

ODDS AND ENDS,

OR, A

GROAT'S-WORTH OF FUN

FOR A PENNY.

Being a Collection of the best Jokes, Comic
Stories, Anecdotes, BonMots, &c.



The Piper who was carried away for dead during the Plague in
London, but revived before interment.—See p. 22.

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A

GROAT'S-WORTH OF FUN FOR A PENNY.

A SAILOR taking a walk in a field, observed a bull rapidly advancing towards him—'Helm-a lee, messmate,' he cried out at the top of his voice. The bull, however, probably not comprehending the injunction, speedily levelled his adviser with the ground. 'There, you stupid,' said the tar, as he raised himself, evidently more in sorrow than in anger, on his elbow, 'didn't I tell you you'd run foul of me.'

THE GREY ASS.—Shortly after the Battle of Waterloo, and while the Duke of Wellington was at the height of his popularity, the Boniface of a village inn somewhere in England, whose establishment flourished under the name of 'The Grey Ass,' resolved to add to the popularity of his house by substituting a painting of the *Great Captain*, for the one which had so long dangled above his door. So resolved, so done. A travelling artist was employed; the 'Grey Ass' was obliterated; and the Duke 'reigned in his stead.' Alas, however, for the uncertainty of human calculations; this event, to which he had looked

forward with the certainty of its increasing his business, and consequently his coffers, proved to our landlord a source of bitter vexation and disappointment;—a rival in the village had adopted his discarded sign, and as the country bumpkins were better acquainted with their old friend the Ass, than with his new successor, the consequence was that they followed their old acquaintance and left the Duke 'alone with his glory.' This was not to be borne; our landlord, having nothing else to do, put his brains to steep to devise some plan to counteract his fatal error; and the result of his cogitations appeared shortly after in an addition to his signboard, immediately under the figure of the Duke, on which was painted, in large letters, the significant intimation—'This is the Old Grey Ass.' Whether the exhibition of the Duke of Wellington, with such an addition to his titles, produced the desired effect, we have not learned.

A person desiring to be witty at the expense of a Jew whom he met, accosted him thus—'Tis a wonder, Isaac; that we never hear of the death of a Jew, or a Jack-ass; how does it happen, eh?' Well, mishter,' replied Isaac, 'I does'nt rightly know; but perhaps you and I will be the first in this neighbourhood.'

The following exquisite lines, the result of a true appreciation of the sublime and beautiful in nature, are copied from the Album kept at a small inn on the Banks of the Windermere, in Cumberland—

I never eats no meat,
Nor drinks no beer,
But sighs and ruminates
On Windermere.

Mr. Ogilvie, minister of the parish of Lunan, in the county of Forfar, had a great deal of eccentricity in his composition. One Sunday an old woman, who kept a public-house in the parish, with whom Mr. Ogilvie was well acquainted, fell asleep in the church during sermon—not an uncommon occurrence. Her neighbour kept jogging in order to awake her. Mr. Ogilvie observing this, cried out, ‘Let her alane, I’ll waken her mysel’, I’ll warrant ye.’—‘Phew! phew! (*whistling*) a bottle o’ ale an’ a dram, Janet’—‘Comin’ Sir.’ was instantly replied.—‘There now,’ says the minister, ‘I tald ye it wadna be lang afore that I waken’d her!’

AN OBEDIENT WIFE.—A Mr. P——n, of Dublin, was one morning boasting among his friends that he had the *best wife in the world*, and the reason he gave was, that *she did every thing that he bid her*. ‘By Jasus,’ said one of the party, ‘I’ll bet a dinner for the present party, that she will not boil a roasting pig.’ ‘Done,’ said the husband. To market a messenger was despatched to buy the pig, the company taking care that the husband should have no means of communication with home. The pig being brought, was sent to his house with this message, ‘that Mrs. P——n was to have the roasting pig boiled, and sent to a certain tavern in time for dinner!’ The messenger, on delivering the pig to cookee, was accosted with, ‘sure now, the master is mad!—boil a roasting pig!—By Jasus, I’ll not boil the pig! Sure and now you have made a big blunder! Boil a roasting pig, indeed! But, however, a pig is a pig, and I’ll take it to the mistress; and sure and now it is a big blunder! Boil a

