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FACETIÆ FOR FREETHINKERS :

A COLLECTION OF GENUINE JOKES, SPECIMENS OF FANCIFUL PHILOSOPHY, & MATTER FOR MIRTH.

WHEN Dante was at the court of Signore della Scala, then sovereign of Verona, that prince said to him one day, "I wonder, Signor Dante, that a man so learned as you are should be hated by all my court, and that this fool (pointing to his buffoon who stood by him) should be beloved." Highly piqued at this comparison, Dante replied, "Your excellency would wonder less, if you considered that we like those best who most resemble ourselves."

A lady, very fond of her husband, notwithstanding his ugliness of person, once said to Rogers, the poet, "What do you think? My husband has laid out fifty guineas for a baboon on purpose to please me." "The dear little man," replied Rogers, "it's just like him."

It is said that the late Chief Baron Thompson was a very facetious companion over the bottle, which he much enjoyed. At one of the judges' dinners during the assizes, there was present a certain dignitary of the Church. When the cloth was removed, the reverend guest said, "I always think, my lord, that a certain quantity of wine does a man no harm after dinner." "Oh, no, by no means," replied the Chief Baron, "it's the *uncertain* quantity that does all the mischief."

The wit of Dr. Samuel Johnson resembled the fun of a bull, who would toss a man merely as a sort of practical joke. A rather sentimental young man, one day, plaintively remarked to the great lexicographer:—"Shakspeare was indeed right when he said, 'All the world's a stage;' but he forgot to add that a farce was being played on that stage." "Sir," replied Dr. Johnson, "life is a tragedy, and you, sir, are a supernumerary."

Sheridan was once talking to a friend about the Prince Regent, who took great credit to himself for various public measures, as if they had been directed by his political skill, or foreseen by his political sagacity. "But," said Sheridan, "what his Royal Highness more particularly prides himself in is the late excellent harvest."

A would-be agreeable, taking his seat between Madame de Stael and the reigning beauty of the day, said, "How happy I am to be thus seated between a wit and a beauty!" Yes," replied Madame de Stael, "and without possessing either."

A stupid author went one morning to the house of Rulhieres, in order to read two tales of his own composition. After having heard the first, and before the author could take the second sheet out of his pocket, Rulhieres said to him, "I like the other best."

"Does your officiating clergyman preach the Gospel, and is his own conversation and carriage consistent therewith?" was a circular from a bishop to the churchwarden of his diocese. A vestryman near, replied, "He preaches the Gospel, but does not keep a carriage."

Cardinal Richelieu used to boast that he could extract matter to send any man to a dungeon out of four or five ordinary words. One of his attendants immediately wrote upon a card, "*One and two make three.*" "Three make only one," exclaimed the Cardinal. "It is blasphemy against our Holy Trinity; to the Bastille with him."

Sir James Mackintosh invited Dr. Parr to take a drive in his gig. The horse became restive. "Gently, Jimmy," said the doctor, "don't irritate him; always soothe your horse, Jimmy. You'll do better without me; let me down, Jimmy." Once on *terra firma*, the doctor's view of the case was changed. "Now Jimmy," said he, "touch him up. Never let a horse get the better of you. Touch him up, conquer him, don't spare him—I'll walk back."

"We must be unanimous," observed Hancock, on the occasion of signing the Declaration of American Independence, "there must be no pulling different ways." "Yes," observed Franklin, "we must all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

In the midst of a stormy discussion, a gentleman rose to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hand majestically he began—"Gentlemen, all I want is common sense." "Exactly," interrupted Jerrold, "that is precisely what you do want."

Baron Rothschild once complained to Lord Brougham of the hardship of not being allowed to take his seat in Parliament. "You know," said he, "I was the choice of the people." To which the ex-Chancellor, with his usual causticity, replied, "So was Barabbas."

A confirmed toper was bothered how to honour his birthday. A brilliant idea struck him. He kept sober.

A rather profane churchgoer one day asked his clergyman what was the meaning of the passage in the Psalms, "He clothed himself with cursing as with a garment." "The meaning," replied the clergyman, "is plain enough; I think that the man, like you, had a habit of swearing."

