next week the livers will go in."

*American Schoolmaster and Pupils.*—"Joseph, where is Africa?" "On the map, Sir." "I mean on what Continent—the Eastern or Western Continent?" "Well

the land of Africa is in the Eastern Continent, but the people, Sir, are all of 'em down South." Thomas, what is the equator?" "Why, Sir, it is a horizontal pole running perpendicular through the imagination." "Go to your seat, Thomas. William Stiggs, what do you mean by an eclipse?" "An old race horse, Sir." "Silence. Next, Jack, what is an eclipse?" "An eclipse is a thing as appears when the moon gets on a bust, and runs against the sun; consequently the sun blacks the moon's face." "Class is dismissed."

Why is a retired clown like a flatterer? Because he is sycophantic (sick of antic.)

"Here, fellow—hold this horse!" "Does he kick?" "Kick! No! Take hold of him." "Does he bite?" "Bite! No! Take hold of the bridle, I say!" "Does it take two to hold?" "No!" "Then hold him yourself!"

Why are lawyers like a restless invalid? Because they first lie on one side and then on the other.

*Most Gratifying Fact.*—The number of poets, says the *Oswego Times*, in the United States, is now estimated at 5,025.

*Lord Byron's Account of a Party with Sheridan, &c.* —"It was first silent, then talky, then argumentative, then disputations, then unintelligible, then altogethery, then inarticulate, then drunk."

The late Dr. Risk, of Dalserf, being one of the moderates, did not satisfy by his preaching the Calvinistic portion of his flock. "Why, Sir," said they, "we think you dinna tell us enough about renouncing our ain righteousness." "Renouncing your ain righteousness!" said the Doctor, "I never saw any ye had to renounce." —*Laird of Logan.*

E. Easton, a Cincinnatti oysterman, advertises as follows :—" You fellows that are mean enough to keep those bowls and pitchers that you borrowed to take home your oysters in, be honest enough to name it, and I will say no more about them."

Why are butlers like mountains? Because they look down on the Valets.

Why is the Oriental Club like a Workhouse? Because it is a refuge for the *Indi*-gents.

" Everyone for himself," as the donkey said, when he danced among the chickens.

" What blessings children are," as the clerk said when he took the fees for christening them.

She that marries a man because he is "a good match," must not be surprised if he turns out a " Lucifer."

The wives along the Mississippi never *blow* up their husbands. They leave it all to the steamboats, which are sure to do it sooner or later.

*The Model Minister.*—" How do you like your Minister?"—" Like him," says the Squire, " why I like him first-rate ; for he never meddles with politics, or religion, or temperance."

*A Bundle of Cons.*—Why is a person asking questions the strangest of all individuals? Because he's the querist.—What is the difference between a big man and a little man? One is a tall fellow, and the other not at all.—Why is a betting-list keeper like a bride? Because he's taken for better or worse.—When is the weather most like a crockery shop? When it's muggy.—Why is a thief called a " jail-bird?" Because he has been a " robbin."—Why does a waiter resemble a blood-

horse? Because *he runs for the plate.*—When does a man devour a musical instrument? When he has a piano forté (piano for tea).—How many ants make a landlord? 10 ants (tenants).—Why are most men like gooseberries? Because any woman can make a fool of them.

Why are your nose and chin always at variance? Because words are constantly passing between them.

A Scotch blacksmith being asked the meaning of metaphysics, explained it as follows:—"When the party who listens dinna ken what the party who speaks means, and when the party who speaks dinna ken what he means himself, that is metaphysics."

*Value of an Encore.*—Madlle. Cruvelli, who had an honest, simple-hearted waiting maid, from the country, gave her a ticket to the gallery of the Opera, to witness the representation of "The Huguenots." The *prima donna* was in voice, and obtained an unusually brilliant success. On her return she asked her maid what she thought of the performance. "Well, I don't think you had very good luck!" "How so?" "Why the audience seemed to be very discontent, for they made you do three or four songs all over again!"

*In that Case!*—An honest countryman, anxious to explore the wonders of the British Museum, obtained a special holiday. Accordingly, taking with him a couple of lady friends, he presented himself at the door for admittance. "No admission to-day, Sir," said the keeper. "No admission to-day! But I must come in—I've a holiday on purpose!" "No matter—this is a close day, and the Museum is shut." "What!" said John, "ain't this public property?" "Yes, but one of the mummies died a few days ago, and we are going to bury him!" "Oh, in that case, we won't intrude!" said John; and so he retired.

*The American Object of Prayer.*—A Boston paper, reporting a recent public meeting held in that city, mentions that it was preceded by prayer, "one of the most eloquent prayers ever addressed to a Boston audience."

An American Johnson's definition of what is love?—"A prodigal desire on the part of a young man to pay for some young woman's board and lodging."

*Clerical Sauce.*—It is a regulation made by a Canonical law, that a Priest cannot keep a female servant to manage his household, unless she be of the assigned age of, at least, forty years. It once happened that a Bishop dined with a *Curé*, at whose house the Prelate had arrived in the course of a visitation tour. On that occasion he found that they were waited on at dinner by two pretty female attendants, of some twenty years each. When the diocesan and subordinate were once more alone, the former remarked on the uncanonical condition of the household, and asked the *Curé* if he were not aware that, by rule of Church, he could maintain but one *ménagère*, who must have attained, at least, forty years of age? "I am quite aware of it, *Monseigneur*," said the rubicund *Curé;* "but, as you see, I prefer having my housekeeper in two volumes!"—*Table Traits.*

An Irish editor, in speaking of the miseries of Ireland, says, "Her cup of misery has been for ages overflowing, and is not yet full."

Intelligent Juvenile: Mamma, is 'fault' always a thing that's lost? Mamma: Why do you ask such a question, my dear? Juvenile: Because you say papa is always finding it.

*The Least Said, Soonest Mended.*—This proposition we deny. If, for instance, a husband's shirt wants repairing, and he says ever so little about it, he will not find it mended any the sooner for all that.

Old Squire B—— was elected Judge of the Inferior Court of some county in Georgia. When he went home his delighted wife exclaimed—"Now, my dear, you are Judge, what am I?" "The same darned old fool you allers was," was the reply.—*American Paper.*

Nearly all the suicides in this country are by foreigners. Yankees rarely make away with themselves; for nearly every one thinks he has a chance of becoming President, and, at any rate, his curiosity prompts him to live on, just to see what he *will* come to.—*American Paper.*

A very conscientious Juror complained that he always happened to be on a Jury with eleven obstinate men.

The ladies are said to have been thrown into the greatest consternation at the appointment of a number of lawyers in all parts of England, to register the *deeds* of married women.

*The late Duke of Cambridge.*—The Duke of Cambridge was the professional diner-out of the House; and in his day very few public dinners took place without having the advantage of his presence as President. He was, on such occasions, punctuality itself, and could not tolerate being kept waiting, and we shall not soon forget the effect he produced at a "religious public dinner," by exclaiming aloud, "Where is the Chaplain? d—n him! Why doesn't he say grace?"—*Table Traits.*

*Definition of Woman by a Distinguished Philosopher.*—A creature incapable of the exercise of reason, and that pokes the fire from the top.

A Leicester paper, about 1750, filled up with a chapter from the Bible every week, beginning with Genesis i., until it reached Exodus x.! The editor apologised for it on the ground that anything in the Bible would be *news* to his readers.

*Charms of a November Fog.* — Captain Fothergill was returning from India, where he had served for years; coming on deck, when entering the English Channel in a foggy November morning, "Ha, said he to the Lieutenant of the watch, "this is what I call something like —none of your cursed eternal blue skies here—a fellow can see his own breath now!"

A serious question has arisen as to whether St. Paul advised a little wine to be taken for the stomach's sake, or the "stomach's ache."

One of our young bloods, dining at a fashionable hotel a few weeks since, was requested by a gentleman to pass some article of food that was near him. "Do you mistake me for a waiter?" said the exquisite." "No, Sir, I mistook you for a gentlemen," was the reply.

*Scene.*—The crowded deck of an American packet—a Californian to the skipper of ditto, "I should like a sleeping berth now, if you please." Skipper: "Why where have you been sleeping these two nights since we left?" Californian: "Wal, I have been sleeping a top of a sick man, but he's got better now, and won't stand it no longer."

Copy of a letter received by a schoolmaster:—"Cur, as you are a man of noledge, I intend to enter my son into your skull. I am, &c."

An old lady was telling her grand children about some trouble in Scotland, in the course of which the chief of her clan was beheaded. "It was no great thing of a head, to be sure," said the old lady, "but it was a sair loss to him."

A young widow was about to marry an old rich widower. Her friends wished to know what she was about to marry him for. She feelingly replied, "Pure love! I love the ground on which he walks, and the very house in which he lives!"

"I wish to know, sir, if you called me an ass?"—"Yes, sir, but I qualified it."—"The better for you, sir. And pray how did you qualify it?"—"I said you were an ass, sir, all but the ears."

Why are high heels like poetry? Because they elevate the sole (soul.)

*Fallacy of an Old Maxim.*—To say "as different as chalk is from cheese." When we consider that cheese is made from milk, and milk is made from chalk, there is not such a great difference after all.

A person who was present at a conversation in which a very dull play was talked of, and its ill-success in acting, attempted a defence of it by saying, "It was not hissed." "True," says another, "I grant you that; but no one can hiss and gape at the same time."

A young lady of eighteen, Miss B., was engaged to be married to a gentleman of thirty-six. Her mother having noticed her low spirits for some time, inquired the reason. "Oh dear, mamma," replied the young lady, "I was thinking about my husband being twice my age!" "That's very true; but he's only thirty-six." "He's only thirty-six now, dear mamma; but when I'm sixty—." "Well," "Oh dear, why, then he'll be *a hundred and twenty!*"

When is a newspaper like a delicate child? When it appears weekly (weakly.)

Dr. B., of Boston, was called to visit a lady in Chelsea. After continuing his calls for some weeks, she expressed her fears that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account. "O madam," replied the doctor, innocently, "I have another patient in the neighbourhood, and thus you know, *I kill two birds with one stone!*"

*Little England.*—A Yankee who visited the mother country was asked, on coming back, how he liked Great Britain. "Well," he said, "England was a very nice little country, exceedingly fertile, well cultivated, very populous, and very wealthy; but," said he, "I never liked to take a morning walk, after breakfast, because the country is so small that I was always afraid of walking off the edge."

In the statistical tables just issued, it was stated that "tall men live longer than short ones." Who doubts it?

*Old and Young.*—The difference between an old woman and a young one is said to be, that one is happy and careless, and the other is cappy and hairless.

On the coast of Africa, a Captain was going to throw one of his crew, who was dying, overboard, before he was dead. So the man says—"You are not a-going to bury me alive, are you?" "Oh!" says the Captain, *you needn't be so jolly particular to a few minutes!*"

King James, when a certain Bishopric was vacant, consulted his Chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Mountain, as to the person most fit to be appointed to the vacant See. The Doctor replied by quoting the following passage of Scripture:—"If thou hast faith as a grain of mustard seed, thou wouldst say unto this mountain, be thou removed and cast into the sea (See.") The King was so pleased with the ready wit displayed in this answer, that he forthwith gave the vacant Bishopric to the Doctor.

Thomas Fuller was exceedingly corpulent, and as he was out riding one day with a friend named Sparrowhawk, he could not resist the opportunity of cracking a joke upon him. "Pray, what is the difference," says he, "between an owl and a sparrowhawk?" "An owl, replied his friend, "is Fuller in the head, Fuller in the body, and indeed, is Fuller all over."

*Crime by Weight.*—A lady once consulted Dr. Johnson on the degree of turpitude to be attached to her son's robbing an orchard. "Madam," said Johnson, "it all depends upon the weight of the boy. I remember my school-fellow Davy Garrick—who was always a little fellow—robbing a dozen orchards with impunity; but the very first time I climbed up an apple tree, for I was always a heavy boy, the bough broke with me, and it was called a judgment. I suppose that is why justice is represented with a pair of scales."

*A Simile.*—A man of philosophic temperament resembles a cucumber—for although he may be completely cut up, he still remains cool.

A gentleman who did not trust to his memory wrote in his pocket-book, "I must be married when I get to town."

In what part of the Church do they ring the bells *(belles?)* At the altar.—Why ought meat to be only half-cooked? Because what's *done* cannot be *helped.*

*A Painter's Bill.*—The *Builder* gives the following as a true copy of a painter's bill, at Cirencester, Gloucestershire, delivered to the parish warden of an adjoining parish:—To mending the Commandments, altering the Belief, and making a new Lord's Prayer, £1. 1s.

When line-by-line was sung in olden times in the Meeting-houses, sad work was often made with the Psalmist. For instance, "The Lord will come, and he will not." After that line, the next is, "Keep silence, but speak out."

When Curran was very ill, his physician observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "That is rather surprising, as I have been practising all night."

There was a Clergyman in a town in Essex county, whom we may call Mr. Cogswell, who had an old and favourite negro servant, by the name of Cuffee. Cuffee, on the Sabbath, might have been seen in the Minister's pew, looking round with a grand air, and, so far as appearance indicated, profiting quite as much by his master's preaching as many others about him. Cuffee noticed, one Sunday morning, that several gentlemen were taking notes of the sermon; and he determined to do the same thing. So, in the afternoon, he brought a sheet of paper, and pen and ink. The Minister, happening to look down into his pew, could hardly maintain his gravity, as he saw his negro, "spread out" to his task, with one side of his face nearly touching the paper, and his tongue thrust out of his mouth. Cuffee kept at his notes, however, until the sermon was concluded, knowing nothing, and caring as little, about the wonderment of his master. When the Minister reached home, he sent for Cuffee to come into his study. "Well, Cuffee," said he, "what were you doing in meeting this afternoon?" "Doing, Massa? Taking notes." "*You* taking notes!" exclaimed the master. "Sertin, Massa; all the gentlemen take notes." "Well, let me see them," said Mr. Cogswell. Cuffee thereupon produced his sheet of paper; and his master found it scrawled all over with all sorts of marks and lines, as though a dozen of spiders, dipped in ink, had marched over it. "Why, this is all nonsense," said the Minister, as he looked at the "notes." "Well, Massa," Cuffee replied, "*I thought so all the while you was preaching!*"

Why is a filter like the fortune of a spendthrift? Because it is soon run through, and leaves a great many matters behind to settle.

*New Reason for Matrimony.*—An old toper was heard the other day advising a young man to get married, "because then, my boy, you'll have somebody to pull off your boots when you go home drunk."

A gentleman named Dunlop, being present at a party, where one of the company had made several puns on the names of persons present, remarked that he had never heard his name punned upon, and did not believe it could be done. "There is nothing in the world more easy, Sir," replied the punster, "just *lop* off half of the name, and it is *Dun.*"

*A Wife's Right.*—"Wife," said a married man, looking for his boot-jack, after she was in bed, "I have a place for all things, and you ought to know it by this time." "Yes," she replied, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours, but I don't."

A lady who had an excellent voice and great taste in singing, on being one day entreated to oblige the company with a proof of her ability, declared that she could not, positively. "That we are all very well aware of," said Miss Edgeworth, who was present, "for we know, my dear madam, you do not sing *positively* but *superlatively.*"

Fancy balls give real head-aches.

"I believe the Jury have been inoculated with stupidity," said a lawyer. "That may be," said his opponent, "but the Bar are of opinion that you had it in the natural way."

The young King of Portugal, on Sir Edwin Landseer, the animal painter, being introduced to him, said "he was very glad to make his acquaintance, for he was very fond of beasts!"

When are soldiers like good flannels? When they won't *shrink.*

"Paws for a reply," as the cat said when she scratched the dog for barking at her.

We never knew a widower who, when he married again, did not do it for the sake of his dear "children." We never knew a man publish his first book but he did it at the entreaty of friends. We never knew a man to send his portrait to the Exhibition, but he did it to oblige the artist. "Carmine, you know, would have it!"

An old soldier, whose nose had been lopped off by a sabre-cut, happened to give a few pence to a beggar, who exclaimed in return, "God preserve your eye-sight!" "Why so?" inquired the veteran. "Because, Sir," was the reply, "if your sight should grow weak, you have nothing to hang your spectacles on."

An Irishman, who was near sighted, about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer to his antagonist than the latter did to him, and they were both to fire at the same time.

A Western orator, in a swang-wang address to the unterrified voters of Conopolis, said that to save his country a patriot should be willing to die, even if it cost him his life! It is unnecessary to state that this statement met with a triumphant echo from the assembled multitude.

*American Teachers.*—The following is a true copy of a sign upon an academy for teaching in one of the Western States: — "Freeman and Huggs, School Teachers. Freeman teaches the boys and Huggs the girls."

*Cheap Living.*— Tom Moore says in his diary, "In talking of cheap living, Zeykil mentioned a man who told him his eating cost him almost nothing; for, on Sunday, said he, I always dine with an old friend, when I eat enough to last me until Wednesday, when I buy some tripe, which makes me so sick I cannot eat again until Sunday."

Sir Godfrey Kneller was once painting—from a human model, a humble villager. "You knows the Queen?" says Chawbacon to Sir Godfrey. Sir Godfrey bowed. "There's now't she won't do for you, eh?" Sir Godfrey smiled and bowed again. "Well, then, just have the kindness to ax her Majesty—as I'se a neighbour—to let me have her wash for my pigs."

*Delightful Residence.*—A Washington correspondent, in describing a beautiful young lady, says—"She has a face a painter might dwell upon."

"Recollect, Sir," said a tavern-keeper to a coach passenger, who had only taken a glass of water, and not remembered the waiter, "recollect, Sir, if you lose your purse, *you didn't pull it out here.*"

"That mare is in every way a good piece of property; she has a heavy mane, switch tail, trots square and fair, and there is *one thing* only why she can't go a mile in two minutes." "What in the name of Old Harry is it then." "The distance is too great for the time," was the reply.

*Backbiter.*—What is the meaning of a "backbiter?" said a Rev. Gentleman during an examination of a Parochial School. This was a puzzle. It went down the class till it came to a simple little urchin, who said, "Pr'aps it be a flea."

An old Count paid his addresses to one of the richest heiresses of Paris. On asking her hand in marriage, he frankly said to her, "Mademoiselle, I am very old, and you are very young, and will you do me the honour to become my widow?"

Fontenelle one day said to Marivaux, that he flattered himself he had a good heart. "Yes, my dear Fontenelle, you have as good a heart as can be made out of brains."

*An Economical Rider.* — An innkeeper observed a postillion with only one spur, and inquired the reason. "Why, what would be the use of another?" said the postillion. "If one side of the horse goes, the other can't stand still."

A lady, passing through New Hampshire, observed the following notice on a board:—"Horses taken in to grass; long tails, three shillings and sixpence; short tails, two shillings." The lady asked the owner of the land the reason of the difference in price. He answered, "You see, ma'am, the long tails can brush away the flies, but the short tails are so tormented that they can't eat at all."

*An Observation under Difficulties.* — An Irish bricklayer was one day brought to the Edinburgh Infirmary severely injured by a fall from a house-top. The medical man in attendance asked the sufferer at what time the accident occurred. "Two o'clock, yer honour," was the reply. On being asked how he came to fix the hour so accurately, he answered, "Because I saw the people at dinner, through a window, as I was coming down!"

*The Last Resource.*—An Irishman had been sick a long time, and while in this state would occasionally cease breathing, and life be apparently extinct for some time, when he would come to. On one of these occasions, when he had just awakened from his sleep, Patrick asked him, "An' how'l we know, Jemmy, when you're dead? you're afther waking up ivery time." "Bring me a glass o' grog, an' say to me, 'Here's till ye, Jemmy,' an' if I don't rise and drink, then bury me."

During a rehearsal, Braham said to Tom Cooke, who was a conductor, "Now, Tom, keep quite piano here, because I intend dropping my voice." "Do you, by the powers," said Tom; "whereabouts? for it's just the sort of voice I should like to pick up."

*A Model Letter.*—"Dear Brother,—I have got one of the handsomest farms in the State, and have it nearly paid for. Crops are good, and prices never were better. We have had a glorious revival of religion in our Church, and both our children (the Lord be praised) are converted. Father got to be rather an incumbrance, and last week we took him to the Poorhouse. Your affectionate brother."—*New York Daily Times.*

One of the Albion editors says that the only reason why his house was not blown away during a severe gale was, because there was a heavy mortgage on it.

*Symptoms of Getting Well.*—M. Bauvart, a celebrated French physician, had attended a Nobleman through a long and dangerous illness. "Good morning, M. Bauvart," said the Marquis, when he made one of his visits; "I am much better, I think my fever has left me." "You may be sure it has; the first words you uttered convinced me of it," answered the doctor. "Explain yourself." "Why, my Lord, in the height of your disorder, while your life was in danger, I was your 'dearest friend;' when you grew better, I became 'my good Bauvart,' and now I am plain 'M. Bauvart;' depend upon it, you are quite well."

One of Sir Boyle Roche's invitations to an Irish Nobleman was amusingly equivocal. "I hope, my Lord, if ever you come within a mile of my house that you'll stay there all night."

*Difference between "Not" and "No."*—There is a wide difference between "He was *not* more respected in public than revered in private," and "He was *no* more respected in public than revered in private."

A lady, given to tattle, says she never tells anything except to two classes of people—those who ask her, and those who don't.

The Bishop of Oxford was rebuking one of his Clergy for following the hounds. "My Lord," replied the Clergyman, "every man must have relaxation, and I assure your Lordship I never go to balls." "Ah, said the Bishop I perceive you allude to my having been at the Duchess of Sutherland's party; but I give you my word I never was in the same room with the dancers." "My Lord," responded the Clergyman, "my mare and I are getting old, and *we are never in the same field with the hounds.*"

I do not want the walls of separation between different orders of Christians to be destroyed, but only lowered, that they may shake hands a little easier over them.—*Rowland Hill.*

*The British Flag.*—No such thing; when Britons fight they never *flag.*

*Comparisons are "Odious."*—In a Church-yard near Newmarket are buried by the side of each other the two wives of Tom Sexton, who has placed on the tombstone of one of them this epitaph—

"Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
She was a good soul and never vex'd one;
But I can't say as much of her at the next stone."

A Rochdale Clergyman was called to visit a poor weaver in a dying state. "My friend," said he, on seeing the patient, "I fear I must address you in the words of the prophet to the good King Hezekiah: 'Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live.'" "Well," replied the sick man, rising from his bed, and speaking with difficulty, "well, I think its o'reet, but for a brick or two as is out behint kitchen cupboard."

Fontenelle describes a lover as a man who, in his anxiety to obtain possession of another, loses possession of himself.

*A Preacher's Extempore Belief.*—A village preacher was preaching on a very sultry day in a small room, and was annoyed by those who casually dropped in after the service had commenced invariably closing the door after them. His patience at last exhausted by the extreme oppressiveness of the heat, he vociferated to an offender, "Friend, I believe if I was preaching in a bottle you would put the cork in."

Some malicious persons assert that the letters M.D., which are placed after physicians' names, signify, "money down."

John Randolph met a personal enemy in the street one day, who refused to give him half the side walk, saying that he never turned out for a rascal. "I do," said Randolph, stepping aside, and politely raising his hat—"pass on, sir—pass on."

A writer in the *Examiner* saw a blind man looking with much apparent interest at the prints in Colnaghi's window. "Why, my friend," said we, "it seems you are not blind." "Blind? no, thank God, your honour," replied the man, "I have my blessed sight as well as another." "Then why do you go about led by a dog with a string?" asked we. "Why because I hedicates dogs for blind men."

"He's gone to the dogs," as the lady said when her husband went for a day's hunting.

You can generally tell how popular you are with a lady, by the length of time she keeps you waiting while dressing to receive you.

A mother admonishing her son, told him that he should never defer till to-morrow what he could do to-day. The little urchin replied—"Then, mother, let's eat the rest of the plum pudding to-night."

A Clerk was assisting a Clergyman who had come to preach a Charity Sermon, to robe before the service commenced, when he said to him, "Please, sir, I am deaf." "Indeed, my good man," said the Clergyman, "then how do you manage to follow me through the service?" "Why, sir," says the Clerk, "I looks up, and when you shuts your mouth I opens mine."

When a tailor makes up his mind, what does he do with the remnants?

A professional gentleman has hanging in his room a fine large coloured engraving of the head of a quadruped, vulgarly known as a jackass. A friend of his dropped in, and stopping before the picture, gazed intently upon it for a few moments, and then sung out abruptly, and, as he imagined, very wittily—"Hallo, doctor, is that your portrait?" "Oh, no," replied the doctor, "that's simply a looking-glass."

A late printer, while on his death-bed, was requested to be composed. "Distributed, you mean," was the faint reply.

"*Is a Man and his Wife One*—asked the wife of a man in a state of stupefaction, as she was holding his aching head in both hands. "Yes, I suppose so," was the reply. "Well, then," said she, "I came home very drunk last night, and I ought to be ashamed of myself."

"Do you go in for the Maine Liquor Law?" "Why, partly yes and partly no; I goes in for the liquor, but not for the law."

When a subscription was proposed for Charles James Fox, and some one was observing that it would require some delicacy, and was wondering how Fox would take it—"Take it?" observed Selwyn, "why *quarterly* to be sure."

*The Evasive Answer.*—"John," said a gentleman to his Irish footman, "if Mr. So and So calls again, I don't wish to see him. Say I'm not at home." "Yes sure, your honour," says John. "Stay John," said his master, touched with a little pang of conscience, "I don't wish you to tell a lie, John—don't say I'm not at home—but give him an evasive answer, John,—you understand, I don't want to see him." "Yes, your honour, I understand; I'll give him an evasive answer, your honour." The gentleman went out for the day, and on his return called his footman to him. "Well John, has Mr. So and So called in my absence?" "Yes, your honour," "and I gave him an evasive answer, your honour. 'John,' says he, 'is your masther at home?' says he. 'Ax my eye, you pig,' says I, and shut the door in his face."

*The Miseries of Editing.*—An editor at the dinner table, being asked if he would take some pudding, replied in a fit of abstraction, "Owing to crowd of other matter, I am unable to find room for it."

When does a good-natured man resemble a soldier on parade? When he stands a tease.

What difference is there between forms and ceremonies? You sit upon one, and stand upon the other.

Lady C. was one day rallying the Turkish Ambassador on the Koran allowing to Mussulmans so many wives. "It is true, Madam," replied the Turk, "and it so permits that the husband may in several find the various charms and accomplishments which many Englishwomen, like your Ladyship, singly possess."

A beggar at Falkirk Tryst asked a farmer for alms; the farmer had nothing but notes: "Then I can change ye a five-pound note, to oblige ye," said the *poor* mendicant.

*Too Far a Descent.*—Once upon a time a Scotchman claiming precedence before an Englishman, of course the Englishman would not assent. They appealed to an Irishman, who observing the rude manner in which the Scotchman asserted his claims, gave it in favour of the Scotch aristocracy's greater antiquity. The Englishman was rather astonished, and the Scotchman hurra'd. Paddy smiled with one side of his mouth, and then said to the Englishman, "Arrah now be aisy, my jewel; don't you see, men were created on the sixth day, but the brutes were created on the fifth?"

An editor in Iowa has been fined 250 dols. for hugging a young woman in Church. Cheap enough. We once did the same, ten years since, and the scrape has cost us 1,000 dols. a-year ever since.

*The Irish Crier.*—"In Cork," said O'Connell, "I remember a supernumerary crier, trying to disperse the crowd by exclaiming, with a stentorian voice, 'All you blackguards that isn't lawyers, lave the presence of the Court entirely, or I'll make ye, by the powers!'"

*A Model Clerk.*—Young man: "I called to see about the clerkship you advertised as vacant." Old gent: "Hem! Have you a gold watch and chain, a fast horse, a diamond ring, six suits of clothes, a bulldog, 1,000 cigars, a cask of brandy, and an assortment of canes?" Young man: "Yes, Sir, got 'em all." Old gent: "Then you ll suit. My last clerk furnished himself with all these out of the till, so, as you're supplied, I'll save the expense."

When Fox the Quaker had an interview with Charles the Second, the King observing that his "friend" kept on his beaver, immediately took off his own. "Put on thy hat, friend Charles," said the plain gentleman. "Not so, friend George," replied the King; "it is usual for only one man to be covered here."

*Matrimonial.*—Two widowers were once condoling together on the death of their wives. One of them exclaimed with a sigh, "Well may I bewail my loss, for I had so few differences with my dear deceased, that the last day of my marriage was as happy as the first." "There I surpass you," said the friend," for the last day of *mine was happier.*"

Why do ducks go under water? For divers reasons. —Why do rooks chatter? Because they have *caws* for conversation.

*Mem.*—Never nod to an acquaintance at an auction. We did so once, and when the sale closed we found four broken chairs, six cracked flower-pots, and a knock-kneed bedstead knocked down to us. What we intended as nods to a friend had been taken by the auctioneer as bids for the kitchen furniture.

One evening, when the House of Commons were going to adjourn, John Wilkes, the friend of the people, begged permission to make a speech, "For," said he, "I have sent a copy to the *Public Advertiser*, and how ridiculous should I appear if it were published without having been delivered!"

When a Bank suspends in Australia, they take the President to a neighbouring tree and serve him in the same manner,—a simple remedy, but very efficacious.

"Union is not always strength," as Jack observed when he saw the purser mixing his rum and water.

The saying, "There is more pleasure in giving than in receiving," applies chiefly to kicks, medicine, and advice.

It is reasonable to suppose that when a young lady offers to hem cambric handkerchiefs for a rich bachelor, she means to sew that she may reap.

*Drops of Comfort.*—Losing a small fortune in an unlucky speculation, and all your friends wondering how you could have been "such a fool." Putting on a white neckcloth, which you fancy becomes you, and being hailed all the evening as "waiter!" Breaking down before ladies in the middle of a song, and a malicious rival calling out "*Encore, encore.*"

No professional man lives so much from hand to mouth as a dentist.

Why are musquitoes the most religious of all insects? Because they first sing over you, and then prey on you.

The following is descriptive of an energetic character:—"Cromwell did not wait till the iron was hot, but made it hot by striking."

Good resolutions are like fainting ladies—they want to be carried out.

*Definition of Eternity.*—Just lend me your umbrella for five minutes.

*Control of the Feelings.*—A lady was at the representation of a deep tragedy, and did not shed a tear. Her companion expressing surprise at her coolness, "I could indeed have wept," said she, "but I am engaged out to-night to supper."

*Why are Railway Companies like Laundresses?*—Because they have ironed all England, and sometimes do a little mangling.

The *Newark* (Ohio) *News* says—"In Boston, we understand that a hasty pudding, which had been set out to cool, was taken up to the Watch-house by a Watchman, on a charge of smoking in the street."

At the close of the South Durham contest of 1832 there was a dinner at Darlington, and one of the speakers was called upon to apologise for words uttered in wine. "I beg pardon," said he, "I did not, if you'll believe me, mean to say what I did; but I've had the misfortune, you see, to lose some of my front teeth, and words get out, every now and then, without my knowing a word about it!"

*A Logical Argument.*—A Collector of Church Rates in England called upon a Quaker, who kept a dry goods' store, for the usual sum. The latter said, "Friend, is it right that I should pay, when I never attend the Established Church?" "The Church is open to all," answered the Collector, "and you might have attended it if you had a mind." The Quaker paid the money, and on the next day sent the Collector a bill for broad cloth. The man came immediately, and, in a great passion, asked the meaning of it, declaring that he never had a single article from his store. "Oh," said the Quaker, rubbing his hands, "the store was open to thee, and thou mightest have had the cloth if thou hadst a mind."

A newly-elected Lord Mayor, speaking of certain articles, observed—"I despise those underhand attacks. When I write an anonymous letter, I always sign my name to it."

*Poor Fellow.*—We know a lawyer who gets so confused by press of business that he frequently mistakes one parchment for another; in fact, he has been known to "take the will for the deed!"

*A Sound Reason.*—"Here's your money, dolt. Now tell me why your father wrote me eighteen letters about this contemptible sum?" said an exasperated debtor. "I'm sure, sir, I can't tell, sir; but if you'll excuse me, sir, I think it were because seventeen letters didn't fetch it."

In ancient days the celebrated precept was "Know thyself;" in modern times it has been supplanted by the far more fashionable maxim—"Know thy neighbour, and everything about him."

When Walpole, in allusion to the sameness of the system of politics contained in the reign of George the Third, observed, "But there is nothing new under the sun." "No," said Selwyn, "nor under the *grandson.*"

The following toast was drunk at a social gathering in Baltimore:—"In ascending the hill of prosperity, may we never *meet* a friend."

A Yankee and a Southerner were engaged in playing cards on a steamboat. "I haven't seen an ace for some time," replied the Southerner. "Wall, I guess you haint," was the reply; one of 'em is up your sleeve there, and the other three are in the tops of my boots."

Miss Hamilton, in her book on education, mentions the instance of a boy so very stupid that he could never be brought to read the word *patriarchs;* but whenever he met with it he always pronounced it *partridges.* A friend of the writer observed to her that it could hardly be considered as a mere piece of stupidity, for it appeared to him that the boy, in calling them partridges, was *making game of the patriarchs.*

James I. of England and VI. of Scotland was wanting in steadiness of mind. The Monarch was aware of this defect, and heard of a preacher singularly happy in his choice of texts. James appointed him to preach before him, that he might put his abilities to the test. The preacher, with the utmost gravity, gave out the text in the following words:—*James the first and sixth,* in the latter part of the verse: "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven by the winds and tossed." "*He is at me already,*" said the King.

The following instructions are said to have been given by Lord Palmerston to a Foreign Office Clerk, for answering a letter:—"Tell him—1st, we'll see; 2d, to use blacker ink; 3d, to round his letters; and 4th, that there is no *h* in exorbitant."

Wedderburn asked Sheridan how he got rid of his Irish brogue, as he wished to get rid of his Scotch accent. "My dear fellow," said Sheridan, "don't attempt such a thing: the House listens to you now, because they don't understand you; but if you become intelligible, they will be able to take your measure."

An Irishman and a Frenchman were to be hanged together. The latter was strongly affected by his situation, while Paddy took it very easy, and told his companion to keep up his spirits, for it was nothing at all to be hanged. "Ah, begar!" said the Frenchman, "there be one grand difference between you and me, for you Irishmen are used to it!"

Lamb and Coleridge were talking together on the incidents of Coleridge's early life, when he was beginning his career in the Church; and Coleridge was describing some of the facts in his usual tone, when he paused, and said, "Pray, Mr. Lamb, did you ever hear me preach?" "Damn me," said Lamb, "I never heard you do anything else."

*Horne Tooke and the Income Tax.*—When the Income Tax was first passed his return was "nothing!" He was surcharged, as matter of course; and on being asked by the Commissioners how he could contrive to live in a good house, and entertain his friends, giving an excellent dinner every Sunday, which could not be done with an income under £60 a-year, he replied, "There are three ways of doing it, *begging*, *borrowing*, or *stealing*. By which of these three methods I manage to live upon so small an income, it is for your Worships to find out!"

*Excused.*—A young man at a social party was urged to sing a song. He replied that he would first tell a story, and then if they persisted in their demands, he would execute a song. "When a boy," he said, "he took lessons in singing, and on Sunday morning he went into his father's attic to practise by himself. When in full play, he was suddenly sent for by the old gentleman. 'This is pretty conduct,' said the father, 'pretty employment for the son of pious parents, to be sawing boards on Sunday morning, loud enough to be heard by the neighbours. Sit down and take your book.'" The young man was excused from singing the proposed song.

*Reading a Love Letter.*—An instance of Hibernian simplicity is afforded by the following story:—Molly, our housemaid, one day entered the library in a confused and uncertain manner, quite different from her usual bustling way. She stood at the door with a letter between her thumb and finger, which she held at arm's length, as if she had a gunpowder plot in her grasp. In answer to our inquiries as to her business, she answered:—"An' it plaze your honour, I'm a poor girl, and ha'n't much larnin', and ye sees, plaze yer honour, Paddy O'Reilly—and the betther than him don't breathe in ould Ireland—has been writhin' of me a letter, plaze yer honour; an'—an'—" We guessed at her embarrassment, and offered to relieve it by reading the letter. Still she hesitated, whilst she twisted a bit of raw cotton in her fingers. "Shure," she resumed, "an' that's jist what I want, but it isn't a gentleman like yerself that would be knowin' the secrets between us, an'—" here she twisted the cotton quite nervously, "If it'll only plaze yer honor, while yer readin' it, so that yer may not hear it yerself, if ye'll jist put this bit o'cotton in yer ears, an' stop up yer hearin', and then the sacrets will be unknown to ye." We hadn't the heart to refuse her, and with the gravest face possible complied with the request, but often since we have laughed heartily as we have related the incident.

An Irishman thought he must conform to the fashionable mania in paying a visit to the Falls of Niagara. Paddy arrived at the Falls, and taking a look at the surrounding wonders, addressed himself to another gentleman:—"And is this the Niagara Falls?" "Yes," was the reply. "And what's there to make such a bother about?" "Why," said the gentleman, "do you see the mighty river, the deep abyss, the great sheet of water pouring down?" Pat looking at the water, replied hesitatingly, "And, sure, what's to hinder it?"

A green-looking countryman hailed a "Wellington" omnibus-driver, as he was dashing up Oxford-street, with, "Going to Paddington?" "Yes," said Jehu, halting. "Well, so I thought," said Gawkey, and passed on.

When may a man be said to have a *fishy* origin?—When his father was a good soul, and his mother a common place.

Dr. Paley was in very high spirits when he was presented to his first preferment in the Church. He attended at a Visitation dinner just after this event, and during the entertainment called out jocosely, "Waiter, shut down that window at the back of my chair, and open another behind some *Curate*."

Dr. Johnson, when a child, having one day displeased his mother, she called him a "little puppy." The child significantly asked "What should you call a puppy's mother?"

A peasant, being at confession, accused himself of having stolen some hay; the Father-Confessor asked him how many bundles he had taken from the stack? "That is of no consequence," replied the peasant, "you may set it down a waggon-load, for my wife and me are going to fetch the remainder very soon."

A teacher at a National School asked a boy which is the highest dignitary of the Church? After looking up and looking down, the boy innocently replied, "The weathercock."

*Two Sorts of Trials.*—"Ah, Sam, so you've been in trouble, eh?" "Yes, Jem, yes." "Well—well, cheer up, man; adversity tries us, and shews up our better qualities." "Ah, but adversity *did'nt* try me; it was an Old Bailey Judge, and he showed up my worst qualities."

An English Judge being asked, what contributed most to success at the Bar? replied—"Some succeed by great talent, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling."

"I say, Jim," inquired a young urchin of his companion, but a few years older than himself, "what does p.m. mean after them figures on that ere Railway bill?" Jim responds, conscious of his own wisdom, "Penny a mile, to be sure!" "Well, and a.m.?" "Oh, that means—that means," said Jim, hesitating, "that means an apen'y a mile."

"Pray, sir," said an old lady to a very pompous-looking old gentleman who was talking loudly about steam communication, "Pray, sir, what is steam?" "Steam, ma'am, is, ah!—steam is—eh! ah!—steam is—steam!" "I knew that chap could'nt tell ye," said a rough-looking fellow, standing by, "but steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration."

*Naval Tactics.*—A Captain of the Royal Navy, one of the old school, being at a ball at Portsmouth, had been accepted by a beautiful partner, a lady of rank, who, in the most delicate manner possible, hinted to him the propriety of putting on a pair of gloves. "Oh!" was the elegant reply, "never mind me, ma'am; I shall wash my hands when I've done dancing."

A certain Frenchman, in the fulness of his importance, claimed much credit to his nation for the invention of shirt-frills. An Englishman standing by replied, that that peculiar discovery might certainly belong to France, but England had the merit of adding a shirt to it.

*A Slight Interpolation.*—Dr. Kitchener held frequent evening *conversaziones*, and, with a view to decorum, placed a small placard over the chimney-piece inscribed:

"Come at Seven, go at Eleven!"

But George Colman, to whom such early hours were an abomination, one evening took occasion, by inserting a small pronoun, to materially alter the reading:

"Come at Seven, go it at Eleven!"

*Knowledge of Common Things.*—Compare the adjective "cold." Positive, "cold;" comparative, "cough;" superlative, "coffin."

The oldest husbandry we know is when a man in clover marries a woman in weeds.

*A Difference.*—Glasses reflect without talking; lasses talk without reflecting. That's the difference between lasses and glasses.

Lord Howe was thought to be shy of fighting before the battle of the 1st of June, so much so that his Officers refused to drink his health. The Chaplain, however, once got them to do it by giving a toast, "The two first words of the third Psalm."

The emblem of fool-hardiness is "sheep's head and pluck."

"What plan," said an actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the reply.

"John, how does the thermometer stand" "Against the wall, dad." "I mean how is the mercury?" "I guess it's pretty well." "You little rascal, is it not colder than yesterday?" "I don't know, dad; but I'll go out and feel."

Why is a Post-Office money order like a careful housewife? Because it makes a little money go a great way.

A person, who always volunteered to "go round with the hat," but was suspected of sparing his own pocket, overhearing once a hint to that effect, replied, "Other gentlemen puts down what they thinks proper, and so do I. Charity's a private concern, and what I give is *nothing to nobody.*"

"Now, gentlemen," said a Nobleman to his guests, as the ladies left the room, "let us understand each other—are we to drink like men, or like brutes?" The guests somewhat indignant, exclaimed, "Like men, of course." "Then," replied he, "we are going to get jolly drunk, for brutes never drink more than they want."

"I am perfectly willing to argue questions of the law, to chop logic, or even to split hairs with my learned friend," said an advocate while pleading before the Superior Court of the United States. "Split that, then," said the other, at the same time pulling a short rough-looking hair from his own head, and handing it over. "May it please the honourable Court," was retorted, "I didn't say bristles."

When may two people be said to be half-witted? When they have an understanding between them.

An ungallant Spanish Abbé is said to have exclaimed, whenever he heard of anything going wrong in the world, "Who was she?" his conviction being that there was always a woman at the bottom of the mischief.

Walpole was fond of playing at billiards, at which his friend, Dr. Monsey, excelled him. "How happens it, Monsey," said Sir Richard, "that nobody beats me at billiards, or contradicts me, but you?" "The solution is easy," answered Monsey: "I want neither places nor money from you; perhaps, if I did, I should be as great a bungler at billiards as you are."

Rabelais is said to have made the following will:—"I owe much; I possess nothing. I give the rest to the poor."

