

RISIBILE READING

FOR

RIVER ROAD DE RAILWAY

Rector Rollicks

ABS. 1. 88. 122



RISIBLE
READING
FOR
RAIL,
ROAD,
AND
RIVER.

BY
RECTOR
ROLLICKS.

EDINBURGH :
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RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

SPECIAL PERMISSION

TO

James Heaman, Esquire,

M.P.,

DUNDEE.

P R E F A C E .

THE work of collecting the accompanying 'Jumble of Jokes, Jests,' &c., 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 very small—in these days it cannot be large—if the truth be told along with the tale.

R. R.

EDINBURGH, 4th September 1879.

RISIBLE

READING.

1. 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 yer mow’ wi’ yer meitt*; gie me a *dawd* o’ that *bubbly jock*, an’ a *slag* o’ thae *neeps*.’ It is unnecessary to add that the poor boaster was nowhere.

2. 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, &c.; but it was, of course, no use, and the explanation was, if anything, more *ficklesome* than the thing itself; it being ‘*draikit slour*.’

3. 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, was shut up by her asking, ‘If he kent the little *black doctor* that’s *phalpit* in a *peel*?’

4. 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 ony thing like that, but tell them I keep nane o’ thae *forrin’ craters*.’

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

6. 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*.

7. 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*.

8. A RELATION INDEED.—At a funeral one man was sitting 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!’

9. MORE THAN SENSE ENOUGH. — Two drunken worthies met on a morning in a spirit shop in Paisley. After having had a *nip* a-piece, 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.

10. THE following is said to have been 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—jist a competency—jist a competency; and lest there should be ony doubt what a competency is—I would jist say, £300 a-year, paid QUARTERLY, in ADVANCE."

11. COOKERY RECIPT. — 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 with 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 boiled too! and it cost him some 3s. or 3s. 6d.

12. 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 wy to come down the

stair, or else no.' To which the hotelkeeper made answer, 'This is a great countrah, an' a free countrah, an' a man can juist come doun his *nain stair* ony wy he LIKES !'

13. 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 "t'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 *manners* wi' twa "n's."'

14. 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 enquired, 'Ken ye whaur Lord Eldin's hoose is?' 'Ay,' says the man, 'that's a guid ane, an' you Lord Eldin hissell !' 'Ay, but,' replied the tipsy judge, 'it's no *himsel* at's wanted the *noo*; it's his hoose.'

15. NOT VERY MUCH BETWEEN THE RIGHT AND THE 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 a qualification, of course, 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., 'Awm washin' the *noo*, an' canna be bawthered.' 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 aw no tell ye th'noo that aw conldna be bawthered the day?' cried Mrs G., in no very mild tones. The girl, nothing daunted, made answer, 'Ay; but my mither tell't me if aw didna tak ye on the *richt side*, I wadna get it.' It is needless to say that the girl, as she richly deserved, cheerfully and at once got her 'wee drappie barm.'

16. 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 predicament to be at least, uncomfortable if not particularly dangerous, ran to help him up, and found him in the act of swimming as if for dear life; when seized hold of he exclaimed—evidently thinking in his muddled state that it had been a shipwreck—'Help some o' the rest, never mind me, ye see *I can soom*.'

17. MAKING SURE.—Captain Newman, of Boston, when going up to 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 bouy. 'No,' said he, 'I could not catch the *boy*, but I threw over the *old cook*.'

18. 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*?'

19. DIALECT.—*Edinburgh v. Aberdeen*.—A gentleman from Aberdeen was awoke 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*, an' 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.'

20. MODESTY.—There is a young man in Ciucinnati who will not 'embrace an opportunity,'—he would make a good mate for the lady who fainted when she heard of the naked truth.

21. CLEVER IMPROMPTU.—Mr Dewar, a shopkeeper at Edinburgh, being in want of silver for a bank-note, went into the shop of a neighbour of the name of Mr Scott, whom he thus addressed :—

'I say Mr Scott,
Can you change me a note?'

Mr Scott's reply was :

'I'm not very sure,
But I'll see,

Then going into his back-room, he immediately returned and added :—

'Indeed, Mr Dewar,
It's out o' my pooer,
For my wife's awa wi' the key.'

22. CALCULATION.—At the sale of an antiquarian gentleman's effect's 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!'

23. 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—'How is this,' says he, '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 to let the servant have no 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 gentlemen 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 know that, you blockhead—but where are you going?' 'To heaven, sir.' 'How do you know that?' 'Because master is *praying*, and I'm *fasting*.

24. 'DID you do anything to resuscitate the body?' was recently asked of a witness at a coroner's inquest. 'Yes, sir, we searched the pockets!' was the reply.

25. THE PARROT IN THE PARLOUR.—It was very careless to leave the parrot in the parlour on Sunday evening, but she never thought anything about it until Monday morning, when he aroused the whole house by making a smacking noise and crying, 'Darling

Susie !' darling Susie !' He kept it up all day, too, and the old folks are much interested in the case.

26. 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!*

27. A PIOUS JOKE.—The Rev. Dr Alexander relates that there lived in Peebleshire 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! its an awfu' world this; a body canna say a thing in a *joke*, but it's ta'en in *earnest*.'

28. 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 him the bulk of his fortune. The old man was soon afterwards at 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, auld 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.'

29. 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 chickens, and considered it very hard to be stopped in his amusement.’

30. BEHIND TIME AT MURTHLY.—(*Scene*—Highland Railway. Murthly Station. Two Highlanders are waiting for the 11.44 A.M. from Dunkeld to Perth. D. is fifteen miles from P., and the train is timed to travel that distance in one hour and thirty-one minutes, but is usually half-an-hour late).

1st Highlander.—‘I didna wait in a longer train than this at any station never pefore.’

2nd Highlander.—‘Neither did I, too. We woult pe at Perth pefore now if we did remain no longer here than we are.’

3rd Highlander.—‘Put surely this will pe the longest station we’ll pe stoppit at until we get to Perth. We woult pe far sooner to wait for the next train.’

All (in conclusion).—‘No doubt at all. And if she’ll make as much progress in losing time when she pe left here, the next train pehind will pe in pefore her for certain.’

31. BARRY SULLIVAN, who was playing Othello, met with a reply as unanswerable as it was unexpected. His frequent allusions to the handkerchief, ‘Where is the handkerchief?’ suggested to one of the Hibernian ‘gods’ to answer, ‘Never moind yer han-kerchief, sorr ; blow yer nose anyhow, and get on wid the play.’

32. 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, 'Tommy, have you eaten the pear?' 'Yes, mother, all but the seed.'

33. A SAILOR having been at Africa, was, on his return waited on by some visiting ladies in the habit of calling on 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*.'

34. 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.'