A Quaker giving his evidence before a magistrate, who had been a carpenter, was asked why he would not take off his hat. "It is a privilege," said he, "that we, as Quakers, are allowed." "If I had it in my power," said the angry magistrate, "I would have your hat nailed to your head." "I thought," returned Obadiah, "thou hadst given over the trade of driving nails."

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady one day, during a conversation about the old saints and the Apostles. "Ah!" said she, "he was a good, clever old soul, I know, for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

A schoolmaster, after giving one of his scholars a sound drubbing for speaking bad grammar, sent him to the other end of the room to inform another boy that he wished to speak to him, and at the same time promising to repeat the dose if he spoke to him ungrammatically. The youngster, quite satisfied with what he had got, determined to be exact, and thus addressed his fellow pupil:—"There is a common substantive, of the masculine gender, singular number, nominative case, and in an angry mood, that sits perched upon the eminence at the other side of the room, wishes to articulate a few sentences to you in the present tense."

"Well, uncle, do you see any particular difference in neighbour Pearce since he joined the Church?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "a great difference. Before when he went out into his garden on Sunday, he carried his garden tools on his shoulder, now he carries them under his overcoat."

A story is current that Mr. Thomas Carlyle refused the Edinburgh University degree of LL.D., on the ground that he had a brother a Dr. Carlyle (an M.D., and known in literature as a translator of "Dante,") and that if the two Dr. Carlyles should appear at Paradise, mistakes might arise.

A French preacher was once descending from the pulpit with great eloquence on the beauties of creation. "Whatever," said he, "comes from the hands of Nature is complete; she forms everything perfect." One of his congregation, very much deformed, and having a large hump, went up to him at the close of his discourse, and asked, "What think ye of me, holy father?—am I perfect?" To which the preacher replied, very coolly, "Yes, for a hump-backed man, quite perfect."

Curran was asked one day what an Irish gentleman, just arrived in England, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue. "I suppose," replied Curran, "he is trying to catch the English accent."

Talleyrand was worried for his autograph, and to one of his persecutors he thus wrote:—"Will you oblige me with your company to dinner on Wednesday next, at eight o'clock? I have invited a number of exceedingly clever persons, and do not like to be the only fool among them."

Lord Chesterfield, in the latter part of his life, called upon Mrs. Ann Pitt, the sister of the great minister of that name, and complained of his bad health, and his inability to exert his mind, "I fear," said he, "that I am growing an old woman." "I am glad of it, my lord," replied the lady. "I was afraid you were growing an old man, which you know is much worse."

Poor Milton, when blind, married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. "I am no judge of colours," replied Milton, "but I dare say you are right, for I feel the thorns daily."

It was once ruled in an action for libel brought by a clergyman against a pamphleteer, that to call a lawyer a fool was actionable, because one could not be a fool without being a bad lawyer; but that the same term applied to a clergyman was not actionable, since a man might be a fool and yet a very good parson.

In a speech at Manchester, Lord Stanley said: "There is a story of an admirably-conducted man in gaol, who, by extra work, managed to lay by a respectable sum, which was duly paid him on his release, and which he immediately proceeded to invest in a first-rate set of house-breakers' tools."

The method most in repute among our forefathers for killing time was to kill each other; and we are getting to be exceedingly like our forefathers.

A partisan paper says, "It is a mistake that the (opposite) party plays upon a harp of a thousand strings. The organ of that party is a lyre."

A Persian merchant, complaining heavily of some unjust sentence, was told by the judge to go to the *cadi*. "But the *cadi* is your uncle," urged the plaintiff. "Then you can go to the grand vizier"—"But his secretary is your cousin"—"Then you may go to the sultan"—"But his favourite sultana is your niece"—"Well, then, go to the devil!"—"Ah, that is a still closer family connection!" said the merchant, as he left the court in despair.

"Now then, when are we going to have a settlement of this account?" exclaimed an irascible creditor to an imperturbable debtor. "We have had a settlement," was the reply. "When—where—how?" began the creditor. "Didn't I come to see you about it last month?" asked the debtor. "Yes." "And I meant to settle it then, didn't I?" "Well—yes, I believe so." "Very well, then, wasn't that a settle meant?"

A teacher at a national school recently asked a boy which was the highest dignitary of the church. After looking up and down, north, east, south, and west, the boy innocently replied, "The weather-cock."

