



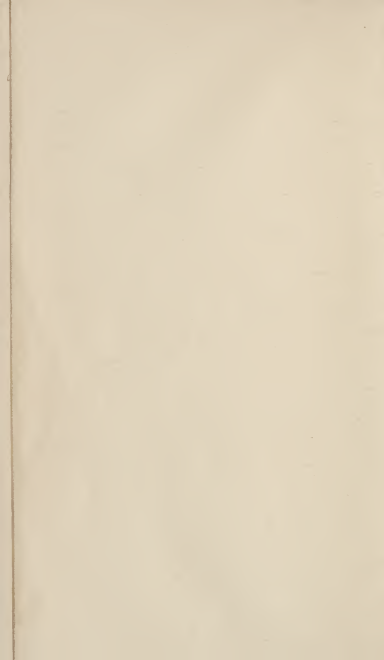
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THE  
*WIT'S FESTIVAL;*

OR  
REPOSITORY OF FUN.

BEING  
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OF  
JESTS, ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

CALCULATED TO PROMOTE  
*MIRTH, GOOD HUMOUR, AND CONVIVIALITY.*

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WIT'S TESTIMONY

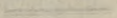
REPOSITORY OF THE

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BY JAMES WILSON, Esq.

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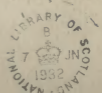
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1857



THE  
WIT'S FESTIVAL.

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THE Emperor Charles V. having one day lost himself in the heat of a chace, and wandered in the forest, far from his train: after much fatigue in trying to find a route, he came at last to a solitary hedge ale-house, where he entered to refresh himself. On coming in, he saw four men, whose mien presaged him no good; he, however, sat down and called for something. These men, pretending to sleep, one of them rose, and, approaching the emperor, said, he had dreamed that he took his hat; and accordingly took it off. The second saying, he had dreamed he had taken his coat, took that also. The third, with a like prologue, took his waistcoat. And the fourth, with much politeness said, he hoped there could be no objection to his feeling his pockets, and seeing a chain of gold about his neck, whence hung his hunting horn, was about to take that too. But the emperor said, "Stop, my friend, I dare say you cannot blow it, I will teach you." So putting the horn to his mouth, he blew repeatedly, and very loud. His people, who searched for him, heard the sound, and entering the cottage, were surprised to see him in such a garb. "Here are four fellows, (said the emperor) who have *dreamed* what they please—I must also *dream* in my turn." Sitting down, and shutting his eyes a little while, he then started up, saying, "*I have dreamed that I saw four thieves hanged:*" and immediately ordered his dream to be fulfilled,

the master of the inn being compelled to be their executioner.

When upon the overtures of a peace with Spain, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the ambassadors came to propose in what language they should treat, the Spanish ambassador said the French was the most proper; "Because, (said he to Dr. Dale, the English ambassador) your mistress calls herself queen of France." "Nay then, (said the Doctor) let us treat in Hebrew, for your master calls himself King of Jerusalem."

When the great Earl of Stair was ambassador in Holland, he made frequent entertainments, to which the foreign ministers were constantly invited, not excepting even France, though hostilities were then commencing between the two countries. In return, the French resident as constantly invited the English and Austrian ambassadors upon the like occasions. The French minister was a man of considerable wit and vivacity. One day he proposed a health in these terms: *The rising sun*, my master, alluding to the motto of Louis XIV. which was pledged by the whole company. It then came to the Baron de Riesback's turn to give a health, and he, in the same humour, gave *the moon and fixed stars*, in compliment to the empress queen. When it came to the English ambassador's turn, the eyes of all the company were turned upon him, but he was no way daunted, drank his master by the name of *Joshua the son of Nun, who made the sun and moon to stand still*.

A lieutenant of a man of war, who was very fond of fine terms, having received orders from the captain on shore, to send the cutter for him instead of

the barge, told the boatswain to *postpone* the barge, and *expedite* the cutter. The rough unlettered son of Neptune ruminated some time upon the lingo without making it out; at length he luckily thought it related to some of the crew, and replied to the officer, that *POSTPONE* was ill in his hammock, and *EXPEDITE* was gone on shore.

Two friends, one possessed of wit and the other not, going into a bookseller's shop in Picadilly, one of them took up a small book, and turning to the other, says, "Cousin, here is a book dedicated to you."—Indeed! (replied he) I should not have thought myself deserv'ing the honour, what is it?"—On looking at it, he found it was a catechism addressed "To all ignorant persons."

A Frenchman being taken prisoner by the Algerines, was asked what he could do as a slave? His answer was, "he had been used to a sedentary employment." "Well then, (said the pirates) we will put you on a pair of feather breeches, and set you to hatch chickens."

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

As the late Sam Foote was, in the early part of his life, one night walking through a street in the neighbourhood of Oxford-road, he was accosted with great civility by a shabby looking man, who asked him *the way to Tyburn*,—to which Foote replied, "My good fellow, you have only to rob the first

person you meet, and you'll find your way thither very easily." The fellow very heartily thanked him for his advice, and presenting a pistol, ordered him *to deliver on pain of having his brains blown out*, with which injunction he was obliged to comply, though to his great mortification; as he lost both his jest and his money.

It is a curious historical fact, that in the reign of Henry the eighth, a great number of petitions were presented to him from the cities and boroughs, craving him to change his ministers, in order to relieve his oppressed subjects. The answer of that capricious tyrant is recorded. "*We, with all our cabinet, think it right strange, that ye, who be but brutes, and inexpert folk, should tell us who be, and who be not, fit for our council.*"

An Irish officer who had the misfortune to be wounded in battle, and left in the field; hearing a soldier who lay near him in a similar predicament, groan and howl in a most vociferous manner, and being somewhat disturbed by the noise, exclaimed,— "What the devil does the man make such a bother about? do you think that nobody is *killed* except yourself."

Under the head of—"What sort of Irishmen may come to dwell in England." Henry VI. chap. 3.— In the margin is printed, "*All persons born in Ireland shall depart out of the realm, Irish persons excepted, which remain in England.*"

First vol. of Ruffhead's Statutes at large.

The Duke of Richmond being at Landguard Fort, desired a simple rustic to take care of his horse, rub

him down, and not give any water, to all which the lad answered, *yes maister, and no maister*: on which the groom, who stood by, severely rebuked him, telling him, that the gentleman who alighted was one of the greatest men in the kingdom, and added, “Remember whenever *he* bids you do any thing, you must always say *your grace*.” Young Hob treasured up this in his mind, and a few days afterwards, on the Duke mounting his horse, and ordering him to take the stirrup a hole lower, the boy, with great solemnity, answered, *for what I am going to receive, the Lord make me thankful*.

#### *Trick upon Trick.*

The following ludicrous, though true circumstance happened some years since, and may be depended on as a fact.—Mr C——n, of Chigwell in Essex, sent a fine hare to his friend in London; the man by whom it was sent, having occasion, stopped at an alehouse near Stratford, called for a pint of beer, and went backwards; in the mean time the landlord cruelly killed his cat, and put it into the basket in lieu of the hare, which he concealed; the man pursued his journey; sent in the basket; was called in himself, and asked if he had stopped on the road? He answered in the affirmative, and the mystery was cleared up. He received a reward, with thanks to his master for the intended present. He marched back with the cat, called again at the pot-house, where he found only the servant girl, and a pot boiling; he called for another pint, and sent the girl for a penny-worth of tobacco; in the mean time he took a fine piece of beef out of the pot, and put in the cat. On going to the pot to take out the beef, and finding the cat in its stead, the landlord’s surprise may be easily conceived.

A young gentleman at the university of Cambridge, known to have a *pretty knack* at making verses, was one day seized with the *furor scribendi*, and determined to write *an ode on the sun*. The weather was uncommonly sultry, and feeling his imagination peculiarly *glowing*, he began his ode as follows:

“The sun’s perpendicular heat,

“Illumines the depth of the sea.