Talleyrand was dining in the year 1805, with the Minister of Finance, who did the honours of his house in the very best style. A very fine carp was on the table opposite to Talleyrand, but the fish was nearly cold. "This is a magnificent carp," said the Financier; how do you like it? It came from my estate at Virsur-Aisne?" "Did it?" said Talleyrand, "but why did you not have it cooked *here?*"

Bannister was introduced, with Mrs. Bannister, to an elderly lady of exceedingly "high notions." After the presentation, the lady asked a friend, "Who are the Bannisters? are they of good family?" "Yes," said the friend, "very good indeed; they are closely allied with the Stairs." "O," said Lady Lucretia, "a very ancient family from Ayrshire, dates back to 1460; I am delighted to see your friends."

Girls, don't accept the hand of anybody who tells you that he is going to marry and settle. Make him settle first and marry afterwards.

Mr. S. received a begging letter, which told a pitiable tale. An Irish gentleman coming in at the time, was asked what he would do in such a case? He replied, "Why, write, and say that your can't give him anything, for you don't know his address.

*Paddy's Toast.*—"Here's to the man who is never in want of a friend, but can always fall back upon himself."

During the war it was found necessary to call on the marines and sailors to serve on shore, and a large number of sailors were accordingly placed under the command of a Marine Officer. During one of the "shore fights," as Jack termed it, the enemy were discovered firing from a masked battery, and it being necessary to get to its rear, the Marine Officer gave the order, "By the right flank file left, forward!" The blue jackets, in a high state of excitement, "tried it on," but couldn't do it; in fact, "they got all in a heap;" when the Naval Lieutenant, seeing the lads in such confusion, came running up to ascertain the cause, and was informed by Mr. Marine that the sailors would not obey him. "Give the order," says the Lieutenant, "and I'll see that they do." Accordingly, "By the right flank file left, forward!" was yelled out, but worse and worse was poor Jack's puzzle, when the Lieutenant sang out, "D—n it, Sir, that's no way to talk to my men. Luff you lubbers, and weather that battery!" shouted the Lieutenant, which was accordingly silenced in no time.

What is it that makes all women equally pretty? Putting the candles out.

"Let go the jib there! quick! let go!" shouted the Captain of an Eastern packet, to a raw hand, as a sudden squall came up. "What's all that yellin' about? I ain't a touching yer jib," honestly retorted Jonathan.

*Ladies and Women.*—A lady of rank came to be churched after the birth of her first child, when the obsequious Clergyman, thinking *woman* too common a term to apply to her, thus altered the petition—"O Lord, save this *lady*, thy servant." The clerk resolving not to be outdone in politeness, immediately responded—"Who putteth her *ladyship's* trust in thee."

An Indian paper refuses to publish obituary eulogies gratis, and adds—"We will publish the simple announcement of the death of any of our friends with pleasure."

*Candid.*—"Why don't your father take a newspaper?" said a man to a little boy whom he caught pilfering his paper from his door-step. "Coz he sends me to take it," answered the little urchin.

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

Which are the only letters of the alphabet that have eyes? *A* and *b* see *d*.

How did Orpheus correct his son for falsehood? He struck the lyre (liar).

If a bear went into a draper's shop, what would he want? Muslin.

"Pat, you are wearing your stockings wrong side outward." "Och, and don't I know, to be sure? There's a hole on the other side, there is."

Why need not any one starve in the Desert? Because of the sand which is there.—How are these sandwiches made? Noah sent Ham, and his descendants bred and mustered.

"I shall be at home next Sunday," a young lady remarked as she followed her beau to the door, who seemed to be somewhat wavering in his attachment. "So shall I," was the reply.

"Why," said a physician to his intemperate neighbour, "don't you take a regular quantity every day,—set a regular stake, that you will go so far and no farther?" "I do," replied the other, "but I set it down so far off, that I get drunk before I get to it."

*A Useful Hint.*—At the Bishop's visitation, held at Appleby, the following dialogue might have been heard between two youngsters:—Jack: "I say Bill, what's the meanin o' so mony Parsons bein' here?" Bill: "Wie, they meets yance year to change sarmons."

A young divine, who was much given to enthusiastic cant, one day said to Dr. Laythorpe, "Do you suppose you have any real religion?" "None to *speak* of," was the excellent reply.

What is a floating pier? A Nobleman whose means barely enable him to keep his head above water.

An Irishman, who served on board a man-of-war in the capacity of waister, was selected by one of the Officers to haul in a tow-line of considerable length, which was towing over the taffrail. After rowsing in 40 or 50 fathoms, which had put his patience severely to proof, as well as every muscle of his arms, he muttered to himself, "Sure, it's as long as to-day and to-morrow! It's a good week's work for any five in the ship! Bad luck to the arm or leg it'll leave me at last! What! more of it yet! Och, murder; the sa's mighty deep to be sure!" After continuing in a similar strain, and conceiving there was little probability of the completion of his labour, he suddenly stopped short, and addressing the Officer of the watch, exclaimed, "Bad manners to me, Sir, if I don't think somebody's *cut off the other end of it.*"

A candid doctor said that tight lacing was a public benefit, inasmuch as it killed all the foolish girls and left the wise ones to grow to be women.

An English Officer lost his leg at the battle of Vittoria. After he had suffered amputation with the greatest courage, he saw his servant crying, or pretending to cry, in the corner of the room. "None of your hypocritical tears, you idle dog," said his master; "you know you are very glad, for now you will only have one boot to clean instead of two."

When Sydney Smith resided at his living at Combe Florey, a pompous little man in black was ushered in one morning, who announced that he was "compounding a history of the distinguished families in Somersetshire, and called to obtain the Smith arms." Sydney regretted that he could not contribute to so valuable a work, for the Smiths never had any arms, but sealed their letters with their thumbs.

"John, is my Coffee hot?" "Not yet, massa—me spit in him, and he no sizzle!"

*Sydney Smith on Scotch Love-making.* — "My Dear Lady Holland, I shall be extremely happy to see ——, and will leave a note for him at the tavern where the mail stops, to say so. Nothing can exceed the dulness of this place; but he has been accustomed to live alone with his grandmother, which, though a highly moral life, is not an amusing one. There are two Scotch ladies staying here with whom he will get acquainted, and to whom he may safely make love the ensuing winter; for love, though an acute disorder in Andalusia, puts on a very chronic shape in these Northern latitudes; for, first, the lover must prove *metapheezically* that he *ought* to succeed; and then, in the fifth or sixth year of courtship (or rather of argument), if the summer is tolerably warm, and oatmeal plenty, the fair one is won."

*The Negro's Compliment to the Great Emancipator.* —"Goramighty bless Massa Wilberforce! he hab a white face, but he hab a black heart."

*Interesting Couple.*—There is a couple in Cincinnati who have been engaged to be married for the last five years, but no time has occurred within that period when they were both out of Prison at the same time.

Why is the sun like a good loaf? Because it's light when it rises.

*Sydney Smith's Parody on Mackintosh.* — "It struck me last night, as I was lying in bed, that Mackintosh, if he were to write on pepper, would thus describe it:— Pepper may philosophically be described as a dusty and highly-pulverized seed of an oriental fruit; an article rather of condiment than diet, which dispersed highly over the surface of food, with no other rule than the caprice of the consumer, communicates pleasure, rather than affords nutrition; and by adding a tropical flavour to the gross and succulent viands of the North, approximates the different regions of the earth, explains the objects of commerce, and justifies the industry of man."

*The Last Conundrum.*—Why is a cat's tail like the world? Because it's fur to the end of it!

"Shon Jones," asked one Welshman of another, in a Manchester lodging-house, the other day, "what time is it, I dare say?" "I don't know, I shouldn't wonder," was the reply.

*Better Late than Never.* — The following announcement may be seen in the window of a shop in New Bond-street:—"Articles of vertu cleaned and restored *after the lapse of a hundred years.*"

*Curiosities of Medical Experience.* — House surgeon: "Ah, by the way, there's Higgin's case; there has been a slight mistake, it was the sound leg cut off!" Visiting surgeon: "It's of no consequence, we can cure t'other —so it comes to the same thing!"

A Cornet of Hussars having joined his regiment, his Commanding Officer inquired of him what his father was? "A farmer," he replied. "Pity your father didn't make you follow his trade," said the Colonel. Upon which the Cornet asked, "Pray, Sir, what is your father?" "A gentleman, Sir." "Pity he didn't make you one."

A smoker having bought a cigar at a druggist's, began smoking, when his eye caught a notice, "No smoking allowed in this shop." "Well!" he exclaimed, "that is a pretty joke: you sell a chap cigars, and then won't let him smoke them?" "Yes," replied the druggist, "and I sell *emetics* too, but I don't intend to have them taken here!"

*Irish Help.*—"Biddy," said a lady in Cincinnati, one morning, "we must have some sausages for tea this evening: I expect company." "Yes, ma'am." Tea time arrived, and with it the company; the table was spread, the tea was simmering, but no sausages appeared. "Where are the sausages, Biddy?" the lady inquired. "And sure they're in the ta-pot, ma'am! Didn't you tell me we must have 'em for ta?"

What is next to hen stealing? Cock robin.

An Irishman went to a music master for instruction, but first asked his terms. "Five shillings for the first lesson, three shillings for the second," &c. "Then, plaze your honour, I think I'll begin with the second lesson."

The late Duke of Gloucester being in conversation with Lord Brougham on the subject of reform, grew so warm in the argument that he observed hastily that the Chancellor was *very near a fool.* Brougham replied, that he could not think of contradicting the Duke, and declared that he fully saw the force of his Royal Highness's *position.*

*The English Universities.*—"—— has been to Cambridge to place his son; in other words, he has put him there to spend his money, to lose what good qualities he has, and to gain nothing useful in return. If men had made no more progress in the common arts of life than they have in education, we should at this moment be dividing our food with our fingers, and drinking out of the palms of our hands."—*Sydney Smith.*

"What's the odds so long as one's happy?" said a gentleman of the turf, after losing a large sum of money on the "Derby." "Ten to one that you're not," observed the winner of the same.

*Registering a Birth.*—The following dialogue is said to have taken place in a parish in Forfarshire:—Registrar to the woman wishing the birth of her son registered: "And the name of the child is John?" "Yes, Sir."—"Is she male or female?" "Male, Sir."—"Is she your own child?" "He is, Sir."—"And was you present at his birth?" [Exit woman in perfect astonishment.]

*Enterprise.*—By a decision in one of the Law Courts of New York, it was laid down that the Act only prohibited the sale of liquors of a domestic manufacture. The next morning all the stores displayed signs certifying "None but imported liquors sold here.," The *New York Herald* says on this, "The enterprise displayed by the liquor dealers in disposing of their American liquor in one night, and filling their shops with imported liquor by next morning, is certainly very extraordinary, and merits public notice."

Voltaire defined a physician as an unfortunate gentleman, expected every day to perform a miracle—namely, to reconcile health with intemperance.

What is the difference between an engine driver and a school master? One minds the train, the other trains the mind.

A young lady explained very lucidly the difference between printing and publishing; at the conclusion of her remarks, by way of distinction, she said, "You may print a kiss on my cheek, but you must not publish it."

Sir John Irwin was a favourite with George III., who once observed to him, "They tell me, Sir John, that you love a glass of wine." "Those," replied Irwin, "who so informed your Majesty have done me a great injustice—they should have said a bottle."

*An Old Story.*—The celebrated Bubb Doddington was very lethargic. Falling asleep one day after dinner with Sir Richard Temple and Lord Cobham, the General reproached Doddington with his drowsiness. Doddington denied having been asleep; and to prove that he had not, offered to repeat all that Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do so. Doddington repeated a story, and Lord Cobham owned he had been telling it. "And yet," said Doddington, "I did not hear a word of it; but I went to sleep because I knew that about this time of the day you would tell that story."

*A Sad Case.* — We were visiting at the house of a friend where there were a number of young children. One of them had the measles, one the hooping cough, and another was afflicted with young poultry-pox. They were all receiving the greatest sympathy and attention, while one little girl, about five years old, sat in the corner, crying bitterly. We asked her what was the matter? She replied, bursting out into a heartbreaking gush of tears, "Every one of the other children's got the measles and hooping cough, and I ain't got nothing, hoo! hoo hoo!"—*American Paper.*

A blundering compositor, in setting up the toast "Woman: without her, man would be a savage," put the punctuation in the wrong place, which made it read, "Woman, without her man, would be a savage."

Why are the Roman Catholics more favoured than the Protestants?—Because they have one *Wiseman*, while the Protestants have only one coming *(Cumming)*.

*Indisposed.*—"How do you do, Mr. Brick?" "Rather slim, thank'e; I've got the rheumatism in one leg, and a white swelling on t'other knee, besides havin' a leetle touch of dysentery,—and ain't very well myself neither!"

An Irishman, being told to grease a waggon, returned in about an hour afterwards and said, "Ive graized ivery part ov the waggon, inside and out, yer honour, but by the blue o' Moses' wig, I can't get at the sticks the wheels hang on, sure."

What is the most difficult operation a surgeon can perform? To take the *jaw* out of a woman.

A Scotch lady, whose son was complaining of a Minister who, he said, had too many anecdotes and illustrations in his preaching, replied, "O man, haud your tongue; he just cuts the bread of life so sma' that anybody can eat it."

Dr. Horne, on arriving at Norwich, to which See he had been translated, collected a large crowd, and the good doctor, standing on the steps of the Episcopal Palace, exclaimed, "Dear, dear, what a multitude." "Aye, but it's not half so many as come to see the man hung on Friday," responded a worthy citizen, anxious for the dignity of the Norwich crowds.

*Nigger Defence.*—Sam: "You'll get it for hooking that turkey last night. Mas'r knows it." Pompey: "I did'nt hook it. Warn't de turkey mas'r's? Well, ain't I mas'r's? Well, I eat de turkey, didn't I? Well, ain't de turkey part o' me? Mas'r ain't got so much turkey, but ain't he got more nigger? I tell ye de turkey only change places."

*The Coming Man.*—At a little village Church in the West of England the service is never commenced on Sunday mornings until the "Squire" has taken his seat. One Sunday, however, this gentleman happened to be late, and a neighbouring Clergyman, not acquainted with the ways of the place, was "doing duty." So he began as usual with "When the wicked man—," when up jumped the clerk, bawling out, "Stop, stop, Sir! he's not come yet."

"Patrick, where is Bridget?"—"Indade, ma'am, she's fast asleep lookin' at the bread bakin."

What is the difference between an auction and sea-sickness? One is the sale of effects; and the other the effects of a sail.

"You have broken the Sabbath, Johnny," said a good man to his son.—"Yes," said his little sister, "and mother's long comb, too, right in three pieces!"

Why is a weather-vane like ambition? Because it is a vain and glittering thing to a aspire (a spire).

A woman, living near Rydal, was asked if she ever saw Mr. Wordsworth, and what sort of a man he was. "Oh indeed," says she, "he is canny enough at times; and though he goes *booing his pottery* (repeating his poetry,) through the woods, he will now and then say, 'How do you do, Nanny?' as sensible as you or I!"

"You've a very striking countenance," as the donkey said to the elephant when he hit him over the back with his trunk.

"My German friend, how long have you been married?"—"Vel, dis a ting vat I seldom don't like to taux apout; but when I does, it seems to be so long that it never vas."

*A Good Customer.*—A little urchin, whose head scarcely reached the counter, came in and said, "Half-a-pint of beer in a clean pewter pot, and you're to stick it up, and please will you give father a clean pipe, and lend him to-day's newspaper; and let the beer-boy bring mother a can of your pump water, and can you let her boil her 'kittle' on your kitchen fire?" The landlord is making a rapid fortune.

A criminal, after attentively listening to the condemned sermon which preceded his execution, turned to a companion and remarked, "A very good sermon, but rather too personal."

"Oh," said a poor sufferer to a dentist, "that is the second wrong tooth you've pulled out!" "Very sorry, Sir," said the operator, "but as there were only three when I began, I'm sure to be right next time."

*Come at Last.*—A Western orator commences his harangue thus:—"The important crisis which were about to have ariven have aroven."

"An Ambassador," said Sir Henry Wooton, in the days of Queen Bess, "is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country."

"If I were so unlucky," said an Officer, "as to have a stupid son, I should certainly by all means make him a Parson." A Clergyman, who was in company, calmly replied, "You think differently, Sir, from your father."

Betting is immoral; but how can the man who bets be worse than the one who is no better?

What property is a man likely to come into if all his lower teeth are affected? About a dozen acres in Rotten-row.

Two men in crossing a field came in contact with a donkey which was making "daylight hideous" with his unearthly braying. Jemmy stood a moment in astonishment. Turning to Pat, who seemed enraptured with the song, he remarked—"It's a fine large ear that bird has for music, but he's got a wonderful cowld."

"Well, Sambo, what's yer up to now a-days?"—"Oh, I'se a carp'nter and jiner."—"He, guess yer is. What department do you perform, Sambo?"—"I does the circular work."—"What's dat?"—"Why, I turns the grindstone."

*Civil Erudition.*—The Lord Mayor of London, at the time of the riots in 1780, being asked by Lord North why he did not call upon the *posse comitatus?* answered, "I would have done so, but, deuce take the fellow, I don't know where he lives."

*Modern Kitchenism.*—Master: "Wake me to-morrow at six. I am going out of town."—Servant: "Will you have the kindness to ring the bell for me, Sir?"

"Ah, John, my uncle has been to York, and your'n haint."—"Well, what of that?" said John; "my uncle has been in Gaol, and your'n haint!"

"Who would do the best portrait of me?" asked a friend of Lord Brougham. "Rosa Bonheur, Landseer, or Andsell," was the answer. "But they are all animal painters," was the trivial objection. "That's just what I meant," replied the Peer.

*The Six Degrees of Thief.*—He who steals a million is only a financier; who steals half a million is a defaulter; who steals a hundred thousand a rogue; who steals fifty thousand is a knave; but he who steals a pair of boots or a loaf of bread is a scoundrel of the deepest dye, and deserves to be lynched.

"Doctor," said a passenger, "if I go on getting no better, what shall I be good for when I get to Australia?" "Why," said the medico, "you are just the man we want to begin a grave-yard with."

"Who made you?" inquired a lady-teacher of a lubberly boy, who had lately joined her class. "I don't know," said he. "Don't know! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. A boy fourteen years old! Why, there's Dickey Filton—he's only three—he can tell, I dare say. Come here Dickey. Who made you?"—"God!" lisped the infant prodigy. "There," said the teacher, triumphantly, "I knew he would remember." "Well, he oughter," said the stupid boy; "taint but a little while ago since he was made."

"Don't lay in that posture, my dear," said Mrs. Partington to her nephew, who was stretched upon the sofa, with his heels a foot or two higher than his head. "Don't lay so; raise yourself up and put this pillow under you. I knew a young man who once had a suggestion of the brain by lying so—his brains all ran down into his head."

"Mr. C.," observed Mr. B., "practises his arguments before a glass."—"Better practise them before a glass than after a glass," said Mr. D.

"I say, Jim, they tell me there is a man down East that is so industrious that he works twenty-five hours a-day."—"How is that, Cuffy? There are only twenty-four hours in a day!"—"Why he gets up an hour before day-light, you stupid nigger."

A lady hired a Western country-girl for a family "help," and was surprised to see her poke her head into the parlour one afternoon when visitors were present, and ask, "Marm, did you call jest now? I thought I heard a yell!"

At Gibraltar there was a great scarcity of water. An Irish Officer said, "He was very easy about the matter, for he had nothing to do with water; if he only got his tea in the morning, and his punch at night, it was all he wanted."

There is an hotel in Springfield that only charges half-price for lovers, and the proprietor says he makes more money out of this class of boarders than any other people about the house. "Let a youth," he says, "set up with a yellow spencer and blue eyes on Sunday night, and he will feel heavenly, and he won't get down to pork and beans again till the latter part of the week."

*Reason for not being at School.*—A father being applied to for the reason of his son's absence from School, the Schoolmaster received the following intelligent reply in the shape of a note:—"Cepatomtogoataterin!"

A little girl at School read thus: "The widow lived on a small *limbacy* left her by a relative." "What did you call that word?" asked the teacher; "the word is *legacy*, not *limbacy*." "But, Miss Johnson," said the little girl, "Pa says I must say *limb*, not *leg*."—*American Paper.*

Why is an attorney like a Clergyman? Because he studies the law and *profits.*

*How to make a Cannon.*—The following is an Irishman's description of making a cannon:—"Take a long hole, and pour brass or iron around it!"

*A Nigger Liebig.*—"I say, Sambo, does ye know what makes the corn grow so fast when you put de manure on it?" "No I don't hardly." "Now I'll just tell ye. When de corn begins to smell de manure, it don't like de fumery, so it hurries out of the ground, and sits up as high as possible, so as not to breaff de bad air."

*Peace and War.* — Scene, night; two volunteers wrapped in blankets, and half buried in mud—Volunteer First: "Jim, how came you to volunteer?" Volunteer Second: "Why, Bob, you see, I have no wife to care a red cent for me, so I volunteered; and, besides, *I like war.* Now tell me how you came out here." Volunteer First; "Why the fact is, you know, I—I—I have got a wife, and so I came out here because *I like peace.*"

On what meat did Dido feed? *Dido et dux*, according to Virgil.

*A Scanty Meal.*—"Have you dined?" said a lounger to his friend. "I have, upon my honour," replied he. "Then," rejoined the first, "if you have dined upon your honour, I fear that you have made but a very scanty meal."

*Hold, Enough.*—A man with an enormously large mouth called on a dentist to get a tooth drawn. After the dentist had prepared his instruments and was about to commence operations, the man of mouth began to strain and stretch his mouth till he got it to a frightful width. "Stay, Sir," said the dentist, "don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider, for I intend to stand on the outside of it to draw your tooth."

When does a man sit down to a melancholy dessert? When he sits down to wine (whine) and pine.

*A Good Reason, Perhaps.*—Three or four times a couple appeared before a Clergyman for marriage; but the bridegroom was drunk, and the Reverend Gentleman refused to tie the knot. On the last occasion, he expressed his surprise that so respectable a looking girl was not ashamed to appear at the altar with a man in such a state. The poor girl at last broke into tears, and said she could not help it. "And why, pray?" "Because, Sir, he won't come when he's sober!"

A Member of the Irish Parliament met the reproach of selling his country, by "thanking God that he had a country to sell."

*Prudent Forethought.*—"Now, let me see," said a young bride on her wedding-day, "suppose I am left a widow, which of my old beaux shall I marry?"

*National Characteristics.*—"By the powers," cried an Irish Officer, "that's a pretty girl. Let's go and buy something to have a closer look at her." "Eh! mon," said his Scotch companion, "let's go and ask change for saxpence."

I have heard that a gentleman laid a wager that he would stand for a whole day on London Bridge, with a trayful of sovereigns fresh from the Mint, and would offer them to the passengers at "pence a-piece," without being able to sell any. He won the wager.—*Notes and Queries.*

*Graphic Description.*—We have been favoured (says the *Madras Citizen* of the 19th May) with the following graphic description of the storm that disturbed the peaceful slumbers of this great city last Tuesday morning: "A Thunder.—The very great obstreferous crack, which we had the misfortune to hear the night before, broke with full volley of electric fluid upon a thatch at Burranagur. It desolated an adjacent fabric and killed two lives."

A Member of the English Parliament having charged an Officer of the Government with dishonesty, was required to retract it before the House of Commons, which he did in the following words: "I said he was dishonest, it is true; and I am sorry for it." This was pronounced satisfactory, but he managed to have the printed report of the transaction read thus:—"I said he was dishonest; it is true, and I am sorry for it."

How is it that a husbandman and a seamstress follow a similar occupation? Because the one gathers what he sows, and the other sews what she gathers.

*Force of Reason.*—Why does B stand before C? Because a man must B before he can C.

*How to Get a Dinner.*—Dr. Arne was with a party of musicians in a provincial town where a musical festival was being celebrated. They proceeded to an inn to dine, but were told that everything eatable in the house was engaged. All despaired save the "Mus. Doc.," who, cutting off two or three ends of catgut, and observing a waiter carrying a joint to a company in an adjoining room, contrived to drop his bits of catgut on the meat. He then returned to his conpanions, to whom he intimated that dinner would soon be ready. They smiled grimly; and soon after, some confusion being heard in the room to which the joint had been conveyed, he reiterated the assurance that dinner was coming, and thereupon left the room. On the stairs he encountered the waiter, bearing away the joint with a look of disgust in his face. "Whither so fast, friend, with that leg of mutton?" was his query. "I am taking it back to the kitchen, Sir; the gentlemen cannot touch it! Only look, Sir," said William, with his nose in the direction of the bits of catgut; it's enough to turn one's stomach?" "William," said Arne gravely, "fiddlers have very strong stomachs—bring the leg of mutton to our room." The thing was done and the haunch was eaten—but William had ever afterwards a contempt for musical people, who not only eat grubs, but declared that they liked them.

*Musical.*—Being tossed by an infuriated bull may be called a *quick movement on two horns!*

When does a Judge contemplate employing rogues? When he takes them on trial.

A money-lender serves you in the present tense, lends you in the conditional mood, keeps you in the subjunctive, and ruins you in the future.

"And John," said Dr. E. to his newly-engaged coachman, "I shall expect you to attend our family prayers." "Very well, Sir," replied John, "I have no objection, but I hope your honour will consider it in my wages."

"My brudders," said a coloured man to a crowd, "in all infliction, in all your troubles, dar is one place you can always find compensation." "Whar? whar?" shouted several. "In de dictionary," he replied, rolling his eyes skyward.

At a country-house where Sheridan was on a visit, an old maid desired to be his companion in a walk. He excused himself at first on the ground of the badness of the weather. She soon after detected him in an attempt to escape without her. "Well," she said, "it is cleared up, I see." "Why yes," he answered, "it is cleared up enough for *one* but not enough for *two*."

*An Ecclesiastical Curiosity.*—The following is said to be a copy of a document in Winchester Cathedral:—"To work done:—Soldering and repairing St. Joseph, 8d.; cleaning and ornamenting the Holy Ghost, 6d.; repairing the Virgin Mary, before and behind, and making a new child, 4s. 8d.; screwing a nose on the Devil, putting a new horn on his head, and glueing a piece on his tail, 5s. 6d.; total, 11s. 4d."

"Julius, why didn't you oblong your stay at de springs?" "Case, Mr. Snow, dey charged too much." "How so, Julius!" "Why, de landlord charged dis coloured indiwidual wid stealing de tea spoons, and as I was afraid he might get personal, I perhambulated to de cars and walked home."

*The Power of Latin.*—Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech out West, in a small village. Just as he was concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat behind him, whispered, "Tip 'em a little Latin, General. They won't be content without it." The man of iron instantly thought upon a few phrases he knew, and in a voice of thunder, wound up his speech by exclaiming, "E pluribus unum—sine qua non—ne plus ultra—multum in parvo." The effect was tremendous, and the Hoosiers' shouts could be heard for many miles.

"Mother," said a little square-built urchin about five years old, "why don't the teacher make me monitor sometimes? I can lick every boy in my class but one."

A Danish writer speaks of a hut so miserable, that it didn't know which way to fall, and so kept standing. This is like the man that had such a complication of diseases that he didn't know which to die of, and so lived on.

A looker-on observing some one cheating at play, whispered to the loser that his adversary was "packing" the cards. "Don't be uneasy on my account," said he: "I intend to pick his pocket as he is going out."

A gentleman's button caught hold of the fringe of a lady's shawl. Some moments elapsed before the parties were separated. "I am attached to you," said the gentleman, good humouredly, while he was industriously trying to get loose. "The attachment is mutual, Sir," was the good humoured reply.

A lisping mother, who had presented her infant at the baptismal font for christening, on being asked by the Clergyman "what name?" responded, in a whisper "Luthy, thir," when, to the horror of the whole congregation and the consternation of the mother, he christened the baby *Lucifer.*

*Hints to Census Commissioners*—To find out the number of children in a street, begin beating a bass drum. To find out the number of idle men, start a dog-fight.

When Rabelais was on his death-bed, a consultation of physicians was called. "Dear gentlemen," said the wit to the doctors, raising his languid head, "let me die a natural death."

A traveller asked a boy if the swamp before him had a hard bottom. The boy replied that it had. But presently the traveller's horse sank in up to the girths, and he observed to the boy, "I thought you said this bog had a hard bottom." "So it has," said the latter, "but you hasn't got half way to it yet."

*To Ascertain the Weight of a Horse.*—Put your toe under the animal's foot!

A hen-pecked husband says that, instead of he and his wife being one, they are ten; for she is 1, and he is 0.

Why is the author of the Pleasures of the Imagination like the colic? Because he's Ache-inside.

Why is John Bigger's boy bigger than his father? Because he is a little Bigger.

"You want a flogging, that's what you do," said a parent to his unruly son. "I know it, dad, but I'll try to get along without it," replied the brat.

"Thelistina," said lisping Bill Amut, "if you love me thay tho, and if you love me and don't like to thay tho, squeeth my hand."

*Practical Piety.*—During the religious anniversaries in New York, more than one thousand dollars in *counterfeit money* were dropped into the contribution boxes.

*Science in Early Days.*—A country lecturer, some years since, thus described part of his apparatus:—"Now, gentlemen, this ere wessel is full of air, and that ere wessel is full of wacuum."

A fashionable lady of colour, who gave a splendid party, received this reply from one of the gentlemen to a note of invitation:—"Mr. White regrets that circumstance repugnant to the acquiesce, reluctantly constrains him to decline."

*A Pair of Crocodiles.*—It was in the habit of Lord Eldon, when Attorney-General, to close his speeches with some remarks justifying his own character. At the trial of Horne Tooke, speaking of his own reputation, he said, "It is the little inheritance I have to leave my children, and. by God's help, I will leave it unimpaired." Here he shed tears, and to the astonishment of those present, Mitford, the Solicitor-General, began to weep. "Just look at Mitford, said a bystander to Horne Tooke, "what on earth is he crying for?" Tooke replied, "He is crying to think what a little inheritance Eldon's children are likely to get."

"Do the hounds *throw off* here, to-day? said an inexperienced rider (who for the first time had mounted scarlet,) to an old Nimrod, who sat on his horse as if he had been born on it. "Yes," he replied, "and the horses too, if I am not mistaken."

A pompous fellow made a very inadequate offer for a valuable property, and, calling the next day for an answer, inquired if the owner had *entertained his proposition.* "No," replied the other, "your proposition has entertained me."

An aged bachelor being asked if he had ever witnessed a public execution, replied, "No, but I once saw a marriage."

*Cause for Pious Thankfulness.*—"Abroad with my wife," writes Pepys, piously, "the first time that ever I rode in my own coach; which do make my heart rejoice and praise God and pray him to bless it to me, and continue it."

*Bedouin Resignation.*—Captain Burton heard one of the natives of these parts (East Africa,) lamenting in the night season. She was suffering from toothache, and the groans of her spirit were, "Oh, Allah, may thy teeth ache like mine! Oh, Allah, may thy gums be sore as mine!"

*A Western Boatman in Search of Refreshment.*—Having wandered all day about Napoleon, in Western Arkansas, a town "consisting of a single grocery," he came to a place where a general fight was going on. He could not join, of course, without permission; but, touching a spectator on the shoulder, said, "Stranger is this a free fight?" The answer was satisfactory:—"Well, it are; if you want to go in you need not stand upon ceremony." So, "going in," he lost half his hair, several of his teeth, a part of his coat, and, temporarily, the use of one eye,—and then sat down on a hencoop, saying, "It's jeest the most refreshing place I've seen in many a day!"

*Profound Knowledge.*—Two weavers, working in one shop, in the village of Houstan, were conversing one day on authorship, when one of them observed, that the man "Finis" was a great author; he had seen the writer's name attached to a great many books. "You must be a stupid blockhead," replied the other; "that man 'Finis' is the King's printer."

An auctioneer, whilst expatiating on the merits of a telescope, sagely observed—"How often has the widow's heart leapt for joy, when she has beheld her husband at a distance, brought near to her by such an instrument as this."

*Liberty and Equality.*—"Boy," shouted an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy lad, "what are you hollerin' for when I am going by?" "Well," returned the boy, "what are you going by for when I'm hollerin'?"

"What do you think of it?" asked an inquirer of a gentleman who had listened with the deepest attention to the extraordinary feats of execution displayed by a celebrated performer on the piano-forte. "I think," said he, "it might be done quicker by steam."

Upon a visit of one of the Government Inspectors to a village School, near Sudbury, during the examination, he asked the pupils whether they knew what a "Spectator" was; one of them immediately answered, "A rotten one, Sir."

*Candour.*—An Irishman boasted that he had often skated sixty miles a-day. "Sixty miles!" exclaimed an auditor, "that is a great distance; it must have been accomplished when the days were longest." "To be sure it was, I admit that," cried the candid Hibernian.

Somebody describing the appearance of a man dancing the polka, says, "He looks as though he had a hole in his pocket, and was trying to shake a shilling down the leg of his trousers."

The flock of a parish Minister in Sutherlandshire having deserted to the Free Church, his congregation at the present time is composed of two elderly maiden ladies, whom he still addresses, much to their chagrin, as "My brethren."

In going on board a Mississippi steam-boat Mr. Jones met Mr. Smith. "Which way are you going, Smith —up or down?" "That depends on circumstances," replied Smith. "If I sleep over the boiler, up; if in the cabin, down."

An auctioneer's clerk being directed by his employer to insert in an advertisement a "copy of a fresco by Raffaelle," wrote "A Fresh Cow by Raffie."

"Pay me that six-and-eightpence you owe me, Mr. Mulrooney," said a village attorney, "for the opinion you had of me." "Faith, I never had any opinion of you in all my life."

*A Comfort for a Tourist.*—A travelling English Marquis, in the course of the *grand tour*, arrived at Berlin, weary of lionizing. When he went to rest at the close of his first day's residence, he exclaimed, "Thank Heaven, I have come to a place where there is nothing worth seeing!"

"Why," said a country Clergyman to one of his flock, "do you always sleep in your pew when I am in the pulpit, while you are all attention to every stranger I invite?" "Because, Sir," was the reply, "when you preach I'm sure all's right; but I can't trust a stranger without keeping a good look-out."

One of the Dukes of Ormond, when Lord Butler, promised his Chaplain, the Rev. Joseph Somebody, a good living; but on succeeding to the estates forgot the promise. The first time the Chaplain preached before the Duke he selected as his text, "Yet did not the chief Butler remember *Joseph;* but forgot him." The living came the next week.

*One Good Turn deserves Another.*—A favourite magpie, which had been accustomed to receive its dainty bits from the mouth of its mistress, one day perched, as usual, on her shoulder, and inserted its beak between her lips, not, as it proved, to receive, but to give or hide, for as one good turn deserves another, the grateful bird dropped an immense green, fat caterpillar into the lady's mouth!

*How to Choose a Mayor.*—In ancient days the people of Grimsby formed an admirable notion of the wisdom required for Corporation honours. The burgesses assembled at the Church, and selected three of the worthiest of themselves as candidates for the Mayoralty. The candidates were then conducted, with a bunch of hay tied to each of their backs, to the common pound, into which they were placed blindfolded with a calf, and he whose bunch of hay was first eaten by the calf was thereupon declared the Mayor for the ensuing year.

*An Obvious Truth.*—"Boys," said a Commander when his fleet closed in combat with the Dutch under Admiral de Winter, "you see a severe Winter approaching, and I advise you to keep up a good fire."

"He was so well dressed," said somebody to Brummell, "that people would turn and look at him." "Then he was *not* well dressed," replied that great master of the art.

In the diocese of Prague, the Archbishop visited the several Schools under the superintendence and care of the convents. Upon asking one of the scholars the cause of Adam and Eve being driven out of Paradise, the child, after a moment's hesitation, answered—"For not having paid their rent."

"I say, Pat, what is the difference between being hung on a gallows like a gentleman, and being hung on a gibbet?" "Sure an' in the first place, a man only hangs a trifle of an hour or so, and in the other place he hangs *all the days of his life.*"

"I can't for the life of me make out, Bill, how you undersell me so. Here, I prigs my broom, and I prigs my handle, and all I've to do is to stick 'em together." "Aye," says Bill, "I knows a better dodge nor your'n; I prigs mine ready made."

*Rather Ambiguous.*—An Indiana paper announcing the death of a gentleman out West, says that "the deceased, *though a Bank Director*, is generally believed to have died a Christian, and was much respected while living."

*Terrible Threat.*—Rogers quoted as a fine specimen of Addison's humour, the Parson threatening the Squire that if he did not reform his ways, he should be obliged "to pray for him on the following Sunday, in the face of the congregation."

When a Lichfield Proctor criticised *Irene*, on the ground that the first four acts exhausted every variety of human sorrow, Dr. Johnson told him that he had reserved a still greater calamity for the fifth act, for he would put his *dramatis personæ* into the Ecclesiastical Courts.

Mr. Albert Smith once wrote in an hotel visitors' book his initials "A.S." Somebody wrote underneath, "Two-thirds of the truth."

*Just of a Size.*—A bailiff having been ordered by Lady Hardwick to procure a sow of the breed and size she particularly described to him, came one day into the dining-room, when full of company, proclaiming with a burst of joy he could not suppress, "I've been to Royston fair, my lady, and got a sow exactly of your ladyship's size."

A lady who superintended a School in the South, having occasion one Sunday to interrogate one of her pupils, as to the cause of her father's non-attendance at Church, received the following innocent reply:—"Please mem, my father says he isn't coming to Church any more, t' Parson *hollers* out so he can't get a bit of sleep."

*Question for a Debating Society.*—If a man has a bull by the tail, which would be the best for his personal safety—to hold on, or let go?

A little girl describes a snake as "a thing that's a tail all the way up to its head."

*A Complimentary Grace.*—A dinner was once given by a gentleman of one of our Protestant denominations in honour of the presence of a new Minister and his bride. Prayer preceded the repast, and it was given by the host, who, introducing therein the welcomed strangers, said, "We thank thee, Lord, that thou hast conducted in safety hither thy servants, our new Minister and his wife. It is thou, O Lord, who preserveth both man and beast!"

A schoolboy being asked by the teacher how he should flog him, replied, "If you please, Sir, I should like to have it on the Italian system—"the heavy strokes upwards, and the down ones light."

When Lieutenant O'Brien (who was called Skyrocket Jack) was blown up at Spithead, in the *Edgar*, he was on the carriage of a gun, and when brought to the Admiral, all black and wet, said "I hope, Sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, for I came out of the ship in so great a hurry that I had not time to shift myself."

*Taking it Easy.*—"Mr. Smith, the hogs are getting into your corn field." "Never mind, Billy, I'm sleepy; corn don't hurt 'em."

A French translator of Shakspeare rendered the passage in *Hamlet*, "He comes with martial stalk"—"*Il vient avec M. le Mareschal Stalk.*"

A proposal was made by an obliging friend to a country gentleman of the Squire Western school, who supped his soup with noises familiar to those who have blown soap-bubbles:—"Sir," said he, "if you will take the soup, I shall be happy to make the noise for you."

*Finis.*—A merchant of a certain city, who died suddenly, left in his desk a letter written to one of his correspondents. His sagacious clerk, a son of Erin, seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote at the bottom, "Since writing the above I have died."

When Jeremy Taylor was introduced to the Archbishop of Canterbury, he was told by the Prelate that his extreme youth was a bar to his present employment. "If your Grace," replied Taylor, "will excuse me this fault, I promise, if I live, to mend it."

*Putting the Snuff in the Right Place.*—"My dear Colonel, I perceived you slept during Sermon time last Sunday: it is a very bad habit," said a worthy Divine to one of his parishioners. "Ah, Doctor, I could not possibly keep awake, I was so drowsy." "Would it not be well, Colonel, to take a little snuff, to keep you awake?" "Doctor," was the reply, "would it not be well to put a little snuff in the Sermon?"

It is said that in America there is a tree so tall that it takes two men and a boy to see to the top.

When does a man shave with a silver razor? When he cuts off his heirs with a shilling.

Some men are like tea, the real strength and goodness is not properly drawn out of them till they have been for a short time in hot water.

"Solomon, I fear you are forgetting me," said a bright-eyed girl to her lover. "Yes, Sue," said slow Sol, excusing himself, "I have been for getting you this two years."

*The Art of Conversation.*—Not only to say the right thing in the right place, but, far more difficult still, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.

A lady walking on one of the wharves in New York asked a sailor whom she met why a ship was called "she." The son of Neptune replied that it was "because the rigging cost more than the hull."

*Book-Keeping Taught in One Lesson.*—Don't lend them.

*An Attempt at Politeness.*—"Did I hurt you?" said a lady when she trod on a man's foot. "No, ma'am, I thank you, seeing it's you; if it was anybody else I'd ha hollored murder."

*Baby Politeness.*—A friend asked a pretty little child, "Which do you love best, your cat or your doll?" The little girl thought some time before answering, and then whispered in the ear of the questioner, "I love my cat best; but please don't tell my doll."

A countryman who wished to have an interview with Huet, the learned Bishop of Avranches, was told it was impossible at that moment, as the Bishop was studying. He went away grumbling that it was shameful the King had not appointed some person "who had already completed his studies."

"I stand," said a Western stump orator, "on the broad platform of the principles of '98, and palsied be mine arm if I desert 'em." "You stand on nothing of the kind!" interrupted a little shoemaker in the crowd; "you stand in my boots that you never paid me for, and I want the money."

A Hampstead coachman, who drove two miserable hacks, styled his vehicle the Regulator. A brother whip called out while passing him, "I say, Tom, don't you call your coach the Regulator?" "Yes, I do," replied the other. "Aye, and a very proper name it is," resumed Jehu. "Why so?" "Why, because all the other coaches *go by it.*"

A negro was brought up before the Mayor of Philadelphia for stealing chickens. The theft was conclusively proved. "Well, Toby," said his Honour, "what have you got to say for yourself?" "Nuffin, but dis, Boss: I was crazy as tom cat in lub, when I stole that 'ar pullet, cos I mite hab stole de big rooster, an' I neber done it. Dat shows 'clusively dat dis nigger was labouring under de delirium tremends."

*Giving a Title.*—A Lieutenant in the Army, named Broom, was advanced to a Captaincy, and naturally enough liked to hear himself addressed as Captain Broom. One of his friends persisted in calling him plain Broom, much to his annoyance, and one day, having done so for the fortieth time, Broom said, "You will please remember, Sir, that I have a handle to my name." "Ah," said his tormenter, "so you have; well, Broom-handle, how are ye?"

