

THE

New Winter Evening's

COMPANION,

OF

*Fun, Mirth, and Frolic.*

CONTAINING

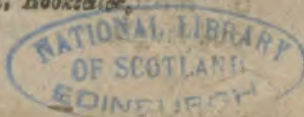
great variety of Merry Tales, and diverting  
Entertainments, for the Winter  
Evening Fireside.



KILMAENOCH :

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1822.



# Winter Evening's Jester.

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## *Mother Pinchweight's Prayer.*

**G**RANT that the Cheese that I now kneel on may cut up to good profit; and that Mr. Firkin may have more patience, and wait till I can pay him.—And that those who buy my moist sugar may not see the sand at the bottom of their tea-cups. And grant that my goods may not be weighed over again, that my spiteful neighbour may not have to reproach me withal. And if it be thy good pleasure, do thou destroy the rats and mice that eat up my cakes and candles. And may Mrs. O'Leary pay me the ninepence she owes me for bacca, before she moves away, and it be thy pleasure. And do thou humble the pride of Mrs. Flounce, because she goes finer than thy servant. And bring to punishment all those who serve my customers on Sundays. Preserve my milk, and butter, and small beer, from the sun and me from all my enemies this day and for ever. Amen!

A man who lived very unhappily with his wife being in company with some friends, said, the bed was situated in such a way that it was impossible they could fall out: A person present remarked, "I understand, Sir, that notwithstanding the situation of your bed, you sometimes had the misfortune to fall out. Which occasioned a loud laugh.

A person who had a termagant wife, in conversation with some friends, said, that if ever he were to shew any spirit, she was sure to tame him *in a crack*.

Cried Sylvia to a reverend Dean,

What reason can be given,

Since marriage is a holy thing,

That there is none in heav'n?

There are no women he replied,

She quick return'd the jest;

Women there are, but I'm afraid

They cannot find a priest.

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

The Sun's perpendicular height

Illumin'd the depth of the sea:

Took up his pen, and thus concluded,

And the fishes beginning to sweat,

Cried, Confound it, how hot we shall be!

A tinker going through Canterbury, sounding briskly on his kettle, crying, Have you any work for the tinker? On which a shop-keeper standing opposite a pillory, resolving to pass a jest on the tinker, pointed to the pillory, and bid him stop up those holes. The tinker replied, If you please to lend me your head and ears, I will hammer and nails, and give you my labour nothing.

The delicacy of the Magistrates of Edinburgh, dinner lately given to Lord Melville, is highly

to be commended: No bread was produced but *brown*, as it was justly apprehended that his Lordship could not stomach *Whitebread*.

The Duke of Richmond being asked why he ordered a Captain's guard to mount near the kitchen, replied, that he wished to accustom the Officers of the Militia to stand fire.

In the year 1786, a Carpenter, whose name was Day, engaged to build a theatre at Sturbitch. — Dr. Watson, at that time Chemical Professor at Cambridge, and afterwards Bishop of Landaff, objected to the erection of a Play-house in a town so near the University, and opposed it with such effect as to stop Master Day's career. On this occasion the following lines was written by one of the fellows of Trinity College.

They tell us a tale,  
That in Askalon's vale  
Dan Jos stopt the Sun in his way:  
As great is the power  
Of Landaff at this hour,  
For he's finish'd the progress of Day.

That overgrown baby, the French fleet, said Prince Hoar, is so helpless, that Bonaparte finds himself obliged to keep her at Brest.

One man having asked another the way to some place was answered, Why if you go right up the next street, you cannot go wrong.

A notorious pick-pocket of the name of Bel being once detected in the act of robbing a gentle



man, he received for his insolence a severe ducking: When one who standing by, said, that he might now with the greatest propriety be called a Diving Bell.

The name of one Mr. Virtue having appeared among the Bankrupts in the Gazette, the following Lines were composed on the occasion.

The times are out of joint indeed,

And must as bad be hail'd:

Sure ev'ry moral mind must bleed,

Since Virtue's self has fail'd.

