

THE  
COMPLETE  
**Budget of Wit;**  
A SELECTION

OF

*Laughable Stories,*

CHOICE BON MOTS;

*Repartèes, Anecdotes, &c.*



A Y R :

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BUDGET OF WIT.

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A minister asking a lady in the neighbourhood of Norwich, whether she knew any thing of Chris was answered, Yes, Sir, I remember that I once saw his picture.

A London lady was on a visit to a friend in Edinburgh, at the time his Majesty made his first visit there, who was at great pains to point out to her all the delightful prospects of that romantic city: The stranger, assuming an air of consequence, generally answered, "'Tis very well for a *Scotch view*!" On one delightful evening, walking along Queen Street while the autumnal moon shone with an uncommon lustre,—her friend could not help expressing her admiration of the resplendent orb of night, when the Cockney drily remark'd, "*it is very well for a Scotch Moon!*"

Two English gentlemen, some time ago, visited the field of Bannockburn, so celebrated for the total defeat of the English army, by Robert the Bruce with an army of Scotch heroes, not one fourth the number:—A sensible countryman pointed out the positions of both armies, the stone where the Bruce standard was fixed during the battle, &c. Highly satisfied with his attention, the gentlemen, on leaving him, pressed his acceptance of a crown piece:—"Na, na," said the honest man, returning the money.

"keep your crown piece,—the English hae paid dear enough already for seeing the field of Bannockburn."

In a party of ladies, on it being reported that a Captain *Silk* had arrived in town, they exclaimed, with one exception, "What a name for a *soldier*!" "The fittest name in the world," rejoined a witty female, for *Silk* never can be *Worsted*!"

Some time since, at one of our sea-ports, a noble naval commander, who is a strict disciplinarian, accosted a drunken sailor in the street, with "What ship do you belong to?" Jack, who was a *dry* fellow, notwithstanding he was *drunk*, and had a very eccentric countenance answered with much sangfroid, "Don't know." "What's your captain's name?" "Don't know." "Do you know who I am?" "No." "Why I am commander in chief." "Then," replied he archly, "you have a d—d good birth of it,—that's all I know!"

Hugh Arnot happening to come into Mr. Creech's shop, in Edinburgh one day, when an old woman was finding fault with the printing and paper of a Bible she was about to purchase, looked over her and said, that "both were good enough for the subject."—"O ye monster!" exclaimed the woman; then turning round and observing his miserably meagre figure, added, "And he's an *anatomy* too!"

A West Indian, who had a remarkably *fiery* nose, having fallen asleep in his chair, a negro boy who was in waiting, observed a musquitto hovering round his face. *Quashi* eyed the insect very attentively: at last he saw him alight on his master's nose, and immediately fly off, Ah, d—n your heart, exclaimed the negro, Me d—n glad see you burn you fool.

Some differences lately occurred between a corps of volunteers and their commandant.—The regimen was ordered to appear before the inspecting General, and the Colonel of course gave the word of command 'Attention!'—Shoulder arms! Not a muscle not a musket moved. The command was repeated in a louder voice; the corps was still *motionless*. The General much surprised, beckoned to a serjeant, and asked why the corps refused to act? An't please you, honour, says Pat, making the due obeisance, it is *bekays* the Colonel and the regiment are not on *sparking* terms.

During the high price of coals, a gentleman meeting his coal merehant, inquired whether it was proper to lay in a stock. The *knight* of the *black diamond* shook his head, observing, *Coals are coals now sir!* To which his customer replied, I'm very glad to hear it, for the last you sent me were all *slates!*

A gentleman having occasion to call for Mr Joseph G\*\*\*\*\*n, writer, found him at home in his writing-chamber. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said, it was as hot as an oven. So it ought, replied Mr. G. for 'tis here I *make my bread.*

The late well known Sandy Wood, surgeon in Edinburgh, was walking through the streets of the city during the time of an illumination, when he observed a young rascal, not above twelve years of age, breaking every window he could reach, with as much industry as if he had been doing the most commendable action in the world. Enraged at this mischievous disposition, Sandy seized him by the collar, and asked him, what he meant by thus destroying the ho

nest people's windows? Why, it's all for the good of trade, replied the young urchin, I am a *glazier*. All for the good of trade, is it? said Sandy, raising his cane, and breaking the boy's head, There, then that's for the good of *my* trade,—I am a *surgeon*.

