


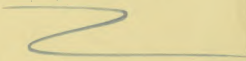
RISIBLE READING
FOR
RIVER, ROAD OR RAILWAY
by
Rector Rollicks.



ABS. 1.80.142

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With love to Alfred
from Effie.



28th April 1899.



RISIBLE

READING

ON

RIVER,

ROAD,

OR

RAILWAY.

BY

RECTOR

ROLLICKS.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE COMPILER.

1880.

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PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

THE work of collecting the accompanying 'Jumble of Jokes, Jest, ' etc., has been the source of much pleasure to the Compiler. Those worthy of preservation, whether on account of mere quaintness, genuine humour, or pure wit, were seized upon wherever found, and will, it is hoped, afford cause for many a pleasant smile and hearty laugh. None have been discarded on the score of age alone, because true wit never loses by becoming old—the first edge, indeed, is off, but *it* is still *there* for those who see *it* for the *first* time.

The proportion of original to selected jokes is admittedly small ; in these days it cannot be large, if the *truth* be *told* along with the *tale*.

R. R.

EDINBURGH, *September 4, 1879.*

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

THAT a Second Edition is required at all, and so soon too, is certainly what was hardly looked for, and therefore is, in every sense, most gratifying. It has been carefully revised and improved—new matter placed where typographical or other errors had crept in ; and there are now seventy-four original articles (in some few instances marked *)—original, in so far as they have not been published before, or permanently fixed in book form (new versions, too, counting for something), except under the auspices of the Compiler. So having thus got to the altitude of a 74-gun ship, it will be our aim, if again put in commission, to add to the number and calibre of the guns.

R. R.

EDINBURGH, *February 2, 1880.*



VERY RESPECTFULLY,
AND
BY HIS KIND PERMISSION,
DEDICATED
TO
Frank Henderson, Esquire,
MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT
FOR
DUNDEE.

PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION.

AWAITING Mr. Henderson's election as one of the Members of Parliament for Dundee, which we all along felt certain of, this Edition was delayed for a short time, but in the interim corrected and added to, so that now we can lay claim as original to over 100 Jokes, etc., adding thus very much to the value of the collection, which we hope will advance in favour as steadily and largely in the future as it has done in the past, and for which we are very grateful.

R. R.

EDINBURGH, *2d April 1880.*

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RISIBLE READING.



I. * COOKERY RECIPE. — An Australian friend vouches for the following being a fact. One morning he wished to travel early, and still didn't wish to disturb the family. So he asked a female servant, whose nationality he doesn't mention, to boil him a couple of eggs, and to do it by the sand-glass. A good while elapsed, and no word of the boiled eggs. After waiting a little longer, he wished to learn if they weren't ready, and asked where the sand-glass was that was to be used at the operation. The girl produced the vessel in which the eggs were boiled, and there, to his astonishment, the sand-glass, cooked also! and it cost him some 3s. or 4s.

2. * A DECIDED COLLAPSE.—An Englishman who boasted on all *suitable* and *unsuitable occasions* that there was not a word or phrase in the Scotch dialect which he did not fully comprehend, was one day dining at Thurso Castle, the seat of the Sinclairs. There never was a better exponent of Scotch than Miss Catherine Sinclair, who luckily was present. The Englishman, as *usual*, made his stereotyped *boast*, when Miss Catherine at once said, in the broadest Scotch, ‘Ha, maan, *dit*¹ yer *moi*’ wi’ yer *meitt*²; gie me a *dawd*³ o’ that *bubbly jock*,⁴ an’ a *slag*⁵ o’ thae *neeps*.’⁶ It is unnecessary to add that the poor boaster was nowhere.

3. * CLEAR AS MUD.—Another of the same calibre, always boasting, was silenced by being simply asked, ‘What is glaur?’ He said, ‘Glower, glower, to look very hard—a penetrating gaze,’ etc. But it was of no use, and the explanation was, if anything, more *ficklesome* than the thing itself, it being ‘*draikit stour*.’⁷

4. * SURGICAL.—The witty Duchess of Gordon, being in a company where one of the same kidney was bragging away about his acquaintance with the manners of the Scotch, and his intimate knowledge of the dialect, he was shut up by her asking ‘if he kent the little *black doctor*⁸ that’s *phalpit*⁹ in a *peel*.’¹⁰

5. OOT OWER A BIT.—It is also said that George IV. himself, when making a boast of the same nature, got a take down from Her Grace by asking him to ‘*hursle ’yont*,’¹¹ which he could not comprehend at all.

6. * AN INVITATION.—Another instance, at which the King was very much more chagrined, was when

¹ Fill.	² Food.	³ Good slice.	⁴ Turkey.
⁵ Large spoonful.	⁶ Turnips.	⁷ Wetted dust.	⁸ Leech.
⁹ Bred.	¹⁰ Pool.	¹¹ Sidle along.	

the Duchess said, taking good care, however, to be near the door, 'Cum, kimmer,¹ an' pree² ma mou.'

7. * INDICATIVE.—The following was sent to the late Dean Ramsay shortly before his death, who acknowledged it and its value, and said, if spared, it would be embodied in his next edition. It is an old maid's prayer, and runs like this:—'Give me neither riches nor poverty—juist a competency—juist a competency; and lest there should be ony doubt what a competency is, I would juist say £300 a year, paid QUARTERLY, in ADVANCE.'

8. * SLAVERY.—An excellent piece of wit that was by Wallett, the circus clown. He said one night that he had heard, read, and spoken about slavery in its every possible phase, but he had that day, in the streets of the modern Athens, met with a case that he could not even have imagined. He had actually seen that day in the streets of picturesque Edinburgh a 'SCOTSMAN' sold for a penny.

9. * A FREE COUNTRY AND A GREAT.—An inn-keeper in Forfarshire, who sometimes took a pretty hearty dram, one day, early too, had got just rather much, and in taking the stair to descend to the floor where the bar was situated, he missed the step somehow, and came down like 'a bundle o' bricks,' his hat rolling out into the street; after which he at once proceeded, and in tipsy solemnity was fastening it—for placing it is not a sufficiently strong phrase—on his head. A native of the town, passing, addressed him in the vernacular: 'Ay, that's a w'y to come doun the stair, or else no;' to which the hotel-keeper made answer: 'This is a great countrah, an' a free countrah, an' a man can juist come doun his nain stair ony w'y he LIKES!'

¹ Neighbour.

² Taste.

10. * ALL NATIVE TO THE MANNER BORN.—An innkeeper in Forfarshire had just commenced business,—just opened house,—when, on the Saturday night, two young men went in and asked for ‘*Welsh rabbits.*’ The waiter, who had never heard of such things, went to his master, who was in the same blessed state of ignorance on the point. ‘Na, na,’ says he, ‘I can gie them eggs, or red herrin’, or onything like that, but tell them I keep nane o’ thae *forrin’ craters.*’

11. * NO POACHING.—A hotel-keeper in Caithness was in much the same circumstances,—newly begun business,—and whose waiter was about as well *up* in hotel knowledge as himself, when a couple of gentlemen came in and wished to have *potched* eggs. Upon the waiter communicating their desire to his principal, ‘Tell them,’ says he, ‘I *poach* no man’s eggs; I *keep hens* o’ me *ain.*’

12. * A RELATION INDEED.—At a funeral party one man was sitting by himself, and looking particularly lugubrious, so much so that the minister, who, though in such solemn circumstances, couldn’t shut his eyes to the almost ludicrous phase the poor man’s grief assumed, said quietly, ‘My good man, you seem to feel the death of our friend very much indeed. You must be a relation?’ ‘Ou ay, sir,’ the man made reply, ‘awm the *corp’s* brither!’

13. * MORE THAN TOBACCO.—Two drunken worthies met on a morning in a spirit shop in Paisley. After having had a *nip* apiece, one asked the other if he had ‘ony *tobaccy.*’ ‘Ay hev a’, an’ mair than that.’ ‘What mair hev ye?’ ‘*Sense to keep it,*’ said he.

14. * RIGHT SIDE AND WRONG.—A very worthy woman, a Mrs. Gellatly, wife of a brewer in the fair city of Perth, who had a temper of her own, yet an obliging neighbour withal, with that qualification, was one day engaged in that exciting and temper-losing institution called '*washing-day*,' when a little girl came in and said, 'Oh, Mrs. Gellatly, my mither sent me for a wee drappie barm.' 'Hoot,' said Mrs. G., 'a'm washin' the noo, an' canna be baathered.' The girl very quietly and unobtrusively walked round to Mrs. Gellatly's *other* side, and very methodically and correctly repeated the same message, word for word. 'Gae wa' wi' ye. Did I no tell ye th' noo that I couldna be baathered the day?' cried Mrs. G. in no very mild tones. The girl, nothing daunted, made answer, 'Ay; but my mither tell't me, if I didna tak ye on the *richt side* I widna get it.' It is needless to say that the girl, as she richly deserved, cheerfully and at once got her 'wee drappie barm.'

15. * A PIOUS JOKE.—The Rev. Dr. Alexander relates that there lived in Peeblesshire a half-witted man who was in the habit of saying his prayers in a field behind a turf dyke. One day he was followed to this spot by some wags, who secreted themselves on the opposite side, listening to the man at his devotions, who expressed his conviction that he was a very great sinner, and that even were the turf dyke at that moment to fall upon him, it would be no more than he deserved. No sooner had he said this than the persons on the opposite side pushed the dyke over on him, when, scrambling out, he was heard to say: 'Hech, sirs! it's an awfu' world this; a body canna say a thing in a *joke*, but it's ta'en in *earnest*.'

16. * OFFICIAL REPORT. — Soldierly phraseology certainly came in somewhat strangely in a late instance. A corporal of a rather well-known regiment died suddenly, and was forthwith carried to the hospital for the doctor to report on and verify the cause of death. This being done, the regimental orderly-sergeant appeared at the anteroom door, and, standing strictly at 'attention,' reported it thus to the adjutant: 'Corporal William's properly dead, sir, and all correct.'

17. * THOROUGH THIEVES.—A sailor having been at Africa was on his return waited on by some visiting ladies in the habit of calling for his wife, one of whom, when asking him about Africa, said, 'Now, my good man, do the people there make any attempt at all to keep the Sabbath?' '*Attempt to keep the Sabbath, ma'am?*' said Jack. 'Why they not only *attempts*, but they *keeps* not the Sabbath *alone*, but everything else *they lays their hands on*.'

18. * A LESSON IN ORTHOGRAPHY.—The celebrated John Clark, subsequently Lord Eldin, while a most successful advocate, was counsel in a water bill case before a committee of the House of Lords. While engaged in pleading, Mr. Clark kept constantly reiterating, 'An' the *watter*, my lords; the *watter*, my lords;' when the opposite counsel, thinking to have a good catch at the *Scotch* lawyer, and his country as well, said very solemnly, 'Do they, in the country my learned friend comes from, spell the word water with two "l's"?' 'No, my lords,' says Mr. Clark, without giving time for the impertinent question to be repeated through the proper medium, 'they dinna, but they *there* spell *mayners* wi' twa "n's."

19. * ENTITLED.—A remark having been made by a very dear relative regarding the alliterative nature of the title of this most abstruse work, 'Risible Reading on River, Road, or Railway,' concluding with the wish, success to the *five R's*, we say so too, and hope that through the great and continued kindness of friends and subscribers, a few FIVERS to the good will be the result; so, success to the *five R's* and the *fivers*.

20. * A PREDICAMENT.—In Perth, where the street strands or gutters are rather capacious, a wight on the spree had managed to *get down* at a pretty deep part of one of the streams alluded to, which, as well as he, in consequence of the recent fresh, was in *full spate*. Some one seeing his position to be at least uncomfortable, if not particularly dangerous, ran to help him up, and found him as if in the act of swimming for dear life. When seized hold of, he exclaimed, evidently thinking in his muddled state that it was a shipwreck, 'Help some o' the rest, never mind me, ye see *I can soom*.'

21. * DOMESTIC DUST.—Lady Baker, down in South Africa, trying to tell how dusty it is there, has these stories of her children:—'The other day little George was about to suffer the extreme penalty of the domestic law for flagrant disobedience, and he remarked *dryly* to the reluctant executioner, "You had better take care, I am very dusty." It was quite true, for the slipper elicited such clouds of dust from the little blue serge suit that the chastisement had to be curtailed. As for the baby, he was discovered the other day taking a dust bath exactly like a chicken, and considered it very hard to be stopped in his amusement.'

22. * THE ROAD.—It is one of the principal aims of travellers in the spirit trade to impress on their customers that the whisky they sell is old, and fine in consequence of its age, and to get over the evident scepticism of the buyers on this particular point. A traveller was lauding a sample he had to a Highland innkeeper, and pressing him to purchase, on the score that it was fine and five years in bond; but he met with his match where he least expected it. The seller urged: 'You really should have some of this—very fine and five years in bond.' 'Ay,' said the hotel-keeper with a sly twinkle in his eye, 'a' that! Five years in bond! Maan, it's juist *as guid as new*.'

23. * CONTINUOUSLY HEALTHY.—A Government official who had been long in the public service—some fifty years—was being complimented by a gentleman on an inspection tour on his good health,—his hale, even robust appearance at his age. The officer, who sometimes put the wrong word in, at once made answer with great volubility and *empressement*, 'Yes sir, yes sir; I am sure I have not been a single day *convalescent* these thirty years.'

24. * ASSAULTED.—Paddy was a witness in an assault case, and a most unwilling one. The judge doubted him very much. 'Now, Paddy,' he said, 'where were you when this assault was being committed, that you cannot speak to it?' 'I was in bed, yer 'annar.' 'In bed; what were you doing in bed?' 'I was ill of an *uncle*—a sore disease, yer 'annar.' The clerk suggested a carbuncle. 'Troth, right for you, it was.' 'Now, Paddy, a carbuncle?' says the judge. 'Yes, yes, yer 'annar.' 'Now we have it—a carbuncle, Paddy, upon your *oath*.' 'Not at all, my lord, on me *neck*.'

25. * FROM HEN TO MOUTH.—A relative who had to walk some four or five miles to his work—no railways there in those days—breakfasted every morning ere he left. A neighbour employed at the same job walked in company; so one morning our friend had breakfasted all right, was ready to start some little time before five o'clock, and went along to pick up Jamie. Arriving at the stair foot, he called for Jamie to come away. 'Maan, jist in a minute: I am waiting for the hen to lay to get my breakfast egg.' 'Weel,' said our friend, 'I've often been frae *han'* to mouth, but I ne'er was frae HEN to mouth a' my life.'

26. * AVERAGING. — The same relative, when praised at any time for exhibiting a soundness of opinion on any given subject, would good-humouredly and with great glee reply, 'Ay, tak' me at an *average*, I'm never far wrang.'

27. * NURSING A NURSE.—He once 'did for' a garrulous nurse in the following manner:—The nurse was one of those who could and did speak for the million, and the object was to get her thoroughly silenced. She liked a glass of toddy dearly, so our friend quietly put on the 'wee' kettle with whisky instead of water in it, for the toddy. He then pawkily said, we shall *never* forget with what an air, 'Come awa', Mrs. Kerr, haud forrit yeer tumbler, and get a glass o' toddy.' She did so, and as he, the sly rogue, fully anticipated, asked him, thinking what was in the kettle was water, to pour in a drappie mair, as she likit it *waik*; which he readily acceded to, and so 'put her to silence' in legal phrase and in veritable reality.

28. * CONSOLATORY.—A Scotch farmer said to his hind, 'Maan, Jock, ye're a slow feeder.' 'Maybe, maister, but awm a real sure ane, tho'.'

29. * A SYLLABLE TOO MANY.—A highly-valued friend, who is continually performing kind actions, was *found out*, for that is the phrase, doing one of a higher range even than usual, and remonstrated with on the subject. ‘Maan, I couldna help it. I jist did it,’ was the rejoinder. ‘Well, we only hope the person will be *grateful* to you for your very great goodness to him,’ was the next remark. ‘Ou, there’s nae fear o’ that; he’s a richt UNgrateful chap.’

30. * A SYLLABLE TOO FEW.—Coming up through Athole one lovely moonlight night, the Tay murmuring along at our side, we were proceeding homeward to Pitlochry from hearing a stirring discourse by that great missionary, W. C. Burns, at Little Dunkeld. As we moved along, all apparently under the spell of the beautiful scenery, and impressed, too, with what we had been hearing, the vivid sermon being under discussion, and the poverty of retention certain minds evinced for such subjects, a pious Highland woman exclaimed, in a tone we shall never forget, ‘Ay, ay, we easy forget what’s guid, och hone! but we’re puir SIGNIFICANT creaters!’

31. * THEN AND NOW.—We avoid giving names. A determined opponent, since dead, of a learned professor as to a point upon which an inquiry was held by the church to which they both belonged, namely, the Divine inspiration of a certain portion of Scripture, dreamt that he himself was already dead, and gone to heaven, and that his mind being full of zeal for the maintenance of the inspired authority of the Scriptures, he sent one of the attendant angels for the professor, who, in his dream, he imagined was there also. Whenever he saw the professor, he at once demanded, ‘Can you say NOW that the Pentateuch was not written by Moses?’

32. * A MUNICIPAL DECISION.—In those days—pre-Reform Bill days—when provosts and town councils were all-powerful, and by quietly pushing through an Act of Paliament, could do almost anything, in a burgh not far away from Edinburgh, a proprietor wished to add a storey or flat to his property. A near houseowner, pretending some right of mutual gableship, to which he had none earthly, but being a cantankerous quarrelsome sort of a fellow, applied for interdict. The provost called a meeting of council in the street at the property in question, and having examined it all, signalled to a bailie conveniently near. ‘Are you the contractor for the job?’ he said. ‘Yes, provost,’ said the mason. ‘Weel, ye can build awa’ up to the sky if ye like;’ when the interdicting *neighbour* said, ‘Na, provost, no sa fast.’ ‘Maan, gae wa’ hame,’ said the provost, ‘and try and get sense to haud yer tongue, else we’ll get an Act o’ Parliament and tak’ yeer property frae ye a’thegither.’

33. * CHANGE OF PROFESSION.—The Apostle Paul was said to be a cook when he went to fill-a-pie—Philippi.

34. * STIPEND AUGMENTATION.—A minister who had intimated his intention of changing his sphere of usefulness, and going to a charge where there really was a larger stipend, was met by a decent old member of his church. ‘Well, Margaret,’ he said, ‘I suppose you will have heard that I am leaving ye.’ ‘Ou ay, ’deed, I did that, sir, and am no vera weel pleased at it.’ ‘Oh! but, you know, Margaret, it is a call from the MASTER.’ ‘Ay, weel, may be, but though I dinna like to think it o’ you, I am doubtin’, noo, HE micht hae ca’ed till HE was *hearsce* if HE hadna gi’en ye *mair siller*.’

35. * THE CLEAN POTATO.—Two dealers having a dispute as to a purchase of a quantity of potatoes,—the one maintaining the kind he *bought* were Regents, the other as stiffly that what he *sold* were Rocks,—the sheriff before whom the point came up for settlement (Sheriff Logan, we presume), being fond of a joke, and seeing one in the way, asked the irrelevant question at the buyer how the term ‘Regent’ came to be applied to potatoes—if he supposed it was in compliment to George IV. when Regent. The poor man fell into the trap, and said he believed so. ‘Well, then,’ the judge replied, ‘you would be much safer with that potato denominated ROCK, as the REGENT never could be called the CLEAN POTATO.’

36. * ARTISTIC.—The Rev. Dr. Pringle, of the Secession Church of Perth, was sitting for his portrait to Mr. Thomas Duncan, the great painter, a native of Perth, and who afterwards introduced the Doctor’s portrait into his grand picture of the ‘Entry of Prince Charles Edward into Edinburgh.’ The Doctor had been treated one day to rather a lengthened sitting, and, as it was to be amongst the last of them, Mr. Duncan was most anxious to fix some of the salient points of the Doctor’s excellent expression; but the Doctor was getting rather languid-looking, so Mr. Duncan bethought him how to rouse him up. He knew the Doctor’s absolute abhorrence of anything approaching the semblance of an oath; so, as if something had gone wrong, he said testily, ‘D—n that brush,’ when the Doctor rose into flame at once. ‘What, sir, do you dare, and—in my presence?’ Mr. Duncan at once said, ‘That’ll do, Doctor; just keep that way for a quarter of an hour more, and I will let you away.’

37. * COMPARATIVE.—A Scotch farmer said to his cowherd, 'There's a flee amon' yer milk, Tam.' 'Is there? It may wyde oot, it's no sae deep.' 'What, hae ye no anuich o' milk?' 'Anuich o' milk? Ou ay, milk anuich for a' my parritch.'

38. * FISHER FOLK.—A young minister, newly placed among a fishing population, was being visited by his future father-in-law, who had an intense detestation of anything like swearing. The minister was asked if he wouldn't take a turn down to the beach; to which he was rather afraid to consent, it being the time the boats were coming in, and therefore generally, if indeed not always, a '*rough*' time in *other* respects than the weather. He consented reluctantly, though not allowing that to be visible, and approached the beach rather '*gingerly*' and circuitously. At last they reached, and were within hearing of the noises of the traffic. One elderly fisherman was swearing pretty broadly at a specimen of the dog-fish, when the minister came forward, and said: 'James, James, don't swear that way; that will never do. No doubt, altho' you or I can't see it, our MAKER had some wise purpose to fulfil in making even a dog-fish.' 'Weel, minister, I'll tell ye what it is, aw wad a gien HIM a pound note in HIS loof if HE had never made nane but the first ane!'

39. * PRELIMINARY.—A painter, painting a sign in Montrose,—a good tradesman, exceedingly good-natured, and a bit of a wag,—was asked by a woman deeply *pitted* with the small-pox how long he would take to paint her. 'Ah,' said he, 'your job wed tak' mair time to *prepare* than the *actual wark* wed do, for ye wed need a' to be *pottied*.'

40. * PROSPECTIVE—LOOKING AHEAD.—A farmer having lost his wife, the funeral day came, and as there was a mile or two to be travelled, the coffin was placed in a cart. When the company had proceeded about three-quarters of a mile or so, the farmer called in at a very neatly-kept cottage, and said to her who dwelt there that he had lost his wife, as she was no doubt aware; and there was nobody he would like better to see as her successor than her to whom he was speaking. She answered, 'Aie, are ye no ashamed o' yersel' an' her actually no buried yet?' almost called the man a blackguard, and showed him the door. He left, and '*made up*' to the funeral cortege, and after about another half-mile or so, made another halt at another well-kept cottage, made known his ideas to the fair occupant, whose reception of the message was very different; and it was agreed that, 'after a decent interval' had elapsed, she was to occupy the vacant place, and all was pleasantly arranged. He again overtook the procession, and the interment having been accomplished, the party took the road to return. When they had reached the first-mentioned cottage, Jessie was standing in the porch, and beckoned to the farmer, who, with something approaching a smile, went to see what was wanted. With very considerable embarrassment she delivered herself something to the effect that perhaps she had been too hasty, taken as she had been so much by surprise; and that, on thinking the matter over, and a reasonable time being allowed to pass by, she thought she would agree to the proposal he had made to her. The farmer's reply we shall endeavour to give in his own words: 'Weel, nae, I'm vexed at that. Ye see, I wad far rather hae haen you, I maun say; but whan ye refused, didna I no speak to Maggie Macfarlane,

and it's a' settled; but *I'll mind you the NEXT TIME.*'

41. * ARITHMETIC. — Two English tourists, who prided themselves, very properly, on their nationality, —but it was a pity they looked down upon Scotland, its people, and its scenery as fit matter for being sarcastic upon,—were sojourning at Inveraray, now become more celebrated than ever as connected with the husband of our popular Princess Louise. In the neighbourhood there is one considerable height, Dunicoich, up which our tourists stroll, and reaching its apex, they find a decent old Highlander seated comfortably, and evidently enjoying the splendid prospect. One of the tourists opened fire by saying condescendingly, 'Well, my good man, you seem to be enjoying yourself.' 'Ou ay, awm looking about me here.' 'What do you see now from this elevated point?' 'Ou, I sees the loch, an' the foke, an' the toun, an' the boats'—the cart before the horse. 'Yes, but I mean you'll see a very long distance from here,' the tourist remarked. 'Fery long, sir.' 'How far, now—the length of America, perhaps?' 'Ou, farrer nor that.' 'What! farther than America?—that's impossible.' 'Ou na, sir, if ye'll wait till the mist gangs awa, ye'll see the *mune*, an' that's farrer nor *America.*' 'Come now, I call that a very good answer; but do you know anything of arithmetic—that's counting, you understand?' 'Ou ay, sir, I kens a' the counting I require to do.' 'Oh, you do. Well, then, how many do you make of *us all* here, as we are just now?' 'Ay, that's you *twa* and *mysel?*' 'Exactly, just so; how many do you make that?' 'That, ou, I wud mak' that *a hunder.*' 'A hundred, good gracious, how can you do that?' 'Fery easy indeed; you see, awm *ane*, an' you *twa's twa nothings.*'

42. * A TRADE-MARK FOR A CELEBRATED EDINBURGH BREWERY.—The true method of disarming the advances and attacks of oncoming age is to *get* YOUNGER every day.

43. * WHERE THEY GO.—A minister, meeting one of his hearers who was rather much addicted to 'taking a dram,' and pretty far gone at that particular moment, too, said, 'I see ye're *reelin'* the day, Janet.' 'Weel, sir, aw canna be aye *spinnin'*.' 'Ay, but that's no what I mean. Do ye ken where a' the drunkards gang, Janet?' 'Ay, sir, they aye gang whar' they get it cheapest and best.' 'Nor is that what I mean; they will go where there's weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.' 'Aweel, sir, they may gnash *teeth* that hes *teeth*, for I hev hain nane this aughteen to'monds.'

44. * WITHOUT BOOK.—This was very neatly told, as his style always was, by the late Rev. Mr. Kirkwood of Edinburgh. There lived in Kilmarnock a *good* man that had a fault—a *good* many *good* men have—he took a dram. One Sabbath forenoon he had not been to church, and, in going along a back street, met a friend who usually went to the same place of worship. His friend at once exclaimed, 'Oh, maan, Willie, hoo were ye no at the kirk this forenoon? Maan, we had Dr. Macfarlane frae Glesgy, on a subject, too, that ye should hae heard him on.' 'Oh, ay, I see,' said Willie; 'he wed be on drunkenness, na, and he wed tak three-quarters o' an 'oor, or an 'oor itsel', maybe?' 'Ay did he.' 'An' he wed use a paper?' 'Deed did he.' 'Aw, weel, I just stayed at hame, for oor Jenny'll gie me mair than he did a' *that time on that subject* in ten minutes, *withoot a paper ava'*.'

45. *THE STRAIGHTEST TIP.—A publican in Lothian Road, Edinburgh, was 'keeping' the shop one morning in the absence of his shopman. An Irishman came in, and missing the shopman, whom he very well knew, did not feel at all timid, certainly, but not quite so much *at home* as he would have been had his friend been present. 'Oh,' says Pat, 'you're Mr. Mitchell himself, are you?' 'Yes,' says he, 'I am.' 'Very well, will you give me a nip of whisky, Mr. Mitchell, and' (then, while it was being poured out) 'wad ye be puttin' a little bitters aman'st it, Mr. Mitchell?' 'Now, Pat,' says Mr. Mitchell, 'I'll give you a *straight tip*. Ye should never ask the bitters till ye get the whisky, and then the bitters will be in addition, you understand.' 'Ah, thank you, surr, thank yer honour; here's your health, Mr. Mitchell. Now I'll give you a *straighter tip*. Never give *aither* the *whisky* ar the *bitters* till ye've got the *money*, Mr. Mitchell,' and with that sapient remark vacated the premises at full speed.

46. *THE REAL THING.—The origin of the local phrase, 'He's no the real Willie Arnot,' so common in Perth, is said to have arisen from the following circumstance:—A Highlander called in at Mr. Arnot's shop, and in his broken English asked if he was 'ta Woolie Arnot.' 'Yes,' Mr. Arnot said, 'my name is Arnot.' 'You pe sell the tow an' the tow cairt?' 'Yes,' Mr. Arnot said. 'An' ta brogue an' ta brogue nail?' 'Yes,' again said the merchant. 'An'—you pe sell the truust?' 'No, I give no trust, no credit.' 'Oh, then *you no pe ta raal Woolie Arnot.*'

47. *A PROOF OF GOOD CHARACTER.—A friend of ours is in the habit of saying regarding any one he likes: 'Ay, ay, he's a fine lad; I *kent his faither.*'

48. * NOT TO BE COAXED.—A merchant of pretty widely-extended fame, and in higher regions than mere merchandise, is said to be *economical exceedingly*. He called at a first-class grocer's shop when preserved plums were very high in price, and scarce at that. He asked what the price was, and was told 7s. 6d. 'Oh,' he made answer, 'I can get them at 5s. 6d.' The grocer, somewhat chagrined, knowing his own honesty, said he would be delighted if the customer would inform him where they were to be had at that; but that gentleman declined, and left the shop. Two or three days afterwards his coachman was sent for the bottle of plums his master saw a day or two before, and laid down 5s. 6d. 'No, no,' said the grocer, 'that won't do at all; I must have the full money.' 'Oh,' said the coachman, 'ye'll get the difference again. Ye ken the mester fine; it's no like's ye didna ken him.' 'Exactly,' said the grocer, 'that's just it; I do *ken him*, and so decline to be coaxed.'

