

BON-MOTS

OF THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY



GROTESQUES
BY ALICE
WOODWARD



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Jerrold. W. ed.

AUTHOR

Bon-mots of the
19th century

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NINETEENTH CENTURY.




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Samuel Rogers.



BOZ-MOTS

of the
**Nineteenth
Century**

edited by
Walter Jerrold

with Grotesques by
Alice B Woodward

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Humour has justly been regarded as the finest perfection of poetic genius. He who wants it, be his other gifts what they may, has only half a mind; an eye for what is above him, not for what is about him or below him.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

Wit's bright rockets with their trains of fire.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Let us then laugh heartily at all humorous things, smile at all witty things, and be content to find something wholesome and profitable even in a jest.—SERJEANT COX.

The promptness to laugh is an excellent progenitorial foundation for the wit to come in a people.—GEORGE MEREDITH.





INTRODUCTION.

IN the preface to "Bon-Mots of the Eighteenth Century" I quoted a number of more or less contradictory authorities to discover what it was that the last century writers meant by wit. The word certainly had a wider signification in the days of Addison, of Pope, of Johnson, for it not only meant what it means to-day, but it was frequently, perhaps most often, used of cleverness. Generally a man of ability was referred to as a man of wit, whereas to-day we should accord the title almost, if not entirely, to those who either on paper or in conversation seasoned their remarks with the *je-ne-sais-quoi* of wit. And yet we are now but little nearer a clear definition of the word. If we turn to the dictionary we do not get very much assistance; we find that the word may be used as synonymous with mind, understanding, intellect, judgment, sense, sagacity, etc. We then find it means "a man of genius"! and at length come to the following attempt in the direction we desire: "The faculty of associating ideas in a new and unexpected manner" or "the associa-

tion of ideas in a manner natural, but unusual and striking, so as to produce surprise joined with pleasure." And the dictionary describes it, too, as "the faculty of associating ideas in a new and ingenious, and at the same time natural and pleasing way, exhibited in apt language and felicitous combination of words and thoughts, by which unexpected resemblances between things apparently unlike are vividly set before the mind, so as to produce a shock of pleasant surprise." This is a fairly good description, though the surprise occasioned need by no means be invariably pleasant.

Another point which has given rise to a good deal of amusing and more or less unsatisfactory discussion, is as to the distinction between wit and humour. The discussion would, it appears, of necessity be doomed to failure, for, after all, there is, surely, no real dividing line. Many of Sydney Smith's *bon-mots* are marked by flashing wit, many by fresh rollicking humour, and many others by a mixture of both of these qualities; it is, for example, difficult to decide whether wit or humour predominates in the following remark of the facetious Canon's: "It is a great proof of shyness to crumble your bread at dinner. I do it when I sit by the Bishop of London, and with both hands when I sit by the Archbishop." If the tendency has been to narrow the term wit, no such narrowing process has taken place with the word humour.

Indeed, writers on the subject probably give a wider signification to the word than does the average reader. Humour, despite its deeper meaning to Thackeray and others, is no doubt confused in the minds of many persons with fun and farce. In conversation (whether spoken or written) humour may be likened to the sunshine irradiating all, while wit is more akin to the lightning flash—brilliant in its cause, and maybe, blasting in its effect. The following passages will show some nineteenth century attempts at defining this elusive quality. The date given after each name is that of the author's death.

JAMES BEATTIE (1803): That unexpected discovery of resemblance between ideas supposed dissimilar, which is called wit, and that comic exhibition of singular characters, sentiments, and imagery, which is denominated humour. . . . Men laugh at puns; the wisest and wittiest of our species have laughed at them; Queen Elizabeth, Cicero, and Shakespeare laughed at them; clowns and children laugh at them; and most men, at one time or other, are inclined to do the same:—but in this sort of low wit, is it an opposition of meanness and dignity that entertains us? Is it not rather a mixture of sameness and diversity,—sameness in the sound, and diversity in the signification?

SYDNEY SMITH (1845): Now this notion of wit,—that it consists in putting those ideas together with quickness and variety wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, in order to excite pleasure in the mind,—is a little too comprehensive, for it comprehends both eloquence and poetry. In the first place we must exclude the idea of their being put together *quickly*, as this part of the definition applies only to *colloquial* wit. . . . The fact is, that the combinations of ideas in which there is resemblance and congruity, will as often produce the sublime and the beautiful, as well as the witty;—a circumstance to which Mr Locke does not appear to have attended in the very short and cursory notice he has taken of wit. Addison's papers in the *Spectator* on this subject are more dedicated to the establishment of a good *taste* in wit, than to an analysis of its nature. He adds to this definition, by way of explanation, that it must be such a resemblance as excites delight and surprise in the reader; but this still leaves the account of wit as it found it, without discriminating the witty from the sublime and the beautiful, for many sublime and beautiful passages in poetry entirely correspond with this definition of wit. . . . It is plain that wit concerns itself with the relations which subsist between our ideas: and the first observation which occurs to any man turning his attention to this subject is that it

cannot, of course, concern itself with *all* the relations which subsist between all our ideas ; for then every proposition would be witty ;—The rain wets me through,—Butter is spread upon bread,—would be propositions replete with mirth ; and the moment the mind observed the plastic and diffusible nature of butter and the excellence of bread as of substratum, it would become enchanted with this flash of facetiousness. Therefore, the first limit to be affixed to that observation of relations, which produces the feeling of wit, is, that they must be relations which excite *surprise*. If you tell me that all men must die, I am very little struck with what you say, because it is not an assertion very remarkable for its novelty ; but if you were to say that man was like a time-glass,—that both must run out and both must render up their dust, I should listen to you with more attention, because I should feel something like surprise at the sudden relation you had struck out between two such apparently dissimilar ideas as a man and a time-glass. . . . I think I have some colour for saying, that wit is produced by those relations between ideas which excite surprise, and surprise only. Observe, I am only defining the *causes* of a certain feeling in the mind called wit ;—I can no more define the feeling itself, than I can define the flavour of venison. We all seem to partake of one and the other, with a very great degree of satis-

faction ; but why each feeling *is* what it is, and nothing else, I am sure I cannot pretend to determine.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1859): While wit is a purely intellectual thing, into every act of the humorous mind there is an influx of the moral nature ; rays, direct or refracted, from the will and the affections, from the disposition and the temperament, enter into all humour ; and thence it is that humour is of a diffusive quality, pervading an entire course of thought ; while wit—because it has no existence apart from certain logical relations of thought which are definitely assignable, and can be counted even—is always punctually concentrated within the circle of a few words.

LEIGH HUNT (1859): Wit is the *polypus* power of the mind, by which a distinct life and meaning is imparted to the different parts of a sentence after they are severed from each other ; or it is the prism dividing the simplicity and candour of our ideas into a parcel of motley and variegated hues ; or, it is the mirror broken into pieces, each fragment of which reflects a new light from surrounding objects : or it is the untwisting the chain of our ideas, whereby each link is made to hook on more readily to others than when they were all bound together by habit, and with a view to a *set* purpose.

EDWARD WILLIAM COX (1879): The pun is, indeed, one of the shapes which wit and humour take, and I should question the wit or the humour of any man who could not either make a pun himself, or relish it when made by others. I mean, of course, a true pun, having a contrast of ideas, and not a mere senseless play upon sound and letters. . . . Wit never lies in a single idea ; it grows out of the relationship of two or more ideas. A single word conveying a single thought is never witty, although it may surprise or please. But what is the relationship that must exist between the ideas in order to constitute wit? That is the problem to be solved. Some say it must be an unexpected relationship, or rather the unexpected discovery of it, for that surprise is a necessary ingredient. But if surprise is necessary to wit, there may be surprise without the slightest approach to it ; for instance, many of the finest passages in our poetry surprise by apt similes and unexpected beauties, yet there is not the least wit in them. These passages are beautiful or sublime—not witty ; and indeed, the two are never found together. Where all is beauty and sublimity there is no wit. Thus, by a sort of exhaustive process, we have reached this point—that wit is a relationship of two or more ideas by which surprise is awakened. If any other feeling is more powerful than surprise wit does not exist.

THOMAS CARLYLE (1881): Humour is properly the exponent of low things; that which first renders them poetical to the mind. The man of humour sees common life, even mean life under the new light of sportfulness and love. . . . Wit he (Schiller) had, such wit as keen intellectual insight can give; yet even of this no large endowment. Perhaps he was too honest, too sincere, for the exercise of wit; too intent on the deeper relations of things to note their more transient collisions. Besides, he dealt in Affirmation, and not in Negation; in which last it has been said, the material of wit chiefly lies.

The CENTURY DICTIONARY (1891): In more recent use wit in the singular generally implies comic wit; in that sense it is different from humour. One principal difference is that wit always lies in some form of words, while humour may be expressed by manner,—as a smile, a grinace, an attitude.

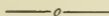
Four noted wits of the nineteenth century—Sydney Smith, Charles Lamb, Douglas Jerrold and Theodore Hook—will be found barely represented in the following pages, as their *bon-mots* have been collected in the earlier volumes of this series.

W. J.

BON-MOTS OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY.



BON-MOTS
OF
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.



GILBERT À BECKETT said once: "It seems that anything likely to have an *annual increase* is liable to be tithed. Could not Lord S., by virtue of this liability, contrive to get rid of a part of his stupidity."



WHEN the Duke of Wellington was unpopular he had all the windows in Apsley House broken by the mob.

"It is strange," said À Beckett, "that the Duke will not renounce his political errors, seeing that *no pains have been spared* to convince him of them."



A LUXURIOUS citizen enquired of Abernethy, "Pray, doctor, what is the cure for gout?"

"Live upon sixpence a day, and *earn it!*" was the prompt reply.



THIS celebrated doctor much disliked full descriptions of their complaints from his patients, and when a lady who was consulting him insisted on enlarging upon her symptoms, saying, "Whenever I lift my arm it pains me exceedingly."

"Why then, ma'am," said the unsympathetic medico, "you are a great fool for *doing so.*"



A VERBOSE patient, ill of a complaint of many years' standing, having applied to the famous doctor for advice, began telling him the whole history of her health when he interrupted her, asking how long her story would take to tell. The answer was, about twenty minutes.

Abernethy at once asked her to proceed, and added that he had to see a patient in the next street, and he hoped she would try to *finish* by the time he *returned*.



WHEN certain bubble schemes were flourishing (more or less) in the early part of the century, Abernethy met some friends who had risked large sums in what ultimately proved to be a fraudulent speculation; they told him that they were about to partake of a banquet, the expenses of which were to be defrayed by the company.

"If I am not very much deceived," commented the doctor, "you will have nothing but *bubble and squeak* in a short time."



ABERNETHY'S manners were by no means marked by that *suaviter in modo* which is taken as a sign of *fortiter in re*, and on one occasion when the Duke of York consulted him the doctor is said to have stood in front of the Royal patient with his hands in his pockets, whistling coolly and waiting to be addressed.

"I suppose you know who I am?" asked the astonished Duke.

"Suppose I do: what of that? If your

Highness of York wishes to be well you must do as the Duke of Wellington often did in his campaigns, *cut off the supplies*, and the enemy will quickly leave the citadel."



WHEN a woman called upon Abernethy in great trouble because her son had swallowed a coin, he asked—

"Pray, madam, was it a counterfeit?"

"No, sir, certainly not."

"Then it will pass of course," responded the witty physician.



SIR JAMES SCARLETT, Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, once received a hard hit from an old barrister, Adolphus. Provoked by something

which counsel had said, the judge who was not apparently greatly interested in the case, suddenly exclaimed—

"Mr Adolphus, we are not at the Old Bailey."

"No," was the retort, "for there the judge presides and not the counsel."

A LEARNED counsel in the Exchequer having slipped into a false quantity spoke of a *nulle prosēqui*.

“Consider, sir,” said Baron Alderson, “that this is the last day of term, and don’t make things *unnecessarily long*.”



WHEN a barrister was addressing the Court of Exchequer in an insurance dispute, he was interrupted by Baron Alderson, who observed—

“Mr Martin, do you think any office would insure your life? Remember yours is a *brief* existence.”



THE oath was being administered on the swearing in of a jury when one of the men asked the Clerk of the Court to “speak up.”

“Stop,” said Baron Alderson, “are you deaf?”

“Yes, of one ear.”

“Then you may leave the box, for it is necessary that jurymen should hear *both sides*.”

BARON ALDERSON neatly censured an unskilful counsel by remarking "Mr —, you seem to think that the art of cross-examination is to examine crossly."



A BACHELOR who had beautifully fitted up his rooms, was somewhat noted for his want of hospitality, and on showing his place to Alvanley, the latter promptly said—

"H'm! well I should like a little less gilding and more carving."



LORD ALVANLEY spoke of a rich friend who had become poor, as a man who "muddled away his fortune in paying his tradesmen's bills!"



THIS nobleman returning from fighting a duel, gave a guinea to the hackney coachman who had driven him to and from the scene of combat. Surprised at the sum the driver said—

“My lord, I only took you to——”

“My friend,” interrupted Alvanley, “the guinea is not for taking me there, but for *bringing me back.*”



AT a fête at Hatfield House *tableaux vivants* were among the chief amusements. Scenes from *Ivanhoe* were among the selections, but Lady Salisbury was unable to find a guest who would pose as Isaac of York. At length she begged Lord Alvanley “to make the set complete by doing the Jew.”

“Anything within my power your ladyship may command,” replied Alvanley, “but, though no man in England has tried oftener, I never could *do a Jew* in my life.”



WALKING one Sunday morning up St James's Street, Lord Alvanley saw a hearse standing at the door of a gambling “hell.” Going up to the mutes, he took off his hat and said with a polite bow,

“Is the devil really dead, gentlemen?”

ONE of Lord Alvanley's witticisms gave rise to the belief that Solomon, the Jew money-lender, caused the downfall and disappearance of Beau Brummell. On some friends remarking that had the Beau remained in London something might have been done for him by his old associates, Alvanley answered—

“He has done quite right to be off; it was Solomon's judgment.”



SIR LUMLEY SKEFFINGTON'S spectacle of *The Sleeping Beauty*, produced at great expense on the stage, having reappeared after some years' seclusion, Alvanley on being asked by a friend to name a smart-looking individual whom they met, said—

“It is a second edition of *The Sleeping Beauty*, bound in calf, richly gilt and illustrated by many cuts.”



A GAY man named Judge, imprisoned in the King's Bench, was said to be the first instance of a judge reaching the *bench* without having been called to the bar.

“Well,” answered Alvanley, “many a bad judge has been taken from the bench and placed at the bar.”

WHEN Alvanley was proceeding to the appointed rendezvous to take part in a duel, the friend who accompanied him said :

“Let what will come of it, Alvanley, the world is extremely indebted to you for calling out this fellow as you have done.”

“The world indebted to me, my dear fellow ! I am devilishly glad to hear it, for then the world and I are quits.”



SAYS Samuel Rogers :—Monk Lewis was a great favourite at Oatlands (the Duke of York’s residence). One day after the dinner, as the Duchess was leaving the room, she whispered something into Lewis’s ears. He was much affected, his eyes filling with tears. We asked what was the matter.

“Oh,” replied Lewis, “the Duchess spoke so *very* kindly to me !”

“My dear fellow,” said Colonel Armstrong, “pray don’t cry, I daresay she didn’t mean it.”



WHEN Lady Ashburton was seriously ill and her medical attendant made known her disease, she met a friend, saying, "You see I have been crying; but tears must be good for—for—for the dropsy."



"IN talking of my own compositions," says Thomas Moore, "I mentioned the tendency I had sometimes to run into consecutive fifths, and adding sometime after that Bishop was the person who now revised my music, Lord Auckland said 'Other Bishops take care of the tithes but he looks after the fifths.'"



AN anecdote of Dr Barnes, who is now about ninety-five years of age (says Thomas Moore) rather amused me. Being sometimes inclined to sleep a little during the sermon a friend who was with him in his pew one Sunday lately, having joked with him on his having nodded now and then, Barnes insisted he had been awake all the time.

"Well then," said his friend, "can you tell me what the sermon was about?" "Yes, I can," he answered, "it was about half an hour too long."

BARRINGTON, a noted pickpocket, is responsible for the following famous couplet, which concluded a prologue he wrote for a farce acted at Botany Bay—

“ True patriots we, for be it understood, _
We *left* our country for our country's good.”



REDMOND BARRY in criticising a fellow-actor admitted that he had shone in a certain character—

“ Yes, he played that part pretty well ; *he hadn't time to study it!*”



A MAN who had travelled much in America was telling long rhodomontade stories about the natives, at a small dinner party at Lord Barrymore's when the host, with a sly wink at the company, asked—

“ Did you ever meet any of the Chick-chows, Sir Arthur ?”

“ Oh, several ; a very cruel race.”

“ The Cherry-chows ?”

“ Oh, very much among them : they were particularly kind to our men.”

“ And pray, did you know anything of the Totteroddy-bow-wows ?”

This however was too much, and the poor traveller became aware that he was being quizzed.

