

**GRINNING
MADE EASY;**

OR,

**FUNNY DICK'S
UNRIVALLED COLLECTION**

OF

JESTS, JOKES, BULLS, EPIGRAMS &c

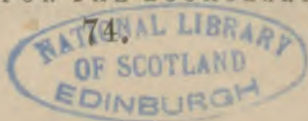
With many other descriptions of

WIT & HUMOUR.



GLASGOW :

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GRINNING MADE EASY.

Mr. Serjeant Gardner, being lame of one leg, and pleading before the late Judge Fortescue, who had little or no nose, the judge told him, he was afraid he had but a lame cause of it. Oh! my lord, said the serjeant have but a little patience, and I'll warrant I prove every thing as plain as the nose on our face!

Hume the historian, passing one day by the back of Edinburgh Castle, where the ground is very swampy, and the foot path narrow, inadvertently tumbled into the bog, where he stuck, not being able to extricate himself. A washor-woman happening to pass at the time, looked at him, and was travelling on, when he shouted after her to lend him her assistance. Na, na, (replied the woman) you are HUME the Deist. Well, well, no matter, replied he—you know, good woman, your Christian charity commands you to do good even to your enemies. Na, I winna, said she, unless you will first repeat the Creed and the Lord's Prayer. Having no alternative, he was forced to accede to the pious woman's terms.

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 Scottish heroes, not one fourth their number. A sensible country man pointed out the positions of both armies, the stone where the Bruce's 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 have paid dear enough already for seeing the field of Bannockburn.

Judge Toler, afterwards Lord Norbury, whose severity was at one time proverbial, was at a public dinner with Curran the celebrated Irish lawyer. Toler observing Curran carving a piece of corned beef, told him, if it was hung beef he would try it. If you try it, my Lord, replied Curran, I am sure it will be hung.

A gentleman coming into a coffee-room one stormy night, said. He never saw such a wind in his life. Saw a wind, says a friend, I never heard of such a thing as seeing a wind; pray, what was it like? Like answered the Gentleman, like to have blown my hat off.

A young lady going into a barrack-room at Fort George, saw an officer toasting a slice of bread at the point of his sword. On which she exclaimed

I think, Sir, you have got the staff of life on the point of death.

One day, Socrates, having for a long time endured his wife's brawling, went out of his house, and sat down before the door, to rid himself of her impertinence. The woman, enraged to find all her scolding unable to disturb his tranquility, flung the contents of a chamber-pot on his head. Those that happened to see it, laughed heartily at poor Socrates; but this philosopher observed, smiling, 'I thought, indeed, after so much thunder we should have rain.'

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 full of indignation, he exclaimed, Will none of you go up with the worthy gentleman; Then, d—n me, I will go myself.

An old beggar, pretending to be dumb, was thrown off his guard by the question, How many years have you been dumb; and answered, Five years last June, please your honour.

A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding by, one of them called to him with an insolent air, Well honest fellow, 'tis your buisness to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labour. To

which the country man replied, 'Tis very likely you may, for I am sowing hemp.

One told another, who did not use to be very well clothed, that his new coat was too short for him: That's true, answered he but it will be long enough before I get another.

A proud parson and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock, in a new coat? The parson asked, in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat? The same people, (said the shepherd) that clothe you—the parish. The parson nettled a little, rode on murmuring a considerable way, and sent his man back to ask the shepherd, if he would come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man went to the shepherd accordingly, and delivered his master's message, concluding that his master really wanted a fool. Are you going away then? said the shepherd. No, answered the other. Then you may tell your master, replied the shepherd, that his living won't maintain THREE of us.

An arch prisoner, who had an unfavourable countenance, being brought to the bar to be tried for horse-stealing, the judge immediately cried, Oh, here is a noted villain, I am sure! Why, Sir I can see the rogue in your face. Ah, my Lord, says the fellow, I wonder at that: I did not know my face was a looking-glass till now.

Mr Hare, formerly the envoy of Holland, had apartments in the same house with Mr Fox, and, like his friend Charles, had frequent dealings with the monied Israelites. One morning, as he was looking out of his window, he observed several of the tribe assembled at the door for admittance, Pray, gentlemen, says he, are you Fox hunting, or Hare hunting this morning?

An Irish officer had the misfortune to be dreadfully wounded at Waterloo. As he lay on the ground, an unfortunate soldier, who was near him, and was also severely wounded, made a terrible howling, when the officer exclaimed, D—n your eyes, what do you make such a noise for? Do you think there is nobody killed but yourself?