A gentleman being about to leave London, met an intimate friend, who said jocularly to him, When do you pack up, Your honour? He replied, My Honour. Sir, being perfectly portable, shall not pack it up at all, but carry it with me.

Two persons arguing respecting a Mr. Thompson, and a Mr. Collins, both very niggardly men; one of them said, Mr Collins is a very *near* man. Ah! said the other, but Mr Thompson is *nearer*. How can that be, retorted the other, when he lives at a town twenty miles distant, and Mr. Collins only at the next door?

On the first day of Michaelmas term, 1800, a new named Cohen, justified bail in the Court of Common Pleas. The opposing Counsel, Mr. Serjeant Runnington, thus proceeded to examine him: What is your Christian name?—Christian name! I have none.—I mean the name that distinguished you from the rest of your family. You are not all numbered, I suppose, as Aminidab the

first, Aminidab the second, third, fourth. and so on?—No, Sir, my name is Jacob —What are you?—A merchant —What do you deal in? Varieties of goods.—Do you keep a shop?—No. How then do you dispose of your Goods?—To the best advantage, my good fellow.

Mr. George Rose, when Secretary of the Treasury, being asked by an intimate friend. why he did not promote merit, with much simplicity retorted, Did merit promote me.

Mr. Serjeant Best, cross-examining a witness, asked him his profession: I am a Colourman, replied the man. Oh then, said the Serjeant, you are merely brought here in the way of your business, to give a colour to this transaction.

A person abusing another to Mr. Gifford, said he was so insufferably dull, that if you said a good thing he did not understand it. Pray, sir, said the satirist, did you ever try him?

A person who applied to a circulating library for a book which he wished to read, was told by the proprietor that the value of the book must be deposited —What! do I look so much unlike a gentleman that you suspect my honesty, exclaimed the other (reddening with anger.) Why indeed, sir, replied Folio very coolly, I can make no objection to your appearance; but I certainly object to the giving you so much credit as your taylor, or giving you that which is only due to Superfine cloth.

The following is the return Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton of Russel street, Bath, author of the well-written novel, entitled, Modern Philosophers, recently made to the assessor of Walcot, of male servants, horses, mules, carriages, dogs, &c.

Not a male in our house,  
 Not so much as a mouse,  
 Nor a horse nor a dog, as true written;  
 For search house and ground,  
 Not a beast could be found,  
 But a hungry old cat and her kitten.

A few days since, a noble naval commander, at one of our sea-ports, 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 sans froid, Don't know; what's your captain's name?—Don't know.—Do you know who I am?—No.—Why, I am the commander in chief. Then, replied the fellow, in a manner which raised the good temper of the worthy baronet to a loud laugh, You have a d——d good birth if it, that's all I know!"

A person who was offended with his neighbour because he had driven away his cat from F. pigeon-house was reproved by the other for his want of consideration. Because, observed he, It is beyond doubt but your cat would eat my pigeons, but there is very little fear of my pigeons eating your cat."

A notorious swindling fellow who has for some

time past supported himself by imposing on new shop-keepers a variety of bad articles, and among others, a trumpery preparation which he calls patent for taking out Spots and Stains; was one day exposing to a young man, who had been defrauded by him: upon which the latter threw his purchase into the dust-hole, observing, It was impossible his preparation could be infallible, when it had left such a stain in the maker's character.

A tradesman's wife, who was rather too apt to prefer custom to economy, and example to reason: always defended herself by observing that, Though her children had their faults, she did not see but they were as well brought up as Other People's, and when she wished for a new gown or bonnet, she only wanted to go Like Other People. It happened one day that she was bitterly exclaiming against one who spoke too freely of her failings. My dear, replied her husband, Have patience, and consider she only does the same as Other People.

A certain nobleman who affects to be a physiognomist, and to know people's Sentiments by the expression of their countenance, calling on Lady C. Bruce, before her marriage with Captain Durham, told her, he knew her thoughts by her eyes. Do you, says she, Then I am sure you will keep them secret, For they are no way to your advantage.