This done, he scratched his head for another thought, but in vain. The beams of Phœbus sometimes inspire with genius, and sometimes with sleep. With our poet they had the latter effect, for in a few seconds he sunk back motionless in his chair. A fellow collegian, who happened at the inauspicious moment to enter the room, saw his situation, and saw the beginning of the new-born ode lying on the table before him, when he took the pen, and wickedly completed the stanza. The poet’s confusion, on awakening, and finding the *adlibenda*, may be easier conceived than described. Thus did it appear to his astonished eye.

“The sun’s perpendicular heat,

“Illumines the depth of the sea:

“The fishes beginning to sweat,

“Cry’d out—*Oh how hot we shall be.*”

The late Mr. Flood once talking of the Irish pension list, said, it might be compared to *death*, for it was the *wages of sin*.

In one of the late engagements in Holland, Colonel Van Grotten asked one of his lieutenants for a quid of tobacco. It was in the very heat of the contest, and a cannon ball laid the lieutenant prostrate in the act of presenting it. “I must be obliged to *you* then (said the colonel *coolly*, turning to another officer),



for you see our friend is going away with his *tobacco-box.*"

His Grace of Richmond being asked why he ordered a captain's guard to mount near the kitchen, replied, that he wished to accustom the captain's of militia to *stand fire.*"

Doctor N—— having printed two heavy volumes containing the *Natural History of Worcester-shire*, Dr. Barton remarked to him, that his publication was in several particulars extremely erroneous: and when N. defended his volumes, replied, "Pray, Doctor N. are not you a justice of the peace?"—"I am, Sir," was the reply. "Why then, Sir, (added Barton) I advise you to send *your work* to the same place you send *your vagrants*, that is, to the *House of Correction.*"

#### EPIGRAM.

Gold is so ductile, learned chymists say,  
That half an ounce will stretch a wondrous way;  
The metal's base, or else the chymists err,  
For now-a-days our guineas wont *go far.*

A gentleman being once at a public entertainment, where one of the party sat several hours without speaking a syllable, and was evidently silent from a contempt of the company, determined to resent it. Accordingly, when supper came in, he studiously attended to the silent man, and before his plate was empty, loaded it with every thing at table. One of the company remarking this, asked him why he was so assiduous. "Sir, (replied he) it proceeds from my humanity, and the tenderness of my disposition, *"I cannot bear to see a dumb creature want."*

Tom Clark, of St. John's, once desired a fellow of the same college to lend him Burnet's History of the Reformation; the other told him he could not possibly spare it out of his chamber, but, if he pleased, he might come there and read it all day long. Some time after, the same gentleman sent to Tom, to borrow his bellows. "*I cannot possibly spare them out of my chamber, but you may come there and blow all day if you will,*" was the reply.

A scrivener's man reading a legal instrument to his master, when he came to the part, *I do demise, grant, and to my farm let, all my lands, &c.* was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and could not proceed; on which his master exclaimed, *read on, with a curse to you; your heirs, and their heirs for ever.*"

A player once complaining to Sam Foote, that his wife's drunkenness and ill conduct had almost ruined him, concluded with a phrase he had a habit of using, "and for goodness sake, Sir, what is to be said for it?"—"Nothing, that I know," said our Aristophanes, "can be said *for it*, but a great deal may be said *against it*."

An Irish gentleman being in company with a number of ladies in the rooms at Bath, a little deformed Miss, who was of the party, was very severe on his country, and among other things, asked him how long he had left it? "Why, Madam," replied he, "I am just come from Dublin to Bath."—"Sir," replied she, "then, considering how short time you have been in this *more genial clime*, you must be very apt at learning, for you speak *tolerably plain English* already."—"Thank you, Madam," said he,

“ may I ask you from whence *you* came?”—“ O yes, Sir,” replied Miss, “ I came *straight* from London.”—“ Did you indeed,” added he, “ then indeed Madam, *you must have been confoundedly warped by the way*; but I suppose the sun of *this more genial clime* must have been burning hot.”—“ Hot as it is,” replied she, “ it has neither burnt up your Hibernian impudence, nor ripened your Irish wit.”—“ Really, Madam,” returned he, “ that is rather harsh; I was in *hopes* that I could have checked your abuse of me and my country, but, I see, that say what I will, *you are bent upon it.*”

## EPIGRAM.

Says Crispin to Nell,—“ Why d’ye grumble, my dear?

*Saint Monday* our calling must ever revere?”

“ True,” cries Nell, “ but of late I’ve good reason to speak,

For your *saint* has converted *each day* in the week?”

When Quin the player once dined at the country house of a nobleman, famous for his parsimony, the peer apologized for treating his guests with port wine only, *because the porter had lost the key of his claret cellar.* The table being cleared of a scanty desert, and the port wine finished, the nobleman took his guest into his garden, where was an aviary with a number of foreign birds, and amongst others, an ostrich. “ This bird,” said he, “ has many strange properties, and *can digest iron.*”—“ Can he,” replied Quin, “ *why then, I suppose he may have swallowed and digested the key of your claret cellar,* and if I might advise, your lordship had better get another made as soon as possible.”

A farmer's son being sent to the University of Oxford, had a very high opinion of his supposed acquirements.—Having returned home, during vacation, a couple of fowls one day were brought to the table for dinner, the young collegian thought this a fit opportunity to make a display of his abilities:—Accordingly, he began by saying, “Now, father, I'll give you a specimen of college learning—what we call Logic—by which I can make these *two* fowls *three*; for instance, there's *one* now, and this is *two*,—now *two* and *one* is three;—by all the powers of Logic disprove this if you can, father.”—“Very well, Jack, thou art a clever fellow, so mother shall take *one*, I the *second*, and thou shall have the *third* for thy pains.”

Serjeant Davy, of brow-beating memory, was originally a druggist at Exeter, but becoming bankrupt, turned his attention to the law, and succeeded. Being once examining a witness at the Castle in Exeter, the man was rather more accurate in his recollection of the time when the assault happened than Davy wished; he said to him, “My friend, how is it that you can recollect an affair of this kind, which happened so long ago?” To which the other gave for answer, “That it was exactly the day when Bully Davy shut up shop and cheated him of fifty pounds, a circumstance he should remember all the days of his life.”

A patient of some distinction that was teasing Peter Pindar with his symptoms, and who had nothing scarcely to complain of, told him that he frequently had an *itching*, and begged to know what he should do. “*Scratch yourself, Sir,*” replied Peter; which laconic advice lost him his patient.

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

"I wish," said Rigby to Charles Fox, "that you would stand out of my light, or that you had a window in that great belly of yours."—"What," said Charles, "that you might lay an additional tax upon it, I suppose."

When James Boswell took Doctor Johnson to his father's house in Scotland, old Boswell, astonished at the singularity of his manners, remarked that James had brought an odd chiel along with him. "Sir," said Boswell, "he is the grand luminary of our hemisphere; quite a constellation, Sir!" "*Ursa Major*, I suppose," said the old fellow.

A man returning home late at night was stopped by the patroles, and asked where he was going. Being intoxicated, he told them, "He came from

where they would like to have been, and was going where they dared not come for their ears." They then asked his name, and where he lived. "My name (says he) is seven and twenty shillings, and I live out of the king's dominions." Upon which they took him to the watch-house. He was next day examined before the justice, for the impertinent answers given to the patrols. Upon which he said, "Please your worship, I was at a punch-house, where I had good liquor, *that* made me say *they* would wish to be there; and my going home, was to my wife, where *they* had no right to come; my name is *Moi-dore*, and I live in *Little Britain*."

The late Doctor Glover, well known for being one of the best companions in the world, once returning from a tavern across Covent-Garden, a chairman cried out, "chair, your honour, chair!" Glover took no notice, but called his dog, who was a good way behind, "Scrub, Scrub, Scrub."—"Arrah now, (says the chairman) *there goes a pair of you*." Upon which Glover turned back and gave the fellow a shilling for his wit.

The following little stanza was one night pasted on the pedestal of the statue of a *Moor supporting a sun-dial*, which is in the garden of Clement's Inn.