roasting pig! Was ever such a matter as that?' At the hour appointed came the dish under a cover; and as cookee passed up the room to place it on the table, 'is the pig boiled or roasted?' whispered every body in his ear. Not a word spake cookee; but, on uncovering the dish, the roasting pig was boiled sure enough; and Mrs. P——n pronounced universally 'to be the most obedient wife in Dublin.'—(A true story, as Pat would say.)

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?' A. 'Patrimony.' 'What is patrimony?' A. 'Something left by a father.' 'What would you call it if left by a mother?' A. *Matrimony*.

What colours were the *winds* and *waves* the last tempest at sea? Answer—The winds *blew* and the waves *rose*.

A gentleman walking along Parliament-street, towards the Abbey, overtook a butcher who had a tray filled with sheeps' heads on his shoulder; the butcher was humming a tune, and his light-heartedness induced the gentleman to observe to him, that he had more brains than most men. 'Yes, Sir,' said the butcher, 'I am carrying them to the House of Lords.' 'Aye, aye,' said a bystander, they are very much wanted there.

Sir Isaac Newton was once riding over Salisbury plain, when a boy keeping sheep called to him, 'Sir, you had better make haste on, or you will get a wet jacket.' Newton, looking

round, and observing neither clouds nor a speck on the horizon, jogged on, taking very little notice of the rustic's information. He had made but a few miles, when a storm suddenly arising wetted him to the skin. Surprised at the circumstance, and determined, if possible, to ascertain how an ignorant boy had attained a precision and knowledge in the weather, of which the wisest philosophers would be proud, he immediately rode back, wet as he was. 'My lad,' said Newton, 'I'll give thee a guinea if thou wilt tell me how thou canst foretel the weather so truly.' 'Will ye, Sir? I will then,' said the boy, scratching his head, and holding out his hand for the guinea. 'Now, Sir,' having received the money, and pointed to his sheep, 'when you see that black ram turn his tail towards the wind, 'tis a sure sign of rain within an hour.' 'What! exclaimed the philosopher, 'must I, in order to foretel the weather, stay here and watch which way that black ram turns his tail?' 'Yes Sir.' Off rode Newton quite satisfied with his discovery, but not much inclined to avail himself of it or recommend it to others.

MILITARY MONŒUVRE.—A few days since a gallant and distinguished military officer, who, though unlike Falstaff in one respect, possesses among other characteristics of that celebrated person, his facetious disposition, and goodness of heart, was passing along Deansgate, when he observed a crowd surrounding a shop door, and inquired the cause. He was told that an unlucky urchin had just fractured a pane of glass, and that the shopkeeper was detaining him in pledge for the payment of the damage. 'How much is it?' inquired the son of Mars.—'Half-a-crown,' was

the answer.—‘Oh, is that all?’ rejoined the officer, and thereupon unbuttoned one of his breeches’ pockets which the unwitting shopkeeper considered as an indication that the money was forthcoming, and with this pleasing anticipation let off the boy, who was soon out of the way. The gallant tactician observing the success of his plan, and having now had his hand in his pocket a sufficient length of time, deliberately re-buttoned up his treasure, and with suitable *nonchalance* laughed and rode away, to the no small amusement of the spectators, who raised a loud shout at the painful expense of the disappointed tradesman.

Being in company, and the ‘Tuscan grape’ producing more riot than concord, Foote saw 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.

A lady, seeing her lover running in great haste to meet her, observed to him, that he must be in a very great hurry to run so fast. ‘Madam,’ replied the lover, ‘I was *following* my inclination.’

THE WEEPING WIDOW.

