

A

Penny-worth of Wit,

CONSISTING OF

CH JICE SAYINGS AND WHIMSICAL
INCIDENTS,

SUITED TO PROMOTE

Cheerfulness and Good Humour.



DUNFERMLINE:

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A

Penny-worth of Wit.

THE captain of a West Indianan wished to buy a horse. After the purchase was made, the captain said, 'Well now the horse is mine, pray tell me candidly whether he has any faults, and what are they?' 'What do you mean to do with him?' said the other.' 'Why, to take him to sea,' answered the captain. 'Then I will be candid,' replied the dealer: he may go very well at sea, but on land he cannot go at all, or I would not have sold him.'

A Cockney sportsman being out one day amusing himself with shooting, happened to fire through a hedge, on the other side of which was a man, standing or leaning, no matter which. The shot passed through the man's hat, but missed the bird. 'Did you fire at me sir?' he hastily asked. 'O, no, sir,' said the shrewd sportsman, 'I never hit what I fire at.'

DURING the visit of his Majesty George IV. in Scotland, on the first levee-day at Holyroodhouse, the king was dressed in full Highland

garb, and, from the crowded presentations, was stationed on the left side, and near the entrance of the room. Immediately opposite were some of his suite, with several noblemen, and amongst them Marshal Beresford, in full court dress, and splendidly garnished out in all his foreign honours. A Glasgow magistrate, in making the ENTRE, scarcely deigned to glance at the familiar figure of his countryman, and passing on to the gorgeous marshal, knelt and bent forwards, in that fine style of conciliating humility which conducted his countryman, Sir Pertinax, through so many lucrative promotions. The marshal, to prevent any delay in the ceremony, smiled, and waved his hand for the kneeling supplicant to pass on, and which he readily did, gladdened by the cheering smile of the great man. Dining afterwards with a numerous party, and boasting of the gracious reception he had experienced, he launched out in rapturous eulogy on the rich habiliments and scarlet splendour of the royal personage. ‘Scarlet!’ exclaimed his adjoining friend, ‘why his Majesty was dressed in tartan, and you, sir, must have mistaken the person.’ ‘Hoot, awa, mon!’ returned the sapient justice; ‘think ye I am sic a gowk as no to ken a king fra a kilted loon, who was naething else bnt a muckle Highland serjeant, placed as body-guard on his sacred majesty?’

IN the reign of Philip the Third of Spain, two men were found guilty by the Inquisition.

As they were carrying them to execution, the king, who saw them from a balcony, could not help saying, 'There go two men, unhappy enough, to die for what they are persuaded of.' This speech took air, and the Inquisitor came to him, and told him it was necessary he should submit to some punishment for the offence he had given the Holy Office. After some disputes it was agreed, that the king should suffer himself to be let blood a porringer full, and that the blood should be burnt by the executioner; which was actually performed in the presence of the Grand Inquisitor.

As a lame country schoolmaster was hobbling one morning upon two sticks to his noisy mansion, he was met by a nobleman, who inquired his name, and the means by which he procured a livelihood? 'My name,' answered he, 'is R. T. and I am MASTER of this parish.' This answer increased the curiosity of his lordship, and he desired to know how he was MASTER of the parish? 'I am,' replied the pedagogue, 'the MASTER of the children of the parish; the children are masters of their MOTHERS; the mothers are the rulers of the FATHERS; and consequently I am the MASTER of the whole PARISH.' His lordship was pleased with this logical reply, and made the schoolmaster a present.

Judge Rook, in going the western circuit, had a great stone thrown at his head; but,

from the circumstance of his stooping very much, it passed over him. 'You see,' said he to his friends, 'that had I been an upright judge I might have been killed.'