Barrymore happening to come late to the theatre, and having no dress for his part, was driven to the last moment, when to heighten his perplexity, the key of his drawer was amissing. D——n it, said he I must have swallowed it. Never mind says Jack Bannister, coolly, *If you have, it will serve to open your chest.*

Mr. Curran being retained against a young officer, who was indicted for a very gross assault, opened the cause in the following manner: My Lord, I am counsel for the Crown; and I am first to acquaint your Lordship, that this soldier——. Nay, Sir, says the military hero, I would have you know, sir, I am an officer.—O sir, I beg your pardon, says the counsellor, very drily; Why then, my Lord, to speak more correcily, this officer, *who is no soldier.*

Charles Fox, in a Westminster election, having applied to a shop-keeper for his vote and interest, the man produced a *halter*, with which he said he was ready to oblige him. Mr. Fox thanked him for his kindness, but said he would by no means deprive him of *it*, as he presumed it was a *family-piece*.

An old bawd being carried before the late Justice Bond, for keeping a disorderly house, strongly denied all that was charged against her., Housewife! Housewife! said the Justice, how have you the assurance to deny it? You do keep a bawdy-house, and I will *maintain* it.—Will you? replied the old bawd: the Lord bliss you! I always took you to be a kind hearted gentleman.

Some time ago a member of Parliament applied to the post-office, to know why some of his franks had been charged. The answer was: We supposed since they were not of your writing. The *hand* is not the same. Why, not *precisely* the same, but the truth is I happened to be a *little tipsy* when I wrote them.— Then sir, will you be so good in future as to write *drunk*, when you make free.

A young lady going into a barrack room at Fort George, saw an officer toasting a slice of bread on the point of his Sword: On which she exclaimed I think, Sir, you have got the *staff of life* on the *point of death*.

Dear Jackson passing one morning through Christ Church quadrangle, met some under graduates, who walked along without capping you know who I am. No, sir. How long have yet been in College? *Eight* days, sir.— Oh, very well, said the Dean walking away, puppies don't open their eyes till the ninth day.

Whilst the immortal Garrick was one night performing the part of Hamlet, (a character in which that immitable actor displayed an exquisite knowledge of nature) and when he was arrived at one of the most affecting scenes in that tragedy—the audience, all mute attention,—when even a pin might be heard falling to the ground—all at once, to the astonishment of the spectators, Garrick was seen to burst out into a violent fit of laughter, and ran suddenly off the stage: In a moment all the players followed. The audience, amazed at the strangeness of this conduct cast their eyes around every corner of the house when they immediately discovered the cause of Garrick's merriment. A jolly round faced butcher was seated in front of one of the high boxes, wiping his

bald pate, from which the sweat flowed in streams!—his sagacious *mastiff*, no doubt eager to enjoy, as well as his master, the admirable performance of the Prince of Tragedians, had placed his fore feet upon the front of the butcher's box, and was looking eagerly down upon the stage, with his grave phiz dignified by his master's *full-bottom'd wig*! The audience found it impossible to restrain their gravity at this ludicrous sight:—The loudest peals of laughter burst from the pit, the boxes, and the galleries; and it was a great while ere the performers could again resume the gravity necessary for performing a tragedy so deeply interesting.

Soon after Dr. Johnson's return from Scotland to London, a Scottish lady, at whose house he was, as a *compliment*, ordered some hotch-potch for his dinner. After the doctor had tasted it, she asked him, if it was good?—To which he replied, very good for *hogs*!—Then, pray, said the lady, let me help *you* to a little more.