*A "Private" Hint.*—To show the relative position in life of members of yeomanry corps, the following anecdote may be cited:—A Regiment in the North, on permanent duty, were going through their movements, when a private not suiting his Serjeant, the latter bawled out, "Private Jackson, if you don't pay more attention I shall report you." The private rejoined, "Aye, du it if thou dar, an' aw'll raise the' thy rent."

Why are authors who treat of physiognomy like soldiers? Because they *write* about *face*.

Some of the American Methodists were so taken with Julien's "Prima Donna Valse," when his Band played it in America, that they sang it at a good round pace in service, to the words, "A charge to keep I have."

*Bottled Beer Measure.*—Two sips *make* one pint. Six pints *make* one dozen. One dozen (when you come to pay for it) *makes* one swear.

*New York Gratitude.*—The meanest man in the world lives in West Troy, N.Y. In helping him out of the river once a man tore the collar of his coat. The next day he sued him for assault and battery.

*An Opinion on the Fashions.*—"My son," said an old turbaned Turk, one day, taking his child by the hand in the streets of Cairo, and pointing out to him on the opposite side a Frenchman just imported, in all the elegance of Parisian costume, "My son, look there! If you ever forget God and the Prophet, you may come to *look like that.*"

"A penny for your thoughts, Madam," said a gentleman to a pert beauty. "They are not worth a farthing, Sir," she replied, "I was thinking of you."

What is that which makes everybody sick but the person who swallows it? Flattery.

A servant was sent to apprise a surgeon, who had been attending his master, that the poor gentleman died in the course of the morning. The servant, on meeting the surgeon, delivered his melancholy message as follows:—"Please, Sir, master's compliments, and he's dead."

What is that which has got feet and nails, but no legs, toes, or claws? A yard measure.

Why is sympathy like a man playing at blind man's buff? Because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow creature.

An old Negro who was hired out to different masters was asked to what Church he belonged. Why," he said, "when I is hired out to a master dat is a Presbyterian, *I* is a Presbyterian. When I is hired out to a Mefodist, *I* is a Mefodist. When I is hired out to a master dat is a United Bretheren, *I* is a United Bretheren—the fact is, I's whatever 'ligion massa is."

A gentleman residing in one of the Inns of Court was sometimes sorely puzzled to decipher the hieroglyphics displayed in the weekly bills of his laundress. On one occasion, however, he found himself completely nonplussed by an item which ran thus, "*skewering the stars* 1s." After long puzzling he was compelled to give it up, and, on requesting an explanation, discovered that the mysterious charge was simply for *scouring the stairs.*

A stranger passing through Cheltenham, wishing to devote the few hours he had to stay there to visiting the scene of the great battle of Worcester, walked out there alone, and having inquired of some man he met as to the spot on which the battle had been fought, was accompanied thither by this person, who at once entered with much communicativeness into the subject of his inquiry; showed him exactly where the battle had taken place, mentioned how soon the first blood was drawn, and quite delighted the antiquarian with the minuteness of his historical knowledge. "It was certainly a great battle," exclaimed the latter. "Oh, wonderful, Sir," answered his informant; "nothing but Spring's wind could have carried him through it."—(Spring was the prize-fighting champion of England.)

"Who gives you your daily bread, my child?" said Grandmamma to little Katie, when questioning her from the Catechism. "Dod, Gram-ma," answered the child, "but Uncle Peter puts the butter on it."

What is music? The signal for talking in a drawing room, during which you hear the words of every one but the persons who are singing.

A distinguished Southern gentleman, dining at a New York hotel, was annoyed by a negro servant continually waiting upon him, and desired him one day at dinner to retire. "'Scuse me, Sir," said Cuffee, drawing himself up, "but I'se 'sponsible for de silver."

A hatter advertises, that "Watts on the Mind" is of great importance, but declares, that what's on the head is of greater.

"Do make yourselves at home ladies," said a hostess to her visitors one day; I am at home myself, and wish you all were."

An honest dame standing beside the corpse of her deceased husband, bewailing in piteous tones his untimely departure, observed: "It's a pity he's dead, for his teeth are as good as ever they were."

A pedestrian travelling in Ireland met a man and asked him rather gruffly why the miles are so long? when the man replied:—"You see, your honour, the roads are not in a good condition, so we give good measure."

A preacher in Albany was accustomed to distinguish the I. and II. epistles of St. John, by giving out—"John with one *eye*," and "John with two *eyes*." It was some time before the people got accustomed to it, but when they did, the distinction answered very well.

An old lady entirely out of the hearing of the preacher's voice at a camp meeting, was asked why she wept, since she could not hear the words of the Minister. "O," said she, "I can see the *holy wag of his head*."

A Methodist and a Quaker having stopped at a public-house, agreed to sleep in the same bed. The Methodist knelt down, prayed fervently, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. After he arose the Quaker observed, "Really, friend, if thou art as bad as thou sayest thou art, I think I dare not sleep with thee."

An University Examiner, questioning a student on the *Iliad*, asked "Who dragged Who round the walls of What?"

An old gentleman of eighty-four having taken to the altar a young damsel of sixteen, the Clergyman said to him, "You will find the font at the opposite end of the Church." "What do I want with the font?" asked the old gentleman. "I beg your pardon," said the clerical wit. "I thought you had brought the child to be christened."

An American genius has written a descriptive poem on birds, commencing thus, "To the Ostrich:"

"Feathered Giraffe! Who let your wings! Who furnished you those legs?
How could such everlasting things as these come out of eggs?"

And proceeding:—

"The first bird of spring attempted to sing,
But ere he had sounded a note,
He fell from the limb—ah! a dead bird was him—
The music had friz in his throat!"

Sir James Mackintosh invited Dr. Parr to take a drive in his gig. The horse became restive. "Gently, Jemmy," said the doctor, "take care; don't irritate him; a'wayth thoothe your horthe, Jemmy. You'll do better without me. Let me get down, Jemmy." Once on *terra firma*, the doctor's view of the case was changed. "Now Jemmy, touch him up—never let the horthe get the better of you; touch him up — conquer him—don't thpare him; and now I'll leave you to manage him—I'll walk back."

*The Difference between Perseverance and Obstinacy.*—The first is a strong will; the second a strong won't.

The humblest thing in the world is a clock, as it is always running itself down. It is also the most bashful, as it is always holding its hands before its face.

When is a lover like an ancient instrument of warfare? When he is a cross beau.

Thomas Hood, speaking of a dirty locality he had been called to pass through, said it gave him the back-slum-bago!

*Epigrammatic Courtship.*—A certain Mr. Page, rather an ancient beau, charmed by a youthful fair one, sent her a glove, with these lines:—

> "From Glove, cut off the initial letter G,
> Then Glove is Love, and that I send to thee."

The lady who doubtless considered her youth and beauty too valuable to be bestowed on a suitor so antiquated, returned the glove with the following couplet:—

> "From Page, cut off the initial letter P,
> Then Page is Age, and that won't do for me."

*Immense Attraction down West.*—"First night of the dancing goat, who goes through the intricacies of the cotillion like a fellow critter. The performance of the goat will be followed by an exhibition of the mathematical attainments of the dog Billy, a quadruped that works problems in algebra with one leg tied behind him. Admission one shilling. P.S.—The free-list entirely excluded, except the press and Ministers of the Gospel."

Brown says he has seen a *rope walk;* Jones thinks that he has seen a rail *fence;* and Robinson says that's nothing —he has seen a hat *box!*

"Bobby, what does your father do for a living?"—"He's a philanthropist, Sir."—"A what?"—"A phi-lan-thro-pist, Sir: he collects money for Central Africa, and builds houses out of the proceeds."

A dying Irishman was asked by his confessor if he were ready to renounce the devil and all his works. "Oh, your honour," said Pat, "don't ask me that; I'm going into a strange country, and I don't want to make myself enemies."

Barristers have a habit of identifying themselves with their clients, by speaking in the plural number. "Gentlemen of the Jury," said a luminary of the Western Circuit, "at the moment the Policeman says he saw us in the tap, I will prove that we were locked-up in the Station-house in a state of intoxication."

When Henderson was introduced to Doctor Johnson in Bolt Court, the conversation turning on dramatic subjects, Henderson asked the doctor's opinion of the new tragedy of "Dido" and its author. "Sir," said Johnson, "I never did the man an injury, yet he *would read his tragedy to me.*"

A lady, who had risen from the kitchen to grace the head of her master's table, was one day entertaining a large party, when, the conversation happening to flag, one of the guests remarked, "Awful pause!" "And what's your business with my awful paws?" wrathfully retorted the lady; "if you had scrubbed the house as long as I have done, your paws would not have been so white as they are."

*Magisterial Composition.*—The following is a copy of an advertisement published by the Magistrates of a town in the North of England, to announce the purchase of a fire-engine:—"Whereas an unaccountable multiplication of dangers is oftentimes occurred by damage of outrageous accidences by fire, we whose names is hereunto prefixed, have thought proper that the benefit of an *Indian*, bought by us for the better putting out of which, by the Providence of that gracious goodness, which may unto us happen, to make a rate to gather from subscriptions in the aforesaid parishes for the better propagating of such useful instruments in such eminent cases of necessity."

"Overcome evil with good," as the gentleman said when he knocked down a burglar with the family Bible.

A gentleman who had been absent for a considerable time, and who during his travels had cultivated a great crop of whiskers and moustaches, visited a relative whose little girl had been his especial pet. The little girl made no offer to salute him with a kiss as usual. "Why, child," said the mother, "don't you give your old friend a kiss?"—"Why, ma," said the child, with perfect simplicity, "I don't see any place."

A physician painted on his carriage the motto, "A numine salus." His friends translated it "Heaven help the patient!"

A dancing-master, in renewing his solicitations for patronage, wished to express his obligations for past favours, when the printer made him say, "Most respectfully offers his shanks."

*Jonathan in England.*—The Durham University have just had built an eight-oar boat, which is so exactly poised, that the rowers are obliged to be particular in parting their hair down the middle to keep their balance!

A Clergyman engaged in catechising a village School, asked a youngster "what his godfathers and godmothers did for him?" "I don't know, please your Reverence," rejoined the lad; "*they've done nothing for me yet.*"

Some one observing that a person famous in the musical profession led a very abandoned life, "Aye," said another, "the whole tenor of his life has been base."

Uncommonly intelligent are the Coroner's Juries in Mississippi. Twelve men in Warren County, in that State, returned a verdict that "the deceased died by the will of God, or some other disease unknown to the Jury."

*A Californian Belle.*—At a ball given by the British Consul to celebrate the Queen's birthday, a merchant asked a young lady to dance the next polka with him; she replied, "No, sirra, I never promise a-head; first come, first served, is my ticket."

"That's a very mild cheese," said a grocer. "O yes," replied an old squaw who stood near it, "He berry mile—I smell un *two* mile."

"Jim, does you mother ever whip you?" "No; but she does a precious sight worse, though!" "What is that?" "Why she washes me every morning."

"You labour overmuch on your composition, doctor," said a flippant Clergyman to a venerable Divine. "I write a Sermon in three hours, and make nothing of it!" "So your congregation says," quoth the Doctor.

How should a husband speak to a scolding wife? My dear, I love you *still.*

A schoolmaster, who had an inveterate habit of talking to himself when alone, was asked what motive he could have in doing so. He replied that he had two good substantial reasons. In the first place, he liked to talk to a sensible man; and in the next place, he liked to hear a man of sense talk.

An ardent Shaksperean has written a pamphlet on the play of *Hamlet*, called "An Attempt to ascertain whether the Queen were an Accessory, before the fact, in the Murder of her First Husband."

"I was not aware that you knew him," said Tom Smith to an Irish friend. "Knew him!" exclaimed he in a tone that comprehended the knowledge of more than one lifetime, "I knew him *when his father was a child.*"

A disappointed artist, indulging in a vein of abuse against a successful rival, exclaimed, "He is, without exception, the most superficial, self-sufficient, ignorant, shallow creature, that ever made any pretensions to art." "Gently, my dear sir," interrupted a gentleman; "you quite forget yourself."

Dean Swift, in preaching an Assize Sermon, was severe against the lawyers for pleading against their consciences. After dinner a young Counsellor said some severe things against the Clergy, and added that he did not doubt, were the devil to die, a Parson might be found to preach his funeral sermon. "Yes," said Swift, "I would, and give the devil his due, as I did his children this morning."

What are the four qualifications that fit a sheep to become a member of the Jockey Club? He is bred on the turf, gambols in his youth, associates with blacklegs, and is fleeced at last.

"James, my son, take this letter to the Post-Office and pay the postage." The boy returned highly elated, and said, "Father, I seed a lot of men putting letters in a little place, and when no one was looking, I slipped yours in for nothing."

Old bachelors do not live as long as other men. They catch cold, and there is nobody to make them peppermint tea, consequently they drop off.

The following mongrel English for a lost dog was sent to a Jersey newspaper for insertion:—"Lose—dere ave bin lose von doge dot vill reapply to de appel of Outre—he is bit wen de cooleur of de white and de bruin—dere is belife dat he vas delay on propos, as he vas vont by heese oner on Mundi negst for to come to de chass as he vass no vere vas de hairs—Aplid if plece of de oner at de printure."

The Rev. Mr. G., a Clergyman, being absent from home on business, his little son, a youth of four years, calmly folded his hands and asked the blessing usually pronounced by his father, before the morning meal. At noon, being asked again to pronounce the blessing, he replied with a grave face, "No, I don't like the looks of those taters."

"You shouldn't be glutinous, Isaac," said Mrs. Partington, as with an anxious expression she marked a strong convulsive effort that young gentleman was making to bolt the last quarter of a mince pie. "You shouldn't be so glutinous, dear. You must be careful, or you will get something in your elementary canal, or sarcophagus, one of these days, that will kill you."

A factor in Aberdeen sent to his tenants in arrears the following original "final notice," which had the desired effect after all other means had failed :—

"To avoid all proceedings unpleasant,
I beg you will pay what is due ;
If you do, you'll oblige me at present ;
If you don't, then I'll oblige you."

Little boy: "Ma, what is hush?" Mother: "Why, my dear, do you ask?" Little boy: "Because I asked sister Jane, yesterday, what made her new dress stick out so, and she said hush!"

"Hallo, stranger! you appear to be travelling?" "Yes, I always travel when on a journey." "I think I have seen you somewhere." "Very like, I have often been there." "Mightn't your name be Cole?" "It might, but it isn't by a long chalk." "Have you been long in these parts?" "Never any longer than at present—five feet nine." "Do you get anything new?" "Yes, I bought a new whetstone this morning." "I thought so, you're the sharpest blade I have seen on this road."

*A Conjurer "Sold."*—A professor of magic was bragging pretty largely of his sleight-of-hand feats in the public room of an hotel. After the performance was over, a gentleman present offered to bet him that he would make everything on the table disappear in less than a minute. The professor booked the wager, when the other turned off the gas. The disappearance was complete and the professor expressed himself "sold."

*A Knowing Horse.*—"I engaged," says a traveller, "a chaise at Galway, to conduct me some few miles into the country, and had not proceeded far when it pulled up at the foot of the hill, and the driver coming to the door opened it. 'What are you at, man? this isn't where I ordered you to stop,' said I. 'Whist, your honour, whist?' ejaculated Paddy, 'I'm only desaving the baste. If I bang the door, he'll think you're out, and'll cut up the hill like a divil.'"

Said a gentleman to a servant at the hotel where he was stopping—"Bless my soul, Sambo, how black you are; how in the name of wonder did you get so black?" "Why, look'a here, massa, de reason am dis —de day dis child was born dere was an eclipse." Ebony received a shilling for his satisfactory explanation, and after grinning thanks, continued: "I tell you what it is, massa, dis nigger may be brack, but he ain't green, no how."

Once upon a time, three Persians—a fool, a barber, and a bald-headed man, were travelling together. Losing their way, they were forced to sleep in the open air, and to avert danger it was agreed to watch by turns. The first lot fell on the barber, who for amusement shaved the fool's head while he was sleeping. He then awoke him, and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed—"Here's a pretty mistake for you, you have wakened the old bald-headed man instead of me!"

*A Suffolk Choir.*—"You see, Miss," said the parish clerk to a sympathizing visitor, "our quire has got a little out of sorts; there's old Jeemes Comber has been at it sixty year or more, he should know what singing is, and he would get on pretty well if Joe Jenkins did not keep a boffling of him with his clarionet; and then there's Master Mitchell, he does do to the uttermost, but when there's anything that wants to go very high, then his cough comes."

"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?"—"Yes, to the bone." "What is his character?"—Didn't know he had any." "Does he live near you?"—"So near that he has spent only five shillings for firewood in eight years." "Did he ever come into collision with you in any matter?"—"Only once, and at that time he was drunk and mistook me for a lamp-post." "From what you do know of him, would you believe him under oath?"—"That depends upon circumstances. If he was so much intoxicated that he did not know what he was saying, I would: if not, I wouldn't."

At the table of the late Dr. Pearce, (Dean of Ely), just as the cloth was being removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality among the lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than six eminent Barristers in as many months." The Dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remark, and gave the company grace: "For *this* and every *other mercy* the Lord's name be praised!"

A teacher of a Sunday School was engaged in questioning his pupils upon subjects connected with their previous studies in the Bible. At last turning to a young Irishman, a member of the class, he asked, "What Adam lost by the Fall?" Pat for a few moments was apparently in a brown study, but at last his face brightened as he interrogatively replied, "An' was it his hat, Sir?"

*A Sight of a Great Man.*—Goëthe, like many other celebrated men, was somewhat annoyed by the visits of strangers. A student once called at his house, and requested to see him. Goëthe, contrary to his usual custom, consented to be seen; and after the student had waited some time in the ante-chamber, he appeared, and without speaking, took a chair, and seated himself in the middle of the room. The student, far from being embarrassed with this unexpected proceeding, took a lighted wax candle in his hand, and walking round the poet, deliberately viewed him on all sides; and setting down the candle, he drew out his purse, and taking from it a small piece of silver, put it on the table, and went away without speaking a word.

*Elliston.*—Elliston was once playing "George Barnwell" in the country; the fifth act was begun, but there was no uncle. "Here, get on a black coat, Scott," cried Elliston to an old sailor who worked the flies, "you must go on for the uncle." "Me, Sir? Lord, Sir, I never was on the stage in all my life," said the man frightened out of his wits. Besides, I don't know a word of the part, and ——." "No matter," interrupted Elliston, "get your coat on—on quick: I'll speak your speeches for you!" which he did, prefacing each with "Stop! I know what you are about to say, my venerable relative; you were about to observe so and so;" or "Ah! Your eye speaks. It says, &c.," and so forth.

"Ah, Sambo," said a sick planter to his attendant ni gger," I fear I'm going, and I've a long journey before me." "Neber mind, massa," was the encouraging answer, "he'm all down hill."

Two little boys were boasting of the respective beauties of their fathers' houses. "My father's house has got a cupola on it," said one. "Ah but," said the other, "I heard my father say that ours was going to have a mortgage on it."

One night in the stalls of the *Italiens* at Paris, a musical but obtrusive Frenchman was humming with great content the lovely *Pria che Spunti*, which Rubini then was singing. An irate Italian, close by, exclaimed "*Che bestia!*" The musical gentleman, flashing looks more indignant than his tones, demanded "Qui ça, Monsieur?" Whereupon the Italian, looking him steadily in the face, replied with extreme politeness, "C'est Rubini, qui m'empêche d'entendre Monsieur."

The least objectionable soup for cannibals.—A broth of a boy.

Rousseau used to say, "that to write a good love-letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have written."

*Turning the Tables.*—Lord Erskine declared at a large party, in which Lady Erskine and Mr. Sheridan were present, that "a wife was only a *tin canister* tied to one's tail;" upon which Sheridan presented Lady Erskine with these lines:—

"Lord Erskine at woman presuming to rail,
Calls a wife a tin canister tied to one's tail;
And fair Lady Anne, while the subject he carries on,
Seems hurt at his Lordship's degrading comparison;
But wherefore degrading? Considered aright,
A canister's *polished, useful, and bright;*
And should dirt its original purity hide,
That's the fault of the *puppy to whose tail it is tied.*"

"Martha, does thee love me?" asked a Quaker youth of a fair Friend. "Why, Seth," answered she, "we are commanded to love one another, are we not?" "Ah, Martha! But does thou regard me with that feeling the world calls love?" "I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth; I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I may have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thee was getting more than thy share."

"Paddy, honey, will ye buy my watch?" "And is it about selling your watch you are, Mike?" "Troth, it is darlint." "What's the price?" "Tin shillins and a mutchin of the cratur." "Is the watch a dacent one?" "Sure, and I've had it twenty years, and it nivir once desaved me." "Well, here's your tin, and now tell me, does it go well?" "Bedad an' it goes faster than any watch in Connaught, Munster, Ulster, Leinster, not barrin' Dublin." "Bad luck to ye, Mike, then you have taken me in! Didn't you say it nivir desaved you?" "Sure and I did—nor did it—for I *nivir depended on it!*"

Lord Stormont was boasting to Foote of the great age of the wine, which in his parsimony he had caused to be served in extremely small glasses. "It is very little of its age," said Foote.

A grave Dutchman much accustomed to deep reflection on the essential nature of things (*wesentlichheitungen-schaftenträume*, as the Germans would say,) was told he had a decidedly feminine cast of countenance. "I know how dat is," he replied; "mine moder vas a voman."

*An Affectionate Brother.*—A Minister, in meeting with a parishioner who had recently come into possession of a handsome property by the death of a brother, inquired how he was getting along with the settlement of the estate. "Oh," said he, "I am having a dreadful time; what with getting out letters of administration, and attending Probate Court, and settling claims, I sometimes almost wish he hadn't died."

Coleman, the dramatist, was asked if he knew Theodore Hooke. "Yes," replied he, "Hook and Eye are old associates."

"Your honour," said an Irish servant to his master, "Mr. So-and-So said you was not fit to clean his shoes." "And what did you say, Pat?" "Faith, I said you was."

Tom Moore observing himself to be eyed by two handsome young ladies, inquired of a friend, who was near enough to hear their remarks, what it was they said of him. "Why the taller one observed that she was delighted to have had the pleasure of seeing so famous a personage." "Indeed!" said the gratified Poet, "anything more?" "Yes. She said she was the more pleased because she had taken in your celebrated 'Almanac' for the last five or six years!"

Why is a virtuous and beautiful lady like a door-latch? Because she's something to *adore* (a door.)

*Jones's Groanses.*—The immortal companion of the celebrated Brown and Robinson has fallen in love, and perpetrated the poetical, as follows:—

"When weary I are
I smoke my cigar,
And when the smoke rises
Up into my eyeses,
I think of my true love,
And oh, how I sighses!"

"Joe, how many scruples are there to a drachm?" "Don't know, zur." "Well, remember there's eight." "Be um? feyther always takes his'n without no scruples."

*A Melancholy Truth.*—A magazine report of the "fashions" says, "There is not much *change* in gentlemen's pantaloons this month."

*A Delicate Inquiry.*—"I hope you will be able to *support* me," said a young lady, while walking out one evening with her intended, during a slippery state of the side-walks. "Why—ay—*yes*," said the somewhat hesitating swain, "with some little assistance from your father!" "There was some confusion," says the informant, "and a profound silence when this lovers' colloquy had ended."

"Mother, this book tells about the 'angry waves of the ocean.' Now what makes the ocean get angry?" "Because it has been crossed so often, my son."

*Leap-Year Dialogue.*—"Miss, will you take my arm?" "Yes, Sir, and you too." "Can't spare but the arm, Miss," replied the old bachelor. "Then," replied she, "I shan't take it, as my motto is, *go the whole hog, or nothing.*"

Laugh at no man for his pug nose—you can't tell what may turn up.

"A countryman entered a daguerreotype saloon, and wished a daguerreotype of his uncle. "I can do it, Sir, but where is he?" "Oh, he's dead!" was the reply; "but I've got a description of him in an old passport."

"How transported I am to have you hanging on my arm!" said a young fellow to his "intended." "Upon my word," said the lady, "you make us out a very respectable couple, when one is transported and the other hanging!"

Archy Armstrong, a jester at the Court of Charles the First, at a dinner, when the great Tractarian Bishop of those days was present, begged leave to say grace, which being allowed, he pronounced it with due gravity thus—"Great praise be given to God, but little *laud* to the devil."

*The Retort Courteous.*—Voltaire and Piron were mortal enemies, and to their great embarrassment they met one day at the country house of a mutual friend. Piron got up early, went to Voltaire's door, and wrote upon it, in chalk, the word "rogue." At breakfast time Voltaire advanced towards Piron, and smilingly observed, "I thank you for showing your interest in my welfare, by leaving your card at my door this morning."

An old gentleman visiting Warwick Castle, was shown by the guide an antique head of Minerva. The tourist put on his spectacles, examined the head carefully, and then admiringly ejaculated, "and, I have no doubt an excellent likeness."

*Making both Ends Meat.*—Roasting a pig's head and tail.

*Too Appropriate.*—A Clergyman in Pittsburgh married a lady with whom he received the substantial dowry of ten thousand dollars, and a fair prospect for more. Shortly afterwards, while occupying the pulpit, he gave out a hymn, read the first four verses, and was proceeding to read the fifth, beginning, "For ever let my grateful heart," when he hesitated, coughed, and cxclaimed—"Ahem! the choir will omit the fifth verse," and sat down. The congregation attracted by his apparent confusion, of course read the verse for themselves, which was as follows:—

"For ever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more."

Lord Seaforth, who was born deaf and dumb, was to dine one day with Lord Melville. Just before the time of the company's arrival, Lady Melville sent into the drawing-room a lady of her acquaintance, who could talk with her fingers to dumb people, that she might receive Lord Seaforth. Presently, Lord Guildford entered the room, and the lady taking him for Lord Seaforth, began to ply her fingers very nimbly. Lord Guildford did the same; and they had been carrying on a conversation in this manner for ten minutes, when Lady Melville joined them. Her female friend immediately said, "Well, I have been talking away to this dumb man." "Dumb!" cried Lord Guildford; "bless me, I thought *you were* dumb."

*Grumbling.*—There are two things about which you should never grumble—the first is that which you *cannot help*, and the other that which you *can help*.

A pious African at Louisville stumbled while walking one very dark night, and was pitched head foremost down a cellar, which afforded him an "open entrance." Springing to his feet, he exclaimed, "Bress de Lord dat I lit on my head! If dis nigger had scraped his shins so hard, I specs he broke his leg."

"I'm glad that this coffee don't owe me anything," said Brown, a boarder, at breakfast. "Why?" said Smith. "Because I don't believe it would ever settle."

The first attempt of a poetic fledgeling, made in a fine frenzy, runs thus:—

"The gleam of her eye was bright,
The gleam of her gold was brighter:
The first was a beautiful sight,
The second a beautiful sighter."

*A Court of Law.*—Surgeon—"I found plaintiff had a severe contusion under the left eye, great extravasation of blood underneath it, with some abrasion of the skin." Judge—"You mean that he had a black eye?" Surgeon—"Yes." Judge—"Well, why didn't you say so?"

*Yankee Love Letter.*—A woman, not young, having heard of the success of Effie Carstang, in St. Louis, in recovering 100,000 dollars from her lover, determined to proceed against a suitor of her own. She accordingly consulted a lawyer in Richmond, submitting as the main evidence of his attachment, the following billet-doux that accompanied a bouquet of flowers:—"Dear ——, I send u bi the boy a buckett of flowers. They is like my love for u. The nite shaid menes keep dark. The dog funil menes I am ure slaive. Rosis red and posis pail—My love for u shall never faile."

*Avoiding the Responsibility.*—Brother Noel was "sore troubled" at the scandal Brother Crump brought upon himself by drinking too much, and especially regretted the injury it brought to the Society at Sharon. So one morning he stepped over to Brother Crump's, and found the old man in a dose in the little porch. "Won't you take a dram?" asked Brother Crump, as soon as he was made aware of the presence of his neighbour. "Why yes, I'm not against a dram when a body wants it." Brother Crump got his bottle, and the friends took a dram a piece. "Don't you think, Brother Noel," said Crump, "that sperits is a blessin?" "Yes," replied Noel, "sperits is a blessin that some of us abuses." "Well now, Brother Noel, who do you think abuses the blessin'?" "Well, it is hard to say—but people talk—don't you think that you drink a little too much, Brother Crump?" "It is hard to say," returned Crump. "Sometimes I've thought I was drinkin' too much, and then again I'd think *may be not.* What is man? A weak *worrum* of the dust! So I left it to the Lord to say whether I was agoin' too far in sperits. I put the whole 'sponsibility on him; I prayed if I was drinkin' too much, for Him to take away my appetite for sperits. I've prayed that prayer three times, and He haint done it. So I'm clear of the 'sponsibility, anyway."

*Ingenuous.*—Mrs. Smith hearing strange sounds, inquired of her new servant if she snored in her sleep. "I don't know, marm," replied Becky, quite innocently, "I never lay awake long enough to diskiver."

Rossini had accepted an invitation to dine with a certain lady, whose dinners are known to be arranged on a most economical scale. The dinner offered to the *maestro* formed no exception to the general rule, and he left the table rather hungry. "I hope you will soon do me the honour to dine again with me," said the lady to him, as he was taking leave. "This minute, if you like," replied he.

A classic down South says, if the Naiads were constantly bathing, he presumes, from their name, the Dryads were the ones who brought the towels.

Once, when Bishop Marley's footman was out of the way, he ordered the coachman to fetch some water from the well. To this the coachman objected, that *his* business was to *drive*, not to run on errands. "Well then," said Marley, "bring out the coach and four, set the pitcher inside, and *drive* to the well."

*Don't Forget Pigtail.*—The following letter of a tar is touching in its earnestness:

"Gravesend, March 24, 1813.

"Dear Brother Tom—This comes hopein to find you in good health as it leaves me safe anchor'd here yesterday at 4 P.M. arter a pleasant voyage tolerable short and a few squalls.—Dear Tom—hopes to find poor old father stout, and am quite out of pig-tail.—Sights of pig-tail at Gravesend, but unfortinly not fit for a dog to chor. Dear Tom, Captain's boy will bring you this, and put pig-tail in his pocket when bort. Best in London at the Black Boy in 7 diles, where go acks for best pig-tail—pound a pig-tail will do, and am short of shirts. Dear Tom, as for shirts only took 2 whereof one is quite wored out and tuther most, but don't forget the pig-tail, as I a'n't had a quid to chor never since Thursday. Dear Tom, as for the shirts, your size will do, only longer. I like um long—get one at present; best at Tower-hill and cheap, but be particler to go to 7 diles for the pig-tail at the Black Boy, and Dear Tom, acks for pound best pig-tail, and let it be good. Captain's boy will put the pig-tail in his pocket, he likes pig-tail, so ty it up. Dear Tom, shall be up about Monday there or thereabouts. Not so perticuler for the shirt, as the present can be washed, but don't forget the pig-tail without fail, so am your loving brother.

"T. P.

"P.S.—Don't forget the pig-tail."

To a fond mother whose children were at the time making themselves disagreeable, a gentleman observed—"I have a decided preference for bad children, madam." "How strange!—and pray for what reason?" said she. "Because *they are always sent out of the room!*"

"Have you read my *last* speech?" said a prosy orator the other day to a friend. "I hope so," was the reply.

People are all the summer learning to leave a door open, and the whole winter learning to shut it.

A dying man thus expressed his feelings to his wife:—"My dear, I should feel more at ease, if you will promise me that you will not marry my couzin John Jones when I am gone." "Believe me, I shall not, my love," replied his wife, "for I am already engaged to his brother Joe."

It is said that a young lady won a "breach of promise" trial by the production of the following lines from her intended:—

"Angel, beneath whose folded wing
My soul would rest,
Be mine; for lo, I've bought the ring,
And all the rest
Of those house treasures and et ceteras
Which every one who tries his state to better, has."

*Use for the Bible.*—A negro having been brought before a Magistrate and convicted of pilfering, the Magistrate began to remonstrate. "Do you know how to read?" "Yes, Massa, little." "Well, don't you ever make use of the Bible?" "Yes, Massa, strap him razor on him sometimes."

An author, whose table has been "Set to Rights," says that "the proper study of mankind" is a room womankind can't get into.

*Caught in the Act.*—Mrs. Brooke and her sister were visited by Dr. Johnson, just after the publication of his dictionary, and they commended him for the omission of all the naughty words. "What, my dears," he exclaimed," "you have been looking for them, then?"

An old maid, in speaking of marriage, says it is like any other disease—while there's life, there's hope.

Why is a hen walking like a conspiracy? Because it is a fowl (foul) proceeding.

When George IV. once complained that he had *lost* his Royal appetite. "What a scrape, Sir, a *poor* man would be in if he found it!" said his Rochester companion.

"Now, waiter, what's to pay?" "What have you had, Sir?" "Three fish." "Only brought up two, Sir." "I assure you I had two trout, and one *smelt.*

*Advice by an Undertaker.*—Practise tight lacing. Keep as much as possible in-doors. What exercise you must take, always take late at night, and keep it up until five in the morning.

An Irish gentleman hearing of a friend having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed, "By me sowl, an' that's a good idea! Shure, an' a stone coffin 'ud last a man his lifetime!"

The *New Orleans Sun* tells of a machine that was invented "out South," which enables a man to tell when he is "going too far." It is called a fuddleometer, and gives warning by hitting the gentleman under the short ribs the moment he has got enough.

*A Useless Possession.*—"Pat, you should buy a trunk to put your clothes in," said his companion. "What, an' go naked this cowld weather?"

A young lady once hinted to a gentleman that her thimble was worn out, and asked what reward she merited for her industry. He sent her an answer in the shape of a thimble, on which the following lines were engraved:— "I send a thimble for fingers nimble, which I hope will fit when you try it; it will last you long, if it's half as strong, as the hint which you gave me to buy it."

*A Note.*—The following order was received by an undertaker in the Bowery, New York, from an afflicted widower. "SUR—my Waif is ded, and Wonts to be berried to-morro. At wonnur klok. U nose wair to dig the Hole—bi the said Of mi too Uther waifs—Let it be DEEP!"

Many people *dye* for the benefit of their *hairs.*

*Sabbath Observance in New Zealand.*—An American paper gives an account of the progress Christianity has made in New Zealand. A Chief of that cannibal country was questioned by one of the Missionaries as to how far the study of the Scriptures had broken him from his unnatural passion for human flesh. The Chief answered proudly, "You Missionaries have done me much good, "*I never eat my enemies on Sundays now!*"

*Good for Something after all.* — Having an abiding faith in the axiom that nothing was created in vain, we have long sought for some apology for the existence of those wretched little creatures known as poodle dogs, and at last we have found out their use. A lady who kept one of the curly abominations lost her pet, and called upon a policeman to find it. The next day the officer came with the dog, which was very wet and dirty. The lady was overjoyed, and asked forty silly questions; among others, "Where did you find the dear baby?" "Why, marm," replied the officer, "a big nigger up in Sullivan-street had him tied to a pole, and was washing windows with him."

"What makes you up so late, Sir?" said a father to his son, who made his appearance at the breakfast table about ten o'clock. "Late! Why, father, I was up with the lark." "Well, then, Sir, for the future, don't remain up so long with the lark, but come down a little earlier to breakfast."

It is well known that Craven-street, Strand, London, is remarkable for the number of lawyers residing there. It will be remembered, too, that the Thames flows at the bottom of the street, where coal barges are frequently moored. On one occasion a dinner party was given by one of the Arundel-street fraternity, and a gentleman present, not a lawyer, wrote the following verse on a slip of paper, and handed it to the President:

"In Craven-street, Strand, ten attorneys find place,
And ten heavy coal barges are moored at its base;
Fly, honest fly! from this Craven retreat,
For there's craft in the river and craft in the street."

The sally was immediately matched by a lawyer present, who handed the following reply also to the President:—

"Why should honesty fly from the great retreat
Of the lawyers and barges, 'Od rot 'em,'
When the lawyers are *just* at the top of the street,
And the barges are *just* at the bottom?"

A conceited fellow, in introducing his friend into company, said, "Gentlemen, I assure you he is not so great a fool as he seems." The gentleman immediately replied, "That is exactly the difference between my friend and myself."

*Divided between Two.*—A Clergyman had heen staying for some time at a friend's house, and on going away called his little son to him, and asked him what he should give him for a present. Eddy, who had been brought up in great respect for "the cloth," answered, hesitatingly: "I—I—I *think* I should like a Testament, but I know I should like a *squirt gun!*"

A little girl hearing her mother observe to another lady that she was going into half-mourning, inquired whether any of her relations were half-dead?

An Irishman, after being distanced in a foot race, at length succeeded, when he exclaimed, "Well, I am first at last, but I was behind before."

"Keep that dog away from me," said a dandy to a butcher boy. "Hang that dog, he's always after puppies," said the boy.

The *Colonist*, in its editorial article, perpetrates the following:—"We had nothing to do with Mr. Jackson's prospectus—we had *far less* to do with his representations."

The following notice appeared on the West side of a country meeting-house:—"Any person sticking bills against this Church will be prosecuted according to law or any other nuisance."

*Intelligent Boy.*—One of widow B.'s admirers was complaining of the tooth-ache. Mrs. B.'s smart boy immediately spoke up: "Well, Sir, why don't you do as ma does? She takes her teeth out, and puts them back whenever she wants 'em."

A player, performing the ghost in "Hamlet" very badly, was hissed. After bearing it a good while, he put the audience in good humour by stepping forward, and saying, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I must give up the ghost."

A lady on entering her little boy into a School, represented to the Schoolmaster that she thought some reduction in his terms might be made in the case of her son, "since he was so very stupid, that she was sure he would be only able to take in a very little learning."

*Gallantry.* — Fontenelle, at the age of ninety-seven, after saying many gallant things to the young and beautiful Madame Helvitious, passed her once without perceiving her. "See," said she, stopping and addressing him, "how I ought to value your gallantries. You pass me without even looking at me." "Madame," said the old man, "if I had looked at you, I could not have passed."

A wife wrote to her husband in California, and began her letter thus:—"Oh, tell me not that absence conquers love! the longer you stay away the better I like you!"

The late Lord Alvanley, one Sunday morning, walking up St. James's-street, saw a hearse standing at the door of a "hell." Going up to the mutes he took off his hat, and said, with a polite bow, "Is the devil really dead, gentlemen."

A stingy Manchester manufacturer invited a gentleman to dine with him. The service was of the best description, but when the cover was lifted two small chops only presented themselves. "You see your dinner," said the host. "Yes," said the guest, taking possession of both chops, "but where is yours?"

The Vicar of Sheffield once said to Mr. Peech, a veterinary surgeon, "Mr. Peech, how is it you have not called upon me for your account?" "Oh," said Mr. Peech, "I never ask a *gentleman* for money." "Indeed," said the Vicar, "then how do you get on if he don't pay?" "Why," replied Mr. Peech, "after a certain time I conclude that he is *not* a gentleman, and then I ask him!"

"Bring in the oysters I told you to open," said the head of a household, growing impatient, "There they are," replied the cook, proudly. "It took me a long time to clean them, but I have done it at last, and have thrown all the nasty insides into the street."

*An Inquiring Genius.* — A gentleman riding in an Eastern Railroad car, observed, in a seat before him, a lean, slabsided Yankee, every feature of whose face seemed to ask a question, and a little circumstance soon proved that he had a more "inquiring mind." Before him, occupying the entire seat, sat a lady in deep black; and after shifting his position several times, and manœuvring to get an opportunity to look into her face, he at length caught her eye: "In affliction?" "Yes, Sir," responded the lady. "Parent—father or mother?" "No, Sir." "Child, perhaps?—boy or girl?" "No, Sir, not a child—I have no children." "Husband, then, I expect?" "Yes," was the curt answer. "Hum! cholery! —a tradin' man, may be?" "My husband was a seafaring man—the Captain of a vessel; he didn't die of cholera; he was drowned." "Oh, drowned eh?" pursued the inquisitor, hesitating for a brief instant—"Save his *chist?*" "Yes; the vessel was saved and my husband's effects," said the widow. "*Was* they?" asked the Yankee, his eyes brightening up. "*Pious* man?" "He was a member of the Methodist Church." The next question was a little delayed, but it came: "Don't you think you have a great cause to be thankful that he was a pious man, and saved his chist?" "I do," said the widow abruptly, and turned her head to look out at the window. The indefatigable "pump" changed his position, held the widow by his glittering eye once more, and propounded one more query, in a little lower tone, with his head a little inclined forward, over the back of the seat: "Was you calculating to get married again?" "Sir," said the widow indignantly, "you are impertinent." And she left her seat, and took another on the other side of the car. "'Pears to be a little huffy!" said the ineffable bore, turning to our narrator behind him. "What did they make you pay for that umbrel you've got in your hand?"

There is a tailor in Blackburn rejoicing in the somewhat discouraging-to-customers name of Edward Rumfit.

Fontenelle was 98 years of age when a young lady asked him at what period of life men lose all taste for gallantry? "Indeed," replied the old gentleman, "you must ask some one older than myself."

*Irritating.*—After rolling all night in your berth, at sea, to have the steward open your door in the morning and ask you if you will have a *fresh roll* for breakfast.

School mistress (pointing to first letter of alphabet): "Come, now, what letter is that?" Young America: "I shan't tell you." School mistress: "You won't! But you must. Come, now, what is it?" Young America: "I shan't tell you. I didn't come here to teach you—but for you to teach me!"

A prima donna, at the rehearsal of a new opera, said tartly to the leader of the orchestra, "The band plays so loud, Sir, that it is impossible to hear me." "All the better for you, marm!" replied the conductor.

An adapter of French plays for the London Theatre was once telling Douglas Jerrold that he never felt any nervousness on the first production of his own pieces. "My boy," said Douglas, "You are always sure of success. Your pieces have all been tried before!"

*The Naked Truth.*—Two ladies presented themselves at the door of a fancy ball, and upon being asked by the usher what characters they personated, they replied that they were without any special costume, whereupon the stupid fellow bawled out, "Two ladies without any character."

An auctioneer, speaking to a horse dealer about the situation of the estate he was to sell in a level neighbourhood, said, "The country is exceedingly beautiful, and I do so admire a *rich flat.*" "So do I, Sir," replied the grinning jockey.

*Surgery in Texas.*—An itinerant quack-doctor, in Texas, was applied to by one of Colonel Hay's Rangers, to extract the iron point of an Indian's arrow from his head, where it had been lodged for some time. "I cannot 'stract this, stranger," said the doctor, "because to do it would go nigh killing you, but I can give you a pill that will melt it in your head!"