Some of the fences alongside of the Naugatuck Railroad are covered with the query, "Where shall I spend eternity?" A Waterbury wag remarks that no one who has been obliged to travel from Bridgeport to Winsted can ever have any trouble in answering the conundrum.

A student who was declaiming vigorously—and, as he doubtlessly believed, eloquently—on the "Language of Man," burst forth with "The indispensable contributions of the inferior members of the animal kingdom to our noble language, and——" but here his tutor stopped him, and satirically requested an explanation of the "indispensable contributions" referred to. Whereupon the student, without being at all abashed, at once replied, "They may be found, sir, in such words as *dog-matism, cat-ecbism, cro-nology, pus-illanimous, duc-tility, hen-pecked, ox-ygen, cow-slip, pig-ment, as-teroid, and rat-ification.*"

A Master in Chancery, a very wealthy man, was on his death-bed. Some occasion of great urgency occurred, in which it was necessary to make an affidavit, and the attorney, missing one or two other Masters whom he inquired after, ventured to ask if this one would be able to receive the deposition. The proposal seemed to give him momentary strength; his clerk was sent for, and the oath taken in due form. The Master was lifted up in his bed, and with difficulty subscribed the paper: as he sank down again, he made a signal to his clerk—"Wallace."—"Sir?"—"Your ear—lower—lower. Have you got the half-crown?" He expired before the morning.

The celebrated Bubb Doddington was very lethargic. Falling asleep one day after dinner with Sir Richard Temple and Lord Cobham, the general reproached Doddington with his drowsiness. Doddington denied having been asleep, and to prove that he had not, offered to repeat all that Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do so. Doddington repeated a story, and Lord Cobham owned he had been telling it. "And yet," said Doddington, "I did not hear a word of it; but I went to sleep because I knew that about this time of the day you would tell that story."

Dr. Clarke was a man of genuine piety, but much opposed to the noisy zeal that seeketh "to be known of men." A young divine, who was much given to enthusiastic cant, one day said to him, "Do you suppose you have any real religion?"—"None to speak of," was the reply."

"Pray," inquired one minister of another, "seeing so many ladies attend your church, why do you invariably address your congregation as 'dear brethren?'"—"Oh, the answer is easily given," he replied; "the brethren embrace the sisters."

A gentleman who was rescued from drowning in the river Cam declared that the accident would be an advantage to him hereafter, as he should be able to say that he had been brought up at Cambridge.

A lawyer was once witnessing the representation of "Macbeth," and on the Witch replying to the Thane's inquiry, that they were doing a "deed without a name," catching the sound of the words, he started up, exclaiming, to the astonishment of the audience, "A deed without a name! Why it's void; it's not worth sixpence."

When does a man sit down to a melancholy dessert? When he sits down to wine and pine.

Sydney Smith said that a certain person was so fond of contradiction, that he would throw up the window in the middle of the night, and contradict the watchman who was calling the hour.

"Why, John," said a minister to a tipsy man who couldn't get along on his way home, "where do you suppose you will go when you come to die?"—"Well," said John, "if I can't go any better than I can now, I shan't go anywhere."

In New Zealand a chief with ten wives was told that he could not be baptized unless he confined himself to one. At the end of about two months he repaired to the nearest missionary, and stated that he had got rid of nine. "What have you done with them?" was the natural interrogatory. "I have eaten them," was the ready reply.

"He has 'honest man' written in his face," said a friend to the late Douglas Jerrold, speaking of a person in whom Jerrold's faith was not great. "Humph," replied Jerrold, "then the pen must have been a very bad one."

A reprobate was once asked, when dying, if he had lived an upright and creditable life. "Well, no, not exactly," said he; "but, then, I must say I've had a good time."

If the hours get weary in America there is a fund of amusement in studying the odd characters the passengers are made up of, from the old lady who is travelling alone, and who is "sure the engineers drink, and that the boilers are going to bust," to the emigrant who has left his fatherland for a home in the New World. We made lots of acquaintance, but one old gentleman rather got the "dead wood" on us. Wishing to open a conversation with him, in an artless and unaffected manner we asked him: "Who he thought wrote Junius?" He looked at us a moment. "Young man," said he, "I do not think it was *you*, but it was probably some other fool." We did not make *his* acquaintance.

