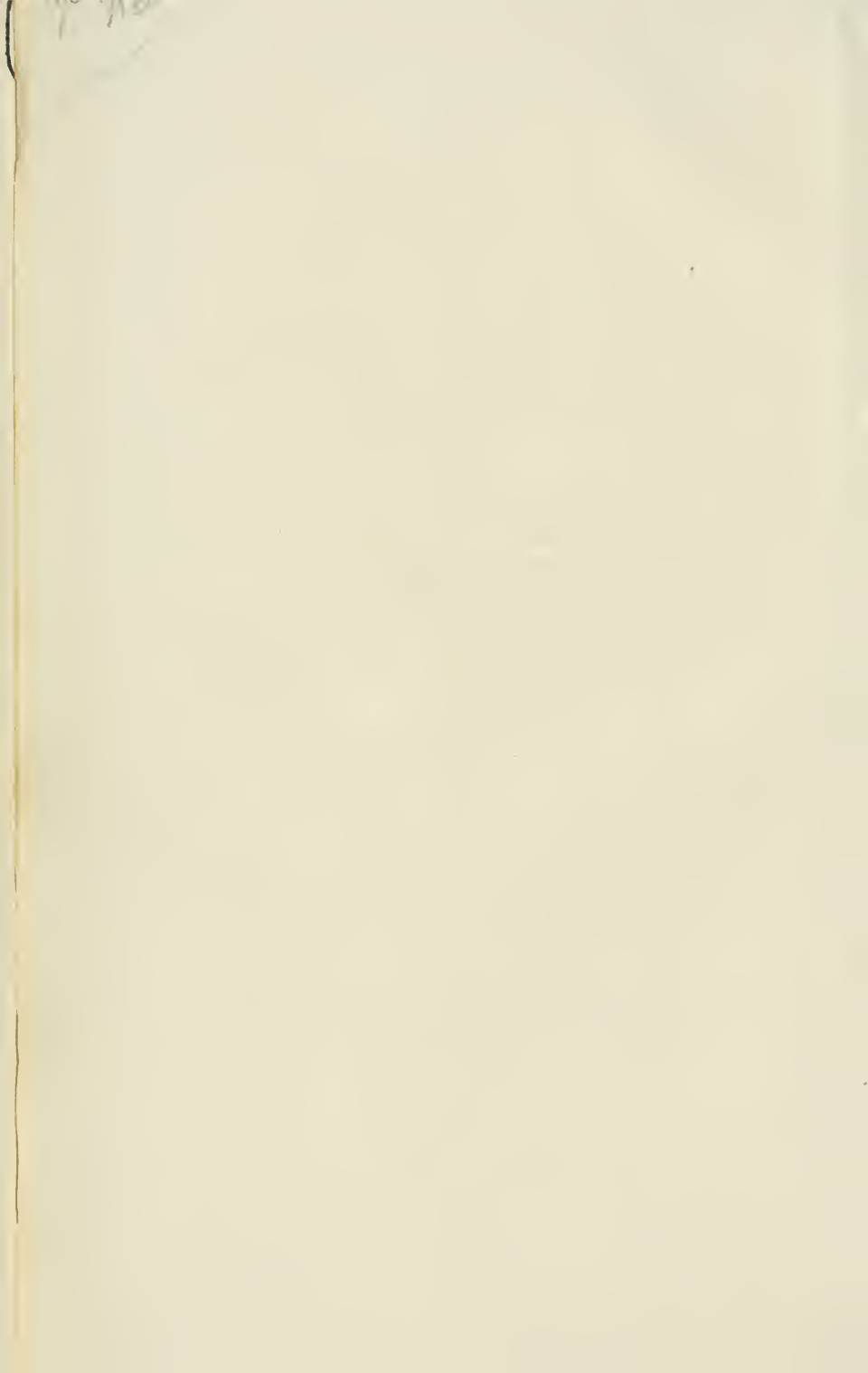
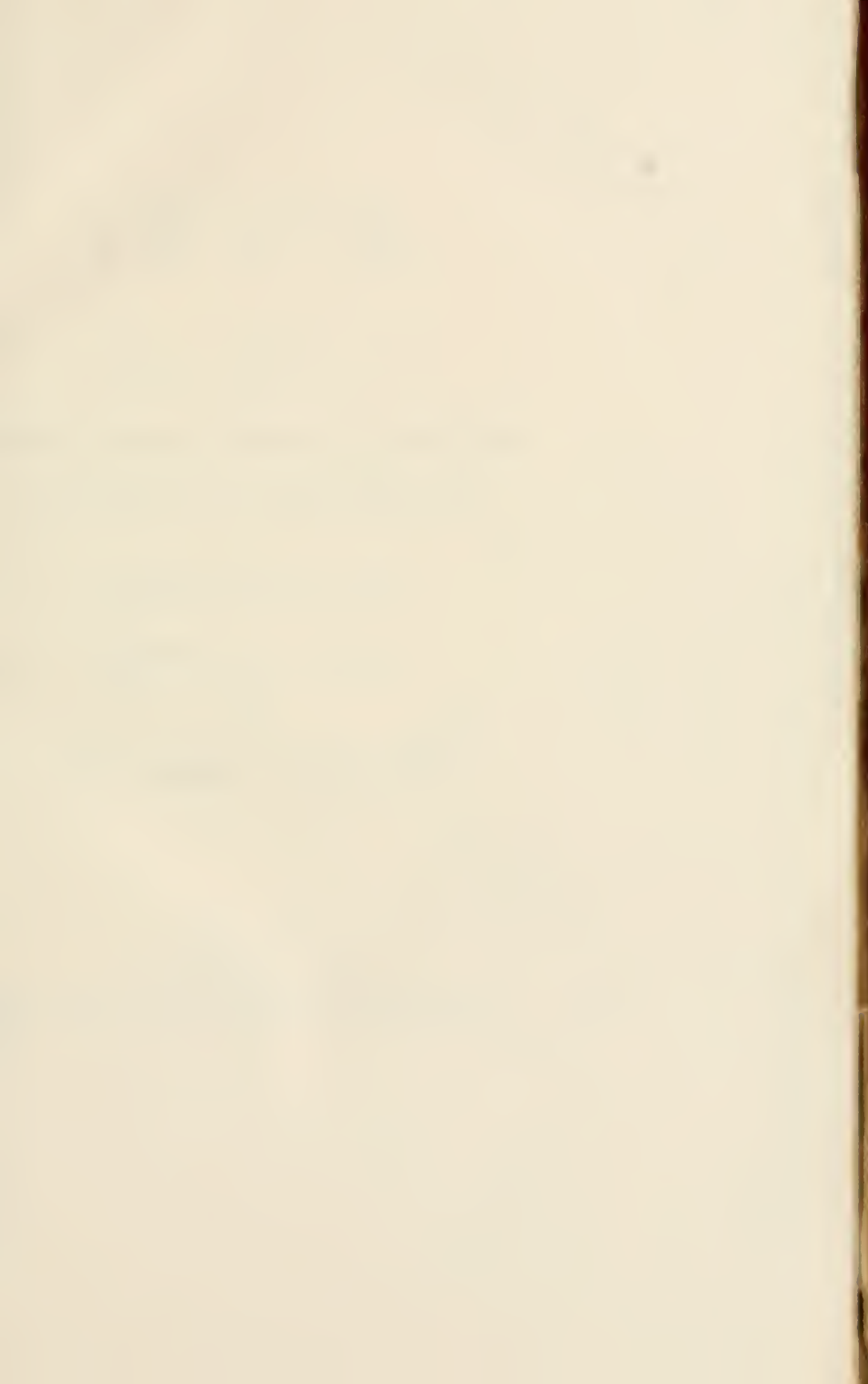


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JESTS,

NEW AND OLD,

*Containing Anecdotes of Celebrities, Living and Deceased,
many of which have never before been published.*

COLLECTED AND EDITED, WITH

PREFACE AND INDEX,

BY

W. CAREW HAZLITT,

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P R E F A C E .

THE present little volume is the result of some collections made by the Editor in print and MS., including a considerable number of items derived from special sources, and not generally known.

The leading aim has been to bring within the compass of a book of handy size the best and most entertaining anecdotes to be found scattered through a large assortment of literature of this class, and to confine the selection to stories or jests about persons of the present or last century, with the fewest possible exceptions.