SYDNEY BLANCHARD once rather disconcerted a number of the chief contributors to *Punch*. The occasion was a discussion, across the walnuts and the wine, of "known wants" in the world of books. As though suddenly struck with the happiest of happy thoughts he exclaimed he would go home forthwith and start—a COMIC *Punch*!



THE then President of the French Republic having asked Lady Blessington how long she purposed remaining in France, she coolly enquired—
"And you?"



ONE of Bishop Blomfield's best *bon-mots* was uttered during his last illness. He inquired what had been the subjects of his two Arch-deacon's charges, and was told that one was on the art of making sermons and the other on churchyards.

"Oh, I see," said the Bishop, "composition and de-composition!"

WHEN standing in 1837 (as plain Mr Disraeli) for Marylebone, the Earl of Beaconsfield was asked by one of the electors "on what he stood?"

"On my head!" was the ready reply.



A FRIEND of Bishop Blomfield's interceded with him on behalf of a clergyman who was constantly in debt, but was a man of talents and an eloquent preacher; "In fact, my lord, he is quite a St Paul."

"Yes," replied the Bishop drily, "*in prisons oft.*"



WHEN, at the consecration of a church, where the choral parts of the service had been a failure the incumbent asked the Bishop what he thought of the music, he replied, "Well, at least it was according to Scriptural precedent—*the singers went before, the minstrels followed after.*"

THE Bishop's definition of an archdeacon has become classic. "An archdeacon," said he, "is an ecclesiastical officer, who performs archidiaconal functions."

BOOTH, the eminent tragedian, had a broken nose, referring to which a familiar friend said, "I like your acting, Mr Booth; but, to be frank with you—*I can't get over your nose!*"

"No wonder, madam," said he, "the bridge is gone!"



WHEN Lord Bowen became a member of the House of Lords a friend said to him, "You need do nothing but assent to the judgments of your colleagues."

"In that case," said Bowen, "I had better take the title of Concurry."



SOMEONE having mentioned a work entitled, "A Defence of the Church of England, by a Beneficed Clergyman," Bowen suggested, "In other words, a defence of the Thirty-Nine Articles by a *bonâ-fide* holder for value."



A JURIST was neatly defined by the witty judge as "a person who knows a little about the laws of every country except his own."

WHEN Bowen was in America with Lord Houghton he was invited to a grand party at Richmond. The Governor of Virginia, formerly a Confederate-General, who had been wounded in battle, apologised for retiring early because he had a ball in his back. Bowen promptly and amusingly remarked that such an *arrière pensée* was a sufficient excuse.



A PUBLISHER who was supposed to drive hard bargains with authors, built a church at his own expense.

“Oh,” said Lord Bowen, “the old story. ‘*Sanguis martyrum semen ecclesiæ.*’”



WHEN the Prince of Wales’s little dog at Homburg would not follow his master’s heel, Bowen silyly remarked that it was the only thing there that did not run after his Royal Highness.



THE following conundrum dates from Bowen’s Oxford period:—“Why is a certain famous cricketer rightly called a good bat? Because a bat is a little creature which goes in very early in the morning and does not come out till very late in the evening.”

SIR JOHN BOWRING during a theological conversation is said to have summed up his objections to the marriage service used by the Church of England as follows:—"Look at it; 'with this ring I thee wed'—that's sorcery; 'with my body I thee worship'—that's idolatry; and 'with all my worldly goods I thee endow'—that's a lie!"



JOHN BRIGHT was once walking with one of his sons—then a schoolboy—past the Guard's monument in Waterloo Place. The boy caught sight of the single word inscribed upon it, "Crimea," and asked his father what it signified.

The statesman's answer was as brief as the inscription, but it was emphatic, "a crime."



LORD ELDON having resigned the Great Seal, a barrister lamented this, saying—

"To me his loss is irreparable. Lord Eldon always behaved to me like *a father*."

"Yes," quietly remarked Brougham, "I understand he always treated you like *a child*."



OF a popular preacher Lord Brougham said his style was so inflated that one of his sermons would fill a balloon.

THE Duke of Gloucester, conversing with Brougham on the burning topic of Reform, grew so warm in the argument that he observed hastily that the Chancellor was *very near a fool*.



Brougham readily replied that he could not think of contradicting the Duke, and declared that he fully saw the force of his Royal Highness's *position*.

BROUGHAM and Pollock were bitter rivals as counsel. In a lead mine case the latter, who was for the proprietors of the mine, complained of the encroachments which Brougham's clients had made upon the property, which he represented as of great value. Brougham said that the estimate which his learned friend formed of the property was vastly exaggerated, but that it was no wonder that a person who found it so easy to get gold for his lead should appreciate that heavy metal so highly.



ON another occasion Pollock laid down a point of law in a dogmatic fashion. "Mr Pollock," said Brougham, with delicious sarcasm, "perhaps, before you rule the point, you will suffer his Lordship to submit a few observations on it to your consideration."



A FRIEND of Lord Brougham's wishing to have his portrait taken, asked the statesman who would be the best artist to give the commission to.

"Rosa Bonheur, Landseer, or Andsell," promptly answered Brougham.

"But they are all animal painters."

"That's just what I meant."

BEAU BRUMMELL was at a party where his snuff-box being particularly admired was handed round for inspection. One gentleman finding it difficult to raise the lid foolishly applied a dessert knife to it. The Beau was in an agony as to the fate of his treasure, but fearful of being impolite, so, addressing the host, he said—

“Will you be good enough to tell your friend that my snuff-box is not an oyster.”



“HE was so well dressed,” said one friend of another to Beau Brummell, “that people turned to look at him.”

“Then he was *not* well dressed,” said the Beau emphatically.



ASKED by a friend if he did not think Miss Kelly’s acting in the *Maid and the Magpie* exceedingly natural Byron replied, “I really am no *judge*, I was never *innocent* of stealing a spoon.”

CHIEF JUSTICE BURKE was dining with the Duke of Richmond, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, at Sir Wheeler Cuff's. On their entertainer getting drunk, and falling from his chair, the Duke endeavoured to lift him up, when Burke exclaimed—

“How, your Grace! you, an Orangeman and a Protestant, assist in elevating the host!”



LORD BYRON sat in Parliament for but a very short period, but during it a petition was presented setting forth the wretched condition of the Irish peasantry. The petition was but very coldly received by the Lords spiritual and temporal, and this called forth from the poet—

“Ah, what a misfortune it is for the Irish that they were not *born black!* They would then have had friends in both houses.”



ON the anniversary of his marriage Byron wrote the following epigram, “To Penelope,” in a letter to Moore—

“This day of all our days has done
The worst for me and you ;
’Tis now six years since we were *one*,
And five since we were *two*.”

THOMAS MOORE speaking of first love compared it to a potato, because "it shoots from the eyes."

"Or rather," added Lord Byron, "because it becomes less by *pairing*."



LORD DUDLEY, then plain Mr Ward, began life as a Whig, but when older and titled he turned Tory. Some time after the change, Byron on being asked what it would take to re-*Whig* Dudley said that "he must first be re-*Warded*."



THE following epigram despite its coarseness is too clever not to be quoted among Byron's good things—

"A lady has told me, and in her own house,
She does not regard me three skips of a louse;
I forgive the dear creature whate'er she has said,
For women will talk of what runs in their head!"



WHEN Joseph Hume was making his strongest retrenching and popular efforts in Parliament, Canning remarked, "Hume is an extraordinary ordinary man."

CANNING and a friend were looking at a picture of the Deluge, in which an elephant was seen struggling in the waters, while the ark had floated some distance away.

"I wonder," said the statesman's friend, "that the elephant did not secure an *inside* place."

"He was too late," my friend, suggested Canning; "he was detained *packing up his trunk*."



THE person who does not relish the following reply of Canning's "can have no perception of real wit," according to Tom Moore.

A lady having asked the silly question, "Why have they made the spaces in the iron gate at Spring Gardens so narrow?" Canning answered "Oh, madam, because such *very fat people used to go through*."



CANNING protested against a friend expatiating on the beauty of the French language: "Why, what on earth, sir, can be expected of a language which has but one word for *liking* and *loving*, and puts a fine woman and a leg of mutton on a par—*J'aime Julie, J'aime un gigot!*"



UPON a very tall and very stout Oxford friend Canning wrote the following epigram—

That the stones of our chapel are both black and white,
Is most undeniably true ;
But as Douglas walks o'er them both morning and
night,
It's a wonder they're not black and blue.



THE Assistant Clerk in the House of Commons remarked to Canning—

“You have heard, sir, that Cross has killed his elephant ?”

“Yes,” said the statesman, “*Cross people* often lose their best friends for a trifle.”



AFTER Legge was appointed Bishop of Oxford, he had the temerity to ask two wits, Canning and Frere, to be present at his first sermon.

“Well,” said he to Canning, “how did you like it ?”

‘Why, I thought it rather—short.’

“Oh, yes, I am aware that it was short ; but I was afraid of being tedious.”

“You *were* tedious.”

ON one occasion Fitzgerald recited a poem of his own at the Literary Fund anniversary. "*Poeta nascitur non fitz*," said Canning.



WHEN Charles Wynne was suggested as Speaker, Canning said it would never do to have a man with such a voice, for members



would feel tempted to address him as "Mr Squeaker."



CANNING, on being asked what was the German for astronomy, answered readily, though wholly ignorant of the language, "Oh, twinkle-craft, to be sure."

VERY neat was Canning at times in his House of Commons retorts—"Gentlemen opposite," he said on one occasion, "are always talking of the people as distinguished from the rest of the nation. But strip the nation of its aristocracy, strip it of its magistrates, strip it of its clergy, of its merchants, of its gentry, and I no more recognise a people than I recognise in the bird of Diogenes the man of Plato."



AT an annual dinner of the Chapel Royal a guest plagued Edward Cannon with a long harangue on fencing. The witty cleric endured it for some time with a certain show of patience. At length his tormentor remarked that Sir George D. was a great fencer.

"I don't know, sir," burst out Cannon, "whether Sir George is a great fencer, but I do know Sir George is a great fool!"

"Possibly he is," said the other a bit surprised, "but then, you know, a man may be both."

"*So I see, sir,*" said Cannon pointedly, and turned away.



"MACAULAY is well for a while," said Thomas Carlyle, "but one wouldn't *live* under Niagara."

SPEAKING of human felicity in terms of arithmetic he said, "The product of happiness is to be found not so much in increasing your numerator as in lessening your denominator."



WHEN the Here and the Hereafter were being contrasted Carlyle said—

"We must make people feel that heaven and hell are not places for drinking sweet wine, or being broiled alive, some distance off, but they are here before us and within us, in the street, and at the fireside."



OF Leigh Hunt he spoke with savage sarcasm. "He is dishonest even for a Cockney—he has learnt from that kind of upbringing to regard shoemakers and tailors as *feræ naturæ*—creatures that you are authorised to make any use of without notion of payment."



MANY of Carlyle's sayings show much of the character of his writings. Of the fireworks on the declaration of peace after the Crimean war he said, "There is something awful, and something childish, too, in them—a sort of hell and Tommy affair."

A SCHOOL for public speaking ! I wish we had a school for private thought.



CARLYLE could cleverly sketch character in the course of conversation.

"I daresay Lord Raglan," said he, "will rise quietly at the last trump, and remain entirely composed during the whole day, and show the most perfect civility to both parties."



PURGATORY, the Sage of Chelsea described as, "a sort of gentleman's waiting room, till the train comes by."



WHEN, owing to failing health, in 1868, Lord Derby resigned the Premiership and Disraeli was given the task of forming a ministry, Lord Chelmsford said "The old Government was the Derby, this will be the *Hoax*."

DISCUSSING the political situation with Lord Clarendon in 1829 Macaulay expressed curiosity as to the terms in which the Duke of Wellington would recommend the Catholic Relief Bill to the Peers.

“Oh,” said Lord Clarendon, “it will be easy enough. He’ll say: ‘My lords! Attention! Right about face! March!’”



PLEADING before the House of Lords in an appeal case, Mr John Clerk happened once to say, “In plain English, ma Lords.”

“In plain Scotch, you mean, Mr Clerk,” jocosely interrupted Lord Eldon.

“Na matter,” retorted the ready advocate, “in plain *common sense*, ma Lords, an’ that’s the same in a’ languages, ye’ll ken.”



HARTLEY COLERIDGE amusingly described Harriet Martineau as a “*monomaniac about everything.*”



“SOME men,” said Coleridge, “are like musical glasses—to produce their finest tones, you must keep them *wet.*”

COLERIDGE in conversation once said: "Dr William Smith, of Norwich, asking me what I thought of the *Monthly Review*, and its editor, Dr Aiken, I was provoked by his evident wish that I should say something in its favour, to reply, 'That all men of science or literature could attest that the one was a void Aiken, and the other an aching void.'"



VERY happy was Coleridge's epigram on a minor poet of his day—

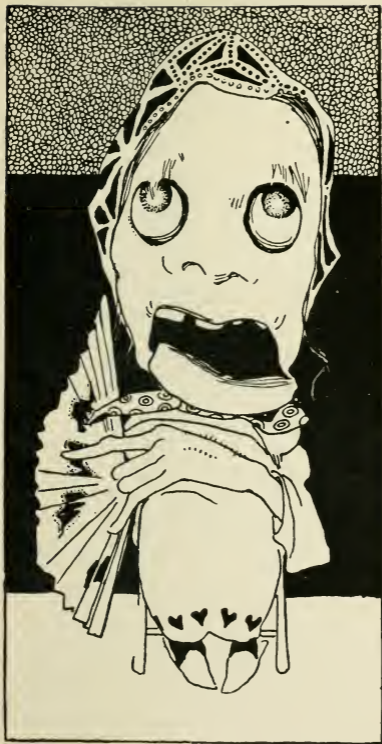
"Swans sing before they die ; 'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing."



COLERIDGE is said to have been so conspicuously bad an equestrian, that when on horseback he generally attracted unfavourable notice. Riding once along a country road he met a wag who thought to get a laugh at his expense.

"I say, young man," cried the rustic, "did you see a *tailor* on the road?"

"Yes," replied the poet readily, "and he told me that if I went a little further I should meet a *goose*."



TO most men, the poet happily said, "experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed."



YOU abuse snuff! Perhaps it is the final cause of the human nose.



TRUTH is a good dog; but beware of barking too close to the heels of an error, lest you get your brains kicked out.



WHEN Leopold said that he was called to "*reign over* four million noble Belgians," Coleridge remarked that it would have been more appropriate if he had said that he was called to "*rein in* four million restive asses."



COLERIDGE spoke of a passage in an author which he had been reading as "the sublime dashed to pieces by cutting too close with the fiery four-in-hand round the corner of nonsense!"

MACKINTOSH having intimated his surprise at Coleridge's high estimation of one so much his inferior as Wordsworth, Coleridge was indignant and finely replied,



“I do not wonder that you should think Wordsworth a small man—he runs so far before us all, *that he dwarfs himself in the distance.*”

SPEAKING of his old schoolmaster Coleridge said "that he hoped his soul was in heaven, and that he was borne there by a host of cherubs all face and wing, and without anything to excite his whipping propensities."



COLERIDGE offended a Methodist lady who was his partner at whist by calling for her *last trump*, and confessing that though he always thought her an angel, he had not before known her to be an archangel.



LISTON and his wife had spent the evening with George Colman, the younger, when as it was getting late the comedian said to his wife (a very *petite* person) "Come, Mrs L. let us be going."

"Mrs L. indeed!" said Colman, "Mrs *Inch* you mean."



SIR THOMAS COULSON who was present at the burning of Drury Lane Theatre, observing several engines hastening to the spot after the fire was extinguished, remarked to a friend that they were "*ingens cui lumen adeptum.*"

ONE day when some one remarked that "Christianity is part and parcel of this law of the land." Lord Cranworth, then plain Mr Rolfe, said—

"Were you ever employed to draw up an indictment against a man for not loving his neighbour as himself?"



LORD DERBY, having been asked why he did not confer the Order of the Thistle upon a certain Scots peer, remarked that the reason was obvious, the noble lord was "such an ass he'd eat it."



AUBREY DE VERE, the distinguished poet, described the Tories as persons who wished to uninvent printing, and undiscover America.



A YOUNG Poet having offered Charles Dickens some verses entitled *Orient Pearls at Random Strung*, for one of his magazines the novelist briefly replied, "Too much string."

SOMEONE peevishly complained to Dr Donaldson (a noted Cambridge tutor of his day), "You take the words out of my mouth."

"You are very hard to please," replied Donaldson, "would you have liked it better if I had made you swallow them?"



THE term *sound Divine* being used, Crabb Robinson has recorded. I said, "I do not know what is a sound divine," quoting Pope—

"Dulness is sacred in a sound divine,"

"But I do," said Donaldson, "it is a divine who is *vox et præterea nihil*."



LADY C. offering a wager, was asked what it should be.

"A feather from one of my wings when I am an angel."