The clergyman of a village, a few miles south from Edinburgh, (which is almost entirely surrounded by colliers) being one day engaged in examining his parishioners on the principles of the Christian religion, and finding them extremely deficient in their knowledge of these divine truths, felt it his duty to display, in pretty strong terms, the punishment that awaited the wicked in a future world; observing, that they would be cast into a place of utter darkness, where there would be weeping, and wailing and *gnashing* of teeth. *Let them gnash that have teeth*, cries an old woman from a corner of the church: for my part, *I have had none these thirty years*.

Donald M'Gregor, a notorious *sheep lifter* (alias

sheep-stealer) in the north Highlands, being at last overtaken by the grim tyrant of the human race was visited by the minister of the parish, whose appearance, however, was by no means agreeable to Donald. The holy man warmly exhorted the dying Highlander to reflect upon the long and black catalogue of his sins, before it was too late, otherwise he would have a tremendous account to give at the great day of retribution, when all the crimes he had committed in this world would appear in dreadful array, as evidence of his guilt.—Och! sir, cries the dying man, and will a' the sheeps, the cows and ilka thing Donald has helped hersell to be there. Undoubtedly replied the parson.—Then let ilka shentleman tak' her nain, and Donald will be an honest man again.

George the second being once at a masquerade, he observed Miss Chudleigh in a habit which very closely bordered upon the naked; 'My dear lady,' said the good-natured monarch, *Suffer me to put my hand upon that soft bosom.*—Sire said she, *give me your hand, and I will put it on a much softer place.* She took his right hand, and put it upon his own fore-head.

R. Palmer meeting Lady Derby some time since, and having acted with her for many years in theatres, barns, and stables, he thought it no vast presumption to ask her Ladyship how she did. The Countess, raising her eye glass looked doubtful a few moments, and at last lisped out, 'Mr. Palmer, if I mistake not.' 'I am sorry to find you have lost your eyes by *star-gazing*,' said Bob, contemptuously, and walked on.

Quin being one day in a coffee-house, saw a young

beau enter, in an elegant negligee dress, quite languid with the heat of the day. 'Waiter!' said the coxcomb, in an affected faint voice, 'waiter! fetch me a dish of coffee, weak as water, and cool as a zephyr!' Quin, in a voice of thunder, immediately vociferated, 'Waiter, bring me a dish of coffee, hot as hell and strong as d—m—n!' The beau starting, exclaimed, 'Waiter, what is that gentleman's name?' Quin, in his usual tremendous tone, exclaimed, 'Waiter, pray what is that *lady's* name?'

A clergyman chose for his text the following words: *Which of you will go up with me to Ramoth-Gilead?* Then pausing, he again and again repeated the words, when a gallant tar started from his seat, and looking round him with an eye of indignation, he exclaimed, 'will *none* of you go with the worthy gentleman? As for my part, I go for one!'

The Laird of M'Nab was writing to one of his friends from an Edinburgh coffee-house, when a gentleman of his acquaintance observed that he was setting at defiance the laws of orthography and grammar. 'D—n your blood!' exclaimed the Highland chieftain, 'how can a man write grammar *with a pen like this?*'

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

About the year *thretty-sax*, a company differed, "Whether it was better for a man to hae sons or daughters?" They cou'd na 'gree, but disputed it *pro* and *con*. At last, ane of them said to Graham of Kinross, (wha had na yoked wi' them in the argument,) Laird, what's your opinion?" Quo' he, "I ha'e had three lads and three lassies: I watna whilk o' them I liked best sae lang as they suckit their mither; but de'il hae my share o' the callants whan they cam to *suck their father*."

A tar having got into the pit of Drury-lane theatre, recognised one of his messmates aloft, amongst the gods: "Pray, Jack, what did it cost you to get into that d—n'd snug birth?" On being informed that he gave only *a shilling*: "D—mme, this is fine business! I gave *five shillings* to get stowed into this *here hold*."

An Irishman, some years ago, attending the University of Edinburgh, waited upon one of the most celebrated teachers of the German flute, desiring to know on what terms he would give him a few lessons, the flute player informed him, that he generally charged *two guineas* for the *first* month, and *one guinea* for the *second*. Then by my soul, replied the Hibernian, "I'll come the *second* month!"