Stephenson being asked by a scientific lady, "What do you consider the most wonderful force in nature?" replied, "It is the eye of a woman for the man who loves her; for if a woman look with affection on a young man, and if he should go to the uttermost ends of the earth, the recollection of that look will bring him back; there is no other force in nature that could do that."

One evening, at a symposium near Covent-garden, a stupid puppy had been dilating for hours, to the great annoyance of the company, upon his notions of music, what he liked, and what he did not like, remarking of one very choice *morceau*, "Whenever I hear it, it always sends me off." Douglas Jerrold, quick as thought, looked round the room with an imploring air, and exclaimed, "Is there nobody that can whistle it?"

*Prompt Settlement.*—An Indian assaulted another, and regular information against him was made. The Judge ordered the Sheriff to bring the parties before him. The Sheriff returned without them. "Where are your prisoners?" asked the Judge.—"I caught them," replied the Sheriff. "What did you do with them?"—"I gave the defendant fifteen lashes." "What did you do with the plaintiff?"—"I gave him fifteen too. "What with the informer?"—"Why, I gave him twenty-five lashes—for had he held his tongue, there would have been none of this fuss and trouble."

*Woman.*—The last and best of all the series. If we have her for a toast, we won't ask for any but-her.

*Rival Remembrance.*—Mr. Gifford to Mr. Hazlitt: "What we read from your pen we remember no more." Mr. Hazlitt to Mr. Gifford: "What we read from your pen we remember before."

A visitor to a medical Museum was shown some dwarfs, and other specimens of mortality, all preserved in alcohol. "Well," said he, "I never thought the dead could be in such good spirits."

*Select Epitaphs.*

Two sweetur babes you nare did see
Than God amity geed too wee
But they wur ortaken wee agur fitts
And hear they lies has dead as nits.

In Oxfordshire has been found:—

Here lies the body of John Eldred,
At least he will be here when he is dead:
But now at this time he is alive,
The 14th of August sixty-five.

At Kir Keel:—

Under this sod lies John Round
Who was lost in the sea and never was found.

An elephant once nearly killed a man for an insult offered to his trunk. "The act was rash in the extreme;" said he, "but it was impossible to resist a nose you could pull with both hands."

Theodore Hook, when surprised one evening in his arm chair, two or three hours after dinner, is reported to have apologised by saying, "When one is alone, the bottle does come round so often."

The first time Jerrold saw Tom Dibdin, the song-writer said to him—"Youngster, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?" "O, yes," said Jerrold, "I have all the confidence, but I haven't the guinea."

A scamp at a French Theatre insulted the actors by throwing a goose's head upon the stage; whereupon an actor (Coiru) advanced to the front and said, "Gentlemen, if any one amongst you has lost his head, do not be uneasy at its loss, for I will restore it to you at the conclusion of the performances."

In the County Circuit Court, a coloured man was on trial for larceny, and a small white boy was called as a witness for the prosecution. The traverser's Counsel asked him, "Boy, do you know the nature of an oath?" Witness replied, "Yes, Sir, to swear agin the nigger." Traverser's Counsel: "That will do. Swear him. This is the best definition of a State witness's opinion of the nature of an oath I ever heard."

"Mr. S—— is your customer B—— a man to be trusted?" "I know of no man more so. He is to be trusted for ever—he never pays."

"A Clergyman was earnestly pressing upon the attention of a dying Lincolnshire boor certain doctrines which have presented difficulties to clearer heads under more favourable circumstances. "Wut wi' faath," was the faint response, given in the sick man's native Doric, "wut wi' faath, and wut wi' the earth a turning round the sun, and wut wi' the railroads a fuzzin' and a wuzzin', I'm clean muddled, stonied, and bet." So saying he turned to the wall and expired.

*The Electric Telegraph.*—Many a pound is lost in the attempt to economise by excessive abbreviation in sending telegraphic messages. "Don't come. Too late," was the message lately consigned to the electric telegraph in London for a famous accoucheur in Edinburgh. "Don't come too late," was the message delivered. Off posted the doctor to the English metropolis—only to learn that the "little stranger" had received its "welcome" some days before his arrival.

"I had a dhrame last night, yer honour."—"What was it, Pat?"—"Why, I dhramed that your honour made me a present of a plug of tobaccy, and her ladyship there—heaven bless her!—gave me some tay for the good wife."—"Ah! Pat, dreams go by contraries, as you well know?" "Faith and they do that," said Pat, without the least hesitation, "so yer ladyship is to give me the tobaccy, and his honour the tay."

A transcendental preacher took for his text—"Feed my lambs." A plain farmer very quaintly remarked to him on coming out of the Church, "A very good text, Sir, but you should take care not to put the hay so high in the rack that the lambs can't reach it."

"I like you," said a girl to her suitor, "but I cannot leave home. I am a widow's only darling; no husband can equal my parent in kindness." "She may be kind," replied the wooer, "but be my wife; we will all live together, and see if I don't *beat* your mother."

*Curious Plan of Advertising.*—A meddlesome man once said that a surgeon in his neighbourhood, who had caught cold, had the prayers of the congregation asked for in his behalf by name on one Sunday, and a thanksgiving for his recovery offered on the following Sunday.

"Tall toasts" are in great demand in America. At a late public meeting, the following "dry" toast was given, (the author of which got "buttered" when he reached home:)—"The Press, the Pulpit, and Petticoats—the three ruling powers of the day. The first spreads knowledge, the second morals, and the last spreads considerably."

What is the difference between the Emperor of Russia and a beggar? Answer — The Emperor issues his manifestoes, while the beggar manifests toes without his shoes.

"Won't you *take* my word, Sir, when I tell you I will call and liquidate your demand on Saturday morning next?" said a delinquent debtor to a dunning creditor, with whom he had sharp words. "No, Sir," replied the other, "I had rather you would *keep* your word."

*Black Subtraction.*—"Sambo, 'spose dere is six chickens in the coop, and the man sell three, how many is dere left?" "What time ob day was it?" "What hab dat to do wid it?" "A good deal. If it was dark dere would be none left, dat is, if you happened to come along dat way." "Look heah, nigger, stop dem personalities, or I'll shove a brick at dat head ob yourn."

*A Distinction.*—Many years ago, when new sects in New England began to make incursions into the sheep-folds of the regular Clergy, a divine encountered one of these irregular practitioners at the house of one of his flock. They had a pretty hot discussion, and at length the interloper wound up by saying—"Well, doctor, you will at least allow that it was commanded to preach the Gospel to every critter." "True," replied the doctor, "true enough; but then I never heard it was commanded to every 'critter' to preach the Gospel."

*Definitions.*—At the examination of the children of Windsor Infant School, a little boy was asked to explain his idea of "bearing false witness against your neighbour." After hesitating, he said it was "telling lies," on which the Reverend Examiner said, "That is not exactly an answer. What do you say?" addressing a little girl who stood next, when she immediately replied, "It was when nobody did nothing, and somebody went and told it."

A lawyer's clerk, when up for examination, was asked what was the first thing he would do when asked to bring an action? to which interrogatory he replied, "Get £10 on account." He passed.

Why is a watch-dog larger at night than he is in the morning?—Because he is *let out* at night and *taken in* in the morning.

An old gentleman being asked what he wished for dinner, replied, "An appetite, good company, something to eat, and a napkin."

A friend of ours thus specifies his musical attainments:—"I know two tunes, the one is Auld Lang Syne,—the other isn't—I always sing the latter."

"My friend has a great reverence for the truth," said a gentleman. "So I perceive," was the reply, "for he always keeps a respectful distance from it."

A countryman applied to a solicitor for legal advice. After detailing the circumstances of the case, he was asked if he had stated the facts as they had occurred. "Oh! ay, Sir," rejoined he, "I thought it better to tell you the plain truth: you can put the lies to it yourself."

*A Sensible Reply.*—During the examination of a witness, as to the locality of the stairs in a house, the Counsel asked him—"Which way did the stairs run?" The witness replied that—"One way they ran up stairs, but the other way they ran down stairs."

Why is a barrister like a man who passes sleepless nights? Because he lies first on one side and then on the other, and is "wide awake" all the time.

"What are you about, my dear?" said his grandmother to a little boy, who was sidling along the room and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit. "I am trying, grandma, to steal papa's hat out of the room, without letting the gentleman see it, for papa want's him to think he's out."

On the arrival of an emigrant ship, when the *North Caroline* laid off the battery, an Irishman hearing the gun fired at sunset, inquired of one of the sailors what that was. "What's that? Why that's sunset!" was the contemptuous reply. "Sunset!" exclaimed Paddy, with distended eyes, "sunset! oh, Moses, and does the sun go down in this country with such a clap as that?"

Two gentlemen were walking together in Paris. "I will engage," said the one to the other, "to give the man before me a good kicking, and yet he shall not be angry." He did as he had undertaken to do. The stranger turned round, and looked astonished. "I beg your pardon," said the kicker; "I took you for the Duke de la Tremouille." The Duke was very handsome; the man was very plain. He was gratified by the *mistake* under which he believed he had suffered, shook himself, smiled, bowed, and went on his way.

An Irish painter once declared that among other portraits he had a representation of "Death as large as life."

At a late trial, the defendant, after hearing a witness, jumped up and said, "Them allegations is false, and that alligator knows it."

A country couzin remarking to a metropolitan friend that a storm was brewing, the cockney said he supposed it would be a *'ail storm.*

A Yankee contemporary, speaking of the proposed oceanic telegraph, wonders whether the news transmitted through salt water will be fresh.

"Indigenous Races," cried Phelim O'Lougherty, picking up a book on a Dublin stall. "Indigenous Races! be Saint Peter, but Ballykoolin Races 'ull bate 'em holler!"

"Doctor, do you think tight-lacing is bad for consumption?" "Not at all—it is what it lives on."

A woman in one of the towns of New Hampshire, who had been ill-used by her husband, on finding him asleep one day, quietly sewed him up in the bed-clothes, and then gave him a tremendous thrashing.

A thief who broke out of Goal in Aberdeen the other day, being captured, told the policeman that he might have escaped, but he had conscientious scruples about travelling on Sunday!

What is the difference between a cat and a sentence? One has its pause at the end of its clause, and the other has its claws at the end of its paws.

A comedian arranged with his greengrocer, one Berry, to pay him quarterly; but his greengrocer sent in his account before the quarter was due. The comedian, in great wrath, called upon the greengrocer, and, labouring under the impression that his credit was doubted, said—"I say, here's a pretty *mul*, Berry, you have sent in your *bill*, Berry, before it was *due*, Berry. Your father, the *elder* Berry, would not have been such a *goose*, Berry; but you need not look *black*, Berry, for I don't care a *straw*, Berry, and shan't pay you till *Christmas*, Berry."

*Reminiscences of the Iron District.*—In the direction of Wednesbury, cocking and bull-baiting still have their admirers. In the same district no charge of unfilial cruelty is laid against the smith who, when rearing a bull-pup, induced his old father to go on all-fours and imitate the bull, and was so delighted at seeing the canine pupil pin the old man by the nose, as to disregard the paternal roaring, and to exclaim, "Hold him, Growler boy, hold him! bear it, feyther, bear it! *'twill be the making of the pup!*"

Lord Chesterfield in conversation heard it remarked that man is the only creature that is endowed with the power of laughter. "True," said the Earl, "and you may add, perhaps, he is the only creature that deserves to be laughed at."

*Mistaking the Tune.*—At a Church of "colour," the Minister, noticing a number of persons, both white and coloured, standing upon the seats during singing service, called out, in a loud voice, "Git down off dem seats, boff white man and colour; I care no more for de one dan I does for de odder." Imagine the pious Minister's surprise on hearing the congregation suddenly commence singing, in short metre:—

"Git down off dem seats
Boff white man and colour;
I care no more for de one
Dan I does for de odder."

A man was asked why he did not marry a young lady to whom he was much attached. "I know no reason," said he, "except the great regard we had for each other."

When the conversation at Holland House turned upon first love, Tom Moore compared it to a potato, because "it shoots from the eyes." "Or rather," exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes less by *pairing!*"

A down East editor advises his readers, if they wish to get *teeth inserted*, to go and steal fruit where a watch-dog is on his guard.

"Well, Sambo, how do you like your new place?" "O berry well, massa." "What did you have for breakfast this morning?" "Why you see, missis biled tree eggs for herself, and gib me de brorf."

"Do you enjoy good health?" "Yes." "Who doesn't?"

An Irish post-boy having driven a gentleman a long stage during torrents of rain, the gentleman civilly said to him, "Paddy, are you not very wet?" "Arrah! I don't care about being very wet, but, plase your honour, I'm very dry."

*An Irish Advertisement.*—"If the gentleman who keeps a shoe-store with red hair will return the umbrella which he borrowed of a young lady with an ivory handle, he will hear of something to her advantage."

What more precious offering can be laid upon the altar of a man's heart, than the first love of a pure, earnest, and affectionate girl, with undivided interest in eight corner lots, and fourteen three-story houses.

"How well he plays for one so young," said Mrs. Partington, as the organ boy and his monkey performed near her door, "and how much his dear little brother in the calico dress looks like him to be sure."

On the 30th ult., at a Church in Southwark, there was a christening. After the ceremony, and while the Minister was making out the certificate, he happened to say, "Let me see, this is the 30th?" "Thirtieth!" exclaimed the indignant mother, "indeed, it is only the eleventh!"

A Reverend sportsman was once boasting of his infallible skill in finding a hare. "If I were a hare," said a Quaker who was present, "I would take my seat in a place I should be sure of not being disturbed by thee, from the first of the first month to the last of the last month?" "Why, where would you go?" "In thy study."

"What," said a lady, "do you think of Platonic love?" "Madam," replied the gentleman, "it is like all other *tonics*—very exciting."

*Tender Forethought.*—Devoted wife: "Oh, what a beautiful monument? Wouldn't you like to have such a one as that, dear?"

The editor of an American paper says he knows an enterprising individual who intends to open a Bank as soon as he can borrow *a crowbar.*

"I see the villain in your face," said a Judge to a prisoner. "May't please your Worship," replied the prisoner, "that must be a personal reflection, sure."

*Births, Marriages, and Deaths.*—The fashionable Club designation for this part of the newspaper is, "*Hatched, Matched, Despatched.*"

*Very Puzzling.*—"Is it true, mamma," inquired a little girl, "that a Quaker never takes his hat off!" "It is true, my dear," answered the mother; "it is a mark of respect which he thinks he should pay to no man."—"But then, tell me, mamma," said the child, "how does a Quaker manage when he goes to have his hair cut?"

*A Miser's Trap.* — A gentleman called on an old Nobleman, and found him endeavouring to catch a fly. Presently he succeeded in catching one, which he immediately put into the sugar bowl, and shut down the cover. The gentleman asked for an explanation of the singular sport. "I'll tell you," replied the miser, a triumphant grin overspreading his countenance, "I want to ascertain if the servants steal the sugar."

*Epitaph.*—On a duck—"*Peas* to its remains."

Wasn't it mean of Powers to chisel a poor Greek slave out of a little bit of marble?

A slanderer of the fair sex undertakes to prove that Satan was a woman whose name was Lucy Fair.

A Burial Society has been recently commenced in a Northern County, the first printed article of which runs thus:—"That, whereas many persons find it difficult to bury *themselves.*"

*Temperance "Excess."*—"When a feller has reached a certain pint in drinkin'," said an old man, "I think he orter stop." "Well, I think, said another, "he had better stop before he reaches a pint."

*An Intelligent "Owdhamite."*—A native of Oldham went to the Art Treasures Exhibition, at Manchester, and seated himself on one of the settees, where he sat for a length of time. At last he beckoned a Policeman to him, and thus addressed that functionary "Aw say, owd chap, when's this exhibition gooin' to begin: aw'e waited here an heowr and a hauf on't!"

Some wag took a drunken fellow, put him into a coffin, with the lid left so that he could raise it, placed him in a graveyard, and waited to see the effect. After a short time the fumes of the liquor left him, and his position being rather confined, he sat upright, and after looking round him, exclaimed, "Well, I'm the first that ris, or else I'm confoundedly belated."

"May I help you to some beef?" said the master of the house to Mr. Brummell. "I never eat beef, nor horse, nor anything of that sort," answered the epicure.

A Boston correspondent states that a man thereabouts has invented a scare-crow so utterly terrific and hideous, that the crows are all busily engaged in bringing back the corn which they stole two years ago.

Sydney Smith, hearing it observed of one of the celebrities of the age that he had appeared to great advantage in conversation, said, "Yes, there were some splendid flashes of silence."

An Irish gentleman, in an excess of connubial affection, exclaimed—"Heaven forbid, my dear, that I should ever live to see you a widow!"

A Barrister, blind of one eye, pleading with his spectacles on, said, "Gentlemen, in my argument I shall use nothing but what is necessary." "Then take out one of the glasses in your spectacles," said somebody.

"Is your master at home?" "No, your honour." "Why, I saw him go in five minutes ago." "Faix, your honour, he's not exactly at home; he's only there in the back-yard, a shooting rats with cannon for his devarsion."

Why should a little man beware of marrying a bouncing widow? He might be called the "the widow's mite."

*A Brave Man.*—One who isn't afraid to wear old clothes until he is able to pay for new.

"Necessity knows no law." Well, necessity is like a great many lawyers.

*An Unparalleled Saw.*—"Well," said the carpenter, "of all the saws I ever saw, I never saw a saw saw as this saw saws."

"Did you ever know such a mechanical genius as my son?" said an old lady. "He has made a fiddle all out of his own head, and he has wood enough for another."

J. J. Rousseau was one day showing his "Ode to Posterity" to Voltaire. "Do you know," said the sage, "I am afraid your 'Ode' will never be forwarded to its address."

To-Morrow—The day on which idle men work and fools reform.

The King of Ava, among many other lofty and high-sounding titles, has that of "Lord of twenty-four umbrellas." This looks as if he had prepared himself for a long and stormy reign.

Said Deacon Grant, "I am told, Mr. Paine, that you are becoming a terrible hard drinker." "Not a bit," cried Paine, "not a bit—no man ever drank easier."

"Mr. Brown, why do you wear that bad hat?" "Because, my dear Sir, Mrs. Brown vows she will not go out of the house with me until I get a new one."

"Daddy, I want to ask you a question," said a boy to his drunken father. "Well, my son." "Why is a gin-palace like a bad shilling?" "I can't tell, my son." "Because you can't pass it," said the boy.

In an album kept at an American hotel, a visitor recently found the following transcendant couplet:—

"Next to the bliss of seeing Sarah,
Is that of seeing Niagara."

It has been said that there are two eventful periods in the life of a woman—one when she wonders whom *she* will have, and the other when she wonders who will have *her*.

Mother: "Now, George, you must divide the cake honourably with brother Charlie." George: "What is 'honourably,' mother?" Mother: "It means that you must give him the largest piece." George: "Then, mother, I'd rather Charlie should be honourable."

*Economy of Nature.*—A young gentleman remarked of his lady love, who was as little as she was pretty, that "she might have been bigger, but she was made of such precious materials that he supposed nature couldn't afford it."

A barrister tormented a poor German witness so much with questions, that the old man declared he was so exhausted that he must have a drink of water before he could say another word. Upon this the Judge remarked —"I think, Sir, you must have done with the witness now, for you have pumped him dry."

A young lady, fond of the sentimental poets, and named Joy, was generally thought very beautiful, but decidedly averse to changing her name. Some one said —"Is it not strange she does not marry?" "Not at all," was the reply; "she will never wed." "Why not, pray?" "Because her favourite poet forbids it. Does not Keats say—'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever!'"

"Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" said an Illinois Magistrate to the masculine of a couple who stood up before him. "Wall, Squire," was the reply, "you must be a green un to ask me such a question as that ar. Do you think I'd be such a plaguy fool as to go to the bar hund, and take this gal from the quiltin' frolic, if I was not conscriptiously certain and determined to have her? Drive on with your biz'ness."

*A Hasty Marriage.*—A Texas paper tells of a young couple who eloped on horseback, accompanied by the Clergyman who was to marry them. The lady's father gave chase, and was overtaking the party, when the maiden called out to her Clerical friend, "Can't you marry us as we run?" The idea took, and he began the ritual, and just as the bride's father clutched her bridle rein, the Clergyman pronounced the lovers man and wife. The father was so pleased with the dashing action, that, as the story goes, he gave them his blessing.

"Married couples resemble a pair of shears," says Sydney Smith, "so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them."

There is an inscription on a tombstone at La Point, Lake Superior, which reads as follows:—"John Smith, accidently shot as a mark of affection by his brcther."

*A County Constable Nipped.*—The newly-appointed Police at Chittlehampton and its neighbourhood are, like the rest of their fraternity in the country, wide awake in the discharge of their duties. One of the officials met a poor rustic with a bag borne upon his shoulder. The Policeman, in a loud tone of voice, began, "Where are you going to?" "Ots that tu you?" "Where did you come from?" "Shan't tell'ee." "You are too impudent, but I must know what your bag contains; what have you got there?" "Shan't satisfi'e." "Then I must take away your bag; but if you will let me *feel* what you have there it will satisfy me." "That thee mayest do," said the rustic. "Put thee hand in then. Come, make haste." In goes the hand of the detective. No sooner in than out, for the bag contained a full-grown badger, whose carnivorous propensities instantly caused it to fasten on the top of three of the official's fingers, with the view of having a feast.

When is beer not beer? When it's a little tart.

"I'd have you to know, Mrs. Stoker, that my uncle was a bannister of the law." "A fig for your bannister," retorted Mrs. Gumly, turning up her nose, "haven't I a cousin as is a corridor in the Navy?"

Bonaparte once said abruptly to a lady—"Madame, I don't like that women should meddle with politics." "You are very right, General," she replied, "but in a country where women are beheaded, it is natural they should desire to know the reason."

Why should young men who would prosper in love woo gently? Because "it is not fashionable for young ladies to take *ardent spirits*."

An Irishman tells of a fight in which there was but one whole nose left in the crowd, "and that belonged to the tay-kittle."

An Irishman on board a vessel, when she was on the point of foundering, being desired to come on deck, as she was going down, replied that he had no wish to go on deck to *see himself drown.*

A nervous man, whose life was made miserable by the clattering of two blacksmiths, prevailed upon each of them to remove, by the offer of a liberal pecuniary compensation. When the money was paid down, he kindly inquired what neighbourhood they intended to remove to? "Why, Sir," replied Jack, with a grin on his phiz, "Tom Smith moves to *my* shop, and I move to *his!*"

A special pleader while seeing the play of "Macbeth," in the scene where *Macbeth* questions the witches in the cavern, "What is't ye do?" and they answer, "A deed without a name," the phrase struck the sagacious lawyer as singularly defective, and he immediately remarked to a friend, "Pooh! nonsense! a deed without a name is void of course."

Once a man was boring some people by asking them to guess what he had for dinner. At last he revealed it—he had enjoyed a dish of "calves' tails." "Extremes meet," was Jerrold's instant compliment."—"Call that a kind man?" said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance—"a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness?" "Un-*remitting* kindness," Jerrold chuckled.

"You're a loafer—a man without a calling," said a Judge to a person arrested as a vagrant. "I beg your pardon, your honour, I have a vocation." "What is it?" "I smoke glass for eclipses; but just now it is our dull season."

Sydney Smith once began a charity sermon by saying "Benevolence is a sentiment common to human nature. A never sees B in distress, without wishing C to relieve him."

*Swift and the Tailors.*—It is said of Dean Swift that he preached before the Merchant Tailors' Company at three several anniversaries. The first time he took for his text, "Steal no more." The members of the Company took umbrage at this; on the following anniversary he chose the words, "A remnant shall be saved." His audience were more irritated than before; nevertheless he commenced his third sermon as follows:—"There were lice in all their borders."

*Bribery Detected.*—In a contest, a good many years ago, in North Britain, one of the parties had strong reason to suspect a particular voter of having taken a bribe—a considerable bribe too—for votes were valuable. A sharp enemy resolved to make an attempt on him. Accordingly, as the man entered to poll, he whispered in his ear rapidly, "They're making a fule of ye, Jock—they're a' bad!" "The scoundrels," exclaimed his dupe; and down on the table he flung a batch of notes. They were impounded at once by the authorities, and the man's suffrage invalidated.

*A Fast Story.*—An Englishman was bragging of the speed on English Railroads to a Yankee traveller seated at his side in one of the cars of a "fast train" in England. The engine-bell was rung as the train neared a Station. It suggested to the Yankee an opportunity of "taking down his companion a peg or two." "What's that noise?" innocently inquired the Yankee. "We are approaching a town," said the Englishman. "They have to commence ringing about ten miles before they get to a station, or else the train would run by it before the bell could be heard! Wonderful, isn't it! I suppose they haven't invented bells in America yet?" "Why, yes," replied

the Yankee, we've got bells, but can't use them on our Railroads. We run so tarnal fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound. No use whatever; the sound never reaches the villages till after the train gets by." "Indeed," exclaimed the Englishman. "Fact," said the Yankee; "had to give up bells. Then we tried steam-whistles, but they wouldn't answer either. I was on a locomotive when the whistle was tried. We were going at a tremendous rate—hurricanes were nowhar—and I had to hold my hair on. We saw a two-horse waggon crossing the track, about five miles ahead, and the engineer let the whistle on, screeching like a trooper. It screamed awfully, but it wasn't no use. The next thing I knew, I was picking myself out of a pond by the roadside, amid the fragments of the locomotive, dead horses, broken waggon, dead engineer lying beside me. Just then the whistle came along, mixed up with some frightful oaths that I heard the engineer use when he first saw the horses. Poor fellow, he was dead before his voice got to him. After that we tried *lights*, supposing that would travel faster than sound. We got some so powerful that the chickens woke up all along the road when we came by, supposing it to be morning. But the locomotive kept ahead of it still, and was in the darkness with the light close behind it. The inhabitants petitioned against it; they couldn't sleep with so much light in the night time. Finally, we had to station electric telegraphs along the road, with signal-men to telegraph when the train was in sight; and I *have* heard that some of the *fast* trains beat the lightning fifteen minutes every forty miles. But I can't say all *that* is true—the rest I *know* to be so."

"Paddy, did you leave your country for want?" "Och, yer honour! No, I had enough of that at home."

The manner in which they weigh a hog out West, it is said, is to put a hog in one scale and some stones in the other, and then guess at the weight of the stones.

Sterne used to say—"The most accomplished way of using books is, to serve them as most people do Lords—learn their titles and brag of their acquaintance."

The English call the Devil black, the Hottentots call him white; the Cape colonists, when Lord Grey was Colonial Secretary, proposed to "split the difference, and call him Grey."

When Fenelon was almoner to Louis XIV., his Majesty was astonished to find, one Sunday, instead of a numerous congregation, only himself and the Priest. "What is the reason of this?" asked the King. "I caused it to be given out, Sire," returned Fenelon, "that you Majesty would not attend Chapel to-day, that you might know who came to worship God, and who to flatter the King."

Why are wives who are diligent needlewomen like the enemy in the parable? Because they sow tares while the husbandmen sleep.

A Minister who was giving an address in one of the Schools near Halifax, asked the question, "What is a feast?" when a chubby-faced boy answered, "A fatty cake wi' currans in't."

*Slightly Deleterious.*—An Alderman was asked what he thought of the effect of hot drinks on the system. "Hot drinks," said he, "are decidedly bad. Tea and coffee, Sir, are hurtful. And even hot punch, when it is very hot—very hot, indeed—and taken often, in large quantities, I suppose is slightly deleterious."

A little girl, while walking with her father on a starry night, absorbed in contemplation of the skies, being asked what she was thinking of, replied, "I was thinking if the *wrong side* of heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be?"

A New York paper says—"At one of our suburban Churches, the choir sang a hymn to a tune which comes in as follows: 'My poor pol—my poor pol—my poor polluted heart.' Another line received the following rendering: 'And in the pi—and in the pi—and in the pious he delights.' And still another was sung: 'and take thy pil—and take thy pil—and take thy pilgrim home.'"

*George Stephenson and the Parliamentary Committee.*—One of the Members of the Committee pressed the witness a little further. He put the following case:—"Suppose, now, one of these engines to be going along a railroad at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, and that a cow were to stray upon the line and get in the way of the engine; would not that, think you, be a very awkward circumstance!" "Yes," replied the witness, with a twinkle in his eye, "very awkward indeed—for the coo!"

*How Ale Strengthened Him.*—A student of one of our State Colleges had a barrel of ale deposited in his room, contrary of course, to rule and usage. He received a summons to appear before the President, who said, "Sir, I am informed, that you have a barrel of ale in your room." "Yes, Sir." "Well, what explanation can you make?" "Why, the fact is, Sir, my physician advises me to try a little each day as a tonic, and not wishing to stop at the various places where the beverage is retailed, I concluded to have a barrel taken to my room." "Indeed. And have you derived any benefit from the use of it?" "Ah, yes Sir. When the barrel was first taken to my room, two days since, I could scarcely lift it. Now I can carry it with the greatest ease."

Pious Darkey: "Sam why don't you talk to your massa, and tell him to lay up his treasure in heaven?" Practical Sam: "What's de use of his laying up his treasure dare, where he never see um again."

"Come here, and tell me what the four seasons are?" Young Prodigy: "Pepper, mustard, salt, and vinegar; them's what mother always seasons with."

An official came rushing into Lord Chesterfield's room in the morning, exclaiming, "They're rising in Connaught!" He looked at his watch: "Well, Sir, it's nine o'clock, and they ought to be."

*Logic.*—Eddie (a very smart boy): "Pa, how many chickens are on that dish?" Parent: "Two, my son." Eddie: "No, there are three. This one is one, and that is two; and don't one and two make three?" Parent: "Well, then, your mother may have one, I'll take the other, and you may have the third for your dinner."

"Sedley," said Charles II., look me out a man that can't be corrupted; I have sent three Treasurers to the North, and they have all turned thieves." "Well, your Majesty, I will recommend Mivert." "Mivert!" said Charles, "why, Mivert is a thief already!" "Therefore he cannot be corrupted," said Sedley.

*Cheap Ornaments.*—When Dr. Franklin was in Paris, his daughter (Mrs. Bache,) wrote to him for a supply of feathers and thread lace. The Dr. declined in the following characteristic note:—"If you wear your cambric ruffles as I do, and take care not to mend the holes, they will come in time to be lace; and feathers, my dear girl, may be had in America from every turkey's tail."

"Have you got any shirts!" inquired a countryman of a Jew "duffer" who had fastened on him in Duke-street, with a very innocent look. "A splendid assortment, Sir. Step in, Sir. Every price, Sir, and every style. The cheapest in the street, Sir." "Are they clean?" "To be sure, Sir. Step in, Sir." "Then," said the countryman, with perfect gravity, "put on one, for you want it."

An American Judge has a very stingy wife. On one occasion she received his friends in the drawing-room with a single candle. "Be pleased, my dear," said his Lordship, "to let us have a second candle, that we may see where the other stands."

*The National Anthem, according to Madame Catalani.*—The following is said to be the literal copy of a card, which was invariably transcribed for Madame Catalani, when she was called upon to sing in "God Save the King."

Oh Lord avar God
Arais schaeter
In enemis and
Mece them fol
Confond tear
Politekse frosstre
Their nevise trix
On George avar hopes
We fix God save the
Kin.

"Well, Mike, and have ye heard what they're going to do with Barney Hannegan?" "Indade and I have," replied Mike; "they're going to thransport him for life, but I don't believe the poor sowl will live all the time."

What word is that of which, if you take the whole away, still some remains? Wholesome.

"Five years ago," said a spendthrift, "I was not worth a cent in the world; *now* see where I am through my own exertions!" "Well, where are you?" "Why, I owe more than 3,000 dollars!"

When the mammoth ship *Pennsylvania* was being built it was covered by a house. A steamer was passing the Navy yard, when one of the passengers remarked that "there was a monstrous house." An Irishman who stood near, exclaimed, "Ah, yez call that a big house; but, by jabers, there's a ship inside as big as *two iv it.*"

"Nihil fit," we observed, to show off our Latin a little. "Who is Nihil," retorted a frivolous gentleman, "Who did he fight, and what did he fight for?"

*From the Hands of the Doctor.*—On Sunday an Irishman made a sudden rush into a druggist's shop in town. Drawing from his pocket a soda-water bottle, filled to the brim with some pure liquid, he handed it across the counter, and exclaimed, "There, dochter, snuff that, would you?" The doctor did as directed, and pronounced the liquid to be genuine whiskey. "Thank you, docther," said the Irishman, "hand me it back again." The doctor again did as directed, and asked Patrick what he meant. "Och, then," said Pat, "if you will have it, the Praste told me not to drink any of this unless I got it from the hands of the docther. So, here's your health, and, the Praste's health, and the health of Moses!"

When may a ship be said to be in love? When she is in want of a mate; or she's attached to a buoy.

Why is a kiss like some sermons? Because there are two heads and an application.

"Would you like me to give you a shilling?" asked a little boy of a gentleman he met in the street. "To be sure I would," was the reply. "Very well, then," said the boy, "do unto others as you would others should do unto you."

*Philosophical Necessity.*—Zeno, the philosopher, believed in an inevitable destiny. His servant availed himself of this doctrine one day whilst being beaten for a theft, by exclaiming, "Was I not destined to rob?" "Yes," replied Zeno, "and to be corrected also."

Why is an alligator a most deceitful creature? Because he presents an open countenance when in the very act of taking you in.

At a Sunday School examination, the teacher asked a boy whether he could forgive those who wronged him? "Could you," said the teacher, "forgive a boy, for example, who had insulted or struck you?" "Ye-e-s, Sir," replied the lad very slowly, "I—think—I could, if he was bigger than I am."

A countryman took his seat at an hotel table, opposite to a gentleman who was indulging in a bottle of wine. Supposing the wine to be common property, our unsophisticated country friend helped himself to it with the other gentleman's glass. "That's cool," exclaimed the owner of the wine, indignantly. "Yes," said the other, "I should think there was ice in it."

"Everything is very fine until you have got it. A singing wife is like a piping bullfinch—great fun for your friends—deuced tiresome to yourself."

An Irishman, in great fright and haste, rushed into Abernethy's surgery and exclaimed, "Be dad, the boy Tim has swallowed a rat!" "Then, be dad," said the doctor, "tell the boy Tim to swallow a cat!"

"I wish you had been Eve," said an urchin to a woman who was proverbial for her meanness. "Why so?" "Because you would have eaten all the apple, instead of dividing it with Adam."

*Indian Politeness.*—The next edition of the "Polyglot Letter Writer" ought to be enriched with the following epistle from a Bombay butcher to his dissatisfied English customer:—"To Mrs. Collector —— Sahib, Esq.—Honoured Madam, Madam's butler says that Madam is much displeased with poor butcher, because mutton too much lean and tough. But sheep no grass got, where get fat? When come rain, then good mutton. I kiss your Honour's pious feet. I have the honour to remain, Madam, your affectionate butcher, MAHOMED CASSEIN."

"Why do you drive such a pitiful-looking carcase as that? Why don't you put a heavier coat of flesh on him?" "A heavier coat of flesh! by the powers, the poor creature can hardly carry what little there is on him now!"

A green 'un, who had never before seen a steam-boat, fell through the hatchway down in the hold of the *Winfield Scott*, and loudly expressed his surprise, "Well, if the darn'd thing ain't holler."

"Johnny, does you love me?" "Well, Susy, I does." "How do you know that you love me?" "Kase, Susy, whenever I looks at you, my heart jumps up and knocks agin my stummick so hard, that I don't have my appetite for a week afterwards."

*A Dark Disease.*—Coming along the street we overheard the following conversation, which is as clear as mud:—"Julius, is you better dis morning?" "No, I was better yesterday, but I'se got ober dat." "Am dere no hopes den ob your discovery?" "Discovery ob what?" "Your discovery from de convalescene what am fotching you on yer back." "Dat depends, Mr. Snow, altogedder on the prognostication, which amplify de disease. Should dey continuate fatually, de doctar tinks I'se a gone nigger; should they not continue fatually, he hopes dis cullo'ed indiwidooal won't die till another time. As I said before, it all depends on de prognostics, and till dese come to a head, dere am no telling wedder dis nigger will come to a discontinuance or not."

*George Stephenson.*—A year before his death in 1848, somebody, about to dedicate a book to him, asked him what were his "ornamental initials." His reply was, "I have to state that I have no flourishes to my name, either before or after, and I think it will be as well if you merely say, George Stephenson."

There is a story of an Imperial Highness waltzing thrice in the same evening with an English lady at the Court of Berlin. She naturally felt, and frankly expressed, herself highly flattered by the compliment. "I did not intend it as a compliment," was the answer. "Then," said the lady, somewhat rebuffed, "Your Highness must be very fond of dancing." "I detest dancing," was the still unsatisfactory response. Undeterred by her ill success, our fair countrywoman still prosecuted her inquiries. "What, then, may I ask, *can* be your Imperial Highness's motive for dancing?" "Madame," was the exalted personage's curt reply, "I dance to perspire!"

At the trial of an old man for a petty theft, the Judge, after hearing the witnesses for the prosecution, asked the prisoner what he had to say to the charge, when up jumped an old Counsellor who had been watching the case with some interest, and volunteered to defend the old man, and thus addressed the Judge: "My Lord, only three witnesses saw the prisoner commit the theft, now I can bring forward twelve who *didn't* see him do it." His lordship ordered that the prisoner be discharged.

*New Titles.*—One of Henry Fox's jokes was that played off on the late Mrs. ——, who had a great fondness for making the acquaintance of foreigners. He first forged a letter of recommendation to her in favour of a German Nobleman, the Baron von *Seidlitz Powdertz*, whose card was left at her door, and for whom a dinner was immediately planned by Mrs. ——, and an invitation sent in form. After waiting a considerable time, no Baron appearing, the dinner was served; but, during the second course, a note was brought to the lady of the house, with excuses from the Baron, who was unexpectedly prevented from coming by the sudden death of his aunt, the Duchess von *Epsom Salta*, which she read out to the company without any suspicion of the joke, and to the entertainment of her guests, among whom was the facetious author.

*A Dull Scholar.*—To prove that teachers may place a portion of Scripture before a class in every point of view, and examine, and cross-examine the children upon it, and yet leave the little ones completely uninformed, we would instance the answer given by a boy to a gentleman, on the occasion of a School examination. One of the Psalms of David had been repeated by one of the boys with great accuracy, and after having been examined by the Clergyman—as he thought thoroughly—a stranger who was present asked the following very natural question:—"My boy, can you tell me who David was?" What think you was the reply? "I don't know, Sir, whether you know him, but Mr. S—— knows him; he's the man who sells greens three doors from father's."

*The Greatest Happiness, according to Paley.*—When at Cambridge, being one day in a party of young men who were discussing somewhat pompously the *summum bonum* of human life, Paley heard their arguments with patience, and then replied, "I differ from you all. The true *summum bonum* of human life consists in reading 'Tristram Shandy,' in blowing with a pair of bellows into your shoes in hot weather, and in roasting potatoes in the ashes under the grate in cold."

Upon the door of a village Church there was appended the following announcement:—"Notice is hereby given, that a vestry will be held in this Church on Wednesday next, to take into consideration what colour to *white*-wash the Church."

When Abernethy was canvassing for the office of surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, he called upon a rich grocer. The great man, addressing him, said, "I suppose, Sir, you want my vote and interest at this momentous epoch of your life?" "No, I don't," said Abernethy, rather piqued, "I want a pennyworth of figs; come, look sharp and wrap them up—I want to be off."

*Humanity.*—A German homœopathic physician, previous to sallying forth armed to take part in the Berlin struggle for freedom, was observed subjecting his bullets to some chemical process. His comrades, supposing that he was poisoning the lead, remonstrated with him. "Gentlemen," he replied, "you totally misconceive my intentions. Humanity is my aim, and shall ever be the only object of my life. Observe, if you please, that this is not poison in which I lay my bullets, but *tincture of arnica.* This oxide thus produced serves as an infallible homœopathic cure for the wound, which, if not at once fatal, is certain to be healed before morning."

William Penn had a scapegrace relation who was described as a pen that had been "often cut, but never mended."

At a public dinner at Nottingham the toast-master gave "The Queen, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the remains of the Royal Family."

"You forget yourself," said a lady to an impertinent fellow, "but never mind," she added, "you are quite excusable for forgetting what is not worth remembering."

Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. This accounts for the many closed eyes that are seen in our churches every Sunday.

While Mrs. Butler was playing *Juliet* at Philadelphia, and just when she had exclaimed, "Oh, cruel poison!" a tall, lean, gaunt, sandy-haired medical student in the stage box, "deeply absorbed in the scene," thrust down his hat on his head with a convulsive effort, crying out in a voice of thunder at the same time, "Keep him up, Juliet—I'll run and fetch the stomach pump!"

*Dog*—An inferior animal, who may be taught to beg on two legs, like a man.

"What dogs are these, Jasper?" inquired a gentleman of a lad who was dragging a couple of waspish-looking terriers along a street in Edinburgh. "I dinna ken, Sir, replied the urchin; "they cam' wi' the railway, and they ate the direction, and dinna ken whar to gang."

"Sir," said Louis the Fourteenth to a courtly Abbe, "if you were not so witty I would make you a Bishop." "Sire," replied the Abbe, "the mitre will be heavy enough to stifle all my *bon-mots*."

*One of Jerrold's Shafts.*—One evening, at the Museum Club, upon Smith ostentatiously saying, "Wasn't it strange that we had no fish at the Marquis's last night? That has happened twice lately. I cannot account for it." "Nor I," replied Douglas Jerrold, with a serious air, "*except they ate it all up stairs!*" a cool intimation that Smith had dined with the flunkeys in the kitchen.

*Sydney Smith's Review of Waterton's Early Work.*—"The sloth," wrote the critic, describing one of the naturalist's favourite animals, "in its wild state, spends its life in trees, and never leaves them but from force or accident. . . He moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and, in fact, passes his life in suspense, *like a young Clergyman distantly related to a Bishop.*"

Miss Dubois says, she may be old now, but she has seen the day when she was as young as ever she was.

Why should a spider be a good correspondent? Because he drops a *line* by every post.

"What is the feminine of hero?" asked a pedagogue of a young hopeful. "*Shero!*" was the prompt answer, which took the dominie all aback.

Why was Pharoah's daughter like a broker? Because she got a little *prophet* from the *rushes* on the banks.

There are times when none of us would be found at home by any friend, if it were not for the fear of being found out.