7. AN English stock-jobber, well known upon 'Change as a man of unexampled parsimony, although possessed of an immense fortune, one day met a very poor man, one of his own relations. 'Come hither, George,' said the miser, 'do you know I have just now made my will, and remembered you handsomely, my boy.'" God bless you, brother,' said the grateful man, 'you will be rewarded for so charitable an action, for you could not have thought of a more distressed family.' 'Are you, indeed, so very poor, George?' 'Sir, my family's starving,' said the man, almost crying. 'Hark ye then, George: if you will allow me a good DISCOUNT I will pay you immediately.'" We need not add, that the terms were accepted, while they parted equally pleased with the bargain they had concluded.

8. THE following singular circumstance occurred on a Sunday, in the month of November, 1816, in the church of Seaford. The clergyman, whilst publishing the banns, on coming to the names of a pair of neighbouring rustics, was suddenly surprised by an interruption from one of the congregation, who loudly bawled out, 'I forbid the wedding.' On being desired to retire

to the vestry, he was asked if he was a relation of either of the parties? 'No, no,' replied Hodge, 'I am the bridegroom himself; but, having learned that Ciss has a tongue that, after marriage, will run faster than the clack of her master's mill, I am resolved to be off, so your reverence may marry her yourself, if you please.'

9. A lady of the name of King, who had increased her family annually for several years, was at a party where the circumstance was told to a very facetious gentleman. He soon found out the Lady's husband, and though unknown to him, thus accosted him: 'Why, sir, you are like Bonaparte! The other, rather surprised, hastily exclaimed, 'How, so, sir?' 'Because,' replied the wit, 'you make A NEW KING every year.'

10. A surgeon being sent to a gentleman who had just received a slight wound in a duel, gave orders to his servant to go home with all possible speed, and fetch a certain plaister. The patient, turning a little pale, said, 'Sir, I hope there is no danger?' 'Yes, indeed is there,' answered the surgeon; 'for if the fellow don't make haste, the wound will heal before he return.'

11. A poor man was one day boasting of his acquaintance in early life with a certain nobleman. "And did his lordship really ever see you, to speak to you?" asked the person to

whom the boast had been made. 'He did, sir, both see me and speak to me, when I was only a pot-boy.' 'And what did he say to you?' 'Why, sir, I was running across the way just as his lordship was passing, and I ran against him; when he said to me,—Get out of the way, you little dirty rascal.'

12. A gentleman, indisposed, and confined to his bed, sent his servant to see what hour it was by a sun-dial, which was fastened to a post in his garden. The servant was an Irishman, and being at a loss how to find it, thought he was to pluck up the post; which he accordingly did, and carried it to his master, with the sun-dial, saying 'Arrah, now look at it yourself: it is indeed all a mystery to me.'

13. Mr. Rothead, of Inverleith, a man of some fortune in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, was one day taking his ride, and being a person of no small consequence, he thought proper to shew it, by riding on the foot path. Meeting a farmer-looking man, he ordered him imperiously to get out of the way. 'Sir,' said the other, 'I don't understand this: I am upon the foot-path, where I certainly have a right to walk.' 'Do you know, sir,' said Mr Rothead, 'to whom you speak?' 'I do not, indeed.' 'Sir, I am Mr Rothead, of Inverleith.' 'Well, sir, but that certainly does not entitle you to ride on the foot-path, and drive a humble pedestrian off it.' 'Why, sir, I am a trustee of this road.'

‘If you are, you are a very bad one.’ ‘You are an impudent fellow. Who are you, sir?’ ‘I am George, Duke of Montague.’ It is almost needless to add, that the haughty laird of Inverleith, after a very awkward apology, went off into the main road.

14. AN American General was in company where there were some few Scotch. After supper, when the wine was served up, the general rose, and addressed the company in the following words: ‘Gentlemen, I must inform you, that when I get a little groggish, I have an absurd custom of railing against the Scotch; I hope no gentleman in company will take it amiss.’ With this he sat down. Up starts M. a Scotch officer, and without seeming the least displeas’d, said, ‘Gentlemen, I, when I am a little groggish, and hear any person railing against the Scotch, have an absurd custom of kicking him out of the company: I hope no gentleman will take it amiss.’ It is superfluous to add, that that night he had no occasion to exercise his talents.