A day or two after the performance of Mr Sheridan's School for Scandal, the author, conversing with a friend who was present at the per-



formance, on the manner it was received, asked him how Mr. Cumberland was? For, added he, I hear he was in a side box. He was, replied his friend, and he looked exactly like the ancestors of Charles in the picture-scene he never stirred a muscle, nor gave the least indication of a laugh from beginning to end. No! replied Sheridan. That was surely most devilish ungrateful of him for he had a tragedy come out last week, and curse me if I did not laugh the whole time of its representation.

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

Mrs. Billington was singing the Soldier tir'd of war's alarms, a song particularly calculated to display her vast powers of voice, and in the execution of which she stands unrivalled, when a fellow in the gallery cried out, D—n her, she has got a nest of nightingales in her belly.

At Madrid, Signior Alvarez and Don Lopez, two Spanish gentlemen, happened in a public place, to enter into a warm dispute; one hot word produced a hotter and contradictions begot one another like Jews. Signior Alvarez finding his blood grow hot, thought the readiest way to cool it was to let out some of Don Lopez's, accordingly he caught up something, and instantly broke his head. On this the debate ended, and instead of

urging his argument any farther, drew his sword, which example was followed by the whole company. The two disputants put themselves in a posture of defence, then like great generals, or wise politicians, began a treaty sword in hand: on this their friends found, on a proper mediation a peace might be concluded on, if they would hit on some expedient to adjust some punctilios of honour.

They disarmed the two antagonists, and leaving them under the care of two or three friends the rest retired to argue the point. Many salvos and punctilios were found out, yet none satisfactory in the judgement of their mutual friends; this would too much derogate from the honour of Don Alvarez, that was not equivalent to the affront Don Lopez had received; at last Signior Camillo, a man of great sagacity, told the company, that a short memory was no more reflection to a man of honour than a man of wit; therefore if their two friends would forget the past, the thing was at once adjusted. The proposal was universally applauded, and two persons dispatched to whisper it separately to the parties concerned, which they immediately came into; upon this Don Lopez and Alvarez were sent for in, and they entered hand in hand, each smiling on one another. Alvarez addressed himself to Signior Camillo, and said, it had been reported he had struck Don Lopez on the head, but he came there to do himself and the brave Don justice, declaring upon his honour he did not remember any such accident: And you may depend upon it, cried Lopez, If I had remembered any such thing, which if true, I could have never forgot, I would have righted myself

before now with the blood of my adversary: but Signior Alvarez is my worthy friend, a man of honour. By this pancilio their honour's lives were both saved; and courage and memory set on a level, that neither of them could reproach the other with the want of either.

A gentleman of Wales, coming fresh off the mountains to visit London, happened upon a change of air, to fall dangerously ill of a hectic fever. An English physician being immediately sent for, found his condition to be very dangerous; and presently ordered him such proper medicines as are usually administered in such cases, but all to no purpose; for the distemper proved so very rebellious, that notwithstanding the doctor proceeded according to the best of his judgement, yet all the physic he prescribed him, was wholly ineffectual, till at last, the patient was reduced to such a condition, that the doctor, though a skilful man, quite despaired of his recovery; so told the nurse privately, that he had done the utmost, according to the rules of art, and that all his visits and prescriptions for the future would be of little use to the patient, so that he would now give him up to the goodness of God and the care of herself, for he could not conceive it was in the power of physic to save his life, therefore advised her to deal gently by him, and deny him nothing that he could eat or drink, that the few moments he had to spend in this world might pass away under the less uneasiness; so took leave of the nurse, and away he went.