"I would recommend your ladyship," said Donaldson, "to abstain from such wagers. There is great danger, if you do not, that you may be *plucked*."

SOMEONE remarked at a dinner-table, "If you give me at dinner a good dish of fish after soup, I want no more."

"That is not my doctrine," said Dr Donaldson "on such a theme I am content to be held *superficial*."



D'ORSAY was irritated at receiving anonymously some offensive verses sealed with a wafer and thimble.

These verses caused great laughter at the Beau's expense; D'Orsay, however, had a shrewd idea as to their author, a would-be dandy, deeply marked by smallpox, and meeting him at a club he called out to him, "The next time, *mon cher*, that you write an anonymous letter, don't seal it with the end of your nose."



CRABB ROBINSON records the following witticism by his friend W. B. Donne. Being one day at Trinity College to dinner, he was asked to write a motto for the college snuff-box, which was always circulating on the dinner-table.

"Considering where we are," said Donne, "there could be nothing better than *Quicumque vult!*"



MONCKTON MILNES having proposed to pay the Irish clergy, D'Orsay called out—

"L'Eglise Catholique en Irlande! C'est impayable!"



SIR JOHN DOYLE, having been severely wounded by a highwayman's pistol-shot was carried to a house near by, and a surgeon summoned.

"I am afraid, Sir John," the doctor remarked, "that you are suffering great pain?"

"Very great, indeed," was the reply.

"May I ask," continued the surgeon, "what kind of pain?"

"Well," retorted the old soldier, who never lost either his readiness or his good humour, "it is not easy to describe exactly, so suppose we call it a *shooting* pain."

A POLITICIAN had changed his party and had been rewarded for his opportune apostacy by office. Sir John Doyle attacked him in a speech full of sarcastic banter. The victim answered in a very solemn tone,

“My gallant and honourable friend is, I know, well versed in the classics; these are not times for so light and flippant a style, and I must beg of him to remember the maxim—*Dulce est desipere in loco.*”

Sir John jumped up at once and readily retaliated as follows: “I am very much obliged to my right honourable friend for his classical quotation, and beg to return it to him with a literal construe—*Dulce est*, it is pleasant; *desipere*, to make a fool of one’s self: *in loco*, *in place.*”



LORD DUDLEY (the Ward, to whom Rogers’ famous epigram refers) referring to Rogers well known cadaverous appearance asked him how it was, seeing that he was so well off, that he did not set up a hearse.



BEING asked if he had read one of the “Waverley” novels Lord Dudley said—
“Why, I am ashamed to say I have not; but I have hopes it will soon *blow over.*”

A VIENNA lady visiting England remarked to Lord Dudley.

"What wretchedly bad French you all speak in London!"

"It is true, Madame," he answered, "we have not enjoyed the advantage of having the French twice in our capital."



SERGEANT VAUGHAN in a cause being tried in the Court of Common Pleas asked a witness a question which was one rather of *law* than of *fact*.

"Brother Vaughan," interposed Lord Chief Justice Eldon, "this is not quite fair; you wish the witness to give you, for *nothing*, what you would not give him under *two guineas*."



WHEN Eldon was told that the mob had *taken away* the horses from Erskine's carriage after a famous trial, and drawn him home in triumph to Sergeant's Inn, he asked "If they had ever *returned them*?"



WHEN suffering from gout in both feet—where, though painful, it is not dangerous—Eldon said "I do not much mind gout below the *knee*, provided it is not '*ne plus ultra*.'"

JOSEPH HUME in one of his speeches attacked Lord Eldon calling him a "curse to the country," and about the same time called the Bishop of London a "firebrand." Said Lord Eldon, "I met the Bishop at the Exhibition, and as it happened to be an uncommonly cold day I told him that *the curse of the country* was so very cold that I hoped he would allow him to keep himself warm by sitting next to the *firebrand*."



AFTER the Ministry, in which Eldon was Lord Chancellor, had resigned, a friend meeting him, said—

"You are now then, my lord, one of the Ex's."

"Yes," said Eldon, "and in this instance the X's were far from Y's."



LOD ELDON himself related the following :
Lord Donoughmore came to me upon the woolsack upon a day in which something was to

pass on the Catholic question, and an eminent prelate it was understood was to vote with Donoughmore. Entering into conversation with me, Lord Donoughmore said,

"What say you to us now? We have got a great card to-night."

I said, "What card do you mean? I know the *King* is not with you; there is no *Queen*; there is only another great card."

"What," said Donoughmore, "the Right Reverend Prelate a *Knave!*"

"You have called him so," said I, "I have not."



THE old Duke of Norfolk having fallen fast asleep in the House of Lords was evoking much amusement by the din caused by "that tuneful nightingale, his nose," when the Lord Chancellor announced from the woosack with solemn emphasis that the Commons had sent up a Bill for "enclosing and dividing Great *Snoring* (*Snorum*) in the County of Norfolk!"



A COUNSEL at the Chancery Bar, by way of denying collusion suspected to exist between him and the counsel representing another party, said,

“ My Lord, I assure your Lordship there is no *understanding* between us.”

The Chancellor observed, “ I once heard a Squire in the House of Commons say of himself and another Squire, ‘ We have never, through life, had but *one idea between us,*’ but I tremble for the suitors when I am told that two eminent practitioners at my bar have *no understanding* between them !”



ON the memorable day when the case of *Metcalfe v. Thompson* was decided in the Court of Chancery, Eldon showed much wit. The case was an application to dissolve an injunction against an invasion of the plaintiff's patent for hair brushes, the invention being that some of the hairs should be long and others short. No counsel appearing for the plaintiff, the Chancellor said.

“ This injunction must be brushed off, unless some counsel be had in a few minutes to support it.”

The brush of an old wig-maker being produced on behalf of the defendant, and being the same *to a hair* as the plaintiff's brush, the Chancellor said, waggishly,

“ Is it a *Fox's* brush? (alluding to a well-known old hair dresser in the Temple.) This old brush Mr Treslove, is rather an odd sort of

thing; but when you and I get as old, and our tresses have been as well worn as these, we shall look, perhaps, quite as antique."

"My Lord," said Treslove, "I advised my client not to *show his brush*."

"There, I must say, that you being a *pursuer* was *at fault*; for if an injunction is granted by this Court, the article on which the injunction is granted must be lodged with the Master. I remember, in a case of *waste*, that a person who made an affidavit actually affixed his oak trees to his affidavit, to show the Court of what nature the trees were."



LORD ELLENBOROUGH on observing a noble orator yawn during one of his own speeches said,

"Come, come, the fellow *does* show some symptoms of taste, but this is encroaching on our province."



"MY Lord," said a barrister fond of figurative oratory, in a case before Lord Ellenborough, "I appear before you in the

character of an advocate from the city of London; my Lord, the city of London herself appears before you as a suppliant for justice. My Lord, it is written in the book of nature——”

“What book?” interrupted Ellenborough.

“The book of nature.”

“Name the page,” said Lord Ellenborough, holding his pen uplifted as if to note the information.



A PRETENTIOUS man said in Lord Ellenborough's hearing, “I sometimes employ myself as a doctor.”

“Very likely,” commented his lordship, adding, “but is any one fool enough to *employ you* in that capacity?”



PLEADING before Lord Ellenborough a nervous barrister several times made use of the expression “my unfortunate client.”

“There, sir, the Court is with you,” said the judge.



WHEN a learned judge observed that in a certain case he had ruled in a certain manner, Ellenborough remarked—

“You rule!—you were never fit to rule anything but a copy-book.”

A FRIEND met Lord Ellenborough leaving the House of Lords when a certain peer was speaking, and enquired "What, are you going?"

"Going—why yes," answered Ellenborough, "I am accountable to God Almighty for the use of my time."



OPPOSED to Brougham in one case Ellenborough in speaking of it said, "Mr Brougham's nose was always twitching and quivering; and, as if conscious it deserved being pulled, seemed anxious to get out of the way."



A BARRISTER having quoted Joseph Miller in illustrating his case, Ellenborough interrupted him by asking whether he meant the Jocicultural or the Horticultural Miller.



TOWARDS the end of the Easter Term, a tiresome conveyancer, who had occupied the Court the whole day about the *merger of a term*, the Chief Justice said to him—

"I am afraid, sir, the *Term*, although a long one, will *merge* in your argument."

SOMEONE pointing out the error in the inscription, *Mors janua vita*, upon Lord Kenyon's tomb, Lord Ellenborough remarked—

“Don't you know that *that* was by Kenyon's express desire as he left it in his will, that they should not go to the expense of a diphthong?”



TO a dull witness Lord Ellenborough said, “Why you are an industrious fellow; you must have taken great pains with yourself, for no man was ever *naturally* so stupid.”



A NOBLE lord in one of his speeches kept saying, “I ask myself so and so, &c.”

“Yes,” broke in Lord Ellenborough, “and a damned foolish answer you'll get.”



A BARRISTER who affected a sanctimonious style used great solemnity in a very trumpery case and freely interlarded his address

to the jury with "I call Heaven to witness! as God is my Judge!" and so on.

Lord Ellenborough at length could stand it no longer and burst out with, "Sir, I cannot allow the law to be thus profaned in open Court. I must proceed to fine you—five shillings an oath."



A TIREsome barrister was arguing at inordinate length a question upon the rateability of certain lime quarries to the relief of the poor, and contended that "like lead and copper mines, they were not rateable, because the lime stone in them could only be reached by deep *boring*, which was matter of science.'

"You will hardly succeed in convincing us, sir," said the Chief Justice, "that every species of *boring*, is '*matter of science*'!"



A CELEBRATED conveyancer, Preston, arguing a case on the construction of a will assumed that the Judges whom he addressed were ignorant of the first principles of real property and thus began his erudite harangue—

"An estate in *fee simple*, my lords, is the highest estate known to the law of England."

“Stay, stay,” said the Chief Justice with consummate gravity, “let me take that down.” He wrote and read slowly and emphatically, “An estate—in fee simple—is—the highest estate—known to—the law of England:” adding, “Sir, the Court is much indebted to you for the information.”

There was only one person present who did not perceive the irony. That person having not yet exhausted the Year Book, when the shades of evening were closing upon him, applied to know when it would *be their Lordship's pleasure* to hear the remainder of his argument.

“Mr Preston,” said Lord Ellenborough, “we are bound to hear you out, and I hope we shall do so on Friday—but, alas! pleasure has been long out of the question.”



A QUAKER coming into the witness-box, not in the garb of his fellow-religionists, but rather smartly dressed, refused to take the oath but required to be examined on his *affirmation*.

Lord Ellenborough asked if he was really a Quaker, and on being answered in the affirmative exclaimed, “Do you really mean to impose upon the Court by appearing here in the disguise of a reasonable being?”

WHEN the Cabinet of "all the talents" were dining together, a certain member of it, notable for his greed, was absent. Someone observed that he was seriously ill and likely to die.

"Die!" said Lord Ellenborough, "why should he die? What would he *get* by that?"



HENRY HUNT, the famous demagogue, having been brought up to receive sentence upon a conviction for holding a seditious meeting, began his address in mitigation of punishment, by complaining of certain persons who had accused him of "stirring up the people by *dangerous eloquence*."

"My impartiality as a Judge," said Lord Ellenborough, in a mild tone, "calls upon me to say, sir, that in accusing you of *that* they do you a great injustice."



OF Michael Angelo Taylor, who, though very short of stature, was well knit, and thought himself *a very great man*, Lord Ellenborough said, "His father, the sculptor, had fashioned him for a pocket Hercules."



CHRISTMAS EVANS, a celebrated Welsh preacher, once publicly expressed thankfulness for Jenny Lind's beautiful singing. A member of his congregation objected to this countenancing of a carnal pleasure and asked, from the steps of the pulpit, whether a man dying at one of Jenny Lind's concerts would go to heaven.

"Sir," replied the preacher, "a Christian will go to heaven wherever he dies, but a fool remains a fool, even on the pulpit-steps."



ALBANY FONBLANQUE, one of the wittiest political writers of his day, said once in conversation that Sir Robert Peel was always tossing himself up, and doubtful whether he would come down heads or tails.



SIR WILLIAM GARROW, when King's counsel, cross-examined a tailor as follows :

"Upon your oath, sir, where did this conversation happen?"

"In the back parlour, off my shop; my cutting room."

"What were you then about yourself?"

"Walking about."

"Aye, just taking a stroll in your *cabbage garden*."

A GOOD *mot* is repeated as made by W. S. Gilbert, whose "pretty wit" has given some of the brightest comic operas to the stage. He was leaving a crowded reception and was mistaken, when standing in the hall, as one of the servants by a pompous party who said—

"Call me a cab."

"You are a four-wheeler," said Gilbert.

The wrath of the other rose at once, and he was proceeding to angry expostulation when Gilbert blandly interposed with—

"Well, you know, you asked me to call you a cab—and I couldn't call you *hansom*."



HAVING kept a dinner party waiting beyond the appointed hour a certain fashionable clergyman apologised to his host, saying that he had been detained and that he arrived feeling "like a crumpled rose-leaf."

"Rose-leaf! Cabbage-leaf!" exclaimed Gilbert who was standing near.

[Had the clergyman been as sharp as the dramatist he might have retorted that at least he was not a *Savoy*.]

A FRENCH lady said, "I should like to be married in *English*, in a language in which vows are so faithfully kept."

"What language, I wonder, was she married in?" someone asked Frere.

"*Broken English*, I suppose," was the reply.



SIR WILLIAM GELL neatly reproved a friend who was somewhat free in his use of the word "blasted" by saying—

"That is not language for good society, sir; it is too much of the *Æolic* dialect."



"ONE day, when at Eton," said Sir F. H. Doyle, "I was steadily computing the odds for the Derby, as they stood in a morning newspaper. Gladstone looked over my shoulder to look at the horses named. Now it happened that the Duke of Grafton owned a colt named Hampden, who figured in the aforesaid list. 'Well,' cried Gladstone, reading off the odds, 'Hampden at any rate I see is in his proper place, between *Zeal* and *Lunacy*.' For such in truth was the position occupied by the four-footed namesake of the illustrious rebel."

SOMEONE having declared that Moore, in his biography, had murdered Sheridan, George the Fourth is reported to have said—

“I won't say that Mr Moore has *murdered* Sheridan, but he has certainly *attempted his life.*”



IN 1852, after a change of opinions and then a fresh change back to his old ones, Sir James Graham re-stood for Carlisle, abolishing all necessity for explanations by the simple words—

“Well, gentlemen, the *wanderer* has returned.”



HE was duly elected, and in returning thanks said that somebody had declared that if he were returned Carlisle would be called a refuge for the destitute—“Well, that was a better name for it to bear than an hospital for the *incurable.*”



SIR JAMES GRAHAM, in addressing the House of Commons in 1847 on the connection between the rate of wages and the price of food, reiterated his declaration that experience had convinced him that the former had a constant tendency to rise in proportion as the

latter fell. Lord George Bentinck, who was sitting on the front Opposition Bench below him, threw back his head, and looking at him, exclaimed—

“ Ah! yes, but you know you said the other thing before.”

A shout of laughter, in which Sir James joined, was followed by cheers and counter cheers, and curiosity was on tip-toe for the retort.

From his perch (as he used to call it) the examiner looked down at his noble antagonist and said, in a tone of ineffable humour,

“ The noble Lord's taunts fall harmless upon me;—*I'm not in office now.*”



A SQUIB having been published when Sir James Graham was a candidate, calling him a *weathercock*, he retorted by saying, “ Very likely on the day of election I shall show which way the wind blows.”



WHEN the celebrated singer Grisi (who married Mario) was at St Petersburg, and walking out with her children, she met the Emperor, who facetiously enquired,

“ Are these your little Grisettes?”

“ No, your Majesty,” she replied, “ they are my Marionettes.”

WHEN Macaulay was rapidly rising as politician it was rumoured that Robert Grant, one of the ministers, was to be offered a foreign position to make room for the younger man. One evening in the House, Macaulay endeavouring to reach one of the higher benches, stumbled over Grant's outstretched legs. This roused the drowsy Minister, who apologised, adding pointedly, "I am very sorry, indeed, to stand in the way of your mounting."



GENERAL ULYSSES GRANT, when President, having taken a fancy to a butcher's horse, purchased it for two hundred and fifty dollars. Later, after driving out with Senator Conkling, Grant said, "Come to the stable and look at a new horse I've bought."

The visitor looked the animal over thoroughly, poked him here, punched him there, and did all that a first-class Senator and horseman should in such a case.

"Where did you get him?" asked Conkling.

"I bought him of a butcher," replied the President.

"How much did you pay for him?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars," answered Grant.

"Well," said the Senator, "he may be a very good animal, and doubtless is; but if it were my case, I think I would rather have the money than the horse."

"That is what the butcher thought," readily rejoined the President.



ROBERT HALL, the celebrated preacher, was a man who is credited with many conversational good things. Being told that his animation increased with years, he said,

"Indeed! Then I am like touchwood, the more decayed the easier fired."