35. EXPLICIT—QUITE—'YE NEEDNA FASH.'—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.'

36. SPEAKING OUT IN CHURCH.—A most amusing instance of *speaking out* in church occurred in the church of 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, 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

na 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 elemosynary 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.'

37. 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. 'Tip-pence,' 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!*'

38. 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 replyng—'*Tickle* her yoursel, Harry, my man, tickle her yoursel.'

39. A MAN OF METHOD.—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 the city divided 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 his by no means harmonious sounds, his Lordship one day gave his butler half-a-crown, and said to him, 'Give the fiddler my compliments, and ask him to come here 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.'

40. IT is said of a very respectable old historic parish in Connecticut that they starved their minister, and are now about to erect a splendid monument to his memory. He 'asked for bread and they gave him a stone.'

41. '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.

42. 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.'

43. 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 nothing about the mastication ava, if I can only chaw wi' them!'

44. '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 B. Tomlinson 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 Bumgardner. And so, if Shakespeare had been known as Samuel Dreep, 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.

45. ANSWERED.—The Rev. Joseph Nettleton recently addressed a meeting of scholars on missions in Fiji, and described one of the chiefs who had 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*."

46. 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?' '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*?'

47. 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.

48. 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; man its jist as guid as *new*.'

49. 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 it had the desired effect.

50. A WIDE GROP.—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 wiley 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 aloo *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.

51. 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.

52. IN those days—pre-Reform Bill days—when provosts and town councils were all-powerful, and by quietly pushing through an Act of Parliament, could do almost anything—in a burgh not far away from Edinburgh a proprietor wished to add a story or flat to his property. A near house-owner pretending some right of mutual gableship, to which he had none earthly, but being a cantankerous quarrelsome sort of fellow, applied for interdict. The provost called a meeting of council in the street at the property in question, and having examined it all, called 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.' 'Man, gae wa' hame and pray for sense to haud ye'r tongue, else we'll get an Act o' Parliament and tak ye'er property frae ye a' thegither.

53. 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 being obtained. This Aytoun was much *too shy* to ask, and he prevailed upon the young lady herself to ask for 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*.'

54. 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*.'

55. HOW HE FIXED THE HOUR.—An Irish brick-layer 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, yer honour,' was the reply. On being asked how he came to fix the hour so accurately, he answered—'Because, through a window I saw the people at their dinner as I was falling down.'

56. A CLERICAL ERROR.—A minister, taking a walk through his parish one day, came upon a woman seated at her door reading a book, which he at once concluded was a New Testament, but which was really Blind Harry's '*Wallace*.' Under the influence of his delusion, however, he accosted her in a complimentary strain on her supposed pious occupation, expressing his gratification at finding her so well employed, and said it was a book which no one would ever weary reading. 'Atweel, sir,' said she, 'I never weary o't, for I've read it through and through I dinna ken how often, an' I'm jist as fond o't as ever.' 'Oh, Janet,' said the enraptured minister, 'how glad I am to hear you say so; how happy I would be if all my parishioners were of the same mind, and of what benefit it would be to themselves! For oh, to think, Janet, what He did and suffered for us!' 'Ou, ay, sir,' answered Janet, 'an' aboon a', sir, to think how he soom'd through Carron water a cauld frosty morning wi' his braidsword in his mouth, sir!'

57. 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!'

58. TOWN CUNCILLORISM.—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

59. AN 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 impressment, 'Yes sir, yes sir, I am sure I have not been a single day *convalescent* these thirty year.'

60. ENTITLED.—A remark having been made by a very dear relative regarding the aliterative nature of the title of this most abstruse work, 'Risible Reading,' &c. &c., concluding with the wish, 'Success to the *five Rs.*' 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 *fevers*.

61. 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 the assault was being committed, that you cannot speak to it.' 'I was in bed ye'r 'annar. 'In bed; what were you doing in bed?' 'I was ill of an uncle—a sore disease, ye'r 'annar.' The clerk suggested a carbuncle. 'Troth right for you, it was.' 'Now, Paddy, a carbuncle,' says the judge. 'Yes, yes, ye'er 'annar.' 'Now we have it—a carbuncle—on your *oath*.' 'Not at all, my lord, on me *neck*.'

62. THEN AND NOW.—A determined opponent of a learned professor on a point upon which an enquiry was held by the church to which they both belonged, namely, the Divine inspiration of a certain portion of Scripture. We avoid giving names. The opponent is dead now, but ere he died he dreamt that he was dead, 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.'

63. 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. 'Man, 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.'

64. A SYLLABLE TOO FEW.—Coming up through Athole one lovely moonlight night, the Tay murmuring along at our side, we were proceeding homeward from hearing a stirring discourse by the great missionary, William 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 vived sermon being under discussion, and the poverty of retention certain minds evinced for such subjects, when a pious Highland woman exclaimed, in a tone we shall never forget—‘och hone, och hone! we easily forget what’s guid, och hone! but we’re puir SIGNIFICANT creaters!’

65. 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 and ready to start, some little time before four o’clock, went along to pick up Archie. Arriving at the stairfoot, he called for Archie to come away. ‘Man, 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.’

66. THE CLEAN POTATOE.—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 potatoe denominated ROCK, as the REGENT never could be called the CLEAN POTATOE.’

67. 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-quarter’s-of-a-mile or so, the farmer called in at a very neatly-kept cottage, and said to

the lady who dwelt there that he had lost the 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. 'Ah are no ashamed o' yer-sel' an her actually no buried yet.' She almost called him a blackguard, and showed him the door. He went on, 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 the farmer, who, with something approaching a smile, went to see what was wanted. With 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 allowed to pass by, she thought she would agree to the proposal he had done her the honour to make 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 a far rather haen you, I maun say ; but whan ye refused, didna I no speak to Maggie Macfarlane, and its a' settled ; but, o'd *I'll mind you the NEXT TIME.*'

68. 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 even as fit matter, all, for being witty upon, were sojourning at Inveraray—now become more celebrated than ever as the birth place of the husband of our popular Princess Louise. In the neighbourhood there is one considerable height called Dunaquich, up which our tourist's 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, 'Well, my good man,' condescendingly, 'you seem to be enjoying yourself.' 'Ou ay, awm looking about me here.' 'What do you see now from this elevated point?' 'Ou I see 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 farer 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 farer 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 countin' 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, however can you do that?' 'Fery easy indeed; you see, awm *ane*, an' you twa's *twa nothings*.'

69. FORTUNE TELLING.—In the days when hanging was meted out for almost every crime, and the culprits invariably made speeches which were hawked about as the last dying speech, and sold for a halfpenny, a boy who gave a deal of trouble to his teacher, and who was almost daily in mischief, was one day, no rare occurrence, called up for punishment, and told to hold out his hand; this he was long in doing, and when done, watched the descending 'taws' so accurately, and calculated the distance so nicely, that the hand, somehow, was always safe, and the stroke fell innocuous. At last the master in a rage exclaimed—'Oh! laddie, I'll get your last speech to buy for a ha'penny yet.'