No sooner had the doctor given the nurse this liberty, but as soon as his back was turned, she

began to fondle her dying patient, and begged of him to think of something or other that he thought he could eat or drink, and let it be what it would, she would get him if presently; at last he lifted up his languishing eyes, and staring her full in the face, cried out as loud as he was able to speak, **Toasted cheese.** With that she ran in all haste to the next chandler, notwithstanding she thought it strange food for a dying man in a fever, yet she resolved he should have it; and accordingly bought a pound of good old Cheshire, and cooked it so agreeably to her Welch patient's tooth, that he eat up every bit, to the nurse's great astonishment. She then asked him, What he thought he could drink? He told her then, with a much stronger voice than before, **A gallon of leek-pottage.** The nurse finding the toasted cheese agree so well with her patient ran immediately to the herb-stall for a bunch of leeks, and brewed him up a gallon of Welch caudle presently, which, as soon as it was cool enough for his palate, he drank off, and then turning his face from the light, composed himself to rest, and slept heartily till the next morning; and when he awaked, was so extremely mended, that the nurse had great hopes of his recovery.

In the afternoon, the doctor happening to come that way in his coach, gave a look up at his chamber, expecting the dead signal, that is, the windows to be open, but finding them shut, stopped his coach, and stepped up stairs to see how matters went, and coming into the chamber, found the patient he had given over but the day before, to his great astonishment getting out of bed. The doctor was perfectly amazed at this unexpected



sight, and enquired of the nurse, What strange measures she had taken to recover him? who very readily told him what an unaccountable refreshment she had given him.

Nurse, says the doctor very gravely, smelling to a civet-box of his ebony cane. You have done very well: Pray let him have more toasted cheese, and more leek porridge, and I will call again to-morrow, and see how it agrees with him. The patient liked it so well, that as often as they repeated it, he was willing to take it, till in a little time the Welchman was thoroughly recovered, upon which the nurse was well paid, and the physician had the reputation of a very wonderful cure.

In a little time after this miraculous success, the doctor happened to have an English patient exactly in the same condition; that by all the rules of art, by which he governed his practice, he could not administer one medicine that would abate the distemper: At last, calling to mind what a wonderful cure the nurse and he had so lately performed, by toasted cheese and leek porridge, not knowing but there might be some occult quality in one or the other, more than physicians were acquainted with, he resolved to make trial of their virtues a second time, and accordingly directed the nurse to administer them to the patient, whom the doctor declared was absolutely lost recovery by any other means.

The nurse thought it strange advice from a college physician; but, however, it being his directions, she was resolved to observe them; and accordingly provided a plentiful plateful of balnic Cheshire, toasted secundum artem, which with much ado, she persuaded her patient to

swallow; after much kecking, and to take a hearty draught of leek pottage after it, to help digestion. No sooner had the feeble patient forced down both his doses, but he turned his face to the wall, and instead of going to sleep, in less than a quarter of an hour he made his exit. The doctor coming next day to enquire after the success of his new medicine, looking up for the old signal, found the windows wide open, by which he understood without farther enquiry, what condition his patient was in: so altering his course, plucks out his pocket-book, and in it makes this memorandum, Toasted cheese and leek pottage, a certain cure for a Welchman, in a fever; but present death for an Englishman.

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### ANECDOTE OF SIR MATTHEW HALE,

Lord-chief Justice of the King's Bench in the Reign of Charles II.

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A Gentleman of about 500*l.* a year estate, in the eastern part of England, had two sons. The eldest being of a rambling disposition, took a place in a ship and went abroad. After several years his father died, when the younger son destroyed his will, and seized upon the estate. He gave out that his eldest brother was dead, and bribed some false witness to attest the truth of it. In the course of time the eldest brother returned, but came home in miserable circumstances. His younger brother repulsed him with scorn, told him that he was an impostor and a cheat; and asserted that his real brother was dead long ago, and he could bring witnesses to prove it. The

poor fellow having neither money nor friends, was in a most dismal situation. He went round the parish making bitter complaints, and at last came to a lawyer, who, when he had heard the poor man's mournful story, replied to him in this manner: You have nothing to give me: If I undertake your cause and lose it, it will bring me into very foul disgrace, as all the wealth and evidence is on your brother's side. But, however I will undertake your cause on this condition: You shall enter into obligations to pay me a thousand guineas if I gain the estate for you. If I lose it, I know the consequence, and I venture upon it with my eyes open. Accordingly he entered an action against the younger brother, and it was agreed to be tried at the next general assizes at Chelmsford in Essex.