Several articles will be met with in the course of these pages, indeed, which are probably new to the readers of *Ana* and *Facetiæ*; and even a certain proportion relate to those who have not passed away from among us. In these latter the Editor most sincerely trusts that nothing will be encountered of a nature calculated to annoy or offend the individual concerned; for it has been by no means his desire or object to

insert matter for the mere sake of raising a laugh or a sneer. His collections were sufficiently ample to enable him to exclude all that savoured of dulness or undue personality.

The Editor has been a gatherer of all the good things, which fell in his way of this character for the last quarter of a century, and it must be owned that there is very little that is deserving of permanent preservation in the present line of study and research, till we come to the century immediately behind us. The humourists of earlier times had their quips and cranks and quaint conceits; but, regarded apart from the period, opinions and circumstances, which gave them birth, they fall flatly on our ears, and are principally to be valued now-a-days as illustrations of manners and modes of life alike bygone and obsolete.

It is proposed by the Editor, if the present attempt is favourably received, to publish a companion volume of ANECDOTES, historical and literary, formed on a precisely similar principle, and presenting in its own way features, doubtless, of at least equal interest.

W. C. H.

*Barnes Common, Surrey,
Christmas, 1886.*

ON JESTS IN GENERAL.*

THE printing of jest-books began here three hundred and odd years ago, and is going on still. Yet, if the whole national stock of original wit were to be gathered in and put into a book all by itself, such a modest-looking pamphlet would come of it as would be wonderful to most beholders.

The SIXTY Club at Athens, in the time of Demosthenes, may, no doubt, be accepted as the earliest institution of its kind. But of its transactions and duration we do not possess very copious particulars, as may be fairly supposed, though indeed the names of some of the members have come down, with an anecdote how Philip of Macedon sent the Club a handsome present, regretting his inability to attend its meetings, but asking for a collection of all the good sayings which the Sixty had ever delivered. Whether this appeal met with the response, which the king's bounty and condescension so plentifully merited, no one appears to depose; but, had it been otherwise, the Jest-Book of the Athenian Sexagint would have been *facile princeps*, and have cast into the shade in point of antiquity, if not of literary value, all other human endeavours of this nature. The labours of Lucian and Athenæus in the field of wit and exhilaration were incidental and fragmentary.

* Reprinted from *All the Year Round*, 1867.

One Hierocles, in the early Christian days, spent much of his time in researches into this highly momentous subject : being the first positively authenticated author upon it. He left behind him, as the harvest of his labours, twenty-one jokes, which we may securely believe were all that to his knowledge existed up and down the world, after as many as five hundred years of its Christian life were spent, in addition, as many people are aware, to a previous four thousand. Twenty-one jokes in four thousand five hundred years ! Which is as much as to say, that the old world made a joke once in about two hundred and fifty years, and then took breath.

What a stale, worn, threadbare thing that first joke must have been when the second joke was made ! The stock of fun was of course comparatively rich then ; there was a glimpse of fertility. What an extraordinary run there must have been upon the little stranger ?

So we see that for forty-five centuries the world was in the habit of preparing its jokes with a stupendous degree of deliberation and forethought ; and the inhabitants of the universe (who lived, however, snugly in a tiny corner of it) maintained themselves respectably and comfortably during that period on twenty-one facetiæ. But a marvellous revolution was impending. The world was meditating (speaking jocularly) a gigantic and astounding spring. From twenty-one jokes, the Hieroclean legacy, to twenty-one millions, was like one step accomplished in a moment, or, in ordinary language, in about thirteen hundred years. Everything is comparative. Those first forty-five centuries joked so slowly, that we get somehow into a way of looking at them as if they had been mere chronological atoms. Adding thirteen new centuries

to the old forty-five, brings us very nearly down to the age in which we live—for argument's sake, say quite to it. We stand at twenty-one million jokes. Are we content? May twenty-one million jokes be regarded as high-water mark? The greatest nation in the world ought to rest and be thankful with such an enormous fortune.

These jokes have landed in England from all parts of the world, and have been examined on disembarkation by competent scholars. They have been taught our language, and have had their clothes changed, so that no one should have the slightest suspicion of their being born out of the country.

There is such a thing, we take it, as a nation being too greedy; wanting more jokes—not satisfied even with twenty-one millions, and saying: "Take our twenty-one million jokes, if you please. We are a little sick of them; and give us a new joke or two." It would not regard any honours as too high for the author of a new joke, and people will do well to consider the proper steps to be taken if the man should appear, as one fine day he may. We anticipate that he will be received with acclamation as one of the great minds of the particular generation it may please him to honour. The year in which he manifests himself will enjoy a celebrity far beyond that of any comet. How warily he would have to reconnoitre his ground! What cruelly hard work he would have of it, eye-deep in jokes for years, to ascertain beyond the possibility of a doubt that there was no little mistake to the extent of a mare's-nest! Probably his claim would be referred to an international congress of aged wits, representing every joke-producing country.

It would be of service to a gentleman desirous of becoming the hero of this proud and interesting situa-

tion to know exactly what a joke is. Joke (Latinè, *jocus*) is a piece of pleasantry, a sally, a jest: which, to be perfect in all its parts, should have a point (Latinè, *punctus*), as a mouse has a tail. It happens that some mice have no tails, and it happens that some jokes have no points. If the statistics of the twenty-one million extant jokes could be accurately tabulated, it might result that a small per-centage would have to be discounted for jokes in this predicament. About one emerald in five hundred bears the test of the microscope; about one bull (Latinè, *taurus jocosus*) in fifty thousand proves to have a tail.

There are subtle likenesses in things apparently unlike. As an expert in precious stones says to a man, handing him back in perfectly cold blood his beautiful diamond, "That is the best paste I ever saw," so an assayer of modern *facetiaë* returns your joke, with "Clever, but in Lucian;" or, "Hierocles was before you!" or, "Very well put: but how capitally Erasmus brings that in in such and such a place." He will get you in a corner somewhere. He has the whole matter at his fingers' end. He knows every joke that was ever made, who made it, why he made it, and how many have made it since.

The fathers of typography were probably the worst enemies that the disciples of the joking craft ever had to encounter. The invention of printing was positively a very gross inconvenience. Anybody who did not happen to have been born, forsooth, in the fifth century, and who made a joke, was henceforward to be branded as a borrower, because Lucian had got it in his "*Hetairæ*," or Athenæus in his "*Deipnosophistæ*"—as if it were likely that every one could be born at once, and start even! MSS. have a fortunate tendency to turn to mould, but with printed books it is

different ; they keep on multiplying out of all reason, and thrust themselves before people's eyes in a way that leaves no chance for men coming (by no fault of their own) after Erasmus and the rest of them. Printing was precisely the kind of thing which, when it had once started, there was no keeping within decent limits. We can bring to mind but one consolation. Some day this very press may take in hand those venerable Irish manuscripts (if they are happily preserved), the origin of which is lost in antiquity, and of which it is alleged by (Irish) scholars that Hierocles had the use. The history of the matter seems to be that these unprinted treasures, compiled in what was at that time the only spoken language, have been sealed up for centuries somewhere ; but their publication will establish the fact, doubtless, that they are the long-lost originals from which the Chinese and other more modern nations have been borrowing without the least acknowledgment. The circumstantial testimony in favour of this supposition is regarded by competent (Irish) judges as remarkably strong. They say, that out of the twenty-one million of jokes in circulation at present, no fewer than nineteen million five hundred thousand are clearly of Irish parentage. These inedited archives, they say, only await an editor. When such a person is found, there is no question that he will feel himself under deep obligations to us for a few remarks which we think we can place at his service, in support of his general argument.

What can be more evidently Irish than this? The book from which it comes was printed as lately as 1530. The printer carelessly dropped a word, which we have supplied between brackets : " A certain [Irish] curate preaching on a time to his parish-

ioners, said that our Lord with five loaves fed five hundred persons. The clerk, hearing him fail, said softly in his ear: "Sir, ye err; the gospel is five thousand." "Hold thy peace, fool," said the curate; "they will scarcely believe that they were five hundred."