When Mr. Horne Tooke was called before the commissioners to give an account of the particulars of his income; having answered a question which was asked, one of the wise men said, peevishly, that he did not understand his answer—Then, said Tooke, as you have not half the understanding of another man, you ought at least to have double the patience.

When the Scotch Court of Justiciary passed sentence of fourteen years banishment on Mr Muir, some persons in the gallery began to hiss. The Lord Justice Clerk turned round in a great fury, and ordered the macer, who stood behind his

chair, to take the persons that were hissing into custody. The macer, with great coolness, answered—My Lord, they are all hissing.

Sir Boyle Roach, in one of the debates on the question of the Union, made a speech in favour of it, which he concluded by saying, that it would change the barren hills into fruitful vallies.

A man walking along after a woman, whose elegant shape excited his admiration, was not a little disappointed when he got up with her and saw her ordinary face—If, Madam, said he, you were as handsome before as you are behind, I would kiss you. You may, replied the lady, kiss where you think I am handsomest.

When Buchanan was tutor to James I. he found it necessary, one day, to give his most sacred Majesty a flogging. A lady of the court, being in the next room, and overhearing what passed, ran in, and catching the young king in her arms, asked Buchanan how he could lift his hand against the Lord's anointed; to which he replied, with great coolness, Madam, I have whipped his arse, you may kiss it if you please.

Alphonso, King of Arragon, to whom a Jew wished to sell a picture of our Saviour for five hundred ducats, said, “ You are much more unconscionable than your ancestors, who sold the original for thirty pieces.”

A man and his wife, as a proof of their fondness for each other, made a mutual vow, that, on either of their deaths, the survivor should remain in a state of celibacy. The husband having died, the widow kept her vow, religiously, for about a twelvemonth. At the end of this period, however, she began to repent of it, and being a Catholic, she applied to the priest, to know whether she could not be released from it. This having, as might be expected, been negatived, the good woman thought of appealing to a higher power, and accordingly she daily paid her devotions to an image of the Virgin, who she hoped would, by some sign, sanction her second marriage. On one of those occasions, when, as usual, she fervently asked the Virgin whether she might not lawfully marry a second time, a wag, who had concealed himself under the image, answered, No!—On which the devotee immediately replied. Hold your tongue, you bastard; I am speaking to your mother.

The Captain of one of the British frigates a man of undaunted bravery, had a natural antipathy to a cat. A sailor, who from misconduct had been ordered a flogging, saved his back by presenting to his Captain the following petition:

By your Honour's command,

A culprit I stand—

An example to all the ship's crew;

I am pinion'd and stript,
 And condemn'd to be whipt;
 And, if I am flogg'd 'tis my due
 A cat, I am told,
 In abhorrence you hold;
 Your Honour's aversion is mine!
 If a cat with one tail
 Makes your stout heart to fail,
 O, save me from one that has NINE!

Two boys, belonging to the chaplains of two different men of war, entertaining each other with an account of their respective manners of living—How often, Jack, says the one, do you go to prayers? Why, answered Jack, we pray when we are afraid of a storm, or going to fight! Aye, quoth the other, there is some sense in that; but my master makes us go to prayers when there is no more occasion for it than for my jumping overboard.

A man having been capitally convicted at the Old Bailey, was, as usual, asked what he had to say why judgement of death should not pass against him? Say! replied he, why I think the joke has been carried far enough already, and the less that is said about it the better---If you please, Sir, we'll drop the subject.

Advertisement from a London Paper---Wanted for a wine-merchant's house in the city, as a porter, an athletic man, of a serious countenance, a

character, and of the Protestant religion; must attend prayers twice a day, and divine worship four times on Sunday; be able to bear confinement, have the fear of God before his eyes, and be master for two hundred weight. Wages fourteen shillings a week, and find himself.

A man seeing in the street an old woman who drove some asses, said, Adieu, mother of asses. Adieu, adieu, my son, answered she.

A Quaker was examined before the Board of Excise, respecting certain duties; the Commissioners thinking themselves disrespectfully treated by his thee-and thouing, one of them with a stern countenance, asked him---Pray, Sir, do you know for what we sit here? Yea, replied Nathan, I do---some of you for a thousand, and others for seventeen hundred and fifty pounds a year.

Comparisons of Drunkenness.---A man is said to be as drunk as an owl, when he cannot see---as drunk as a sow, when he wallows in the dirt---as drunk as a beggar, when he is very impudent---as drunk as the devil, when he is inclined to mischief, and---as drunk as a Lord, when he is every thing that is bad.