49. * CONSOLATION.—A divine, who has now gone from amongst us, and who was at least locally celebrated, once explained the word ABBA something in this way:—'A wonderfu' word that ABBA, my freens: spell it backwards or forwards, it's aye the same; so that's no doubt to show to us that, whether the Christian be gaun backward or forward, he's aye *gaun forrit*.'

50. * PROOF OF HIGH-MINDEDNESS.—A showman used to exclaim, we presume in the belief that it added very much to the interest attaching to the animal, 'Next is Jeck, the male elephant, which will take a sixpence *out* of any gentleman's pocket and *never return* it again.'

51. * SMOKING.—A wife was challenging her husband for smoking, and among other arguments she used against it was this, that it was slow poison and tended to shorten life. The husband immediately replied that his 'faither hed smokit a' his days, an' wes *seventy* noo, and no a bit the waur o't.' 'Ay, but,' the wife retorted, 'if yeer faither hedna smokit, he wed a' been *eighty* by this time.'

52. * SQUARING THE ACCOUNT.—Willie, a half-witling, in the habit of making a regular call at a well-frequented refreshment-room in Perth, and as regularly getting a glass of beer gratis, appeared one day when the keeper of the rooms was busy preparing for an expected rush of visitors by an excursion train, having two trays full of tumblers ready filled with beer. The half-daft fellow came, somehow, against the tray, and upset the whole. All the beer was spilt, whether the glasses were broken or no. Willie did not know where to look, and was full of apologies, and exclaimed many times, 'Oh, I'll mak' it a' up, I'll mak' it a' up.' 'Go away, man, and never come back; how on earth can you ever make it up?' 'Easy that, easy that. Ye gie me a glass for *naething* every Friday; I'll jist stop awa' as mony Fridays as there are tumblers skail'd, an' that'll mak' up for'd.'

53. * THE SEA, THE SEA!—Jamie, *pronounced* *Jebbie*, Paton, a well-known Perth half-witling, who spoke through his nose, was once found as a 'stow-away' on board an American-bound liner. The captain asked, 'Where the mischief do you come from?' 'Powmarry, Scotland,' says poor *Jebbie*. 'Well, you must go away back to wherever that may be.' 'Very weel,' says *Jebbie*, 'stop the *boat*, and I'll *wyde oot*; it's very *wavy* at ony rate.'

54. * NOT A GOOD THIEF.—Jebbie was one day at the top of a long stair in a part of the Fair City where, the water not being in the houses, the tenants had no alternative but to carry it from the street. Jebbie observed an open door, and looking in saw a pot of jelly on the ‘drawers-head,’ which he at once appropriated, and proceeded down-stairs. He met the wife the jelly had belonged to coming up the stairs with a ‘gang o’ water,’ when conscience at once spoke out unmistakeably. ‘Noo,’ says Jebbie, ‘ye’re no to be sayin’ *that I took yeer jeely-jam*, mind that.’

55. * COMING TOO NEAR.—A perfect skinflint had accumulated a large tract of property, which seemed to be his hobby. He valued himself upon it, prided himself in it; and no doubt the property was the subject, if not of his sleeping, at all events had a large share of his waking thoughts. In a conversation which he very much disrelished, about the Last Day as the day ‘par excellence’ of the *destruction* of all things, his friend said, ‘What a *destruction that will be!*’ ‘Ay,’ said our subject, ‘really an *awfu’ destruction—O’ PROPERTY.*’

56. * HIS SATANIC MAJESTY.—We were relating the following to a friend well up in such matters, who, however, declared he had never heard it before; and so, for the benefit of all those in the same category, we give it here: Were the devil to lose his tail, the place he would go to get another would be to a low public-house, where they *re-TAIL BAD SPIRITS.*

57. * SHAME OF A NOVEL KIND.—A friend, when wishing to denote himself as being quite *overwhelmed* with favours, says, ‘I am quite ashamed of your kindness. Can you *lend me a shilling?*’

58. * TEMPORARY POPULARITY.—One Saturday, a young probationer who was to preach on the Sabbath evening for a well-known divine, while taking a walk along the bank of the river Tay at the North Inch of Perth,—the tide being full,—had slipped his foot and gone perhaps over the ankles in water. The inconvenience was certainly not of greater extent. Well, the announcement was made by the incumbent in these terms:—‘That that young servant of the LORD who miraculously escaped from a watery grave in the river Tay at the North Inch yesterday, will preach here this evening at six o’clock.’ The evening came and there was such a crowd that a way had to be opened up to allow the preacher to get near the church, the whole court itself, and much even of the South Street being filled. Some of the elders were for telling the cause of the multitude; but one, a bit of a wag, said, ‘Na, na; if we tell him, he’ll no can preach.’ After the service was finished, the young gentleman wished to know the cause of the large assemblage, and was *then* promptly enough informed. He immediately said, ‘If I had known that, I couldn’t have preached.’ ‘I kent that,’ said the elder aforesaid, ‘and so took care to keep it quiet.’

59. * ‘THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.’—The roadstead at South Queensferry is named ‘*St. Margaret’s Hope.*’ A mother, whose name was *Margaret*, had become so suddenly and suspiciously devout that a relative had dubbed her ‘*St. Margaret.*’ There was some talk being held as to the proclivities of one of her sons, and that he would most certainly turn out a decided *hopeful*. ‘Most assuredly,’ replied a young lady, ‘there can be no doubt of that; he will become, or rather already is, “*ST. MARGARET’S HOPE.*”’

60. * NOT A SUBJECT OF THE SULTAN.—When the days of open competition had dawned for the Civil Service, a farmer who wished to get a son into the customs came to a custom-house, saw one of the officers or the messenger, and expressed his earnest desire that his son should be examined for admission. He was wishful to know who conducted the examination, and anxiously asked the officer if he thought it would be the collector. ‘Oh, yes,’ the officer thought it would. ‘Because,’ the farmer said, ‘if there was nae doubt it would be the collector, d’ye think, noo, a *goose* or even a *TURKEY* would do *ony guid*?’

61. * A LONG, STRONG MEMORY.—A servant girl, possessed of an exceptionally respectable appearance, had gone abroad and been married to a successful gold-digger. After an interval of seven or eight years she returned to dear auld Scotland, and her former master meeting her and her husband, asked them to come and take their dinner with him. They came, sat down to table, and the master asked a blessing in his usual way. When he had finished, his feelings may be imagined when his truthful and unsophisticated visitor made the remark, ‘Ae, sir, ye maun really hae a grand memory, for that’s the very grace—*word for word*—ye used to say *when I was wi’ ye.*’

62. * KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.—While a worthy individual of the march of intellect school was ‘laying down the law’ to a knot of acquaintances on one of the streets of Cupar, he caught the eye of a carter hard by, that had been vainly endeavouring to raise a sack of potatoes up on to his cart, and who on the instant thus ‘appealed to the man of knowledge: ‘Come awa, Mr. Balsillie—knowledge is *power*, ye ken. *Gie us a lift on wi’ this pokefu’ o’ tatties!*’

63. * EVE'S PROPER NAME.—Peter—we decline giving his other name, as relatives might be displeased; so, to keep all *smooth*,¹ we tell the story without it. Peter was well known and well liked by every one he came in contact with. He long drove the Highland coach from Perth, and had a very high opinion indeed of Mr. Condie, writer, who was factor for almost all the landed gentry in the district. Mr. Condie must have done some signal kindness to Peter, and Peter was grateful. Peter went to the minister, as need was, about the baptism of his first child, and the minister, being fond of a harmless joke, even on so important an occasion, asked a question or two that might easily have been left alone, we daresay; but all jokers throw out feelers where they plainly see there is hope of reward in their peculiar line. The minister said, 'Well, Peter, of course you know who's the first man.' 'Ou yes, sir—yes, sir—first man, sir? Mr. Condie's the first man in Perth—very nice man, Mr. Condie.' 'Oh no, Peter, no, no. *Adam* was the first man; you'll remember that always.' 'Yes sir, Adam, sir.' 'Well, Peter, who was Adam's wife; you'll know that?' 'Ou yes, sir, yes; *Mrs. Adam*, sir—*Mrs. Adam*, sir; nae doot o' that.'

64. * THE KINGDOM.—The village of Kingskettle, in the 'Kingdom' of Fife, is locally usually styled 'The Kettle.' It so happens that the present U.P. minister is the Rev. Mr. *Tees*. A short time ago, one of his children was being led by the hand by his brother-in-law, the child's uncle, out of St. James' Place U.P. Church, Edinburgh, when the remark was made, 'Oh! this is a sample of *Tees* from *Kettle*.'

¹ The late Peter *Rough*.

65. * PERTH AGAIN.—A half-witted creature called Willie Greig was in the habit of looking in almost, if not always, daily for Mr. John Young, fish-monger, Watergate, Perth. He just came in for a moment, and seemed quite pleased to be spoken to and taken notice of. It happened one day, however, that, Mr. Young being engaged with two country women, cried to Willie when he called to look in again. Willie went off in the huff, and did not look in as usual next day at all. Mr. Young saw him, and asked him to come in. 'Ay,' says Willie, 'but what about *yon*, John—*what about YON?*'

66. * ACADEMICAL.—A professor, who had recently *married* a *rich widow*, was questioning a student as to the origin and duties of the office of deacon in the church. The student, apparently pretty hard put to it for an answer, managed to say it was an 'office in the church.' 'Certainly,' thundered the professor, 'an office in the church—no doubt about that; but a young man of even *common* intelligence could tell me *some* at least of the duties appertaining to that office.' 'Well,' said the student, hurt by the professorial taunt, 'I know *one* of the duties is to look *after widows.*' The laugh was universal, and the professor blushed to the roots of his hair, which meant that the blush pretty well covered *all* his head, as he was rather bald.

67. * CUSTOM-HOUSE FURNITURE.—A friend, one hot and busy day in the custom-house, made the remark that there should be chairs outside the counter for the accommodation of *customers*. He was quietly answered that it was quite true there were *no chairs*, but it was sufficiently apparent there were plenty of *forms*.

68. * CHOICE FOOD FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.—A traveller, setting forth on his first journey, asked his employer how he would conduct himself in the hotels he should come to. The employer told him just to keep his eyes about him, and do as he saw others doing. The first hotel he reached for the night there was only one other traveller staying at it. After a slight salutation, No. 1 rang and asked for a glass of negus. Mr. Green said, 'I'll take the same.' No. 1 looked, but said nothing. No. 1 rang again, and ordered a Welsh rabbit. Mr. Green said *he* would take the same. At this No. 1 looked hard at poor Green, but still said nothing. When the Welsh rabbits were brought, No. 1 said, 'Bring me, please, a pair of slippers and a *boot-jack*. Mr. Green, as twice before, said he would *take the same*. No. 1 at once exclaimed, 'Whatever do you mean? Every time I have ordered anything since you arrived, you have invariably said you'd *take the same*; now, what do you mean by it at all?' 'Oh, don't be angry,' said Mr. Green; 'this is my first journey—my first day, in fact, on the road, and I just supposed I could *eat a boot-jack* as well as you.'

69. * MATTER OF OPINION.—In a *vacant* church not a hundred miles from the banks of the Tay—that is, a charge without a minister at the moment—a meeting was held, when the leet consisted of two candidates. A party stood up and held forth, lauding loudly and somewhat *longly* the peculiar merits of his candidate, in the course of his harangue calling him, among other things, a bright particular *star*. When he at length sat down, a witty supporter of the other claimant immediately answered, if the opposite candidate were a star, then he must have been a *fallen one*.

70. * TWA DAFT FOLK IN AE HOOSE.—Once, when the late Rev. George Gilfillan was at a soiree, in a town in his native county, another clergyman—happily still living, and may he long be spared to us—whose name is also George, was being pressed by some of the people to stay all night; he respectfully declined, and, as his reason, related an anecdote something in these terms:—‘Two sisters, who were a little wrong in the mind, but not much—wanted a “penny,” perhaps, or so—and knew it, apparently, too—lived three or four miles apart—whether this were necessitated or not, report says not. Once the one visited the other, and to spend the day. When the afternoon was wearing onwards toward night, the sister in whose house the meeting had taken place, said to the other, “It’s getting on to be late, Marget; ye’ll better be gaun awa hame.” “Hame,” said Marget, “I mean to stey a’ nicht.” “The fient ane o’ ye’s do that—na, na; ae daft buddie’s enuich in ae hoose ony time.”’ This reached the ears of Mr. Gilfillan during the proceedings at the soiree, and he at once, in his usual ready racy style, told the whole right out, and the effect upon his audience may easily be imagined—they could have been ‘*tied wi’ a straw.*’

71. * A GRAVE SUBJECT.—Gravediggers, as a rule, are rather hardened in their conversation, and Jock Wilson was no exception to the rule. There had been a new gate ordered for the kirkyard, and Jock had been several times at the smithy to see if it was finished. One day Jock called on his old errand, and the smith, being in a bad temper, sharply asked, ‘What’s a’ yeer hurry? a’m shure there’s naebudy comin’ oot.’ ‘No,’ replied Jock, ‘an’ no’ mony gaun in, which is a waur job.’

72. * NOT MATCHED.—A man, asking a *match* from a smart young waitress in a shop, was answered, ‘I nicht gie ye a *spunk*, aw daursay, but yer *match* wadna be easy f’und.’

73. * DOUBTFUL.—The late ever deeply-lamented Prince Consort used to tell with high glee this anecdote about himself. One morning, being early out, he, as was his readily-seized custom, threw royalty aside for the moment, and called for a neighbouring gentleman *sans ceremonie*. The man-servant didn’t know the Prince, and asked who he would report had been calling. ‘Oh, I see,’ replied the Prince; ‘just say that Prince Albert called.’ The servant at once placed his right thumb to his nose, extending and twirling the fingers in true orthodox fashion, and pronounced the cabalistic word—‘WALKER.’

74. * AN ESCAPE MORE THAN PROVIDENTIAL.—A servant woman in Bridgend of Perth went down with a pair of wooden stoups to the river Tay, which there flows past with a strong, rapid current. The river was in flood,—*spate*, as it is called,—and the poor woman, not aware of the strength of the rushing stream, got drawn in, nearly drowned, and consequently was a considerable time in reaching home with the water. Her mistress beginning to find fault with her for the length of time she had been away, she very calmly and mildly replied: ‘Time! dear me, I was near drooned, and wad ha’e been drooned outright if it hadna juist been *Providence* an’ ANITHER WOMAN.’

75. * EDIBLE RULES.—*Eat* oysters *only* in the *months* that have an ‘r’ in their names, and *drink* whisky *only* in those *months* that have a ‘w’ in their names.

76. * TIT FOR TAT.—The stipend of a minister of the Established Church is sometimes paid partly in grain; as witness the following colloquy related by Dr. Aiton:—‘William, you must bring me better grain; I can’t sell it, it is so bad.’ ‘It’s just what the land produces, sir, and I have naething else to gie.’ ‘But then you are a bad farmer, William; you must farm better.’ ‘Tut, sir; tut, sir—that’s no civil—I’ll no take that off your haun’; I attend your kirk, and you gie just what *yeer mind produces*, and I dinna fin’ fau’t—I dinna tell you that you are a bad preacher, although you tell me I am a bad farmer; but if I was to step into the Burgher house, I might get baith *bigger measure* and corn *better dighted*. If ye’ll ca’ the *waik* corn and *cauf* out of your sermons, I’ll put my corn ance mair through the fanners.’

77. * WITHOUT A CONSCIENCE.—In our green youth, when George the Fourth was king, we were admiring the pocket-knives in the glass case of a very *dear friend*, and, on asking the price, were told 4s. 6d. We made the exclamation, ‘*You’ve a conscience.*’ Our friend immediately but unintentionally answered, ‘*No, I have not.*’

78. * A BED OF FLOWERS.—Once in South Queensferry, during the residence of that amiable minister, the Rev. Mr. Lockhart, now of Colinton, we saw, placed out on the parapet of a stone court, a veritable wooden *bedstead*, planted full of flowers. We called the reverend gentleman’s attention to the somewhat rare sight by the remark that we had often heard of a *BED of flowers*, but had never *seen the BEDSTEAD* exposed to public gaze before, at which he took a most hearty laugh.

79. *I'LL NONE OF IT.—Most boys allow queer notions to run in their heads at times, and the laddies of our rural districts are like others in this respect. Take an instance of an auld-farrant Aberdeenshire village urchin, aged six or seven years, who was suffering from a 'dhow.' His ever-watchful mother unhesitatingly prescribed and at once prepared 'a good dose o' senna, mixed wi' salts,' as the only cure. The laddie had probably been previously introduced to this homely potion, and perhaps it was from experience that he had come to regard it as '*terrible coorse.*' At any rate he was now inclined, with Macbeth, to 'throw physic to the dogs,' who, perhaps, like it. It was in vain for his mother to suggest that if he were to '*scowff't aff onstoppit,*' he would never discover the taste of it. He persistently refused to drink the physic, and at last his mother had recourse to the dreadful threat that if he didn't take the senna he would 'dee!' 'Oh, weel, I dinna care though aw div dee! I'm nae for't.' Thereupon his mother advised him to set about making his 'test'ment' at once; and by way of giving him a start, inquired who, for instance, would get his 'siller.' 'Ou,' replied the young testator promptly, 'ma fadder'll get a' ma bawbees; Jock 'ill get ma hat and ma knife; I'll tak' ma new kilt wi' me, an' the scholars 'ill get ma aul' ane.' On hearing her son thus 'willing' away his worldly effects, she naturally inquired what he would leave to her. 'Oh,' was the half exultant answer, '*ye can tak' the senna, mither, 'at ye think sae gweed!*'

80. THE TIME OF DAY.—The general public, and especially commercial men, dislike a 12.50 train, as it's *ten to one* if they catch it.

81. * THE WORTH OF HIS MONEY.—There is a positive danger in having too good a character in the hotel line. A visitor called in at a hotel, where they were credited with getting dinners and luncheons up well. He asked, in quite an easy way, what sort of dinner they could give him for *his* money, as he had heard the house very well spoken of. The waiter said they could do the thing as well or even better than any one in town. ‘Well,’ said the visitor, ‘you observe I don’t restrict you in any way, but just let me see what you can do for *my* money.’ The waiter here put in a word for the wines—they were really first-class. ‘Do you prefer port or sherry?’ ‘Oh, since you will have it, sherry by all means.’ The dinner was served, and was in all respects up to the mark; and when the *diner* had apparently enjoyed it and himself a sufficient length of time, he took an opportunity when the waiter was in the room to say, ‘Well, now, I shall be going; your hotel is an excellent one, and I shall not fail to recommend it. I couldn’t wish to be better served for *my* money, so I had better pay and be off,’ and with this he politely tendered a SIXPENCE. The waiter was utterly taken aback; he had expected at least a shilling or two for himself, and tremblingly asked what he meant. ‘Oh, nothing; I wished to see what kind of a dinner you would give me for *my* money. I *have seen*, and enjoyed too, the dinner, and now I hand you over *my* money, and the thing’s all right.’ ‘Oh, but,’ says the waiter, ‘that won’t do, you know; I’ll go to the master and get your bill.’ ‘You needn’t trouble; I assure you it is as I say—no way else;’ but the waiter rang for his master and told him the state of the case. The hotel-keeper, after reviewing it every way, saw he could make nothing of it; and as he found it

was of no use, the laugh naturally was on the wrong side of his face. So at last he said, 'Ah well, I see—very clever, and all that; now, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll give you half-a-sovereign if you'll go and do the same to my neighbour along the street there.' The sixpenny fellow said, *taking the coin*, 'Well, I am sure I would be very glad; only he gave me a sovereign to come and do it to you, and I don't see how I'll manage it.'

82. * WHOM DID HE REPRESENT?—Once, in Kirkwall Hotel, several commercial men were, as is almost invariably the case, staying over the Sunday. One remained in the house 'for raysons,' as Paddy said, the others going to church. The party returned for dinner, and, during its course—by the bye, we should say, to be correct, its *half-dozen courses*—the sermon was being commented upon, and among all else, the name of the Apostle Paul was spoken of repeatedly, when suddenly the traveller who had been indoors all day, and had not spoken a word till then—in fact, he had been just coming up to the surface—suddenly said, 'Ay, *the Apostle Paul; wha did he trayvel for?*'

83. * GENERALSHIP.—A good story is told of the great physician Sir Richard Jebb, who was once paid *three* guineas by a nobleman from whom he thought he had a right to expect *five*. The doctor, by a *planned accident*, dropped the coins on the carpet, when a servant picked them up and restored them. But Sir Richard, instead of walking off, continued his search. 'Are all the guineas not found?' asked his lordship, looking round. 'There must be *two* still on the floor,' was Sir Richard's answer, 'for I have only got *three*.' The hint was taken, of course, and the *proper* sum made up.

84. * DIMINUTIVE. — One Friday evening, the levee night at *Paradise Road*, Dundee, we had the privilege of being a guest at the manse. After tea there were *three* marriages; the procession of the bridal parties was formed in the kitchen, and passed to the parlour, and when the marriage ceremony was duly performed by the great man, Mr. Gilfillan, now departed, the parties fell into file, and proceeded to the place whence they had come. The *second* party acted exactly in the same way in coming into the room, but as some of them appeared to be connected with the *third* party, they stayed still to see the next marriage performed. This necessarily caused a bit of a crowd in the parlour, and Mr. Gilfillan asked, ‘Which is the *bride* in this case?’ One of the party pointed her out,—she was of rather small stature, indeed, very little,—when Mr. Gilfillan, without the most distant intention of wounding any one’s feelings, came out, unconsciously, we felt sure, with the startling expression, ‘Oh, this is IT!’

85. * A PASS-BOOK KEEPER.—Another case where there *might* be an *intention* to be *witty* at all events was this. We introduced a very diminutive person, in fact a *mannikin*, to a friend in some way like this: ‘Mr. Currie, this is our book-keeper.’ ‘Ay,’ said he, ‘what’s *its* name?’

86. * CONUNDRUM BEATEN OUT.—*Punch* once said that, in the case of a railway accident, what really was a better thing than even *presence of mind* was *absence of body*.

87. * NOT ANIMAL FOOD.—A person, boasting that his living was very pure and *cost no animal its life*, was asked what he did live on, then. He said, ‘Vegetables, eggs, butter, bread, and *canned salmon!*’

88. * CHILD'S SONG.—‘Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi’ me?’ The small maiden sang thusly to the goat, ‘Tum tae Deenie, Nanny.’

89. * A FAIR RETURN.—Two merchants in a small way in ironmongery, the one at one end of a village, the other at the other, and the one a Highlander, the other a Lowlander, were comparing notes as to the scale of profit they were charging on their sales. The Highlander opened the ball by observing to his Lowland friend, ‘You seem to be doing well. Hoo much you shaarge upon the goots you sell?—of profit, you know?’ ‘Ou! I’m no very greedy; I juist chaarge *five* per cent.’ ‘Ay, ay!’ said the Highlander, ‘I see noo. No wonder you are making money; that’s fery creat profit inteed. An’ I only shaarges *one* per cent.; no more, too, whatsoever.’ ‘Ou, that’ll no dae, ye ken! *One* per cent. will pay you nor no man,’ said the Lowlander. ‘Pays me fery well,’ says Tonal. ‘But I canna understand ava,’ says Sandy; ‘a rat couldna live on that; but explain.’ ‘Weel,’ says Tonal, ‘when a thing costs me *ae shillin’*, I juist shaarges *twa* for’t; so that’s *one per cent.*, is’t no?’

90. * THE WAY OF WELL-DOING.—A nondescript cooper went to Perth from Auchterarder, and having sold all his stock of luggies, bowls, etc., fell on the spree, and stayed away from home. When he at length reached Auchterarder, his wife was at him as to what could keep him sae lang in Perth, and ‘shoore’ was she that he could be doing no good there. He modestly and quietly answered, ‘that he had kent folk bein’ in Perth longer than him—ay, even a’ their days, and doin’ guid a’ the time. Very guid place, Perth.’

91. * A CERTAIN CURE FOR RATS.—A Frenchman, staying over night at a hotel, was charged most unmercifully,—some half-crown for biscuit and cheese and a glass of beer, and all else in proportion,—his bill amounting to half-a-guinea for the one night. In the morning he saw the landlord in rather an excited state, and on speaking to him, found that he was very much annoyed with rats, which were doing any amount of damage about the premises. The Frenchman said he could give him a certain specific that would entirely cure the evil complained of. The landlord offered any reasonable sum for the information, but the French gentleman was very moderate in his demands, stipulating only that the landlord should forego the amount of the bill he had charged his customer with; to which proposal the landlord very gladly agreed. ‘Vell!’ said the Frenchman, ‘vat you vill do is: *Aivery rat* dat come here, you sharge him so much as you have sharged me here, and *he nevair come back again* at all.’

92. * THE HURRY OF THE MOMENT.—People say very curious things without thinking, an instance or two of which we have already given; and this is one we heard in a shop in Dundee:—A person came in for change of half-a-crown, when the shopman *then, now* the master, made answer hurriedly, ‘Oh, I’m sorry I hevna a *copper* of *silver* left!’

93. * TRUE ECONOMY.—‘Oh, George! George!’ said a mother who caught her hopeful eating bread, with butter on it as thick as the bread, and jelly as thick as them both, ‘how very extravagant you are!’ ‘No, no, mamma! economy, true economy—*for the bread.*’

94. A SCARCE ANIMAL.—The Rev. Mr. Thom of Govan, riding home from Paisley on a particular occasion, came up with two gentlemen, heritors of his parish, who had lately both been made justices of the peace. They, seeing him as usual well mounted, were determined to have a joke at his expense, and accosted him thus: ‘Well, Mr. Thom, you are very unlike your MASTER, for HE was content to ride on an ass.’ ‘An ass!’ says Mr. Thom; ‘there’s no’ sic a beast to be gotten now-a-days.’ ‘Ay, how’s that?’ said they. ‘Because,’ replied Mr. Thom, ‘they now make them a’ *justices o’ the peace.*’

95. *SYMPATHY PROPERLY APPORTIONED. — At a soiree held in Kinnaird Hall, Dundee, Mr. Gilfillan was speaking, and indulged in a few reminiscences,—*i.e.*, who were on that platform when *he first* stood there—Rev. Mr. Jacque of Auchterarder, who was publishing *Hope: Its Lights and Shadows*, and he only *hoped* every one there would become a purchaser of it, etc.; and others,—until he came to one minister’s name who was at the moment getting, as the phrase is, a ‘helper and successor’ appointed to him, and in this connection told an anecdote of the then future Sir David Baird, or rather of his mother, when word came to this country that he was taken prisoner and fettered to a common soldier. Some one had been regretting the circumstance, in a special call made to Mrs. Baird; not the indignity alone, but the awful amount of irksomeness and annoyance, and, in short, that from his heart he pitied her son very much. The old lady at once made answer, which is said to have been quite characteristic of her: ‘Noo, that’s no the way I look at it ava’—indeed, it’s a’ the other way; for I juist pity the man *that’s chaing’d to oor Dawvit.*’

96. * PERFORMING THE GOSPEL.—At another soiree the Rev. Mr. Gilfillan took occasion to mention the then forthcoming visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, to which, to the sorrow of some of his sinceré admirers, he did not look forward with feelings of admiring expectancy, but spoke of it in a way which was not very usual with him. Mr. *Hart*, then of St. David's Parish Church, now of Aberlady, was present. Mr. Gilfillan said in his pleasant way, that the one of the coming men was to *preach* the gospel, and the other was to *sing* the gospel, and it was now needed only there should be found one to *dance* the gospel, and indeed the want can be supplied, for here is my friend, *who can leap like a HART*.

97. * BY AUCTION.—We think the following worthy of being *fixed*, though merely a passing *mot*.—‘In a certain parish lived old *Moses Fife*, and *Moses* having departed this life, his goods and chattels came under the auctioneer's hammer. A neighbour, say Tam Paterson, was among the bidders, and made himself owner of the defunct's plaid, a well-worn but still tough article of real old *hard* Highland tartan. Tam, *arrayed in the plaid*, next day met his uppish neighbour *Mains*, done up in broadcloth. With an amused grin on his countenance, Mains exclaims, “O Tam, that plaid o' yours *seerly* come oot o' the ark?” “Dinna ken,” said Tam gravely as he stalked on, “dinna ken; aw wudna wunder. It was bocht at *Moses' roup*, at *onyrate*.”’

98. A METAMORPHOSIS.—Sir Boyle Roach, in one of the debates on the question of the Union, made a speech in favour of it, which he concluded by saying, that there was no doubt it would change the barren *hills* into fruitful *valleys*.