BEING told that the Archbishop of Canterbury's chaplain came into the room to say grace and then went out, he said,

"So that is being great! His Grace, not choosing to present his own requests to the King of Kings, calls in a deputy to take up his messages. A great man, indeed!"

OF a certain preacher, Hall said that his head was so full of everything but religion, that one might be tempted to fancy that he had a Sunday soul, which he screwed on in due time, and took off every Monday morning.



IN matters of conscience, *first thoughts* are best ; in matters of prudence the *last*.



DR MAGEE having said that the Catholics had a church and no religion, and the Dissenters a religion and no Church, Robert Hall retorted,

“It is false, but is an excellent stone to pelt a Dissenter with.”



AFTER reading the life of a certain Bishop, Hall said, “Poor man ! I pity him. He married public virtue in his early days, but seemed for ever afterwards to be quarrelling with his wife.”



SPEAKING of Waterloo, Hall said, “The battle and its results appeared to me to put back the clock of the world six degrees.”

A LADY who had been asked to assist some charity with a subscription said that she would wait and see.

“Ah!” remarked Hall, “She is watching, not to do good but to escape from it.”



THE proprietor of a comic periodical called upon James Hannay (author of *Singleton Fontenoy*) and said that he wanted a first-rate article, “something in the style of Swift, with a dash of Sterne.”

“Very good,” said the accommodating author; “in that case I shall require a cheque of corresponding value—something in the style of Rothschild, with a dash of Baring.”



WHEN Lord Harrowby was one of the Ministers he had occasion to visit George the Fourth at Brighton. His Majesty, out of temper with the Minister for some reason, received him but coldly, saying,

“You are come down, my Lord, to see your son, I suppose.”

“Yes, your Majesty,” answered he with spirit, “and for that *solely*.”

HANNAY met a friend in the street one morning, and observing that he had a black eye, and was otherwise injured about the face, came to the conclusion that the man (a well-known imbiber) had been drinking freely on the previous night.

"Hollo!" he exclaimed with a significant look, "what have you been doing, my boy?"



"Well," answered the other, anxious to disguise the truth, "the fact is I was walking rapidly along the Strand when a thundering big dog ran between my legs, and threw me on my head."

"Ha!" said Hannay with an expressive finger pointed at his friend's lips, "let me advise you to *take a hair* of that dog."

SIR HENRY HAWKINS was dining once with a local magnate somewhere near Chester on the Cup Day, and among those invited to meet him was the Bishop of the diocese. Now, it happened that Sir Henry arrived at the house nearly an hour late, and it also happened that one of the party had earlier in the day seen the learned Judge quit the London train at Chester.

"Do you know what won the Cup?" the host asked the Judge.

Sir Henry looked surprised. "The Chester Cup! Ah! yes. I saw a number of people in a field near the railway, and I heard the newspaper boys call out, 'Winner of the Cup,' so I concluded that this *was* the Cup day."

"And you didn't buy a paper?" the Bishop maliciously put in.

The Judge assumed an air of bland condescension, and said: "No; I thought it was unnecessary to buy one. I had been told I should have the privilege of meeting your lordship to-night."



WHEN Sir Henry (then Mr Hawkins, Q.C.), was engaged in arguing a case before Lord Campbell he had occasion several times to refer to a damage done to a brougham; which word he pronounced as it is spelt, *brough-am*.

"If my learned friend," said Lord Campbell with a smile, "will adopt the usual designation and call the carriage a *bro'am*, it will save the time of the Court."

The counsel bowed, and accepted the corrected pronounciation during the latter part of his speech. When Lord Campbell summed up the evidence he had to refer to the omnibus which had damaged the brougham and in doing so he pronounced this word in full as it is spelt.

"I beg your Lordship's pardon," broke in Mr Hawkins, "but if your Lordship will adopt the usual designation for such a vehicle, and call it a *bus*."

The loud laughter which ensued, and in which Lord Campbell joined, prevented the conclusion of the sentence.



WHEN Hazlitt lived in a street off Piccadilly, a friend called upon him one morning, and as he was going further on, proposed a walk up the street.

"I *cannot* walk up the street," said Hazlitt, with affected sadness, "for it is *Down Street* both ways."



THE REV ROWLAND HILL preaching at Wapping is reported to have said appropriately, "There are among you some great sinners, some large sinners, and I may say some *Wapping* sinners."



A DISSENTER remonstrated with Rowland Hill for coming to chapel (he was then past eighty) in his brougham.

"Is this," enquired the Methodist, "the way our Lord himself used to attend Divine worship?"

Rowland Hill read this epistle from the pulpit on the following Sunday, admitting with an air of ingenuous penitence that our Saviour had not been in the habit of using a brougham, "But," added he, "to atone for my indiscretion, if the writer of this letter will come into the vestry after service next Sunday, bringing along with him a saddle and bridle, I will ride *him* home!"

THIS witty preacher was in the habit of going to various dissenting chapels not troubling himself about minute differences of creed. One Sunday he found himself among strangers.

The ordinary worship was concluded and the Sacrament about to be administered. Rowland Hill, on presenting himself as a communicant, was stopped by one of the elders who wished to know if he belonged to their special persuasion.

"Well," was the answer, "I am a sincere Christian and accept all the great Christian doctrines with absolute faith, but as to being one of you, I do not suppose that I am."

"In that case," said the elder, "I am afraid that we cannot admit you to *our table*."

"Oh, indeed," retorted Rowland Hill, "I beg you ten thousand pardons, I would not intrude for the world; but then, you see, I thought it was the *Lord's Table*."



DISPUTING with a friend as to whether the letter H was really a distinct letter or merely an aspiration, Rowland Hill contended that it must be the former, as otherwise it would have been a very serious matter for him, making him *ill* all the days of his life.



SAID one of Rowland Hill's congregation:
"Oh, Mr Hill, how is it that you say such out-of-the-way things in your sermons."

"Why," answered the preacher, "some of you are such out-of-the-way sinners."

THE eccentric preacher always rode a great deal, and preserved excellent health, so that when a medical friend inquired who attended him, he replied, "My physician has always been a *horse* and my apothecary an *ass!*"



ONE day in Rowland Hill's chapel there was a thinner attendance than usual, when a sudden shower of rain came on and the building rapidly filled.

Said the witty preacher: "I have often heard of religion being used as a cloak, but never before as an umbrella."



WHEN Rowland Hill was preaching once for a public charity a note was handed up to him asking if it would be right for a bankrupt to contribute. He noticed the matter in the course of his sermon, and said decidedly that such a person could not do so in Christian honesty.

"But, my friends," he added, "I would advise you who are not insolvent not to pass the plate this evening, as the people will be sure to say 'There goes the bankrupt!'"

ON announcing from the pulpit the amount of a liberal collection, he said: "You have behaved so well on this occasion, that we mean to have another collection next Sunday. I have heard it said of a good cow, that the more you milk her the more she will give."



AN adherent of Antinomianism, who was fond of the bottle, asked one day: "Now, do you think, Mr Hill, a glass of spirits will drive grace out of my heart?"

"No," he replied, "for there is none in it."



IN the middle of his discourse when preaching to one of his most crowded congregations, Rowland Hill was annoyed by a great commotion in the gallery. For a time he took no notice of it; but finding it increasing, he paused in his sermon, and looking in the direction in which the confusion prevailed, exclaimed:



“What’s the matter there? The devil seems to have got among you!”

A plain countryman immediately started to his feet and addressing Mr Hill in reply said, “No, sir, it ar’n’t the devil as is a doing on it; it’s a lady wot’s fainted; and she’s a fat ’un, sir, as don’t seem likely to come too in a hurry.”

“Oh, that’s it, is it,” observed the preacher, drawing his hand across his chin, “then I beg the lady’s pardon—and the *devil’s* too.”



A LADY who led but a gay, worldly life once remarked to the popular preacher: “Oh! I am afraid lest, after all, I should not be saved!”

“I am glad to hear you say so, for I have been long afraid for you, I assure you,” answered Hill.



WHEN Wilkie showed Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, some of his pictures, the latter looked over them one by one, and when it was apparent that he was expected to say something, he looked first at the works and then at the painter several times, as though comparing them together, and then said with doubtful meaning, “It’s *weel* you’re so young a man.”

LORD PORCHESTER having informed Lady Holland that he had a poem coming out, she replied in a commiserating tone, "Dear, dear, I am sorry to hear that—can't you suppress it?"



ON an indifferent translation of Suetonius being published by one Philemon Holland, an indefatigable translator, Lord Holland remarked—

"Philemon with translations so doth fill us,
He won't let Suetonius be tranquillus."



LORD HOLLAND said of Robert Southey when Poet Laureate—

"Our Laureate Bob defrauds the King,
He takes his cash and does not sing:
Yet on he goes, I know not why,
Singing for us who do not buy."



HOLMES once tried his hand at amateur photography, and wrote on the back of his pictures, "Taken by O. W. Holmes & Sun."

AS an elaborately dressed young lady stepped out on the hotel piazza to admire the sunset, a friend whispered to Oliver Wendell Holmes, "The young lady is in evening dress."

"The *close* of the day, my dear sir," remarked Holmes.

"That's Holmes's pun," was the reply.

"I'm worsted," added the poet.



A CANVASSER for "The Century Dictionary" called, teasing him for a subscription.

"No," said the Doctor, "I'm too old—eighty years—I shan't live to see the 'Century' finished."

To this the encouraging book agent said: "Nay, Doctor, you won't have to live so very much longer to use our book; we've already got to G."

"And you may go to ——l, if you like," exclaimed the little Doctor.



HOOD accounted for a Quaker's love of the sea by saying it was natural for a Quaker to like the ocean for its *broad brim*.



SMALL draughts according to Hood can scarcely be termed drinking. "*Pints* cannot be deemed *potations*."



A GOOD church minister was happily described by Thomas Hood as "*piety parsonified.*"



SPEAKING of a dirty neighbourhood through which he had passed, Hood said it gave him the back-slum-bago!



DURING a theatrical performance a tall man in the pit persisted in standing despite repeated calls to "sit down."

"Let him alone," said Hood, in a tone that the offender could not but hear, "he is a tailor, and *resting himself!*"

The fellow collapsed into his seat.

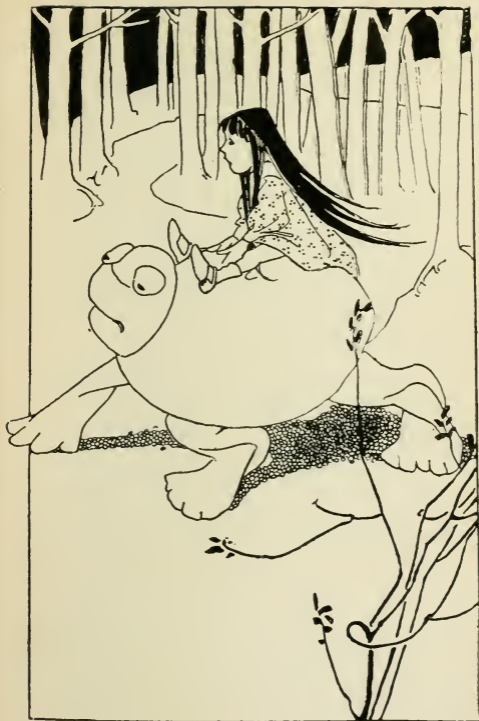


THE Duke of Devonshire, having asked Hood for a list of book-titles to be put on the sham volumes in a library, immediately received the following:—

"On Cutting Off Heirs with a Shilling," by Barber Beaumont.

"Percy Vere" (in forty volumes)

"Tadpoles; or, Tales out of my Own Head."
Malthus's "Attack of Infantry."



"The Life of Zimmermann," by Himself.

"Pygmalion," by Lord Bacon.

"Boyle on Steam."

"Haughtycultural Remarks; or, London Pride."

"Voltaire, Volney, Volta," (three vols.)

"Barrow on the Common Weal."

"Campaigns of the Brit. Arm.," by one of the German Leg.

"Recollections of Pannister," by Lord Stair.

"Cursory Remarks on Swearing."

"In-i-go on Secret Entrances."



THEODORE HOOK made many jokes at the expense of Samuel Rogers, whose cadaverous appearance caused him to be a frequent butt of the wits. Meeting the poet at a funeral, Hook offered him a friendly caution, saying that it would be as well for him to keep out of the sight of the undertaker lest that functionary should claim him as one of his old customers.



IT was Hook, too, who was responsible for the story which recounted how Rogers, on hailing a coach in St Paul's Churchyard, was received with a cry of "Ho! ho! my man; I'm not going to be had in that way: go back to your grave!"

“MOST history,” Lord Houghton said, “is like that portion of Africa in Arrow-smith’s map—dry country abounding in dates !” x



TRUST in leaders has the same relation to politics that credit has to commerce. x



THE Carlton Club was once stigmatised by Lord Houghton as “that political scullery.” x



AN unsuccessful speech of Disraeli’s was described by his witty opponent as being “like the Hebrew language *without the points*.” x



THE worst of self-government is that everybody is trying to govern his neighbour, and nobody to govern himself. x



LORD HOUGHTON, when visiting Germany as plain Mr Milnes, said that the solitude of Hanover was such that Zimmermann himself could not stand it—and died there. x

IT was the same poet-politician who said that in Germany all the books were in sheets and all the beds without.



HAVE you heard the last argument in favour of the Wife's Sister?* It is unanswerable. If you marry two sisters, you have only one mother-in-law!



THE first of September, one Sunday morn,
I shot a hen peasant in standing corn,
Without a license; combine who can
Such a cluster of crimes against God and man.



HUGHTON described Carlyle's language as *cinerous*—"all ashes and sackcloth in the face of the summer sun."



NO intensity of literary starlight can make a moral noonday.

* Lord Houghton was strongly in favour of legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

THE doctrine of plenary inspiration according to Lord Houghton "reduces the Bible to an Act of Parliament."



THE poet-politician neatly satirised Society in a riddle.

Why is the present English social system like the Ptolemaic system of astronomy?

Because it is full of circles which *cut* one another.



A LADY said to Houghton, "You are a man of a large heart."

"That may be," he answered, "but it is not near so useful as a narrow mind."



HOLD over your head the umbrella of religious reverence, and though you get damp with infidelity you will not be wetted through.

LORD HOUGHTON defined good conversation as being to ordinary talk what whist is to playing cards.



MRS LEIGH HUNT "had little toleration for Byron, drunk or sober."

"Trelawny, here," said the poet one day, "has been speaking against my morals."

"It is the first time I ever heard of them," quietly remarked Mrs Hunt.



IN ridicule of an epigrammatist of the day, Leigh Hunt hit off a number of imitations, of which a couple may find a place here—

CONCERNING JONES.

"Jones eats his lettuces undressed;
D'you ask the reason? 'Tis confessed,—
That is the way Jones likes them best."

TO THOMSON, CONCERNING DIXON AND JACKSON.

"How Dixon can with Jackson bear,
You ask me, Thomson, to declare;—
Thomson, Dixon's Jackson's heir."

LEIGH HUNT, on being asked by a lady at dessert if he would not venture upon an orange, replied that he would be very happy to do so, but was afraid that he would tumble off.



DR RICHARD HURD in four lines neatly summed up what he looked upon as the essentials of three "late historians"—

"Teach me, Historic Muse, to mix
Impiety with politics,
So shall I write, *nil aliud posco*,
Like my loved Gibbon, Hume, and Roscoe."



SIR RICHARD JEBB having been called in to a would-be patient who was but a *malade imaginaire*, told him frankly what he thought, and declined to prescribe.

"Now you are here," said the valetudinarian, "I shall be obliged to you, Sir Richard, if you will tell me how I must live; what I may eat, and what I may not."

"My directions on that point," said the doctor, "will be few and simple! You must not eat the poker, shovel or tongs, for they are hard of digestion; nor the bellows, because they are *windy*; but eat anything else you please!"

A WEALTHY patron of religion who was giving a dinner in honour of Edward Irving, said to that distinguished preacher :

“What a profound and wise thought, sir, that was which I heard from Dr Chalmers—that God is more offended by the breach of a small commandment than a great one !”

“Do you suppose, sir,” replied Irving, “that Dr Chalmers meant that it is a greater offence in God’s eyes to cut a finger than to cut a throat ?”



IT having been said that during the stay of some Russians in England they had eaten great quantities of tallow candles, Jekyll remarked that such must be bad for the liver but good for the lights.



BEING asked why he no longer spoke to a lawyer of the name of Peat, Jekyll said : “I choose to give up his acquaintance ; I have common of Turbary, and have a right to *cut Peat*.”



JEKYLL at Merchant Taylors’ Hall being asked by one of the body to translate the motto, *Concordiâ res parvæ crescunt*, said that it meant “Nine tailors make a man.”

LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON and Sir Arthur Pigot having been observed by Jekyll to pronounce the word *lien* differently



—the former *lion*, and the latter *lean*—he happily hit off their difference in the following epigram :—

“ Sir Arthur, Sir Arthur, why, what do you mean
By saying the Chancellor's *lion* is *lean*?
D'ye think that his kitchen's so bad as all that,
That nothing within it will ever get fat?”