A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him with an insolent air, "Well honest fellow, (said he) 'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labour." To which the countryman replied, "'Tis very likely you may for I am sowing *hemp*."

A country fellow, just come up to London, and peeping into every shop as he passed by, at last looked into a scrivener's; where seeing only one man sit-

ing at a desk, could not imagine what was sold there ; and calling to the clerk, said, pray sir, what do you sell? Loggerheads, cried the other. Do you so? (said the countryman;) truly, you have a special trade then, for I see you have but one left.

Two gentleman standing together, as a young lady passed them, one of them said, there goes the handsomest woman I ever saw. She hearing turned back and observing him to be very ugly, answered, I wish Sir, I could, in return, say as much of you. So you may Madam, (says he) *and lie as I did.*

On a trial at the Admiralty Sessions, for shooting a seaman, the counsel for the crown asking one of the witnesses, which he was for, plaintiff or defendant. Plaintiff or defendant! said the sailor, scratching his head, why, I don't know what you mean by plaintiff or defendant. I come to speak for that there, pointing to the prisoner. You are a pretty fellow for a witness (says the counsel) not to know what plaintiff or defendant means! Some time after, being asked by the same counsel, what part of the ship he was in at the time? Aft the binnacle, my lord, says the sailor. Aft the binnacle! (replied the barrister) what part of the ship is that? Ha! ha! ha! (chuckled the sailor) are not you a pretty fellow of a counsellor (pointing to him archly with his finger) not to know where aft the binnacle is!

A little lawyer appearing as evidence in one of the courts, was asked by a gigantic counsellor, what profession he was of; and having replied that he was an attorney. You a lawyer! (said Brief) why I could put you in my pocket. Very likely you may, (rejoined the other) and if you do, you will have more law in your pocket than in your head.

Colonel M——. of the P——shire cavalry, was lately complaining, that, from the ignorance and inattention of his officers, he was obliged to do the whole duty of the regiment. I am (said he) my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own cornet,—and *trumpeter* also, I presume, said a certain *witty duchess*.

When Mr. Fox was canvassing for Westminster, he called on a butcher in St. James' market, to solicit his vote. The knight of the cleaver, without ceremony, thus answered his application; Sir, I admire your *head*, but damn your *heart*! to which Mr. Fox replied, Sir, I admire your *candour*, but damn you *manners*!

A learned Scottish lawyer being just called to the Bench, sent for the peruke-maker to measure him for a new tye-wig. The peruquier, on applying his apparatus in one direction, was observed to smile. Upon which the worthy judge desired to know what ludicrous circumstance gave rise to his mirth? The barber replied, that he could not but remark the extreme *length* of his honour's head. That's well, (said Lord S.) we lawyers have occasion for *long heads*! The barber, who by this time had completed the dimensions, now burst out into a fit of laughter; and an explanation being insisted on, at last declared, that he could not possibly contain himself, when he discovered that *his Lordship's head was just as thick as it was long*!

A certain Bishop had a Biscayan man servant, whom he ordered one festival to go to a butcher, who was called David, for a piece of meat, and then come to the church, where the Bishop was to preach. The Bishop, in his sermon, bringing authorities from

Scripture in this manner : *Isaiah says thus : Jeremiah says thus.:* at last, happening to turn towards the door as his servant came in, went on, *And what says David ? Upon which the Biscayan roared out, He swears by God, that if you do not pay your old bill, you need never send to his shop again.*

A charitable Divine, for the benefit of the country where he resided, caused a causeway to be begun ; and as he was one day overlooking the workman, a certain Nobleman passing by, said to him, well, Doctor, for all your pains and charity, *I don't take this to be the high-way to heaven.* Very true, replied the Doctor, for if it had, *I should have wondered to have seen your Lordship here.*