99. * IF THEY'LL ONLY DECIDE. — The late Mr. Menzies, banker, Dunkeld, a gentleman known all over the district, and liked as much as he was widely known, was a keen appreciator of wit. He saw an old Highlander one day, at the burn down from the thriving healthy village of Pitlochry, fishing with a 'boo'd preen.' Mr. Menzies said to the man in Gaelic, 'Fish will never catch wi' that.' 'Ay wull they!' the man replied, also in Gaelic, 'if they'll only take it *in their haid*.'

100. * SLEEPERS—NOT RAILWAY ONES.—Before he was doctor, the late Rev. Norman Macleod, of wide-spread fame, was once a passenger by the 'mail' in some district where, as yet, there was no railway communication. He had for his sole fellow-passenger a lady who, as well as himself, during the longish journey, nodded and *slept*. At length, at the end of a by-road, the mail stopped, and a gentleman came to the window of the coach to meet the lady; and in this gentleman—evidently the lady's husband—*Mr.* Macleod saw a clergyman with whom even so large-hearted a man as himself had had a rather serious tiff; and when he observed that the clergyman didn't seem inclined to recognise or be recognised, *Mr.* Macleod said, at the same time assisting the lady out, 'Well, ma'am, good-bye; when will you and I have the pleasure of *sleeping together again?*'

101. THAT'S FLAT.—*Mr.* Serjeant Gardner, being lame of one leg, while pleading before the late Judge Fortescue, who had little or no nose, the judge said to him he was afraid he had but a *lame* cause of it. 'Oh, my lord,' said the serjeant, 'have but a little patience, and I warrant I'll prove everything just as *plain* as the *nose* on your face!'

102. * FORBES MACKENZIE.—During the time the Established Assembly was held in St. Andrew's Church, George Street, Edinburgh, and just when the new Public-house Act came into force, Mr. Macleod—afterwards the celebrated Dr. Macleod—took ill one day while attending the Assembly. He was advised that a glass of *good* brandy would do him *good*. He went to Rose Street, to Mr. Cameron, grocer there, and asked if he had any good brandy. Mr. Cameron said he had, very good. Mr. Macleod asked a small quantity. The merchant wished to know whether his customer wished a gill or half a gill. 'Oh, no *half* measures,' said the witty clergyman; 'give me a gill.' The grocer then asked—as by the new law it must be carried out of his premises—if the gentleman had a bottle. 'No,' said he; 'if it requires a bottle, just give me one, and charge your price for it.' All this was so said so done. Mr. Macleod paid the money, and significantly asked, 'Now, whether is this yours or mine?' 'Oh, yours, sir, of course,' said Mr. Cameron. 'Well, then,' said Mr. Macleod, 'a man can do what he likes with his *own*,' and putting the bottle to his mouth, said, 'Here's t'ye, and if any fault be found, say it was me,' explaining, at the same time, who he was. Mr. Cameron, proud to see the great man, yet felt a *little* annoyed, and bore it with as good a grace as he could, we daresay. Mr. Macleod concluded, in leaving the shop, by jauntily adding in his usual inimitable way, 'But they can't find fault with either of us, for you've carried out the *law* and I've *carried out the brandy* to the best of our respective abilities; and, indeed, I feel quite able for *it* at all events.'

103. * THE BANK TO BE DRAWN UPON.—Hotel-keepers are sometimes—not so often, though, as might

be supposed—imposed on. One day, towards the end of a month, a person, having every appearance of a gentleman, went to a hotel and ordered a dinner, wines, and everything complete, in first-class style, and, after indulging to his heart's content, he asked if the landlord would join him in a glass of champagne ere he went. The landlord did so, and then the customer said he must be moving. The waiter, on this hint, went and procured the bill, always, in such cases, ready. The visitor said he was sorry he had no money, and would have none till the first of the ensuing month, when he would most certainly call and pay. The landlord felt so exasperated that, forgetting or ignoring the circumstance of his having hob-nobbed with his customer, he watched his opportunity and kicked him out at the door. Well, the remaining days of that month came and went, and the *first* of the next at length dawned upon the world. As sure as the day came, came the party who had dined. The hotel-keeper saw him coming up the steps, and rushed out of the way. The waiter went and told his master, who said, 'Say I'm not at home;' but the waiter at once asserted that the debtor for the dinner had seen him. Well, the same scene was, almost incident for incident, repeated—the dinner ordered, discussed, and enjoyed. At last the visitor again wished the landlord to come up and crack a bottle of champagne with him as before; he came, though full of reluctance, and as full of apologies. They had their champagne, when the *gentleman*, as if quite incidentally, mentioned that he had that day as *before* been disappointed in getting the money he had been expecting, but that there was, in the circumstances, one source of comfort—the *landlord could again draw on the SAME bank.*

104. MENSURATION.—During the Assizes, in the case of an assault and battery, where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following *clear* and conclusive evidence was *extracted* out of a Yorkshire man: ‘Did you see the defendant throw the stone?’ ‘Aw zaw a stone, and I’ze pratty sure he throw’d it.’ ‘Was it a large stone?’ ‘Aw shudd zay it wur a largish stone.’ ‘What was its size?’ ‘Aw shudd zay a sizeable stone.’ ‘Can’t you answer definitely how big it was?’ ‘Aw shudd zay it wur a stone of zum bigness.’ ‘Can’t you give the jury some idea of the stone?’ ‘Wy, as near as aw can recollect, it wur something of a stone.’ ‘Can’t you compare it to some other object?’ ‘Wy, if aw wur, aw shudd zay it wur as large as a loomp o’ chalk.’

105. * NOT TOASTABLE—NO EFFECT.—Dr. Brown of Sunderland, one of the social medicos of a by-gone era, had been the adorer, for many years, of a lady whose name we may call White; but unluckily she did not see through his spectacles at all, and would never consent to have him. One night, over a comforting drop in the club the good doctor frequented, a wag, but of the wrong sort, said, ‘What do you say, doctor, to my giving the toast of Miss White, your old flame?’ ‘You may, and you’ll not do any harm either to her or to me by toasting her as often as you please; for I’ve *toasted* her all these years, and there are still no symptoms at all of her *turning Brown*.’

106. * INFINITESIMAL TEST.—When Sir Peter Lawrie was Lord Mayor of London, a large bank note—£100—was found, and advertised with the usual explanation that the number, etc., would require to be given, so as to lead to the identification of the valuable piece of paper. Three-quarters of an hour after

the advertisement appeared in the *Times*, up dashed a fine equipage to the Mansion-House, and a most gentlemanly-looking person descended and entered the 'residence' of the municipal potentate. Luckily, Sir Peter was himself at hand. The gentleman wished to see the Lord Mayor privately, and explained that he had lost a large note, but, unfortunately, he could not tell the numbers, as he never took them, but only made two private marks (. .) so, below. Sir Peter looked at the note, and there being no such dots, he told the visitor so; but that gentleman very speciously said, 'Let me see the note, and you know, my Lord Mayor, it stands to reason that if I cannot absolutely *show* you the marks, then, of course, the note is *not* mine.' Sir Peter, thinking there was something in that, produced the note. The gentleman, glancing hurriedly and eagerly at it, pointed to where the marks should have been, but were not, and at once said, 'No, Sir Peter, I am sorry to say it—*that* is not my note,' made his acknowledgments, and politely took his hurried leave. Within the hour another equipage drove up, and its occupant walked smartly and confidently forward, gave the number of the note glibly and correctly, obtained possession, left a handsome *douceur* for the finder, stepped into his carriage, and drove off. Next day the real *Simon Pure* came, and gave all the identifying marks of the note, and, of course, the Corporation had just to make it up. The plan will be easily seen through. The first two were in compact; the one, in pretending to look for the *dots*, cleverly took the number mentally, and as cleverly retained it, gave it to his coadjutor, who acted as we have related, and obtained the valuable document for their pains; and Sir Peter always said they deserved it.

107. * WELL DONE.—The Duchess of York, being in want of a laundress, desired the housekeeper to look out for some one for the situation. A decent-looking woman was accordingly recommended, but the housekeeper, in the Duke's presence, objected to her on the score that she was a soldier's wife, and that generally these people were persons of bad character. 'What is that you dare to say?' replied his Grace. 'A soldier's wife! What is my wife, your mistress, pray? Engage the woman this instant.'

108. A CONFESSION—(Scene: A country lane; a couple of lovers pass arm-in-arm).—Edwin, apparently in deep thought: 'Ay, an' whaas bonnie lassie ar' ye?' Angelina, leaning her head gently upon her Edwin's shoulder and gazing fondly up into his face: 'Tuts, ye ken fine!'

109. * DISCRIMINATION.—A Highlander on board a west country steamer called out to the steward, 'Maan, this *roast* beef's no hauf *biled*.'

110. * HOW TO BE SATISFIED.—A cab proprietor, who suspected one of his drivers of purloining, and wished to set his mind at rest on the point, concealed himself in the hay loft when Peter was suppering up his horse. Peter, who little imagined who was within earshot, entered into a regularly-conducted commercial balancing of the cash, counting out the shillings thus: 'Ane for mysel', ane for the maister,' alternately, until a good few shillings had in *reality* changed hands. He came to an odd one, when he made a 'serious pause,' and then came the *sotto voce* question, 'Noo, whether'll I tak' this to mysel' or gie't to the maister?' when the latter somewhat loudly and startlingly bawled out, 'Ou, ye'd better gie't tae me, as I *keep the horses!*'

111. * A PENDANT. — Another driver convicted himself in this way: he had got a dram, and when he went to the office at night, he handed over fourteen shillings to his employer, with the remark, 'Puir day the day, maister, puir day the day; only fourteen shillings,' the master rejoining that they 'should aye be thankfu.' Away went Andrew to finish what he had to do about the stable. The drink affecting his head made him entirely oblivious to the fact that he had *already* handed over all the 'drawings' that he had intended should go out of his own possession to the master, and finding 'money in his purse,' he makes another peregrination to the office, and much to the amusement, profit, but chagrin of the proprietor, used the same stereotyped phraseology, at the same time counting down the money, 'Puir day the day, maister, puir day the day; only *fourteen* shillings.'

112. * QUANTITY, NOT QUALITY. — 'Will you no' tak' anither cup?' said an elderly maiden lady, who, with her sister, was discussing that social and un-inebriating institution, the evening tea, to a male visitor. 'Weel, I daursay I nicht, for it's *fine* an' *sweet* an' *bonnie* an' *clear*.'

113. * 'TAY' YET CLEARER. — Paddy, being home at the ould country, said that the county of Perth in Scotland was the most wonderful place he ever saw, as you had 'only to take a cup wid you, and get it filled at any time wid *Tay*, free, gratis, and for nothing at all, at all.'

114. * EIGHTEEN FORTY-THREE. — *Punch* said Her Majesty the Queen, on proceeding on her first visit to Scotland, which then was by sea, took *Tay* on her way to Dundee.

115. * DOUBLING THE REWARD. — Chateauneuf, keeper of the seals to Louis XIII., when a boy of only nine years of age, was asked many questions by a bishop, and gave very excellent answers to them all. At length the prelate said, 'My little man, I will give you an orange if you will tell me where GOD is.' 'My lord,' replied the boy, 'I will give *you two* oranges if you will tell me where HE is not.'

116. WHAT A DUCK.—A person who had acquired the graceful habit of standing very long on one leg, came to Lacedemon to see the city. Exhibiting this trick to a Spartan, he said vauntingly, 'You could not preserve that posture so long.' 'I know that,' replied the Lacedemonian, 'but a *goose* could.'

117. *Willingly*.—An English gentleman having taken ill of yellow fever in Jamaica, the lady whom he had married in the island indirectly hinted to him, in the presence of the physician—an Irishman—who attended the patient, the propriety of making his *will* in a country where people were so apt to die. The doctor, thinking his skill thus called in question, tartly replied, 'Truly, madam, I wish you would tell me that country where people do not die, and I will go there and *end* my days.'

118. GRACE AFTER MEAT.—One day, at the table of the late Dr. Pearse, Dean of Ely, just as the cloth was being removed, the subject of conversation happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality amongst the lawyers. 'We have lost,' said a gentleman, 'not less than six eminent barristers in as many months.' The Dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished that remark, and said grace thus: 'For this and every other mercy, HIS name be praised.'

119. * QUITE.—In Greenside Street, Edinburgh, Mr. James Haswell, wine merchant and family grocer, carried on a large and highly-respectable business. A wag passing, made the sapient observation that Mr. Haswell's name would be AS WELL without the H, a piece of the purest wit we have ever met with.

120. * YOUR CHOICE.—A popular and skilful lecturer in Glasgow, of a bygone day, who spoke the pure vernacular, one night asked his students, 'Weel, gentlemen, whether'll ye tak' the "*fever*" the nicht or the "banes o' the *heid*" ?'

121. * HEIGHT AND DEPTH.—In an impression of a German newspaper, the following appeared in the obituary column :—'Our dear son Gustav lost his life by falling from the spire of the Lutheran Church. Only those can measure the depth of our grief who know the height of the steeple.'

122. * ANOTHER P.—In a certain church in Aberdeen, one Sunday the clergyman intimated that the collections on a previous Sunday had amounted to 17s. and a—peppermint lozenge, and further said that the depositor of the sweetie would have it returned on application at the vestry.

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

124. * AN AMALGAMATION.—A well-known drouth, upon being noticed imbibing a—for him—very great quantity of *aqua pura*, was asked what on earth he was doing drinking so much water. He made answer that he was ‘makin’ grog.’ The immediate question then was, ‘Whar’s your whisky?’ ‘Ou, I got it *yesterday*,’ was the reply.

125. * TOO FRIENDLY BY HALF.—During the Deluge, when the ark was floating about on the dreary waste of waters, a punt sailed up to one of the windows of the huge vessel with the arch enemy of mankind on board,—Satan *in propria persona*,—who had the supreme impertinence to say to that Patriarch, ‘Stormy weather, Mr. Noah.’ Noah replied, in a tone of undisguised hatred and contempt, ‘You be hanged. Shut that window, Ham.’

126. * DENTISTRY.—When the Free Church College was in George Street, Edinburgh, the nearest neighbour was Mr. Nasmyth, the famous dentist, who sent a letter to Dr. Chalmers to kindly ask the students to make less noise—either indulge in less applause, or at all events *less energetically*—with the feet, etc. That splendid, truly excellent man read the note to the young gentlemen, and said, in his urbane, kind way, ‘Well, gentlemen, I hope you will attend to this, else you’ll soon be as much *in the mouths of the public* as Mr. Nasmyth himself is.’

127. * SATISFACTORY.—A female friend condoling with a poor man on the loss of his wife, said she pitied him very much, for the deceased ‘was a fine woman.’ ‘Ay,’ said the poor, helpless-looking *widdey-man*, ‘she was a fine woman, but awm dune wi’ her.’

128. * NOT PARTICULAR TO A SHADE.—The late Rev. Dr. Chalmers was very fond of a quiet joke, and he often got one out of or about his friend, alas ! also now '*the late*' Dr. Candlish, who was not at all tidy as to his dress unless Mrs. Candlish watched him well. Dr. Chalmers used to assert that Dr. Candlish '*didna care; he aye gaed aboot wi' his troosers an inch or *three* too short.*'

129. * ALL THE HONOURS.—A person called David Robertson had come up from the Carse o' Gowrie,—the garden of Scotland, as the late Mr. Corbet Ryder of the Theatre Royal delighted to call it,—and got located in Mr. Buist's office in Charlotte Street, Perth. A young man from the Carse, who had never seen David, was going up to Perth one day, when David's mother asked him to call and see him, and say 'they were a' weel.' The young lad agreed, found out the office, knocked, and David *in propria persona* himself appeared, when the query was put, 'if there was one *Dauvit* Robertson here.' David stood a while in 'hesitation grave;' at last, after a pretty long interval, he came out with, 'Oh, I believe I'm him; but aye gettin' "*Mester*" since I cam' to Perth, ye see I forgot.'

130. * NOT TROUBLESOME.—A student called upon some plain, decent folk, friends of his father, when in Edinburgh, and they, having asked him 'to come and take his dinner with them,' he went, and was apologising for the trouble he was too evidently putting them to, when the gudeman said, 'Dinna say onything, the trouble's naething tae the expense;' on this the gudewife, to do away with the perceptible effect her husband's blunder had produced, hastily said, making matters far worse, 'Ou, never mind oor John, for he aye juist says what he thinks.'

131. * SARAH SIBBALD.—In Edinburgh, when the old Theatre Royal stood where the General Post Office now stands, a very stout old female fruit-vendor was as invariably to be found at that end of the North Bridge almost as the parapet of the wall itself. It was currently reported, but always in whispers, that Sarah had, while living, sold her huge carcase to the doctors to be claimed at her death, and a good many people took pretty significant looks at the poor creature, in consequence, as they passed; but if they were more particular in this than ordinary, what they usually got was, ‘What are ye a’ glowerin’ at? Ye’ll maybe come tae sell ayles yersel’ yet.’

132. * FACILITY IN PREACHING.—Once Dr. Candlish, among a few recent times, sent to know if Dr. Chalmers could preach for him—a notice which the latter thought, like the trousers, far too short; but he only very good-naturedly said, ‘Toots, the body; does he think I can juist pu’ a sermon *doun my sleeve* like him ony time *he* likes?’

133. * HOW TO KNOW A FELLOW.—A casual visitor was asked to join a family party at a knife-and-fork tea, and willingly and most energetically did so, remarking, after he had taken a thorough ‘tuck in’ of all the good things, that he had had his tea before, upon which the gudeman somewhat drily said, ‘If ye *hedna* TELT us, we’d never hae *kent*.’

134. * MOTHER NATURE.—‘Now I hope these lobsters are really the very best?’ was said to a fisherman on bringing a supply of those crustaceans to a customer. The poor man made the quiet reply, ‘Weel, I dinna ken aboot that, but they’re be the best makker ony wey.’

135. * BETTER DAYS.—Sheridan one drizzly, sour-looking day, being in a state, even for him, of unusual impecuniosity, was asked for charity by a poor woman, who, among other incentives to his liberality, pleaded that she 'had seen better days.' 'So have I,' said poor Sheridan, regarding with a rapid, intelligible glance the dull, leaden sky; 'for instance, *this* is a *miserable day*.'

136. * MECHANISM.—A friend met Sheridan, one who really felt for him, and asked with kindly interest how he 'was getting along now.' 'Oh, splendidly! I have got all my affairs capitally arranged, and for the future I shall take care they get on like clock-work.' 'Oh, I see,' said his friend, who could not possibly let so good an opportunity pass, 'tick, tick for ever.'

137. * THE AWFUL THING.—A young lad in driving home unfortunately overturned a cart of hay, and on some one condoling with him on the misfortune, 'It's no the cart o' hay,' said the poor fellow after a slight pause, 'but ma fayther's *below* the hay, that's the *hanged* thing.'

138. * CHRISTIAN RETURN.—A poor ignorant woman had the misfortune to have an ill-natured, fault-finding, nagging sort of a fellow of a low type for a husband. Her minister advised her continuously and sustainedly to return for evil, good, once using the expression that by so doing she would heap coals of fire on his head. One day she had a more than ordinary piece of ill-usage to mention, and the good clergyman said, 'Well, well, just do as I told you, and so heap coals of fire on his head.' 'Ai weel, sir, I tried him, to begin wi', wi' a shufflefu' o' *het aisce*, an' it juist did *nae guid*.'

139. * NOT HOHENLINDEN.—One night when there was snow on the ground, the late Professor Wilson, the glorious ‘Christopher North,’ was coming down the Fleshmarket Close of Edinburgh. He had, somehow, a little bit of a roll that night, which he exhibited when in his prime. A friend saw him and exclaimed, ‘Hallo! rolling home, Professor?’ The witty Christopher merely said, ‘*Iser rolling rapidly.*’

140. * A LARGE ESTABLISHMENT.—We once knew an engraver, now dead, who carried on a pretty good business, whose name was Clark, and who travelled on his own account. One evening in the Tower Hotel, Hawick, after business was done, some one asked if he carried on a very large trade. ‘Well,’ Mr. Clark said, ‘I keep sixteen *Clerks* at all events.’ He had to maintain Mrs. Clark, himself, and fourteen children.

141. * A PROPER FEAR.—In Biggar once a good-natured muckle cuif had got *on* the spree, and ‘couldna weel get aff’t,’ remaining *on* three or four days, in fact, when a neighbour met him going over the ‘Crafts’ with gun in hand. ‘Whare on earth are ye gaun wi’ the gun, Geordie?’ ‘Ou, am angry at mysel’; I’ve been drinkin’.’ ‘Ay, but yeer shoorely no gaun to shuit yeersel’ for a’ that?’ ‘Weel, no; I’ll maybe no shuit mysel’, but I *shall* gie mysel’ a deevil o’ a *fricht.*’

142. * A PREFERENCE.—A little lad in charge of the aisle near Perth where the deceased members of the noble family of Kinnoul are inurned, was exhibiting it to two gentlemen from Edinburgh, and on their speaking in gratified praise of the sight, said, ‘Ou ay, there’s mony a ane wud *gyng* farrer to see this than they wud *gae* to see a show.’

143. * TRAFFIC.—In 1844 or so, when they were prospecting, so to speak, for railways in all out-of-the-way corners, an official appeared in a particularly quiet place in a gig. He saw a poor man ‘knapping stanes,’ and approaching him, asked if there was ‘much traffic—much travelling and carrying in the locality.’ ‘Ou ay, a guid deal,’ replied the decent stonebreaker; ‘there was a maan gaed by the day before yesterday, an’, ye see, there’s *yeersel’ the day.*’

144. * HIMSELF.—Mr. Young of the Grange distillery, Burntisland, Fifeshire, was going to London from Leith by steamer. It need only be premised that the Burntisland whisky almost always in its *native* county went by the name of ‘Willie Young.’ After the vessel had cleared away and commenced her voyage, Mr. Young asked the steward if he’d ony good whisky, especially if he’d ony ‘Willie Young.’ ‘Oh, yes, sir.’ ‘Weel, gie me a gill o’ hit.’ It was brought, and was not, in Mr. Young’s opinion, Burntisland whisky at all; and he said so, adding, ‘This is no “Willie Young.”’ ‘Oh, yes, sir; yes, sir, no doubt of that.’ ‘Ou, but ye needna tell me; it’s no Willie Young, for *I’m Willie Young himsel’.*’

145. * THE ELDERSHIP.—A truly good man was duly elected to the office of a ruling elder, and, as is the custom, was waited upon by the minister and perhaps, too, one of the session, in order to induce his acceptance of the office, and was plied with every possible argument to that end. All, however, ended in failure, for he firmly but respectfully refused. The kind minister at last asked, ‘Well, James, have ye any particular reason for your refusal, so decided a one too?’ ‘Ou, ay hev I, sir; ye ken fine I get *fu’* whites, an’ it’ll no do—it *winna do ava’*, sir.’

146. * SYNONYMOUS TERMS.—In the days when such was really too much the case,—solid drinking adjournments after meetings of elders,—an excellent man was voted into the membership of the ‘session,’ and called for in the usual course. ‘Na, na,’ says Mathie, ‘I’m a member o’ plenty *drucken clubs* a’ready.’

147. * A QUALIFICATION.—Two friends discussing the characteristics of one who was absent, touching the amount of common sense he was possessed of. One said, ‘Dae ye no think him juist a wee *jimp*?’ ‘That dae I,’ replied the other; ‘an’ no only is he *jimp*, but losh, what he hes is a’ *jummelled*.’

148. * ALLITERATION, REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.—We remember a decent Border merchant who was very proud about being able to make four *g*'s out of his name and address thus: George Gibson, grocer, Gordon; but we can easily make out seven, the *perfect number*, regarding our beloved deceased friend in this way: Great, good, gifted, gentle, and guileless George Gilfillan, and even add in the eloquent words of Rev. Dr. Jeffrey of Glasgow: Genuine, genial, generous.

149. * LIKE A WHALE.—Sandy Stewart, Broughty-Ferry, erewhile proprietor of the Royal Hotel, Dundee, held, among the rest of his investments, shares in one of the whaling fleet sailing from that stirring port, which vessel came home on one bright occasion splendidly fished. Some of Sandy's *confrères* were at him to ‘*stand his hand on the head o'd*,’ in the shape of something handsome—a bottle of wine or so. ‘Ou,’ replied Sandy with his usual ready wit, ‘gae wa’ an’ catch a whaayle tae yeersels.’

150. * MURDER WILL OUT.—In Leith, a generous,

warm-hearted man, who gave liberally to every good cause, a flesher, as it is called in Scotland, to trade, had taken up a suspicion against a somewhat mouthy, frothy elder of the church who was great at missionary meetings, inculcating in season and out of season the duty, nay, the privilege of *giving*. The flesher, we will say Andrew, allowed *the* elder to precede him at the approach to *the plate* on one occasion, when to his utter astonishment he beheld the said elder deposit a few coppers in the treasury, and Andrew rapped out an oath even against his own will, but he was *so* utterly taken aback that out it came. He was reported to Rev. Dr. Harper, the fine large-hearted minister of the church, who was asked to wait upon Andrew and speak with him as to the enormity of the offence, committed, as it was, within the precincts of the church itself. The good Doctor did so in good time, called at the shop, saw Andrew, who, in his usual ready, kindly way, asked the Doctor to gang up the stair, the dwelling-house being above the shop, and he would be up at once. The Doctor accordingly stepped away up. Andrew followed immediately, and asked the Doctor what he would have—wine, brandy, or whisky, usually styled a little spirits, and the Doctor chose the latter; but as he had come on a little business, they had better exhaust that first, he said. Of course, Andrew, as always, was agreeable to this, and when it was all ended, ‘Now, Doctor, ye’ll be the better o’ a little spirits.’ And so, when the bottle and glasses were all arranged quite comfortably, didn’t poor Andrew come out with, ‘Weel, Doctor, after a’ that’s said and done, d’ye no think, noo, the budy only to pit in coppers i’ the plate at a missionary collection that he aye rooses sae highly—after a’, wis’t no a “d——d shame”?’

151. * A COUPLE OF LACONICISMS.—The mother of that great wit Sam Foote had got into prison, no doubt for debt, and she wrote *sonny* in these terms: ‘Dear Sam, I’m in prison.—Yours truly, Anne Foote.’ To which Sam dutifully and at once replied: ‘Dear mother, so am I.—Yours truly, Sam Foote.’

152. * MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.—The late Sheriff Henderson of Dundee had once a large number of poor’s-rate defaulters to sign warrants against. He completed his task without scrutinizing them very narrowly, and discovered precious soon afterwards that he had signed one *against himself*, at which he took a good laugh.

153. * A DISTINCTION.—A clergyman said once to a Highlander, referring to the abuse of whisky: ‘It’s a bad thing whisky, Donald.’ ‘Aiy sir; baad whisky,’ said Donald quietly.

154. * A CRUEL JOKE.—Two blind fiddlers named Archie and Jamie were once subjected to a clever trick, albeit one leading to a proper row, thus:—One Saturday night, on the Mound, Edinburgh, the two fiddlers were sawing away at their Cremonas, when a group of students, who had their plans all laid, stood eyeing the poor blind performers, all ready to put their concoction into execution. One of the group quietly advanced to a position *behind* the violinists, although he might as well have been *before* them for all they could *see*, and, as exactly as might be between them, and quite audibly, said, ‘Here’s half-a-crown for you,’ and gave nothing, *not a coin*. Of course, Archie thought Jamie got the money, and Jamie thought Archie got it; so they sawed away at a

much more vigorous rate, and the students decamped. Time came for the players to go to their humble home, a good stiff dram, perhaps *two*, not being forgot on the way; and the balancing of the cash was, as always, when they reached their dwelling, made the preliminary for going to roost. Then came 'the tug of war.' Archie was not long in counting all he had drawn, and waited till he heard all that Jamie said he had taken. 'Ay, but whaur's the hauf-crown ye got frae the gentleman in the Mound?' says Archie. 'It was you yeersel' that got it, Archie.' 'Never me,' replied Archie; 'it wes you.' 'It wesna me, Archie, as shure's death.' 'Noo, Jamie, that'll no dae, ye ken. I never got it, so it maun hae been you; there was juist the twa o's, so if I didna get it, you maun hae doen sae.' Jamie, poor fellow, could only reiterate what he had already said, if possible more firmly and with rising anger, adding, 'Maan, Archie, I wedna thocht it o' you after we'd gane sae lang thegither, a guid when years noo.' 'What dae ye mean, Jamie? Div ye think I wed chate 'ee? But na, that's only to hide yeer ain iniquity—ill-doers are aye ill-dreaders.' From angry words they came ultimately to blows: bloody noses and black eyes were some of the unlucky results; but what was worst, perhaps, of all, was that Archie purposely smashed Jamie's fiddle across his head, which Jamie at once resented by making Archie's fly in smithereens in the same way. They did not appear next night, and the students having ascertained their whereabouts, called in a body, apologised, treated them to any amount of drink, and gave the poor unhappy men money, at their own asking, as the value of the broken instruments, and over and above all *THE half-crown* that had caused all the *fracas* by its absence.