JEKKYLL, having been informed that one of his friends, a brewer, had been drowned in his own vat, quietly remarked, “ Ah! he was found floating in his own *watery bier*.”

A FRIEND informed Jekyll that he had visited a certain parsimonious nobleman's kitchen and that he saw the spit shining as bright as if it had never been used.

"Why do you mention his spit?" enquired Jekyll; "you must know that nothing *turns upon that.*"



IT was in reference to the same nobleman that Jekyll observed, "It is Lent all the year round in his kitchen, and *Passion* week in the parlour."



JEKYLL, in a barrister's chambers, saw a squirrel in a revolving cage; "Ah! poor devil," said he, "he's going the *Home Circuit.*"



OBSERVING a certain serjeant, well known for his prosiness, bustling into a court where he was engaged in a case, Jekyll wrote the following impromptu—

"Behold the serjeant, full of fire,
 Long shall his hearers rue it;
 His purple garments *came from Tyre*
 His arguments *go to it.*"

A VERY small man named Else, an attorney, approached Jekyll one day in great indignation, saying—

“Sir, I hear you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel. Have you done so, sir?”

“No, sir,” replied the wit with a look of contempt. “I never said you were a pettifogger or a scoundrel; but I did say you were *little Else*.”



AN old lady having been brought forward as a witness to prove a tender having been made, Jekyll made the following punning epigram—

“Garrow, forbear! that tough old jade
Can never prove a *tender maid*.”



JEKYLL had been asked to dine at Lansdowne House on the day when the ceiling fell down, but had to refuse, having an engagement to meet the judges. Speaking of this he said—

“I had been asked to *Ruat Cælum*, but dined instead with *Fiat Justitia*.”

MORE personal than polite was Jekyll's remark to a Welsh judge who had been suitor for all manner of places—"As you have asked the Ministry for *everything else*, ask them for a piece of *soap* and a *nail brush*."



IN making a speech at a dinner of the Fishmongers' Company, Erskine hesitated and made a sad job of it, so Jekyll enquired whether it was in honour of the Company that he *floundered* so.



CRABB ROBINSON writes as follows in his diary under date 1818:—This year there were great changes in the law courts. Of the judicial promotions Jekyll said that they came by titles very different, viz., C. J. Abbott by *descent*, J. Best by *intrusion*, and Richardson by the *operation of law*. The wit of the two first is pungent; the last a deserved compliment.



SAID the witty Jekyll at the expense of a profession oft the butt of the jokers—

"One Doctor single like the sculler plies,
The patient struggles and by inches dies;
But two physicians, like a pair of oars,
Waft him right smoothly to the Stygian shores."

WHEN Sir William Scott, then nearing his three score years and ten, married the Dowager Marchioness of Sligo, his friends made merry over the match; more especially because it was said that the lady was of an independent character. On the door of their house beneath a brass plate displaying his wife's name, Sir William placed another with his own.

"Why, Sir William," said Jekyll, making a call of congratulation, "I am sorry to see you knock under."

Sir William Scott made no answer to the pleasantry at the time, but transposed the brass plates.

"Now, Jekyll," said he when they met next, "you see I no longer knock under."

"No, Sir William," replied the wit, "I see you knock up now."



WHEN LADY CORK gave a party at which she wore a most enormous plume, Jekyll said, "She was exactly like a shuttlecock—all *Cork* and feathers."

ON the Emperor of China's hint to Lord Macartney, that he had better hasten his departure, as the rainy season was coming on, Jekyll wrote the following impromptu—

“ The sage Chian-ti
Has looked in the sky,
And he says we shall soon have wet weather ;
So I think my good fellows,
As you've no umbrellas,
You'd better go home, dry, together.”



A MESSAGE was sent across the House to Jekyll (in the Opposition) begging for the rest of these verses, but the wit answered—

“ Tell them, if they want papers they must move for them. *We* find it very hard to get them even so.”



ON one occasion a dull and prosy member of Parliament asked Jerrold, “ Have you read my last speech ? ”

“ I sincerely hope so,” replied the wit.



“ H'E'S a fine-hearted fellow,” said someone of a friend.

“ Yes,” said Jerrold, “ you might trust him with *untold* jokes.”

HERAUD, an ambitious playwright, had produced a tragedy which met with more than it deserved, a *succes d'estime*. The author immediately after its production canvassed his friends as to their real opinion of its value, and everyone paid him the inevitable compliment. At length Heraud came to Douglas Jerrold, who in reply to the question must have given but half-hearted praise, for the author expostulated, "Don't you really think it good? So-and-so says it reminds him of Æschylus."

"That's it," at once retorted Jerrold, "that's it—burlesque-lus."



A CERTAIN individual hearing people speak at table about age and appearance, said to Jerrold who sat opposite, "Jerrold, don't you think I look younger than I am?"

"It's not your looks, my boy," briskly answered Jerrold, "it's your conversation."



ANGUS B. REACH always persisted that the proper pronunciation of his patronymic was Re-ack, and when he was once impressing this upon Jerrold the wit retorted, "Oh! I see, Re-ack when we speak of you, and *Reach* when we read you."

DURING a meeting of the Rational Club, Fitzball (the celebrated slow-music and blue-fire dramatist of the minor theatres)



begged of someone near him, who would keep on shouting "Waiter!" at the top of his voice, to have pity on his ears, saying, "Please bear in mind, old boy, I've got a head on my shoulders."

"For my part, Fitz," Douglas Jerrold cried across the table, "I think you've only got a pimple on your shoulders—which will never come to a head."



FLATTERY is said to have been defined by Jerrold as "the milk of human kindness turned to butter."



H. F. CHORLEY having written a play for the Haymarket, it was produced during 1854 but only ran for three nights "owing to the war," as the author complainingly put it.

"No, my dear boy," rejoined Jerrold, to whom the complaint was made, "I am afraid it's the *piece*."

theatre

THE same writer called forth the following remark from Jerrold: "Why, Chorley, your hair's red; your waistcoat's red; your necktie's red;—in fact everything about you is red except your books." X



DOUGLAS JERROLD said of the Secretary to the British Bank, who began the business of the day with prayer in the place of his speculations, that he very appropriately opened with, "Let us *prey*." X



A LARGE party was dining at Sir William Cope's residence at Bramshill to meet Bishop Wilberforce, then recently appointed to the see of Winchester. The conversation was very brilliant, a remark of Charles Kingsley's being remembered by Wilberforce as a particularly happy one. The talk was of the Irish Church which had recently been dis-established and had hurriedly proceeded to make sweeping changes in the Prayer-Book. ✓

"It is," said Kingsley, "like the behaviour of a man, who, having been with his goods violently ejected from his house in a thunder-storm, should take that opportunity of re-arranging his furniture."

ASKED what mind was, Jerrold answered,
 "No matter."

"Well," said his questioner, "what is matter then?"

"Oh!" said Jerrold, "never mind."



X KENNY, the dramatist, said of Luttrell's
 "Advice to Julia"—"it is too *long*, and
 not *broad* enough."



DIGNUM, a singer, was complaining to old Knyvett, the king's composer, that his health was much impaired, and what was very extraordinary that so strong a degree of sympathy existed between him and his brother, that one was no sooner taken ill than the

other felt symptoms of the same indisposition, whatever it might be.

X "We are both of us very unwell now," added Dignum, "and, as our complaint is supposed to be an affection of the lungs, we are ordered to take asses' milk; but, unfortunately, we have not been able to get any,

though we have tried all over London; can you tell me what we had better do?"

"Do?" answered Knyvett, "why don't you suck one another?"



SOMEONE who was present at a "particularly lively and facetious" dinner with Charles Lamb reports that one of the diners said to him, "Mr Lamb, I shall be happy to take wine with you. Is that the hock you have before you?"

"*Hoc est*," replied the ready Elia.



DE QUINCEY was beginning to expatiate with some warmth upon the value of Wordsworth's poetry, complaining that Lamb did not do full justice to it.

Lamb at once broke in with, "If we are to talk in this strain, we ought to have said grace before we began our conversation."



LAMB at the dinner-table had upset his glass by accident, when the host promptly remarked, "Never mind, it is soon replaced."

"Ah!" said Lamb, shaking his head, "*occidit*."

WHEN Lord John Russell was desirous of persuading Lord Langdale to resign the Mastership of the Rolls for the Lord Chancellorship, he paid him many high compliments on his great talents.

“It is quite useless talking, my lord,” said Langdale. “So long as I enjoy the *Rolls*, I care nothing for your *butter*.”



HEARING someone sing a song of Moore’s in which occurs the line—

“Our couch shall be roses bespangled with dew”
Landor said that any sensible girl would retort
“’Twould give me rheumatics, and so it would you.”



LANDOR declared that Carlyle made a few ideas go further than anyone had ever done before—

“If you see a heap of books thrown on the floor, they look ten times as many as when orderly on the shelf.”



SOME people were discussing predestination when Dr Lardner neatly remarked, “If we were judged before we were born, then certainly we were never born to be judged.”

THERE was a certain aspirant to dramatic fame who wrote a farce, and asked Fred Lawrence's (one of the founders of the Savage Club) candid opinion about it.

"Egad, my boy," said Lawrence, "it is a screamer!"

"Ah!" replied the gratified author, "I meant it to be so. Isn't it smart and sharp now?"

"Tart and sharp it is," said Lawrence enthusiastically, "why, the mere reading of it set my teeth on edge."



DR LEIGH, Master of Balliol, was told how in a recent dispute among the Privy Councillors, the Lord Chamberlain had struck the table with such force as to split it.

"No, no, no," replied the Master, "I cannot persuade myself that he split the table—though I believe he divided the Board!"



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, wittiest of American Presidents, being asked how he felt when the news came to him of a serious party defeat, remarked—

"I felt somewhat like the boy in Kentucky who stabbed his toe while running to see his sweetheart. He said he was too big to cry, and too badly hurt to laugh."

AN Englishman calling at the White House enlarged to the untravelled President Lincoln upon the differences between Englishmen and Americans.

"Great difference in many respects," said the visitor, "great difference! You Americans do things that an Englishman would never think of doing. Now, for instance, an English gentleman would never think of blacking his own boots."

"Ah, indeed!" said Lincoln, "whose would he black?"



THE comedian Liston observing, at Drury Lane Theatre, a parcel of MS., one side of which was smeared with blood, remarked: "That parcel contains a manuscript tragedy."

On being asked why, he replied, "Because the *fifth* act is peeping out at one corner of it."

LISTON remarked upon Howard Payne's habit of dressing up old plays as new ones: "That if he took as much *payne* and trouble, to write something *original*, as he did to rob others, he would be the most *paynes*-taking writer of *nonsense* in existence."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was introduced to a gentleman named Longworth, when someone commented on the similarity of their names.

"Yes," said the poet modestly, "but in this case I fear Pope's line will apply: '*worth* makes the man, and want of it the *fellow*.'"



ON hearing a celebrated singer, Miss Tree, Luttrell happily extemporised the following epigram:—

"On this Tree if a nightingale settles and sings,
This Tree will return her as good as she brings."



IT being remarked to Luttrell that some persons had opposed the building of the Waterloo Bridge, saying it would spoil the river,

"Gad, sir!" exclaimed the wit, "if a very few sensible persons had been attended to, we should still be champing acorns."



IT was Luttrell who gave the oft-quoted description of the English climate—"On a fine day it is like looking up a chimney; on a rainy day like looking down."

A TRAVELLER was discussing the lasso as useful in catching men as well as animals, when Luttrell interposed with—



“Why, the first syllable alone has caught many a man.”



COME, come, for trifles never stick,
 Most servants have a failing:
 Yours, it is true, are *sometimes sick*,
 But mine are *always ailing*.



LUTTRELL said of Rogers's sumptuously illustrated *Italy*, that the work would have been *dished* but for the *plates*.

TOM MOORE mentioned that someone had said of a retired hat-maker's very dark complexion that he looked as if the dye of his old trade had got engrained into his face.

"Yes," said Luttrell, "darkness that may be *felt*."



LUTTRELL'S jokes were chiefly puns, according to Lord John Russell. For instance when Croker had charged the public with war-salary on account of Algiers, and thereby excited much indignation, it happened that someone at dinner talked of the name of Croker Mountains given to land supposed to be seen in one of the voyages to the North Pole.

"Does anything grow on them?" asked someone.

"Nothing, I believe, but a little wild *celery*" (salary), said Luttrell.



IN the early thirties when England was agitated by the Reform discussion, Luttrell said—

"In one Latin word is comprised the history of the two parties at present. 'Reform-I-do,' says the Whig; '*Reformido*,' says the Tory."

SOMEONE remarked to Sir F. Gould, "I am told you eat three eggs every day at breakfast."

"No," answered Gould; "on the contrary."

"What is the contrary of eating three eggs?" asked a bystander.

"Laying three eggs, I suppose," volunteered Luttrell.



IT being remarked of a distinguished diner-out that there would be on his tomb "he dined late"—Luttrell added, "and died early."



SPEAKING of O'Connell, Luttrell happily applied the lines—

"Through all the compass of the notes he ran,
The diapason closing full in *Dan*."



AT a crowded dinner party at Holland House, Lady Holland bid her company "make room" for a late arrival.

"It must certainly be *made*, for it does not *exist*," commented Luttrell.

REFERRING to the salary attached to a new judgeship, Lord Brougham said it was all moonshine.

"May be so, my lord," quietly observed Lord Lyndhurst; "but I have a strong notion that, moonshine though it be, you would like to see the *first quarter* of it."



WHEN Lyndhurst was Lord Chancellor he declared that his method of selecting a judge was: "I look out for a gentleman, and if he knows a little law so much the better."



LYNDHURST said of his eminent rival, Brougham, that he was the merest sciolist, with a smattering of well-nigh everything—except the law.



LORD LYNDHURST described a Chancellor's work as being divisible into three parts—"First, the business that is with labour done; second, that which does itself; third, the work which is not done at all."

CLEAVE the newsvendor, when tried in the Court of Exchequer, conducted his own case. He began his defence by saying that he was afraid that before he sat down, he should give some rather awkward illustrations of the truth of the adage, that he who acts as his own counsel has a fool for his client.

“Ah! Mr Cleave,” said Lyndhurst, who was judge, “don’t you mind that adage—*it was framed by the lawyers.*”



LITTLE love was lost between Brougham and Macaulay, and each gave but grudging admiration to the gifts of the other. Macaulay described Brougham on one occasion as “a kind of semi-Solomon, half knowing everything from the cedar to the hyssop.”



IN one of his letters to a friend Macaulay wrote :

“The other day I was overtaken by a hearse as I was strolling along, and reading the night expedition of Diomedes and Ulysses

“‘Would you like a ride, sir?’ said the driver. ‘Plenty of room.’”

“I could not help laughing. ‘I daresay I shall want such a carriage some day or other. But I am not ready yet.’”

WHEN it was rumoured that new peers were to be created to ensure the safe passage of the Reform Bill of 1832 through the



House of Lords, Macaulay parodied a nursery song as follows—

“What though now opposed I be?
Twenty peers shall carry me.
If twenty won't, thirty will,
For I'm his Majesty's bouncing Bill.”



MACAULAY on one occasion asked his banker to explain to him the distinction between the different classes of Spanish Stock, —Active, Passive, and Deferred. Having listened for some time attentively, “I think,” said the historian, “that I catch your meaning. Active Spanish Bonds profess to pay interest now, and do not. Deferred Spanish Bonds profess to pay interest at some future time, and will not. Passive Spanish Bonds profess to pay interest neither now, nor at any future time. I think that you might buy a large amount of Passive Spanish Bonds for a very small sum !”



SOMEONE having mentioned an acquaintance who had gone to the West Indies, hoping to make money, but had only ruined the complexions of his daughters, Macaulay immediately improvised the following verse—

“ Mr Walker was sent to Berbice
 By the greatest of statesmen and earls.
 He went to bring back yellow boys,
 But he only brought back yellow girls.”



WHEN poor attenuated Samuel Rogers complained that he could not find accommodation at any hotel in a country town during an election, Sir James Mackintosh asked why he did not seek a snug lie down in the churchyard.



AFTER Lord Macaulay had sailed for India, between fifty and sixty strops were found in his chambers hacked into pieces, and razors without end. About the same period, having hurt his hand, he was obliged to send for a barber. After the operation Macaulay enquired, what had he to pay?

"Oh, sir," said the man, "whatever you usually give the person who shaves you."

"In that case," answered Macaulay, "I should give you a great gash on each cheek."



LORD JOHN RUSSELL has recorded: I remember sitting by him (Sir James Mackintosh) when a great lawyer, disclaiming, from the Treasury Bench, all participation in the opinions of the Liberal party, said, "I could see nothing to tempt me in the views of gentlemen opposite."

"For *views*, read *prospects*," whispered Mackintosh to me.



TEA, Maginn insisted, must have been known to the Romans, for it was evidently a favourite beverage with the ladies in Plautus' time,

"Amant te omnes mulieres."