A would-be prophet down South lately said, in one of his sermons, that "he was sent to redeem the world and all things." Whereupon one of his audience pulled out a Confederate note, and asked him to fork over the specie for it.

Herod's wife is said to have been like a Fenian organisation, because she had a *head sent her* (head centre).

A little boy, some six years old, was using his slate and pencil on the Sabbath, when his father, who was a clergyman, entered and said, "My son, I prefer that you should not use your slate on the Lord's-day." "I'm making meeting houses, father," was the prompt reply.

A drunkard upon hearing that the earth was round, said that accounted for his rolling about so much.

Why are bankrupts more to be pitied than idiots?—Because bankrupts are broken, while idiots are only cracked.

Dr. Lockhart, when he left the rectory of Inchinnan, left a number of his sermons and other documents in an attic room of the manse, intending to remove them subsequent to his return from a continental tour. He had occasion to communicate with Dr. Gillan, his successor, and in the course of his letter he expressed a hope that the manuscripts were safe and free from damp. Dr. Gillan replied that "all the papers were quite dry, especially the sermons."

A clergyman told a negro he should love his enemies. "Me do love 'em." "What enemies do you love most?" "Rum and cider, massa."

A German minister was walking in procession at the head of his parishioners over cultivated fields in order to procure a blessing upon the crops. When he came to one of unpromising appearance, he would pass on, saying, "Here prayers and singing will avail nothing; this must have manure."

A gentleman entered one of the leading music shops some time since, and stated his wishes in this wise: "Have you Solomon's song? I want to get a copy." "No," said the salesman, not being able to recollect at the moment any lithographed sheet with that title. "No, I am afraid not." "Ah!" said the inquirer, drawing on his kid, "perhaps it isn't out yet. Our rector spoke of it last Sunday as a production of great genius and beauty, and I want my daughter to learn it."

One of the wickedest and most successful hoaxes perpetrated on the first of April was the work of a lady in Philadelphia. She sent up to the pulpit in a Methodist church a notice purporting to announce a meeting in aid of another church. A number of names of prominent clergymen were mentioned as to take part in the exercises. The preacher read the manuscript to his large congregation without hesitation until he came to a passage that a certain layman would *sing a comic song*, when he became confused, suddenly remembered the day, and abruptly sat down.

A celebrated dignitary of the Church once preached a charity sermon remarkable for its pith and point, as well as for its brevity. He took for his text, "He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and commenced and concluded his discourse by adding, "Let those who like the security down with the dust."

A Yankee thus winds up a notice to correspondents:—"In conclusion, fustly, we would sa tu moste writers: Write often and publish seldum. Secundly, to sum writers: Write seldum and publish seldumer."

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

Phrenologists allow that the organ of drunkenness is a barrel-organ.

The Bishop of Carlisle—who thinks that every boy and girl should learn to repeat the Thirty-nine Articles as well as the Catechism—asked a youthful scholar if he had read the Thirty-nine Articles. "No," said the boy, "but I have read the *Forty Thieves*." "You may stand down, sir," said the Bishop.

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

What is the difference between the Hebrew idea of a slave and the modern notion of a wash-hand stand? The former is stated to be a "hewer of wood and a drawer of water," while the latter is a "drawer of wood and a ewer of water."

A pious old lady was asked why she named her dog "Moreover?" "Why," said she, putting on her spectacles to find the place in her Bible, "it is a Bible name. Here—'Moreover the dog came and licked his sores.'"

The following sally of wit took place one day at Dr. Whately's dinner table, between him and the present Bishop of Cork, shortly after the consecration of the latter:—"My Lord of *Cork*," said Archbishop Whately, "you *stop* the bottle." "If I do," replied John of Cork, "I ought to be *screwed*."

Facetiae for Freethinkers.

A clergyman, being deposed from his ministry for holding certain heretical opinions, said "*it should cost a hundred men their lives.*" This alarming speech being reported, he was taken before a magistrate and examined, when he explained himself by saying, that "*he intended to practise physic.*"

The man who first introduced the fanning mill into Scotland was denounced as an Atheist; he was getting up gales of wind when Providence willed a calm.

A Naples evening paper contained the following lines in large type:—"The arrests of Bourbons and clergymen continue with praiseworthy energy."