155. * CABINET WARE.—It is told of Mr. Shirra that upon one occasion there was a debate on finance between his wife and himself. The limited exchequer of those days—very narrow, indeed—showed a small surplus, which the lady wished expended for the purchase of a bonnet, the one in use being rather dilapidated-looking, as well as, no doubt, unfashionable; while the minister very much desired that the money should be laid out on the procuring of a chest of drawers. As usual, the ‘woman’ got ‘aa’ the plea,’ and the bonnet was bought; but Mr. Shirra had wanted revenge for his defeat, and he got it in this way. Next Sabbath, just as Mrs. Shirra entered the church bedizened in the new bonnet, he called out in no stinted tones, ‘Mak’ room, you folk in that passage, for here comes my wife arrayed in graund style, wi’ a chest o’ drawers on her haid!’

156. * RAISING THE WIND.—In a University city, where some help to a local charity was needed, a few of the students took the circumstances into their generous consideration; and being of a jocular turn as well, this is how they managed the rather unique entertainment they gave to raise the funds:—A hall, with a platform or stage and a curtain, was taken, all the properties being a wooden hobby-horse. The tickets were beautifully got up, and the entire company (save the money-takers) consisted of three—two performers, and the epilogue or chorus, and a very decent instrumental band. The evening of the performance came, and the hall was crowded at half-a-guinea each. The orchestra performed,—the curtain rose,—the performance commenced. A nicely-dressed lady entered at the one side, and a gentleman at the other, when the lady exclaimed, ‘O doctor! so glad to have met

you! Will you kindly call and see my little boy, who is poorly?' This said, they both passed on. In a minute a well got-up gentleman—the Epilogue—came on and addressed the audience thus:—'Ladies and gentlemen, can any of you tell the meaning of what you have just seen?' All were silent; no one knew. '*Met-a-PHYSICIAN*,' said the gentleman, and bowing theatrically, walked away, and the curtain fell. The band then played a few bars of music, and the curtain rose again, when in walked from opposite sides, meeting, the same lady and the same gentleman, who courteously bowed to each other in passing and retired. The Chorus came on again pleasantly, and asked if any of the audience could explain what was meant. All were dumb as before, when he, very good-humouredly, said, '*Met-APHOR*,' and retired with a stage scrape, and the curtain fell. A few notes of music, and the curtain ascended once more, when prominently on the stage was 'discovered,' in theatrical phrase, the aforesaid wooden horse. Mr. Epilogue walked on and put the same question, to elicit if the spectators knew what was intended, when, as twice before, silence reigned, and he, most imperturbably, pronounced in two distinct and disconnected syllables the word '*Del-os*, ladies and gentlemen, an island in the Grecian Archipelago,' and bowing and retiring, the curtain fell. A little music followed; the curtain ascended again, when the same toy horse was seen in all its glory occupying the stage. The same formula was gone through with the same result; no one spoke, when the chorus said, '*Sam-os*—also in Greece, ladies and gentlemen; and that, ladies and gentlemen, terminates the performance, and we most gratefully thank you for your kind attendance to-night on behalf of such a deserving object.'

157. * INVERGORDON.—‘Rory, Rory,’ called one Highlander to another, ‘come, see a moose rin up the sleeve o’ Tonal Frazher’s troosir.’

158. * SHINING, GLOSSY.—A friend, a clergyman, who contracted for his clothing on the three suit comparative principle—good, better, best, returnable at stated periods, had put on his very best suit to let us see it. It certainly was very, very beautiful, so much so as to produce the remark, ‘Well, you are just like *sayten*.’ Our beloved friend at once exclaimed, seeing the joke, ‘Oh, really, I do hope not.’

159. * LONG-EARED.—The Rev. Mr. Shirra of Kirkcaldy was presiding at a meeting for proposing names of parties for the eldership, when one of those nominated most unadvisedly stood up and deprecated such a step on the score of unfitness. The minister somewhat roughly, but as usual wittily exclaimed, ‘Ha, maan, the MESTER hed ance need o’ an *ass*! Sit down, sit down.’

160. * STATE OF INNOCENCE.—Paddy was going along the Cowgate of Edinburgh, different a little from the Cowgate of Dundee, being the whereabouts of any amount of furniture broker’s shops. One of the shopkeepers asked Paddy if he would buy a *chest*. ‘What to do wid it?’ says he. ‘To hold your clothes in, to be sure,’ said the seller. ‘*An’ go naked!*’ Paddy demurely remarked.

161. * JACK.—At a funeral on one occasion, there were present among the others a Quaker and a ‘sailor-man’ who stood at different sides of the grave. The ‘Friend’ said out aloud, ‘There is no happiness on this side of the grave.’ Jack, who always will understand things literally, at once replied, ‘Well, mate, come across to *this* side, then.’

162. * MEMORABLE PREACHING.—Mr. Omond of Perth, whom people used to call the daft minister, said on one occasion that ‘there was twa folk in Perth that wished heartily he war oot o’d. An’ maybe,’ he added, ‘ye’ll be wantin’ tae ken wha they are, I daursay? Weel, it’s the deevil an’ Sandy Pringle,’—the late Rev. Dr. Pringle, of the then North Secession Church, now the North U.P. Church. Once Mr. Omond chose for his text Phil. iv. 13, ‘I can do all things,’ which he read very properly thus: ‘I, Paul, can do all things.’ ‘Na, Paul, na, ye canna; I’ll waager ye half-a-crown ye canna, an’ there’s the money, my maan,’ at the same time placing a coin on the book-board. Then, reading on the rest of the verse, ‘through,’ etc. ‘Ou, but, ye ken, if ye’re tae tak’ help, it’s nae bargain, so I’ll lift ma siller.’

163. * AN ARMISTICE WITH GRIEF.—Will Stronach, a crofter in Fifeshire, had just lost his wife, when a neighbour went in for the purpose of condoling with him upon his bereavement. The neighbour quietly and respectfully inquired how Will was feeling himself, when he got the following ludicrous answer:—‘Oh, I have juist been sittin’ greetin’ here a’ day, ever since syne, an’ I’ve made mysel’ a drap brose there, an’ as sune’s I get them suppit, a’m juist gaun a begin greetin’ agen.’

164. * OVERSHADOWED.—The town or village of Stow is a small place, but the magnates, nevertheless, have erected a most ambitious town hall, if you please. An English tourist was visiting the neighbourhood and inquired what this towering pretentious edifice was. ‘Ou, that’s the town hall,’ replied a man. ‘The town hall? All right,’ said the tourist, ‘but, I was wondering, where is the *town*?’

165. * WHERE 'NOTHING' IS TO BE FOUND.—'Av it's nothing ye want, ye'll find it in the empty bottle dere where de whushky *waase*.'

166. * A WHILE ago a missionary asked a woman in Aberdeen where she attended to hear the Word. She answered, 'In John Knox's kirk.' 'When were you there last?' he inquired. 'Ou, juist Sabbath lest.' 'Where did you sit?' 'Ou, far far back, an' heich heich up.' 'And who was preaching when you were there.' 'Ou, fa but John Knox himsel.' All the time it was the missionary himself that was the preacher.

167. * THE PROPER AMOUNT CREDITED.—A decent man one Sabbath, instead of putting his usual 'penny' in the 'brod,' put in by mistake half-a-crown. When just sitting calmly and composedly down in his seat, he discovered his mistake, went to the elder, told him, and wished to get back his 2s. 5d. 'Na,' says the elder, 'na; ance in *there*, aye in.' 'Ou, weel, weel,' says the contributor, 'I'll get credit for'd *aboon*.' 'Na,' says the elder, 'ye winna; ye'll only get credit for the penny.' In connection with this we may say that in what was then called *Deddy Frow's* kirk, where the area and gallery audiences came all in at the same door, where there were no passages or lobbies partitioned off,—just a railed stair on both sides leading up to the '*laft*,' as it was called,—we have often seen one or more of the worshippers in one day—nay, at one diet—going forward to the elder at the plate and getting change for a shilling or a sixpence, as the case might be, and then depositing their mite in the shape of a bawbee or a penny—that 'vein of copper,' as the late Mr. George Cotton, senr., S.S.C., Edinburgh, used to style it, 'that keeps up the Kirk.'

168. * A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—In the classic village of Gilmerton, near Edinburgh, inhabited chiefly by that polite and elegant race called carters, who prefer their horses to any—we were going to say, other—*relations* they may have in the world, on the summer Sunday mornings the denizens have a rendezvous at those bank-like mounds which are apologies for dykes, or what are called ‘dunes’ in England, all meeting between eight and nine or so, and keeping the usual hour with a wonderful degree of punctuality. One morning one of the fraternity was very late in putting in an appearance, and when he did, his visage was elongated and very lugubrious. ‘Whaat’s keepit ye, maan, Sandy?’ ‘Ou, my mother’s deid,’ said the poor fellow with a great effort. ‘Ou, ye blockhead, I thought it was yeer *horse*, ye hev sic a lang face about it.’

169. A WIFE’S FORETHOUGHT.—A minister was regularly robbed of his handkerchief Sunday after Sunday, and his wife determined to adopt some means of putting an end to this really somewhat expensive game. She had had her suspicions, but dared not say anything definite: the fact is, she thought it was an old woman who was allowed for eleemosynary considerations, and also that she *said* she *was* *dull* of hearing, to occupy a seat on the steps up to the pulpit, who was the abstractor of the napkins. The good careful wife stitched the handkerchief into the pocket, and away went the reverend gentleman, who, when taking the second step to ascend, felt quite a distinct ‘tug;’ he looked almost *kindly* round upon the poor detected thief, and said with great mildness, as if he rather regretted it, nay, as if he were even abetting her in the crime, ‘It’ll no do the day, Janet—*she’s shoo’d it in.*’

170. * THE FUTURE.—A young woman's husband died. After the burial there was a *dairgie*, as we like to have it called. The widow was sitting rather disconsolate, and shedding tears of course, when her father said, 'Oh, Kirsty, my woman, dinna greet sae sair. He was a guid man, Sandy, nae doot o' that; but he's awa', ye see. An' wha kens, by and by ye'll mebbe get anither.' 'Oh, faither!' almost howled Kirsty, 'hoo could ye ever alloo yersel' to speak that way?' There had been a supply of spirits, as on all such occasions, and as time wore on there was toddy made and partaken of, when the widow, who had evidently kept pondering her parent's remark regarding the supplying of the vacancy, snifflingly asked, 'A'm sayin',—faither,—when ye said yon—a while syne,—wha wes'd—ye was—evenin' tae me?'

171. * BE VERY CAREFUL.—A Perth shipowner, originally from the Highlands, whose *English* wasn't of the best, was one day having a conversation with one of his captains going on a coasting voyage, and after imparting a sufficiency of instructions in a no doubt very lucid style, in taking leave of him said very emphatically, 'Noo, Tauvit, be shure ye'll not go 'way before she'll float.' It was the same gentleman who said that he 'tidn't like—roasted bread to his tea, as it made a *noise* in his *mooth*.'

172. * SYSTEM IN ALL THINGS.—The agent says to a bankrupt: 'Now that we have heard your statement, how much per pound do you propose to pay?' The bankrupt, as is so usual in Scotland, replied to one question by asking another, *sotto voce*, of the agent: 'Maan, I dinna ken very weel; but dae you ken what's gaun—what's the kin' o' usual thing the noo?'

173. * HE WOULD RATHER SOMETHING ELSE.—A Leith wine and spirit merchant, during the grand elder *mixing* days that have now gone past, took rather alarmingly ill in Kirkwall, Orkney. The illness took a kind of choleraic turn, and he thought a little brandy good for the complaint. He told the girl-waiter to bring him some brandy, but not to bring Pillans' of Leith. 'Aren't ye Mr. Pillans himself?' said the waitress. 'That does not signify,' he said; 'but don't you bring me *Pillans' brandy*.'

174. * JACK AGAIN.—A sailor came up from Leith to show some country friend the sights of Edinburgh, —and they are many and beautiful. In St. Andrew Square of that city, Jack called attention to the splendid figures on the top of the British Linen Company's Bank, when his friend said, 'Hullo, what are these?' 'Oh, them?' says the seaman; 'them's the twelve apostles.' 'Can't be that, for there's only six.' 'Six?' said Jack; 'ay, ay! but you wouldn't expect them to be all *on deck* at once, would ye, now?'

175. * HIGH SNORING.—Some deacons seem to have a bad practice of snoring loudly, and early as well, in church, which disturbs some people there, as a paper recently had the following polite notice from one of them:—'Deacon Williams is requested not to commence snoring to-morrow until the sermon has begun, as some persons in the near neighbourhood of his pew would like to hear the text at all events.'

176. * CONUNDRUM. — Says a writer, not us: 'Take away woman, and what would follow?' 'We would,' is the answer. That writer had better, next time, propose something more difficult.

177. * BOARDING-HOUSE LIFE.—A traveller, living at an American hotel, on being rudely wakened one morning for the *third* time, exclaimed to the waiter, 'What are you about, you black rascal? You have roused me twice from my sleep by telling me breakfast is ready, and now you are attempting to strip off the very bed-clothes. What do you mean?' 'Why,' replied Pompey, 'if you isn't gwine to git up, I must hab de *sheet* anyhow, 'cause dey's waitin' for de *table-clof*.'

178. * RETORT COURTEOUS.—The late Alex. Bilsland, High Street, Glasgow, was a man of wit, and good at a retort; he was, withal, irritable and easily offended. One day a student had run counter to him, and got some crusty answer, when the student said, 'Ye're unco short the day, Saunders.' 'Maybe,' said the other, 'but ye're no sae lang yersel!'

179. * DEFINITION.—The Rev. Mr. Shirra, Burgher minister, Kirkcaldy, once gave the following curious explanation of the word 'devil':—'The devil, my brethren, is ill ony way ye'll tak' him. Tak' the "d" f'ae his name, an' he's evil; tak' the "e" awa', and he's vil; tak' the "v" aff, an' he's il.' Shrugging up his shoulders, and with peculiar emphasis, he added: 'So, you see, he's naething but an "il," "vil," "evil" "devil" ony way ye'll tak' him.'

180. * BREEZY.—In one of those snug, old-fashioned taverns in the genial city of Glasgow, a few kindred convivial souls used to assemble to spend a truly cosy evening in each other's beloved company, for each 'lo'ed' each 'like a *vera* brither,' and for, perhaps, nearly the same reason as Burns'

hero did. Now, in such companies there is always one, it may be more, whose presence completes the required *momentum* of the fun, and whose absence keeps all aback and out of gearing; and so was it here. One tempestuous night,—‘the wind blew as ’twad blawn its last,’—this missing link in the social chain was awanting long after the usual hour of meeting, and the members were all out of sorts, and didn’t well know what to make of themselves without ‘Willie.’ At last he put in an appearance, when ‘Whaur on earth hae ye been a’ this time?’ assailed him on all sides. ‘I dinna har’ly think I was *on* the earth, but fleein’ i’ the air amaist. Sic a nicht!’ ‘Ay, it’s an awfu’ nicht; but that’s no tell’n’s whaur ye hae been,’ said the chairman. ‘No,’ said Willie; ‘but I can tell ye something. The *en*’s blawn oot the Ship Bank, an hoo, therefore, could I win forrit?’ not even *then* saying where he had been. A loud exclamation of wonder burst from all present, mixed with not slight expressions of incredulity. ‘What!’ cried Willie; ‘come awa’, then, and see for yersels.’ They agreed. This was all he wanted, and they moved off in a body to see the *signs* of the catastrophe. The Ship Bank was a substantially-built fabric, well got up, with the name of the Bank in gilt *raised* letters, almost the first of the kind in the city, which were very much admired. They went in a body, keeping on their hats as firmly as they could with their hands, and when they came on the scene ‘Willie’ heroically exclaimed, ‘Lukk at that. D’ye see that?’ pointing to the position the letter ‘N’ had occupied in the legend ‘Ship Bank.’ ‘D’ye no see the *en* blawn oot—clean awa’?’ There was one roar of laughter, in true hearty Glasgow fashion, which almost drowned the noise of the wind, so thoroughly stentorian was it.

181. * NONE.—There is not any occasion for any swearing beyond the boundaries of a newspaper office, where it is useful in proof-reading, and indispensable in getting '*formes*' to press. It has been known, also, even in the *Scotsman* office, materially to assist the editor looking over that paper after being printed; but for all other purposes it is confessedly a very foolish and even very wicked habit.

182. * BY INSTALMENTS.—A gentleman staying at a hotel, who had had just a little drop, asked the waiter to see him to his bedroom, with which request that useful functionary willingly complied. The gentleman proceeded to undress. First a leg was unfastened and laid aside; then the wig was taken off; then false eyebrows; then a full upper and under set of teeth were deposited on the dressing-table; then, to the utter astonishment of the waiter, who all this time had been regarding the proceedings in speechless amazement, the gentleman took out one of his eyes, and the waiter still stood staring on. At last the gentleman said, 'Well, my good man, what are you waiting for now?' 'Only for your other eye, sir,' answered the waiter.

183. * STILL THE SAME.—'Do you see this stick, sir?' said a very stupid acquaintance once to Sydney Smith. 'This stick, sir, has been all round the world, sir.' 'Indeed,' sneered Sydney the remorseless, 'and even yet it is nothing but a stick.'

184. * TO THE ECHO.—Some members of the Canadian House of Commons were trying to choke off a member called Peter Mitchell. Peter asked, 'Who *brayed* there just now?' A member very promptly and unfeelingly retorted, 'It was merely an *echo*,' amid a perfect yell of delight.

185. * MORE KINDS OF POULTRY THAN ONE.—Henry, Duke of Buccleuch, was greatly beloved by his tenantry. One of them, called Jamie Howie, had a son of about five years of age, who, having heard so much of the great Duke of Buccleuch, was very anxious to see him. Honest Jamie being in a few days honoured with a passing out-of-door visit from his Grace, mentioned the matter in some such style as this:—‘Oh, my lord, yeer Grace maunna be angry wi’ me, but there’s a wee callant o’ mine hes ta’en sic a notion o’ seein’ what like ye’re. Aw dinna think he hes ony yedea ye’re a man ava’, but some far-awa’, ower-the-sea creater.’ The Duke entered into the humour of the joke, and quite tickled with the fancy, desired the father to bring his little son into his presence forthwith. Out came the juvenile with his finger in his mouth, and cautiously and circumspectly reconnoitred the personage before him. At last said the urchin, ‘Can ’ee soom?’ ‘No, my little fellow,’ replied the Duke; ‘I can’t swim.’ ‘Can ’ee flee?’ ‘No; I can’t flee.’ ‘Weel, maan, for as muckle’s ye’re, aw wadna gi’e ane o’ ma feyther’s *deuks* for ’ee; for they can baith *soom* an’ *flee*!’

186. * ANIMATED NATURE.—Two Cockneys were looking round the Zoological Gardens, when, on coming to the cage of an eagle, one exclaimed, ‘Oh, I say, Tom, look at this ’awk.’ ‘It isn’t an ’awk; it’s a *howl*.’ ‘Oh no,’ says the first, ‘it isn’t a *howl*; it’s a *heagle*.’

187. * A GOOD ENOUGH FIT.—One man said to another, who did not use to be very well clothed, that his new coat was too *short* for him. ‘That may be quite true,’ said he; ‘but it will likely be *long enough* ere I get another.’

188. * NOT LOST.—A Leith merchant being on his periodical journey to the south, in those days on the ‘*outside*’ of a horse, came to the ford of a dark river, at the side of which he saw a boy amusing himself, whom he thus addressed:—‘Is that water deep?’ ‘Ay, geyen deep,’ said the boy. ‘Is there ever any person lost here?’ ‘Na,’ replied the boy; ‘there’s never ony lost; there’s been some *drowned*, but they’re aye *gotten again*.’

189. * TWO AT A BARGAIN-MAKING.—When Bishop Leighton was one day meditating in his own sequestered walk in Dunblane, a widow came up to him and said that it was ordained that he should marry her for she had dreamed three times that they were married. The bishop answered it was very well, and that whenever he should dream thrice that he was married to her he would let her know, and then the union could take place.

190. * A FALL.—A very aged man, named Thomas Wood, was sitting on a high three-footed stool in the gallery of the old church of Falkirk, during divine service, and happening to fall asleep, tumbled down, making a considerable noise. The preacher stopped short, and demanded the cause. A wag cried out: ‘Go on, sir; it’s only a lump of old Wood fa’en doun.’

191. * ONLY A TRIAL REQUIRED.—Judge Toler, afterwards Lord Norbury, whose severity was at one time proverbial, was at a public dinner where Curran, the celebrated Irish barrister and well-known wit, was also a guest. Toler, observing Curran carving a piece of corned beef, said if it were *hung* beef he would try it. ‘Oh, never mind what kind it is, my lord,’ said Curran. ‘If you only *try* it, there’s no doubt it will be *hung*.’

192. * HIS HABITATION.—John Clark, Lord Eldin, whose residence was in Picardy Place, Edinburgh, was going along Pitt Street ‘drunk as a lord.’ Meeting a man, he inquired, ‘Ken ye whaur Lord Eldin’s hoose is?’ ‘Ay,’ says the man, ‘that’s a guid ane, an’ you Lord Eldin *hissel’!*’ ‘Ay, but,’ replied the tipsy judge, ‘it’s no *himsel’*’at’s wanted the *noo*, it’s his hoose.’

193. * OBJECTLESS SABLES.—‘I see you are in black,’ said a friend of ours to another. ‘Are you in mourning for a friend, Thomas?’ ‘No, I am in mourning for my sins.’ ‘I never heard you had lost any,’ was the instant and keen reply.

194. * SOOTHING MEDICAL ADVICE.—A relative once recommended a certain mode of treatment, which she named, for a slight illness, as being ‘fine and *smoothin*.’

195. * REFLECTION.—A prisoner who had a most unfavourable countenance being brought into the dock on his trial for horse-stealing, the judge immediately cried: ‘Oh, here is a noted villain, I am sure! Why, sir, I can see rogue plain enough in your face.’ ‘Ah, indeed, my lord,’ says the fellow; ‘I did not know my face was a looking-glass till now.’

196. * KILT AN’ MHURDERED.—An Irish officer had the misfortune to be dreadfully wounded at Waterloo. As he lay on that terrible field, an unfortunate soldier near him, also severely wounded, was making a fearful howling, when the officer exclaimed, ‘Hold your noise. What do you make such an outcry for? Do you think there is nobody *killed* but yourself?’

197. * ALL FOOLS' DAY.—A proud parson and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock in a coat visibly new. The clergyman haughtily asked who gave him the coat. 'The same people,' said the shepherd, 'who gave you yours—the parish.' The parson, a little nettled, but admiring the wit, rode on, murmuring a considerable way. At last he sent his man back to ask the shepherd if he would come and live with him, as he wanted *a fool*. The man went accordingly and delivered his master's message, concluding that he really wanted a fool as he said. 'Does he want another, or are you going away?' said the tender of the sheep. 'No, I'm not going away,' answered the man. 'Then you may tell your master,' replied the shepherd, 'that his living can never maintain THREE of us.'

198. * NOT THE AWL.—A considerable crowd being gathered about a poor shoemaker who had just died in the street, one man asked another 'what he was looking at.' 'Only a cobbler's *end*,' replied he.

199. QUALIFICATIONS FOR AN M.P.—'I think,' said a farmer, 'I should make a good Parliament man, for I use their language, and I received two bills the other day, with requests for immediate payment; the one I ordered to be laid on the table—the other to be read *that day six months*.'

200. * ROXBURGHSHIRE.—

On Tintock tap	The very tap
There is a cap,	O' Tintock tap,
An' in that cap	Lift up the cap,
There is a drap,	Drink aff the drap,
Gan' thro' that slap,	An' set the cap
Clin' to the tap—	On Tintock tap.

201. * WEEDS.—An eminent and very amiable lady who possesses a large and keen sense of humour, alas ! now also a widow herself, was once calling on a widow who was a little peculiar. The lady said, ‘Oh, Mary, you havena’ putten on a widdie’s kep.’ ‘No, mem,’ was the answer, ‘an’ *therefore* I’ll no need to tak’ it aff.’

202. SPRING—THE SEASONS—NOT THOMSON’S.—If one swallow cannot be said to make a *summer*, it is at all events *certain* that one *cat* can make a *spring*.

203. DITTO WITH DOTS.—The *spring-time* of youth is when Adolescence goes out to fish, and carefully arranges all his tackle on the grassy banks, and to unravel a particularly tangled part more comfortably and at ease, *seats* himself down, but most *unfortunately* just *where* he has placed the *hooks*.

204. MAKING SURE.—Captain Newman of Boston, when approaching the wharf, ordered an Irishman to throw over the *buoy*; and going below a few minutes, he called to the Irishman, and asked him if he had thrown the buoy. ‘No,’ said he, ‘I could not catch the *boy*, but I threw over the *old cook*.’

205. A REGAL SEAMSTRESS.—What did Cleopatra say when she put up her needle? *Ahem!* And when she had gone the length of one needle, what did the people say to her? *Go to!* And when she boasted of her needlework? *Sew, sew!*

206. ONE OF TWO WAYS—(Scene—*An Irish Police court*. The case a charge for exposing unsound meat for sale. The local inspector of provisions is giving his evidence).—Cross-examiner: ‘Do you swear that the cow was killed, or that it died a natural death?’ Witness: ‘I swear she was *killed to save her life*.’

207. HIGHLAND SIMPLICITY.—A young girl, fresh from the West Highlands, came on a visit to a sister she had in Glasgow. At the outskirts of the town she stopped at a toll-bar, and began to rap smartly with her knuckles on the gate. The keeper, amused at the girl's action, and curious to know what she wanted, came out, when she very demurely interrogated him as follows:—‘Is this *Glasco*?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Is Janet *in*?’

208. DIALECT—*Edinburgh v. Aberdeen*.—A gentleman from Aberdeen was awakened one night in a hotel in Princes Street, Edinburgh, by an alarm of fire. Upon going to the window, he called out, ‘Watchman, far *east*?’ The watchman thanked him, and went towards the Register Office, where he found he was going in the wrong direction, and returned. On repassing the hotel, he was again called to by the Aberdonian, who bawled out, ‘Watchman, far *was't*?’ On looking up to him, the watchman replied, ‘Ye're a leein' scoonril; ye first tell't me it was far *east*, and noo ye say it's far *wast*; but I tell ye it's neither the tane nor the tither, 'cause it's ower i' the Coogate.’

209. CALCULATION.—At the sale of an antiquarian gentleman's effects which Sir Walter Scott happened to attend, there was one little article—a Roman *patera*—which occasioned a good deal of competition, and was eventually knocked down to the distinguished baronet at a high price. Sir Walter was excessively amused, during the time of the bidding, to observe how much it excited the astonishment of an old woman, who had evidently come there to buy *culinary* utensils on a more economical principle. ‘If the parritch-pan,’ she at length burst out, ‘if the *parritch-pan* gangs at that, what will the *kail-pat* gang for?’

210. SHREWD GUESSING.—Dean Swift, being once upon a journey attended by a servant, put up at an inn, where they lodged all night. In the morning the Dean called for his boots; the servant took them to him. When the Dean saw them, says he, ‘How is this? My boots are not cleaned.’ ‘No, sir,’ replied Tom; ‘as you are going to ride, I thought they would soon be dirty again.’ ‘Very well; go and get the horses ready.’ The servant obeyed his orders, and in the meantime the Dean desired the landlord not to let the servant have any breakfast. When Tom returned, the Dean asked if the horses were ready. ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘Go and bring them out, then.’ ‘I have not had my breakfast yet, sir.’ ‘Oh, no matter for that; if you had it, you would soon be hungry again.’ They then mounted and rode off. As they rode, the Dean pulled a book out of his pocket, and fell to reading. A gentleman met them, and seeing the Dean reading, was not willing to disturb him, but passed by till he met the servant. ‘Who is that gentleman?’ said he. ‘’Tis my master, sir.’ ‘I can see that, blockhead; but where are you going?’ ‘To heaven, sir.’ ‘How do you know that?’ ‘Because master is *praying*, and I’m *fasting*.’

211. RE-VIVIFYING.—‘Did you do anything at all to resuscitate the body?’ was recently asked of a witness at a coroner’s inquest. ‘Oh, yes, sir, we *searched* the *pockets!*’ was the reply.

212. EXPLICIT, QUITE.—An Englishman volunteered to do something for a Scotchman, but was told by the latter that he ‘needna fash.’ ‘What does the fellow mean by *needna fash?*’ said the former to a bystander. ‘Oh, sir,’ was the reply, ‘he jist means that ye *needna fash ava*, sir.’

213. THE GROUND OF BELIEF.—‘How,’ said a county court judge to a witness, ‘how do you know the plaintiff was intoxicated on the evening referred to?’ ‘Because I saw him, a few minutes after supper, trying to pull off his trousers with a boot-jack.’ Verdict for defendant.