70. A SCOTCH farmer said to his hind, 'Maan Jock yere a slow feeder.' 'Maybe, maister, but awm a real sure ane tho.'

71. ANOTHER—to his cowherd—'There's a flee amon' yere milk, Tam.' 'Is there, it may wyde oot, its no sae deep.' 'What, hae ye no anuich o' milk?' 'O milk; ou ay, milk anuich for a' my parritch.'

72. 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 athiestical 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 ALMIGHTY had made me a sheep, I would have taken to a place of shelter, not exposure.' When the shepherd very quietly and mildly made this excellent reply, 'If GOD ALMIGHTY had made you a sheep, sir, ye wad a haen mair sense.'

73. A YOUNG generous minister, newly placed among a fishing population, was being visited by his future father-in-law, who was a man of position, and 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, tho' not allowing that to be visible, and approached the beach rather 'gingerly' and circuitously; at last they reached and were within ear receipt 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, the LORD had some wise purpose to fulfil in making even a dog-fish.’ ‘Weel, minister, I’ll tell ye what it is, Aw wad a gein the LORD a pound-note in HIS loof if HE had never made nane but the first ane!’

74. 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 raise 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, ‘Damn that brush,’ when the Doctor rose into flame at once. ‘What, sir, do you dare—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.’

75. A DECENT woman in Aberdeen was in the habit of saying that all the income she had to live upon ‘was twa shillin’s and coal frae the prodigal board.’

76. THE Apostle Paul was said to be a cook when he went to fill-a-pie—Phillipi.

77. A MAN asking a *match* from a smart young waitress in a shop, was answered, ‘I micht gie a *spunk* aw daursay, but ye’er *match* wadna be easy fund.’

78. 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 LORD.' 'Ay weel, may be, but though I dinna like to think it o' you, I am doubtin' noo HE nicht hae ca'ad till HE was hears, if HE hadna gi'en ye' mair siller.'

79 DENTAL.—Another minister meeting one of his hearers, who was rather much addicted to 'taking a dram,' and pretty far gone at the particular moment, said, 'I see ye'er *veelin'* the day, Janet.' 'Weel sir, aw canna be aye *spinnin'*.' 'Ay, but that's no what I mean, and fine ye ken, too. Do ye ken where a' the drunkard's 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.'

80. 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 blandly repeated the words, 'sane mind;' then, if he thought him 'compos mentis,' with the same result — 'compos mentis,' 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 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 you.' 'Me! I wadna trusted him, for the last sax years, to *buy a calf!*'

81. 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 hundreth time, to put the horses—poor things—under a roof at least; but the hard-hearted laird would'nt 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 does'na *owe me a fardeu.*' 'The sun's *risin'* noo.' 'Time till him, tae—he has *farer* 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 thro' a small streamlet—he horses' 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; but was becoming drunkly cognisant of the fact—a somewhat unpleasant one too—that some-

thing 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 !*'

82. CHOICE OF HEAD GEAR.—Another night the laird was 'Pretty well, I thank you,' but 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 recovered, but not so the wig ; and, even when got, the laird put it on the *back* to the *front* 'Oh ! John, John, this '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.*'

83. REVENGE.—For all John's almost inexhaustible stock of good-nature, he sometimes, tho' 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 fine moonlight night they were coming along a road with deep embankments on each side ; it was early in the evening, when 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' a'll rin awa' tae that ferm for a shuffle.' 'Ay wull a', John.' John made off ; came back with the spade, cast his coat off, 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 speirins o' the brock.' 'Weel, John, it may be very queer if ye did, for its TEN YEARS sin' I saw'd gaun in.'

84. 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, the woman said—

‘Oo?’

The merchant replied, and they so alternated—

‘Oo.’

‘A’ oo?’

‘Ay, a’ oo.’

‘A’ ae oo?’

‘Ay, a’ ae oo.’

85. On Tintock tap

There is a cap,

An’ in that cap

There is a drap,

An’ thro’ that slap

Clim’ to the tap—

The very tap

O’ Tintock tap,

Lift up the cap,

Drink aff the drap,

An’ set the cap

On Tintock tap.

86. 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, but certainly 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 a little bitters aman’st it?’ ‘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, Mr Mitchell, thank ye’er honor; here’s your health, Mr Mitchell; now I’ll give you a *straighter tip*—never give *either* the *whisky* or the *bitters* till ye’ve got the *money*, Mr Mitchell,’ and with that sapient remark, vacated the premises.

87. IN a rather lonely locality in Dundee stood a public house in a private place. 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 wherever 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, ye’er sign’s fa’an.’

88. 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, and he had another weakness, he was something too long 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, and of which John was known to be particularly fond, he was asked to say grace, or ‘ask the blessing,’ as it was 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, its a’ done, they’ve eat it a’ up; maan ye should learn to *watch as weel as pray*.’

89. 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 high-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 cus-

tomers would inform him where they were to be had at that ; but the customer declined and left the shop. Two or three days afterwards his coachman was sent for the bottle of plums his master saw the other day, 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 ; its 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.'

90. THERE lived in Kilmarnock a good man that had a fault a good many good men have, he took a dram. One 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, how 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 hoor, or an hoor 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.*'

91. 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* wad do ; for, ye wed need a' to be *potted.*'

92. DURING the '*good old days*' there were the provost, a few officers—five or six—who did all the officer work—of guarding the town, summoning witnesses for courts, attending the same, &c. &c., and they were all of them pretty *wet*, and the wettest of all was precisely he who not only should have kept order

among them, but who, by his example, should have been above reproach. But as we have said, he was precisely the other way. Well, they had all been scolded, lectured, and hectorred on the subject of their glaring irregularities many a time and oft. One day it had reached such a pitch, that being all sent for in a body and severely reprimanded in good set terms. After the magistrate had ended, the principal officer very demurely, and with sufficient effrontery, turned on his fellows with true Falstaffian leer, said quite aloud—*'Weel, lads, ye see, noo, what YE'ER conduct's bringin' ye too.'*

93. ANOTHER two who were more the immediate attendants of the provost and magistrates, in more recent times, and who were more properly town officers, were very much addicted to indulgence in drink—habitual moonlight and sunlight drunkards—and who each had the peculiarly sensible foible of always seeing his neighbour's faults, and lecturing him accordingly, being blind to his own. The magistrates bore with them till they could bear no longer, tried dismissal, temporarily it is true, and all else, and it would not all do. They were honest enough and upright enough otherwise, but then this drink, drink, drinking. At last the magisterial mind was made up—one of the twain was sent for, and told it *would* NOT DO ANY longer, and that he must really *go now*. He bowed his head, self-convicted, and said nothing, and on going was told to send up his colleague. He went down stairs, and his neighbour, as bad, perhaps, even worse than himself, said, 'Weel, I ay tell'd ye it wed come to this, Jeems.' 'Aweel, Geordie, ye'll find its *a' up* wi' ye too—*a' up*; so gae up, ye're wanted upstairs.' Geordie went, and was duly dismissed also, and the singular thing is, that they both showed in their true colour afterwards, turning out sober decent men.

