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"I shall mention the cheapest book I know: it is entitled, 'Mitchison's Violin Tutor,' and is published by John Cameron, 47 York Street, Glasgow, at the low price of sixpence. It has evidently been well appreciated, for it has reached its sixtieth thousand.

"One of the beauties of this little book is this: it gives, in fifteen expositions, a complete catechism of music. It tells you all about (1) clefs, (2) notes, (3) rests, (4) sharps and flats, (5) single and double bars, (6) graces, (7) intervals, (8) scales, (9) major and minor keys, (10) expressions, (11) time, &c., &c. It then goes on to give instructions in the method of playing the violin; and the main portion of the work is filled with a good selection of easy melodies—English, Irish, Italian, and Scotch. I heartily recommend this book to the young student.

"In Mitchison are dozens of beautiful airs, many of which you are sure to know. I would allow you to practise these airs, and you would easily know when you were playing right or wrong, true or false, flat or sharp. In all cheap selections of airs there are many not worth the paper they are printed on; but here, in Mitchison, we find such charming melodies as 'Annie Laurie,' 'Auld Robin Gray,' 'Bonnie's Stream,' 'Bonnie Bessie Lee,' 'Bonnie Bondeemer's Stream,' 'Callie Herrin,' 'Dell tak' the Wars,' 'Fra Wee Thing,' 'Carnival de Venise,' 'Last Rose of Summer,' 'poco à me,' 'March of the Cameron Men, &c., &c.'

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"John Cameron, of Glasgow, has also a very nice collection, called 'Cameron's Violin Music, arranged as Solos or Duets for the Violin.' It begins with a prelude on G, followed by the charming song, 'Will ye no come back again?' And it gives scale exercises on every key, followed by melodies, quick and slow, and lessons on the shift, harmonics, chords, and arpeggios."—"How to Play the Violin," *Boys' Own Paper*, Vol. IV.

5. Duets Book for the Violin, containing 96 popular Tunes arranged for two Violins.

"The Violin: How to Master It," by a Professional Player, strongly recommends this book.

6. Cabinet of Music for the Violin, *New*.  
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"I cannot refrain from saying a good word here for a collection of Scottish Songs published by Cameron, of Glasgow, called the 'Lyric Gems of Scotland.' I could not tell you what a comfort that little book has been to me in all my wanderings about the world."—*Extract from articles on Violin playing in "The Boys' Own Paper"—Vol. IV.*

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 2. Cabinet of Songs for the Melodeon.  
 4. Gems of Dance Music for the Melodeon, *New*.  
 5. Gems of Music do.,  
 6. Gems of Sacred Music do.,

*One Shilling.*

3. Dance Music and Songs for the Melodeon. *New*.  
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COLLECTION

OF

WIT AND WISDOM:

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# THE MUSEUM OF MIRTH.

## IRISH WIT AND WISDOM.

### SCENE IN A JUSTICE'S COURT.

"Mr. Malone, you are fined forty shillings for assault and battery on Mike Sweeny."

"I've the money in my pocket, and I'll pay the fine if your honour will give me the resate."

"We give no receipts here. We just take the money. You'll not be called upon a second time for your fine."

"But, your honour, I'll not be wanting to pay the same without I get a resate."

"What do you want to do with it?"

"If your honour will write one and give it to me, I'll tell you."

"Well, there's your receipt. Now, what do you want to do with it?"

"I'll tell your honour. You see, one of these days I'll be after dying, and when I get to the gate of heaven I'll rap, and they'll say, 'What do you want?' and I'll say, 'I want to come in;' and they'll say, 'Did you behave yourself like a dacent boy in the other world, and pay all your little fines, and such things?' and I'll say, 'Yes, I paid them all of them,' and I'll put my hand into my pocket and take out my resate, and give it to them, and I'll not have to go to a very bad place to find your honour to get one."

### COUNSEL OUTWITTED.

At the criminal court, a few days since, a learned gentleman, dissatisfied at his success with an Irish witness, complained to the court. "I'm no lawyer, yer honour, and he wants to puzzle me." *Counsel*: "Come, now, do you swear you are no lawyer?" *Witness*: "Faith, an' I do; and you may swear that same about yourself, without fear of being liable for perjury."

## USELESS LABOUR.

An Irishman some time ago was committed to the House of Correction for a misdemeanour, and sentenced to work on the tread-wheel for the space of a month. He observed, at the expiration of his task, "What a grate dale of fatigue and botheration it would have saved us poor crathers if they had but invinted it to go by stheeme, like all other water-mills; for, burn me, if I have not heen afther going up stairs for this four weeks, but could not reach the chamber-door at all, at all."

## OBLIGING.

At a crowded lectre the other evening, a young lady standing at the door of the church was addressed by an honest Hibernian, who was in attendance on the occasion, with, "Indade, miss, I should be glad to give you a sate, but the empty ones are all full."

## COOLNESS.

A rollicking Hibernian of the light division in the Peninsula was once trudging leisurely along the road with a pig in a string behind him, when, as bad luck would have it, he was overtaken by General Crauford. The salutation, as may be supposed, was not the most cordial. "Where did you steal that pig, you plundering rascal?" "What pig, ginceral?" exclaimed the culprit, turning round to him with an air of the most innocent surprise. "Why, that pig you have got behind you, you villain." "Well, then, I vow and protest, ginceral," rejoined Paddy, nothing abashed, and turning round to his four-footed companion, as if he had never seen him before, "it is scandalons to think what a wicked world we live in, and how ready folks are to take away an honest hoy's character. Some blackguard, wanting to get me into trouble, has tied that baste to my cartouch box."

## GRATITUDE.

After O'Connell had obtained the acquittal of a horse-stealer, the thief, in the ecstasy of his gratitude, cried out, "Och, counsellor, I've no way *here* to thank your honour; hut I wish't I saw you knocked down in me own parish—would I bring a faction to the rescue?"

## LETTING OUT THE DARK.

A gentleman seeing a man removing an embankment from a dwelling, inquired, "Patrick, what are you doing?" "Opening the cellar window, sir." "What are you doing that for?" "To let out the dark, yer honour."



## ADVANCE OF THE MAIL.

"You have dated your letter a week ahead. It is not so late in the month by one week, you spalpane." "Troth, hoy, indade an' it's jist mesilf what is wanting sweet Kathleen to get it in advance of the mail. Sure I'll not care if she get's it three days afore it is written, me darlint."

## A POSTSCRIPT.

An Irish lady wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money. She added, by way of postscript, "I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I sent after the postman to get it hack, hut the servant could not overtake him."

## TOO LATE.

An Irishman was indnlging in the very intellectual occnpation of sncking raw eggs and reading a newspaper. By some mischance he contrived to holt a live chicken. The poor hird chirruped as it went down his throat, and he very coolly said, "By the powers, my young friend, yon spoke too late!"

## AN OBJECTION COMPLETELY ANSWERED.

A poor son of the Emerald Isle applied for employment to an avaricious hunks, who told him he employed no Irishmen, "for the last one died on my hands, and I was forced to hurry him at my own charge." "Ah, your honour," said Pat, brightening up, "an' is that all? Then you'd give me the place: for sure I can get a certificate that I never died in the employ of any master I iver served."

## WAYS AND MEANS.

Two Irishmen, who were travelling together, got out of money, and, being in want of a drink of whisky, devised the following ways and means:—

Patrick, catching a frog out of a brook, went ahead, and at the very first tavern he came to asked the landlord what sort of a cratur that was?

He said "frog," of course.

"No, sir," said Pat, "it's a monse."

"It's a frog," replied the landlord.

"It is a mouse," said Pat, "and I will leave it to the first traveller that comes along for a pint of whisky."

"Agreed," said the landlord.

Murphy soon arrived, and to him was the appeal made. After mnch examination and deliberation, he declared it to be a mouse, and the landlord, in spite of the evidence of his senses, paid the bet.

## NO CHARACTER REQUIRED.

A few days ago a poor Irishman, who applied for a license to sell ardent spirits, being questioned by the Board of Excise as to his moral fitness for the trust, replied, "Ah, sure it is not much of a character that a man needs to sell rum."

## CALLING THE ROLL.

"Tintion!" exclaimed an Irish sergeant to his platoon, "front face, and 'tind to rowl-call! As many of ye as is presint will say 'Here,' and as many of ye as is not presint will say 'Absent.'"

## A CHOICE.

An Irishman called at a printing-office with an advertisement, and, like a prudent man, inquired what it would cost. He was informed that for one insertion the price would be two dollars; and for subsequent insertions, 75 cents each. "An' faith," said he, "I'll only have two subsequent insertions."

## NOTICE.

"In Cork," says O'Connell, "I remember a supernumerary crier, who had been put in the place of an invalid, trying to disperse the crowd by exclaiming, with a Stentorian voice, 'All you blackguards that isn't lawyers, lave the presence of the court entirely, or I'll make ye, by the powers.'"

## SECOND LOVE.

"Do you believe in second love, Misther M'Quid?" "Do I belave in second love? Humph! If a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it swate? and when it's gone, don't he want another pound, and isn't that swate too? Troth, Murphy, I *do* belave in second love."

## IRISH WIT.

A lively Hibernian exclaimed, at a party where Theodore Hook shone as the evening star, "Och, Master Theodore, but you are the *hook* that nobody can *bate*."

## THE WAY TO KEEP A SECRET.

A key belonging to a well known bank having been lost, the bank official sent the city crier to "cry" its loss, with a strict injunction not to betray what key it was. The faithful crier, having rung his bell with unusual force at the corner of the street, made known the loss as follows:—"Lost, between Mr. Patherson's and nine o'clock this morning, a large key; an' I'm not authorized to tell what key it was, 'cos it's the key to the bank."

## THE RIGHT HAND.

An Irishman being called to testify in court as a witness, was told by the clerk to hold up his right hand. "Hold up your right hand," said the clerk. "Plase your honour," said the witness, still keeping up his left hand, "Plase your hononr, I am left-handed."

## THE PILLAR POST OFFICE.

"Och, snre this must be the Dead Letter Office," said an Irishman, addressing one of the posts recently erected for the reception of letters, "for niver a livin' sowl is there in to tell me the postage of a letther."

## IRISH BULLS.

The Irish papers, in describing a late dnel at Waterford, say that one of the combatants was shot through the *fleshy* part of the *thigh bone*! But this is nothing to the real Irish bull of a man named Hendrick, who, a short time ago, lodged a complaint at the Dublin police office against a comrade, named Lawless, for cheating him out of his share of the produce of a set of harness which they had stolen out of a coach-house that morning! Hendrick told his story with great *naivette*, and mentioned where the harness had been sold, but was quite astonished when the magistrate ordered him to Newgate. Search was immediately made for Lawless.

## GOOD ROADS.

An Englishman having asked a son of Erin if the roads in Ireland were good, Pat replied, "Yes, they are so fine, that I wonder you do not import some of them into England: let me see, there's the road to love strewed with roses; to matrimony, through nettles; to honour, through the camp; to prison, through the law; and to the undertaker's through physic." "Have you any road to preferment?" said the Englishman. "Yes, faith we have; but that is the dirtiest road in the kingdom."

## CLEAN HANDS.

A poor Irish barrister, who did not always come into court properly dressed, the judge, who was suspected of not being the most pure upon the bench, one day took notice of the barrister in these words, "My dear Mr. Macgrah, I am sorry to see you come into court with such a dirty shirt." "Faith, and I am very sorry for it too," replied the barrister; "bnt though my shirt is *dirty*, if your lordship will look, you will see that my hands are *clane*."

## HIBERNIAN BLUNDERS:

*Copy of a Letter written during the Rebellion by an Irish Member of Parliament to his friend in London:—*

"My Dear Sir,—Having now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are in from these blood-thirsty rebels, most of whom are, thank God, killed and dispersed.

"We are in a pretty mess; can get nothing to eat, nor any wine to drink, except whisky; and when we sit down to dinner, we are obliged to keep both hands armed. Whilst I write this letter I hold a sword in each hand and a pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it, and I see I was right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings on, that everything is at a stand.

"I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning. Indeed, hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed; no longer ago than yesterday, the coach, with the mails from Dublin, was robbed near this town: the bags had been judiciously left behind for fear of accidents, and by good luck there was nobody in it but two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take.

"Last Thursday, notice was given that a gang of rebels was advancing here under the French standard; but they had no colours, nor any drums, except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and boys, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little, and they were far too near for us to think of retreating. Death was in every face; but to it we went, and by the time half our little party were killed we began to be all alive. Fortunately the rebels had no guns, but pistols, cutlasses, and pikes; and, as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword. Not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjacent bog; and, in a very short time, there was nothing to be heard but silence. Their uniforms were all of different colours, but mostly green. After the action we went to rummage a sort of camp they had left behind them; all we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles full of water, and a bundle of blank French commissions, filled up with Irishmen's names.

"Troops are now stationed everywhere round the country, which exactly square with my ideas.

"I have only leisure to add that I am, in great haste, yours truly.

"P.S.—If you don't receive this in course, it must have miscarried; therefore I beg you will immediately write to let me know."

## A CONTRAST.

Two Irish seamen, being on board a ship of war that was lying at Spithead, one of them, looking on Haslar Hospital, observed, "How much that building puts me in mind of my father's stables." "Arrah, my honey," cries the other, "come with me, and I will show you what will put you in mind of your father's house." So saying, he led him to the pig-sty; "There," said he, "does not that put you in mind of your father's parlour?"

## AN ECHO.

When Paddy Blake heard an English gentleman speaking of the fine echo at the lake of Killarney, which repeats the sound forty times, he very promptly observed, "Pooh! faith that's nothing at all at all to the echo in my father's garden, in the county of Galway; there, honey, if you were to say to it, *How do you do, Paddy Blake?* it would answer, *Very well, I thank you, sir.*"

## NOT AT HOME.

An Irish servant being asked if her master was at home, replied, "No." "When will he return?" "Oh, when master gives orders to say he is not at home, we never know when he will come in."

## HOW TO RISE EARLY.

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

## DUBLIN ADVERTISEMENT.

An Irish doctor advertises, that the deaf may hear of him at a house in Liffey Street, where his blind patients may see him from ten till three.

## PADDY'S ADVICE.

A man having built a large house, was at a loss what to do with the rubbish. His Irish steward advised him to have a pit dug large enough to contain it. "And what," said he, smiling, "shall I do with the earth that I dig up from it?" To which the steward, with great gravity, replied, "*Have the pit made large enough to hold all.*"

## PAT'S IDEA OF REVENGE.

"Well, Pat, Jimmy didn't quite kill you with a brickbat, did he?" "No, but I wish he had." "What for?" "So I could have seen him hung, the villain!"

## THE USE OF LANGUAGE.

A certain Tipperary gentleman, whose name is too familiar for me to print, once called upon a countryman in Paris, and, after ringing stoutly at the bell, the door was opened by a very smartly-dressed "maid," whose *grisette* cap and apron immediately seemed to pronounce her to be French.

"Est Captain—est Monsieur O'Shea ici?" asked he, in considerable hesitation.

"Ah, sir, you're English," exclaimed the maid, in a very London accent.

"Yes, my little darlin'! I was asking for Captain O'Shea."

"Ah, sir, you're Irish," said she, with a very significant fall of the voice.

"So," as he afterwards said, "my French showed that I was English, and my English that I was Irish."

## GENUINE ELOQUENCE.

There is no people in the world with whom eloquence is so universal a gift as the Irish. When Leitch Ritchie was travelling in Ireland, he passed a man who was a painful spectacle of palor, squalor, and raggedness. His heart smote him, and he turned back. "If you are in want," said Ritchie, with some degree of peevishness, "why don't you beg?" "Sure it's begging I am, yer honour." "You didn't say a word." "Ov coorse not, yer honour; but see how the skin is speakin' through the holes of me trowsers, and the bones crying out through my skin! Look at me sunken cheeks, and the famine that's starin' in me eycs. Man alive! isn't it beggin' I am with a hundred tongues?"

## IRISH DREAMING.

When General V—— was quartered in a small town in Ireland, he and his lady were regularly besieged, as they got into their carriage, by an old beggar woman who kept her post at the door, assailing them daily with fresh importunities. Their charity and patience became exhausted; not so the petitioner's perseverance. One morning, as Lady V—— stepped into the carriage, our oratrix began, "Oh! my lady! success to your ladyship, and success to your honour's honour, this morning, of all the days in the year; for sure did I not *dream* last night her ladyship gave me a pound of tea, and your honour gave me a pound of tobacco." "But, my good woman," said the general, "don't you know that dreams go by the rule of contrary?" "Do they so?" rejoined the old woman: "then it must *maan* that your honour will give me the tea, and her ladyship the tobacco."

## PADDY AND THE PRIEST.

A priest in the neighbourhood of Cork, fancying that the "dues" at confession were insufficient remuneration for the pardons he granted, told his congregation that in future he would not hear confessions, unless the "compliment" was increased. This, of course, created a great sensation in his parish; some murmured, a few remonstrated, and others absented themselves from the confessional altogether. Amongst the latter was Darby Donovan. "Hilloa, Darby," said the priest one morning, spying Darby sneaking along the side of a ditch to avoid a meeting. "Hilloa, Darby! is that you?" "Oh! thin, is it yer reverence? I hope yer reverence, and all belonging to yer reverence is well. It's a good step to Blarney, and my sister's child's sick in it, so as it's contrary to yer reverence I'm going, I'll wish yon a plasant day." "Stay, Darby," called the priest; "what's the reason you have not been to confession lately?" "Plaze yerreverence," said Darby, scratching his head, "I've never been able to afford it *since the grace of God riz.*"

## DEAN SWIFT AND THE LAWYERS.

Dean Swift having preached an assize sermon in Ireland, was invited to dine with the judges; and having in his sermon considered the use and abuse of the law, he then pressed a little hard upon those counsellors who pled causes which they knew in their consciences to be wrong. When dinner was over, and the glass began to go round, a young barrister retorted upon the dean; and after several altercations, the counsellor asked him, "If the devil were to die, whether a *parson* might not be found who, for money, would preach his funeral sermon?" "Yes," said Swift, "I would gladly be the man, and I would then give the devil his due, as I have this day done his *children.*"

## AN IRISHMAN'S BELIEF.

An Irishman, nearly "three sheets in the wind," was asked of what belief he was? He replied, "Go to the widow Miliken, I owe her 12s.; it is her belief I will never pay her, and, faith, that's my belief too."

## IRISHMAN'S GUN.

A man having sold a gun to an Irishman, he soon returned with it, complaining that the barrel was much bent. "Is it?" said he, "then I ought to have charged more for it." "Why so?" said the other. "Because these pieces are constructed for shooting round a corner."

## BACHELORS' WIVES.

An Irish colonel of a volunteer corps, who had long been a confirmed *bachelor*, excited much pleasantry by haranguing his men. "Gentlemen, we are all assembled this day to defend our *wives* and our *children*."

## IRISH REASONING.

An Irishman asked an itinerant poulterer the price of a pair of fowls. "Six shillings, sir." "In my dear country, my darling, you might buy them for sixpence *a pace*." "Why don't you remain in your dear country, then?" "Case we have no *sixpences*, my jewel," said Pat.

## AN IRISH WINE DRINKER.

A gentleman from Ireland, on entering a London tavern, saw a countryman of his, a Tipperary squire, sitting over his pint of wine in the coffee-room. "Blood an 'onnds! my dear fellow," said he, "what are you about? for the honour of Tipperary, don't be after sitting over a pint of wine in a house like this." "Make yourself aisy, countryman," was the reply, "it's the *seventh* I have had, and every one in the room knows it."

## ABLE DEFENCE.

At the late Limerick assizes, P. Magrath was tried for stealing a greatcoat. After this fact had been proved, the judge called upon him for his defence, when the prisoner addressed the court:—"My lord, he saw what a bad way I was in for clothes, being almost naked, and he said, 'I would advise you, Pat, the first coat or blanket you get to throw it over your shoulders.' I did so, my lord, and now he is prosecuting me for following his own bad advice; and this is my defence, please your reverence's lordship." The court was convulsed with laughter.

## CLEVER AUTHOR.

An Irishman, on seeing an acquaintance reading, exclaimed, "Arrah, honey! an' whose the arther o' that work?" "Fait, my jewel, an' how can I tell that same?" "Why, my dear, look to the end on't, and ye'll see that." "'Tis *Finis*," rejoined the other. "A clever fellow, that said *Finis*; why, he's the arther of every book."

## A GOOD EXCUSE.

An Irishman was once brought before a magistrate, charged with marrying six wives. The magistrate asked him how he could be so hardened a villain? "Please your worship," says Paddy, "*I was trying to get a good one.*"



## THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

An honest, simple Irishman, a short time ago, landed on one of the quays at Liverpool in search of harvest work. A fellow on the quay, thinking to *quiz* the poor stranger, asked him, "How long, Pat, have you broke loose from your father's cabin, and how does the potatoes eat now?" The Irish lad, who happened to have a shillelagh in his hand, answered, "Oh, they eat very well, my jewel, would you like to taste the *stalk*?" and knocking the inquirer down, coolly walked off."

## IRISH NEWS.

The *Dublin Evening Post* lately gave a long account of an attack upon a farm-house by a gang of villains, which, it concludes by stating, is entirely unfounded.

## HOW TO ASCERTAIN A MAN'S DEATH.

An Irishman being informed of the death of Mr. Patrick Cotter (commonly called Patrick O'Brian, the Irish giant), replied, "I have heard his death reported so often, and found it to be false, that I am resolved not to credit it till I hear it from his own lips."

## DEAN SWIFT AND MARGARET STYLES.

Dean Swift knew an old woman of the name of Margaret Styles, who was much addicted to drinking. Though frequently admonished by him, he one day found her at the bottom of a ditch, with a bundle of sticks, with which, being in her old way, she tumbled in. The Dean, after severely rebuking her, asked her, "Where she thought of going to?" (meaning after death.) "I'll tell you, sir," said she, "if you'll help me up." When he had assisted her, and repeated his question—"Where do I think of going to?" said she, "where the best liquor is, to be sure!"

## CONTENTMENT.

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

## GOOD CHARACTER.

An Irish witness was recently asked, at one of the County Courts, what he knew of the prisoner's character for truth and veracity? "Why in troth, yer honour, since iver I've known her, she has kept her house clane and dacent."

## HANGING UP TO DRY.

An English labourer in Cheshire attempting to drown himself, an Irish reaper, who saw him go into the water, leaped after him, and brought him safe to shore. The fellow attempting it a second time, the reaper a second time got him out; but the labourer being determined to destroy himself, watched an opportunity and hanged himself behind the barn-door. The Irishman observed him, but never offered to cut him down; when, several hours afterward, the master of the farm-yard asked him, upon what ground he had suffered the poor fellow to hang there? "Faith," replied Patrick, "I don't know what you mean by ground; I *know* I was so good to him that I fetched him out of the water two times; and I *know*, too, he was wet through every rag, and I thought *he hung himself up to dry*, and you know I could have no right to prevent him."

## POPERY.

The late Father O'Leary, of witty celebrity, had once a pamphleteering war of polemics with the protestant bishop of Cloyne, in which the prelate inveighed with great acrimony against the superstitions of popery, and particularly against the doctrine of purgatory. Father O'Leary, in his reply, slyly observed, "that much as the bishop disliked purgatory, he might possibly go much farther and fare worse."

## THEATRICAL ELOQUENCE.

An address, delivered by the manager of a small theatre in Ireland, there being only three persons in the house:—"Ladies and gentlemen—As there is nobody here, I'll dismiss you all; the performances of this night will not be performed; but the performances of this night will be repeated to-morrow evening."

## ORIGINAL IRISH BLUNDER.

A person having called at the house of a gentleman (who had been some time out of town), asked the maid-servant (an Irish woman), "Pray, has Mr. Mills returned from the country yet?" "Yes, sir," replied the female Paddy, "*but he's not in town.*"

## PAT'S CONSIDERATION.

A gentleman travelling on horseback, not long ago, came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land. "What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat?" said he. "A herd of cows would starve to death on *that* land!" "And shure, your honour, wasn't I *fencing* it to keep the poor bastes out iv it?"

## POOR SOUP.

An old Dublin beggar woman asked a lady, the other day, for a halfpenny. "I've nothing for you," said the lady; "bnt, if you go to the soup-kitchen, you'll get a pint of excellent soup." "Soup is it ye mane?" bawled the indignant mendicant; "do you call that stuff soup? Snre and I'll jist tell you how they make it! They get a quart of water, and then boil it down to a pint, *to make it strong.*"

## FINE EAR.

Two Irishmen in crossing a field came in contact with a donkey who was making "day hideons" with his unearthly braying. Jemmy stood a moment in astonishment, bnt turning to Pat, who seemed as much enraptured with the song as himself, remarked, "It's a fine large ear that bird has for music, Pat, but sure he's got an awful cowl'd."

## A GOOD REASON.

A celebrated Irishman was urged to write a "Life of Shakspeare" on very tempting terms. He refused, protesting loudly that his admiration and "rivirence" for that greatest of hards prevented him—"I couldn't do it—don't ask me; I couldn't—my rivirence for the immortal." He then added, in quite a casual way, "Besides, I know very little about him."

## AN IRISHMAN,

Who was giving his testimony in the Boston Municipal Court lately, convulsed the bar, tickled the jury, and raised a smile on the bench, by the following statement:—"Ye see, may't plaze yees, that this man got a stroke and fell down. Every-body around called out, 'Oh, he's kil't! he's kil't!' Thin I steps np, and I hollied out to the crowd, 'If the man is kil't, why don't yees stand back, and give him a little air!'"

## GOOD.

A biography of Robespierre, pnblished in an Irish paper, concludes with the following remarkable sentence:—"This extraordinary man left no children behind him except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

## AN IRISH FOOTMAN,

At the West end of London, on entering a room where there was a vase of golden fish, exclaimed—"This is the first time I ever saw red herrings alive in the whole conrse of my life."

## SWIFT

Once gave a gentleman of very good character and fortune a letter of recommendation to Pope, couched in the following terms:—"Dear Pope,—Though the little fellow that brings this be a justice of peace, and a member of our Irish House of Commons, yet he may not be altogether unworthy of your acquaintance."

## PADDY AND THE NOBLEMAN.

An English nobleman travelling in Ireland, being anxious to test the wit of the natives, thus addressed a labourer who was at work on the road:—"Paddy, my boy, if the devil might have one of us two at the present time, which do you think he would choose?"—"Och! me, to be sure," answered Pat, with a grin. The Englishman asked, "Why so?"—"Bedad! your honour," rejoined Paddy, with a broader grin than before, "he would take me while he could get me; for sure he knows he may have your honour's lordship at any time."

## AN EQUAL DIVISION OF PROPERTY.

A ragged Irish emigrant was arguing strongly in favour of an equal division of property in his blessed land of adoption. "Well, suppose such a division were to take place," said his opponent, "how much do you think would fall to your share?" "Why, I don't know *justly*," replied Teague, "but I should suppose something like 2,000 dollars, more or less." "Well, what would you do with your portion when you had got it?" asked the other. "Why, I'm the man that would spend it, would I not!" rejoined the Irishman. "And when that was gone, what would you do next?" demanded the other. "What would I do next?" returned the equalizing philosopher. "Why, what should I do, my jewel, but be after having *another division!*"

## A LUCKY IRISHMAN.

Pat, on arriving at an inn after night, went to bed, and was called up in two or three hours, to renew his journey by coach. "What will you charge," said he, "for the bit of lodging?" "A shilling," was the reply. "Sure," he rejoined, "an' it was lucky I had to rise so airy; for if I'd slept till morning I'd not have had the money to pay the bill."

## DIFFIDENCE.

An Irishman charged with an assault was asked by the judge whether he was guilty or not. "How can I tell," was the reply, "till I have heard the evidence?"

## DEAD OR ALIVE.

Two young Irishmen happened to get into an affray, in which one of them was knocked down. His comrade ran up to him, and cried out, "Zounds, Dennis, if yon be dead, can't you *spake*?" "I'm not dead, hut speechless," said the other.

## DEAN SWIFT,

While on a jonnrey, and stopping at a tavern, desired his servant John—who, hy the way, was as eccentric as his master—to bring him his boots. John brought up the boots in the same state as they were taken off the evening previous. "Why didn't you polish my boots?" said the dean. "There's no use in polishing them," replied the man, "for they would soon be dirty again." "Very true," said the dean, and he put on the boots. Immediately after he went down to the landlady, and told her on no account to give his servant any breakfast, and then ordered the horses out. As he was ready to start, John ran to him in a great hurry, and said, "Mr. Dean, I haven't had my breakfast yet!" "Oh! there's no use in your breakfasting, for you would soon be hungry again!"

## CATCHING THE ACCENT.

A fashionable Irish gentleman driving a good deal about Cheltenham, was observed to have the not very graceful habit of lolling his tongue out as he went along. Curran, who was there, was asked what he thought could be his countryman's motive for giving the instrument of eloquence such an airing. "Oh!" said he, "he's trying to catch the English accent."

## A THREAT.

An Irish officer, not very conversant in law terms, was lately tried for an alleged assault. As the jury were coming to be sworn, the judge, addressing the major, told him, that if there were any amongst them to whom he had any objection, that was the time to challenge them. "I thank your lordship," said the gallant prisoner, "but, with your lordship's permission, I'll defer that ceremony till after my trial, and if they don't acquit me, hy the piper of Leinster, I'll *challenge* every mother's son of them, and have 'em out too."

## WIT BOTTLED IN VERSE.

"Were you ever in Cork, sir?" was Foote asked one day;  
And the actor replied in his humorous way,  
"That though in most cities of note he had been,  
Yet of Cork 'twas the *drawings* alone he had seen."

## PADDY'S PIG.

As a shadow to all these sunny southern lights, I must here mention that I did meet with a few extraordinary mean men in Sydney. There was one, a merchant-prince, who made it a boast that he had never given away a shilling in his life. So far as I know, he only departed from his extreme selfishness on one occasion, and the circumstances are worth relating. One morning a poor Irishman stepped into his counting-house, and, looking the very picture of misery, said, "Oh! may it please yer honour, I've lost a pig—the *only* pig I had—and mistress —, the governess, has given me a pound, and sent me to you for another. She says you have enough gold to build a sty wid, and will be sure to give me a little." At first, old hard-fist refused; upon which Paddy threw himself on a stool, and raised such a piteous wail that the merchant, thinking he was mad about the death of his pig, gave him the pound to get quit of him. Next day the proprietor of the defunct porker was passing the warehouse, and seeing his benefactor at the door, pulled his hat to him. "Well, did you get drunk with that pound, or buy another pig?" asked the rich man, gruffly. "Bought a pig, yer honour—a darling little thing, wid a sweet twist in his tail, like a lady's curl." "Well, it's to be hoped you'll take better care of him than you did of the other. What did he die of?" "Die of? Did ye say die of, now? Why get out wid ye, *he was so fat I killed him!*"

## OUT OF EVIL COMETH GOOD.

One of our eminent lawyers, of Irish descent, was engaged some time since to defend an Irishman who had been charged with theft. Assuming the prerogative of his position, the counsel, in a private interview with his client, said to him:—

"Now, Patrick, as I am to defend you, I want you to tell me frankly whether you are guilty or not. Did you steal the goods?"

"Faith, then," says Pat, "I s'pose I must tell yez. In truth, I did stalc 'em."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself to come here and disgrace your country by stealing," said the honest counsel.

"In truth, sir, maybe I ought; but then, if I didn't stalc, you wouldn't have the honour and credit of getting me off."

## A PROFITABLE TAX.

Dean Swift proposed to tax female beauty, and to leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and very productive.

## AN IRISHMAN'S LETTER.

The following is the true copy of a letter received in Boston from across the water:—"Tipperary, Ireland, March 27, 1856. My dear Nephew,—I have not heard anything of ye sens the last time I wrote ye. I have moved from the place where I now live, or I should have written to you before. I did not know where a letter might find you first; but I now take my pen in hand to drop you a few lines, to inform you of the death of your own living uncle, Kilpatrick. He died very suddenly, after a long illness of six months. Poor man! he suffered a great deal. He lay a long time in convulsions, perfectly quiet and speechless, and all the time talking incoherently and inquiring for water. I'm very much at a loss to tell ye what his death was occasioned at; but the doctor thinks it was occasioned by his last sickness, for he was not well ten days during his confinement. His age ye know just as well as I can tell ye; he was 25 years old last March, lacking 15 months; and if he had lived till this time he would have been six months dead jist. *N.B.*—Take notis; I inclose to ye a tin pound note, which your farther sends to ye unbeknown to me. Your mother often speaks of ye; she would like to send ye the brindle cow, and I would inclose her till ye but for the horns. I would beg of ye not to brake the sale of this letter until two or three days after ye read it, for which time ye'll be better prepared for the sorrowful news.—Patrick O'Branigan. To Michael Glancy, No. —, Broad Street, United States of Ameriky, State of Massachusetts, in Boston."

## READY WIT.

A traveller, fond of a joke—a corpulent, jolly-looking fellow—taking a walk in company with one of his customers, met a rough, rude, ready-witted Hibernian driving a small cart drawn by a jackass, when the following dialogue ensued:—"Well, Pat, what kind of an animal is this you have got?" "Arrah, now, don't be after denying your friends when you meet with them. Sure you have not forgot your cousin, Mr. Jack Ass." "Oh, ho! so you deal among asses." "Well, in troth I do, sir." "And what is the price of a good one just now?" "In troth, sir, that greatly depends on their appearance; a little jacky like this un might be got for a pound; but, by japers, a big fat cuddy like yourself would cost thurty shillans!"

## PAT AND THE DOCTOR.

An Irishman complained to his physician that he stuffed him so much with drugs that he was sick a long time after he got well.

## WHAT WAS I SENT FOR?

An Emerald-islander made his appearance the other day at a general hardware establishment. He was evidently in a state of utter mystification. Turning to the counter and scratching his head with an air of the utmost perplexity, he thus addressed the shopman:—"Why, thin, would your honour be plased to tell me what it is I was sent for?" "That would be hard for me, my man. How on earth should I know what you were sent for?" "Ah, thin, wouldn't your honour try and make out for me, for the mistress 'll be mad if I facc home without it?" "What is it like?" "Why, thin, on the top of it 'tis for all the world like the face of a body after the small pox." "And what do you do with it?" "Why, the women put's it on their finger when they're working." "Oh! a thimble, I suppose." "Yis, to be sure, that's jest what it is—a thimble. See, now, how I couldn't think of its name!" And so, having been supplied with the required article, he departed in triumph. On another occasion the shop of a druggist and grocer was entered by a man in eager haste, exclaiming—"Give me a pinnorth of bagpipes as quick as you can!" "I don't know at all what you want," replied the somewhat matter-of-fact shopman. "We don't sell bagpipes; and at all events I can't tell you what you mean by a pennyworth of a musical instrument." "Ah, God bless you, an' give me the bagpipes, an' there's the pinny—an' don't be keeping me this way, or else I'll be late for the Macroom car." "What on earth *do* you want?" cried the thoroughly-perplexed shopman. "What is it for?" "Wishal don't be delaying me this way, axing me what 'tis for; hut give it to me out of hand, or the master 'll be keeping the whole house awake to-night with the cough that he gets no ase from, only when he's sucking them same bagpipes." "Oh!" chimed in a bright-looking boy, the junior assistant, "I know what he wants—'tis *Bath-pipe*, is it not, my good fellow?" And so saying, he produced some sticks of a brown medicinal candy, well known in that locality as an excellent remedy for coughs. "Ah, yes, that's the very thing! Sure I told you all along 'twas *bagpipes* I wanted."

## "HOW OLD ARE YOUR TWINS?"

An old, ragged, red-faced, forlorn-looking woman accosted us with, "Plaise sur, for the love of Heaven, give me a fip. to buy bread with. I am a poor, lone woman, and have young twins to support." "Why, my good woman," we replied, "you seem too old to have twins of your own." "They are not mine, sir, I am only raisin' 'em." "How old are your twins?" "One of 'em is seven weeks ould, and t'other is eight montha."



## VALUABLE CAT.

A short time ago a poor Irishman applied at the churchwarden's office in Manchester for relief, and upon some doubt being expressed as to whether he was a proper object for parochial charity, he enforced his suit with much earnestness. "Och, your honour," said he, "shure I'd be starved to death long since hut for my cat!" "But for what?" asked his astonished interrogator. "My cat," rejoined the Irishman. "Your cat; how so?" "Shure, your honour, I sold her eleven times over, for sixpence a time, and she was always at home again before I'd get there myself."

## AN IRISH GUN.

On Irish land,  
In court did stand,  
A farmer whose name was Fox;  
Accused he was—  
Abused he was—  
He'd stolen, they said, an ox.

But he denied it,  
His oaths decided  
The matter in his behalf:  
"That ox," said he,  
"Belonged to me  
Ever since it was a calf."

Just after that,  
Of our friend Pat  
The trial was begun:  
Accused he was—  
Abused he was—  
He'd stolen, they said, a gun.

"Och now," he thought,  
"I've jst been taught  
How this is clear as crystal:  
That gun," said he,  
"Belonged to me  
Ever since it was a pistol."

## NO GAIN TO THE FINDER.

"I have lost my appetite," said a gigantic Irishman, and an eminent performer on the *trencher*, to Mark Supple. "I hope," said Supple, "no poor man has found it, for it would ruin him in a week."

## SACKS AND BAGS.

Mr. Lover tells a good anecdote of an Irishman giving the pass-word at the battle of Fontenoy, at the same time the great Saxe was marshal. "The pass-word is Saxe; now don't forget it, Pat," said the colonel. "Saxe; faith and I won't. Wasn't me father a miller?" "Who goes there?" cries the sentinel, after he had arrived at the pass. Pat looked as confidential as possible, and whispered in a sort of howl, "Bags, yer honour."

## PROOF.

An Irishman being asked on a late trial for a certificate of his marriage, exhibited a huge scar on his head, which looked as though it might have been made with a fire-shovel. The evidence was satisfactory.

## HARD NAMES.

High authority says, "A good name is better than riches." But a *hard* name, there's the rub; who can tell the use of it? We just heard some one complaining of the hard names which the Germans and Russians wear, which reminds us of the following anecdote, which is spiced with a little Irish wit. A postmaster, puzzling out a very uncertain superscription on an Irish letter, jocosely remarked to an intelligent son of Erin who stood by, that the Irish brought a hard set of names to this country. "That's a fact, yer honour," replied the Irishman, "but they get harder ones after they arrive here."

## PUNCTUALITY.

A shoemaker of Dublin had a longing desire to work for Dean Swift. He was recommended by Mr. James Swing, the banker, and Mr. Siccan, a merchant. The Dean gave him an order for a pair of boots, adding,—

"When shall I have them?"

"On Saturday next," said the shoemaker.

"I have no appointments," said the Dean, "nor would I have you disappoint others; set your own time, and keep to it."

"I thank your reverence," said Bamerick (for that was his name). "I desire no longer than Saturday e'en, when you will be sure to have them without fail."

They parted. The boots were finished at the time; but, through hurry of business, Mr. Bamerick forgot to carry them home till Monday evening. When the Dean drew the boots on, and found them to his mind, he said—

"Mr. Bamerick, you have answered to the commands of your friends, but you have disappointed me, for I was to have been at Sir Arthur Axhosen's, in the county of Armagh, on this day."

"Indeed, and indeed sir," said Bamerick; "the boots were finished at the time, but I forgot to bring them home."

The Dean gave him one of his stern looks; and, after a pause, asked him whether he understood gardening as well as bootmaking. Bamerick answered—

"No, sir; but I have seen some very fine gardens in England."

"Come," said the Dean, in a good-humoured tone, "I will show you some improvements I have made in the deanery garden."

They walked through the garden to the farther end, when the Dean started as if recollecting something.

"I must step in," said he; "stay here till I come back."

Then he ran out of the garden, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

Bamerick walked about till it grew dark, and not seeing the Dean, he at last ventured to follow him, but found the door locked. He knocked and called several times to no purpose; he perceived himself confined between high walls, the night dark and cold, in the month of March. However, he had not the least suspicion of his being intentionally confined. The deanery servants went to bed at the usual hour, and the Dean remained in his study until two o'clock in the morning. He then went into the hall, and drew the charge out of a blunderbus, and other fire-arms; then returned, and rang his bell. He was immediately attended by one of his servants.

"Robert," said he, "I have been much disturbed with a noise in the garden side; I fear some robbers have entered; get me a lantern, and call up Saunders." Then the Dean took the lantern, and stayed by the arms until the men came. "Arm yourself," said he, "and follow me."

He led them into the garden, where the light soon attracted poor Bamerick, who came running up to them. Upon his approach, the Dean roared out—

"There is the robber! Shoot him!"

Saunders presented, and Bamerick, terrified to death, fell on his knees, and begged his life. The Dean held the lantern up to the man's face, and gravely said:—

"Mercy on us, Mr. Bamerick, how came you here?"

"Lord, sir," said Bamerick, "don't you remember you left me here last evening?"

"Ah, friend," said the Dean, "I forgot it, as you did the boots." Then turning round to Robert, who was the butler, he said, "Give the man some warm wine, and see him safe home."

## PADDY AND THE BEAR.

About the time I was a boy, Archy Thompson lived in Cushendall, lower part of the county Antrim. He was a great man; kept a grocer's shop, and was in fact a complete Jack Factotum, and sold everything portable, from a needle to an anchor; he was a ponderous fellow, wore a wig like a bee-hive, and was called the king of Cushendall. One night when he was returning home from a friend's wake, he found a male child at the shop door some months old; he embraced it—swore he would keep it, and was as fond of him as ever Squire Allworthy was of Tom Jones. A woman was sent for to nurse him; they called her Snouter Shaughnessy, because she wanted the nose. Snouter had no suck, and poor Paddy (for so he was christened) was spoon-fed, and soon grew a stout, well-built fellow, and to show his gratitude (for Paddy had a heart), would do all the work about the house himself. He was like Scrub in the "Beaux Stratagem," servant of all work; he milked the cow, he cleaned the byre, and thatched it; he went to market; he soled the shoes; he cleaned the knives; he shaved, and powdered his master's wig; and, in short, did as much work in one day as an ordinary servant would do in a week. Paddy's delight was in frequenting wakes and listening to all sorts of marvellous stories, which he would swallow down just the more readily the more marvellous they were. His master having gone one day to Belfast, he went to old Brien Sollaghan's wake, where a lad just come home from a foreign voyage was telling stories out of the course of nature, improbable. Paddy believed all he was relating but something about blackamoors; for he swore "'twas impossible for one man to be black and another man white, for he could not be *naturally* black without he was painted; but," says he, "I'll ask the master in the morning when he comes home, and then I'll know all about it." So he says in the morning, "Master, is there any such a thing as a blackamoor?" "To be sure there is, as many as would make regiments of them, but they're all abroad." "And what makes them black?" "Why, it's the climate, they say." "And what's the climate?" "Why, I don't know: I believe it's something they rub upon them when they're very young." "They must have a deal of it, and very cheap, if there's as many of them as you say. The next time you're in Belfast, I wish you'd get a piece of it, and we'll rub little Barney over with it, and then we can have a blackamoor of our own. But as I'm going in the Irish Volunteer from Larne to America, in the spring, I'll see them there." Paddy went over as a redemptioner, and had to serve a time

for his passage. One day he was sent by his master six miles from Baltimore, to the heights of Derby, on an errand. Paddy, thinking and ruminating on the road that he had not yet seen a blackamoor, forgot the directing-post on the road, and got entangled in a forest; it happened to be deep snow, and there was a large black bear lying at the foot of a tree, which he did not observe till within a few yards of him. "Hurra, my darling!" says he, "here's one of them now at last—queen of glory! such a nose as he has: they talk about Loughy Fadaghan's nose; why, the noses of all the Fadagans put together would not make this fellow's nose. I never saw one of your sort before," says Paddy; "why, man, you'll get your death of cowl lying there; I have an odd taster yet left, that I brought from Cushendall, and if there's a shebeen near this, I'll give you a snifter, for I'd like to have a talk with you." "Boo," says the bear. "Lord, what a voice he has—he could sing a roaring song." "Boo, boo!" again cries the bear. "Who are you booing at, may I ax? for if it's fun you're making of me, I'll ram my fist up to the elbow in you." Up gets the bear, and catches Paddy by the shoulder. "Is it for wrestling you are?—Cushendall for that—soul, but you grip too tight, my jewel; you had better take your fist out of my shoulder, or I'll take an unfair advantage of you." Paddy went to catch him by the middle: "Oh! sweet bad luck to you, you thief, and the tailor that made your breeches—you're made for wrestling, but I'll nick you." Paddy pulled out his tobacco-knife, and gave him a prod in the right place, and down he fell to rise no more. "Ob! murder! what will become of me now?" says he, "I've killed this big, ngly, black blackguard, and I'll be banged for him. Ob, sarra on the day that ever I left Cushendall! Oh! murder! murder! Oh! what will become of me!" A gentleman, proprietor of the place, and who had blacks on his estate, comes up at the moment. "What is all this about?—what's the matter, my good fellow?" "Oh, your honour's glory, I'm a stranger in the country—I'm from Cushendall, saving your honour's worship; I never seen a blackamoor before, and I just asked one of them to take a drop with me; but he would do nothing but make fun of me, so I gave him a prod, for I could not get a hold of him." "Stop, stop, there's a bear lying there, take care." "Faith he was going to make me bare, sure enough—see where he tore my coat." "Was that the blackamoor you were wrestling with? why, man, that's a bear that ten men in the forest could not kill." "By the holy father," says Paddy, "is that a bear? faith, then, I'll engage I'll drop them to you for a

tester a-dozen." The gentleman admired his courage and honest appearance so much, that he went to Baltimore, bought off his time, and made him an overseer of his estate, which place he filled with integrity; and after seventeen years' servitude came home to his native country, left what he had saved to old Snouter's grand-children, and at last had his bones laid in the same grave with his old and loving master, in the ancient burying-place of Cnshendall.

#### AN EMERALDER,

In writing his life, says, "He ran away early from his father, because he discovered he was only his uncle."

#### AN IRISH NEGRO.

A negro, from Montserrat, where the Hiberno-Celtic is spoken by all classes, happened to be on the wharf at Philadelphia when a number of Irish emigrants were landed; and seeing one of them with a wife and four children, he stepped forward to assist the family on shore. The Irishman, in his native tongue, expressed his surprise at the civility of the negro, who, understanding what had been said, replied, in Irish, that he need not be astonished, for he was a bit of an Irishman himself. The Irishman, surprised to hear a black man speak his dialect, it entered his mind, with the usual rapidity of the Irish fancy, that he really was an Irishman, but that the climate had, no doubt, changed his complexion. "If I may be so bold, sir," said he, "may I ask you how long you have been in this country?" The negro-man, who had only come hither on a voyage, said, he had been in Philadelphia only about four months. Poor Patrick turned round to his wife and children, and, looking as if for the last time on their rosy cheeks, concluding that in four months they must also change their complexions, exclaimed, "O merciful Powers! Judy, did you hear that? He has not been more than four months in this country, and he is already almost as black as jet."

#### AN IRISHMAN

Having been told that the price of bread had fallen, exclaimed, "That is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my bist friend."

#### A GENUINE IRISH BULL.

Sir Boyle Roche said, "Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater."

## GOODS AT HALF-PRICE.

A witty Hibernian, just arrived in London, and wandering about, perceived a blanket at a shop door with this inscription on it, "This superior blanket for half-price." Pat walked in, and demanded the price. "Just 5s., sir," replied the shopkeeper. "By my sowl, and that's chape enough!" And so, folding the blanket up, and putting it under his arm, he laid down 2s. 6d. and was walking off. The shopkeeper intercepted him, and demanded the other 2s. 6d. "Didn't you say, you spalpeen, that the *price* of the blanket was 5s.?" And, sure, havn't I given you the half of it? And by that same token I wont give up my bargain." A scuffle ensued, and Pat was taken to Bow Street; but when there he pleaded his cause so ably that the magistrates dismissed the complaint, and advised the shopkeeper never again to ticket his goods at *half-price*.

## PAT'S DESCRIPTION OF A FIDDLE.

It was the shape of a turkey, and the size of a goose. He turned it over on its back, and rubbed it's belly with a stick; and oh! St. Patrick! how it did squeal!

## AN AFFECTIONATE IRISHMAN

Once enlisted in the 75th regiment, in order to be near his brother, who was a corporal in the 76th.

## THE GENEROUS IRISHMAN.

Lieutenant Fleming was the youngest son of a respectable gentleman in the county of Louth, and was sent at an early age on board a British man-of-war in the situation of midshipman. He had a fine open manly countenance, an easy air, and a heart that diffused the irresistible charm of good humour over a tolerable set of features, setting at defiance both ill-temper and ill-breeding.

After an absence of twelve years, spent with honour to himself and advantage to his country, having, by his bravery and good conduct, been promoted to the rank of lieutenant, he obtained permission to visit his native place. He had not been long seated on the top of the coach, before he perceived that his next neighbour was either very ill, or in great trouble, by several deep sighs which seemed reluctantly to force their way from an overcharged bosom.

His heart beat responsive to the sound; it was too dark to distinguish faces, nor did he recollect to have observed, on his getting up, whether it was a male or a female next to him, nor was that a consideration: he chewed his quid some time in silence, till a sudden violent jolt of the coach drew forth a

saint shriek from a female voice, and threw her in contact with the lieutenant's shoulder.

"Avast," cried he, "take care how you steer, or we may all roll over, d'ye see; besides, here seems to be one longside not able to stem the upsetting. Take courage, my good lass, lean against me and welcome; we shall soon come into some port."

"You are very kind, good sir," answered a feeble voice; "I am, indeed, but little able to bear the motion of the carriage, much less the sudden shakes, but I will be better by and by."

"I hope so, I hope so," rejoined the lieutenant, "we shall get into smooth water immediately, when we are off the stones."

No answer was returned, and a dead silence ensued until they came to the first stage of changing horses.

Fleming, on the appearance of the light, turned to look at his neighbour, and beheld the pale skeleton of a young woman, who seemed fast sinking into the grave, and scarcely able to sit upright. "Odds, my life, poor soul," said he, "you seem to want ballast; it will never do to steer this course—why did you not steer into the cabin?"

"Because, because," replied she tremulously, "it was not convenient—I have more air here."

"Yes, yes; but a few such squalls as we had some time ago may turn you overboard; you are not steady enough, my good lass, to keep your course here."

He then called for some grog and bisknits, and jumped off to look in at the windows of the coach.

"Ay, ay, here's plenty of room; here, you steersman, open the coach door, and let us help that poor young woman into this berth."

"Why, I have no objection, master," answered the coachman, "but you know outside and inside passengers are different things—who's to pay the difference of the fare?"

"Why, I will," cried Fleming.

"No, no," exclaimed the invalid, "I entreat you, sir; I am very well here; indeed I am—I will not get inside—pray leave me as I am."

"Look ye, young woman," returned the lieutenant, "you are upon a slippery forecastle; you may be hove overship in the dark, and founder before help can come to ye. So no more words; my conscience won't let me see you in danger, for I shan't sit easy with you at my stern; so do, my good soul, let me put you safe under hatches, out of the way of the squalls and foul weather."

The poor young woman saw it was in vain to contend with



her humane neighbour, and however repulsive to her own feelings to accept the obligation, she was as little calculated to support the fatigues of her situation as unable to pay the additional expense. She, therefore, with tears dropping on her cheeks silently permitted herself to be placed in the coach, nor did she reject the biscuit, though she declined the grog.

"Mayhap," said he, "a gill of warm wine will do you more good; and, without waiting a reply, he dashed off, and presently returned with it, entreating her to drink of it. Not to disappoint him, she sipped a small quantity, and pressing his hand said, "God bless you."

The manner and the words shot through the heart of the poor lieutenant; but a summons from the coachman to resume his place, cut short all further conversation, and he jumped up into his berth, after tossing off his glass of grog, which he found very necessary to recruit his spirits.

When they stopped at the inn to dine, Fleming handed out his sick friend, with equal respect and tenderness; nor did he neglect offering his hand to three other females in the coach, one of which only accepted of it; the other two threw up their heads, and coldly declined his assistance.

Fleming was not a man of observation; he knew nothing of the world or the human heart; he had no idea that he could have given any offence by showing humanity to a fellow-creature, or committed an unpardonable insult by "stowing a sick outside passenger in the cabin."

He gave his arm to the young woman, and conveyed her into a room, where she was scarcely seated, before, to his great dismay, she fainted, and he loudly vociferated for assistance.

By the endeavours of the landlady, and the smelling-bottle of the lady who had deigned to accept Fleming's offered hand, the poor invalid soon recovered, and he left her to their care whilst he "examined into the state of the locker." A fine piece of roast beef and a giblet pie were just going smoking hot to the table; but though the scent was perfectly agreeable to him, he had consideration enough to think it might be too powerful for a sick stomach. He, therefore, asked if they had any new-laid eggs, with a tart or two for the poor young woman in the other room.

"Yes, sir," replied the landlady, "we can give her a couple of eggs and a nice custard in a trice; but,—a—as these eggs are not provided for the coach passengers, we shall expect them to be paid extra for."

"Very well," returned he, "carry them in, and I will pay you for them."

He went back and told the invalid she should have an egg brought to her, and as soon as he had swallowed a few mouthfuls of beef, he would come to her again. Tears were her only answer, and he darted away, followed by the lady.

"I admire your humanity, sir," said she, "for I find you are an entire stranger to the young woman."

"I don't know what she may be," answered he, stopping and bowing to the speaker, "but what of that? you see she is very sick, poor soul, and it is our duty to help forward a fellow-creature. She is bad enough, and I fear will soon be in that port from whence there is no return."

"I fear so, too," rejoined the lady, "and it is from thence I feel so much to admire in your kindness. Young men in this age rarely bestow favours on females without a view of self-gratification of some kind or other."

Before he could reply, they were summoned to dinner. Fleming, much pleased with the lady's kindness to the sick girl, and attention to himself, was particularly assiduous for her accommodation, without intending any slight to the others, or observing their haughty or indignant looks.

And here it is impossible to refrain from observing how much our own comforts in life depend upon our attention to those of others. The two ladies whose humanity was not proof against the affront of having an outside passenger, whose dress was as humble as her pretensions, obtruded on them so unceremoniously by a lieutenant, whose wrapping greatcoat demonstrated that he was no great thing, and equally low bred and impertinent, had sat in disdainful silence till they arrived at the inn, when their anger burst forth into scornful observations, and a reprimand to the coachman for admitting such a low creature into their society, who had taken inside places.

"As to low or high," answered the man, "so they pay me the full fare, it is one and the same thing to me. Besides, the poor young woman was mortal bad, and he was a good-hearted fellow that offered to pay the fare, and all passengers are alike to me."

"Then you ought never to have people of consequence in your coach, fellow, if you don't know how to behave yourself."

"I know very well how to behave myself; I don't want to affront nobody," returned coachy, "the young woman was a clean decent body, and as good as others, for the matter of that, seeing her fare will be paid."

"Don't be impertinent, fellow, it is plain you care not how you insult the ladies, so you can be paid. You would not

have taken her into the coach without being sure of your money, though you presume to force her upon us."

"That's another sort of a thing. I pities the poor thing, and would serve her with all my heart, but the coach is master's property, and mustn't chouse him of his fare. But what signifies words about it; she is an inside passenger now, and by St. Patrick he's an honest lad that lent her a hand."

The insulted ladies found it in vain to contend. They encouraged each other in the idea of affronted consequence, and, displeased that their companion had followed the two low creatures, they determined to send her to Coventry, and preserve an indignant silence in the coach.

These wise resolutions accompanied them to the dinner-table, when to their great surprise they beheld the lieutenant's uniform, and a figure, now disencumbered of an old wrapping coat, that he did not blush to exhibit in the most fashionable circles in the kingdom, though it wanted the polish of high life.

#### MR. MARTIN.

Not many years ago, a man appeared in court, whether as plaintiff, defendant, or witness tradition does not inform us. Be that as it may, the following dialogue ensued:—

*Court*—"What is your name, sir?"

*Answer*—"My name is Knott Martin, your honour."

*Court*—"Well, what is it?"

*Answer*—"It is Knott Martin."

*Court*—"Not Martin, again! We don't ask you what your name is not, but what it is. No contempt of Court, sir!"

*Answer*—"If your honour will give me leave, I'll spell my name."

*Court*—"Well, spell it."

*Answer*: "K n o double t, Knott, m a r, Mar, t i n, tin, Martin—Knott Martin."

*Court*—"Oh, very well, Mr. Martin; we see through it now, but it is one of the most KNOTTY cases we have had before us for some time."

#### A SINGULAR WILL.

Tolam, an Irish miser, left behind him a will which contained the following legacies:—"I bequeath to my sister-in-law four old stockings, lying under my bed, to the right. I bequeath to my nephew, two other old stockings in the corner of the cupboard; to Lieutenant Stein, a blue stocking and my black cloak; to my cousin, an old boot and a red flannel

pocket; to Hannah, my old pitcher with two holes in it." When the legatees heard these strange provisions, they burst out laughing, and ridiculing the dead man's avarice, were about to leave the house. But Hannah passing by the old pitcher, gave it a kick, which knocked it into a thousand fragments, and disclosed its contents—a quantity of gold and silver coins. Immediately, the other legatees began to investigate the contents of *their* legacies, and discovered that old Tolam's will was not so very ridiculous after all!

#### MISTAKEN ZOOLOGY.

"And so you're going out to the East Indies, my darlint Mrs. Marooney?" said an old Irish crone to the young wife of a soldier about to embark for Madras. "I've been in them parts myself, and well do I remember the torments I went through night and day with the muskatoes. They have long suckers hanging down from their heads, and they'll draw the life blood out of ye before you can say 'peas.'"