The lawyer having engaged in the cause of the poor man, and stimulated by the prospect of a thousand guineas, set his wits to work to contrive the best methods to gain his end. At last he hit upon this happy thought, that he would consult the first of all the judges, Lord-chief Justice Hale: accordingly he flew up to London, and laid open the cause and all its circumstances. The judge, who was the greatest lover of justice of any man in the world, heard the case patiently and attentively, and promised him all the assistance in his power. (It is very probable that he opened his whole scheme and method of proceeding, enjoining the utmost secrecy.) The judge contrived matters in such a manner, as to have finished all his business at the King's Bench before the assizes began at Chelmsford, and ordered either his carriage or horses to convey him down very near the



seat of the assizes. He dismissed his man and his horses, and sought out for a single house. He found one occupied by a miller. After some conversation, and making himself quite agreeable, he proposed to the miller to change clothes with him. As the judge had a very good suit on, the man had no reason to object. Accordingly the judge shifted himself from top to toe, and put on a complete suit of the miller's best. Armed with the miller's hat and shoes, and stick, away he marches to Chelmsford: He had procured good lodgings to his liking, and waited for the assizes that should come on next day. When the trials came on, he walked like an ignorant country-fellow backwards and forward along the county-hall. He had a thousand eyes within him, and when the court began to fill, he soon found out the poor fellow that was the plaintiff. As soon as he came into the hall, the miller drew up to him: Honest friend, said he, How is your cause like to do to-day? Why, replied the plaintiff, My cause is in a very precarious situation, and if I lose it, I am ruined for life. Well, honest friend, replied the miller, Will you take my advice? I will let you into a secret, which perhaps you do not know, every Englishman has the privilege to except against any one juryman through the whole twelve; now do you insist upon your privilege, without giving a reason why, and, if possible, get me chosen in his room, and I will do you all the services in my power. Accordingly, when the clerk of the court had called over the jurymen, the plaintiff excepted to one of them by name. The judge on the bench was highly offended with this liberty. What do you mean, says he, by excepting against the



gentleman? I mean, my lord, to assert my privilege as an Englishman, without giving a reason why. The judge, who had been deeply bribed, in order to conceal it by a show of candour, and having a confidence in the superiority of his party — Well, Sir, said he, As you claim your privilege in one instance, I will grant you a favour. Who would ye wish to have in the room of that man excepted against? After a small time taken in consideration, My lord, says he, I wish to have an honest man chose in, and he looks round the court; My lord, there is that miller in the court, we will have him if you please. Accordingly the miller was chosen in. As soon as the clerk of the court had given them all their oaths, a little dextrous fellow came into the department, and slips ten golden Carolus's into the hands of eleven jurymen, and gave the miller but five. He observed that they were all bribed as well as himself, and said to his next neighbour, in a soft whisper, How much have you got? Ten pieces, said he, He concealed what he had himself. The cause was opened by the plaintiff's counsel; and all the scraps of evidence they could pick up were ad-duced in his favour.

The younger brother was provided with a great number of evidences and pleaders, all plentifully bribed as well as the judge. The evidence de-posed, that they were in the self-same country where the brother died, and saw him buried. The counsellors pleaded upon this accumulated evi-dence, and every thing went with a full tide in favour of the younger brother. The judge sum-med up the evidence with great gravity and de-liberation, and now, Gentlemen of the jury, said