A carpenter having neglected to make a gibbet, (which was ordered by the executioner,) on the ground that he had not been paid for the last he had erected, gave so much offence, that the next time the judge came the circuit he was sent for. ‘Fellow,’ said the judge, in a stern tone, ‘how came you to neglect making the gibbet that was ordered on my account?’ ‘I

humbly beg your pardon,' said the carpenter ; ' had I known it had been FOR YOUR LORDSHIP, it should have been done immediately.

16. HOLY WATER.—A friend of mine was once present at the house of a French Lady in Canada, when a violent thunder-storm commenced. The shutters were immediately closed, and the room darkened. The lady of the house, not willing to leave the safety of herself and company to chance, began to search her closets for a bottle of water, which, by a sudden flash of lightning, she fortunately found. The bottle was uncorked, and its contents immediately sprinkled over the ladies and gentlemen. It was a most dreadful storm, and lasted a considerable time ; she therefore redoubled her sprinklings and benedictions at every clap of thunder or flash of lightning. At length the storm abated, and the party were providentially saved from its effects ; which the good lady attributed solely to the precious water. But when the shutters were opened, and the light admitted, the company found—to the destruction of their white gowns and muslin handkerchiefs, their coats, waistcoats, and breeches—that, instead of holy water, the pious lady had sprinkled them with INK.

17. An Englishman and a Scotchman coming in both together to an inn on the road, found nothing to be had but a piece of mutton and a chicken ; so one would have the chicken, and another would have it, and began to quarrel.

The landlady desired they would eat together ; but Sawney, whose head was building castles in the air, said, 'it should be preserved till morning, and that he that dreamed the best dream should eat it for his breakfast ;' so eating the mutton for their supper, they went to bed. The Scotchman could not sleep one wink for thinking what he should dream ; the Englishman observing where the chicken was, arose in the night and eat it. The next morning, when both were up, the Scotchman said very hastily, that he dreamed the bravest dream in the world: 'That he saw the heavens open, and that a choir of angels carried him up to St. Andrew in Heaven.' 'And,' said the Englishman, 'I dreamed that I saw you carried up to Heaven, so I arose and eat the chicken, for I knew you would have no occasion for fowls there.'

18. AN Irish country schoolmaster being asked what was meant by the word 'fortification,' instantly answered, with the utmost confidence, 'two twentifications make a fortification.'

19. AN Irish footman having carried a basket of game from his master to a friend, waited a considerable time for the customary fee, but not finding it likely to appear, scratched his head, and said, "Sir, if my master should say, 'Paddy, what did the gentleman give you?' what would your honour have me to tell him?"

20. AN Irish horse-dealer sold a mare as

sound wind and limb, and WITHOUT FAULT. It afterwards appeared that the poor beast could not see at all with one eye, and was almost blind of the other. The purchaser finding this made heavy complaints to the dealer, and reminded him, that he engaged the mare to be 'without fault.' 'To be sure,' replied the other, 'to be sure I did; but then my dear honey, the poor crater's blindness is not her FAULT, but her MISFORTUNE.'

21. ALMOST every body has heard the hack-nied Joe Millar joke of the Irish footman, who refused to tell his master's name, when he called at the post-office for his letters. This, however improbable, is equalled by the following fact, which occurred in this country not many years ago. A countryman residing between Arbroath, and Montrose was in the practice of depositing small sums occasionally in the bank at Arbroath. At last, from some motive which he deemed prudential, he conceived it might be as well to make his next deposit in the bank at Montrose. He accordingly went there, and handing a certain sum across the counter, inquired if they would keep that for him. 'O yes,' replied the banker; 'What is your name?' 'What's your business wi' my name, sir? Just gi'e me a bit o' paper,' said the countryman, with an indignant air. 'We cannot give a receipt till we know your name and place of abode,' replied the banker. 'O'd, you're ower qusitive fo'k for me!— Provost — of Arbroath never speers my