In vain poor fable son of woe,  
 Thou seek'st the tender tear;  
 From thee in vain with pangs they flow,  
 For mercy dwells not here:  
 From cannibals thou fled'st in vain;  
 Lawyers less quarter give;  
 The first won't eat you till you're slain,  
 The last will, when you live!

When the Duke of Ormond, whose family name was Butler, went over as lord lieutenant of Ireland, the vessel was driven by stress of weather into the Isle of Man, where his grace was hospitably entertained by the curate of the place, named Joseph. The pleasantness of the landlord induced the Duke to inquire into his circumstances, and finding they were but scanty, he promised to provide for him as soon as he should be settled in the viceroyship. Joseph waited many months, in hopes of hearing from his patron, but being disappointed, he resolved to go over to Dublin to remind him of his promise. Despairing of gaining access to the Duke, he waited upon Dean Swift, and asked his permission to preach at the cathedral the next Sunday. The dean, delighted with his conversation, gave his consent. The lord lieutenant with his court were all at church, and sat opposite to the pulpit. None of them had any recollection of Joseph till after naming his text, which was in Genesis xl. 23. "Yet did not the chief *Butler* remember *Joseph*, but forgot him." He made so pointed an allusion to the Duke, and his entertainment in the Isle of Man, that his features were recognized, and when sermon was done, he was invited to the castle, and a good living was provided for him.

An Irishman being at a town in the West of England on a winter's night, observed to an inhabitant rather shrewdly, "One thing is *clear*, that your town is very *dark*."

Hobbes, the philosopher of Malmesbury, though a royalist, dedicated a book to Oliver Cromwell, in order to get leave to return to England. For this he was afterwards upbraided severely by some of his

friends, to whom he replied, "If I were in a deep pit, and the devil was to put down his cloven foot, I would readily lay hold of it to get myself out."

The junior counsel, who opened the cause of *Madame D'Eon*, concluded as follows: "We shall now call witnesses to prove that *he is she*."

A party who had been rather overdone by the *potentiality* of their beverage at a tavern in Leadenhall-street, staggered out of the house while the watchman was crying *past three o'clock*. This so much offended one of the company, that he insisted on the poor fellow's altering his tone, and announcing it to be *past eleven o'clock*. The watchman immediately complied,—but being at some loss how to finish his sentence, said,—"*Pray, gentlemen, what sort of weather would you chuse to have?*"

A bailiff clapping a man upon the shoulder, said, "I arrest you, Sir, for a horse."—"Why, thou coxcomb," replied the man, "thou canst not be such a fool,—look at me again, what likeness can you see? I'll show thee a horse's trick, however." And giving him a sudden kick, and a well applied blow, left him in the kennel, and ran off.

Swift having paid a visit at Sir Arthur Acheson's country seat, and being on the morning of his return to his deanry detained a few minutes longer than he expected at breakfast, found, when he came to the door, his own man on horseback, and a servant of Sir Arthur's holding the horse he was to ride himself. He mounted, turned the head of his horse towards his own man, and asked him in a low tone of voice, if he did not think he should give somewhat to the ser-



vant who held his horse, and if he thought five shillings would be too much? "No, Sir, it will not, if you mean to do the thing handsomely," was the reply. The dean made no remark upon this, but when he paid his man's weekly account, wrote under it: "Deducted from this, for money paid to Sir Arthur's servant for doing your business, five shillings."

*Written by ROCHESTER on the Bed-Chamber-Door of*  
CHARLES II.

Here lies our sovereign lord the King,  
Whose word no man relies on;  
He never said a foolish thing,  
Nor ever did a wise one.

As some of the British officers were once conversing with Dr. Sterns, an American astronomer, on the hardness of the times, whilst the late war continued in America, one of them, thinking to smoke the doctor, said to him,—“Pray, Sir, as you are a mathematician, can you tell us how long it will take to surmount insurmountable difficulties?”—“Yes, Sir, (answered the doctor) just as long as it will take *you* to get below the bottom of the bottomless pit.”—“Oh ho! (said the officer) I find you are too *deep* for me.”

The first proof which the late Mr. Tomkison the lawyer of Nantwich, in Cheshire, gave of that professional acuteness by which he afterwards raised so splendid a fortune, was on the last night of his clerkship; when the gentleman to whom he was articled and himself, were at an inn on the road to the Chester assizes, where the clerk thus addressed his master. “Sir, as we are now alone, and it will be some hours

before bed-time, and I shall be a free man to-morrow, I claim be a promise you have repeatedly made, to tell me *what are the three chief points of the law?*" "On condition that you pay for supper," replied the lawyer, "I will." "Agreed," said the Tyro, and the lawyer ordered the people of the inn to furnish the very best supper that they could, and not mind the expence: "And now, young man," added he, "shut the door, that no one may hear us, and mark *me*. The first point of law is *evidence*; the second, *evidence*; the third, *evidence!*" "Thank you," said Tomkison. "You are welcome," replied the lawyer, "and now to supper, *e'en with what appetite you may*, for you are to pay for it, and there my boy you are *bad*,—but when you are as old as I am, you will know how to make a better bargain."

Supper came in due time, and the lawyer invited a bevy of his brethren, who were at the same inn, to partake with him, and drink success to the young solicitor who was to stand treat. This they willingly did, and it being *at free cost*, each man drank wine and punch in abundance, and after toping most part of the night, retired to rest.

In the morning, when all the travellers were assembled in the great parlour, and preparing to depart, the landlord made his *entré* with the bill, and presented it to Tomkison's master, who, after looking at the sum total, handed it to his clerk. The clerk instantly returned it with a "Sir, I have nothing to do with it!" "Nothing to do with it! nothing to do with it! why, you will not be such a scoundrel!—Did not you agree to pay for it, pray? and *you shall pay for it.*" "Sir," replied young Latitat with the utmost gravity, *before I do*, it will be necessary that you produce the *evidence* of which you talked so much last night."

At Dunmow in Essex, it was for many ages a custom to give a fitch of bacon to every married couple who would swear that they have had no dispute, nor ever once repented of their union, for a year and a day. *An amiable pair*, who had waited the stated time, once presented themselves, and after having gone through the proper form, were asked, what they meant to put their bacon in. "In this bag," said the husband—"That bag (answered the steward) is not big enough to hold it."—"Why, so I told my fool of a wife, (replied the fellow) we were disputing on that very thing for four hours before we set out this morning, and I'm sure have had a hundred and a hundred words about it."—"Have you so, (said the steward) but they are not such words as will butter the beans you are to eat with this bacon; *I shall hang the fitch up again.*"

It being remarked of a picture of *the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen* in the Shakespear Gallery, that the varnish was chilled, and the figures rather sunk, the proprietors directed one of their assistants to give it a fresh coat of varnish. "Must I use copal or mastic?" said the young man. "Neither one nor the other," (said a gentleman present) if you wish to *bring the figures out*, varnish it with *turtle soup.*

Two Aldgate beauties, disputing about precedence, one the daughter of a *gentleman* of small fortune, the other of a rich brewer. "You are to consider, ma'ams, (said the brewer's daughter) that my papa keeps a coach."—"Very true, madam, (replied the other) and *you* are to consider that he likewise keeps a *dray.*"

In one of the engagements with the French at Cuddalore, the 101st regiment gave way, and their

places were immediately supplied by a battalion of black infantry; a gentleman shortly afterwards, in company with Colonel Kennedy, and conversing on the subject, said, he was surpris'd that they gave way." "And so am I too, (said the Colonel) for they were all *tried* men."—"How can you make out that, (says the gentleman) when they are a *new regiment*?"—"Oh, quite an easy matter, (says the Colonel) *they were all TRIED at the Old Bailey long ago.*"

Dr. Young was once going down into the country, to visit his friend Archdeacon Potter, but in crossing a field near the archdeacon's, his horse nearly foundered, owing to the clayish heaviness of the soil. A little after his arrival, the doctor asked his friend whose field that was, "'Tis mine," said the other. "I thought so," answered the doctor, "'tis Potter's field to *bury strangers in.*"

During the time that General Belisle was confin'd in Windsor Castle, a party of soldiers were sent from London to be guards over him, when, one of those *curious* gentlemen, *who wish to know every thing*, stopp'd his carriage, and asked the officer at the head of the *corps*, where they were going, and on what business. "We are going to Windsor, to keep a *general fast*," replied the captain.