he, lay your heads together, and bring in your verdict as you shall deem most just. They waited but a few minutes before they determined in favour of the younger brother. The judge said, Gentleman, are you agreed, and who shall speak for you? We are agreed, my lord, replied one, our foreman shall speak for us. Hold, my lord, replied the miller, we are not all agreed. Why, says the judge, in a very surly manner, What's the matter with you? What reasons have you for disagreeing? I have several reasons, my lord, replied the miller; the first is, they have given to all these gentlemen of the jury ten broad pieces of gold, and to me but five; besides, I have many objections to make to the false reasonings of the pleaders, and the contradictory evidence of the witnesses. Upon this the miller began a discourse that discovered such vast penetration of judgement, such extensive law, and expressed with such energetic and manly eloquence, that astonished the judge and the whole court. As he was going on with his powerful demonstrations, the judge, in a surprize of soul, stopped him, Where did you come from, and who are you? I came from Westminster-hall, replied the miller, my name is Matthew Hale, I am Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. I have observed the iniquity of your proceedings this day, and therefore come down from a seat which you are no ways worthy to hold. You are one of the corrupt parties in this iniquitous business. I will come up this moment, and try the cause all over again. Accordingly Sir Matthew went up with his miller's dress and hat on, began with the trial from its very original, searched every circumstance of truth and

falsehood, evinced the eldest brother's title to the estate from the contradictory evidence of the witnesses, and the false reasonings of the pleaders, unravelled all the sophistry to the very bottom, and gained a complete victory in favour of Truth and Justice.

A person in the city of Chester, who is noted for a high setter of shops, (as they express it in the North) had one standing empty a long time, on the account of the exorbitant rent he asked for it; a tradesman wrote upon the shutters, Gibraltar, where it remained two or three days before the meaning was found out, which is, It will never again be taken.

It was observed by an Irish gentleman, a few days ago, while speaking of a certain regiment, that for three weeks, he never saw any regiment improve so little in his life, for do you know, added he, They grew worse and worse every day.

The same gentleman being at a ball at Tunbridge had sat up very late, after observing he was to go the next morning to Eastbourne, to ride a race for his uncle, bluntly exclaimed, By J—s, if my uncle wants Me to ride his horse, he must get Somebody else.

Among the toasts drank at the late corporation dinner at Norwich, was the following; Buona-barte in Fetter-lane, and his army at Gravesend.

The French soldiers are famous for having a good appetite, but we suspect that they will not

relish the Entertainment which the Austrians mean to give them at their Inn.

An Irishman who was present at the fight between Crib and the Black, observed, that altho' the latter had got a severe beating; he by no means thought him faint-hearted, as he never once changed his Colour.

A Gentleman seeing the town-crier of Bristol, one market day, standing unemploy'd, asked him the reason.—Oh, replied he, I cannot Cry to-day, my wife is dead!

A partridge pye, said the gentleman, eating part of one, beats a pigeon pye all to pieces. Then said another, You never put both at once on the same table. Why not? Because it must prove the destruction of the poor pigeon pye.

*The Monk and Jew — A Tale.*

To make new converts truly blest,  
 A recipe—*Probatum est.*  
 Stern winter, clad in frost and snow,  
 Had now forbid the streams to flow;  
 And skaited peasants swiftly glide,  
 Like swallows, o'er the slippery tide:  
 When Mordecai (upon whose face  
 The synagogue you plain might trace)  
 Fortune with smiles deceitful bore  
 To a curst hole, but late skinn'd o'er,  
 Down plumps the Jew; but in a trice,  
 Rising, he caught the friendly ice:  
 He gasp'd; he yell'd a hideous cry;



No friendly help, alas! 'twas nigh,  
 Save a poor monk, who quickly ran  
 To snatch from death the drowning man:  
 But when the holy father saw  
 A limb of the Mosaic Law,  
 His outstretch'd hand he quick withdrew:  
 For Heaven's sake, help! exclaims the Jew!  
 Turn Christian first, the father cries:  
 I'm froze to death, the Jew replies.  
 Froze! quoth the monk; too soon you'll know,  
 There's fire enough for Jews below,  
 Renounce your unbelieving crew,  
 And help is near. I do, I do!  
 D—n all your brethren, great and small.  
 With all my heart; Oh, d—n 'em all!  
 Now help me out. There's one thing more;  
 Salute this cross, and Christ adore! 'Tis well,  
 Thus armed, defiance bid to hell,  
 And yet another thing remains,  
 To guard against eternal pains;  
 Do you our papal father hold  
 Heav'n's vicar, and believe all told  
 By holy church? I do, by G—d!  
 One moment more I'm food for cod!  
 Drag, drag me out, I freeze, I die!  
 Your peace, my friend is made on high:  
 Full absolution here I give:  
 Saint Peter will your soul receive  
 Wash'd clean from sin, and duly shriven,  
 New converts always go to heaven;  
 No hour for death so fit as this:  
 Thus, thus, I launch you into bliss!  
 His convert launch'd beneath the ice.