name, nor yet where I bide: he just gi'es me a paper at ance. Sae, sir, either gi'e me a paper or my siller back again, ony of them you like.' 'Would you let us look at one of Provost ——'s papers?' said the banker. 'O, ay, sir.' A receipt from the bank in Arbroath was now produced: in consequence of which they were enabled to give a proper voucher for the deposit. 'Now, sir, could ye no dune that at first, an' saved yoursel' a' that fasherie?' said the countryman, putting up his papers without looking at them.

22. Margery Bell, a canty old wife of 65, who gained an honest livelihood by selling apples, who had been three times a bride, and as often a widow, lately took it into her head to be married again. Her joe was a widdower of the name of James M'Donald, ten years younger than herself, who served in the army in the days of his youth, and who unfortunately for the peace of poor Maggy, is a veteran in wooing as well as in fighting—or in other words, "too old a cat to draw a straw before." On Monday week, Maggy went out to her frien James, and requested it as a favour that he would, "speak to" a neighbour to allow her the privilege of stowing "the maist valuable o' her bits o' furniture in his garret, as the laird was threatening to pound them for rent." M'Donald's answer was a very gallant one—"Maggy," said he, "ye ken we are widdowers, and I dinna see why we should pay twa rents, since ane

might do very well for us baith." This was what is called breaking the ice, and Maggy overjoyed to find him so complying, modestly replied, "I think sae too; but it's no for the like o' me to speak, for you men folk hae it a' in your ain power." By chatting in this pleasant manner, the happy pair whiled the time away till a late hour when the swain, of course, could do no less than convoy Maggy home. On the Wednesday following he visited her by appointment "to tak' a cup o' tea, and speak about it," and the matter was so far arranged that M'Donald regreted over and over again that the want of money should compel him to want a wife for the present. "'Tak nae thought o' that," said Maggy; I hae £5, twa pigs, galore o' apples, and ither things, and they shall a' be yours on the day o' the marriage." "Bravo!" said M'Donald, "then we'll aff to Lochmaben the morn's morning, and I'll joust tak' ae civil smack and bid you good night, my ain canty Maggy." To this proposal Maggy objected, and thought he might just as well stay where he was, and they would be the readier to start on the following morning. The swain was not difficult to persuade, and by five o'clock on Thursday, they were up and on the road. When they reached Maggy's namesake, "wi' the mony lochs," she gave her joe 4s. 6d., to pay for what drink might be needed; but when the lawin was called, he refused to come down, and levied from his intended a fresh contribution. He next wished to finger the five pounds, but

Maggy demurred, and at length confessed she had only one. M'Donald on this waxed very wroth, and exclaimed, "then I'll be hanged gif I marry ye," and though witnesses were called to attest the ceremony, the loving pair retraced their steps homewards, and literally got nothing but their labour for their pains. On reaching Maxwelltown, they agreed "not to let on but what they were married," for the truth is, a party had been invited to tea, &c., and M'Donald's friends to the number of thirty, spent the evening in a most joyous manner. As the glass circulated, the secret spunked out, but as Maggy spoke of "seeing what could be done the morn," M'Donald agreed to accompany her home, amidst the cheers and congratulations of all present. The morn soon came, but with it come no £5 note, and like other hard-hearted swains, who court less for love than a comfortable dowery, M'Donald flew off at a tangent, and left poor Maggy minus some ten or twelve shillings, and even more solitary than she had been before. Her whole disposable wealth, saving always the apples and the grumpies, had dwindled into £1, collected in bawbees from bairns; and she may truly say and sing too,

"For the lack of gold he's left me,
And of all that's dear bereft me."