94. 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*.

95. 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 for Mr Arnot, and in his broken English asked, if he was 'ta the 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.*'

96. A wife was challenging her husband for smoking, among other arguments used 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' he is seventy noo, and no a bit the waur o't.' 'Aye, but,' the wife retorted, 'if yeer faither hedna smokit, he wed a' been eichty by this time.'

97. 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—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 David, officiated in the counties of Forfar and Kincardine. David 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 DDB pasted on it. The poor woman at once concluded that the cabbalistic characters must necessarily mean, 'David'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 'David's Doin' Brawly.' The poor woman went away consoled. On the next day, or the next again, 'David' *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 "David's Drunk in Bervie"—ay, fat ither.'

98. SQUARING THE ACCOUNT, OR MAKIN' UP FOR'D. —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 gratis glass of beer, called 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 explained many times—'Oh, I'll mak' it a' up—I'll mak' it a' up.' 'Go way, man, and never come back; how on earth can you ever make it up?' 'Easy that, easy that. Ye gie me a glass every Friday, I'll jist stop awa' as mony Fridays as there are tumblers skail'd, an' that'll mak' up for'd.'

99. A PERFECT skinflint, but who had accumulated a large tract of property, which seemed to be his hobby, he valued himself upon it, prided him-

self 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

100. '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 *invincible ignorance,*' was the reply.

101. '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 may be you wasn't, as you never have had *one at home.*'

102. AN 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!*'

103. 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.

104. 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 the statesman, when Mr Clay 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*.'

105. 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*.'

106. 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. Not many months ago, 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 her *quarter-million* TO-DAY, that's all!'

107. 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

Openheim, 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 Colonge.'

108. '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.

109. 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 its aye the same; so that's no doubt to shew unto us that, whether the Christian be gaun backward or forward—he's aye *gaun forrit*.'

110. TEMPORARY POPULARITY.—A young Probationer who was to preach one Sabbath evening for the above-mentioned Divine, while taking a walk along the bank of the river 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 a young servant of the LORD who miraculously escaped from a watery grave in the Tay, at the North Inch yesterday, will preach here this evening, at a quarter to 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. 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 preach.' After the service was finished the young gentleman wished to know

the cause of the large assemblage, and was *then* promptly informed. He immediately said 'If I had known that I wouldn't have preached.' 'I kent that,' said the elder aforesaid, 'and so took care to keep it quiet.'

111. HIS SATANIC MAJESTY.—We were relating the following to a friend, well up in such matters, who declared he had never heard it before, and so, for the benefit of all those in the same category, we give it here; that, 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.

112. 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.

113. 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*.'

114. ANOTHER 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*.'

115. PROOF OF HIGHMINDEDNESS.—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, take a sixpence *out* of any gentleman's pocket and *never return* it again.'

116. 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 mentioned 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 wad be the collector, d'ye think, noo, a *turkey* would do *ony guid*.'

117. 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*.'

118. 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 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.

119. THERE may be such a thing as love at first sight,' remarked a Detroit 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*.'

120. 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 am humble enough to shake hands even *with a dog.*'

121. MR D., 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 C., do you know what I think?' 'Why, indeed, what do you think, Mr D.?' '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.

122. A PRISONER 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.'

123. 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*—the bare *necessaries of life*, as it were.'

124. AN inquisitive chap stepped into a marble shop the other day, 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 way the marble from *around him*—that's all.'

125. I CLASPED her tiny hand in mine ; I clasped her beauteous form ; I vowed to shield her from the wind, and from the world's cold storm. She set her beauteous eyes on me ; the tears did wildly flow ; and with her little lips she said, ' Confound you, let me go !'

126. ' 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.'

127. 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.

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

129. A LITTLE Florida boy, says a religious paper, 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.

130. IT is said of Norbury that he would at any time rather lose a friend than a joke. On one occasion he 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, commuted the sentence into transportation for seven years.

131. Spurgeon says he has often thought, when hearing certain preachers of a high order speaking to the young, that they must have understood the Lord to say, ‘Feed my cameleopards,’ instead of ‘Feed my lambs;’ for nothing but giraffes could reach any spiritual food from the lofty rack on which they place it.

132. DR GUTHRIE spoke of a shipbuilder who paid him the greatest compliment by saying—‘During the preaching of most ministers, be they short or long, I generally contrive in my own mind to lay the keel and build the ship from stem to stern, but during your sermon I cannot lay a single plank.’

133. IN a cathedral, one day, after service, the bellows-blower 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 sily, ‘Shall it be *we* then?’

134. WIT IN THE GALLERY.—Soon after the accession of George III. an additional tax was laid on beer to the great discontent of the populace. His Majesty was one night attending the theatre, when a fellow in the upper gallery called to another to come and drink with him, as he had got a full pot. ‘What did you give for your full pot?’ inquired the invited person. ‘Threepence halfpenny.’ ‘Threepence halfpenny!’

Why, where did you send for it?' 'To George the Third.' 'You fool,' said the other, 'why did you not send to George the Second? you would have had it there for threepence.'

135. 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 mount 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.

136. 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.

137. 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.'

138. TAKING IT COOLLY.—The tranquility of the Scotch in the most extraordinary circumstances brings to mind, says Colman, in his *Random Records*, 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, Sandy, man, sic a fa' as I shall hae!'

139. A BITER BIT.—An ingenious down-easter, who has invented a new kind of 'Love-Letter Ink,' which 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 'indeed done *blank*' by a brother down-easter, who purchased a hundred boxes of the article, and gave him his note at 90 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*.

140. ANECDOTE OF LORD ELDON.—Lord Eldon asked a medical friend how many sons he had. The reply was, two—one very sharp and quick, the other slow but sure. 'What do you mean to make of them?' 'I purpose making a lawyer of the *sharp* one, and a doctor of the other.' 'Do no such thing,' rejoined his lordship, 'make the clever one the doctor, the other the lawyer — *I was never anything but a plodder all my life.*'

141. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS painted a portrait of Mrs Billington, the vocalist, representing her as St Cecilia—the eyes turned towards heaven *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 about Haydn's neck and kissed him.

142. TOASTING CLOTH.—A child having got a flan-

nel 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* ?'