The following appeared in a New York paper:—"To Schoolmasters.—To be sold a thrashing machine, in good working order; has birch, cane, and strap barrels; warranted to whip a school of fifty boys in twenty minutes, distinguishing their offences into literary, moral, and impertinent. Only parted with because the owner has flogged all his school away, and his sons are too big to beat."

The celebrated Malherbe dined one day with the Archbishop of Rouen, and fell asleep soon after the meal. The prelate, a sorry preacher, was about to deliver a sermon, and awakened Malherbe, inviting him to be an auditor. "Ah! thank you," said Malherbe, "pray excuse me; I can sleep very well without that."

A gentleman, wishing to discover the religion of an Irish guide, inquired, "Paddy, what's your belief?" To which Paddy replied, "Wisha, then, your honour, but I'm of my landlady's belief." "What's that, Paddy?" "Sure, and I'll tell you: I owe her five half-years' rent, and she believes that I'll never pay her, and that's my belief, too."

A pleasant anecdote is told of Dr. Franklin. The town of Franklin was named after him. While in France, a gentleman of Boston wrote to him of the fact, and added that as the town was building a meeting-house, perhaps he would give a bell. Franklin wrote the characteristic reply, that he presumed the good people of Franklin preferred sense to sound, and therefore he would give them a town library.

A PUNNING SERMON IN THE REIGN OF JAMES I.—This dial shows that we must die all; nevertheless, all (pronounced *ail*) houses are turned into ale houses; our cares into cates; our paradise into a pair o' dice; matrimony into a matter o' money; and marriage into a merry age. Our divines have become dry vines. But ah, no, it was not so in the days of No-ab. Ah, no!

WONDERS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—The construction of the English language must appear most formidable to a foreigner. One of them, looking at a picture of a number of vessels, said, "See, what a flock of ships!" He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep was called a flock. And it was added, for his guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, a bevy of wolves a pack, a pack of thieves a gang, a gang of angels a host, a host of porpoises a shoal, a shoal of buffaloes a herd, a herd of children a troop, a troop of partridges a covey, a covey of beauties a galaxy, a galaxy of ruffians a horde, a horde of rubbish a heap, a heap of oxen a drove, a drove of blackguards a mob, a mob of whales a school, a school of worshippers a congregation, a congregation of engineers a corps, a corps of robbers a band, a band of locusts a swarm, and a swarm of people a crowd.

ICHTHYOLOGICAL.

"The Lord Chancellor has conferred the vacant living of St. Margaret Pattens on our excellent sub-editor, the Rev. J. L. Fish, M.A., of Exeter College."—*John Bull.*

A wise appointment. Long in sacred togs
 May this good priest read vespers and read matins;
 But though we've often seen a sole in clogs,
 We never saw before a Fish in Pattens.

A FEW CORRELATIVE THOUGHTS.

There is a bankruptcy even in the natural world. The day breaks and the light fails.

Are jury-masts regulated by the law of storms?

Are you wedded to your own opinions? Then never court inquiry.

Did you ever meet with a "maiden sword?" How well one would match with a single stick!

There is an old book called *The Praise of Folly*. Authors, actors, and artists, who are suffering from the effects of too much literary pastry in the shape of puffs, might compile an instructive work, and name it *The Folly of Praise*.

A gin-sling does not suit a broken arm.

It may be easy to cook accounts, but it is a very hard matter to digest them.

The Orange River has its correlative, Lake Leman.

How odd, yet how appropriate it would be to go to a tournament in a tilt-cart!

Some people like to argue in a vicious circle; we prefer to talk in a virtuous square.

If you jump at conclusions, you may take a leap in the dark.

It is quite possible to have a brown study in a green room.

What corresponds to an archdeacon? A cunning priest.

RULES FOR THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

Don't eat much more than your stomach will hold.

Keep your temper. Temper your keep.

If business compels you to go out before breakfast, have some breakfast first!

Beware of the ices of summer and the snows of winter.

Use tooth-powder instead of gunpowder.

Neither sleep in hot rooms, nor eat mushrooms.

Don't let your physique go to the dogs.

Rise early, before you are twenty-five, if possible.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD PROVERB.

If late a man's in, and late out of bed,

He'll get thin, short of tin, and thick in the head.

PRICE ONE PENNY.