DR MAGINN was one of the readiest of wits in employing classical quotations. When dining on ham and chicken at a friend's house, he thus addressed that friend's house-keeper, "You know what old Ovid says in his Art of Love; I give you the same wish—

'Semper tibi *pendeat hamus*'

'May you always have a *ham* hanging in your kitchen.'



OVID was made to eulogise hock by the doctor's quotation of—

" 'Hoc tum *sævus paulatim mitigat iras,*
Hoc minuit luctus mœstaque corda levat.' "



A MAN who consents to be shown as a lion, runs the risk of being at last metamorphosed into an ass.



DR MAGINN in commenting on the change which a dozen years had made in the Comte d'Orsay—

"Believe me, dear Comte, that twelve years do not pass,
And leave not some signs as they go,
They may fly with the *wings of the hawk*—but alas!
They are marked by the *feet of the crow*!"

THEODORE HOOK told Mathews how when he was supping once with Peake, that dramatist surreptitiously removed from his plate several slices of tongue; and, as though much annoyed by the practical joke, Hook finished by asking—



“Now, Charles, what would *you* do to anybody who treated you in such a manner?”

“Do?” exclaimed Mathews, “if any man meddled with *my* tongue, I’d *lick* him!”



VISITING Wakefield when it was in a state of miserable trade depression, Mathews announced his various pieces but drew no audiences. Disheartened he continued his tour, and at Edinburgh was asked how much money he had made at Wakefield.

“Not a shilling!” he replied.

“Not a shilling?” said his friend sceptically, “why, didn’t you go there *to star*?”

“Yes,” said the comedian with a melancholy grin, “but they spell it with a *ve* in Wakefield.”



THE younger Charles Mathews was destined for the profession of an architect, and on the elder Mathews being asked what his son was going to do—

“Why,” answered he, “he is going to *draw houses* like his father.”



WHEN Mathews was very ill, a friend who was attending him gave him in mistake some ink instead of medicine. Discovering his error, the friend exclaimed in horror—

“Good heavens! Mathews, I have given you *ink!*”

“Never mind, my boy—never mind,” said the sick man in a faint voice, “I’ll swallow a bit—of *blotting paper!*”



CHARLES MATHEWS, who had been waiting on the box seat of a coach on a frosty day, said to the driver when at length he appeared—

“If you stand here much longer, Mr Coachman, your horses will be like Captain Parry’s ships.”

“How’s that, sir?”

“Why, *frozen at the pole.*”

HANDING an order for the theatre to a friend, Mathews asked—

“Who was the first man recorded in history who didn’t pay?”

“Why, really I never gave it a thought, and so I give it up,” said the perplexed friend.

“Why, Joseph, of course,” said the comedian, “did not his brothers put him in the pit for nothing?”



A BARRISTER was addressing a Court, over which Baron Maule presided, and was stating his case in a very haphazard fashion, when the Baron interrupted him with,

“Mr Barker, could you not state your facts in some kind of order? Chronological is the best, but if you cannot manage that try some other; alphabetical, if you please.”



AT a Bohemian dinner Robert Soutar, of the *Morning Advertiser*, having said something, pointed to the host of the evening. Augustus Mayhew took him to task, saying, that for his conduct he would never be admitted to heaven. “*Ne sutor ultra portas!*” St Peter would cry out to him; “Nay, Soutar, you will not get beyond these gates.”

A CITY policeman, a witness before Maule, having said he was in the "hens (N) division," the judge quietly observed, "Do you mean the Poultry?"



THE editor of the *Examiner* having made a savage onslaught on Maule, a friend, as friends will, drew his attention to the offending passage.

"Well, I can't understand it," said the judge, "I never did him a favour."



IN connection with a celebrated bank smash Mr Serjeant Ballantyne tells the following story: My old friend Henry Allworth Merewether is credited with a good joke in connection with their failure. After it had occurred, he was coming down the steps of the banking house and nearly tumbled. A friend who

happened to be passing, expressed a hope that he was not hurt. "Oh, no," said he, "I have only lost my balance."



DISCUSSING a recent masquerade Lady Clare happened to remark that she was always "found out" at such festivities.

"Ah!" said Tom Moore, "that shows you are not the *clair-obscure*."



"SIR," said Lord Mulgrave to a chaplain who had preached at inordinate length, "there were some things in your sermon of to-day I never heard before."

"Oh! my lord," said the flattered clergyman, "it is a common text, and I could not have hoped to have said anything new on the subject."

"I heard the clock *strike twice!*"



AN actor was being rallied by his companions on the ill-cut of a new coat, and he apologised by saying "it was his tailor's fault."

"Yes, poor man," remarked Munden, "and his *misfortune*, too."

LADY CAROLINE LAMB, it was reported, had in a moment of passion knocked down one of her pages with a stool. Lord



Strangford having told this to Moore, the poet observed—

“Nothing is more natural for a literary lady than to double down a page.”

“I would rather,” replied his companion, “advise Lady Caroline to turn over a new leaf.”

MUNDEN, when confined to his bed with illness, was told by a friend that his *dignified* indisposition was the laugh of the green-room.

"I love to laugh, and to make others laugh," said he, "yet I would much rather they should make me a *standing* joke."



WHEN the Tithe Corporation Act was passed, it met with the warmest support of Lord Plunkett, who had a son in the Church.

"I wonder," said a friend, "how it is that so sensible a man as Plunkett cannot see the imperfections in the Act."

"P'oooh, p'oooh! the reason's plain enough," said Norbury; "he has *the son in his eye*."



LORD NORBURY, riding in company with a legal friend, seeing a beautiful woman pass by, exclaimed "Who is that lovely girl?"

"Miss Glass," replied the barrister.

"Glass," repeated the judge, "by the love which man bears to woman, I should often become intoxicated, could I press such a *glass* to my lips."

NORBURY and Judge Bailey were comparing ages, when the former said the other looked particularly youthful for his years ; “ you certainly have as little of the *Old Bailey* about you as any judge I know.”



A WITNESS of doubtful integrity being closely interrogated by Lord Norbury, turned to an acquaintance and said in a whisper not intended for the judge’s ears, that he did not come there to be “ *queered* by the old un.”

“ I’m *old*, it’s true,” instantly said Norbury in his own canting phrases, “ and I’m *rum* sometimes, and for once I’ll be *queer*, and send you to *quod*.”



SOME delay happening in a cause which was being heard before Lord Norbury, his lordship enquired the reason. He was answered that Mr Serjeant Joy, who was to lead, was absent, but that Mr Hope the solicitor had said that he would return immediately.

The judge immediately put himself in a good humour by appositely quoting—

“ *Hope* told a flattering tale,
That *Joy* would soon return.”

AN attorney having died in poverty, a shilling subscription was set on foot to pay for his funeral.

“Only a shilling to bury an attorney!” exclaimed Lord Chief Justice Norbury. “Here’s a guinea; go and bury *one and twenty of them.*”



A SPORTING barrister on circuit was narrating his exploits to Lord Norbury,



and declared that he had shot thirty-three hares before breakfast.

“Thirty-three *hairs!*” echoed Norbury
“zounds, sir! then you must have been firing at a *wig.*”

SOMEONE, describing Lawrence's portrait of Croker to Peel, said, "Why, you can see the very quiver of his lips."

"Yes," said Peel, "and the arrow coming out of it."



CHARLES PHILLIPPS was a witty barrister who once scored admirably off irritable old Adolphus. The former had gradually absorbed much of the business of the latter, who said to him in the counsel's robing room—

"You remind me of three B's—Blarney, Bully, and Bluster."

"Ah!" retorted the other, "you never complained of my B's until they began to suck your honey."



AT a festive gathering Con Lyne undertook to recite something.

"Come, come, Lyne, stand up while you do it," said Plunket, "and nobody at least can say you are *Con seated*."



"WELL," said a friend to Plunket, "you see my predictions have come true."

"Indeed!" answered he, "I always knew you were a *bore*, but I did not know you were an *augur*."

LORD PLUNKET by no means relished his forced resignation of the Irish Lord Chancellorship and his being superseded by Lord Campbell. When the latter was expected in Dublin a great storm was raging, and a friend suggested to Plunket that the passage was likely to make his successor sick of his promotion.

"Yes," said Plunket ruefully, "but it won't make him *throw up the seals*."



LORD REDESDALE was much puzzled by one of Plunket's best *jeux d'esprit*. A cause was argued in Chancery, wherein the plaintiff prayed that the defendant should be restrained from suing him on certain bills of exchange, as they were nothing but "kites."

"Kites!" exclaimed the judge, "Kites! Mr Plunket? Kites never could amount to the value of these securities. I don't understand the statement at all, Mr Plunket."

"It is not to be expected that you should, my lord, answered Plunket. "In England and in Ireland kites are quite different things. In England the wind raises the 'kites,' and in Ireland the 'kites' raise the wind."





SOMEONE praising a waterfall said, "Why, it's quite a cataract!"

"Oh, that's all my eye," said Plunket.



IT was Plunket who said that "if a cause were tried *before Day* (the Justice) it would be tried in the dark."



JOHN POOLE (the author of *Paul Pry*) and Mathews were invited to dine with D'Egville at Brighton. The host enquired Mathews' favourite dish, and learning that it was a roast leg of pork with sage and onions, ordered accordingly. The dinner duly arrived, but D'Egville, who was carving, could not find the stuffing; he kept turning the joint over, but in vain. At length Poole quietly remarked to him, "Don't make yourself unhappy, D'Egville; *perhaps it is in the other leg!*"



WHEN an actor named Priest was performing at one of the principal theatres, it was remarked at the Garrick Club that there were a great many men in the pit.

"Probably," quietly remarked Poole, "they were all *clerks who have taken Priest's orders.*"

IN a conversation on phrenology Poole hazarded the suggestion that the drunkard had a *barrel* organ.



PLUMER, one time M.P. for Hertfordshire, once gained the vote of a wavering constituent by his ready wit. He had called on a shopkeeper and asked for his vote. The shopman stiffly refused, and on being asked why, answered,

“Because you voted against the Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts.”

It happened that there was standing in the shop a journeyman with a pimply nose. Plumer called to him,

“How long have you been here?”

“More than twenty years.”

“Tell me, don't you like a drop?”

“Oh, yes!”

And every now and then take a little more than is quite prudent?”

“Oh, yes; now and then.”

“See now,” cried out Plumer, “how much better your master treats you than he does me; he has kept you for twenty years, who every now and then have done what you ought not, and he turns me off for a single fault!”

The vote was secured.

ON hearing Moore sing one of his "Irish Melodies" someone remarked—

"Everything that's national is delightful."

"Except the National Debt," promptly added Poole.



A FRIEND having asked Mrs Procter (wife of "Barry Cornwall") how it was that she and a certain acrid critic got on together, she replied,

"Oh! very well, indeed; we sharpen each other like two knives."



MRS TROLLOPE'S book on America was being very severely handled at one of Rogers' breakfast parties. Dean Milman defended the traveller, saying that he was aware of what hard usage she had to complain by his acquaintance with her.

"Oh, yes," broke in Rogers, "he is acquainted with Mrs Trollope. He had the forming of her mind."



AT one of these celebrated breakfasts the subject of conversation happened to be Lady Parke.

"She is so good," declared Rogers, "that when she goes to Heaven she will find no difference except that her ankles will be thinner and her head better dressed."

BRISK old Lady Cork complained to the poet, "You never take me anywhere."

"Oh, I will take you everywhere," replied Rogers, and then after a pause, he added, "and never bring you back again."



IN a conversation on the Game Laws, Rogers said, "If a partridge, on arriving in this country, were to ask, what are the Game Laws? and somebody would tell him they are laws for the *protection of game*, 'What an excellent country to live in,' the partridge would say, 'where there are so many laws for our protection.'"



HAVING been requested by Lady Holland to ask Sir Philip Francis whether he was the writer of *Junius' Letters*, he approached Francis, and asked—

"Will you, Sir Philip,—will your kindness excuse my addressing you a single question?"

"At your peril, sir," was the harsh and laconic answer.

Rogers beat a retreat, and when asked the result of his application said, "I don't know whether his is *Junius*; but if he be, he is certainly *Junius Brutus*."

X
 "FOUND Rogers," wrote Tom Moore to a friend, "in high good humour. In talking of Miss White, he said, 'How wonderfully she does hold out: they may say what they will, but Miss White and *Missolonghi* are the most remarkable things going.'"



RR
 ROGERS asked the name of a slow-going coach by which he was travelling, and on being told that it was the "Regulator," remarked, "I thought so—for all the others go by it."



X
 IT being remarked by someone that the dinner-hour was always being made later and later, Rogers said, "Yes; it will soon end in one never dining until *to-morrow*."



Du ch
 ONE of Rogers' favourite stories was of an Englishman and a Frenchman who agreed to fight a duel in a *darkened room*. The Englishman, unwilling to kill his antagonist, fired up the chimney, and—*brought down the Frenchman*. "When I tell this story in France," Rogers was wont to add, "I make the *Englishman* go up the chimney."



X ROGERS said that the man who would keep up with the rush of new publications must often do as the flea does—*skip*.



X IN conversation with Rogers a friend observed, "I never put my razor into hot water, as I find it injures the temper of the blade."

"No doubt of it," observed the poet; "show me the blade that is not *out of temper* when plunged into *hot water*."



X ROGERS neatly retaliated on Ward (Lord Dudley) who had, as a friend, written a *cold* review of one of his poems. The retaliation took the form of the following well-known epigram,—

"Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it;—
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it."



X WHEN Dean Milman observed that he should read no more prose translations from poets, "What," exclaimed Rogers readily, "not the Psalms of David to your congregation?"

WHEN Croker's review of Macaulay's *History* appeared in the *Quarterly*, Rogers said that the critic "intended murder, but committed suicide."



ON Hallam's publishing a supplementary volume to the *Middle Ages*, Rogers said, "Here is Hallam, who has spent his whole life in contradicting everybody, now obliged to publish a volume to contradict himself."



IT being said that George the Fourth intended holding a Drawing Room, Rogers remarked that His Majesty would then be a *sequence* in himself—King, Queen and Knave.



SOMEONE having remarked that Payne Knight had become very deaf, Rogers said, "'Tis from want of practice; he is the worst listener I know."

ROGERS, to a young poet: "Don't you be so hard on Pope and Dryden,—*you don't know what we may come to.*"



"HOW many persons will dance over Brougham's grave," said Rogers and then added, after a pause, "but they will be very sure he is in it first."



STEWART ROSE, a friend of Tom Moore's, said "that he had learned from Lord Byron's poetry that two bulls make a nightingale." (Bulbul).



KNAC X
A COMPOSER brought a couple of operas to submit to Rossini's judgment, and Rossini after hearing one played over, meaningly observed "I prefer the other."



ROSSINI was discussing Wagner with a friend who was an enthusiastic admirer of the Bayreuth genius.

X "Dans la musique de Wagner," said Rossini, "il y a de beaux moments et de mauvais quarts d'heure."

WHEN Rossini dined with a certain lady whose dinners were known to be arranged as economically as possible, the meal was as usual an unsatisfactory one. The *maestro* left the table nearly as hungry as when he sat down.

"I hope that you will soon do me the honour to dine with me again," said the hostess as he was about to leave.

"Indeed, I will," replied he, "this minute, if you like."



SPEAKING of some of Swinburne's earlier erotic poems, Dante Gabriel Rossetti is reported to have said, "Yes, there is no doubt that Swinburne is *poeta nascitur*, but unfortunately, *non fit* for publication."



DURING the stormy days of 1848 four stalwart supporters of a crude Socialism entered the bank of Baron Anselm de Rothschild at Frankfort, and insisted on seeing the Baron himself.



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x

"You have millions on millions," said they to him, "and we have nothing; you must divide with us."

X "Very well," said the financier suavely; "what do you suppose the firm of Rothschild is worth?"

"About forty million of florins."

"Forty millions, you think, eh? Now there are forty millions of people in Germany; that will be a florin a piece. Here's yours."



SIR JAMES SCARLETT was cross-examining a witness whose evidence he considered might be damaging unless he could be bothered a little. His chief point of vulnerability was self-esteem, and when, portly and over-dressed, he entered the witness-box, the relentless barrister began—

"Mr John Tomkins, I believe?"

X "Yes."

"You are a stock-broker?"

"I *ham!*"

Scarlett looked closely at him for a moment or two, and then remarked quietly, "And a very fine, well-dressed *ham* you are, sir."

The shout of laughter with which this sally was greeted disconcerted the witness, and counsel gained his point.

SPEAKING of his own playing Rubinstein said that at every concert he dropped notes enough to furnish two ordinary concerts.



CRABB ROBINSON records how he ventured to spar with the German philosopher Schelling: Some strange and unintelligible remarks had been made on the mythology as well of the Orientalists as the Greeks, and the important part played by the Serpent. A gentleman present exhibited a ring, received from England, in the form of a serpent.

"Is the serpent the symbol of English philosophy?" said Schelling to me.