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

144. KEEP 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 shall stick to him.'

145: 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.

146. 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*.'

147. 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'

148. A PUZZLER.—A commercial traveller, passing through Westonzoyland, near Bridgewater, seeing a sign over the door with this one word—AGORSQRDERE, he called to the woman to inquire what she sold, when she said she did not sell anything, but that '*Agues was cured here.*'

149. 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.*

150. I SAT by the window on a fine dewy evening. The stars shone out, and the moon flung her mild beams over the rocks that bounded my view. The birds had retired to rest—the wakeful frogs made music in the neighbouring marsh, and the fire-flies bespangled the darkness—I looked out on the charming scene—I raised my eyes to the milky-way, and recollected that I *had not a clean shirt for Sunday.*

151. 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.*'

152. 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 Cobbet, 'had much better hope to see the day when every peasant will be able to *eat* bacon.'

153. 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?*’

154. REAL DANGER.—A physician, being sent for by a maker of universal species, grand salutariums, &c., 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.*’

155. A FELLOW went to the parish priest, and told him, with a long face, 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.*’

156. RATHER SUSPICIOUS.—During the late session at N—, 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.*’

157. 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 Claverse (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 world 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 *Claverse* deaving us wi' his *knocks*.'

158. 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.'

159. EVE'S PROPER NAME.—Peter, we decline giving his other name, as relatives might be displeased, so, to keep all *smooth*, 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.' 'Oh, yes, sir, yes sir—first man, sir; Mr Condie is 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?' 'Oh, yes, sir, yes; Mrs Adam, sir. Mrs Adam, sir; nae doot o' that.'

160. THE SEA, THE SEA!—Jebbie Paton, a well-known Perth half-witling, who spoke through his nose, was once found as a 'stowaway' 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 way back to wherever that may be.' 'Very weel,' says Jebbie, 'stop the boat, and I'll *wyde oot*; its very *wavy*, at any rate.'

161. 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.'

162. PERTH AGAIN.—Another half-witted creature, called Willie Greig, was in the habit of looking in almost, if not always, daily, for Mr John Young, fishmonger, 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, but,' says Willie, 'what about *yon*, John—*what about YON!*'

163. 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.

164. 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.'

165. A BOTHERED DARKEY.—A Vicksburgh negro applied to a citizen the other day, for a little advice, asking:—'Mr 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, Mr Thompson. No, he can't do it, and I'se made up my mind dat he can't have de money unless he gives me *his note of hand?*'

166. MUCH DUTCH HOSPITALITY.—An Irish sol_

dier, who came over with General Moore, being asked if he met with much *hospitality* in Holland? 'O yes,' replied he, 'too much; I was in the *hospital* almost all the time I was there.'

167. 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*.'

168. 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*.'

169. 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*.'

170. REBUKE.—When Bishop Alymer observed his congregation inattentive, he used to read some verses out of the Hebrew Bible, at which the people naturally stared with astonishment. He then addressed them on the folly of greedily listening to what concerned them not, while they were inattentive to matters in which their best interests were deeply involved.

171. WHAT is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet he and Eve gave two to each of his children?—Parents.

172. 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.

173. A NEW SECT.—'Sir,' said a blustering man to one of small size, 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*.'

174. AN Irish lady wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money. She added, by way of post-script, '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.'

175. 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*?'

176. KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.—While a worthy individual, of the march of intellect school, was 'laying down the law' the other day to a knot of acquaintances on one of the streets of Cupar, he caught the eye of a carter hard by, who had been vainly endeavouring to raise a sack of potatoes upon his cart, and who, on the instant, thus appealed to the man of knowledge—'Come awa, Mr ———; knowledge is *power*, ye ken, *gie us a lift on wi' this poke o' taties!*'

177. FRANK CONFESSION.—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*.'

178. 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.'

179. AN Irish sergeant enlisted a recruit, who, on inspection, 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*.'

180. A GENTLEMAN, having appointed to meet his 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; 'is your master's son at home?' '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 to be received so *coolly*.

181. THE late ever-deeply lamented Prince-Consort used to tell with high glee an 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.'

182. 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*.'

183. 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*.'

184. A GENTLEMAN, just married, telling Foote he had that morning laid out three thousand pounds in jewels for his *dear wife*. 'She is truly a *dear wife*, indeed,' replied the wit.

185. ASSURANCE.—One of the drollest instances of Yankee borrowing we have ever heard of is told by Mrs Moodie, in her new work, entitled, *Roughing in the Bush; or, Life in Canada*. 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!*'

186. 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 his finger, 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.’

187. 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 her son, 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 “*ST MARGARET’S HOPE*.”’

188. 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 named *Tees*. A short time ago, one of his children was being led by the hand by the brother-in-law of Mr *Tees*, the child’s uncle, when the remark was made, ‘Oh! this is a sample of *Tees* from *Kettle*.’

189. 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.

190. AN ESCAPE MORE THAN PROVIDENTIAL.—A servant woman in Bridgend of Perth, went down with a pair of wooden stoups to the river, 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 had been drooned outright if it hadna juist been *Providence* an' ANITHER WOMAN.'

191. ENGLISH tourist, going ashore in ferry-boat at Portree, standing on seat and rocking. Highlander—'Sit toun, or she'll fa oot and be trooned.' Dugald giving boat a sly roll, English tourist falls overboard. Being caught by the hair of the head, it comes to Dugald, being a wig; next he was caught by the breast—here his dicky gives way. Dugald swears and cries, 'let her go, for she is made up of rags altogether; she'll gang a' in bits—let her awa.'

192. SIR WALTER SCOTT ON BURNS.—On passing

the Burns' Head Inn we are reminded of a good story. The sign is a portrait of the poet, said to be an excellent likeness. At any rate, Mr Morrit, uncle of the present owner of Rokeby, thought so, and once, when he had walked over there from Rokeby with Sir Walter Scott, he pointed it out to him, and praised it as a highly successful bit of portraiture. 'How long has it been there?' asked Sir Walter. 'Two or three years,' was the answer. 'Then,' said Sir Walter, 'in *face* it may be like, but not otherwise; for, take my word for it, puir Robbie would not have stayed so long *outside a public hoose.*'

193. THE HYENA.—'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 comes to his assistance—a sad instance of the depravity of *human nature.*

194. 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.