214. SPEAKING OUT IN CHURCH.—A most amusing instance of *speaking out* in church occurred in a small parish in the south of Scotland. The minister, in preaching upon the story of Jonah, uttered a piece of declamatory rhetoric to something like the following effect:—‘And what sort of a fish was it, think ye, my brethren, that was appointed thus to execute His holy will? Was it a shark, my brethren? No; it could not be a shark, for the person of the beloved prophet could never have been ventured amongst the teeth of that ravenous fish. What fish was it, then, my brethren? Was it a salmon, think ye. Ah, no; that were too narrow a lodging. There’s no ae salmon i’ the deepest pule o’ a’ Tweed could swallow a man. Besides, ye ken, it’s mair natural for men to swallow salmon, than salmon to swallow men. What, then, was it? Was it a sea-lion, or a sea-horse, or a sea-dog, or the great rhinoceros? Oh, no! these are no’ Scripture beasts ava. Ye’re as far aff’t as ever. Which of the monsters of the great deep was it, can ye tell me?’ Here an old spectacled dame, who had an eleemosynary seat on the pulpit stair, thinking that the minister was in a real perplexity about the name of the fish, interrupted him with, ‘Hoot, sir, it was a whale, ye ken.’ ‘Out upon ye, you graceless wife that you are,’ cried the orator, so enraged as almost to fly out of the pulpit at her, ‘thus to tak’ the word out of the mouth of your ain minister.’

215. BE CLEANLY.—Barry Sullivan, who was playing Othello, met with a stopper as unanswerable as it was unexpected. His frequent allusions to the handkerchief, 'Fetch me the handkerchief,' etc., suggested to one of the Hibernian 'gods' to exclaim, 'Never moind yer handkercher, sorr; blow yer nose anyhow, and get on wid the play.'

216. HIGH LIVING.—A manufacturer of Paisley, after a long life of severe toil, and little indulgence of the comforts of life, was enriched at last by the death of a relative in the West Indies, who bequeathed to him the bulk of his fortune. The old man was soon after in Edinburgh, where he happened to be introduced to Lord Monboddo, to whom, at the same time, the story of his late acquisition of fortune was related. 'Then,' said Monboddo, contemplating the spare figure of his new acquaintance, 'you ought to live generously; you and your wife should begin to take a glass or two of wine, and otherwise improve your diet a little.' 'Ay, aul' man,' said the Paisley weaver, evidently thinking the advice completely anticipated by the alteration he had already effected in his system of domestic economy, 'we tak' SWEET milk tae oor parritch at supper time noo.'

217. SOLD AGAIN.—A little boy refusing to take a pill, his mother placed it in a piece of preserved pear, and gave it to him. In a few minutes she said, 'Have you eaten the pear, Tommy?' 'Yes, mother, all but the seeds.'

218. THE SAME OLD STRAIN.—A beautiful widow, having let her *châlet* for the season, was asked what induced her to desert such a charming retreat. 'Too much *balcony* and too little *Romeo*,' was the reply.

219. **METHODICAL.** — Lord Glenlee, one of the Senators of the College of Justice, lived in Brown Square, Edinburgh. At that time a fiddler, well known in the streets, pursued his calling in a very systematic way, having divided the city into six districts or rounds, so that he always played in the same streets on the same days of each week. It so happened that Friday brought him regularly to Brown Square. This was an inconvenient day for Lord Glenlee, as his lordship always devoted that day to close study. Distracted by the by no means harmonious sounds, his lordship one day gave his butler half-a-crown, and said to him, 'Give the fiddler this, and ask him to come to the square any other day than Friday, as he disturbs me very much, Friday being my day for study.' The butler gave the money, and the fiddler received it gladly; but on hearing the message that accompanied it, he quietly said, 'Na, na, lad, I canna alter my arrangements.'

220. **CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS.** — Children are inquisitive bodies. For instance: 'What does *cleave* mean, papa?' 'It means to *stick* together.' 'Does John stick wood together, then, when he *cleaves* it?' 'Hem; well, it means to *separate*.' 'Well, then, pa, does a man separate from his wife when he *cleaves* to her?' 'Hem, hem; don't ask foolish questions, child.'

221. **THE DIFFERENCE.** — Dentist to old lady about purchasing some false teeth: 'For mastication, my dear madam, they can only be surpassed by nature herself.' Old lady: 'Oh, dear, doctor! I care naething about the *mastication* ava', if I can only *chaw* wi' them!'

222. 'WHAT'S IN A NAME?'—Did you ever reflect upon the fact that a man's name often has much to do with his claim to fame and immortality? No man with a comic name ever achieved greatness. How, for instance, could Moses ever have been respected by the Israelites if his name had been Mortimer J. Bynd? Or how would Pharaoh have supported regal dignity with such a title as Joe M'Clafferty? Imagine Cæsar labouring under the name of Lemuel S. Toombs, or Hannibal signing himself Tomlinson B. Pugh! They would have died first. Cleopatra would not have been loved by Anthony had her clothes been marked Amelia Duffy; and if Joan of Arc had been baptized Matilda G. Molloy, probably we should never have heard tell of her. Napoleon reached a throne only because his parents persisted in not calling him William Henry Johnston, and Mary Queen of Scots escaped oblivion because she did not appear in the Directory as Mary Jane Baumgardner. And so, if Shakespeare had been known as Samuel Dleep, or Calvin as Washington T. Smooth, both would have sunk into forgotten graves. These things are suggestive to parents who want their children to achieve greatness.

223. BEARDING A BARBER.—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 shaving him, asked him the price of it. 'Tippence,' said the Highlander. 'Na, na,' says the shaver; 'I'll gie ye a penny, and if that disna satisfy ye, *tak' yer broom* again.' The Highlander took it, and asked what he had to pay. 'A penny,' says Strap. 'I'll gie ye a bawbee,' says Duncan; 'an' if that dinna satisfy ye, *pit on my beard again!*'

224. * NICKNAMES.—The late Lord Robertson gave the author of *Waverley* the *sobriquet* by which he was in later years known among his familiar friends. ‘Hush,’ said Robertson, one day, as Scott’s tall, conical white head was seen advancing above the crowd in the Parliament House to the fireplace, round which a bevy of young barristers were gathered—‘Hush, boys, here comes Peveril—I see *the Peak*.’ ‘Ay, ay, my man,’ said Scott between his teeth, ‘as weel Peveril o’ the Peak as *Peter* o’ the *Paunch* ony day.’ Lord R.’s name was Peter, and he was rotund.

225. * A COMPLIMENT.—As a lady who possessed great personal beauty was walking along a narrow lane, she perceived just behind her a hawker of earthenware driving an ass with two panniers laden with his stock-in-trade. To give the animal and his master room to pass, the lady suddenly stepped aside, which so frightened the donkey that it ran away, and had not proceeded far when it fell, and a great part of the crockery was broken. The lady in her turn became alarmed lest the man should load her with abuse, if not insult her; but he merely exclaimed, ‘Ach, never moind, ma’am dear; sure, Balaam’s ass itself was frightened by *an angel*!’

226. A TICKLER.—Lord Brougham, proverbial for his gallantry to the fair sex, was pleading in a jury cause before the late Lord —, and his client happening to be a female, and defender in the action, of the name of *Tickle*, he commenced his speech in the following humorous strain: ‘*Tickle*, my client, the defendant, my lord.’ The audience, amazed with the oddity of the speech, were thrown almost into hysterics of laughter by the judge replying, ‘*Tickle* her yoursel’, Harry, my man, tickle her yoursel’.

227. ANSWERED.—The Rev. Joseph Nettleton, addressing a meeting of scholars on missions in Fiji, described one of the chiefs as having seventy or eighty wives. The chairman catechised the children, and asked how many wives a man ought to have. ‘One, sir,’ was the ready answer. ‘Now,’ said he, ‘I always teach you to give a Scripture reason for all your answers. Can you give me any text to show that a man ought only to have *one wife*?’ There was a long pause, and a little boy stretched out his hand. ‘Well, my boy, I thought some one could give a passage of Scripture. What is it?’ ‘Please, sir, “No man can serve *two masters*.”’

228. COOK AND KETTLE.—Professor Hill, who filled the Greek chair at St. Andrews, was remarkable for his social qualities and ready humour. Dining one day with the presbytery, Dr. Cook and Dr. Kettle, two clergymen, being present, a joint was found to be imperfectly cooked. ‘Come,’ said the professor, ‘don’t let us grumble. We can easily hand it to the *cook*, who will pass it to the *kettle*, and all will be made right,’ and the laugh which followed restored the clerical equanimity.

229. TRESPASSERS, BEWARE!—The late Lord Justice-Clerk Hope was shooting in Ayrshire, and happened to trespass on the field of a very plain-spoken farmer. He was walking among the honest man’s turnips, whereupon the farmer called upon him to turn out of that, as he had no right to be there. ‘Right to be here!’ said the Lord Justice-Clerk; ‘do you know, sir, who I am?’ ‘No,’ was the reply, ‘I dinna ken.’ ‘I am, sir,’ said the judge, ‘the Lord Justice-Clerk.’ ‘I dinna care wha’s *clerk* ye are,’ was the retort, ‘but ye maun come oot among my neeps!’

230. * A FELINE STORY.—Cats are great favourites, even in those countries where they are not absolutely worshipped, and they know as well precisely *where* they can take *all* their comforts. One of this kidney invariably took up its position in the comfortable sitting parlour, and *there* upon the hearth-rug. The ‘domestic,’ as the Laird of Dumbiedykes would have styled her, was very careful to have puss removed out of the parlour nightly, away to an outhouse, ere the household went to sleep, and being rather fond of big, authoritative phrases, did not scruple to put forth her voice; so, one night she was heard exclaiming, ‘Now, come away, puss; come on to your *destigation*.’

231. * NOMENCLATURE.—There was, and perhaps is still, a candlemaker in Coldstream with the most appropriate name of John *Dippie*!

232. * A NEW LIGHT.—A clergyman wishing to know whether the children of his parishioners understood their Bible, asked a lad ‘who was the wickedest man.’ ‘Moses, to be sure,’ said he. ‘Moses!’ exclaimed the minister, somewhat astonished; ‘why, how can that be?’ ‘Because he broke all the commandments *at once*,’ quickly answered the lad.

233. * COIN.—If a person of the name of Spence were unwell, what piece of money would he be like? Ans. A sickspence.

234. A THOROUGH COOK.—A Bridget, evidently new to the mysteries of marketing, seeing a pet owl in front of a poulterer’s stand, said to the owner, ‘What wad ye be askin’ for that broad-faced goose?’ ‘You’re a *goose*. That’s an owl!’ was the contemptuous reply. ‘*Owld*, is it you’re sayin’? Sure it’s meself that can bile the bird till it’s *tinder*!’

235. LITERARY PAPA'S ANSWER.—When Professor Aytoun was wooing Miss Wilson, daughter of Professor Wilson, the famous 'Christopher North,' he obtained the lady's consent conditionally on that of her father's being obtained. This, Aytoun was much *too shy* to ask, and he prevailed upon the young lady herself to solicit it. 'We must deal *tenderly* with his feelings,' said glorious old Christopher. 'I'll write my reply on a slip of paper, and pin it to the back of your frock.' 'Papa's answer is on the back of my dress,' said Miss Jane as she entered the drawing-room. Turning her round, the delighted suitor read these words: 'With the *author's compliments.*'

236. AN EXPLANATION EXPLAINED.—An English gentleman travelling in the north of Scotland, was told, when he came to Edinburgh, that he would not be able to understand the Aberdeenshire dialect, and was advised to take an Edinburgh servant with him as an interpreter, which he did. Upon his arrival at Lady F——'s, an old Scotch countess, he was desired by the hospitable lady, when seated at dinner, to 'fa' tee, fa' tee, and eat.' Upon turning to his interpreter for an explanation, the latter said, 'Hoot, sir, her ladyship means, "*Fa' tu* and eat."' 'And pray,' said his master, 'what is *fa' tu*?' 'It means just *eat awa'* as *fast's ye're able, sir.*'

237. TOWN COUNCILLORISM.—At a time when Jenner's discovery formed the fertile theme of discussion in Sheffield, a certain town councillor presided over a rather unruly meeting. He lost his patience at last, and rising with all due solemnity, he said, 'Gentlemen, if you don't keep quiet, I'll *vaccinate* the chair!' That droll threat, made in all innocence, '*fetched*' 'em at once.

238. HOW THE HOUR WAS FIXED.—A slater was one day brought to the Edinburgh Infirmary severely injured by a fall from a house-top. The medical man in attendance asked the sufferer at what time the accident had occurred. ‘Two o’clock, sir,’ was the very pointed reply. On being asked how he came to fix the hour so decidedly, he answered, ‘Because through a window I saw the people at their dinner as I was falling down.’

239. * LEGAL SANITY.—Examining a witness in a will case, the counsel, very talented but extremely pompous in manner, could make nothing of the evidence. He wished to get out the mental calibre of the deceased will-maker. Asking with a great air if he ‘thought so-and-so of sane mind,’ the witness blankly repeated the words ‘sane mind;’ then counsel asked if he thought him ‘*compos mentis*,’ with the same result,—‘*compos mentis*,’ the witness helplessly repeated,—when Henry, afterwards Lord Cockburn, asked the judge’s permission to try his hand on what seemed such an obtuse subject. His lordship allowed Mr. Cockburn, as they say in England, to *tackle* the witness. Harry came close up to the witness-box, and put the question, ‘D’ye snuff?’ ‘Yes, a’ div,’ said the witness, readily and intelligently pulling out his box, and answering Mr. Cockburn’s pantomimic motions by handing it over. Mr. Cockburn took a ‘pinch,’ and said, ‘Ye kent the late Mr. So-and-so.’ The question acted like magic; the witness appeared like another man altogether, and smartly answered, ‘Ay did aw.’ ‘D’ye think, now, there was muckle *intil* the body?’ ‘No that muckle,’ was the instant rejoinder. ‘Wad ye hae trusted him, noo, to gang to the market and buy and sell for ye?’ ‘Me! I wadna trusted him, for the last sax years, to *buy a calf!*’

240. * A SERIOUS SERIES.—The Laird o' Bonny-mune was once at what he called a 'progressive spree,' calling in his way at different neighbours' houses. The night was cold, but clear and fine. He came to a farm-steading, and told John to mind the horses. 'Wull a' no pit them in the stable, laird?' 'No, no, I'll be oot again the noo.' The poor servant-man was cold, and the horses were far from warm. John had given the laird two or three reminders, but invariably got for answer, 'Oh, John, gae wa', a'll be oot the noo;' till at last, twelve striking put the case, in John's opinion, in a pretty emphatic phase, and so he went in and said, 'Laird, laird, d'ye no hear that, —that's *twal* o'clock?' 'Weel, John, a'm thankfu' it can never be ony *mair*, ye ken.' John wanted, for the twentieth time, to put the horses, poor things, under a roof at least; but the hard-hearted laird wouldn't hear of it, the invariable 'A'll be oot the noo' being his constant assertion. When *one* struck, John said, 'Ah, laird, there's *one* o'clock.' 'Weel, John, ye ken as weel's me it canna be nae *less*!' The next was, 'Day's *broken*, laird.' 'Wi' a' my heart, he doesna *owe me a farden*.' 'The sun's *risin'* noo.' 'Time till him, tae; he has *farrer* to gang than ayther you or me the day, John.' At last the laird got 'oot' and mounted with 'a fecht.' They set off, and in going through a small streamlet, the horse's band being somewhat slack, the saddle and the laird slid right round, and the poor laird played splash in the burn. He was awfully drunk, and was becoming drunkenly cognisant of the fact, a somewhat unpleasant one too, that something was wrong, although he didn't know what. He exclaimed, 'What's that, John?' 'Dear me, laird, it's you.' 'Me! John, it canna be *me*, for *I'm here*!'

241. *CHOICE OF HEAD-GEAR.—One night the Laird o' Bonnymune was 'pretty well,' and accompanied, as usual, by John, and they had the broad moor to cross. A puff of wind came, or the unsteadiness of his equestrian motions, or both together, perhaps—at all events, the laird's hat and wig both went. The hat was, somehow, easily enough recovered, but not so the wig, and, even when got, the laird put it on the *back* to the *front*. 'Oh, John, John, this ane 'ill no doo; this is no my wig ava'. Look better, John; this disna fit me: git ane that answers me, John, like a man.' John said, laughing 'in his sleeve,' 'I doot, laird, ye'll juist need to be doin' wi' that same ane the noo, for there's nae *wyle o' wigs on the moor the nicht*.'

242. * REVENGE. — For all John's almost inexhaustible stock of good-nature, he sometimes, though very seldom, got testy with the laird, and no wonder. He had done so on one recent occasion, and the laird was determined to be upsides with John for that. So, one moonlight night, as they were coming along a road with deep embankments on each side,—it was early in the evening,—the laird exclaimed, 'Dae ye see that hole *there*, John?' 'That ane?' says John. 'Ay, that *very ane*. Weel, John, I saw a *brock* gaun in there, John.' 'Did ye, laird?' 'I did, John.' 'Wull ye haud the powney, laird, an' I'll awa' tae that ferm for a shuffle?' 'Ay wull a', John.' John made off, came back with the spade, cast off his coat, and fell to work seriously, and soon made great progress in turning out the hole. After he had dug away, to the evident and intense enjoyment of the laird, until he was well warmed up, John turned round and said, 'Laird, I am pretty far in noo, an' I see nae speerins o' the brock.' 'Weel, John, it wad be very queer if ye did, for it's TEN YEARS sin' I saw'd gaun in.'

243. * A PUZZLER—(Scene—Road leading from a churchyard; two Highland friends meet).—Tuncan: ‘Fa’s funeral has she peen at ta day?’ Tonal: ‘At puir Tavitt Crant’s! Tuncan (surprised): ‘Is Tavitt Crant teid? Fat did she’ll tee o’?’ Tonal: ‘She’ll didna teed ava’, puir chiel; she’ll wuss kilt.’

244. * CRITICAL.—In a northern village, where the merchant is an ancient institution,—sells everything, ‘frae a needle tae an anchor’—*ankers* of whisky at all events,—a woman went in to make a purchase, when the following colloquy took place. After looking narrowly at the article, a shawl, the woman said, ‘Oo?’ The merchant answered, ‘Ou ay, oo.’ ‘A’ oo?’ said the purchaser. ‘Ou ay, a’ oo,’ replied the shopkeeper. ‘A’ ae oo?’ inquired the lady. ‘Ou ay, a’ ae oo,’ finally averred the merchant.

245. * COURTEOUS, YET FIRM.—A gentleman, whose name has not transpired, was on a visit to Lord Cockburn at ‘Bonny Bonally.’ He was said to be of an atheistical turn. Lord Cockburn’s shepherd was a very good man and a true believer. This visitor often threw himself in the shepherd’s way, no doubt, as such men do, to provoke controversy. One day he was with the shepherd, when one of those sudden, vicious, but short-during storms that occur in the end of harvest came on. The sheep, apparently to the astonishment of the gentleman, placed themselves in rather an exposed situation. ‘Now,’ said the visitor, ‘if GOD had made me a sheep, I would have taken to a place of shelter, not exposure.’ The shepherd then very quietly and mildly made this excellent reply, ‘If HE had made you a sheep, sir, ye wad a haen mair sense.’

246. * A HAZY VIEW.—‘Tid you’ll see ta fog this morning, Neil?’ ‘No, Angus, my lat, I’ll tidn’t; for ta mist wass too thick to pehold anything at aal.’

247. * JOCK YOUNGER, CUPAR-FIFE, NICKNAMED BOUCE.—On the occasion of the first visit to Cupar of one of H.M.’s Inspectors of Lunacy, he, accompanied by the Board official, paid Jock a special visit. Jock, however, became aware of their approach in time to lock his door on the inside and conceal himself. The two callers knocked at the door and then at the window several times without result; but on the inspector looking in through the window, a portion of Jock’s person was seen under the bedstead, and on his being hailed, there issued from him the acknowledgment, ‘Ertit, I’m no in the noo; Ertit, I’m ower the toun, look see.’

248. * It is in relation to the Parochial Board, however, that Bouce appears at something like his best. When Provost Nicol was chairman of the Board, Jock was called to hear the decision that he was to receive no further aliment from the Board. ‘John, you are an able-bodied man, and you must work for yourself.’ ‘But I canna get ony wark,’ said Jock. ‘Well, John,’ said the chairman, ‘my garden walks are very dirty; you can go and clean them, and I’ll pay you well for it.’ Let us not characterise the state of the meeting when Jock, with the utmost indifference, replied, ‘Ye can gang an’ clean yer walks yersel’, ye muckle animal, look see.’ On another occasion it was announced to Jock that his allowance must be reduced. He insisted that he must have the full sum hitherto paid him. Whereupon discussion followed, but was brought to a close by Jock telling the Board, ‘Ye needna say ony mair about it. Look see, I’ll no tak’ ae bawbee less.’

249. * SOME years ago Jock got a pair of boots from a gentleman who had more than once made him like gifts before. The same day, or that following, Jock opened his benefactor's door, and flung the boots inside, exclaiming, as he walked off in high dudgeon, 'Here, tak' yer butes! Can ye no get yer feet made like ither folk's?'

250. * PUBLIC NOTICE.—The following notice was affixed to a tree on an estate of Lord Ellesmere's by one of his gamekeepers:—'This is to give notice that Lord Ellesmere will not shoot himself or any of his tenants before the fourteenth of this month.'

251. * THE LOAVES AND THE FISHES.—A good story reaches us from a prosperous town in Banffshire. It seems that a very worthy man, who is always anxious to do good to his fellow-creatures, is in the way of visiting old people, and conducting worship with them. One of these, whom he called upon, is an old woman, who had for a number of years annually got contributions from the Dorcas Society, which she seems to have looked forward to with fonder anticipations than the spiritual ministrations of her devotional visitor. Andrew, in a recent visit to her, had proceeded two or three sentences with an earnest prayer, when old Bell gently tapped her friend on the shoulder, and said: 'Nae tae interrup' ye, An'ra, but fan are ye comin' roun' wi' the Dorcas?' Thus appealed to, Andrew had to 'stop short,' and, notwithstanding his devotional temperament, could not restrain from indulging in a hearty laugh. Bell's anxieties had been set at rest by a liberal contribution before his next visit, and he has since been allowed to go on with his devotions in her presence uninterrupted.

252. * JUDGE DAY AND HIS ASSOCIATES.—Judge *Day*, who was a very tall man, was seen walking with the late Sir Arthur Clarke, whose dwarfish figure presented a very marked contrast with that of the judge. ‘There goes,’ said a witty barrister, ‘the longest *Day* and the shortest *knight*.’

When once on the Munster Circuit, his associate judge—Serjeant Brown—was a mere dwarf in comparison. This occasioned the following epigram:—

‘As *brawny* Day and *puny* Brown
Came thundering into Limerick town,
“Lo,” cries a lout, with wondering eyes,
“Call you them judges of *Assize*?”’

At the Assizes of Limerick in 1799, Judge Day was trying to dispose of the heavy calendar of criminals so as to keep his time for opening the commission in Tralee. He was going into a fresh case so late as twelve o'clock at night, despite the earnest protest of the bar. He would listen to no remonstrance, and was directing the jury to be sworn, when a note was handed him by the crier. The judge read it, his features relaxed into a smile, and he suddenly declared ‘he would go on no further that night.’ The note contained the following lines written by a member of the Circuit named Casey:—

‘Try men by *night*! My lord, forbear;
Think what the wicked world will say.
Methinks I hear the rogues declare
That *justice is not done by DAY.*’

253. * POOR ENOUGH LAW.—A decent woman in Aberdeen was in the habit of saying that all the income she had to live upon was ‘*twa shillin's i' week and coal frae the prodigal board.*’

254. * DEFINING A BENEDICT—(Scene—Outside a registrar's office in Juteburgh; Tam and Geordie are studying the 'Marriage Notice' board).—Tam: 'Am sayin', Geo, fat's a bacheelour?' Geordie: 'Min, ye're an i'norant kratur, Tam, no to ken that; it's a *widdie* man.'

255. * THEN—WHEN.—Said a politician to his son: 'Look at me! I began as an alderman, and here I am at the top of the tree; and what is my reward? Why, when I die, my son will be the greatest rascal in the city.' To this the young hopeful replied, 'Yes, dad, *when* you die, but not *till then*.'

256. * ALWAYS LOOK OUT.—A country joiner—a very good man, but who had a weakness for good food—was working at a farm-steading, and, as was usual, the workmen got all their meals at the farm. This man, whose name was John, could speak and exhort upon occasion, but he was invariably too prolix when he engaged in any such exercises; and he carried that fault even into the small compass of a grace, making it expand to something like ten minutes' duration or so. One day when there was to be 'butcher meat,' of which John was known to be particularly fond, he was asked to say grace, or 'ask the blessing,' as it is called in Scotland, which operation he always performed with *closed eyes*. Those around the table *eyed* matters, and noiselessly devoured every particle of the *meat* long ere John opened his peepers. When he did uncloset his lids, he said to the farmer, 'Where has all the flesh gone to?' 'Maan, John, it's a' done; they've eat it a' up. Maan, ye should learn to *watch as weel as pray*.'

257. * THE PROBOSCIS.—A lady trying to repeat a very fair joke made in her hearing regarding the arrival in town of an elephant, wasn't bad. The way she heard the remark was to the effect that the huge brute was to make a pretty considerable stay in the town, because if space for necessaries were in question, it had a rather *expansive trunk*. But she repeated the story thus, that there was no doubt its stock of linen must be considerable, and its stay consequently of some duration, as it had a most *expensive portmanteau*.

258. * CRITICAL CRITICISM.—It is related of the Hon. P. F. Moore, the 'father of the Bar' of North Carolina, that he was selected to deliver the welcoming address to Mr. Clay when that statesman visited the state. He exerted himself in its preparation, and called on a friend, Mr. Simmons, to read it to him. 'Well,' said Simmons ironically, 'I suppose you wish me to *criticise* and *correct*, being an *educated* and *scholarly* man?' 'Not that,' replied Mr. Moore, 'but to see how it will *strike* the *vulgar mind*.'

259. * WELL DONE, ENGLAND!—New York detectives will probably go out in a body and hang themselves for pure spite when they hear of the grand hit made by one of their brethren in England. It appears a foreign minister in London evoked the aid of one of the smartest Scotland Yard detectives to discover a young girl who had inherited a fortune of a quarter of a million. At the end of six weeks the detective returned and gave in his resignation. 'Well,' said his chief, 'that's all right; but where is the girl?' 'Oh, I found her a month ago in a dressmaker's shop.' 'Well?' 'Well, I married her yesterday, and began drawing on her *quarter-million* TO-DAY, that's all!'

260. * CHARITABLE.—‘How is it,’ said Bishop Wilberforce to one of his Roman Catholic servant girls, ‘that you can feel so kindly towards me when you believe that I shall certainly be lost?’ ‘Oh no, you’ll not be lost!’ said she. ‘But how can I be saved,’ said the bishop, ‘when your church teaches that there is no salvation out of its pale?’ ‘You will be saved through your *h*invincible *h*ignorance,’ was the reply.

261. * HOME QUESTION.—‘Pa, are you in favour of the *Bible* in *public* schools?’ asked a youngster. ‘Why, of course I am,’ responded the father, pleased that such an important subject should engage the attention of his youthful offspring. ‘What makes you ask such a question, my son?’ ‘Oh, nothing,’ rejoined young hopeful, ‘only I thought maybe you wasn’t, as you never have had *one at home*.’

262. * NON-COMMITTAL.—A good old woman was asked what she thought of one of her neighbours of the name of Jones, and with a knowing look replied: ‘Why, I don’t like to say anything about my neighbours; but, as to Mr. Jones, sometimes I think, and then again I don’t know; but, after all, I rather guess he’ll turn out to be a good deal such a *sort of a man as I take him to be!*’

263. * A HIT, A HIT.—One of those excrescences on life—a female slanderer—went into a neighbour’s house with her tongue loaded with new venom. There were several women present, and the slanderer’s eye glistened in anticipation. Throwing herself into a chair, she sighed and said, ‘One-half the world don’t know how the other half lives.’ ‘That ain’t your fault, if they don’t,’ quietly observed one of the company. The slanderer turned yellow and went off.

264. * A PROPER TASTE.—The landlord of a German place, who was fond of having the autographs of distinguished guests in an album he kept for the purpose, presented it one day to Oppenheim, the rich banker of Cologne, and pointed with pride specially to *one* signature—‘R. de Paris.’ ‘Who is that?’ said Oppenheim. ‘That is Baron Rothschild, the banker of Paris.’ Oppenheim immediately took his pen and wrote, ‘O. de Cologne.’

265. * TURKEY AT TABLE.—‘My dear boy,’ said a mother to her son as he handed round his plate for more turkey, ‘this is the *fourth* time you’ve been helped to this turkey.’ ‘I know, mother,’ replied the boy, ‘but that turkey *pecked* at me once, and I want to get square with him.’ He was helped once more.