On a very pretty girl's saying to Leigh Hunt, "I am very *sad*, *you see*," he replied, "Oh, no, you belong to the other Jewish sect; you are very *fair*, *I see!*"

*Doubtful.*—A Western Editor, in noticing a new and splendid hearse, thinks "it will afford much satisfaction to those who use it."

Somebody, on hearing that a man had given up chimney-sweeping, expressed surprise, as he thought the business *sooted* him.

"Oh dear, Mr. F., you jest when you say my babe is the handsomest you ever saw; you must be soft-soaping." "Well, Madam, I think it needed *soap* of some kind."

*Every Little Helps.*—Carlyle says, "Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure there is one rascal the less in the world."

A French Canadian posts his wife in the St. John's *News*, in the following words:—"Ma nam dat's Peter Rouvill—ma wife he leave ma haus and shant ax me. Any man dat trus him on ma nam, dat's loss for you."

Sheridan, scholar, wit, and spendthrift, being dunned by a tailor to pay at least the interest on his bill, answered, that it was not his *interest* to pay the *principal*, nor his *principle* to pay the *interest.*

A silly but pretty woman complained of the number of her admirers, and wished to know how to get rid of them. "O, my dear," was the reply, "it is very easy for you to do it—you have only to speak."

The Paris *Charivari* publishes two sketches—one of Vulcan offering a douceur to Minerva for the contract of rails for the Athens and Piræus Line; another, a group of seven wise men of Greece declining to take shares in the concern.

*An Apology for a Husband.*—It may be said generally of husbands, as the woman said of her's who had abused her, to an old maid who reproached her for marrying him, "To be sure, he is not so good a husband as he might be, but he is a powerful sight better than none."

Horace Walpole mentions a sceptical *bon vivant* who, being urged to become a Roman Catholic, objected that it was a religion enjoining too many fasts and requiring such implicit faith. "You give us," he observed, "too little to eat and too much to swallow."

Alderman Bangs remarked to his wife one day—"I can't imagine why my whiskers turn grey so much sooner than the hair on my head." "Oh, la," said Mrs. Bangs, "it is because you have worked so much harder with your jaws than your brains."

A horse dealer, who effected a sale, was offered a bottle of porter to confess the animal's failings. The bottle was drunk, and then he said the horse had but two faults. When turned loose in the field, he was "bad to catch," and "he was of no use when he was caught."

A farce was produced in Bannister's time, under the title of "Fire and Water." "I predict its fate," said he. "What fate?" whispered the anxious author at his side. "What fate!" said Bannister; "why, what can fire and water produce but a hiss?"

What is the difference between Queen Victoria and a little dog's tail? Why, the Queen keeps a coach, and the little dog's tail keeps a-waggin.

Why are potatoes and corn like certain sinners of old? Because having eyes they see not, and having ears they hear not.

"I have gone into the silk business," said a man to his neighbour. "So I supposed, as I saw you reeling all day yesterday."

"Pompey," said a good-natured gentleman to his man, "I did not know till to-day, you had been whipped last week." "Didn't you, massa?" replied Pompey? "why I know'd it at the time."

An Irishman took the train from London to Gravesend. On jumping from the train he remarked, that "if he had known he could have made the journey in so short a time he would have walked a-foot."

Jones has discovered the respective natures of a distinction and a difference. He says that "a little difference" frequently makes many enemies; while "a little distinction" attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

A careful father wished his child to have a clear idea of faith, so illustrated it thus:—"Here is an apple, you see it, and therefore know that it is here; but when I place it under this tea-cup, you have faith that it is there, though you no longer see it." The child seemed to understand perfectly; and the next time her papa asked her, what is faith? answered quite readily, "An apple under a tea-cup."

*American Refinement.*—A gentleman stepped into a store where none but mourning goods were sold, and inquired for slate-coloured gloves. The polite clerk informed him that only black goods were sold in that room; for slate-coloured gloves he must step into the mitigated affliction department.

A Judge threatened to fine a lawyer for contempt of Court. "I have expressed no contempt for the Court," said the lawyer; on the contrary, I have carefully concealed my feelings."

An Irishman hearing of the run on the Bank in which he kept his money, mounted his horse, and rode twenty miles full speed to the door of the Bank, scattering the excited crowd with his foam-covered steed; rushing up to the cashier, he vociferously demanded his money. "Notes or gold?" says the cashier. "Your own notes," says Paddy. His demand was complied with, and triumphantly he mounted his steed, exclaiming, "You may break now, and go to —."

A Clergyman was endeavouring to instruct one of his Sunday scholars, a ploughboy, on the nature of a miracle, "Now, my boy," said he, "suppose you were to see the sun rising in the middle of the night, what would you call that?" "The mune, please zur." "No, but," said the Clergyman, "suppose you knew that it was not the moon, but the sun, and that you saw it actually rise in the middle of the night—what should you think?" "Please zur, I should think it was time to get up."

The model lady puts her children out to nurse and tends lapdogs; lies in bed till noon; wears paper-soled shoes; pinches her waist; gives the piano fits; forgets to pay her milliner; cuts her poor relations; goes to Church when she has a new bonnet; turns the cold shoulder to her husband, and flirts with his "friend;" never saw a thimble; don't know a darning needle from a crowbar; wonders where puddings grow; eats ham and eggs in private, and dines on a pigeon's leg in public; runs mad after the last new fashion; doats on Byron.

One of the toasts drunk at a recent celebration was—"Woman! she requires no eulogy—*she speaks for herself!*"

To prevent the kitchen door from creaking, get a servant girl whose beau comes to the house to see her.

A Justice of Peace seeing a parson on a very stately horse, said to some gentlemen who were with him, "Do you see what a beautiful horse that proud parson has got? I'll touch him up a little. Doctor," said he, "you don't follow the example of your great Master, who was humbly content to ride upon an ass." "Why, Sir," replied the Parson, "the King has made so many asses Justices, that an honest Clergyman can hardly find one to ride if he had a mind to it."

*Talk across a Turnip Field.*—Farmer Holloway (bawling): "What is this here bisnuss as Parlimunt's gwaiun to meet about in such a hurry?" Farmer Hooper (replying in the same key): "Currency question, according to what they sez in the peaapers." Farmer Holloway: "I'm afeard they'll play old gooseberry wi' that aer currency." Farmer Hooper: "Make gooseberry fools of theirzelves." Farmer Holloway: "Ah! and o'wee too." Farmer Hooper: "Ees; and we be ate up moor nor enough already." Farmer Holloway: "Well, but what's this here currency question all about?" Farmer Hooper: "What is a pound?" Farmer Holloway: "I think they ought to know that purty well by this time, zo many stray jackasses as they've got among um."

"Shon," said a Dutchman, "you may say what you please 'pout pad neighbours, I had te worst neighbours as never vash. Mine pigs and mine hens come home mit dere ears split, and todder day two of them came home missing."

A Clergyman, observing a poor man by the roadside breaking stones with a pickaxe, and kneeling to get at his work better, made the remark, "Ah, John, I wish I could break the *stony hearts* of my hearers as easily as you are breaking these stones." "Perhaps, master, you don't work *on your knees*," replied the man.

*A Novelty in Sausages.*—The first pair of buck-skin breeches seen in the South Sea Islands were so little understood, that the natives stuffed them with seaweed, and had them boiled for dinner.

Housekeeper: "What is the meaning of this venison steak on the butcher's book, Bridget? I haven't seen it on the table." "Why you see ma'am, it wasn't for the upper table at all; James can't abare mutton, so I had to git a bit o'venison for him."

A very cadaverous-looking poet recited a poem descriptive of a public walk, in which occurred these lines—

"The redbreast, with its furtive glance,
Comes and looks at me askance."

One of the listeners exclaimed, "Gad! if it had been a carrion crow, he would have looked you full in the face."

When Sir William Scrope was about to charge with his troop at the famous conflict at Edgehill, the opening ball of the Parliamentary campaign with King Charles I., he said to his young scapegrace of a son, "Jack, if I should be killed, lad, you will have enough to spend;" to which the rogue answered, "and, egad, father, if I should be killed, you'll have enough to pay."

*First-rate Poison.*—"Doctor, that ere rat's-bane of yourn is fust rate," said a Yankee to a village apothecary. "Know'd it! know'd it!" said the pleased vendor of drugs. "Don't keep nothing but first-rate doctor's stuff." "And, doctor," said the joker, coolly," "I want to buy another pound of ye." "Another pound!" "Yes, Sir; I gin that pound I bought the other day to a nibbling mouse and it made him dreadful sick, and I'm sure another pound would kill him!"

The servant-maids in Devonshire drink a pint of yeast over night to make them rise early in the morning.

*A Dutchman's Answer.*—Squill: "I say, fellow, can you tell me where Mr. Swackelhammer, the preacher, lives?" Dutchman: "Yaw. You just walk the road up to de creek, and turn de pritch over de shtream. Den you just go on till you gum to a rote what vidds woots around a School-house; but you don't dake dat road. Well den you go on till you meet a big barn, shingled mit straw, den your durn de road around de field and go on till you cum to a pig red house all speckled o'er mit vite, and the garret up stairs. Well, dat is my broder Han's house. Den you durn dat house arount de barn, and you see a road dat goes up in the voods. Den you don't dake dat road too. Den you go right straight on, ant the first you meet is a hay-stack, and de next is barrack. Well, he don't lif dere. Den, you will get furder, and you see a house on top de hill about a mile, and go in dere and ax de old voman, and she will tell you bedder as I can."

Why must the centre of the earth be the merriest in the world? Because all bodies lose their gravity there.

"What do you think your head was given you for?" said a schoolmistress, out of patience at the stupidity of her little pupil. "Please, Mum, to comb," was the reply.

"Mr. D—, if you'll get my coat done by Saturday, I shall be for ever indebted to you." "If that's your game, it won't be done," said the tailor.

"Do you snore when you're asleep, Abel?" "No." "How do you know?" "Because the other day I laid awake all night to see, and I didn't snore at all."

"Does not the tolling of that bell put you in mind of your last end?" said a traveller to his companion. "No, but the rope puts me in mind of yours."

"I have just met an old acquaintance, Daley," said an Irishman to his friend, "and was sorry to see he has almost shrunk to nothing. You are thin, and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together."

Sheridan once suggested to a friend, who said he wanted to go down a coal-pit in order that he might *say* he had been down one, "You could say that without going down."

*Art Criticism.*—An elderly Pennsylvania woman, with her daughter, looking at the marble statue of Girard in the College building, startled the bystanders by exclaiming, "La, Sally, how white he was."

If an earthquake were to engulph England to-morrow, (said Douglas Jerrold,) the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event.

An Irishman, who lives with a vegetarian, writes to a friend, that if he wants to know what illigant living is, he must come to his house, where the breakfast consists of nothing, and the supper of what was left at breakfast.

"Where is the hoe, Sambo?" "Wid de rake, Massa!" "Well, where is the rake?" "Wid de hoe." "But where are both?" "Why, bof togedder, old Massa; you 'pears to be berry 'ticular dis morning!"

*Human Nature.*—"I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson, to see this splendid field of potatoes so seriously diseased," said a sympathising inspector. "Attweel, it's a great pity," replied the farmer, "but there's one thing, Jock Samson's is not a bit better."

A tailor, who in skating, fell through the ice, declared that he would never again leave a hot goose for a cold duck.

*The American Settler.*—A traveller in the back woods met with a settler, near a house, and inquired—"Whose house?" "Mog's." "Of what built?" "Logs." "Any neighbours?" "Frogs." "What is the soil?" Bogs." "The climate?" "Fogs." "Your diet?" "Hogs."

*Preaching and Practice.* — A worthy Clergyman, following the practice of his Ministerial brethren, preached a very earnest discourse on the hard times, enforcing the duty of retrenchment and economy. Immediately after Church the congregation took him at his word by holding a meeting, at which his salary was cut down from 1,000 dols. to 600 dols.

"Such is the pressure of the times in our town," said a Birmingham manufacturer to his agent in London, "that we have good workmen who will get up the inside of a watch for eighteen shillings." "Pooh, that is nothing compared with London," said his friend, "we have boys here who will get up the inside of a chimney for sixpence."

*The Difference of One Letter.*—A letter was found, in which one friend spoke so freely of another, that it led to an irreconcilable quarrel. "I am surprised," observed W., "that such bitter hostility should arise out of so trivial a cause?" "I am not at all," replied J.: "it is quite natural; for a friend becomes a fiend if you drop a letter."

*From the Mining Districts.*—(Young Curate finds a miner sitting on a gate smoking): Curate desirous to ingratiate himself with one of his flock: "A fine morning, my friend." One of his flock gives the slightest nod, and a grunt, and spits. Curate, supposing that he had not been heard: "A fine morning, my good friend." One of his flock: "Did I say it warn't. Do you want to hargue, you beggar?"

A happy comment on the annihilation of time and space by locomotive agency is as follows:—"A little child who rode fifty miles in a railroad train, and was then taken by coach to her uncle's house, some five miles further, being asked on her arrival if she came by the Railway, replied, "We came a little way in the Railway, and then all the rest of the way in the coach."

*Not Money but Confidence.*—Financial difficulties are well illustrated by the old story of a Frenchman, who deposited his savings with a thrifty tradesman. A time of trouble came, the Frenchman was alarmed and called for his money, which was promptly tendered to him. On second thought, however, he begged the tradesman to keep it, explaining himself in this fashion: —"You no av ze money zen I want it quick; but if you av ze money I no want it at all."

What kind of sweetmeats did they have in the ark? Preserved pairs.

"What do you take for your cold?" said a lady to Mr. C—. "Four pocket handkerchiefs a-day, madam."

"What is the outward and visible sign of baptism?" said a Clergyman in examining his Sunday Scholars. "Please, Sir, the babby," said a little girl.

*American Advertising.*—A new book is thus announced in the current number to hand of the American *Publishers' Circular*:—"The most stupendous since the Flood,—3,247,918,615 copies ordered in advance—publication necessarily postponed until twelve o'clock a.m., Monday, Sept. 8, 1957.—With profound emotion the publishers announce that the overwhelming number of orders (the raising the money to pay the postage on which has undoubtedly created the present panic in moneyed circles) already received for their new book absolutely compels

the postponement for a century of its publication. Meanwhile they beg to assure the public that they are sparing no pains to insure a full supply at that time, however large may be the demand. They have contracted for the immediate building of 50,000 POWER PRESSES!! and have effected a lease of the well-known NIAGARA FALLS, to furnish power for running them. By working these presses thirty-six hours a-day, not excepting Sundays, and "4th of July's," (this being evidently a case of necessity,) they hope, after getting a century's start, to keep up with the demand."

*Essay on Man.*

At ten, a child; at twenty, wild;
At thirty, tame, if ever;
At forty, wise; at fifty, rich;
At sixty, good, or never.

*National Characteristics.*—An Englishman was accosted thus:—"What will you take to stand all night in the tower of St. Paul's?" "A beef-stake and a pint of beer," was the frank reply. The next one thus accosted was a Scotchman. Says Sandie, "What will you gie?" Lastly came along Patrick, and when he was asked what he would take to stand all night in the tower of St. Paul's, he answered, "An' sure, an' I'd be apt to take a bad cowld."

*Something Like an Artist.*—The celebrated artist who crowed so naturally that the sun rose three hours before its time, has recently finished a picture of the moon that's painted with such wonderful fidelity to nature that it can't be seen in the day-time!

*Equal Rights.*—A little fellow in America cried out "Hurrah for Harrison!" at which a Van Buren man exclaimed angrily, "Hurrah for a jackass!" "That's right," said the boy, "you hurrah for your candidate, and I'll hurrah for mine."

*Very Thick Boots.*—Frederick the Great was very fond of disputation; but as he generally terminated the discussion by collaring his antagonist and kicking his shins, few of his guests were disposed to enter in the arena against him. One day when he was even more disposed for an argument, he asked one of his suite why he did not venture to give his opinion on some particular question. "It is impossible, your Majesty," was the reply, "to express an opinion before a Sovereign who has such very strong convictions, and who wears such very thick boots!"

An Englishman had hired a smart travelling servant, and on arriving at an inn one evening, knowing well the stringency of Police regulations in Austria, where he was, he called for the usual register of travellers, that he might duly inscribe himself therein. His servant replied that he had anticipated his wishes, and had registered him in full form as an "English gentleman, of independent property." "But how have you put down my name? I have not told it to you." "I can't exactly pronounce it, but I copied it faithfully from milor's portmanteau." "But it is not there. Bring me the book." What was his amazement at finding, instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following portentous entry of himself:—"Monsieur Warranted-solid-leather."

An old cynic, at a concert, one night, read in the programme the title of a song, "Oh give me a cot in the valley I love." Reading it over attentively the old fellow finally growled, "Well, if I had my choice, I should ask for a bedstead."

A Sunday School teacher, in giving his scholars a Scripture lesson on the story of the Widow of Nain, put this question to them, "And what was on the top of the bier?" "Please, Sir, froth!" exclaimed a particularly bright urchin.

*The Swell Mob of the London Omnibus.*—An American gentleman having seated himself in a London omnibus saw and heard what a little amused him. A man, bearing no peculiar marks of authority, looked in at the door, took a professional view of the passengers, and called out to the driver, without any pretence at concealment of his thoughts, "You can't go on, there's two of the swell mob in here." The coach waited, till at length a pursy, well-looking old man rose and stepped out, saying as he did so, "I've too much money to ride with pickpockets." In a moment more a spruce young man said, as he decamped, "I'll follow that old gentleman's lead." "Go on, now," said the Detective Policeman; "the swells have got out, and all's right."

*Excessive Politeness.*—Rowland Hill was always annoyed when there happened to be any noise in the Chapel, or when anything occurred to divert the attention of his hearers from what he was saying. On one occasion he was preaching to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him. In the middle of his discourse he observed a great commotion in the gallery. For a time he took no notice of it; but finding it increasing, he paused in his sermon, and looking in the direction in which the confusion prevailed, he exclaimed, "What's the matter there? The devil seems to have got among you!" "A plain country-looking man immediately started his feet, and addressing Mr. Hill in reply, said, "No, Sir, it ar'nt the devil as is a doing on it; it's a lady wot's fainted; and she's a fat 'un, Sir, as don't seem likely to come to again in a hurry." "Oh, that's it, is it," observed Mr. Hill, drawing his hand across his chin; then I beg the lady's pardon—and the *devil's* too."

Ladies, prepare for an extreme change in your habits, for a Paris correspondent of the *New York Courier* says, the ladies are coming out without hoops, bustle, wadding, or *anything else.*

A broker at New York being asked how his child was, answered, almost in tears, "Very ill. Wouldn't give two per cent. for his life."

"How is coal this morning?" said a purchaser to an Irishman in a coal-yard. "Black as iver," replied Pat, respectfully taking off the remains of his hat."

Louis XIV. asked Count Mahoney if he understood Italian? "Yes, please your Majesty," said the Count, "if it is spoken in Irish."

A poor man who was very ill sent for the Clergyman to visit him, who wishing to know if there was any especial reason for desiring to see him on the poor man's part, asked, "What *induced* you to send for me?" The man was very deaf, and could not hear what was said. "What *induced* you to send for me?" repeated the Clergyman. Still he could not hear, so the wife undertook to make him, and shouted in his ear, "The Minister says what the deuce did you send to him for?"

"Waiter, if you call this bread, order me a brick. I want something softer."

"Come down this instant," said the boatswain to a mischievous son of Erin, "Come down I say, and I'll give you a good dozen, you rascal." "Troth, Sur, an' I wouldn't come down if you'd give me two dozen."

"I wish you would pay a little attention, Sir," exclaimed a stage manager to a careless actor. "Well, Sir, so I am paying as little attention as I can," was the reply.

An advertiser for a wife says, "He despises 'tin,' but perhaps it would be well if the lady were possessed of a competence sufficient to secure her against excessive grief, in the event of an accident happening to her companion."

Why is love like a boat? Because it is an internal transport.

Why is a man paying his note of hand like a father going to see his children? Because he meets his *responsibilities!*

"Time is money," said a debtor to his creditor, "and therefore if you'd give me time, it is just the same thing as if I gave you money."

"Now, papa, what is humbug?" "It is," replied papa, "when ma pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirt."

There is an observing man about town who says he always took notice that, whenever he lived through the month of May, he always lived through the year.

"How came such a greasy mess in the oven?" said a fidgety spinster to her maid-of-all-work. "Why," replied the girl, "the candles fell into water, and I put them into the oven to dry."

A lady was desirous of purchasing a watch. The jeweller showed her, among others, a very beautiful one, remarking, at the same time, that it went thirty-six hours. "In one day?" the purchaser asked.

*Generous Child.*—Mother: "Here, Tommy, is some nice castor-oil, with orange ice in it."—Doctor: "Now, remember, don't give it all to Tommy, leave some for me."—Tommy: "Doctor's a very nice man, ma, give it all to the doctor."

"I and Disraeli put up at the same tavern last night," said a dandified snob. "It must have been a house of accommodation then for man and beast," said his companion.

"The discordant spirit which recently prevailed in *your* party," said one politician to another, "seems to be passing into *ours*." "Oh, I dare say! when the devils were cast out of the man they went into the herd of swine."

Booth, the tragedian, had his nose broken some years since. A lady once said to him, "I like your acting, but I cannot get over your nose." "No wonder," replied he, "the bridge is gone."

"Why don't you wheel that barrow of coals, Ned?" said a learned miner to one of his sons. "It is not a very hard job; there is an inclined plane to relieve you." "Ah," replied Ned, "the plane may be inclined, but hang me if I am."

*Given.*—A Policeman, whose height is five feet nine inches, his beat being three-quarters of a mile, wants to know—what's his area?

A sovereign once broken into, soon goes, and it is the same with a resolution. A resolution, unbroken, is hard as gold; once change it, and it is thrown as it were into so many coppers, and rapidly melts away.

An elderly gentleman was travelling while afflicted with a very bad cough, which annoyed his fellow-passengers greatly. Finally, one of them remarked in a tone of displeasure, "Sir, that is a very bad cough of yours." "True, Sir," replied the old gentleman, "but you will excuse me—it's the best I've got."

In a certain School, when the scholars were parsing, the word waif occurred in the sentence. The youngest, who was up, a bright-eyed little fellow, puzzled over the word for a few minutes, and then, as a bright idea struck him, burst out with it—"I can parse it. Positive, waif; comparative, waifer; superlative, sealing-wax."

*A Sailor's Love of Fair Play.*—Strolling leisurely about a ship-yard in Pembroke, we observed a regular hard-weather looking tar from a man-o'-war, who, in turn, was watching two men dragging a seven-foot cross-cut saw through a huge live oak log. The saw was dull, the log was tough, and there they went—see-saw, see-saw, pull, push, push, pull. Jack studied the matter over awhile, until he came to the conclusion they were pulling to see who would get the saw, and as one was a monstrous big chap whilst the other was a little fellow, Jack decided to see fair play; so giving the big one a clip under the ear that capsized him end over end, he jerked the saw out of the log, and giving it to the small one, sung out, "Now run, you beggar!"

An Irish servant girl, after reading the Queen's Atlantic message, said—"Faith an' shure, an' was it for fear of breakin' the cable that the Queen made it so short!"

The following advertisement appeared in an Irish Newspaper:—"To Let—The upper part of a cellar—to a small family, rent low. P.S.—Privilege on the pavement for a pig."

An old man told a barber that he ought to reduce his prices, now that the times are hard. "No, Sir," replied the shaver, "for now customers have such long faces that I have twice the ground to go over."

A lady asked her doctor if he did not think the small bonnets the ladies wore had a tendency to produce congestion of the brain. "Oh, no," replied the doctor, "women who have brains don't wear them."

*A Knowing Horse.*—"I say, friend, your horse is a little contrary, is he not?" "No, Sir." "What makes him stop, then?" "Oh, he's afraid somebody'll say 'whoa!' and he shan't hear it."

A boy once complained of his brother for taking half the bed. "And why not?" said his mother; "he's entitled to half, ain't he?" "Yes, ma'am," said the boy; "but how should you like to have him take out all the soft for his half? He will have his half out of the middle, and I have to sleep on both sides."

*A Telegraphic Problem.*—Whoever originated the following, deserves to have his name handed down to posterity:—If a despatch from England to America gains on the sun so as to reach America 4½ hours by the clock before it left England, at what time would it arrive at the point of departure, were a cable carried entirely round the world? Would it not arrive the day before it left, less only the time exhausted in making the circuit? If so, then, with a continuous telegraph line round the world, why not send a despatch round and round until it reached back to Adam, and let him know what his children are about in these days?

*Such a Bank!*—A shop-boy, having a very rustic appearance, entered one of the Banks in Dundee, and throwing sixpence to the teller, asked "a saxpence worth of fardens." The teller very politely replied, "I can't do it; I have not so many." "Shop-boy: "Gie's back my saxpence, then." The boy, on opening the door to leave, looked over his shoulder, and staring at the teller, exclaimed, "Sic a Bank!" Next day he had occasion to visit the same Bank, and being asked, amidst the laughter of the clerks, "If he got his saxpence worth o' fardens?" replied contemptuously, "Aye did I; I got them in a little shoppie."

Every family ought to keep a kitten to amuse the children. They should also keep children to amuse the kitten.

*Custom.*—A reason for irrational things, and an excuse for inexcusable ones.

*The English Lady and the Scotch Peasant.*—English Lady: "My good woman, can you tell me the way to D—?"—Scotch Peasant: "Weel, perhaps ye'll like to go along the brae, and tak the road doon the burn."—E. Lady: "How far is it?"—S. Peasant: "If ye're no great walker ye'll find it a good step."—E. Lady: "But how far is it?"—S. Peasant: "Weel, it'll be no vera great distance."—E. Lady: "Is it a mile?"—S. Peasant: "D'ye mean an English or a Scotch mile?"—E. Lady: "How long shall I take to walk it?"—S. Peasant: "Weel, it just depends on how ye walk."—E. Lady: "Could you get there in ten minutes?"—S. Peasant: "I'm no vera sure."—E. Lady (looking up): "I'm afraid it will rain before I can get there."—S. Peasant: "Weel, ye may be richt."—E. Lady (in a state of irritation): "Can you give me a straightforward answer?"—"S. Peasant: "I'm thinking there may be twa answers to that word."—E. Lady: "Can you not say 'yes' or 'no?'"—S. Peasant: "May be the 'yes' or the 'no' won't fit."

*The Origin of "Gone to Pot."*—The ancient Greeks burned their dead in jars. Hence the origin of the expression, "He's gone to pot."

*Things not Generally Known.*—That there is no accent so charming as that of a Frenchman, who has had the privilege of picking up his English pronunciation in the blended society of a family from Somersetshire, a family from Lancashire, a Scotch doctor, an Irish half-pay Officer, and a Bond-street lounger. That Plutus, Pluto, and Plutarch, are only names of the same female. That, as a general rule, monkeys are extremely likely to be deficient in respect to their grandfathers. That when Saturn devoured his own children, a megatherium pie formed the second course of the dinner. That a geologist is very likely to be a partial uncle, because, though regardless perhaps of the fortunes of his nephew, he is sure to be properly attentive to the position of his gneiss.

"Mr. Jones, don't you think marriage is a means of grace?" "Certainly, my dear madam; anything is a means of grace that breaks up pride and leads to repentance."

An Irishman, hearing of another who was a hundred years old, said, contemptuously, "Pshaw! what a fuss about nothing! Why, if my grandfather was alive, he would now be a hundred and fifty years old."

*How Paddy Obtained Absolution.*—An Irishman went to confession, and while relating his sins, his eye lit on a plug of tobacco sticking out of one of the pockets of his Father Confessor's pants. The furtive instinct of the son of the Green Isle was tempted beyond its strength by the sight; so, heedless of time and place, he slyly transferred "the bit o' baccy" into his own pocket, and after enumerating a long series of violations of the command of God and holy Church, concluded by saying: "An' sure, father, I stole a plug o' tobaccy." "You must restore either it or its value to the owner," said the Priest. "Take it, thin, yer riverence," said Pat, producing the stolen article. "I don't want it," replied the Priest: "give it to the owner, I say." "Sure, an' I offered it to the owner," said Pat, "an' not a bit would he take it, yer riverence." "Oh! if that's the case, then you may keep it." "Thanks to yer riverence," rejoined Pat, repocketing the weed; "I'm riddy for the absolution."

"How do my customers like the milk I sell them?" "Oh, they all think it of 'the first water.'"

When did fruit begin to swear? When the first apple damned the first pair.

*The Mystery Solved.* — When Adam got tired of naming his numerous descendants, he said, "Let all the rest be called *Smith*."

A parson said to a peasant whom he thought rude, "You are better fed than taught." "Shud think I was," replied the clodhopper, "as I feeds myself, and you teaches me."

*A Wedding.*—A couple went to a drunken Judge to be initiated into matrimony, and the following was the result:—"J-J-o-e B-B-o-o-w-e-r-s," commenced the man of law, in that dressing style of speech with which he was invariably troubled when under the influence of liquor; "J-J-o-e B-B-B-o-o-w-e-r-s, stand up. Have y-y-you anything to s-s-say w-w-why s-s-sentence"—"Stop, stop, stop, Judge," shouted the Sheriff from the back part of the room, "you are not going to hang the man, but marry him." The Judge drew a long breath, and blinked rapidly, but stood his ground well. Recovering himself, he proceeded: "J-J-o-e B-B-owers: do y-you t-take Nancy H-Harkens for y-your wife, so h-help y-you God?" This was a tolerable effort, and Joe nodded. "N-N-Nancy Harkens, it now remains for this Court to—" Here the Sheriff interrupted the Judge, reminding him of the real business of the evening. "Miss N-Nancy," resumed the Judge, after being set right, "d-do y-you t-take J-oe B-Bowers for a husband t-to the best of your knowledge and b-belief, or d-do you not?" "You *bet!*" softly answered the light-hearted Nancy. The Judge then took the hands of the happy couple, and joining them, wound up the business as follows:—"It now r-remains for this h-here Court to pronounce you, J-Joe Bowers, and y-you Nancy Harkens, man and wife; and—(Here the Judge paused to wipe the perspiration off his face)—m-may the L-Lord have mercy on y-your s-souls! *Sheriff! remove the culprits!*"

*A Railway Accident.*—A dividend now-a-days.

Why are Brougham, Wensleydale, and Cranworth great anomalies? Because they are *whigs* without *heirs.*

"Some people," said a red-nosed individual, haranguing three or four bystanders, "waste their money in charity, others squander theirs in supporting wives and families; but as for me, I saves mine to buy spirits."

*An Extensive Embrace.*—A New York paper says that the new Opera troupe embraces Madame Alboni.

Boy in the gallery of a Theatre, to another disorderly boy: "Arder there in the carner." Answer: "Arder theeself, and see how thee'st like it."

A village pedagogue, surrounded by his bright class, was questioning them in Divinity, when he propounded this question—"What was Solomon doing all this time?" On no answer being returned, he said, "Growing older."

*What a Pity!*—A good Quaker lady, after listening to the extravagant yarn of a storekeeper as long as her patience would allow, said to him, "Friend H—, what a pity it is that it is a sin to lie, when it is so necessary in thy business."

*Cause and Effect.*—"Did your fall hurt you?" said one Irishman to another, who had fallen from the top of a two-storey-house. "Not the laste, honey; 'twas stoppin' so quick that hurt me."

*All Out.*—A man asked a servant, "Is your master at home?" "No, he's out." "Your mistress?" "No, Sir, she's out too." "Well, I'll just go in and take an air of the fire till they come." "Faith, Sir, that's out too."

*Pleasure.*—Lord Ellenborough said to a Barrister, upon his asking, in the midst of a boring harangue, "Is it the pleasure of the Court that I should proceed with my statement?" "Pleasure, Mr.——, has been out of the question for a long time, but you may proceed."

An Irishman, trying to put out a gas light with his fingers, cried out, "Och, murther, the divil a wick's in it!"

The servant of a Prussian Officer one day met a crony who inquired how he got along with his fiery master. "Oh, excellently," answered the servant; "we live on very friendly terms; every morning we beat each other's coats. He takes his off to be beaten, and I keep mine on."

*Considerate Editor.*—An editor of old times, when he was short of matter, or grudged the labour or type requisite to put it into print, used to send out his paper with one side or page entirely blank, merely drawing his subscribers' attention to the fact by a note—"☞ *This space will be very useful for the children to write upon.*"

*Poetry and Blank Verse.*—"I say, Pomp, what's the 'stinction 'tween poemtry and what they call blank warses?" "Why, I tell ye, Nebuckenezzer, when I say—

'Tumble ober mill dam,
Come down slam,'

dats poemtry, but when I say—

'Tumble ober mill dam,
Come down whop.'

dats *plank werse.*"

*Bricks and Breeks.*—An English lady, who was teaching at a Scotch Sunday Schools, explaining at some length the construction of the Tower of Babel, mentioned among other things that the building was made of bricks—"With so much stone at our doors, *breeks* are not much used in building in this neighbourhood." The teacher's English pronunciation of the word was new to the pupils. On examining the class at the next meeting, the children were asked, "What was the Tower of Babel made of?" "Trousers, mam!" was the answer.

*A Comedian in a Fix.*—Quick, the comedian, one day passing through Broker's-row, Moorfields, was seized upon by a barker of a furniture warehouse, who, without ceremony, pulled him into the shop, and began puffing off his tables and chairs. Quick, being old and infirm, made little resistance, but asked the man if he were master of the shop. "No, Sir," said the barker, "but I will fetch him immediately." The man returned with his master, to whom he put the same question, "Are you master of the shop, Sir?" "Yes, Sir; what can I do for you?" "Only," replied Quick, "just hold your man a minute, while I go out."

*Competitive Cons.*—What animal weighs 16 drachms? The ounce.—What animal recommends perseverance in a course of falsehood? Lion (lie on.)—What living Statesman is distinctly heard in a silk dress? Russell.—Why is Berlin like Bury St. Edmunds? Because one is on the Spree and the other on the Larke.—To what town in Dorsetshire does a man generally take a new pair of trousers? To Wareham (wear 'em.)—What musical instrument has had an honorary degree conferred upon it? "Fiddle D.D."—When is a ship like a man compelled to be married? When bound to Havre.—Why must an auctioneer of necessity not be prepossessing? Because he is always "for-bidding."—What passage in scripture indicates certain shops that attract the countryman in London? He was a stranger and they took him in.

An editor, retorting upon an opponent, says, "Now this is a matter of taste—or rather of common decency—and something with which we have nothing to do."

A formal, fashionable visitor thus addressed a little girl:—"How are you, my dear?" "Very well, I thank you," she replied. The visitor then added, "Now, my dear, you should ask me how I am." The child simply and honestly replied, "I don't want to know."

*Tit for Tat.*—A gentleman having put out his candle on going to bed, read in phosphorescent characters on the wall—"Confess thy sins." The gentleman fell on his knees, and, as expected, began to confess his sins aloud, not from *terror*, however; for, aware it was a trick to terrify him, devised by a certain waggish young lady in the house, and hearing a little bustle on the stair-head, he guessed rightly that she and her comrades were there to enjoy his discomfiture. He confessed, as the last and *greatest of his sins*, that "he had kissed Miss —— frequently in the dark," and so turned the tables on his tormentor with a vengeance—a lesson she never forgot.

*Shakspeare on Bigamy.*—Loving not wisely, but *two* well.

The following notice, says the *Salem Gazette*, may be seen at a blacksmith's shop in the town of Essex: "No horse shod here on Sunday, except sickness and death."

A storekeeper in Massachusetts advertises ten pounds of sausages for a dollar; whereupon the *Boston Bee* exclaims—*dog cheap.*

*Satisfactory.*—Mrs. Chibbles (on board Sound Steamer), "Oh! good Mr. Sailorman, do you think there is any fear?" Old Salt: "Sartin, marm, sartin; lots o'fear, but no danger!"

*Forkology.*—A foreigner remarks, in his work on Great Britain, that an Englishman may be discovered anywhere if he be observed at table, because he places his fork on the left side of his plate; a Frenchman by using the fork alone, without the knife; a German by planting it perpendicularly into his plate; and a Russian by using it as a toothpick.

*Much Needed.*—A good strong adhesive plaister to make busybodies stick to their own business.

One of the editors of a New Orleans paper, soon after beginning to learn the printing business, went to see a Preacher's daughter. The next time he attended meeting he was taken down at hearing the Minister announce as his text—"My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

Voltaire had a perfect horror of inquisitive persons. He said to one of these pumpers, "Sir, I am delighted to see you, but I give you fair warning, I know nothing about what you are going to ask me."

*A Judge's Charge.*—At the conclusion of a long trial, in one of the American Courts, the Judge thus addressed "the patient twelve:"—"If the Jury believe, from the evidence, that the plaintiff and defendant were partners in the grocery, and that the plaintiff bought out the defendant and gave his note for the interest, and that the defendant paid for the note by delivering to the plaintiff a cow, which he warranted, and the warranty was broken by reason of the unsoundness of the cow, and he drove the cow back and tendered her to the defendant, but the defendant refused to receive her, and the plaintiff took her home, and put a heavy yoke or poke upon her, to prevent her jumping the fence, and that, owing to the poke or yoke, she broke her neck and died: and if the Jury believe that the defendant's interest in the grocery was worth anything, the plaintiff's note was worthless, and the cow good for nothing, either for milk or beef, then the Jury must find out for themselves how they will decide the case; for the Court, if it understands itself, and it thinks it does, don't know how such a case could be defended."

"You are very stupid, John," said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old. "You are like a donkey: and what do they do to cure him of his stupidity?" "Why, they feed him more, and kick him less," said the urchin.

A painter, intending to describe the miracle of the fishes listening to the preaching of St. Anthony of Padua, painted the lobsters, who were stretching out of the water, *red!* probably having never seen them in their natural state. Being asked how he could justify this anchronism, he extricated himself by observing that the whole affair was a miracle, and that thus the miracle was made still greater.

*A Free Translation.*—The Turkish Ambassador was at a public dinner, in company with some of the magnates of the land; the President gave as a toast, in compliment to his Excellency, "The Sublime Porte and the Turkish Ambassador." The waiter echoed it down the table—"A supply of port for the Turkish Ambassador."

An honest farmer was invited to attend a party at the village squire's one evening, when there was music, both vocal and instrumental. On the following morning, he met one of the guests, who said, "Well, farmer, how did you enjoy yourself last night? Were not the quartetts excellent?" "Why, really, Sir, I can't say," said he, "for I didn't taste 'em, but the pork chops was the finest I ever ate."

An Indian out West was heard to make the following exclamation on seeing one of our fashionable (hooped) ladies:—"Ugh! much wigwam."

A gentleman met a half-witted lad in the road, and placing in one of his hands a sixpence and a penny, asked him which of the two he would choose. The lad replied that "he wouldn't be greedy, he'd keep the *littlest.*"

An Irishman who had just landed in America, said, "The first bit of meat he ever ate in this country was a roasted potato, boiled yesterday; and if ye don't believe it, I can show it to ye, for I have it in my pocket."

*A Child's Politeness.*—Washington visiting a lady in his neighbourhood, on leaving the house, a little girl was directed to open the door. He turned to the child and said, "I am sorry, my little dear, to give you so much trouble." "I wish, Sir," she replied, "it was to let you in."

The following advertisement appeared in the *St. Louis Republican:* "Engaged: Miss Anna Gould to John Candel, city marshal, both of Leavenworth, K.T. From this time henceforth and for ever—until Miss Anna Gould becomes a widow—all young gentlemen are requested to withdraw their particular attentions."

*A Female Argument*—Mr. Smith's little boy fell sick. The doctor came with a prescription and left. Mrs. Smith said, "He has got concussion on the brain." Smith: "Congestion of the brain, my dear?" Wife: "No! the doctor said it was concussion." Smith: "Do you know what a concussion is, my love?" Wife: "I never saw anybody have it." Smith: "It would be a concussion of the brain, my dear, if he should fall down, and hit his head against something harder." Wife: "Well, he does fall down when he has it, and sometimes hits his head very hard." Smith: "Yes, it was a concussion when he fell and hit his head, but what caused him to fall?" "Why, the concussion, of course. He wouldn't have fallen if he hadn't had it." "Yes, my dear; but what caused the concussion? The concussion was the effect." Wife, (triumphantly:) "What caused it? Why, he had it from his mother. You know she often suffers from a pain in the head." Smith gave it up.

A crowd in fine clothes is, of all mobs, the dullest. I can look undismayed on the many-headed monster, wild and rampant; but when the many-headed monster buys its hats in Bond-street, and has an eye-glass at each of his inquisitive eyes, I confess I take fright.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

A man died of apoplexy in Michigan. The next morning the Coroner held an Inquest, when the following verdict was returned: "Died from the visitation of one beefsteak, eight cold potatoes, and a fried pie." Sensible Jury that.

*Moral Fishing.*—Pious gentleman: "My boy! my boy! you do very wrong to fish on a Sunday." Boy: "It can't be no harm, Sir, I arn't catched nothing."

"What's the matter, John?" "I ain't done nothing, father." "Well, what are you crying for, you lubber?" "I was afraid you would whip me." "What! whip you when you haven't done anything?" "Yes." "Go into the house, you booby." John felt quite relieved, and went into the house, and his father went down to the farm. Very soon his father came back in a rage, and laying a cow-hide over the urchin's back, said, "Did I not tell you when I went away to hoe that corn?" "Yes; but you told me just now you wouldn't whip me if I hadn't done nothing."

"My dear wife, I wish you would try to keep your temper." "My dear husband, I wish you would try to get rid of yours."

The most remarkable instance of indecision we ever heard of was that of a man who sat up all night, because he could not decide which to take off first, his coat or his boots.

"Won't that boa constrictor bite me?" said a little boy to a showman. "Oh no, boy, he never bites—he swallows his wittles whole."

A placard in the window of a patent medicine vendor in the Rue St. Honore, Paris, reads as follows:—"The public are requested not to mistake this shop for that of *another* quack just opposite."

A gentleman at a musical party, seeing that the fire was going out, asked a friend in a whisper, "How he could stir the fire without interrupting the music?" "Between the bars," replied the friend.

"How very seldom it happens," said one friend to another, "that we find editors who are *bred* to their business." "Very," replied the other, "and have you not remarked how seldom the business is *bread* to the editors?"

"Tilly," said a mother to her daughter, who had seen but three summers, "what *should* you do without your mother?" "I should put on, every day, just such a dress as I wanted to," was the reply.

When the celebrated work of Helvetius appeared, several persons blamed him in the presence of Madame du Deffand for having made selfishness the great motive of human actions. "Bah!" said she, "he has only revealed every one's secret."