In the early part of Garrick's life, Quin was jealous of the rising fame of the young actor, and sometimes said that it was the *methodist mode* of playing, but the public would soon return to the *true church*. When one night these two popular performers had played in the same tragedy, and both came out of the house at the same moment, during a heavy shower of rain, two fellows were dispatched to call each of them a

chair. Only one chair was to be got, and that was found by Mr. Garrick's messenger, who bawled, room! room! make room for Mr. Garrick's sedan! Quin, who stood rather before him, growled out, "*Let me have the chair, and put little David into the lanthorn.*" — "*I shall be very proud to give Mr. Quin light in any thing,*" answered Garrick, and bowing and waving his hand, made way for the veteran to enter the vehicle.

When Colonel Bond, who had sat as one of the judges on the trial of Charles the First, died,—it was currently reported that Cromwell, who was dangerously ill, and really died a few days after, was dead also; "No, no, (said a cavalier who was present, and had better information) it is not so yet: Cromwell has only given *Bond* to the devil for his *future appearance.*"

As the late Earl of Chesterfield and Lord Petre were once stepping out of a carriage, a great lamp, oil and all, fell from the centre of an iron arch before the house, missing Lord Petre by about half an inch. "Oh, my Lord, (said he) I was near being gone!" "Why, yes, (replies the Earl, coolly) but there would certainly have been one comfort attending the accident, since you must infallibly have received *extreme unction* before you went."

A gentleman who possesses a small estate in Gloucestershire, was allured to town by the promises of the Duke of Newcastle, who, for many months, kept him in constant attendance, until the poor man's patience being quite exhausted, he one morning called upon his patron, and told him that he had at length *got a place.* The Duke very cordially shook him by

the hand, and congratulated him on his good fortune.—“But pray, Sir,” added he, “where is your place?”—“*In the Gloucester coach,*” replied he, “I secured it last night; and you, Sir, have cured me of higher ambition.”

An Irish gentleman being asked how he liked Vestris the dancer, replied, “Upon my word, I think the man *handles* his legs incomparably well.”

Judge Jefferies taking a dislike to an evidence who had a very long beard, told him, “That if his conscience was as long as his beard, he had a swinging one.” To which the fellow replied, “My lord, if the conscience is to be measured by the beard, your lordship has neither one nor t’other.”

Some time after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the deputies of the reformed were treating with the king, the queen-mother, and some of the council for a peace. The articles were mutually agreed on; the question was upon the security for performance. After some particulars proposed and rejected, the queen-mother said, “And is not the word of a king sufficient security?” One of the deputies answered, “*No, by St. Bartholomew, Madam.*”

On a public rejoicing night, a gentleman passing by as the mob were breaking a quaker’s windows in Cheapside, stopped to expostulate with them for their cruelty, as the poor man was sick in bed;—on which one that was near, replied, “That the gentleman having for some time laboured under a complication of disorders, the mob were so compassionate as to remove some of his *panes.*”

A Mr. Sandys, a gentleman of great wit, being examined before the House of Commons. Lenthall, then speaker, put some ridiculous and impertinent questions to him, and at last asked what countryman he was. "Of Kent" said Sandys, adding, "and now, Sir, may I demand the same of you?"—"I am out of the West," says Lenthall. "By my troth," answered Sandys, "so I thought, for *all the wise men come out of the East.*"

Complaisance is no longer confined to the polite circles. A captain of a vessel was lately called out of a coffee-house at Wapping by a waterman, with the following address—"An't please your honour, the *tide is waiting for you.*"

Garrick once said to Johnson, "Why did not you make me a tory, you that are so fond of toryism, and must have made so many tories?"—"Why!" said Johnson, "why did not the king make these half-pence guineas?"

A gentleman riding down a steep hill, and fearing the foot of it was unsound, called out to a clown that was ditching, and asked him if it was hard at the bottom. Aye, answered the countryman, it is hard enough at the bottom, I warrant you. But in half a dozen steps the horse sunk up to the saddle-girths, which made the gentleman whip, spur, and swear. "Why, thou rascal, (said he) didst thou not tell me it was hard at the bottom?"—"Aye, (replied the fellow) *but you are not half way to the bottom yet.*"

A punster, on hearing that the clergy were about to *embody* themselves for the defence of the country,

after making some observations on their *sable* attire, and how ill the sword would become it, exclaimed, "Oh! England, unhappy England, to what a condition are we reduced, when we are to be indebted for the defence of our rights and interests to a band of *black guards*."

A WELCHMAN.—*Written in the year 1598.*

A man of Wales between St. David's day and Easter,  
Was on hos'te's score for cheefe great store a tester:  
His hos'te did chalk it up behind the dore,  
And said, for cheefe, good Sir, come pay your score.  
I wonder then, quoth he, what meaneth these?  
Dost think hur knows not chalk from cheefe?

#### EPIGRAM.

*Patricius* said, "While you've existence,  
"Keep, son, *plebeians* at a distance."  
This speech a *taylor* overheard,  
And quick replied—"I wish my lord,  
"You'd thus advis'd before your son  
"So deeply in my debt had run."

Old Dennis, the critic, who invented theatrical thunder and lightning, was a great linguist, and once said to an intelligent, but uneducated man, "You have a great deal of sense, what a pity it is that you have no learning!"—"True, (replied the other), and you have a great deal of *learning*, what a pity it is that you have *no sense*!"

When Queen Elizabeth, in one of her *progresses*, soon after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, visited Shrewsbury, Mr. Mayor, in congratulating her on that memorable event, said, "When the king o



Spain attacked your majesty, *he took the wrong sow by the ear.*" The Queen could not help smiling at this; and her admiration was further heightened, when, on her departure, he begged to have the honour to attend her majesty to the *gallows!*—which stood about a mile out of town.

Anthony Ashley Cooper, the first Earl of Shaftesbury, was a man of considerable abilities, but equally as licentious in his manners. One day Charles II. said to him, "I believe, Shaftesbury, thou art the wickedest fellow in my dominions." To which his lordship replied, "May it please your Majesty, of a *subject* I believe I am." At which the king laughed heartily.

When the late Mr. Charles Yorke was returned member for the university of Cambridge, he went round the senate to thank those who had voted for him, and said to one of them, noted for having a *very long and ordinary face*, "Sir, I have reason to be thankful to my friends in general, but I confess myself under a particular obligation to you for the *very remarkable countenance* you have shewn me on this occasion."

"Sirrah, (says a justice to one brought before him) you are an arrant knave."—"Am I, Sir? (says the prisoner) just as your worship spoke, the clock struck *two.*"

King Charles II. was frequently ridiculed by the wits of the time, by the nickname of Old Rowley, an ill-favoured stallion kept in the king's meuse, and very remarkable for being the sire of many fine

colts. Mrs. Holford, a young lady much admired by Charles, was one day singing in her apartment a satirical ballad on *old Rowley the king*—when his Majesty knocked at the door of her chamber. Upon her asking *who was there?* the king, with his usual good humour, replied, "*Old Rowley himself, madam!*"

The first time that Henderson the player rehearsed a part at Drury-lane, George Garrick came into one of the boxes, saying as he entered, "I only come as a *spectator*." Soon after he made some objection to Henderson's playing, and the new actor retorted, "Sir, I thought you were to be only a *spectator*, you are turning *tatler*." "Never mind him, Sir," said David Garrick, "Never mind him, let him be what he will, I will be *the Guardian*."