Walking Stewart having given an account of his being cast away on an unknown coast, thus expresses himself: 'After walking a considerable way up the country, we saw, to our inexpressible

satisfaction, a man hanging on a gibbet. This delight afforded us by this cheering sight is inconceivable, for it convinced us that we were in a civilized country

When the Earl of Clancartie was Captain of a man of war, he lost his Chaplain. The First Lieutenant, a Scotchman, announced his death to his Lordship, adding, he was sorry to inform him that the chaplain died a Roman Catholic. Well, so much the better, said his Lordship. Oot awa my Lord, how can you say so of a Breetish Clergyman? Why, replied his Lordship, because I believe I am the first Captain that ever could boast of a Chaplain who had any religion at all.

An attorney being employed to draw the Testament of a rich man, was requested to word it in such a manner, that no room might be left for contestation among his heirs. That quoth the man of law, is imposible. Can I go beyond our Saviour whose Testament has been a perpetual soure of contest for these eighteen hundred years?

The late learned Lord Kames, one day, after coming out of the Court of Edinburgh, went to make water at a place where the centinel on duty assumes a power of levying a fine for such transgression. My Lord said the soldier, you are fined. For what? For pissing at this place. How much?

Threepence, my Lord. There is six-pence for, you, then, Sir; and remember you owe me a piss.

Mr Ogilvy, a Scottish Clergyman, at Lunan, in Forfarshire, had a great deal of eccentricity in his character and manner.—One Sunday when he was in the middle of his sermon, an old woman, who kept an alehouse in the parish, fell asleep. Her neighbour jogged her, in order to awaken her. The Minister seeing this, said, I'll waken her fast enough; and immediately giving a loud whistle, cried out 'Janet! a bottle of ale and a dram!' 'Coming, Sir,' said the old lady, starting out of her nap.

The Sexton of a parish-church in Shropshire insisted on a poor man, who had lost his leg by amputation, paying sixteen pence for burying it. The man appealed to the Rector, who said that he could not relieve him in the present case; but he would consider in his fees when the remainder of his body came to be buried.

Epitaph on a Physician.

Here Docter Fisher lies interr'd,
Who filled the half of this church-yard.

A certain bruising Parson having been examined as a witness in the Court of King's Bench, the adverse Counsel attempted to browbeat him: I think you are the bruising Parson, said he. I am,

said the divine; and if you doubt it, I'll give it you under my hand,

A gentleman happening to be in the stable belonging to an inn in London, met a most active fellow officiating as hostler. The gentleman enquired where he came from? Yorkshire, was the reply. How long have you been here as ostler? Thirteen years. What! you a Yorkshireman, and so long a servant: why, I should have supposed you would have been master ere this time. Ay, Sir, but master is Yorkshire too.

Hugo Arnot, author of the History of Edinburgh, &c. was a perfect walking skeleton. One day he was eating a split dried haddock, or, as it is called in Scotland, a spelding, when Harry Erskine came in. You see, said Hugo, I am not starving. I must own, replied the other, that you are very like your meat.

An Irish soldier once returning from battle in the night, marching a little way behind his companion, called out to him, Hollo, Pat, I have catch'd a Tartar! Bring him along then! bring him along! Aye, but he won't come. Why, then, come away without him. By Saint Patrick, but he won't let me.

Lord Somers, when Chancellor, hired a small box near Twickenham common, in which parish Mr Johnson, secretary of state for Scotland, built a

beautiful villa. The chancellor of England invited the secretary of Scotland to a convivial dinner; and Johnson, as the glass was circulating, told a long tale of a countryman of his own, and wound up his story by saying that the person was a d—d knave. The chancellor stared at him, and exclaimed, It is strange for you, Mr Johnson, to call a Scotchman a knave.---Take no heed to that, said the secretary, for you may depend on it, that we have more knaves in Scotland than ye have honest men in England.

A gentleman being asked his opinion of the singing of a lady who had not the purest breath, said, that the words of the song were delightful, but he did not much admire the air.

What objection can you have to me (said a wife of Bath to her husband) it is absolutely impossible for two people to be more of one mind---you want to be master, and so do I?

Macklin the player, once going to one of the fire offices to insure some property, was asked by the clerk how he would please to have his name entered? Eutered, replied the veteran, why, I am only plain Charles Macklin, a vagabond, by act of Parliament; but, in compliment to the times, you may set me down Charles Macklin, Esq. as they are now synonymous terms.

A celebrated physician being sent for by a lady

who imagined herself very ill, she slept too sound, and had a very uncommon flow of spirits. Make yourself perfectly easy Madam, said the doctor, follow my prescription, and you shall soon have none of these things to complain of.