23. WHEN the British ships under Lord Nelson were bearing down to attack the combined fleet of Trafalgar, the first-lieutenant of the *Révenge*, on going round to see that all hands

were at quarters, observed one of the men devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun. So very unusual an attitude in an English sailor exciting his surprise and curiosity, he went and asked the man if he was afraid. 'Afraid!' answered the honest tar, with a countenance expressive of the utmost disdain; 'no! I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as prize-money—the greatest part among the officers.'

24. AN itinerant painter staid so long at a country inn, that, though willing to depart, he had not money wherewithal to defray his lodging. The landlord, not willing to subscribe to a bad debt, settled it with him, that he should paint him a new sign; the subject a bear, and the price a guinea. But the painter said, if the bear had a chain drawn round about his neck and which he would advise him to) it would cost half-a-guinea more. The host was not agreeable to this extra expense. Accordingly the sign was painted, and the painter went his ways, when the rain descended and washed away the bear. Sometime after, the innkeeper met the painter on the road, and said he had imposed upon him, for that the bear was fled. 'Look ye here,' replied the painter, 'did not I advise you to have the chain about his neck; which, if it had taken place, he would have remained there still.'

25. AN under-sheriff in Wilts, being to at-

tend a malefactor to execution on a Friday, went to him the Wednesday before, to ask the following favour:—‘My good friend,’ says the sheriff, ‘you know I have orders to see you executed next Friday; now it so falls out, that I have business of the utmost importance to do at London on that day, and as you must die so soon, one day’s difference can make no odds. You know I have been very kind to you during your confinement, and I should take it as a particular favour if you would be hanged on Thursday morning.’ To which the prisoner replied, ‘It is true, you have been very kind to me, for which I return you my hearty thanks, and am very sorry I cannot oblige you in this particular, for it also falls out with me that I have some business of great importance to do on Friday morning; but, Mr Sheriff, to shew that I am not an ungrateful man, suppose we put off this said hanging till Monday morning. If you like that, Mr Sheriff, I’ll agree to it with all my heart.’

26. “MARKINCH, a little inland parish village in Fife, near the road between Kirkcaldy and Cupar, derives a sort of interest from a legend, connecting it with the name of one of our most distinguished Sovereigns. James the Fifth, in the course of a pedestrian tour through Fife, is said to have come in disguise to Markinch, and to have called at the only place of entertainment then in the village, for the purpose of refreshing himself. The landlady had only one room, and that was engaged by the clergyman

and schoolmaster of the parish ; but the King, having no objection to the society of two such respectable persons, did not scruple to enter and seat himself at the same table. When some time, and a good deal of liquor, had been spent, the reckoning was called ; and, as James had not been present during above a third of the whole sederunt, the schoolmaster proposed that he should pay a smaller share accordingly. But his way of reasoning did not satisfy the clergyman ; who vociferated that it had been the custom of Markinch, from time immemorial, to pay HIGGLETY PIGGLETY, without regard to the quantity of liquor which each individual might have drunk. The schoolmaster attempted to convince his boon companion of the selfishness and absurdity of this system, and particularly asserted the impropriety of carrying it into practice in the present case, inasmuch as the person in question was a stranger, and should be treated with hospitality instead of injustice. 'No, no, Sir !' bawled the priest, 'higglety pigglety's the word in Markinch, and will be as long as I hae ony thing to do wi't'—'Weel, weel,' said the King, who had not yet spoken, 'higglety pigglety be't ;' laying down his whole share of the reckoning. His Majesty immediately after took measures to put the schoolmaster and minister of Markinch upon an equal footing as to salary, at once to reward the generosity of the former, and to punish the sordidness of the latter. It is further said, that the salaries of these two parochial dignitaries continued nearly

equal till times not long gone by, and that the schoolmaster of Markinch is still rather better off than most of his brethren in that respect.

27. HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF A BAD BARGAIN.—A week or two ago, a man residing in the parish of Lochmaben, and a maid residing in the parish of Terregles, took it into their wise heads to be married. They were proclaimed accordingly in their respective parishes, and nobody appeared to forbid the bans. But on the day preceding the intended nuptials, the bride “took the rue,” and formed, of a sudden, the strange resolution of running off with another man. The bridegroom soon got an “inkling” of this, and in the agony of the moment was overheard muttering—

“She’s fair and she’s fause that causes my smart

I’ve lo’ed her meikle and lang ;

She’s broken her vows and she’s broken my heart

So I may e’en gae hang.”

Better thoughts, however, soon prevailed, and the man in the end took his revenge in the following sensible and appropriate manner. He had an old flame residing in Newabbey, and to her he forthwith popped the question. The lady was nothing loath, and her lover having discovered that the kirk’s delays may sometimes be as fatal as those of the law, determined to strike while the iron was hot. In place, therefore, of feeing the session-clerk twice, he hired a shandradan and drove of to Lochmaben where matrimonial orders are executed, we b

leave, on the shortest notice, and most reasonable terms. And who should he happen to encounter there but his old sweet-heart and her new helpmate, bound on the same joyous errand, and both apparently in high glee that they had got the start of him by a few minutes. Our hero, however, was not long behind them; the marrying magistrate got another fee, and the parties (the AMENDEHONORABLE was afterwards made to the kirk-session) are now tied as hard and fast as the laws of the land and church can bind them.

28. METHOD OF TEACHING MUSIC.—A

Highland piper having a pupil to teach, dined to rack his brains with the names of semibreves, minims, crotchets, and quavers. "Here, Donald lad, gie's a blast! So, so,—wera weel blaw'd, man; but what's SOUND, Donald lad, without SENSE? Ye may blaw, an blaw for aye, without maken a tune o't, gin ye dinna tell ye how the queer thing on the paper maun help ye. Ye see that big fallow wi' a round open face;"—pointing to a semibreve, between the two lines of a bar—"He moves slowly frae that line to this, whiles ye beat ane wi yere fit, an gie a lang loud blast. Gin ye's fit a fit till him, ye make twa o' him, and he'll move twice as fast. Gin ye black his face, he'll go in four times faster than the fallow wi' the white face; but gin, after blacking his face, he'll bend his knee, or tie his legs, he'll hop eight times faster than yon chap I showed you

first. Now, whene'er ye blaw your pipes, Donald, mind ye this, that the faster ye tie these fallows' legs, the quicker they maun dance, and the faster they'll be shure to rin!"

29. DIRECTIONS ON A BASKET OF FISH :—
 'For Dr. Somebody, at Stevenage.—N. B. As the name is forgot, and direction lost, be careful to whom it is delivered.'—On the other side, on a printed card, 'Orders executed with great punctuality.'

30. AN Irishman meeting another, asked what was become of their old acquaintance, 'Arrah, now, dear honey,' answered the other, 'poor Paddy was condemned to be hanged, but he saved his life by dying in prison.'

31. AN old woman that sold ale being at church, fell asleep during the sermon, and unluckly let her old-fashioned clasped Bible fall which making a great noise, she exclaimed, hal awake, 'So, you jade! there's another jug broke,

32. A country curate, remarked for his great benevolence and charity to all his neighbours, was going on horseback, in the middle of a hard frost, ten miles distance, to do duty and seeing a boy sit crying under a hedge, with a pan and a brush, with which he had been marking some sheep, inquired the cause of his grief. 'I have six miles to go home,' said the

boy, 'and I am almost perished; I shall never reach it, I am sure, but die here.' The six miles the boy had to go, happened to lie in the parson's road, and he very humanely offered to let him ride behind, which the lad willingly accepted, and mounted. As they went along, the parson asked him a number of questions respecting his creed. 'Alas!' said the boy, 'I can neither write nor read, and on Sundays I watch the flocks.' 'More's the pity,' said the curate, 'I'll instruct you as we ride, if you'll mark me.' 'I will, to be sure,' said the boy. The parson began, and fearful the boy might not always attend to him, said every five minutes, 'Mark me, boy.' 'I do,' says he, and gives him a stroke on the back with the ruddle. This word was so often repeated and always complied with on the part of the boy, that the parson began to look like a soldier. At length, being near the end of the journey, the clergyman said, 'Now, boy, mark me for the last time.' 'By goles, I can't now,' says the boy 'FOR I'VE USED ALL THE RUDDLE.'