There can be little question that the next article comes from the same source. It occurs in the same modern work:—"There was a man that had a dull lumpish fellow for his servant, wherefore he used commonly to call him the king of fools. The fellow [who was an Irishman by birth] at last waxed angry in his mind to be always so called, and said to his master: I would that I were the king of fools; for then no man could compare with me in largeness of kingdom, and also you should be my subject. By this we may perceive that too much of one thing is not good; many one calls another fool, that is more fool himself." A volume might be filled with these examples.

We find, not very far back (comparatively speaking), in fact, in Henry the Eighth's time, a physician of the name of Borde putting forth what, with excessive effrontery, he calls *Gothamite Tales*. But their true extraction betrays itself in an instant. They are only the tails of Irish bulls served up by a clever medical gentleman to suit his own purposes—which they did; for his name being Andrew, the people called him Merry Andrew then, and so it has been ever since.

These *Gothamite Tales*, though fragmentary and most dishonourable plagiarisms from the Celtic, were not unamusing, as, for instance:

"There was a man of Gotham did ride to market with two bushels of wheat, and because his horse should not bear heavy, he carried his corn upon his own neck, and did ride upon his horse, because his horse should not carry so heavy a burden. Judge you, which was the wisest, his horse or himself!"

Little England would shrink from competition with her emerald sister in exuberant riches of fun ; yet she has one small magazine of home-grown wit. This magazine is of modest proportions, and does not run into millions ; it is an even hundred, and no more ; but most of the articles are of pure English manufacture, and this small but independent country is not to be bullied out of the proprietorship by any forthcoming editors and publishers of Celtic MSS. whomsoever. They are Britons born and bred, these HUNDRED MERRY TALES, and we have very little to thank Hierocles or any other foreigner for in them, from beginning to end. They and ourselves being of the same blood, and, so to say, countrymen, we must confess, indeed, frankly to the weakness of thinking them a peg or two above Hierocles aforesaid, rather beyond Lucian, about four times too good for Athenæus and his friends—in short, not to err too much on the side of partiality, *nearly* the best things of the kind that have fallen under our limited observation.

These English tales have, for the most part, strong and decided English characteristics, which shew them to be no imported matter, no foreign goods, but of strictly insular growth. It was at one time our impression that the Hundred Merry Tales might have been the invention of the same Doctor Andrew Borde, of Pevensey, for whom is claimed the authorship of the old Gothamite drolleries, Scoggin's Jests, and, possibly, the Merry Tales of Skelton, Poet Laureat : which last, according to the writer, are "very pleasant for the recreation of the mind." But, on re-perusal, the Hundred Merry Tales strike us as being some degrees too clever for Dr. Andrew's pen ; reminding us of him only in their occasional latitude. They

were, evidently, the work of some one not dependent on their sale, or he would have informed us, as the compiler of *Merry Tales and Quick Answers*, circâ 1530, took care to do, that they were "very merry and pleasant to read," or were "full of sport and delightful pastime," or some such bookseller's garnish. We feel confident that this proceeded from some superior hand indifferent to the ordinary energetic expedients used for tickling coy palates.

The *Merry Tales* of Skelton have never been regarded by competent critics as of autobiographical authority; but that circumstance does not interfere with their value as English produce, which they most probably are. They were the fruit of some pleasant gentleman's opulent fancy; with which fruit he was forbearing enough, on commercial grounds, to identify a name more popular, perhaps, than his own. There are only fifteen of these stories, the majority of which are by no manner of means exhilarating, but, on the contrary, either stupid merely, or stupid and indelicate too. In fact, they are scarcely admissible within the same category as the book we have lately dismissed with praise. This is a collection of *Jests quasi Joci*—to translate literally, Jokes; but the *Tales* of Skelton, are more strictly *Jests quasi Gesta*, in the same sense in which we say *Gesta Romanorum* (the queer doings of the Romans).

There are three other compilations to which a similar remark is applicable, namely, Scoggin's *Jests*, Peele's *Jests*, and Tarlton's *Jests*—the last in a less measure than the other two; but still it is of a very germane character. They resemble in structure and treatment the *Adventures of Howleglas*, and even the *History of Friar Rush*, in a far greater degree than the *Hundred Merry Tales*, or the *Tales* of the

Gothamites. They come under the head of facetious biography, or may be allowed almost a place among the Ana; for there is no denying the likelihood that to some extent the material may have been derived from actual incidents in the lives of the men. These small books *are* indeed the early English ANA, and some knowledge of them may be serviceable to those students who are anxious to acquaint themselves with the true character of the later English Ana, such as the Sheridaniana, the Sydney Smithiana, and a multitude more.

The Merry Jests and Witty Shifts of Scoggin scarcely exhibit an item suitable for repetition. Many of the stories were as old in his time, as the book itself is in ours. We meet there with many ancient acquaintances, as How Jack made of Two Eggs Three; and there is one morsel of facetiousness which is still being swallowed almost nightly by a cheaply diverted public, and which seems to possess the gift of remaining perennially green and fresh. It will continue, we predict, to amuse distant generations. We are alluding to the account here found, How the Scholar said that Tom Miller of Oseney was Jacob's Father. What would the biographer of Scoggin have said if he could have foreseen that this imported merriment would have lived on in its native air ever so long, and, after centuries, have migrated to the pleasant land of Ethiopia, from which it has now returned to delight these shores in the society of Messrs. Christy and Co.?

Not looking for the moment at the great main question, of which enough has been heard already, as to the Alma Mater of all jokes whatsoever, wheresoever, and whensoever, it is to be predicated of the jokes which ran in England in the sixteenth century that they were doing exactly the same thing in the seven-

teenth, and were not yet run down. People's ears wearied, though, of a C Merry Tales, Merry Tales of Skelton, and so forth, and caterers for novelties found it imperative to "change the bill." So exeunt C. Merry Tales, Merry Tales and Quick Answers, very merry and pleasant to be read, Merry Tales of Skelton, and the rest of the old company, and enter, with new and startling effects, Pasquil and Mother Bunch, Jack of Dover, Dobson, Hobson, Democritus Secundus, Taylor (Water-poet to King Charles), and Hugh Peters : each with his wallet brimming over with "screamers." Most of this comic throng were men of buckram—puppets in the showman's hands—*nervis alienis mobile lignum*. But our ever-renowned literary waterman must be excepted. He moved the strings himself; his Wit and Mirth, as he calls it, was made in the main out of honest materials, and was a good six-pennyworth. Some of its flowers were culled from other gardens, no doubt. Take this:—

"A proper gentlewoman went to speak with a rich miser that had more gout than good manners. After taking leave, he requested her to take a cup of Canary. She (contrary to his expectation) took him at his word, and thanked him. He commanded Jeffrey Starveling, his man, to wash a glasse and fill it to the gentlewoman. Honest Jeffrey fill'd a great glass about the bigness of two tailors' thimbles, and gave it to his master, who kissed it to save cost, and gave it to the gentlewoman, saying that it was good Canary of six years old at the least; to whom she answered (seeing the quantity so small), 'Sir, as you requested me, I have tasted your wine; but I wonder that it should be so little, being of such a great age.'"

Poor Taylor did not know how to tell a story as well as Lucian; but the drawback is, that Lucian relates

this of a gentlewoman who was very far from being "proper;" in very sooth, both he and Athenæus give it, and of different ladies, neither of whom would satisfy the modern standard of gentility or decorum. On the whole, however, the water-poet sins by no means so grievously as other men of his century, who were worse thieves than he was, and more bungling. As it will wound nobody's feelings, we do not mind asserting our belief that the gentlemen who availed themselves of the freedom of the press to bring on to the stage Pasquil (with Mrs. Bunch), Hobson, Dobson, and the rest, in old motley furbished up to look like new, were persons sincerely to be compassionated. There is a greater variety, too, in Taylor's Wit and Mirth than in many of its fellows. The collection contains examples of the joke in its succincter and more epigrammatic forms—what used to be termed Clinches and Conceits—approaching, in fact, more nearly to the modern joke, as it is usually understood.

But the book best answering to this description is, *Conceits, Clinches, Flashes, and Whimsies*, 1639, the reputed handiwork of Robert Chamberlain, a Lancashire man, and his friends. He was in the habit of noting down, like a smaller Athenæus, what was said at table over the wine, and his notes in time made a volume which somebody thought worth printing. We are without information as to the degree of Chamberlain's personal responsibility, and seeing that he was a writer of some average poetry and of a drama, we may venture to assume that all the good things are his, and all the bad things his friends'. He addressed his publication to the reader, quaintly enough, as "the producements of some vapouring hours;" with a wish that the reader might be as merry in the reading as he

and some *other* of his friends had been in speaking of them.