Lady B——, who, in public, bewails her dead spouse,

While in private, her thoughts on another are turning;

Reminds us of lighting a fire with green boughs,

Which weep at one end, while the other is burning.

: A Lord Lieutenant, going over to Ireland with his lady and family, was in his passage, overtaken

by so violent a storm, that the mariners themselves gave the vessel over for lost, and expected every minute that she would either founder or go ashore. At this juncture a sailor observing one of the menials standing pale with fear at the cabin door, came up to him, and asked him if ever he had *lain* with the duchess. 'No,' says the poor fellow, frightened at such waggery in such a dangerous time. 'Why then,' says the tar, 'you have that pleasure to come; for by G—, we shall *lie* with her grace in less than half an hour.' The duke, who overheard this, when the storm was abated, and the danger was over, sent the fellow a handsome present, and forgave him the impudence of the jest.

ACCOMMODATION.—The following curious notice was affixed to the residence of a gentleman, whose premises had suffered by some nightly depredators.—'Notice, those persons who have been in the habit of stealing my fence for a considerable time past, are respectfully informed, that if agreeable to them it will be more convenient to me if they steal my wood, and leave the fence for the present, and as it may be some little inconvenience getting over the paling, the gate is left open for their accommodation.'

ANONYMOUS BAPTISM.—The late Mr. M'Cubbin of Douglas, a most happy humourist, and who was seldom outwitted, had his gravity severely put to the test upon one occasion when officiating in a neighbouring congregation, by a rustic who was no less impudent than ignorant. After having administered the vows, and received the satisfactory nods, the clown reached up the child towards the pulpit to receive the initiatory sprinkling without either whispering the name or tendering *a line* to

that effect. The minister had for a considerable time bent his head, and inclined his head to no purpose; until at last his patience beginning to fail, he addressed the sponsor in rather a surly tone, 'Your child's name?' Not a syllable from the man! Mr. M'Cubbin repeated very audibly, 'Your child's name, Sir?' 'Ye've naething ado wi' that,' rejoined the fellow, 'gie ye't its water,' which the good man was obliged to do, to the no small merriment of the gaping congregation.

Daniel Purcel, the Hibernian punster, going along with a great mob of spectators assembled to see a culprit pass to his execution at Tyburn, asked a genteel person, who was standing in the crowd, what was the name of the fellow going to be hanged. He answered, 'One Vowel.' 'Ah!' said Purcel, 'Do you know which of them it is, for there are several of that name?' 'No,' returned the other, 'I do not.' 'Well,' said the wag, 'this however is certain, and I am very glad of it, that it is neither *U* nor *I*.'

When the Leith Docks were to be opened, old Gow's band was summoned to play some appropriate air, and Sir Walter Scott suggested 'Water parted from the sea.'

MILITARY ETIQUETTE.—During the late rebellion in Ireland, General Berresford (now Peer and Field-Marshal) commanded a district, and, upon one occasion, proceeded to inspect a country Corps of Yeomanry, drawn up for that purpose. On riding up to their front, instead of being received with 'presented arms,' he found the corps 'standing at ease.' The Captain hād, in fact, on first seeing the General, given the word 'attention,' to which no attention was paid— but,

pressed by the General's rapid approach, he proceeded to the next order of his formula, 'shoulder arms.' To add to his embarrassment, however, the arms moved not. The General, with his characteristic good-nature, suggested to the Commandant to speak in a louder tone, who, not a little indignant, repeated with a Stentorian voice, 'shoulder arms,' but all to no purpose; there stood the corps, dogged and motionless. Such a total apparent ignorance of the manual exercise, naturally excited the chagrin of the Captain, and the astonishment of the General, to whom the former only a few days before had been puffing off the discipline of his corps. At length, the General having intimated his intention of reporting the corps, was about to leave the field, when a Sergeant with his 'halbert recovered,' stepped in front of the ranks, and addressed the General in the following terms:—'Plase your honour, General; don't think the corpse does not know its exercise as well as any sojers in the land. There is not min in the country knows how to use their arms, aye and their legs, too, bitter than those afore you; but since you must know the thruth, Sir, the *min* and the Captain of late have not been on *spaking terms*.'