This terrifying account lived in the memory of the young woman; the vessel made Madras roads, the decks were soon crowded, all hands delighted at sight of land, Mrs. Marooney amongst the rest, but *her* joy was of short duration, for on the shore she perceived an elephant; horror-struck at the sight, and in breathless agitation, she approached the mate, exclaiming with uplifted hands, "Holy Mother! is that a muskatoe?"

#### ACTS OF PARLIAMENT.

The late Mr. O'Connell used to aver that he could drive a coach and six through an act of parliament. The subtlety of a lawyer may occasionally turn what appears to be plain and straightforward language into the very opposite meaning to that which the common sense of mankind had given it. Cardinal Richelieu said, that no person could utter three words in which he would not find sufficient cause to commit him to the Bastile. We hope the new Parliament will avoid this ambiguity in the wording of its acts.

# THE MUSEUM OF MIRTH.

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## PART II.

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### ENGLISH WIT AND WISDOM:

LAUGHABLE ANECDOTES,

JOVIAL HUMOUR, SHREWD SATIRE,

AND

BROAD FUN.

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GLASGOW: JOHN CAMERON,  
47 YORK STREET (CORNER OF ARGYLE STREET).

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.



# THE MUSEUM OF MIRTH.

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## ENGLISH WIT AND WISDOM.

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### THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND THE AURIST.

On one occasion the Duke's deafness was alluded to by Lady A——, who asked if she was sitting on his right side, and if he had benefited by the operations which she heard had been performed, and had been so painful to him. He said, in reply, that the gentleman had been bold enough to ask him for a certificate, but that he had really been of no service to him, and that he could only answer him by saying, "I tell you what, I won't say a word about it."

### ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE.

Upon the occasion of the birth of the Princess Royal, the Duke of Wellington was in the act of leaving Buckingham Palace, when he met Lord Hill; in answer to whose inquiries about her Majesty and the little stranger, his Grace replied, "Very fine child, and very red, very red; nearly as red as you, *Hill!*"—a jocose allusion to Lord Hill's claret complexion.

### THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

When Premier, was the terror of the idlers in Downing Street. On one occasion when the Treasury clerks told him that some required mode of making up the accounts was impracticable, they were met with the curt reply: "Never mind; if you can't do it, I'll send you half-a-dozen pay-sergeants that will,"—a hint that they did not fail to take.

### CHARLES LAMB,

Sitting next some chattering woman at dinner, observing he didn't attend to her, "You don't seem," said the lady, "to be at all the better for what I am saying to you!" "No, ma'am," he answered, "but this gentleman on the other side of me must—for it all came in at one ear and went out at the other!"

## HEATING THE PIE.

A Cockney of recent importation dropped into a restaurant in New York one day, and made a hearty meal, topping off with a piece of pie. The latter, upon tasting, he found to be cold, and calling the Ethiopian waiter, who stood near, he said to him, "Take this pie to the fire and 'eat it." His consternation was great when Sambo walked to the stove and quietly devoured the pie.

## THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

Was hesitating whether he should take a prescription recommended by the duchess. "I will be hanged," said her grace, "if it does not cure you." Dr. Garth, who was present, and to whom the vixen character of the lady was well known, instantly exclaimed, "Take it, then, your grace, by all means: it is sure to do good, one way or the other."

## MUSICAL TASTE.

A late noble statesman, more famous for his wit than his love of music, being asked why he did not subscribe to the ancient concerts, and it being urged as a reason for it that his brother, the Bishop of W——, did: "Oh," replied his lordship, "if I was as deaf as my brother, I would subscribe too."

## "LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY."

There is a Cockney youth, who, every time he wishes to get a glimpse of his sweetheart, cries "Fire!" directly under her window. In the alarm of the moment, she plunges her head out of the window, and inquires, "Where?" when he poetically slaps himself on the bosom, and exclaims, "'Ere, my Hangelina!"

## "USE IS SECOND NATURE."

The following dialogue passed, a short time since, before a court in England, between a medical witness and a lawyer:—

*Lawyer.*—If a person, lying on wet straw, were deprived of all the comforts and necessities of life, would it not hasten death?

*Doctor.*—That would greatly depend on whether he had previously been accustomed to them.

*Lawyer.*—Do you mean to tell us that if a person lived in a horse-pond it would not be injurious to him?

*Doctor.*—I think not, if he had lived for sixty or seventy years in it.



#### GEORGE THE FOURTH'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND IN 1822.

The king's intention to visit the northern portion of his kingdom made there as great a stir as had been created by his previous one to Ireland. Sir Walter Scott was at the time in Edinburgh, and took a prominent part in the preparations that were making in the Scottish capital to receive its sovereign; and, on the royal yacht coming to anchor in Leith Roads, he was the first Scotchman to venture on board, on a very rainy day (15th August) to present his Majesty with a St. Andrew's cross in silver from the ladies of "Auld Reekie." The king, much gratified, invited the novelist to drink his health in a bumper of whisky, which, having done, the latter requested to keep the glass as a relic to hand down to his posterity. This having graciously been granted, he put it very carefully in his pocket and took his leave. On returning home he found Crabbe, the poet, who had just arrived from his English home to pay a long promised visit; and Sir Walter was so earnest in welcoming his guest, that the precious relic was forgotten, till, sitting down suddenly, he crushed it to atoms, not without inflicting on himself a sharp scratch from the fragments.

The king delighted his Scotch subjects by wearing the Highland garb, in which he was very carefully dressed by the Laird of Garth; but the pride of the Macgregors and Glen-garries, who thronged about the royal person, suffered a serious blow when a London alderman entered the circle clothed in a suit of the same tartan. The portly figure and civic dignity of Sir William Curtis gave to the costume too much the appearance of a burlesque to pass unnoticed, either by the sovereign or his loyal admirers, and it was some time before they recovered their gravity. On the 24th, the magistrates of "the gude town" entertained the king with a banquet in the Parliament House, in the course of which his Majesty gave as a toast, "The Chieftains and Clans of Scotland, and Prosperity to the Land of Cakes."

The king did not quit his Scottish dominions till the 29th, when he embarked from Lord Hopetoun's seat, on the Frith of Forth; previously directing a letter to be written by Sir Robert Peel to Sir Walter Scott, expressing his warm personal acknowledgments for the deep interest he had taken in every ceremony and arrangement connected with his Majesty's visit.

#### NO DANGER.

"Who's there?" said a policeman to a passing figure one dark night. "It's I, don't be afraid," kindly replied an old woman.

#### GEORGE THE FOURTH'S VOYAGE TO IRELAND.

The passage to Dublin was occupied in eating goose-pie and drinking whisky, in which his Majesty partook most abundantly, singing many joyous songs, and being in a state, on his arrival, to double in sight even the numbers of his gracious subjects assembled on the pier to receive him. The fact was, that he was in the last stage of intoxication.

#### ANECDOTE OF THE COURT.

When his Majesty was in Edinburgh, and after he had held the levee, dressed, out of compliment to his northern subjects, "in the garb of old Gaul," it became a matter of etiquette discussion, whether or not it would be proper to hold the drawing-room in the same uniform of plaid and kilt. The peeresses and other ladies held a council upon the subject, at which opinions ran almost universally against this mode of adorning the royal person. It was observed, however, that Lady H—— had said nothing, and as she had great influence, her judgment was solicited. "Why," replied she, "I am sorry, ladies, to differ so much from all your sentiments; but it does appear to me that, as his Majesty is to stay so short a while with us, we ought certainly to see as much of him as we can."

#### TURNER, THE GREATEST OF ENGLISH PAINTERS,

Was the meanest, in money matters, of Englishmen. On being paid a hundred guineas for a picture, he insisted on his stage fare for bringing it. It is, however, admitted by his friends, that he once refused a sum which he lent. It was after sharing a sumptuous dinner to which he had been invited, and while enjoying the dessert, the host all at once remembering the transaction, said, "Let us see, Mr. Turner, I owe you a little money." "What for?" said Turner, setting down his wine-glass that he was about to raise to his lips. "Why, you paid sixpence for the gate when I drove you down," answered the host. "Oh!" said Turner, with a look of disappointment, as he raised his glass again, "never mind that now!"

#### GOOD DIGESTION.

Foote was rattling one evening in the green-room, when a nobleman, who seemed highly entertained, cried out, "Well, Foote, you see I swallow all the good things!" "Do you, my lord duke?" said the other; "then I congratulate you on your digestion—for I believe you never threw up one of them in your life."

## SERVED HIM RIGHT.

A miser having lost a hundred pounds, promised ten pounds reward to any one who should bring it him. An honest old man, who found it, brought it to the old gentleman, demanding the ten pounds. But the miser, to baffle him, alleged there were a hundred and ten pounds in the bag when lost. The poor man, however, was advised to sue for the money; and, when the cause came on to be tried, it appearing that the seal had not been broken, nor the bag ripped, the judge said to the defendant's counsel, "The bag you lost had a hundred and ten pounds in it, you say?" "Yes, my lord," says he. "Then," replied the judge, "according to the evidence given in court, this cannot be the money, for here were only a hundred pounds: therefore the plaintiff must keep it till the true owner appears."

## FARMER AND ATTORNEY.

An opulent farmer applied to an attorney about a lawsuit, but was told he could not undertake it, being already engaged on the other side; at the same time he said that he would give him a letter of recommendation to a professional friend, which he did; and the farmer, out of curiosity, opened it, and read as follows:—

"Here are two fat wethers fallen out together,  
If you'll fleece one, I'll fleece the other,  
And make them agree like brother and brother."

The perusal of this epistle cured both parties, and terminated the dispute.

## SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

Mr. Fox supped one evening with Edmund Burke at the Thatched House, where they were served with dishes more elegant than substantial. Charles's appetite being rather keen, he was far from relishing kickshaws that were set before him, and addressing his companion, "These dishes, Burke," said he, "are admirably calculated for your palate; they are both *sublime* and *beautiful*."

## A RULE WITHOUT EXCEPTION.

"Mr. Smith, you said you suspected the prisoner was a rogue the moment you saw him. Why did you suspect him?" "Becos 'e 'ired my rooms without beatin' down the price." "Is this a rule without many exceptions?" "Hit's a rule without no exceptions—yer vorship; honest men are halways stingy, and never satisfied hunless they get a shilling's worth of anything for tenpence."

## A WONDERFUL CURE.

Dr. Hill, a notorious wit, physician, and man of letters, having quarrelled with the members of the Royal Society, who had refused to admit him as an associate, resolved to avenge himself upon them in a novel manner. He addressed to their secretary a letter purporting to be written by a country surgeon, and reciting the particulars of a cure which he had effected. "A sailor," he wrote, "broke his leg, and applied to me for help. I bound together the broken portions, and washed them with the celebrated tar-water. Almost immediately the sailor felt the beneficial effects of this remedy, and it was not long before his leg was completely healed!" This cure was published abroad at the very time that Bishop Berkeley had issued his work on the marvellous virtues of tar-water, and excited, consequently, great attention. The letter was read, and discussed at the meetings of the Royal Society, and caused great difference of opinion. Papers were written for and against the tar-water and the restored leg, when a second letter arrived from the (pretended) country practitioner:—"In my last I omitted to mention that the broken limb of the sailor was a wooden leg!"

## DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

A lady wrote upon a window some verses, intimating her design of never marrying. A gentleman wrote the following lines underneath:—

"The lady whose resolve these words betoken  
Wrote them on glass to show it may be broken."

To which he might have added:—

"And then, with honest fear that *two* might rue it,  
Wrote it on glass, that *you'd* at least see through it."

## SIR CHARLES NAPIER AND THE TIMID MISS.

Sir Charles Napier visited a Greek convent, where he was introduced as "Mr. Napier." One of the young lady pupils, hearing the name, timidly inquired, whether he was any relative of the terrible admiral who was to have taken Cronstadt, and his answer was, "No relation at all, Miss. I am the man himself."

## A TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.

A modest young orator closed his speech as follows:—"In short, ladies and gentlemen, I can only say that I wish I had a *window* in my bosom, that you might see the emotion of my heart." The newspapers printed the speech, leaving the "n" out of the "window." He was taken somewhat aback, when he read it shortly afterwards.

## THE RIGHTS OF ENGLISHMEN.

The following anecdote of George I. is both applicable and interesting:—"Some time after his Majesty's accession to the throne, he had a hunting party. The track of the game led him to ride over a gentleman's enclosure, who happened to be there walking. The gentleman, with a commanding tone, accosted the king with, 'Stop, sir; this is not a patent path.' The royal sportsman, not accustomed to such a mode of address, instantly replied, 'Do you know who you have?' 'Yes,' rejoined the other, 'I know that I have the king of Great Britain talking to me, but I am a king upon my own property.' With great presence of mind, and a frankness that did honour to royalty itself, the king, clapping his hand on the pommel of the saddle, exclaimed, with an air of exultation and pleasure, 'I am the greatest king on earth; for, while other monarchs rule over slaves, I reign over princes.'"

## SEVERE.

A retired cheesemonger, who hated any allusions to the business that had enriched him, said to Charles Lamb, in course of discussion on the poor laws, "You must bear in mind, sir, that I have got rid of that sort of stuff which you poets call the 'milk of human kindness.'" Lamb looked at him steadily, and gave his acquiescence in these pithy words: "Yes, I am aware of that—you turned it all into cheese several years ago!" Exit cheesemonger, complaining of a sudden touch of toothache.

## A MUFF.

The following anecdote was told with great glee at a dinner, by William IV., then Duke of Clarence:—"I was riding in the park the other day, on the road between Teddington and Hampton-wick, when I was overtaken by a butcher's boy on horseback, with a tray of meat under his arm. 'Nice pony that of yours, old gentleman,' said he. 'Pretty fair,' was my reply. 'Mine's a good un, too,' rejoined he, 'and I'll trot you to Hampton-wick for a pot of beer.' I declined the match, and the butcher's boy, as he stuck his single spur in his horse's side, exclaimed, with a look of contempt, 'I thought you were only a muff.'"

## THE ECLIPSE.

A Cockney conducted two ladies to the Observatory to see an eclipse of the moon. They were too late; the eclipse was over, and the ladies were disappointed. "Oh!" exclaimed our hero, "don't fret. I know the astronomer very well; he is a polite man, and I am sure will begin again."

## HOW TO PAY THE DOCTOR.

A singular old gentleman, in an agricultural county, was waited upon the other day with his surgeon's bill for the purpose of being paid. After cogitating for some time over its contents, he desired the young man who called with it to tell his master that the medicine he would pay for, but he should *return the visits*.

## TO THE POINT.

"How does your new-purchased horse *answer*?" said the late Duke of Cumberland to George Selwyn. "I really don't know," replied George, "for I never *asked him a question*."

## GEORGE COLEMAN,

Getting out of a hackney coach one night, gave the driver a shilling. "This is a bad shilling," said Jarvey. "Then it's all right," said George, with his inimitable chuckle; "yours is a bad coach."

## A STRONG PRESCRIPTION.

An alderman once called on Dr. Francis, when the following dialogue took place:—"Doctor, I have a strong tendency to gout; what shall I do to arrest it?" "Take a bucket of water and a ton of anthracite three times a-week." "How?" "Drink the former, and carry the latter up three pairs of stairs."

## A DILEMMA.

During the performance of an overture recently, one of the musicians having a trumpet part to perform, played too low, which the leader observing, cried out, "Louder, louder!" No attention being paid, he repeated his command so often, that at length the indignant German, in an agony of passion and exhaustion, threw down his trumpet, and turning towards the audience, violently exclaimed, "It is very easy to cry 'Louder! louder! louder!' but *vere is de vind*?"

## SEVERE REBUKE.

Sir William B—— being at a parish meeting, made some proposals that were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, "Sir," says he to the farmer, "do you know that I have been to two universities, and at two colleges in each university?" "Well, sir," said the farmer, "what of that? I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was, the more he sucked the greater calf he grew."

## ANECDOTE OF GARRICK.

David Garrick sat many times to Sir Joshua Reynolds for different portraits. At one of these sittings he gave a very lively account of his having sat once for his portrait to an indifferent painter, whom he wantonly teased; for when the artist had worked on the face till he had drawn it very correctly as he saw it at the time, Garrick caught an opportunity, while the painter was not looking at him, totally to change his countenance and expression; when the poor painter patiently worked on to alter the picture, and make it like what he then saw: and when Garrick perceived that it was thus altered, he seized another opportunity, and changed his countenance to a third character, which, when the poor tantalized artist perceived, he in a great rage threw down his palette and pencils, saying, he believed he was painting from the devil, and would do no more to the picture.

## DR. JOHNSON AND THE BUTCHER.

An eminent carcase butcher, as meagre in his person as he was in his understanding, being one day in a bookseller's shop, took up a volume of Churchill's poems, and by way of showing his taste, repeated the following line:—

“Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free.”

Then turning to Dr. Johnson, “What think you of that, sir?” said he. “Rank nonsense,” replied the other, “it is an assertion without a proof, and you might, with as much propriety, say—

Who slays fat oxen should himself be fat.”

## THE TAILOR'S CLOCK.

A gentleman, popping his head through a tailor's working shop-window, exclaimed, “What o'clock is it?” Upon which the tailor lifted his lap-board, and struck him a blow on the head, answering, “It has just now *struck* one.”

## A QUERY.

A gentleman asked his friend one day in what part of London he thought the most *sudden deaths* occurred? “Why,” he replied, “the Old Bailey.”

## PEPPER AND MUSTARD.

Jerrold went to a party at which a Mr. Pepper had assembled all his friends. Jerrold said to his host on entering the room, “My dear Mr. Pepper, how glad you must be to see all your friends mustered.”

## CONVERSATION OF MEN OF GENIUS.

Tasso's conversation was neither gay nor brilliant. Dante was either taciturn or satirical. Butler was either sullen or biting. Gray seldom talked or smiled. Hogarth and Swift were very absent-minded in company. Milton was very unsociable, and even irritable, when pressed into conversation. Kirwan, though copious and eloquent in public addresses, was mcagre and dull in colloquial discourse. Virgil was heavy in conversation. La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse, and stupid; he could not speak and describe what he had just seen; but then he was the model of poetry. Chancer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation. Dryden's conversation was slow and dull, his humour saturnine and reserved. Corneille in conversation was so insipid that he never failed in wearying; he did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master. Ben Jonson used to sit silent in company, and suck *his* wine and *their* humours. Southey was stiff, sedate, and wrapped up in asceticism. Addison was good company with his intimate friends, but in mixed company he preserved his dignity by a stiff and reserved silence. Fox in conversation never flagged, his animation and variety were inexhaustible. Dr. Bentley was loquacious, as was also Grotius. Goldsmith "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor poll." Burke was entertaining, enthusiastic, and interesting in conversation. Curran was a convivial deity. Leigh Hunt was "like a pleasant stream" in conversation. Carlyle doubts, objects, and constantly demurs.

## THE LINE OF BEAUTY.

Hogarth had a most enthusiastic admiration of what he called the line of beauty; and enthusiasm always leads to the verge of ridicule, and seldom keeps totally within it. One day, Hogarth, talking with great earnestness on his favourite subject, asserted that no man thoroughly possessed with the true idea of the line of beauty could do anything in an ungraceful manner. "I myself," added he, "from my perfect knowledge of it, should not hesitate in what manner I should present anything to the greatest monarch." He happened at that moment to be sitting in the most ridiculously awkward posture imaginable.

## THE WRONG TOOTH.

*Dentist to his patient:* "Hem, very odd, I must have made some mistake; there's nothing the matter with this tooth. Never mind, I'll try again. Of course, I won't charge you for pulling more than one of them, no matter how many I take out."



## ONLY A CIPHER.

Grimaldi, father of the renowned Joe Grimaldi, was wont to tell a tale in illustration of Sheridan's ready wit, though he himself was "done" by it. "Oh," he would exclaim, "vat a *clevare* fellow dat Sheridan is! Shall I tell you?—*Oui*—yes I will—*Bien donc*—I could no never see him at de theatre, so *je vais chez lui*—to his honse in Hertford Street, muffled in a great coat, and I said, '*Domestique!*—yon hear?' 'Yes.' 'Vell, den, tell yonr master dat M——, de Mayor of Stafford, be below.' *Domestique* fly, and on do instant I be shown into de drawing-room. In one more minute, Sheridan leaves his dinner-party, enter de room hastily, stop suddenly, stare, and say, 'How dare yon, Grim, play me such a trick!' Then putting himself into a passion, he go on—'Go, sare! get you ont of my house!' 'Begar,' say I, placing my back against the door, 'not till you pay me my forty pounds;' and den I point to de pen, ink, and paper, on von small table in de corner, and say—'Dere! write me de check, and de mayor shall go *vitement*—*entendez-vous?* If not, morbleu, I will——' 'Oh!' interrupted this *clevare* man, 'if I must, Grim, I must,' and as if he were *trespressé*—very hurry—ho write de draft, and pushing it into my hand he squeeze it, and I do push it into my pocket. Vell, den, I do make haste to de bankers, and giving it to de clerks, I say, 'Four tens, if you please, sare.' 'Four tens!' he say, with much surprise; 'de draft be only four ponnnds.' Oh, vat a *clevare* fellow dat Sheridan is! But I say, 'If yon please, sare, *donnez-moi donc* those four pounds!' And den he say, 'Call again to-morrow!' Next day I meet de manager in de street, and I say, 'Mistare Sheridan, have you forgot?' and den he laugh, and say, 'Vy, Grim, I recollected afterwards—I left ont the 0.' Oh, vat a *clevare* fellow dat Sheridan is."

## A NEW LITANY.

Here is a litany, which, although not exactly orthodox, will pass among sinners:—

From tailors' bills, doctors' pills, western chills, and other ills—deliver us.

From want of gold, wives that scold, maidens old, and by sharpers "sold"—deliver us.

From stinging flies, coal black eyes, bakers' pies, and babies' cries—deliver us.

From seedy coats, protested notes, sinking boats, and illegal votes—deliver us.

From modest girls, with waving curls, and teeth of pearls—never mind.

## ROBERT HALL.

Robert Hall, when a student at Bristol, had been brought before the college authorities for being present at a prize fight. He defended himself half in jest and half in earnest, and to the great horror of the square toes, confessed the fact, but denied any fault; on the contrary, contended that a prize fight was a very instructive sight for a youth to witness. One can imagine the consternation of the seniors while the young scapegrace insisted that it was a fine exhibition of vigilance, patience, and fortitude; as such, eminently desirable for a Christian, and most desirable of all for a Christian minister to gaze upon; that Paul himself had evidently been at many a prize fight, as shown by his fondness for the imagery derived from it; that it was also a most melancholy exhibition of human depravity and corruption, and therefore full of solemn and tender suggestions to one whose business it would be to rebuke and correct iniquity; and, in short (for Robert was not the lad in those days to halt at a half paradox), that it was a singularly instructive and monitory spectacle for young ministers of the Gospel.

## AN INGENIOUS ROGUE.

A few days since, a well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking man, leading a beautiful boy, some nine years of age, entered a jeweller's shop, and asked the price of a handsome gold watch. It was £25. The gentleman examined, admired, and finally bought the article, and the boy put it in his pocket. The gentleman then took out a large purse, full of shining pieces, and opened it. At that moment he suddenly exclaimed, with a look of alarm, "Why, where is Charley?" and, dashing the plump purse on the counter, he rushed from the shop in frantic search for his boy, who had disappeared. The clerk awaited the gentleman's return for some time, with his purse lying where he had cast it down in his excitement. No fear of trickery was entertained, as the purse evidently contained money amounting to twice the value of the watch. But when hour after hour passed without the gentleman's return, and it was found that the purse only contained brass medals, the clerk and his master both came to the conclusion that their customer was a slippery one, and that his innocent-looking boy was not being brought up in the way he should go.

## A SANITARY MEASURE.

"Here's to internal improvements," as Dobbs said when he swallowed a dose of salts.

## THE USURER'S DIARY.—JOURNAL FOR DE WEEK.

*Sunday.*—No business to be done—de Christians all out making holiday; waited at home for Levi—he never come took a walk in St. George's Fields—bad luck all de day.

*Monday.*—At 'change till two; man in red coat wanted to borrow monish—did not like his looks—called in de afternoon in St. James's Street—not at home—bad luck; thought to have touched dere.

*Tuesday.*—Went to west end of de town—bought some old cloash—took in—gave great price for de breeches—thought I felt a sovereign in de fob, left dere by mistake—only done to cheat me—nothing but a farthing; sold dem again to Levi—took him in, in de same manner, with profit—very good dat.

*Wednesday.*—Went to St. James's Street again—devil in de man—never at home—met Levi—scold me about de breeches—not mind dat at all—swore I knew nothing of the matter; went to puff at auction—well paid; engaged at anoder in de evening—found out dere—obliged to sneak off—found a pair of candlesticks in my coat pocket—dropped in by accident; sold dem to Mr. Polishplate, de silversmith—did well by dat.

*Thursday.*—On 'change; met de gentleman wid de white wig—wanted more monish—let him have it—good securities; like white wigs; carried my advertisements to de newspapers—signed Z; pretty crooked letter dat—always sure to bring in customers.

*Friday.*—Met my good friend Mr. Smash—not seen him a long time—arrested him for de monish he owed me; went home to prepare for de Sabbath.

*Saturday.*—Went twice to de synagogue—repented of my shins; felt much comforted; remember to call in de morning on de man wid de white wig.

## PUNISHMENT.

Lord Stanley came plainly dressed to request a private audience of King James I., but was refused admittance into the royal closet by a sprucely-dressed countryman of the king's. James hearing the altercation between the two, came out, and inquired the cause. "My liege," replied Lord Stanley, "this gay countryman of yours has refused me admittance to your presence." "Cousin," said the king, "how shall I punish him? Shall I send him to the Tower?" "Oh no, my liege," replied Lord Stanley, "inflict a severer punishment; send him back to Scotland."

## POOR BUT PROUD.

A highwayman undertook to rob Major Jones. He met Jones in a wood over in Jersey. He asked Jones for his pocket-book. Jones refused to yield. Highwayman took Jones by the neck, and undertook to choke him. Jones made fight, and kept it up for half-an-hour. At the expiration of that time Jones caved, and the highwayman commenced rifling his pockets. The contents amounted to eighteen cents. "Is that all you've got?" "Every cent." "What made you fight so long?" "Didn't want to be exposed. Bad enough to have only eighteen cents; a great deal worse to have the whole world know it."

## A VERY COMMON RESULT.

"Come, Bob, how much have you cleared by your speculations?" said a friend to his companion. "Cleared!" answered Bob, with a frown, "why I've cleared my pockets."

## A PUN FROM THE ROW.

It is asserted that a certain eminent medical man lately offered to a publisher in Paternoster Row a "Treatise on the Hand," which the worthy bibliopole declined with a shake of the head, saying, "My dear sir, we have got too many *treatises* on our hands already."

## ENGLISHMEN AND DINNERS.

If an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow, they would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event.

## A LACONIC CORRESPONDENCE.

The elder Kean, having quarrelled with Rich, the manager of Drury Lane, became anxious to effect a reconciliation. He wrote to him, in brief but expressive terms: "*I am at Bath.*—KEAN." The answer was equally laconic: "*Stay there.*—RICH."

## THE TRIALS OF THE FAIR SEX.

A lady writes from Newport:—"We have to dress about nine times a-day here. First we put on a dress to dress in. Then we are ready for breakfast. After that we dress for the beach, then for the bath, then for dinner, then for the drive, then for the ball, and then for the bed. If that isn't being put through a regular course of dimity and diamonds, then I am no judge of such performances."

## HISTORY CONDENSED.

Landon thus condenses Tbackeray's lectures on the Georges:—

George the First was reckon'd vile;  
Viler George the Second;  
And what mortal ever heard  
Any good of George the Third?  
When from earth the Fourth ascended,  
Heaven be praised, the Georges ended!

## A DEFINITION.

Lord Byron thus defined *negus*:—"A wretched compromise between the passion for wine and the propriety of water."

## SHERIDAN SURPRISED.

Sheridan used to borrow money in advance of his bankers, on account of the receivership of the Duchy of Cornwall, which, in his latter days, as he stated in the House of Commons, was all he had to exist upon. He one day requested the banker, with due humility, to lend him twenty pounds. "Certainly, sir; perhaps you would like fifty?" "It would be very acceptable." "Or a hundred, sir?" "That would be still better," said the astonished Sheridan. "Or two hundred, sir?" said the banker. "What is the meaning of this? surely you are not bantering me?" said the wondering M.P. "Oh, then, sir, perhaps you have not received our letter?" which was the case; for on that day a draft of £1,200 had been paid in for the receiver-general.

## SHERIDAN MONEY-BOUND.

Sheridan, in his journeys, had often to stop at the inns on the road till he got a remittance from the treasurer of the theatre. He always marked the letters which he sent on these occasions, "Money-bound;" implying he could not weigh anchor and leave port, till a supply made the wind fair. When he separated from the theatre entirely, and a general examination of documents took place, there were four hundred and twelve "money-bound" letters of his upon the files.

## A PECK OF DIRT.

Lord Chesterfield, one day at an inn where he dined, complained very much that the plates and dishes were very dirty. The waiter with a degree of pertness observed, "that it is said every one must eat a peck of dirt before he dies." "That may be true," said Lord Chesterfield, "but no one is obliged to eat it all at one meal, you dirty dog."

#### DEATHS POSTPONED.

In an English newspaper was the following passage:—"A number of deaths are unavoidably postponed."

#### GIVING WARNING.

A gentleman who did not live very happy with his wife, on the maid telling him that she was going to give her mistress warning, as she kept scolding her from morning till night—"Happy girl!" said the master, "I wish I could give warning too."

#### LORD NELSON AND MR. PITT.

These two great men could never agree. It was told Nelson that Mr. Pitt said, "He was the greatest fool he ever knew when on shore." "He speaks truth," said the hero, "and I would soon prove him to be a fool if I had him on board of ship; nevertheless, I am as clever an admiral as he is a statesman, which is saying a great deal for myself." He disliked the man, but honoured his great talents.

#### ACTORS NOT THE ONLY PERSONS ON THE STAGE.

Two actors, belonging to Covent Garden theatre, being on their way to Brighton, stopped at an inn to change horses, where there was a coach, coming towards London, waiting the same accommodation, on the roof of which was seated a farmer's man, who hailed the two actors thus: "So, masters, you are going a mumming, I see." "How does that fellow know we are performers?" said one of the actors. "Don't you see he's on the stage himself," replied the other.

#### OPPOSITION LINE.

A gentleman on a stage-coach, passing through the city of Bath, and observing a handsome edifice, inquired of the driver what building it was? The driver replied "It is the Unitarian church." "Unitarian!" said the gentleman; "and what is that?" "I don't know," said Jehu, "but I believe it is in the *opposition line*."

#### A DUEL PREVENTED.

A noble lord, not very courageous, was once so far engaged in an affair of honour as to be drawn to Hyde Park to fight a duel; but just as he came to the porter's lodge an empty hearse came by; on which his lordship's antagonist, who was a droll officer, well known, called out to the driver, "Stop here, my good fellow, a few minutes, and I'll send you a fare." This operated so strongly on his lordship's nerves, that he begged the officer's pardon, and returned home in a whole skin.

## SARCASM OF DR. JOHNSON'S.

One evening at Oxford, Dr. Johnson was present at a private party, when, among other topics, an essay on the future life of brutes was mentioned, and a gentleman present was inclined to support the author's opinion, that the lower animals have an "immortal part." He familiarly remarked to the Doctor, "Really, sir, when we see a very sensible dog, we don't know what to think of him." Upon which Johnson, turning quickly round, replied, "True, sir; and when we see a very foolish fellow, we don't know what to think of him."

## MOSES AND THE PROFITS.

On the Duke of York's horse, Moses, winning a match at Ascot, his royal highness appeared to look very thoughtful. A spectator asked Mr. Hunt, who happened to be present, what he supposed the royal sportsman could then be pondering on? "Why, you know," replied Mr. H., "that the duke is a bishop, and he is doubtless thinking of Moses and the profits."

## A SWEET PUN.

A lady, at a late entertainment, asked her guest whether he could eat a *custard*. "Yes," said he, "it is *curs't hard* if I cannot."

## TO LADIES.

In a country town, near Lincoln, some years ago, there lived a sort of apothecary and man-midwife, who had a board up in front of his house, on which was painted, in large characters, "A. RIDLEY, Man-midwife.—Ladies delivered on the shortest notice, and on moderate terms. Such ladies as wish to be delivered decently my wife attends.—A. R."

## ROYAL NAVY MIDWIFE.

A surgeon and accoucheur, who commenced business in Wapping, announced himself to the ladies in that neighbourhood as man-midwife from the Royal Navy.

LINES IN THE WINDOW OF A SHOEMAKER'S SHOP NEARLY  
OPPOSITE APOTHECARIES' HALL.

Surgery performed on old boots and shoes, by adding of feet, making good the legs, binding the broken, healing the wounded, mending the constitution, and supporting the body with a new sole. Advice *gratis*.—By S. Gyles.

## THE LETTER H.

The Rev. Rowland Hill, when at college, had a conversation with some of his companions on the power of the letter H, when it was contended that it was no letter, but a mere aspiration of breathing. Rowland took the opposite side of the question, and insisted on its being, to all intents and purposes, a *letter*, and concluded by observing, if it was not, it was a very serious thing for him, as it would occasion his being *ill* all the days of his life.

## MRS. JORDAN'S DELIGHT IN THE STAGE.

I have seen her, as she called it, *on a cruise*, that is, at a provincial theatre (Liverpool), having gone over once from Dublin for that purpose: she was not then in high spirits; indeed her tone, in this respect, was not uniform: in the mornings she seemed usually depressed; at noon she went to rehearsal—came home fatigued, dined at three, and then reclined in her chamber till it was time to dress for the performance. She generally went to the theatre low-spirited.

## GARRICK,

One day dining with a large company, soon after dinner left the room, and it was supposed had left the house; but one of the party, on going into the arca to seek him, found Mr. Garrick fully occupied in amusing a negro boy, who was a servant in the family, by mimicking the manner and noise of a turkey-cock, which diverted the boy to such a degree that he was convulsed with laughter, and only able now and then to utter, "O Massa Garrick! you will kill me, Massa Garrick."

## FOOTE,

Being in company, and the "Tuscan grape" producing more riot than concord, he observed one gentleman so far gone in debate as to throw the bottle at his antagonist's head, upon which, catching the missile in his hand, he restored the harmony of the company, by observing, that "if the bottle was passed so quickly, not one of them would be able to stand out the evening."

## WHOLESOME ADVICE.

A forward young lady was walking one morning on the Steyne, at Brighton, when she encountered a facetious friend. "You see, Mr. —," said she, "I am come out to get a little sun and hair." "I think, madam, you had better get a little husband first," was the reply.



## DR. JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY.

When Johnson had completed his *Dictionary*, the delay of which had quite exhausted the patience of Millar, the bookseller, the latter acknowledged the receipt of the last sheet in the following terms:—

"Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of the copy of the *Dictionary*, and thanks God he has done with him."

To this uncourteous intimation the Doctor replied in this smart retort:—

"Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find (as he does by his note) that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for anything."

## GALLANTRY OF GIBBON THE HISTORIAN.

Gibbon, the historian, notwithstanding his shortness and rotundity, was very gallant. One day, being alone with Madame de Cronzas, Gibbon wished to seize the favourable moment, and suddenly dropping on his knees, he declared his love in the most passionate terms. Madame de Cronzas replied in a tone to prevent the repetition of such a scene. Gibbon was thunderstruck, but still remained on his knees, though frequently desired to get up and resume his seat. "Sir," said Madame de Cronzas, "will you have the goodness to rise?" "Alas, madame," replied the unhappy lover, "I cannot." His size prevented him from rising without assistance. Upon this Madame de Cronzas rang the bell, saying to the servant, "Lift up Mr. Gibbon."

## LEGAL WIT.

Lord Norbury was asking the reason of the delay that happened in a cause, and he was answered it was because Mr. Serjeant *Joy*, who was to lead, was absent, but Mr. *Hope*, the solicitor, had said that he would return immediately; when his lordship humorously repeated the well known lines—

"*Hope* told a flattering tale,  
That *Joy* would soon return."

## BYRON AND THE TONGUE.

One morning a party came into the public rooms at Buxton somewhat later than usual, and requested some tongue. They were told that Lord Byron had eaten it all. "I am very angry with his lordship," said a lady, loud enough for him to hear the observation. "I am sorry for it, madame," retorted Lord Byron, "but before I ate the tongue I was assured *you* did not want it."

## POOR INHERITANCE.

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

## BAD MEMORY.

An old Hampshire farmer, intent on making his will, was asked by the lawyer the name of his wife, when he gravely replied, "Well, indeed, I really don't recollect what it is! We've been married for upwards of forty years, and I've always called her "My old woman!" The lawyer left a blank to be filled up when his old woman's name was ascertained.

## ABSENCE OF MIND.

Sir Isaac Newton, one evening in winter, feeling it extremely cold, instinctively drew his chair very close to the grate, in which a fire had been recently lighted. By degrees the fire being completely kindled, Sir Isaac felt the heat intolerably intense, and rung his bell with unusual violence. John was not at hand; he at last made his appearance, by the time Sir Isaac was almost literally roasted. "Remove the grate, you lazy rascal!" exclaimed Sir Isaac, in a tone of irritation very uncommon with that amiable and placid philosopher; "remove the grate, ere I am burned to death!" "Please your honour, might you not rather *draw back your chair?*" said John, a little waggishly. "Upon my word," said Sir Isaac, smiling, "I never thought of that."

## SHERIDAN

Was one day much annoyed by a fellow-member of the House of Commons, who kept crying out every few minutes, "Hear! hear!" During the debate he took occasion to describe a political contemporary that wished to play rogue, but had only sense enough to act fool. "Where," exclaimed he, with great emphasis—"where shall we find a more foolish knave, or a more knavish fool than he?" "Hear! hear!" was shouted by the troublesome member. Sheridan turned round, and, thanking him for the prompt information, sat down amid a general roar of laughter.

## COUNSELLOR LAMB,

An old man when Lord Erskine was at the height of his reputation, was a man of timid manners and nervous temperament, and usually prefaced his plea with an apology to that effect. On one occasion, when opposed to Erskine, he happened to remark that he felt himself growing more and more timid as he grew older. 'No wonder,' replied the witty but relentless barrister, 'every one knows that the older a *lamb* grows the more *sheepish* he becomes.'

## COMFORTABLE.

Theodore Hook, when surprised one evening in his arm-chair, two or three hours after dinner, is reported to have apologized by saying, "When one is alone, the bottle does come round so often." It was Sir Hercules Langrishe, who, being asked on a similar occasion, "Have you finished all that port" (three bottles) "without assistance?" answered, "No—not quite that—I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira."

## A TART REPLY.

When Lord Ellenborough was Lord Chief Justice, a labouring bricklayer was once brought into court as a witness. When he came up to be sworn, his lordship said to him, "Really, witnuss, when you have to appear before the court, it is your bounden duty to be more clean and decent in your appearance." "Upon my life," said the witness, "If your lordship comes to that, I'm thinking I'm every bit as well dressed as your lordship." "What do you mean, sir?" asked his lordship angrily. "Why, faith," said the labourer, "you came here in your work clothes, and I'm come in mine."

## SCANDAL CONFUTED.

A gentleman was expatiating rather severely on the alleged inhospitable frugality of Lord Chancellor Eldon, and observed that he was so very parsimonious he never hardly gave a bottle of wine to a friend. "I beg your pardon," said a young barrister, "I have known his lordship to give a bottle of wine to half-a-dozen friends."

## GENTLE WOMAN, EVER KIND.

Dr. Kane relates that when one day, worn out with fatigue, he turned into an Esquimaux hut to get a little sleep, the good-natured hostess of the wigwam covered him up with some of her own habiliments, and gave him her baby for a pillow.

## NOT INCLINED.

"Why don't you wheel that barrow of coals, Ned?" said a learned miner to one of his sons. "It is not a very hard job; there is an inclined plane to relieve you." "Ah," replied Ned, who had more relish for wit than work, "the plane may be inclined, but hang me if I am."

## SUFFERERS.

A celebrated physician was called upon one day by a person suffering from the rheumatism, who insisted upon his doing something for him. The physician wrote a prescription, and, as the patient went out of the room, said to him, "I wish you would let me know if that does you any good, for I have not slept quietly this month for rheumatism."

## WHERRY GOOD.

Two gentlemen took a boat at Blackfriars Bridge to go to the Tower. One of them asked the other, who sat beside him, if he could tell him what countryman the waterman was? He replied, he could not. "Then," said his friend, "I can; he is a *Ro-man*. A Cockney being told the above said, "The pun was *wherry* good."

## A LONG DAY.

A lady was desirous of purchasing a watch. The jeweller showed her, among others, a very beautiful one, remarking, at the same time, that it went thirty-six hours. "In one day?" the purchaser asked.

## RIOTS.

*Commercial Man*—"Another outbreak, eh! These riots will be a terrible hindrance to all kinds of business." *Fashionable Swell*—"Aw, dessay! Delighted to hear it! Aw always had the greatest aversion to all kinds of business."

## A SCENE AT HOME—BREAKFAST TIME.

*Mrs. P.*—"Bless me, Mr. P., how pale you look this morning!" *Mr. P.*—"Ah, yes! thirsty last night; went down in the dark for a drink—mistook the jugs; got a drencher of soap and water—thought it had been beer."

## A JUSTICE.

An ignorant, but well-meaning man, having been placed on the commission of the peace in a rural district in England, declared, on taking his seat as a magistrate, that "it would be his most anxious endeavour to do justice without fear, favour, or affection. In short," said he, emphatically, "I will take care that on this bench I will never be either partial or impartial!"

## WIT OF LORD ELLENBOROUGH.

A Quaker coming into the witness box at Guildhall without a broad brim or dittoes, and rather smartly dressed, the crier put the book into his hand, and was about to administer the oath, when he required to be examined on his affirmation. Lord Ellenborough, asking if he was really a Quaker, and being answered in the affirmative, exclaimed—"Do you really mean to impose upon the court by appearing here in the disguise of a reasonable being?" A witness, dressed in a very fantastical manner, having given very rambling and discreditable evidence, was asked, in cross-examination, what he was? Witness: "I employ myself as a surgeon."—Lord Ellenborough: "But does any one else employ you as a surgeon?"

Henry Hunt, the famous demagogue, having been brought up to receive sentence upon a conviction for holding a seditious meeting, began his address in mitigation of punishment, by complaining of certain persons who had accused him of "stirring up the people by dangerous eloquence."—Lord Ellenborough (in a very mild tone): "My impartiality as a judge calls upon me to say, sir, that in accusing you of that they do you great injustice."

He had great success, and business flowed in upon him, particularly from the agents of the Northern attorneys. His charge for answering cases was very small, but he put a modest estimate upon the real value of the commodity which he sold. Many years afterwards, when he was presiding at nisi prius, a wrong-headed attorney, pleading his own cause, and being overruled on some untenable points which he took, at last impertinently observed—"My lord, my lord, although your lordship is so great a man now, I remember the time when I could have got your opinion for five shillings."—Lord Ellenborough: "Sir, I daresay it was not worth the money."

## ANECDOTE OF SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare was performing the part of a king in one of his own tragedies, standing near the queen's box, and having given orders to the attending officers, Elizabeth, wishing to know whether he would depart from the dignity of the sovereign, at that instant dropped her handkerchief—when the mimic monarch immediately exclaimed—

"But, ere this be done,  
Take up our sister's handkerchief."

## ALBERT SMITH

Once wrote in an hotel visitors' book his initials "A. S." A wag wrote underneath, "Two-thirds of the truth."

## SEVERE.

Wilkes never would spare Boswell, nor conceal before him his prejudices against the Scottish nation. He seemed to seize with particular avidity every opportunity to play upon Boswell, when anything relating to Scotland was introduced. "Yon must acknowledge, my friend Wilkes," observed Boswell one day, "that the approach to Edinburgh from the London road presents a very picturesque and interesting picture." "Why, so perhaps it may," returned Wilkes; "but when I was there, the wind was in my face, and brought with it such a confounded stink, that I was obliged to keep my handkerchief to my nose the whole way, and could see nothing of the prospect."

## HOOPS, FALSE HAIR, HIGH HEELS, AND MATRIMONY.

An act was introduced into the English Parliament in 1770, "that all women, of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, whether virgins, maids, or widows, that shall, from and after such act, *impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony, any of His Majesty's male subjects, by the scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, &c., shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft, and like misdemeanours, and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void.*"

## A MARGATE WORTHY.

Bennett, the "Donkey Hackneyman," at this celebrated watering-place, in the beginning of the present century, issued the following advertisement, containing a very delicate compliment to the fair sex, and which no doubt gained him considerable patronage:—

"Cows' milk and asses' too, I sell;  
And keep a stud for hire  
Of donkeys fam'd for going well,  
And mules that never tire.  
An angel honour'd Balaam's ass  
To meet her in the way;  
But Bennett's troop through Thanet pass  
With *angels* every day."

## LEAVING HIS VERDICT.

"I remember," says Lord Biden, "Mr. Justice Gould trying a case at York, and when he had proceeded for about two hours, he observed, 'Here are only eleven jurymen in the box, where is the twelfth?' 'Please you, my lord,' said one of the eleven, 'he has gone away about some other business—but he has left his verdict with me!'"

## DANGER.

A person named Danger kept a public-house on the Huntingdon Road, near Cambridge. On being compelled to quit the house, which was not his own, he built an inn on the opposite side of the road, and caused to be painted beneath the sign, "Danger, from over the way." His successor in the old house retorted by inscribing over the door, "There is no *Danger* here now."

## AN APOLOGY.

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

## WHERE IS THE SCHOOLMASTER?

The following verdict was given and written by the foreman of a coroner's jury: "We are of A Pinion that the Decest met with her death from Violent infirmation in the Arm, produest from Unoan Cauz."

## ANECDOTE OF CHARLES LAMB.

It is told of Charles Lamb, that one afternoon, having taken his seat in a crowded omnibus, a stout gentleman looked in, and politely asked, "All full inside?" "I don't know how it may be with the other passengers," answered Lamb, "but that last piece of oyster pie did the business for *me*!"

## A SIMILE.

Sir Thomas Overbury says, that the man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is under ground.

## IN FIRE.

An Englishman and a German were travelling together in a diligence, and both smoking. The German did all in his power to draw his companion into conversation, but to no purpose: at one moment he would, with a superabundance of politeness, apologize for drawing his attention to the fact that the ash of his cigar had fallen on his waistcoat, or a spark was endangering his neckerchief. At length the Englishman exclaimed, "Why the deuce can't you leave me alone! *Your coat-tail has been burning for the last ten minutes but I did not bother you about it!*"

## A KISSING ITEM.

A young gentleman residing in the neighbourhood of Richmond, had occasion, a short time since, to drive his pretty cousin Fanny down to Windsor in a gig. Little Charlie, a brother of Fanny's, accompanied, and sat between them in the gig; but as he was only five or six years of age he was considered nobody. Unfortunately, however, the urchin had a new hat that very day, of which he was exceedingly proud. Finding, on his arrival at Windsor, that it had sustained some injury during the journey, he rushed to his mamma to complain: "I declare, mamma," he cried, "I'll never ride in a gig between sister Fanny and Cousin George again." "Why so, my dear," inquired mamma. "Because," he replied, "they've crushed my new hat all to pieces, with leaning over me to kiss each other all the way from Richmond."

## COCKNEY ZOOLOGY.

*Precocious young lady*: "Law, ma, here's a heagle.—*Mamma* (*reproachfully*): "A heagle! Oh, yon hignorant hass! Vy, it's a howl!"—*Keeper of the menagerie* (*respectfully*): "Axes parding, mum, 'tis an awk!"

## BUNN AND JERROLD.

The great librettist is a great bore. One day he met Douglas Jerrold in Regent Street, and prepared to buttonhole him. "Well, Jerrold, what's going on?" said the author of *Marble Halls*. "I am!" responded Jerrold; and before his friend could say anything further, he was calmly pursuing the even tenor of his way.

## BUCKINGHAM AND SIR ROBERT VINER.

The second Duke of Buckingham, talking to Sir Robert Viner in a melancholy humor about his personal extravagance, "I am afraid, Sir Robert," he said, "I shall die a beggar at last—the most terrible thing in the world." "Upon my word, my lord," answered the mayor, "there is another thing more terrible which you have reason to apprehend, and that is, that you will live a beggar at the rate you go on."

## THE DUKE INVISIBLE.

A showman was describing to a select audience the wonders which were to be seen in his picture of Waterloo. Amongst the ludicrous expressions which he gave vent to was the following: "In the centre is the Duke of Wellington riding on a white horse, *but you can't see him for the smoke!*"



## PROVING AN ALIBI.

A clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon which one of his auditors commended. "Yes," said a gentleman to whom it was mentioned, "it was a good sermon, but he stole it!" This was told to the preacher. He resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract what he had said. "I am not," replied the aggressor, "very apt to retract my words; but in this instance I will. I said you had stolen the sermon: I find I was wrong—for, on returning home, and referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, I found it there!"

## DR. SHERIDAN AND HIS PUPIL.

Dr. Sheridan, the celebrated friend of Swift, had a custom of ringing his scholars to prayers, in the school-room, at a certain hour every day. The boys were one day very devoutly at prayers, except one, who was stifling a laugh as well as he could; which arose from seeing a rat descending from the bell-rope in the room. The poor boy could hold out no longer, but burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which set the others a going when he pointed to the cause. Sheridan was so provoked that he declared he would whip them all if the principal culprit was not pointed out to him, which was immediately done. The poor pupil of Momms was instantly called up to be flogged, when the witty schoolmaster told him if he said anything tolerable on the occasion, as he looked on the boy as the greatest dunce in the school, he would forgive him. The trembling culprit, with very little hesitation, addressed his master with the following beautiful distich:—

There was a rat, for want of stairs,  
Came down a rope—to go to prayers.

Sheridan instantly dropped the rod, and, instead of a whipping, gave him half-a-crown.

## A POLICE MAGISTRATE.

Truth is not seldom extracted by accident. Mr. A., whose office is frequently clamorous with the litigators of shilling warrants, suddenly called out "Silence there. There's been," added he, "*two or three people committed, and I have not heard a word they have said.*"

## MUSIC.

A lady, after performing with the most brilliant execution, a sonata on the piano-forte, in the presence of Dr. Johnson, turning to the philosopher, took the liberty of asking him if he was fond of music? "No, madam," replied the Doctor; "but of all noises, I think music is the least disagreeable."

## TOASTS.

At a recent public dinner near Hereford, numerous healths of noble personages were drank. "Lord John Russell, and the house of Russell." "Lord Howick, and the house of Grey." "The Duke of Devonshire, and the house of Cavendish," and many more; until an attorney, who was at table, being called upon for a toast, gave with perfect simplicity, "The health of Mr. Jones and the *House of Industry*."

## ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

The first time Dr. Johnson was in company with Mrs. Thrale, neither the elegance of his conversation, nor the depth of his knowledge could prevent that lady being shocked at his manners. Amongst other pieces of indecorum, his tea not being sweet enough, he put his fingers into the sugar-dish, and supplied himself with as little ceremony and concern as if there had not been a lady at the table. Every well-bred cheek was tinged with confusion; but Mrs. T. was so exasperated that she ordered the sugar-dish immediately from the table, as if its contents had been contaminated by the fingers of Pomposo. The Doctor prudently took no notice, but peaceably swallowed, as usual, his several cups of tea. When he had done, instead of placing his cup and saucer upon the table, he threw them both very calmly under the grate. The whole tea-table was thrown into confusion. Mrs. T. screamed out, "Heavens! Doctor, what have you done? You have spoiled the handsomest set of china I have in the world!" "I am sorry for it, madam," answered Dr. Johnson; "but I assure you I did it out of pure good breeding; for, from your treatment of the sugar-dish I supposed you would never touch anything again that I once soiled with my fingers."

## NOT PROFESSIONAL.

An attorney-general once receiving a client, who was intimate with him, in his library, the gentleman expressed surprise at the number of wigs that were hanging up. "Yes, there are several," replied the attorney; "*that*," pointing to a scratch, "is my common business wig; *that*, my chancery wig; *that*, my house of lords' wig; and *that*, my court wig." "And pray, sir," asked his friend, "where is your *honest man's wig*?" "O," replied the lawyer, "*that's not professional!*"

## SHORT COMMONS.

At a shop window in the Strand there appears the following notice:—"Wanted *two* apprentices, who will be treated as one of the family."

WIT MADE EASY; OR, A HINT TO WORD CATCHERS.

A.—Here comes B., the liveliest, yet most tiresome of word-catchers. I wonder whether he'll have wit enough to hear good news of his mistress. "Well, B., my dear boy, I hope I see you well."

B.—"I hope you do, my dear A., otherwise you have lost your eyesight."

A.—"Good. Well, how do you do?"

B.—"How? Why, as other people do. You would not have me eccentric, would you?"

A.—"Nonsense; I mean, how do you find yourself?"

B.—"Find myself! Where's the necessity of finding myself? I have not been lost."

A.—"Incorrigible dog! come now, to be serious."

B.—(*Comes closer to A., and looks very serious.*)

A.—"Well, what now?"

B.—"I am come to be serious."

A.—"Come now; nonsense, B., leave off this." (*Laying his hand upon his arm.*)

B.—(*Looking down at his arm.*) "I can't leave off this. It would look very absurd to go without a sleeve."

A.—"Ah, ha! You make me laugh in spite of myself. How is Jackson?"

B.—"The dence! how is Jackson? Well, I never should have thought that! How can Howe he Jackson? Surname and arms, I suppose, of some rich uncle? I have not seen him gazetted."

A.—"Good bye."

B.—(*Detaining him.*)—"Good bye! What a sudden enthusiasm in favour of some virtuous man of the name of Bye! 'Good Bye!' To think of Aston standing at the corner of the street, doting aloud on the integrity of a Mr. Bye."

A.—"Ludicrous enough. I can't help laughing, I confess. But laughing does not always imply merriment. You do not delight us, Jack, with these sort of jokes, but tickle us; and tickling may give pain."

B.—"Don't accept it, then. You need not take everything that is given you."

A.—"You'll want a straightforward answer some day, and then"—

B.—"You'll describe a circle about me, before you give it. Well, that's your affair, not mine. You'll astonish the natives, that's all."

A.—"It's great nonsense, you must allow."

B.—"I can't see why it is greater nonsense than any other pronoun."

A—(*In despair.*) "Well, it's of no use, I see."

B.—"Excuse me; *it* is of the greatest use. I don't know a part of speech more useful. *It* performs the greatest offices of nature, and contains, in fact, the whole agency and mystery of the world. *It* rains. *It* is fine weather. *It* freezes. *It* thaws. *It* (which is very odd) is one o'clock. *It* has been very frequently observed. *It* goes. Here *it* goes. How goes *it*? (which, by the way, is a translation from the Latin, *Eo, is, it; Eo, I go; is, thou goest; it, he or it goes.* In short"—

A.—"In short, if I wanted a dissertation on *it*, now's the time for it. But I don't; so good bye."

#### LORD NELSON'S NIGHT-CAP.

Dr. Burney, who wrote the celebrated anagram on Lord Nelson, after his victory of the Nile, "Honor est a Nilo," (Horatio Nelson) was shortly after on a visit to his lordship at his beautiful villa at Merton. From his usual absence of mind, he neglected to put a night-cap into his portmanteau, and consequently borrowed one from his lordship. Previously to his retiring to rest, he sat down to study, as was his common practice, having first put on the cap, and was shortly after alarmed by finding it in flames; he immediately collected the burnt remains, and returned them with the following lines:—

"Take your night-cap again, my good lord, I desire,  
I would not retain it a minute;  
What belongs to a Nelson, wherever there's fire,  
Is sure to be instantly in it."

#### WHIMSICAL DIRECTION OF A LETTER.

In London, postman, I've a friend,  
To whom this letter I would send:  
In Spitalfields there is a row  
Nam'd Paternoster, as you know;  
'Tis there he dwells, unknown to shame,  
James Murray, junior, is his name;  
The house is private, front is new,  
The number I shall leave to you;  
He'll pay the post, for me that's better;  
Knock thrice at least, and leave the letter.

#### ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Live temperately—go to church—attend to your affairs—love all the pretty girls—marry one of them—live like a man, and die like a Christian.

# THE MUSEUM OF MIRTH

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PART III.

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## SCOTCH WIT AND WISDOM:

LAUGHABLE ANECDOTES,  
JOVIAL HUMOUR, SHREWD SATIRE,  
AND  
BROAD FUN.

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GLASGOW: JOHN CAMERON,  
47 YORK STREET (CORNER OF ARGYLE STREET).

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

THE MUSEUM OF ANTHROPOLOGY

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILL.

WITNESS MY HAND

THIS 10th DAY OF MARCH

1901

JOHN D. HARRIS

DEPARTMENT OF ANTHROPOLOGY

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILL.

# THE MUSEUM OF MIRTH.

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## SCOTCH WIT AND WISDOM.

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### THE GHOST.

A foolish fellow went to the parish priest, and told him, with a very long face, that he had seen a ghost. "When and where?" said the pastor. "Last night," replied the timid man; "I was passing by the church, and up against the wall of it did I behold the spectre." "In what shape did it appear?" said the priest. "It appeared to be the shape of a great ass." "Go home, and hold your tongue about it," rejoined the pastor; "you are a very timid man, and have been frightened by your own shadow."

### REASONS FOR MARRYING.

A country justice of the peace, when upwards of seventy years of age, married a girl about nineteen, and being well aware that he was likely to be rallied on the subject, he resolved to be prepared. Accordingly, when any of his intimate friends called upon him, after the first salutations were passed, he was sure to begin the conversation by saying, he believed he could tell them news. "Why," says he, "I have married my tailor's daughter." If he was asked why he did so, the old gentleman replied, "Why, the father *suit*ed me so well for forty years past, that I thought the daughter might *suit* me for *forty years to come*."

### CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Old Master Brown brought his ferule down—his face was angry and red. "Now, Anthony Clair, go seat you there, along with the girls," he said. Then Anthony Clair, with a mortified air, and his chin down on his breast, crept slowly away, and sat all day by the girl that loved him best. And when schoolmaster Brown turned his head around, oh, then with what exquisite bliss did Anthony Clair and his sweetheart fair exchange many a kiss!—kisses so fleet, burning and sweet, rich as the honey-comb. And all that could not in school be got they took when going home.

## AN UNPLEASANT BED-FELLOW.

A Scotchman and an Irishman were sleeping at an inn together. The weather being rather warm, the Scotchman in his sleep put his leg out of the bed. A traveller, in passing the room door, saw him in this situation, and having a mind for a frolic, gently fixed a spur upon Sawney's heel, who, drawing his leg into the bed, so disturbed his companion that he exclaimed, "Arrah, honey, have a care of your great toe, for you have forgot to cut your nails I belave." The Scotchman being sound asleep, and sometimes, perhaps, not a little disturbed by other companions, still kept scratching poor Pat, till his patience being quite spent, he succeeded in rousing Sawney, who, not a little surprised at finding the spur on his heel, loudly exclaimed, "De'il tak' the daft chiel of an ostler, he's ta'en my boots aff last night, and left on the spur."

After a successful attack on the royal party in 1745, a Highlander gained a watch as his share of the plunder. Unacquainted with its use, he listened with equal surprise and pleasure to the ticking sound with which his new acquisition amused him. After a few hours, however, the watch was down and the noise ceased, and the dispirited owner, looking on the toy no longer with satisfaction, determined to conceal the misfortune which had befallen it and to dispose of it to the first person who would offer him a trifle in exchange. He soon met with a customer; but at parting he could not help exclaiming, "Why, she died last night."

## SCOTCH OFFICER AND PLAYER.

Mr. Bensley, before he went on the stage, was a captain in the army. One day he met a Scotch officer who had been in the same regiment. The latter was happy to meet an old messmate; but his Scotch blood made him *ashamed* to be seen with a player. He therefore hurried Mr. Bensley into an unfrequented coffee-house, where he asked him very seriously, "Hoo could you disgrace the corps by turning play-actor?" Mr. Bensley replied, "that he by no means considered it in that light; that, on the contrary, a respectable player, who behaved with propriety, was looked upon in the best manner, and kept the company of the best people." "And what, man," said Sawney, "do you get by this business of yours?" "I now," answered Mr. B., "get about a thousand a-year." "A thousand a-year!" exclaimed the astonished Scotchman; "*ha'e you ony vacancies in your corps?*"



#### A SUFFICIENT CASE.

A fat old gentleman was bitten in the calf of the leg by a dog. He at once rushed to the office of the justice of the peace, and preferred a complaint against a man in the neighbourhood whom he supposed to be the owner of the offending cur. The following was the defence offered on the trial:—  
“1. By testimony in favour of the general good character of my dog, I shall prove that nothing could make him so forgetful of his canine dignity as to bite a calf. 2. He is blind, and cannot see to bite. 3. Even if he could see to bite, it would be utterly impossible for him to go out of his way to do so, on account of his severe lameness. 4. Granting his eyes and legs to be good, he has no teeth. 5. I never had any dog.”

#### NO GRACE.

A minister of the Kirk of Scotland once discovered his wife asleep in the midst of his sermon on the Sabbath. So, pausing in the steady and possibly somewhat monotonous flow of his oratory, he broke forth with this personal address, sharp and clear, but very deliberate:—“Susan!” Susan opened her eyes and ears in a twinkling, as did all other dreamers in the house, whether asleep or awake. “Susan! I didna marry ye for your wealth, since ye had nane; and I didna marry ye for your beauty—that the bairn congregation can see; and if ye have no grace, I have made hut a sair bargain.”

#### A MUSIC LESSON.

A Highland piper, having a scholar to teach, disdained to crack his brains with the names of semibreves, minims, crotchets, and quavers. “Here, Donald,” said he, “tak’ your pipes, lad, and gi’e us a blast. So, verra weel blawn, indeed; but what’s a sound, Donald, without sense? You may hlaw for ever without making a tune o’t, if I dinna tell you how the queer things on the paper maun help yon. You see that big fellow, wi’ a round, open face (pointing to a semibreve, between two lines of a bar), he moves slowly from that line to this, while ye heat ane wi’ your fist, an’ gi’e a long hlast; if, now, ye put a leg to him ye mak’ twa o’ him, and he’ll move twice as fast; an’ if ye hlack bis face, he’ll run four times faster than the fellow wi’ the white face; hut if, after hlackin bis face, ye’ll bend his knee, or tie his leg, he’ll bop eight times faster than the white-faced chap I showed you first. Now, whene’er you hlaw your pipes, Donald, remember this—that the tighter those fellows’ legs are tied, the faster they’ll run, and the quicker they’re sure to dance.”

## A DEAF CRIER.

"An old court-crier, who had grown gray in the cause, and as deaf as a heetle, was in the habit of calling the names of witnesses (which he generally managed to get wrong) from the second storey window of the court-house, in such a stentorian voice as to be heard with distinctness for a square or more. On one occasion, in the course of a very serious and somewhat important suit, the presence of a witness, named Arabella Hanks, was needed. The crier, like a parrot, sat nodding on his perch, when he was aroused from his slumber by an order from the court to call the witness. Looking anxiously at the Judge, with his hand at his ear, in order to catch the sound correctly, he said—

"What, your lordship?"

"Call Arabella Hanks," said the judge.

Still in doubt, the poor crier arose from his seat and said again, with a much puzzled look,

"What, your lordship?"

"Call Arabella Hanks, crier, and delay the business of the court no longer!" said the judge, much provoked.

The old crier, thereupon, with a countenance indicating both doubt and desperation, proceeded to the window, and in his loudest voice called out—

"Yaller Belly Shanks! Yaller Belly Shanks! Yaller Belly Shanks! come into court!"

It is needless to say that the seriousness of the court room was convulsively dispelled; and quiet was restored only to be again disturbed by the laughter caused by the crier, who, in answer to the court as to whether or not the witness replied, said, "No, your lordship; and I don't believe there is such a person in the county, for I've lived here forty years, and I never *heard* of him before!"

## THE WITTY COUNTRYMAN.

A countryman, very much marked by the smallpox, applied to a justice of the peace for redress in an affair where one of his neighbours had ill-treated him; but not explaining the business so clearly as the justice expected, "Fellow!" said the justice, in a rage, "I don't know whether you were inoculated for the smallpox or not, *but I'm sure you have been for stupidity.*" "Why, and please your honour," replied the man, "perhaps I might, as you say, be inoculated for stupidity; but there was no occasion to perform that upon your worship, *for you seem to have had it in the natural way.*"

## WHISKY AND THE FAIRIES.

"How do you account," said a north country minister of the last age (the late Rev. Mr. M-Bean of Alves) to a sagacious old elder of his session, "for the almost total disappearance of the ghosts and fairies that used to be common in your young days?" "Tak' my word for't, minister," replied the old man, "it's a' owing to the *tea*; whan the *tea* cam' in, the ghaists an' fairies gaed out. Weel do I mind whan at a' our neebourly meetings—bridals, christenings, lyke-wakes, an' the like—we entertained aye apither wi' rich nappy ale; an' when the verra dowiest o' us used to get warm i' the face, an' a little confused in the head, an' weel fit to see amaisht onything when on the muirs on yer way hame. But the tea has put out the nappy; an' I have remarked that by losing the nappy we lost baith ghaists and fairies."

## NEGATIVE INFORMATION.

Two Scotchmen met on one of the bridges of Glasgow, one of them having in his hand a very handsome fowling-piece, when the following dialogue ensued :—

"Ods, mon, but that's a bonnie gun."

"Ay, 'deed is it."

"Whaur did you get it?"

"Owre by there."

"And wha's it for?"

"D'ye ken the Yeditor of the *Glasgow Herald*?"

"Ou, ay."

"Weel, it's nae for him."

## LORD BROUGHAM'S LAST.

The following anecdote has been sent to us :—A lady, whose love for politics is well known, recently asked Lord Brougham who, in his opinion, was the best debater in the House of Peers. Brougham, with one of his indescribable looks, unhesitatingly replied, "Lord Derby is the second, madam." There is much to admire in his lordship's modesty not permitting to take the honour to himself, while his sense of merit did not prevent him yielding the palm to another so adroitly.

## A DEFINITION OF TASTELINESS.

Two hinds' wives, the other day, were supping their morning's parritch from the same bicker in the harvest field. 'Hech, Jenny,' said Chirstie to her neighbour, "but thae's awfu' wairsh brose." "Deed ir they," said Jenny, "they're awfu'! D'ye ken what they bring me in mind o'? Just o' a kiss frae a body that ye dinna like."

## THE CONJUROR AND THE SCOTCHMAN.

Anderson, the wizard, met with a Scotchman who stole a march on him after the following pattern:—Enter Scotchman—

"I say! you Professor Anderson?"

"Yes, sir, at your service."

"Weel, you're a smart man, and I'm sumthin' at a trick too, you know."

"Ah, indeed, and what tricks are you up to, sir?" asked the Professor, amused at the simple fellow.

"Weel, I can take a shilling and change it into a gold piece."

"Oh, that's a mere sleight-of-hand trick; I can do that, oo."

"No, you can't. I'd like to see you try."

"Well, hold out your hand with a shilling in it."

Scot stretched out his paw with a shilling lying on it.

"This is your shilling, is it, sure?"

"It's nothing else."

"Hold on to it tight. Presto! change. Now open your hand."

Scot opened his fist, and there was a gold sovereign on his palm.

"Weel, you did it, I declare; much obleeged to you!" and the Scotchman turned to go out.

"Stay," said the professor, "you may leave me my sovereign."

"Yours! warn't that my shilling, and didn't you turn it into this ere yellow thing, eh? Good bye!" And as he left the room he was heard to say, "I guess there ain't anything green about this child."

## A QUERY FOR THE LADIES.

How is it that young ladies can always tell a married man from a single one? The fact is indisputable. *Blackwood* says that "the fact of matrimony or bachelorship is written so legibly in a man's appearance that no ingenuity can conceal it. Everywhere there is some inexplicable instinct that tells us whether an individual (whose name, fortune, and circumstances are totally unknown) be or be not a married man. Whether it is a certain subdued look, such as that which characterizes the lions in a menagerie, and distinguishes them from the lords of the desert, we cannot tell; but the truth is so, we positively affirm."

## COMPOSING AN EPITAPH.

Some years since, a Mr. Dickson, who was provost of Dundee, in Scotland, died ; and, by will, left the sum of one guinea to a person to compose an epitaph upon him ; which sum he directed his three executors to pay. The executors, thinking to defraud the poet, agreed to meet, and share the guinea among them, each contributing a line to the epitaph, which ran as follows:—

First, "Here lies Dickson, Provost of Dundee."

Second, "Here lies Dickson, here lies he."

The third was put to it for a long time ; but, unwilling to lose his share of the guinea, vociferously bawled out,

"Hallelujah, hallelujah !"

## REHEARSING A SERMON.

A Scotch probationer was rehearsing on the Saturday evening a discourse to be preached next day, and as he did so, strode up and down the room of the farmhouse in which he lodged. Becoming more energetic as he proceeded, he was enforcing some part with a vehement stamp, when the floor gave way, and he found himself immersed nearly to the waist in a huge lapping tubful of buttermilk which stood in the cellar beneath.

## SCOTCH DRYNESS.

An English gentleman travelling in the north of Scotland, on horseback, in the olden time, came up to a macadamizer of the roads, and, while he was busy breaking the road metal, asked him if the direction in which he was going was the way to Aberdeen. The knight of the hammer, glad of an opportunity to rest himself a little, leaned on the top of his hammer, which had rather a long handle, and quietly said to the gentleman, "Now, where came ye from ?" The gentleman, nettled at not receiving a direct answer, asked him, "What business have you with where I came from ?" The macadamizer, taking up his hammer, and beginning to resume his occupation, said, "Oh, just as little business as with where you are going to !"

When the brave Corporal Caithness was asked, after the battle of Waterloo, if he was not afraid, he replied, "Afraid ! why I was in all the battles of the Peninsula !" But having it explained to him that the question merely related to a fear of losing the day, he said, "Na, na ! I didna fear that ; I was only afraid we should be all kilt before we had time to win it !"

## LOVE EVER PREDOMINANT.

It is estimated that the love letters dropped into the post offices at Glasgow average over fifteen hundred daily. The factory girls are unanimous in their opposition to "single blessedness."

## MODERATION.

A Scotch parson once preached a long sermon against dram-drinking, a vice very prevalent in his parish, and from which reports said he himself was not wholly exempt. "Whatever ye do, brethren," said he, "do it with moderation, and aboon all, be moderate in dram-drinking. When ye get up, indeed, ye may tak' a dram, and anither just before breakfast, and perhaps anither after; but dinna be always dram-drinking. If ye are out in the morn, ye may just brace yerself up with anither dram, and perhaps tak anither before luncheon, and some, I fear, tak ane after, which is no so very blameable, but dinna be always dram-dram-draming away. Naeboddy can scruple for ane just afore dinner, and when the dessert is brought in, an' after it's ta'en away; and perhaps ane, or it may be twa, in the course of the afternoon, just to keep ye fra drowsying and snoozling; but dinna be always dram-dram-draming. Afore tea and after tea, and between tea and supper, and before and after supper, is no more than right and good; but let me caution ye, brethren, no to be always dram-draming. Just when ye start for bed, and when ye're ready to pop into't, and perhaps when ye wake in the night, to take a dram or twa is no more than a Christian man may lawfully do; but, brethren, let me caution you not to drink more than I've mentioned, or maybe ye may pass the bounds of moderation!"

## A SEASONED CASK.

The late Rev. Mr. —, of D——, Aherdeenshire, was fond of his friend and a bottle: he sacrificed so often to the jolly god that the presbytery could no longer overlook such proceedings, and summoned him before them to answer for his conduct. One of his elders, and constant companion in his social hours, was cited as a witness against him. "Well, John," says one of the presbytery to the elder, "did you ever see the Rev. Mr. — the worse of drink?" "Weel, I wat no; I've mony a time seen him the better o't, but I never saw him the waur o't." "But did you never see him drunk?" "That's what I'll never see; for before he be half stokened, I'm ay blind fu'."

## THE PEER AND THE SHEEP-STEALER.

Lord Kames used to relate a story of a man who claimed the honour of his acquaintance on rather singular grounds. His lordship, when one of the justiciary judges, returning from the north circuit to Perth, happened one night to sleep at Dunkeld. The next morning, walking towards the ferry, but apprehending he had missed his way, he asked a man whom he met to conduct him. The other answered with much cordiality, "That I will do with all my heart, my lord; does your lordship remember me? My name's John —; I have had the honour of appearing before your lordship for stealing sheep!" "Oh, John, I remember you well: and how is your wife? she had the honour of being before me too, for receiving them, knowing them to be stolen." "At your lordship's service. We were very lucky; we got off for want of evidence; and I am still going on in the butcher trade." "Then," replied his lordship, "we may have the honour of meeting again."

## CLERICAL WIT.

The facetious Watty Morrison, as he was commonly called, was entreating the commanding officer of a regiment at Fort George to pardon a poor fellow sent to the halberds. The officer granted his petition, on condition that Mr. Morrison should accord with the first favour he asked: the favour was to perform the ceremony of baptism for a young puppy. A merry party of gentlemen were invited to the christening. Mr. Morrison desired Major ——— to hold up the dog. "As I am a minister of the Kirk of Scotland," said Mr. M., "I must proceed accordingly." Major ——— said he asked no more. "Well, then, Major, I begin with the usual question, You acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy?" The Major understood the joke, and threw away the animal. Thus did Mr. Morrison turn the laugh against the ensnarer, who intended to deride a sacred ordinance.

On another occasion, a young officer scoffed at the parade of study, to which clergymen assigned their right to remuneration for labour, and he offered to take a bet he would preach half an hour upon any verse, or section of a verse, in the Old or New Testament. Mr. Morrison took the bet, and pointed out, "And the ass opened his mouth and he spoke." The officer declined employing his eloquence on that text. Mr. Morrison won his wager, and silenced the scorner.

"THERE THEY GO."

Two sharpers went into a public-house one morning, where there was an inquisitive landlord, and called for some liquor, then began a conversation between themselves about the singularity of a bet that had been lost the preceding day. "What may that have been?" asked the landlord. "Why, it was simple in the man who lost, for he laid he'd do what was impossible—he was to look at a clock for fifteen minutes, and without stopping or faltering, to repeat *"There they go."* "Why, do you think that impossible?" said the landlord; "why, I think that I could do that." "No, nor any other man." "I'll lay five guineas I do." "Well, I've no objection to that." The bet was made, and the landlord put his five guineas on the table, as did the two men. He began, "There they go, there they go;" which, as soon as they had drank their beer, they verified with a departure with the money. The landlord, thinking they only did it to make him lose his bet, by calling after them, kept on, "There they go," for ten minutes after their departure, and lost his five guineas, though he won his wager.

CLERICAL WAGGERY.

Some years ago, as the late Rev. Mr. Pringle of Perth was taking a walk one summer afternoon upon the Inch, two young beaux took it into their heads to break a joke on the old parson. Walking briskly up to him, and making their bow politely, they asked him if he could tell them the colour of the devil's wig. The worthy clergyman, surveying them attentively a few seconds, made the following reply:—"Truly here is a most surprising case: two men have served a master all the days of their lives, and cannot tell the colour of his wig!"

A LITTLE SERMON.

There was a clergyman who often became quite vexed at finding his little grandchildren in his study. One day one of these children was standing by his mother's side, and she was speaking to him of heaven.

"Ma'," said he, "I don't want to go to heaven."

"Don't want to go to heaven, my son?"

"No, ma'; I'm sure I don't."

"Why not, my son?"

"Why, grandpa' will be there, won't he?"

"Why, yes; I hope he will."

"Well, just as soon as he see us, he'll come scolding along, and say—'Whew! Whew! what are these boys here for?' I don't want to go to heaven, if grandpa' is going to be there!"



## MARCH OF INTELLECT.

A gentleman, the other day, visiting Mr. Wood's school in Edinburgh, had a book put into his hand for the purpose of examining a class. The word "inheritance" occurring in the verse, the querist interrogated the youngster as follows: "What is inheritance?" "Patrimony." "What is patrimony?" "Something left by my father." "What would you call it if left by a mother?" "Matrimony."

## LEARNED SCOTCHMAN.

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

## HOW THE DOCTOR WAS DINED.

We know a story—an "owre true tale"—about the way a friend had the toothache cured, and how the dentist got a good dinner, which is a little too rich not to see the light. So we shall here attempt to tell it.

Well, then, our friend had a bad tooth that troubled him (as most bad things in people's heads are apt to do); and, after several days and nights of suffering from it, he courageously resolved to have the "offending member" taken out—to make a vacuum in the rows of his fine white ivories. The pain would, of course, be some; the loss of a grinder considerable. But out it must and should come. "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out," saith the good book. And our friend, doubtless, esteeming one tooth out of thirty-two in number, of less importance than one eye from two, both as to looks and convenience, and remembering the injunctions in the above quotation, straightway he started for the office of Dr. S—to have his tooth extracted.

He walked boldly up to the door and rang the hall bell. There might have been something of nervousness in the pull of the knob, but we won't say there was. The bell jingled very distinctly, and in a moment our friend with the toothache was ushered into the presence of the dentist, who was busy in spreading out and arranging his implements of art. These presented a formidable array! Here and there lay

saws, files, knives, forceps, and all sorts of instruments for cutting and pulling.

The sufferer gave them a hasty glance before he and the dentist had even time for salutation. But hasty as was that glance, it was enough! The toothache was no more.

"Good morning, Mr. M——. I'm glad to see you," said the doctor. "Take a seat, sir."

"Thank you—thank ynn, dnetnr," said the visitnr, rather confusedly. But, recovering himself with excellent grace, continued: "As I was passing, doctor, it occurred in me that I have a fine turkey for dinner to-morrow, and, with another friend or two with you, should like to have a glass of good old wine over it. That's all, doctor. Shall I have the pleasure of your company to-morrow?"

"Certainly, my dear sir, and thanks. I'll call without fail. You may rely upon me."

"Well, doctor, I'm in a hurry. Only stepped in to see you and give the invitation. Good day, doctor."

"Good day, Mr. H——. I'll not forget the fine turkey and good old wine—depend upon it. Good day, sir."

And the man whn had the toothache quietly departed.

The dinner came off. It was indeed excellent, as we know, having been present on the occasion. The story as we relate it was told. The doctor's pain extractors were highly commended; while his health, and that of the host, went down with sundry bumpers of good old wine.

#### A CONSISTENT SERVANT.

A very good lady had in her employment a young man from the country. On certain occasinns, he was instructed to inform any company who might ring at the door that "Mrs. —— was not at home." One day John made this reply to an intimate friend of the lady, who shortly went away, leaving a card and a promise to call again. As the card was handed to Mrs. ——, she said, "John, what did you say to the lady?" "I told her you were not at home." "Well, John, I hope you did not laugh?" "Oh, no, madam," said John; "I never laugh when I tell a lie."

#### AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.

At Alloa, as a couple were standing at the altar ready to be married, the clergyman asked for the license, but the only paper the bridegroom had in his possession was an unpaid tax bill, which he handed to the clergyman in mistake for the proper document, which he had left at home.

## A MEAL MAN A MERE MAN.

A meal man in Scotland is a corn chandler in England. A meal man, an officious elder in the Kirk of Scotland, used to go and tease an honest parish dominie, by examining his scholars in the *Assembly's Shorter Catechism*. While casting about in his mind how to get rid of this troublesome intruder, the schoolmaster's wish was one day accomplished in a ludicrous manner. The meal man, as usual, was catechising the children, and, in so doing, came to the question—

"Is it possible for any man perfectly, in this life, to keep the commandments of God?"

The child who was asked sadly lisped in her speech, and she began to answer in the following manner—

"No meal man since the fall was ever able perfectly," &c.

But before the child had finished her answer, the "*mere man*" was out of sight and out of hearing, to the great delight of the dominie and the children, never to appear again in the schoolroom.

## A RUDE SON.

"Daddy, I want to ask you a question." "Well, my son?" "Why is neighbour Smith's liquor shop like a counterfeit shilling?" "I can't tell, my son." "Because you can't pass it," said the boy.

## HEARERS WEIGHED.

A celebrated parson lately preached a rather long sermon from the text—"Thou art weighed and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person was about to retire, whereupon the parson stopped in his sermon and said—"That is right, gentlemen; as fast as you are weighed, pass out." He continued his sermon at some length after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

## "KEEP THE COMMANDMENTS."

A parish minister once took occasion, in the pulpit, to describe the devotional and solemn effect of the organ in public worship, and to solicit a contribution from the congregation to procure one. On coming out of church, a gentleman observed to a friend, "I will give nothing towards the organ. I mean to present the table of commandments." "I advise you," replied the friend, "*to keep the commandments, and give something else to the church.*"

## ANECDOTE OF MRS. BURNS.

It is generally known that Mrs. Burns, after her husband died, occupied exactly the same house in Dumfries which she inhabited before that event; and it was customary for strangers who happened to pass through or visit that town, to pay their respects to her, with or without letters of introduction, precisely as they do to the churchyard, the bridge, the harbour, or any other object of public curiosity about the place. A gay young Englishman one day visited Mrs. Burns, and after he had seen all she had to show—the bedroom in which the poet died—his original portrait by Nasmyth—his family Bible, with the names and birthdays of himself, his wife, and children, written on a blank leaf by his own hand, and some other little trifles of the same nature—he proceeded to entreat that she would have the kindness to present him with some relic of the poet, which he might carry away with him as a wonder to show in his own country. “Indeed, sir,” said Mrs. Burns, “I have given away so many relics of Mr. Burns, that, to tell the truth, I have not one left.” “Oh, you surely must have something,” said the persevering Saxon; “anything will do. any little scrap of his handwriting; the least thing you please. All I want is *just a relic of the poet*; and anything, you know, will do for a relic.” Some further altercation took place, the lady re-asserting that she had no relic to give, and he as repeatedly renewing his request. At length, fairly worn out with the man’s importunities, Mrs. Burns said to him, with a smile, “’Deed, sir, unless you take *myself*, then, I dinna see how you are to get what you want; for really, *I’m the only relic o’ him that I ken o’.*” The petitioner at once withdrew his request.

## A FRIGHTFUL CONTINGENCY.

A farmer from the neighbourhood of Galston took his wife to see the wonders of the microscope, which happened to be exhibiting in Kilmarnock. The various curiosities seemed to please the good woman very well, till the animalculæ contained in a drop of water came to be shown off. These seemed to poor Janet not so very pleasant a sight as the others. She sat patiently, however, till the “water tigers,” magnified to the size of twelve feet, appeared on the sheet, fighting with their usual ferocity. Janet now rose in great trepidation, and cried to her husband, “For guid sake, come awa’, John.” “Sit still, woman,” said John, “and see the show.” “See the show!—keep us a’, man, what wad come o’ us if they awfu’-like brutes wad break out o’ the water?”

## EMPTY AND CRACKED.

The Reverend Mr. Thom of Govan, and the Reverend Mr. Lapslie of Campsie, ministers of country parishes near Glasgow, were both celebrated for their wit, and whenever they met there were sure to be some scintillations between them. One day they happened to meet, when Mr. Thom looked rather lubrious. In order to rouse his witty friend, Mr. Lapslie asked him what was the matter with him; when he replied that he had a ringing in his head, which was very uncomfortable.

"Does your head ring?" said Mr. Lapslie.

"Yes," said Mr. T.

"I will tell you the reason of that," said Mr. Lapslie.

"What is it?" said Mr. T.

"Because it is empty," said Mr. L.

"Does *your* head not ring?" inquired Mr. T.

"No!" answered Mr. L.

"I will tell you the reason of that," said Mr. T.

"What is the reason?" said Mr. L.

"Because it is cracked," said Mr. T.

## LOVE IN SHACKLES.

A young man in Morayshire was courting a servant in the house of a certain police official. One evening, as he was sitting beside his lass, he saw a pair of handcuffs on a nail on the wall, and took them down, and thoughtlessly slipped them on the girl. He tried to get them off, but this baffled all his skill. The house bell rang, and the maid ran up stairs, but she could not open the door. A second summons, but still no servant made her appearance. At length the mistress went down to see what was the matter, and found that the Lothario had fled, but left his love in shackles, and in tears.

## A MAGISTERIAL CLIPPING.

A Scotch bailie presided the other day, for the first time, on the bench. One of the earliest cases brought before him, was that of a servant girl who sued her mistress for her wages, which were refused on the ground that she had allowed a favourite squirrel to escape from its cage. The worthy magistrate, after hearing the parties, said—"That although the lass was maybe to blame for leaving the cage door open, yet the mistress was mair to blame than ber, for she sud ha'e clippit the beast's wings, sae that it cudna flee awa'!"

## A PRACTICAL JOKE.

At Wick, lately, a "cheap John" offered a bridle for sale, when a man in the crowd bid "a crown." The bidding was instantly accepted, and payment demanded. "It was the crown of my hat I meant," said the purchaser. "Very well," responded the other, "a bargain's a bargain; hand it here." Thinking the whole affair a joke, and judging himself very clever, the individual handed up the hat, and received the bridle; whereupon the auctioneer coolly cut out the crown with a penknife, and returned the rest of the hat to the outwitted joker, who disappeared amid a roar of laughter, having paid much too dear for both his joke and his bridle.

## AN OLD MAID.

"Marriage," says a Scotch gentlewoman, in one of Galt's novels, "is like heaven—a thing we maun all come to, sooner or later." "I doubt it, Miss Mally; ye've been long spared from it," was the consolatory reply of Miss Glencairn's friend.

## RUSTIC SIMPLICITY.

*Countryman*.—"I say, mister, do you know where Mr. Smith lives?" *Gent*.—"Which of 'em? There are a good many of that name." *Countryman*.—"Yes, I know there be; but this one's name is John."

## A CONSCIENTIOUS WIDOW.

A poor peasant on his death-bed made his will. He called his wife to him, and told her of its provisions. "I have left," he said, "my horse to my parents: sell it, and hand over to them the money you receive. I leave to you my dog; take care of him, and he will serve you faithfully." The wife promised to obey, and in due time set out to the neighbouring market, with the horse and the dog. "How much do you want for your horse?" inquired a farmer. "I cannot sell the horse alone, but you may have both at a reasonable rate. Give me ten pounds for the dog, and five shillings for the horse." The farmer laughed, but as the terms were low, he willingly accepted them. Then the worthy woman gave to her husband's parents the five shillings received for the horse, and kept the ten pounds for herself.

## TO A BACHELOR COUSIN.

Yes, Cousin John, you need a wife  
To see to shirts and things,  
And keep you from the dangerous path  
That's full of traps and springs,

As well as to protect your cash  
From its proverbial wings.

A man may have a noble head,  
A tongue that hates a fib,

A form to please l'RAXITELES,  
And money-bags *ad lib*;

But what's the use of all these gifts,  
If he's *without a rib*?

#### THE GLASGOW CARTERS.

At a carter's soiree in Glasgow lately, Dr. Norman McLeod delivered a humorous speech. He commenced by relating an anecdote of George IV. when walking in a procession up the High Street of Edinburgh, and seeing the crowd all so well dressed, he had looked round, and asked, where was the mob. He might in the same way look round this meeting and ask, "Where are the carters?" While they were working for *their* short time movement, he wished they would give the ministers a lift to get short time, too. Coming home, he said, from a meeting the other night, I was getting out of a cab, when the cahman said to me, "We're owre hard wrought, sir." I replied to him, "Is it yourself, your horse, or I, you mean, for I think we are all much about it?" He looked upon this movement by the carters of Glasgow, or by any of the working classes of Glasgow, to secure short time for themselves, to be of immense advantage, provided they improved so precious a gift. He beseeched them to improve their time, and by so doing the carters would, every day, become better informed, and more steady, and be elevated to take that position among the working classes of the city, which they had hitherto failed to take, chiefly from their being overwrought men.

#### PAISLEY MEN.

Some thirty years ago, an English tourist was standing on the Castle Rock, with a lank, keen-visaged Scotchman for interpreter and guide. "Now, my good friend," said the Southron, "you have talked quite enough about your native town. Pray, forget Paisley for a moment, and let us look at Edinburgh." "It's no that easy to forget Paisley when ye look at Embro'," replied the offended *cicerone*. "Seest 'ou?" and he pointed towards the University buildings; "that's Embro' College, where they come from England and a' pairts, to learn to be doctors, and chancellors, and members o' Parliament; and it has the cleverest men in the three kingdoms

for its professors; but far the cleverest of them is ane John Wilson, and *he's* a Paisley man. And seest 'ou?" pointing to a distant spire; "yon's the steeple o' North Leith. It's the best stipend in Scotland, and at this present it's allowed to have the best preacher in Scotland for its minister. Ye must have heard tell of the Rev. James Buchanan; but ye may have forgotten that he's a Paisley man. And seest 'ou that kirk wi' the doom on't? That's St. George's, where a' the gentry attend for the sake o' the singing; and I'se warrant ye'll no hear the like o' the precentor in a' England. They ca' him R. A. Smith, and he's a Paisley man. And seest 'ou where a' the coaches are waiting to start? That's the Register Office. Ye may say it's the keystone o' the kingdom; for lairds and lands a' hang by it. But though it's the place where dukes and earls keep their titles, and the king himself keeps his papers, every day, when the clerks gae hame, and the door is steekit, the entire place is left in charge of an auld wife, and she's a Paisley woman.

#### THE WATER DRINKER.

A bonnet-laird in the vicinity of Glasgow, who was given to indulge too freely in ardent spirits, came at last to the resolution of eschewing the evil, by becoming a member of the Temperance Society. With this purpose he went to Glasgow, and inquired of a friend where he should enrol his name. "I'm just resolved," he said, "to drap the whisky a' thegither, an' tak' naething stronger than water." The friend, who was a wag, informed him that there were several Temperance Societies in town, but the chief one, and the one which he would advise him to enter, was *The Glasgow Water Company*. Being directed to the office of that company, the following dialogue took place:—

"I wish, gentlemen, to become a member of your society."

"You wish to take a share in our company?"

"Deed do I, sirs; for I think there's naething like water after a'."

"To be sure, it is essential to life. The gentleman who disposes of shares will be here presently, if you can wait."

"Oh, I can wait brawly. And is there mony now in Glasgow friendly to your society?"

"Whiy, we have to fight against a good deal of opposition, as you may have heard."

"That's a pity. It would save mony a sair head and sair heart if the folk o' the town were a' o' your mind."

"Yes, but that is scarcely to be looked for."



"Na, na—sae lang as puir human nature is what it is. But tell me, gentlemen, in real earnest, does nane o' ye ever taste whisky?"

(A laugh.) "Why, there's na denying we may take a glass like our neighbours at times."

"Ay, I jalonsed as much from your looks. And were ye jnst desperately gien to the dram before you cam' here?"

"What do you mean, you old quiz?—There comes the gentleman with whom you have to deal."

"Weel, sir, I was wanting to enrol myself in your company."

"Yon wish a share, sir? The price per share is eighty-five pounds at present."

"Eighty-five pounds for entering a water society! D'ye tak' me for an idiot?"

"It is not a farthing lower, and has not been this twelve-months."

"Gae wa'—gae wa', sir! Eighty-five pounds for drinking water! If that's the case, I'll stick by the speerit trade yet."

#### SNUFF.

A gentleman once asked the celebrated Dr. Abernethy if he thought the moderate use of snuff would injure the brain? "No, sir," was Abernethy's prompt reply; "for no man with a single ounce of brains would ever think of taking snuff."

#### ODD PROCLAMATION FOR HOLDING A FAIR AMONG THE SCOTCH.

Oh, yes! and that's ae times; Oh, yes! and that's twa time: Oh, yes! and that's the third and last time. All manner of pearson, or pearsons, whosoever, let 'em draw near, and I shall let 'em know that there is a fair to be held at the muckle town of Langholm, for the space of aught days; wherein, if any hustrin custrin land-louper, dub-stronper, or gang-the-gate swinger, shall breed any hurdam-durdam, rabblement, brabblement, or squabblement, he shall have his lugs tacked to the muckle throne, with a nail of a twa-a-penny, until he down on his hobshanks, and put up his muckle-daups, and pray to hea'en seven times. God bless the king, and thrice the muckle laird of Belton; paying a groat to me, Jenny Ferguson, bellman of the aforesaid manor. So you've heard my proclamation, and I'll gang hame to my dinner.

#### STUDYING LATIN.

We have heard of a farmer, whose son had for a long time been ostensibly studying Latin in a poplar academy. The

farmer not being perfectly satisfied with the course and conduct of the young hopeful, recalled him from school, and placing him by the side of a cart, one day, thus addressed him:—"Now, Joseph, here is a fork, and there is a heap of manure and a cart; what do you call them in Latin?" "Forkibus, cartibus, et manuribus," said Joseph. "Well, now," said the old man, "If you don't take that forkibus pretty quickihus, and pitch that manuribus into that cartibus, I'll break your lazy backabus." Joseph went to workibus forthwithibus.

#### THE EXTREME OF LAZINESS.

"How is it," said a man to his neighbour, "that Parson W——, the laziest man living, writes such interminable long sermons?"

"Why," said the other, "he probably gets to writing and is too lazy to stop."

#### AN ANCIENT RACE.

The following is an amusing instance of the tenacity with which the Highlanders hold to the honours and antiquity of their kindred:—A dispute arose between Campbell and M'Lean upon this never ending subject. M'Lean would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the M'Leans in antiquity, who, he insisted, were in existence as a clan from the beginning of the world. Campbell had a little more Biblical lore than his antagonist, and asked him if the clan of M'Lean was before the flood. "Flood! what flood?" said M'Lean. "The flood that you know drowned all the world, but Noah and his family and his flocks," said Campbell. "Pooh! you and your flood," said M'Lean; "my clan was afore ta flood." "I have not read in my Bible," said Campbell, "of the name of M'Lean going into Noah's ark." "Noah's ark!" retorted M'Lean, in contempt; "who ever heard of a M'Lean tat had not a boat of his own?"

#### HANGING TOGETHER.

A Scotch parson, in the time of the Rump, said, in his prayer—"Lord bless the grand council—the parliament, and grant that they may a' hang together." A country fellow standing by, said—"Yes, yes, with all my heart, and the sooner the better; and I'm sure it is the prayer of all good people." "But, friends," says the parson, "I don't mean as that fellow means; but pray they may a' hang together in accord and concord." "No matter what cord," replied the other, "if it be but a strong cord."

#### QUITE THE CHEESE.

A vain fellow, who commanded a small vessel, but who tried to appear bigger than the captain of a first-rate man-of-war, told his cabin-boy one day, that he had company coming on board to dine; and that when he asked him for the silver-handled knives and forks, he must tell him they were gone on shore to be ground; and answer in the same strain any other questions he might ask. He did so. The knives and forks went off very well. The next question was, "Where is that large Cheshire cheese, hoy?" "Gone ashore to be ground, sir!"

#### SEEING ONE'S FRIENDS.

Old Uncle John Johnston lives out in—but never mind where. He came from a certain 'cute northern county a long time ago, and would be right glad to see the friends he had left behind. But it was a long way to go, and he was old and stiff in the joints. He sent his son Tom to visit and bring him a full report of all the folks he once knew. Tom was right glad to make the trip, and when he got to H—— he soon found the lasses so agreeable that he forgot all about the old cronies his father wanted him to hunt up, and went back, after a month's visit. His father asked him about his old neighbour Perkins, but Tom didn't recollect the name.

"Well, how is Farmer Huntington?" But Tom hadn't seen the farmer.

"Did you see Mr. Rockwell?"

"No." Tom had missed seeing him. And so the old man went on with his questions till he saw that Tom had been fooling him; and to try him once more he asked,

"Did you see old Squire Noyes?"

Tom thought it was about time to have seen somebody, and answered promptly—

"Oh yes; he's first-rate—sent lots of love—wants to see you badly."

"Oh Tom, Tom!" gasped the old man. "You little fibbing fool. Squire Noyes has been dead these forty years!"

Thomas subsided.

#### COMPLIMENTARY.

A stranger passing along a road in the south of Scotland, was surprised at the perfect solitude in which he found himself. Coming to a poor man who was breaking stones by the wayside, he asked him if this road was well frequented? "Ou, ay," said the man, "it's no that ill; a cadger gaed by yesterday, and there's yoursel' the day."

## A NAILER.

In a trial at Dumfries for a theft of nails, the manufacturer and owner of the nails, the witness to identification, was so assured of their having been made by him, that Mr. (the late Lord) Jeffrey, counsel for the prisoner, could by no means shake his testimony. "How is it possible for you, sir," urged the learned advocate, "to distinguish this parcel of nails from this?" (showing him another of the same size and description.) "Just as you distinguish one handwriting from another," rejoined he. "That's a nailer!" exclaimed a voice from the gallery.

## AN ANTI-VEGETARIAN VIRGIN.

One of our north-country pitmen, who had turned vegetarian, went a-courting to a plucky lass in one of the colliery villages, and "popped the question." "Oh," said she, "go along with you! Do you think I'm going to be flesh of your flesh, and yon living on cabbages? Get a vegetable marrow, man; I'm not an animal of your sort." And off she bonnced—leaving him, like Lord Ullin, "lamenting."

## ALL ASLEEP.

A country clergyman, preaching a dry sermon, set all his congregation asleep, except a poor fellow who was generally considered deficient in intellect. At length the reverend orator, looking round, exclaimed, "What, all asleep but this poor idiot!" "Ay," quoth the fellow, "and if I had not been an idiot I should have gone to sleep too."

## POWERFUL PREACHER.

A certain reverend drone in the country, preaching a very dull sermon to a congregation not used to him, many of them slunk out of the church one after another, before the sermon was nearly ended. "Truly," said a gentleman present, "this learned doctor has made a very *moving* discourse."

## SCOTCH ECONOMY.

A Highlander, who sold brooms, went into a barber's shop in Glasgow to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and, after having shaved him, asked the price of it. "Tippence," said the Highlander. "No, no," says the shaver, "I'll give you a penny, and if that does not satisfy you, take your broom again." The Highlander took it, and asked what he had to pay. "A penny," says Strap. "I'll gi'e ye a bawbee," says Duncan, "and if that dinna satisfy ye, pit on my beard again."

## EXTRAORDINARY SOLDIER.

Samuel Macdonald, a soldier in the Sutherland Fencibles, was seven feet four inches in height, and every way stout in proportion. He was too large to stand in the ranks, and generally stood on the right of the regiment when in line, and marched at the head when in column; but he was always accompanied by a mountain deer of uncommon size. This animal was so attached to Macdonald, that, whether on duty with his regiment, or in the streets, the hart was always at his side. The Countess of Sutherland, with great kindness, allowed him 2s. 6d. per diem, extra pay; judging, probably, that so large a body must require more sustenance than his military pay could afford. He attracted the notice of the late Prince of Wales, and was for some time one of the porters at Carlton House. When the 93d was raised, he could not be kept from his old friends, and, joining the regiment, he died in Jersey, in 1802, much regretted by his corps.

## THE DEVIL CALUMNIATED.

A few years ago were seated in a stage coach, a clergyman, a lawyer, and a respectable looking elderly person. The lawyer, wishing to quiz the clergyman, began to descant pretty fully on the admission of such ill-qualified persons into the church. "As a proof," says he, "what pretty parsons we have, I once heard one read, instead of, 'And Aaron made an atonement for the sins of the people,'—'And Aaron made an ointment for the skins of the people.'" "Incredible," exclaimed the clergyman. "Oh," replied the lawyer, "I dare say this gentleman will be able to inform us of something similar." "That I can," said the old gentleman, while the face of the lawyer brightened in triumph, "for I once was present in a country church where the clergyman, instead of, 'The devil was a liar from the beginning,' actually read, 'The devil was a lawyer from the beginning.'"

## JUST IN TIME.

A young physician having tried in vain to get into practice, at last fell upon the following expedient to set the ball rolling. He sprang upon his horse once a-day, and drove at full speed through the village. After an absence of an hour he would return, and carry with him some of his instruments—thinking if he could impress his neighbours that he had practice, they would begin to place confidence in his ability. A wag, who more than suspected the deceit which he was practising, determined to know the truth. He accordingly

kept his horse in readiness, and the next time the doctor galloped by his door, sprang on his steed, and placed himself on the young gentleman's trail. The doctor saw the man following at his heels, but did not, at first, evince any uneasiness. At length, however, he thought it advisable to turn down a narrow lane. The pursuer followed on like an evil genius; but the doctor was not discouraged, as another road lay a short distance ahead of him, down which he turned. The other kept close at his heels, and the doctor grew impatient to return home. There was no house by the way at which he could afford any pretext for stopping. In the meantime his saddle-bags were with him, and he was otherwise equipped for business, so that he could not return in the face of his neighbour without exposing the secrets of the trade in the most palpable manner.

Every bound of his steed carried him farther from his home, and the shades of night began to fall on hill and tower. Still the sound of horse's hoofs was thundering in his ear, and he was driven to his wit's end; but just as he turned the angle of a wood, he heard a low moan. A man lay prostrate near the fence of a meadow, and blood gushed from a fearful wound in his arm. He had cut an artery with his scythe, and was in danger of immediate dissolution. The young doctor sprang from his horse and staunched the wound. Bandages were applied, and his life was saved. The pursuer had also thrown himself from his horse, and as the physician tied up the last bandage, he looked up in his face, and said,—“How lucky, neighbour, that I was able to arrive just in time!”

The wondering spectator was silent with awe, and after assisting the wounded man home, he told such a miraculous tale to the wondering villagers, as secured to the young physician a reputation not only for skill, but also for supernatural prescience. Thus did the merest accident contribute more to his advancement than years of studious toil could have done; and the impertinent curiosity of a waggish neighbour opened for him a path to business which the most influential patronage might never have been able to provide for him.

#### A STEAMER WITH A BOY OF TWELVE AT THE HELM.

*Old Gentleman.*—“You’re a smart young fellow to be trusted in that situation already.”

*Boy, indignantly.*—“Don’t you see the notice, ‘not to speak to the man at the wheel?’”

## HUME AND LADY W——E'S EXPOSURE TO A STORM.

The lady was partial to the philosopher, and the philosopher was partial to the lady. They once crossed the Frith from Kinghorn to Leith together, when a violent storm rendered the passengers apprehensive of a salt-water death; and her ladyship's terrors induced her to seek consolation from her friend, who, with infinite *sang froid*, assured her "he thought there was great probability of their becoming food for the fishes?" "And pray, my dear friend," said Lady W——e, "which do you think they will eat first?" "Those that are *gluttons*," replied the historian, "will undoubtedly fall foul of me; but the *epicures* will attack your ladyship."

## CHEAP LIVING.

When Foote went first to Scotland, he was inquiring of an old Highlander, who had formerly been prompter to the Edinburgh theatre, about the state of the country, with respect to travelling, living, manners, &c., of all which the Scot gave him very favourable accounts. "Why, then," said Foote, "with about £300 a-year, one may live like a gentleman in your country?" "In troth, Master Foote," replied his informant, "I cannot tell that, for as I never knew a man there who spent half that sum, I don't know what might come into his head who would attempt to *squander the whole*."

## THE SCHOOLMASTER WANTED.

Two gentlemen, the other day, conversing together, one asked the other if ever he had gone through Euclid? The reply was, "I have never been farther from Liverpool than Runcorn, and I don't recollect any place of that name between Liverpool and there."

## A MISTAKE.

A sailor went into an open mosque in Smyrna at the time of prayer. Seeing the Turks kneeling and bowing, he flung down his hat and knelt down too. After prayers they seized on him, and took him before the cadi as a convert to Mahometanism. As he could not be made to understand their questions, the dragoman of the English consul was sent for, through whom he was asked if it were his wish to become a Turk. "No! no!" "Why then did you go into the mosque?" "Why, I saw a church door open, and I thought anybody might go into a church. I had not been in one for three years before, and my old mother's advice just then came to my mind—'Wherever you go, Jack, go to church!'"

## A RARE PATRIMONY.

A young man in Edinburgh, who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, a friend of his, to recommend him to a family where he was a daily visitor, and where there was a handsome daughter, who was to have a large fortune. The lawyer said, he did not exactly know, but he would inquire.

The next time he saw his young friend, he asked him if he had any property at all.

"No," replied he.

"Well," said the lawyer; "would you suffer any one to cut off your nose, if he would give you twenty thousand pounds for it?"

(What an ideal)

"Not for the world!"

"Tis well," replied the lawyer; "I had a reason for asking."

The next time he saw the girl's father, he said—

"I have inquired about the young man's circumstances. He has, indeed, no ready money, but he has a jewel for which, to my knowledge, he has been offered and refused twenty thousand pounds."

This induced the old father to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place; though, it is said, that in the sequel, he often shook his head when he thought of the jewel.

## SOMETHING FOR THE LADIES.

An editor lately informed his readers that the ladies always pull off the left stocking last. This, as may be supposed, created some little stir amongst his fair readers; and, whilst in positive terms they denied the statement, they at the same time declared he had no business to know it, even if such were the fact. He proved it, however, by a short argument. "When one stocking is pulled off first, there is another *left* on—and pulling off this is taking the *left* stocking off last."

## GOOD BYE.

There is hardly a greater perversion of the meaning of a phrase in the English language, than is contained in "good bye"—words which, in themselves, have no meaning whatever. In olden times it was customary among pious people, when parting from those they loved or respected, to commend them to the protection of God. The phrase in French was "*a Dieu*," "to God"—Anglice, "*adieu*,"—and now used by thousands without a knowledge of its meaning. The old English form of expression, "God be with you"—a most beautiful expression, when taking leave of a friend—is, by corruption, contracted to "good bye."



## CURIOUS EPITAPH, BUT PROBABLY TRUE.

Among the epitaphs to be found in the burying-ground at R—— is the following:—

"This bed is cold, but oh, I love it,  
For colder were my friends above it!"

## THE THATS.

In thirty-one words, how many thats can be grammatically inserted? *Answer*:—Fourteen. He said that *that*, that *that* man said, was not *that* that *that* man should say; but that *that*, that *that* man said, was *that*, that *that* man should not say. That reminds us of the following says and says:—Mr. B. did you say, or did you not say, what I said you said you said; because C. said you said you never did say what I said you said. Now if you did say that you did not say what I said you said, then what did you say?

## USEFUL.

Always sit next to the carver, if you can, at dinner.

Ask no woman her age.

Be civil to all rich uncles and aunts.

Take no notes or gold with you to a fancy fair—nothing but silver.

Don't play at chess with a widow.

Never contradict a man that stutters.

Make friends with the steward on board a steamer: there's no knowing how soon you may be placed in his power.

In every strange house it is well to inquire where the brandy is kept—only think, if you were to be taken ill in the middle of the night!

Keep your own secrets. Tell no human being that you dye your whiskers.

Wind up your conduct, like your watch, once every day, examining minutely whether you are "fast" or "slow."

## A GREEN HAND.

A sailor, the other day, in describing his first efforts to become nautical, said that, just at the close of a dark night, he was sent aloft to see if he could see a light. As he was no great favourite with the lieutenant, he was not hailed for some hours. "Aloft there!" at length was heard from the lieutenant. "Ay, ay, sir." "Do you see a light?" "Yes, sir." "What light?" "Daylight, by jingo."

## NONSUITING A CREDITOR.

There was a lawyer, a long time ago, a man well to do in the world, and, what was surprising, averse to incur litigation. One day, a client came to him in a violent rage—

"Look a here, squire," said he; "that shoemaker down in the Grove has gone and sued me for the money for a pair of boots I owed him."

"Did the boots suit you?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, then, you owe him the money honestly?"

"Course."

"Well, why don't you pay him?"

"Why, 'cause the snob went and sued me, and I want to keep him out of his money, if I can, for twelve months at least."

"It will cost you something."

"I don't care for that. How much do you want to go on with?"

"Oh, ten pounds will do."

"Is that all? Well, here's ten pounds—go ahead!" And the client went off, very well satisfied with the beginning.

Our lawyer next called on the shoemaker, and asked him what he meant by instituting legal proceedings against M —.

"Why," said he, "I knew he was able to pay, and I was determined to make him. That's the long and short of it."

"Well," said the lawyer, "he has always been a good customer to you. I think you acted too hastily. There's a trifle to pay on account of your proceedings, but I think you had better take one pound, and call it square."

"Certain, squire, if you say so, and glad to get it," was the answer.

So the lawyer paid over the one pound, and kept the balance. In a few days, his client came along and asked him how he got on with his case.

"Rapidly," replied the lawyer; "we've nonsuited him! He'll never trouble you again!"

"That's great! I'd rather g'in twenty pounds than to had him got the money for them boots in less than twelve months!"

## A MODEL SERVANT.

"Our Ellen," says a fair correspondent, "is a jewel. She can broil a steak, make capital coffee, and even boil a potato."

With a little assistance from me she gets up my husband's linen in a way that satisfies his critical taste; and never grumbles at taking care of baby or looking after Master Charley. She never flirts in the area with the butcher or milkman, or dawdles at the grocer's round the corner. She is proof against the blandishments of itinerant pedlars and book agents. The smoothest-tongued of all the tribe never yet succeeded in inducing her to leave him alone in the hall while she went to call the 'lady of the house.' She has cousins in plenty—as what genuine Milesian girl has not?—but they only visit her at reasonable hours, and never undertake surreptitious forays upon the tea-caddy or sugar-basin. If she makes tea for them, she does it openly and above-board, as though she had a perfect right to do so—as indeed she has—for 'servants' are human beings, and have a just claim for the gratification of kindly feelings. Foremost among her cousins is Patrick Brady, a strapping, fresh-looking bricklayer, with a nice little account in the savings bank, and a lot in a freehold land society, upon which, they say, he is building a house. He makes his appearance in our kitchen two evenings in the week. There is no concealment or subterfuge when I happen to 'drop down,' as I make it a point to do. Mr. Brady wishes me 'good evening' with the air of a man satisfied with himself and his position—which is perfectly right, for when the country house is completed, our Ellen is to be installed in it as Mrs. Brady, and I know that I shall always be kindly welcomed there. Twenty years hence, if all goes well, I dare say Mr. Brady will be a richer man than my husband."

#### THE BACHELOR'S APPEAL.

Young ladies dear, some pity take,  
And to these lines, for mercy sake,  
Give your attention:  
You'll own my case could scarce be worse,  
When I'm compelled to write in verse,  
My grief to mention.

This then it is—oh, cruel fate—  
To think I've not yet found a mate,  
Though twenty-seven:  
Would some sweet charmer be so kind  
In wedlock's joys, I'm sure we'd find  
A little heaven.

I care not if brunette or blonde,  
 I'd like a heart that's true and fond—  
     My love returning:  
 Intelligent, yet not a *blue*,  
 Of books some little knowledge too,  
     And clear discerning.

Good looks by no means I despise,  
 For blooming cheeks and sparkling eyes  
     I much delight in:  
 Methinks I see a fair one now,  
 Reading this letter!—(well, I vow)—  
     This theme's exciting.

Dear girls, I ready stand to prove  
 You'll find a true and steady love  
     At seven-and-twenty:  
 Pretty well off, with prospects good,  
 Of loving nature, gentle blood—  
     Will this content ye?

If not, and you'd my portrait scan,  
 I'll yield (tho' I'm a modest man,  
     With conscience tender):  
 I'm tall—that is, I'm five feet ten—  
 Straighter than common run of men,  
     And rather slender.

A forehead lofty, eyes of blue,  
 And curling hair of dark brown hue—  
     With nose that's Grecian:  
 My mouth forms what's termed "Cupid's bow."  
 My teeth but so so; but they'll do  
     For mastication.

And now, adieu, my readers sweet,  
 I trust these lines will chance to meet  
     Your approbation:  
 If so, a letter would you send,  
 I'd feel delighted to attend  
     Your assignation.

# THE MUSEUM OF MIRTH.

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PART IV.

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## YANKEE WIT AND WISDOM:

LAUGHABLE ANECDOTES,

JOVIAL HUMOUR, SHREWD SATIRE,

AND

BROAD FUN.

---

GLASGOW: JOHN CAMERON,  
47 YORK STREET (CORNER OF ARGYLE STREET).

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

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THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

PLATE II

PLATE II

WIT AND REASON

PLATE II

PLATE II

PLATE II

PLATE II

PLATE II

PLATE II

# THE MUSEUM OF MIRTH.

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## YANKEE WIT AND WISDOM.

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### HOW TO BOARD AND LODGE IN AMERICA.

The *Philadelphia Chronicle* calls the hero of the following story a Yankee, but we will wager a sixpence that he was born in Pennsylvania. But no matter, it is a good joke. "What do you charge for board?" asked a tall Green Mountain boy, as he walked up to the bar of a second rate hotel in New York; "what do you ask a week for board and lodging?" "Five dollars." "Five dollars! that's too much; but I s'pose you'll allow for the times I am absent from dinner and supper?" "Certainly; thirty-seven and a-half cents each." Here the conversation ended, and the Yankee took up his quarters for two weeks. During this time he lodged and breakfasted at the hotel, but did not take either dinner or supper, saying his business detained him in another portion of the town. At the expiration of the two weeks, he again walked up to the bar, and said, "S'pose we settle that account—I'm going in a few minutes." The landlord handed him his bill: "Two weeks board at five dollars—ten dollars." "Here, stranger," said the Yankee, "this is wrong—you've made a mistake; you've not deducted the times I was absent from dinner and supper—14 days, two meals per day; 28 meals, at 37½ cents each—10 dollars 40 cents. If you've not got the fifty cents that's due to me, I'll take a drink, and the balance in cigars."

### A GOOD-HEARTED FELLOW.

An editor out west says:—"If we have offended any man in the short but brilliant course of our public career, let him send us a new hat, and we will forget the past." A cool chap that.

### TRYING TIMES.

A New Orleans paper tells us of a man who has worn out four pairs of boots in two months, all in trying to collect the money to pay for them. Really these are "times to try men's soles."

## COMPLIMENTARY.

"Why, Charley," said a Yankee to a negro preacher, "you can't even tell who made the monkey?" "Oh, yes, I can, massa." "Well, who made the monkey?" "Why, massa, the same one made the monkey *that made you!*"

## A YANKEE WAG

Said to a friend, "Things are really come to a pretty pass in our town; all the ladies stopping at the Girard left the dinner-table yesterday." "Possible?" said the person to whom the remark was addressed, greatly surprised. "What caused them to do so?" "Why," responded our friend, convincing himself that the coast was clear, "they had finished eating." A pass was made at him, but he dodged it.

## ELIGIBLE CANDIDATE.

"Feller-citizens," said a candidate for Congress, recently, somewhere out west; "fellow-citizens, you are well aware I never went to school but three times in my life, and that was night-school. Two nights the teacher didn't come, and the other night *I hadn't any candle.*"

## TASTE.

A Cockney at the Falls of Niagara, when asked how he liked the Falls, replied, "They're 'ansome—quite so, but they don't quite hanswer my hexpectations: besides, I got thoroughly vetted, and lost me 'at. I prefer to look at 'em in an hingraving, in 'ot weather, and in the 'ouse."

## MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

The *Philadelphia Gazette* gives the following anecdote as having occurred in that city during the worst of the pressure:—An officer of a bank called at the store of a merchant, and politely informed him that he had overdrawn his account five thousand dollars. "Well, I know that," was the reply; "and what's the necessity of horing me about it? Why not drop the subject altogether, and serve me as I do you? I don't go to you when I have that amount in your institution, and say, 'Mr. President, I have got five thousand dollars in your bank.' Such statements are useless, any way. Good morning."