266. * A SIGN OF THE TIMES.—In rather a lonely locality in Dundee stood a public-house in a private corner. This shop is now removed, and its place occupied by the Club. One evening a gentleman, walking in the retired spot, was witness to the following. The publican quietly, and rather as it seemed *stealthily*, opened his door, pitched out a man *so drunk* that whenever he was ‘*let go*’ he fell prone to the earth. A wag passing, knocked at the publican’s door, and cried through: ‘I say, Archie, maan, yeer sign’s fa’an.’

267. * LOVE NOT AT FIRST SIGHT.—‘There may be such a thing as love at first sight,’ remarked a girl as she twisted a ‘friz’ around the curling-iron, ‘but I don’t believe in it. There’s Fred, I saw him a hundred times before I loved him; in fact, I shouldn’t have fallen in love when I did, if his father hadn’t given him that *house* and *lot of ground*.’

268. * EDUCATION.—In the old days, ere the era of postage stamps, far less post-cards, and indeed when letters were only written in cases of great emergency or importance,—of death or marriage,—and when very well-to-do people in business could barely write, and those who could, like Mrs. M'Larty, 'couldna be fashed,' a carrier, whose name was 'Dauvit,' officiated in the counties of Forfar and Kincardine. Dauvit often took a '*spate*,' and one time during a snow-storm, on his rounds, got particularly 'fou.' He was a long way behind time—a day or two, or more. He could write when sober but poorly, and when drunk couldn't at all. So he got a scrap of paper sent to his wife with the letters D. D. B. pasted on it. The poor woman at once concluded that the cabalistic characters must necessarily mean, 'Dauvit's Dead and Buried,' and was very ill in consequence; but some of her 'neebors' told her not to 'take on' so, but go and see what the minister, good man, would make it out to be. Well, the reverend gentleman at once said, 'Oh no, they do not mean that, my good woman; they mean, "Dauvit's Doin' Brawly."'² The poor woman went away consoled. On the next day, or the next, Dauvit *himself* heaves in sight, and was received in a way he little looked for; and when, the reception fairly over, the gudewife asked the meaning of the letters, 'Oh,' said he, quite nonchalant, 'is't possible ye didna ken? They meant, "Dauvit's Drunk in Bervie"—ay, fat ither?'

269. * THE POINT OF VIEW.—A prisoner who was asked if he knew any reason why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, said emphatically that he did. When asked what it was, he replied, 'Because the jury took *so one-sided* a view of the matter.'

270. * TO PREVENT FUTURE MISUNDERSTANDING.—A young lady was at a party during which quarrels between husband and wife were discussed. ‘I think,’ said an unmarried elder son, ‘that the proper thing is for the husband to have it out at once, and thus avoid quarrels for the future. I would light a cigar in the carriage after the wedding-breakfast, and settle the smoking question for ever.’ ‘I would knock the cigar out of your mouth,’ interrupted the belle. ‘Do you know, I don’t think you would be *there* at all,’ he remarked.

271. * ONLY HALF TRUE.—Mr. Doyle, an Irish gentleman, was invited to dinner lately by a well-known Scotch resident, at whose generous table he met quite a number of the host’s countrymen. The conversation turned on Irish bulls, of which one and another repeated several, until the whole company was in a roar of laughter. Our Irish friend kept quiet until his patience was exhausted. Then he blurted out, ‘Stay, Mr. Campbell ; do you know what I think ?’ ‘Why, indeed, what do you think, Mr. Doyle ?’ ‘Shure, sir, an’ do ye know that I think, indade, that not more than *one-half* of these *lies* that they tell about the Irish are *true* !’ This may be said to have ‘*brought down*’ the table.

272. * TRUE ELOQUENCE.—The Rev. Dr. Thomas Guthrie, of Edinburgh, spoke of a shipbuilder who paid him one of the greatest compliments he ever received, by saying, ‘During the preaching of most ministers, be it short or long, I generally contrive in my own mind to lay the keel and build a ship from stem to stern, but during your sermon I could not lay a single plank.’

273. * HUMILITY.—A couple of neighbours became so hostile that they would not speak to each other; but one of them having been converted at a camp-meeting, held out his hand, saying, 'How d'ye do, Kemp? I didn't use to speak to you, but I am *humble* enough *now* to shake hands *even with a dog*.'

274. * ALL THAT'S REQUIRED.—'How's business now?' inquired one Nashville merchant of another. 'Dull—fearfully dull,' was the reply. 'The fact is, nobody buys anything just now but *provisions* and *whisky*—only the bare *necessaries of life*, you see.'

275. * TRUE ART.—An inquisitive chap stepped into a marble shop, where Smith was about completing the sculpture of a lamb. 'Did you cut out that animal?' asked the interrogation point. 'Oh, no,' said Smith; '*the lamb* has been *there* all the time: I only took away the marble from *around him*, that's all.'

276. * UNLIMITED LEAVE.—'I am afraid, dear wife, that while I am gone, absence will conquer love.' 'Oh, never fear, dear husband, the *longer* you stay away the *better* I will like you.'

277. * REALITY.—'Ladies and gentlemen,' said an auctioneer, 'these articles are no sham—they are genuine *tapestry* carpets, made by Mr. *Tapestry* himself.'

278. * A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.—A meddlesome old woman was sneering at a young mother's awkwardness with her infant, and said, 'I declare, a woman never ought to have a baby unless she knows how to *hold* it!' 'Nor a *tongue* either,' quietly responded the young mother.

279. NOTHING LEFT.—A little Florida boy taught an alligator to come to the shore and take food from his hand. It became so fond of the boy that one morning it took the *food* and the *little Florida boy too*.

280. * LUCKY REFLECTION.—It is said of Lord Norbury that he would at any time rather lose even a friend than a joke. On one occasion he actually began the sentence of death in this wise: 'Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty by a jury of your own countrymen of the crime laid to your charge, and I must say I entirely agree with the verdict, for I see "scoundrel" written on your face.' Here the prisoner interrupted with, 'That's a very strong *reflection—from your lordship!*' whereupon the judge, keenly appreciating the joke, at once commuted the sentence into transportation for seven years.

281. * PLAIN SPEAKING.—The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon says he has often thought, when hearing certain preachers of a high order speaking to the young, that they must have understood the MASTER to say, 'Feed my camelopards,' instead of 'Feed my lambs;' for nothing but giraffes could reach any spiritual food from the lofty rack on which they place it.

282. * AN ADVICE ACCEPTED AND ACTED ON.—A Yankee one day asked his lawyer how an heiress might be carried off. 'You cannot do it with safety,' said the counsellor; 'but I'll tell you what you may do. Let her mount a horse and hold a bridle-whip; do you then get up behind her, and you are safe, for she runs away with you.' The next day the lawyer found that it was his own daughter who had run away with his client.

283. * PLURAL.—In a cathedral one day, after service, the bellows-blower, slightly imbecile, said to the organist, 'I think we have done very well to-day.' 'We!' said the organist, in no small surprise at the impudence of his menial; 'how can you pretend to have any merit in the performance? Never let me hear you say such a thing again.' The man said nothing more at the time, but when they were next playing, he suddenly intermitted in his task of inflating the organ. The organist rose in wrath to order him to proceed, when the fellow, thrusting his head out from behind the curtain, asked slyly, 'Shall it be *we*, then?'

284. GHOSTLY.—A fellow went to the parish minister, and, with a long face, told him that he had seen a ghost. 'When and where?' said the pastor. 'Last night,' replied the 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?' asked the pastor. 'It appeared in 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*.'

285. * TAKING IT COOLLY.—The tranquillity of the Scotch in the most extraordinary circumstances brings to mind the incredible tale of the Scotchman tumbling from one of the loftiest houses in the old town of Edinburgh. He slipped, says the legend, off the roof of a habitation sixteen storeys high, and when midway in his descent through the air, he arrived at a lodger looking out of the window of the eighth floor, to whom, as he was an old acquaintance, he observed *en passant*, 'Eh, maan Sandy, sic a fa' as I'll ha'e!'

286. RATHER SUSPICIOUS.—During the sessions at Newcastle, a man was brought up by a farmer, and accused of stealing some ducks. The farmer said he should know them anywhere, and went on to describe their peculiarity. ‘Why,’ said the counsel for the prisoner, ‘they can’t be such a very rare breed: I have some like them in my yard.’ ‘That’s very likely, sir,’ said the farmer; ‘*these* are not the *only ducks* I have had stolen lately.’

287. THE BITER BIT.—An ingenious down-easter, who has invented a new kind of ‘Love-Letter Ink,’ which he has been selling as a sure safeguard against all actions for breaches of the marriage promise, inasmuch as it entirely fades from paper in two months from date, was recently most awfully done, ‘indeed, done *blank*,’ by a brother down-easter, who purchased a hundred boxes of the article, and gave him his note at ninety days. At the expiration of the time, the ink inventor called for payment, but, on unfolding the scrip, found nothing but a piece of blank paper. The note had been written with his own *ink*.

288. DR. CHALMERS AND MUSIC.—A great many, to their own great detriment and loss, are insensible to sweet sounds; and without stopping to discuss the possible conspiracies and other bad plots which Shakespeare says are or may be hatched by such unfortunate people, all we say at present is, that surely no such flaw could be even suspected of the great, good, and most eloquent man whose name heads this article, who, when questioned about his feeling of music, is said to have admitted not only not to have known one tune, but not even one note from another, and made the characteristic answer that he didna ken music frae ony ither kind o’ *din*.

289. *WHO'S HE?—An Irishman who had been sick a long time was one day met by the parish priest, when the following conversation took place: 'Well, Patrick, I am glad you have recovered. Were you not afraid to meet your Maker?' 'Oh, no, your riverence! It was meetin' the *other party* that I was afraid uv!' replied Pat.

290. *PULPIT ANECDOTE.—'I fear,' said a country minister to his flock, 'when I explained to you, in my last charity sermon, that philanthropy was the love of our *species*, you must have understood me to say *specie*, which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will now prove, I hope, by your present contribution, that you are no longer labouring under the same mistake.'

291. TOASTING CLOTH.—A child having got a flannel cloth to dry, while his mother was busied otherwise, held it so close to the fire that it soon began to change colour. 'Mamma,' he cried, 'is it dry enough when it looks *brown*?'

292. A REJECTED LETTER.—The Vicar of Frome has laid down a rule never to receive unpaid letters, and a very good rule it is, but, like many others, it is open to exceptions. A letter arrived, and being unpaid was returned according to the rule; on being opened at the General Post Office, it was found to contain a note for £150, sent by a lady admirer towards paying for the rev. gentleman's furniture. A communication was made by the Post Office authorities to Mr. Bennett, who, gathering some idea of the nature of the contents of the rejected letter, consented to *violate* his *rule* for once at least, paid the 2d., and received the £150.

293. REWARD OF MERIT.—Sir Joshua Reynolds painted a portrait of Mrs. Billington, the vocalist, representing her as St. Cecilia—the eyes turned towards heaven, and in the act of *listening* to a choir of angels, faintly introduced in the upper part of the painting. Haydn, the composer, was present just as Sir Joshua was giving it the finishing touches, and his opinion of its merits was asked by Mrs. Billington. ‘It resembles you,’ said Haydn; ‘but it has one great fault.’ ‘And what is that?’ asked Mrs. Billington with inquietude, fearful that the artist might take offence. ‘The painter,’ continued Haydn, ‘has represented you as *listening to the songs of angels*; he should have painted the angels as *listening to your enchanting notes*.’ Flattered by such a compliment, the beautiful Billington, from irresistible impulse, threw her arms round Haydn and embraced him.

294. A BULL.—An *Irish* clergyman said what a melancholy *sight* it would be if all the world were *blind*.

295. KEEP TO YOUR OATH.—A negro witness was asked by the judge if he understood the proper meaning of an oath. ‘For certain, boss,’ said he, ‘if I swear to a *lie* I stick to him.’

296. * THE WAY TO WALK.—The path of duty is in front of the telling table or counter in the long room, H.M. custom-house.

297. WET.—In speaking of the ‘rainiest painter of his day,’ John Constable, R.A., Mr. Sala tells us that when any new work appeared by that artist, Fuseli, the art-critic, used to say, ‘Gif me my *ombrelli*—I am going to zee Mr. Gonstable’s bictures.’

298. AN APPLICATION.—The Leicester guardians, having advertised for a schoolmaster, received an ‘application’ from a candidate of ‘*good charictor,*’ who said he ‘could fill up his time at *taloring,* if required.’

299. A NEW TERM FOR STUFFING.—A lady who wished some stuffing from a roast fowl, which a gentleman was carving at a public table, requested him to transfer from the deceased fowl to her plate some of its *artificial intestines.*

300. EXPANSIVE ACCOMMODATION.—During the hunting season, the Laird of Logan was favoured with many visitors. On one occasion, a party assembled at his house more numerous than usual, and such as to excite the fears of his housekeeper for accommodation during the night. In this quandary she applied to her master. ‘Dear me, what am I to do wi’ a’ thae folk? I wonder they hae nae mair sense than come trooping here in dizins; there’s no beds in the house for half o’ them.’ ‘Keep yoursel’ easy, my woman,’ said the laird; ‘I’ll just fill them a’ fou, and they’ll *fin’ beds for themsels.*’

301. BROUGHAM AND COBBETT.—‘I hope to live to see the day,’ said Lord Brougham, ‘when every peasant in England can *understand* Bacon.’ ‘His lordship,’ replied Cobbett, ‘had much better hope to see the day when every peasant will be able to *eat* bacon.’

302. MUCH DUTCH HOSPITALITY.—An Irish soldier, who came over with General Moore, being asked if he met with much *hospitality* in Holland. ‘Oh yes,’ replied he, ‘too much; I was in the *hospital* almost all the time I was there.’

303. HOME THRUST.—A Roman prelate once asked an old woman how many sacraments there were, when she observed that there were *but two*. ‘But,’ replied the bishop, ‘there is *marriage*; what prevents your regarding so *holy, delightful, and happy a state* as another sacrament?’ ‘Ah, sir,’ replied the old woman, ‘*if it is so very good*, what is the reason *you have never partaken of it?*’

304. REAL DANGER.—A physician, being sent for by a maker of universal specifics, grand salutariums, etc., expressed his surprise at being called in on an occasion apparently trifling. ‘Not so trifling neither,’ replied the quack; ‘for, to tell you the truth, I have by a mistake *taken some of my own pills.*’

305. AS YOU WERE.—Graham of Claverhouse was very desirous to see and be introduced to Lady Elphinstone, who had reached the advanced age of one hundred years and upwards. The noble matron, being a staunch Whig, was unwilling to receive Claver’s (as he was usually styled), but at length consented. After the usual compliments the officer observed that, having lived so much beyond the usual term of humanity, she must in her time have seen many strange changes. ‘Hout, na, sir,’ said Lady Elphinstone, ‘the warld is just to end wi’ me as it began. When I was entering life there was ane *Knox* deaving us wi’ his *clavers*, and now that I am ganging out, there is ane *Claver’s* deaving us wi’ his *knocks.*’

306. GOOD WEARING.—A Dublin mercer, recommending a piece of silk to a lady for a gown, said: ‘Madam, it will wear for ever and make a petticoat *afterwards.*’

307. DANGEROUS GROUND.—Pace, jester to Queen Elizabeth, was so bitter in his retorts upon her that he was forbid her presence. After he had been absent for some time, a few of his friends entreated her Majesty to receive him back into favour, engaging for him that he would be more guarded in his discourse for the future. The very first time they met, Pace was as bad as ever. ‘Come on, Pace,’ said the queen in a gracious humour, ‘now we shall hear of our faults.’ ‘No, madam,’ said Pace, ‘I never talk of what is discoursed of by all the world.’

308. NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—The peculiarity of the fly is that he always returns to the same spot; but it is the characteristic of the mosquito that he always returns to another spot. Thus he differs from the leopard, which does not change his spots. This is an important fact in natural history.

309. ASPIRATED.—Report, in describing the tour of Mr. Steele, the Inspector of Schools, says a Preston boy read to Mr. Steele, Pope’s lines:—

‘Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air
On his own ground.’

‘What,’ asked Mr. Steele, ‘is meant by “his *native air*”?’ The intelligent boy promptly replied, ‘The ‘air of his own ‘ead, sir.’

310. DIFFERENCE OF FARE.—‘What do you take me for, sir?’ said an elderly gentleman to a cabman who had been grossly insulting him. ‘Take yer for? Vy, I took yer for a *shillin’ a mile*, but I find yer a *snob* as only gives *eightpence*.’

311. A BOTHERED DARKEV.—A Vicksburg negro applied to a citizen for a little advice, thus: ‘Massa Thompson, would you lend Cuff Jones forty dollars if you was me?’ ‘Well, what security can he offer?’ ‘A morgidge.’ ‘Why, what has he got to mortgage?’ ‘Dat’s what boddors me, Massa Thompson. I knows he don’t own nuffin but de duds on his back.’ ‘Well, then, how can he give you a mortgage?’ ‘Dat’s de queshun, Massa Thompson. No, he can’t do it, and I’s made up my mind dat he can’t have de money unless he gives me *his note of hand!*’

312. DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN.—The notebook of a reporter gives the following definition, on the authority of an Irish cook:—‘A raal gentleman is one that never earned a *ha’porth for himself or any one belonging to him.*’

313. BESTOWING THAT THEY NEVER HAD.—What is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet he and Eve gave two to each of his children?—Parents.

314. 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 you be dead, can’t you only *spake* and tell me at oncst?’ ‘I’m not *dead*, but *spacheless*,’ said the other.

315. SECOND THOUGHTS.—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 back, but the servant could not *overtake* him.’

316. A NEW SECT.—‘Sir,’ said a man of small size to one of large size and a blusterer, his religious opponent; ‘I say, sir, to what *sect* do you think I belong?’ ‘Well, I don’t exactly know,’ replied the other; ‘but to judge from your make, size, and appearance, I should say that you belonged to a class called the *insect*.’

317. FONDNESS FOR LIFE.—Like the generality of kings and conquerors, Frederick the Great had a most philosophical indifference to death—in others. In one of his battles, a battalion of veterans having taken to their heels, he galloped after them, bawling out, ‘Why do you run away, you old blackguards? Do you want to *live for ever*?’

318. FRANK CONFESSON.—A gentleman, who had gained a handsome fortune by unremitting industry, was once accosted with, ‘I say, John, why don’t you have a coat of arms on your carriage?’ ‘Oh!’ said the gentleman, ‘I want *no coat* of arms; when I first came into Limerick, I wore a *coat without arms*.’

319. A COMPLIMENT.—An elderly lady, telling her age, remarked that she was born on the *twenty-first of April*. Her husband, who was present, observed, ‘I always thought you were born on the *first*.’ ‘People might well judge so,’ responded the matron, ‘from the choice I made of a husband.’

320. ASSURANCE.—One of the drollest instances of Yankee borrowing we have ever heard of is this. A maid-servant asked her mistress to go out on a particular afternoon, as she was going to have a party of her friends, and ‘*wanted the loan of the drawing-room*!’

321. ALL OUT AT ALL HANDS.—A gentleman, having appointed to meet a friend on particular business, went to his house and knocked at the door, which was opened by a servant girl. He informed her he wanted her master. ‘He is gone out, sir,’ said she. ‘Then your mistress will do,’ said the gentleman. ‘She,’ said the girl, ‘is gone out too.’ ‘My business is of consequence,’ returned he; ‘I can see your master’s son.’ ‘No, sir,’ replied the girl, ‘he is gone out.’ ‘That’s unlucky, indeed,’ replied he; ‘but perhaps it may not be long before they return. I will step in and sit by the fire.’ ‘Oh, sir,’ said the girl, ‘the fire is gone out too.’ Upon which the gentleman bade her inform her master that he did not expect such a *cold* reception.

322. THEATRICAL.—During Sheridan’s management of Drury Lane, an author had produced a play which he offered to Covent Garden, saying that it would make Drury Lane a *splendid desert*. His play failed; but soon after, he prevailed on a friend to present a new one to Sheridan. ‘No, no!’ exclaimed the latter, ‘I can’t agree to connive at putting his *former threat into effect*.’

323. COSTLY.—A gentleman, just married, telling Foote, the great wit, he had that morning laid out three thousand pounds in jewels for his *dear wife*, ‘She is decidedly a *dear* wife, indeed,’ replied the wit.

324. A DEFINITION.—At a parochial examination, a minister asked a half-crazy woman what love was. ‘Hoot, fye, sir,’ says she, ‘dinna speer sic daft-like questions as that, when I’m sure ye ken that love’s jist an unco *fykinness* i’ mind; an’ what mair can me or any other body say about it?’

325. A WORTHLESS MILLIONAIRE.—One of these devotees to mammon once received a lesson from a humble follower, who did not seem to pay to him, the possessor of the purse, sufficient homage. He said, 'Do you know, sir, that I am worth one hundred thousand pounds?' 'Yes,' said the irritated, but not broken-spirited respondent, 'I do; and I know that THAT is all you are worth.'

326. LAUGHING IN THE PULPIT.—Said Mr. Clarke, a Presbyterian minister of some notoriety, 'I never laughed in the pulpit but on one occasion, and that came near procuring my dismissal from the ministry. About one of the first discourses that I was called upon to deliver, subsequent to my ordination, after reading my text and opening my subject, my attention was directed to a young man with a very foppish dress, and a head of *very red* hair. In a pew immediately behind this young gentleman sat an urchin, who must have been urged on in his mischief by the evil one himself, for I do not conceive the youngster thought of the jest he was playing off on the spruce dandy in front of him. The boy held his *forefinger* towards the *hair* of the young man, about just as long as a blacksmith would hold a *wire-rod in the fire*, then placed it on his knee, and commenced pounding it, in imitation of a smith *making a nail*. The whole thing was so ludicrous that I laughed—the only time that I ever disgraced the pulpit with anything like mirth.'

327. BOOK-KEEPING BY DOUBLE ENTRY.—(Scene: A small shop in the Highlands).—Father: 'Flora, did you'll mark down all the coods the big mason got?' 'Yes, father,' says Flora. Father: 'Mark them down *again*, Flora, to *mak' sure*.'

328. * DIFFICULT TO CURE.—A person who was perfectly incorrigible in his drunken habits, who positively would not be weaned from them, notwithstanding all that had been tried—and very many were the schemes that were attempted for this most laudable end—was as bad as ever after all. His friends had a conference on the subject, when one proposed to have a coffin made—nay, two—and next time he was a defaulter, they would lay him out, and place him in the coffin, and make believe he was dead at last, and see if that course would have any effect. Well, they were not long in getting the opportunity of putting their plan into practice. He was laid out and laid in with a large sheet around him, and the coffin placed on trestles in a room made semi-dark, a little clearer only than just ‘darkness visible.’ Towards the time at which he usually came round, the gentleman who proposed this attempt got into the other coffin which had been placed in the same room, and watched his coming to consciousness, and the moment his friend heard him attempt to stir, he himself peered over the edge of the coffin, and keenly eyed the movement. At last the patient saw his friend, and asked, ‘Whaur am a?’ His friend made answer, ‘Ou, ye’re deid,’ in a most sepulchral voice, ‘A’m deid, a’m a?’ ‘Aye, ye’re deid.’ ‘An’ are you deid tae?’ ‘A’m deid tae.’ ‘An’ whan did a dee?’ ‘Ye de’ed last nicht.’ ‘An’ whan did you dee?’ ‘Three days syne.’ ‘Ay, ay!’—now witness all the good effect the *ruse* employed ended in, and the result of all the anxiety to do him good. ‘Weel, ye’ve been langer here than me, and ken the place better; awa’ ye go and see and fa’ in wi’ a gill o’ gude stuff some way.’

329. * LARGE CLAIM.—A gentleman in Glasgow,

very much beloved—liked by everybody, he was so thoroughly good, obliging, and generous—sometimes took rather much liquor aboard. One day this had happened to as bad an extent as ever almost before; he was sitting propped up by a wall. A very kindly policeman came round, who tried all he could to get our friend to ‘move on;’ and when he saw it to be absolutely hopeless, he asked, ‘Whaur’ll I tak’ ye tae, then?’ ‘Take me—anywhere ye like—ye can’t go wrong—doesn’t matter where (hic)—*universally respected.*’

330. BEASTLY HYPOCRISY.—‘This animal,’ says an itinerant showman, ‘is the royal African hyena, measuring fourteen feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and the same distance back again, making in all *eight and twenty feet.* He cries in the woods in the night season like a human being in distress, and then devours all that come to his assistance—a sad instance of the depravity of *human nature.*’

331. ENTERING INTO THE SPIRIT OF IT—(Scene: On board the *Clansman*, with *Islay* in the distance).—Lady passenger: ‘See, Reginald, how yonder dimly-beautiful land rises grandly in the golden sunset haze. Surely ’tis an “*Isle of the Blest!*”’ Reginald: ‘Ah, yes, it seems like a glimpse of another world. One might well be pardoned for fancying that the *spirits* of the *good* might there be kept free from all contamination for *evermore.*’ Sailor (shoving in his oar unexpectedly): ‘Yiss, yiss, it was ferry *goot speerits* they will keep in that *Isla*—no petter whusky in ta whole unifersal worlt, nor on ta mainlaunt of Scotlan’ pesites, too, than is kept at *Bowmore*, whuteiver.’

332. NOTA BENE.—A *stitch* in time saves *nine*, and a *stick* in time saves *nine boys out of ten.*

333. HIGHLAND ANCESTRY.—The following is an amusing instance of the tenacity with which Highlanders hold to the honours and antiquity of their kindred. A dispute arose between Campbell and M'Lean upon the 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 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 her nown?*'

334. THIS SIDE UP—WITH EXTREME CARE.—The fellow who dropped into a chair containing a tack has been uneasy ever since, and now sits down *always* on the instalment plan.

335. KEEP TO YOUR PROGRAMME. — Highland laird (to servant): 'You should ha' come for the cow yesterday, Archie.' 'Hooch, ay, sir; but I was come the day, too, to get ma wages forbye, and kill a bird *twice wi' wan stone* whateiver.'

336. I'LL RISK IT.—A little girl wanted more buttered toast, but was told that she'd had enough, and that more would make her ill. 'Well,' said she, 'give me anuzzer piece, and send for the doctor.'

337. LIKE A LAMB.—A chief, not very popular in the department in which Charles Lamb's government duties were performed, came up to his elbow one day, somewhat abruptly, as was *no doubt meant*, and asked, 'What are you about, Mr. Lamb?' 'About thirty-nine,' replied Charles imperturbably. 'I don't like your *answer*,' said the chief. 'Nor I your *question*,' said the Lamb.

338. OFF THE CHAIN.—A clergyman was relating a somewhat wonderful incident to one of his children, when the impertly said, 'Now, papa, *is* that true, or is it only *preaching*?'

339. WELL KNOWN.—The Láird o' Logan, a well-to-do man, out of sheer carelessness wore a shocking bad hat. Some one remarked upon it, when he said, 'A'BUDY *kens me here*.' The same critic met the laird with the same hat, in a town about thirty miles distant from his home, which was considered far in those days—farther than four times the distance would be in these. He thought he had the laird now. 'Well, laird, still the same atrociously bad hat, I see; you, at all events, can't have the same excuse now.' 'No, no; I dar' say no,' laughed the ever-ready laird; 'but NAEBUDY *kens me here*.'

340. WHAT MORE?—A Sunday-school lady teacher was expatiating on the beautiful episode of Ruth and Boaz, and on asking what the latter did to show his favour for the Hebrew maiden, one of the children said that he charged the reapers to allow handfuls of grain to fall aside so that Ruth in her gleaning might thereby be benefited. 'Well, very good; what *more* did he do to show his good-will?' 'Why, he *married* her, because she *gleaned* so well.'

341. A CURRENT BILL.—It chanced one gloomy day in the month of December, that a good-humoured Irishman applied to a merchant to discount a bill of exchange for him at rather a long date; and the merchant, having casually remarked that the bill had a great many days yet to run, 'That's true,' replied the Irishman; 'but then, my honey, you don't consider how *short* the *days* are at this time of the year.'

342. NOMENCLATURE.—A name very suggestive of unsteadiness is mentioned in Scripture—*Rab-shakeh*.

343. * MUSTARD.—A woman, who had a very high opinion of her minister, was always bringing him presents of fowls, eggs, and butter. He had oftentimes determined to make Margaret, for whom he had otherwise a high respect, stay to dinner at the manse; so he caught her one day on one of her errands of good-heartedness, and pressed her to stay and have her dinner with him. After many objections had been got over, as to her not knowing how to behave, etc., she agreed. 'But oh, mind, sir, ye maun let me see the way to conduck mysel.' Well, the good man said, 'Just you observe me, and do as I do.' The minister was slightly paralyzed, and to keep matters tidy, pinned the table-cloth beneath his chin. Margaret did likewise. All went well till, at one part of the repast, the minister helped himself to some *mustard*. Poor Margaret, who had not been quite accurate in her observation in this instance, conveyed a quantity of the condiment direct to her mouth, got out with a yell, started up, took the *table-cloth with her*, and the minister *with it*, upsetting everything on the table, to the dire dismay and discomfort of the company, which, besides the minister's family, included a stranger.