If the reader will take our word for it, Mr. Chamberlain's table-talk is very much in this style—we say Mr. Chamberlain's, because we pick the best we can find :

“One put a jest upon his friend. ‘Oh,’ said his friend, ‘that I could but see your brains! I would even hug them for this jest.’”

“One wondered much what great scholar this same Finis was, because his name was almost to every book.” We apprehend that Mr. Chamberlain has the *Spectator* on the hip there.

Good wit must be good in more than one sense now to be fit for circulation. Our earliest book of facetiæ, the Hundred Merry Tales, has less to answer for on this score than its successors; but when we have passed the middle of the seventeenth century and reach the Restoration, this class of works is most foully tainted with the leaven of uncleanness, and it may be accepted as a pretty safe rule that the most unpresentable jokes are also the most vapid. It was Roscommon who said, that “want of decency was want of sense.”

W. C. H.

FESTS, NEW & OLD.

I.

WALKING one day, to dine with a friend, some miles from Cambridge, Dr. Parr was overtaken by a heavy fall of rain, and not being able to procure shelter, was completely drenched before he reached his destination. With linen and clothes his friend was able to furnish him, but his handkerchief was obliged to supply the absence of his wig, which was sent to the kitchen to be dried. After a time, the doctor exclaimed, with much animation, and with his accustomed lisp, "How very kind of you, my dear friend, to remember my love for *roth goothe*." But his host, on going into the kitchen to ascertain the cause of so savoury a smell, found it was the doctor's wig smoking by the fire!*

IA.

IN a village of Picardy, after a long sickness, a farmer's wife fell into a lethargy. Her husband was willing, good man, to believe her out of pain; and so, according to the custom of that country, she was wrapped in a sheet, and carried out to be buried. But as ill luck would have it, the bearers carried her

* About forty years ago, this very story was in circulation at Cambridge about the Reverend Richard Farmer, Master of Emmanuel College, who died in 1798. The Editor's informant was a fellow of Emmanuel, and a descendant of Dr Farmer.

so near a hedge, that the thorns pierced the sheet, and waked the woman from her trance. Some years after, she died in reality ; and as the funeral passed along, the husband would every now and then call out, "Not too near the hedge, not too near the hedge, neighbours."

II.

WHEN Churchill's Prophecy of Famine, which is undoubtedly his finest poem, made its appearance, the sale was rather dull. Meeting his publisher in the pit of one of the theatres, Churchill asked him if he heard how it sold? Mr. K. informed him the sale was extensive since the Reviewers damned it. "Aye," says the poet, 'that is fulfilling the scripture,' 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings I have obtained strength.'

III.

A CLOWN, in Berkshire, employed to draw timber from a wood, met with an oak trunk of so large a size, that the tackle he made use of to place it on the carriage broke twice on the trial. Hodge flung his hat on the ground, and scratching his head with much vexation, exclaimed, "D—n the *hogs* that did not eat *thee* when thee was an *acorn*, and then I should not have had this trouble with thee."

IV.

THE principal inn at the head of Windermere had been known as the Cock ; but the landlord, by way of compliment to Dr. Watson, bishop of Llandaff, who resided at the lakes through ill health, substituted the *Bishop* as a sign. An inn-keeper, close by, who had frequently envied mine host of the Cock his good fortune in securing a considerable preponderance of visitors, took advantage of the change, and put up the

sign over his own door. The landlord of the Bishop was much discontented at seeing many of his old customers deposited at his rival's house ; so, by way of remedy, he painted up in staring red letters under the portrait of Bishop Watson, "THIS IS THE OLD COCK."*

V.

THE Duchess of Cleveland once came to Charles II. with a complaint that, whenever she met Nell Gwynne in the street, the latter put her head out of the coach, and made mouths at her. "Well then," says the King, "the next time you meet Nelly, and she makes mouths at you, do you make mouths at her again."

VI.

GAINSBOROUGH was a witness in some suit, where he happened to speak of the "painter's eye" in a professional sense. The counsel for the other side, wanting to confuse him, said to him, "And pray, sir, what do you mean by the painter's eye?" "Why," answered Gainsborough, readily, "it is the same to an artist that a lawyer's tongue is to him."

VII.

CHARLES Lamb's landlord was in the habit of charging him for friends who dined with him at the rate of a shilling a head, but when Wordsworth come, he put down eighteenpence in the bill. "Why, how is this?" Lamb demanded ; "an extra sixpence ! Mr. Wordsworth, you know, is a great poet." "Don't know about great poet," mine host rejoined, rather sulkily, "but know he eats a great lot."

* This is another reading of the story of the Duke of Cumberland and the Original Old Grey Ass, of which Mr. Gunning, when he introduced it into his "Reminiscences of Cambridge," 1854, does not seem to have been aware.

VIII.

SOME one was speaking of himself to a friend as a great novel reader, The other asked him if he had ever read *Ten Thousand a Year* (meaning Warren's book). But the first, misunderstanding, answered, "Good heavens, no; I never read so many in the whole course of my life."

IX.

THE late Lord Lytton happened to be addressing some public assembly, and his utterance was so slow and indistinct, that his remarks were barely audible. "Ah!" said somebody, "it is clear that his lordship does not care to mix with the vulgar *herd*."

X.

A TRAVELLER to a firm in Watling-street, being on a journey, was attacked a few miles beyond Winchester by a single highwayman who, taking him by surprise, robbed him of his purse and pocket-book, containing cash and notes to a considerable amount. "Sir (said the rider with great presence of mind), I have suffered you to take my property, and you are welcome to it. It is my master's, and the loss cannot do him much harm; but as it will look very cowardly in me, to have been robbed without making any defence, I should take it kindly of you just to fire a pistol through my coat." "With all my heart (said the highwayman), where will you have the ball?"—"Here (said the traveller), just by the side of the button." The unthinking highwayman was as good as his word; but the moment he fired, the traveller knocked him off his horse, and, with the assistance of another traveller, who just at that time arrived, lodged the highwayman in Winchester Gaol.

XI. TWO OF A TRADE.

A fisherman one morn display'd
 Upon the Steine his net ;
 CORINNA could not promenade,
 And 'gan to fume and fret.

The fisher cried, Give o'er the spleen,
 We both are in one line ;
 You spread your net upon the Steine,
 Why may not I spread mine ?

Two of a trade can ne'er agree
 'Tis that which makes you sore ;
 I fish for flat fish in the sea,
 And you upon the shore.

XII.

GEORGE Rose, when Secretary of the Treasury, being asked by an intimate friend, why he did not promote merit, with much simplicity retorted, "*Did merit promote me ?*"

XIII.

BEN JONSON, owing a landlord some money, kept away from his house. The vintner, meeting him by chance, asked him for what was owing him, but at the same time told him, that if he would come to his house, and answer him four questions, he would forgive him the debt. To this proposal Ben very readily assented, and at the time appointed waited upon the landlord, who produced a bottle of wine, and then put to him these questions, "First, What pleases God? Secondly, What pleases the devil? Thirdly, What pleases the world? And lastly, What pleases me?" "Well," says Ben, directly:

“ God is best pleased when man forsakes his sin ;
 The devil’s best pleased when men persist therein ;
 The world’s best pleased when you do draw good wine ;
 And you’ll be best pleased when I pay for mine.”

The vintner was so well pleased with this impromptu, that he gave Ben a receipt in full for his debt, and treated him with a bottle into the bargain.

XIV.

AT the close of that season in which Shuter became so celebrated in the character of Master Stephen, in the comedy of “Every Man in his Humour,” he was engaged to perform a few nights in a principal city in the north of England. It happened that the stage he went down in (and in which there was only an old gentleman and himself) was stopped on the other side of Finchley Common by a highwayman, who, having put the usual compliments to the old gentleman, and received his contribution, turned towards Shuter, who sat on the other side of the coach asleep, or at least pretending to be so ; saluting him with a smart slap on the face, and presenting his pistol, he commanded him to deliver his money instantly, or he was a dead man. “Money !” returns the droll, with a shrug, yawn, and countenance inexpressibly vacant, “Oh ! sir, they never trusts me with any, for nuncle here always pays for me, turnpikes and all, your honour.” The highwayman gave him a few curses for his stupidity, and rode off, while the old gentleman grumbled ; and Shuter, with infinite satisfaction and mirth, pursued the rest of his journey.