## NOTHING TO BOAST OF.

"The British empire, sir," exclaimed a John Bull to a Jonathan, "is one on which the sun never sets." "And one," replied Jonathan, "in which the tax-gatherer never goes to bed."



## WHIMSICAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

In an American paper a printer advertises for *two devils* of good character; and a woman advertises her husband who had deserted her; amongst other particulars, he is described as having lately been seen disguised in a *clean shirt*.

## A DARK ONE.

"O, father, I've just seen the blackest nigger that ever was!" said a little boy one day, as he came running into the house. "How black was he, my son?" "Oh, he was as black as—black can be; why, father, charcoal would make a *white* mark on him!"

## THE EFFICACY OF ADVERTISING.

"A few weeks since," says a Western paper, "a lady lost a breastpin which she prized very highly, and being desirous to recover it, if possible, she advertised for it in our paper. Her advertisement had appeared but a few times, when, on going to her bureau drawer, she there saw the missing breastpin, looking as natural as ever. We always thought there was efficacy in advertising, and this instance is conclusive."

## THE NEGRO AND HIS LETTER.

A coloured man lately went to the post office, and putting his nose close up to the delivery box, cried out, "Louder!" The clerk supposing the negro to be deaf, and that he was making a request of him to speak louder, so that he could hear, asked him in a very loud tone the name of the person for whom he wanted the letter. "Louder!" cried the negro. "What *name*?" yelled the clerk. "Louder!" again bawled the negro, who now supposed the clerk to be deaf. The clerk took a long breath, and with all his might again bellowed out in the negro's face the same question—"What *name*?" This was done in so loud a tone, that the echo seemed to return from the far-off hills. The negro started back in alarm, shouting to the very top of his big lungs—"Louder, sir, LOUDER! I told you *Louder*! my name is nothing else!" "Oh, ah! oh, oh!" said the clerk, "your name is Louder, eh? Didn't think of that; here's your letter."

## A TRIPLE DEFENCE.

A 'cute American lawyer once urged as three points in his case—first, that the kettle was cracked when borrowed; second, that it was whole when returned; and, third, that it was never borrowed!

## A YANKEE ASTONISHED.

A long-legged Yankee, on visiting a menagerie for the first time, while stalking around the pavilion, suddenly came upon the elephant, whereupon he turned to the keeper with surprise:—"Thunder and lightnin', mister, what darned critter have you got there, with a tail on both ends?"

## FIGHTING UPON HIS OWN HOOK.

A Kentuckian, who disdained the restraints of a soldier's life, with his name on the muster-roll, preferred "going it alone," fighting upon his own hook. While the battle was raging fiercest, and the shot flying thick as hail, carrying death wherever they fell, Kentuck might have been seen stationed under a tall maple, loading and firing his rifle as perfectly unconcerned as though he was "picking deer." Every time he brought his rifle to his shoulder one of the enemy bit the dust. A general officer, supposing he had become separated from his company, rode up to bring him behind the redoubts, as he was in a position which exposed his person to the fire of the enemy. "Hallo, my man! what regiment do you belong to?" said the general. "Regiment!" answered Kentuck. "Hold on, yonder's another of 'em." And bringing his shooting-iron to his shoulder, he ran his eye along the barrel—a flash followed, and another of the enemy came tumbling to the ground. "Whose company do you belong to?" again inquired the general. "Company be hanged!" was the reply of Kentuck, as he busied himself re-loading. "See that ar fellow with the gold fixins on his coat and hose. Jist watch me perforate him." The general gazed in the direction indicated by the rifle, and observed an officer riding up and down the advancing columns of the foe. Kentuck pulled the trigger, and another officer followed his companions that Kentuck had laid low in death that day. "Hurrah for Kentuck!" shouted the free fighter, as his victim came toppling from his horse; then turning to the general, he continued, "I'm fighting on my own hook, stranger," and leisurely proceeded to re-load.

## RATHER CROWDED.

(The crowded deck of an American packet from California.)

*Californian to the Skipper*—"I should like a sleeping berth now, if you please."

*Skipper*—"Why, where have you been sleeping for the last two weeks, since we left port?"

*Californian*—"Wall, I've been sleeping on the top of a sick man, but he's got better now, and he says I've got to move my boots!"

## A MILITIA ANECDOTE.

There is a goodish American story, which shows that in the States the humoring the militia is also deemed necessary. A militia officer sees a nigger whom he knows, and says, "Ah, Sambo, you are an honest, faithful fellow. I'll give you a drink." "With all my heart, sar," says Sambo, "with all dis child's heart. Some niggers are haughty and proud, and won't stoop to drink with a milishy officer, but dat's wrong. I tink a milishy officer almost if not elery way as good as a nigger, special when a nigger's thirsty."

## HOW TO KEEP THE PEACE—AN AMERICAN STORY.

The Mayor of Covington, Kentucky, Mr. Foley, must be a rare bird, if all tales are true. It is said that, the other day, a drunken fellow was brought before him, charged with various breaches of the peace. The prisoner confessed his guilt with infinite assurance.

"Mr. Jailor," said his honour, "take this man and keep him under lock and key till four o'clock this afternoon. Then take your double-barrelled gun and make an end of him. I won't have such scoundrels hanging round Covington."

In an agony of terror the poor wretch was conveyed to his cell. Every tick of the prison clock sent a pang to his soul. At ten minutes to four the jailor entered with his double-barrelled gun, and said:—

"Bill, make your peace with Heaven, there's no marcy in the mare. You've got ten minutes to pray."

With these words he departed, leaving the poor wretch more dead than alive. But a ray of hope sprang up in his bosom when he saw the door of his cell ajar. He might escape! Stealthily he crept out of the apartment and stole down stairs. The door at the foot of the staircase was open, and so was that of the jail yard. Through the latter the rowdy glided, swiftly as a snake, gained the street, and struck out like a quarter-horse, soon leaving Covington astern. He has not been seen there since, and probably will not return while Mayor Foley holds the reins of office.

## NO ADMISSION.

Down East there resides a certain M.D. One very cold night he was roused from his slumbers by a very loud knocking at the door. After some hesitation he went to the window, and asked, "Who's there?" "A friend." "What do you want?" "To stay here all night." "Stay there, then," was the benevolent reply.

## AN UNSEASONABLE REQUEST.

A rather unseasonable, if not an altogether unreasonable request, is mentioned by an American journalist, as having been preferred by an unfortunate individual in Ohio. He was given to "toping;" and one night, while driving homeward in a crazy one-horse waggon, in crossing a railroad track, he was run into by the locomotive, his vehicle demolished, and himself landed, unhurt, about two rods from the scene of the disaster. The engineer stopped the train to see if any one was killed, and discovered the victim on his hands and knees. "Well, friend," said he, "are you badly hurt?" The reply, Yankee-like, was by another question, "long-drawn out?" "Will—you s-e-t-t-le now, or—wait till—till morning?" The engineer vanished!

## WHAT'S THE CLOCK.

Sam Slick tells a good story of a Yankee clock pedlar down South, which, among other things, may perhaps account for the peculiar favour with which that class of chevaliers are regarded in that region. He took with him, in a long Connecticut-covered waggon, forty clocks, and sold and "put 'em up" along the country, in one direction, warranting them to keep "fust-rate time." He exhausted his supply, with but a single exception; and then, with unparalleled assurance, he turned about and retraced his course. The last person to whom he had sold a clock hailed him as he was going by:—"Look o' here, stranger, that clock you sold me ain't worth a continental cuss. 'Twont go at all!" "You don't say so! Then *you* must ha' got it, Square! See the fact is, I find by my number that there was *one* o' my clocks—I had forty on em when I fust set out—that I am a leetle afraid on; it was condemned to-hum 'fore I come away; but somehow or 'nother it got put into the waggon. What's the number o' your clock, Square?" "Fourteen thousand and one," replied his victim. "That's jest the cussed thing;" exclaimed the pedlar. "I'll change with yeou; yeou take my last one, and I'll take this hum. The *works* is good, I guess; on'y want fixin' a leetle." The exchange was made; and all along the road the pedlar was similarly arrested by his dupes, who were similarly duped in return. He took every successive bad clock to his next customer, and received another bad clock for the next.

## A BARGAIN.

An Eastern editor says he has a first-rate headache, which he wishes to swap for a farm.

#### ILLINOIS LINCOLN.

Douglas, the American statesman, is no beauty, but he certainly has the advantage of Lincoln in looks. Very tall and awkward, with a face of grotesque ugliness, he presents the strongest possible contrast to the thickset, burly bust and short legs of the judge. They tell this story of Lincoln in Southern Illinois, where he resides:—

Being out in the woods hunting, he fell in with a most truculent-looking hunter, who immediately took a sight of him with his rifle.

"Hallo!" said Lincoln. "What are you going to do, stranger?"

"See here, friend; the folks in my settlement told me if ever I saw a man uglier than I was, then I must shoot him, and I've found him at last."

"Well," said Lincoln, after a good look at the man, "shoot away; for if I am really uglier than you are, I don't want to live any longer!"

#### CUTTING IT THICK.

The Yankees are generally supposed to possess more acuteness than any other people on the face of the globe, yet the following story will show that some of the Germans possess this faculty to a remarkable degree.

On one occasion, a German residing in the country came into Buffalo with hams to sell. Among the rest, he sold a dozen or two to a German hotel keeper, who afterwards, demonstrating the acuteness of his countrymen over the Yankees, said—

"Yon may talk 'pont your tam Yankees scheeting, but a Dutchman scheeted me much petter as a Yankee never vas. He prings me some hams—dey vas canvas nice, so better as yon never see. I puy one, two dozen, all so nice; and if you pelieve, de scheet was so magnificent dat I eat six, seven, eight of dem tam hams pefore I found out dey vas made of wood."

#### AN EXPLANATION.

"I say, Pomp, wat be de diffrence 'ween *poetry* and de wat ye call *plunk verse*?" "Why, I gib you something, Scip, I tink wat be lustrations of de snbject:—

'Go down to mill dam  
And fall down slam'—

dat be *poetry*; but—

'Go down to mill dam  
And fall down whappo'—

dat be *plunk verse*."

## IN WANT OF A HUSBAND.

A young lady was told by a married lady, that she had better precipitate herself off Niagara Falls into the basin beneath, than *warry*. The young lady replied, "I would if I thought I could find a *husband* at the bottom."

## SIMPLICITY.

A West Indian, who had a remarkably fiery nose, sleeping in his chair, a negro boy, who was in waiting, observed a mosquito hovering about his face. Quashi eyed the insect very attentively, and at last saw him alight upon his master's nose, and immediately fly off again. "Ah!" exclaimed the negro, "mie glad to see you *burn your foot*."

## A PRINTER'S HONESTY.

"One of our compositors," says *Knickerbocker*, "came into the office on a Monday morning, and looking into a drawer where he kept his hodkins and other implements of the kind, he remarked that there was much difference between the honesty of an office like ours, and a 'daily' office. We asked him his reason for the remark. He took an orange from the drawer, and holding it up said: 'This orange I put in here on Saturday, and it is here now: yesterday I was down in one of the daily paper offices, and a man who was "off" had left an orange in his drawer, and *I stole it!*'" We saw in an instant the truth of his remark.

## AN IGNORANT MAYOR.

The *Philadelphia Press* is responsible for the following, relative to the chief officer of a certain city, who flourished a quarter of a century ago. He was so ignorant that the wags sent a book pedlar to him with English grammars immediately after his election, and when he declared that he had no use for the book, the pedlar said, "Everybody tells me you must have it, and study it too." He came into the office, and took his chair in stately dignity. In a few minutes the clerk laid before him a paper, which the Mayor was requested to indorse as one that had passed under his eye. The clerk remarked, "It is only necessary that you write your initials upon it." "My nishuls," said the Mayor; "what's my nishuls?" Now it happened that P. was the first letter of both the Mayor's names; and the clerk very innocently replied, "O sir, merely write two P.'s upon the back of this paper." His honour, the Mayor, took a quill in his trembling hand, with the perspiration on his brow, and wrote "two peze," and the document is on file in the office unto this day.

## THE AFRICAN PUZZLED.

A sea captain in this vicinity brought home a sable African, who had never before seen such a thing as "solid water." The other morning Sambo came in with a large piece of ice, exclaiming, "Oh, massa, see what a big piece of glass me found." "So you have," replied the facetious mariner, "so you have; but it's wet, take it to the fire and dry it." Down went Sambo to the kitchen fire, but soon returned with his eyes vastly dilated, and great astonishment otherwise depicted on his countenance, vociferating, "Why, massa, such glass I neber did see; the more I dries it, the more it grows wet."

## EDITORIAL.

The following is extracted from the valedictory of a Western editor:—"The undersigned retires from the editorial chair with complete conviction that all is vanity. From the hour that he started his paper to the present time, he has been solicited to lie upon every given subject, and can't remember ever having told a wholesome truth without diminishing his subscription list or making an enemy. Under these circumstances of trial, and having a thorough contempt for himself, he retires—in order to recruit his moral constitution."

## A 'CUTE ANSWER.

There is a tradition that one of the old esquires in Malden, Massachusetts, had a slave who had been in his family until he was about seventy years of age. Perceiving that there was not much more work left in the old man, the esquire took him one day, and made him a somewhat pompous address, to the following effect:—

"You have been a faithful servant to me, and my father before me. I have long been thinking what I should do to reward you for your service. I give you your freedom! You are your own master—you are your own man."

Upon this the old negro shook his head, and, with a sly glance, showing that he saw through his master's intentions, quietly replied:

"No, no, massa; you eat de meat, and now you must pick de bone."

## QUEER CHAPS.

There is a chap in Milford (Connecticut) so lazy, that when he is seized with the fever and ague he is too lazy to *shake*; and in the same town there is a young doctor so *green*, that when he goes into the country it takes three men and a boy to keep the cows from him.

## WHAT THE SKATES DID FOR A BACHELOR.

A country bachelor, who has held out against thunder and lightning, Niagara, pic-nics, moonlight, and sea-shores, thus chronicles his fall before the skates:—"Well, sir, this Mary caught the skating fever, which is now raging so fearfully. I heard her express a wish for a pair of skates, and the next day she had the best pair that could be found in the city, and nobody knew who sent them to her. We went down upon the ice, and there that little devil of a Mary just sat quietly down, ordered me on my knees, and quietly placed that foot, *the foot*, in my lap, and bade me put on her skate. Sir! had Venus dropped down from heaven and bid me rub her down with rotten-stone and oil, it could not have astonished me more than when that divine foot was placed in my unworthy lap. I felt very faint; but I buckled on the skate, and stood up, with Mary by my side. Have you ever taught a woman to skate? No. Well, let me tell you. You've seen a kaleidoscope, with a few odd bits of glass, &c., in a tin tube, and turning it, have seen all sorts of beautiful figures? Just imagine a kaleidoscope, and, in place of beads and broken glass, please substitute blue eyes, curving eyelashes, lips, ivory, wavy hair, crinoline, gaiter boots, zephyr worsted, cupids, hearts, darts, a clap of thunder, a flash of lightning, and 'and Nick.' Imagine yourself the centre of a system with all these things revolving round you, and a violet bank breathing sighs upon you all the while, and you have Mary and her victim in the first skating lesson. Mary and I start—she on my left arm—all square. First, Mary's dear little gaiter boots present themselves to my astonished vision, and, before I have time to wonder how they came up before me, I feel them pressing their blessed beauty, with emphasis, into the pit of my stomach. Next scene—wavy hair, with a thirty dollar bonnet and a divine head, comes pitching into my waistcoat with such force that I feel the buttons against my spine. Next—Mary gazes at me from between my jack boots, and anon her blessed little nose is thrust into my shirt bosom. Ah, my friend! all research and study on the mysterious subject of woman has been comparatively in vain, till in this eventful year of 1859, the fashion for skating has opened new and various sources of information. Do you remember your first attempt at driving tandem? Do you remember how that infernal perverse beast that you selected for a leader would insist on turning short round, and staring you in the face, as if to ask, 'What the deuce you'd be at?' Well, just you go and try a woman on skates, that's all—just try it. Ah! won't you come to the conclusion that women have sundry and



divers ways of accomplishing their objects? Dear Mary! I offered myself to her every time she turned up or came round. I am hers."

#### ELOQUENCE OF THE BAR.

A man was charged in one of the American criminal courts, a few years ago, with having stolen a neighbour's pig. A young lawyer—a gray-haired old man now, we know him well—was appointed to defend the prisoner. The evidence was clear and conclusive; but the young limb of the law so wrought upon the feelings of the jury, picturing the desolate home of the prisoner, and the agony of his wife and children, should the husband and father be convicted, that many of the jurors were in tears, and, without leaving their seats, returned a verdict of not guilty. "There, now, run home," said the counsellor, "and never be caught in another scrape." "And am I clear?" asked the culprit. "You are," replied the lawyer. "But," said he, loud enough for judge and jurors to hear, "what shall I do with the pig?" "Oh," replied his friend, "cook it and eat it; the jury, on their oaths, declared you didn't steal it."

#### CHASED BY AN INDIAN.

A man who has been west, and been chased by an Indian, makes the following matter-of-fact observations:—Much has been said by poets and romantic young ladies about the picturesque aspect and the noble form of an untamed and untameable warrior of the prairie, and far be it from me to gainsay them. An Indian is a noble spectacle—in a picture, or at a safe distance—but when this 'noble spectacle' is moving his mocassins in your direction, and you have to do some tall walking in order to keep the capillary substance on the summit of your cranium, all his 'nobility' vanishes, and you see in him only a painted, greasy miscreant, who will, if you give him a chance, lift your hair with the same Christian spirit, composed and most serene, with which he would ask another 'spectacle' for a little more of that 'baked dog.' I used to think like the poets; now the sight of an Indian gives me a cramp in the stomach."

#### SNORING.

The deacons "down east" have a bad practice of snoring loud while asleep in church, which appears to disturb some folks there. The *Boston Bee* has the following polite notice for one of them:—"Deacon —— is requested not to commence snoring to-morrow until the sermon is begun, as some persons in the neighbourhood of his pew would like to hear the text."

## A PREACHER IN THE BACK-WOODS.

A remarkable character was Peter Cartwright. He was a great anti-slavery man, and hit right and left at all corners. One day, on approaching a ferry across the river Illinois, he heard the ferryman swearing terribly at the sermons of Peter Cartwright, and threatening that if he ever had to ferry the preacher across, and knew him, he would drown him in the river. Peter, unrecognized, said to the ferryman, "Stranger, I want you to put me across." "Wait till I'm ready," said the ferryman, and pursued his conversation and strictures on Peter Cartwright. Having finished, he turned to Peter and said, "Now I'll put you across." On reaching the middle of the stream, Peter threw his horse's bridle over a stake in the boat, and told the ferryman to let go his pole. "What for?" asked the ferryman. "Well, you've just been using my name improper like; and you said, if I ever came this way you would drown me. Now you've got a chance." "Is your name Peter Cartwright?" asked the ferryman. "My name is Peter Cartwright." Instantly the ferryman seizes on the preacher; but he did not know Peter's strength, for Peter instantly seized the ferryman—one hand on the nape of his neck, and the other at the seat of his trousers—and plunged him in the water, saying, "I baptize thee (splash) in the name of the devil, whose child thou art." Then lifting him up dripping, Peter asked, "Did you ever pray?" "No." "Then it's time you did." "Cussed if I do!" answered the ferryman. Splash! splash! and the ferryman is in the depths again. "Will you pray now?" asked Peter. The gasping victim shouted, "I'll do anything you bid me." "Then follow me." Having acted as clerk, repeating after Peter, the ferryman cried, "Now let me go." "Not yet," said Peter, "You must make me three promises: first, that you will repeat that prayer morning and evening as long as you live; secondly, that you will hear every pioneer preacher that comes within five miles of this ferry; and, thirdly, that you will put every Methodist preacher over free of expense. Do you promise and vow?" "I promise," said the ferryman; and, strange to say, that very man became afterward "a shining light."

## FROM THE FAR WEST.

A man in Kentucky has a horse which is so slow that his hind legs always get first to his journey's end. A man in Iowa enjoys such very *excellent spirits*, that he has only to drink water to intoxicate himself. Our church clock *keeps time* so well, that we get a day out of every week by it.

**"ALMOST DAR NOW."**

The following anecdote, illustrative of railroad facility, is very pointed. A traveller inquired of a negro the distance to a certain point. "Dat 'pends on cireumstances," replied darkey. "If you gwine afoot, it'll take you about a day; if you gwine in de stage or de homncybus, you make it in half a day; but if you get in one of dese smoke waygons, you be almost dar now."

**SERVED HIM RIGHT.**

While in Pittsburg we were told a circumstance which occurred somewhere in New York, too good to be lost. A quick witted toper went into a bar room and called for something to drink. "We don't sell liquor," said the law evading landlord; "we will give you a glass; and then, if you want a cracker (a biscuit), we'll sell it to you for three cents." The "good creature" was handed down, and our hero took a stiff horn; when, turning round to depart, the unsuspecting landlord handed him the dish of crackers, with the remark, "You'll huy a cracker?" "Well, no, I guess not; you sell 'em too dear. I can get lots of 'em, five or six for a cent, anywhere else."

**"BUTTAH, SIR!"**

An amusing colloquy, says a western paper, recently came off at a supper table on board one of our Mississippi boats, between a Boston exquisite, reeking with hair oil and cologne, who was cursing the waiters, assuming very consequential airs, and a raw Jonathan seated by his side, dressed in homespun. Turning to his vulgar friend, the former pointed with his jewelled finger, and said—

"Buttah, sah!"

"I see it is," coolly replied Jonathan.

"Buttah, sah, I say!" fiercely repented the dandy.

"I know it—very good, a first-rate article."

"Buttah, I tell you!" thundered the dandy in still louder tones, pointing with slow, numoving finger, and scowling upon his neighbour as if he would annihilate him.

"Wall, gosh all Jerusalem, what of it?" now yelled the down-easter, getting his dander up in turn. "Yer didn't think I took it for lard?"

**A COSTLY EMBRACE.**

An editor of Iowa has been fined two hundred and fifty dollars for hugging a girl in meeting. "Cheap enough!" says another of the fraternity. "We once hugged a girl in meeting, and it has cost a thousand a-year ever since."

## NOTHING OF A MAN.

A Yankee, describing an opponent, says—"I'll tell you what, sir; that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic—add him up, and there's nothing to carry.

## A YANKEE "DONE" A TRIFLE.

Well, I put up with a first-rate, good-natured fellow that I met at a billiard table. I went in, and was introduced to his wife, a fine, fat woman, looking as though she lived on laffin' her face was so full of fun. After a while, after we'd talked about my girl, and about the garden, and about the weather, in come three or four children, laffin' and skipping as merry as crickets. There was no candle lit, but I could see they were fine looking fellows, and I started for my saddle bags, in which I had put a lot of sugar candy for the children as I went along. "Come here," said I, "you little rogue; come here, and tell me what your name is?" The oldest came to me, and says, "My name is Peter Smith." "And what's your name, sir?" "Bob Smith." The next said his name was Bill Smith, and the fourth said his name was Tommy Smith. I gave 'em sugar candy, and old Mrs. Smith was so tickled that she laughed all the time. Mr. Smith looked on, but didn't say much. "Why," says I, "Mrs. Smith, I would not take a good deal for them four boys, if I had 'em—they are so beautiful and sprightly." "No," said she, laffin'; "I set a good deal on 'em, but we spoil 'em too much." "No," says I, "they're well behaved children; and by gracious," says I, pretending to be startled by a striking resemblance between the boys and the father, and I looked at Mr. Smith, "I never did see anything equal it," says I; "your own eyes, mouth, forehead, and perfect picture of your hair, sir," tapping the oldest on the pate. I thought Mrs. Smith would have died laffin' at that, her arms fell down by her side, and she shook the whole house laffin'. "Do you think so, Colonel Jones?" says she, looking towards Mr. Smith; and I thought she'd go off in a fit. "Yes," says I; "I do really." "Haw, haw, haw," says Mr. Smith, kind o' half laffin', "you are too hard on me now with your jokes." "I ain't joking at all," says I; "they are handsome children, and do look wonderfully like yon." Just then a gal brought a light in, and I'll be shot, if the little brats didn't turn out to be niggers, every one of 'em, and their heads were curly all over! Mr. and Mrs. Smith never had any children, and they sort o' petted them niggers as playthings. I never felt so streaked as I did when I found out how things stood. If I hadn't kissed the nasty things I could a got over it; but kissing 'em showed I was in airnest.

## A MODEL PRINTER.

A Western paper contains the following advertisement:—  
 "Wants a situation, a practical printer, who is competent to take charge of any department in a printing and publishing house. Would accept a professorship in any of the academics. Has no objection to teach ornamental painting and penmanship, geometry, trigonometry, and many other sciences. Is particularly suited to act as pastor to a small evangelical church, or as a local preacher. He would have no objection to form a small but select class of interesting young ladies, to instruct in the highest branches. To a dentist or chiropodist he would be invaluable, as he can do almost anything. Would board with a family, if decidedly pious. For further particulars, inquire of Colonel Buffalo, at Brown's Saloon."

## EFFECT OF ELECTRICITY ON NEGROES.

A gentleman, residing a few miles out of town, recently carried home a small electrical machine for making some experiments. As soon as he got home, the negroes, as usual, flocked around him, eager to see what master had got. There was a boy among these that had evinced a strong disposition to move things when they did not want moving; or, in other words, to pilfer occasionally.

"Now, Jack," said his master, "look here; this machine is to make people tell the truth, and if you have stolen anything, or lied to me, it will knock you down."

"Why, master," says the boy, "I never lied or stole anything in my life."

"Well, take hold of this;" and no sooner had the lad received a slight shock than he fell on his knees and bawled out:—

"Ob! master, I did steal your cigars and a little knife, and have lied ever so many times. Please to forgive me."

The same experiment was tried with like success on half a dozen juveniles. At last an old negro, who had been looking on very attentively, stepped up and said—

"Master, let this nigger try. Dat ar masheen is well enuff to scar the children wid, but dis nigger knows better."

The machine was fully charged, and he received a stunning shock. He looked first at his hand, then at the machine; and, at last, rolling his eyes, exclaimed:—

"Master, it ain't best to know too much. Dar many a soul gets to be damned by knowing too much, an' it's my 'pinion dat de debil made dat masheen just to ketch yer soul a foul somehow, an' I reckon you bad best just take an' burn it up an' have it done gone!"

## YANKEE COURTSHIP.

Jonathan Dumbatter saw Prudence Feastall at meeting. Jonathan sidled up to Prudence arter meeting, and she a kind o' sidled off. He went closer, and axed her if she would accept the crook o' his elbow. She resolved she would, and plumped her arm right round his. Jonathan felt all-overish, and said he thought the text—"Seek and ye shall find," was purty good readin'. Prudence hinted that "Ask and ye shall receive" was better. Jonathan thought so too; but this axing was a puzzler. A feller was apt to git into a snarl when he axed, and snarlin' warnt no fun. Prudence guessed strawberries and cream was slick. Jonathan thought they warnt so slick as Pru's lips. "Now don't," said Pru', and she guv Jonathan's arm an involuntary hug. He was a leetel startled, but thunk his farm wanted some female help to look arter the house. Pru' knew how to make rale good bread. "Now don't," said Pru. "If I should," said Jonathan. "Now don't," said Pru. "Maybe you would'nt"—and Jonathan shuk all over; and Prudence replied, "If you be coming that game you'd better tell sayther." "That's just what I want," said Jonathan: and in three weeks Jonathan and Prudence were "my old man" and "my old woman."

Miss Polly Collins took up Robert Knowles for not fulfilling his promise to marry her. The gist of the evidence turned out thus—"I asked Polly if she would have me, and she answered, Yes; but I did not tell Polly I would have her." That made it bad for Polly.

Whenever you wish to get up a story in the "sensation" style, do it in this wise:—If you have occasion to remark that your hero drank a jug of beer, say—"He revelled in the foam covered liquid—he swallowed it wildly, furiously—paused for breath—again sank his nose, mouth, and chin into the gigantic tankard, and with an appalling oath, that shook the rafters of the crazy barn, shouted—"Tis done! ha! I've swigged it all—all—every drop! ha! ha!" You see at once the picturesqueness of the latter mode of description; and yet you will observe, after all, that it expresses exactly the same event as the first miserable sentence, namely—the fact of his drinking some beer.

A gentleman of our acquaintance states that he has written everything in the way of literary composition, except an oratorio and a nigger song. He intends to write them soon, and then prepare for his own epitaph.

## DINING AT A RESTAURANT.

An American at Paris went to a restaurant to get his dinner. Unacquainted with the French language, yet unwilling to show his ignorance, he pointed to the first line on the bill of fare, and the polite waiter brought him a plate of fragrant beef soup. This was very well, and when it was despatched he pointed to the second line. The waiter understood him perfectly, and brought him vegetable soup. "Rather more soup than I want," thought he; "but it is Paris fashion." He duly pointed to the third line, and a plate of tapioca broth was brought him; again to the fourth, and was furnished with a bowl of preparation of arrow-root. He tried the fifth line, and was supplied with some gruel kept for invalids. The bystanders now supposed that they saw an unfortunate individual who had lost all his teeth, and our friend, determined to get as far from the soup as possible, pointed in despair to the last line on the bill of fare. The intelligent waiter, who saw at once what he wanted, politely handed him—a bunch of toothpicks. This was too much; our countryman paid his bill and incontinently left.

## A LIBERAL OFFER.

"What's the matter, uncle Jerry?" said Mr. —, as old Jeremiah K. was passing by, growling most ferociously. "Matter!" said the old man; "I've been luggin' water all the mornin' for Dr. C.'s wife to wash with, and what d'ye s'pose I got for it?" "About ninepence." "Ninepence! She told me that the doctor would pull a tooth for me some time!"

## A YANKEE TALE.

Frank B. Fay, Esq. of Boston, who visited Europe last summer, delivered an interesting narrative of his travels in a lecture to the Chelsea (Massachusetts) Literary Association last week. In the course of his lecture, he related the following anecdote of Queen Victoria:—"It is reported that her Majesty has a sweet little temper of her own, and that her *cara sposa*, like a prudent man, generally retires before the storm, and locks himself in his private cabinet, until the sky is clear and sunshine again illumines the classic shades of St. James's or Windsor. After one of these little ebullitions, the Queen gave a 'thundering knock' at the door of the room where Prince Albert had taken refuge, and upon being asked, 'Who is there?' responded, 'The Queen.' 'The Queen cannot enter here,' responded the henpecked. After the lapse of half an hour, a *gentle tap* was heard upon the door. 'Who is there?' asked Prince Albert. 'Your wife,' responded Victoria. 'My wife is always welcome,' was the gallant reply."

## WILD MAN IN THE WEST.

A correspondent tells the following story:—"A wild man was caught last week, and brought to town. He was surrounded in a sort of lair beneath a dense clnster of undergrowth, like the habitation of a wild beast, and filled with the bones and skins of cats, which seemed to have constituted his principal article of food. For this strange diet he has a peculiar penchant, and eschewed almost every other. He hunted cats with an avidity prompted by an extreme voracity, and it was in the pursuit and slaughter of these animals that he was first discovered. Frequent attempts were made to capture him, but his agility and speed were such that he appeared to run upon the tops of the bushes, and fences offered no impediment to his headlong course. At length a number surrounded and secured him. He attempted hattle, but was overcome. When brought to the Court House, he had the strangest appearance conceivable. His height was about five and a-half feet; his hair long, reddish-brown, and matted; his eyes large, gray, and restless; his finger nails as long as the claws of a tiger; his deportment crouching—half timid, half threatening—and his garments consisted of a thousand tatters of cloths, barks, cat skins, &c., hound together by catguts. He said he was from the State of New York, and had been in the woods thirty-six years. While he was being examined, and was permitted to stand unbound, he made a sudden spring, and darted away with the speed of the reindeer. The crowd pursued him, hut in vain. Over the hills he fairly flew, before both footmen and horsemen, until he was fairly lost to them. Nothing since has been heard of him. He is certainly a strange being, and is literally a wild man. His age can hardly exceed forty, and yet he has lived so much away from the society of man, that he has nearly forgotten his language, and has the most vague recollection of things. He remembered New York, hut did not know where he was, or the form of government under which he lived."

## ASS-TRONOMICAL.

A "ladies' shoemaker" in Albany advertises himself as one of the luminaries of "the *sole-her system*." [We affectionately commend him to the care of his friends.]

## A DOWN EASTER.

We saw a drunken man, the other evening, trying to get a watchman to arrest his own shadow. His complaint was, that an ill-looking scoundrel kept following him.



## LETTING THE CAT OUT

A 'cute Yankee advertised that what he styled the "humbuggery of spiritualism" would be outdone last evening at the City Hall, "by letting the cat out of the bag"—admission five cents. At an early hour the house was crowded, a goodly portion being women. The lecturer commenced, and the audience were hushed to perfect stillness. After making a few remarks—very brief indeed—the lecturer took from beneath the desk a bag, and ripping it open, out popped a large cat, which, squalling and spitting, made a spring among the audience. The applause that burst forth was tremendous, amidst which our Yankee took his hat and coolly walked out of the hall. He had fulfilled his promise—the cat had been let out of the bag—and his money was fairly earned. The ladies, we understand, did not take the joke so good-naturedly as the men; and, from the irate spirit manifested by some, it is more than probable that, if they could have got him in their power, there would have been a fine exhibition of what women can do when their dander is fairly aroused. While the humbugger was jingling his pocket full of coins, and laughing in his sleeve, the humbugged slowly left the hall with the feeling of those who have been decidedly "sold."

## A TRAGIC NOVEL.

Violetta started convulsively, and turned her tear drenched eyes wildly upon the speaker; for to her there seemed something familiar in these low, rich tones. Their eyes met; his beaming with love and tenderness, and hers gleaming with wild uncertainty. "Violetta!"—"Allendorf!" And the beautiful girl sank, from excess of joy, upon his noble heart, throbbing with the pure, holy, delicious love of other days. Allendorf bent tenderly over her, and bathed her pure white temples with the gushing tears of deep, though subdued joy. While doing this, Violetta's father, Rip Van Snort, was seen approaching the lovers with a flail. Allendorf saw the aged patriarch, who, just as he was turning the corner of the red barn, gave him a lift with the flail that placed him on the "other side of Jordan." Violetta, driven to distraction, threw herself upon the grass, and for a long, long hour, was dead to every consolation.

## NEXT DOOR TO THE HEIGHT OF HAPPINESS.

The following is an extract from an album kept at the Niagara Hotel:—

"Next to the bliss of seeing Sarah,  
Is that of seeing Niagara."

## CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED.

The editor of the *Logan* (Ohio) *Gazette*, having been presented with a bottle of "Old London Dock Gin," drank it, and then attempted to write a paragraph of thanks, with this melancholy result:—

"In conclusion, here's to 'Fire Company No. Some,' the Brassfontaine Belle Band, and the rest of our home insutions and org'zations, including the ladies and other branches of business (hic) in and around town—and especially the Messident's Pressage, Monington Washument, &c., all of which may be had cheap at the Buck—Drook—Brook and Dug Store of Binninger's Old London Dock Gin, for two dollars a-year, if payment is delayed until the end of the Atlantic Cable."

## DUEL STOPPED.

Judge T., a celebrated duellist in Georgia, who had lost his leg, and who was known to be a dead shot, challenged Colonel T., a gentleman of great humour and attainments. The friends tried to prevent the meeting, but to no effect. The parties met on the ground, when Colonel T. was asked if he was ready. "No," he replied. "What are you waiting for, then?" inquired Judge T.'s second. "Why, sir," said Colonel T., "I have sent my boy into the woods to hunt a bee gum to put my leg in, for I don't intend to give the Judge any advantage over me. You see he has a wooden leg." The whole party roared with laughter, and the thing was so ridiculous that it broke up the fight. Colonel T. was afterwards told it would sink his reputation. "Well," he replied, "it can't sink me lower than a bullet can." "But," urged his friends, "the papers will be filled about you." "Well," said he, "I would rather fill fifty papers than one coffin." No one ever troubled the Colonel after that.

## PUNS.

"We have ever found," says an American paper, "that blacksmiths are, more or less, given to *vice*. Carpenters, for the most part, deal *planely*, but they will *chisel* when they can get a chance. Not unfrequently they are *bored*, and constant y annoy one with their old *saws*."

## A NOVEL HAT.

A Fatter in Washington has invented a hat that cannot be blown off in a gale. The editor of one of the papers in that city says, "If this hat were not wind-proof, we would give a puff."

## BREACH OF PROMISE.

The late Robert C. Sands sued for damages in a case of breach of promise of marriage. He was offered two hundred dollars to heal his breaking heart. "Two hundred!" he exclaimed, "two hundred dollars for ruined hopes—a blasted life? Two hundred dollars for all this!! No—never! *Make it three hundred, and it's a bargain!*"

## DOING A YANKEE.

Sir Allan McNab was once travelling by steamer, and, as luck would have it, was obliged to occupy a state room along with a certain full blooded Yankee. Both gentlemen arose early in the morning; and while Sir Allan was dressing, he was astonished to behold his companion making thorough researches into his (Sir Allan's) well furnished dressing case. Having completed his examination, he proceeded, while the chieftain remained in petrified astonishment, coolly to select the tooth brush, and therewith to bestow upon his long, yellow fangs an industrious and energetic scrubbing. Sir Allan said not a word. When Jonathan had concluded, the old Scotchman gravely finished washing himself, silently set the basin on the floor, soaped one foot well, and, taking the tooth-brush, applied it vigorously to his toes and toe nails. "You dirty fellow," exclaimed the astonished Yankee, who had watched every motion, "what the mischief are you doing that for?" "Oh," said Sir Allan coolly, "*that's the brush I always do that with!*"

## AN AMERICAN HINT.

A paper publishes a story in which it is stated that a man who came very near drowning, had a wonderful recollection of every event which had occurred during his life. There are a few of our subscribers whom we would recommend to practise bathing in deep water.

## A PRECOCIOUS YANKEE.

A lad was subpoenaed as a witness in one of the American courts. The judge said, "Put the boy upon evidence?" Upon hearing which Young America exclaimed, "Who are you culling boy? I've chewed 'baccy these two year!"

## THE REASON WHY.

The editor of the *Albany Express* (American paper) says, the only reason why his dwelling was not blown away in a late storm was, because there was a heavy mortgage on it.

## TO THOSE SEEKING EMPLOYMENT.

The *Albany Express* has the following advertisement—"Wanted, an able-bodied Irishman to hold my wife's tongue—she and I being unable to keep it quiet. Constant employment given."

## WONDERFUL!

A Yankee paper says, "Our glass went clear thirty degrees below nothing, and would have gone much lower, but it wasn't long enough." Another paper says, "We have no thermometer in this town, so it gets as cold as it pleases."

## NIGGER RECORDS.

"Cuffy, why don't you kick that dog?" "What am de use of kicking every cur what snarls at you? Don't you know dat am de way he wants you to bring him into notice." A polite darkey once sent a reply to an invitation, in which he regretted "that circumstances repugnant to the acquiesce would prevent the acceptance to the invite."

## AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.

A good idea of a fit of absence is given by a Yankee paper, namely, an editor quoting from a rival paper one of his own articles, and heading it, "Wretched Attempt at Wit."

## NOT BAD.

At the Sutter House, Sacramento, a New Yorker, newly arrived, was lamenting his condition, and his folly in leaving an abundance at home, and especially two beautiful daughters, who were just budding into womanhood; when he asked the other if he had a family? "Yes, sir; I have a wife and six children in New York, and I never saw one of them." After this reply, the couple sat a few moments in silence, and then the interrogator again commenced—"Were you ever blind, sir?" "No, sir." "Did you marry a widow, sir?" "No, sir." Another lapse of silence. "Did I understand you to say, sir, that you had a wife and six children living in New York, and had never seen one of them?" "Yes, sir; I so stated it." Another and a longer pause of silence. Then the interrogator again inquired—"How can it be, sir, that you never saw one of them?" "Why," was the response, "*one of them* was born after I left." "Oh! ah!" and a general laugh followed. After that the first New Yorker was especially distinguished as "the man who has six children, and never saw one of them."

## POLICEMAN DONE.

There was a law in Boston against smoking in the street. A "down-easter" strutted about the city one day, puffing at a cigar. Up walked a constable. "Guess you're smokin'," he said. "You'll pay two dollars, stranger." "I ain't smokin'," was the quick response; "try the weed yonrself; it ain't alight." The constable took a pull at the cigar, and out came a long puff of white smoke. "Gness you'll pay *me* two dollars," said the down-easter, quietly. "Wall," replied the constable, "I calc'late yon're considerably sharp. S'pose we liqnor."

## A DIFFICULTY.

Dickens tells the following story of an American sea captain:—On his last voyage home, the captain had on board a young lady of remarkable personal attractions—a phrase I use as one being entirely new, and one you never meet with in the newspapers. This young lady was beloved intensely by five young gentlemen passengers, and in turn she was in love with them all very ardently, but without any particular preference for either. Not knowing how to make up her determination, in this dilemma she consulted my friend the captain. The captain, being a man of an original turn of mind, says to the lady, "Jump overboard, and marry the man who jumps after you." The young lady struck with the idea, and being naturally fond of bathing, especially in warm weather, as it then was, took the advice of the captain, who had a boat ready in case of accident. Accordingly, next morning, the five lovers being on deck, and looking very devotedly at the young lady, she plunged into the sea head foremost. Four of the lovers immediately jumped in after her. When the young lady and the four lovers were out again, she says to the captain, "What am I to do with them now, they are so wet?" "Take the dry one." And the young lady did, and married him.

## MAKING IT UP.

"I say, Pete, in gwoine roun' the worl', trabblers tell us dat you lose one hole day."

"Dat am n't nuffin, Sam, when you can make 'm np agin."

"How you gwoine to make it np—tell me dat?"

"Wy, jis turn roun' and go back agin."

## FAMILY SECRETS.

A western editor having published a long leader on "Hogs," a rival paper in the same village upbraids him for obtruding his family matters upon the public.

## PAINFUL NECESSITY.

During the long drought of last summer, an American paper says, water became so scarce in a certain parish, that the farmers' wives were obliged to send their milk to town genuine.

## MODESTY.

A gentleman advertises in a New York paper, for board in a quiet genteel family, where there are two or three beautiful and accomplished young ladies, and where his society "will be deemed a sufficiency for board, lodging, washing, and other etceteras."

## CERTIFICATE OF CHARACTER.

A hosier was called to certify to the character of a brother hosier. The testimony was as follows:—"How long have you known Bill Whack?" "Ever since he was born." "What is his general character?" "Letter A, No. 1—'bove par a grent ways, I judge." "Would you believe him on oath?" "Yes, sir-ee! on or off, or any other way, I conclude." "What, in your opinion, are his qualifications as to good character?" "He's the best shot in our prairies, or in the woods. He can shave the eye-whiskers off a wolf as far as a shootin' iron 'ill carry a ball. He can drink a quart of grog any day, and chaws tobacco like a hoss."

## LOOKING AFTER SELF.

It is reported that Queen Victoria playfully asked a young American, who attended one of her levees not long since, which he would prefer, if he could have his choice—a monarchy or a republic? To which he replied—"May it please your Majesty, unless I were king of the monarchy, I should prefer to take my chance of being elected president of the republic."

## NEW DODGE.

An American citizen, for the purpose of arresting attention, caused his sign to be set upside down. One day, while the rain was pouring down with great violence, a son of Hibernia was discovered directly opposite, standing with some gravity upon his head, and fixing his eyes steadfastly on the sign. On an inquiry being made of this inverted gentleman why he stood in so singular an attitude, he answered, "I am trying to read that sign."

## OUR CORPULENT FRIEND.

There is a man down east so fat, that they graze the cart wheels with his shadow.

## YANKEE IMPUDENCE.

There were few passengers going east in the car with me, which was calculated to hold fifty. Elsewhere, under similar circumstances, a down east Yankee, lean and tall, was travelling, and seated behind a widow; after several efforts "he caught her eye," and addressed her—

"In affliction?"

"Yes, sir," she replied.

"Parents—father or mother?"

"No, sir."

"Child, p'raps—a boy or girl?"

"No, sir, not a child," she answered; "I have no children."

"Husband, then, 'xpect?"

"Yes," was the short reply.

"Hum!—cholery? A tradin' man, mebbe?"

"My husband was a seafaring man, the captain of a vessel; he didn't die of cholera, he was drowned."

"Oh I drowned, eh?" cried the other, and after a moment's consideration, he continued, "saved his chist?"

"Yes, the vessel was saved, and my husband's effects."

"Was they?" said the interrogator, his eye brightening; "pious man?"

"He was a member of the Methodist Church."

"Don't you think you got great cause to be thankful that he was a pious man, and saved his chist?"

"I do," said the widow, abruptly, and looked out of the window.

For the last time the Yankee returned to the attack, and, leaning over the back of the seat, he said, confidentially—

"Was you calc'latin' to get married again?"

"Sir," said the widow, "you are impertinent!" and moved to the other side of the car.

"'Pears to be a little buffy," said the bore, turning to a passenger behind him; "she needn't be mad, I didn't want to hurt her feelings. What did they make you pay for that umberel you got in your hand?"

## WE DON'T BELIEVE IT.

Last winter, it is said, a cow floated down the Mississippi on a piece of ice, and caught such a cold that she has yielded nothing but *ice cream* ever since.

## A HEAVY JOKE.

There is a fellow in New York prison who accounts for his thinness on the ground that he has fallen under the weight of public indignation.

## THE ANXIOUS BENCH.

Elder Knapp, having finished his sermon, came leisurely down from the pulpit, with a serious face once more, and stopped short in front of Mr. Braham, the late eminent singer, who had just risen from his hard and uneasy seat, and was preparing to go with the retiring crowd. But the Elder accosted him in a soothing and benignant tone, asking him, quite audibly to the persons around—

"How do you feel, brother?"

"Very well, thank you; but rather warm," was the reply. And, after a moment's pause, the colloquy went on.

"I hope the evening's exercises have been agreeable to you."

"Oh, very—but the seat was none of the softest."

"I guess it wasn't. How did you feel about the sermon?"

"Well, I was sorry I couldn't see your face."

"Brother, my words were more noticeable—how did you like them?"

"Very much; I thought all that gag about the pork-horse capital."—(Alluding to part of the Elder's discourse.)

"Good evening."

"Have you nowtbin' to say to me, brother?"

"Well, nothing particular. Good evening."

"Nowtbin' partickler!—why, how's that? Don't you desire to commune?"

"To commune? Oh, that's the way you call it—no, thank you—not here, certainly."

"Then what on airth brought you here, brother?"

"Why, to hear you preach, to be sure. Good evening."

"Don't you feel anxious?"

"Anxious!—about what? Not a bit."

"Then why did you take your seat on *the anxious bench*?"

"What the deuce is that? I don't know what you mean. Do let me pass, I shall be smothered here. Good evening."

And so, turning his persecutor in flank by a dexterous movement, the puzzled vocalist escaped into the crowded aisle and was immediately lost to the astonished Elder. Those who had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Braham may imagine the kindly and amiable expression of his face, and his easy and composed manner, during this closing scene of Elder Knapp's burlesque, and his humorous way in relating how he had accidentally occupied the *anxious bench*—a rough form invariably appropriated to self-accusing sinners, who sought in the confessional relief for their overburdened consciences.

A Sandusky paper, called the *Trumpet Blast*, thus walks into a contemporary:—"The editor of the *Spy*, like a sanguinary



wolf, creeps out behind us with a sword, reeking with sanguinary gore of other victims, and, raising his bludgeon, attempts to stab to the heart with his steel pen, dipped in poisoned fluid, our little paper. We smile grimly, and are ready."

#### A NOVEL ARREST.

A sheriff's officer, in Norwich, Connecticut, made the following return lately:—"Then and there, by virtue, &c., I arrested the body of the within named Quinlan, *forty feet high, on a white oak tree*, in said Norwich;" and one of the items of fees, as allowed by the court, we find reads—"Paid assistance to climb tree and bring prisoner down," &c.

The following correspondence is said to have taken place between a New Haven merchant and one of his customers:—"Sir, your account has been standing for two years; I must have it settled immediately." To which in reply:—"Sir, things usually do settle by standing; I regret that my account is an exception. If it has been standing too long, suppose you let it run a little."

#### COOL.

A gentleman was, one winter's day, looking in at the window of a print-shop, when he felt some one at his pocket. As there was only one bystander, he instantly turned round, and, looking him full in the face, said—"Your hand, sir, was in my pocket." "Was it, sir?" the other very calmly replied; "I really beg your pardon if it was; but the weather is so very cold one is glad to put one's hands anywhere."

One of the most preposterous things possible would be a man, on board a rocking ship, in a gale of wind, with the fever and ague, trying to shave himself with a bent razor. We don't believe 'twould be a smooth job.

In Kentucky a ploughman became enamoured of a milkmaid on a neighbouring farm. His addresses were rejected; and the disappointed swain, full of melancholy and revenge, procured a rope, went to the barn, and—tied all the cows' tails together.

"Aw, doctaw, does the choleraw awfect the hiahaw awdaw?" asked an exquisite of a celebrated physician in New Orleans. "No," replied the doctor; "bnt it is death to fools, and you'd better leave the city immediately." The "fellow" vanished.

## AN AMERICAN PUTT.

If any person has a task to do that he thinks would occupy him a pretty long time upon the earth, let him at once take the precaution to subscribe for our paper and pay for it. A census carefully taken will show that the readers of the *Louisville Journal* live, as a general rule, about twice as long as any other class of men, and enjoy life more than four times as well.

## VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD.

We find the following curious advertisement in a Kentucky paper:—"Lost, a pair of gold spectacles. The finder *will be reasonably rewarded by leaving them at W. & H. Burkhardt's, south side Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth.* [We fear that few "finders" would appreciate the very indefinite reward of "leaving them at," &c.]

## PROOF THAT A MAN IS DEAD.

A subscriber to one of the eastern papers, a few years ago, being sadly in arrears for the same, promised the editor that if his life was spared to a certain day, he would, without fail, discharge his bill. The day passed, and the bill was not paid. The conclusion, therefore, was, that the man was dead—absolutely defunct. Proceeding on this conclusion, the editor, in the next paper, placed the name of his delinquent under the obituary head, with the attendant circumstances of time and place. Pretty soon after this announcement the subject of it appeared to the editor, not with the pale, ghostly appearance usually ascribed to apparitions, but with a face as red as scarlet; neither did it, like other apparitions, wait to be first spoken to, but broke silence—

"What the ——— sir, do you mean by publishing my death?"

"Why, sir, the same that I mean by publishing the name of any other person—viz., to let the world know that you were dead."

"Well, but I'm not dead."

"Not dead! Then it is your own fault, for you told me you would positively pay your bill by such a day, if you lived till that time. The day is past, the bill is not paid, and you positively must be dead, for I will not believe you would forfeit your word—oh, no!"

"I see you have got round me, Mr. Editor; but say no more about it: here is the money. And hark, you wag, just contradict my death next week, will you?"

"Oh, certainly, sir—just to please you; though, upon my word, I can't help thinking you died at the time specified, and that you merely came back to pay this bill on account of your friendship to me."

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A Yankee in Vermont has such a remarkably hard name, that he spoils a gross of steel pens in signing one cheque.

## AN INNKEEPER'S SIGN.

With a cattle-buying acquaintance, whom I met with in this "deestricht," says a correspondent of *Knickerbocker's*, I stopped yesterday at a forlorn-looking roadside tavern, five or six miles from any other house, and the roads leading to it *terrible* even in *this* quarter. "Entertainment for Man and Beast," the almost obsolete inn formula, in rude, uneven characters, hung from a high two-poled sign, by the one corner door of the house. As we were alighting, two young fellows came out of the inn, and jumped into a one-horse waggon, thick with mud; one of them was swearing at the landlord, who, in his dirty shirt sleeves, and without any vest, stood in the door—"Your sign says, 'Entertainment for Man and *Beast*;' if you can manage to entertain *yourself* in such a nasty hole—and you look as if you might—just *one-half* of your sign is true!"—and off they drove.

## SOAP MADE FROM STRONG LYE.

We see it recorded that a Yankee soap pedlar was recently caught at sea during a violent storm, when he saved his life by taking a cake of his own soap and washing himself ashore.

## THE BOARD OF HEALTH.

A countryman walking along the streets of New York, found his progress stopped by a close barricade of wood. "What's this for?" said he to a person in the street. "Oh, that's to stop the yellow fever." "Ay; I have often heard of the *Board of Health*, but I never saw it before."

## GIRLS—BEWARE!

The following is a copy of a sign upon an academy for teaching youth in one of the western States:—"Freeman and Huggs, School Teachers. *Freeman Teaches the Boys and Huggs the Girls.*"

## EARLY RISING.

A correspondent of a New York paper says—"Early rising must be as conducive to health as it is an exhilaration of spirits, for, during my travels, I saw no ladies with such glowing complexions as those at Nahant. They came to breakfast after their baths, freshened up, looking as sweet and as dewy as an avalanche of roses."

## LIQUID REMEDY FOR BALDNESS.

The *Boston Post* has credit for the last liquid remedy for baldness, as follows:—"Use brandy externally until the hair grows, and then take it internally to *clinch the roots*."

## NOTICE.

The editor of the *Florence Inquirer* (American paper) gives the following notice to one of his friends:—"The gentleman who took out of our library the number of *Graham's Magazine*, is respectfully invited to call again in about two weeks, and get the number for August."

## NOT PARTICULAR.

A "live Yankee" being awakened by the captain of a steamboat with the announcement that he "mustn't occupy his berth with his boots on," replied, "Oh! the bugs won't hurt 'em much, I guess—they're an *old pair*: let 'em rip."

## SLOW.

A quizzical editor in Arkansas, who rejoices in the rather quizzical name of Harry Hurry, says that "truth is generally slow in its progress." Probably it is never in such a *Hurry* as he.

## LATEST CRY.

The last Yankee cry is—"No English! no Irish! no Taxes! no Government! no Babies! Know Nothing!"

## QUEER FOOD FOR FUN.

A stranger, not a very "youngish," nor a very "oldish" man either, went into an office recently, and requested to see a late eastern paper. One was handed him; but he had not perused it more than a minute, when he commenced laughing immoderately. He was asked the cause of his mirth, and this is the reply he made:—"Ha! ha! all the Californian widders in the eastern States is applying for a divorce, and my wife's among 'em!"

THE  
FIRESIDE COMPANION  
FOR  
WINTER EVENINGS:  
A COLLECTION  
OF  
SHORT RECITATIONS, HUMOROUS PIECES,  
TOASTS, &c., &c.

*—\*—\*—\*—*

JOHN CAMERON,  
Wholesale and Export Manufacturing Stationer  
and Publisher,  
47 YORK STREET, GLASGOW.



## RECITATIONS:



### Othello's Apology for his Marriage.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
My very noble and approved good masters—  
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
It is most true; true I have married her;  
The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in speech,  
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace.  
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,  
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used  
Their dearest action in the tented field;  
And little of this great world can I speak,  
More then pertains to feats of broils and battle:  
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause  
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your patience,  
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver  
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,  
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,  
(For such proceeding I am charged withal),  
I won his daughter with.—  
See loved me for the dangers I had pass'd;  
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.—  
This only is the witchcraft I have used.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.  
Wherin I spake of most disastrous chances;  
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;

Of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach;  
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
 And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,  
 And with it all my travel's history.

———All these to hear  
 Would Desdemona seriously incline:  
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence,  
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,  
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
 Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,  
 Took once a plaint hour, and found good means  
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;  
 Whereof my parcels she had something heard,  
 But not distinctively. I did consent;  
 And often did beguile her of her tears,  
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
 That my youth suffered. My story being done,  
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.  
 She swore in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;  
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful;  
 She wished she had not heard it: yet she wish'd  
 That Heaven had made hersuch a man. She thank'd me,  
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,  
 I should not teach him how to tell my story,  
 And that would woo her. On this I spake.  
 Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;  
 Still question'd me the story of my life  
 From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
 That I had past.

### Eternity.

AND is it in the flight of threescore years,  
 To push eternity from human thought,  
 And smother souls immortal in the dust!  
 A soul immortal spending all her fires,  
 Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,  
 Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarmed,  
 At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,  
 Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,  
 To waft a feather or to drown a fly.      YOUNG.



## GLENARA.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

O heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,  
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail ?  
'Tis the voice of Glenara laments for his dear ;  
And her sire, and the people, are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud ;  
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud :  
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around :  
They march'd all in silence—they look'd on the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,  
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar ;  
Now here let us place the gray stone of her cairn :  
“ Why speak ye no word ? ”—said Glenara the stern.

“ And tell me I charge you ! ye clan of my spouse,  
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows ? ”  
So spake the rude chieftain : no answer is made,  
But each mantle unfolding a dagger display'd.

“ I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,”  
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud ;  
“ And empty that shroud, and that coffin did seem ;  
Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream ! ”

O ! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,  
When the shroud was unclos'd, and no lady was seen ;  
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,  
’Twas the youth who had lov'd the fair Ellen of Lorn :

“ I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,  
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief ;  
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem ;  
Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream ! ”

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,  
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found ;  
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne,  
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn !

### The Ruined Cottage.

NONE will dwell in that cottage, for they say  
Oppression reft it from the honest man,  
And that a curse clings to it : hence the vine  
Trails its weight of leaves upon the ground,  
Hence weeds are in the garden, hence the hedge  
Once sweet with honey-suckle, is half dead ;  
And hence the gray moss on the apple tree.