195. THE NEGRO AND HIS LETTER.—A coloured man lately went to the post-office, and putting his nose close to up to the delivery box, cried out—'Louder!' The clerk, supposing the negro to be deaf, and that he was making a request for him to speak louder, so that he could hear, asked him in a very loud tone the name of the person for whom he wanted the letter. 'Louder!' cried the negro. 'What *name?*' yelled the clerk. 'Louder!' again bawled the negro, who now supposed the clerk to be deaf. The clerk took a long breath, and with all his might again bellowed out in the negro's face the same

question—‘*What name?*’ This was done in so loud a tone, that the echo seemed to return from the far-off hills. The negro started back in alarm, shouting to the very top of his big lungs—‘Louder, sir, LOUDER ! I told you, *Louder!* my name is nothing else !’ ‘Oh, ah ! oh, oh, oh !’ your name is Louder, eh ? Didn’t think of that ; here’s your letter.’

196. 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 his own?*’

197. A HIGHLANDER was once asked what he would wish to have if some kind divinity would give him the three things he liked best. For the first he said he should ask for ‘A Loch Lomond o’ gude whisky !’ ‘And what for the second?’ inquired his friend. ‘A Ben Lomond o’ gude sneeshin !’ replied Donald. ‘And what for the third?’ He hesitated a long time at this ; but at last, after his face had assumed many contortive expressions of thought, he answered, ‘Ou, just ANITHER Loch Lomond o’ gude whisky !’

198. AT a parochial examination the 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 *fykiness* i' mind ; an' what mair can me or ony other body say about it.'

199. 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, though not an unusual date ; and the merchant, having casually remarked that the bill had a great many days 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.'

200. '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.

201. 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 rubbed out?'

202. A CASE OF DISTRESS.—A poor Yankee, on being asked the nature of his distress, replied, 'that he had five *outs* and one *in*, viz., *out* of money and *out* of clothes ; *out* at the heels and *out* at the toes ; *out* of credit and *in* debt.'

203. A GENTLEMAN sent a lad with a letter to the Baltimore post-office, and money to pay the postage. When he returned, he said, 'I guess I did the thing slick ; I see'd a good many folks putting letters into the post-office through a hole, so I watched my chance, and got mine in for nothing.'

204. BOOKKEEPING 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.’

205. 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, dinna 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 weel as you.

206. 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*, was quietly answered that it was quite true there were no *chairs*, but that the plentifulness of *forms* was very apparent.

207. 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, i

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 iss kept at *Bowmore*.' [Pleasant glances.]

208. THE PULPIT AND THE GALLERY.—An American preacher holding forth to a somewhat weary congregation, 'lifted up his eyes' and beheld a little 'Pickles' in 'the gallery *pelting the people below with chesnuts*. The minister was about to administer, *ex cathedra*, a sharp and stinging rebuke for this flagrant act of impiety and disrespect, but the youth, anticipating, bawled out at the top of his voice, 'You mind your *preaching*, and I'll keep the *folks awake*.' The scene that ensued may be left to the imagination.

209. HIGHLAND Laird (to servant)—'You should ha' come for the cow yesterday, Archie.' 'Hooch aye, sir, but I was come the day, too, to get ma wages forbye, and kill a bird *twice wi wan stone* whatever.'

210. PERTHSHIRE.—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, "Its 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; a'e 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.*'

211. A WIFE'S FORETHOUGHT.—A minister who was regularly robbed of his handkerchief Sunday after Sunday, his wife was 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* hard of hearing to occupy a seat at the steps up to the pulpit erection, who was the abstractor of the napkins. So the good careful wife stitched the handkerchief into the pocket. So away went the reverend gentleman, and 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, even, as if he were abetting her in the crime, 'It'll no do the day, Janet—*she's shoo'd it in.*'

212. 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 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, &c., &c., 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 paralysed, 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 discomfiture of the company, which, besides the minister's family, included a stranger.

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

214. 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.

215. 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.'

216. 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 four years, who the other day, was suffering from 'a drow.' His ever-watchful mother unhesitatingly prescribed, and at once prepared, 'a good dose o' senna,' as the only cure. The laddie had probabaly been previously introduced to this homely potion, and perhaps it was from experience that he had come to regard it as '*terrible coorse*.' At anyrate he was now inclined, with Macbeth, to 'throw physic to the dogs,' who seem to 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 'tes'ment' at once; and by way of giving him a start, inquired who, for instance, would get his 'siller.' 'Oh,' replied the young testator promptly, 'My fadder'll get a' my bawbees; Jock 'ill get my hat; I'll take my knife and my new kilt wi' me, an' the scholars 'ill get my 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!*'

217. A BED OF FLOWERS.—Once, in South Queensferry, during the residence of the 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, at which he took a most hearty laugh.

218. 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.

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

220. THE WORTH OF HIS MONEY.—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, 1s. 6d. or 2s. 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 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 though the laugh was on the wrong side of his face, he found it was of no use. So at last he said, 'All 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, 'Well, I am sure I would be very glad; only he gave me a sovereign to come and do it to you.'

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

222. WELL KNOWN.—The Laird 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' BUDDY *kens me here*.' The same critic met the laird with the same hat, in a town about 30 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 every-ready laird; 'but, NAEBODY *kens me here*.'

223. CLEANLINESS—THE LAUNDRESS ABROAD.—Comparing notes with some friends as to the frequency of the changes of his linen, the laird was asked how often he put on a clean shirt. 'Ance a week,' says he bravely, '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 *dirty beast*,' said the laird.

224. 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. After church, the party arrived 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 commercial man 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—looked up and said, 'Ay, the Apostle Paul, *wha did he trayvel for?*'

225. 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 and a burning *star*. When he, at length, sat down, a witty supporter of the other candidate immediately answered, if he were a star, then he must have been a *fallen one*.

226. WITHOUT A CONSCIENCE.—In our green youth, when George the IVth was king, we were admiring the pocket knives in the glass case of a very *dear* friend, when asking the price, we were told 4s. 6d. ! ; we made the exclamation, ‘*You’ve a conscience,*’ our friend made the immediate but unintentional answer,—‘*No, I have not.*’

227. 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 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 the 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 !*’

228. ANOTHER case where there *might* be an *intention* to be *witty* at all events. 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.' 'Aye,' said he, 'what's *its* name.'

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

230. 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.

231. 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.'

232. 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 *right* sum made up.

233. 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 friend, *can* I get *out* by the west gate? The sentinel, disposing of the question in a literal sense, replied, ‘I do not know, sir; but a *cart-load of hay* got *in* through it this afternoon!’

234. 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 brute? *He disna belong to your congregation!*’

235. CURIOUS NOTICE.—The following curious notice recently 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.’

236. 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 bad* 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.

237. WHEN the Duke of Portland was Viceroy of Ireland, Sir John Hamilton attended one of his grace's levees. 'This is timely rain,' said the Duke, 'it will bring everything *above ground*.' 'I hope not, my Lord,' replied Sir John, 'for I have three wives *under it*.'

238. CHILD'S SONG.—'Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me.' The small maiden sang thusly to the goat.

239. IF THEY'LL ONLY DECIDE.—The late Mr Menzies, banker, Dunkeld, a gentlemen 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 Pidochy, 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*.'