A dignified Clergyman, going down to spend the summer, met near his house a comical old chimney sweeper, with whom he used to chat. *So John, says the Doctor, from whence came you ? From your house,* says Mr. Soot ; *for this morning I have swept all your chimnies.* How many were there ? says the doctor, No, less than twenty, quoth the doctor, you have earned a great deal of money in a little time. Yes, yes, sir, says John, throwing his bag of soot over his shoulders, *we black coats get our money easy enough.*

A countryman going into the office of the Commons where the wills are kept, and gazing on the huge volumns on the shelves, asked if these were all *Bibles ?* No, Sir, answered one of the clerks, they are *testaments.*

A countryman very much marked with the small pox, applied to a justice of peace for redress in an affair where one of his neighbours had ill-treated him ; but not explaining the business so clearly as

the justice expected, fellow, said he, in a rage, I dont know whether you were inoculated for the small pox or not, but I am sure you have been for stupidity.— Why, ant please you, replied the man, perhaps I might, as you say, be *inoculated for stupidity*; but there was no occasion to perform that on your worship, for you seem to have *had it in the natural way*.

Two country attornies, overtaking a waggoner on the road, and thinking to be witty upon him, asked, why his fore horse was so fat, and the rest so lean? The waggoner knowing them, answered *that his fore horse was a lawyer, and the rest were his clients*.

An Irishman, a short time since, bade an extraordinary price for an alarm clock, and gave as a reason that, as he loved to *rise early*, he had nothing to do but *pull the string, and he could wake himself*.

A countryman, at Burry assizes, was indicted and arraigned for stealing a goose; but the accusation was false, for he brought a neighbour of his, who swore positively, that he remembered that very goose in his possession ever since it was a *gosling*. An Irishman, who was a prisoner for stealing a gun, hearing this successful defence, prevailed on a fellow countryman of his, to swear that he remembered the gun in his possession ever since it was a *pistol*.

When the celebrated beau Nash was ill, Dr Cheyne wrote a prescription for him. The next day, the Doctor coming to see his patient, inquired if he had followed his prescription? *No faith*, said Nash, *if I had I should have broke my neck, for I thrèw it out of a two pair of stairs' window*.

An Irish gentleman was visited by a friend, who found him a little ruffled; and being asked the reason of it, said, he had lost a new pair of black silk stock-

ings out of his room, that had cost him eighteen shillings; but that he hoped he should get them again, for that he had ordered them to be cried, and had offered *half-a-crown* of reward. The gentleman observed, that the reward was far too little for such valuable stockings. *Pho*, said the Irish gentleman; *I ordered the cryer to say they were worsted.*

A preacher in Arabia having for his text a portion of the Koran, *I have called Noah*, after twice repeating his text, made a long pause: an Arab then present, thinking that he was waiting for an answer, exclaimed, If Noah will not come, what hinders you from calling somebody else.

Two Oxford scholars meeting on the road with a Yorkshire ostler, they fell to bantering him, and told the fellow that they would prove him to be a horse or an ass. Well, said the ostler, and I can prove your saddle to be a mule, A mule! cried one of them, how can that be? Because, said the ostler, it is something between a horse and an ass.

A culprit asked Jack Ketch if he had any commands to the other world. Why, said Jack, not many; I'll only, added he, as he adjusted the knot under his left ear, just trouble you with a *line*.

A parson in the country, taking his text in St. Matthew, chap. viii. verse 14. *And Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever*, preached for three Sundays together on the same subject. Soon after two fellows going across the church-yard, and hearing the bell toll, one asked the other who it was for? Nay, can't tell; perhaps; replied he, *It is for Peter's wife's mother, for she has been sick of a fever these three weeks.*

A gentleman lying on his death bed, called to his

coachman, who had been an old servant, and said, Ah, Tom, I am going a long and rugged journey, worse than ever you drove me. Oh! dear sir, replied the fellow, ne'er let that disturb you for it's all down hill.

Two gentleman, one named Woodcock and the other Fuller, walking together, happened to see an owl; says the last *That bird is very like a Woodcock. You're very wrong*, says the first, *for it's Fuller in the head, Fuller in the eyes, and Fuller all over.*

At a late Execution in the old Bailey, the hangman was blamed for hurrying them,—Och, be aisy, says an Irishman, it is mere humanity, for were they to stand long in the cold they would catch their deaths.