The late Mr. Moflop the player always spoke in heroics. A cobbler in Dublin who once brought home his boots, refused to leave them without the money. Moflop returned during the time he was disputing, and looking sternly, exclaimed, "*Tell me, are you the noted Cobbler I have often heard of?*" "Yes," says the fellow, "*and I think you the diverting vagabond I have often seen.*"

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man that had stolen a watch, directed the jury to bring it in value ten-pence. "Ten-pence! my Lord," says the prosecutor, "why, the very fashion of it cost me fifty shillings." "Perhaps so," replied his lordship, "but we must not hang a man for fashion sake."

A sea captain, not much acquainted with the customs of a theatre, being presented with a ticket to the opera, was asked, on his return to his lodgings,

how the performers acquitted themselves. "Upon my word, (replied he) I have no very fine ear for music, but by the manner in which those that I suppose were judges, behaved to some of them, I should think very so, so, indeed;—one of them, called *Bonte*, or *Bunto*, or some such name, sung so very bad, that they made her sing all her songs over again."

When Garrick and Rigby were once walking together in Norfolk, they observed upon a board at a house by the road side, the following strange inscription: "*Age f koorel bear.*" "Strange indeed!" said Rigby, "how is it possible that such people as these can cure agues?" "I do not know," replied Garrick, "what their prescription is, but I am certain *it is not by a spell.*"

A fellow who was a witness in the Grosvenor cause at Westminster Hall, having a Bardolphian nose, Counsellor Dunning, thinking to embarrass him, began with, "Now you Mr. with the copper nose, now you *are* sworn, what have you to say?" "Why, by the oath I have sworn," replied he, "I would not exchange my *copper* nose for your *braxen* face."

Dryden and Otway lived opposite to each other in Queen-street. Otway coming one night from the tavern, chalked upon Dryden's door, "*Here lives John Dryden, he is a wit.*" Dryden knew his hand-writing, and next day chalked on Otway's door, "*Here lives Tom Otway,—he is oppo-site.*"

An apothecary, who used to value himself on his knowledge of drugs, asserted that all bitter things

were hot. "No, (said a gentleman present) there is one of a very different quality, I am sure, and that is a *bitter-cold* day."

A noble duke, who stammered so much, that he was obliged to have a servant stand by him to repeat what he said, asked a clergyman at his table, by way of joke, if he knew the reason that Balaam's ass spoke? The clergyman not understanding him, the servant repeated what his grace had said; to which the parson answered, that *Balaam* stammered, and his *ass* spoke for him.

Dr. Magenis alighting at a public house in Drogheda, for the purpose of passing a night, ordered his horse to graze; and meeting with a few social companions, exceeded his usual temperance. He discovered the next morning that his horse had been pounded for trespassing on a plot of ground belonging to the chief magistrate of the town, who insisted on half-a-guinea for damages. The doctor paid the money, and wrote the following lines:

Was e'er a horse so well befitted!  
 His master drunk—himself committed!  
 But courage, horse, do not despair;  
*You'll be a horse when he's no mayor.*

When Dr. Long was made a bishop, the first time that Mr. Whiston saw him after he was raised to the bench, he said to him, "*I wonder, my Lord, how so learned and so good a man as you are, came to be made a bishop.*"

Cartouche the famous French robber, being told that a young man wished to become a member of his

band, took him under examination, and asked him where he had served before? He replied, two years with an Attorney, and two months under the Inspector of the Police at Paris. "Then," replied Cartouche with transport, "I have met with a proper person, and shall consider your probation as quite equal to having served the whole time in my troop,—*rank accordingly.*"

When Barrington the Welsh judge sat for his portrait, to Stuart the American painter, he desired to be delineated in his robes, &c. &c. with every insignia that belonged to his rank. When the picture was finished, he expressed his approbation of it, but remarked that some parts he thought might be improved; adding, "but I may be wrong, for I am *no judge.*" "*No judge,*" says Stuart, "*No judge!* why then I have made a mistake, for I have painted you *in judge's robes.*"

#### A GENERAL FAST IN THE YEAR 1792.

First General Brunswick made a sad campaign!  
 Then General Cobourg took the field in vain;  
 Next General Wurmler bid the troops advance;  
 Then General Yorke declar'd he'd conquer France!  
 All the vain efforts of these Generals past,  
 We rest our *hope forlorn on General Fast.*

Doctor Johnson could not patiently endure to hear that such respect as he thought due only to higher intellectual qualities should be bestowed on men of slighter, though, perhaps, more amusing talents. Mr. Boswell once told him, that one morning, when he went to breakfast with Garrick, who was very vain

of his intimacy with Lord Camden, he accosted Mr. B. thus :—" Pray now, did you—did you meet a little lawyer turning the corner, eh ?"—" No, Sir, (said Mr. B.). Pray what do you mean by the question ?"—" Why, (replied Garrick, with an affected indifference, yet as if standing on tiptoe) Lord Camden has this moment left me. We have had a long walk together." *Johnson.* " Well, Sir, Garrick talked very properly ; Lord Camden *was a little lawyer to be associating so familiarly with a player.*"

Two ladies of distinction stopped in a carriage at a jeweller's, near Charing-cross, one of them only got out, and the coach stood across the path which some gentlemen wanted to cross to the other side, and desired the coachman to move on a little ; the fellow was surly and refused : the gentlemen remonstrated, but in vain. During the altercation, the lady came to the shop door, and foolishly ordered her coachman not to stir from his place. On this, one of the gentlemen opened the coach door, and with boots and spurs stepped through the carriage. He was followed by his companion, to the extreme discomposure of *the lady within*, as well as *the lady without*. To complete the jest, a party of sailors coming up, observed that, " If this was a *thoroughfare*, they had as much right to it as the gemmen ;" and accordingly scrambled through the carriage.

A little boy having been much praised for his quickness of reply, a gentleman present observed, that when children were keen in their youth, they were generally stupid and dull when they advanced in years, and *vice versa*. " What a *very sensible boy*, Sir, must *you* have been," returned the child.

Old Fuller, the writer of the English Worthies, tells a quaint story of himself and a Justice Woodcock, with whom, saith he, "I one evening walked in the fields, when we did hear an owl. "What pretty bird can that be," saith he, "is it the Nightingale?" "Nay," sayeth I, "it is a Woodcock," "No," returned he, sharply, "it is *fuller* in the head, *fuller* in the body, and *fuller* all over."

Garrick, though accustomed to face multitudes, when one subpoenaed as a witness, was, in Westminster-Hall so disconcerted by this new mode of *public appearance*, that he could scarcely comprehend a question that was asked him. It was a question wherein an actor claimed a *free benefit*, that is, a benefit without paying the expences of the house; but the meaning of the term was disputed, and Garrick was asked, "Sir, have *you* a free benefit?"—"I have."—"What terms have you it upon?"—"The terms of a,—of a,—a,—a,—free benefit." He was dismissed as one from whom no information could be obtained.

Counsellor Bearcroft was employed in Mr. Vansittart's famous cause. In his address to the jury, he said, that for brevity's sake, in the course of the trial, he should abbreviate Mr. Vansittart's name, and call him *Van*. When Mr. Vansittart's examination came on, he begged leave that he might be indulged with the same liberty as the learned counsel, by shortening his name, and he should therefore call him *Bear*.

So inquisitive are the Americans, that Dr. Franklin tells us, when he travelled in that country, and wished to ask his road from any one he met, he found it expedient to save time by prefacing his question

with—"My name is Benjamin Franklin,—by trade a printer,—am come from such a place—and going to such a place—and now—*which is my road?*"

A poor Irishman who was on his death-bed, and who did not seem quite reconciled to the long journey he was going to take, was kindly consoled by a good-natured friend with the common-place reflection, that we must all die *once*. "Why, my dear, now," answered the sick man, "that is the very thing that vexes me; if I could die half a dozen times, I should not mind it."