WHO AND HOO.—A little girl lately brought a volume to a Glasgow librarian, with the following message:—'John sent me wi' this book, and he wants the next ane.' 'And who is John,' questioned the man of books, to which the girl very readily answered, 'he's gettin better.'

A CERTIFICATE EASILY GOT.—As the late Mr G——, farmer at Duddingstone, once stood at his gate, an Irish lad came up to him and requested to be employed.

Mr. G.—Go away, sir, I will never employ any of your country again.

Irishman.—Why, your honour? sure we are good workers? God bless you, do give me a job.

Mr. G.—No, sir, I wont; for the last Irishman I employed died upon me, and I was forced to bury him at my own charge.

Irishman.—Ah! your honour, you need not fear that of me, for I can get you a certificate that I never died in the employment of any master I ever served.

There was no resisting. Poor Paddy got employed at once, and remained a faithful servant until his master's death.

A LAZY HORSE.—Some time ago, a jolly farmer from D—— went to Falkirk for 'sax furlots o' beans,' which he had trysted from a Carse farmer, near B——. After spending the day in dram-drinking and fun with his cronies, about the 'going down of the sun' he bethought himself of stepping home. The landlord of the S—— public house, with the assistance of his stable-boy, got the beans, and what was more difficult still, the 'gudeman himsel'' on horseback. So off Saunders got almost galloping. Unluckily, however, at a sharp turning of the road on his route, down came our hero, beans an' a'. The whisky (wae he till't) had so deranged his powers of perception, that he mounted his bean-sack instead of his mare, that was standing at some distance, no doubt well pleased to see her master belabouring the bean-sack instead of her own bony protuberances. At this moment up comes one of his neighbours, who had, like himself, staid too long in Falkirk, and seeing a man riding on a sack in the middle of the road, at that time of the night, made a solemn

pause. After listening a while, he began to conjecture who it was, and venturing a little nearer he exclaims,—‘ Preserve us, what are you doing here?’—‘ What an I doing here!’ says Saunders, ‘ I’ve been fechtin’ this twa hours wi’ that stupid mare o’ mine, and deil ae fit she’ll lift yet.’

MY SHIRT.

As *Bayes*, whose cup with poverty was dash’d,
Lay snug in bed, while his one shirt was wash’d;
The dame appeared, and holding it to view,
Said, ‘ If ’tis washed again, ’twill wash in two.’
‘ Indeed,’ cried *Bayes*; then wash it, pray, good
cousin,
And, wash it, if you can, into a dozen !”

A farmer who regularly attends Devizes market, some short time since, (finding the article unsaleable) gave another farmer 100 bushels of potatoes, which he was to send for, and on meeting there, the following dialogue took place:—‘ How did the ’taties turn out?’ ‘ Oh, main, good; I never eated better uns for the time o’ year, and they are pretty nigh gone.’ ‘ Well, thee may ha’ some more on um if thee likest.’ ‘ Why if I do, thee and me must ha’ a fresh agreement.’ ‘ Fresh agreement! why dint I gie thee the ’taties?’ ‘ Ah, but I can’t afford to ha’ ony more if thee don’t pay one of the pikes!’ The waggon had to pass two turnpike gates, the toll at one was 4d. and the other 4½d.

THE BANE AND ANTIDOTE.—The town bellman of Kirriemuir having received a written advertisement to that effect, proclaimed in the midst of the assembled multitude, on a fair day, in that ancient burgh of regality or barony, as follows:—‘ Notish—All persons driving their cattle through the lands of Logie, to or from the market, will be prosecuted

with the utmost rigour of law. And, immediately after, by way of sedative to the natives, exclaimed — ‘Ye needna mind a’ this, lads; it’s only a haver o’ the grievie’s!