An Irish servant being struck by his master, cried out, Devil take me, if I am certain whether he has killed me or not, but if I am dead it will afford me great satisfaction to hear the old rogue was hanged for killing me.

One Irishman meeting another, asked what was become of their old acquaintance Patrick Murphy? Arrah, my dear honey, answered the other, poor paddy was condemned to be hanged, but he saved his life by dying in prison.

An Irishman being asked which was oldest, he or his brother, I am oldest, said he; but if my brother lives three years longer we shall be both of one age.

One saying to another, you speak foolishly, he answered, It is that you may undersand me.

A military officer of diminutive stature, was drilling a tall Irish recruit. Hold up your head, said the officer, elevating the chin of the Irishman with the end of his cane, to an angle of nearly forty de-

grees, hold up your head so.—And must I always do so captain? asked the recruit. Yes, always, answered the officer. Then fare you well, my dear little fellow, rejoined Paddy, for I shall never see you more.

A countryman seeing a lady in the street in a very odd dress, as he thought, begged of her to tell him what she called it. The lady, a little surprised at the question, called him an impertinent fellow. Nay, I hope no offence, madam, said Hodge, I am a poor countryman, just going out of town, and my wife always expects I should bring her an account of the newest fashion, which occasioned my inquiring what you call this that you wear.—It is a sack, said she, in a great pet. I have heard, said the countryman, of a pig in a poke, but I never before saw a sow in a sack.

A soldier being to be sent on the late Spanish expedition, said to the officer directing the drafts, Sir, I cannot go because I—I—stutter.—Stutter! says the officer, you don't go to talk but to fight.—Ay, but they'll p-p-put me on g-g-guard, and a man may go ha-ha-half a mile, before I can say, wh-wh who goes there? Oh, that's no objection, for there will be another sentry placed along with you, and he can challenge if you can fire.—Well b-b-but I may be taken, and run through the g-g-guts, before I can cry qu-qu-quarter.

An Irishman telling his friend, that passing along the street, he saw a person on the other side, with whom he thought he was acquainted said, I crossed to see him, I thought I knew him, and he thought he knew me; but by Jasus my honey, it was neither one nor t'other of us.

A person asked an Irishman why he wore his stockings the wrong side outwards? Bècause, said he, there is a hole on the other side.

An Irishman in the late General Washington's army, being separated from his companions, was met by five Hessian soldiers, Pat seeing his danger, ordered them to surrender.—They suspecting him to be backed by numbers, immediately obeyed. Pat shouldered their arms and marched them to the General's tent, when being asked how a single man durst encounter five. O by Jasuz, my General, I surrounded them! Washington who was seldom seen to smile, laughed heartily, and promoted him to a halbert.

As an Irish Officer, who was severely wounded at the battle of Waterloo, lay on the ground, a foreign soldier, who was near him, also wounded, made a terrible howling; when the officer exclaimed, D—n you sir, what do you make such a noise for, do you think there's nobody killed but yourself.

Once at a meeting of ministers, a question of moment was started to be debated among them. Upon the first proposal of it, a confident young man shot his bolt presently. He said, Truly I hold it so. A grave minister answered, You hold, sir, it become you to hold your peace.

Lady Hnntington once asking a person if she knew who it was that redeemed her, received for answer. Yes madam, I know very well who it was that redeemed me; it was Pontius Pilate.

A gentleman who had engaged an Irish footman in his service, on telling him that morning and evening prayers were observed in the family, he hoped that would not be any objection to him, he replied

no, sir, but I hope you will consider it in my wages

An Irishman one day was walking on the streets of Belfast, found a light Guinea, and got 18s. for it. Next day he was travelling and sees another, and says, *Allelieu* dear honey, I'll have nothing to do with you, for I lost 3s. by your brother yesterday.