One once dwelt there who had been in his youth  
A soldier ; and when many years had passed,  
He sought his native village, and sat down  
To end his days in peace. He had one child,  
A little laughing thing, whose dark eyes,  
He said, were like her mother's she had left  
Buried in a stranger's land ; and time went on  
In comfort and content—and that fair girl  
Had grown far taller than the red rose tree  
Her father planted on her first English birth-day,  
And he had trained it up against an ash  
Till it became his pride—it was so rich  
In blossom and in beauty, it was called  
The tree of Isabel ! 'Twas an appeal  
To all the better feelings of the heart,  
To mark their quiet happiness ; their home,  
In truth a home of love ; and more than all,  
To see them on the Sabbath, when they came  
Among the first to church ; and Isabel,  
With her bright colour, and her clear blue eyes,  
Bowed down so meekly in the house of prayer ;  
And in the hymn her sweet voice audible :  
Her father look'd so fond of her, and then  
From her look'd up so thankfully to heaven !  
And their small cottage was so very neat,  
Their garden filled with fruits, and herbs, and flowers  
And in the winter there was no fireside  
So cheerful as their own. But other days  
And other fortunes came—an evil power !  
They bore against it cheerfully, and hoped  
For better times, but ruin came at last,  
And the old soldier left his own dear home,

And left it for a prison. 'Twas in June,  
 One of June's brightest days, the bee, the bird,  
 The butterfly, were on their lightest wings ;  
 The fruits had their first tinge of summer light ;  
 The sunny sky, the very leaves seemed glad,  
 And the old man looked back upon his cottage,  
 And wept aloud ;—they hurried him away,  
 And the dear child that would not leave his side,  
 They led him from the sight of the blue heaven  
 And the green trees, into a low dark cell,  
 The windows shutting out the blessed sun,  
 With iron grating ; and for the first time,  
 He threw him on his bed, and could not hear,  
 His Isabel's "good night." But the next morn  
 She was the earliest at the prison gate,  
 The last on whom it closed ; and her sweet voice  
 And sweeter smile, made him forget to pine ;  
 She brought him every morning fresh wild flowers ;  
 But every morning could he mark her cheek  
 Grow paler and more pale, and her low tones  
 Get fainter and more faint, and a cold dew  
 Was on the hand he held. One day he saw  
 The sun shine through the grating of his cell  
 Yet Isabel came not ; at every sound  
 His heart-beat took away his breath, yet still  
 She came not near him. But one sad day  
 He mark'd the dull street through the iron bars  
 That shut him from the world ; at length he saw  
 A coffin carried carelessly along,  
 And he grew desperate ; he forced the bars,  
 And he stood on the street, free and alone,  
 He had no aim, no wish for liberty ;  
 He only felt one want—to see the corpse  
 That had no mourners. When they set it down  
 Ere 'twas lowered into the new dug grave,  
 A rush of passion came upon his soul  
 He tore off the lid, and saw the face  
 Of Isabel, and knew he had no child !  
 He lay down by the coffin quietly—  
 His heart was broken.

## The Village Inn.

FROM GOLDSMITH'S "DESERTED VILLAGE"

NEAR yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,  
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,  
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,  
 Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,  
 Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,  
 And news much older than their ale went round :  
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
 The parlour splendours of that festive place ;  
 The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,  
 The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door ;  
 The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,  
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;  
 The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,  
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;  
 The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,  
 With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel, gay ;  
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,  
 Rang'd o'er the chimney, glistn'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours ! could not all  
 Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall ?  
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart :  
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair  
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;  
 No more the farmer's news the barber's tale,  
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;  
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,  
 Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to here ;  
 The host himself no longer shall be found,  
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;  
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,  
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,  
 These simple blessings of the lowly train ;  
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art ;

Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,  
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;  
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,  
 Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd.  
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,  
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,  
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;  
 And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
 The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy ?

*Richard the Third's Soliloquy the Night preceding  
 the Battle of Bosworth.*

'Tis now the dead of night, and half the world  
 Is with a lonely solemn darkness hung ;  
 Yet I (so coy a dame is sleep to me)  
 With all the weary courtship of  
 My care tir'd thoughts, can't win her to my bed,  
 Tho' even the stars do wink, as 'twere with overwatching.  
 I'll forth and walk a while.—The air's refreshing,  
 And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay  
 Gives it a sweet and wholesome odour.—  
 How awful is this gloom !—And hark ! from camp to camp  
 The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
 That the fix'd sentinels almost receive  
 The secret whispers of each other's watch :  
 Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighings,  
 Piercing the night's dull ear. Hark ! from the tents,  
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
 With clink of hammers closing rivets up,  
 Give dreadful note of preparation ; while some,  
 Like sacrifices, by their fires of watch,  
 With patience sit and idly ruminate  
 The morning's danger. By yon Heaven, my stern  
 Impatience chides this tardy gaited night,  
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp  
 So tediously away. I'll to my couch,  
 And once more try to sleep her into morning.

## Lobe of Country.

SCOTT.

BREATHES there a man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself has said,

This is my own, my native land!  
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he has turn'd,

From wandering on a foreign strand!  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;  
For him no minstrel raptures swell;  
High be his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch concentr'd all in self,  
Living shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, dying, doubtless shall go down  
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

Oh Caledonia! stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child!  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,  
Land of my sires! what mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band  
That knits me to thy rugged strand?  
Still, as I view each well-known scene,  
Think what is now, and what has been  
Seems as to me, of all bereft,  
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;  
And thus I love them better still,  
Even in extremity of ill.  
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,  
Though none should guide my feeble way;  
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,  
Although it chill my withered cheek;  
Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,  
Though there—forgotten and alone,  
The bard may draw his parting groan.

## Hohenlinden.

CAMPBELL.

ON Linden when the sun was low,  
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;  
 And dark as winter was the flow  
     Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,  
 When the drum beat, at dead of night,  
 Commanding fires of death to light  
     The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,  
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
 And furious every charger neigh'd,  
     To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;  
 Then flew the steed, ~~at~~ wattle driven;  
 And, louder than the bolts of Heaven,  
     Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,  
 On Linden's hills of stained snow;  
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
     Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun  
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
 Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,  
     Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,  
     And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part, where many meet!  
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
 And every turf beneath their feet  
     Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

# Claude Melnotte's Description of his Home.

FROM THE LADY OF LYONS.

A palace lifting to eternal summer  
 Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower  
 Of coolest foliage musical with birds,  
 Whose songs should syllable thy name! At noon  
 We'd sit beneath the arching vines, and wonder  
 Why Earth could be unhappy, while the Heavens  
 Still left us youth and love; we'd have no friends  
 That were not lovers; no ambition, save  
 To excel them all in love; we'd read no books  
 That were not tales of love—that we might smile  
 To think how poorly eloquence of words  
 Translates the poetry of hearts like ours!  
 And when night came, amidst the breathless Heavens  
 We'd guess what star should be our home when love  
 Becomes immortal; while the perfumed light  
 Stole through the mists of alabaster lamps,  
 And every air was heavy with the sighs  
 Of orange groves and music from sweet lutes,  
 And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth  
 I' the midst of roses! Dost thou like the picture?

# Never Say Fail.

KEEP moving! 'tis wiser than sitting aside,  
 And dreaming, and sighing, and waiting the tide;  
 In life's earnest battle they only prevail,  
 Who daily march onward, and never say fail!

With an eye ever open, a tongue that's not dumb,  
 And a heart that will never to sorrow succumb,  
 You'll battle and conquer, though thousands assail;  
 How strong and how mighty! who never said fail!

The spirit of angels is active I know,  
 As higher and higher in glory they go;  
 Methinks on bright pinions from heaven they sail,  
 To cheer and encourage—who never say fail!



A-head then keep moving, and elbow your way,  
Unheeding the envious and asses that bray ;  
All obstacles vanish, all enemies quail,  
In the might of their wisdom who never say fail !

In life's rosy morning, in manhood's firm pride.  
Let this be the motto your footsteps to guide ;  
In storm and in sunshine, whatever assail,  
We'll onward and conquer, and never say fail !

### Henry the Fourth's Soliloquy on Sleep.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep !—O gentle Sleep !  
Natures soft nurse ! how have I frightened thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?  
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?  
O thou dull god ! Why liest thou with the vile  
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,  
A watch-case to a common 'larum bell ;  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deafening clamours in the slippery shrouds,  
That with the hurly, Death itself awakes ?  
Canst thou, O partial Sleep ! give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,  
And in the calmest and the stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king ?—Then happy lowly clown !—  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

# Excelsior.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device—  
Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath,  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
“ Excelsior ! ”

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;  
Above the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
“ Excelsior ! ”

“ Try not the Pass ! ” the old man said ;  
“ Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide ! ”  
And loud that clarion voice replied  
“ Excelsior ! ”

“ O stay, ” the maiden said, “ and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast ! ”  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered, with a sigh,  
“ Excelsior ! ”

“ Beware the pine-tree's withered branch !  
Beware the awful avalanche ! ”  
This was the peasant's last Good-night,  
A voice replied, far up the height,  
“ Excelsior ! ”

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
“ Excelsior ! ”

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
 Half-buried in the snow was found,  
 Still grasping in his hand of ice  
 The banner with the strange device—  
 Excelsior !

### Soliloquy of Hamlet on Death.

To be—or not to be—that is the question,  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
 The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune;  
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
 And, by opposing, end them?—To die—to sleep—  
 No more?—and by a sleep, to say we end  
 The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep—  
 To sleep—perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub,  
 For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
 Must give us pause.—There's the respect  
 That makes calamity of so long life;  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes—  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,  
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,  
 But that the dread of something after death  
 (That undiscover'd country from whose bourne  
 No traveller returns) puzzles the will,  
 And makes us rather bare those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of?  
 Thus, conscience doth make cowards of us all;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard their currents turn away,  
 And loes the name of action.

## Downfall of Poland.

CAMPBELL.

OH sacred Truth ! thy triumph ceased awhile,  
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,  
When leagued oppression pour'd to Northern wars,  
Her whisker'd pandours and her fierce hussars,  
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,  
Peal'd her loud drum and twang'd her trumpet-horn ;  
Tumultuous Horror brooded o'er her van,  
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man !

Warsaw's last champion, from her heights survey'd,  
Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid :  
“ Oh Heaven ! ” he cried, “ my bleeding country save !  
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ?  
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,  
Rise, fellow men, our COUNTRY yet remains !  
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,  
And, swear, for her to live !—with her to die ! ”

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd  
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd ;  
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,  
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm !  
Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly,  
REVENGE, or DEATH !—the watchword and reply ;  
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,  
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm !—

In vain, alas ! in vain, ye gallant few !  
From rank to rank your vollied thunder flew.  
Oh ! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,  
Sarmatia fell, unwept without a crime !  
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,  
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe ;  
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,  
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career ;  
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,  
And freedom shriek'd— as KOSCIUSKO fell.

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,  
 Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—  
 On Prague's prond arch the fires of ruin glow,  
 His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below.  
 The storm prevails ! the ramparts yield away—  
 Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay ;  
 Hark ! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,  
 A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call ;  
 Earth shook !—red meteors flash'd along the sky ;  
 And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry !

Oh righteous heaven ! ere Freedom found a grave,  
 Why slept the sword omnipotent to save ?  
 Where was thine arm, Oh Vengeance ! where thy rod,  
 That smote the foes of Zion and of God ?  
 That crush'd proud Ammon when his iron car  
 Was yok'd in wrath, and thunder'd from afar ?  
 Where was the storm that slumbered, till the host  
 Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coasts  
 Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,  
 And heaved an ocean on their march below ?

Departed spirits of the MIGHTY DEAD ;  
 Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled ;  
 Friends of the world ; restore your swords to man,  
 Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van ;  
 Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,  
 And make her arm puissant as her own !  
 Oh ! once again to Freedom's cause return  
 The Patriot TELL—the BRUCE of Banneckburn !

### Night.

NIGHT sable goddess ! from her ebony throne,  
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth  
 Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world :  
 Silence, how dead ! and darkness, how profound !  
 Nor eye nor list'ning ear an object finds ;  
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse  
 Of life stood still, and nature made a pause ;  
 An awful pause, prophetic of her end.      YOUNG.

## Young Lochinvar.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ON young Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
Through all the wide border his steed was the best,  
And save his good broadsword he weapon had none,  
He rode all unarm'd and he rode all alone!  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar!

He staid not for brake, and he stoop'd not for stone,  
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none—  
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:  
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar!

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,  
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all!  
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,  
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word—  
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war?  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar."

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied,  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide,  
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
There be maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,  
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar!"

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up,  
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup!  
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh—  
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,  
"Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, so lovely his face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace,  
While her mother did fret and her father did fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and  
plume, [far

And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by  
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reach'd the hall-door and the charger stood  
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung, [near,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung,  
"She is won! we are gone over bank, bush, and scaur;  
The'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young  
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Grames of the Nelherby  
clan; [ran;  
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they  
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see,  
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of a gallant like young Lochinvar?

### Mercy.—Portia to Shylock.

FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THE quality of Mercy is not strained,  
It dropped, as the gentle rain from heaven,  
Unto the place beneath. It is twice blessed;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
The thronéd monarch better than his crown.  
His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of Kings;  
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,  
It is enthronéd in the hearts of Kings;  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though Justice be thy plea, consider this,  
That in the course of justice none of us  
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy.

## Tells Speech

KNOWLES.

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again  
 To hold to you the hands you first beheld,  
 To show they still are free. Methinks I hear  
 A spirit in your echoes answer me,  
 And bid your tenent welcome to his home  
 Again !—Oh sacred forms how proud you look,  
 How high you lift your heads unto the sky,  
 How huge you are, how mighty and how free !  
 Ye are the things that tower, that shine—whose smile  
 Makes glad—whose frown is terrible—whose forms,  
 Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear  
 Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,  
 I'm with you once again—I call to you  
 With all my voice—I hold my hands to you  
 To show they still are free. I rush to you  
 As though I could embrace you.

Scaling yonder peak,  
 I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow,  
 O'er the abyss :—his broad expanded wings  
 Lay calm and motionless upon the air,  
 As if he floated there without their aid,  
 By the sole act of his unlorded will,  
 That buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively  
 I bent my bow ; yet kept he rounding still  
 His airy circle, as in the delight  
 Of measuring the ample range beneath ;  
 And round about ; absorb'd, he heeded not  
 The death that threatened him.—I could not shoot—  
 'Twas liberty—I turned my bow aside,  
 And let him soar away.

Heavens, with what pride I used  
 To walk these hills, and look up to my God,  
 And bless him that it was so. It was free—  
 From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free—  
 Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,  
 And plough our valleys without asking leave ;  
 Or as our peaks that wear their caps of snow,



In very presence of the regal sun.  
 How happy was it then ! I loved  
 Its very storms. Yes, Emma, I have sat  
 In my boat at night when midway o'er the lake  
 The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge  
 The wind came roaring- I have sat and eyed  
 The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled  
 To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,  
 And think I had no master save his own.  
 You know the jutting cliff round which I track  
 Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow  
 To such another one, with scanty room  
 For two abreast to pass ? O'ertaken there  
 By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along  
 And while gust followed gust more furiously,  
 As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink ;  
 And I have thought of other lands, whose storms  
 Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just  
 Have wished me there, the thought that mine was free  
 Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,  
 And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,  
 Blow on ! this is the land of liberty !

### The Spanish Champion.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE warrior bow'd his crested head,  
 And tamed his heart of fire,  
 And sued the haughty king to free  
 His long imprisoned sire :  
 " I bring thee here my fortress keys,  
 I bring my captive train ;  
 I pledge my faith, my liege, my lord,  
 Oh ! break my father's chain."  
 " Rise, rise ! even now thy father comes,  
 A ransomed man this day,  
 Mount thy good steed, and thou and I  
 Will meet him on his way."  
 Then lightly rose that loyal son,  
 And bounded on his steed,  
 And urged, as if with lance in hand,  
 His chargers foaming speed.

And lo ! from far as on they press'd  
 They met a glittering band,  
 With one that mid them stately rode,  
 Like a leader in the land :  
 Now haste, Bernardo, haste,  
 For there in every truth is he,  
 The father—whom thy grateful heart  
 Hath yearned so long to see.  
 His proud breast heaved, his dark eye flash'd,  
 His cheeks' hue came and went,  
 He reach'd that gray-haired chieftain's side,  
 And there dismounting bent ;  
 A lowly knee to earth he bent,  
 His father's hand he took—  
 What was their in its touch,  
 That all his fiery spirit shook !  
 That hand was cold—a frozen thing ;  
 It dropp'd from his like lead :  
 He look'd up to the face above,  
 The face was of the dead ;  
 A plume waved o'er the noble brow,  
 The brow was fixed and white ;  
 He met at length his father's eyes,  
 But in them saw no sight !  
 Up from the ground he sprung, and gazed,  
 But who can paint that gaze ?  
 They hush'd their very hearts who saw  
 Its horror and amaze ;  
 They might have chained him, as before  
 That noble form he stood,  
 For the power was striken from his arm,  
 And from his cheek the blood.  
 " Father ! " at length he murmur'd low,  
 And wept like children then—  
 Talk not of grief till thou hast seen  
 The tears of warlike men--  
 He thought on all the glorious hopes,  
 On all his high renown,  
 Then flung the falchion from his side,  
 And in the dust sat down ;

And covering, with his steel-gloved hands,

His darkly mournful brow,

"No more, there is no more," he said,

"To lift the sword for now ;

My king is false, my hope betray'd,

My father, oh ! the worth,

The glory and the loveliness,

Are past away on earth."

Up from the ground he sprung once more,

And seized the monarch's rein :

Amid the pale and wilder'd looks

Of all the courtier train,

And with a fierce o'ermastering grasp,

The rearing war horse led,

And sternly set them face to face—

The king before the dead.

"Came I not here upon thy pledge,

My father's hand to kiss !

Be still ! and gaze thou on, false king,

And tell me what is this ;

The look, the voice, the heart I sought—

Give answer, where are they ?

If thou would'st clear thy perjured soul,

Put life in this cold clay.

"Into these glassy eyes put light ;

Be still, keep down thine ire,

Bid these cold lips a blessing speak,

This earth is not my sire :

Give me back him for whom I fought,

For whom my blood was shed ;

Thou canst not, and, O king !

Be mountains on thy head !"

He loosed the rein, his slack hand fell

Upon the silent face,

He cast one long deep mournful glance,

And fled from that sad place ;

His after fate no more was heard

Amid the martial train,

His banner led the spears no more

Among the hills of Spain.

### Douglas's Account of the Hermit.

BENEATH a mountain's brow, the most remote  
 And inaccessible, by sheperds trod,  
 A hermit lived; a melancholy man,  
 In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,  
 Who was the wonder of our wandering swains;  
 Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,  
 Did they report him; and my heart was touch'd  
 With reverence and with pity. Mild he spake;  
 And, entering on discourse, such stories told,  
 As made me oft revisit his sad cell.  
 For he had been a soldier in his youth,  
 And fought in famous battles, when the peers  
 Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,  
 Against the usurping infidel, display'd  
 The blessed cross, and won the holy land.  
 Pleased with my admiration, and the tire  
 His speech struck from me, the old man would shake  
 His years away, and act his young encounters;  
 Then having show'd his wounds, he'd sit down,  
 And all the live long day discourse of war.  
 To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf  
 He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts;  
 D scribed the motions, and explained the use  
 Of the deep column, and the lengthened line,  
 The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm:  
 For all that Saracen or Christian knew  
 Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

### Polonius's Advice to his Son.

FROM HAMLET.

THESE few precepts in thy memory  
 See thou charàcter. Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
 Nor any unproportioned thought his act:  
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;  
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
 Grap le them to thy soul with hooks of steel,  
 But o not dull thy palm with entertainment

Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware  
 Of entrance to a quarrel ; but being in,  
 Bear't that th' opposer may beware of thee.  
 Give ev'ry man thine ear, but few thy voice.  
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
 But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;  
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man,  
 And they in France of the best rank and station  
 Are most select and generous chief in that.  
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;  
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
 This above all—to thine ownselfe be true ;  
 And it must follow, as the night the day,  
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
 Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee !

### Lady Randolph's Soliloquy.

Yz woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom  
 Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth  
 The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart,  
 Farewell a while : I will not leave you long ;  
 For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,  
 Who, from the chiding stream or groaning oak,  
 Still hears and answers to Matilda's moan.  
 Oh, Douglas, Douglas ! if departed ghosts  
 Are e'er permitted to review this world,  
 Within the circle of this wood thou art,  
 And, with the passion of immortals, hear'st  
 My lamentation ; hear'st thy wretched wife  
 Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost.  
 My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn,  
 Who perished with thee on that fatal day :  
 To thee I lift my voice ; to thee address  
 The plaint which mortal ear hath never heard.  
 Oh disregard me not ; though I am called  
 Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.  
 Incapable of change, affection lies  
 Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave.

## The Field of Waterloo.

BYRON.

STOP!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust !  
 An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below !  
 Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust ?  
 Nor colum trophied for triumphal show ?  
 None ; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,  
 As the ground was before, thus let it be—  
 How that red rain—bath made the harvest grow !  
 And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,  
 Thou first and last of fields ! king-making Victory ?

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then  
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry ; and bright  
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;  
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when  
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,  
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;—  
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !  
 Did you not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,  
 Or the car rattling o'er the stonny street ;  
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined !  
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—  
 But, hark ! that heavy sound breaks in once more.  
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;  
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !  
 Arm ! Arm ! it is !—it is !—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a window'd niche of that high hall  
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear  
 That sound the first amid the festival,  
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear :  
 And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,  
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,  
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell :  
 He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell !

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
 Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness ;  
 And there was sudden partings, such as press  
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
 Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess  
 If evermore should meet those mutual eyes,  
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise ?

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,  
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;  
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;  
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;  
 While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,  
 Or whispering, with white lips—" the foe ! they come,  
 they come !"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose !  
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
 Have heard—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes ;  
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,  
 Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills  
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
 With their fierce native daring, which instils  
 The stirring memory of a thousand years ;  
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
 Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—  
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas !  
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
 In its next verdure ; when this fiery mass  
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe  
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low !

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay ;

The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day  
 Battle's magnificently-stern array !  
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent  
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,  
 Which her own clay shall cover—heap'd and pent,  
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe, in one red burial blent !

### Douglas's Account of Himself.

My name is Norval. On the Grampian hills  
 My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain;  
 Whose constant cares was to increase his store,  
 And keep his only son, myself, at home.  
 For I had heard of battles, and I long'd  
 To follow to the field some warlike lord;  
 And heaven soon granted what my sire denied.  
 This moon, which rose last night round as my shield,  
 Had not yet fill'd her horns, when by her light,  
 A band of fierce barbarians from the hills,  
 Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,  
 Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled  
 For safety and for succour. I alone,  
 With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,  
 Hovered about the enemy, and mark'd  
 The road he took; then hastened to my friends;  
 Whom with a troop of fifty chosen men,  
 I met advancing. The pursuit I led,  
 Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.  
 We fought—and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,  
 An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,  
 Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.  
 Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd  
 The shepherd's slothful life; and, having heard  
 That our good king had summon'd his bold peers  
 To lead the warriors to the Carron side,  
 I left my father's house, and took with me  
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps—  
 Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.  
 Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers;  
 And, heaven directed, came this day to do  
 The happy deed that gilds my humble name.



### Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard not a funeral note,  
 As his corse o'er the ramparts we hurried;  
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,  
 O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,  
 The sods with our bayonets turning,  
 By the struggling moonbeam's dusky light,  
 And our lanterns dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;  
 But he lay—like a warrior taking his rest—  
 With his martial cloak around him!

Few and short were the prayers, we said,  
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead  
 And we bitterly thought of to-morrow—

We thought as we hallowed his narrow bed,  
 And smooth'd down his lonely pillow—  
 How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his  
 And we far away on the billow! [head.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;  
 But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on  
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,  
 When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring,  
 And we heard by the distant and random gun,  
 That the foe was sullenly firing.—

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory!  
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,  
 But we left him alone in his glory!

# Lord Ullin's Daughter.

CAMPBELL.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,  
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry,  
And I'll give thee a silver pound  
To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,  
This dark and stormy water?"

"Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
And this Lord Ullin's daughter:—

"And fast before her father's men,  
Three days we've fled together;  
For, should he find us in the glen,  
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;  
Should they our steps discover,  
Then—who would cheer my bonny bride,  
When they had slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,  
"I'll go—my chief—I'm ready:—  
It is not for your silver bright,  
But for your winsome lady!

"And, by my word, the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry;  
So—though the waves are raging white—  
I'll row you o'er the ferry!"

By this the storm grew loud apace,  
The water-wraith was shrieking;  
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
A-down the glen rode armed men!—  
Their trampling sounded nearer!

"Oh ! haste thee, haste !" the lady cries  
 "Though tempests round us gather,  
 "I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
 But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,  
 A stormy sea before her—  
 When—oh ! to strong for human hand !  
 The tempest gathered o'er her—

And still they row'd, amidst the roar  
 Of waters fast prevailing ;—  
 Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,  
 His wrath was changed to wailing—

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,  
 His child he did discover !  
 One lovely arm was stretched for aid ;  
 And one was round her lover.

"Come back ! come back !" he cried in grief,  
 "Across this stormy water ;  
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief.  
 My daughter !—oh ! my daughter !"

'Twas vain—the loud waves lash'd the shoro,  
 Return or aid preventing ;—  
 The waters wild went o'er his child—  
 And he was left lamenting.

### Sunshine.

BLEST power of sunshine ! genial day !  
 What balm, what life is in thy ray ;  
 To feel thee is such real bliss,  
 That had the world no joy but this,  
 To sit in sunshine calm and sweet  
 It were a world too exquisite  
 For man to leave it for the gloom  
 The deep, cold shadow of the tomb.      MOORE.

## All the World's a Stage.

FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.

ALL the world's a stage,  
 And all the men and women merely players ;  
 They have their exits and their entrances,  
 And one man in his time plays many parts :  
 His acts being seven ages. At first—the Infant,  
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
 And then—the whining School-boy, with his satchel,  
 And shining morning-face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school. And then—the Lover,  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woefull ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then—a Soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard ;  
 Jealous in honour, sudden, and quick in quarrel ;  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then—the Justice,  
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,  
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances ;  
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,  
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;  
 His youthfull hose well sav'd, a world to wide  
 For his shrunk shanks ; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

## Music.

THERE's music in the sighing of a reed ;  
 There's music in the gushing of a rill ;  
 There's music in all things, if men had ears ;  
 Their earth is but an echo of the spheres. BYRON.

## Soliloquy of Hamlet's Uncle on Murder.

SHAKESPEARE.

OH my offence is rank ; it smells to heaven ;  
 It hath the primal eldest curse upon't !—  
 A brother's murder !—Pray I cannot,  
 Though inclination be as sharp as t'will.  
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;  
 And like a man to double business bound,  
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin—  
 And both neglect. What, if this cursed hand  
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ;  
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens  
 To wash it white as snow ! Whereto serves mercy.  
 But to confront the visage of offence ?  
 And what's in prayer, but this twofold force ;  
 To be forestalled, ere we come to fall ;  
 Or pardon'd being down ?—Then I'll look up.  
 My fault is past.—But oh ! what form of prayer  
 Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murder.  
 That cannot be, since I am still possess'd  
 Of those effects for which I did the murder ?  
 My crown, my ambition, and my queen.  
 May one be pardon'd and retain the offence !  
 In the corrupted currents of this world,  
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;  
 And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself  
 Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above.  
 There's no shuffling : there the action lies  
 In its true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,  
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
 To give in evidence. What then ! What rests ? —  
 Try what repentance can.—What can it not ?—  
 Yet, what can it, when one cannot repent ?  
 Oh wretched state ! Oh bosom black as death !  
 Oh, limed soul, that struggling to be free,  
 Art more engaged !—Help, angels !—Make essay !  
 Bow, stubborn knees ; and, heart, with strings of steel,  
 Be soft as sinews of the new born babe !  
 All may be well—

## Destruction of Sennacherib.

BYRON.

THE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;  
And the sheen of their spears were like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset was seen ;  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed on the face of the foe as he pass'd ;  
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill.  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide ;  
But through it their roll'd not the breath of his pride ;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

## Who Steals my Purse Steals Trash.

SHAKESPEARE.

Good name, in man or woman,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.  
Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something, nothing :  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands.  
But he that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

## The Village Schoolmaster.

GOLDSMITH.

BESIDE yon stragiling fence that skirts the way,  
 With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,  
 There in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,  
 The village master taught his little school :  
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,  
 I knew him well, and every truant knew ;  
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
 The day's disasters in his morning face ;  
 Full well they laughed with counterfited glee  
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;  
 Full well the buisy whisper circling round  
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd :  
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,  
 The love he bore to learning was in fault ;  
 The village all declared how much he knew,  
 'Twas certain he could write and cypher too ;  
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge :  
 In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill ;  
 For e'en though vanquished he could argue still,  
 While words of learn'd length and thund'ring sound,  
 Amazed the gazing rustics rang'd around,  
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

## Diversity of Character.

POPE.

'Tis education forms the common mind ;  
 Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.  
 Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire ;  
 The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar ;  
 Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave ;  
 Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding knave.  
 Is he a churchman ? then he's fond of power ;  
 A quaker ? sly ; a presbyterian ? sour ;  
 A smart free-thinker ? all things in an hour.

## Macbeth to the Dagger.

SHAKESPEARE.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee—  
 I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.  
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
 To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
 A dagger of the mind? a false creation,  
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
 As this which now I draw.—  
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going:  
 And such an instrument I was to use.  
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
 Or else worth all the rest—I see thee still:  
 And on the blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,  
 Which was not so before—There's no such thing!—  
 It is the bloody business, which informs  
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er one half the world  
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
 The curtain'd sleep: now witchcraft celebrates  
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd Murder,  
 (Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
 Whose howls is watch,) thus with his stealthy pace,  
 Towards his design  
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
 The very stones prate of my whereabouts:  
 And take the present horror from the time,  
 Which now suits with it.—While I threat he lives—  
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me. [*A bell rings.*]  
 Hear it not, Duncan! for it is a knell  
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.





## THE TOAST-MASTER.

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### LOYAL AND PATRIOTIC.

- QUEEN Victoria; and may her royal offspring adorn the position they are destined to fill.  
A lasting cement to all contending powers.  
A lasting peace, or an honourable war.  
A revision of the code of criminal laws.  
A speedy export to all the enemies of Britain, without a drawback.  
A health to the friends of Caledonia.  
A health to those ladies who set the example of wearing British productions.  
A health to our English patriots.  
A high *post* to the enemies of old Ireland.  
Albion: the pride of the sea.  
Addition to our trade, multiplication to our manufactories, subtraction to taxes, and reduction to places and pensions.  
Agriculture and its improvers.  
All the honest reformers of our country.  
All the societies associated for promoting the happiness of the human race.  
All the royal family.  
All the charitable institutions of Great Britain.  
All our independent nobles and noble hearts.  
An Englishman's birthright—trial by jury.  
An Englishman's castle—his house—may it stand for ever.  
Amidst the world's commotions may we ever be true to ourselves.  
Annihilation to the trade of corruption.

Britain's produce: may it never exceed her consumption.  
 Britannia's toast—lovely women and brave men.  
 Britain; and may the land of our nativity be ever the abode  
 of freedom, and the birthplace of heroes.  
 British belles and British fashions.  
 Britain's rights; and may they never be invaded by  
 foreigners.  
 Britain's annals: may they never suffer a moral or political  
 plot.  
 Britons in unity and unity in Britain.  
 British virtue: may it always find a protector, but never  
 need one.  
 Brunswick's glory; and may it last to the end of time.  
 Church and Queen.  
 Caledonia: the nursery of learning and the birthplace of  
 heroes.  
 Confusion to all those who attempt to disunite the interests  
 of our country.  
 Cork to the heels, cash to the pockets, courage to the hearts,  
 and concord to the heads of all those who fight for Great  
 Britain.  
 Confusion to those who barter the cause of their country  
 for ostentation or sordid gain.  
 Confusion to those who are fond of it.  
 Confusion to those who, wearing the mask of patriotism,  
 pull it off, and desert the cause of liberty in the hour of  
 trial.  
     Commerce universally extended,  
     And blood-stained war for ever ended.  
 Community, unity, navigation, and trade.  
 Confusion to those despots who combine against the liberties  
 of mankind.  
 Disappointment to all those who form expectations of places  
 and pensions on the ruin of their country.  
     Emancipation to the slave,  
     And liberty to the brave.  
 English oak and British valour.  
 England, Scotland, and Ireland: may their union remain  
 undisturbed by plots or treachery to the end of time.  
 England, home, and beauty.  
 Everlasting life to the man who gave the death-blow to the  
 slave-trade.  
 England for ever, the land we live in,

England: the queen of the isles and the queen of the main.

Erin: the land of the brave and the bold.

Faith, in every kind of commerce.

Freedom to those that are oppressed, and bondage to their oppressors.

Freedom to those who dare contend for it.

Firmness in the senate, valour in the field, and fortitude on the ocean.

Freedom all over the world.

Great Britain's rising star—the Prince of Wales.

Great happiness to our friends.

Holy pastors, honest magistrates, and humane rulers.

Health to the Queen; prosperity to the people; and may the ministry direct their endeavours to the public good, rather than engage in party distinctions.

Honour and affluence to the patrons of trade, liberty, and property.

Holiness to our clergy and humility to our rulers.

Humanity to all created beings; especially to our own species, whether black or white.

Increasing prosperity throughout the world.

Ireland: sympathy to her wrongs, and a determination to redress them.

Improvement to the inventions of our country.

Improvement to our arts and invention to our artists.

Long live the Queen that seeks her people's love.

Liberty: may it never degenerate into licentiousness.

Labour's true reward to every Briton—Content and pleasure.

Laurel-water to the secret enemies of the constitution.

Liberty, property, security, and resistance of oppression.

May every future monarch of England be as patriotic as Queen Victoria.

May the Queen never want health nor her subjects obedience.

May the offspring of Victoria and Albert imitate the virtues of their parents.

May the liberties of Englishmen never be clipped by the shears of bad economy.

May our commanders have the eye of a *Hawke* and the heart of a *Wolfe*.

May the Queen ever live in the hearts of her subjects.

- May taxation be lessened annually.  
 May the Gallic cock be always clipped by British valour if  
 he crows too loud.  
 May the sword of justice be swayed by the hand of mercy.  
 May the seeds of dissension never find growth in the soil of  
 Great Britain.  
 May the love of country be imprinted in every Briton's  
 breast.  
 May the meanest Briton scorn the highest slave.  
 May our statesmen ever possess the justice of a More and  
 the wisdom of a Bacon.  
 May Her Majesty's ministers ever have wisdom to plan our  
 institutions, and energy and firmness to support them.  
 May the dispensers of justice ever be impartial.  
 May French principles never corrupt English manners.  
 May the interests of the monarch and monarchy never be  
 thought distinct.  
 May the worth of the nation be ever inestimable.  
 May Great Britain and Ireland be ever equally distin-  
 guished by their love of liberty and true patriotism.  
 May the nation that plots against another's liberty or pros-  
 perity fall a victim to its own intrigues.  
 May the enemies of Great Britain and Ireland never meet  
 a friend in either country.  
 May every succeeding century maintain the principles of  
 the glorious Revolution, enjoy the blessings of them, and  
 transmit them to future ages unimpaired and improved.  
 May we never know any difference between England and  
 Ireland than St. George's Channel.  
 May our love for our monarchs know no bounds, nor our  
 fear of them need any.  
     May the cry of war ne'er more  
     Be heard upon our native shore.  
 May the eagles of the Continent never build their nests in  
 this little island.  
 May British valour shine when every other light is out.  
 May the populace of our country be remarkable for their  
 loyalty and domestic happiness.  
 May the whole universe be incorporated in one city, and  
 every inhabitant presented with the freedom.  
 May every Briton at honour's call spring forth to meet his  
 country's foes.  
 May Britons, when they do strike, strike home.

- May Britons share the triumphs of freedom, and ever contend for the rights and liberties of mankind.
- May freedom's fire take new birth at the grave of liberty.
- May the standard of Albion be ever crowned with the laurel of victory.
- May every Briton's head be a map of the world, and his motto be commerce and glory.
- May the pleasures of Britons be pure as their breezes, and their virtues firm as their oaks.
- May our country be, as it ever has been, a secure asylum to the unfortunate and oppressed.
- May our sons be honest and brave, and our daughters modest and fair.
- May loyalty flourish for ever.
- May our councils be wise and our commerce increase,  
And may we ever experience the blessings of peace.
- May the growth of the rose, thistle, and shamrock never be prevented by the fleur de lis.
- May the adjective, victorious, be ever joined to the substantive, Britain.
- May John Bull ever be commander-in-chief of the ocean.
- May we ever maintain steadily the rights of our country;  
and may we never be fettered by faction.
- May the traitor perish who would sunder the wreath that is formed of the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock.
- May the trade of corruption be speedily annihilated.
- May the frowns of avarice never disfigure the face of a Briton.
- May every Briton be loyal, and find a loyal protection.
- May the productions of Britain's isle never exceed its consumption.
- May the rights of Great Britain never be invaded by foreigners.
- May all the governments of the world speak the will and promote the happiness of the governed.
- May the protecting arm of the civil power always defend our rights.
- May the freedom of election be preserved, the trial by jury maintained, and the liberty of the press secured to the latest posterity.
- May the tree of liberty flourish round the globe, and every human being partake of its fruits.
- May truth and liberty prevail throughout the world.

May all martial and impolitic taxes be repealed.

May all mankind make free to enjoy the blessings of liberty, but never take the liberty to subvert the principles of freedom.

May Britannia's hand ever be armed with the bolts of Jove.

May the *ensign* of loyalty float over us—the *jack* of pure patriotism lead us—and may the *pendant* of every British man-of-war serve as a cat o' nine tails to whip our enemies with.

May England's name and England's fame stand for ever pure, great, and free.

May every true Briton be possessed of peace, plenty, and content.

May the annals of Great Britain's history be unstained with crime, and unpolluted with bloody deeds.

May every Briton leave his native land at honour's call,

To fight, to conquer, or, like Wolfe, to fall.

May every Briton act the patriot's part.

May victory spin the robe of glory for the brave, and fame enrol his deeds.

May the laws never be misconstrued.

May the weight of our taxes never bend the back of our credit.

May Britons never have a tyrant to oppose either in church or state.

May the sons of liberty marry the daughters of virtue.

May Britons never suffer invasion, nor invade the rights of others.

May the miseries of war be banished from all enlightened nations.

May our trade and manufactures be unrestrained by the fetters of monopoly.

May the whole world become more enlightened and civilized.

May the blessings of freedom be equally bestowed.

May increasing success crown the island of traders,

And its shore prove the grave of all foreign invaders.

May the olive of peace renovate the sinking fund of the British nation.

May the health of our sovereign keep pace with the wishes of her people.

May we ever have a sufficiency for ourselves, and a trifle to spare for our friends.

May our jurors ever possess sufficient courage to uphold  
their verdict.

May every Briton manfully withstand corruption.

May the glory of Britain never cease to shine.

May the honours of our nobility be without stain.

May Britons be invincible by united force.

May every Briton's hand be ever hostile to tyranny.

May the love of country always prevail.

May we never be afraid to die for our country.

May the throne and the altar never want standing armies  
to back them.

May Britons secure their conquests by their clemency.

May we as citizens be free without faction, and as subjects  
loyal without servility.

May the British bull never be cowed.

May liberty ever find an altar in Britain surrounded by  
devoted worshippers.

May our hearts ever be possessed with the love of country.

May the British soil alone produce freedom's sons.

May the brave never want protection.

May sovereigns and subjects reign in each other's hearts  
by love.

May we ever honestly uphold our rights.

May we never cease to deserve well of our country.

May the liberties of the people be immortal.

May Britons ever defend, with bold, unflinching hand,

Their throne, their altar, and their native land.

May the heart of an Englishman ever be liberty hall.

May the brow of the brave be adorned by the hand of  
beauty.

May we never find danger lurking on the borders of  
security.

May the laurels of Great Britain never be blighted.

May revolutions never cease while tyranny exists.

May the miseries of war never more have existence in the  
world.

May we always look forward to better times, but never  
be discontented with the present.

May we never engage in a bad cause, and never fly from  
a good one.

May domestic slavery be abolished throughout the world.

May the fruits of England's soil never be denied to her  
children.

May old England, a world within herself, reign safe for  
 ever in her floating towers.  
 May old England's sons, the Americans, never forget their  
 mother.  
 Our Fatherland: may it ever be the soil of liberty.  
 Our beloved Sovereign the Queen.  
 Our wives, homes, country, and Queen.  
 On the natural rights of man may every civil government  
 be founded.  
 Our native land: may we live and die in it.  
 Our nobles; and may they ever be endowed with the no-  
 blest quality of man—honesty.  
 Oblivion to all party rage.  
 Our native land: its laws and liberties.  
 Our constitution as settled at the Revolution.  
 Our native land: may we never be lawfully sent out of it.  
 Old England's roast beef: may it ever be the standing dish  
 of Britons.  
 Our native land, freedom, and fame.  
 Our Queen; and may we ever fight in her cause.  
 Our altars and our hearths; when attacked, may we die to  
 preserve them.  
 Our *constitutional* friends—the *Baron* and the *Sir-loin*.  
 Our friends, our country, and our laws—Home, Love,  
 and Liberty!  
 Our glorious country—the home, the birthplace of the free.  
 One Queen, one faith, one law.  
 Peace, plenty, and content to every true Briton.  
 Patriotism: may it live eternally.  
 Prosperity; and may it ever be the rising sun of England.  
 Pride: may it be exterminated both in church and state.  
 Roast beef: may it always ennoble our veins and enrich  
 our blood.  
 Success to the trade and manufactures of our country.  
 St. George, England, and the rose.  
 Scotland, and the production of its soil.  
 Success to those who fight for their country's freedom.  
 Scottish heroes; and may their fame live for ever.  
 Success to the promoters of commerce.  
 Solid honour in place of seeming religion.  
 Scotland—the birthplace of valour, the country of worth.  
 Success to our arms by sea and land.  
 Sound hearts, sound sovereigns, and sound dispositions.



Success to that government which prefers armed citizens to armed slaves.

Success to the industrious peasantry of Great Britain and Ireland.

The Queen; and may true Britons never be without her likeness in their pockets.

The Queen: may she outlive her ministers, and may they live long.

The land we live in: may he who don't like it leave it.

Toleration, and the liberty of the press.

The friends of religion, liberty, and science in every part of the globe.

The roast beef of old England.

The man that bleeds for his country.

The Queen, and the Scottish union.

The liberty of the people.

The nobles of Caledonia and their ladies.

The constitution of Great Britain.

The man that loves his Queen and nation.

To the memory of those who have fought and bled for Great Britain.

To the memory of Wellington.

To the memory of Nelson.

The commerce of Great Britain and Ireland.

The abolition of domestic slavery all round the globe.

The universal advancement of the arts and sciences.

The land of our forefathers: may it always continue free.

The rose, thistle, and shamrock: may they flourish by the common graft of union.

To all honest reformers of our country.

The liberty of the press, and success to its defenders.

The English rose: may it never be grafted on a foreign stock.

The constitution of Great Britain and Ireland.

The Prince of Wales; and may he be as much distinguished for his virtue as for his high birth.

The cause of our country: may God prosper it.

The sea-girt isle, for which a Wellesley braved the field and a Nelson dared to die: may it never yield to fraud or bend to tyranny.

The land of the brave and fair.

The people: may they ever vindicate their rights and fulfil their duties.

The country that gave St. Patrick birth.

The union dish—English beef, Scotch kale, and Irish potato.  
 The memory of that child of liberty, William Tell.  
 To the memory of Scotland's heroes.  
 To the memory of those who have gloriously fallen in the  
   noble struggle for independence.  
 To the memory of Scottish heroines.  
 The British Parliament and its wise senators.  
 The honest reformers of our laws and religion.  
 The noble heart that dies for his country and Queen.  
 The rose, shamrock, and thistle; and may they never be  
   disunited.  
 The three great generals in power—general peace, general  
   plenty, and general satisfaction.  
 The Bank of England's passport to travel with, and the  
   Queen's picture for a companion.  
 The birthplace of wit and hospitality's home, dear Ireland.  
 The universal freedom and interest of mankind.  
 The friends of religion, liberty, and science, in every part  
   of the globe.  
 The universal rights of all mankind.  
 The white cliffs of Old England: may they stand for ever.  
 The protectors of commerce and the promoters of charity.  
 The foe of the tyrant, the friend of the slave—Great  
   Britain.  
 The majesty and liberty of the people.  
 The loyal adherents of the Queen and the true friends of  
   the people.  
 The constitution of our country, free and unimpaired.  
 The equilibrium of state: may it always be preserved.  
 The true principles of English liberty: may they take deep  
   root, and flourish to the end of time.  
 The clergy of the United Kingdom, who have always sup-  
   ported the good cause: may they ever continue to do so.  
 To the pulpit, the bar, and the throne.  
 The national institutions of our country: may they ever  
   prosper.  
 The matchless constitution of old England, the wisdom of  
   her laws, and the native energy of her sons.  
 The land where the hearts of heroes glow—Albion.  
 The birthright of the brave—Old England.  
 The birthplace of freedom, the land of the brave.  
 What every Briton loves the most—his liberty and native  
   land,

## NAVAL AND MILITARY.

A BROADSIDE of comfort to every distressed seaman and every distressed heart.

All our brave allies who so nobly assisted us in the late war.

All ships at sea and all sea ships.

All hearty messmates; and may we never want a mess or a mate.

All those who have fought and bled for Great Britain.

Aa army to stand, but not a standing army.

A cargo of spirits to our brave tars.

A round dozen to all pirates.

A tear of regret to the memory of every brave sailor who finds a watery grave.

A blow-up to all fire-ships.

A speedy calm to the storms of life.

A health to those who are away at sea.

Britain's pride and the world's wonder—her navy.

Britain's sheet-anchor—her tars and wooden walls.

Chelsea Hospital and its supporters.

England's castles—her men-of-war.

England: the anchor and hope of the world.

England's bull-dogs: may they ever be ready to receive the enemy in good style.

Every soldier his right, and every deserter a halter.

Good ships, fair winds, and brave seamen.

Greenwich Hospital, and health to its supporters.

Girls for sailors, and sailors well stored for girls.

Health, rhino, and a snug berth to every British tar.

In the voyage of life may content be our cabin passenger.

In the course of duty may we ever steer right sea-ward.

Lots of beef and oceans of grog.

Long may every foe tremble and every friend rejoice at the arrival of a British fleet.

May the broken tar always find a haven ready to receive him.

May the boat of pleasure always be steered by the pilot reason.

May the British soldier never turn his bayonet against his own countrymen.

May the arms borne by a soldier never be used in a bad cause.

May the tar who loses one eye in defence of his country never see distress with the other.

May British soldiers and cowardice always be at war.

May good British hands have true British hearts.

May our officers and tars be valiant and brave.

May gales of prosperity waft us to the port of happiness.

May our seamen, from the captain to the cabin-boy, be like our ships, hearts of oak.

More hard ships for Britain, and less to her enemies.

May the pilot of reason guide us to the harbour of rest.

May the memory of the noble Nelson inspire every seaman to do his duty.

May every British seaman fight bravely and be rewarded honourably.

May rudders govern and ships obey.

May no true son of Neptune ever flinch from his gun.

May no son of the ocean be devoured by his mother.

May our navy never know defeat but by name.

May our brave tars never be in the Fleet (prison.)

May our sailors for ever prove lords of the main.

May the army and navy of Great Britain ever maintain their superiority, as hitherto, with honour to themselves and their country.

May the main brace ever be well spliced.

May the deeds never be forgot that were done at Trafalgar and Waterloo.

May the cause of British liberty ever be defended by her hearts of oak.

May British soldiers fight to protect and conquer to save.

May every Briton fight till he conquers and die before he yields.

May the gifts of fortune never cause us to steer out of our latitude.

May the wounded and disabled seaman never be compelled to depend on charity for support.

May the example of our heroes of the present day act as a stimulus to future ages.

May the soldier never fall a sacrifice but to glory.

May every British officer possess Wolfe's conduct and courage, but not meet with his fate.

May the enemy's flag be surmounted by the British standard.

May the brow of the brave never want a wreath of laurel  
to adorn it.

May the army of Great Britain never feel dismayed at its  
enemies.

May the brave soldier who never turned his back to the  
enemy never have a friend turn his back to him.

May bronze and medals not be the only reward of the  
brave.

May no rotten members infect the whole corps.

May the laurels of Great Britain never be blighted.

May all weapons of war be used for warlike purposes only.

May the British Mars always conquer the French Hercules.

May light breezes waft us safely but not rapidly to the  
haven of future felicity.

May we die at our guns ere we yield to the foe.

May English fortitude and courage ever mock at danger.

May the tar who has been tempest-tossed at sea always  
find a welcome on his native shore.

Manliness, merit, true friendship, and love to every British  
sailor.

May our maritime rights never be invaded.

May every shipwrecked seaman be blessed on a happier  
shore.

May the soldier never forget the duty of a citizen nor use  
his bayonet but in the right place.

May the British flag ever fly at the main.

May the storm of life be followed by snug moorings.

May every seaman steer where honour points the prow.

May England, a world within herself, reign safe within her  
floating towers.

May the bark of friendship never founder on the rock of  
deceit.

Neptune's favourites—British tars.

Nelson's hands—the tars of old England.

Old England's wooden walls.

Our tars, and brave heroes to lead them on to victory.

Our naval affairs well managed.

Pretty frigates well rigged, and jolly boys to man them.

Riches to the widows and orphans of seamen.

Safe arrivals to our homeward and outward-bound fleets.

Success to the fair for manning the navy.

Should the French come to Dover, may they miss-Deal in  
their landing

Soldiers, sailors, and all jolly fellows.  
 The battle of Trafalgar; and may every brave fellow who met  
 his death in that glorious action meet an eternal reward.  
 The Waterloo heroes; and may the widows and children  
 of those who fell in that battle never feel distress  
 through their death.  
 The British navy: may it ever sail on a sea of glory, and  
 wafted by the gales of prosperity, guided by the compass  
 of honour, enter the port of victory.  
 The British army: may its distinguished characteristics  
 always be, fortitude in the hour of disaster, courage in  
 the hour of danger, and mercy in the hour of victory.  
 The memory of a great general and splendid genius, though  
 ambitious and tyrannic—Napoleon Bonaparte.  
     To Nelson's memory here's a health,  
     And to his gallant tars,  
     And may our British seamen bold  
     Despise both wounds and scars;  
     Make France and Spain,  
     And all the main,  
     And all their foes to know,  
     Britons reign o'er the main  
     While the stormy winds do blow.  
 The British navy, the world's check-string.  
 The heart of a sailor: may it be like heart of oak.  
 Though our bold tars are fortune's sport, may they ever be  
 fortune's care.  
 The flag of England: may it ever brave the battle and the  
 breeze.  
 The sea, the rough sea, the open sea: may our lives be  
 spent upon it.  
 The sea, the sleepless guardian of the world.  
 The memory of Lord Howe; and the glorious 1st of June.  
 To the memory of Sir John Moore, and all the brave fellows  
 who fell with him in the action of Corunna: and may  
 their gallant conduct stimulate every British soldier in  
 the hour of danger.  
 To the memory of Sir Thomas Picton, and all our brave  
 countrymen who fell at Waterloo.  
 To the memory of Sir Ralph Abercromby; and may the  
 laurels which Scotland gained when he fell bloom to the  
 latest ages untarnished by any of her future warriors.  
 The tar's sheet-anchor—hope.

To the memory of all brave soldiers who fall in defence of  
their country.

The world's wonder and envy, and Great Britain's pride—  
her navy.

To him that goes to sea, fights at sea, dies at sea, and comes  
home in good spirit.

The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft to keep watch for  
the life of poor Jack.

The sea; and may it always bring a spring-tide of joy.

The army, the navy, and those they protect.

The heroes who fought for liberty in Scotland: may they  
never be forgotten.

The truly brave and the truly good.

The sailor's reward—a safe shelter in the harbour of  
Venus.

The immortal memory of Lord Nelson; and may every  
British admiral follow his example.

The unconquered navy of Great Britain; and success to its  
champions.

The wind that blows, the ship that goes, and the lass that  
loves a sailor.

The floating castles of Britain; and health to their in-  
habitants.

The foes well tarred and our tars well feathered.

The tar that sticks like pitch to his duty.

The world's check-string, the British navy.

The British trio—Wellington, Hill, and Graham.

The Greeks; and may they never again fall under Turkish  
bondage.

The soldier's boast—an unsullied honour.

The Life Guards, that washed out in the blood of Waterloo  
the blots of Piccadilly.

The Scotch Greys—that made eagles look black.

The heroes who contend for freedom.

The Oxford Blues, that made the cuirassiers look black.

The glorious cause of the Greeks.

The docks and yards that man the navy.

The naval promoters of all secret expeditions.

The mariner's safe return.

The prince of navigation, Captain Cooke.

Waterloo: may the victory gained that day never be  
tarnished by future defeat.

Victory's laurel: may it ever crown the heads of Britons.

## MASONIC.

- ALL noblemen and right worshipful brothers who have  
 been grand masters.  
 All regular lodges.  
 All the friends of the craft.  
 All freeborn sons of the ancient and honourable craft.  
 As we meet upon the level, may we part upon the square.  
 All faithful and true brothers.  
 All brothers who have been grand masters.  
 Every brother who keeps the key of knowledge from  
 intruders, but cheerfully gives it to a worthy brother.  
 Every brother who maintains a consistency in love and  
 sincerity in friendship.  
 Every worthy brother who was at first duly prepared, and  
 whose heart still retains an awful regard to the three  
 great lights of masonry.  
 Golden eggs to every brother, and goldfinches to our lodges.  
 Honour and influence to every public-spirited brother.  
 May every worthy brother, who is willing to work and  
 labour through the day, be happy at night, with his  
 friend, his love, and a cheerful glass.  
 May all freemasons be enabled to act in a strict conformity  
 to the rules of their order.  
 May our actions as masons be properly squared.  
 May masonry flourish until nature expire,  
 And its glories ne'er fade till the world is on fire.  
 May the brethren of our glorious craft be ever distinguished  
 in the world by their regular lives, more than by their  
 gloves and aprons.  
 May concord, peace, and harmony subsist in all regular  
 lodges, and always distinguish freemasons.  
 May masonry prove as universal as it is honourable and  
 useful.  
 May every brother learn to live within the compass and  
 watch upon the square.  
 May the lodges in this place be distinguished for love,  
 peace, and harmony.  
 May peace, harmony, and concord subsist among free-  
 masons, and may every idle dispute and frivolous dis-  
 tinction be buried in oblivion.



- May the prospect of riches never induce a mason to do that which is repugnant to virtue.  
 May the square, plumb-line, and level regulate the conduct of every brother.  
 May the morning have no occasion to censure the night spent by freemasons.  
 May the hearts of freemasons agree, although their heads should differ.  
 May every mason participate in the happiness of a brother.  
 May every brother have a heart to feel and a hand to give.  
 May discord, party rage, and insolence be for ever rooted out from among masons.  
 May covetous cares be unknown to freemasons.  
 May all freemasons go hand-in-hand in the road of virtue.  
 May we be more ready to correct our own faults than to publish the errors of a brother.  
 May all freemasons live in love and die in peace.  
 May love animate the heart of every mason.  
 May unity and love be ever stamped upon the mason's mind.  
 May the frowns of resentment be unknown among us.  
 May every freemason be distinguished by the internal ornament of an upright heart.  
 May the gentle spirit of love animate the heart of every mason.  
 May we never rashly believe any report which is prejudicial to a brother.  
 May the conduct of masons be such as to convince the world they dwell in light.  
 May every brother who is regularly entered be instructed in the morals of masonry.  
 May no freemason taste the bitter apples of affliction.  
 May unity, friendship, and brotherly love ever distinguish the brethren of the ancient craft.  
 May every brother use the mallet in knocking off those superfluous passions that degrade the man.  
 May we never condemn that in a brother which we would pardon in ourselves.  
 May freemasons ever taste and relish the sweets of domestic contentment.  
 May our conversation be such that by it youth may find instruction, women modesty, the aged respect, and all men civility.

- May every freemason have health, peace, and plenty.  
 May the foundation of every regular lodge be solid, its  
 buildings sure, and its members numerous and happy.  
 May the freemason's conscience be sound, though his  
 fortune be rotten.  
 May every freemason find constancy in love and sincerity  
 in friendship.  
 May hypocrisy, faction, and strife be for ever rooted from  
 every lodge.  
 May temptation never conquer a freemason's virtue.  
 May honour and honesty distinguish the brethren.  
 May our evening's diversion bear the morning's reflection.  
 May every society instituted for the promotion of virtue  
 flourish.  
 May the mason's conduct be so uniform that he may not  
 be ashamed to take a retrospective view of it.  
 May the lives of all freemasons be spent in acts of true  
 piety, highly seasoned with tranquillity.  
 May virtue ever direct our actions with respect to ourselves;  
 justice to those with whom we deal; mercy, love, and  
 charity to all mankind.  
 May no freemason desire plenty but with the benevolent  
 view to relieve the indigent.  
 May no freemason wish for more liberty than constitutes  
 happiness, nor more freedom than tends to the public  
 good.  
 May the deformity of vice in other men teach a mason to  
 abhor it in himself.  
 May the cares which haunt the heart of the covetous be  
 unknown to the freemason.  
 May all freemasons ever taste and relish the sweets of  
 freedom.  
 Prosperity to masons and masonry.  
 Relief to all indigent brethren.  
 The grand lodge of England.  
 The grand lodge of Scotland.  
 To the memory of him who first planted the vine.  
 The female friends of freemasons.  
 To the perpetual honour of freemasons.  
 The masters and wardens of all regular lodges.  
 To the secret and silent.  
 To all masons who walk by the line.  
 To the memory of the Tyrian artist.