33. A rider to a capital house in Watling-street being on a journey, was attacked a few miles beyond Winchester by a single highwayman, who taking him by surprise, robbed him of his purse and pocket-book, containing cash and notes to a considerable amount. 'Sir,' said the rider, with great presence of mind, 'I have suffered you to take my property, and you are welcome to it. It is my master's, and the

loss cannot do him much harm; but as it will look very cowardly in me to have been robbed without making any defence, I should take it kindly of you just to fire a pistol through my coat.' 'With all my heart,' said the highwayman, 'where will you have the ball?' 'Here,' said the rider, 'just by the side of the button.' The unthinking highwayman was as good as his word; but the moment he fired, the rider knocked him off his horse, and, with the assistance of the traveller, who just at that time arrived, lodged the highwayman in Winchester gaol.

34. Two Irish labourers being at the execution of three malefactors on the new scaffold before Newgate, one says to the other, 'Arrah Pat, now, ! but is there any difference between being hanged here and being hanged in chains?' 'No honey!' replied he, 'no great difference only one hangs about an hour, and the other hangs all the days of his life.'

35. A commercial traveller one day at a country inn, was boasting somewhat extravagantly of the very extensive nature of the transactions in which he had the honour to be concerned. Amongst other proofs of the truth of his representations, he stated to his fellow-travellers, that "his house" paid upwards of £300 per annum for the article of writing-in-ink only, to be used in their counting-house, and other offices! "Oh!" replies a traveller in a different line of business, "that's a mere fle-

bite to the business done by our house; do you know," he continued, "that during the last twelvemonths we have saved, in that article, alone, no less a sum than £2,000, by merely omitting the dots to our I's, and the crosses to our T's!"

36. THE clergyman of a country village reprehending one of his parishioners for quarrelling with his wife so loudly and so frequently, as to be a source of perpetual disturbance to the neighbourhood, in the course of his exhortation remarked, that the scriptures declared that man and wife were ONE. 'Aye, that may be, sir,' answered Hodge, 'but if you were to go by when me and my wife are at it, you'd think there were TWENTY of us!'

37. AN English gentleman travelling through the Highlands, came to the inn of Letter Finlay, in the braes of Lochaber. He saw no person near the inn, and knocked at the door. No answer. He knocked repeatedly with as little success: he then opened the door and walked in. On looking about, he saw a man lying on a bed, whom he hailed thus: "Are there any Christians in this house?" "No," was the reply, "we are all Camerons."

38. AN honest Highlander, walking along Holborn, heard a voice cry 'ROGUE, SCOT! ROGUE SCOT!' His northern blood fired at the insult, he drew his broad sword, looking

round him on every side, to discover the object of his indignation; at last he found that it came from a parrot, perched in a balcony within his reach. But the generous Scot, disdain- ing to stain his trusty blade with such ignoble blood, put up his sword again, with a sour smile, saying, 'Gin ye were a man as ye're a green geuse, I would split your weem.'

39. Sir Toby Butler, the famed Irish barrister, once invited Sir Charles Coote to dinner; he knew that his guest valued himself on a long list of ancestry, in which Sir Toby could have rivalled him if he had not prized himself on his own merit. At dinner Sir Toby used to cry out, 'Tell my cousin Pat the butler, tell my cousin Oonah the cook, tell my cousin Terry the groom, such and such a thing.' 'What,' said Sir Charles, in a degree of surprise, 'I find that all your servants are your relations.' 'To be sure,' said the knight: 'is it not more praise worthy to retain my own relations for servants, than to keep your's!'

FINIS.