Two friends, who had not seen each other a great while, meeting by chance, one asked the other how he did? He replied, that he was not very well, and was married since they had last met. That is good news indeed. Nay, not so very good neither, for I married a shrew. That is bad, too. Not so bad, neither, for I had two thousand pounds with her. That is well again. Not so well neither, for I laid it out in sheep, and they all died of the rot. That was hard, in truth. Not so hard neither, for I sold the skins for more than the sheep cost me. Aye that made you amends. Not so much amends neither, for I laid out my money in a house, and it was burned. That was a great loss, indeed. Not so great a loss, neither---for my wife was burned in it!

A religious English gentleman lately advertised for a coachman, and had a great number of applications. One of them he approved of, and told him, if his character answered, he would take him on the terms which they had agreed: But, said he, my good fellow, as I am rather a particular man, it may be proper to inform you, that every

evening, after the business in the stable is done, I shall expect you to come to my house for a quarter of an hour, to attend family prayers—to this I suppose you can have no objection? Why, as to that, Sir, (replied the fellow) I does not see much to say against it, but I hope you'll consider it in my wages.

An English gentleman being taken ill of the yellow fever at Jamaica, a lady, whom he had married in that island, indirectly hinted to him, in the presence of an Irish physician, who attended him, the propriety of making his will, in a country where people are so apt to die. The physician, thinking this judgement called inquestion, tartly replied, Truly; Madam, I wish you would tell me that country where people do not die, and I will go and end my days there.

A man being asked by his neighbours, how his wife did? made this answer: Indeed, neighbour, the case is pitiful, my wife fears she shall die, and I fear she will not die, which makes a most disconsolate house.

A great crowd being gathered about a poor cobbler who had just died in the street, a man asked Alexander Stevens what was to be seen? Only a Cobler's End, replied he.

Bayle says that a woman will inevitably divulge

every secret with which she is intrusted, except one, and that is--- her own age.

An Irish soldier, who came over with General Moore, being asked if he met with much hospitality in Holland? O yes, replied he, too much: I was in the hospital almost all the time I was there.

The Duchess of York being in want of a laundress, desired the housekeeper to look out for some person to fill that situation. A decent looking woman was accordingly recommended; but the housekeeper objected to her, and, in the Duke's presence observed, that she was a soldier's wife, and that these people were generally bad characters. What's that you say, (replied the Duke) a soldier's wife! pray what is your mistress?—Engage the woman this instant.

In a great storm at sea, when the ships crew were all at prayers, a boy burst into a violent fit of laughter; being reprov'd for his ill-timed mirth, and asked the reason of it, Why, said he, I was laughing to think what a hissing the boatswain's red nose will make when it comes into the water. This ludicrous remark set the crew a-laughing, inspired them with new spirits, and by a great exertion they brought the vessel safe into port.

The following curious paragraph, in honour of the Dutch physicians, was lately inserted in one of the London Paper:---“ The mortality in Groningen,

Delft, and Rotterdam, was at first very great; but after the death of the three physicians, it is stated to have abated very considerably."

Chateauneut, keeper of the seals of 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 trelate said, I will give you an orange if you will tell me where God is?---My Lord, replied the boy, I will give you two oranges, if you will tell me where he is not!

During the great Frederick of Prussia's last painful illness, that eminent physician Dr Zimmerman, of Hanover, attended him. One day, when he waited upon his Majesty, the King said to him, You, Sir, I suppose, have helped many a man into another, world. Not so many, replied the doctor, as your Majesty, nor with so much honour to myself.

An apothecary in Durham has the following words written in his shop-window: 'Dying stuffs sold here.'

A stranger, who had acquired the habit of standing long on one leg, came to Lacedemon to see the city. Exhibiting this trick to a Spartan, he told him, vauntingly, You could not preserve that posture so long. I know that, replied the Lacedemonian, but a goose can.

Mrs Siddons, in performing the character of

Jane Shore, having arrived at the conclusion of that affecting tragedy, where she says, ‘ Now I die ! I die ! ’ falls down, nature being supposed entirely exhausted.—A sailor, perched on the front of the shilling gallery, forgetting that the distress of the actress was feigned roared out to the pit, Ho ! why don’t some of you lubbers in that there hold hand the poor woman a can of grog, since she is so badly ? ’

Dr Franklin, when last in England, used pleasantly to repeat an observation of his negro-servant, when the Doctor was making the tour of Derbyshire, Lancashire, &c. ‘ Every thing, Massa, work in this country ; water work ; wind work ; fire work ; smoke work ; dog work ; (he had noticed the last at Bath) man work ; bullock work ; horse work ; ass work ; every thing work here but the hog ; he eat, he drink, he sleep, he do nothing all day, he walk about like a gentleman ! ’

One of the people called Quakers, equally remarkable for his gallantry to the fair sex, as for his urbanity of manners, was one day walking in the streets of Edinburgh with a handsome young lady who remarked to him, that the heat of the day was oppressive ; on which the Quaker recommended her to throw off a petticoat. The lady replied, Between you and I, friend G.....s, I have but one on. And between thee and me, replied broadbrim, even that is one too many !