To the innocent and faithful craft.  
 To all who live within the compass and square.  
 To all the fraternity round the globe.  
 To the increase of perpetual friendship and peace among  
 the ancient craft.  
 To all well-disposed masons.  
 To all the kings, princes, and potentates who propagate or  
 protect the royal art.  
 To all ancient freemasons, wherever dispersed.  
 To the memory of Vitruvius, Angelo, Wren, and other  
 noble artists.  
 The absent brethren of this lodge.  
 To our next happy meeting.  
 To all social freemasons.  
 The grand lodge of Ireland.  
 To him who first the world began.  
 To all those who steer their course by the three lights of  
 masonry.  
 To all firm friends of the faithful craft.  
 The three great lights of masonry.  
     To each faithful brother, both ancient and young,  
     Who governs his passions and bridles his tongue.  
 To the nation's wealth and glory.  
 The heart which conceals and the tongue which  
 reveals.  
 To masonry, friendship, and love.  
 The mason who knows the true value of his tools.  
 To all true and faithful brothers.  
 To every brother the four comforts of life—love, li  
 health, and contentment.  
 To all the brethren of this lodge, indigent or wealthy.  
 To every brother who has a heart to feel and a hand  
 give.  
 To all those who regulate their conduct by the squ  
 plumb-line, and level.  
     Come, fill up a bumper, and let it go round,  
     May mirth and good fellowship always abound;  
         And may the world see  
         That freemasonry  
     Doth teach honest hearts to be jovial and free

## BACCHANALIAN.

- A FRIEND**, and a bottle to give him.  
**A hearty supper**, a good bottle, and a soft bed to every  
 man who fights the battles of his country.  
**A full purse**, a fresh bottle, and beautiful face.  
**A full bottle and a friend** to partake of it.  
     A drop of good stuff and a snug social party,  
     To spend a dull evening, gay, social, and hearty.  
**A mirth-inspiring bowl**.  
**A full belly**, a heavy purse, and a light heart.  
**A bottle at night and business in the morning**.  
**Beauty, wit, and wine**.  
**Clean glasses and old corks**.  
**Champagne to our real friends**, and real pain to our sham  
 friends.  
     Come, every man now give his toast,  
     Fill up the glass, I'll tell you mine;  
 Wine is the mistress I love most :  
     This is my toast—now give me thine.  
**Cheerfulness in our cups**, content in our minds, and com-  
 petency in our pockets.  
     Come, fill the glass and drain the bowl :  
     May Love and Bacchus still agree;  
 And every Briton warm his soul  
     With Cupid, Wine, and Liberty.  
**Good-humour**; and may it ever smile at our board.  
**Full bags**, a fresh bottle, and a beauty.  
**Good wine and good company** to the lovers of reasonable  
 enjoyment.  
**May we act with reason** when the bottle circulates.  
     May good fortune resemble the bottle and bowl,  
     And stand by the man who can't stand by himself.  
**May we never want wine**, nor a friend to partake of it.  
**May our love of the glass** never make us forget decency.  
     May the juice of the grape enliven each soul,  
     And good-humour preside at the head of each bowl.  
**May mirth exalt the feast**.  
**May we always get mellow** with good wine.  
**May the moments of mirth** be regulated by the dial of rea-  
 son.

May we never want a friend to cheer us, or a bottle to cheer him.

May we never be drunk at night nor dry in the morning.

May we drown in wine the gray-beard Care,  
And smother in smoke the fiend Despair.

May we drink little and drink long.

May we always mingle friendship with the cup.

May we prize an old friend and love an old wife.

May wine never be the foe of love, but always be Cupid's dearest boast.

May wine never prove the cause of strife.

May we never see a frown in a bumper of wine.

May we always mingle in the friendly bowl,  
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

May the goblet never leave a sting behind it.

May good humour preside wherever the bowl circulates.

May no publican, or public man, ever deal in *half measures*.

May we never be out of *spirits*.

May we always be prepared for a world of *pure spirits*.

May fortune fill the cup where charity guides the hand.

Our heads cool,

Our feet warm,

And a glass of good liquor

To do us no harm.

Sunshine and good humour all the world over.

Solitary confinement to unsocial fellows.

Social comfort to our social friends.

The potent delights of sparkling ale.

The heart that fills as the bottle empties.

Three cheers for the man who first planted the vine.

The oftener wine is tasted, may it be liked the better.

The grand summum bonum of life—a bumper of wine.

To our absent friends.

To our social friends all round the table.

The barrel of old humming ale.

The flowing bowl.

The joys of music, love, and wine.

Wine: may we like it the better the older it grows.

When the can overflows with liquor, may good-fellowship always prevail.

Wine—the liquor that gives life: may it never be death to the drinker.

Wine: may it be our spur as we ride over the bad roads of life.

While we enjoy ourselves over the bottle may we never drive prudence out of the room.

Wine: for there's no medicine like it.

Wine—the parent of friendship, composer of strife,  
The soother of sorrow, the blessing of life.

Wine—the bond that cements the warm heart to a friend.

### AMATORY.

ARTLESS love and disinterested friendship.

All that love can give and sensibility enjoy.

A speedy union to every lad and lass.

Beauty's best companion—Modesty.

Beauty, innocence, and modest merit.

Beauty without affectation, and virtue without deceit.

Community of goods, unity of hearts, nobility of sentiment,  
and truth of feeling to the lovers of the fair sex.

Charms to strike the sight and merit to win the heart.

Constancy in love and sincerity in friendship.

Here's a health to the maid that is constant and kind,

Who to charms bright as Venus adds Diana's mind.

I'll toast Britain's daughters, let all fill their glasses,

Whose beauty and virtue the whole world's surpasses.

May blessings attend them, go wherever they will,

And foul fall the man that e'er offers them ill.

Laughing lovers to merry maids.

Love in a cottage and envy to none.

Love and opportunity.

Love's slavery.

Love without licentiousness and pleasure without excess.

Love, liberty, and length of blissful days.

Love without fear and life without care.

Love for one.

Life, love, liberty, and true friendship.

Love in every breast, liberty in every heart, and learning  
in every head.

Love at liberty and liberty in love.

Love: may it never make a wise man play the fool.

Love without deceit and matrimony without regret.  
 Love's garlands: may they ever entwine the brows  
 every true-hearted lover.  
 Love's fountain.  
 Love's cask: may it never remain untapped.  
 Lovely woman, man's best and dearest gift of life.  
 Love to one, friendship to a few, and good-will to all.  
 Long life, pure love, and boundless liberty.  
 May love and reason be friends, and beauty and prudence  
 marry.  
 May those who take the "Way to get Married" find "a  
 Cure for the Heart Ache."  
 May the cautious fair never be deceived by the appearance  
 of love.  
 May "Lovers' Vows," never end in "Lovers' Quarrels."  
 May "Love's Labour" never be "lost;" but may the  
 relation of "A Midsummer-night's Dream" serve for  
 "A Winter's Tale."  
 May the lovers of the fair sex never want the means to  
 defend them.  
 May the sparks of love brighten into a flame.  
 May the joys of the fair give pleasure to the heart.  
 May we be loved by those whom we love.  
 May we kiss whom we please and please whom we kiss.  
 May the bud of affection be ripened by the sunshine of  
 sincerity.  
 May a virtuous offspring succeed to mutual and honourable  
 love.  
 May the presence of the fair curb the licentious.  
 May the confidence of love be rewarded with constancy in  
 its object.  
 May the honourable lover attain the object of his wishes.  
 May the lovers of the fair be modest, faithful, and kind.  
 May the wings of love never lose a feather.  
 May the blush of conscious innocence ever deck the faces  
 of the British fair.  
 May the union of persons always be founded on that of  
 hearts.  
 May the generous heart ever meet a chaste mate.  
 May the temper of our wives be suited to those of their  
 husbands.  
 May true passion never meet with a slight.  
 May every woman have a protector, but not a tyrant.

May the fire of love never feel decay.  
 May those who love truly be always believed.  
 May every lover be faithful to his love.  
 May we give way to that which unbends the force of  
 thought—Love.  
 May the streams of rapture meet each other, and stop life  
 in the middle current.  
 May the fair daughters of Britain be resplendent in beauty,  
 virtue, and honour.  
 May we never overleap the bounds of prudence nor  
 trespass on the bosom of friendship.  
 May the true lover never be deceived in the object of his  
 affection.  
 May those who enter the rosy paths of matrimony never  
 meet with thorns.  
 May matrimony and domestic bliss go hand-in-hand.  
 May the smiles of beauty enchain the fickle heart.  
 May the rose of the valley never wither nor be rifled of its  
 sweets.  
 May caprice and coquetry be aliens to our females.  
 No magic but the magic of beauty.  
 Our favourite lass.  
 Sense to win a heart and merit to keep it.  
 Sincerity before marriage and fidelity afterwards.  
 Sweetbriars, and the agreeable rubs of life.  
 Success to the lover and joy to the beloved.  
 The dignity of the fair sex.  
 The life we love with those we love.  
 The lass we love and the friend we can trust.  
 The comforts of matrimony and the single happy.  
 The single married and the married happy.  
 The fountain of love in all its purity.  
 The greatest blessing heaven can send—a good wife.  
 The companions of beauty—modesty and love.  
 The pillars of love—kindness and constancy.  
 The face that nature paints and the heart that knows no  
 deception.  
 The union of two fond hearts.  
 The chaste lip of love.  
 The voice of her we love.  
 The ladies!—God bless 'em,  
 And may nothing distress 'em.  
 The joys of love.



The dimpled cheek: may it never be clouded with the blast  
 of shame.  
 The kiss of love on the lip of innocence.  
 The agreeable odds—three to one.  
 The lass with a sparkling eye.  
 The maiden whose charms cannot cloy.  
 The eye that beams with love.  
 The rose of the valley; and may it never be rifled of its  
 fragrance.  
 The true lover: may he ever be successful in his suit.  
 The fairest work of nature—woman.  
 The ladies; and the whole of them.  
 The lover's dream realized.  
 The fair sex: may they never want lovers, nor their lovers  
 want means to defend them.  
 The spring of love and the harvest of enjoyment.  
 The fire of love: may it never decay.  
 The cabbage of love: may it never be destroyed by the  
 caterpillar of deceit.  
 The roses of love without the thorns.  
 To Venus and love.  
 When love attacks the heart may honour be the proposer  
 of a truce.

### SPORTING.

At glorious sport may we never lag.  
 May the thirst of blood never disgrace a British sportsman.  
 May the day's sport, when over, make the blood circle  
 bright,  
 And give the brisk lover new charms for the night.  
 May the end of the chase prove the beginning of happiness.  
 May we never overleap the bounds of decency nor break  
 down the fences of virtue.  
 May the pleasures of sportsmen never know an end.  
 May the jolly fox-hunter never want freedom of soul nor  
 liberality of heart.  
 May we always gain fresh vigour from the joys of the  
 chase.  
 May the sportsman's day be spent in pleasure.

May strength the sportsman's nerves in vigour brace;  
 May cruelty ne'er stain with foul disgrace  
 The well-earn'd pleasures of the chase.  
 May the heart of a sportsman never know affliction but by  
 name.  
 May we always run the game breast high.  
 May the bows of all British bowmen be strong, their  
 strings sound, and may their arrows fly straight to the  
 mark.  
 May every sport prove as innocent as that of the field.  
 May the love of the chase never interrupt our attention to  
 the welfare of our country.  
 May those who love the crack of the whip never want a  
 brush to pursue.  
 May the lovers of the chase never want the comforts of life.  
 May every fox-hunter be well mounted.  
 May we always enjoy the pleasures of shooting, and suc-  
 ceed with foul and fair.  
 The staunch hound that never spends tongue but where he  
 ought.  
 The gallant huntsman that plunges into the deep in pursuit  
 of his game.  
 The clear-sighted sportsman that sees his game with one  
 eye.  
 The steady sportsman that always brings down his game.  
 The beagle that runs by nose and not by sight.  
 The jolly sportsman that never beats about the bush.  
 The huntsman's pleasures—the field in the morning and  
 the bottle at night.  
 The joys of angling.  
 The jolly sportsman that enters the covert without being  
 bit by the fox.

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#### POLITICAL.

ALL guardians of their native land: may they be enrolled  
 in honour's deathless page.  
 Administration without peculation.  
 A bill of exclusion to those who would serve their own  
 private end and neglect the public good.

Confusion to rotten boroughs and boroughmongers.

Confusion to those who, rearing the masts of patriotism,  
desert the cause of liberty in the hour of trial.

Disappointment to those who form expectations of places  
and pensions on the ruins of their country.

Death or Liberty.

Great men honest and honest men great.

Here's to England, the ruler and queen of the waves:

May she ever be first to give freedom to slaves.

May she always extend to the weak and oppress'd

Those blessings with which her own sons have been  
bless'd.

Honesty to our merchants, bravery to our soldiers and  
sailors, wisdom to our senators; and may Christian  
charity and benevolence be spread abroad through the  
land.

May our peers be distinguished for their integrity, or our  
Parliament peerless.

May the influence of the crown always be destroyed by its  
own corruption, and the liberties of the people revive on  
their own spirit.

Let's toast the brave hero whom heaven did ordain

To quell wicked tyrants, and nations to free;

Who humbled proud Louis, and cut through the chain

That he made for the people of every degree:

We'll drink the brave hero, we'll toast the brave hero,

William the glorious, the gallant Nassau!

The hero who sav'd us when James had enslav'd us,

The hero who sav'd our religion and law.

May the blossoms of liberty never be blighted,

And the heart that is true never be slighted.

May the house of Brunswick never forget the Revolution.

May the armies and navies of Great Britain always be  
successful in a good cause, and never be engaged in a bad  
one.

May ministers, while they are servants of the crown, never  
forget that they are representatives of the people.

May the House of Commons always be uncommonly  
attentive to the real interests of the Commonwealth.

May we live to see and bless the day

When we've neither taxes to dread nor armies to pay.

May the wings of liberty lose every feather.

May we live to do good, and do good to die happy.

May the people of England always oppose a bad ministry  
and give vigour to a good one.

Oblivion to all party rage.

Old England; and may those who ill-use her be speedily  
kicked off.

The British Lion: may he never rise in anger nor lie down  
in fear.

The memory of our brave ancestors who brought about  
the Revolution, and may a similar spirit actuate their  
descendants.

The majesty of the people of England.

The sacred decree of heaven—Let all mankind be free.

The press: the great bulwark of our liberties; and may it  
ever remain unshackled.

The cause of freedom all over the world.

The friends of religious toleration, whether they are within  
or without the establishment.

The British Constitution; and confusion to those who dis-  
like it.

The people, the only source of legitimate power.

The subject of liberty and the liberty of the subject.

The non-electors of Great Britain: may they speedily be  
enfranchised.

## SENTIMENTAL

A TOTAL abolition of the slave trade.

A heart to glow for others' good.

A heart to feel and a heart to give.

A period to the sorrows of an ingenuous mind.

A health to our sweethearts, our friends, and our wives:

May fortune smile on them the rest of their lives.

Adam's ale; and may so pure an element always be at  
hand.

All that gives us pleasure.

All our wants and wishes.

All our absent friends on land and sea.

An honest guide and a good pilot.

As we bind so may we find.

As we travel through life may we live well on the road.

Equal punishment to the ragged rascal and the rich villain.

Friendship without formality and love without flattery.

Gratitude to our friends and grace to our foes.

Happiness to those who wish it to others.

Lenity to the faults of others and sense to discover our own.

May poverty always be a day's march behind us.

May the son of our friend live to be a better man than his father.

May our great men be good and our good men be great.

May we never be lost to hope.

May we always mean well and act accordingly.

May goodness prevail when beauty fails.

May we be kind, but not in words alone.

May good nature and good sense be ever united.

May we shine in beauty, science, and arts.

May our afflictions throw our virtues into practice.

May our pleasures continue and our sorrows be distant.

May generosity never be overtaken by poverty.

May we never have cause to put on mourning.

May we be silent on the follies of others, of which at a certain period of life we are ourselves guilty.

May we succeed in all our lawful undertakings.

May our pleasures be boundless while we have time to enjoy them.

May we be happy, and our enemies know it.

May the polished heart make amends for the rough countenance.

May those we love be honest, and the land we live in free.

May every smooth face proclaim a smoother heart.

May every day bring more happiness than yesterday.

May the judgment of our benches never be biassed.

May the love of money never make us forget the Christian duties.

May the rough road of adversity lead us to final prosperity.

May time always unveil the beauties of truth.

May the shackles of prejudice never fetter the mind.

May the best day we have seen be the worst we have to come.

May the consolation of rectitude sweeten the bitterness of sorrow.

May merit always prevail over folly and fashion.

May our wants be sown in a fruitful soil, so as to produce immediate relief.

May we never envy those who are happy, but strive to imitate them.

May we derive amusement from business and improvement from pleasure.

May our faults be written on the sea-shore, and every good action prove a wave to wash them out.

May virtue find fortune always an attendant.

May we never repine at our condition, nor be depressed by poverty.

May reality strengthen the joys of imagination.

May we never make a sword of our tongue to wound a good man's reputation.

May our distinguishing mark be merit rather than money.

May the faults of our neighbours be dim and their virtues glaring.

May industry always be the favourite of Fortune.

May genius and merit never want a friend.

May the rich be charitable and the poor be grateful.

May the misfortunes of others be always examined at the chart of our own conduct.

May we never be so base as to envy the happiness of another.

May we live to learn, and learn to live well.

May we be more ready to correct our own faults than to publish the faults of others.

May we never hurt our neighbour's peace by the desire of appearing witty.

Modesty in our discourses, moderation in our wishes, and mutuality in our affections.

May our artists never be forced into artifice to gain applause and fortune.

May solid honour soon take place of seeming religion.

May our thoughts never mislead our judgment.

May filial piety ever be the result of a religious education.

May real merit meet reward, and pretension its punishment.

May prosperity never make us arrogant nor adversity mean.

May we live happy, and die in peace with all mankind.

May the unsuspecting man never be deceived.

May noise and nonsense be ever banished from social company,

May a happy opportunity never be neglected.  
 May honesty never be ashamed of an unfashionable garment.  
 May we never make matrimony a matter of money.  
 May the poverty of spirit ever prohibit the miserly accumulation of riches from the sweets of social life.  
 May the road of discretion lead the way to tranquil repose.  
 May the difference of creeds be ever left at the house of prayer.  
 May wisdom be the umpire when pleasure gives the prize.  
 May depressed merit be always exalted.  
 May conquest crown and mercy sanctify the sword of justice.  
 May we never seek other people's lives by venturing our own.  
 May every mirror we look at cast an honest reflection.  
 May virtue increase her exports and imports, and vice become a bankrupt.  
 May reason be enthroned a supreme monarch, and passions be subject to his laws.  
 Opposition without interest.  
 Our friends, our country, and our laws,—home, love, and liberty!  
 Physic to the fool, the faithless, and the fastidious.  
 Poverty always at the rear, and hope and power ready to assist.

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#### MISCELLANEOUS.

##### The Three A's:

Abundance, abstinence, and annihilation.  
 Abundance to the poor.  
 Abstinence to the intemperate.  
 Annihilation to the wicked.

##### The Three B's:

Bachelors, banns, and buns.  
 Bachelors for the maidens.  
 Banns for the bachelors.  
 Buns after the consummation of the banns.

- The Three C's:**  
 Cheerfulness, content, and competency.  
 Cheerfulness in our cups.  
 Content in our minds.  
 Competency in our pockets.
- The Three F's:**  
 Firmness, freedom, and fortitude.  
 Firmness in the senate.  
 Freedom on land.  
 Fortitude on the waves.
- The Three F's:**  
 Friendship, feeling, and fidelity.  
 Friendship without interest.  
 Feeling to our enemies.  
 Fidelity to our friends.
- The Three F's:** Fat, fair, and forty.
- The three generals in peace.**  
 General peace.  
 General plenty.  
 General satisfaction.
- The three generals in power.**  
 General employment.  
 General industry.  
 General comfort.
- The Three H's:**  
 Health, honour, and happiness.  
 Health to all the world.  
 Honour to those who seek for it.  
 Happiness in our homes.
- The Three L's:**  
 Love, life, and liberty.  
 Love pure.  
 Life long.  
 Liberty boundless.
- The Three M's:**  
 Mirth, music, and moderation.  
 Mirth at every board.  
 Music in all instruments.  
 Moderation in our desires.
- The three golden balls of civilization:**  
 Industry, commerce, and wealth.
- The three companions of beauty:**  
 Modesty, love, and constancy.



The three blessings of this life:

Health, wealth, and a good conscience.

The four comforts of this life:

Love, liberty, health, and a contented mind.

The three spirits that have no souls:

Brandy, rum, and gin.

The three L's: Love, loyalty, and length of days.

The three M's:

Modesty, moderation, and mutuality.

Modesty in our discourse.

Moderation in our wishes.

Mutuality in our affection.

**THE MUSICIAN'S TOAST.**—May a crotchet in the head never bar the utterance of good notes.

—May the lovers of harmony never be in want of a note, and its enemies die in a common chord.

**THE SURGEON'S TOAST.**—The man that bleeds for his country.

**THE WAITER'S TOAST.**—The clever waiter who puts his cork in first and the liquor afterwards.

**THE GLAZIER'S TOAST.**—The praiseworthy glazier who takes pains to see his way through life.

**THE GREENGROCER'S TOAST.**—May we spring up like vegetables, have turnip noses, radish cheeks, and carrotty hair,—and may our hearts never be hard like those of cabbages, nor may we be rotten at the core.

**THE PAINTER'S TOAST.**—When we work in the wet may we never want for driers.

**THE TALLOW CHANDLER'S TOAST.**—May we make light of our misfortunes, melt the fair when we press them, and make our foes wax warm in our favour.

**THE HATTER'S TOAST.**—When the rogue *naps* it may the lesson be *felt*.

**THE TAILOR'S TOAST.**—May we always *sheer* out of a law suit, and by so doing *cut* bad company.

**THE BAKER'S TOAST.**—May we never be done so much as to make us crusty.

**THE LAWYER'S TOAST.**—May the depth of our potations never cause us to let judgment go by default.

**THE TOAST OF SIR WILLIAM CURTIS.**—The three R's—Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic.

**THE IRISHMAN'S TOAST.**—Liberty all over the world, and everywhere else.

**THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOASTS:—**

Addition to patriots.  
 Subtraction to placemen.  
 Multiplication to the friends of peace.  
 Division to its enemies.  
 Reduction to abuses.  
 Rule of three to kings, lords, and commons.  
 Practice to reformation.  
 Fellowship to Britons.  
 Discount to the national debt.  
 Decimal fractions to the clergy.

**THE PAWNBROKER'S TOAST.**—When we lend our cash to a friend, may it be his interest to pay the principal, and his principle to pay the interest.

A good health to the lads far away.  
 A blush of detection to the lovers of deceit.  
 As we are formed by nature may we be refined by art.  
 A good horse, a warm house, a snug estate, and an agreeable wife to every one that deserves them.  
 A good judge, clever counsel, and conscientious witnesses.  
 A fine girl, a plentiful fortune, and a residence in the country of happiness.  
     A health to the maid with a bosom of snow,  
     And to her with a face brown as berry;  
     A health to the wife that looks ate up with woe,  
     And a health to the damsel that's merry.  
 A friend in need.  
 Absent friends on land or sea.  
 As sensibility is the child of nature, may it ever be cherished.  
 An honest guide and a good pilot.  
 All we wish and all we want—when we ask nothing unreasonable.  
 An attribute of heaven—mercy.  
 At the conclusion of amusement may we never have occasion to regret its commencement.  
 All tales but tell-tales.  
 All our wants supplied and virtuous wishes satisfied.  
 An honest lawyer, a pious divine, and a skilful physician.  
 An elevated situation to the knave.

## THE FIRESIDE COMPANION.

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### THE GOOD REASON.

An indolent boy, being asked by his teacher who came latest to school, replied, "Indeed, sir, I cannot say, for I did not get here early enough to see."

### LIFE.

"My notions about life," says Southey, "are much the same as they are about travelling—there is a good deal of amusement on the road, but, after all, one wants to be at rest."

### USELESS INFORMATION.

"I meant to have told you of that hole," said a man to his friend, who was walking with him in his garden, and stumbled into a pit of water. "No matter," was the reply, "I've found it."

### LIKE A LION.

"How do I look, Pompey?" said a young dandy to his servant, as he finished dressing. "Elegant, massa, you look bold as a lion." "Bold as a lion, Pompey! How do you know? You never saw a lion." "Oh, yes, massa, I seed one down to massa Jenks, in his stable." "Down to Jenks, Pompey? Why, you great fool, Jenks hasn't got a lion. That's a jackass." "Can't help it, massa, you look just like him."

## THE HONEYMOON.

A clergyman being much pressed by a lady of his acquaintance to preach a sermon on the first Sunday after her marriage, complied, and chose the following passage in the Psalms for his text: "And let there be abundance of peace as long as the moon endureth."

## A SHARP YOUTH.

"Steel your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are going now amongst some fascinating girls." "I had much rather steal theirs," said the promising young man.

## A NEW NOTION.

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

## A WORLD OF MEANING.

"Well, Augustus," said a grocer to his apprentice, "you have been apprenticed now three months, and have seen the several departments of our trade. I wish to give you a choice of occupation." "Thank'e, sir." "Well, now, what part of the business do you like best, Augustus?" "Shuttin' up, sir!"

## HOW TO BE AN EARLY RISER.

Jump out of bed the moment you hear the knock at the door. The man who hesitates when called, is lost. The mind should be made up in a minute, for early rising is one of those subjects that admit of no *turning over*.

## THE FORWARD BABY.

*Old Maid*: What, nine montbs old, and not walk yet! Why, when I was a baby, I went alone at six montbs.—*Young Indignant Mother* (aside): And she's been *alone* ever since!

## THE DISCOUNTING LINE.

The manufacture of accommodation paper in Glasgow appears to have outrivalled the manufacture of cotton. A benevolent Glasgow gentleman, a few weeks ago, met one of the handloom weavers who had been thrown ont of employment by the stagnation of trade, which began before the money crisis supervened, and accosted him familiarly—"Weel, John, I think I can give you a hint whaur you'll get a wab." To his surprise, John declined the kindly offer with—"Oo, na, I'm obleeged to ye, nae doot, but I'm no heedin' for ony mae wabs; I'm in the discountin' line noo, and that pays far better, an' it's far easier wark." John was earning £3 or £4 a-week by writing his name on the backs of acceptances for a house now in the *Gazette*.

## NONSENSE.

Sense that happens to differ from your own.

## SENSE.

A sensible wife looks for her employment at home—  
—a silly one abroad.

## A REAL MAN.

A hospitable man is never ashamed of his dinner when you come to dine with him.

## UTILITY OF LOVE.

The best method for a man to reap advantages in love matters, is to turn his hand to the cultivation of *waist* property.

## THE FEAR OF BEING MISLED.

A blind young lady lately discarded her affianced lover, because a confidential friend informed her that the young man squinted.

## A TOUCH OF THACKERAY.

Talking the other night of a mutual friend, whose love of beer had accelerated his death, Titmarsh said, "Ah! sir, he was a man, take him for half-and-half, we shall not look upon his like again."

## AN INGENIOUS EVASION.

A tall, green sort of well dressed fellow walked into a Broadway saloon the other day, where they were talking politics upon a high key, and stretching himself up to his full height, exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Where are the Democrats? Show me a Democrat, gentlemen, and I'll show you a liar." In an instant a man stood before the noisy inquirer, in a warlike attitude, and exclaimed, *I am a Democrat, sir!* "You are?" "Yes, sir, *I am.*" "Well, just step round the corner with me, and I'll show you a fellow who said I couldn't find a Democrat in the ward! Ain't he a liar, I should like to know?"

## DOCTORS.

Montaigne, who is great upon doctors, used to beseech his friends that if he fell ill they would let him get a little stronger before sending for the doctor! Louis XIV., who was a slave to his physicians, asked his friend Molière what he did for his doctor. "Oh, Sire," said he, "when I am ill I send for him. He comes, we have a chat, and enjoy ourselves. He prescribes. I don't take it—and I am cured!"

## PAYING FOR PRECEDENCE.

Dr. Watt, of Old Deer, was celebrated in his day; and generally, before going out to his professional visits, had to attend a crowd of patients in his surgery. Among a host of visitors there sat one morning a young girl pining with the toothache, but waiting her turn as patiently as circumstances would admit. Meanwhile a more dignified sufferer came in, and seeing there was no one above the rank of commonality in waiting, announced herself as "the Gudewife o' Auchyoche," and that she would have to be immediately relieved of a very troublesome tooth, forgetting the other patients. The surgeon meekly extracted her tooth on demand, and extracted half a guinea for doing it, which was paid there and then, but not in a like spirit. After she had left, the girl, who had shown strange symptoms since the mention of the half-guinea, also rose to leave, saying, "She was growin' better noo, an' widna seek hers drawn." "Na, na, my lassie," said the doctor, "we ken fat's making ye better. Sit ye doon there, an' we'll tak' oot your teeth for naething—the Gudewife o' Auchyoche paid for hersel' an' you tee."

## AN EXPLANATION.

Young, the author of *Night Thoughts*, paid a visit to Potter, son of Archbishop Potter, who lived in a deep and dirty part of Kent, through which Young had scrambled with some difficulty and danger. "Whose field was that I crossed?" asked Young, on reaching his friend. "Mine," said Potter. "True," replied the poet, "Potter's field to bury strangers in."

## JONATHANISMS.

As a proof of the hardness of the times, there's a man at Ohio who only kills half a pig at a time.

An epicure, down East, has his game dressed so high that he's obliged to get out of his garret window to eat it!

There's a man living near the Falls of Niagara who is so hard of hearing that it takes a sledge hammer to break a secret to him.

There was a man in Kentucky so stone blind, that he was cured only by having his eyes taken out and mounted as a pair of Brazilian pebbles.

There's a man in New Orleans with such a tar-nation wooden head, that he is obliged to use a jack-plane whenever he is in want of a shaving.

## VERY LEAN.

They have a man in Mississippi so lean that he makes no shadow at all. A rattlesnake stuck to his leg six times in vain, and retired in disgust. He makes all hungry who look at him, and when children met him in the street, they run bome crying for bread.

## A MYSTERIOUS WANT.

"Raaly, mem," said an enraptured servant girl to her mistress, when shown by her the last new gown, "raaly, mem, it's gran' if ye jist had the *girs* to fussel't." Can any one who is "a *man* or a brother" inform us what these "*girs*" are?—Answer: a *gir* is a *hoop*.

## USE FOR UGLINESS.

A very ugly and penurions man is reported to work in his own fields in the summer months to save the expense of a scarecrow.



## MUTUAL APPRECIATION.

At a hotel, a young and fully moustached dandy was seated at the tea table, at rather a late hour, when a bar-keeper came in and took a seat opposite. The dandy dropped his knife and fork, tipped back his chair, gazed at the bar-keeper, and exclaimed—"Fellah, do the servants sup with a gentleman in this house?" "No, sir," was the reply. "Are you not the bar-keeper?" "Yes, sir." "Well, a bar-keeper is a servant as much as the scrub girl." "True," replied the man, "but I did not enter the hall until I looked in and saw there was not a gentleman at the table."

## REMOTE ANTIQUITY.

The *Athenæum* tells a story of a sprig of nobility, who, having failed in a competitive examination, was asked by a good-natured friend how it happened. "Oh!" said the rejected candidate, "it was all through a fellow who asked me questions I didn't expect." "What did he examine you in?" "Oh! history!" answered the young aristocrat. "Ancient or modern?" "Ancient or modern!" exclaimed the youth, with an air of the most intense disgust, "oh, ever so long before either; *time of William the Conqueror!*"

## THE VALUE OF HEALTH.

A good constitution is like a money-hox—the full value of it is never properly known until it is broken.

## DESTRUCTIVE HABIT.

It is said that the early bird picks up the worm; but gentlemen who smoke, and ladies who dance till three or four in the morning, will do well to consider that the worm also picks up the early bird.

## A BLAST FROM THE BAGPIPES.

When Havelock's men had fought their way into Lucknow, the Highlanders' piper, who had lost his way, suddenly found one of the enemy's cavalry, sabre in hand, about to cut him down. His rifle had been fired off, and he had no time to use his bayonet. "A bright idea," said he afterwards, when relating the story, "struck me. All at once I seized my pipe, put it to my mouth, and gave forth a shrill tone, which so startled the fellow that he bolted like a shot, evidently imagining it was some infernal machine. My pipe saved my life."

## SIR W. DON'S ADVICE.

"Before concluding, I wish to give a bit of advice to the fast young gentlemen present, and I am sure there are too many before me. Dear young gentlemen, there is nothing on the face of the earth that is such a demon as debt. It has been my misfortune to be acquainted with him all my life. I have been in debt since the age of thirteen. Keep out of debt. The man who carries ready money in his hand, whether it is to buy his opera glass, or a leg of mutton, or anything else, is the happiest man. And now let me sum up with the advice and memorable words of the great Micawber:—'Income, £20; expenditure, £20 1s.; total, misery. Income, £20; expenditure, £19 19s. 11½d.; total, happiness.'"

## A WIDOWER'S CONSOLATION.

A tender-hearted widower fainted at the funeral of his third beloved, "What shall we do with him?" asked a perplexed friend of his. "Let him alone," said a waggish bystander; "he'll soon revive."

## THE BIG SHIP.

American Hobbs having been frequent in his attendance on Brunel's big ship, there was some wonderment as to his motive. "Oh," said English Appold, "he foresees a dead lock, and means to pick it." "And then," remarked a third, "we shall have another change of name, and the ship will be *Hobbs' Leviathan*.

## STRICT TO THE "NUMBER."

At the Colchester station, a few days since, a woman, humbly clad, was observed entering a first-class carriage, and on the porter inquiring if she had not made a mistake, she innocently replied that she had not: it was the *third carriage from the engine*, and she had got a third-class ticket.

## ANECDOTE OF PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM.

A military officer, a few days ago, entered the shop of a printseller in Unter den Linden, in this city, and asked for copies of all the engravings representing the *fetes* of the marriage of the Prince and Princess Frederick William. After examining them, he remarked that they appeared to have been made before the events which they represented; the shopman admitted that an engraving of the celebration of the marriage had been, but none of the others. On this the officer ordered him to send a copy of each. "To what address, sir," asked the shopman. "Oh!" answered the officer, with a smile, "I am the person who is represented as seated here!" and he pointed to the figure of the Prince in the state carriage in the engraving of the entrance into Berlin—he was the Prince Frederick William in person,—*Berlin paper*.

## ODDS IN HIS FAVOUR.

In a tavern, in a small town, sat a farmer, who was plagued and hantered by above a dozen guests who were present. "Well," said the farmer, at last, "I've got the best of all of you." "How so?" asked all. "In me you've only got one fool, while in you I've got above a dozen."

## BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

Baron Munchausen is at Nice! My father met him at a pic-nic the other day, and heard from him the true history of his celebrated namesake. One of his ancestors had a chaplain who was famous for "drawing a long how"—told, in fact, the most false and extravagant stories. His patron, the Baron of those days, wrote a book, out-Heroding Herod, being a collection of still more marvellous adventures, for the purpose of shaming the priest, for which laudable design he was punished by having his own name held up to posterity as *the* story-teller *par excellence*!

## CONVINCING PROOF.

A clergyman was lately accused, while in Lowell, of violently dragging his wife from a revival meeting, and *compelling* her to go home with him. He replied as follows:—In the first place: I have never attempted to influence my wife in her view, nor choice of a meeting. Secondly: My wife has not attended any of the revival meetings in Lowell. In the third place: I have not attended even one of these meetings for any purpose whatever. To conclude: Neither my wife nor myself have any inclination to attend these meetings. Finally: *I never had a wife.*

## A FIDDLER "TAKEN DOWN" A PEG.

There was recently a concert on the skirts of Newcastle, and the audience comprised some amateurs from a mine. In the course of the evening the Paganini of the orchestra stepped forward to play "a solo on the violin." His ambitious selection was the famous "Carnival"—through which he struggled with exemplary courage; and at the end he dropped his bow and fiddle by his side, right and left, and made obeisance, expecting a burst of applause; instead of which his ears were astounded by an exclamation from the back seats:—"Aw say, fiddler, are ye gaun to be all neet tunin' that fiddle o' yonrn? or are ye gaun to give us a tune?"—\*.\* "Interpreters" of "classical music" to "the million" please take the hint.

## APPLYING LEECHES.

"Well, my good woman," said the doctor, "how is your husband to-day? Better, no doubt?" "Oh, yes, surely," said the woman, "he is well as ever, and gone to the field. "I thought so," continued the doctor, "the leeches have cured him. Wonderful effect they have. You got the leeches, of course?" "Oh, yes; they did him a good deal of good, though he could not take them all." "Why, my good woman, how did you apply them?" "Oh, I managed nicely," said the wife, looking quite contented with herself; "for variety's sake I boiled one-half, and made a fry of the other. The first he got down very well, but the second made him sick. But what he took was quite enough," continued she, seeing some horror in the doctor's countenance, "for he was better the next morning, and to-day he is quite well."

## AN INCIDENT OF THE ROYAL WEDDING.

On the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal with Prince Frederick of Prussia, a conversation occurred which it has been reserved for the *Gateshead Observer* to record for the benefit of some future Miss Strickland:—Two of the younger children of Her Majesty—we believe the youngest—were taken to the Chapel Royal in good time to see their eldest sister married. They found the affair rather tedious for a time; but gradually they grew more and more interested as the scene increased in animation and excitement; and doubtless they were informed by their attendant of the circumstances of the Queen's marriage in the same place. At length, when they had become thoroughly fascinated and delighted by the spectacle before them, one of the dear little darlings naively exclaimed, in a tone of reproach, "I wonder Mamma did not bring us to see *her* wedding!"

## COOLNESS AND COURAGE.

*Courageous Young Man*: "Ah, they tried to garotte me the other night, but they rather missed the figure. I had just put my head down and hollered, when they ran off. They got my watch and portmonnaie, but they couldn't garotte me."  
*Admiring Friend*: "Well, I should never have had so much presence of mind."

## THE MINISTER AND THE MEMBER.

"Young man, do you know what relations you sustain in this world?" said a minister of our acquaintance to a young member of the church. "Yes, sir," said the hopeful convert—"two cousins and a grandmother; but I don't intend to sustain *aem* much longer."

## GOOD NATURE.

In one of Caroline Gilman's romances this passage was marked, and much thumbed :—"There is no object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man ; I watch him as I do a star in heaven." "That is my view exactly!" sighed Miss Josephine Hoops, as she laid down the volume ; "in fact, I think that there's nothing so beautiful as a young man, even if he ain't conscientious."

## LAW WIT.

"Real or landed property is either held in fee or for an estate or freehold, or for a term of years. The fee or fee-simple includes all the interest in the land. A legal anecdote has been transmitted to us from a very early period, where a judge who indulged himself in the euphonical phrases, 'I'd have you to know,' and 'I'd have you to see,' asked a learned serjeant why he had been absent when the court required his presence. His excuse was that he had been turning the work of 'Coke upon Lyttleton' into verse. The judge called for a sample, which the serjeant thus gravely delivered—

A tenant in fee-simple is he  
That need fear neither wind nor weather ;  
For I'd have you to know and to see,  
"Tis to him *and his heirs for ever!*"

Here is another anecdote introduced amongst drier matter. "An assembled family, as the legacy to each was read aloud, sobbed and wished that the father had lived to enjoy his own fortune. At last came the bequest to his heir—'I give my eldest son Tom a shilling to buy a rope to hang himself with.' 'God grant,' said Tom, sobbing like the rest, that my poor father had lived to enjoy it himself."

## SHORT STORIES.

Sir Walter Scott once stated that he kept a lowland laird waiting for him in the library at Abbotsford, and that when he came in he found the laird deep in a book, which Sir Walter perceived to be Johnson's Dictionary. "Well, Mr. —," said Sir Walter, "how do you like your book?" "They're vera pretty stories, Sir Walter," replied the laird, "but they're unco short."

## CANDOUR AND COURTESY.

When Mrs. Porter was about to marry Dr. Johnson, she told him, with the greatest frankness, that she had once an uncle who was banged. The Doctor, with equal candour and courtesy, replied that it was perfectly immaterial to him, for, though he had had no uncle banged, many of his relations deserved hanging.

## THE LIONS OF BRIGHTON.

An Irishman being asked his opinion of the Brighton beauties, said that "he never saw such illegant famales in his life, that Carrick-on Sbanon was a joke to Brighton, and that no man in his senses could stand them, with their neat little heads, the darlings, and their little boots, and those petticoats! Did you ever see anything so gaudy? By the powers, if they were only to be walking along the banks of the Shannon instead of the Esplanade, why the very salmon themselves would rise at them!"

## A FACT.

Men and women are extinct—they died about sixty years ago, and left no heirs. Ladies and gentlemen have usurped their places.



## CHARLES LAMB AND THE YANKEE.

Mr. Lamb was the head "Error Clerk," I believe at all events, he was in that division of the clerical duties of the India House. I opened the little low pew-door of the enclosure which contained his desk, being determined to introduce myself: so I walked up to him, and, hat in hand, said with a respectful how, "Mr. Charles Lamb, I believe?" "Y-e-e-s," said Lamb slowly, feeling and coaxing at the same time his short, thin, gray whiskers; "y-e-e-s, they call me Lamb yet, but I am old enough to be a sheep!"

## A DISPUTED QUESTION.

An old toper, after indulging quite freely in his accustomed heverage, amused himself in teasing a mettlesome horse. The animal, not fancying his familiarities, suddenly reared, and the disciple of Bacchus found himself sprawling in an adjacent mud puddle. Gathering himself up as composedly as his situation would allow, he shouted to his son, John, who was standing by, "Johu, did you see me kick that 'ere hoss?"—"Why, no, dad, the hoss kicked you!"—"Reckon not, John. One or t'other of us got badly hoisted. Taint me, John, for I'm here!"

## A NOVEL SUPPOSITION.

A little miff between Charles and Letitia might have broken off the match between the father of Napoleon and the mother of that man whose birth was one of the greatest events in the world's history. Moralizing on this, some one says, "And just suppose a little miff had taken place between Adam and Eve? What then?" Sure enough, what then?

## CRUEL.

An old maid suggests, that when men break their hearts, it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouts immediately, and grows in its place.

## A HOME THRUST.

A pedagogue, provoked at the dullness of a pupil, instead of coaxing him along, boxed his ears, and demanded at him how long a man could live without brains. The boy meekly replied, "I don't know; how long have you lived yourself, sir?"

## LOVE LETTER.

"Dear Julius—you say your love will surmount all obstacles. Meet me, then, adored one, on Christmas day, on the summit of Mont Blanc.—CELESTINA."

## THE UNFORTUNATE.

I remember a joke (a commercial one) that Rogers perpetrated. One of the party, speaking of some well known set of a certain bibliopolist, added, "it was when he was unfortunate," (*viz.*, bankrupt). "You mean," said Sam, "when his creditors were."

## THE MISER'S WISH.

An old miser, who had a footman that had a good appetite, and ate fast, but was slow when sent on a message, used to wish that his servant would eat with his feet, and walk with his teeth.

## VERY CLEAR.

"Patrick, what do you say to the indictment—are you guilty, or not guilty?" "Arrah, yer worship, how can I tell till I hear the ividencee?"

## THE ONLY REMEDY.

The young gentleman who flew into a passion has had his wings clipped.

## "CAN'T YOU TALK?"

A hearty young gentleman, being on a visit to a friend in his borough the other day, had one of our friend's interesting boys on his knee caressing him, when the child looked up into hearty's face with a perplexed gaze, and asked—"Can't you talk? 'cause I can't see any mouf for talk to come out at!"

## A REBUKE.

A young lady became so much dissatisfied with a person to whom she was engaged to be married, that she dismissed him. In revenge, he threatened to publish her letters to him. "Very well," replied the lady, "I have no reason to be ashamed of any part of my letters except the address."

## HOW TALL?

In the county of Norfolk a lady has six sons, each of whom is six feet four inches tall. She says the way she drew them out so was by feeding them on legs of Shanghai chickens. A hint for our short friends.

## RATHER UNGENEROUS.

A man tried for stealing a horse and waggon, being called upon to speak for himself, said:—"I have nothing to say in particular. The fact is, when I get half or two-thirds drunk, I think everything belongs to me." There are some very sober people who act as if they think just as Joe does when he is drunk.

## GOOD-NATURED THOUGHTS.

It is not generous to blame youth for the follies of young men.

Good wives, like filberts, will remain good for a long time. It all depends upon the care you take of them, and how you husband them.

Supposing experience does not give us new habits, it teaches us, at all events, to hide the holes in those we have.

Solid worth is often found in a rough outside. Sovereigns roll repeatedly out of an old stocking.

When a friend is sinking, hope is like the anchor that the Deal pilots take out to a ship in distress, and we should all volunteer in carrying it to him.

It is unkind to boast of the English constitution in the presence of foreigners. Invalids never exactly like to hear a strong man bragging about his health.

The loss of a joyful illusion is always a painful thing. It is like a child looking at a clown after he has washed his face.

A snarly reception from a debtor raises a pleasing hope of payment.

If we only said one-half of the witty things that, on reflection, we feel we might and ought to have said, what clever fellows we should be!

We have often seen a cow part with her milk in the most patient manner, and then turn round and upset the pail. It reminds us always of a generous action gracelessly done!

## A PROMPT REPLY.

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

## A STRONG SYMPTOM.

"Is Miss Blinkins at home?" asked Mr. Saunders of the Irish girl who answered his ring at the door. "Yes, I b'lave she is, sir," "Is she engaged?" "An' is it engaged yon say? Faix, an' I can't tell you, sir, bnt she kissed Mr. Vincent last evening as if she had never seen the like uv him, an' it's engaged I b'lave they are, sir."

## A DETERMINED LOVER.

A rich saddler, whose daughter was afterwards married to the celebrated Earl of Halifax, ordered in his will that she should lose her fortune if she did not marry a saddler. The young Earl of Halifax, in order to win the bride, served an apprenticeship of seven years to a saddler, and afterwards bound himself to the rich saddler's daughter for life.

## PROFESSIONAL BEGGARS.

There is a good story told of one of this race, a well known character, one Maggy, in a town in Ireland. The poor-house had just been completed, to their horror. One of the great unpaid guardians, strutting in all the importance and dignity of his appointment, to which he had that day been elected, accosted Maggy. "Well Maggy, how are you? Have yon seen the fine honse we have built for yon?" "Oh, your honour! long life to ye! Remember your poor onld widders, and give me a little sixpence this morning to break my fast!" "Oh! no, Maggy; no more begging allowed now! go to the poor-house and I will take care that yon are admitted." "Is it to *that* place you would send me, your honour? I go to the poor-house to be washed!—to be washed like a baby!—I'd die first!"

## WHAT MAUN BE MAUN BE.

An old Scotch tailor happened to have a help-mate of a very peevish and querulous turn in her temper. She took ill, and the scythe of time seemed about to shear through the last stitches that made the couple "one flesh." "I'm gaun to dee, Andrew," said the wife. "Are ye?" replied the tailor, as coolly as if he had been trying the temper of his goose. "Are ye?—is that the way to speak when I'm telling you that I'm gaun to leave you for ever?" "What wad ye ha'e me to say?—can I sneek the door against death?" "Deed no, Andrew, ye canna sneek the door against the king o' terrors; nor would ye rise aff your seat to do't though ye could. Ye're no to lay my banes here amang the riff-raff o' Linlithgow, but tak' them to Whitburn, and lay them beside my faither and mother." Andrew, esteeming a promise made to a person on the verge of time sacred, and not wishing to put himself to the expense, which, indeed, he could ill afford, waived giving any answer, but led on a different conversation. "Do you hear, Andrew?" "Oh, yes; I hear." "Weel, mind what I'm saying; tak' me to Whitburn, or I'll rise and trouble ye nicht and day—do you hear?" "Yes, yes, I hear perfectly; is that pain in your side aye troubling ye yet?" "Ou ay, I'm a' pain thegither; but the maist pain to me is, that you'll lay my dust here." "Oh, woman, dinna distress yoursel' about that simple circumstance." "Mind, I'll no lie here, ye maun tak' me to Whitburn; I'll trouble ye if ye dinna, and ye may depend on't." "Weel, weel, then, if ye maun be buried at Whitburn, I canna help it; but we'll try ye at Linlithgow first."

## ANECDOTE OF LABLACHE.

When last at Naples, Lablache was sent for to the palace, entered the waiting-room, and prior to being called into the presence of the King, conversed with the courtiers in attendance. Having a cold in his head, he requested permission to keep on his hat. Getting into full discourse, he was suddenly startled by the gentleman-in-waiting crying out—His Majesty demands the presence of Signor Lablache. In his eagerness to obey the royal summons, he forgot the hat he had on his head, and snatching up another, thus entered the King's cabinet. Being received with a most hearty laugh, Lablache was confounded, but at length recovered himself, and respectfully asked his Majesty what had excited his hilarity. "My dear Lablache," replied the King, "pray tell me which of the two hats you have got with you is your own, that on your head, or that in your hand? Or perhaps you have brought both as a measure of precaution, in case you should leave one behind you?" "Ah! maledetta," replied Lablache, with an air of ludicrous distress, on discovering his etourderie, "two hats are indeed too many for a man who has no head."

## A NEW DISEASE.

The "album" fever, that prevailed a few years ago among the girls, is very slight indeed, compared with the autograph mania now raging among all classes, but especially among college students and boarding school misses.

## PRETTY GIRLS.

If you want to kiss a pretty girl, why kiss her—if you can. If a pretty girl wants to kiss you, why let her—like a man.



## TWO SHARP FELLOWS.

"What a strange thing it is that, with such a name, you should be such a wicked fellow!" said Mr. Steel to Mr. Good. "Not at all," was the reply, "seeing that you, notwithstanding your name, are so very soft."

## A PLAIN HINT.

"Really," said Mrs. Plainheart's nineteenth cousin, after a six weeks' visitation, "I fear if I stay much longer, you will be made twice glad when I go." "Have no fear on that score," was the reply; "I assure you I haven't yet been made *once* glad."

## A DOUBLE MEANING.

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

## CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

"Did you say you considered Mr. Smith insane?" asked a lawyer of a witness in a criminal case. "Yes, sir; I did." "Upon what grounds did you base that information?" "Why, I lent him a silk umbrella, and five pounds in money, and he returned them both."

## A KIND SUGGESTION.

A lady, who was suffering under a slight indisposition, told her husband that it was with the greatest difficulty she could breathe, and the effort distressed her exceedingly. "I wouldn't try, my dear," soothingly responded the kind-hearted husband.



## MARRIAGE ON SMALL MEANS.

To marry a girl on three hundred a-year,  
 Would involve self-denial extremely severe,  
 When if ten times that income a fellow enjoyed,  
 On his pleasures and wants it might all be employed.

I must put down my brougham if I am to wed,  
 And establish a cradle of course in its stead ;  
 I must give up my club and my sporting pursuits,  
 And resort to cheap tailors, and wear fewer boots.

A wife, whom a fellow has got to support,  
 Is the dearest of things that a fellow can sport ;  
 And still dearer are children—I speak in the sense  
 Of a man of the world—in respect of expense.

Oh, yes ! I'm aware the cigars I consume  
 Are so much per annum that flies off in fume ;  
 And I know that the sum which in smoke I expend,  
 Would suffice to procure tops and bottoms no end.

My cab-hire would buy lots of small boots and shoes  
 But the latter investment I beg to refuse ;  
 And I'd rather devote all I could from my store  
 To buy my own boots—which I mentioned before.

Of course, if a man gives up all that makes life  
 Worth living, why then he may marry a wife,  
 Whose face is her fortune—whilst all he has got  
 Will just serve to boil—horrid object—the pot.

I wish you may get it—I wish you may see  
 Myself in a chair with a child on each knee,  
 And a number of others about me at play,  
 In a cottage, with nowhere to put them away.

I'll follow my pleasures, I'll stick to my club,  
 And while I'm enjoying my glass and my grub,  
 With content I'll regard want of conjugal bliss,  
 Exclaiming, " That isn't so jolly as this."

## A NOVEL LAW.

In Siam, the penalty for lying is to have the mouth sewed up. Suppose such a law were in force here, what a number of mntes we should have!

## COOL.

"As the Count de Flandre," says the *Nord* of Brussels, "was, in the afternoon of Christmas-day, walking in the park opposite the palace, a working man wearing a blouse and with a cap on his head stepped up to the Prince and said, 'Sir, will you give me a light?' The Prince, taking his cigar from his lips, offered it to the man, and the latter quietly lighted his pipe and returned, with an expression of thanks, the cigar of his Royal Highness. After the workman had gone a few steps, a gentleman stopped him, and asked him if he knew of whom he asked a light. 'No, answered the man, 'It is the Count de Flandre, son of the King.' 'The Count de Flandre!' exclaimed the other. 'Well, I am not sorry to have made his acquaintance; he is a very polite gentleman.'"

## HOW TO COMMIT MURDER.

If you want to commit murder quietly, take a young lady and tell her she has a very pretty foot. She will then wear a small shoe—go out in the wet—catch cold—the cold will bring on a fever.

## VERY CONSIDERATE.

An innocent young sportsman, in order to shoot a squirrel on the top of a small tree, climbed another one close by; and, on being asked the reason for so foolish a freak, said, "That he didn't want to strain his gun by a long shot."

## MYSTIFYING "MAMMA."

A gentleman played off a rich joke on his better half the other day. Being something of an epicure, he took it into his head that morning that he should like to have a first-rate dinner. So he addressed a note to his wife informing her that "a gentleman of her acquaintance—an old and true friend—would dine with her that day." As soon as she received it all hands went to work to get everything in order. Precisely at the hour fixed she was prepared to receive her guest. The house was as clean as a new pin. A sumptuous dinner was on the table, and she was arrayed in her best attire. A gentle knock was heard, and she started with a palpitating heart to the door. She thought it must be an old friend—perhaps a brother—from the place whence they moved. On opening the door she saw her husband with a smiling countenance. "Why, my dear," said she, in an anxious tone, "where is the gentleman of whom you spoke in your note?" "Why," replied her husband, complacently, "here he is." "You said a gentleman of my acquaintance—an old and true friend—would dine with us to-day." "Well," said he good humouredly, "am I not a gentleman of your acquaintance—an old and true friend?" "Oh!" she cried distressingly, "is there nobody but you?" "No. Nobody but me."

## A CANDID BANKRUPT.

At a recent examination of a bankrupt it was observed that he kept a great number of banking accounts. "I see," said the learned judge, "that you have had six or seven bankers; what could you want so many for?" "To overdraw them, to be sure," was the frank and candid reply.

## A WITTY JUDGE.

Judge D——, in giving a charge to a jury, had occasion rather frequently to make use of the words *mortgagor* and *mortgagee*. The foreman of the jury asked the judge the meaning of the words, candidly confessing he did not know their import. His honour facetiously explained them thus:—

"I *nod* to you—you notice me,  
I'm the *nod or*, you the *nod ee*!"

## A CARTMAN'S LOGIC.

"Why do you drive such a pitiful looking carcase as that? Why don't you put a heavier coat of flesh on him?" "A heavier coat of flesh? By the powers, the poor creature can hardly carry what little there is on him now!"

## DISINTERESTED KINDNESS.

"May I be married, ma?" said a little beauty of fourteen to her mother. "Why do you want to be married?" returned the mother. "Why, ma, you know that the children have never seen anybody married, and I thought it might please them."

## MONEY FOR THE LADIES.

A Chicago banker asked a young lady of that city what kind of money she liked best. "Matrimony," she replied. "What interest does it bring?" asked the inquisitive banker. "If properly invested, it will double the original stock every two years," she replied.

## SEVERE.

"You flatter me," said a thin exquisite, the other day, to a young lady who was praising the beauty of his moustache. "For heaven's sake, ma'am," interposed an old skipper, "don't make that monkey any flatter than he is now."

## CRINOLINED SMUGGLERS.

In Paris last week, two ladies with extensive skirts, passing through the barrier gate, were suspected, and on being invited courteously to enter the little searching "bureau," suddenly dropped—the one a dozen partridges, and the other a hare and four rabbits! Who knows what ladies may smuggle under their deplorable cages?

## THE GREATER DIFFICULTY.

Some musical publisher or teacher once said that the art of playing on the violin required the nicest perception and the most delicate sensibility of any art of the known world. Some country editor commenting on it, says, "The art of publishing a country newspaper, and making it pay, beats the art of fiddling, higher than a kite."

## GALLANTRY OF DR. FRANKLIN.

A French note, written by Dr. Franklin, while in Paris, to a fair Parisienne, has lately been published. The translation reads as follows:—"Mr. Franklin never forgets any party at which Madame Helvetina is to be. He believes even that if he were engaged to go to Paradise this morning, he would make supplication to be permitted to remain upon earth until half-past one to receive the embrace which she has been so good as to promise upon meeting him at Monsieur Turgot's."

## TOO GOOD TO WASTE.

The medical attendant at the St. Louis Hospital accosted an Irish servant at the door of the same the other day with "Did you give the medicine as I told you?" "Faith, an' I did, sir?" "And the brandy?" "Shure, an' I thought it a pity to waste so much good liquor on the men that were bound to die anyhow, so I drank it meself."

## AN IRISH DOMESTIC GRIEVANCE.

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

## A DIFFERENCE.

*Rural Money-Lender.*—"You want a hundred dollars? here's the money; I charge five per cent. a-month; as you want it for a year, that leaves just forty dollars coming to you." *Innocent Borrower.*—"Then, if I wanted it for two years, there'd be something coming to you, eh?"