XV.

THE Earl of Derby, who lived in the reigns of James I and Charles I, wore such plain apparel, that he could not be distinguished by his garb from the better

sort of farmers ; and, coming to Court in his ordinary habit, he was denied entrance into the Privy Chamber by a fine-dressed Scot, who told him that this was no place for ploughmen. The king, hearing a dispute at the chamber door, came out to know what occasioned it. To whom the earl said, "Nothing, my liege ; but your countrymen, having left their manners and their rags behind them in Scotland, neither know themselves nor their betters." The king, being angry at the affront offered to so great a man, said, "My good Lord Derby, I am sorry for the affront given you by my servant ; and, to make your lordship satisfaction, I will command him to be hanged, if your lordship desires it." The earl replied, "That is too small an atonement for the affront put upon my honour, and I expect his punishment should be more exemplary." "Name it, my lord," said the king, "and it shall be done." "Why then," said the earl, "I desire your Majesty will send him back to Scotland again."

XVI.

DOCTOR MOUNTAIN, chaplain to King James I., and Dean of Westminster, waiting upon His Majesty when he was walking in St. James's Park, the king said that he was more troubled how to dispose of the bishopric of London, which was then vacant, than he was about anything in his life ; "for," said he, "there are many who apply for it with so strong an interest, that I know not to whom to give it." The doctor told His Majesty, that if he had faith, he might easily dispose of it. "How ?" asked the king. "If your Majesty," returned the doctor, "had as much faith as a grain of mustard-seed, you might say to this Mountain : 'Be thou removed, and be thou cast into *that see*.'"

XVII.

SOME one said to Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, who had been minister at several courts, what a happy man he must have been to have conversed with so many crowned heads. "Faith," replied he, "I never could find that out; they were the dullest company I ever kept."

XVIII.

"HOW much is it to be lamented," said a gentleman, "that Sir Joshua Reynolds was not careful to use colours that would stand. Some of his best pieces are already spoiled from this neglect." "True," said the Duchess of Devonshire, "he has always come off with *flying colours*."

XIX.

AT the end of March, 1781, Lord Bateman waited upon King George III., and, with a very low bow, begged to know at what hour his majesty would please to have the stag hounds *turned out*. "I cannot exactly answer that," replied the king, "but I can inform you, that your lordship was *turned out* about two hours ago."

XX.

GEORGE III. in one of his morning rides, noticed Mr. Blanchard's pretty house on Richmond Hill; and being told it belonged to a card-maker, he observed, "What! what! what! a card-maker! all his *cards* must have turned up *trumps*."

XXI.

A JACK tar having been long in a French prison, was asked on his return, whether he had not got a smattering of their lingo? "No," replied Jack, "they

call things by wrong names ; they call a *horse* a *shovel*, and a *hat* a *chopper*."

XXII.

SOME one once sent a piece to Elliston on approval, and, hearing nothing of it, went to inquire. "My dear sir," said the manager, "I really know nothing whatever about this MS. of yours. Pray, what was the play called?" The other told him. "And the plot?" The dramatist explained. "Well," exclaimed Elliston, "I am very sorry, indeed ; I recollect nothing of it, but (opening a drawer full of MSS.) you can take any three of these you please."

XXIII.

JERROLD observed to a brother dramatist—Mr. P—who was not particularly remarkable for the originality of his plots—that he could never bear to go to the theatre on the first night of one of his own plays. Mr. P—expressed much surprise. "Oh," said Jerrold, "it excites me too much." Mr. P—assured him that he had never felt anything of the kind. "Ah ! no," returned the wit, "but *your* pieces have been acted before."

XXIV.

LORD P—, being one night at a puppet-show, was so struck with the pleasant sallies of Punch, that he resolved to purchase him, and gave Flockton his own price for that merry wag. Next morning he wrote cards of invitation to his acquaintance, requesting their company, as he had made acquaintance with one of the merriest fellows he had ever met, and that the choice spirit would take the chair precisely at four o'clock. In consequence of these invitations his lordship had a numerous set of guests, and Punch presided.

After the usual ceremonies, all being seated, his lordship was astonished, that the genius had not yet opened his mouth. "Come, Punch," said he, "say a good thing." Not a syllable in reply. "What," resumed his lordship, "are you so sulky for to-day? you were facetious enough last night." Still Punch remained silent; when at length, his lordship was so provoked and enraged at the disappointment, that he took Punch by the collar, and *kicked him down stairs.*

XXV.

SOUTHERN, the poet, once wrote a dedication to John, Duke of Argyle. It was shewn to his grace in manuscript, and he objected to one part as too complimentary, to another as inelegant in the construction; and to another, as not belonging to the subject. On this occasion, Southern wrote the following stanzas:

Argyle, his praise when Southern wrote,
 First struck out this, and then that thought;
 Said, this was flattery, that a fault,
 How shall the bard contrive?

"My lord, consider what you do;
 He'll lose his pains and verses too,
 For if the lines will not fit *you*,
 They'll serve no man alive."

XXVI.

TOM SHERIDAN once mentioned to his father that he thought of going down a coal mine. "Go down a coal mine!" exclaimed the other, astonished; "what is your reason?" "Oh!" said Tom, "I think it would be rather a nice thing to say that one had been down a pit." "Well, but you can *say* so," returned his father.

XXVII.

SHERIDAN told his son that he thought it was high time for him to take a wife. "Whose wife shall I take, sir?" was the inquiry.

XXVIII.

ONE of Jerrold's acquaintances, in trying to make it as clear as possible to him how closely their interests corresponded, observed at last, "In fact, you know, we row in the same boat." "With what different *sculls!*" replied Jerrold.

XXIX.

CHARLOTTE Smith was walking along Piccadilly, when the tray of a butcher's boy came in sudden contact with her shoulder, and dirtied her dress. "The deuce take the tray," exclaimed she, in a pet: "*Ah, but the deuce can't take the tray,*" replied the boy, with the greatest gravity.

XXX.

WHEN Foote went first to Scotland, he was enquiring of an old highlander, who had formerly been prompter to the Edinburgh theatre, about the state of the country, with respect to travelling, living, manners, &c., of all which the Scot gave him very favourable accounts. "Why, then," said Foote, "with about 300*l.* a year one may live like a gentleman in your country." "In truth, master Foote," replied his informant, "I cannot tell that, for as I never knew a man there who spent half that sum, I don't know what may come into his head, who would attempt to *squander the whole.*"

XXXI.

WHEN Sir Thomas More was one day on the flat leaded roof of his house at Chelsea, a lunatic

succeeded somehow in getting to him, and tried to throw him down, crying, "Leap, Tom, leap." The Chancellor was in his dressing-gown, and besides, was too old a man to have any chance against the madman. Sir Thomas had a little dog with him. "Let's throw him down first," said he, "and see what good fun that will be;" so the fellow took up the animal, and threw him down. "Now," said More, "run and fetch him back, and let us try again, for I think it is good sport." The madman went, and as soon as he had disappeared, More rose and secured the door.

XXXII.

AN old gentleman, having occasion for a footman, persuaded his nephew to part with his own. The servant left his young master with reluctance, yet believing it would be for his interest, he went to him. The old gentleman received him with great satisfaction, and asked him if he understood *sequences*. "I don't know, sir," replies the man, "if you will please to explain what you mean by *sequences*, I shall give you an answer." "Why, thus," says he, "for instance; when I bid you lay the cloth, you are to put the knives, forks, salt, etc., on the table." "Oh, sir," replies the footman, "if that's all, I make no doubt but I shall please you." His master, being taken ill one morning, ordered him to fetch him a nurse with all speed; however, he did not return till late at night. The moment he came into his master's presence, he reproached him severely for staying so long, when he had sent him on business of such importance. The fellow made no reply till the heat of his passion was abated; when he began by telling him that he went and found the nurse, who was below; the sequence of a nurse, he

thought, was an apothecary, an apothecary was below ; the sequence of an apothecary was a doctor, a doctor was below ; the sequence of a doctor was a surgeon, a surgeon was below ; the sequence of a surgeon was an undertaker, an undertaker was below." The old gentleman was so pleased with his man's sagacity, that he ordered him to fetch a lawyer to make a codicil to his will, in which he left him a handsome legacy.