A simple Highland girl, on her way home for the north, called, as she passed by Crieff, upon an old master with whom she had formerly served. Being kindly invited by him to share in the family dinner, and the usual ceremony of asking a blessing having been gone through, the poor girl, anxious to compliment, as she conceived, her ancient host, exclaimed, ‘Ah, master, ye maun hae a grand memory, for that’s the grace ye had when I was wi’ you seven years ago.’

A LAST CENTURY ANECDOTE.—Mr. Ross, Pitcalnie, an ingenious humourist, who spent his latter years chiefly in Edinburgh, was one night (about the year 1780) reeling home in a state of intoxication through St. Andrew-Square, when his fancy suggested to him the following amusing hoax upon Sir Lawrence Dundas. It occurred to his remembrance, on seeing Sir Lawrence’s fine house (now the office of the Royal Bank of Scotland), that that gentleman was then known to be engaged in the laudable business of prevailing upon the members of the town council of Edinburgh to elect him their representative in parliament, and that he had already secured the approbation of so many of these worthy trustees of the public interest that, but for one recusant deacon, he was certain of his election. It was known that Sir Lawrence had tried every possible means to bring over this dissentient voice, but hitherto without success; and there was some reason to apprehend that, after all the pains he had expended upon the

rest, the grand object would not eventually be accomplished. Pitcalnie bethought him to assume the name of the deacon, to enter the house of the candidate, call for what entertainment he pleased, and, finally, as Sir Lawrence was confined to bed with gout, to go away without being discovered. No sooner had he settled the plan in his own mind than he proceeded to put it in execution. Reeling up to the door he rung the bell with all the insolent violence which might have been expected from so consequential a person as the individual he wished to personate, and presently down came a half-dressed lacquey, breathing curses, not loud but deep, against the cause of this unseasonable annoyance. 'Tell your master,' said Pitcalnie, 'that Deacon —— (mentioning the name of the important elector) wishes to see him.' When the man went up, and told Sir Lawrence that Deacon —— had come drunk to the door, wishing to see him, the heart of the old gentleman leapt within him, and he instantly sent down his compliments to his respected visitor, begging him to excuse his non-appearance, which was only owing to extremity of illness, but entreating that he would enter, and in every respect use the house as his own. Pitcalnie grunted out an assent to the last part of the message, and, being shown into a room, began to call lustily about him. In the first place he ordered a specimen of Sir Lawrence's port, next of his sherry, then of his claret, and lastly of his champagne. When he had drunk as much as he could, and given a most unconscionable degree of trouble to the whole household, he staggered off, leaving it to Sir Lawrence to come, next day, to the best explanation he could with the deacon.

'If Britannia rules the waves,' said a qualmish

writing-master, going to Margate in a storni, 'I wish she'd rule them straighter.'

An Irishman having a looking glass in his hand, shut his eyes, and placed it before his face; another asking him why he did so, 'Upon my soul,' says Teague, 'it is to see how I look when I am asleep.'

A lady that had married a gentleman who was a tolerable poet, one day sitting alone with him, said, 'come my dear, you write upon other people — prithee, write something for me: let me see what epitaph you'll bestow on me when dead.' 'Oh! my dear,' replied he, 'that's a melancholy subject! don't think of it.' 'Nay, upon my life, you shall,' says she; 'come, I'll begin: *Here lies Bid.*' To which he answered, 'Ah! I wish she did.'

Mr. O'Connel, who is remarkable for the successful verdicts he obtains, having been lately robbed of his wardrobe, replied to a friend that was lamenting his loss, 'Never mind, my dear Sir; for surely as I have gained so many *suits*, I can afford to lose a few.'

The late Mr. Murray, who was of a very credulous disposition, was telling a very strange and improbable story, when he observed Fawcett cast a very doubtful eye. 'Zounds, Sir,' says he, 'I saw the thing happen.' 'If you did,' says Fawcett, 'I *must* believe it; but by —— I would not have believed it if I had seen it myself.'