## PROMPT.

A young man in New York advertised for a wife. In less than two hours, we are told, eighteen married men sent in word that he might have theirs.

## TOAST.

"Let the toast be—dear woman!" as the hungry husband said to his wife, who was in a hurry to clear off the breakfast table.

## HAVELOCK.

Thy name shall be blest while virtue is prized,  
While honour and courage are cherished;  
And ever, when Lucknow is named, 'twill be said,  
" 'Twas there Havelock conquered and perished!"  
Then peace to thy soul, thou gallant old man!  
Thy Sovereign with laurel had crowned thee,  
But thy brave spirit fled, and a mightier King  
Will now bind the bright circlet round thee!

## CONSCIENTIOUS.

There is a Quaker down at Manchester who is such an advocate for peace, that he will not have a clock in his house because it strikes.

## A SHIP'S LOSS.

A gentleman who was on board a Norwegian vessel, in one of the south docks, a few days ago, was gravely informed by the mate, in the course of conversation, that on the last voyage they lost overboard "von pigeon, von cabin boy, and von cat."

## A YANKEE ADVERTISEMENT.

A down-easter advertises for a wife in the following manner:—"Any gal what's got a cow, a good feather hed with comfortable fixins, five hundred dollars in the hard pewter—one that's had the measles and understands tendin' children—can find a customer for life by writin' a small *billy dux*, addressed to Q. Z., and stickin' it in a crack of Uncle Ebenezer's barn, back side, joining the hog-pen."

## SAD CASE.

Ten months ago, a youth of but seventeen autumns came to St. Louis from Muscatine, Iowa, and became enamoured of a nice young lady, the cherished daughter of highly respected parents, living in Fifteenth Street. Briefly, he won her, and they were married, and lived happily till the other day, when the father of the youthful husband arrived from Muscatine, and took his son home—"to learn a trade!"

## POLITENESS EXTRAORDINARY.

Montaigne kept a register of the oddities of all his friends, and introduces them to us whenever he can. "I know a lady of very high rank," he says, "who believes that it gives a person a disagreeable appearance to be seen in the act of chewing, and, for this reason, will scarcely ever eat in public."

## AN ARKANSAS "NOATIS."

In a recent tour through one of the wildest and most sparsely-settled regions of Arkansas (says a correspondent of a New York paper), I arrived at the ferry on Cache River. A little log-house grocery stood on the near bank, about fifteen steps from where the flat lay, tied to a snag in the edge of the water. Several bear skins, deer skins, and coon skins were nailed up to dry against the walls of the grocery, but the door was closed, and no barkeeper, ferryman, or other person was in sight. I halloed at the top of my voice some half-a-dozen times, but no one answered. Seeing an advertisement on the door, I read as follows:—"Noatis: Ef enny boddy cums hear arter lickor, or to git Akross the River They can ges blo Thiz here Horne and ef i dont cum when my wife Betsey up at the House heares the Horne a bloin shele cum down and sell the lickor or set em Akross the River ime guine a Fishin no credit a when ime away from Hoeme john willon N.B. them that cant rede will have too go too the house arter Betsey tant but half-a-mile thar."

## A COMPARISON.

The *Philadelphia Gazette*, speaking of a new *prima donna* says:—"Her voice is soft as a roll of velvet, and as tender as a pair of slop-shop pantaloons."

## ADAM A GARDENER.

An English writer says, in his advice to young married women, that their mother Eve "married a gardener." It might be added that the gardener, in consequence of his match, lost his situation.



**MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT OF A HUNDRED  
YEARS AGO.**

"Whereas a tall young gentleman above the common size, dressed in a yellow-grounded flower velvet (supposed to be a foreigner), with a solitaire round his neck and a glass in his hand, was narrowly observed and much approved of by a certain young lady at the last ridotto. This is to acquaint the said young gentleman, if his heart is entirely disengaged, that if he will apply to A. B., at Garraway's Coffee-house, in Exchange Alley, he may be directed to an interview with the said young lady, which may prove greatly to his advantage. Strict secrecy on the gentleman's side will be depended on."

**RACHEL'S LAST.**

About a week before Rachel's death a stranger of distinction visited her, and asked her for her autograph. "You are wise to take time by the forelock," said the actress, smiling sadly, "a little later, and it will be too late;" and at the same time she called for writing materials. Taking a sheet of rose-coloured note paper, she wrote as follows:—"In a week from the present time I shall begin to be food for worms and for the writers of biography.—RACHEL." The visitor, shocked at so sinister an anticipation, wished to refuse the paper, but Mdle. Rachel pushed it towards him, saying, "Take it! take it! It will perhaps be the last thing I shall ever write."

**AN IRISH ADVERTISEMENT.**

Anthony Macdonall teaches boys and girls their grammar tongues; also, geography, terrestrial and celestial. Old hats made as good as new.

## THE MINISTER "WANTED."

A few days since a youth, accompanied by a lady considerably his senior in years, stopped at Cooley's Hotel, in Newburyport, Mass. They retired to the ladies' parlour, and appeared agitated and uneasy, even refusing food; and Mr. Cooley, in a moment of curiosity, inquired if they wanted anything? With some difficulty the youth at length managed to gasp that he thought he would take—a clergyman. The clergyman was sent for, and the twain were made one flesh.

## EASY DISCOVERY.

A country editor thinks that Columbus is not entitled to much credit for discovering America, as the country is so large he could not well have missed it.

## THE EFFECT OF PRACTICE.

"Is your cough any easier?" said one of poor Hood's acquaintances, on calling to see how he was. "It should be," said the wit, from his pillow; "I've been practising all night."

## AN APOLOGY.

A story is told of a Michigan farmer, who recently went down into Indiana to buy a drove of horses. He was longer absent than he intended to be, and he failed to meet a business engagement. On being rather reproached for not being home, he made due apology. "I will tell you how it is, Squire, at every little darned town they wanted me to stop and be president of a bank."

## PAID IN HIS OWN COIN.

"Don't rob yourself," as the farmer said to the lawyer who called him hard names,

#### THE INHERITANCE OF LORD ELDON'S CHILDREN.

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

#### A QUIET PUZZLER.

A young man was conversing in a public house of his abilities and accomplishments, and boasting a great deal of his mighty performances. When he had finished, a Quaker quietly observed, "There is one thing thou canst not do; thou canst not tell the truth."

#### CUTTING DEEP BUT SMOOTH.

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

#### AWAY WENT HAT AND WIG.

On the birthday of the young Duke of Parma, the Marquis of Normandy attended divine service in the cathedral. As he was leaving, he hastened to pay his compliments to the Austrian General De Crenneville, when he slipped down the steps and lost both his hat and his wig.

## JOKE EXTRACTED FROM A SORROWFUL PROVERB.

A wicked wag of a lawyer, in one of our county courts, recently scandalized the bench by putting the following query to his professional brethren:—"Why is Judge —— like necessity?" The "members of the bar" then and there present quickly answered:—"Because he knows no law."

## EFFECTS OF FEMALE CONVERSATION.

An elderly gentleman, travelling in a stage, was amused by a constant fire of words kept up between two ladies. One at last kindly inquired if the conversation didn't make his head ache? He replied, "No, madam; I have been married upwards of twenty-eight years!"

## A QUESTION IN MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

Not many days since, the following conversation took place in the ladies' first hall of Asylumia. Miss Dix had passed through, a moment before, and a younger daughter of our household, just started in her teens, made one of a cluster called together by the occasion.

Girl: Who was the lady whom we saw with the doctor?

Lady: That was Miss Dix, the philanthropist.

Girl: What is a philanthropist, please?

Lady: Philanthropist, my dear, is a word from two Greek words, signifying a lover of men.

Girl: Well, then, are not all we women philanthropists?

## THE RULE OF CONTRARY.

John Adams, the second President of the United States, was the son of a worthy cobbler. "I saw," said the deacon, "I couldn't make a shoemaker of him, so I put him to learning."

## ONE HIGHWAYMAN.

When Dr. H. and Lawyer A. were walking arm in arm, a wag said to a friend—"These two are just equal to one highwayman." "Why?" asked his friend. "Because," rejoined the wag, "it is a lawyer and a doctor—*your money or your life!*"

## IRISH ARITHMETIC.

A jolly set of Irishmen, boon companions and sworn brothers, had made up their minds to leave the "old sod," and wend their way to Ameriky. They were five in number—Two Paddies, one Murphy, one Dennis, and one Teague. It so happened that the vessel they were to go in could only take four of them. At length honest Teague exclaimed, "Arrah! I have it. We'll cast lots to see who shall remain." But one of the Paddies swore it was not jointeel to do that thing. "You know, Teague," said he, "that I am an arathmatician, and I can work it out by the rule of substraction, which is a great deal better. But you must all agree to abide by the figures." All having pledged themselves to do so, Pat proceeded—"Well, then, take Paddy from Paddy you can't, but take Dennis from Murphy, and Teague remains. By my soul, Teague, my jewel, and it's you that can't go."

## A PLAY OF WORDS.

When you see a small waist, think how great a waste of health it represents.

## PUBLISHING THE MARRIAGE.

The *Banffshire Journal* contains the following advertisement: "We, the undersigned, advertise in the *Banffshire Journal*, that we have become man and wife—Donald Cattannach, Ann Donald."

## WITNESS TO CHARACTER.

A Mrs. McGlasham, giving evidence to character in the case of a woman charged with theft, said she was "a decent, honest, drunken creature."

## NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

The *New York Times* translates the following portion of a political catechism from *Il Fischieto*, an Italian paper published at Turin:—

Question: Who is the lightest man in the world?

—Answer: The Frenchman.

Who is the heaviest?—The German.

Who is the most serious?—The Englishman.

Who is the most vivacious?—The Swiss.

Who is the proudest?—The Spaniard.

Who is the most humble?—The Russian.

Who is the most enterprising?—The Pole.

Who is the laziest?—The Turk.

Who is the widest awake?—The American.

Who is the sleepest?—The Hottentot.

Who has all these virtues and vices mixed together?—The Italian. Modest! Very!!

## PUZZLING QUESTIONS.

As a teacher was employed the other day in learning a sharp urchin to cipher on a slate, the pupil asked his instructor—"Whaur does a' the figures gang till when they're rubbit oot?"

A physician once advised Sydney Smith to "take a walk upon an empty stomach." "Whose stomach?" asked the wit.

## A FACT

Women are called the softer sex because they are so easily humbugged. Out of one hundred girls, ninety-five would prefer ostentation to happiness—a dandy husband to a mechanic.

## A RETORT.

*Gent on horseback* (addressing boy with donkey)  
—"Get out of the way, hoy! get out of the way!  
—My horse don't like donkeys!" *Boy*—"Doan't  
he?—Then, why doan't he kick thee orf?"

## PRETTY THOUGHT.

(By a Sheffield gallant).—Knives receive their last polish from the soft hands of women. And do not we, my blades, receive our final polish at the hands of the dear creatnres?

## PADDY AND THE TURTLE.

In New York, a man was carrying a live turtle along the street, when hy came an Irishman, followed by a large dog. The counntryman tried by gentle words to get the son of Emerald to put his finger into the turtle's mouth, but he was too smart for that. "But," says he, "I'll put my dog's tail in, and see what the haste will do." He immediately called up his dog, took its tail in his hand, and stuck it into the turtle's mouth. He had scarcely got it in when Mr. Turtle shut down on the poor dog's tail, and off the latter started at railroad speed, pulling the turtle after him at a more rapid rate than ever it travelled before. The counntryman, thinking that his day's work would be thrown away if the animal should run at that rate, turned with a savage look upon the Irishman, and exclaimed, "Call back your dog!" Paddy put his hands into his pockets, threw his head to one side, winked, and then answered with a provoking *sang froid*, "Call back your fish!"

## A TRUTH FOR LAWYERS TO STARE AT.

The case most easily got up is the staircase,

## A STRANGE POSTSCRIPT.

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

## DIVISION OF LABOUR.

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

## A HEAVY LUNCH.

A country gentleman, fond of farming, engaged a ploughman, to whom he gave permission, in the middle of his first day's work, to retire from the field to the kitchen, and eat some bread and cheese. The cook placed before the man a whole double Gloucester and a peck loaf. The gentleman, who remained, wondered, after the first hour, why the ploughman remained at his snack so long, and, after the expiration of the second, determined to see what he was about. On entering the kitchen he found the fellow munching the last crust of the loaf, more than half of the cheese having disappeared. The gentleman inquired angrily why he took such a time. "Ah, master," said the boor, "you don't consider what a time it takes to eat up a whole cheese, 'specially when there is only one loaf—and no beer."

## HARD TIMES.

A Yankee doctor has recently got a remedy for hard times. It consists of ten hours' hard labour per day, well worked in.



## FINNISH NOTIONS OF KISSING.

A Finnish woman expressed the greatest astonishment at hearing that it was a very common thing in England for a husband and wife to kiss each other. "If my husband were to attempt such a thing," said she, "I would beat him about the ears so that he would feel it for a week."

## NEW COMPLAINT.

"Have you got the catechism, Jenny?" said a female visitor to a little yellow haired girl. "Mamma," exclaimed little Willie, "did I ever have the catechism?" He thought it was a new complaint; but it is an old one, especially with children.

## A RUB FOR ROYALTY.

The first Earl of Shaftesbury was considered, even by his unscrupulous master, Charles II., as a better courtier than a financier, whose doings would pass muster with a "liquidator" appointed by the Board of Trade. A story is told of the king being in want of a certain sum of money, and, being rather out of credit, Shaftesbury was had recourse to, and raised it. "Of a surety," said the king, "thou art the greatest rogue in the kingdom." "Of a subject, may it please your Majesty," said his lordship, "I believe I am."

## SPECIES AND SPEECHES.

In responding to the toast of "The Press," at an agricultural dinner, a gentleman unintentionally perpetrated a pun by mispronouncing a word. He hoped the press would ever maintain its independence, and so forth, and "support every movement tending to the improvement of the human *speeches*."

## A HAPPY RETORT.

The obscure birth of Lord St. Leonards (Sir Edward Sugden) is well known, but he has too much good sense to feel any false shame on that account. At the outset of his professional career, a brother barrister with whom he happened to have a quarrel, had the bad taste to twit him on his origin. His manly and severe answer was—"Yes, sir, I am the son of a barber. If you had been the son of a barber you would have been handling the razor to this hour yourself."

When woman is the toast, we don't want any *but-her*.

If you want to know whether a tree is hollow or not, ax it.

## MOUNT BLANC.

Mr. Layard and Lord Palmerston were talking lately of the wonders the former had seen in his travels. "You have been on Mount Blanc?" said Palmerston. "Certainly," replied the other. "And what did you see there?"—"Why, really," said Layard, "it is always so wrapped up in a double miled fog that there is nothing to be seen from it." "Nothing! I never knew till now why it was called Mount *Blank*!" replied Palmerston.

## A TURKISH COMPLIMENT.

A story is related of a Turk who married. His wife, when unveiled, proved to be very ugly. A few days after the nuptials she said to him, "My life, as you have many relations, I wish you to inform me before which of them I may unveil?" "My soul," said the husband, "if thou wilt but conceal thy face from *me*, I care not to whom thou showest it."

## THE DUTCHMAN AND THE MILKMAN

A Dutchman in Albany, some time back, went out to his milkman in the street with a dish in each hand, instead of one, as usual. The dispenser of attenuated milk asked if he wished him to fill both vessels. The Dutchman replied, suiting the action to the word, "Dis for de *milk*, and dis for de *water*, and I will mix them so as to shute mine-self."

## FROM BAD TO WORSE.

A celebrated geologist, member of the Academy of Sciences, was travelling recently in the south of France. On his return from a long pedestrian excursion, he could find nothing in the miserable inn where he lodged—it was the crack one of the village—but a meagre omelette overdosed with garlic. "Why, madame," said he to his hostess, "why did you put so much garlic in this omelette?" "Because, sir, the eggs were so bad."

## A BISHOP ANSWERED.

The late Prince Bishop of Wurzburg, in one of his hunting parties, met a poor boy attending some swine. The prince, among other questions, asked him what his wages were for a swineherd.

"A new suit and two pairs of shoes every year," was the reply.

"No more?" said the prince. "Look at me; I am a shepherd, too, hut I wear better clothes and look better."

"That may be, sir," said the hoy, in his simplicity, "hut I daresay you have more swine to keep than I have!"

## ADVICE TO FAST YOUNG MEN.

If you mean to settle, emigrate.

## DIFFERENT KINDS OF MONEY IN RHYME:—

Acri mony defiles the human breast,  
 Har mony soothes the soul to rest.  
 Cere mony, words to men addressed.  
 Testi mony, evidence to attest.  
 Patri mony, inheritance bequest.  
 Matri mony, state to make you blest.  
 Ready money, what many love the best.

## THE FARMER AND THE DUKE.

The late Mr. Hamilton, farmer, Dykebar, visiting the palace of Hamilton on one occasion, and brought into conversation with the late duke, his Grace, pleased with the humour of the old farmer, said, in a jocular way, "Pray, Mr. Hamilton, where in our family tree am I to look for your family?" "Hooh!"—drawing a long breath, as if astonished, the old man replied—"Wha wad ever think o' leuking for the root amang the branches?" The duke, it is said, laughed heartily, and added, "Quite true, quite true; it would be folly to do so."

## SCOTCH TENACITY.

"Once on a time," says history, "a Scotch pedestrian was attacked by three thieves. He defended himself well, but was overcome; when the thieves, much to their astonishment, found that he only owned the small sum of sixpence. 'The de'il's in the fellow,' said one, 'to fight thus for a sixpence! Why, if he'd a shilling, he'd have killed us all.'"

## GENUINE IRISH BULL.

Sir Boyle Roche said, "Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater."

## LITTLE FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

When a man has a very red face, it never, by any chance, arises from drink.

He who arrives late at a dinner party, after the company is seated down to table, generally escapes the bother of carving.

Old ideas, like old clothes put carefully away, come out again after a time almost as good as new.

The first bottle is always "too dry," or "too strong," or "too thin," or else it "wants age," or "body," or "keeping," and it is only right that there should be something wanted in the first bottle, or else there never would be any improvement in the second.

## LITTLE FACTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

The man who continually changes his lodging, evades the income tax.

The headle whose palm is occasionally crossed with a shilling experiences a great difficulty sometimes, when he has jury summonses to serve, in finding your address.

Crossing sweepers' brooms last double the time since ladies' dresses have been so long.

The schoolmaster who flogs the boy feels it a great deal more than the boy he is flogging; at least the schoolmaster always says so.

Compliments are only prismatic bubbles, blown with the aid of "soft soap."

When a lazy man says, "I'll do it at my leisure," you may take it for granted he'll never do it all.

## THE SECRET OF OLD AGE.

To buy an annuity when you are very ill, and you are sure to outlive the patience of all those who have an interest in your death.

## AN IRISH MORMON.

Among the many thousands of Mormons who come to this country, we do not believe there has been any one who belonged to Ireland. The elders do not obtain any converts among the Irish, nor do their doctrines find favour. A well known Irish gentleman, in New York, has in vain tried to detect an Irish man or woman among the many Mormons who have entered Castle Garden. On Saturday last 750 Mormons were landed at the depot from the ship Thornton, most of them having been sent out at the expense of the Mormon Emigrant Fund. He saw among them English, Scotch, Welsh, Jerseymen, Danes, and Swedes, in great numbers, and at last he thought he detected a solitary Paddy. Walking up to him, he inquired his name.

"John Dally, sir," he replied.

"Are you an Irishman?"

"Troth, I am the same, yer honour."

Assuming a tone of rebuke, he continued:

"Are you a Mormon, too?"

With an air of exquisite drollery he whispered—

"Faith, I am not; but, you see, I wanted me passage."

"Have you any money?"

"Nivir a hapn'y."

"Then you had better go with them to the West, to St. Louis, and leave them there."

"Indade, sir, I've been wid 'em too long already, and I'm thinking I'll lave 'em and be off at waunst."

## A GOOD REASON.

*Old Gentleman* (affectionately)—*My son, why do you chew that filthy tobacco? Precocious Youth* (stiffly)—To get the juice out of it, old codger.

## NATIONAL "RISING."

When the Earl of Chesterfield was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, during the Rebellion of 1745, he was one morning awoke by a gentleman entering his chamber very abruptly, and exclaiming—

"My lord! my lord! we are undone! This country has been agitated, and by every account I hear, all Ireland is expected to be up immediately."

"I pray what o'clock is it?" said the peer.

"Ten, my lord," answered the gentleman.

"Why, then," replied he, very calmly, "I'll get up myself, for I think every man should be up by ten o'clock."

## A WITTY WAITER.

By the statute, 6 George II., c. 37, it was made felony, without benefit of clergy, to destroy an ash. Dr. Ash, a great wit and a faithful friend of Swift, was once wet through with rain, and upon going into an inn asked the waiter to take off his coat for him; upon which the waiter started and said he would not, for it was felony to *strip an ash*.

## SETTING HIM RIGHT.

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

## SINGULAR.

Geneva is one of the most quiet and orderly cities in the world, yet every second house is a jeweller's shop, and every jeweller's shop is a watch-house.

## A CLEAN SHAVE.

General Lee one day found Dr. Cutting, an army surgeon, who was a handsome and dressy man, arranging his cravat complacently before a glass. "Cutting," said Lee, "you must be the happiest man in creation."—"Why, general?"—"Why?" replied Lee, "because you are in love with yourself, and have not a rival on the earth."

## "INDIFFERENT HONEST.

There is a great difference, however, in rogues. There is your honest rogue, who will do you a good turn, and always remembers a kindness; there is the dishonest rogue—he is a hypocrite. One of the former kind was working for a friend of mine, who told me the dialogue that passed between them:—"How comes it, John, that you're no better off—you're a handy fellow enough, but it seems you're one of the poorest, and never did yourself much good?" "Why, I'll tell you what it is, sir. I was as honest a veller as any in the parish, but I don't know how 'twere, but I were always poor; and so says I to myself, John, this won't do, thee must make a change; and so, sir, I took to stealing a bit—warn't particular, a duck or a goose, or some such matter—and then I fell into poaching, and then I got into gaol, and somehow or other I got out o't; and then said I to myself, John, this won't do neither, thee must change again." "Well, John, and what then?" "Why, sir, now I do mix it."

## THE TWO JEWISH SECTS.

On a very pretty girl saying to Leigh Hunt, "I am very *sad*, you see," he replied—"Oh, no, you belong to the other Jewish sect, you are very *fair*, I see."



## PLAY AND DISPLAY.

A person engaged in teaching mutes in explaining by signs the use and meaning of the particle "dis," requested one of them to write on the black board a sentence showing her knowledge of the meaning of the prefix. A bright little girl immediately stepped forward and wrote—"Boys love to *play*, but girls to *dis-play*."

## A GREAT BORE.

Mr. Caldecott, a great Session lawyer, but known as a dreadful bore, was arguing a question upon the rateability of certain lime quarries to the relief of the poor, and contended at enormous length that, "like lead and copper mines, they were not rateable, because the limestone in them could only be reached by deep boring, which was matter of science." "You will hardly succeed in convincing us, sir, that every species of *boring* is matter of science," said Lord Ellenborough.

## NOT SO OBVIOUS.

"I cannot bear children," said Miss Prim disdainfully. Mrs. Partington looked at her over her spectacles mildly before she replied, "Perhaps if you could you would like them better."

## A DESPERATE UNDERTAKING.

There is a divine ont west trying to persuade girls to forego marriage. He might as well try to persuade ducks that they could find a substitute for water, or rosehnds that there is something better for their complexion than sunshine. The only convert he has yet made is a single lady, aged sixty.

## HOW TO WRITE A BOOK OF TRAVELS.

You take a *trip*, or rather a *race*, through foreign "lions," (or even you *don't* take one,) buying cheap lithographs of celebrated scenes, edifices, &c., at each halt for dinner or sleep. Then, upon your return, you go to a library, and get out several genuine travel books of a more moderately past date, and still more moderate celebrity. Then you get your *material* ready and go to work thus:—Taking number One of the genuine books, you (having got a friend to write you a preface) turn to chapter first. You find that the genuine traveller was therein delighted with city A, disgusted with steamer B on river C, charmed with society D, and thought ruin E the finest, grandest specimen of architecture F in the vicinity. You also find that he met on steamer G a disagreeable old fogey, several noisy fidgetty children and inquisitive women, which we will call collectively H. Very good! You commence *your* chapter first. Therein you are *disgusted* with city A, *delighted* with steamer B on river C, *bored* by society D, and (consulting your cheap lithograph of the place) think ruin E *much inferior*, as specimen of architecture F, to ruin X, which latter (with your eye on lithograph) you proceed to dilate upon scientifically, or what amounts to same, unintelligibly. You wind up by a pleasant fiction of an intelligent tourist, with a fascinating daughter, and an interesting child with a romantic history attached to it, whom you meet on a steamer, and you promise to give the romantic history in a future chapter. You have now got chapter first triumphantly completed, and turning to Travel-book Number Two, you proceed in the same way, and so on till your original work is completed.

## STANDING ON THE DEFENSIVE.

A rather thick-headed witness in a police court was asked the question whether So-and-So "stood on the defensive?"—"No, sir," he innocently replied, "he stood on a bench."

## CHOICE OF FRIENDS.

Beware of contracting friendship with surgeons. When you most require their services they will probably cut you.

## LABOUR.

It was the saying of Sir Robert Peel—"I never knew a man to escape failure, in either body or mind, who worked seven days in the week."

## TOP DRESSING FOR LADIES.

From the time consumed by ladies in "doing their hair," it is evident that this is the *mane* part of the business.

## THE BARKS.

A little lad, in crossing the street in front of a house to a dry goods and grocery store on the other side, was frightened by the violent barking of a large dog near the shop, and had no courage to proceed. The owner silenced the dog, and then bade the child come on, as there was no danger. "Ah, but," said the little fellow, casting a dubious glance at the object of alarm, "the barks are in him."

## OPULENCE.

A rich man one day asked what sort of a thing opulence was? "It is a thing," replied the philosopher, "which can give a rascal the advantage over an honest man."

## OULD IRELAND.

An Irishman, in France, was drinking with some company, who proposed the toast, "The land we live in." "Aye, with all my sowl, my dear," said he, "here's poor ould Ireland."

## KNOWN CHARACTER.

"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?" "Yes, to the bone." "What is his character?" "Didn't know he had any." "Does he live near you?" "So near that he has only spent 5s. for firewood in eight years."

## GOING A-SHOPPING.

"My dear," said a smiling spouse to her other half, "I'm going a-shopping to-day, and want a little change." "Pooh," responded the savage, "that would be no change at all; you go a-shopping every day."

## FARMER'S BULL.

A farmer thus writes to the chairman of an agricultural society—"Gentlemen, put me down on your list of cattle for a bull."

## WOMEN AND THE WEED.

Ladies don't know whether they like smoking or not. With special favourites they like it; with general favourites they don't dislike it; and with no favourites they detest it.

## VERY HARD.

"It is very hard, my lord," said a convicted felon to Judge Burnet, "to hang a poor man for stealing a horse." "You are not to be hanged, sir," answered the judge, "for stealing a horse, but you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen."

## A QUESTION AND ANSWER.

"Here's your money, dolt. Now, you intolerable noodle, tell me why your scoundrelly master wrote me eighteen letters about this little contemptible sum?" said the exasperated debtor. "I'm snre, sir, I can't tell. Bnt if you'll excuse me, sir, I think it was bekase seventeen letters didn't bring the money!"

## JONATHANISMS.

There is a man in Massachusetts so straitened in his circumstances that he is obliged to get his waistcoats made at a lunatic asylum.

There is another who has lived so long in the State of *O-hi-o*, that he can't pay anybody.

Jonathan Briggs, of New York, has a memory so long that he is obliged to tie it in a knot to carry it about with him.

There is a publican in New York so remarkably *stout* that he retails his shadow at sixpence a pot.

## SAMBO ON WOMEN.

"Dey may rail against women as much as dey like, dey can't set me up against dem. I hab always in my life found dem to be fust in lub, fust in a quarrel, fust in de dance, de fust in de ice-cream saloon, and de fust, best, and de last in de sick-room. What would we poor debbles do widont dem? Let us be born as young, as ugly, and as helpless as we please, and a woman's arm am open to receive us. She am it who gubs us our fust dose of castor oil, and puts cloze 'pon our helplessly naked limbs, and cubbers up our foots and toeses in long flannel petticoats; and it am she, as we grow up, fills our dinner basket wid doughnnts, and apples as we start to skool, and licks us when we tears our trowsiss."

## LAW.

A celebrated harrister, retired from practice, was one day asked his sincere opinion of the law. "Why, the fact is," rejoined he, "if any man were to claim the coat upon my back, and threaten my refusal with a lawsuit, he should certainly have it, lest, in defending my coat, I should lose my waistcoat also."

## EDUCATION.

Lord Chatham, who had taken great pains with his son's education, asked him one day on his return from a visit, how he had been entertained. Pitt replied, "Most delectably." "Delectably, sir!" said Chatham, looking at his son with severity—"delectably! never let me hear that affected word from you again."

## THE RIGHT PLACE.

A starving Irishman, wandering about London, came to a building bearing the inscription, "Lying-in-Hospital." "By the powers," he exclaimed, "that's the place for me, for I've been *lying out* for a fortnight."

## THEFT IN PROSPECTIVE.

A peasant went to his priest to confess having stolen hay from a large stack belonging to a neighbour. "How many loads did you take?" asked the father confessor. "You may as well reckon the whole stack at once," said the peasant, "as I and my wife intend to fetch it all away before we stop."

## THE POTATO DISEASE.

"What is the cause of the potato rot?" "It is to be attributed to the rot tatory motion of the earth." "How was this ascertained?" "By consulting a great many common taters."

## ANECDOTE OF HAVELOCK.

During his stay in England, the narrator went one evening to the house of the colonel, in compliance with an invitation. In the course of conversation, Mrs. Havelock turned suddenly round to her husband, and said, "By the way, my dear, where is Harry?" referring to her son, whom she had not seen during the whole afternoon. The colonel started to his feet—"Well, poor fellow, he's standing on London Bridge, and in this cold too. I told him to wait for me there at twelve o'clock to-day; and in the pressure of business at —, I quite forgot the appointment." The father and son were to have met at twelve noon, and it was now after seven o'clock in the evening. Yet the father seemed to have no doubt that Harry would not move from his post until he appeared. The colonel at once rose, ordered a cab to be called, and as he went forth to deliver his son from his weary watch on London Bridge, he turned to excuse himself to his visitor, saying—"You see, sir, *that's the discipline of a soldier's family.*" In the course of an hour the colonel returned with poor Harry, who, although he appeared somewhat affected by the cold watch, and glad to see the fire in the comfortable parlour at home, seemed to have passed through the little afternoon's experience with the greatest good humour, and the feeling that all was right.

## A SILVER JAW.

A French soldier, whose lower jaw was shot away at the storming of Sebastopol, has been supplied with a jaw made of silver, which, he says, is worth a dozen of the old one, as he can take it off and pawn it whenever his pocket money is exhausted.

## GETTING OUT OF IT.

"My dear Jerusha Ann, may I see you home from singing school to-night, and keep the dogs from biting you?" "No, Jonathan!" pettishly answered the down easter, "I don't want you—I'd sooner the dogs would bite me." "Perhaps you didn't hear what I said?" asked Jonathan, stepping up to her. "Yes, I did. Yon asked me if you could see me home!" "No, I didn't," bawled Jonathan. "I asked yon how your mother was!"

## CAUGHT.

In a certain hotel in this village there is employed a bar-tender who is in the habit of taking his "tod" pretty freely, but always makes it a point never to drink in the presence of his employer. A few days ago, while he was in the act of drawing his "tod" preparatory to taking a drink, the employer came into the bar-room rather unexpectedly. Finding himself caught in the act, he set the tumbler and its contents on the counter, and casting his eyes around him with a look of surprise, exclaimed, "*Where in thunder did the man that ordered that drink go to?*"

## A DISAPPOINTED MAN.

A bachelor says, "the reason why the women do not cut themselves in two by tight lacing is, because they lace around the heart, and that is so hard they cannot effect it!"

## A BUSINESSLIKE VIEW.

A man fell overboard from a steam-boat. The captain only asked, "Has that man paid his passage? If he has, go ahead! I did not put him overboard."



## AMERICAN COMMERCIAL MORALITY.

The *New York Herald* has discovered a singular consolation in regard to the recent sweeping commercial crisis. "There are," says our New York contemporary, "most assuredly, substantial reasons for anticipating a revival of solid prosperity; we may add to these, that the bulk of the losses which have been occasioned by the revulsion will fall not on us, but on the manufacturers of England and France, and on the capitalists of Europe. When our people fail, it is the foreigner who suffers—we keep the goods, they lose their money. It is not a very flattering reflection to one's pride, but it is a fact, and deserves mention in a review of the commercial prospects." This at least has the merit of candour.

## A SHARP RETORT.

A justice of peace, seeing a parson on a very stately horse, riding between London and Hampstead, said to some gentlemen who were with him, "Do you see what a beautiful horse that proud parson has got? I'll banter him a little. Doctor," said he, "you don't follow the example of your great Master, who was humbly content to ride upon an ass."—"Why, really," said the parson, "the King has made so many asses justices, that an honest clergyman can hardly find one to ride if he had a mind to it."

## EQUALLY FRANK.

M. de Barillon, returning from his embassy to England, went to visit Madame de Caulanges, and he said to her, "Madame, your house pleases me; I shall come here every evening, when I am tired of my family." "Sir," she said, "I shall expect you to-morrow."

**"A LITERARY THIEF" SLIGHTLY ADMONISHED.**

The *Knickerbocker*, or *New York Monthly Magazine*, having been imposed upon, addressed the following mild oburgation to the impostor:—"Mr. 'N. B. Vineyard,' of 'Marengo (Iowa),' have you a bit of broken looking-glass in your sham poet's garret? If you have, please set it up somewhere where it will stand for a moment, and consult it. You will find it to render back to your probably not '*astonished gaze*' the counterfeit presentment of perhaps one of the meanest things that walk the earth—a *literary thief*! You sent to us the poem entitled 'Thirty-Five,' published in our last number, *as your own*; your name was appended to it as *its author*; the place of your residence was also affixed to it to identify your locality; and you requested an editorial reference to it by us, if thought worthy of that tribute. And yet you *knew*, when you did all these things, that the poem was written by N. P. Willis, Esq., some twenty-five or thirty years ago, and that neither your heart nor your mind (*your heart and your mind*!) ever conceived a sentiment or a thought contained in a line of it! No editor, receiving yearly thousands of poetical communications, can avoid being the victim of such outrageous impositions when the time of original publication is so remote. But laugh! 'Go your ways,' 'Mr. N. B. Vineyard,' of 'Marengo (Iowa).' You were 'faulty,' sir!"

**AN AFRICAN QUALIFICATION FOR POWER.**

A traveller in Africa declares that he met one king, who had eleven portly wives, all of whom were weighed monthly, the one that weighed the most being invariably installed mistress of the household until the time of the next weighing.

## THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Barristers have a ludicrous habit of identifying themselves with their clients by speaking in the plural number. "Gentlemen of the jury," said a luminary of the western circuit, "at the moment the policeman says he saw us in the tap, I will prove that we were locked up in the station-house in a state of intoxication."

## MRS. STONE'S OPINION ON "MAN AND BEAST."

At Sunderland, recently, one of the horses threw the Durham coach on its side. Its yokelfellow, slipping out of harness, popped into Stone's eating house out of harm's way, and quietly made its exit at the back door—Mrs. Stone remarking, "that she would far rather see a decent beast come into her house any day, than a drunken man."

## WHO'S AFRAID?

A quaint writer of sentences says:—"I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride, for fear of the horse running away—afraid to sail, for fear the boat might upset—afraid to walk, for fear that the dew might fall—but I never saw one afraid to be married!"

## MIGHT AND MAIN.

Gordon Cumming, the great lion slayer, was telling Rogers one day how he once came unarmed upon a huge lion. "Thinking to frighten him, I ran at him with all my might," said the hunter. "Whereupon," said Rogers, "he ran away with all his mane, I suppose?" "Exactly so," said Cumming. We think this story was coming it rather strong.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

"You'll split my sides," as the oak tree said to the flash of lightning.

"I'll stick to you," as the treacle said to the fly.

"I'm dreadfully cut up," as the crimped cod said to the fishmonger.

"Why don't you hit one of your own size?" as the tenpenny nail said to the sledge hammer.

"You're too hard upon me," as the corn said to the tight hoot.

"Come in out of the wet," as the shark said when he swallowed the nigger boy.

## WEATHERCOCKS IN THE COMMONS.

In the House of Commons a few evenings ago, Lord Robert Grosvenor suggested that a weathercock should be placed on the clock tower of the New Houses of Parliament. Sir Benjamin Hall replied, that there were already a great many weathercocks outside the House, and some ill-natured persons said there were too many within it!

## TAKING THEM "NATE."

A gentleman having in his garden a superabundance of peaches that were over ripe, and beginning to spoil, gave a quantity of them to some Irish labourers. On asking one of the men how he liked them, he said, the fruit was very good, but the seeds scratched his throat a little as he swallowed them.

## GEORGE III. AND WOLFE.

When George III. was told that Wolfe was quite unfit to command, and was, in fact a madman, the monarch replied, "Mad—mad—mad! Wolfe mad! Wish he'd bite some of the other generals!",

# FUN

FOR

## LEISURE HOURS.

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### PART VI.

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#### NOVEL ELUCIDATION.

When we see a pretty female foot, we naturally conclude that it belongs to a beautiful woman, on the principle that all is well that ends well.

#### HOT HASTE.

The late O'Connell is said to have checked a panic on a bank of which he was director by making the cashier roast the gold that was given in exchange for notes. The poor Pats thought that they were coining money in the bank parlour, and that they couldn't break a bank which could supply its customers with gold like breakfast-rolls. Besides, it was rather uncomfortable to pick up hot sovereigns, and the process of cashing was necessarily slow.

#### ARREST OF THE FLIGHT OF GENIUS.

The late Judge Pease, of the Supreme Court, Ohio, was a noted wag. A young lawyer was once making his first effort before him, and having thrown himself on the wings of his imagination into the seventh heaven, was preparing for a still higher ascent, when the judge struck his ruler on the desk two or three times, and exclaimed to the astonished orator:—"Hold on, hold on, my dear sir! Don't go any higher; for you are already out of the jurisdiction of this court."

## POLITICAL GIFTS.

Local politics run high in the Western country. A candidate for county clerk, in Texas, offered to register marriages for nothing. His opponent, undismayed, promised to do the same, and *throw a cradle in*.

## KNOWING.

Two gentlemen were lately examining the breast of a plough on a stall in a market place. "I'll bet you a crown," said one, "yon don't know what 'tis for." "Done," said the other. "It is for sale." The bet was paid.

## STRANGE MIXTURE.

A distinguished lady once reproved her librarian for putting books written by male and female authors upon the same shelf. "Never do it," said she, "without putting a prayer-book between them."

## A SON OF THE SEA.

"What's your name?" said an officer to a young coloured lad, who was on board the receiving ship. "Wallabout Bay, sir." "Where were you born?" "Wasn't born at all, sir." "Wasn't born at all!" "No, sir! was washed ashore in a storm!"

## THE DIFFERENCE.

"Pompey," said a good-natured gentleman to his coloured man, "I did not know till to-day you had been whipped last week." "Didn't you, massa?" replied Pompey: "I know'd it at the time."

## DEFECTIVE ARRANGEMENT.

A paper giving an account of Toulouse, in France, says:—"It is a large town, containing sixty thousand inhabitants *built entirely of brick!*" This is equalled only by a known description of Albany, which runs thus:—"Albany is a city of eight thousand houses, and twenty-five thousand inhabitants *with most of their gable ends to the street!*"

## APT REPLY.

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

## WHICH IS BEST.

It has been said of the late celebrated Rothschild that though no man was less lavish of his money, no one was more ready to detect a love of it in others. It was one day, while at a city feast, that a gentleman remarked, that for his part he thought venison was very good, but that he liked mutton better. "Ah, ah! I kuowsh vy! It is becaush he does'nt like to pay the prishe—it is becaush mutton's *sheep*, and venishon's *deer*."

## SCARCE ARTICLES.

George I., in a journey to Hanover, stopped at a village in Holland. While the horses were getting ready, he asked for two or three eggs, which were brought him, and for which he was charged two hundred florins. "How!" said the King, "eggs must be very scarce here." "Pardon me," said the host, "eggs are plenty enough, but kings are very scarce here." The King smiled, and ordered him the money.

## FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

*Arrivals.*—Jack Frost, from the North.

*Departures.*—Several members of the Swellmobocracy have, within the last few days, quitted Deptford for South Australia. The periods of their intended sojourn are various.

## HOW TO GET RID OF A TROUBLESOME VISITOR.

"The fire is gone out, Miss Filkins." "I know it, Mr. Green; and if you would act wisely, you would follow its example." It is hardly necessary to add that Green never called upon that gal again.

## A REASON.

Some one asking Curran why a countryman of his walked about London with his tongue out of his mouth, he said that he did not know, unless it was to try to catch the English accent.

## REPLY MORE APT THAN COURTEOUS.

The Duchess of Gordon expressed great pleasure at meeting Mr. Pitt after a long absence, and asked him many questions. Among the rest, "Mr. Pitt," said she, "have you talked as much nonsense as you used to do since we last met?" "Madam," he replied, "I have not heard so much."

## COQUETRY.

A coquette is said to be a perfect incarnation of Cupid, as she keeps her beau in a quiver.

## THE LESSON OF WATCHFULNESS.

Wind up your conduct like a watch, every day, examining minutely whether you are "fast" or "slow."



## SCARLET FEVER.

During the legal absence of Mr. Campbell (now Lord Campbell), on his matrimonial trip with the co-divant Miss Scarlett, Mr. Justice Abbot observed, when a cause was called on in the Bench, "I thought, Mr. Brongham, that Mr. Campbell was in this case." "Yes, my Lord," replied Mr. Brougham, sarcastically, "he was, but I understand he is ill." "I am sorry to hear that," said the Judge, "what is his illness?" "My Lord," replied Brougham, "it is whispered here that the cause of my learned friend's absence is the Scarlet Fever."

## JONATHANISMS.

A house-painter in New York grained a door so exactly in imitation of oak, that last year it put forth a quantity of leaves, and grew an excellent crop of acorns.

A correspondent of a Picayune paper has such a cold in his bead, that he can't wash his face without freezing the water.

There is an old fellow in Nashville who snores so loud, that he is obliged to sleep at a house in the next street, to avoid awakening himself.

## UNREFINED WIT.

A philosopher who had married a vulgar but amiable girl, used to call her "Brown Sugar," because he said she was sweet but unrefined.

## THE WONDERFUL SAW.

"Well," said a carpenter, "of all the saws that I ever saw, I never saw a saw saw as I saw that saw saw."

#### BORROWING A NEWSPAPER.

"Mister Magnanimity, father wants the loan of your newspaper for a few minutes, if you please."  
"Run back, my boy, and tell your father I will lend him my breakfast with pleasure, but I haven't got half through with my paper yet."

#### ROMANCE AND REALITY.

A romantic father, whose name was Rose, called his daughter "Wild," so that she grew up under the appellation of "Wild Rose." But in a few years she fell in love with and married a man named Bull, which sadly interfered with the romance of the lady's name—"Wild Bull."

#### SYMPATHY.

A great many drop a *tear* at the door of poverty, when they should rather drop a *sixpence*.

#### BUSINESS MAXIMS.

There is a great deal of time in a little opportunity.—Paying in ready money is a great restraint upon extravagance.

#### REPENTANCE.

"A-las! a-las!" exclaimed an old bachelor, who wanted to marry. "Alas! alas!" he cried, after he had been married a while.

#### A NOVEL TOAST.

The proprietor of a forge, not remarkable for correctness of language, but who, by honest industry, had realized a comfortable independence, being called upon at a social meeting for a toast, gave—"Success to forgery."

## INVESTIGATION REQUIRED.

"This must be looked into," as the spoilt child said to his father's watch when he heard it tick.

## WOMAN.

One of the toasts drank at a recent celebration was—"Woman! she requires no eulogy—she *speaks for herself.*"

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

An American editor heads his list of births, marriages, and deaths, thus—"hatched, matched, and despatched." The rascal's face deserves to be scratched.

## OLD, WITH ADDITIONS.

"Master at home?"—"No, sir; *he's* out."—"Mistress at home?"—"No, sir; *she's* out."—"Then I'll step in and sit by the fire."—"That's out, too, sir."—"I suppose the truth is, nobody wishes me to go in."—"You are *not* out there, sir."

## A BETTER HALF.

A sailor being asked how he liked his bride, is reported to have remarked, "Why, d'ye see, I took her for to be only half of me, as the parson says; but dash me if she isn't twice as much as I am. I am only a tar, and she's a tar-tar."

## LYRICS FOR SUSPENDED TIMES.

That man is blest,  
Who hath a chest,  
And gold to put therein;  
To take it out,  
And show it about,  
And put it back again.

## SINGING AND FIDDLEING.

A shrewd clergyman was once tormented by his people to let them introduce the "big fiddle" or bass violin into the church. He told them the human voice was the divinest of all instruments of music—but they introduced their violin, and the old man rose and said—"The brethren will, if they please, sing and fiddle the thirty-ninth psalm."

## FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

(Young curate finds a miner sitting on a gate smoking).—Curate (desirous to ingratiate himself with one of his flock). "A fine morning, my friend." One of his flock gives the slightest nod, and a grunt, and spits. Curate (supposing he had not been heard), "A fine morning, my good friend." One of his flock, "Did I say it warn't? do you want to hargue, you beggar?"

## NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

An Englishman was accosted thus:—"What will you take to stand all night in the tower of St. Paul's?" "A beefsteak and a pint of beer," was the frank reply. The next one thus accosted was a Scotsman. Says Sandie, "What will yon gi'e?" Lastly came along Patrick, and when asked what he would take to stand all night in the tower of St. Paul's, he wittily answered, "An' sure an' I'd be apt to take a bad cowl'd."

## UP-HILL WORK.

Chasing balloons and collecting newspaper accounts.

A love-sick gentleman, who wrote sonnets, has hung himself with one of his lines.

#### THE SWELL MOB OF THE LONDON OMNIBUS.

An American gentleman having seated himself in a London omnibus, saw and heard what a little amused him. A man, bearing no peculiar marks of authority, looked in at the door, took a professional view of the passengers, and called out to the driver, without any pretence at modest concealment of his thoughts, "You can't go on, there's two of the swell mob in here." The coach waited, till at length a puffy, well-looking old man rose and stepped out, saying as he did so, "I've too much money to ride with pickpockets." In a moment more a spruce young person said, as he decamped, "I'll follow that old gentleman's lead." "Go on now," said the detective policeman, "the swells have got out and all's right."

#### REVOLTING ANECDOTE.

A wretch of a husband, coming home at one in the morning, found his angel wife sitting up reading an old novel. With a coarseness almost amounting to cruelty, he took the book from her hand, and placed before her a pair of child's socks, which happened to have holes in them, disgustingly observing:—"If you *will* fatigue yourself, my love, with any work at such an hour, I would suggest '*It is never too late to mend.*'"

#### EXPRESSIVE LOVE.

"James, do you love your sister?" "Yes, sir." "Well, show me how you love her?" The boy stood still, not knowing what to do. "James, how do I express my love for your mother?" "Oh, you give her some bank-notes, but I ain't got any."

## AN IDEA OF RAILROADS.

A happy comment on the annihilation of time and space by locomotive agency, was uttered by a little child, who rode fifty miles in a railroad train, and then was taken in a coach to her uncle's house, some five miles farther on. Being asked on her arrival if she came by the train, "We came a little way in the train, and all the rest of the way in a carriage."

## FEMALE WRECK.

In New York, lately, a thin old man, with a rag bag in his hand, was seen picking up a large number of small pieces of whalebone which lay in the street. The deposit was of such a singular nature, that a passer-by asked the quaint looking gatherer whence he supposed they came. "Don't know," he replied, in a squeaking voice, "but I 'spect some unfortunate female was wrecked hereabout somewhere."

## USED TO IT.

A young lady, returning late from a concert, as it was raining, ordered the coachman to drive close to the pavement, but was still unable to step across the gutter. "I can lift you over," said coachy. "Oh no, I'm too heavy," said she. "Why, bless ye, marm, I'm used to lifting barrels," replied Jehu.

## A LONG RACE.

"Ginger!" "Sah?" "When am dat great race coming off dat dar so much talk about?" "What great race? I habn't heard of any great race." "De great human race dat is to come off afore long."

## MARRIAGE.

An Irishman, attending a conventional, heard a member make the following announcement:—  
 "Brethren and sisters, I am going to marry a daughter of the Lord." "The deuce you are," says Pat, "an' it'll be a long time afore you'll see your father-in-law."

## A LEGAL DISTINCTION.

A lawyer, in addressing a jury, made a statement that greatly exasperated his opponent, who sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "Sir, do you say that as a lawyer or as a man? If you say it as a lawyer, all is right; but if you say it as a man, you tell a falsehood!"

## CAPITAL.

A small trader in Rosshire, on retiring from business lately, sent circulars to the merchants in the south, with whom he had been dealing for some twenty years, requesting them to present him with a testimonial, in respect of his having paid them all along 20s. in the pound.

## GOOD ADVICE.

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he's dying, all that is necessary is to look half-dead yourself. Hope and despair are as catching as cutaneous complaints. Always look sunshiny, therefore, whether you feel so or not.

## NOTICE.

We caution four black cats that are continually serenading in the hack shed, that there is a sausage shop two doors to the right.

## RIDDLE FOR THE CITY.

Oh! why, my friend is a Joint-Stock  
 Concern like, yet unlike a clock?  
 Because it may be wound up; when,  
 Alas! it doesn't go again.

## A DISEASED IMAGINATION.

The inveterate punster who infests this office, has just perpetrated the following wretched offence. He says, "The state of public health is at present deplorable; the gentlemen have all got the *yellow* fever, and the ladies have taken the *hooping-cough*!"

## NO MORE LANDLORDS.

Hurrah! Henceforth, quarter-day will have no terrors. A respectable stationer advertises "Fifty Receipts for Rent for Five Shillings." That's upwards of twelve years of security from involuntary contributions to one's landlord. Hooray! "Who'll lend us five shillings?"

"PLEASANT" THOUGHTS BY A BITTER OLD  
BACHELOR.

I "*know*," if I placed my reliance and trust  
 On weak woman's heart, they'd be crumbled to  
 dust:  
 Were my welfare or happiness placed in her power,  
 'Twould be wreck'd in an instant, engulfed in an  
 hour.

## LAZY FAMILY.

There is a family in Rome so lazy, that it takes  
 two of them to sneeze, one to throw the head back,  
 and the other to make the noise.



## ACCOMMODATING.

Tradesmen who are advertising to sell cheap often announce one fixed price; but one in Hartford, who says that he wants money, and must have it, adds, "we give the *lowest prices* the first time, and if that don't sell, then we throw off a little."

## A KEEN RETORT.

A preacher while contending, as he thought, for the "ancient order of things," by ridiculing the doctrine of a call to the ministry, as proof that there is no such call, observed, that he never believed *he* was called to preach. "And no person else ever believed it," said an acquaintance standing by.

## WHOLESOME ADVICE.

Henry B. Hirst, of Philadelphia, has written a poem on Mr. Buchanan, in which he invokes him, in settling the Kansas and other difficulties, to "Arm! go forth naked to the fight!" We hope that Mr. Buchanan will not do such a ridiculous thing. Let him at least adopt the Texan costume—shirt, collar, and spurs.

## IMPORTANT FINANCIAL DIALOGUE.

John Bull, looking across the big pond the other day, raised his voice:—"Hollo, brother Jonathan, how do you do?" Jonathan, looking up, and cocking his hat, cried out, "Oh, pretty well, I thank you; I hold my own, I believe." "Yes," said John, rather gruffly, "you do hold your own, and hold mine, too; you have five hundred millions of my dollars, and be hanged to you."

## PATHETIC OBITUARY.

A western editor announces the death of a lady of his acquaintance, and thus touchingly adds:—  
 "In her decease the sick lost an invaluable friend. Long shall she seem to stand at their bedside as she was wont, with the balm of consolation in one hand and a cup of rhubarb in the other."

## A YANKEE ASTONISHED.

A long-legged Yankee, on visiting a menagerie for the first time, while stalking around the pavilion, suddenly came on the elephant, whereupon he turned to the keeper with surprise: "Thunder and lightenin, mister! what darned critter have you got there, with a tail on both ends?"

## A FACT.

Love, the plague, and the small-pox, are often communicated by the clothing.

## FOOLISH.

Two young ladies hating each other on account of a gentleman who does not care a fig for either.

## A TRUTH.

Handsome features alone are incapable of expressing real beauty, as speech alone is incapable of expressing wit.

## A COMMON FAILING.

There is a lady down east so highminded, that she disdains to own that she has common sense.

## HOW LARGE IS IT?

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

## BENEFIT OF THE SPRINGS.

A lady brought a child to a physician to consult him about its precious health. Among other things, she inquired if he did not think the springs would be useful? "Certainly, madam," replied the doctor, as he eyed the child, and then took a large pinch of snuff. "I haven't the least hesitation in recommending the springs—where you can get plenty of *soap and water!*"

## ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

"First class, Oriental philosophy, stand up. Thibetts, what is life?" "Life consists of money, a hoss, and a fashionable wife."

"Next, what is death?" "A paymaster, who settles everybody's debts, and gives the tombstones as receipts in full of all demands!"

"What is poverty?" "The reward of merit genins generally receives from a discriminating public."

"What is fame?" "A six line puff in a newspaper while living, and your fortune to your enemies when dead."

## PANIC AT MONTROSE.

Some of the incidents in connection with our late foolish and groundless panic were rather amusing. Not the least so was the case of an elderly female in Montrose, who after drawing her deposit of £30, shook the bunch of one-pound "Westerns" exultingly in the accountant's face, exclaiming—"Brak noo fan ye like!"

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

"How very hot you are," as the roast beef said to the horse radish.

"Mind your eye," as the thread said to the needle.

"Permit me to introduce myself," as the oyster-knife said to the native.

"I'm ready to go off by the train," as the barrel of gunpowder said to Guy Fawkes.

"I can't bear you," as the sea said to the leaky ship.

"Hold your jaw," as the man said when his head was in the lion's mouth.

"You'll break my heart," as the oak said to the hatchet.

"My heart is thine," as the cabbage said to the cook-maid.

Why is a percussion-cap like death?—Because it is the debt-o'-natur' (*detonator*).

"You don't pass here," as the counter said to the bad shilling.

"Pitt's full," as the Earl of Chatham said after dinner.

"Your pen wants mending," as the shepherd said to the stray sheep.

## MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME.

An old bachelor, on seeing the words, "families supplied," over the door of an oyster saloon, stepped in and said he would take a wife and two children.

## USE OF THE PUMP.

Mr. Hunt told an amusing story of the frequency with which milk is adulterated in London. He said that he had found as much as 35 to 50 per cent. of water in the cow's milk given to infants; and that accidentally dropping in recently on a milkman in his district, as "Medical Officer of Health," Mr. Hunt incidentally asked why he had not a pump, meaning a pump to wash his premises. The milkman innocently replied—"Oh! I merely sell milk by wholesale; the retailers will not allow me into their trade."

## UNDENIABLE FACTS.

A lawsuit now pending, in Tennessee, between two families, has run for such a length of time, that it takes six men of the strongest memories in the State, to remember when it was begun.—There's a chap down at Quamphegan so tarnation 'cute, that he refuses to pay the debt of nature, unless the discount is taken off.

## THE QUIZZER QUIZZED.

Thinking to quiz some Irish draymen, a gentleman shouted to one—"Has the railroad got in?" "One ind has, sir," was the prompt response.

## A KNOWING BEGGAR.

A beggar posted himself at the door of the Chancery Court, and kept saying—"A penny, please, sir! Only a penny, sir, before yon go in!" "And why, my man?" inquired an old country gentleman. "Because, sir, the chances are, you will not have one when you come out," was the beggar's reply.

## HOW PRESIDENT BUCHANAN RECEIVES THE LADIES.

A Washington correspondent of the *Richmond South* says :— "Mr. Buchanan still continues to have hosts of lady visitors, and scarcely a pretty woman comes to Washington, but she must see the bachelor President. His manners towards his fair visitors show that he is no 'lady's man;' his graceful commonplace seems to fail him with them; and I have seen him evidently sorely taxed to find a few words to say to the fair dames who will find their way to his reception-room. He is said to have been compelled to have recourse to two stereotyped phrases, which he invariably addresses by turns to the ladies, as he runs the gauntlet of them at reception hours. They are these: 'Madam is this your first visit to Washington?' Answer. A pause, and then, 'Madam, I would advise you to visit the Smithsonian Institute.' After which the lady is expected to vamoise."

## DRUNKEN IMAGINATION.

A man from Brooklyn was going home from New York the other night, and seeing a pump handle extended out near him as if to strike him, and at the same time hearing a watchman's club, and imagining that some garroters were about to pounce on him, took fright, threw his pocket-book at the pump, fired a pistol behind him, and ran home, screaming murder like mad. The next morning, when he went to the City Hall to report his loss, he felt ashamed of himself when a policeman handed him his wallet, and told him that if he had been sober, he would have seen nothing but a pump handle.

## NEW YORK PROSPERITY.

Fond parent (to his son)—“Yes, New York is the place to get on in. Look at James! he started without a penny, and has lately failed for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Of course that’s an extreme case. I don’t expect you to do as well as that. Still, with honesty and industry, I see no reason why you should not, in a few years, fail for fifty thousand dollars.”