XXXIII.

WHEN George the Second was once told by some of his confidential friends, that everything was complained of, and that the people were extremely dissatisfied at the tardiness of making the public payments, he in great wrath sent for the Duke of Newcastle, his prime minister, and told him he would no longer suffer such infamous delays, but was determined to inspect and regulate the accounts himself ; and for this purpose he commanded that the proper papers should be immediately sent to St. James's. "They shall be sent to your Majesty to-morrow ;" replied the Duke. When the king rose in the morning, and looked out of his window, he saw two waggon-loads of papers, each tied with red tape, unloading in the area. Enquiring what they were, he was told they came from the Duke of Newcastle, to whom he sent to know what it meant. "They are the papers for examination," said the Duke : twelve more waggon-loads for your Majesty's inspection will be sent in the course of the day." "For my inspection, !" replied the enraged monarch ; "for my inspection ! The devil's chief clerk may inspect them, but I would as soon walk barefooted to Jerusalem."

XXXIV.

BACON being asked by James I. what he thought of Mr. Caderes, a very tall man, who was sent on an occasional embassy to the monarch of France, answered that some tall men were "like lofty houses, where the *upper rooms* are commonly the most *meanly furnished*."

XXXV.

TWO men, who had not seen one another for a great while, meeting by chance, one asked the other how he did? He replied, he was not very well, and had been married since he saw him. "That's good news, indeed," said he. "Nay, not such good news, neither," replied the other; "for I married a shrew." "That was bad," said the friend. "Not so bad, neither; for I had two thousand pounds with her." "That's well again," said the other. "Not so well, neither," said the other; "for I laid it out in sheep, and they all died of the rot." "That was hard, indeed," says his friend. "Not so hard," says the husband; "for I sold the skins for more than the sheep cost." "That made you amends," said the other. "Not so much amends neither; for I laid out my money in a house, and it was burnt." "That was a great loss, indeed." "Nay, not so great a loss, neither; for my wife was burnt in it."

XXXVI.

WHEN Sir Philip Francis was, not long before his death, at Holland-house, Lady Holland induced Rogers to ask the knight if he was really the author of Junius' Letters. Rogers, knowing the knight's austere

character, addressed him with modest hesitation, asking if he might be permitted to propose a question. Francis, evidently anticipating what was to come, exclaimed in a severe tone, "At your peril, sir." Rogers immediately retired, and returned to tell Lady Holland the success of his mission, observing, that, "if Sir Philip was really Junius, he was certainly Junius Brutus."

XXXVII.

THE following advertisement was posted up at North Shields, "Whereas several idle and disorderly persons have lately made a practice of riding on an ass, belonging to Mr. —, the head of the Ropery stairs; now, lest any accident should happen, he takes this method of informing the public, that he is determined to *shoot* the said *ass*, and cautions any person who may be riding on it at the time, to take care of himself, lest by some unfortunate mistake he should shoot the *wrong one*."

XXXVIII.

IN spite of the ill-founded contempt Dr. Johnson professed to entertain for actors, he persuaded himself to treat Mrs. Siddons with great politeness; and said, when she called on him at Bolt Court, and Frank, his servant, could not immediately provide her with a chair. "You see, madam, wherever you go, there are no seats to be got."

XXXIX.

THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

At Betty, astonish'd, the people all gaz'd,
 " 'Twas wonderful," still they kept saying;
 For my part I own I was not much amaz'd
 At seeing a *little boy playing*.

XL.

EPIGRAM.

My garden neat
 Has got a seat
 That's hid from ev'ry eye, sir :
 There day and night
 I read and write,
 And *nobody's the wiser.*

XLI.

ONE of the Dukes of Devonshire, who preferred the society at Brookes's club to that at Devonshire House, used frequently to pass a cobbler's stall on his way home in the small hours. They always greeted each other. "Good *night*, sir," said the Duke. "Good *morning*, sir," said the cobbler.

XLII.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH said of Lord Kenyon, who was rather noted for want of cleanliness, when the income-tax was put on, that his lordship intended to reduce his expenditure—in pocket-handkerchiefs.

XLIII.

A YOUNG barrister, pleading a cause one day before Ellenborough, began with, "My unfortunate client, my lord"—Ellenborough broke in—"There, sir, the Court is with you."

XLIV.

ELLENBOROUGH hated everything in the shape of travelling encumbrances. His wife went with him once on circuit, and as they were driving in the carriage together, Ellenborough, stretching out his legs, came in contact with a band-box. He was in a terrible

rage. Up went the window ; out went the box. When they reached their destination, Ellenborough could not find his wig. "Where is my wig?" he demanded angrily. "My lord," replied one of his servants, "it was in the bandbox."

XLV.

SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, when a young man, was one day at a coffee-house, near Grosvenor Square, with Henry Aston. Several other persons were seated at the different tables. Among others, there was a celebrated Irish duellist. Aston swore to one or two of his acquaintances present that he would make the Irishman stand barefooted before the company. "You had better take care," said his friends, "he has his eye upon you." "No matter," answered Aston, "I'll do it, if you'll make up a purse of fifty guineas." This was agreed to, whereupon Aston, raising his voice, said, "I have been in Ireland, and am well acquainted with the natives." The Irishman pricked up his ears. "The Irish," continued Aston, speaking at him, "being natives of bogs, are (as I know for a fact) born *wcb-footed*"—— "Sir," roared the Irishman, springing up, "you tell a falsehood." Aston repeated his declaration. "I will prove, sir, that it is a lie," replied the other, and slipped off his boots and stockings. The money was divided between Aston and the Irishman, who got the bigger half.

XLVI.

A LADY who gave herself great airs of importance, on being introduced to a gentleman for the first time, said, with much cool indifference, "I think, sir, I have seen you somewhere." "Very likely," replied the gentleman, "you may, ma'am, as I have often been there."

XLVII.

SIR G. BEAUMONT once met Quin at a very small dinner party. There was a delicious pudding, which the master of the house, pushing the dish towards Quin, begged him to taste. A gentleman had just before helped himself to an immense piece of it. "Pray," said Quin, looking first at the gentleman's plate and then at the dish, "which *is* the pudding?"

XLVIII.

A MAN was asked by his friend when he last saw his jolly comrade —? "Oh," said he, "I called on him yesterday at his lodgings, and there I found him sitting all round a table by himself."

XLIX.

AT a trial a barrister, whose turn it would become shortly to speak, opened his bag to bring out his brief, and drew from it instead a roast fowl. There was a peal of laughter in the court. "It is that fool of a clerk of mine," said he; "who does not know the difference."

L.

ONE evening Tom Sheridan, sitting with his father over a bottle, was complaining of the emptiness of his pocket. The right honourable manager told him jocularly to go on the highway. "I have tried that already," said he, "but without success." "Aye! how?" replied his father. "Why," resumed he, "I stopt a caravan full of passengers, who assured me they had not a farthing, as they all belonged to *Drury-lane theatre*, and could not get a penny of their salary."

LI.

SOME years ago, one of the male convicts of Botany Bay wrote a farce, which was acted with great applause on the theatre in Port Jackson. Barrington,

the noted pick-pocket, furnished the prologue, which ended with these two lines :

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

LII.

ABOUT the time when Murphy so successfully attacked the stage-struck heroes in the pleasant farce of "The Apprentice," an eminent poulterer went to a spouting-club in search of his servant who, he understood, was that evening to make his *debut* in Lear, and entered the room at the moment he was exclaiming, "I am the King; you cannot touch me for coining." "No, you dog," cried the enraged master, catching the mad monarch by his collar, "but I can for not *picking the ducks*."

LIII.

TOM BURNET happening to be at dinner at my Lord Mayor's, in the latter part of Queen Anne's reign, after two or three healths, the Ministry was toasted; but when it came to Tom's turn to drink, he diverted it for some time, by telling a story to the person who sat next him. The chief magistrate of the city, not seeing his toast go round, called out, "Gentlemen, where sticks the Ministry?" "At nothing," says Tom, and so drank off his glass.