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

Lady Carteret, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in Swift's time, said to him, 'the air of this country is good.' 'For God's sake, Madam,' said Swift, 'don't say so in England; if you do, they will certainly tax it.'

When Mr. Wilberforce was a candidate for Hull, his sister, an amiable and witty young lady, offered the compliment of a new gown to each of the wives of those freemen who voted for her brother, on which, she was saluted with a cry of 'Miss Wilberforce for ever!' when she pleasantly observed—'Thank you, gentlemen, but I cannot agree with you, for, really, I do not wish to be *Miss Wilberforce* for ever.'

An elderly man, from the Braes of Athol, who had never seen either a ship or sea in his life, once chanced to be crossing from Kinghorn to Leith on a very stormy day, and as the vessel heeled terribly, he ran to the cords and held down with his whole vigour, to keep her from upsetting. 'For te sake of our lhives, shentles, come and hold town!' cried he; 'or if you will nhot pe helping mhe, I'll lhet you all go to te bbottom in one mhoment. And you ploughman tere, cannot you kheep te howe of te furr, and no gang ower te crowa of te rhiggs awaw? Heich?' The steersman at this laughing aloud, the Highlander was irritated, and with one of the levers he ran and knocked him down. 'Nhow! laugh you nhow?' said he; 'and you weel deserve it all, for it was you who put her so mhad, kittling her thail with tat pin.'

There is but one instance known, in which King James II. made a reply of wit and humour. After King William had landed, it was announced

to James II.: 'Sire, such a great lord has left you, and has gone over to King William.' Prince George of Denmark, exclaimed, 'est il possible!' Again it was announced to James, that another great lord had gone over to William: 'est il possible!' again exclaimed Prince George: and so he did always—exclaiming, 'est il possible!' upon every new defection. At last, Prince George himself went over to William; and when his defection was announced to James II., 'What,' said the King, is '*est il possible*' gone to

A Highlander from the small isles, who had never been in a church, or heard a sermon in his life, came over to a sacrament on the mainland, and the service being in his native tongue, he paid great attention till the psalm was given out, for he had missed the first one. When the precentor fell a-bawling out, Donald could not comprehend that, and called to some to stop him; but how was he astounded, when the whole congregation fell a-gaping and bawling with all their energy! Donald, conceiving it altogether a fit of madness, of which the precentor was the primary cause, bustled up to him, and gave him a blow on the side of the head, till the book dropped from his hand. 'What do you mean, sir,' said the clerk. 'Humph! pe you taking tat,' said Donald; 'for you was te pekinner of tis tamn toohoe!

George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, meeting Mr. Colman at a convivial party, composed of the first wits of the day, gaily observed, that there were two George the Youngers in company. 'But,' continued his royal highness, 'I should like to know who is George the Youngest?' 'Oh!' replied Colman, very happily, 'I could

never have had the rudeness to come into the world before your royal highness.'

Foote and Carrick were at a tavern together, at the time when the gold coin was regulated. Foote taking out his purse to pay his reckoning, asked Carrick what he should do with a light guinea. 'Pshaw! it is worth nothing,' said Carrick; so fling it to the devil.' 'Well, David,' said Foote, 'you are an ingenious fellow, as I always thought you; ever contriving to make a guinea go *farther* than any other man.'

One day Bannister was obliged to take shelter from the rain in a comb-maker's shop, in Holborn, where an old man was at work. 'I am sorry,' said he, 'that a person of your time of life should suffer so much pain.' 'Pain! I have no pain, thank God!' said the man. 'surely you must,' said the wit, 'are you not cutting your teeth?'

Coming into a coffee-house one stormy night, Bannister said, 'I never saw such a wind in my life.' 'Saw a wind,' said a friend; 'pray what was it like?' 'Like,' answered Bannister, 'like to have blown my hat off.'

EPIGRAM.