"Oh, no!" I answered; "the English take it to appertain to German philosophy because it changes its coat every year."

"A proof," he replied, "that the English do not look deeper than the coat."



SAYS Crabb Robinson in his *Diary*: "Mr Scargill breakfasted with me. A sensible man. He said an Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; a Scotchman is never at home but when he is abroad; an Irishman is at peace only when he is fighting."



SIR WALTER SCOTT advised Samuel Rogers to try his fortune in medicine, in which he would be sure to succeed, if there was any truth in physiognomy, on the strength of his having a perpetual *facies Hippocratica*.



OF some imitators of the style of Dr Johnson, Scott said, "Many can make Johnson's *report*, but few can carry his *bullet*."



WHEN Wakley, of the *Lancet*, who had had his house burnt down but had to sue the Fire Office for the insurance on it, entered Parliament he became a popular speaker. After one of his speeches, however, a friend remarked, "*he* will never set the Thames on fire."

"No," said Shield in an audible whisper, "unless he had first insured it."

DEAN SHIPLEY, on getting into his carriage with about a dozen children, and giving sixpence to a beggar woman, "God be with you," said she.

"God, forbid! my good woman," said the Dean, "there's quite enough of us already."



SHUTER, the comedian, explained as follows his reasons for preferring to wear stockings with holes in them to having them darned:—"A hole may be the accident of a day, and will pass upon the best gentleman, but a darn is premeditated poverty."



BOBUS SMITH (brother of the witty canon) gave good advice to Macaulay when the latter was about to start for the East to take up his official position at Calcutta.

"Always manage to have at your table some fleshy, blooming, young writer or cadet, just come out; that the mosquitoes may stick to him, and leave the rest of the company alone."



HORACE SMITH once puzzled a company by suddenly asking for a solution of the following charade—

“My first is a dropper, my second a propper, and my whole a whopper !”

No answer was of course forthcoming, when Smith explained that the word was Falstaff.



LORD LYNDHURST having mentioned that an old lady friend of his kept her books in detached book-cases, the male authors in one, and the female authors in another, “I suppose her reason was,” said James Smith, “that she did not wish to add to her library.”



A GENTLEMAN of the same name as James Smith (one of the authors of *Rejected Addresses*) having taken lodgings in the same house, the consequence was incessant confusion. Some particularly aggravating instance of mistaken identity having taken place, the author said to the new-comer—

“This is intolerable, sir, and you must quit.”

“Why am I to quit more than you?”

“Because you are James the Second—and must *abdicate*.”

THE following *jeux desprit* were hit off at a dinner table by James Smith and Sir George Rose, in allusion to Craven St., Strand, where the former resided—

Smith.

“ At the top of the street ten attorneys find place
And ten dark coal barges are moored at its base :
Fly, Honesty, fly, to some safer retreat,
For there’s *craft* in the river and *craft* in the
street.”

Rose.

“ Why should Honesty fly to some safer retreat,
From attorneys and barges, 'od rot 'em?
For they lawyers are *just* at the top of the street,
And the barges are *just* at the bottom.”



IT being said in the presence of James Smith that the confectioners had found a method of discharging the ink from old parchment by a chemical process and then making the parchment into isinglass for their jellies, he neatly remarked, “ Oh, then, nowadays a man may eat his deeds as well as his words.”



ON another occasion a young man, thinking to pay him a compliment, said, “ Mr Smith, you *look* like a Conservative.”

“ Certainly, sir,” replied the wit, “ my *crutches* remind me that I am no member of the *movement* party.”

THE following lines were the last written by James Smith—

“ Though a railroad, learned Rector,
Passes near your parish spire ;
Think not, sir, you Sunday lecture
E'er will overwhelm'd expire.



Put not then your hopes in weepers,
Solid work my road secures ;
Preach whate'er you will—*my* sleepers
Never will awaken *yours*.”



JAMES SMITH would not be betrayed into the expression of any definite political views: “My opinions are those of the lady who sits next to me, and as the fair sex are generally ‘perplexed like monarchs with the fear of change,’ I constantly find myself Conservative.”

AN author having ceased to write after receiving a pension, Smith said, "it was only natural—he had become a *pen-shunner*."



SMITH maintained that Mademoiselle *Mars* was not the real appellation of the great actress, but only a *nom de guerre*!



TO Lady Blessington, Smith said: "The newspapers tell me that your carriage is very highly varnished. This, I presume, means your wheeled carriage. The merit of your personal carriage has always been, to my mind, its absence from all varnish; the question requires that a jury should be *impannelled*."



SMITH fired off the following impromptu verses at Gore House—

"Mild Wilberforce, by all beloved,
Once owned this hallowed spot;
Whose zealous eloquence improved
The fettered negro's lot.

"Yet here still Slavery attacks
Whom Blessington invites;
The chains from which he freed the Blacks,
She fastens on the Whites."

Age
 HAVING been chaffing a man—who was tender on the subject—about his age, Smith was met with “This is enough to try a man’s fortitude.”

“It should have done that ten years ago,” was the retort, “at present it must try your *fiftytude*.”



JAMES SMITH addressed the following lines to a wealthy vinegar merchant—

“Let Hannibal boast of his conquering sway,
 Thy liquid achievements spread wider and quicker;
 By vinegar he through the *Alps* made his way,
 But thou through the *world* by the very same liquor.”



TO Strahan, the king’s printer, who was suffering from gout and old age yet kept his faculties unimpaired, Smith offered the following happy tribute—

“Your lower limbs seemed far from stout,
 When last I saw you walk;
 The cause I presently found out,
 When you began to talk,
 The power that props the body’s length
 In due proportion spread,
 In you mounts upwards, and the strength
 All settles in the head.”

WHEN Sothern (of Lord Dundreary fame) was in New York he hired an attenuated livery horse for a drive. Having stopped at a wayside tavern, his servant was covering the animal with a rug, when a friend coming up enquired—

“Say, Ned, what do you put that blanket over your horse for?”

“Oh,” was the actor’s reply, “that is to keep the wind from blowing the hay out of him.”



WHEN Lord Melbourne was inspecting the Reform Club kitchen, he remarked to Soyer, the chef, that his female assistants were all very pretty.

“Yes, my lord,” said Soyer, “*plain* cooks will not do here.”



MR SERJEANT SPANKIE in a Finsbury election contest was opposed to Messrs Duncombe and Wakley, the former of whom was not famous for paying his debts, and the



latter was accused of having burnt his house down. Spankie having solicited an elector for his support was told he had already promised to vote for his two opponents.

"Well," said he, "I only hope you may have the one for a debtor and the other for a tenant."



A GENTLEMAN seated between Madame de Stäel and a very pretty woman said he was indeed fortunately situated, being placed between Genius and Beauty.

"This is the first time," said Madame de Stäel, "that I have been praised for my beauty."



WHEN George Stephenson was examined before a Parliamentary Committee with reference to his new locomotive, one member of the committee pressed him with many questions, and at length put the following case: "Suppose, now, one of these engines to be going along a railroad at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, and that a cow were to stray upon the line and get in the way of the engine; would not that, think you, be a very awkward circumstance?"

"Yes," replied Stephenson, with a twinkle in his eye, "verra awkward indeed—for the cow."

SPEAKING of the Revised Version of the New Testament, Spurgeon said in a caustic manner that translators should possess a perfect knowledge of both the language from which, and the one into which, they translate. Now it seemed to him that the revisers, who were most likely excellent Greek scholars, had but an indifferent knowledge of English.



JOHN STERLING described Carlyle as preaching "silence" through a trumpet, and proclaiming "good-will to man" by mouths of cannon.



LORD ELDON having made some fun at Lord Stowell's expense, saying, "my brother takes regular exercise twice a day—*in eating*," the latter neatly retaliated with, "my brother will drink any *given* quantity of wine."



IT was Lord Stowell, too, who, when asked what the Lord Chancellor killed when he went out with a shooting party, answered, "He killed—*time*."

THE Duchess of Sutherland when at the Queen's famous masked ball was told that a certain peer, of uncertain fame, was to be her partner in the quadrille, she immediately said—



“How dull it will be for him to be so long with someone of decent character.”



THE author of “Ingoldsby” is responsible for the following Young Sutton, Lord Canterbury's son, calling one day at Saunders and Otley's library, was very angry because they had not sent some books he

had ordered. He was, as usual, pretty warm, so much so that one of the partners could bear it no longer and told him as much.

“I don't know who you are,” was the answer, “but I don't want to annoy you *personally*, as you may not be the one in fault ; it's your confounded house that I blame. You may be Otley, or you may be Saunders ; if you are Saunders, damn Otley ; if you are Otley, damn Saunders. I mean nothing personal to *you*.”

A *MOT* which has been credited to various wits is ascribed by "The Old Bohemian" to Frank Talfourd, son of the author of *Ion*. There was an admiring young friend of his who was occasionally pestering him with some unmeaning remark or the other.

"Frank," said this youth to him one night at the Lyceum, "Frank, you never wear a great-coat."

"No," replied Frank, after a moment's reflection, "I don't think I ever was."



WE call everyone *péquin* that is not military," said a young officer to Talleyrand.

"And we," replied the wit, "call everything that is not military *civil*."



MADAME DE STAËL, having fallen out with Talleyrand, made him figure in her next book as a vicious old woman, while she painted herself as *Delphine*. Chancing to meet in a fashionable assembly soon after the publication of the book, Talleyrand, with a polite bow, said—

"I understand, Madame, that in your latest novel you and I both figure disguised as females."

OF a fashionably dressed lady Talleyrand^d remarked that her attire began too late, and finished too soon.



TALLEYRAND visited a dying friend who groaned, "I suffer the torments of hell."
"Already!" mercilessly said the wit.



SOMEONE having asked, "Is not Geneva dull?"
"Yes," said Talleyrand, "especially when they amuse themselves."



OF a well-known woman the witty politician said, "She is insupportable," and then added, as if conscious that he had gone too far, "It is her only defect."



A FRIEND having remarked that Chateaubriand complained that he was going deaf, "He believes himself deaf," said Talleyrand, "because he can get no one to speak to him."

BEING asked if a certain authoress was not a "little tiresome," Talleyrand replied, "Not at all—she was perfectly tiresome."



TALLEYRAND was enjoying a game of whist when the conversation turned on the recent union of an elderly lady of rank.

"However," said one of the players, "could Madame de S. make such a match? A person of her birth to marry a valet de chambre!"

"Ah," remarked the wit, "it was getting late in the game; *at nine we don't reckon honours.*"



IT was worse than a crime—it was a *blunder*.



HAVING married a woman more remarkable for the beauty of her person than for any mental qualities, Talleyrand vindicated his choice, saying—

"A clever wife often compromises her husband; a stupid one only compromises herself."



THE Comte d'Artois wished to be present at the Councils of Louis XVIII., but Talleyrand opposed the project. D'Artois attended, however, and reproached him.

"One day," replied the diplomatist, "your Majesty will thank me for having displeased Your Royal Highness."



BOBUS SMITH expatiated upon the beauty of his mother.

"Ah!" said Talleyrand, "it was your father, then, who was so plain."



THE author of a celebrated work on the Polish revolution said to Talleyrand—

"I never did but one mischievous work in my life."

"And when will it be ended?" enquired the wit.



FOUCHE and Talleyrand had quarrelled, and the former said—

"You need not triumph in your rank; under a usurpation the greatest scoundrel may be the Prime Minister if he pleases."

"How fortunate," retorted the caustic wit, "that you *condescended* to be Minister of Police."

IN answer to Madame de Staël who asked him if she and a certain beautiful young lady were both in danger of drowning, which would he help first, Talleyrand said, with much meaning, "You, madam, can swim, I believe."



SAYS Thomas Moore: The wife of some ambassador coming to dinner, Talleyrand, on her passing him, looked up and exclaimed significantly, "Ah!" In the course of the dinner, the lady having asked him across the table why he had uttered the exclamation of oh! on her entrance, Talleyrand, with a grave, self vindictory look, answered, "Madam, I did not say *oh!* I said *ah!*" Comical, very, without one's being able to define why it is so.



ONE who squinted enquired—
 "How do matters go with you?"
 "*As you see,*" answered Talleyrand.

SAID Charles X. to Talleyrand: "There is no middle course between the Throne and the Scaffold."

"Your Majesty forgets the Post-chaise," slyly remarked the wit.



WHEN Dr Talmage was staying at an hotel once, he was much pestered by importunate visitors. Being busy, he at length said he would see no one. A messenger, however, brought up a visitor's card. Talmage repeated his instructions. Again the same card was sent up, and the doctor sent a message to the visitor to come the next day, that he wouldn't see the angel Gabriel if he came. The messenger stared in astonishment and went, but returned a third time with the card. This time Dr Talmage went down to see who could be so persistent.

A man stepped up to him saying, "You are Mr Talmage?"

"I am, sir."

"Well, sir, I am an evolutionist, and I want to discuss that question with you. I am also an annihilationist. I believe that when I die that will be the end of me."

"Thank God for that," devotedly ejaculated Talmage, and walked off, leaving the bore.

BAYARD TAYLOR once called on Humboldt, who, after a cordial reception, said, "You have travelled much, Mr Taylor, and seen many ruins, and now you see another."

"Not a ruin," replied the poet, "but a pyramid."



THACKERAY and a friend were one day walking up one of the streets leading out of the Strand when they saw on a window the legend—"Mutual Loan Fund Association."

"I wonder," said the friend, "what that means?"

"Oh, it means," replied the novelist, "that they have got no money and that they lend it to one another."



THERE goes Wordsworth browsing on life, ruminating and cud-chewing for everlasting.



"IF Goethe is a god," Thackeray is reported to have said, "I'm sure I'd rather go to the other place."

MONCKTON MILNES said to Thackeray, "Was not your audience with Goethe very awful?"

"Yes," said the great novelist, "like a visit to a dentist."



A CLEVER but noisy vulgar tragedian was neatly described by Thackeray as "Macready and *onions*."



GODWIN in the full pride of his theory of perfectibility having said that he "could educate tigers," Dr Thomson quietly remarked, "I should like to see him in a cage with two of his pupils."



IN the course of one of his speeches in the House of Commons, Fox said—

"If anything on my part, or on the part of those with whom I acted, was in obstruction to peace, I could not lie on my pillow with ease."

"If he could not *lie* on his pillow with ease," remarked Tierney to his neighbour, "he can *lie* in this House with ease."

ONE of the country members in the House of Commons, in the course of his speech, said, "We must return to the food of our ancestors."

"What does he mean?" exclaimed someone.

"Thistles, I suppose," said Tierney.



TIERNEY neatly said that he was sure Sir Philip Francis had written *Junius*, for he was the proudest man he ever knew, and no one ever heard of anything he had done to be proud of.



THE popular comedian, J. L.



Toole, was travelling once in a very slow train on the Great Eastern Railway. A prolonged stay was made at one station and the actor, catching sight of the name of it, called a porter and blandly asked for the station-master. All politeness, that official hurried up to the carriage where Toole sat looking as solemn as a judge.

"What is it, sir?"

"At what time is the funeral to take place?"

"Funeral, sir? whose funeral?" enquired the bewildered station-master.

"Whose funeral!" echoed Toole, "why, have we not come to Bury St Edmunds?"

ACCORDING to Toole, the best thing that an artist can do to improve his taste is to clean his palate.



AN amateur painter showed one of his canvases to J. M. W. Turner and asked for his opinion on it.

"My lord," said the great artist, "you want nothing but *poverty* to become a very excellent painter."



ONCE at a dinner of artists and literary men, a minor poet proposed the toast of the *painters and glaziers* of Great Britain. The toast was drunk, and Turner, after returning thanks, proposed the health of the *paper-stainers*. The laugh was neatly turned against the poet, and writers have been "paper-stainers" ever since.



WHEN ex-President Hayes was preparing to leave the White House, it was proposed to present his wife with a volume of autographs in recognition of her success in "running the Presidency" on teetotal principles. Mark Twain offered as his contribution—"Total

abstinence is so excellent that it is impossible to carry its principle to too great a length, I therefore totally abstain—even from total abstinence.”



HORACE TWISS was standing close to a portly lady who was waiting for her carriage, when the friend who was with him said—

“Look at that fat Lady L., isn’t she like a great white cabbage.”

“Yes,” answered Twiss, in a discreetly loud tone, “yes, she is like one—all heart, I believe.”



THE only daughter of Twiss married the editor of the *Times*, and after his death, she married his successor, John Delane. Speaking of this double event, her father said, “She took the *Times* and Supplement.”



TWISS, when a man taking a panorama of London from St. Paul’s Cathedral remained long swung from the dome, said, “It was a *domy-silly-airy* (domiciliary) visit.”

WHEN Weber was conducting the rehearsals of his *Oberon* at Covent Garden, he quietly remarked to one of the singers—

"I am very sorry you take so much trouble."

"Oh! not at all," was the reply.