344. * ALL ON ONE SIDE.—The late Rev. Dr. Newlands of Perth, whose sermons were all delivered as if they could have been printed right off, was one of the most modest, peace-loving, retiring of men, of the sweetest disposition that we ever knew. A lady called for him one day, who was a most garrulous person. She talked and talked incessantly for upwards of an hour, the poor doctor not getting in a word even edgeways. At last she thought of retiring, and in bidding him good-bye, said, 'Well, good day to you, dear doctor; I'm sure we've had a most delightful *conversation*.'

345. * DECIDED ENOUGH.—A gentleman consulted his doctor, who was against spirit drinking. The patient, detailing his symptoms, said, 'In these circumstances, doctor, a *little* brandy now would do me *little* harm.' 'Well, perhaps, but I am sure *no* brandy will do you *no* harm,' replied the doctor.

346. * FRESH—NEWLY-MADE.—There arrived in the waters of the Tay, from Leith, a steamer with an excursion party on board, which rather unfortunately got aground on one of the rather numerous banks at the entrance of the estuary. A passing tug-boat hailed the unfortunates, when one of them, of the Mark Tapley type, returned the hail and this answer, 'Ay, ay! an excursion from Leith on a BANK—holiday.'

347. CURIOUS NOTICE.—The following curious notice appeared on Ludford Church door, Herts, and was previously read in the church:—'This is to give notice that no person is to be *buried* in this churchyard but those *living* in the parish; and those who *wish to be buried* are desired to *apply to me*, Ephraim Grubb, parish clerk.'

348. * THE STUFF OF WHICH HEROES ARE MADE.—Of a certain gallant colonel in the beautiful county of Perth, in whose life it was an early augury, the outline of the following excellent anecdote has just been given us by a highly valued friend, to whom we are indebted for more than one besides. The colonel was an advanced pupil in the Perth Seminaries, to which young persons are sent from all parts of the globe for education. The teacher was leaving, and the pupils thought of getting up a small boyish testimonial, which ultimately took the shape of a Bible. The subscriptions were restricted to one shilling each, so that all were on a level in that respect. The moment—and it was during class hours—the money was made up, the future colonel, as previously decided, was deputed, he being the most advanced in the school, and then, even as well as now, a ready and graceful speaker, to make not only the presentation but the *purchase*. In his usual good-hearted, impulsive way—then, it seems, too—he was off at once to get the Bible. The master, who was to be the recipient immediately, unfortunately saw the young gentleman go, and watched for his return, and at once demanded where he had been without leave. The noble fellow, feeling, we have no doubt, all the delicacy involved in the rather unique circumstances, declined to say, when the teacher at once threatened to punish him if he remained reticent. This, however, the young lad bravely, but with not a shade of braggadocio, did, when at once what had been threatened was put into somewhat sudden and, certainly, vigorous effect. After about a quarter of an hour's interval—*mal quart d'heure*—the future Perthshire laird stepped modestly forward and spoke—detailing that he had been deputed by his fellow-pupils to effect the

purchase of a Bible, which he had done to the best of his ability, encountering in the execution of his mission more of difficulty and danger than he had calculated upon. He explained the restriction to a shilling in the subscriptions, else would the beloved volume have been handsomer as to the binding; but as nothing could enhance the estimation in which they all held their teacher, he knew that for that reason the master would not deem it unworthy his kind acceptance. During this, every one saw that the master's expression was a study such as they could never forget.

349. * A BULL OF A GOOD KIND.—We some time ago received a kind invitation to 'come up for a *night* any *DAY*,' and get a few stories to add to the book—an irresistible temptation in more ways than one, and most happily and gratefully availed of.

350. * A RESOLUTION.—In Dundee, one day, a hatter was exalted upon a set of steps arranging something on the shelves, when a working man in his working dress came in about a hat. From the man's appearance Mr. Hatter, it appeared, didn't wish to waste any courtesy, so called down to him, as the poor man thought, rather superciliously, 'How far are you prepared to go?' 'Ou,' said the workman quite readily, 'aw think twa-three shops farrer up the street,' and accordingly away he went.

351. SEX.—An Irish sergeant enlisted a recruit, who proved to be a female. Being asked by the officer how he made such a blunder, he said, 'I could not help it; I enlisted this *girl* for a *man*, and now *he* turns out to be a *woman*.'

352. CLEANLINESS—THE LAUNDRESS ABROAD.—Comparing notes with a friend as to the frequency of the changes of his linen, the laird o' Logan was asked how often *he* put on a clean shirt. 'Aunce a week,' says he promptly; 'an' that's often eneuch, is'd no? But hoo offen do you cheenge your sark?' 'Every day,' was the reply. 'Maan, ye maun be a *clorty bruit*,' said the laird.

353. AN ESTIMATE WANTED.—One of the civic functionaries of Dundee, whose jolly appearance gave ample indications of excellent 'keep,' happened to be enjoying the cool air on the beautiful promenade at the Barracks—no doubt ruminating on the share he had in the municipal rule of the bustling world below. In his ramble to the westward he came up to the sentinel at the powder magazine. 'Well,' said he, 'my good man, *can* I get *out* by the west gate?' The sentinel, disposing of the question in a literal sense, replied, 'I do not know, sir, about your getting *out*; but a *cart-load of hay* got *in* through it this afternoon!'

354. ANTI-CLERICAL FEROCITY.—One day a notorious fellow of a carter, who was no less famed for his wit than the cruelty he exercised towards the dumb animal under his charge, was trudging along the street with his cart, when the poor over-wrought and under-fed *quadruped* fell to the ground. While Willie was engaged in most unmercifully whipping the poor animal, with a view to compel it to regain its 'all-fours,' Dr. Davidson approached the spot, and challenged the *biped* for his cruelty; to which Willie retorted, 'What business hae you wi' the bruite? *He disna belong to your congregation!*'

355. NOTHING LIKE COMING TO TERMS.—‘If I’m not home from the party to-night at ten o’clock,’ said a husband to his better and *bigger half*, ‘don’t wait for me.’ ‘That I won’t,’ said the lady significantly; ‘I won’t *wait*, but I’ll *come* for you.’ He returned at ten promptly.

356. A POSER.—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?’

357. A PRINTER’S EPITAPH.—An opulent printer of London, who had long been a ‘compositor,’ requested of his executors to have the following epitaph inscribed on his tombstone after his death:—

No more shall *copy bād* perplex my brain—
 No more shall *type’s small face* my eyeballs strain;
 No more the *proof’s foul page* create my troubles,
 By *errors, transpositions, outs, and doubles*;
 No more to *overrun* shall I begin—
 No more be *driving out* or *taking in*;
 The stubborn *pressman’s frown* I now may scoff,
Revised, corrected, finally WORKED OFF.

358. POLITE TERMS.—‘Great age’ this we live in. People don’t *laugh* now-a-days—they *indulge* in *merriment*. They don’t *walk*—they *promenade*. They never *eat* any food—they *masticate* it. Nobody has a tooth *pulled*—it is *extracted*. No one has his feelings *hurt*—they are *lacerated*. Young men do not go *courting* the girls—they pay the *young ladies attention*. It is vulgar to *visit* any one—you must only *make a call*. Of course you would not think of *going to bed*—you would *retire to rest*. Nor would you *build* a house—you would *erect* it.

359. QUIET SHAVE.—A barber who was in the habit of stunning his customers' ears by the rapidity of his tongue, asked an individual one day how he wished his beard to be cut. 'Without your saying a single word,' replied he.

360. A SHARP REPLY.—'How do you feel with such a shocking-looking coat on?' said a young clerk with some pretensions one morning to old George. 'I feel,' said old George, looking at him steadily with one eye half closed, as if *taking aim* at his victim,—'I feel, young man, as if I had a coat on which has been paid for—a *luxury of feeling* which I think *you will never experience*.'

361. TOBACCO QUIDS.—A Nevada man died in great distress of mind because he could remember of refusing 1400 different men who had asked him for tobacco. Always hand over your box cheerfully if you want to die happy.

362. PERVERSE—VERY.—A crowd lounging about a tavern door were busy discussing what animal, of all others, was the most contrary. Some contended that a mule was, some a hog, and some a yoke of oxen. A Dutchman, who had very gravely listened to the conversation, gave his experience. 'Te mule, te hog, and te dog is very stubborn, but te hen is te stubbornest animal in te worlt. I had von vot I wanted to hatch some eggs; I made von leetle nest and put her in it, and she gets up and runs away. I den makes anoder leetle nest and puts her on it, and she runs away again. I den makes von leetle box and puts it all over hur, and for all de trouble mit I have, ven I peeped under te leetle box, te hen vas SITTIN' *standin*'.'

363. TRUE HERO WORSHIP.—Washington was visiting a lady in his neighbourhood. On his leaving the house, a little girl was directed to open the door. He turned to the child and said: 'I am sorry, my dear, to give you so much trouble.' 'I only wish, sir,' she replied, 'it had rather been to let you in.'

364. WHERE THE JOKE COMES IN.—'My dear,' said a rich and doting old man to a sharp young lady whom he wanted to marry, 'I hope you'll not make a fool of me.' 'Oh, no!' she exclaimed; 'I shall want you to keep right on just as you are now, and it will be impossible to *make* a fool of you.' He didn't notice her *emphasis*, but loved on, not wisely but too well.

365. COMPREHENSIVE AND EXPRESSIVE INVITATION.—At the recent close of the sittings in the Illinois House of Representatives, the clerk read the following:—'I am requested to announce that the Rev. Dr. M'Farlane will deliver a lecture this evening in the hall on the "Education of Idiots." Members of the Legislature are invited to attend.'

366. A COMFORTABLE REASON.—An old clergyman, who had got a strong-lunged helper, observed that one of his hearers was becoming rather irregular in his attendance at church. Of course the divine felt it his duty to visit the backslider, and he accordingly went to his house; but the gudeman was not in. He inquired at the wife why John was so seldom at church now. 'Oh, indeed, sir,' she replied without the slightest hesitation, 'that young man ye've gotten roars sae loud that John canna sleep sae comfortably as he did when ye used to preach sae sweetly yersel.'

367. NATIONALITY.—At Waterloo a Highland regiment and the Scots Greys met in the thickest of the fight, and raised the cry of '*Scotland for ever!*' '*And ould Ireland for longer!*' exclaimed an Irish dragoon.

368. EDUCATIONAL.—The mistress of a dame school, speaking of the pupils, honestly declared, 'It is but *little* they *pays* me, and it is but *little* I *teaches* them.'

369. AN INVITATION.—'Will you dine with me to-morrow, Mr. Dailly?' asked one Irishman of another. 'Faith, and I will, with all my heart.' 'Remember, 'tis only a family dinner I'm askin' you to.' 'And what for not? a family dinner is a mighty pleasant thing. What have you got?' 'Och, nothing uncommon; an illigant piece of corn beef and potatoes.' 'By the powers, that beats the world! Just my dinner to a hair—*barring the beef!*'

370. TWO TONGUES.—As a train stopped the other day at Dumfries station, a sturdy Nithsdale farmer entered one of the carriages, and shortly afterwards thus addressed himself to an English lady: 'Thir a verra sauntersum set here aboot this stashun.' 'Sir?' said the lady. 'I'm sayin' thir a verra taiglesome core here-awa,' said the farmer; 'yespeci-ally on the Saturday nights.' 'Sir, I really do not know what you are saying,' said the lady. 'I'm saying,' continued the farmer, 'the train is very late, mem.' 'Oh yes, sir, indeed very; indeed it is,' said the lady. 'Ye see, mem,' said the old farmer with a chuckle, 'us Scotch folk speak twa languages, and gif ye dinna understan' the ane, yur shure to understan' the ither.'

371. ALL MY EYE.—Traveller: ‘Hi, guard! Have you seen a man walking about with *one eye*, of the name of Walker?’ Guard (musingly): ‘No, sir, I dunno as I ’av’. What was the name of his *other eye*, sir?’

372. A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.—A person of Chelmsford, more ingenious than scrupulous, paid an account by a bill at two months; but on presenting it at the end of that period, the holder found that it was drawn two months after *death*, instead of after *date*.

373. POWERFUL SCREW.—A girl in one of the Midland counties, who has a swivel or cross eye, looked so long and affectionately on a gin bottle that the look actually drew out the cork!

374. LANDMARKS.—A tourist in the Highlands asked the coachman if there were no *milestones* in this country. ‘Plenty,’ said coachee; ‘the last ane was a *tree*, an’ the next ane is a *public-hoose*, whaur they’ll sell a tram.’ ‘What’s that you say?—*tram—tramway*. I wish to goodness there was,’ said the tourist. ‘Do you, intee? Weel, I’m glad o’ that, for there is a *tram*, and a *tram o’ ferry goot whuskey*, too, whateffer.’

375. HOW YOU DO IT.—Dr. Taylor once said to the late Rev. John Newton of St. Mary, Woolnoth, ‘Sir, I have collated every word in the Hebrew Scriptures seventeen times, and it is very strange that the doctrine of the Atonement, which you hold, cannot be found by me.’ ‘I am not surprised at that,’ retorted Mr. Newton; ‘I once went to *light my candle with the extinguisher upon it*.’

376. METAPHYSICS.—A Scotch blacksmith, being asked the meaning of metaphysics, explained it as follows:—‘When the party who listens disna ken what the party who speaks means; and when the party who speaks disna ken what he means himself—that is metaphysics!’

377. THE LEOPARD.—‘This ’ere hanimal, my little dears,’ observed the keeper of a menagerie to a school-party, ‘is a leopard. His complexion is yaller, and agreeably diwersified with black spots! It vos a vulgar horror of the hancients that the critter vos incapable of changin’ his spots, vitch was disproved in modern times by obserwin’ that he verry frequently slept on one spot one night, and next night changed to another!’

378. SONGS FOR ALL SEASONS.—The *New York Reveille* gives a few airs suitable to the occasion:—When a stout gentleman treads on your corns—‘’Twere vain to tell thee all I feel.’ For the young lady who had her dress torn at a military ball—‘The Soldier’s Tear.’ For the brisk young widow who clears out her weeds in three months—‘Behold how brightly breaks the *Morning!*’ When you hear a party of young bucks wrenching off your door-knocker in the small hours of the morning—‘Lo! hear the *gentle Lark.*’ When your husband asks after that money you spent on trimmings for your Bloomer chapeau—‘It’s all *round my hat!*’

379. PROPHECIC.—A wag, who had listened to a long and insipid address, delivered before a public assembly, was asked how he liked the speaker. ‘Very well,’ he replied; ‘to-night has *augured* well for his future success—as a *bore!*’

380. DODGING.—‘Sir,’ said Feelove, the lawyer, to an unwilling witness, ‘sir, do you say upon your oath, that Ballingall is a dishonest man?’ ‘I didn’t say he was ever accused of being an honest man, did I?’ replied Purves. ‘Does the Court understand you to say, Mr. Purves, that the plaintiff’s reputation is bad?’ inquired the judge, merely putting the question to keep his eyes open. ‘I didn’t say it was good, I reckon.’ ‘Sir,’ said Feelove, ‘sir-r; upon your oath—mind, upon your oath—you say that Ballingall is a rogue, a villain, and a thief?’ ‘You say so,’ was Purves’s reply. ‘Haven’t *you* said so?’ ‘Why, *you’ve* said it,’ said Purves; ‘what’s the use of my repeating it?’ ‘Sir-r!’ thundered Feelove, ‘sir, I charge you upon your oath, do you or do you not say Ballingall stole things?’ ‘No, sir,’ was the cautious reply of Purves, ‘I never said Ballingall stole things, but I do say *he’s got a way of finding things that nobody lost!*’ ‘Sir,’ said Feelove, ‘you can retire’ and the Court adjourned.

381. STRENGTHENING.—A man, praising porter, said it was so excellent a beverage that, though taken in great quantities, it always made him fat. ‘I have seen the time,’ said another, ‘when it made you *lean.*’ ‘When, I should like to know?’ said the eulogist. ‘Why, no longer since than last night—*against a wall.*’

382. A COMPARISON.—An Irishman one day met his priest at a milestone. ‘Arrah, your riverence, saving your presence, there’s a prayst,’ said he, pointing to a milestone. ‘A priest! why do you call that a priest, Mike?’ ‘Why, your riverence, ’tis at least like a prayst, for it points the road it *never goes itself.*’

383. DEPTH.—An old woman was praising, in rather enthusiastic terms, the sermons of a Scotch minister, who had a great fame for depth and sublimity. The suspicions of her auditor were a little roused, and she ventured to propose a question to her: ‘Weel, Jenny, do ye *understand* him?’ ‘*Understand* him!’ ejaculated Jenny, holding up her hands in astonishment at the question; ‘me *understand* him! Wad I hae the *presumption*?’

384. RATHER STRICT.—A gentleman tells a good story of one of his domestics. After having employed the help of a female servant, he sat down in the parlour, the evening after, to a ‘civil game of whist’ with his wife and a couple of neighbours. The next morning ‘my lady the help’ observed that ‘the card-playing must be put a stop to, or she should be obliged to leave—she *didn’t approve* of the practice, and *never allowed it* in families where she lived!’

385. DRUGGISH.—A lady was travelling in a stage-coach with a troublesome dog. A gentleman complained of the annoyance. ‘Dear me, sir!’ exclaimed the lady, ‘I wonder you complain of my dog—everybody admires it—it is real Peruvian.’ ‘I don’t complain of your Peruvian dog,’ said the gentleman, ‘but I wish he would give us less of his *Peruvian bark*!’

386. NOT A PROMISING YOUTH.—Highlander (to village boy, with a telegram): ‘D’ye ken what it’s about, Sandy?’ Sandy (who has been told by his father, the postmaster): ‘Ay, it says that ‘Tonald is comin’ hame the morn’s mornin’ frae the fushin; and ye’ll hae ta pay a saxpence, or I’m no to gie ye it.’ Highlander: ‘Na, na! Ye maun jist tak’ it back, and *tell yer faither I dinna want it.*’

387. WHICHEVER YOU PLEASE.—Grocers and others who sell marmalade are in the habit of stating, as an additional recommendation of the commodity, that it is an excellent substitute for butter. An old woman purchased some, believing it to contain *all the properties* of butter. Some time afterwards she called on the dealer, and said she had been imposed on, ‘as it was nae substitute for *butter* at a’, for she had tried to *fry* fish in it, and they were burned to a cinder.’

388. TOO MODEST BY HALF.—An Irish piper, who now and then indulged in a glass too much, was accosted by a gentleman with—‘Pat, what makes your face so red?’ ‘Plase yer honour,’ said Pat, ‘I always blush when I speak to a gentleman.’

389. USED UP.—A reverend gentleman, while visiting a parishioner, had occasion, in the course of conversation, to refer to the Bible, and on asking for it, the master of the house ran to bring it, and came back with two leaves of the book in his hand. ‘I declare,’ said he, ‘this is all we have got in the house; I’d no idea we were *so near out*.’

390. THE CREAM OF THE JOKE.—What a charmingly *naïve* person the London landlady is! A friend of mine was one day complaining that his milk was entirely deficient in cream, and seemed, in fact, little better than milk and water. His landlady was quite indignant, and said, ‘Of course, you can’t see any cream in it if you don’t look in the proper place! You ought to stir it up—there’s plenty there, only *it’s gone to the bottom*.’ It is almost as good as another lady of the same class, who refused an order for the theatre ‘because *oranges* didn’t agree with her!’

391. * LOGIC.—Two friends having met, one asked the other if it were at all a possible or even supposable case, that two people on a given subject could be of the *same* opinion on *that* subject, and yet not *agree*. He said it was quite impossible. Well, the first one said, it is not only not impossible, but positively and essentially possible. 'Toddrick's landlady thought he would never pay her his score, and his opinion on THAT given subject was exactly the *same*,—he thought so too,—and yet they didn't agree.

392. BLIND FU'.—A minister in Aberdeenshire, being summoned before his presbytery for tippling, one of his elders—the constant participator of his orgies—was summoned to appear as a witness against him. 'Weel, John,' said a member of the reverend court, 'did you ever see Mr. Clarke the worse of drink?' 'Weel, I wat, no,' answered John; 'I've mony time seen him the better o't, but never the waur o't.' 'But did you never see him drunk?' 'That's what I never saw nor will see,' replied the elder, 'for lang afore he's half slokened, I'm aye *blind fu'*.'

393. PARLIAMENTARY — POWER OF GOLD. — A candidate for the honour of representing four Fife burghs in Parliament, calling upon an honest shoemaker for his vote and influence, took the liberty of kissing the gudewife, who was a middle-aged woman; and, in doing so, he took the further liberty of slipping a couple of guineas out of his own mouth into that of the matron. Instead of being offended by such a breach of decorum, the lady silyly said, as she pocketed the two shining pieces, 'Gin ye like, sir, ye may *kiss my dochter too*.'

394. CHURCHES.—One day a gentleman entered a hotel in Glasgow, and finding that the person who appeared to act as waiter could not give him certain information about something he wanted, put the question, ‘Do you belong to the *establishment*?’ To which Jeames replied, ‘No, sir; I belong to the *Free Kirk*.’

395. TRANSPOSITION.—Mr. Imlach, late minister of Muirhouse, near Dundee, was remarkable for his absence of mind. In his prayer one day he said, ‘Bless all ranks and degrees of persons, from the king on the dunghill to the beggar on the throne.’ Then recollecting himself he added, ‘I mean from the beggar on the throne to the king on the dunghill.’

396. HE KNEW.—Some years ago a poor boy went into a shop in Glasgow which belonged to one of the bailies. The boy having an interesting appearance, the magistrate put some questions to him respecting his education and moral instruction. Upon these points he found the boy very ignorant. The magistrate also inquired of him how he was employed on Sunday, and, on being told that he begged on the week days, and played himself on the Sabbath-day, the bailie said, ‘Do you know, my lad, where all those that play themselves on the Sabbath-day go to?’ ‘Ay, sir,’ says the boy, ‘they gang to the Laigh Green!’

397. WANT OF ECONOMY.—Hugo Arnot one day, while panting with asthma, was almost deafened by the noise of a brawling fellow who was selling oysters below his window, ‘The extravagant rascal!’ said Hugo, ‘he has wasted as much breath as would have served me for a month!’

398. CHOICE.—One asked his friend why he chose such a *little* wife. ‘Why,’ said he, ‘I thought you had known that of all evils we should choose the *least*.’

399. COMPOSED.—A printer, observing two bailiffs pursuing an ingenious but distressed author, remarked, ‘That it was a new edition of “The Pursuits of Knowledge,” *unbound*, but *hot-pressed*.’

400. CONTRARIES.—It has been remarked that the Englishman is never *happy* but when he is *miserable*; the Scotchman is never at *home* but when he is *abroad*; and the Irishman is never at *peace* but when he is *fighting*.

401. TO BE SAFE.—A person, who lived in constant fear of the bailiffs, having absconded, one of his acquaintances was asked what was the reason of his absence; to which he replied, ‘Why, sir, I *apprehend* he was *apprehensive* of being *apprehended*.’

402. WARNED IN TIME.—A gentleman of Cork ordered his man to call him up at six o’clock; but he awakened him at four. Being asked the reason, he replied, ‘He came to tell him he had two hours longer to sleep.’

403. FALSE ALARM.—An Irish gentleman, hearing that his mother was married again, said, in great perturbation, ‘I hope she won’t have a son older than me, for if she has I shall be cut out of the estate!’

404. PERSPICUOUS.—An Irishman, being at a town in the West of England on a winter night, observed to one of the inhabitants rather shrewdly, ‘One thing is *clear*, that your town is very *dark*.’

405. VENGEFUL.—Theodore Hook, being told of the marriage of a political opponent, exclaimed, 'I am very glad, indeed, to hear it.' Then suddenly added, with a feeling of compassionate forgiveness, 'And yet I don't see why I should, poor fellow, for he never did me much harm.'

406. * PUBLICATION OF BANNS.—Kirsty, with finger in mouth, 'Aam gaun tae be married.' 'Wha forgenst?' 'Jock Macadam.' 'Aiy, black's the road yer gayen, lassie!' 'Canna help it; winna want ma.'

407. * PROVINCIAL.—'Dae ye ken Sanny Fite?' 'Filk Sanny Fite?' 'Lang Sanny Fite.' 'Filk lang Sanny Fite? Lang, sma' Sanny Fite?' 'Lang, sma', glead Sanny Fite.' 'Ou goup the lift—ye suda' said that at aince.'

408. READY.—A celebrated preacher having remarked in a sermon that everything made by God was perfect, 'What do you think of me?' said a deformed man, in a pew beneath, who arose from his seat, and pointed at his own back. 'Think of you?' reiterated the preacher; 'why, that you are the most *perfect hunchback* my eyes ever beheld.'

409. STINGY.—Dean Cowper, of Durham, who was very economical of his wine, descanting one day on the extraordinary performance of a man who was blind, remarked that the poor fellow could see no more than 'that bottle.' 'I do not wonder at it at all, sir,' replied Mr. Drake, a minor canon, 'for *we* have seen no more than "*that* bottle" all the afternoon.'

410. ARITHMETIC.—Why is twice eleven like twice ten? Because twice eleven is twenty-two, and twice ten is twenty *too*.

411. VERY APPOSITE.—An Irishman was apprehended for stealing a pound of chocolate from a grocer's shop. Being asked what he was going to do with it, he answered, 'Why, only to make *tay* with it.'

412. AMENDING A FAULT.—When Jeremy Taylor was introduced to the Archbishop of Canterbury, he was told by the prelate that his extreme youth was a bar to his present employment. 'If your grace,' replied Taylor, 'will excuse me this fault, I promise, if I *live*, to mend it.'

413. INGENIOUS.—A lad delivering milk was asked what made it so warm. 'I don't know,' replied he, with much simplicity, 'unless they put warm water in this morning, instead of cold.'

414. NO EFFECT.—A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all wept except one man, who was asked why he did not weep with the rest. 'Oh!' said he, 'I belong to another parish!'

415. NOT TO BE INDEBTED.—A singular old gentleman was waited upon with his surgeon's bill, for the purpose of being paid. After cogitating over its contents for some time, he desired the person in waiting, for his answer, to tell his master that the medicine he should certainly pay for, *but that he should return the visits.*

416. CONTAGION.—*Hairdresser*: 'They say, sir, the cholera's in the *hair*, sir.' *Gent*, *very uneasy*: 'Indeed! Ahem! Then I hope you're very particular about the brushes you use.' *Hairdresser*: 'Oh! I see you don't *h*understand me, sir; I don't mean the 'air of the 'ead, but the *hair* of the *hatmosphere*.'

417. SERIOUS.—‘I hold it to be a fact,’ says Pascal, ‘that if all persons knew what they said of each other, there would not be four friends in the world.’

418. LEGISLATORS.—The only difference between the French Chambers and our House of Commons is this: In the one, ministers will not allow the members to say anything; and in the other, members cannot get the ministers to say anything.

419. NEARNESS.—An affectionate Irishman once enlisted in the 75th regiment, in order to be near his brother, who was a corporal in the 76th.

420. SEPARATED.—Theodore Hook was walking, in the early days of Warren’s blacking, where one of the emissaries of that shining character had written on a wall, ‘Try Warren’s B——,’ but had been frightened from his propriety and fled. ‘The rest is *lacking*,’ said the wit.

421. TOBACCO TAX.—It is related that a lady importuned Louis Napoleon to publish a decree putting down the *vice* of smoking. The Prince, who was a great smoker himself, replied, ‘Find me, madam, a *virtue* which will bring a hundred millions into the treasury, and the decree you wish shall be instantly published.’

422. HALF THE WORK.—An English officer lost his leg at the battle of Vittoria, and after suffering amputation with the greatest courage, thus addressed his servant, who was crying, or pretending to cry, in one corner of the room—‘None of your hypocritical tears, you idle dog; you know you are very glad, for now you will have only *one boot to clean* instead of *two*.’

423. LENGTH OF LIFE.—A gentleman, having a remarkably long visage, overheard one school lad, said to have been the then future, now late, Sir Robert Peel, observe to another, ‘That gentleman’s face is longer than his life.’ Struck with the observation, he requested an explanation, offering the boy half-a-crown. ‘Sir,’ said the boy, ‘I have read that a man’s life is but a span, and I am sure your face is longer.’

424. LUCK IN LEISURE.—A gentleman courted a lady for twenty-eight years and then married her. She turned out to be a perfect virago, but died in two years after the wedding. ‘Now,’ said the bereaved one, in a self-congratulating tone, ‘see what I have *escaped* by a *long courtship*.’

425. PERTINENT.—A schoolboy going into the village without leave, his master called after him, ‘Where are you going, sir?’ ‘I am going to buy a ha’porth of nails.’ ‘What do you want a ha’porth of nails for?’ ‘*For a ha’penny*,’ replied the urchin.