In the reign of Henry VIII. a facetious spendthrift nobleman, having sold a great number of tenements, laid out the produce in the purchase of a rich suit of clothes, in which he came strutting to court, saying, "Am I not a mighty man, to bear an *hundred boufes* upon my back?"—"My lord, (said Wolfey) you had much better have paid your debts."—"What you say is very right, (replied the nobleman) and I owe your father *three-pence halfpenny* for a *sheep's head*; write me a receipt, and there's a *groat* for it."

An author, after reading a play to Foote, was told that it would not do, by any means. "I wish, Sir, (said the writer) you could advise me what is best to do with it."—"That I can, (said the manager) *blot out one half and burn the other.*"

A highwayman and a chimney-sweeper were condemned to be hanged at the same time. The highwayman, arrayed in scarlet, mounted the cart with alacrity, while the poor foot merchant hung behind. While the clergyman was praying the gay robber was attentive; and the other drew near at the same time,



but met with a repulsive lock, which kept him at some distance. But forgetting this angry warning, he presumed to come still nearer, when the highwayman, with some disdain, exclaimed, "Keep farther off, can't you?"—"Sir, (replied the sweep) I won't keep off; and let me tell you, I have as much right to be here as you have."

*Copied from a Cheshire Finger-post.*

"This is the road to Tarwin; this is the way to Chester; this goes no where. N. B. If you cannot read, ask at the blacksmith's shop."

Doctor Knatchbull, one of Bishop Chandler's chaplains, was of a weak and delicate constitution, but of a pleasing and elegant turn of mind. Some young ladies, relations of his family, one day went into his apartment, but not finding him there, they put a great folio volume, which lay on the table, between the sheets. This he did not find until he stepped into bed, and the next morning sent them the following couplet.

"Pray tell me, ye who deal in quaint conceits,  
"How a book bound can be a book in sheets?"

A late attorney general receiving a client who was intimate with him, in his library, the gentleman expressed surprise at the number of wigs that were hanging up.—"Yes, there are several," replied the lawyer, "that, (pointing to a scratch) is my common business wig; *that*, my chancery wig; *that*, my house of Lords wig; and *that* my court wig."—"And where is your *honest man's wig*?"—"O, (replied the lawyer) that's *not professional*."

When Lord Townshend was viceroy of Ireland, he used to amuse himself by walking about the streets of Dublin incognito, and observing the manners of the people. He had heard much of the wit of a shoe-black, and in one of his excursions had his shoes cleaned by him, after which he gave him half-a-guinea to change. Brush exclaimed with a grin, "Half-a-guinea to be changed, your honour! you might well as ask a highlander for a *knee-buckle*." This answer so pleased his lordship, that he walked off, leaving the gold behind him.

The late Doctor Young was walking in his garden at Welwyn, in company with two ladies, one of whom he afterwards visited, when a servant came to inform him that a gentleman wanted to speak with him. "Tell him (said the doctor) that I am at present too happily engaged." The ladies insisted on it that he should go, as the visitor was a man of rank, his patron, and his friend; and as persuasion had no effect, one took him by the right arm and the other by the left, and led him to the garden gate: when, finding that resistance was vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and in that expressive manner, for which he was so remarkable spoke these lines:

Thus Adam look'd, when from the garden driven;  
 And thus disputed orders sent from heaven:  
 Like him I go, but yet to go am loth;  
 Like him I go, for angels drove us both:  
 Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind;  
 His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind.

At the time when Queen Elizabeth was making one of her progresses through the kingdom, a Mayor of Coventry, attended by a large cavalcade, went

out to meet her Majesty, and usher her into the city with due formality. On their return, the weather being very hot, as they passed through a wide brook, Mr. Mayor's horse several times attempted to drink, and each time his worship checked him, which her Highness observing, called out to him, "Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor, let your horse drink, Mr. Mayor;" but the Magistrate, veiling his bonnet, and bowing very low, modestly answered,—"*Nay, nay, may it please your Highness's horse to drink first.*"

The late Dr. Fowler, Bishop of Gloucester, and Justice Powell, had frequent altercations on the subject of ghosts. The bishop was a zealous defender of their reality,—the Justice *somewhat sceptical*. The bishop one day met his friend, and the Justice told him that since their last conference on the subject, he had an *ocular demonstration*, which convinced him of the existence of ghosts. "I rejoice at your conversion," replied the bishop, "give me the circumstance that produced it, with all the particulars: *ocular demonstration* you say." "Yes, my Lord,—as I lay last night in my bed,—about the twelfth hour I was awaked by an uncommon noise, and heard something coming up stairs!"—"Go on."—"Alarmed at the noise, I drew my curtain!"—"Proceed!"—"and saw a faint glimmering light enter my chamber;"—"Of a *blue* colour, was it not?"—"Of a *pale blue!*—the light was followed by a tall, meagre, stern figure, who appeared as an old man of seventy years of age, arrayed in a long light-coloured rug gown, bound round with a leathern girdle: his beard thick and grisly, his hair scant and straight, his face of a dark sable hue,—on his head a large fur cap,—and in his hand a long staff. Terror seized my whole frame,—I trembled till the bed almost shook, and cold drops

hung on every limb;—the figure, with a slow and solemn step, stalked nearer and nearer.”—“Did you not speak to it? There was money hid, or murder committed, without doubt.”—“My Lord, I did speak to it;—I adjured it by all that was holy to tell me *whence*, and *why* it thus appeared?” And in heaven’s name what was the reply!” “It was accompanied, my Lord, by three strokes of his staff upon the floor,—so loud that they made the room ring again,—when holding up his lanthorn, and then waving it close to my eyes, he told me he was *the watchman!* and came to give me notice that my street door was wide open, and unless I arose and shut it, I might chance to be robbed before morning.”

The judge had no sooner concluded, than the bishop disappeared.

As a countryman was sowing his field, two London bucks happened to be riding by, one of whom, thinking to make fun of the old *put*, (as they stiled him) called out to him, “Well, honest countryman! it is you that sow, but it is we that reap the fruit.”—“Mayhap it may be so, master,” quoth the countryman: “there’s many a true word spoken in jest, for *I am sowing hemp.*”

What we now denominate *mince pies*, were formerly called *Christmas pies*. When John Bunyan, author of the *Pilgrim’s Progress*, was in Shrewsbury goal for preaching, a gentleman who knew his abhorrence of any thing that sounded Popish, and wished to play upon his peculiarity, one 25th of December sent his servant to him, and desired his acceptance of a large Christmas pyc. John took little time to consider; but seizing the pastry desired the fellow to thank his master, and “tell him,” added John,

“ I have lived long enough, and am now hungry enough, to know the difference between *Christmas* and *pye*.”

The following lines were written on seeing a farago of rhimes that had been scribbled with a diamond on the window of an inn.

Ye who on windows thus prolong your shames,  
 And to such arrant nonsense sign your names;  
 The diamond quit—with me the pencil take,  
 So shall *your shame* but short duration make;  
 For lo, the housemaid comes, in dreadful pet,  
 With red right hand, and with a dishclout wet,  
 Dashes out all, nor leaves a wreck to tell  
 Who 'twas that *wrote so ill!*—and *lov'd so well!*

It having been mentioned to Johnson, that Mrs. Macauley whose doctrines he much disliked, had of late become very fond of dress, sat hours together at her toilet, and even put on *rouge*—Johnson churlishly replied, “ She is better employed at her toilet than using her pen. It is better she should be *reddening* her own *cheeks*, than *blackening* other people's *characters*.”

When Mrs. Baddeley the actress was once confined for debt at a spunging house in Southampton buildings, she warbled in so sweet a key, as to sing herself out of her cage; but the sheriff's officer who let her out on her parole, soon found the fatal effects of his indulgence, and was sent to the King's Bench himself. A bailiff imprisoned for debt was a new thing; the astonishment of the prisoners was universal; and one of them immediately asked their new

inmate what *business* he had there? "Faith, (replied *Master Fang*) I had *no business* here, I came in for *pleasure*."