240. A FAIR RETURN.—Two merchants in a small way in ironmongery, the one at one end of the 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 saying to his lowland friend, 'You seem to be doing well, hoo much you shairge upon the goots you sell? of profit you know.' 'Ou! I'm no very greedy, I juist charge *five* per cent.' 'Ay! ay!' said the highlander, 'I see noo; no

wonder you are making money, that's fery great profit ; an' I only shairge *one* per cent ; no more, too, whatever.' 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 shairges *twa* for't, so that's *one per cent.*, is't no !'

241. 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 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 ne-veer come back again* at all.'

242. 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 !'

243. 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, said, Vegetables, eggs, butter, bread, and *canned salmon!*

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

245. REFORMING THE GOSPEL.—At a soiree the Rev. Mr Gilfillan took occasion to mention the then forthcoming visit of Messrs. Moody & Sankey, to which, to the sorrow of some of his sincere 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 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.*

246. SYMPATHY PROPERLY APPORTIONED.—At another soiree held in Kinnaird Hall, Dundee, Mr Gilfillan was speaking, and indulged in a few reminiscences,—who were on that platform when he *first* stood there, until he came to one minister’s name who, at the moment, was getting, as the phrase is, a ‘helper and successor’ appointed to him, and in this connection told an anecdote of Sir David Baird, who had not been yet Sir David, 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 Sir David’s mother, not the indignity alone, but the awful amount of irksomeness and annoyance, and, in short, that from his heart he pitied Mrs Baird’s son very much. The old lady at once made answer—‘Noo, that’s no the way I look at it ava, indeed, its’ the other way, for I juist pity the man *that’s chained to oor Dawvit!*’

247. *Apropos* of the 'laddie' who desired to make his tes'ment, if not also of the present-day controversy, it would be well worth the while of someone to study the *rough* but *genuine* 'humours' of our rural population. 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 broad cloth. With an amusedgr in on his countenance, Mains exclaims, 'Od, Tam, that plaid o' your's 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*.' "

248. A DEFEATED GOURMAND.—Pope, the actor, was once the victim of an unfeeling jest; he was a callous ill-conditioned eater, and we have no sympathy for him. A cruel friend—doubtless one who had, at some former period, suffered from the actor's blunt coarseness—invited him to dinner. 'You'll have to pardon our fare,' apologised the sly rascal, 'for we have only a small turbot and a boiled aitchbone of beef.' 'Why, it's the very thing I like!' cried Pope, referring particularly to the aitchbone. 'I will come my son, with all the pleasure in life.' He kept his word; he came and he ate—ate till his veins swelled and his form grew more round—ate till eating was no longer possible. At a signal a bell was rung, and in came a smoking haunch of venison. The defeated gourmand saw the trick; cast a look of plaintive reproach upon his friend, trifled for a moment with a slice, dropped in despair the useless weapons, and burst into uncontrollable tears. 'A friend of twenty years standing,' he sobbed, 'and to be deceived in this manner.'

249. HERO WORSHIP.—Washington 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.’

250. 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*.’

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

252. 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.

253. COMPREHENSIVE 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.’

254. 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 the *other eye*, sir?'

255. 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 of the wife why John was so seldom at church now? 'Oh, indeed, minister,' 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 yersel' sae sweetly.'

256. 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*.

257. 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.

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

259. ALL hairpins look alike to *men*, but let a wife go off on a visit for a month, and come home and find a strange hairpin on the floor, and it wont be a minute till she gets red in the face.

260. 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 about this stashun.’ ‘Sir?’ said the lady. ‘I’m sayin’ thir a verra taiglesome core here-awa’, said the farmer ; ‘yespecially 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, an’ gif ye dinna understan’ the ane, yur shure to understan’ the ither.’

261. LANDMARKS.—A tourist in the Highlands asked the coachman if there were no *mile stones* in the county—‘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 inteet—weel, I’m glad o’ that, for there is a tram, and a tram o’ ferry goot whuskey, too.’

262. THE WAY OF WELL-DOING—A nondescript cooper went to Perth from Auchterarder, and having sold all his stock of luggies, bowls, &c., 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—aye, even a’ their days, and doin’ guid a’ the time—very guid place Perth.’

263. ‘THE FLESH-POTS.’—The Parson—‘I’m very sorry to hear, Mrs Brown, that you were present at a “Plymouth Brethren’s” tea-meeting. I have often told

you that their doctrines are highly erroneous !' Mrs Brown—'Erron'ous, sir, *their doctrines* may be ; but *their cake with Sultany raisins* is excellent !'

264. SLEEPERS—NOT RAILWAY ONES.—Before he was doctor the late Rev. Dr 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 bye-road, the Mail stopped, and a gentleman came to the window of the coach to assist the lady out, and in this gentleman—*Mr Macleod then*—saw a clergyman, with whom even so large-hearted a man as himself had had a rather serious tiff, and when he saw that the clergyman didn't seem inclined to recognise or be recognised, Mr Macleod said, at the same-time assisting the lady—evidently the minister's wife—'Well, ma'am, good bye ; when will you and I have the pleasure of *sleeping together again.*'

265. FORBES MACKENZIE.—During the time the Established Assembly was held in St Andrews' 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 Mr Macleod had a bottle, 'No,' said that gentleman, '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 anything be said say it was me,' explaining at same time who he was. Mr Cameron felt a *little* annoyed, not much, and bore it with as good a grace as he could. Mr Macleod concluding, in leaving the shop, by jauntily adding, in his usual witty 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.'

266. 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 himsell—that is metaphysics!'

267. A FACT.—To see half-a-dozen uncles, two or three brothers, and a maiden aunt of seventy holding consultation to devise ways and means to prevent a young girl from marrying the young man she loves, is just about as ridiculous as to see an *intoxicated* man attempting to *catch* his own *shadow*.

268. THE LEOPARD.—'This 'ere hanimal, my little dears,' observed the keeper of a menagerie to a school, '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 vos disproved in modern times by obserwin' that he verry frequently slept in one spot, and next night changed to another!'

269. SONGS FOR ALL SEASONS.—The *New York Reveille* gives a few airs suitable to the occasions: -

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 Mo (u) rning.’ When you hear a
 party of young bucks wrenching off your door-knocker
 in the small hours of the morning—‘Lo! hear the
 gentle (genteel) Lark.’ When your husband asks
 after that money you spent on trimmings for your
 Bloomer chapeau—‘It’s all round my Hat!’