LIV.

GEORGE I. asked Dr. Savage, at a levee, why he did not convert the Pope, when he was at Rome? "Because, Sir," said the doctor, "I had nothing better to offer him."

LV.

A FRENCHMAN, just arrived here, who had been taking English lessons on the voyage from a

fellow-passenger, complained much of the difficulty of our grammar, especially the irregular verbs. "For instance," says he, "se verb, to go. Did you ever see one such verb?" And with the utmost gravity he read from a sheet of paper—"I go, thou departest, he clears out, we cut stick, you make tracts, they absquatulate. Mon Dieu ! mon Dieu ! what disregular verbs you have in your English language !"

LVI.

WHEN Hood was editor of the *London Magazine*, he used to give most amusing answers to his correspondents. For instance, one writer is informed that his "Night" is too long, for the moon rises twice in it. "The 'Essay on Agricultural Distress' would only increase it." "The 'Tears of Insensibility' had better be dropped." "'B.' is surely humming." "The 'Echo' will not answer ;" and, "The 'Sonnet to the Rising Sun' must have been written for a lark."

LVII.

A PRIEST, whose house and garden were near the church, seeing, as he was elevating the host, a thief ascending one of his fruit trees, cried out, to the great astonishment of the congregation, "*Oh ! the devil go up with thee !*"

LVIII.

A BEAUTIFUL girl stepped into an American store, and asked about a pair of mitts. "Why," said a gallant but impudent clerk, "you may have them for a kiss." "Agreed !" said the young lady, pocketing the gloves, and her eyes speaking daggers ; "agreed ; and as I see you give credit, you may charge it in your books, and collect it the best way you can."

LIX.

DR. ROBERTSON having observed that Johnson's jokes were the rebukes of the righteous, which are like excellent oil—"O!" exclaimed Burke, who was present, "*Oil of Vitrol!*"

LX.

THE following advertisement appeared in a provincial paper. "To be sold by private Contract, *a beautiful Monkey, a Parrot, two Spaniels, and a Tortoise-shell Tom Cat*; the property of a lady, just married, who has no further occasion for them."

LXI.

A PERSON being asked, what made him bald, said, "*My hair.*"

LXII.

A GOOD monk being charged with making a catalogue of a library, and meeting with a Hebrew book, put, *Item, a book which begins at the end.*

LXIII.

A GENUINE Highlander was one day looking at a print from a picture by one of the old masters, in which angels were represented blowing trumpets. He inquired if the angels played on trumpets, and being answered in the affirmative, made the following pithy remark:—"Hech, sirs, but they maun be pleased wi' music! I wonder they dinna borrow a pair o' bagpipes."

LXIV.

DUCROW was once teaching a boy to go through a difficult act of horsemanship, in the character of a page; and the boy being timid, his master applied the whip to him unmercifully. Joseph Grimaldi was

standing by, and looked very serious, considering his vocation. "You see," said Ducrow to Joey, "that it is necessary to make an *impression* on these young fellows." "Very likely," answered Grimaldi, "but it can hardly be necessary to make the whacks so hard."

LXV.

A WAGGISH curate overheard the schoolmaster giving lessons in grammar. "You cannot place *a*, the singular article," said the preceptor, "before plural nouns. No one can say *a* pigs, *a* women, *a*——"—"Nonsense," cried the curate, "the prayer-book teaches us to say *a*-men."

LXVI.

A GENTLEMAN, praising the generosity of his friend, observed, "he spends his money like water." "Then of course, he liquidates his debts," rejoined the other

LXVII.

LORD STOWELL, who was not remarkable for his liberality of character, at least in a pecuniary point of view, dined one day at the royal table, when George IV. noticed the extraordinary quantity of port to which his Lordship helped himself. The king afterwards remarked to Lord Eldon (Lord Stowell's brother), that the latter seemed to be fond of port, and to be able to take a good deal of it with apparent impunity. "Oh yes," replied Eldon slyly, "he'll take any *given* quantity."

LXVIII.

A GENTLEMAN in Lancashire, who was possessed of more wealth than learning, sent his son to an academy in Manchester, where he was boarded three years, at the expiration of which period he returned

home to the great delight of his family, who were proud to receive (as they supposed), a scholar amongst them, which would render them of as much consequence as their neighbours, some of whom were in the commission of his Majesty's peace, &c. When the young gentleman arrived, his father was in the courtyard, and in the act of killing a hedge-hog with a pitchfork. After the usual congratulations, and dinner being over, he was desired to give a specimen of his learning, when he retired and produced the following :

“ My father kill'd a great hedge-hog,
 “ And flay'd it when he'd done ;
 “ And was not that a gallant deed,
 “ And am not *I* his son ?”

The father exclaimed in an extacy of admiration,
 “ Jack'ee shall be no *Justice*, but a *Parliament-man*.”

LXIX.

A WRETCHED artist, who thought himself an excellent painter, was talking pompously about decorating the ceiling of his saloon. “ I am white-washing it,” said he, “ and in a short time I shall begin painting.” “ I think you had better,” replied one of his audience, “ paint it *first*, and *then* white-wash it.”

LXX.

“ SOLDIERS must be fearfully dishonest,” says Mrs. Partington, “ as it seems to be a nightly occurrence for a sentry to be relieved of his watch.”

LXXI.

“ I WILL give you my head,” exclaimed a person to Montesquieu, “ if every word I have related is not true.” “ I accept your offer,” said the president ;

“presents of small value strengthen the bonds of friendship, and should never be refused.”

LXXII.

THEODORE HOOK once dined with Mr. Hatchet. “Ah! my dear fellow,” said his host deprecatingly, “I am sorry to say you will not get to-day such a dinner as our friend Tom Moore gave us.” “Certainly not,” replied Hook, “from a hatchet one can expect nothing but a chop.”

LXXIII.

AT a lawyers’ dinner, a toast was proposed, after the cloth had been removed—“Wine and women.” Some one suggested, “Lush and Shee.”

LXXIV.

SOMEBODY complained to George Rose of the terrible depredations which were made habitually on persons frequenting his court. The individual happened to turn round for a moment, and his greatcoat vanished. “Really, Sir George,” said he, “this is intolerable, this is disgusting; and the worst of it is, that there appears no remedy.” “No remedy whatever,” replied Rose, “it is a suit abated.”

LXXV.

SHERIDAN had been driving out three or four hours in a hackney coach, when, seeing Richardson pass, he hailed him, and made him get in. He instantly contrived to introduce a topic upon which Richardson, who was the very soul of disputatiousness, always differed from him; and, at last affecting to be mortified at Richardson’s arguments, said, “You really are too bad; I cannot bear to listen to such things; I will not stay in the same coach with you;” and accordingly got down and left him, Richardson halloing

out triumphantly after him, "Ah, you're beat! you're beat!" Nor was it till the heat of his victory had a little cooled, that he found out he was left in the lurch, to pay for Sheridan's three hours' coaching.

LXXVI.

CHARLES FOX, when a boy, meeting, one Easter Monday a blind woman, who was crying puddings and pies, took her by the hand, and said, "Come along with me, Dame; I am going to Moorfields, where, this holiday-time, you may chance to meet with good custom." "Thank you kindly, Sir," replied she. Whereupon he conducted her to Cripplegate church, and placed her in the middle aisle. "Now," says he, "you are in Moorfields;" which she believed to be true, and immediately cried out, "Hot puddings and pies! hot puddings and pies! come, they are all hot!"

LXXVII.

AT a wedding in a country church in Somersetshire, the bride, who had been well instructed by her worthy pastor in the church catechism, and who had not, perhaps, much studied the matrimonial service, upon being, as usual, asked the question, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" cut short the clergyman, by innocently replying, "Yes, verily, and by God's help, so I will; and I heartily thank our Heavenly Father, that he hath brought me to this state."

LXXVIII.

A CERTAIN couple went to Dunmow, in Essex, to claim the flitch of bacon, which is to be given to every married pair, who can swear they have had no dispute, nor once repented their bargain in a year and a day. The steward, ready to deliver it, asked them

where they would put it; the husband produced a bag, and told him in that. "That (answered the steward) is not big enough to hold it."—"So I told my wife," replied the good man, "and I believe we had a hundred words about it." "Ay," said the steward, "but they were not such as will butter any cabbage to eat with this bacon;" and he hung the fitch up again.