'Is my wife out of spirits,' said Sir John, with a sigh;

(For he fear'd that a tempest was forming.)

'Quite out, sir, indeed,' said her maid in reply,

'She finished the *brandy* this morning.'

One day going to Holland House, by the Hammersmith stage, Rogers was mortified to find that by the delay of the coachman he had missed meeting with the noble proprietor. 'Why, bless my heart,' said he, looking at his watch, 'you

have been considerably more than an hour bringing me here! What do you call your coach?' 'The Regulator, Sir,' said the man. 'The Regulator!' replied Rogers; it is a very proper title—for all the other stage coaches go *by* it.'

A lady observing Mr. Jekyll directing some letters, one of which was addressed to 'Mr. ———, Solicitor;' and another to 'Mr. ———, Attorney;' inquired what was the difference between an attorney and a solicitor. 'Much the same, my dear Madam,' replied the wit, 'as there is between a *crocodile* and an *alligator*.'

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

SCOTCH FRUGALITY.—A commercial traveller having got a settlement of his account with a shopkeeper in Falkirk, invited him to dinner at the inn. 'Na, na,' said he, 'I never gang to an inn; I'll no gang. But, just tell me how muckle it would cost you gi'eing me my dinner at the inn, as ye ca'd?' 'Oh! never mind that,' said the traveller. 'Aye, but I want to ken—just tell me,' added he behind the counter. 'Oh,' said the tra-

veller, 'perhaps six or seven shillings.' 'very weel, then,' replied the curmudgeon, 'just gi'e me the seven shillings.'

A MAN OF FAMILY.—A decent highlander in Badenoch called lately upon the minister of the parish, and making his bow, hoped 'that Mr ——— would look in at his house some day and christen *a few bairns* for him.' 'A few bairns!' exclaimed the minister, 'what way is that to speak, Donald; how many have you got?' 'Why, sir,' replied the other, 'there were three when I left the house, but I canna tell how many there may be since.'

BLESSINGS OF PRIMOGENITURE.—A countryman whose master had two sons, being asked one day whether the youngest was married? replied, 'Yes.' 'Is the oldest married too?' 'Na,' said the sagacious servant, 'ye ken he's the young laird; he canna get a wife till his father dies.'

A certain worthy divine from the north, who visits the general assembly of the kirk of Scotland every year, has for time immemorial taken up his annual abode in a certain tavern in Edinburgh. This healthy mountaineer has an instinctive horror at all deleterious mixtures in human food, whether solid or liquid; and the reason he assigned for frequenting the above tavern was, that he could always command the luxury of fresh eggs to breakfast. These he always boiled himself, and would take none except he found them hot from the nest. This year he appeared as usual, like the bittern at her appointed time; but, unfortunately, he laid his forepaw on a couple of plump eggs, but quite cold, and apparently not laid yesterday. The man of the church waxed wroth, and summoned

the waiter. Betty assured him they were fresh, but could not explain why they were cold. The landlady was next taken to task, and threatened with the loss of a customer unless this suspicious phenomenon was satisfactorily cleared up. 'Deed, sir,' replied the hostess, 'I am unco sorry for't; but to tell Gude's truth, sir, I couldna get the cat to sit on them this morning.'

A SAILOR'S NOTION.—A Sailor, seeing some of our domestic slave-traders driving coloured men, women, and children on board a ship for New Orleans market, shook his head and said, 'Jim, if the devil don't catch them fellows, we might as well not have any devil.'

An American paper says—'Travellers should be careful to intrust their baggage to proper persons only, as a gentleman a few days since, on alighting from a stage-coach, intrusted his wife to a stranger, and she has not been heard of since.'