## A LITTLE TALK.

At a tavern one night,  
Messieurs More, Strange, and Wright  
Met to drink and good thoughts to exchange:  
Says More, “Of us three,  
The whole town will agree,  
There is only one knave, and that’s *Strange*.”

“Yes,” said Strange (rather sore),

“I am sure there’s one *More*,

A most terrible knave and a bita,  
Who cheated his mother,  
His sister and brother;”

“O yes,” replied More, “that is *Wright*.”

## A STYE IN THE EYE.

“I live in Julia’s eyes,” said an affected dandy in Colman’s hearing. “I don’t wonder at it,” replied George, “for I observed she had a *stye* in one of them when I saw her last.”

## FOLLOWING CONSCIENCE.

A witty prelate was once asked if he did not think that such a one followed his conscience. “Yes,” said his Grace, “I think he does follow it, as a man does a horse in a gig—he drives it first.”

## IMPORTANT SALE.

A maiden lady advertises a baboon, three cats, and a parrot for sale. She is about to be married, and has no further use for them.

## SOMETHING LIKE A PANIC.

Crossing-sweeper—"Things keep very tight in the city, Jimmey!" Costermonger—"Tight! I believe yer, they jist does, indeed! Why there, you has my word o' honner as a gennelman, I hain't so much as touched a bit o' gold this three weeks! And as for getting one's paper done, why them 'ere banks is so pertickler now, they won't do it at no price."

## A SCARECROW.

We know a very ngly and penurious man who works in his own fields in the summer months to save the expense of a scarecrow.

## FRESH NOT CURED.

"I have a fresh cold," said a gentleman to his acquaintance.—"Why do you have a fresh one?—why don't you get it cured?"

## THE THREAD OF HAPPINESS.

Man's happiness is said to hang on a thread. This must be the thread that is never at hand to sew on the shirt button that is always off.

## A SENSITIVE HUSBAND.

Near Cleveland (U.S.), lives a hale and hearty man, whose wife says he is possessed of the most sensitive feelings, and in proof of which she states that when she goes into the yard and saws wood for half a day, he sits by the fire with tears in his eyes.



## LIGHT OBLIGATION.

The man who was laid under an obligation was happily rescued before sustaining any material injury.

## A PUZZLING QUESTION.

"Mamma, can a door speak?" "Certainly not, my dear." "Then why did you tell Anne to answer the door?"

## A TOAST.

An old servant, drinking to the health of his young mistress, who was that day made a bride, said, "I wish you many happy returns of the day."

## DEAD AND ALIVE.

A lady complaining that her husband was dead to fashionable amusement, he replied, "But, then, my dear, you make me alive to the expense."

## GUTHRIE AGROUND.

It has been facetiously said of Dr. Guthrie of Edinburgh, that when there's "no more sea," he will have no more similes.

## VERY MODEST.

Young Lady: "Isn't that a pretty baby, Mr. Brown?" Brown: "Yes, my dear; boy or girl?" Young Lady: "He—a—belongs to the female persuasion, sir."

## WEAK SOUP.

The best description of *weakness* we have ever heard is contained in the wag's query to his wife, when she gave him some thin chicken broth, if she would not try to coax that chicken just to wade through the soup once more!

## NEW MEDICINE.

A lady said to a gentleman who was suffering with the influenza, "My dear sir, what do you take for your cold?" "Five pocket handkerchiefs a-day, madam."

## THE BUSY-BODY.

He labours without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, dies without tears, without pity—save that some may say, "It was a pity he died no sooner."

## LORD JEFFREY CATECHISED.

It happened, one autumn, that, after the rising of the Court of Session, Jeffrey came to spend the long vacation in the L—. Soon after his arrival, the minister intimated from the pulpit that upon a certain day he would "hold a diet of catechising" in the district which included the dwelling of the eminent judge. True to his time, he appeared at Lord Jeffrey's house, and requested that the entire establishment might be collected. This was readily done. But what was Lord Jeffrey's consternation when, the entire establishment being assembled, the minister said in a solemn tone—

"My lord, I always begin my examination with the head of the family. Will you tell me then what is effectual calling?"

After a pause, during which the servants looked in horror at the thought that a judge should not know the catechism, Jeffrey recovered speech, and answered in terms that completely dumfounded the minister—

"Why, Mr. Smith, a man may be said to discharge the duties of his calling effectually when he performs them with ability and success."

## EVIDENT FACTS.

A western editor, in reply to a contemporary, says to him, "The fact is as evident as the nose on your face, or the whisky blossoms on the countenance of your mayor!"

## MEMORANDUM FOR THE MERCENARY.

Before you marry a lady for her money, consider what an encumbrance you will find your wife, in the event of having lost or spent all she was worth.

## HOW TO GET THROUGH BUSINESS.

Dunning, when in the full flush of celebrity at the bar, was asked how he managed to get through such an accumulation of business. He replied, "Some I do, some does itself, and the rest is never done at all."

## A GOOD COOK.

"Biddy," said the landlady of a boarding-house to a new recruit in the kitchen, "did you bake the bread we had for dinner, or boil it?" Biddy, anxious to appear *au fait* in the noble art of cookery, replied, "An' to be sure, misthress, I did both."

## HYDROPATHY.

The following hit at the water cure was made by Charles Lamb, and none but himself could have so quaint a conceit:—"It is," said he, "neither new nor wonderful, for it is as old as the Deluge, which, in my opinion, killed more than it cured."

## SECOND-HAND WATCH.

Can a new watch with a second-hand be called a second-hand watch?

## SUBLIME CONTEMPT.

Proud man (whose genealogical tree has been 2000 years, at least, growing).—*He* show you his portrait gallery—the mushroom! Why, I doubt if the snob has got an ancestor that dates farther back than a photograph!

## ORTHOGRAPHY FOR TAILORS.

Sydenham trousers, 17s. 6d.! Go where you will, you encounter a placard or a poster relative to Sydenham trousers. Sydenham!—why Sydenham? Don't the people know how to spell? Shouldn't it be Sit-in-'em?

## DUMFOUNDING.

A man of unblemished character was candidate for a large constituency, and the following means were used to get rid of him. At a large public meeting, an elector got up and said, "I demand the exercise of my right to ask that candidate a question. Will he answer me *Yes* or *No*, like an honest man?"

"Undonbtedly I will."

A most incantious promise as the reader will guess.

"Well, then," said the elector, "I ask that gentleman, *Who killed his washerwoman?*"

What was the poor man to say? What *yes* or *no* could answer the question? He hesitated, he stammered—the meeting was against him; he was hustled out of the room, and to this day he labours under the imputation, in many people's minds, of having feloniously accelerated the death of some unfortunate, and perhaps ill-used washerwoman.

## DIPLOMATIC WITTICISM.

The witty Talleyrand said, "Vienna should be called the City of Conventions, for her *leagues* are as *long* as her diplomatists are deep."

## A FIRST-RATE DINNER.

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

## A PLUCKY REPLY.

A candidate for the civil service, being asked to name the principal divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race, answered, "Epsom and Newmarket."

## MAGNANIMITY.

Pleasant enough was the magnanimity of the person who, being reproached with not having avenged himself for a caning, said, "Sir, I never meddle with what passes behind my back."

## ESSAY ON MAN.

At ten, a child; at twenty, wild;  
At thirty, tame, if ever;  
At forty, wise; at fifty, rich;  
At sixty, good, or never.

## A GOOD RECIPE.

A few days since, a barber offered a reward of ten pounds for the best recipe for "instantly removing superfluous hair." Among the answers was one forwarded by a gentleman who speaks from experience. We give it—"Undertake to kiss a woman against her will."

## FRIED SOLES.

Take a chair opposite a blazing fire. Place your feet on the top bar, or perhaps a quicker method is to place them across all the bars together. In a few minutes your soles will be done thoroughly.—*N.B.* (H)heels may be cooked in like manner.

## AGASSIZ "SOLD."

At a very learned discussion on strata, the other day, at the house of the learned professor, a Mr. B. asked if there were any strata of precious gems. "No, none whatever," replied Professor Agassiz. "I've heard of one," said Mr. B. "Impossible!" was the rejoinder. "Oh, yes," said B., "and it was called a *strata-gem*!"

## A NATURAL SUSPICION.

The other day an old lady rushed into the garden in search of her daughter, on being told she had gone there with a "rake."

## HIBERNIAN LOGIC.

An Irishman, on being told that the newly invented stove would just save half the fuel, replied, "Arrah, then I'll have two, and save it all, my jewel."

## SOLID TRUTH.

"They pass best over the world," said Queen Elizabeth, "who trip over it quickly; for it is but a bog—if we stop, we sink."

## SOMETHING LIKE A WELCOME.

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

## THE POWERFUL PREACHER.

"Ah, me!" said a pious lady, "our minister was a very powerful preacher, for the short time he ministered the word among us, he kicked three pulpits to pieces, and banged the in'ards out of five Bibles."

## BOYS AND MEN.

Take a company of boys chasing butterflies, put long-tailed coats on the boys, and turn the butterflies into guineas and you have a beautiful panorama of the world.

## NATURAL.

"Can you tell me, Billy, how it is that the chanticleer always keeps his feathers so sleek and smooth?" "No." "Well, I'll tell you. He always carries his comb with him."

## A GERMAN OUTWITTED.

A German and a Frenchman, walking together, were attracted by a pig, whose cries resembled the word *Qui*. "Listen," said the German, "the pig is a countryman of yours; he speaks French." The Frenchman replied, "Ah, mon cher, but he speaks with a villanous German accent."

## PAT ALL OVER.

A poor emaciated Irishman, having called in a physician as a forlorn hope, the latter spread a huge mustard plaster, and clapped it on the poor fellow's breast. Pat, with a tearful eye, looking down upon it, said, "Doether, doether, dear, it strikes me that it is a dale of mustard *for so little mate*."

## A COUPLE OF STRETCHERS.

"Wal, Jefferson, I guess you are tolerable late nor you used to was," said an engine driver on a Yankee railway, who had been waiting at a junction a good while for the train that had just arrived under the charge of Jefferson.

"Wal," replied Jefferson, wiping his perspiring face with a handful of cotton waste, "I reckon we are behind a considerable scarce, but that don't raise me, no how; it's getting along here any time astonishes me a several—it does."

"Been a smash?" inquired the first speaker, chewing slowly.

"I expect not," returned Jefferson, "but well nigh one. Why, ye see, down away it was darned hot, very, and the rails was all expanding so much, that the way was not only drawn out dreadful, but, what was worse, they had not room to stretch quite, and was all so raised and humped up, it's just been as worse as if I had come the whole road entire over two tall rows of tarnation camel's backs!"

"Wal, I calc'late that was 'noying a few," returned the listener, "but one day bringing up my engine it was hot! I reckon the rails was feverish a chalk or two that time! I put full steam up, shut safety valves, slacked brake off, right away, and we walked ahead!—we did. But only just in time, for we looked back and saw the rails crawling about like live snakes, and running over the banks to cool themselves in the water!"

Jefferson went off to oil his engine.

## FALSE WIT.

False wit, like false money, only passes current with those who have no means of comparison.



## ECONOMICAL LIVING.

An Irishman, who lives with a vegetarian, writes to a friend, that if he wants to know what illigent living is he must come to his house, where the breakfast consists of nothing, and the supper of what was left at breakfast.

## AN AMERICAN CHURCHMAN MILITANT.

On one occasion, when interrupted by scoffers, Dr. Peter descended from his pulpit, and seized a notorious leader of them. The man had never been mastered in fight, but the preacher shook him until the border-ruffian, for such he was, was completely subdued. Dr. Peter then grasped him by the neck, made him kneel down and repeat aloud a prayer for mercy, and then the preacher, while his opponents and the crowd were stricken with wonder, resumed his station, and preached on without further disturbance.

## EXIT SULTAN.

An extremely foolish contributor, whom we have sometimes employed when his betters were gone bathing, lecturing, pheasant shooting, and the like, says that the lying messages brought by the electric wire make it perfectly proper to call the despatch a Tell-a-cram. He is discharged.

## A GOOD MAN.

A Yankee lady pictures a good man as "one who is keerful of his clothes, don't drink sperits, kin read the Bible 'thont spellin' the words, and can eat a cold dinner on wash-day to save the wimmin folks from cookin'."

## THE PINK OF POLITENESS.

Lord Berkeley was once dining with Lord Chesterfield, the pink of politeness, in a large party, when it was usual to drink wine, until they were mellow. Berkeley was a plain, blunt John Bull, and had, whether by design or accident, I am not told, shot one or two gamekeepers, and Chesterfield, under the warmth of wine, said--"Pray, my Lord Berkeley, how long is it since you shot a gamekeeper?" "Not since you hanged your tutor, my lord!" was the reply. You know that Lord Chesterfield brought Dr. Dodd to trial, in consequence of which he was hanged.

## A MINISTER IN A PRISON VAN.

One evening, during Mr. West's illness, he was returning in a most exhausted state toward the Birkenhead Ferry. There was no conveyance near, and he felt almost unable to hold on his way. At length he heard the noise of an approaching vehicle, which, in the darkness, seemed something like an omnibus. The driver pulled up, and hailed him: "Will you have a ride, sir?" "Yes." He at once dismounted, opened the door, and *locked* him in. There was no light, but Mr. West fancied the "bus" looked rather dingy and queer. At length it stopped near to the ferry, and, on Mr. West getting out and offering the fare, the whole mystery was explained. He had been accommodated with a seat in a *prison van*; and the driver, a Wesleyan, said, "There is nothing to pay, sir: I saw who you were, and that you were looking very exhausted, and therefore I pulled up, and offered you a ride in one of her Majesty's carriages!"

## JOHNNIE BELIEVED.

A justice was called to liberate a worthless debtor by receiving his oath that he was not worth five pounds. "Well, Johnnie," said the justice, as he entered, "can you swear that you are not worth five pounds, and never will be?" "Why," answered the other, rather chagrined at the question, "I can swear that I am not worth that amount at present." "Well, well," returned the justice, "I can swear to the rest—so step forward, Johnnie."

## PARISIAN LITERATURE.

The following is an illustration of the sign-board literature of the suburbs of Paris. There is a board inscribed with the words, "O Deus Amen." A curious inquirer was informed that this meant "Aux deux Amants!"

## A HOOP CATASTROPHE.

"Bob, what makes you limp so?" "Limp! I think you'd limp if you had walked between two rows of barrel hoops as long as I have. Why, the outside of my legs are as raw as a piece of beef; but I have got an invention to cure that difficulty. I'm going to take those military pants of mine, and run a piece of steel bar right down through the stripes, and then, if any hooped female, or walking cooper's shop, invites me out, I shan't have my legs sawed off."

## THE 'AUNTED HOUSE.

A gentleman was speaking the other day of the kindness of his friends in visiting him. One old aunt, in particular, visits him twice a-year, and stays six months each time.

#### DELUSIONS OF MAIDS AND BACHELORS.

It is a fashionable delusion among young ladies that clergymen require more book-markers and wear out more slippers than any other gentlemen. It is a comfortable delusion, wherein a certain class of "unhappy bachelors" are known to take refuge whenever they see ladies kiss each other, "that they'll be sure to quarrel before the hour's out."

#### UNREMITTING KINDNESS.

"Call that a kind man?" said an actor, speaking of an acquaintance, "a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing? Call that kindness?" "Unremitting kindness," chuckled a wag.

#### THE BLESSED DAY.

"Well, Mr. Jackson," said a clergyman to his parishioner, "Sunday must be a blessed day to you. You work hard six days, and the seventh you come to church." "Yes," said Mr. Jackson, "I work hard all the week, and then I comes to church, sits me down, cocks up my legs, and thinks of nothing."

#### THE TAILORS ENRAGED.

Dean Swift preached before the Merchant Tailors Company, at three several anniversaries. The first time he took for his text, "Steal no more." The members of the Company took umbrage at this; on the following anniversary he chose the words, "A remnant shall be saved." His audience were more irritated than before; nevertheless, he commenced his third sermon as follows:—"There were lice in all their borders."

## FOAKS TAWKS.

Foaks tawks abaght makin a hoyle e ther manners, wha it ad be a good job if they nobbat wod, and fill it up we sum better.

Foaks tawks abaght bein tiard a ther life, an weel they may ta see ther daily carryin on

Foaks tawks abaght bein up ta snuff ay, an sic like ar offence fun we empty cannisters.

Foaks tawks abaght takin t'shine aght e ther nabors, that may be an noan be sa varry breet thesenze after all.

Foaks tawks abaght cheatin the dival, when 'truth iz heze winnin them e ivvery wurldly gam thay play.

Foaks tawks abaght hevin a clear consciencie, hey, so clear it's ta be feard, wal sum hez noan at all.

Foaks tawks abaght bein born ta trubble, hey, an likely enif reard ta bring trubble ta uthers, at caant be borne.

Foaks tawks abaght bein poor, when at same time, ther gold iz sinkin em knee-deep intut fat at land.

Foaks tawks abaght killin time, hey, and if it wor hengin, wun hauf at country ad hev to swing for it.

## NICE YOUTH.

A Liverpool juvenile, lately applying to a solicitor for the appointment of errand-boy, was asked a number of questions; all of which he answered, and then took up the catechism in turn. "Please, sir, what's your hours?" he inquired.—"Half-past eight to six."—"Won't suit me."—"Why, are they too short?"—"No; seven hours a-day is as much as the mind should be occupied!" With which philosophical conclusion the lad made his bow, the question of wages not having been mooted.

## A BRIEF COURTSHIP.

The *Cheltenham Examiner* records a rather "extraordinary if true" story of a five minutes' courtship between a thriving and busy merchant and a lady for whom, in conjunction with a deceased friend, he was trustee. The lady called at his counting-house and said that her business was to consult him on the propriety or otherwise of her accepting an offer of marriage which she had received. Now, for the first time, occurred to the Bristol merchant the idea of this holy estate in his own case. "Marriage," said he, listlessly turning over some West Indian correspondence, "well, I suppose everybody ought to marry, though such a thing never occurred to me before. Have you given this gentleman an affirmative answer?"—"No."—"Are your feelings particularly engaged in the matter?"—"Not particularly."—"Well, then, Madam," said he, turning round on his office-stool, "if that be the case, and if you could dispense with courtship, for which I have no time, and think you could be comfortable with me, I am your humble servant to command." There were people who thought that the lady had a purpose in going there; but, if so, she prudently disguised it. She said she would consider the matter; the Bristol merchant saw her out with the same coolness as if she was merely one of his correspondents, and when she was gone five minutes, was once more immersed in his letters and ledgers. A day or two after, he had a communication from the lady, accepting his offer, very considerably excusing him from an elaborate courtship, and leaving him to name "the most convenient day." They were married.

## A STRIKING THOUGHT.

Is there anything in the world can beat a good wife?—Yes; a bad husband.

## PUNCTUATION.

The following example of bad punctuation strongly illustrates the necessity of putting stops in their proper places:—"Caesar entered on his head, his helmet on his feet, armed sandals upon his brow, there was a cloud in his right hand, his faithful sword in his eye, an angry glare saying nothing, he sat down;"—Punctuate it right.

## ADVICE TO A YOUNG LAWYER.

The following is the advice of an examining judge to a young lawyer, on admission:—"Sir, it would be idle to trouble you further. You are perfect; and I dismiss you with a few words of advice, which you will do very well to follow. You will find it laid down as a maxim of civil law, never to kiss the maid when you can kiss the mistress. Carry out this principle, sir, and you are safe. Never say 'boo' to a goose, when she has the power to lay golden eggs. Let your face be long—your bills longer. Never put your hand into your own pocket when everybody else is handy. Keep your conscience for your own private use, and don't trouble it with other men's matters. Plaster the judge and butter the jury. Look as wise as an owl, and be as oracular as a town clock. But above all, get money; honestly if you can, my dear sir; but get money. I welcome you to the bar."

## GOOD RECOMMENDATION.

An athletic specimen of the Emerald Isle called on a wharfinger for a job. "The top of the mornin' to ye, Musther P. I've been told that ye're in want o' help."—"I've but little to do," replied P., with mercantile gravity.—"I'm the very boy for yez. It's but little I care about doing—it's the money I'm afther shure." The naive reply procured him a situation.

## A NEW VERB.

A correspondent of the *Brattleborough Eagle* tells the following story of a witness upon a liquor trial:—"How do you know it was brandy?" asked the lawyer. "Well," replied the ready witness, "I smelled of it first, and then I *welcomed* about a glass of it." The unexpected verb wholly upset the gravity of the court, jury, and miscellaneous people; and they were not at all assisted in recovering their equanimity by his further testimony that the man who bought the brandy drank of it himself "till he was quite *saluorious*."

## ANOTHER.

We heard a passenger at the railway station last week shouting after a porter who was carrying his luggage in a wrong direction, "Hilloa! you fellow! don't you be Emperor-of-Russia-ing me. Bring those things back, if you please."

## LORD ELDON'S ADDRESS.

One evening John Clerk (Lord Eldon) had been dipping rather too deeply in the convivial bowl with a friend in Queen-Street, and on emerging into the open air, his intellect became in a considerable degree confused, and not being able to distinguish objects with any degree of minuteness or certainty, he thought himself in a fair way of losing the road to his own house in Picardy Place. In this perplexity he espied some one coming towards him, whom he stopped with this query, "D'ye ken wbaur John Clerk bides?" "What's the use o' you speerin' that question?" said the man; "you're John Clerk himsel'."—"I ken that," answered John, "but it's no himsel' that's wanted, it's his house."

## A SAYING AT FAULT.

When people say, "Necessity has no law," they must, surely, forget the Poor Law.



## THE SEALS.

Captain Parry was once asked at a dinner where Lord Erskine was present, what he and his crew had lived upon when they were frozen on the Polar Sea. Parry said they lived upon seals. "A very good living too," exclaimed the Chancellor, "if you keep them long enough."

## GOLDEN RULES FOR THE GUIDANCE OF THE GREEN.

If you have a rich aunt who is fond of tracts and tea, there is no necessity for your talking to her about billiards and brandy and water.

Should you be talking to a thin, elderly, unmarried lady, of another thin, elderly, unmarried lady, you needn't describe the party alluded to as a "scraggy old maid."

If you require a person to become security for you, don't ask the man who promised he would do anything for you when he knew that you didn't want anything done.

If you happen to know an author, don't own it; one-half of the world won't believe you; and the other half won't think much of it if they do.

Don't say you never take suppers, excepting where you know they never give any.

If you don't know what everybody else knows, you had better hold your tongue; and if you know something that everybody else knows, you had better hold your tongue too.

If you intend to do a good thing, don't change your mind; and if you possess a five-pound note, don't change that.

These and a few other golden rules, which we don't exactly remember, should be learned by heart, as they will prevent you appearing green, and other people looking blue.

## AMERICAN EDITORIAL CIVILITIES.

The editor of the *Alabama Flag* recently asked, "Why is the editor of the *Louisville Journal's* career through life like a celebrated tune? Because it is the rogue's march."—Prentice, the editor referred to, loaded his piece, and, taking aim, let the *Flag* man have it right in the teeth after the following manner:—"Why will the editor of the *Flag*, at the close of his career through life, be like a tune of Paganini's? Because he will be executed on a single string."

## SARCASTIC.

"A tinpenny, your honor," exclaimed a sturdy beggar, at a stage coach door in Ireland, to a Scotchman with fiery ringlets, but who was quite insensible to the appeal; "a fipenny, your honour; a fipenny, or a penny, or a half-penny, plaze ye."—Finding the Scot inexorable, the beggar altered his tone, and said—"Will your honour please to *lend* me a lock of your hair to light my pipe with?"

## A FAMISHED JUDGE.

Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, at a large dinner party at the Chancellor's, was seated next to the Countess Lieven, a lady in that age of considerable fashion, but of very lean proportions, and much remarked upon for displaying to an unnecessary degree a neck not lovely to look upon. By some accident the Chief Justice remained unserved, his fair neighbour meanwhile being busy. The host, seeing at last the plight of the hungry and discontented judge, recommended to him some particular dish. "I wish I could get some," growled Ellenborough, casting a savage glance at the angular bust bending over the table at his side, "for I have had nothing before me this quarter of an hour but a raw bladebone."

## A CURE FOR THE TROUBLESOME.

A well-known physician, in a certain town, was very much annoyed by an old lady, who was always sure to accost him in the street for the purpose of telling over her ailments. Once she met him as he was in a very great hurry. "Ah, I see you are quite feeble," said the doctor; "shut your eyes and show me your tongue," and the doctor, quietly moving off, left her standing there for some time in this ridiculous position, to the infinite amusement of all who witnessed the scene.

## NEW NAME FOR A PIE.

"Pie or pudding, sir?" said a waiter to one of the guests at an hotel, during the spring season. "What kind of pie have you?"—"Rhubarb," said the waiter, as he started. "Hold on," said the stranger, "never mind it. I always take my medicine in the morning."

## COMFORT.

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

## A HINT.

The Rev. Mr. Johnston was one of those rough but quaint preachers of the former generation who were fond of visiting and good living. While seated at the table of a good lady in a neighbouring parish, she asked him if he took milk in his tea. "Yes, ma'am, *when I can't get cream,*" was the ready reply.

## A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

A Dutchman, the other day reading an account of a meeting, came to the words, "the meeting then dissolved." He could not define the meaning of the latter, so he referred to his dictionary, and felt satisfied. In a few minutes a friend came in, when Honty said, "Dey must hav werry hot wedder dere in New York. I ret an agount of a meeting vere all de peoples hab melted away."

## STOP THE TRAIN.

A week or two ago a traveller on the Aberdeen Railway, in popping out his head at one of the carriage windows, got his hat carried off by the wind. "Stop, stop, guard," cried he, "stop the train till I get my hat, or I shall die with cold."—"You had better not," replied the guard, "for recollect that at present you are travelling at the rate of 1d. per mile, and if you die you will be charged 1s."—the latter sum being the rate for corpses.

## A BRISK PLACE.

There is a good anecdote told of the little town of Portland, Indiana. While a certain steam-boat was about "putting out" from there not long since, for New Orleans, the mate, an old boatman, turned to some passengers, and remarked :—"This little town, gentlemen, looks dull, but I tell you it is perhaps a mighty brisk place. About fifteen years ago, as I was going down with a flat-boat to New Orleans, we stopped here to procure some provisions. I went up into the town, and, seeing a coat hanging out of a shop door, just took it. The owner came after me, took me before a magistrate; I was tried, convicted, took thirty-nine lashes, and was back to the boat in fifteen minutes! I tell you gentlemen, a mighty brisk little place is that same Portland."

## SLEEPING ON SUNDAY.

A minister of the Kirk, in good old Scotland, once discovered his wife fallen asleep in the midst of his homily on the Sabbath. So, pausing in the steady, and possibly somewhat monotonous flow of his oratory, he broke forth with this personal address, sharp and clear, but very deliberate: "Susan!" Susan opened her eyes and ears in a twinkle, as did all other dreamers in the house, whether asleep or awake. "Susan, I dinna marry ye for your wealth, sin' ye hae'd none! And I dinna marry ye for your beauty, that the hail congregation can see. And if ye hae no grace, I have made but a sair bargain!" Susan's slumbers were effectually broken up for that day.

## AN INGENIOUS RIDDLE.

"It was done when it was begun; it was done when it was half-done; and yet it wasn't done when it was finished. Now what is it?" Of course you can't guess. Will this do?

*"Timothy Johnstone courts Susannah Dunn."*

It was Dunn when it was begun; it was Dunn when it was half-done; and yet it wasn't Dunn when it was done—for it was *Johnstone*.

## THE COMEKISSMES.

Many persons may possibly be unacquainted with the technical or trade name of the newly invented article which the ladies are now in the habit of wearing on the back of their heads in lieu of their discarded bonnets. The invoice name—Comekissme—is pretty, pronounceable, appropriate, expressive, and pleasingly contrasts with the unintelligible jargon, in the shape of names, with which many of our dealers in fancy dress, perfumery, and other articles, too frequently delight to honour their commodities.

## EXTRACTS FROM PUNCH'S ALMANACK.

"Don't touch me, or I'll scream!" as the engine-whistle said to the stoker.

When is the soup likely to run out of the saucepan?—When there's a leak in it.

Why should people who wish to lead peaceable lives never go to evening parties?—Because hops produce great bitterness.

TURKEY'S REAL DANGER.—Christmas time.

HAMLET'S ADVICE TO LADIES.—"Put your bonnet to its right use; 'tis for the head"—and not for the poll.

AN INSOLENT LACKEY.—Steam is a servant that occasionally blows up its master.

A DELICATE FEMALE.—A good cook deserves this appellation. She is always doing nice things, and is accustomed to mince matters.

THE DOCTOR AND THE DANCING-MASTER.—One practises the healing art and the other the toeing art.

REMARKABLE DREAM.—An inveterate punster having fallen asleep, dreamt that Mr. Hobbs had picked Teddington Lock.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BRIBERY.—It is with the votes of men as with their actions; it all depends upon the way in which you treat them.

NATURAL HISTORY FOR BOARDING SCHOOLS.—A young lady who had heard that there were cygnets in the Thames, went up to Richmond in a steamer, expecting to see some seals.

THE BLINDNESS OF FORTUNE.—It is just as well that Fortune is blind, for if she could only see some of the worthless persons on whom she showers her most valuable gifts, she would immediately scratch her eyes out.

A THING NEVER SEEN.—A man does not grieve so much over the loss of his hair; he will even dis-

pense with the services of a wig; but you never saw a woman yet appear in society with a bald head.

CHINESE SAYINGS.—A drunkard's nose is said to be "a lighthouse, warning us of the little water that passes underneath."

If a man is fond of dabbling in law, they say "he bathes in a sea of sharks."

THE WATCHMAKER'S VICE.—Did you ever find your watch repaired on the day by which you were promised it should be? Not you; and the reason is that watchmakers, by the nature of their business, acquire a familiarity with time which doth breed a contempt for it.

HOW TO HOAX PUNCH.—Pay threepence a-week, and you may take *Punch* in.

#### AN IRISH WIDDER.

Last week two medical officers were called upon to view the condition of some Irish habitations, situated at the bottom of Westgate, Leeds. One of the medical men asked the mistress of one of the houses, "Why don't you keep it cleaner?" The reply made by the woman was, that she was a "poor widow, and could not afford it."—"How long have you been a widow?" quoth the doctor.—"Suro enough, yer honour, for three years."—"Of what complaint did your husband die?" said the man of physic.—"Och, he never died at all; he's run away with another woman."

#### BAD CASE.

A Dutchman related a misfortune which befell his son, in the following manner:—"Poor Hans! he bit himself mit a rattlesnake, and vas sick into his ped speechless for six weeks in te munt of August—and all his cry vas, 'Vater! vater!' and he couldn't eat noting except a leetle tea."

#### ADVANTAGES OF A PROFESSIONAL EDUCATION.

"Doctor," said an old lady, the other day, to her family physician, "kin ye tell me how it is that some folks is born dumb?"—"Why, hem! certainly, madam," replied the old doctor; "it is owing to the fact that they came into the world without the power of speech!"—"La, me!" remarked the old lady; "now jest see what it is to have a physick education. I've axed my old man more nor a hundred times that ar same thing, and all that I could ever get out of him was, *kase they is.*"

#### A GOOD JUDGE.

"What a lovely woman!" was the exclamation of Lord Chancellor Eldon, upon passing a first-class beauty, when pacing up and down Westminster Hall with his friend the Master of the Rolls, previous to the opening of their respective Courts. "What an excellent Judge!" said the lady, when her sensitive ear caught the flattering decree of the Lord High Chancellor of England.

#### NEW NATIONAL MOTTO.

"England expects every man to pay his duty."

#### GHOSTS.

"Ghosts, be hanged!" said Tom Hood. No such things in nature. All laid long ago, before the wood pavement. What should they come for? The colliers may rise for higher wages, and the Chartists may rise for reform, and Joseph Sturge may rise for his health, and bread may rise, and the rising generation may rise; but that the dead should rise only to make one's hair rise, is more than I can believe. Suppose yourself a ghost. Well, if you come out of your grave to a friend, how are you to help him? And if it's an enemy, what's the use of appearing to him, if you can't pitch into him?"



## TIT FOR TAT.

At an hotel, a short time since, a girl inquired of a gentleman at the table if his cup was out.—“No,” said he, “but my coffee is.”—The poor girl was considerably confused, but determined to pay him in his own coin.—While at dinner the stage drove up, and several coming in, the gentleman asked, “Does the stage dine here?”—“No, sir,” exclaimed the girl, in a sarcastic tone, “but the passengers do.”

## A BAD PRINCIPLE IN A GOOD CAUSE.

A few years ago, when teetotalism was drying distilleries faster than ever drunkenness did, and when temperance lectures were casting alcoholic spirits out of *swine* in all directions, one of these exorcists, labouring in season and out of season, encountered a shrewd north-country mechanic, who had just taken his seat by the former on her Majesty's mail. The ordinary logic of blue-ruin and forthcoming rags was plied by the teetotaller, evidently in vain; when, collecting all his force for a crowning effort, he observed—“We lay it down as a principle, that even the brute beasts, destitute as they are of reason and conscience, will take nothing in excess, or which is detrimental to their constitution.” “I beg your pardon,” replied the mechanic, “but I cannot help thinking that you are somewhat unfortunate in your premises, for I am just on the way to purchase a cow to replace one of mine which split herself upon clover yesterday.” The bitter cup overpowered the reason of the teetotaller.

## PRECAUTION.

Somebody says of Madame de Genlis, that she re-proved her librarian for placing works written by male and female authors upon the same shelf. “Never do it,” said she, “without putting a prayer-book between them.”

## A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

When Socrates was asked whether it was better for a man to marry or remain single, he made answer, "Let him take which course he will, he will repent of it." The reply is similar to that of the youth, who, being asked which out of two very bad roads to a certain place was the least bad, cried out, "Take either, and before you get half way you will wish that you had taken the other."

## SCENE.

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

## THE PRICE OF LUXURY.

A friend from childhood of Marshal Lefevre, Duke of Dantzic, who had not run so brilliant a career as himself, came to see him at Paris. The Marshal received him warmly, and lodged him in his hotel, when the friend could not cease his exclamations upon the richness of the furniture, the beauty of the apartments, and the goodness of the table, always adding, "Oh! how happy you are!" "I see you are envious of what I have," said the Marshal; "well you shall have these things at a better bargain than I had; come into the garden; I'll fire at you with a gun twenty times at thirty paces, and, if I don't kill you, all shall be your own. "What!" exclaimed the Marshal, observing that his friend was about to stammer out an excuse, "do you decline? Very well; recollect, then, that I had been shot at more than a thousand times, and much nearer, before I arrived where you find me."

## A GOOD APPETITE.

It was a common practice with Haydn to order a dinner for five or six, and then eat the whole himself. He once ordered such a dinner to be ready by a stated hour, at which time he alone appeared, and ordered the repast to be served. "But where is the company?" respectfully inquired the head waiter.—"Oh!" exclaimed Haydn, "*I am de gompany!*"

## AN INDEFINITE QUANTITY.

At West Hartlepool, the other day, when a milk-boy called upon one of his customers, the good dame, believing his commodity to be, like Cardinal Wolsey, of a mixed character, asked him, "How much water does your mistress think proper to put in our two quarts of milk, sirrah?"—"I'm sure," replied the rogue, "I don't know; neither does she, for she just blashes't in.—Come up!" he cried to his steed, and with a whistle drove unconcernedly on, the old lady looking after him in mute amazement.

## CURE FOR THE GOUT.

The following "cure for the gout" is taken from an old work:—*First.* The person must pick a handkerchief from the pocket of a maid of fifty years, who has never had a wish to change her condition. *Second.* He must wash it in an honest miller's pond. *Third.* He must dry it on a parson's hedge who was never covetous. *Fourth.* He must send it to a doctor's shop who never killed a patient. *Fifth.* He must mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client. *Sixth.* Apply it to the part affected, and a cure will speedily follow.

## WARNING TO INTRIGUING MOTHERS.

Beware of getting your fingers burnt while endeavouring to obtain good matches for your daughters.

## BLUNT ANSWER.

When Abernethy was canvassing for the office of surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, he called upon a rich grocer. The great man, addressing him, said, "I suppose sir, you want my vote and interest at this momentous epoch of your life?"—"No, I don't," said Abernethy. "I want a pennyworth of figs; come, look sharp and wrap them up. I want to be off!"

## HUMBUG.

An instance of the use of the term "humbug," occurred in a court of justice. A female, in giving her evidence, repeatedly used this term. In her severe cross-examination, the counsel (a very plain if not an ugly person), observed she had frequently used the term humbug, and desired to know what she meant by it, and to have an explanation; to which she replied, "Why, sir, if I was to say you were a very handsome man, would you not think I was humbugging you?" The counsel sat down perfectly satisfied.

## THE BLACKEST INGRATITUDE.

A sweep refusing to go up his master's chimney.

## A MIRACLE.

A priest in extreme poverty resolved to get credit for a miracle. He put the yolks of several eggs into a hollow cane, and stopped the end with butter—then walking into an ale-house, he begged to fry a single egg for dinner. The smallness of the repast excited curiosity, and they gave him a morsel of lard. He stirred the lard with his cane, and, to the wonder of the surrounding peasants, produced a handsome omelet. This miracle established his fame—he made omelets, and grew rich by his ingenuity.

### HAINES AND THE BAILIFFS.

One morning Haines, the comic actor, was seized by a couple of bailiffs in an action for a debt of £20, as the Bishop of Ely was passing by in his coach. Quoth Joe to the hailiffs, "Gentlemen, here's my cousin the Bishop of Ely, going to his house; let me but speak to him, and he will pay the debt and charges." The hailiffs thought they might venture that, as they were within three or four yards of him. So up goes Joe to the coach, and pulling off his hat, got close to it. The hishop ordered the coach to stop, whilst Joe (close to his ear) said softly, "My lord, here are two poor men who have such great scruples of conscience, that I fear they'll hang themselves."—"Very well," said the bishop; so calling the two bailiffs, he said, "You two men come to me to-morrow morning, and I'll satisfy you." The men bowed and went away. Joe, hugging himself with his fallacious device, also went his way. In the morning the bailiffs, expecting the debt and charges, repaired to the hishop's, when being introduced, "Well," said the hishop, "what are your scruples of conscience?"—"Scruples!" said the hailiffs, "we have no scruples. We are hailiffs, my lord, who yesterday arrested Joe Haines for £20. Your lordship promised to satisfy us to-day, and we hope your lordship will be as good as your word." The worthy hishop, reflecting that his honour and name would be exposed if he complied not, paid the debt and charges.

### SERVICE IN AUSTRALIA.

A young servant girl, previous to going into service, and after ascertaining very particularly what amount of work there was to be done, wanted to know before she could accept the situation, whether "her mistress was prepared to make herself generally useful."

## LUDICROUS MISTAKE.

A Frenchman, newly arrived in London, impatient to see the town, but fearful of not finding his way back to his hotel, carefully copied upon a card the name painted on the wall at the corner of the street in which he was situated. This done, he felt himself safe, and set out for a ramble, much upon the principle vulgarly known as "following one's nose." The whole day long he strolled and stared to his heart's content; wearied at last he jumped into a cab, and with the easy confident air of a man who feels perfectly at home, he read from the card he had prudently preserved, the name of the street he dwelt in. The cabman grinned horribly. "This English pronunciation is sadly difficult," said the Frenchman to himself; "he does not understand me." And he placed the card before the man's eye. Cabby grinned more than ever, gazed in his fare's astonished face, and ended by sticking his hands in his pockets, and roaring with laughter. Indignation on the part of the foreigner; he appealed to the passers-by, who gravely listened to him at first, but upon beholding his card, joined one and all in chorus with the coachman. The Frenchman now got furious, swore, stamped, gesticulated like a candidate for Bedlam. He went so far as to threaten the laughers; a crowd assembled; everybody sympathized with him till they learned the circumstances of the case, when they forthwith joined in the infectious hilarity. Up came the police, those guardian angels of bewildered foreigners in London's labyrinth. The aggrieved Gaul felt sure of sympathy, succour, and revenge. He was never more mistaken. The gentlemen in blue roared with the rest. They evidently could not help it. Compunction mingled with their mirth, but they, nevertheless, guffawed exceedingly. To what extremities the desperate

Frenchman might have proceeded it is impossible to say, had not a gentleman acquainted with the language appeared upon the scene. He too laughed violently on beholding the card, and when he had spoken a few words to the Frenchman, the Frenchman laughed likewise, which was a signal for a recommencement of the general hilarity. The address, so carefully copied by the foreigner at the corner of his street, was the following:—"Commit no nuisance."

#### A LIKENESS.

A Scotch woman, when on her way to Glasgow, met two young sailors, one of whom abruptly accosted her—"How are you, good woman? How have you been this long time?" Looking with surprise at the young man, whom she did not remember to have before seen, she said, "I canna say I ken you, sir,"—"Not know me, old woman, I am the devil's sister's son."—"Are ye the devil's sister's son? hech, when I take a better look of you, mon, but you are like your uncle!"

#### CORROBORATION.

A mayor of one of the Communes in France lately made the following entry upon his register:—"I, mayor of —, found yesterday, in the forest of —, a man by the name of Rollin, committing an act against the laws. I commanded him to surrender, whereupon he set upon me, heaped me with insult and contumely, calling me a ragamuffin, an ass, and a precious dolt and a scarecrow—all of which I certify to be true."

#### BAD EXAMPLE.

A dandy, with a cigar in his mouth, entered a menagerio, when the proprietor requested him to take the weed from his mouth, lest he should teach the other monkeys bad habits.

#### A CANDID WITNESS.

In the examination of an Irish case, for assault and battery, counsel, on cross-examining one of the witnesses, asked him what they had at the first place they stopped? He answered, "Four glasses of ale." "What next?"—"Two glasses of wine." "What next?"—"One glass of brandy." "What next?"—"A fight, of course."

#### A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

During his residence at Oxford, a student, proud of his logical acquirements, was solicitous of a private disputation with the renowned Henderson; some mutual friends introduced him, and having chosen his subject, they conversed for some time with equal candour and moderation; but at length Henderson's antagonist, perceiving his confusion inevitable, in the height of passion, threw a glass of wine in John Henderson's face. The latter, without altering his features, or changing his position, gently wiped his face, and then coolly replied, "This, sir, is a digression! now for the argument."

#### PUNNING.

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

#### A ROUGH CUSTOMER.

Talking of Sir David Baird, his roughness, &c., his mother said, when she heard of his being taken prisoner at Seringapatam, and of the prisoners being chained together, two and two, "God help the man that's tied to my Davie!"



## A MANŒUVRE.

Admiral Napier used frequently, at his country residence near Portsmouth, to be annoyed by nightly depredations on his poultry-yard, and made use of the following curious expedient to intimidate those who took such liberties with his ducks and geese. He killed a pig, and at night, after everybody had retired to bed, he took the blood in a basin, and sprinkled it across the yard and on the palings which formed the boundary of it; then returning to the house and undressing, he gave the alarm that he heard somebody about the premises, and, seizing a pistol ran out, and after crying out, "Stop, or I'll shoot you, by Jupiter!" he let fly, and the person who was in the secret, and was concealed on the other side of the fence, immediately roared out most lustily, and taking a circuit, returned unperceived to the house, all the inmates of which were by this time on the move; a lantern was procured, the track of blood was followed to the extremity of the yard, and all were astonished at the quantity the thief must have lost in crossing the palings over which he escaped, at least mortally wounded. This story, of course, got wind, and so far produced the desired effect, that the admiral's poultry have never been disturbed by their former nightly visitors.

## "TOUCH ME HONOUR, TOUCH ME LIFE."

The porter of a Dublin grocer was brought by his master before a magistrate, on a charge of stealing chocolate, which he could not deny. Upon being asked to whom he sold it, the pride of Patrick was greatly wounded. "To whom did I sell it?" says Pat, "why, does he think I took it to sell?"—"Then, sir," says the magistrate, "what did you do with it?"—"Do widge it! Since you must know," said he, "we made *tay* of it."

#### A NEW DODGE.

A curious circumstance occurred the other day, which places the dexterity of the members of the swell mob in rather a striking light. A female, of very ladylike and pleasing manners, called at the establishment of one of the first hairdressers in Glasgow, and after a little conversation, requested to know if they shaved gentlemen's heads. An answer being given in the affirmative, she proceeded to state that she had a brother, a young man of a rather facile mind, and that their medical man had thought it advisable that his head should be shaved; that he was troubled with strange hallucinations—such as that he belonged to and was a member of a large drapery establishment in town, giving the name, and so on. After a little more conversation in the same strain, she said she would bring her brother next day, and that he (the hairdresser) was to have two men ready in waiting, so as to forcibly shave his head, and that they were to pay no attention to his protestations of being a member of the great firm she had mentioned. Having succeeded so far in blinding the worthy hairdresser, who promised to have everything in readiness, she took her leave. Next day she called at the drapery establishment above alluded to, and bought a considerable quantity of silk goods, and stated that if they would send one of their young men along with her to a particular address, they would get paid. The lady and the young man with the goods then left in a cab, and when opposite the hairdresser's establishment she told her companion that if he would go along with her, she would get as much money as would make the amount of the bill. The unsuspecting youth went in, and was met by the perfumer in the most bland manner, who requested him to walk up stairs, which he did, not doubting but that he was to receive payment of the

hill. No sooner, however, had the unfortunate wight entered the room than he was pounced upon, and, despite all his protestations that he belonged to such and such an establishment, which, of course, were put down to his unfortunate state of mind, he was speedily denuded of his tresses. The lady, who had in the meantime been looking on with great coolness, now said, as she was afraid that her presence only caused greater excitement to her unfortunate brother, she would leave and return in a short time. She decamped accordingly, goods and all, and has not since been heard of. We leave our readers to imagine the *dénouement*.

#### A LOVER'S OBEDIENCE.

Beautifully gorgeous was the sunset sky. The last notes of the summer birds fell upon the ear as they retired to their resting places in the green forest, and everything whispered of love, as I stood with my love in a beautiful garden, regaled with the odour of a thousand flowers. Gently I drew my arms around her delicate waist, and was about to imprint a kiss upon her lips; when she looked me saucily in the eyes, and, with a smile upon her countenance, she said, "Don't," and I *dented*.

#### ENCOURAGEMENT.

The late Mr. Bush used to tell this story of a brother barrister. "As the coach was about starting before breakfast, the modest limb of the law approached the landlady, a pretty quakeress, who was near the fire, and said he could not think of going without giving her a kiss. "Friend," said she, "thee must not do it."—"Oh, hy heavens, I will!" replied the harrister. "Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, thee may do it, but thee must not make a practice of it."

## A CHAMPION OF TODDY.

A speaker at an anti-teetotal meeting, held at New York about three weeks since, showed almost as much enthusiasm as a teetotal lecturer himself:—"Now," he said, I have some knowledge of crime myself—(*laughter*)—having mixed up with those who have been mixed up with it for a long time. Now, you cannot point me out a prominent criminal that ever lived, who was an intemperate man. Look to your George Howells, and your Jack Roches, and your Slappays, and your English Dick. Do you see these men attached to liquor? No sir-ree. (*Great laughter and loud applause.*) Look at your burglars, and railway thieves—your Jim Webb, and your other famous criminals in your state prison. Are they intemperate men? (*A wag from the gallery bawls out, "No, sir-ree," roars of laughter.*) Therefore I say that when a public officer undertakes to stamp all the crime that belongs to this city, and to lay it on the head of intemperance, he stabs this city in its most tender point. (*Laughter and applause.*) I ask if ever you knew a great genius who didn't take a little toddy? You cannot tell any man that ever presented a rich thought in poetry, philosophy, science, or religion—(*roars of laughter*)—who didn't take his toddy."

## A CUT.

Moore, in his *Diary*, mentions an anecdote told by Croker, as one of the happiest things he ever heard. Fenelon, who had often teased Richelieu (and ineffectually, it seems) for subscriptions to charitable undertakings, was one day telling him that he had just seen his picture. "And did you ask it for a subscription?" said Richelieu, sneeringly.—"No, I saw there was no chance," replied the other, "it was so like you."

## HARD HIT.

The *New York Freeman's Journal*, in announcing the election of Mr. Peter Dawson, the Democratic Member to the Assembly for the Twelfth district, says—"We congratulate Mr. Dawson on his election, though we thereby lose a most reliable and excellent carrier of our paper."

## IMITATION SNORING.

My uncle P——was an awful snorer; he could be heard farther than a blacksmith's forge; but my aunt became so accustomed to it that it soothed her repose. They were a domestic couple—never slept apart for many years. At length my uncle was required to attend the assizes some miles distant. The first night after his departure my aunt never slept a wink; she missed the snoring. The second night passed away in the same way, without sleep. She was getting into a very bad way, and probably would have died, had it not been for the ingenuity of a servant girl, who took the old coffee-mill into my aunt's chamber, and put her to sleep at once.

## A JUDGMENT.

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

## PLEASANT.

Going to "meet her by moonlight," and after waiting for two hours, to find yourself still "alone."

## A SHORT SERMON BY A QUAKERESS.

"Dear Friends, there are three great things I greatly wonder at. The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones, clubs, and brick-bats into fruit trees to knock down fruit; if they would let it alone, it would fall itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish, and even so wicked, as to go to war and kill each other; if let alone, they would die themselves. And the third and last thing which I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after young women, since, if they would stay at home, the young women would come after them."

## AN INSINUATION.

The captain of a merchant vessel unloading at Constantinople feared to leave part of his cargo exposed during the night.—"It will not rain," said a Mussulman.—"But some one may steal them!"—"Oh, never fear," replied the Turk, "there is not a Christian within seven miles."

## THE NEEDLEWOMAN'S HISTORY.

"They come like shadows, *sciz*, depart."

## A TRAP FOR A TROUBLESOME TONGUE.

Sheridan was one day much annoyed by a fellow-member of the House of Commons, who kept crying out every few minutes, "Hear! hear!" During the debate he took occasion to describe a political contemporary that wished to play rogue, but had only sense enough to act fool. "Where," exclaimed he, with great emphasis, "where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than he?"—"Hear! hear!" was shouted by the troublesome member. Sheridan turned round, and, thanking him for the prompt information, sat down amid a general roar of laughter.

### DRYDEN AND DORSET.

Dryden, who was notoriously poor, was one evening in company with the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Dorset, and some other noblemen of wit and genius. It happened that the conversation, which was literary, turned on the art of composition, and elegance of style; and after some debate it was agreed that each party should write something on whatever subject seemed to strike his imagination, and place it under the candlestick for Mr. Dryden's judgment. Most of the company took uncommon pains to outdo each other, while Lord Dorset, with much composure wrote two or three lines, and carelessly threw them to the place agreed on. The rest having finished, the arbiter opened the leaves of their destiny. In going through the whole, he discovered strong marks of pleasure and satisfaction; but at one in particular he seemed in raptures. "I must acknowledge," says Dryden, "that there are abundance of fine things in my hands, and such as do honour to the personages who wrote them; but I am under an indispensable necessity of giving the highest preference to my Lord Dorset. I must request that your lordships will hear it, and I believe all will be satisfied with my judgment:—"I promise to pay John Dryden, or order, on demand, the sum of five hundred pounds. Dorset."

### THE SEVEN SENSES.

A schoolmaster, not a hundred miles from Presteign, was one day questioning a class, and amongst others, asked how many senses there were. "Seven, sir," said a little fellow with great confidence, drawing himself up to his topmost height.—"Prove it," said the master.—"Well, taste is *one*; feeling, *two*; smelling, *three*; two ears, *five*; and two eyes make *seven*!"

## A YANKEE SELL.

I was quite amused a short time since at the following incident, which took place in a down town shipping office:—The conversation was on betting, each person in turn relating some one operation of the kind that he had been engaged in. Finally it came to Captain Jack, who opened by saying, "That he never had made a bet of any consequence, or did not recollect one just now,"—but would bet any one in the room five dollars that he would poke that hat (pointing to one) through a ring which he had on his first finger, and not injure the hat. "That can't be did, nohow!" said some one in the room. "Will you bet?" asked the Captain. "I don't care if I do," said Number 2, his eyes glistening in the prospect of making five dollars on such a "sure thing," as he termed it. The money was deposited, and all hands gathered around to see some one "did brown." Captain Jack slowly takes off the ring, and passes it round to show that all is fair. Every one is satisfied. Then he deliberately wipes and polishes the inside, and announces that he is ready. Number 2 advances to the "pile," to be in readiness. Now the Captain holds the ring between his fore finger and thumb, and marches towards the hat, holding the ring an inch from it; he ran his small finger through the ring, which struck the hat and won him the bet, as he had "poked the hat through the ring!" All turned to see how Number 2 enjoyed it, but the tails of a coat disappearing through the doorway, told the story.

## A NEW REASON FOR MATRIMONY.

An old toper was overheard the other day advising a young man to get married, "because then, my boy, you'll have sombody to pull off your boots when you go home drunk."



## CANDID.

"You have visited my daughter a long time," said an anxious mother to a young gentleman of our acquaintance, the other day. "What are your intentions, sir?" "Honourable—entirely so!" said the gentleman. "I intend backing out, as the coachmen say!"

## TAKING IT DIFFERENTLY.

An indifferent actor, boring Garrick one day about his own acting of a part, said—"I think I struck out some beauties in it." "I think," said Garrick, "you *struck out all* the beauties in it!"

## A BACKSLIDER.

Married, on Thursday, the 23rd ult., by the Rev. Clay Boulder, Mr. Andrew Horn to Miss Julia Parker, President of the Young Ladies' Temperance Society.

Fair Julia lived a temperate maid,  
Preached temperance ditties night and morn;  
But still her wicked neighbours said  
She broke her pledge and took A. Horn.

## PARENTAL AFFECTION.

A western editor was requested by his wife to pen a few lines upon their two children, as they lay sleeping in their little bed in the nursery. The ready-witted bard instantaneously delivered himself of the following effusion:—

Our two little children are sleeping here snugly;  
Neither is beautiful, and neither is ugly.

## PALMERSTON'S STYLE.

The following is an admirable specimen of Lord Palmerston's curt way of transacting official business; they are the instructions given to a Foreign Office clerk for answering a letter:—"Tell him, 1, we'll see; 2, to use blacker ink; 3, to round his letters; and 4, that there is no *h* in exorbitant."

## A DRY RUB.

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

## AN IRISHMAN'S MARK.

An order had been issued to the army at Varna to mark every horse with the initials and regiment of the owner. Horses will break loose and stray, and without this precaution it was hardly to be expected that they would easily be identified by their owners. One Irishman had marked his horse "B. R.," which he intended to stand for "British Army."

## SOLVING THE QUESTION.

There is a great deal of latent intelligence in the world, which only needs a little awakening to be fully brought out. Witness the following colloquy:—"Annette, my dear, what country is opposite to us on the globe?"—"Don't know, sir."—"Well, now," continued the perplexed teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?"—"Out of the hole, sir!" replied the pupil, with an air of triumph at having solved the great question.

## A COMPARISON.

An Irish lawyer, famed for cross-examining, was, on one occasion, completely silenced by a horse-dealer. "Pray, Mr. —, do you belong to a very honest profession?"—"I can't say so," replied the witness, "for, saving you lawyers, I think it is the most dishonest going."

## A MINISTER'S RIGHT.

The Rev. Dr. Mason, of New York, passing up Broadway, stopped to read a theatrical placard which attracted his attention. Cooper, the tragedian, coming along, said to him, "Good morning, sir,—do ministers of the gospel read such things?"—"Why not, sir?" said the doctor, "ministers of the gospel have a right to know what the devil is about as well as other folks."

## TEACHERS.

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

## WHAT IS LOVE?

An American Johnson is ready with the definition :—"A prodigal desire on the part of a young man to pay some young woman's board."

## A PRESENT TO OUR ADMIRAL.

Mr. Fagan, to facilitate Sir Charles Napier's "operations" in the Baltic, sent him a case of razors. "It was not before they were wanted," says the grateful Admiral in reply, "as mine are none of the best. Every morning I shave I shall think of you and the good people of Sheffield."

## AWKWARD MISTAKE.

A fine stone church was lately built in Missouri, upon the *façade* of which a stone-cutter was ordered to cut the following, as an inscription :—"My house shall be called the house of prayer." He was referred, for accuracy, to the verse of Scripture in which these words occur; but, unfortunately, to the scandal of the society, he transcribed the whole verse,—"*My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves!*"

## AN IRISH MODE OF SERVING A WRIT.

Two or three days since an Irish gentleman, whose solicitor had vainly endeavoured to serve a writ on an ex-M.P. for an Irish borough, hit upon the following mode:—Having sealed a stone bottle with an imposing crest, and marked it “potheen,” he forwarded it by an intelligent lad of thirteen, who was previously well instructed, as a present from a friend in the west-end, with instructions to be delivered only to himself. The bait took. The old Irish follower who acts as duenna to Mr. —, as his guardian against the too captivating approaches of bailiffs, did not think there was anything to apprehend from a child, bearing a bottle of the “native.” The master was called and the present handed duly over. “There is a note, I believe, in the wrapper, sir,” observed the messenger, “perhaps it would require an answer.” The ex-M.P. undid the newspaper in which the present was folded, and took out an envelope. “There’s a writ in that, sir,” cried the youngster, “you’re served!” and bounding through the passage, was out of sight in an instant, while the ex-senator looked as if he was converted into a stone. Molly, with a wet dish-cloth, which she flung after the lad, foamed with rage at being made the involuntary instrument of such a ruse. But the unkind cut remained behind. Seeing her master quite out of sorts after dinner, she philosophically urged him to make the best use of a bad bargain, and take some of the “potheen,” opening the bottle for the purpose; but who can express her indignant amazement to find the contents were *agua pura*? She vented a volley of oaths, in mingled Celtic and Saxon, against the “hang-gallows gossoon” by whom she had been thus doubly deceived.

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