A very young officer, striking an old grenadier of his company for some supposed fault in performing his evolutions, was unable to reach any higher than his legs. The grenadier, upon this infantine assault, gravely took off his cap, and holding it over the officer by the tip, said, Sir, if you were not my officer, I would extinguish you.

Francis I, having imposed a new tax it was reported to him, as a treasonable offence, that the people murmured so much as not even to spare his sacred person. Poh! answered Francis, why should they not have amusement for their money?

A citizen dying greatly in debt, it coming to his creditors' ears, Farewell, said one there is so much of mine gone with him. And he carried so much of mine, said another. One hearing them make their several complaints, said, Well, I see now, that tho' a man can carry nothing of his own out of the world, yet he may carry a great deal of other men's.

A young fellow in the country, after having an affair with a girl in the neighbourhood, said, What shall I do, Bess, if you prove with child? Oh! very well, said she for I am to be married to-morrow.

A Bachelor friend of ours had a fine tortoise, which was allowed to creep about the kitchen. Some time ago he hired a raw country girl, who never had seen nor had of a tortoise in her life. One day he

says to her, ' Marget, what's become of the tortoise?—I have not seen it for some days.' But Marget ' didna ken ought about it.' ' You had better light a candle, and see if it has not got into the coal-hole: poor thing! it will be starving for want of meat.' A candle was accordingly lighted, and looking over her shoulder, he observed it, as he had expected, snug among the coals. ' Ah, there it is, poor creature!' said he: ' take it out, and place it near the fire.' ' Is that what ye ca' the tortoise?' quoth Marget in astonishment: ' Od, Sir, I've been breaking the coals wi't this fortnight past!

A few days ago a hawker, while cheapning his haberdashery wares, was bawling out, ' Here's the real good napkins: they'll neither tear, wear, ruffle, nor rive; throw in the washing, or go back in the pressing. All the water between the rocks of Gibraltar and the Cape of Good Hope will not alter the colour of them. They were woven seven miles below ground by the light of diamonds; and the people never saw day light but once in the seven years. They were not woven by a brosy clumsy apprentice boy, but by a right and tight good tradesman, who got two eggs, and a cup tea, and a glass of whisky to his breakfast; and every thread is as long and strong as would hang a bull, or draw a man-of-war ship into harbour.'

A man in the last stage of destitution, came before the sitting Magistrate, at Lambeth Street, and stated that having by the operation of the new Poor Laws, been suddenly deprived of parish assistance. he was reduced to such extremity, that if not instantly relieved he must be driven to do a deed that his soul abhorred. The worthy Magistrate instantly ordered him five shillings from the poor-box, and after a suitable admonition against giving way to despair, asked him what dreadful deed he would have been impelled to do, but for this seasonable relief; 'To work,' said the man, with a deep sigh, as he left the office.

One day, at the table of the late Dr. Pearse, (Dean of Ely,) just as the cloth was removing, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality amongst the lawyers. 'We have lost,' said a gentleman, 'not less than six eminent barristers in as many months.'—The Dean, who was quiet 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!'

In Salem, Massachusetts. after the heavy and deep snow fall, a man was discovered sticking sticks into a huge 'winter bank of snow.' On being asked why he amused himself thus? 'Amuse!' said he, with a voice which betrayed the deepest

anxiety of mind, ' fine amusement ! I have lost my shop---it used to stand somewhere near this spot.

During the last Assizes, in a case of assault and battery, where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following clear and conclusive evidence was drawn out of a Yorkshireman:—Did you see the defendant throw the stone?---I saw a stone, and I'ze pretty sure the defendant throwed it.--- Was it a large stone?---I should say it war a largeish stone.---What was its size?---I should say sizeable stone.---Can't you answer definitely how big it was?---I should say it wur a stone of some bigness.--- Can't you give the jury some idea of the stone?---Why, as near as I recollect, it wur something of a stone.---Can't you compare it to some other object?---Why, if I wur to compare it, so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it wur as large as a lump of chalk.