*On Cruelty to Brute Animals.*

A man of kindness to his beast is kind;  
 But brutal actions show a brutal mind:  
 Remember, he who made thee, made the brute;  
 Who gave thee speech & reason, form'd him mute.  
 He can't complain; but God's all-seeing eye  
 Beholds thy cruelty—He hears his cry.  
 He was design'd thy servant and thy drudge;  
 But know, that his Creator is—thy judge!

*A curious Hand-bill.*

THOMAS TOUCHWOOD, GENT.

Proposes on the last day of this present November, to shoot himself by subscription. His life being of no further use to himself or his friends, he takes this method of endeavouring to turn his death to some account; and the novelty of the performance, he hopes, will merit the attention and patronage of the public.

He will perform with two pistols; the first shot to be directed through the *Abdomen*, to which will be added another through the *Brain*; the whole to conclude with staggering, convulsions, grinning, &c. in a manner never before publicly attempted.

The doors to be opened at eight, and the exhibition to begin precisely at nine. Particular places, for that night only, reserved for the 'ad'. No money to be returned, or half-price taken.

N. B. Beware of counterfeits and impostors. The person who advertises to hang himself the same night, in opposition to Mr. Touchwood, taylor, who intends only to give the representation of death by dancing in a collar; an attempt

initely inferior to Mr. T's original and authentic performance.

*A strange and most wonderful Sight.*

saw a peacock; with a fiery tail  
 saw a blazing comet; pour down hail  
 saw a cloud; wrapt with ivy round  
 saw an oak; creeping on the ground  
 saw a pismire; swallow up a whale  
 saw the sea; trimful of ale  
 saw a Venice glass; fifteen feet deep  
 saw a well; full of men's tears that weep  
 saw wet eyes; all of a flaming fire  
 saw a house; bigger than the moon and higher,  
 saw the sun. Even at midnight,  
 saw the man who saw this dreadful sight.

*A Chinese Anecdote.*

The last Emperor of China was one of the greatest monarchs of his age, and for nothing more celebrated than the vigour and strictness of his justice; but he was warm in his pursuits of pleasure, and impatient of interruption, when his mind was intent upon it.

The Viceroy of one of the provinces of the east empire, that lay most remote from the imperial city, had wrongfully confiscated the estate of a honest merchant, and reduced his family to the extremest misery. The poor man found means to travel as far as to the Emperor's court, and carried back with him a letter to the Viceroy, commanding him to restore the goods which he had taken so illegally.

Far from obeying this command, the Viceroy put the merchant into prison: but he had the

good fortune to escape, and went once more to the capital, where he cast himself at the Emperor's feet, who treated him with much humanity, and gave orders that he should have another letter. The merchant wept at this resolution, and represented how ineffectual the first had proved; and the reasons he had to fear, that the second would be as little regarded.

The Emperor, who had been stopt by this complaint, as he was going with much haste to dine in the apartment of a favourite lady, grew a little discomposed, and answered with some emotion. "I can do no more than send my commands, and if he refuses to obey them, put thy foot upon his neck."

"I implore your Majesty's compassion," replied the merchant, holding fast the Emperor's robe. "his power is too mighty for my weakness; and your justice prescribes a remedy, which your wisdom has never examined."

The Emperor, had by this time recollected himself; and raising the merchant from the ground said, "You are in the right;—to complain of him was your part, but it is mine to see him punished. I will appoint commissioners to go back with you, and make search into the grounds of his proceedings; with power, if they find him guilty to deliver him into your hands, and leave you viceroy in his stead:—For, since you have taught me how to govern, you must be able to govern for me."

*FINIS.*