Dr. Gill once preaching on human inability, a gentleman present was much offended, and took him to task for degrading human nature. The doctor said, pray, sir, what do you think men can contribute to their own conversion? He began to enumerate a variety of particulars. The doctor said, and have you done all this? Why no, I can't say that I have yet; but I hope I shall begin soon. If you have had these things in your power, and have not done them, you deserve to be doubly damned.

Mr. Lawrence, who was a sufferer for non-conformity, if he would have consulted with flesh and blood, had eleven arguments against it, viz. a wife and ten children. Being once asked how he meant to maintain them all, he cheerfully replied, they must all live on the sixth of Matthew—*Take no thought for to-morrow.*

Lady Wallace, celebrated in Scotland for her wit and beauty, happening to be at an assembly in Edinburgh, a young gentleman, the son of his Majesty's printer, who had the patent for publishing Bibles, made his appearance, dressed in green and gold. Being a new face, and extremely elegant, he attracted the attention of the whole company. A general murmur prevailed in the room, to know what he was? Lady W—— instantly made answer loud enough to be heard 'Oh, don't you know him? It is *young Bible*, bound in *calf* and *gilt*, but *not letter'd*!

A schoolmaster in St. Quivox parish, lately wrote a letter to a gentleman in Ayr, containing about 12 lines, which was the hard labour of *four hours*, to paint and equalize every top turn, swell and hair stroke, and at the bottom, he added—*Excuse haste !!*

At the time of the late dullness of trade, when every one was crying out ; the gravedigger of a country parish, near Ayr, was accosted one morning as he was going to ring his bell, by a man, who said, 'Well John, and how is trade with you?' to which the gravedigger replied, 'Very bad, for I have not got a living soul to burry these six weeks.'

Two Germans going into a Coffee-house in London, wished to give the company a specimen of their knowledge of the English language : 'Did it rain to-morrow?' asked the one, 'Yes it was,' replied the other.

One day a King and his Son finding it warm in hunting, put their clothes on the back of their jester adding, 'You have an ass's load upon you,' 'rather' replied the fool, 'the load of two asses.'

An ignorant countryman was called upon to take his oath. The man hesitated, and then replied, 'My Lord Judge, I know nothing about oaths; but if you will permit me, I will fetch my son who is a grenadier, and he will swear as many as your worship may choose.'

A poor man who happened to have a very long beard, being examined as a witness in a court of justice, the Judge thought proper to be very angry with him, and told him, he believed his conscience was as long as his beard. 'Were consciences to be measured by beards' replied the poor man, 'your Lordship would have none at all.'

A Minister one day seeing an old woman, one of his parishioners, who had got a glass extraordinary, sitting by the road side, with her burden lying in the mud before her, reproved her sharply for being in such a situation, and asked her if she knew where all drunkards go to? Help me up wi' my bundle, said Janet, and I'll tell you. Well, well, said the Minister, I shall. Now—answer my question. Veel—to tell you the truth, Sir, they just go where the drap o' guid drink is to be gotten.

An apothecary in Cork has over his door, Dying stuffs sold here.

A bill once passed the Irish Parliament, for pulling down the old jail in Dublin, and rebuilding it on the same spot, in which it was enacted, that in order to prevent unnecessary expence, the prisoners should remain in the old jail till the new one was finished!

At a musical meeting in the country, a vocal performer who was shabbily dressed about the small clothes, being complimented on the power of his voice, vainly tossed up his head and replied, O sir, I can make any thing of it, Can you indeed, said a person in company, why then, I'd advise you to make a pair of breeches of it.

An old woman who sold ale, being at church, fell asleep during the sermon, and unluckily let her old-fashioned clasped bible fall, which making a great noise, she roared out, half a wake, so you jade! there's another jug broken.

An Irishman in court having sworn two oaths the Justice charged him two shillings. How much do you charge for a curse? said Pat. Sixpence; replied the Justice, Then take my half-crown, as I hate change, and a curse light on you all returned Pat.