270. DODGING.—‘Sir,’ said Feelove, the lawyer, to
 an unwilling witness, ‘sir, do you say upon your oath,
 that Blimpkins is a dishonest man?’—‘I didn’t say he
 was ever accused of being an honest man, did I?’ re-
 plied Pipkins. ‘Does the Court understand you to
 say, Mr Pipkins, 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 Blimpkins is a
 rogue, a villain, and a thief?’ ‘You say so,’ was Pip’s
 reply. ‘Haven’t *you* said so?’ ‘Why, *you’ve* said it,
 said Pipkins, ‘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 Blimpkins stole
 things?’ ‘No, sir,’ was the cautious reply of Pipkins,
 ‘I never said Blimpkins 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 ad-
 journed.

271. PORTER.—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!*’

272. A TITLE.—Dicken's, in *Bleak House*, aptly designates pawnbrokers' duplicates as 'turnpike tickets on the road to poverty.'

273. QUIET SHAVE.—A barbar, 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.

274. DR TAYLOR.—This gentleman 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.*'

275. 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.

276. AN INVITATION.—'Will you dine with me tomorrow, Mr ——?' 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!*'

277. AN old woman was praising, in rather enthusiastic terms, the sermons of a Scotch minister, who had acquired a great name 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 you understand him?' 'Understand him!' ejaculated Jenny, holding up her hands in astonishment at the question, 'me *understand* him! Wad I hae the *presumption?*'

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

279. 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 wort. 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 hav', ven I peeped under te leetle box, te hen vas SITTIN' *standin'.*'

280. A FARCE.—A gentleman tells a good story of one of his domestics. Having employed 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 !'

281. 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* !'

282. 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.'

283. 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* !'

284. 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.'

285. PROFANE SWEARING.—The most amusing man in the world is a Frenchman in a passion. ‘By gar, you call my wife a voman three several times once more, an I will call de vatch house, and blow your brains like a candle, by dam !’

286. USED UP.—A reverand 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*.’

287. CHURCHES.—The other day a gentleman entered an 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*.’

288. THE CREAM OF THE JOKE.—What a charmingly *naive* 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 !’

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

290. THE BANK TO BE DRAWN UPON.—Hotel-keepers are sometimes, not so often, tho', 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 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.*

291 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)—'Aye, 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.*'

292. BLIND FOU.—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 seen him the waur o't.' 'But did you never see him drunk?' 'That's what I'll never see,' replied the other, 'for long before he's half sloakened, I'm aye *blind fou.*'

293. 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 farther 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 slyly said, as she pocketed the two shining pieces, 'Gin ye like, sir, ye may *kiss my dochter too.*'

294. MR IMLACH, late minister of Muirhouse, near Dundee, was remarkable for his absence of mind. In his prayer one day he said, 'O, Lord! 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.'

295. THE Honourable Thomas Erskine was one evening taken suddenly ill at Lady Payne's. On her expressing a hope that his indisposition might not be serious, he answered her in the following impromptu—

‘Tis true I am ill, but need not complain,
For he never knew *pleasure* who never knew *Payne*.’

296. 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 go that play themselves on the Sabbath-day?’ ‘Ay, sir,’ says the boy, ‘they gang to the Laigh Green!’

297. HUGO ARNOT.—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!’

298.—ONE asked his friend why he choose so *little* a wife? ‘Why,’ said he, ‘I thought you had known that of all evils we should choose the *least*.’

299. A PRINTER, observing two baillifs pursuing an ingenious but distressed author, remarked, ‘That it was a new edition of “The Pursuits of Knowledge,” *unbound*, but *hot-pressed*.’

300. SOMEBODY once 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.

301. 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*.'

302. 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.'

303. 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.'

304. 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 !'

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

306. 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 hunch-back* my eyes ever beheld.'

307. DEAN COWPER, of Durham, who was very economical of his wine, decanting one day on the extraordinary performance of a man who was blind, he remarked that the poor fellow could see no more than 'that bottle.' 'I do not wander at it at all, sir,' replied Mr Drake, a minor canon, 'for *we* have seen no more than "*that* bottle," all the afternoon.'

308. 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.'

309. 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.'

310. A LAD delivering milk was asked what made it so warm. 'I don't know,' replied he, with much simplicity, 'unless they put in warm water, instead of cold.'

311. 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!'

312. 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.*'

313. *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 'ed, but the *hair hof* the *hatmosphere.*'

314. '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.'

315. 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.

316. AN affectionate Irishman once enlisted in the 75th regiment, in order to be near his brother, who was a corporal in the 76th.

317. 'WHAT is the feminine of *Hero* ?' asked a pedagogue of a young hopeful. '*Shero* !' was the prompt answer, which took the dominie all aback.

318. THEODORE HOOK was walking, in the 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.

319. 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.

320. 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.*'

321. IT is related that a lady asked Louis Napoleon whether he would publish a decree putting down smoking. Louis Napoleon, 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 want shall be instantly published.'

322. A GENTLEMAN, having a remarkable long visage, overheard one lad observe to another, 'That gentleman's face is longer than his life.' Struck with the observation, he requested an explanation 'Sir,' said the boy, 'I read at school that a man's life is but a span, and I am sure your face is double that length.'

323. 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.'

324. A GENT. 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.*'

326. WHAT THE SHOEMAKER KILLED HIS WIFE WITH.—The following curious compound of letters, in which the sentence, '*Reform alone can save us now*', beginning at the letter R in the centre, may be traced in 484 different ways:—

wonsuevasnacansaveusnow
 onsuevasnacecansoveusno
 nsuevasnacencansaveusn
 suevasnacenonecansaveus
 nevasnacenolonecansaveu
 evasnacenolalonecansave
 vasnacenolamalonecansav
 asnacenolamrmalonecansa
 snacenolanrornalonecans
 nacenolamroformalonecan
 acenolamrofefermaloneca
 cenolamrofeReformalonec
 acsnolamrofeformaloneca
 nacenolamroformalonecan
 snacenolamromalonecansa
 asnacenolamrmalonecansa
 vasnacenolamalonecansav
 evasnacenolalonecansave
 uevasnacenolonecansaveu
 suevasnacenonecansaveus
 nsuevasnacencansaveusn
 onsuevasnacecansaveusno
 wonsuevasnacansaveusnow

327. F for figs, and
 I for iggs, and
 N for Nicol Bandy,
 I for the precenter's wife, and
 S for sugar candy.

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
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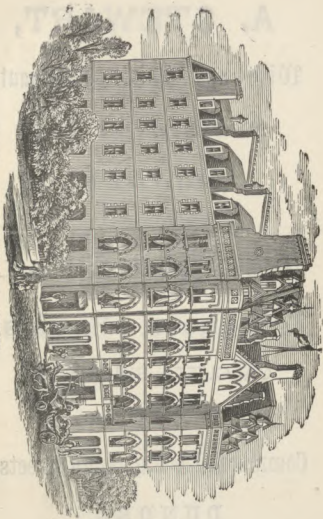
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