An attorney about to furnish a bill of costs was requested by his client, a baker, "to make it as light as possible." "Ah," replied the attorney, "that's what you may say to your foreman, but it's not the way I make my bread."

A physician at Bath remarked, in a coffee-house in that city, that he had three fine daughters, to whom he should give ten thousand pounds sterling each, and no one had yet come forward to marry them. "With your lave, Doctor," said an Irishman who was present, stepping up and making a respectful bow, "I'll take two of them."

"Jacob," said a Schoolmaster, "how do astronomers measure the distance to the sun?" "Why," replied the young hopeful, they guess at one-fourth the distance, and they multiplies it by four."

*The Falls of Niagara Eclipsed.*—"Well, Mr. Miller," said a Yankee, proudly, to a travelling Scot, as they stood by the Falls of Niagara, "is not that wonderful? In your country you never saw anything like that!" "Like that," quoth Sawney; "there's a far mair wonderful consarn na twae miles frae whar I was born." "Indeed!" exclaimed Jonathan, with an air of supercilious scepticism; "and pray what kind of concern may it be?" "Why man," replied Sawney, "it's a peacock wi' a wooden leg!"

*Talleyrand's Cunning.*—A lady who professed to be charmed with Talleyrand's wit, begged of him to write his name in her album. His gallantry could not refuse, and he began to write a verse. "Arrêtez, Monseigneur!" exclaimed the lady; "it may be very well for inferior persons to write verses, but the name of Talleyrand is enough to appear in my book. It is fame." He fixed his keen eyes on the supplicating fair one, and wrote his name at the very top of the page. The anecdote spread, and all Paris laughed at the happy evasion of perhaps seeing his name in a few days signed to a bill of 10,000 francs!

A humane chimney-sweeper told a distinguished lady that he had superseded the use of climbing boys upon the humane principle. "What do you do," said her ladyship to the humane man, "instead of using the boys?" "Vy," said the sweep, "instead of sending a b'y up the chimney, I goes to the top of the pot myself, and having tied a string to the tail of a goose, I lets him down with the string; and then, my lady, he flags, and he flaps away his vings, vhich entirely cleans the sut out o' the chimney altogether." "Dear me," said the sensitive Countess, "but that must be exceedingly painful to the goose." "Vy," said the amiable, "so it is, my lady, without no manner o' doubt; but if your ladyship is particklar as to a goose, a couple of ducks vill do just as vell."

A son of the soil, walking through the Tynemouth Exhibition paused opposite a painting by Cooper, and gazed attentively at the sheep and oxen. At length he broke silence. "Poor cattle," said he; but (after a pause) "it's only shabby land, though." The thing was accounted for, and the consistency of the artist vindicated.

*Quite Satisfactory.*—"Ma'am," said a quack to a nervous old lady, "your case is a scrutumutary complaint." "Pray, Doctor, what is that?" "It is the dropping of the nerves, Ma'am; the nerves having fallen in the pizeriturn, the chist becomes morberous, and the head goes tisarizeen, tisarizeen." "Ah, Doctor!" exclaimed the old lady, "you have just described my feeling."

*The Pope and a Free Yankee.*—Amongst the legends of Gaeta, says an American letter-writer, it is recorded that the Pope here found refuge when he fled from the Republic of 1849, and that when he and the King of Naples, who had come to visit him in his exile, went on board the American vessel, the Commander welcomed them in these terms:—"Pope, how are you? King, how do d'ye do? Here, Lieutenant Jones, you speak French; parley vous with Pope, while King and I go down and take a drink. King, come on!"

A Baron of the Exchequer was dining at one of the city feasts, at which there was so great a noise after dinner as rendered the toast-master's voice almost inaudible. This worthy, instead of giving the "Army" and "Navy" together, separated the two services; when, therefore, the second was drunk, the Attorney-General, supposing it was "The Bar" which was proposed, rose to return thanks. Mr. Baron ——, being fortunately placed, perceived and enjoyed the Learned Gentleman's mistake. "Mr. Attorney, Mr. Attorney," said he, smiling, "give me leave to tell you, navy is not spelt with a K!"

"How did you learn that graceful attitude?" said a gentleman to a fellow leaning in a maudlin fashion against a post. "I have been practising at a glass," was the reply.

An Irishman who had just returned from Italy, where he had been with his master, was asked in the kitchen—"Pat, what is the lava I hear the master talking about?" "Only a drop of the crater," said Pat.

*A Sad Jest.*—"Would you like to subscribe for Dickens's Household Words?" inquired a sombre-looking magazine agent. "Household Words have played the Dickens with me long enough," was the feeling reply of the hen-pecked husband.

In an advertisement by a Railway Company of some uncalled-for goods the letter L has by an accident dropped from the word lawful, and it reads now, "People to whom these packages are directed are requested to come forward and pay the *awful* charges on the same."

A little girl from the country, on a visit to her aunt in London, was waiting impatiently one morning for her accustomed bowl of bread and milk, when her aunt told her that the "milkman had not yet come." He came at last, however, and her want was supplied. "Is it good, dear? do you like it?" "I don't like *milkman's milk* so well as I do *cow's milk*," was her ingenuous reply.

A man who had made a fortune by industry and close economy in a retail business, at length retired from trade, and used to loan his money on interest. One day, in midsummer, a friend happened to say to him, "How pleasant it is to have such long, bright days!" "Why, y-e-s," replied he; "but these long days the interest comes in so slow!"

*Anti-Bad-Luck Society.*—A society has lately been formed at Bordeaux to put down the superstitions of evil omens. As everybody knows, it is bad luck to begin anything on a Friday—or to sit down at a table with thirteen—or to balance your chair on one leg, or to spill salt between yourself and a friend. The new society continues to have regular dinners on Fridays, to have just thirteen guests, and to turn on one leg and spill salt all round before commencing. In the one whole year during which ill-luck has been thus defied, no single fatality has occurred to any member!

*Three Reasons.*—Mr. Brandytoddy's three reasons for not drinking are very characteristic of that gentleman:—"Take something to drink?" said his friend to him one day. "No, thank you," replied Mr. B. "No! why not?" inquired his friend, in great amazement. "In the first place," returned Mr. Brandytoddy, "I am secretary of a Temperance Society that is to meet to-day, and I must preserve my temperance character. In the second place, this is the anniversary of my father's death, and out of respect to him I have promised never to drink on this day. And in the third place, I have just taken something."

No Church, however perfect, is without a *nave.*

*Pedigree of Many a Noble Lord on the Turf.*—Out of Pocket by Betting.

A Clergyman who found it impossible to provide for himself and family out of his very slender income, wrote to a friend thus—"I must give up my living to save my life."

It is a groundless fallacy to suppose that a child, because he kicks up a dust, is like a carpet, that requires to be instantly pulled up, and thoroughly beaten, before it can be put down.

A gentleman was condoling a lady on the loss of her husband, but finding that she treated it with indifference, exclaimed, "Oh, very well, Madam, if that be the way you take it, I care as little about it as you do."

"Mother," said a little urchin the other day, "why are orphans the happiest children on earth?" "They are not, child; but what makes you ask that question?" "Because they have no mothers to spank 'em."

An Irishwoman, who was asked whether she did not feel comfortable when her old garments had been taken from her, and when, after full ablution, new ones had been supplied, answered, "Yes, thank yer honour; I'm horrid clane."

"Mr. Captain," said a son of Erin, going on board a vessel in the port of Cork, "you looked so much like the mate that I took you to be the cook. Will you be after lending me the loan of your broad axe to saw an empty barrel of flour in two, to make my cow a hog-pen?"

*Ostler Philosophy.*—"It is not the 'unting that 'urts a 'orse; it's the 'ard 'ighway; it's the 'ammering, 'ammering, 'ammering over a 'ard 'ighway; it 'urts 'is 'ooves. When you are not a going to 'unt, 'ire a 'ack, and 'ammer along with 'im."

*Professor Wilson.*—When the suitor for the hand of Professor Wilson's daughter had gained the lady's approbation, he was, of course, referred to papa. Having stated his, probably, not unexpected case, the younger gentleman was directed to desire the lady to come to her father, and doubtless her obedience was prompt. Professor Wilson had before him, for review, some work, on the fly-leaf of which was duly inscribed, "*With the author's compliments.*" He tore this out, pinned it to his daughter's dress, solemnly led her to the young lover, and went back to his work.

Mrs. Partington has bought a horse so spirituous that he always goes off in a decanter.

'Tis false, as the girl said when her beau told her she had beautiful hair.

"Pompey, de corn's up." "De corn up? Why, I only planted it yesterday." "I know dat; but de hogs got in last night, and guv it a lift you hadn't counted on."

It is said that Barnum is at present in full chase after a chap who helped his wife at an hotel table, in preference to another lady who sat near him. He is considered the greatest curiosity extant.

"Do you think I'll get justice done me?" said a culprit to his Counsel. "I don't think you will," replied the other, "there are two men on the Jury who are opposed to hanging."

A distinguished lady once reproved her librarian for putting books written by male and female authors upon the same shelf. "Never do it," said she, "without putting a prayer-book between them."

One of Bishop Bloomfield's *bon-mots* was uttered during his last illness. He inquired what had been the subjects of his two Archdeacons' charges, and was told that one was on the art of making sermons, and the other on Church-yards. "Oh, I see," said the Bishop, "composition and decomposition!"

*Qualification for a Seat in the Indiana Legislation.* —A man residing in Indiana announced himself as a candidate for a seat in the Legislature, and in his address to the public, sums up his qualifications as follows:— "I believe I was the first civilized man who skinned a coon, chased a deer, caught a bear, or treed a wild cat, on the West side of White River."

"Madam," said a very polite traveller to a testy old landlady, "if I see proper to help myself to this milk, is there any impropriety in it?" "I don't know what you mean; but if you mean to insinuate that there is anything in that milk, I'll give you to understand that you have struck the wrong house! Thar is not the least hair in it, for as soon as Dorothy Ann had told me that the cat was drowned in the milk, I went right straight and strained it over!"

*Longs and Shorts.*—A rustic poet sends the following poem on a "Squirl," remarking that he is aware that the last line is a little too long, which he says is not his fault:—

The Squirl Am a very Nice bird,
And has A bushy Tale,
He sometimes sits Opon a lim,
And sometimes on A rale,
And Gathers nuts in The summer So that Winter stock
Won't fale.

What is the difference between a garotter and a thug? The one is a white choker, and the other a black one.

If a cigar makes a man ill, will a cheroot make a Man-illa?

Why is praising children like opium? Because it is laudanum.

*Conscience.*—Mostly used by us in judging the actions of others.—*Punch.*

A linen-draper advertises for "two apprentices," who will be treated as "*one* of the family."

"Steel your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are going now amongst some fascinating girls." "I had much rather steal theirs," said the young man.

*The Forward Baby.*—Old Maid: "What! nine months old, and not walk yet! Why, when I was a baby, I went alone at six months." Young indignant Mother (aside): "And she's been alone ever since!"

"Oh, Mr. Hill!" said one of the Rev. Rowland's hearers, "how is it that you say such out-of-the-way things in your sermons?" "Why," said the eccentric divine, "some of you are such out-of-the-way sinners."

We caution four black cats, that are continually serenading in the back shed, that there is a sausage shop two doors to the right.

Why is a person approaching a candle like a man getting off a horse? Because he is going to a-light.

*Positive and Comparative.*—The man who is attentive to the ladies is a beau; but when they don't like him he is a bo-er (bore!)

*Irish Volunteering.*—"Pat," said a gentleman to his servant, "what's all that noise in the street?" "Oh nothing, Sir; they're only forcing a man to turn *volunteer.*"

*A Noun of Difficult Declension.*—It is a remarkable fact that, however well young ladies may be versed in grammar, very few of them are able to *decline matrimony.*

*The Money Market in* 1857.—"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows." Mrs. Partington says that if any one knows a bank where a "wild time" has not been produced this season, she would just like 'em to point it out.

A lazy fellow once declared in public company that he could not *find* bread for his family. "Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic; "I am obliged to *work* for it."

"You charge a dollar for killing a calf, you smutty rascal," said a planter to an old negro. "No—no massa," replied the gentleman from Africa, "charge fifty cents for killum calf, and fifty cents for the *know-how*."

After Parliament had sat long, but in reality had accomplished nothing in the way of practical business, Queen Elizabeth, meeting with her faithful Speaker, inquired of him "what had passed in the Commons House?" "If it please your Majesty, *seven weeks*."

Shuter, the comedian, thus explained his reasons for preferring to wear stockings with holes to having them darned:—"A hole," said he, "may be the accident of a day, and will pass upon the best gentleman, but a darn is premeditated poverty."

An assembled family, as the legacy to each was read aloud, sobbed and wished that the father had lived to enjoy his own fortune. At last came the bequest to his heir—"I give my eldest son Tom a shilling to buy a rope to hang himself with." "God grant," said Tom, sobbing like the rest, "that my poor father had lived to enjoy it himself."

"Julius, what's a Coroner?" "A Coroner, Mr. Snow, is a man what sits on de people, to see wedder dey killed demselves or committed suicide." "And what does he do when he finds out?" "Bring in de wardict, Mr. Snow." "What's a wardict?" "Why, a long, black pole, painted white on de end—now hold yer jaw, and don't bodder any more."

The other day, Mrs. Sniffkins finding herself unwell, sent for a doctor and declared her belief that she was "pisoned," and that he (Sniffkins) had done it!" "I didn't do it!" shouted Sniffkins. "It's all gammon, she isn't pisoned. Prove it, doctor, open her upon the spot—I'm willing."

General Lee one day found Dr. Cutting, an Army surgeon, who was a handsome and dressy man, arranging his cravat complacently before a glass. "Cutting," said Lee, "you must be the happiest man in creation." "Why, General?" "Why," replied Lee, "because you are in love with yourself, and have not a rival on the earth."

*A Navvy's Idea of Heaven.* — "I wonder, Bill, whether it is true what they say of heaven being so happy—whether, now, it can be happier than sitting in the public, over a good jug of ale, with a fiddle going? I don't know a pleasure as comes up to that."

*Who's Afraid?*—"Sure thee doesn't think that it matters where our poor bones be put to, maister Philp," says Dame Rosevear. "Thee don't believe that the speret ever comes back to 'em. I never troubles my head much with such doctrines. I thinks very much like Saxton Will. When Irish Kitty threatened to haunt 'im if he didn't bury her under the old yew tree, he tould the Parson o' it. 'Well,' said the Parson, 'I ain't afraid, are you.' 'No,' says Will, 'I ben't afeared; for if her goeth to a good place, her won't want to come back; and if her goeth to the bad one, they won't let her.'"

A man asked a celebrated balloonist what he would do if in want of refreshment in his aerial voyage, as there were no hotels. He replied that he would stop at some of the "castles in the air."

*Precocity.*—In one of our city Schools, a member of a Committee asked the members of a class which was under examination, "What was the cause of the saltness of the ocean?" Soon a little girl raised her head, flushed with the discovery which had flashed upon her mind. "You may tell," said the Committee-man. "Salt fish, Sir," said the pupil.

"What are you going to give me for a Christmas present?" asked a gay damsel of her lover. "I have nothing to give but my humble self," was the reply. "The *smallest* favours gratefully received," said the lady.

*Sporting Intelligence.*—Young Gentleman: "I wonder why they call them 'dog-carts.'" Young Lady: "Because they generally carry 'puppies.'"

*Competency.*—A financial horizon which recedes as we advance. The word is by no means of indefinite meaning. It always signifies a little more than we possess.

Voltaire, on hearing the name of Haller mentioned to him by an English traveller at Ferney, burst forth into a violent panegyric upon him: his visitor told him that such praise was most disinterested, for that Haller by no means spoke so highly of him. "Well, well, *n'importe*," replied Voltaire, "perhaps we are *both* mistaken."

*Following Suit.*—A Schoolmaster, catechising his class, asked a boy, "What is your name?" "Tom, Sir." "You should always say Thomas." Next time he began with one who usually went by the name of Jack.—Jack thought, that as Tom had to put "ass" on to his name he ought also, so when the question was propounded to him, he boldly said, "Jackass."

The most insupportable company are those who are witty all day long.

A French Duchess, who was invited to see a game of cricket, sent one of her suite, after sitting two hours, to inquire "vhen the creekay vas going to begin."

What is that which has four points when it is single, but when there's a pair of them, has only two?—A compass.

In society, wholesales don't mix with retails: raw wool doesn't speak to halfpenny balls of worsted; tallow in the cask looks down upon sixes to the pound, and pig-iron turns up its nose at tenpenny nails.

A certain Irish attorney threatened to prosecute a Dublin printer for inserting the death of a living person. The menace concluded with the remark that "no printer should publish a death unless informed of the fact by the party deceased."

"I meant to have told you of that hole," said a man to his friend, who was walking with him in his garden, and stumbled into a pit full of water. "No matter," was the reply, "I've found it."

To prove that this side the room is the other, let it be granted that the other side is one side—therefore, *this* is the *other*.

*Economy of the Age.*—A Manchester gentleman advertises "for a penny paper, the day after publication, at half-price."

*Rosherville Zoology.*—Precocious Young Lady: "Law ma, here's a heagle." Mamma, (reproachfully): "A heagle! Oh, you hignorant hass. Vy, it's a howl." Keeper of the Menagerie, (respectfully): "Axes parding, mum, 'tis an awk!"

An Irish Counsellor having lost his cause, which had been tried before three Judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer, and the other two but very indifferent, some of his brother Barristers were very merry on the occasion. "Well now," said he, "who could help it, when there were a hundred Judges on the Bench?" "A hundred Judges! There were but three." "By St. Patrick!" replied he, "there were one and two ciphers."

A servant being sent to match a china plate, returned with one of an entirely different pattern. After scolding for some time, the mistress said, "Stupid! do you not see that the *two* are entirely different?" "No, mum," was the reply; only one of them is different."

"Talking of law," says Pompey, "makes me think of what de 'mortal Cato, who lib 'most a thousand years ago, once said: 'De law am like a groun' glass window, dat gibs light to us poor folks in de dark passages of dis life; but would puzzle de debbel himself to see through it.'"

When Sir William Hamilton announced to the Royal Irish Academy his discovery of the central sun—the star round which our orb of day and his planetary attendants revolve—a member exclaimed, "What! our sun's sun? why that *must* be a *grand sun!*"

A sentiment at a Yankee celebration was, "Marriage—ordained of God for the happiness of man—through whose portals the bachelor will not, cannot, dare not enter." Response by a bachelor (pointing to the flag): "The ladies—our *stars* before marriage! our *stripes* after!!"

*A Tasteful Sign-Board.*—The following is on a violin maker's sign-board at Limerick:—"New villins mad here and old ones reppard. Also new heads, ribs, backs, and bellys mad on the shortest notice. N.B.—New guts of the best quality. Shoes mended, &c. Pat O'Shagnassey, Painter."

Why is a pig in a parlour like a house on fire! Because the sooner it is out the better.

An Ohio politician was boasting, in a public speech, that he could bring an argument to a "pint" as quick as any other man. "You can bring a quart to a pint a good deal quicker," replied a Kentucky man.

"I was never ruined but twice," said Voltaire, "once when I lost a lawsuit, and once when I gained one."

Dobbs said that when a painter can no longer earn his bread and cheese, he should throw away his palate.

The last definition of the legal phrase, "moving for a new trial," is courting a second wife.

A whale of the humped-back species was driven ashore at Nahant, and on being cut open a pair of boots, marked "J.," in a good state of preservation, were found in his entrails. It is supposed that the boots, as they were marked "J.," belonged to Jonah, and were taken off and left behind by accident when he made his exit from the big fish.

Why is it impossible that there should be one best horse in the world? Because at every race-course you'll find a better.

"The Ministry have thrown me overboard," said a disappointed politician, "but I have strength enough to swim to the other side."

Why will the geologist put no faith in the fable of the fox that lost his tail? Because he knows that no *animal remains* have ever been found in trap.

"Pat, has your sister got a son or a daughter?" "Faith," said Pat, "and indeed I don't know yet whether I am an uncle or an aunt."

One of the Duke of Marlborough's Generals dining with the Lord Mayor, an Alderman who sat next to him, said, "Sir, yours must be a very laborious profession." "No," replied the General, "we fight about four hours in the morning, and two or three after dinner, and then we have all the rest of the day to ourselves."

"How do I look, Pompey?" said a young dandy to his servant, as he finished dressing. "Elegant, massa; you look bold as a lion." "Bold as a lion, Pompey? How do you know? You never saw a lion." "Oh, yes, massa, I seed one down at Massa Jenks', in his stable." "Down at Jenks', Pompey? Why you great fool, Jenks hasn't got a lion. That's a jackass." "Can't help it, massa, you look just like him."

*Tests of the Passions.*—To find out whom a child loves, make it a present, and notice to whom it is most eager to show that present, exultingly. To find out whom a woman hates—do exactly the same thing.—*Punch.*

*An Alarming Spectacle.*—To see a sturdy fellow with a cigar in his mouth which cost as much as a loaf of bread, following a band of music and carrying a banner with the inscription "Bread or work."

*Choice of Friends.*—Beware of contracting friendship with surgeons. When you most require their services they will probably cut you.—*Punch.*

"You are writing my bill on very rough paper," said a Wallsend client to his Grey-street attorney. "Never mind," said the lawyer, "it has to be filed before it comes into Court."

An epicure, eating oysters, swallowed one that was not fresh. "Zounds, waiter!" he ejaculated with a wry face, "what sort of an oyster do you call this?" "A native, Sir," replied the wielder of the knife. "A native! I call it a *settler*, so you needn't open any more."

*Good Descent.*—It is a question whether being called the "son of a gun" should not rather be taken as a compliment than as a term of abuse, as it is well known that no gun is good for anything unless it *descends in a straight line from a good stock.*

Talking to some Scotch "Andrew Fairservice," whose religious "assurance" (in more than one sense) was such that he professed to live without the shadow of a doubt respecting his spiritual condition, I asked him whether he really meant what he said? "De'il doot it, mon," was the reply.—*Rogers.*

"Billy, how did you lose your finger?" "Easily enough," said Billy. "I suppose you did, but how?" "I guess you'd lost your'n if it had been where mine was." "That don't answer my question." "Well, if you must know," said Billy, "I had to cut it off, or else steal the trap."

*Very Encouraging.*—At the battle of Buena Vista, when the Indiana Regiment retreated, the General tried every means to get them to return. Becoming enthusiastic, he appealed to them "as they loved their native State, to do their duty." "Come, now," said he, "and rush into the thickest of the fight. I'll lead you, and only think, *how glorious it will look in history to have it said that the whole of the Indiana Regiment was cut to pieces!*"

A maiden lady suspecting her female servant was regaling her beau upon the cold mutton of the larder, called Betty, and inquired whether she did not hear some one speaking with her down stairs? "Oh, no, ma'am," replied the girl, "it was only me singing a psalm!" "You may amuse yourself, Betty," replied the maiden, with *psalms*, but let's have no *hims*, Betty. I have a great objection to *hims.*" Betty curtsied, withdrew, and took the hint.

*Revolting Disclosure.*—An advertisement in the *Liverpool Daily Post* states that an active servant is wanted, "who must be a plain cook, and able to dress a little boy five years old." Are the advertisers cannibals? And (we ask only for information) with what sauce do they eat little boys five years old?—*Punch.*

The art of spreading rumours is compared to the art of pinmaking. There is usually some truth, which is the wire; as this passes from hand to hand, one gives it a polish, another a point—others make and put on a head—and at last the pin (or the rumour) is completed.

*The Difference between a Dumb Man and a Policeman.* One is never seen, the other never heard.—*Punch.*

Two Irishmen were looking at the people stretching a rope across the street from one housetop to the other, for the purpose of suspending a banner. "Shure, and what will they be afther doing at the tops of them houses there?" asked Pat. "Faith an' it's a submarine telegraph they're afther putting up, I suppose," replied Mick.

When are lady-archers in danger of having ill-tempered husbands? When they select *cross beaus.*

A musical composer being asked if he had done anything lately, said his last work was a composition—with his creditors.

"I don't believe it's any use, this vaccination," said a Yankee. "I had a child vaccinated, and he fell out o' the winder a week arter and got killed!"

Lever tells us of a Tipperary peasant, who, when asked to pay for prayers for his son who had come to grief, refused, saying, "My boy, when alive, broke out of every gaol in Munster, and he won't stay long in purgatory."

A young widow in New Orleans being asked after her husband's health, answered, with a soft, quiet smile, "He is dead, I thank you."

When does the right boot become the *left* one? When the left one is stolen.

"Why is the letter *d* like a ring?" asked a young lady of her lover, who was as dull as the generality of his sex in such a situation. "Because," added the damsel, with a modest look, "because *we* can't be *wed* without it."

A jockey at Newmarket asked a Yankee if they had any such swift horses in America. "Swift!" said Jonathan, "why, I guess we have. I've seen a horse at Baltimore on a sunny day start against his own shadow, and beat it a quarter of a mile at the first heat."

At a School in London, during a lesson on the animal kingdom, the teacher put the following question:—"Can any boy name me an animal of the order *edentata*—that is, a front toothless animal?" "My grandmother," replied a boy.

*Putting a Case.*—"Mother," said a very precocious boy, "is there any harm in breaking egg-shells?" "Certainly not; but for what reason do you ask, my dear?" "'Cause I dropped the basket of eggs just now."

"How would you colour a tempest?" said a connoiseur to an artist, "supposing there were no clouds." "Why," replied the artist, "I should say—the storm rose, and the wind blue."

A lady promised her servant girl five guineas as a marriage portion. The girl married a man of very low stature. "Why, Mary," said her mistress, "What a little husband you have got!" "La, missus," replied Mary, "what can you expect for five guineas?"

*Inquiring Boy.*—"Father, it speaks here about Illuminated Manuscripts. What were they lighted with?" The father hesitated, and when the question was repeated, answered, desperately, "With the light of other days, my son!"

"An old lady, remarkable for her confused ideas of the meaning of words, thus described a clear summer evening:—"It was a beautiful bright night—the moon made everything as *light as a cork.*"

The last piece of marital insolence is the following dialogue:—"Husband, I don't know where that boy got his bad temper from—not from me, I'm sure." "No, my dear; I don't perceive you have lost any."

I've got into an awful scrape, as the chin said to the blunt razor.

*A Young Goose.*—A market-girl sold a gentleman a fine fat goose, warranting it to be young. It turned out, when roasted, to be unmanageably tough. The next day the gentleman said to the market-girl—"That goose which you sold me for a young one was very old." "Certainly not," said the girl; "don't you call me young?" "Yes." "Well, I am but nineteen, and I heard mother say often that that goose was six weeks younger than me."

The following words, if spelt backwards or forwards, are the same:—"Name no one man."

"Ah, ye're at the schule now, are ye?" was the interrogatory of a countryman to a little nephew, who had a short time before commenced his education. "An' d'ye like the schule, my man?" "Yes," whispered the boy. "That's right! ye'll be a braw scholar, I'se warrand. How far are ye, hinny?" "Second dux." "Second dux, says he? Od, man, ye deserves something for that" (thrusting two whole penny-pieces into the hand of the delighted urchin.) "An' hoo mony's in yer class?" "Me an' a lassie."

Why is a four-quart jug like a lady's side-saddle? Because it holds a gal(l)on.

"I wish I was a ghost, blam'd if I don't," said a poor fellow the other night, as he sat soliloquising in the cold. "They goes wherever they pleases, toll free! they don't owe nobody nothing, and that's a comfort. Who ever heard tell of a man who had a bill agin a ghost? Nobody. They never has to buy hats and wittles and liquor, nor has to run arrants as I do. Their shirts never gets dirty, nor their trousers out at their knees, as I ever heard tell on. Ghosts is the only independent people I knows on. I raily wish I was one!"

*Is that a Musquito?*—"An' so you're a going out to the East Hingles, my darlint Mrs. Mulroony." said an old Irish crone to the young wife of a soldier about to embark for Madras; "I've been in them parts meself, and well do I remember the torment I went through, night and day, with the muskcatoes. They have long suckers hanging down from their heads, and they'll draw the life blood out of ye before you can say pease." This terrifying account lived in the memory of the young woman. The vessel made the Madras roads; the decks were soon crowded; all hands were delighted at the sight of land, Mrs. Mulrooney among the rest, but her joy was of short duration, for on shore she perceived an elephant. Horror-struck at the sight, and in breathless agitation, she approached the mate, exclaiming, with uplifted hands, "Holy mother, is that a muskcatoe?"

What singular assortment of wild beasts is mentioned in the table of troy weight? Twelve ounces in one pound.

The *Friend of China* reports that in a theological conversation Sir John Bowring commented as follows on the marriage service used by the Church of England:—"Look at it; 'with this ring I thee wed'—that's sorcery; 'with my body I thee worship'—that's idolatry; and 'with all my worldly goods I thee endow'—that's a lie."

A Clergyman was requested to "say grace" at a public dinner. He did it with unusual propriety. On sitting down, a young man whispered to his friend, with all the seriousness in the world, "A devilish good grace that!"

*How to Learn all your Defects.*—Quarrel with your best friend.—*Punch.*

*How to Carve your Fortune.*—Cut your poor relations, and slice away as deeply as you can into the pockets of others. Help yourselves first, before you think of helping anybody else, and help no man that is not likely to help you in return. Be careful about forking out, until you have secured as much as, if not more than you want.

Jones has discovered the respective nature of a distinction and a difference. He says that "a little difference" frequently makes many enemies; while "a little distinction" attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

"In remote ages, before we became civilized," a polite Chinaman once informed an Englishman, "we used knives and forks, as you do, and had no chopsticks. We still carry a knife in our chopstick case; but it is a remnant of barbarism; we never use it. We sit down to table to eat, not to cut up carcases."

When a Kentucky Judge was asked by an attorney upon some strange ruling, "Is that law, your Honour?" he replied, "If the Court understand herself, and she think she do, it are."

*A Good Strong Tie.*—To celebrate a Royal marriage, it took no less than one Archbishop, three Bishops, one Dean, and one Rev. Doctor. We may confidently hope for the permanence of the knot that must have been drawn so tight by such a number of Clergymen pulling all together.—*Punch.*

To be sold, a threshing machine, in good working order: has birch, cane, and strap barrels. Warranted to lick a school of fifty boys in twenty minutes, distinguishing their offences into literary, moral, and impertinent. Only parted with because the owner has flogged all his school away, and his sons are too big to beat. Apply at the College of Preceptors.

The popular ignorance of this enlightened age is somewhat astounding. A zealous antiquary, looking for Dryden's house, in Fetter-lane, made some inquiry of a Policeman. "Dryden, Sir," said the latter, "Dryden?—Is he a man a little backward in his rent?" Less excusable was the observation of an eminent silversmith to a customer who, admiring some exquisite piece of silver chasery, remarked, "how this would have delighted Cellini!" "We shall be happy to show it to Mr. Cellini any day he would look in," was the polite observation, in reply. To ascend in the scale, we may remark that we have heard of a knight who, on having Runnymede pointed out to him, looked very unconscious that a landmark of history was before him; but, on being told that it was the spot where the Barons forced King John to sign Magna Charta, exclaimed, "*Forced* his Majesty! did they indeed? how very improper!" Let us go a step higher still, and take an illustration from that sprig of Nobility who, having failed in a competitive examination, was asked by a good-natured friend, how it happened. "Oh!" said the rejected candidate, "it was all through a fellow who asked me questions I didn't expect." "What did he examine you in?" "Oh! history!" answered the young aristocrat. "Ancient or Modern?" "Ancient or Modern!" exclaimed the youth, with an air of the most intense disgust. "Oh, ever so long before either; *time of William the Conqueror!*"

In the Committee on the Factory Bill a witness from Dundee was asked, "When do your girls marry?" He replied, "Whenever they can meet with a husband."

"Sir," said an irascible man, excited by argument, to his opponent—"Sir, I believe you are either a deist or an atheist." "Wrong, Sir," was the rejoinder, "I am a dentist."

"What are they talking about?" said a member in the lobby during a debate on the money question. "Theology," was the reply. "Theology?" why I thought it was the money question." "Well, money is their God, and they are discoursing about it."

When Duchenois, the celebrated French actress, died, a person met an old man who was one of her most intimate friends. He was pale, confused, awe-stricken. Every one was trying to console him, but in vain. "Her loss," he exclaimed, "does not affect me so much as her horrible ingratitude. Would you believe it? She died without leaving me anything in her will—I, who have *dined with her at her own house three times a-week for thirty years.*"

Why is good advice like a sickle? Because it *goes against the grain.*

A certain *bon vivant*, who carried his eating even into downright gluttony, went to his physician one day with a list of his ailments, for advice." "Diet," said the doctor, "diet upon two bowls of gruel a-day." "Doctor, I ain't no better for your advice," said the patient a week or two afterwards. "Have you adhered strictly to my orders?" asked Esculapius; "did you eat nothing but the gruel?" "Of course I did. You don't suppose I could live without eating, do you? Why, I took my gruel between meals."

*Latest from Paris.*—The following official announcement appeared in the *Moniteur*:—"Petticoats are the only French institutions which the Government will henceforth permit to expand."—*Punch.*

"This is a short omnibus for twelve," said a fat passenger in a Hammersmith 'bus. "Rather short," replied the *vis-a-vis*, "but I fancy it will be *long enough* before it reaches Piccadilly."

The Irishman who was to "ride clear to Boston on *cowkitcher* to accommodate such *jintlemanly* ladies," has found an equal in gallantry in one of his fellow-countrymen, who said to a lady, upon picking up and returning her parasol, which had been carried away by a gust of wind, "Faith Miss, an' if ye was as strong as yer handsome, be jabers a hurricane couldn't have snatched it from ye."

What day of the month is a command to go a-head? —March 4th.

The porter of a Dublin grocer was brought by his master before a Magistrate on a charge of stealing *chocolate*, which he could not deny. Upon being asked to whom he sold it, the pride of Patrick was greatly wounded. "To whom did I sell it?" says Pat; "why does he think I took it to *sell!*" "Then, Sir," said the Magistrate, "what did you do with it?" "Do with it? We made *tea* of it."

*The Apprentice Turned Tiger.*—A Tyne-side tradesman, who had taken unto himself a wife, and returned with his bride from the wedding tour in time to be "at home," economically transmuted his youthful apprentice into a tiger, and placed him at the drawing-room door to receive company. The bride was "sitting" with her friends—the bridegroom was at business below—and the first callers, when they came, handed the tiger their cards. This was a part of the ceremony in which he had not been "got up." He did not, however, betray his ignorance; but when he had passed the visitors into the room, he rushed down stairs to his master, and whispered into his ear, "Is aw to let neebody in without tickets?"

"*A Woman's Thoughts about Women.*—A clever book has been published under the above title, but we do not see what necessity there was to publish such a book at all. A gentleman has only to attend a tea-table, and he is sure, before the first cup of bohea has gone round, to hear what a "Woman's Thoughts" are "about Women." Generally speaking, the "thoughts" expressed are not of the most friendly nature; for woman, as judged by her own sex, is by no means the beautiful, divine creature that poets delight in imagining her. However, the book we have honoured by mentioning is perfectly free from scandal and ill-nature, and is so sensible in most of its observations, and at the same time so gentle in its reproofs, that really a man might have written it. There isn't a squeeze of satire in it, and so old maids, who rush to it's pages in the hope of finding something spiteful, will be grievously disappointed. The work ought to be on every lady's tea-tray.—*Punch.*

On hearing Ike read that eighteen rams had been used in launching the *Leviathan*, Mrs. Partington remarked that she believed a few yoke of oxen would have been much better than rams.

"Would you not love to gaze on Niagara for ever?" said a romantic young girl to her romantic companion. "Oh, no," said he, "I shouldn't like to have a cataract always in my eye."

*The Art of Shopping.*—"What's the price of this article?" inquired a deaf old lady. "Seven shillings," said the draper. "Seventeen shillings!" she exclaimed; "I'll give you thirteen." "*Seven* shillings," replied the honest tradesman, "is the price of the article." "Oh! seven shillings," the lady retorted; "I'll give you *five.*"

Captain O'Toole was asked why he wished to exchange into the 30th. "Why, d'ye see, I wish to be near my brother, who is in the 31st."

*New York Prosperity.*—Fond Parent (to his son)—"Yes, New York is the place to get on in. Look at James! he started without a penny, and has lately failed for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Of course that's an extreme case. I don't expect you to do as well as that. Still, with honesty and industry, I see no reason why you should not, in a few years, fail for fifty thousand dollars."

A Member of Parliament, about to make his first speech, expressed much apprehension that his hearers would think him of hardly sufficient calibre for the subject. "Pooh," said a friend, "they will be sure to find you *bore* enough.

An Indian Chief once went to the office of an American Commissioner, at Chicago, to whom he introduced himself as a very good Indian, a great friend to the Americans, and concluded by asking for a glass of whiskey. The Commissioner gravely told him that they never gave whiskey to good Indians, who never wished for any such things—that it was only used by bad Indians. "Then," replied the Indian, "me one infernal rascal!"

*Paddy's Expedient for Reducing a Fine.*—An Irish weaver just imported from the sister isle, took to his employer in Kilmarnock, one day, the first cloth he had woven since his arrival. His employer detected in the cloth two holes, within half an inch of each other, and told him he must pay a fine of a shilling for each hole. "And plaze ye," returned Pat, "is it by the number of holes, or by the size of them, that ye put the fine on us?" "By the number of holes, to be sure." "And a big hole and a small one is the same price?" "Yes, a shilling for every hole, big or little." "Then give me hould of the piece," replied Paddy; and getting the cloth into his hands, he tore the two small holes into one, and exclaimed, "By the hill of Howth, and that saves me one shilling, anyhow!"

"Diseases is very serious," said Mrs. Partington, as she returned from a street-door conversation with Dr. Bolus. "The doctor tells me that poor old Mrs. Haze has got two buckles on her lungs. It is dreadful to think of, I declare. The disease is so various. One day we hear of people's dying of hermitage of the lungs, another of brown creatures; here they tell us of the elementary canal being out of order, and there about the tonsors of the throat; here we hear of neurology in the head, there of an embargo; one side of us we hear of men being killed by getting a pound of tough beef in the sarcofagus, and there another kills himself by discovering his jocular vein. Things change so that I declare I don't know how to subscribe for any disease now-a-days. New names and new nostrils take the place of the old, and I might as well throw my old herb-bag away." Fifteen minutes afterwards Isaac had that herb-bag for a target, and broke three squares of glass in the kitchen window trying to hit it, before the old lady knew what he was about. She didn't mean exactly what she said.

"A coffin," said an Irishman, "is the house a man lives in when he is dead."

*An Engaging Fair One.*—The following is told of a Bostonian's first appearance in polite society in Arkansas. The company were engaged in dancing, but the loveliest woman present occupied a chair at the window, without a partner. Stepping up to the lady, with a palpitating heart, his mind greatly excited for fear of a refusal, he exclaimed, "Will you do me the honour to grace me with your company for the next set?" Her lustrous eyes shone with brilliancy, her white pearly teeth fairly glistened, as she replied, "Yes, Sir-ee! for I have sot, and sot, and sot, till I have about tuk root!"

When is a flock of sheep like our climate? When it is composed of all wethers.

"My boy, what does your mother do for a living?" we asked of a little barefooted urchin. "She eats cold victuals, Sir."

"I say, Mick, what sort of potatoes are those you are planting?" "Raw ones to be shure—shure I would not be planting boiled ones, you omadhaun."

"I say, Jack," shouted a Smithfield drover to his pal, "these cursed sheep vont move in this weather—lend us a bark of your dog, vill you?"

*Paddy Again.*—"It's aisy enough," says Pat, "to build a chimney—you howld one brick up and put another one under it."

A gentleman, whose counting-house had been his altar, having failed in business, was asked what he intended to do, and replied, "I shall stay at home awhile, and get acquainted with my family."

"A little friend of ours, a few days ago, while coming down stairs, was cautioned by his mother not to lose his balance. His question, which followed, was a puzzle. "Mother, if I should lose my balance, where would it go to?"

An honest Hibernian, trundling a handcart, containing all his moveables, was accosted by a friend with, "Well, Patrick, you are moving again, I see." "Faith, I am," replied he, "the times are so hard; it's a dale cheaper hiring handcarts than paying rints."

A domestic newly engaged presented to the master, one morning, a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other. "How comes it that these boots are not of the same length?" "I raly don't know, Sir, but what bothers me most is that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

"Mister, I say, I don't suppose you don't know of nobody who don't want to hire nobody to do nothing, don't you?" The answer was, "Yes, I don't."

*A Pertinent Question.*—At a Concert, at the conclusion of the song, "There's a Good Time Coming," a farmer rose and said, "Mister, couldn't you fix the date?"

"*Too Far North*" *for Bristol.*—A countryman, as far North as Sheffield, went into a draper's in Bristol, and purchased some articles of wearing apparel. The shopman very courteously asked if there was anything else he should have the pleasure of showing the gentleman. "Noa, aw think there's nought else this time," replied the unostentatious customer. "Anything in fronts, collars, shirts, neckties, gloves, mufflers, or handkerchiefs," suggested the wily shopman, intent on disposing of some of his goods. "Noa, aw think not," retorted the stranger, putting down the money for his purchases; but the shopman was too experienced a salesman to be shut up in that hesitating fashion, so he continued his pressing inquiries: "You are sure there's nothing else, Sir, you'll take." "Well," said the countryman, in reply, "as thou'rt so pressing, aw doant mind if I take a bit of dinner wi' thee, and a drop a' thy ruum and waater." The shopman immediately directed his kind attentions to another custcmer!

*Singular Fact.*—"No man is ever satisfied," said Bishop Horne, "with another man's reading a newpaper to him; for the moment it is laid down he takes it up and reads it over again.

"Phillura, dear," said a loving husband to his loyal spouse who was several years his junior, "what do you say to moving to the West?" "Oh I'm delighted with the idea. You recollect when Mr. Morgan moved out there he was as poor as we are, and he died in three years worth a hundred thousand dollars."

Which are the two smallest insects mentioned in the Scripture? The widow's "mite," and the wicked "flee."

During an election time a candidate called upon a tradesman and solicited his vote. "I would rather vote for the devil than for you," was the reply. "But in case *your friend* should not come forward," said the candidate, "might I then count upon your assistance?"

An Irishman, in describing the qualities of a favourite parrot, declared that it cursed and swore, and told lies, just like a Christian!

A provincial paper publishes the following:—"Lost—Yesterday, a small blue morocco pocket-book, containing a variety of papers—among the rest a tailor's bill for £20. Any person finding the same will please to pay the bill, and nothing more will be said."