A poor crazy fellow, who begs from house to house, asked charity of the late duke of Newcastle and pretending to be his relation. His grace begged to know how nearly they were allied, when the man told him, we were all brothers and sisters from Adam; very well, answered the duke, 'I acknowledge the relationship and there's a penny for you, and if each of your brothers and sisters give you as much, you will be much richer than I am.

*An Irish Auction Bill.*—To be sold by auction, on Easter Monday next, all the choice household furniture of Terence O'Brane, who is going to set out for a gentleman in the country, viz: an oak table with gouty feet; a girdiron that has lost three of its ribs; an ashmatic pair of bellows, a pair of spectacles dim with age, a capboard that has not been entrusted with any thing these forty years, a good new feather bed, stuffed with chaff, a large tin copper, a bedstead instead of a bed, a pair of boots, wrinkled with age, with sundry articles too tedious to insert.

A person who was lately visiting the museum of Mr. Geo. Wallis, the celebrated gunsmith, at Huddersfield, happened to take hold of a very curious fowling-piece and fixed his attention so particularly upon it, that Mr. W. not liking the appearance of the man, civilly requested him to replace the gun where he found it. The man replied, the gun was not charged, and therefore there was no danger of its going off.—True, replied Mr. W. but I had a fowling-piece of the same kind stolen the other day, so that you see it may go off though it is not charged.

An honest Hibernian being asked what time he usually went to his bed, replied, 'Every night, but about one in the morning.

One Irishman and an Englishman falling out, the Hibernian told him if he did not hold his tongue, he would break his impenetrable head, and let the brains out of his empty scull!

Lady Wallace when a very young girl, romping with some other little misses near a *mill-dam*, was often very incautiously approaching the brink of the water, when Lady Maxwell, her mother, called out to her,—‘For God’s sake, girl, be more cautious, or you will most certainly tumble into the water and be drowned.’ ‘I’ll be *darned* if I do, mamma,’ replied the punster. ‘Oh! child (remarked her mother) that wit of your’s will one day prove your ruin.’ ‘I’m sure, then, it won’t be *mother-wit*,’ retorted the little minx.

A gentleman who possessed a small estate in Gloucester-shire, was allured to town by the promises of the Duke of Newcastle, who for many months kept him in constant attendance, until the poor man’s patience being quite exhausted, he one morning called upon his patron, and told him that he had at length got a place. The Duke very cordially shook him by the hand, and congratulated him on his good fortune. ‘But pray, sir, (added he) where is your place?’ ‘In the Gloucester Coach, (replied he) I secured it last night; and you sir, have cured me of higher ambition.’

Hently’s audience at his oratory was generally composed of the lowest orders; he once attracted together an immense number of shoe-makers, by advertising, that on the following Saturday he would lay open to the public a mode, by which a pair of shoes might be made in four minutes, and demonstrate the ease and certainty of this new method, by perfor-

ming it in the face of the audience. He did so—by producing a pair of boots, and cutting the feet off.

A lady asked a very silly Scotch nobleman, how it happened that the Scots who came out of their own country, were generally speaking, men of more abilities than those who remained at home. Oh madam, said he, the reason is obvious. At every outlet there are persons stationed to examine who pass, that for the honour of the country, no one be permitted to leave it, who is not a man of understanding. Then said she, I suppose your Lordship was smuggled.

When Sir Elijah Impey was on his passage from India, as he was one day walking the deck it having blown pretty hard the preceding day, a shark was playing by the side of the ship. Having never seen such an object before, he called to one of the sailors to tell him what it was. Why, replied the sailor, I don't know what name they know 'em by ashore but here we call 'em *sea lawyers*.

A sailor coming across Blackheath one evening was stoped by a foot-pad, who demanded his money when a scuffle ensuing; the tar seized the robber. Meeting some people, they persuaded him to go away with his prize to a justice of the peace at Woolwich, which the tar did. When the magistrate came to examine into the assault, he said he would take his oath that the robber put him in bodily fear, otherwise he could not commit him. The robber looking steadfastly at the justice, answered He put me in bodily fear! No, nor any man ever lived; therefore if that is the case, you let him go—for damn me if I swear to any such thing.

FINIS.