Among the many brilliant flashes of wit attributed to that singular character Doctor Perne, the following, perhaps, is one of his happiest strokes. The doctor happening to call a clergyman (who was not totally undeserving of the title) *a fool*, the divine resented the indignity so highly, that he threatened to complain to his diocesan, the Bishop of Ely.—"Do, (says the doctor) and he will *confirm* you."

In a Bookseller's catalogue appears the following article—Memoirs of Charles the 1st.—with a *head capitally executed*.

An Irish gentleman having a little picture room, several persons desired to see it at the same time. *Indeed, gentlemen*, said he, *if you all go in, it will not hold you*.

During a late expedition in Holland, some peasants complained to a Russian officer that his soldiers had robbed them. He asked them whether they had left them *any thing*? they answered, Yes, "Well, then," said the captain, "I am sure they were none of *my* soldiers, for *they* would certainly have taken *all* away."

A fellow once calling a barber *a paper skull booby*, so irritated the friseur, that he swore if ever he dared repeat the phrase, he'd give him such a *d-essing* as he never had in his life, and added, *paper skulled*, indeed! you rascal; I'd have you know that *my skull is as thick as yours*.

Dr. Johnson once speaking of Richardson, author of *Clarissa*, said, "that man is not satisfied with gliding smoothly and triumphantly down the stream of time, unless he feels the splashing of the water at every stroke of the oars." This remark is in a degree exemplified by the following circumstance.

An English gentleman, on his return from making the tour, was engaged to dine with a man of rank, and Richardson was to be of the party. It so happened, that the author and traveller were the first visitors, and being left together in the drawing-room, the tourist told Richardson he was happy in an opportunity of paying his respects to the author of *Sir Charles Grandison*, "for Sir," added he, "at Paris, at the Hague, and indeed at every place through which I have passed in my tour, I have met with your book; it is translated into several languages, and is every where admired. Richardson preserved the most profound silence, affected not to notice the information, and made not any, the least return to the compliments: but when all the company were assembled at dinner, he watched his opportunity, and addressed his garden companion with,—“Sir, I think you were saying something of *Sir Charles Grandison's* reception at Paris.” “Oh, Sir,” replied the gentleman, “a thing of no consequence; quite a trifle, Sir.”

The Bishop of Soissons was as remarkable for absence as our Bishop Burnet. When once attending the levee at court, he entered into conversation with a young gentleman whom he did not know, and among other questions asked him, if he knew who was that fat sow that just came in? “Sir, (said the lad) that fat sow is wife to the Swedish ambassador, and mother to the little pig that has the honour of speaking to your grace.”

A company being once disputing concerning the superiority of Oxford to Cambridge, or Cambridge to Oxford, a gentleman present remarked, that "the decision could not affect him, because *he* was educated at them both." "That," says an old person that was present, "puts me in mind of a calf which I remember when I was a lad, that sucked two cows." "Really," said the university gentleman, "and pray, Sir, what was the consequence?" "*Why, Sir, he turned out the greatest calf I ever saw in my life.*"

When Lord Stair was ambaffador at the court of Louis the fourteenth, his manners and conversation gained him the esteem of that monarch; infomuch, that one day, in a circle of his courtiers, talking of the advantage of good breeding, the king offered to lay a wager he would name an English nobleman that should excel in that particular any Frenchman about his court. The wager was jocularly accepted, and his majesty was to choose his own time and place for the experiment.

To avoid suspicion the king let the subject drop some months, till the courtiers imagined he had forgot it, he then chose the following stratagem: He appointed Lord Stair and two of the most polished noblemen of his own court, to take an airing with him after the levee. On coming to the side of the state coach, he pointed to the two French lords to enter, but they, unaccustomed to this ceremony, shrunk back, and submissively declined the honour. He then pointed to Lord Stair, who made his bow, and instantly sprang into the coach, followed by the king and the French noblemen. When they were all seated, the king exclaimed, "Well, gentlemen, I believe you'll acknowledge I have now won my wager?"—"How so, Sire," replied the courtiers.



“Why, (continued the king) when I desired you both to go into my coach you declined it; but this polite foreigner no sooner received the *commands of a king*, though not his *sovereign*, than he instantly obeyed.” The courtiers hung their heads in confusion, and acknowledged the justice of his majesty’s claim.

When Foote once dined with a certain nobleman, remarkable for his parsimony, and *wine* was the subject of conversation, the peer with great loquacity expatiated on the excellency of his own, which he said *he spared no price for*. “I am afraid *that is too true*, (whispered the wit to a gentleman seated next him), “And, Mr. Foote, (added he) as I believe you have a nice palate, I wish your opinion of some that I rarely produce; here, John, bring that tokay.” The servant immediately brought a pint bottle and put it before his master, who pouring half a glass, and handing it to Foote, said, “Sir, this wine is *more than twenty years old*.”—“Is it indeed, (replied the fatirist, glancing first at the bottle, and then at the glass) Is it really! why then, my lord, *it’s very little of its age*.”

A monk, once playing at tennis with Francis the first, against some lords of the court, made one blow which decided the game in favour of the king, who, much surpris’d at seeing such skill and agility in an ecclesiastic, exclaimed, “a famous blow indeed for a monk!”—“Sire, (answered he) *if it is your majesty’s pleasure you can make it the blow of an abbot*.”

When Mr. Penn, a young gentleman well known for his eccentricities, walked from Hyde Park Cor-

ner to Hammermith, for a wager of a hundred guineas, with the Honourable Danvers Butler, several gentlemen who had witnessed the contest, spoke of it to the Ducheſs of Gordon, and added, it was a pity that a man with ſo many good qualities as *this Penn* had, ſhould be inceſſantly playing theſe unaccountable pranks. “It is ſo, (ſaid her Grace); but why don’t you adviſe him better? He ſeems to be *a pen that every body cuts, but nobody mends.*”

Sir Nicholas Bacon being once in his capacity of judge, on the point of paſſing ſentence upon a fellow juſt found guilty of a robbery, the culprit greatly importuned him to ſave his life; and among other things, alledged he had the honour of being one of his lordſhip’s relations. “How do you prove that?” ſaid Sir Nicholas. “My lord,” replied the man, “your name is *Bacon*, and my name is *Hog*, and hog and bacon have in all ages been reckoned a-kin.” “That is true,” answered the judge, “but hog is never bacon till it has been *hanged*, and therefore, until *you are hanged*, you can be no relation of mine.”

Mrs. Barbauld, whoſe talents are too well known in the literary world to render it neceſſary to enumerate them, being once on a viſit to the univerſity of Oxford, in company with a very ſtupid young nobleman, who acted as *Ciceroni* at one of the colleges; it was obſerved by a perſon who knew both the parties, how unfortunate ſhe was in her conductor. “Not at all, (ſaid a gentleman preſent) *Minerva*, you know, was always attended by an *owl*.”

Two *very honeſt fellows* who dealt in brooms, meeting in the ſtreet, one of them aſked the other how he could afford to underſell him; “as (ſaid he) I *ſteal*

the stuff with which I make them.”—“Why, you silly dog,” replied the other, “*I steal them ready made.*”

A proud parson and his man riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock, and having a new coat on, the parson asked him, in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat. The same, said the shepherd, that clothed you; the parish. The parson, nettled at this, rode on, murmuring, a little way, and then bade his man go back, and ask the shepherd, “if he would come and live with him, for he wanted a fool.” The man going accordingly to the shepherd, delivered his master’s message, and concluded as he was ordered, that his master wanted a fool. “Why, are you going away then?” said the shepherd. “No,” answered the other. “Then you may tell your master (replied the shepherd) his living cannot maintain three of us.”