"There, now!" cried a little girl, while rummaging a drawer in a bureau, "there, now, gran'pa has gone to Heaven without his spectacles! What will he do?"

"Who's there?" said a sentry to a passing figure, one dark night. "It's I," sodger; don't be afraid," kindly replied an old woman.

*Personal Security.* — "Will you do me a favour?" said John Brooks to his wealthy friend, Simon Hansom. "What is it John?" "I wish you to lend me a hundred dollars, Sir." "Call at my counting-house." John was not long in paying his respects. "What security can you give me, young gentleman?" "My own personal security, Sir." "Very well, get in here," says Hanson, lifting up the lid of a large iron chest. "Get in here!" exclaimed John, in astonishment; "what for?" "Why this is the place where I always keep my securities!"

*Miss Hoops' View.*—In one of Caroline Gilman's romances this passage was marked and much thumbed:—"There is nothing so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man; I watch him as I do a star in Heaven."—"That is my view exactly!" sighed Miss Josephine Hoops, as she laid down the volume; "in fact, I think there is nothing so beautiful as a young man, even if he *ain't* conscientious."

*Too Good to Waste.*—The medical attendant at St. Louis Hospital accosted an Irish servant at the door of that Institution, with "Did you give the medicine as I told you?" "Faith an' I did, Sir." "And the brandy?" "Sure an' I thought it a pity to waste so much good liquor on the men that was bound to die anyhow, so I drink'd it meesel!"

*Virtue Rewarded.*—A fast Irishman, in a time of revival, joined the congregation, but was found sinning greviously not long afterwards. "Didn't you join the Methodists?" inquired a piously-disposed person. "Faix an' I did—I jined for six months, and behaved so well that they let me off with three."

A story is told of Charles II. being in want of a sum of money, and, being rather out of credit, Shaftsbury was had recourse to, and raised it. "Of a surety," said the King, "thou art the greatest rogue in the kingdom." "Of a subject, may it please you Majesty," said his Lordship, "I believe I am."

"Little boy, can I go through this gate to the river?" politely inquired a fashionably-dressed lady. "P'r'aps yo' can; a load o' hay went through this morning," was the reply.

*Euphonius.*—One of the best jingling Latin mottoes is Lord Brougham's—*Pro rege, lege, grege*—"For King, law, and people."

"Mother sent me," said a little girl to a neighbour, "to come and ask you to take tea with her this evening." "Did she say at what time, my dear?" "No ma'am; she only said she would ask you, and then the thing would be off her mind—that's all she said."

At a crowded lecture, a young lady standing at the door of the Church was addressed by the honest Hibernian who was in attendance on the occasion, "Indade, Miss, I should be glad to give you a sate, but the empty ones are all full."

"Why, honey," said Pat, the other day, to his wife, taking up a cullender she had just brought home, "yer don't mean to say that you've been buying this ould fashioned saucepan for a new one, do yer? why, it's *full of holes.*"

How did Eve tell Adam to thrash one of his boys by merely saying over the names of her family? Adam, Seth, Eve, Cain, Abel.

"I have an idea in my head," said a noodle to his companion. "Have you? Then keep it there—it may be some time before you get another."

"I say, Sambo, can you answer this conunderfun—Supposin' I gib you a bottle ob whiskey shut wid a cork, how could you get de whiskey out without pullin' de cork or breakin' de bottle?" "I gibs that up." "Why, push de cork in. Yah, yah!"

Henry IV. of France, passing through a small town, perceived a congregation assembled to congratulate him on his arrival. Just as the principal magistrate had commenced a tedious oration, an ass began to bray, on which the King, turning towards the place where the noisy animal was, said gravely, "Gentlemen, one at a time, if you please."

Lord Dudley was one of the most absent men ever met in society. One day he met Sydney Smith in the street, and invited him to meet himself. "Dine with me to-day; dine with me, and I will get Sydney Smith to meet you." He admitted the temptation held out to him, but said he was engaged to meet him elsewhere.

A credulous clown went to the Clergyman of his parish, and told him, with symptoms of great consternation, that he had seen a ghost. "Where did you see it?" "Why," said Diggory, "as I war going, an' please your Reverence, by the Church, right up against the wall I sees the ghost." "In what shape did it appear?" "For all the world like a great ass." "Go home and hold your tongue," replied the Clergyman; "you are a timid creature, and have been frightened at your own shadow."

What is the Scripture authority for a man not having two wives? "No man can serve two masters."

*Advertisement.*—Wanted, at the Crystal Palace, a boy to clean the windows.

"I would go to the end of the world to please you," said a fervent lover to the object of his affections. "Well, Sir, go there and stay, and I shall be pleased."

An enterprising furrier announces respectfully to ladies who wish genuine furs, that he "makes muffs, boas, &c., out of their own skins."

"Well, Robert, how much did your pig weigh?" "It didn't weigh so much as I expected, and I always thought it wouldn't."

"How do you and your friends feel now?" said an exultant politician to a rather irritable member of the defeated party. "I suppose," said the latter, "we feel just as Lazarus did when he was licked by the dogs."

"Sambo, you black tief, Sambo, why did you betray dat secret I told you de oder day?" "I betray de secret! I scorns de 'putation. I found I couldn't keep um, so I told um to somebody that could."

*Epitaph in Pére-la-Chaise.*—"Here lies M. N., the best of husbands and the tenderest of fathers. His inconsolable widow still carries on the business in the Rue Richelieu."

A Frenchman, who ciceroned the Duke of Portland over Paris, took him on to the Pont Neuf, and showed him the Seine with patriotic pride. "You have nothing like that, I fancy, in London?" "Why," replied the Duke, "I am ashamed to say that we have, but we cover it up and call it the Fleet ditch."

*An Original Postponement.*—The following motion was made *and carried* at a recent meeting of a coloured parish in this city:—"Mister Moderator,—in consekens ob the full attendus at this meetin', I moobe de meetin' nex Wensday ebenin' am postponed to dis Monday ebenin' for the chois ob Directors."

An Irish Baronet, walking out, was met by his nurse, who requested charity. The Baronet exclaimed vehemently, "I will give you nothing. You played me a scandalous trick in my infancy!" The old woman, in amazement, asked him what injury she had done him? He answered, "I was a fine boy, and you changed me."

A fashionable doctor informed his friends, that he had been passing eight days in the country. "Yes," said one of the party, "it has been announced in one of the journals." "Ah!" said the doctor, stretching his neck, very important, "pray, in what terms?" "In what terms? Why, as well as I can remember, it is nearly in the following:—"There were last week 77 burials less than the week before."

Some few years ago, the Clergyman of Blatherwycke, Northamptonshire, mentioned to the Clerk before service that it would be desirable to announce to the congregation that there would be no service on the following Sunday, as he was going to *officiate* for Mr. Wilson. The Clerk, misunderstanding the matter, announced that "there would be no sarvice next Sunday, as the Clargyman was *going a fishing* with Mr. Wilson," to the no small astonishment of the congregation.

Why is the nose placed in the middle of the face? Because it is the *scenter.*

"Mr. Lemon has come over to our party," said a politician, exultingly, to an opponent. "Well, if your party has nothing stronger than Lemon-aid to recruit itself with, it must be in a bad way."

If you want to know whether a tree is hollow or not, *axe* it.

A Frenchman who was living a bachelor life in London, thus expressed his sentiments on a domestic point to an English acquaintance:—"You praise so much your ros-bif: I do not think such great things of it. It is, certainement, very convenient to have the man bring it round to your door every morning in a barrow, and to buy your pennyworth on a leetle stick; but it does not well taste when roast."

*A Yorkshireman's Thoughts.*—Dr. Bedford, Governor of Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh, relates that as he was taking a walk in an agricultural district of Yorkshire, he observed a countryman leaning on his spade, seemingly plunged in deep thought. Being curious to learn the cause of the man's abstracted manner, the doctor asked him what subject most frequently occupied his attention when thinking; to which the rustic replied, "Mostly nowt, maister."

A very fat man, for the purpose of quizzing a doctor, asked him to prescribe for his complaint, which he declared was sleeping with his mouth open. "Sir," said the doctor, "your disease is incurable. Your skin is too short; so that, when you shut your eyes, your mouth opens."

Why is the Thames like a confirmed sot? Because the more drains it takes, the less drunk it is likely to be.

Mr. P.'s little daughter came running to her aunt, saying, "Aunt Kate, little Mattie has swallowed a button!" Seeing her terror, her aunt calmly replied, "Well, what good will that do her?" Said the child, very seriously, "Not any good, as I can see, unless she swallows a button hole!"

*Frightfully Mysterious.*—A gentleman sojourning at a fashionable watering-place hotel, and whose sleeping apartment was next to that of two young ladies, overheard the following conversation:—"My dear, I cannot find my bones; and how can I go down to breakfast? I shall look as if I had fallen to pieces." "I will lend you my skeleton, dear, if it will fit you." "Oh thank you—how kind!—yes exactly." Only one young lady appeared at breakfast. What was the condition of the one who lent the skeleton?

A scamp meeting an acquaintance one day said, "My wife had a fine little boy, but unfortunately he died immediately after his birth." "I don't wonder," was the answer, "that when he came into the world and saw who his father was, he went immediately out of it."

To a lady who had lost her husband, Talleyrand addressed a letter of condolence in two words—"O, Madame!" In less than a year the lady had married again, and then his letter of congratulation was, "Ah Madame!"

A sailor, looking serious in a Chapel in Boston, was asked by the Minister if he felt any change? "Not a d—n cent!" said Jack.

*Fast Ethiopian.* — "Say, nigga, cum and hab de pleasure ob a dinin' wid your mos humble serpent, won't you, heh?" "Wy, look here, Sam—I'se not particular in my sosiashuns; but I wish to know fus before I vail myself of your perlite imptimashun, whar you hab your lodgings?" "No difference, nigga, whar I lodge. I don't ax you to sleep with me, but only to eat dinner in a 'greeable sociumbility."

The following is the inscription on a tombstone in San Diego, California:—"This year is sakred to the memory of William Henry Skraken, who cam to his deth being shot with one of Colt's revolvers—one of the old kind, brass mounted, and of such is the kingdom of heaven."

*Extremes Meet.*—The following dialogue ensued between the custodian of the Free Public Library, at Norwich, and an applicant for literary information:—Applicant: "Have you '*Jack Sheppard?*'" Custodian: "No." Applicant: "Then bring me '*Paradise Lost.*'"

"Is this your brother, Pat?" "Yis, Sur." "Is he not older than you?" "No indade, Sur, he's not." "Well, then, he is younger?" "No, Sur, he's not." "Why, man, he must be either one or the other!" "Faix, then, he's nayther." "Oh! then you are twins!" "Indade now, and how did you know it?"

An Irishman was called into the counting-room of a New York merchant, and there took off his hat to make his best bow. "The top of the morning to ye, Misther P——? I've been told ye're in want of help." "I've but little to do," replied Mr. P——. "Delighted to hear it," said Pat; shure I'm the boy for ye's. It's but little I care about doin'—shure it's the money I'm afther."

*Queer Shop.*—The following advertisement appears in an Illinois paper, from a man in pursuit of business under difficulties:—"Take notice; I have moved my residence: my shop is in the foreroom of the Gaol. All persons wishing to see me will please to call; as my business is so that I can't leave. Your's most truly, Charles R. Johnson."

The Duke of Marlborough, passing out of Newgate, after having inspected it, was accosted by an ill-looking fellow thus: "How do you do, my Lord Duke? I believe your Grace and I have been in every Gaol in the kingdom." "I believe, friend," replied the Duke, with surprise, "this is the only Gaol I have ever visited." "Very like," replied the fellow, "but I have been in all the rest."

*King Charles and his Fool.*—This good fellow's influence was so great, that Charles, King of France, once remarked to him that he thought they had better change places. As Jean did not look well-pleased at the proposal, Charles asked him if he were not content at the idea of being a King. "Oh, content enough," was the reply, "but I should be exceedingly ashamed at having such a fool."

*A New Name for a Dog.*—A gentleman travelling West stopped at the house of a pious old woman, and observing her fondness for a pet dog, asked the name of the animal. The good woman answered that she called him "Moreover." "Is not that a very strange name?" inquired the gentleman. "Yes," said the old lady, "but I thought it must be a good one, as I found it in the Bible." "Found it in the Bible!" quoth the gentleman; "pray, and what part of the Bible did you find it in?" The old lady took down her Bible with the utmost reverence, and turning to the text, read as follows:—"Moreover, the dog came and licked his sores." "There," said she, "wasn't the dog's name Moreover?"

"What," inquired a schoolmaster, "is the plural of penny?" "Twopence," shouted the sharpest in the class.

"You look as though you were beside yourself," as the wag said to a fellow who stood beside a donkey.

"Come, Bob, how much have you cleared by your speculations? said a friend to his companion. "Cleared," answered Bob with a frown, "why, I've cleared my pocket."

Different sounds travel with different velocity—a call to dinner will run over a ten-acre lot in a moment and a half, while a summons to return to work takes from five to eight minutes.

*Paddy's Humanity.*—A gentleman was threatening to beat a dog that barked intolerably. "Why," exclaimed an Irishman who was present, "would you beat the poor *dumb* animal for making a *noise!*"

A couple of pedestrians, "gents from town," passing through a toll-gate, attempted a joke at the expense of a young woman who stood at the door, by asking what the charge was for passing through. "If you are gentlemen, nothing; if you are donkeys, a penny each," replied the damsel.

A verbatim copy of a letter from a Chief Magistrate of a certain Corporation:—"Dear Sur—On Monday next I am to be made a Mare, and shall be much obliged to you, if so be as you will send me down by the coatch some provisions, fitting for the occasion, and I am to ax my brother, the old Mare, and the rest of the Bentch. I am, Sur, &c." The above was answered as follows:—"Sir—In obedience to your orders, I have sent per coach two bushels of the best oats; and as you are to treat the old Mare, have added some bran to make a mash. Yours."

"In my fertile country," said a Leicestershire man, "you can turn your horse into a field newly mown, and the next morning the grass would be grown above his hoofs." "Pooh, that's nothing," cried a Yorkshireman, "you may turn a horse into a field in Yorkshire, and not be able to find him next morning."

What word is there of five letters, from which, if you take away two, six still remain?—Sixty.

A shoemaker, for the purpose of eclipsing an opponent, who lived opposite to him, put over his door the well-known motto of "Mens conscia recti'" (a mind conscious of rectitude.) His adversary, to out-do him, placed a bill in his window with these words, "Men's and women's conscia recti!"

"A footman of Lord Dacre was hanged for murdering the butler. George Selwyn had great hand in bringing him to confess it. This is told for the strange coolness which the young fellow, who was but 19, manifested: as he was writing his confession, "I murd——," he stopped, and asked, "How do you spell *murdered?*"

*The Boiler.*—A French engineer was travelling on board an Ohio steam-boat. He observed to the captain—"This engine is in very poor condition." "Just so," was the reply. "And how long do you expect to run it?" "Till it bursts." At the next landing-place there was one Frenchman less aboard that boat.

*A Kentucky Lawyer's Appeal.*—The thunder roared, the moon rolled, the stars winked, the sky was a complete web—gentlemen of the Jury—of darkling darkness on that night; and yet this 'ere man did, with malice aforethought, steal forth into the quiet shades of a lonely farmer's house, and then maliciously pizened his brindle yaller dog. Convict him, and the prayers of a nation are yours."

What Highland sport would a number of young girls conversing remind you of? Dears-talking!

When two neighbours dispute from their respective windows, why is there no chance of their being able to agree? Because they argue from *different premises.*

A Dutchman being attacked with the gout and unable to account for it, he being a plain liver, his medical man suggested that it might be hereditary. This solution was at once accepted, the patient remarking that his wife's uncle once had it.

"Julius, what's der Malstorm?" "Der Malstreim, Mr. Snow, is der circular motion what gives rotundity of de arf." "What's der rotundity of de arf?" "Why de carcumspherical twist, on which they wind up de equnoxicital line. Now don't bodder dis child with any more of your foolishness."

One of the Western villages of America passed an ordinance forbiding taverns to sell liquor on the Sabbath to any persons except travellers. The next Sunday every man in the town who wanted a "nip" was seen walking round with a valise in one hand and two carpet-bags in the other!"

*The First Theatrical Order.*—"Who was the first man recorded in history who didn't pay?" asked the elder Mathews, as he was handing a theatrical order to a friend. "Why, really, I never gave it a thought," replied the friend. "Why, Joseph, of course," said Mathews; "did not his brothers put him in the pit for nothing?"

*Consistent to the Last.* — A doctor apologised to George Coleman for being late in an appointment when Coleman was dying, saying, that he had been called in to see a man who had fallen down a well. "Did he kick the bucket, doctor?" groaned out poor George.

Sheridan being on a Parliamentary Committee, entered the room as all the Members were seated and ready to commence business. Perceiving no empty seat, he bowed, and looking round the table with a droll expression of countenance, said, "Will any gentleman *move* that I may take the *chair!*"

*Lord Kames's Prophecy.*—Lord Kames, in a conversation with his gardener, said, "George, the time will soon come when a man shall be able to carry the manure for an acre of land in one of his waistcoat pockets;" to which the gardener replied, "I believe it, Sir; but he will be able to carry all the crop in the other pocket."

A dying gambler was told that he could not live more than three hours." "I'll bet you a dozen of sherry I live four," said he.

"Bring me some salt?" "Sure an' I will, your riverence." Forthwith appeared Biddy with the article in her hand. "Never again bring me anything in your hand," said the master; "you should have brought it on a plate." The evening meal being over, the bell was again rung, and the faithful domestic instantly appeared. "I want my slippers." Biddy went, and returned bearing in her hand a plate, *upon which were the Priest's slippers.*

When is a candle like a tomb-stone? When it is set up for a late husband.

Theodore Hook, in describing a badly-dressed dinner, observed, that everything was sour but the vinegar.

*Going In and Coming Out.*—"I have been to the Capitol to see your friends swear into office," said a politician to an opponent, on the evening of the 4th of March. "Yes, and I have been to see yours go swearing out."

A Quaker's admonition to a man who was pouring forth a volley of ill-language against him—"Have a care, my friend, thou may'st run thy face against my fist."

*Free and Easy.* — The following appears upon the clerk's record in Castlebar:—"Voted, that the March meeting be held in April."

*Magnanimity.*—A youngster who was reproached for not having revenged himself for a caning, said, "I never meddle with what passes behind my back."

*Sure Sign.*—It has been discovered that where a lot of boarders are fed for some time on sausages exclusively, they begin to *growl.*

"Will you take the life of Wellington or Johnson this morning, ma'am?" said a newsboy to good Aunt Betsy. "No, my lad," she replied, "they may live on till the end of their days for all me. I've got nothing agin 'em."

An old man, with silver hairs and a very black bushy beard, was asked how it happened that his beard was not so grey as the hair of his head. "Because," said the old gentleman, "*it is twenty years younger.*"

*Cool.*—I once met a free-and-easy actor, who told me he had passed three festive days at the Marquis and Marchioness of ——, without any invitation, convinced (as proved to be the case,) that my Lord and my Lady not being on speaking terms, each would suppose the other had asked him.

*Circumstantial Superscription.*—This was the address of a letter put into the Post-Office at Springfield:—"This wants toe go too Pat O'neal he usid to lyve in Weastfeeld but *hese* after paing *gorn* too Southwic but now he wi ba in weastfeeld *nex weke* for after a Job and he will pay for itt."

"Tom, tell me the biggest lie you ever told, and I'll give you a glass of stout." "A lie! I never told a lie in my life." "Draw the stout."

"Are you the boots?" said a green commercial to a Yorkshire inn lad. "No, I'm the stockings, Sur." The traveller, not exactly pleased with the answer, asked him "what he meant by such a reply?" "Wha," repeated the boy with a sort of simple laugh, "I'm the stockings, Sur." "Stockings! What do you mean, you impertinent rascal?" "Wha, Sur," said the boy, "I'm under the boots, so ha must be the stockings, Sur."

A Dissenting Clergyman in a musical neighbourhood was tormented by his people to let them introduce the "big fiddle," or bass viol, into the Church. He told them the human voice was the divinest of all instruments of music. But they would have it; and so the first Sunday they introduced their fiddle, and the old man, in beginning worship, said, "The brethren will, if they please, sing and fiddle the 39th Psalm."

In a jolly company each one was to ask a question. If it was answered, the proposer paid a forfeit; or if he could not answer it himself, he paid a forfeit. Pat's question was, "How the little ground squirrel digs his hole without showing any dirt about the entrance?" When they all gave it up, Pat said, "Shure, do you see, he begins at the other end of the hole." One of the rest exclaimed, "But how does he get there?" "Ah!" said Pat, "That's your question; can you answer it yourself?"

A messenger having requested a London Clergyman to announce, "if Dr. —— was among his audience he was urgently wanted," the Clergyman added from sympathy, "and may God have mercy on the poor patient!" The doctor, in a rage, demanded and received a humble apology.

A signboard, near Shrewsbury, has the following classing inscription :—"All persons found fyghteing or tresspassing on this ground will be executed with the utmost wigger of the law."

"Boy, what's become of that hole I saw in your pants the other day?" Young American, carefully examining his unmentionables :—"It's worn out, Sir."

Why is a pretty young lady like a locomotive engine? Don't give it up—there are lots of reasons. She sends off the sparks, transports the mails, has a train following her, and passes over the plain.

A lot of fellows, quizing a large and fat companion, remarked that if all flesh was grass, he must be a load of hay. "I suspect I am," said the man, "from the way the asses are nibbling at me."

Jean, jester to Charles IX., once tried his master's nerve by rushing into his room one morning with the exclamation, "Oh, Sire, such news!—four thousand men have risen in the city!" "What!" cried the startled King; "with what intention have they risen?" "Well," said Jean, placing his finger upon his nose, "probably with the intention of lying down again at bed-time."

*The Perils of Phonography.*—Not long since, a Member of the United States Congress made a speech, quoting Latin, "*Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato est, sed major veritas.*" (Socrates is my friend, Plato is my friend, but truth is much more my friend.) This appeared next day in a phonetic report as follows :—"I may cuss Socrates, I may cuss Plato, said Major Veritas!"

An Irish gentleman at cards, having, on inspection, found the pool deficient, exclaimed, "Here's a shilling short: who put it in?"

"*Selling Off.*"—Some time ago a generous gentleman had stuck upon every other pane of glass, "Selling off —no reasonable offer refused—must close on Saturday." This man once offered himself on bail, or security, in some case which was brought before a Magistrate. The Magistrate asked him if he was worth £200; he said "Yes." "But you are about to remove, are you not?" "No." "Why you wrote up 'selling off.'" "Yes; every shopkeeper is selling off." "You say 'no reasonable offer refused.'" "Why, I should be very unreasonable if I did refuse such offers." "But you say, 'must close on Saturday.'" "To be sure; you would not have me open on Sunday, would you?"

An M.P. said that, in the discussion in Parliament on the Bill for legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister, all the speakers had forgotten to urge that which, in his opinion, was the best, if not the only argument in its favour—namely, that by marrying your deceased wife's sister you can have only one mother-in-law instead of two!

A tip-top exquisite was endeavouring to call a cab, but his lungs not being available, or having too little muscular power to blow them, or deeming it very vulgar to speak loud enough to be heard, a sailor happening to pass along, and observing the difficulty, hailed cabby in a voice like a speaking trumpet. "Here," said Jack, looking unutterable things at the dandy, "here's *something* that wants you."

Why are ladies such thieves? Because they bone their stays and steal their petticoats.

A popular author gives the following advice to wives:—"Should you find it necessary, as you undoubtedly will, many of you, to chastise your husbands, you should perform this affectionate duty with the soft end of the broom, not with the handle."

In a debate on the leather tax, in 1794, in the Irish House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, (Sir John Parnell,) observed with great emphasis, that in the prosecution of the present war, every man ought to give his *last* guinea to protect the *remainder*." Mr. Vandeclure said, that "however that might be, the tax on leather would be *severely felt by the barefooted peasantry* of Ireland." To which Sir Roach Boyle replied, that "this could be very easily remedied by making the *under leather of wood*."

What is the difference between Cardinal Wiseman and Mario? The one sings Mass in red, the other sings Mass in yellow ("Massaniello.")

*Murder will Out.*—A country girl, coming from the field, was told by her cousin that she "looked as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew." "Well," said she, "it wasn't anybody by that name, but it was Harry Jones that kissed me; I told him that every one in the village would find it out."

A line in one of Moore's songs reads thus:—"Our couch shall be roses bespangled with dew." To which a sensible girl, according to Landor, replied, "'Twould give me the rheumatiz, and so it would you!"

*An Empty Theatre.*—Chilly, of the Paris Ambigu, they say one night looked into the house between the acts, and turned with a face of dismay to the prompter with the scared question of "Why, good gracious, where's the audience?" "Monsieur," replied the prompter, without moving a muscle, "he's just now gone to get a bottle of beer at the Café de Strasbourg." Chilly wiped his brow from which the perspiration was streaming. "Will he return do you think?" "Most certainly; he expresses himself highly satisfied with the play, and applauded as one man." "Then let business proceed," exclaimed Chilly, loftily, and it did proceed.

*Voluntaries.*—"We are in the habit," said the Rev. J. Parker, at Banbury, "we are in the habit of talking much about the voluntary principle; but how is this voluntary principle carried out in many of our Dissenting Churches? I heard of a rich Dissenter, who went to live in the vicinity of a Dissenting Chapel, where he wished to attend. He went to the Deacon, and said, 'How much do you charge a quarter for your sittings?' 'Two shillings,' was the reply. 'But as I live a mile and a half off, I shall often be prevented coming by bad weather,' said the gentleman; 'you must let me have one for eighteen-pence.' Rich voluntaries of that class, when starting for Chapel on a Sunday morning, are in the habit of turning to their wives, and saying, 'Oh! my dear, there will be a collection to-day; you must give me two sixpences for a shilling.' You may hear a Dissenter of this stamp singing with all his might that beautiful line of Dr. Watts—

'Here, Lord, I give myself away;'

and as the box goes round just after, he drops in a sixpence. You saw it; it is his price; every man has his price, and this is his price. According to his own showing, he values himself at sixpence. You may hear another of these voluntaries singing that verse—

'Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.'

And he drops into the box a threepenny-bit. He can give away stars and suns, but not his own money. He is free with the whole realm of nature, but very penurious with his own purse."

Why is a sick lad like a place of worship? D'ye give it up? Because he's a *Chap ill.*

Why is there never such a thing as a whole day? Because every day begins by breaking.

*Conundrum.*—My first is a dropper, my second is a propper, and my whole is a whopper—*Falstaff.*

"She isn't all that my fancy painted her," bitterly exclaimed a rejected lover; "and, worse than that, she isn't all that she paints herself."

A small poet brought to the great Condé an epitaph he had written upon Molière. "Monsieur," said Condé, with a sigh, "I would much rather *he* had brought me *yours.*"

Lady Morgan tells a story of the Dowager Lady Cork —Mary Cork and Orrery, or, as she sometimes signed herself, M. Cork and Orrery—"She wrote to an upholsterer in the city, to send her some expensive *meuble* that had caught her eye *en passant* in his shop. His answer was—'D.B., not having any dealings with M. Cork and Orrery, begs to have a more explicit order, finding that the house is not known in the trade.'"

*An Economical Slave.*—"Cæsar," said a planter to his negro, "climb up that tree and thin out the branches." The negro showed no disposition to comply, and upon being pressed for a reason, answered, "Well, look here, massa, if I go up dar and fall down and brake my neck, dat'll be a tousand dollars out o' your pocket. Now, why don't you hire an Irishman to go up? and den if he falls and kills hisself, dar won't be no loss to nobody."

A celebrated portrait painter met a lady in the street, who hailed him with, "Ah! Sir, I have just seen your portrait, and kissed it, because it was so much like you." "And did it kiss you in return?" "Why, no." "Then," said he, "it was not like me."

"Do you believe in ghosts, Miss?" "Oh dear no, Sir, not at all,—only I'm horribly afraid of them."

*Hoops, False Hair, High Heels, and Matrimony.*— An Act was introduced into the English Parliament in 1770, "That all women, of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, whether virgins, maids, or widows, who shall, from and after such Act, *impose upon, seduce,* and betray into matrimony, any of his Majesty's male subjects, by the scents, paints, *cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair,* Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void."

*An Irishman's Inference.* — At a negro celebration, an Irishman stood listening to a coloured speaker expatiating upon government and freedom; and as the orator came to a "period" from the highest and most poetical flights, the Irishman said "Bedad, he speaks well for a nagur, don't he now?" Somebody said, "He isn't a negro; he is only half a negro." Only half a nagur, is it? Well, if half a nagur can talk in that style, I'm thinking a whole nagur might bate the prophet Jeremiah."

*An Accommodating Landlord.* — A boarding-house keeper advertises to "furnish gentlemen with pleasant and comfortable rooms, also one or two gentlemen with wives."

*A Dark Riddle.*—"Pompey, what am dat goes when de waggon goes, stops when de waggon stops; it am no use to de waggon, and yet de waggon can't go widout it?" "I gubs dat up, Clem." "Why, de noise, ob course."

*Moral Teaching.*—"Look at that cat Mary, see how diligent she is to make herself look clean and handsome this morning." "I don't think it is so very clean of her," said the child, "to lick her own feet and then rub them over her face!"

You may get a wife without a failing; but what if the lady, after you find her, happens to be in want of a husband of the same character!

The surest way to lose your health is to be very frequently drinking that of other folks.

Pride is a good crutch; it keeps many a one from falling. It is not, however, so commendable when we employ it to poke other folks with.

*Some Comfort Left.*—An old widow, when her Pastor said to her, "God has not deserted you in your old age," replied, "No, no; I have a very good appetite still!"

"When I was in Paris," says Lord Sandwich, "I had a dancing master; the man was very civil, and on taking leave of him, I offered him any service in London. 'Then,' said the man, bowing, 'I should take it as a particular favour if your Lordship would never tell any one of whom you have learned to dance.'"

*A Nice Critic.*—"Is the dialogue in this opera," inquired Simpson of his neighbour in the pit at the Covent Garden, "in prose or verse?" "Really," was the reply, "I have such a cold in my head, I can't distinguish!"

A countryman went into one of our fashionable refreshment rooms, and was surprised at seeing nothing on the table but the cloth, knives and forks, and glasses. "What will you have?" asked the waiter. Giles stared like a stuck pig, and said, "I dun know." "Would you like a bill of fare, Sir?" "Thank you, I don't care if I do take a small piece."

An American penny-a-liner, describing an execution, says that the hangman "performed his dreadful duty in a manner that does credit to his qualities of head and heart."

"Cæsar, what's become ob dat darkey who stole de tal-ler?" "He has been taken up on affadavy, and carried up to de Sperm Court to hab it tried." "On an affadavy, Cæsar?" "Yes I seed de handle ob it."

A doctor's wife attempted to move him by her tears. "Ah!" said he, "tears are useless. I have analysed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chlorate of sodium, and water."

*Beginning at the End.*—"John," said a father to his son, "you are lazy; what on earth do you expect to do for a living?" "Why, father, I've been thinking as I should like to be a Chelsea pensioner."

*Reason for Content.*—A German Prince, when introduced to an Englishman, by way of appropriately commencing the conversation, observed, "It is bad weather to-day." The Englishman shrugged up his shoulders, and replied, "Yes, but it is better than none."

*Which End of Trouble.*—A bridegroom, returning home from his wedding, was met by a friend, who thus addressed him:—"Well, Jack, I'm glad to see thee in thy happy position, thou'st seen the end of thy trouble now." "Thank thee, lad," was Jack's answer, "I hope I have." About a month afterwards, the two friends again met, when Jack, speaking rather warmly, exclaimed, "Bill, thou telled me a lie that morning I got wed! Didn't thou say I'd seen th' end of my trouble?" "I did," said Bill, "but I did not tell thee *which* end."

*Confirmatory, but not Satisfactory.*—An old man having sent his razors to be set, sent a grandson to bring them home. When he arrived with them, the grandsire said, "Tammy, do ye think they'll shave now?" "I dinna ken," was the rejoinder; "but the ane that I tried cutted a guid thick wand at a wank."

Some of the waggish assistants of the late Mr. Inham, of Newcastle, once astonished the weak mind of a pitman, by giving him a glimpse, through the keyhole, of a skeleton which hung in the doctor's study. A few days afterwards the pitman happened to meet Dr. Thorpe, who was a tall gentleman of exceedingly attenuated form and cadaverous hue, and whom he accosted as an old friend. The doctor, of course, expressed his ignorance of his friend, who thereupon exclaimed, "Nea, nea, man! aw knows thee, for aw thou's gotten thy claes on!"

*Catching a Tartar.*—The following coloquy took place between Counsellor Cicero Appolonius Tyana Timp (Cincinnati bar), and a witness:—"Do I understand you to say, Sir, that the prisoner is a thief?" "Yes, Sir; 'cause why—she confessed she was." "And you also swear that she worked for you after this confession?" "Yes, Sir." "Then we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you even after their rascalities are confessed to you?" "Of course; how else would I get assistance from a *lawyer!*"

Why is a hen sitting on a fence like a half-penny? Because she has a head on one side and a tail on the other.

*To Destroy Weeds.*—Some say that the quickest way of destroying "*weeds*" is to marry a widow. It is, no doubt, a most agreeable species of *husbandry.*

A big spelling match is announced in Covington, Ohio, at the High School, when the lad that stands longest on the floor, and spells the biggest words without scratching his head, is to receive a prize.

*Definition in Truth if not in Law.*—An Irish Counsel was asked by the Judge "for whom he was concerned?" He answered, "I am concerned, my Lord, for the plaintiff, but I am employed by the defendant."

Some one on reading a placard of the opera, in which Madame Dorus Grass was to sing the character allotted to Miss Hayes, said "he wondered how the substitution of grass for hays would be relished in the stalls."

*Question and Answer.*—"What is your only consolation, Jane, in life and death?" "Well, ma'am, if I *must* answer, it's—it's—the young man at Trimmins's, the draper's!"

A short man became attached to a tall woman, and somebody said that he had fallen in love with her. "Do you call it falling in love?" said the suitor; it's more like climbing up to it."

*Taking a Man at his Word.*—The landlord of an hotel at Brighton entered in an angry mood the sleeping apartment of a boarder, and said—"Now Sir, I want you to pay your bill, and you must. I've asked you for it often enough; and I tell you now, that you don't leave my house till you pay it!" "Good," said the lodger; "just put that down in writing; make a regular agreement of it; I'll stay with you as long as I live!"

An Irish literary gentleman was urged to write a "Life of Shakspeare" on very tempting terms. He refused, protesting loudly that his admiration and "rivirence" for that greatest of bards prevented him—"I couldn't do it —don't ask me; I couldn't—my rivirence for the immortal —." He then added, in quite a casual way, "Besides, I know very little about him."

The Duke of Nemours once sent his steward to inquire of an artist, on whom he wished to confer a snuff-box as a mark of his approbation, to ascertain if such a present would be acceptable. The offer was received with enthusiasm. "Where shall I send it?" inquired the envoy, "Oh, if you will be kind enough," replied the artist, "to pawn it on the way, you can let me have the money."

*A Close Witness.*—During a trial at Auburn, among the witnesses was one who was set down at once as a verdant specimen of humanity. After a severe cross-examination the Counsel for the Government paused, and then putting on a look of severity, with an ominous shake of the head, exclaimed, "Mr. Witness, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story? That is what I mean." "Yes Sir! several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told, but they couldn't." "Now, Sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who those people are." "Waal, I guess you've tried 'bout as hard as any on 'em."

During the stormy days of 1848 four stalwart mobocrats entered the Bank of the late Baron Anslem de Rothschild, of Frankfort. "You have millions on millions," said they to him, "and we have nothing; you must divide with us." "Very well; what do you suppose the firm of De Rothschild is worth!" "About forty millions of florins." "Forty millions, you think, eh? Now there are forty millions of people in Germany; that will be a florin a-piece. Here's yours."

A young exquisite was listening to a lady friend singing a song, in which the following lines occur:—

> "By that fair brow where *innocence* reposes,
> Like moonlight resting upon the spotless snow."

Looking at him intently, she divided the words in the first line in a manner not particularly complimentary, thus:—

> "By that fair brow *wherein no sense* reposes.
> Like moonlight resting upon the spotless snow."

*Seeing without Eyes.*—"Can a man see without eyes?" asked the Professor. "Yes, Sir," was the prompt answer. "Pray, Sir, how do you make that out?" cried the astonished Professor. "He can see with one, Sir," replied the ready-witted youth, and the whole class shouted with delight at his triumph over metaphysics.

A farmer in Strathmore being invited to dine at Belmont, had the precaution to ask the butler if there was any particular ceremony to be observed at the table, and was told there was only one thing his Lord and Lady disliked, and that was the drinking of their healths. The good man was determined to be on his good behaviour, so when raising the wine to his lips he called out "Here's to a' the company's gude health, except my Lord Privy Seal and Lady Betty Mackenzie."

*Getting Rid of a Difficulty.*—At a discussion meeting, held by negroes, in a village near New York, the question of the evening was, "Which am de mudder of the chick?" The question was warmly debated, and many reasons *pro* and *con* were urged and combated, when a shrewd fellow put the case thus:—"'Spose dat you set one dozen duck's eggs under a hen, and dey hatch, which am de mudder—de duck or de hen?" This was a poser, but the Chairman, who took the side of the majority, extricated them from the difficulty. Rising from his chair in all the pride of conscious superiority, he announced:—"Ducks am not before de house; chickens am de question; derefore I rule de ducks out;" and so he did, to the complete overthrow of his opponents.

*Paddy Again.*—"Patrick, when will wather stop running down hill?" "When it gets to the bottom, shure, you spalpeen."

Why is the grass on which the cow feeds older than yourself? Because it is past-ur-age.

A good grumbler was Sam Nubbins. He was a farmer's hired man, and was always finding fault with his food. One day he was eating corn-bread and milk, and grumbling as usual, when farmer Briggs asked him if he hadn't enough. "Yes," muttered Sam, "enough, such as it is." "Why isn't it good enough?" "Yes," grunted Sam, "good enough, what there is of it."

At a sale of plate, a silver tea-kettle was put up, when it was discovered that the kettle was not sound, and consequently the water ran out. This was noticed as an objection to it, but the auctioneer observed that as it had been *chased* it was no wonder it should *run*.

What, asks Miss Throp, what is society, after all, but a mixture of mister-ies and miss-eries?

*Turning the Joke.*—"So I understand, Mr. Tooke, you have all the blackguards of London with you," said O'Brien to him, on the hustings at Westminster. "I am happy to have it, Sir, on such good authority as one of the greatest of them," said Tooke.

An Irish sailor, a giant of known bravery, who was in a boat at the siege of Copenhagen, kept down his head while a shot from a battery was flying over the boat. "For shame; hold up your head," thundered the Officer in the stern. "I will, Sir, when there is room for it," was the laughing response.

A Methodist Minister at the West, who lived on a small salary, was greatly troubled to get his quarterly instalment. He at last told the non-paying trustees that he must have his money, as his family were suffering for the necessaries of life. "Money!" replied the steward, "you preach for money! I thought you preached for the good of souls?" "Souls!" replied the Minister, "I can't eat souls; and if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a meal."

Why does a sailor know that there is a man in the moon? Because he has been to sea.

Perhaps men are the most imitative animals in all the world of nature. Only one ass ever spoke like a man; but hundreds of thousands of men are daily talking like asses.

"Patrick, the widow Malony tells me that you have stolen one of her finest pigs. Is that so?" "Yes, yer honour." "What have you done with it?" "Killed it and ate it, yer honour." "Oh, Patrick, when you are brought face to face with the widow and her pig on the Judgment Day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of the theft?" "Did you say the pig would be there, yer Riverence?" "To be sure I did." "Well, thin, yer Riverence, I'll say—Mrs. Malony, there's your pig."

Pray, Mr. Opie, may I ask what you mix your colours with?" said a brisk dillettanti student to the great painter. "With brains, Sir," was the gruff reply.

*Nigger Song of Praise.*

"De Lord He lub de niggar well,
He know de niggar by de smell,
And when de niggar children cry,
De Lord He gib 'em 'possum pie."

*An Occasion very much Improved.*—A drunken pauper belonging to some Workhouse on the Tyne was supposed recently to be dead. The Clergyman, in his Sunday's sermon, "improved" the event, but by this time the jovial pauper, who in reality had been only dead drunk, had recovered, and was now listening, with great sobriety, to his own funeral sermon!

Why are ripe potatoes in the ground like thieves? Because they ought to be taken up.

"If you ever think of marrying a widow," said an anxious parent to his heir, "select one whose first husband was hung; for that is the only way to prevent her from throwing his memory into your face, and making annoying comparisons." "Even that won't prevent it," exclaimed a crusty old bachelor; "she'll then praise him by saying that hanging would be too good for you."

As a little urchin was running along High-street, Worcester, he picked up a shilling on the footpath, which was instantly claimed by a carman who thought to terrify him out of the waif. The youngster, however, assumed a terrified air, and blubbered out, "Your shilling hadn't a hole in him." "Oh, yes, he had!" shouted the eager rogue. "Then this 'un arn't," coolly replied the urchin, and walked off with it in triumph.

Old Mr. Russell was fairly caught in his own trap. He was better known as Major Ben Russell, and being met by his old friend Bushy, he was familiarly saluted with a hearty shake of the hand. "How do you do, old Ben Russell?" "Come now," said Major Ben, "I'll not take that from you—not a bit of it. You are as old as I am this minute." "Upon my word," says Mr. Bushy, "you are my senior by at least ten years." "Not at all, friend Bushy, and, if you please, we will determine that question very soon. Just tell me what is the first thing you can recollect." "Well, the first thing I recollect," said Mr. Bushy, "was hearing people say, 'There goes old Ben Russell!'"

A glass of soda water was offered to a country lad, who rejected it with the greatest indignation. "Do you think I am a salamander," said he, "to drink water boiling hot."

*Very Considerate.*—An Irishman, being on trial for some offence, pleaded "not guilty;" and the Jury being in the box, the State Solicitor proceeded to call Mr. Furkisson as a witness. With the utmost innocence, Patrick turned his face to the Court, and said—"Do I understand, yer honour, that Mr. Furkisson is to be a witness against me?" The Judge said drily, "it seemed so." "Well, thin, yer honour, I plade guilty, sure an' yer honour, plaise not because I *am* guilty, for I'm as innocent as yer honour's sucking babe, but just on account of saving Misther Furkisson's *sowl.*

"You exhibit a great deal of vanity, Madam, in always telling what others think of you." "It would certainly be no vanity in you, Sir, to tell what the world thinks of you."