MONTAIGNE retained during the whole of his life an elderly female in his service, who had been the nurse of his childhood, and to whom he was in the habit of reading his compositions, on the principle that if she could understand them every body else must. On one occasion the philosopher, whilst sipping his morning dish of coffee, accosted her as follows:—'Nurse, I have made a deep discovery this morning.' 'Indeed,' replied the old lady; 'what is that?' 'Why, nurse, you need not tell any one, but I have actually found out what no one else could suspect.' 'And what is that, Sir.' 'Why, that I am an old fool.' 'La! Sir! is that all?' observed the good woman; 'if you had but asked me I could have told you that 20 years ago—I have seen it all along.'

THE BAGPIPER.—During the great plague of London, carts were sent round the city each night, the drivers of which rung a bell, as intimation for every house to bring out its dead. The bodies were then thrown promiscuously into the cart, conveyed to the suburbs, and buried. A piper had his constant stand at the bottom of Holborn, near St Andrew's Church. He became well known about the neighbourhood. A certain gentleman, who never failed in his generosity to the piper, was surprised, on passing one day as usual, to miss him from his accustomed place:—upon inquiry, he found that the poor man had been taken ill in consequence of a very singular accident. On the joyful occasion of the arrival of one of his countrymen from the Highlands, the piper had in fact made too free with the contents of his keg; these so overpowered his faculties, that he stretched himself out upon the steps of the church, and fell fast asleep. He was found in this situation when the dead cart went its rounds; and the carter, supposing that the man was dead, made no scruple to put his fork under the piper's belt, and hoisted him into his vehicle, that our Scottish musician should share the usual brief ceremonies of interment. The piper's faithful dog protested against this seizure of his master, jumped into the cart after him, to the no small annoyance of the men, whom he would not suffer to come near the body; he further took upon himself the office of chief mourner, by setting up the most lamentable howling as they passed along. The streets and roads by which they had to go being very rough, the jolting of the cart, added to the howling of the dog, had soon the effect of awakening our drunken musician from his trance. It was dark; and the piper,

when he first recovered himself, could form no idea either of his numerous companions, or his conductors. Instinctively, however, he felt for his pipes, and playing up a merry Scottish tune, terrified in no small measure the carters, who fancied they had got a legend of ghosts in their conveyance. A little time, however, put all to rights;—lights were got, and it turned out that the noisy corpse was the well known living piper, who was joyfully released from his awful and perilous situation. The poor man fell badly ill after his unpleasant excursion, and was relieved during his malady by his former benefactor, who, to perpetuate the remembrance of so wonderful an escape, resolved, as soon as his patient recovered, to employ a sculptor to execute him in stone. The statue represents a bagpiper in a sitting posture, playing on his pipes. (*See Frontispiece.*)

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

HIGHLAND SIMPLICITY.—A poor simple Highlander, who last week made his appearance at

Stirling shore and purchased a cart of lime, met with an adventure sufficiently untoward. Donald had no sooner got his cart well filled, than he turned his own and his horses head to his own dear Highland hills. He had not, however, got far beyond Stirling bridge, when a smart shower of rain came on. The lime began to smoke. Donald, who was sitting on the front of his cart, at first supposed it to be nothing but a whiff of mountain mist, but at last becoming enveloped in the cloud, and no longer able to see his way before him, he bethought him it was time to cast a look behind, and was not a little amazed to discover that the whole cause of the annoyance proceeded from his cart of lime. It was on fire, but how was beyond his comprehension. He stopt his horse and stood still, in hopes the rain would quench the intruding element, but remarking no abatement, he next drove his cart to a stream at a short distance, and taking his shovel, began busily to throw water upon his smoking load. This speedily brought Donald's difficulties to a crisis, for his steed, unaccustomed to the heat which threatened to deprive him of his tail, began now to exhibit symptoms of open rebellion. Besides, seeing that his cart was in danger of being burnt to a cinder, and not knowing but the horse might take it into his head to commence burning too, he was resolved the bewitched load and 'the pair beast and braw bit cart,' should instantly be dis-united. He accordingly unyoked the impatient animal, and immediately buried the smoking lime in the stream, triumphantly exclaiming as the hissing mass yielded to the overpowering element, 'the deil's in her if she'll burn noo.'