*A Card and the reply to it.*

About ten or twelve years ago, some robbers broke into the house of a gentleman in Stanhope-street, and stole some plate and other articles. A few days afterwards, the following notice appeared in the Daily Advertiser:—

“Mr. R——s, of Stanhope-street, presents his most respectful compliments to the gentlemen who did him the honour of eating a couple of roast chickens, drinking sundry tankards of ale, and three bottles of Madeira, &c. at his house on Monday night. *In their haste*, they took away the tankard; they are heartily welcome to that: to the table-spoons, and to the light guineas which were in an old red morocco pocket book they are also *heartily welcome*: but

in the said pocket-book there were several loose papers, which, consisting of private memorandums, receipts, &c. can be of no use to his *kind* and *friendly* visitors, but are important to him; he therefore hopes and trusts, they will be so polite as to take some opportunity of returning them. For an old family watch which was in the same drawer, he cannot ask on the same terms; but if any way could be pointed out, by which he could replace it with twice as many heavy guineas as they can get for it, he would gladly be the purchaser; and is, with due respect, theirs, &c." W. R.

A packet was a few nights afterwards dropped into the area of his house, containing the books and papers, with this apologetical epistle:—

"SIR,

"You are quite a *gemman*. Your madero we be's not use to, and it got into our upper works, or we would never have cribb'd your papers. They be all marched back agen with the red book. Your ale was mortal good, and the tankard and spoons were made into a *white soup* in Duke's plaice two hours before dey-lite. The old family watch cases were, at the same time, made into a *brown gravy*, and the *guts* are *new christened*, and on their voyage to Holland. If they had not been *transported*, you should have had 'em agen, for you are quite a *gemmen*, but you know as they have been christened, and got a *new* name, they would no longer be of your *old* family. And soe, Sir, we have nothing more to say, but that we be much obligated to you, and shall be glad to farve and wissit you by nite or by day, and are yours till death." A. B. & C.

The late Mr. Philip Thicknesse, father of Lord Audley, being in want of money, applied to his son

for assistance. This being denied, he immediately hired a cobbler's stall, directly opposite his Lordship's house, and put up a board, on which was inscribed, in large letters, *boots and shoes mended in the best and cheapest manner, by Philip Thicknesse, father to Lord Audley.* The consequence of this may be readily conceived; the board did not remain many days.

## WATERING PLACES :

*A Matrimonial Dialogue, with a Climax.*

Mrs. Souchong. I wish you would take me to Margate, *my dear.*

Mr. Souchong. I had much rather not, *my duck.*

But why not, *my love?*

Because I don't chuse it, *my sweet.*

Not choose it, *my darling?*

I can't afford it, *my precious.*

Why not afford it, *Mr. Souchong?*

Because it is very expensive, *Mrs. Souchong.*

Expensive! why there is neighbour Jenkins and his whole family there now, *man.*

Neighbour Jenkins is a fool, and his wife no better than she should be, *woman.*

I think, however, you need not go to abuse my friends, *Sir.*

I shall not imitate the example of your friends, *Ma'am.*

Then if *you* won't go, *I will;* that's poz, *husband!*

And if *you* go, you don't have a penny from me; that's poz, *wife.*

At a time when some of the Pope's dominions were invaded by some of the neighbouring states, an army was collected to meet the foe; and previous to the engagement beginning, a Cardinal, commissioned

by his Holiness, went among the soldiers, and exhorted them to fight valiantly,—“ exert their utmost courage, and not fear death,—for should they lose their lives, the Pope promised them a plenary remission of all their sins, and that *they should dine with angels in Paradise.*” Having thus spoken, he retired; when one of the soldiers called after him,—“ *Lord Cardinal, will you not stay and dine with us in Paradise?*” “ *My hour of dining is not yet come,*” was the reply.

A QUERY ANSWERED.

*Why is a Gardener the most extraordinary Man in the World?*

Addressed to the late Countess of Coventry.

Because no man has more business upon *earth*; and he always chuses good *grounds* for what he does. He commands his *thyme*, he is master of the *mint*, and fingers *penny-royal*; he raises *celery* every year, and it is a bad year indeed, that does not bring him in a *plum*. He meets with more *boughs* than a minister of state; he makes more *beds* than the French king, and has in them more *painted ladies*, and genuine *roses* and *lilies*, than are to be found at a country wake; he makes *raking* his business more than his diversion, as many other gentlemen do; but makes it an advantage to his health and fortune, which few others do; he can boast of more *rapes* than any rake in the kingdom. His wife, notwithstanding, has enough of *lad's-love* and *heart's-ease*, and never wishes for *weeds*. Dilemper fatal to others never hurt him; he walks the better for the *gravel*, and thrives most in a *consumption*. He can boast of more *bleeding hearts* than your ladyship, and more *laurels* than the Duke of

Marlborough; but his greatest pride, and the world's greatest envy, is, that he can have *yew* when he pleases.

THE YOUNG LADIES CATECHISM.

*Quest.* For what end did you come into the world?—*A.* To get a husband.—*Q.* What is the way to get a husband?—*A.* To dress, dance, chat, play, and go to all manner of public places, except church, for fear of being called a fanatic.—*Q.* What is the duty of a husband?—*A.* To please his wife.—*Q.* What is the duty of a wife.—*A.* To please herself.—*Q.* Are there no more duties incumbent on you as a fine lady?—*A.* Yes; I must be deaf, dumb, and blind, as occasions require: deaf to the voice of duns, and all such poor relations as most easily beset me; dumb when my husband remonstrates; and blind to the whole race of city-acquaintances or country-cousins.—*Q.* Are you not to have some regard to a future state?—*A.* Yes; after having maintained a good reputation as long as I can, I am to exchange it for a separate maintenance, unless I wish to marry my gallant; and then I must accuse my husband, obtain a divorce, and bidding a long farewell to this cold climate, court the mild breezes, and taste the lasting pleasures of the continent.

When the late Duchess of Northumberland was some years ago on the continent, she stopped at an inn in French Flanders, at the *Golden Goose*; but arriving late, and being somewhat fatigued with her journey, she ordered but a slight repast for her and her suite, which consisted of only five servants. In the morning, when the landlord presented his bill, her secretary was much surprised with one general *item* of

“Expences for the night, 14 louis d’ors.” In vain did he remonstrate; the artful Fleming knew the generous temper of the Duchefs, and was positive. The money was accordingly paid. When she was preparing to depart, the landlord, as usual, attended her to the carriage, and after making many *congees*, and expressing much thanks, hoped he should have the honour of her Grace’s company on her return. “Why, I don’t know but I may, (says the Duchefs, with her usual good humour) but it must be upon one condition, *that you do not mistake me again for your sign.*”

FINIS.




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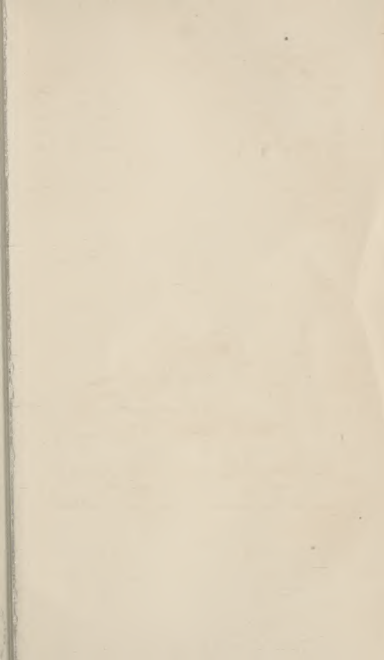
G. & J. Ross, Printers, Horse Wynd, Edinburgh.

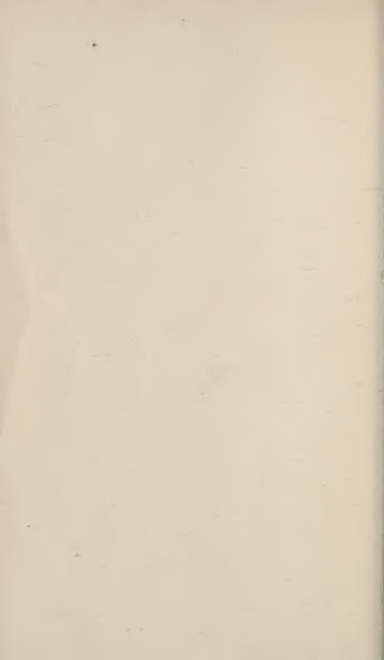
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Car

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