It is a curious fact in the grammar of politics, that when Statesmen get into place they often become oblivious of their *antecedents*, but are seldom forgetful of their *relatives*.

A tipsy Irishman leaning against a lamp-post as a funeral procession was passing by, was asked who was dead. "I can't exactly say, Sir," said he, "but I presume it is the jintleman in the coffin."

During the late panic, two friends met near the Royal Exchange, when one asked the other, "Well, is it yet *terra firma!*" to which the other, shrugging his shoulders, replied, "Plenty of *terror*, but no *firmer*."

"Hard work for the head, my Lord," said a London Alderman to Mr. Justice Maule, after a long sitting trying felonies at Guildhall. "I don't know about the head," quoth the Justice; but it's very hard for the seat."

*A High-Souled Beggar.*—A gentleman in America gave a beggar-woman a couple of cents. "Two cents!" exclaimed she; "take them back, Sir, I asked for charity —I can't do anything with two cents." "My dear Madam," said the donor, "I beg you'll keep the cents, and give them to some poor person."

*Conventionality.*—In a demoralized society, the best possible substitute for virtue.

With four metallic qualifications a man may be pretty sure of earthly success. These are gold in his pocket, silver in his tongue, brass in his face, and iron in his heart.

It was once remarked, in the hearing of a little girl, that all things came by chance, and that the whole world, like a mushroom, sprang up in the night. "I should like to know, Sir," asked the child. "where the *seed* came from."

"Wood is the thing, after all," as the man with a wooden leg said when the mad dog bit it.

A schoolmaster had two pupils who happened one morning to be late, and were called to account for it. "You must have heard the bell, boys; why did you not come?" "Please, Sir," said one, "I was dreamin' that I was going to Californy, and I thought the school bell was the steamboat bell, that I was going in." "Very well, Sir; and now, Sir," turning to the other, "what have you to say?" "Please, Sir," said the puzzled boy, —"I—I was waiting to see Tommy off."

"*It is all the same.*—Cartouche, the French robber, was once requested by a young man to be engaged in his band. "Where have you served?" asked Cartouche. "Two years with an Attorney, and six months with an Inspector of Police." "Well," answered the Chief, "that whole time shall be reckoned as if you had served in my troop."

"Boy, where does this road go to?" "I don't think it goes anywhere. I always find un here every morning."

Brandy applications are recommended for baldness, continued externally until the hair is well started, and afterwards taken in generous quantities internally, to clinch the roots.

*Poetry and Prose.*—"See, nurse!" exclaimed papa, as a smile irradiated the face of his infant, "an angel is whispering to it." "No, Sir," replied the nurse, "it is only the wind on its little stomach."

"*Saving*" *Faith.*—Mr. Spurgeon, when preaching at Belfast, said—"I once heard a man talking of saving faith. I did not know his idea of the matter until I saw him, when putting his collection on the plate, feeling by the edge whether the piece was a threepenny or a fourpenny. That was his idea of saving faith."

*Paddy's Advice.*—A man having built a large house, was at a loss what to do with the rubbish. His Irish steward advised him to have a pit dug large enough to contain it. "And what," said he, smiling, "shall I do with the earth that I dig up from it." To which the steward, with great gravity, replied, "*Have the pit made large enough to hould all.*"

Allen Apsley, first Lord Bathurst, died at the age of 91. About two years before his death, having some friends with him at his country seat, and being loth to part with them one night, his son, the Lord Chancellor, objected to sitting up any longer, and left the room. As soon as he was gone, the lively old Peer said, "Come, my good friends, since the *old gentleman* is gone to bed, I think we may venture to crack another bottle!"

At seventeen, with reference to her beau, a woman inquires *which* is he? At twenty, grown more ambitious, *who* is he? At twenty-five, the world having produced its effects, *what has he?* But at thirty, in despair, *where is he?*

"How charming you look," said a coal-heaver to the gaily-dressed landlady of a small public-house. "Thank you, I am sorry I can't return the compliment," she replied, with a bland smile. "You could, if you told a lie like I did," said the coal-heaver.

"What are you fencing that pasture for? Forty acres of it would starve a cow." "Certainly, and so I am fencing it in to keep my cows out."

"Good morning, Smith: you look sleepy." "Yes," replied Smith, "I was up all night." "Up where?" "Up stairs in bed."

"What's that?" said a schoolmaster, pointing to the letter X. "Daddy's name." "No, it isn't your daddy's name, you blockhead, it is X." "I'll be darmed if it is. It's daddy's name, blowed if it ain't. I've seen him write it often."

*A Delicate Situation.* — Husband and wife, while travelling through the "Bush" in haste, met with a melancholy accident, which is recorded by an Adelaide poet in the following felicitous strain:—

"And while retreating through the woods and through the tangled fern,
He tore his musn't-mention-'ems, and had to put on hern."

*Sambo's Condescension.*—A Militia Officer seeing a nigger whom he knew, exclaimed, "Ah, Sambo, you are an honest, faithful fellow. I'll give you a drink." "With all my heart, Sar," said Sambo, "with all dis child's heart. Some niggers are haughty and proud, and won't stoop to drink with a Milishy Officer, but dat's wrong. I tink a Milishy Officer almost if not ebery way as good as a nigger—specially when a nigger's thirsty."

Church "sewing circles" are pronounced and spelt by a victim, "sew-sigh-eat-tease."

*Quick.*—"Now girls," said Mrs. Partington to her nieces, "you must get husbands as soon as possible, or they'll be murdered!" "Why so, Aunt?" "Why, I see by the papers, that we have got almost 15,000 Post-Offices, and nearly all on 'em despatches a *mail* every day—the Lord have mercy upon us poor widows!" And the old lady stepped quickly to the looking-glass to put on her new cap.

Sentimental youth: "My dear girl, will you share my lot for life?" Practical girl: "How many acres is your lot, Sir?"

A subscription paper was circulated through a congregation with the following very charitable object in view: "We, the undersigned, do pledge ourselves to pay the amount subscribed for the purpose of paying the organist and a boy to blow the same."

Jones, at a Chartist meeting, responded to a loud call, took his place on the platform; but a big strapping fellow prevented him from speaking by persisting in crying out in stentorian voice, "Jones! Jones!" This caused a little confusion, but after some difficulty in making himself heard, the Chairman succeeded in stating that Mr. Jones, honoured by the call, was now about to address them. "Oh, he be skivered!" replied the fellow; "he's the little rip that told me to call for Jones!"

*The Hat Trick.*—Place a glass of liquor on the table, put a hat over it, and say, "I will engage to drink every drop of that liquor, and yet I'll not touch the hat." You then get under the table; and after giving three knocks, you make a noise with your mouth, as if you were swallowing the liquor. Then, getting from under the table, say "Now, gentlemen, be pleased to look." Some one, eager to see if you have drunk the liquor, will raise the hat; when you instantly take the glass and swallow the contents, saying, "Gentlemen, I have fulfilled my promise: you are all witnesses that I did not touch the hat."

"I am certain, madam, that I am right and that you are wrong; I'll bet my ears on it." "Indeed, Sir, you shouldn't carry betting to *such extreme lengths.*"

A town meeting in Wareham, Massachussets, voted—"That all persons in the town owning dogs, shall be muzzled."

*A Determined Suitor.*—In a breach-of-promise case, the mother of the betrothed stated that the ardent swain had thus expressed his tender sentiment towards her daughter:—"That he was determined to have her, *dead or alive.*"

A young Counsel commenced his stammering speech with the remark, "The unfortunate client who appears by me"—and then came to a full stop; beginning again, after an embarassed pause, with a repetition of the remark, "My unfortunate client," he did not find his fluency of speech quickened by the calm raillery of the Judge, who interposed, in the softest tone, "Pray go on; so far the Court is quite with you."

*Modern English at Worcester.*—An old lady of Worcester, descanting on a fight between two other ladies of the tribe, "If," said she, "If hur had hit hur as hur hit hur, hur had a killed hur, or hur hur!"

A negro once gave the following toast:—"De Gubernor of the State—he cum in with wery little opposition, he go out wid none at all."

Flowers fling their wealth upon the vacant air, and rich men often fling theirs upon their vacant heir.

Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest ever known? Because it had no Eve.

One who had been to a Friends' meeting remarked that the silence was enough to kill the devil; to which a Friend replied, that was the very thing the silent assembly were trying to do.

John says that it is bad meddling with a train of gunpowder; but if you want to be blown up to a dead certainty, just tread on a lady's train. He has tried it, and knows.

*Lord Stair's Repartee.*—During a part of the reign of Louis XIV. Lord Stair was an English Ambassador at his Court. One day, at a dinner of dignitaries, a Minister of the "*grand monarque*" rose to propose a toast to "the sun, the emblem of my master, the centre of the universe." The pledge being duly honoured, Lord Stair stood up and gave "Joshua, the emblem of England."

*Things not to be Described.*—Only a fervid imagination can realize the following:—Getting out of an omnibus and discovering you have lost your purse. Going a long journey by rail, and finding an obstinate creditor in the same carriage with you. Breaking your braces when dancing La Varsoviana with a partner who never wants to sit down. Finding a leaf out of your new book of poems round a roll of butter, just brought in by Jane, the servant-maid. Taking your wife to the Adelphi, and sitting next to the first "object of your affections." Travelling for 50 miles alongside of a mild, Clergyman-looking man, conversing with him, and believing him a "most superior person," when, upon exchanging cards, you find he is about to "assist" officially at an execution on the following morning. You remember with an intensity of disgust that his sentiment, as you drank a glass of beer together at the refreshment stall, was—"My service to you."

"Dear me, Mrs. Timms, where's your son Harry? I ain't seen him this long time." "Well, I'll tell yer, Mrs. Flukes; his father thought he'd have one o' the fam'ly what'd be smart, so he sent him off to get an epidemic education."

A tall fellow persisted in standing during the performances at one of the Theatres, much to the annoyance of the audience, and was repeatedly called upon to sit down, but would not. "Let him alone," said Hood, who was in the pit; "he's a tailor, and *resting himself!*" He immediately slunk down.

*How to Divide Three amongst Five.*—An executor having three bank notes of a hundred pounds each to divide among five legatees, of whom he himself was one, said, "There is one for you two, one for you two, and one for me too."

*New Fact in Natural History.*—A hunter and his whipper-in were returning from Church, when the whip said, very seriously, "What is a Pharisee?" "Why," said the huntsman, equally serious, "it is bigger than a weasel, and not so big as a fox." "Then that is a polecat," said the whip. "No," said the huntsman, "a Pharisee is not a polecat, but is very much like one."

To be born with a silver spoon in your mouth is lucky; but twice lucky he who can open his mouth without betraying the spoon.

Which is the Queen of roses? The rose of the watering-can, because it *rains* over all the others.

What is that which, supposing its greatest breadth to be four inches, length nine inches, and depth three inches, contains a solid foot? A shoe.

A gentleman observing that he had fallen asleep during a sermon preached by a Bishop, it was remarked that "it must have been by Bishop the *composer*."

Lord Derby having been asked why he did not confer the Order of the Thistle upon the Earl of Fife, his Lordship remarked that the noble Thane was "such a —— ass he'd eat it."

*Room for an Inference.*—Lawyer C. (entering his friend, Dr. M.'s office, and speaking in a hoarse whisper): —"Fred, I have got such a cold this morning, I can't speak the truth." Dr. M.:—"Well, I'm glad it's nothing that will interfere with your business."

After Sir Henry Rivers took orders, he was told by a friend that he would undoubtedly become a Bishop. "Indeed," said Sir Henry, "why so?" "Because *rivers* invariably go to the *seas*."

"It is very odd," said one barrister to another, "that 'the Chief' should have decided against me on that point of law which, to me, seemed as plain as A B C." "Yes; but of what use is it that it should have been A B C to you, if the Judge was determined to be D E F to it?"

When Pat Hogan first arrived in America, he was told by some Yankee that many things in that country were larger than in Ireland—the rivers, lakes, &c. Soon after Pat came near a field were a donkey was feeding, and seeing the animal cock up a pair of long ears, Pat exclaimed to his companion, "Oh, Teddy, my boy, look, look—oh, what a rabbit!"

*Lord North.*—His good humour and readiness were of admirable service to him when the invectives of his opponents would have discomfited a more serious Minister. He often indulged in a real or seeming slumber. An opponent, in the midst of an invective, exclaimed, "Even, now, in these perils, the Noble Lord is asleep." "I wish to God I was," rejoined Lord North.

*Breaking the News Gently.*—During the summer of 1849 a Mr. James Wilson, of West Jersey, died of cholera while some 50 miles from home. John Rogers was employed to convey the dead body in a waggon to his friends and home. By inquiry he learned the precise house of the deceased. On driving to the door he called to a respectable-looking lady, who was, in fact, the newly-made widow, and asked—"Does Mr. Wilson live here?" "Yes," was the reply, "but he is not at home to-day." "I know he's not at home now, but he will be very soon, for I've got him here dead in the waggon!"

*Effect of Eloquence.*—Governor ——, of South Carolina, was a splendid lawyer, and could talk a Jury out of their seven senses. He was especially noted for success in criminal cases, almost always clearing his client. He was once Counsel for a man accused of horse stealing. He made a long, eloquent, and touching speech. The Jury retired, but returned in a few moments, and proclaimed the man not guilty. An old acquaintance stepped up to the prisoner and said, "Jem, the danger is past; and now, honour bright, didn't you steal that horse?" To which Jem replied, "Well, Tom, I've all along thought I took the horse; but since I've heard the Governor's speech, I don't believe I did?"

An Irish Clergyman having gone to visit the portraits of the Scottish Kings in Holyrood House, observed one of the monarchs of a very youthful appearance, while his son was depicted with a long beard, and wore the traits of extreme old age. "Sancta Maria," exclaimed the good Hibernian, "is it possible that this gentleman was an old man when his father was born?"

"I saw an excellent thing in part of your pamphlet," said Daniel O'Connell to a young writer. "Eh? What, Sir?" was the eager rejoinder. "A penny bun, my friend."

A learned Lord, speaking of the salary attached to a rumoured appointment to a new Judgeship, said it was all moonshine. Lord Lyndhurst remarked, "May be so, but I have a strong notion that, moonshine though it be, you would like to see the first quarter of it."

*Sharing the Profits.*—Over a bridge in the town of Athens, Georgia, is posted the following notice:—"Any person driving over this bridge at a pace faster than a walk shall, if a white person, be fined five dollars; if a negro, receive twenty-five lashes, *half the penalty to be bestowed upon the informer!*"

"Let me have a pound of oysters, my good man, will you?" "Pound, Sir! we don't sell them by weight, we sell them by measure." "Then let me have a yard."

Rabelais used to say that in former times there were golden priests and wooden chalices, but that in his time a miraculous change had re-arranged the materials, and converted them into wooden priests and golden chalices.

*A Model Printer.*—A Western paper contains the following advertisement:—"Wants a situation, a practical printer, who is competent to take charge of any department in a printing and publishing house. Would accept a Professorship in any of the Academies. Has no objection to teach ornamental painting and penmanship, geometry, trigonometry, and many other sciences. Is particularly suited to act as Pastor to a small Evangelical Church, or as a Local Preacher. He would have no objection to form a small but select class of interesting young ladies, to instruct in the highest branches. To a dentist or chiropidist he would be invaluable, as he can do almost anything. Would board with a family, if decidedly pious. For further particulars inquire of Colonel Buffalo, at Brown's Saloon.

*Benefit of a Rainy Day.*—"Bessie," said an affected young lady to a friend who had called in to see her, "do you think it will be fine to-morrow?" Rosalie, thinking she wished it to be fine, replied, "Yes." "I'll be so put out if it is fine," said Bessie, "as I want to go visiting." "Why, how strange you are, Bessie." "Why, Rosey, where I'm going they have splendid dinners, and such company; and if it rains I must stop to dinner and dry my clothes, and then maybe they'd send some young gentleman home with me. You see now, don't you?"

"Oh, she was a jewel of a wife," said Pat, mourning over the loss of his better half; "she always struck me with the soft end of the mop."

"Do you know who built this bridge?" said a person to Hook. "No," replied he; "but if you go over you'll be tolled!"

"What will be the best method of saving this small beer from depredation?" said a gentleman to his butler. "Placing a cask of strong beer by the side of it," replied the butler.

Jones: "Mr. Smith, I wish to speak to you privately. Permit me to take you apart for a few moments." Smith (who is not in the least frightened): "Certainly, Sir, if you'll promise to put me together again."

A quaint old Minister of a parish in Lanarkshire one Sunday morning gave his text from the Psalms, "I said in my haste all men are liars," and began his sermon by thoughtfully saying, "Aye, David, ye said it in your haste, did you? If ye had lived in this parish, ye might have said it at your leisure!"

A wager was laid on the Yankee peculiarity of answering one question by asking another. To decide the bet, a down-Easter was interrogated. "I want you," said the better, "to give me a straightforward answer to a plain question." "I kin du it, mister," said the Yankee. "Then why is it New Englanders always answer a question by asking one in return?" "*Du they?*" was Jonathan's reply.

*Stupid Shoes.*—A little girl was annoyed at some old shoes, and enumerated all their faults in set terms, reaching the climax thus, "Why, they don't even squeak when I walk out."

*Result of Long Study.*—A French bonnet-maker told a customer who complained of the price demanded for a new bonnet, "Consider, madam, it cost me three sleepless nights merely to imagine it!"

*The Twa Doctors.*—Some years ago, the University of St. Andrew's, one of the most famous in Scotland, having rather a lean treasury, determined to replenish it by a new branch of commerce, and announced that it would sell its Doctors' degrees at £20 a-piece. Many took advantage of this liberal offer; and, among the rest, a certain Minister, who thought his services would be more acceptable to his flock were he possessed of a handle to his name, put the required sum in his purse, and went up to St. Andrew's to purchase the coveted honour. A man-servant accompanied him, and was present when his master, having previously footed the bill, was formerly presented with the official parchment. On his return home, the new doctor sent for his servant, and addressed him as follows:—"Noo, Sandy, ye'll aye be use to ca' me the Doctor; and gin onybody speirs at ye about me, ye'll be a sure to say, 'The Doctor's in his study,' or, 'The Doctor's engaged,' or, 'The Doctor will see ye in a crack,' as the case may be." "That a' depends," replied Sandy, "on whether ye ca' me the Doctor too." The Reverend Doctor stared. "Aye, it's just so," continued the other; "for when I found it cost sae leetle, I e'en got a diploma mysel'. Sae ye'll just be good enough to say, 'Doctor, put on some coals,' or, 'Doctor, bring me some whisky.' And gin onybody speirs at ye about me, ye'll be sure to say, 'The Doctor's in the pantry, or, 'The Doctor's in the stable,' or, 'The Doctor's digging potatoes,' as the case may be."

A certain congregation began to be highly dissatisfied with their Clergyman, whom, ten years ago, they admired to enthusiasm. On being tackled as to what the objections to their Pastor now were, one of the dissatisfied congregation said, "His sermons are not nearly so good as when he came here." "Confound you," replied a reverend brother, "how can you say that, when they're the very identical sermons he preached then?" The answer was unanswerable, whether it was satisfactory or not.

A man advertises for "competent persons to undertake the sale of a new medicine," and adds that "it will be profitable to the *undertaker!*" No doubt of it.

Gentlemen who smoke allege that it makes them calm and complacent. They tell us that the more they *fume* the less they *fret.*

In a case trying to prove a man drunk, an Irish witness taking the stand, and asked by the Judge if he thought the man the worse for liquor, replied, "No, in faith, I thought him the better for it."

Mrs. Partington says that nothing despises her so much as to see people who profess to expect salivation, to go to Church without their purposes when a recollection is to be taken.

*True Gentility: the Real Thing.*—We understand that a gentleman can be fitted out with an entire suit of black for half-a-guinea; including *a single glove to hold in the hand.*

When Grisi was at St. Petersburgh, and walking out one day with her children, she encountered the late Emperor, who, graciously saluting her, said facetiously, "Are these your little Grisettes?" "No, your Majesty," she replied, "they are my Marionettes."

A lady was teaching a boy to spell. The boy spelt c-o-l-d, but could not pronounce it. In vain his teacher asked him to think and try. At last she asked him, "What do you get when you go out upon the wet sidewalk on a rainy day, and wet your feet?" "I get a licking," he replied.

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked a Dutch Justice of a prisoner. "Not guilty." "Den what do you want here? Go about your pisiness."

*For the Juvenile Readers.*— The following are a few simple and harmless experiments for such as are of scientific inclination. To imitate the comet: By a firework called a squib, which costs about one halfpenny, tie it securely to the tail of a cat and light the touch-paper; it will take a very eccentric course, to the amusement and astonishment of all beholders.—To make a wine-glass fly: Pour boiling water into a glass: it will fly immediately, and divert everybody exceedingly from what they are doing.—To produce a liquid from two solids: Take two decanters, one containing port and the other sherry; knock them forcibly several times against each other, and a liquid will be produced.—To make a mimic tempest: Before the tea things go out, tie a stout cord across the kitchen chairs, about nine inches from the ground; strew orange-peel in the passage; harness the dog to the coal-skuttle; shut the kitten up in the piano, ring the bell for the servants, and wait the result.

A man who was asked if he liked sausages, replied that he had never eaten any; they were to him a *terrier incognito.*

A young lady has written it down in her album code that kissing is a *capital* offence.

Why does a door generally stand in the subjunctive mood? Because it is mostly wood, or should be.

*An Act of Kindness.*—We heard a man call another man an extortioner for sueing him. "Why, friend," replied the man who brought the suit, "I did it to oblige you." "To oblige me, indeed! how so?" "Why to oblige you to pay me."

*Hogarth's Dinner Invitation.*—When Hogarth wished to ask Dr. Arnold King to dine with him, he sent him a sketch of a trencher with a pie upon it, flanked by a knife and fork, and the three Greek letters, "Eta Beta Pi."

*A Scientific Discussion.*—"You argers, sare, dat de world is flat and stands on big rock," said Sambo; "now I want you to tole me what dat rock stands on!" "I'se s'prised at your ignorance!" returned Cato, "why it stands on annurer big rock." "But what does bofe of dem rocks stand on?" said Sambo, confident that he had his opponent cornered. "Why, dar is rocks all de way down," replied Cato, after a moment's hesitation. "My colored friend," said Sambo, with a pompous air, "I'se sorry to see sich 'splays ob remitigated obscurity in a gemman of your egsalted pertentions; allow me, who has experienced superior opportunities, to correct de wery deroneous repression you has, and inform you dat dis earf is round and devolves on axles." "I knows how to depreciate de feelin dat promps you to distend to dis gemman de information dat you furnish on de question dat we is at present debatin," returned Cato, "and wid all reference to s'perior opportunities to which you take occasion to prelude, I must disagree wid you on de freory dat you advances. Kase if de world was round and turned on axles, wouldn't de axle-trees broke down and spill all de people in de street? Answer me dat."

How does a stove feel when loaded with coals? Grateful.

A "*Duck of a Doctor.*"—Generally, a quack.—*Punch.*

*Proverb Improved.*—The nearer the Church, the further you wish the abominable bell.—*Punch.*

Gold watches used to be estimated in worth altogether by "carrots;" hence silver watches took the name of "turnips." So says Harper.

The following question was up for discussion before the Trothollow Debating Association: "When a man can't contain himself, is he too large or too small?" It was decided in the affirmative.

A little bright and thoughtful fellow of four summers awoke, and turning to his grandmother, said, "Grandma, I dreamed I had a carriage last night!" "Did you?" said she; "well, what did you do with it?" "Oh," said he, "I left it in the dream-house!"

A favourite mode of introduction in Brazil is said to be, "This is my friend; if he steals anything from you I am responsible for it."

"I think you must allow," said a pompous gentleman, "that my jests are very fair." "Sir, your jests are like yourself—their age makes them respectable."

Madame de Stael fell out with Talleyrand, and in her next book, "Delphine," made him figure as a vicious old woman, while she painted herself *en beau* as Delphine. Chancing to meet Madame de S. in a fashionable assembly soon after the publication of the book, Talleyrand said to her, bowing politely, "I understand, Madame, that in your last novel you and I figure disguised as females."

*Obstinate Juryman.*—A celebrated Judge being applied to by a Juryman, who felt faint and wanted a little water, said, "The law is against you—it says that you shall have neither food nor drink;" but, after a little consideration, his Lordship added, "still, as I don't think water is meat, and as I am quite sure it isn't drink, you may have the water."

At a marriage in Leeds, after the ceremony, the bride burst into tears of course. Whereupon the bridegroom, a stout six foot fellow, following the example, blubbered like a calf, and on being remonstrated with, roared out, "Let me alone! I feel as bad about it as she does, in course."

# SENTIMENTS AND APHORISMS.

*Readers.*—Coleridge classifies readers as follows:—"1. Sponges, who absorb all they read, and return it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtied. 2. Sand-glasses, who retain nothing and are content to get through a book for the sake of getting through the time. 3. Strain-bags, who merely retain the dregs of what they read. 4. Moral diamonds, equally rare and profitable, who profit by what they read, and enable others to profit by it also."

I have often observed the closest resemblance between a lady and her familiar sitting-room. It is doubtless true enough, as has often been remarked, that character is markedly disclosed by taste in dress; but I believe the taste in furniture, and still more, in general arrangement within doors, to be a test more infallible still.—*Titan.*

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are let on long leases.

Philosophical happiness is to want little and enjoy much; vulgar happiness is to want much and enjoy little.

If some men could come out of their coffins and read inscriptions on their tomb-stones, they would think they had got into the wrong graves.

*Wisdom of Sorrow.* — Sorrow seems sent for our instruction, just as we darken the cages of birds to teach them to sing.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

*True Toleration.*—Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach, in any kind or degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him to come, leave him to God, the Judge of all.—*John Wesley.*

Silence is the safest response for all the contradiction that arises from impertinence, vulgarity, or envy.

Mistrust the mind which suspects others. Suspicion is involuntary self-betrayal—the rattle appended to the snake, warning us of venom.

The true meaning of the word "Equality" is—"No one better off than I am."

Grey hairs, like honest friends, are plucked out and cast aside for telling unpleasant truths.

If we engage in a large acquaintance, and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time; we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinence which would make a wise man tremble to think of.—*Cowley.*

All persons cannot talk sense, but no one needs to talk nonsense; silence is patent to every person.

Good nature, like a bee, collects its honey from every herb. Ill nature, like a spider, sucks poison from the sweetest flower.

Never reproach any one when he is reproaching himself.

No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for a time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerate interval of innocent pleasure.—*Sydney Smith.*

To be good and disagreeable is high treason against virtue.

Good manners are usually best appreciated by people who have a bit of the article themselves. If politeness is ever thrown away, it is on folks who especially need it.

A strong character should never have complete control of a weak one; the weak cannot sympathize with the strong, and to conceal his weakness enters into a series of deceptions which often end fatally for the weak.

Chateneuf, Keeper of the Seals to Louis XIII., when a boy of only nine years of age, was asked many questions by a Bishop, and gave very prompt answers to them all. At length the Bishop said, "I will give you an orange if you will tell me where God is. "My Lord," replied the child, "I will give you two if you will tell me *where he is not.*"

We too commonly consider men *great*, because they are employed in *great affairs;* but an ass is but an ass, whether he carry our Saviour or a sand-bag.

It is worse to apprehend than to suffer.

It is good to have enemies, if it is only to hear our faults.

Prosperity is a more refined and severer test of character than adversity, as one hour of summer sunshine produces greater corruption than the longest winter day.

One always feels the better for looking any small evil of life straight in the face. To define a thing, to fix its precise dimensions, almost invariably makes it look a good deal smaller.

Leave your grievances, as Bonaparte did his letters, unopened for three weeks, and it is astonishing how few of them at the end of that time will require answering.

When people make money without earning it, it's like taking a lot of spirits at one draught. It gets into their head, and they don't know what they are about. There's a tipsiness of the pocket as well as of the stomach.

What wits we should be if we only uttered the bright things we think of when the occasion has passed!

"No one's enemy but his own" runs rapidly through his means; calls, in a friendly way, on his friends for bonds, bail, and security; involves his nearest kin; leaves his wife a beggar, and quarters his orphans upon the public; and after enjoying himself to his last guinea, entails a life of poverty, if not of disgrace, upon his kindred.

There are some people so evidently broadly and heartily of this world, that their coming into a room always materializes the conversation.—*Mr. Stowe.*

A week filled with selfishness, and the Sabbath stuffed full of religious exercises, will make a good Pharisee, but a poor Christian. There are many persons who think Sunday is a sponge with which to wipe out the sins of the week.

Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflection the silly world may make upon you; for their censures are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern.—*Epictetus.*

Adhere rigidly and undeviatingly to truth; but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture; the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage.

The only distinctions which should be recognized are those of the soul, of strong principle, of incorruptible integrity, of usefulness, of cultivated intellect, of fidelity in seeking for truth.

The best way to become virtuous, is to endeavour *to be* that which we wish *to appear.*

Good humour, in misfortune, bears half the weight of the evil. Live cheerfully if you can.

Politeness is a coin destined to enrich not him who receives, but him who expends it.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—*Pope.*

The most common things are the most useful.

Woman's vocation: thus described by a French writer: "Les femmes s'habillent, habillent, et déshabillent."

Set him down as your inferior who defers to you in a *téte á téte*, and contradicts you when a third appears.—*Lavater.*

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable; for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit.

Little that is truly noble can be expected from one who is ever poring on his cash-book, or balancing his accounts.—*Spectator.*

Vanity is anchored in the heart of man: they who write against the love of fame do so in part that they may have the fame of writing well.—*Pascal.*

Facility comes by labour. Nothing seems easy, not even walking, that was not difficult at first.

Those beings are only fit for solitude who like nobody, are like nobody, and are liked by nobody.—*Zimmerman.*

A good office done harshly is like a stony piece of bread: it is necessary for him that is hungry to receive it, but it almost chokes a man in the going down.—*Seneca.*

Beware of the three D's—Dirt, Debt, and the Devil.

Five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with H—Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness, and Heaven.

Without economy none can be rich; and with it none can be poor.

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only true balance to weigh a friend.

Boasting seldom or never accompanies a sense of real power. When men feel that they can express themselves by deeds, they do not often care to do so by words.

Manners are more esteemed in society than virtues; though the one are artificial, like false brilliants; the other pure, like real jewels.

Prudence is the art of giving way to circumstances.

The tenant is not to be judged by the tenement. A weak body may enshrine a noble soul.

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.

There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none more useful than discretion; it is this, indeed, which gives a value of all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who possesses them. Without it, learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in his errors, and active to his own prejudice.—*Addison.*

To feel is amiable; but to feel too keenly is injurious both to mind and body; and a habit of giving way to sensibility, which we should endeavour to *regulate*, though not to *eradicate*, may end in a morbid weakness of mind, which may appear, to romantic persons, very gentle and interesting; but will undoubtedly render the victims of it very useless in society. Our feelings were given to us to excite to *action*, and when they end in themselves, they are impressed to no one good purpose that I know of.—*Bishop Sandford.*

The first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next, good sense; the third, good humour; the last, wit.

Scholars are men of peace; they bear no arms, but their tongues are sharper than Acticus' razor, their pens carry further, and give a louder report than thunder.

*The Golden Mean.*—That state of life is most happy wherein superfluities are not required, and necessaries are not wanting.

He who has nothing to say should say nothing.

At twenty years of age, the will reigns; at thirty, the wit; and at forty, the judgment.

The man who makes a bet to prove himself, is simply showing that he has more money than wit.

Cold words will break a fine heart, as winter's frost does a crystal vase.

Every virtue gives a man a degree of felicity in some kind. Honesty gives a man a good report; justice, estimation; prudence, respect; courtesy and liberality, affection; temperance gives health; fortitude, a quiet mind, not to be moved by any adversity.—*Walsingham.*

"The longer I live," says Sir T. F. Buxton, "the more I am certain that the great difference between men —between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once fixed in, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it."

*Good Temper.* — Only the nation which invented "comfort" was capable of conceiving "good temper;" for "good temper" is to the moral what "comfort" is to the physical. It is the most contented, the most *comfortable* state of the soul; the greatest happiness both for those who possess it, and for those who feel its influence. With "gentleness" in his own character, "comfort" in house, and "good temper" in his wife, the earthly felicity of man is complete.—*Empson.*

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.—*Lamartine.*

Franklin used to say, to be thrown upon one's own resources is to be cast into the very lap of fortune, for our faculties then undergo a development, and display an energy of which they were previously unsusceptible.

One of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid.

What a God-send is laughter! The fountain of youth and happiness, the comfort in trouble, the defence against counterfeits of all sorts, the great safeguard and crown of life! To say all at once, in Lamb's own words, "a good laugh clears the air."

Truth will be uppermost, one time or another, like cork, though kept down in the water.

There is never wanting some good-natured person to send a man an account of what he has no mind to hear.

Women have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws, and more power in their tears than we have in our argument.

In the past, seek lessons, not reproaches.

There can be no true friendship where there is no freedom.

Speak only on compulsion of a friend's crime; never of an enemy's misfortune.

You will know wise men by their works, not by their words; you may know fools by both.

That we may suffer less, let us suffer patiently.

We take greater pains to persuade others that we are happy than in endeavouring to think so ourselves.

Experience keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for it is true, we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.

When a man has no occasion to borrow, he finds numbers willing to lend him. Should he ask his friend to lend him a hundred pounds, it is possible, from the largeness of his demand, he may find credit for twenty; and should he humbly only sue for a trifle, it is two to one whether he might be trusted for twopence.

How beautiful is Truth! In this world, where there is so much falsehood and deceit—whereby hearts are estranged, and recrimination, assaults, and crimes engendered—how beautiful are the true thought, word, and deed. Like the sun smiling out amid the angry storm—like the bright stars shining through the heavy night cloud—like friend clasping the hand of friend—like right rebutting wrong—like the lance of virtue ringing on the shield of vice—like heaven upon earth, and God in man, is Truth! Precious and priceless. Dearer than smile of friend, love of parent, or pomp, or fame. Truth is all. By this we know the nature and value of things. Falsehood is a craven, a dastard. Truth is bold, noble, and God-given, beyond every other attribute of the soul.—*Robert Hall.*

Intolerance seems inherent in the religious spirit when armed with authority. The separation of the ecclesiastical and civil powers appears to be the only means of at once maintaining religion and toleration.—*Guizot.*

Industry cannot be wholly unfruitful. There is a kind of good angel waiting upon diligence, that ever carries a laurel in his hand to crown her.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such an one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.—*Lessing.*

The attachment of anything of this cold, calculating world is worth something. The caress of a dog, the mute expression of welcome in the bright, full eye of a favourite horse, the pur of the common house cat, are all links in our chain of sympathies, and help to tender and enlarge our hearts.

Correction does much, but encouragement does more.

Choose ever the plainest road; it always answers best.

Always to indulge our appetites is to extinguish them. Abstain, that you may enjoy.

Which is the best Government? That which teaches self-government.

Few are open to conviction, but the majority of men are open to persuasion.

None are so empty as those who are full of themselves.

If a man walks lame, he is to be pitied; if he *dances* lame, he is to be laughed at.

The man who knows the world will not be bashful; and that man who knows himself will never be impudent.

False modesty is the most decent of all impositions.

Talking fools are social pests—busy absurdities.

Be deaf to the quarrelsome, blind to the scorner, and dumb to those who are mischievously inquisitive.

If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well-directed labour; nothing is ever to be attained without it.

There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious.

Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding, by experience: the most ignorant, by necessity; and beasts, by nature.

*Dancing.*—My friend, neither you nor myself need to dance—we can be happy in our way; but if dancing makes those people happy who have so few sources of enjoyment, why should they not dance?—*Fenelon.*

Candour is often nothing but another name for rudeness or malice.

Most of the shadows which cross our path through life are caused by our standing in our own light.

*Wholesome Advice.*—1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. 2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself. 3. Never spend your money before you have it. 4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you. 5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold. 6. We never repent of having too little. 7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly. 8. How much pain have the evils cost us which have never happened.

Never either flatter, caress, or scold your wife before other people, especially before strangers.

Never owe any man more than you are able to pay, and never allow any man to owe you more than you are able to lose.

Many sacrifices are proffered at the altar of religion, that would disgrace the altar of folly. The external symbols of all religions show the childish state of man, and his puny ideas of an Omnipotent!

*Chinese Proverbs.*—In company, set a guard upon your tongue—in solitude, upon your heart. A great talker never wants enemies—the man of sense speaks little and hears much. Though the ways to virtue are rough and craggy, yet they reach to heaven.

"Manners," says Burke, "are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, now and then; manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and colour to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them.

Teach your children by language and precept never to wound a person's feelings because he holds a humble station in life—because he is poorly clad—because he is awkward—or because the God of nature has bestowed upon him a darker skin than theirs.

Amongst the causes assigned for the continuance and diffusion of the same moral sentiments amongst mankind, may be mentioned imitation. The efficacy of this principle is most observable in children; indeed, if there be anything in them which deserves the name of an instinct, it is their propensity of imitation. Now, there is nothing which children imitate, or apply more readily, than expressions of affection and aversion, of approbation, hatred, resentment, and the like; and when these passions and expressions are once connected, which they soon will be by the same association which unites words with their ideas, the passion will follow the expression, and attach upon the object to which the child has been accustomed to apply the epithet.—*Paley.*

When the heart is out of tune, the tongue seldom goes right.

It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.—*Bacon.*

How much real comfort every one might enjoy, if he would be contented with the lot in which Heaven has cast him, and how much trouble would be avoided if people would only "let well alone!" A moderate independence, quietly and honestly procured, is certainly every way preferable even to immense possessions achieved by the wear and tear of mind and body so necessary to procure them. Yet there are very few individuals, let them be doing ever so well in the world, who are not always straining every nerve to do better, and this is one of the many causes why failures in business so frequently occur amongst us. The present generation seem unwilling to "realize" by slow and sure degrees, but choose rather to set their whole hopes upon a single cast, which makes or mars them for ever.—*Eliza Cook.*

Scandal, like a kite, to fly well, depends greatly on the length of the tail it has to carry.

Beauty is a rock on which many a man makes shipwreck while in search of the pearls which adorn it.

Whenever a man begins with "My dear friend," pronounced in a somewhat querulous tone, something savage and especially unfriendly is coming.—*Fraser.*

Great men will always be surrounded by parasites—provided they are firmly fixed in their power. Sponges grow upon the rocks, not upon the sands.

All we have to do on this earthly stage, is to learn our allotted part; repeat it before the immense auditory of society; correct the errors of the performance, give place to the succession of younger actors, and then quit the scene.

The man who professes not to care a straw for the world's opinion, is always anxious to let the world know that he does not care for it.

The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is under ground.

A man seldom has much leisure, if he is much inclined to use it.

The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both.

Man is to man all kinds of beasts; a fawning dog, a roaring lion, a thieving fox, a robbing wolf, a dissembling crocodile, and a rapacious vulture.—*Cowley.*

Happiness is a butterfly, which, when pursued, is always just beyond your grasp, but when you sit down quietly, may alight upon you.

Macaulay said, wisely, "It is not that which comes out of the public mind, but that which stays in it, and finds no vent, that is dangerous.

Mediocrity generally reigns; it is its due. Superiority knows itself and suffices itself; this is its recompense.

Good manners are the blossoms of good sense, and it may be added, of good feeling too; for if the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to that disinterestedness, in little as well as great things, which is the foundation of good manners.

Those who blow the coals of others' strife, may chance to have the sparks fly in their own faces.

There are six sorts of people at whose hands you need not expect much kindness. The sordid and narrow-minded think of nobody but themselves; the lazy will not take the trouble to serve you; the busy have not time to think of you; the overgrown rich man is above minding any one who needs his assistance; the poor and unhappy have neither spirit nor ability; the good-natured fool, however willing, is not capable of serving you.—*Burgh.*

By reading, we enjoy the dead; by conversation the living; by contemplation, ourselves. Reading makes a full man, writing a correct man, and conversation a ready man.

He whose first emotion on the view of an excellent production, is to undervalue it, will never have one of his own to show.

Habit, in a child, is at first like a spider's web; if neglected, it becomes a thread or a twine; next a cord or rope; finally a cable, then who can break it?

Women govern us; let us try to make them perfect. The more they are enlightened, so much the more we shall be. On the cultivation of the minds of women depends the wisdom of men.—*Sheridan.*

Books, like friends, should be few and well chosen.

To become slandered—edite a paper, tread on the toes of squirts and rogues, and be sure always to tell the truth.

A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

Our very manner is a thing of importance. A kind "no" is often more agreeable than a rough "yes."

Employment, which Galen calls "Nature's physician," is so essential to human happiness, that indolence is justly considered the mother of misery.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint; the affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.

The worthiest people are the most injured by slander, as we usually find that to be the first fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

It is always a sign of poverty of mind when men are ever aiming to appear great, for they who are really great never seem to know it.

The test of wisdom is the happiness it produces.

All deceit carries with it a punishment.

Depreciate no one—every atom has a shadow.

There are wounds of self-love which one does not confess to one's dearest friends.

Humility is a virtue we all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear about. The master thinks it a good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

The true preacher speaks eloquently because his soul is filled with truth; the merely talented preacher seeks out truths that he may speak eloquently about them.—*Fenelon.*

It was said by a former King of Prussia, that as we are intellectually blind, that Deity lent us religion as a stick to guide us on our way; but instead of using it as heaven intended, we began to belabour each other with it.

Science, the partisan of no country, but the beneficent patroness of all, has liberally opened a temple where all may meet. Her influence on the mind, like that of the sun on the chilled earth, has long been preparing it for higher cultivation and further improvement. The philosopher of another: he takes his seat in the temple of science, and asks not who sits beside him.

Believe me, there is many a road into our hearts besides our ears and brains; many a sight, and sound, and scent, even of which we have never thought at all, sinks into our memory, and helps to shape our characters; and thus children brought up among beautiful sights and sweet sounds will most likely show the fruits of their nursing by thoughtfulness, and affection, and nobleness of mind, even by the expression of the countenance. Those who live in towns should carefully remember this, for their own sakes, for their wives' sakes, for their children's sakes. Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank for it Him, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in simply and earnestly, with all your eyes: it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing. —*Politics for the People.*

THE END.

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