"Yes," added the musician, "but I say yes—dat is, why you tak de troble to sing so many notes dat *are not in de book?*"



IT being pointed out to the Marquis Wellesley that his brother, the Duke, in arranging the ministry, had thrown him overboard.

"Yes," observed the Marquis, "but I trust I have strength enough to swim *to the other side.*"



ONE day when George the Fourth was talking about his youthful exploits, he mentioned, with particular satisfaction, that he had made a body of troops charge down the Devil's Dyke (near Brighton). Upon which the Duke of Wellington merely observed to him, "Very steep, sir."

IN a moment of unwise conviviality a guest at the Duke of Wellington's table enquired—
 "Allow me to ask, as we are all here titled, if you were not *surprised* at Waterloo?"
 "No," replied the Duke, "*but I am now.*"



SOME enthusiastic woman was expatiating before the Iron Duke about the glories of a victory.

"My dear madam," said Wellington, "a victory is the greatest tragedy in the world, except one,—and that is a defeat."



THE circulating library at Dublin was known as *Morrow's*, and the Rev. Mr Day was once a popular preacher in the same city.

"How inconsistent," said Whately, "is the piety of certain ladies here. They go to *Day* for a sermon, and to *Morrow* for a novel."



DR KNOX having been appointed Bishop of Down, the promotion was rather unpopular, and Archbishop Whately remarked, "The Irish government will not be able to stand many more such *K'nocks Down* as this!"

A CLERGYMAN who had to preach before Archbishop Whately begged to be let off, saying—

“I hope your Grace will excuse my preaching next Sunday.”

“Certainly,” said the Archbishop.

The Sunday came and no sermon from the clergyman, so later the Archbishop said to him, “Well, Mr —, what became of you? we expected you to preach to-day.”

“Oh! your Grace said you would excuse my



preaching to-day.”

“Exactly; but I did not say I would excuse you *from* preaching.”



EXAMINING a young clergyman, Archbishop Whately posed him by asking—

“What is the difference between a form and a ceremony? The meaning seems nearly the same; yet there is a very nice distinction.”

A number of answers having been given, the witty cleric himself explained the difference, thus—“You sit upon a *form*, but you stand upon *ceremony*.”

THE witty Archbishop was fond of these posing questions, and at a dinner party he suddenly called out to the host—

“Mr —, what is the proper female companion of this John Dory.”

A number of answers having been hazarded, the propounder was asked for his own reply.

“*Anne Chovy*, of course.”



IT having been remarked that Dr Parr was the greatest smoker, Whately denied it, saying that he himself was “above Parr.”



TO a person who, having been asked a puzzling question, invariably closed his eyes in the intensity of the effort to solve it, Whately said, “Sir, you resemble an ignorant pedagogue, who keeps his pupils in darkness.”



THE conundrum is not a particularly brilliant form of wit, but some of Archbishop Whately's “posers” were distinctly neat. “Why,” he asked his neighbour at a public meeting, “is Ireland the richest country in the world? Because its *capital* is always Dublin (doubling).”

ANOTHER ingenious one is the following—
 “Why is the Wicklow railway the most unmusical line in the world? Because it has a Bray, a Dundrum and a Stillorgan upon it.”



WHATELY had many assailants on account of his latitudinarian views, and referring to some of these he said: “A lobster (and the



same may be seen in a pawn) always faces you, as if ready to maintain his post and do battle; but when you approach, he gives a flap with his tail and flies back two or three feet; and so on, again and again, always showing his assailants a bold front, and always retreating. I have met

with many such *men*.”



AT a farewell dinner at the Archbishop's palace to a Bishop-elect of Cork, a bottle of rich old port, instead of making a rapid circuit rested before the guest of the evening.

“Come,” cried Whately, “though you are John Cork, you must not *stop* the bottle here.”

"I see, your Grace," replied the Bishop-elect, who was well equal to the occasion, "is disposed to *draw me out*. But though charged with *Cork*, I am not going to be *screwed*."

"We are all most anxious to see you elevated," was the rejoinder.

"Well," said the guest, "I leave to your Grace, as a disciple of Peel, the privilege of *opening the port*."



DR WHATELY was fond of inventing short stories which he could repeat to enforce a given point, for example: An Irish parson of the old school, in whom a perception of the ridiculous was developed with a Rabelaisian breadth of appreciation, was asked by a clodhopper to explain the meaning of a miracle.

"Walk on a few paces before me," said his reverence, which having done, the peasant was surprised to feel in the rear a kick, administered with decided energy.

"What did you do that for?" demanded the young man, angrily.

"Simply to illustrate my meaning," replied the cleric, blandly. "If you had not felt me, it would have been a miracle."



DR WHATELY surprised a medical man by suddenly asking, "Why does the operation of hanging kill a man?"

"Because," began the learned explanation, "inspiration is checked, circulation is stopped, and blood suffuses and congests the brain—"

"Bosh!" interrupted the Archbishop, "it is because the rope is not long enough to let his feet touch the ground."



IN opposing capital punishment Whately said wittily but with evident truth—

"Every instance of a man's suffering the penalty of the law is an instance of the failure of that penalty in effecting its purpose, which is, to deter."



WHATELY was fond of hoaxing his company by asking them extravagant questions. He once mystified a gathering of clergymen by asking why it was that white sheep eat more than black sheep. Various answers were proposed by the divines present.

At all the profound speculations, however, the Archbishop shook his head gravely, and at length proceeded with much solemnity to explain that "white sheep eat more because there are more of them."



THE Archbishop was very fond of gardening, and once when he was indulging in his favourite pursuit a friend referred to Pinel's system for dealing with the insane, that of employing them in gardening and other healthful pursuits.

"I think gardening would be a dangerous indulgence for lunatics," commented Whately.

"Why so?" asked the advocate of Pinel's method, in some surprise.

"Because they might grow *madder!*"



A LOQUACIOUS prebendary was suddenly asked by Whately, "Pray, sir, why are you like the bell of your own church-steeple?"

"Because," said the other, sententiously, "I am always ready to sound the alarm when the church is in danger."

"By no means," remarked the Archbishop, "it is because you have an empty head and a long tongue."



PERHAPS the best known of all Whately's conundrums is the following:

Why can a man never starve in the Great Desert?

Because he can eat the *sand which is there.*

But what brought the sandwiches there?

Noah sent Ham, and his descendants *mustered and bred.*

WHEN Lord Gough returned to Ireland, honoured for his subjugation of Runjeet Singh and the Sikhs, the Archbishop enquired as to the proportion of the belligerent parties, and the soldier was proceeding with a numerical statement when Whately cut it short by saying, "he already knew;—they were *Sikhs*, and we *won*."



A MAN directed Whately's attention to a powerful draught horse, saying, "There is nothing which he cannot draw."

"H'm!" said the cleric, "can he draw an inference?"



THE caustic way in which the Archbishop snubbed a young aide-de-camp was very characteristic. Apropos of Dr Murray, who wore a cross at one of the castle levées, the young man inquired, "what was the difference between a Romanist bishop and a jackass?"

Dr Whately gave it up.

"One wears a cross upon his breast and the other on his back," explained the pert A. D. C.

"Do *you* know the difference between an aide-de-camp and a donkey?" asked Whately.

"No?" said the other interrogatively.

"Nor I, either," was the reply.

WHEN, old and ill, the Archbishop was met, leaning on the arm of his chaplain, by a friend, he was saluted with "I hope your Grace is better to-day."

"Oh, I am very well, indeed, if I could only persuade some strong fellow like you to lend me a pair of legs."

"I shall be only too happy to lend you my legs, if your Grace has no objection to lend me your head in exchange."

"What, Mr A.," exclaimed the cleric, brightening up at the exchange of witticisms, "you don't mean to say that you are willing to exchange two *understandings* for one?"



OF a popular preacher Whately said that he aimed at nothing — *and hit it.*



A PROVERB is the wisdom of many and the wit of one.

AT one of Lydia White's small and most agreeable dinners in Park Street, the company (most of them except the hostess, a noted party-giver of her day, being Whigs) were discussing in rather a querulous strain the desperate prospects of their party.

"Yes," said Sydney Smith, "we are in a most deplorable condition; we must do something to help ourselves; I think we had better sacrifice a Tory virgin."

This was pointedly addressed to Lydia White, who at once catching and applying the allusion to Iphigenia, answered, "I believe there is nothing the Whigs would not do *to raise the wind.*"



WHEN Wieland, the German philosopher, lay upon his death-bed, he insisted upon looking at a prescription which the doctor had just written.

"I see," said he, "it is much the same with my life and the doctor's Latin, they are both at an end."



ON the formation of the famous political "cave" over the disestablishment of the Irish Church question, Bishop Wilberforce said that Gladstone had made a new commandment—Thou shalt not commit Adullamy.

IN the "good old days" when Parliamentary elections were more loosely conducted, Miss Wilberforce, whose brother was a candidate for Hull, offered a new gown to the wives of all freemen who voted for him. The state-



ment was received with cries of "Miss Wilberforce for ever!"

"I thank you, gentleman," that lady readily observed, "but I cannot agree with you; for really, I do not wish to be *Miss Wilberforce for ever!*"



AT the time when the Baroness (then Miss) Coutts was much occupied with the founding of Columbia Market she happened to be driving Bishop Wilberforce into the city. In the course of the drive, the conversation turned on the origin of the designations of the various City Companies.

“I daresay, Bishop, you do not know the meaning of a Dry-salter?” said Miss Coutts.

“Oh, yes, I do—*Tate and Brady*,” was Wilberforce’s ready reply.



WHEN Bishop Wilberforce and Lord Palmerston were together in the country, the Premier offered to take the Bishop to Church in his carriage; the Bishop, however, preferred to go on foot. A heavy shower came down just as the carriage overtook the pedestrian. Palmerston immediately popped his head out of the carriage window, and said—

“How blest is he who ne’er consents
By ill advice to *walk!*”

The Bishop was equal to the occasion, and retorted—

“Nor stands in sinner’s ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.”

WHEN a noble Admiral of the White was introduced to William the Fourth to return thanks for his promotion the King, observing his snowy hair, said playfully, "White at *the main*, Admiral! white at *the main*!"



WILLIAM THE FOURTH saved himself very neatly once when in an awkward position. He was at table with a number of officers when, pointing to an empty bottle, he bid one of his servants "take away that marine, there."

"Your Majesty!" exclaimed a colonel of marines, a little nettled, "do you compare an empty bottle to a member of our branch of the service?"

"Yes," replied the King, struck by a happy thought, "I mean to say it has *done its duty* once, and is ready to do it again."



WHEN Lord Houghton, then R. M. Milnes, proposed going to the State masked ball as the Father of English poetry, William Wordsworth, then poet-laureate, said—

"If Richard Milnes goes to the Queen's ball in the character of Chaucer, it only remains for me to go to it in that of Richard Milnes!"

QUOTING some Latin verses to a legal friend who did not appear to understand them, a learned barrister added—

“Don’t you know the lines? They are in Martial.”

“Marshall? Oh, yes, Marshall, who wrote on underwriting.”

“Not so bad,” said the first speaker, “for after all there is not so much difference between an *under* writer and a *minor* poet.”



AN idler who was boasting of his ancient family, was very neatly reprovèd by a farmer who was among his listeners.

“So much the worse for you,” said he, “for, as we say, *the older the seed the worse the crop.*”



SEEING a noted man of learning enjoying with considerable gusto the pleasures of the table, a would-be wag rallied him with—

“So, sir, philosophers, I see, can indulge in the greatest delicacies.”

“And why not,” retorted the other; “do you think Providence intended *all* the good things for fools?”

A BARRISTER in court said in the course of his address, "Everyone, my lord, is supposed to know the law of the land."

"Everyone, except Her Majesty's judges," interposed the judge with a smile.

"If your lordship pleases," came the counsel's prompt retort.



WHEN Sir John Bowring was Parliamentary candidate he had some amusing experiences. At Penrhyn a voter calmly said to him—it was in the "good old days" of barefaced bribery and corruption—"If you don't believe in the Trinity, and wish us to vote for you, we must have ten shillings a head instead of five."



AT Kirkcaldy the same candidate was met with the uncompromising statement, "We *will* have a religious man to represent us, even if we go to hell to find him."



A WITTY historian said of Napoleon the Third's narrative of Sedan, "It reads like nothing but an account of the 1st of September by an escaped partridge."

THE keynote to good manners is B natural.



DEFENDING himself from raillery, a physician said—

“I defy any person whom I ever attended, to accuse me of ignorance or neglect.”

“That you may do safely,” said one of his companions, “for you know, doctor, *dead* men tell no tales.”



DR PITCAIRN had one Sunday stumbled into a Presbyterian church, probably to beguile a few idle moments, and seeing the parson apparently overwhelmed by the importance of his subject—“What makes the man *greet*?” said he to one who stood near him.

“By my faith, sir,” answered the other, “you would perhaps greet, too, if you were in his place, *and had as little to say.*”



A CERTAIN learned serjeant inclined to be irascible, was advised by the court not to *show temper* but to *show cause.*

REPRIMANDING a sexton for his drunkenness, a doctor was somewhat startled at receiving the following witty reply—

“Sir, I thought you would have been the last man alive to appear against me, as *I have covered so many blunders of yours.*”



A RETIRED singer, who had acquired a large fortune by marriage, being asked on one occasion to oblige the company, knowingly replied that he “would rather imitate the nightingale, which does not sing after it has made its nest.”



WISHING to annoy an old man who was his rival in an affair of the heart, a young man inquired his age.

“I can’t exactly tell,” replied the other, “but I can inform you that *an ass* of twenty is older than a man of sixty.”



“I NEVER was ruined but twice,” a wit is reported to have remarked in a legal company; “once when I *lost* a lawsuit, and once when I *gained* one.”

LORD COCKBURN was sitting on a hillside with a shepherd, and observing the sheep resting in the coldest situation, observed to his companion—

“John, if I were a sheep, I would lie on the other side of the hill.”

“Ah, my lord,” answered the shepherd, “but if ye had been a *sheep* ye would hae had mair sense.”



WHEN a worthy city baronet was gazing one evening at the illuminations in front of the Mansion House, an old acquaintance came up to him and said—

“Well, Sir William, are you studying astronomy?”

“No, sir,” replied the alderman, “I am studying *gas-tronomy*.”



ADRAMATIC translator who was introducing a well-known comedian to Madame Vestris, said—

“Madame, this is Mr B., who is not such a fool as he looks.”

“True, madame,” neatly added the actor, “and that is the great *difference* between me and my friend.”

A QUAKER addressed the following remark to a man who was voluminously abusing him—"Have a care, friend, thou mayest run *thy face* against *my fist*."



"WHY, Mr B.," said a new-comer to a small man in company with half a dozen very tall ones, "I did not see you at first, you are so small."

"Very likely," replied he, "I am like a sixpenny-bit among six copper pennies—*not easily perceived, but worth the whole of them*."



A HEAVY drinker having a dish of grapes placed before him at dessert, said loftily—"Thank you, I don't take my wine in pills."



ON a learned judge being asked the difference between law and equity courts, he replied, "At common law you are done for at once; at equity you are not so easily disposed of. One is *prussic acid*, and the other *laudanum*."



THE expression "black as your hat" was neatly defined by someone as meaning "darkness which may be *felt*."

HEARING it said that the British Empire is one on which the sun never sets, a wit added, "and it is one where the *tax gatherer* never goes to bed."



JOKING with a young barrister, a judge said, "If you and I were to be turned into a horse and an ass, which would you choose to be?"

"The ass to be sure," said the barrister.

"Why?" enquired the other.

"I've heard of *an ass* being made a judge, but a horse never."



A BARRISTER, having badgered a very difficult witness, said that she had *brass* enough to make a saucepan.

"And you have *sauce* enough to fill it," was the woman's ready retort.



SOMEONE attempted to defend a bad play by saying, "It was not hissed."

"That is true," said one who had seen it, "for no one can *hiss* and yawn at the same time."

WHEN a judge had delivered judgment in a particular case in a hasty manner, a Queen's Counsel present observed in a tone loud enough to reach the bench—

“Good heavens! every judgment by this court is a mere *toss up*.”

“But *heads* seldom win,” added the learned counsel for the losing side.



A JOKE may sometimes lead to a quarrel, but it may also sometimes settle one. A fire-eating Irishman challenged a barrister, and being very lame requested that he might have a support.

“Suppose,” said he, “I lean against this milestone?”

“With pleasure,” said the other, “on condition that I *may lean against the next*.”



AUSTRALASIA (New Holland) was the subject for the Chancellor's Prize Poem for 1823. This was being discussed at a party of Johnians, when someone observing that it was a bad subject, another replied—

“Not at all, it is at least a *transporting* one.”

SAID a military man at a dinner table: "If I were so unlucky as to have a stupid son, I would certainly make him a *parson*."

"You think differently, sir, from *your father*," neatly replied a clergyman who was present.



AN author had been praising a brother penman very heartily to a third person.

"It is very strange," was the reply, "that you speak so well of him, for *he* says that *you* are a charlatan."

"Oh," replied the other, "perhaps we are *both* mistaken."



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