426. LIBERALITY.—Did our readers ever remark that the gentlemen who ‘carry round the plate, and who are always on a cold scent after a penny, are not *themselves* very liberal in their contributions?’ ‘Why don’t *you* put in something?’ asked a contributor, of one of these Sunday sub-treasurers, on one occasion. ‘That’s *my* business,’ was the reply; ‘what *I* give is *nothing to nobody!*’

427. BARGAINS.—An advertisement of cheap shoes and fancy articles, inserted in a certain newspaper, has the following *nota bene*:—‘*N.B.* Ladies wishing those cheap shoes will do well to call soon, as *they will not last long.*’

428. PAT AT THE POST OFFICE.—The following colloquy actually took place at an eastern post office :—Pat : ‘I say, Mr. Postmaster, is there a litter for me?’ ‘Who are you, my good sir?’ ‘I’m meself, that’s who I am.’ ‘Well, what is your name?’ ‘An’ what do ye want wid the name?—isn’t it on the litter?’ ‘So that I can find the letter if there is one.’ ‘Will, Pat Byrne, thin, if ye must have it.’ ‘No, sir; there is none for Pat Byrne.’ ‘Is there no way to git in there but through this pane of glass?’ ‘No, sir.’ ‘It’s will far ye there isn’t. I’d teach ye betther manners thin to insist on a gentleman’s name; but ye didn’t git it after all—so I’m even wid ye; divil the bit is me name Byrne ayther!’

429. NOT EXACTLY DURATION.—In a pastry shop a very tall man on leaving said, ‘I’m long enough here.’ An Irishman present said, ‘True for you, you’re *long* enough annywhere.’

430. AMERICAN BULL.—The following bull appears in the American President’s message recently delivered :—‘We are at peace with *all* the world, and we seek to maintain our cherished relations with the *rest* of mankind.’

431. A GOOD JOKE.—A fire-eating Irishman, covered with wounds received in duels, challenged a barrister, who gratified him by an acceptance. The duellist, unable to stand without support, requested that he might have a prop. ‘Suppose,’ said he, ‘I lean against this milestone?’ ‘With pleasure,’ replied the lawyer, ‘on condition that I may lean against the next.’ The challenger burst into a roar of laughter at the joke, and swore he would not fight so good-humoured an opponent.

432. IMPORTANCE OF EMPHASIS.—A stranger from the country observing an ordinary round ruler on the table, took it up, and, on inquiring its use, was answered, ‘It is a ruler for *counting* houses.’ Too well bred, as he construed politeness, to ask unnecessary questions, he turned it over and over, and up and down repeatedly, and at last, in a paroxysm of baffled curiosity, inquired, ‘How, in the name of wonder, do you *count* houses with this?’

433. EQUALITY.—A dwarf said to a giant, ‘We have equal rights!’ ‘Very true, my good fellow,’ replied the giant, ‘yet thou canst not walk in my shoes.’ ‘Ditto,’ said the dwarf.

434. A HABIT OF SWEARING.—Dr. Hinchcliffe, who died Bishop of Peterborough, had much ready wit, and was extremely apt at checking those who were fond of cavilling at the meaning of different texts of Scripture. On being asked one day what was to be understood by the expression—‘He clothed himself with curses as with a garment;’ ‘The clearest thing in the world,’ replied the doctor; ‘the man had a complete *habit* of swearing.’

435. DRS. SOUTH AND SHERLOCK.—Those two celebrated divines and scholars were once disputing on some religious subjects, when the latter accused his opponent of using his wit in the controversy. ‘Well,’ said South, ‘suppose that it pleased God to give *you* wit, what would you have done?’

436. COMPARISONS.—A preacher, who had once been a printer, thus concluded a sermon—‘Youth may be compared to a comma, manhood to a semi-colon, and old age to a colon: to which death puts a period.’

437. THE SCHOOLMASTER NOT ABROAD.—A sign in front of a shop in a village near Exeter has the following:—‘Kakes and bear, sold her.’ An addition in width has been added, to inform the public that ‘I make my sign a little vider, to let the people know that I sell sider.’

438. REAL WIT.—A gentleman one day observed to Henry Erskine, who was a great punster, that punning was the *lowest* of wit. ‘It is so,’ answered Erskine, ‘and therefore the *foundation* of all wit.’

439. AN IRISHMAN’S OPINION.—A Chartist was holding forth and gratifying his audience with his notions of liberty and equality. ‘Is not one man as good as another?’ he exclaimed, coming to a point, and ‘pausing for a reply,’ as the saying is. ‘Av coorse he is,’ shouted an excited Irishman, ‘and a grate dale better!’

440. QUAKER COURTSHIP.—‘Martha, dost thee love me?’ asked a Quaker youth of one at whose shrine his heart’s fondest feelings had been offered up. ‘Why, Seth,’ answered she, ‘we are commanded to love one another, are we not?’ ‘Ah, Martha! but dost thou regard me with that feeling the world calls love?’ ‘I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth; I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thee was getting more than thy share.’

441. CONSUMPTION.—It was once said in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, that a gentleman (who was known to have a pretty good appetite) had eaten away his *senses*. ‘Pooh!’ replied Henry Erskine, ‘they would not be a *mouthful* to him.’

442. ODDITIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—A foreigner wants to know why we call a washer-woman a *land-ress*, when she is always dabbling in the *vatère*.

443. IMPROMPTU.—The following impromptu was written on seeing ladies' bonnets hung with blue shades :—

Oh! age of reverses, and times of disorder!
 On which forlorn poets in vain would write sonnets:
 Once, 'all the blue bonnets were over the border;'
 Now, all the blue borders are over the bonnets!

444. NOT ALWAYS THE SAME.—The master of a grammar school was censuring his pupil for the dullness of his comprehension, and said, 'Is not the price of a *penny* loaf always a penny?' when the boy innocently answered, 'No, sir; the bakers sell them *two for three halfpence* when they are stale.' *Stale* wit is seldom as good as this.

445. NO' THE LEAST FU'.—The last sinner at a private dinner in Scotland, who had at length made up his mind that it was time to retire, announced his intention to the butler; and fancying that he saw something like a smile in the servant's face, he turned gravely round, saying, 'Ay, John, I think I'll go to bed; but I'm no' fu', John, mind that; I'm no' the least fu'; but I'm just *fatiguit wi' drinking*.'

446. A TOUGH HEN.—In attempting to carve a fowl one day, an American settler found considerable difficulty in separating its joints, and exclaimed against the man who had sold him an old hen for a young chicken. 'My dear,' said the enraged man's wife, 'don't talk so much about the aged and respectable Mr. B.; he sowed the first patch of corn that was planted in our town.' 'I know that,' said the husband, 'and I believe this hen scratched it up.'

447. PUZZLES.—‘What is the difference, my lord,’ said a pert subaltern the other day to a certain dignified maker of jokes—‘what is the difference between an ass and an archbishop?’ A pause ensued. ‘Do you give it up?’ ‘I give it up,’ quoth the dignitary. ‘Well, then,’ quoth young flippant, ‘it is that the ass’s cross is upon his back, while the archbishop’s lies upon his breast.’ ‘Good indeed; but let me ask in return,’ continued his grace, ‘what is the difference between an ass and an officer—say, in the army?’ A longer pause ensued. The subaltern gave it up. ‘I protest,’ quoth he, ‘I cannot make it out. The difference?—the difference? No, I cannot see it.’ ‘Neither can I,’ said the grave *Arch*-prelate; and, turning on his heel, left the malapert querist to meditate upon a distinction without a difference.

448. A HIGH AUTHORITY.—Mr. Curran was once engaged in a legal argument; behind him stood his colleague, a gentleman whose person was remarkably tall and slender, and who had originally intended to take orders. The judge observing that the case under discussion involved a question of ecclesiastical law, ‘Then,’ said Curran, ‘I can refer your lordship to a *high* authority behind me, who was once intended for the church, though, in my opinion, he was fitter for a steeple.’

449. A DEFICIENCY OF EVIDENCE.—A son of Galen, who was very angry when any joke was passed on physicians, once defended himself from raillery by saying, ‘I defy any person whom I ever attended to accuse me of ignorance or neglect.’ ‘That you may do safely,’ replied a wag; ‘for you know, doctor, dead men tell no tales.’

450. THE 'MORTAL MAN.'—There is an inn near Windermere called 'The Mortal Man.' It was once kept by Sally Burton, who dealt, of course, in Burton ale. One of her customers, who loved her liquor better than he could pay for it, ran up a score of £2, and then offered to paint her a new sign in discharge of the debt. On the one side of the swinging board he painted a tall, lanky man, as thin as his potations, who addressed his robust and rubicund brother, on the other side of the sign, saying :

'O mortal man, that liv'st by bread,
What makes thy nose and cheeks so red?'

The answer of the big, bluff, Bacchus-like, John Bull sort of a fellow ran thus :

'Thou silly man, that looks so pale,
It's drinking Sally Burton's ale!'

The house gradually acquired the name of the 'Mortal Man;' and many a man since the sign was painted has there become '*mortal* enough.'

451. HUMILIATING.—Leigh Hunt's father was a stalwart clergyman, who knew not what it was to truckle. One day, being in company with a certain fat and purse-proud bishop, they fell into a discussion, in which the pompous, prelatical, bigot bishop deemed his dignity would go for half the argument. Finding that Mr. Hunt had the best of it, he turned fiercely on him, saying, 'Sir, do you know *what* I am?' 'Dust and ashes, my lord,' replied the clergyman.

452. SMART REPLY.—'Tom,' said a colonel to one of his men, 'how can so good and brave a soldier as you get drunk so often?' 'Colonel,' replied he, 'how can you expect all the virtues that adorn the human character for sixpence a day?'

453. A VERSE CONTAINING EVERY LETTER IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE EXCEPT 'E.'—It is a question whether any other English rhyme can be produced, in print, without the letter 'E,' which is a letter more employed than any other.

A jovial swain may rack his brain,
And tax his fancy's might ;
To quiz is vain, for 'tis most plain,
That what I say is right.

454. NEW SPELLING.—The most original mode of spelling that we have ever seen is the following ; it beats phonetics :—

So you be—A tub.	So oh ! pea—A top.
Be so—Bat.	See so—Cat.
Pea so—Pat.	Are so—Rat.
Be a double ell—Ball.	See you be—Cub.
See a bee—Cab.	Be you double tea—Butt.
See O ! double you—Cow.	

455. EFFECTS OF BAD WRITING.—There are, from time to time, in the Dead Letter Office, London, about £11,000 annually, in cash, seeking owners. In July 1849, 4658 letters, only two months' accumulation, all containing property, were arrested by the bad superscription of the writers.

456. DR. CHALMERS ON SHAKESPEARE.—'Within the last two or three years of his life,' says Dr. Hanna, 'he completed an entire perusal of Gibbon, Shakespeare, and Milton.' The single play of Shakespeare's in which he took most pleasure was *Midsummer Night's Dream*, among the fairy pictures of which he delighted to revel. 'I look,' he would say, after laying down the book, 'I look on Shakespeare as an intellectual miracle.'

457. WITTY COUNTRYMAN.—A countryman 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 likely you may, for I AM SOWING HEMP.'

458. BURNS AND FERGUSON.—That Burns erected a monument over the grave of Ferguson, the poet, is well known—not so, hitherto, a little circumstance of interest connected with this honourable tribute to a brother-poet. It now appears that two years elapsed before Burns was able to pay for the monument—as witness a letter to Hill, dated in 1793:—'I send you by the bearer, Mr. Clarke, a particular friend of mine, six pounds and a shilling, which you will dispose of as follows:—Five pounds ten shillings per account I owe to Mr. R Burn, architect, for erecting the stone over the grave of poor Ferguson. He was two years in erecting it after I had commissioned him for it, and I have been two years in paying him, after he sent me his account; so he and I are quits; he had the *hardiesse* to ask me interest on the sum; but considering that the money was due by one poet for putting a tombstone over another, he may with grateful surprise thank Heaven that he ever saw a farthing of it.'

459. A CLEVER LAD.—'John,' said the school-master, 'you will soon be a man, and you will have to do business; what do you suppose you will do when you have to write letters, unless you learn to spell better?' 'Oh, sir,' replied John; 'I shall put easy words in them.'

460. WILKIE'S NATIONALITY. — 'Thomson! ye maun be a Scotch Thomson, I'll warrant,' said Wilkie to Henry Thomson, as they sat for the first time at an Academy dinner. 'I'm of that ilk, sir,' was his reply; 'my father was a Scotchman.' 'Was he really?' exclaimed Wilkie, grasping the other's hand in quite a brotherly way. 'And my mother was Irish!' 'Ay, ay, was she really?' and the hand relaxed its fervour. 'And I was born in England.' Wilkie let go Thomson's hand altogether, turned his back on him, and indulged in no further conversation.

461. TO BE OUT OF A SCRAPE.—There are only three ways of getting out of a scrape—write out, back out, or, best of all, keep out.

462. A PRECOCIOUS CHIEL.—A juvenile offender was brought before one of the Glasgow bailies, who, after reading a lecture to the lad, put the following interrogatory:—'Where did you learn so much wickedness?' The youth, personifying innocence, with an inquiring look replied, 'Do ye ken the pump-well in Glassford Street?' 'No,' said the bailie. 'Weel, then, do ye ken the pump-well in the Briggate?' 'Oh, yes,' answered the man in office quickly. 'Weel, then,' rejoined the accused, 'ye may gang there and pump as lang as ye like, for I'm hanged if ye pump me.'

463. ADVANTAGE OF THE SMALL-POX. — 'Well, John,' said Dr. Chalmers to one of his old townsmen, whose face, like his own, had suffered severely from small-pox in his childhood, 'you and I have had one advantage over folk with finer faces—theirs have aye been getting the waur, but ours have aye been getting the better o' the wear.'

464. A NEW SECT.—‘Sir,’ said a little blustering man to his religious opponent, ‘I say, sir, to what sect do you think I belong?’ ‘Well, I don’t exactly know,’ replied the other; ‘but to judge from your make, size, and appearance, I should say you belonged to a class called the *insect*.’

465. SINGULAR BAPTISM.—Connected with the sacraments, Dr. Chalmers often told a favourite story about a Highland baptism. A clergyman went to administer the rite in the house of one of his hearers, near which there ran a small burn, or river, which, when he reached it, was so deep and swollen with recent rains that he could not get across. In these circumstances he told the father to bring down his child to the burn-side. Furnished with a wooden scoop, the clergyman stood on one side, and the father, holding his child as far out in his arms as he could, stood upon the other. When the time came for sprinkling the babe, the minister, dipping the scoop into the water, flung its contents across, aiming at the baby’s face. He failed more than once, calling out to the father after each new trial, ‘Weel, has’t gotten ony yet?’ Dr. Chalmers wondered what the sticklers for form and ceremony in the sacraments would think of a baptism by a burn-side, performed with a wooden scoop.

466. REMONSTRANCE.—The receipt for taxes already paid by a farmer having been mislaid, the tax-gatherer called and claimed payment a second time, and became very abusive. The worthy farmer *remonstrated* with him. ‘Well, and to what effect did you remonstrate with him?’ asked a friend who had the story from the farmer’s own mouth. ‘Well, you may imagine,’ was the reply, ‘for the poker was bent, and I had to use a hammer to straighten it again.’

467. A HAPPY CALLING.—Dr. Stevens, in his address to the graduates, said that, ‘notwithstanding the toils connected with a medical life, it is a happy calling.’ This is just our opinion, and has been ever since we saw Dr. Rhubarb charge a dollar for shaking his head at an inflamed ankle.

468. NOTICE.—A French Canadian posts his wife, in the *St. John's News*, in the following words:—‘Ma nam dat’s Peter Rouvill—ma wife he leave ma haus and shant ax me. Any man dat trus him on ma nam, dat’s loss for you.’

469. CRACKED BEFORE.—Mrs. Brougham, mother of the Chancellor, was a most excellent and thrifty housewife. On one occasion she was much troubled with a servant addicted to dish-breaking, and who used to allege, in extenuation of her fault, ‘it was *crackit* before.’ One morning little Harry tumbled down-stairs, when the kind mother, running after him, exclaimed, ‘Oh, boy, have you broken your head?’ ‘No, ma,’ said the future Chancellor, ‘it was *crackit* before.’

470. A GENTLE HINT.—A sportsman who, during the shooting season, had gone to pass a week with a friend in the country, on the strength of a general invitation, soon found, by a gentle hint, that he would have done better to have waited for a special one. ‘I saw some beautiful scenery,’ was the visitor’s first remark, ‘as I came to-day by the upper road.’ ‘You will see still finer,’ was the reply, ‘as you go back to-morrow by the lower one.’

471. A DEMOCRAT’S DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN.—A gentleman is one who has no business in this world.

472. ALL AND WHOLE—ENTIRELY.—‘MacIntosh!
only, Gosh! awm a Mac *intyre*, a’thegither.’

473. * THE MILL RAT.—

A venerable rat, auld, mangy, gaunt, an’ grey,
Cam’ crawlin’ frae a drain at brek o’ day,
Sair exercees’d wi’ strychnine, traps, an’ shams,
Wisce in the haid, tho’ feeble in the hams.

Peerin’ and snookin’ roond, this pawky thief
Sees on his tracks a temp’in’ lump o’ beef,
The whilk was at his nose, fresh, red, an’ raw;
But the auld rogue juist blinked an’ turned awa’.

Thinks he, ‘The miller surely hes a mind
To kitchen oor puir fare—it looks *over* kind,
Seein’ we rive his secks an’ eat his corn.
I’ll watch his little game this bonny morn,
An’ get some simple fule to try his fare,
Syne, like eneuch, if halesome, tak’ a share.’

Just then he spies a rat, young, innocent, an’ fresh,
An’ tells him whaur to find the temp’in’ flesh.
Says she, ‘I’m auld, and dinna need strong meat,
Young folks like you ha’e aye an’ appetite.’

Aff rins the young ane—th’ auld ane gi’es a keek,—
There first a snap, and then—an awful squeek.
‘Hech me,’ he says, ‘the laddie’s caught—hoo droll!’
Syne blinks his e’en, an’ dives into a hole.

Moral.

Jaloose that folk ha’e some cross end to gain
Whan they affect *your* guid afore their ain.
Let not this vermin’s lesson be forgotten—
Few pawkier crat’res than an auld grey rotten.

474. * A WIDE CROP.—Mr. Nicholson of Carnock, a genuine Scottish laird of the old school, like many greater men, was frequently known to confer a favour from no better or higher feeling than that excited by a witty, humorous, or eccentric reply. This weak side of his was well known, and signally improved upon by sundry wily applicants. Be it understood that the aforesaid worthy piqued himself on being a capital player on the *bagpipe*. One of his tenants, who was much in arrears for rent, had a most unseasonable visit from the laird, demanding immediate payment. Saunders, however, though he knew well that his landlord was generally as hard as a millstone, did not despair of coming round him. ‘Aweel, your honour,’ says he, ‘I canna pay you the noo, for I haena the siller.’ ‘Why, Saunders,’ quo’ the laird, ‘I must alloo *that* is in ordinar’ accounted a very sufficient reason for ane’s no paying his just and lawful debts; but it’s weel kent through the hail countra-side that you have had a grand crap this year, and plenty o’ siller you maun hae—that’s past a’ kind o’ doot.’ ‘Forgie your honour,’ says Saunders, ‘what ca’ ye a gran’ crap? I’m shure ye heard tell o’ my field o’ beans, that I lookit for sae muckle siller frae, for nae ither purpose, gude kens, but tae put into your honour’s pooch, an’ hoo did they turn oot? Och! sirs, sirs, my heart’s like to break when I think o’t!’ ‘Deil tak’ ye!’ quo’ the laird, ‘I aye thocht thae very beans were the best pairt o’ your crap.’ ‘The best pairt!’ most dolefully ejaculated Saunders; ‘why, laird, gif ilka beanstalk had been a *piper*, he wadna hae heard the soond o’ his neist neighbour’s bagpipe!’ It is almost needless to add that Saunders got his own time to pay, of which permission we may presume he fully availed himself.

475. GENDER.—‘What is the feminine of *hero*?’ asked a pedagogue of a young hopeful. ‘*Shero!*’ was the prompt answer, which took the dominie all aback.

476. A SECRET OUT.—A friend of mine took lodgings in a farm-house. He complained bitterly of many things. The crowing of the fowls in the early morning was bad enough, but a far greater nuisance existed than that. The worthy farmer kept a donkey for the use of his children. This animal was a champion ass for braying; morning, noon, and night he was at it. The fact was, that unless the children were petting him, he was unhappy. A friend to whom he applied knew of a cure. In the dusk of evening he slipped into the donkey’s stable, armed with a heavy kitchen weight; this he affixed to Neddy’s tail. Neddy never brayed that night, nor as long as he was weighted. It appears that, to bray, a donkey must extend the tail. I cannot say why, but I know that the remedy used in this instance had the desired effect.

477. * SALTERED AND PEPPERED.—

SALLY SALTER, she was a young teacher who taught,
 And her friend, Charley Church, was a preacher who
 praught,
 Though his enemies called him a screecher who
 scraught.

His heart, when he saw her, kept sinking, and sunk,
 And his eye, meeting hers, began winking, and wunk;
 While she, in her turn, fell to thinking, and thunk.

He hastened to woo her, and sweetly he wooed,
 For his love grew until to a mountain it grewed,
 And what he was longing to do then he doed.

In secret he wanted to speak, and he spoke,
To seek with his lips what his heart long had soke ;
So he managed to let the truth leak, and it loke.

He asked her to ride to the church, and they rode ;
They so sweetly did glide that they both thought
they glode,
And they came to the place to be tied, and were tode.

Then homeward, he said, let us drive, and they drove,
And as soon as they wished to arrive, they arrove ;
For whatever he couldn't contrive, she controve.

The kiss he was dying to steal, then he stole ;
At the foot where he wanted to kneel, there he knole,
And he said, 'I feel better than ever I fole.'

So they to each other kept clinging, and clung,
While time his swift circuit was winging, and wung ;
And this was the thing he was bringing and brung.

The man Sally wanted to catch, and had caught—
That she wanted from others to snatch, and had
snaught,
Was the one she now liked to scratch, and she
sraught.

And Charley's warm love began freezing, and froze,
While he took to teasing, and cruelly toze
The girl he had wished to be squeezing, and squoze.

'Wretch!' he cried, when she threaten'd to leave
him, and left,
'How could you deceive me, as you have deceft ?'
And she answered, 'I promised to cleave, and I've
cleft !'

478. * WHAT THE SHOEMAKER KILLED HIS WIFE WITH—THE LAST.—The following is a curious compound of letters, in which the sentence '*Be glad and merry in heart,*' beginning at the letter B in the centre, may be traced in about 400 different ways :—

t r a e h n i y r r e r r y i n h e a r t
 r a e h n i y r r e m e r r y i n h e a r
 a e h n i y r r e m d m e r r y i n h e a
 e h n i y r r e m d n d m e r r y i n h e
 h n i y r r e m d n a n d m e r r y i n h
 n i y r r e m d n a d a n d m e r r y i n
 i y r r e m d n a d a d a n d m e r r y i
 y r r e m d n a d a l a d a n d m e r r y
 r r e m d n a d a l g l a d a n d m e r r
 r e m d n a d a l g e g l a d a n d m e r
 e m d n a d a l g e **B** e g l a d a n d m e
 r e m d n a d a l g e g l a d a n d m e r
 r e m d n a d a l g l a d a n d m e r r
 y r r e m d n a d a l a d a n d m e r r y
 i y r r e m d n a d a d a n d m e r r y i
 n i y r r e m d n a d a n d m e r r y i n
 h n i y r r e m d n a n d m e r r y i n h
 e h n i y r r e m d n d m e r r y i n h e
 a e h n i y r r e m d m e r r y i n h e a
 r a e h n i y r r e m e r r y i n h e a r
 t r a e h n i y r r e r r y i n h e a r t

479. * FINIS.—F——for figs, and
 I——for iggs, and
 N——for Nicol Bandy,
 I——for Ise the penter's wife, and
 S——for sugar candy.

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PARIS 1878.

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SAUCEL MILLS, PAISLEY.

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Dr. Reid, sor, thi esteemed medical practishuner iv Newbiggin, hez furwarded ti thi Trimmor a packet o' Snodgrass, iv Paisley's, pea meal or pea flour, wiv a few remarks on thi vally o' thi articawl, which he maintains is thi cheepest fud ti B fund in thi market it thi presint time. Awm inclined ti igree wi' thi Doctor, sor—thi food when taken hot is deleetfully refreshing, is an excellent substitute fur thi compoonds usully used it breakfast, tea, or supper, an' aw heartily beleev if it wis generally consumed, instead o' thi wishy-weshy trash in vogue, wi wid hev healthier men, wummin, an' bairns, an' fewer sick foak then wi commonly see. Indeed thi muses thorsels hev sung thi praise o' thi Scotch articawl, is thi following verses will tend ti show:—

PEA MEAL.

In these very hard times, when thi foaks iv awl climes

R it thor wit's end what ti D,

'Mid struggling an' toiling, ti keep thi pot boiling,

Fra det an' despair ti steer free,

It seems requisite, quite, thit each hard-working wite,

Each thrifty hoosewife an' each chiel,

Shud awl ken what's a treet fur thor grub morn an'
neet,

So aw beg ti suggest thi pea meal.

Thi canny awd Scottish pea meal,

Thi world-renooned Paisley pea meal,

So lads save up yor brass,

An' ipply ti Snodgrass

Fur a quarter or two iv pea meal.

If yor stomick's tuik bad, an' wi' fyece lang an' sad

Yor lementing thi weakness ye've got,

Thraw yor greef ti thi air an' it's ne mair despair

If yor locker hez one single shot—

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Fur ye'll fynd a rare cure, in thi broze fine an' pure,
Yor wife 'll kyuk nicely an' weel,
If ye only gan in fur a cask or a tin
O' thi life-giving, strengthening pea meal.
Thi canny awd, etc.

Shud thi bairn's shrill cries cawse ye oft fur ti rise
Wiv a froom on yor fyece throo thi neet,
Dinnet growl, save yor breeth, fur it's only its teeth
Thit's put thi yung pet in a freet ;
Calm yor mind fur thi nonce, get thi pan on at once,
An' he'll nivor mair winge, snarl, or squeel,
If ye fill hes young mou' wiv a spuiful or two
O' thi mother's best frend, thi pea meal.
Thi canny awd, etc.

If yor hearty an' hale it's far bettor than ale,
Or thi mony queer things thit ye tyek,
Fur ye'll ne mair fynd dry if a spuiful ye try
Wiv a canny bit scone or a kyek ;
While fur breakfast or tea, if used fur a wee,
Oh hoo healthy an' happy ye'll feel,
An' ye'll praise day an' neet thi cheep hyelsum, an sweet,
Thi poor man's best fud, thi pea meal.
Thi canny awd, etc.

Thi ibuve lift, sor, is not gien ti thi pea meal or flour
fur ony pecuniary benefit, ony mair bi yor humbil
servint then it is bi thi Doctor. It's simply gien ti
draw thi ittenshun o' thi public tiv a fud hyelsum, an'
what is equilly gud in thor hard times, cheep ; an'
articawl which, while it benefits thi condishun iv a
family, will exactly suit perhaps thi state o' thi family
purse. It presint, aw beleev, thi articawl kin only B
had fra Paisley, but a few applicashuns ti thi grocers
fur thi flour will quickly induce sum o' wor entor-
prising shopkeepors ti commence its sale.

A. STEWART,

Wine and Spirit Merchant,

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DUNDEE.

THE ORIENTAL

LUNCHEON ROOMS,

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IMPORTANT TO PURE TEA
DRINKERS.

Trade



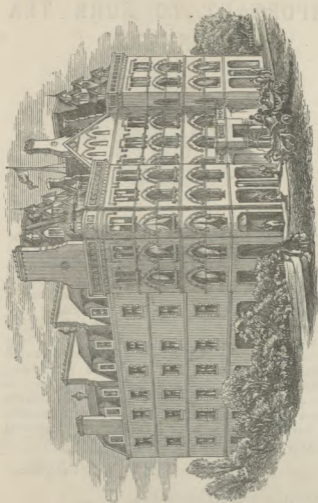
Mark.

IT having become an acknowledged fact to the majority of consumers of Tea, that 'no five o'clock Tea' can be pronounced complete unless recourse has first been had to 'Teen Wo Chang,' it appears surprising that there should still be found a few individuals who, with the idea of paying a high and fancy price for their Tea, are under the impression that a better quality is supplied. It is essentially necessary that the head of every household should know this important fact, that Teen Wo Chang supplies the finest flavoured and best Teas pure as imported from the Celestial Land, at the following prices: 1s. 8d., 2s., and 2s. 6d., and it is impossible to buy a more economical Tea than the celebrated 2s. 6d., whatever price be paid.

TEEN WO CHANG.


8 CULLUM STREET, LONDON, E.C.

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QUEEN'S HOTEL, NETHERGATE, DUNDEE.

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BEGS to inform his Patients and the Public generally that, owing to the increasing demand for his

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X