LXXIX.

DURING the O.P. war at Covent Garden, a gentleman asked another what the entertainments were. He very sagaciously replied, "*All in the wrong,*" and "*The Devil to pay.*"

LXXIXa.

A SCOTCH pedestrian, attacked by three highwaymen, defended himself with great courage and abstinacy, but was at length overpowered and his pockets rifled. The robbers expected from the extraordinary resistance they had experienced, to lay their hands on some rich booty, but were not a little surprised to discover that the whole treasure which the sturdy Caledonian had been defending at the hazard of his life, consisted of no more than a crooked sixpence. "The deuce is in him," said one of the rogues; "if he had had eighteenpence, I suppose he would have killed the whole of us."

LXXX.

WHEN Robert Hall, the celebrated preacher, was much pressed by a young minister who had been holding forth before him, and who had accompanied him into the vestry, to say what particular passage he most admired, the wit at length reluctantly

disposed of his importunate vanity by saying, "The passage from the pulpit to the vestry."

LXXXI.

THE Duchess of Newcastle, who wrote plays and romances in King Charles the Second's time, asked Bishop Wilkins, how she could get up to the world in the moon, which he had discovered; for, as the journey must needs be very long, there would be no possibility of going through it, without resting on the way? "O madam!" said the bishop, "your grace has built so many castles in the air, that you cannot want a place."

LXXXII.

SOME years ago, the Duke of Wellington was sitting at his library table, when the door opened, and without any announcement in stalked a figure of singularly ill omen. "Who are you?" asked the duke, in his short and dry manner, looking without the slightest change of countenance upon the intruder. "I am Apollyon; I am sent here to kill you." "Kill me? Very odd." "I am Apollyon, and must put you to death." "'Bliged to do it to day?" "I am not told the day or hour; but I must do my mission." "Very inconvenient, very busy, great many letters to write. Call again, or write me word—I'll be ready for you." And the duke went on with his correspondence. The maniac, appalled probably by the stern immovable old man, backed out of the room, and in half an hour was in an asylum.

LXXXIII.

A LINK-BOY asked Dr. Burgess, the preacher, if he would have a light? "No, child," says the Doctor, "I am one of the lights of the world." "I

wish then, "replied the boy, "*you was hung up at the end of our alley, for we live in a devilish dark one.*"

LXXXIV.

IN prime of life,
Tom lost his wife :
Says Dick, to soothe his pain ;
"Thy wife, I trow,
Is long 'ere now
In Abraham's bosom lain."

"Her fate forlorn
With grief I mourn ;"
The shrewd dissembler cries,
"For much I fear,
By this sad tear,
She'll scratch out Abraham's eyes."

LXXXV.

A DRAMATIC author, on presenting a farce to Kemble for Covent Garden, assured him in his letter that it was a production by no means to be laughed at.

LXXXVI.

WHEN Richard Bentley started what became so well-known as Bentley's Miscellany, it was facetiously suggested by some one, that it should be called *Bentley's Don't-sell-any*.

LXXXVII.

A BILL being brought into the House of Assembly of Jamaica for regulating wharfingers, Mr. Paul Phipps, a distinguished member, said, "Mr. Speaker, I very much approve of the bill. The wharfingers are all a set of knaves ; I was one myself for ten years."

LXXXVIII.

THE witty and convivial Lord Kellie being in his early years much addicted to dissipation, his mother advised him to take example from a gentleman whose constant food was herbs, and his drink water. "What, madam!" said he, would you have me imitate a man, who *eats like a beast, and drinks like a fish?*"

LXXXIX.

A GENTLEMAN complained to Bannister, that some malicious person had cut off his horse's tail, which, as he meant to sell him, would be a great drawback. "Then," said Charles, "you must sell him wholesale." "Wholesale! how so?" "Because you cannot *re-tail* him."

XC.

TWO Irish labourers being present at the execution of a number of malefactors at the scaffold before Newgate, "Pray now," said one of them to the other, "pray now, Pat, is there any difference between being hanged on this new drop here, or hung in chains?" "Why, no," replied he, "no great difference; only on one you hang about an hour, and on the other you hang *all the days of your life.*"

XCI.

A BELL-RINGER at Salisbury observed that there were only two bell-ringers in the world, and he was one. Being asked who was the second, he said that he did not recollect his name.

XCII.

A COMMON witticism in the mouths of the Dublin car-drivers, when a person expresses preference for walking, is, "Lord send your honour may always be able and seldom willing."

XCIII.

THE chairman of the bench of magistrates in Cornwall, Lord Vivian, was celebrated for his long hooked nose. At one of his visits to the county asylum, a very eccentric but shrewd character there said to him: "Your honour 'd be wonderful valuable in the apple-harvest." He was asked the reason. "Why," he replied, "all us other chaps hold on to th' tree with one hand, and pick with the tother, but your honour could hold on by your nose, and pick with both."

XCIV.

THE Princess-royal of England was a girl of very high spirit. She had a preceptor at one time, whom she would call *Brown*. Her mother said she must say *Mr. Brown*, not *Brown*, but in vain. At length, she was threatened with confinement to her room, if she repeated this, and the next morning, when she was to take her lesson, she came down, and said, "Good morning, *Brown*, and now, good night, *Brown*, for I must go to bed," and ran away, and left him.

XCV.

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

XCVI.

THE Duke of Florence once complaining to the Venetian ambassador, that the envoy who had

been sent by the State, previous to his appointment, had conducted himself very improperly, and was by no means qualified for the office. "Your highness," said the minister, "must be conscious that we have fools in Venice." "So have we in Florence," said the duke ;" but we do not send them to *represent ourselves*."

XCVII.

A WORTHY gentleman, living at Vauxhall, had the bell-wire of his door cut one night by some inebriated persons returning from the Gardens. To prevent the recurrence of a similar outrage, he ordered the bell-hanger to place it *out of reach*.

XCVIII.

A LADY desired Dr. Johnson to give his opinion of a work she had just written ; adding, that if it would not do, she begged him to tell her, for she had other *irons in the fire* ; and in case of it not being likely to succeed, she could bring out something else. "Then," said the doctor, after turning over a few leaves, "I advise you, madam, to put it *where your other irons are*."

XCIX.

CHARLES II. sat to Riley the artist for his portrait, and when it was finished, the King looked at it. "Is this like me?" said he, "od's fish, then, I'm a very ugly fellow !"

C.

THE report of a gold-mine at Amptill having proved to be incorrect, Pennant, the antiquary, said that the gold turned out to be nothing but *talc*.

CI.

MENAGE, the lexicographer, talking to Madame Sevigné, held her hand between his during the

conversation. When he let it go, a person in the company exclaimed, "M. Menage, that was the finest work that ever came out of your hands."

CII.

A TRADESMAN, near Oxford Street, once announced himself "Ropemaker to the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex."

CIII.

AN Irish soldier, returning from battle in the night, and marching a little way behind his companion, called out to him, "Hallo, Pat, I have taken a prisoner." "Bring him along then, bring him along." "He won't come." "Why then come yourself." "*He won't let me.*"

CIV.

OLD Astley, one evening when his band was playing an overture, went up to the horn players, and asked why they were not playing. They said they had twenty bars rest. "Rest!" says he, "I'll have nobody *rest* in my company; I pay you for *playing*, not for *resting*."

CV.

A KING of France inquired of one of his ministers, what was the real difference between a Whig and a Tory. "Please your Majesty," replied the minister, "I conceive the difference to be merely nominal; the Tories are Whigs when they want places, and the Whigs are Tories when they have got them."

CVI.

SOME one had written upon a pane in the window of an inn on the Chester Road, "Lord M—— has the *softest* lips in the universe." Mrs. Abingdon

once, returning from Ireland, saw this inscription, and wrote under it :—

“Then as like as two chips
Are his *head* and his lips.”

CVII.

EPIGRAM by Sir John Burgoyne :—

You wish me a happy new year as a toast,
And a kindly good act it appears ;
But when you perceive I'm as deaf as a post,
You should wish me two happy new ears !

CVIII.

WHILE the probability of an Orleanist restoration was being discussed, it was reported that Viscount Daru asked the Princes at Chantilly, in October, 1871, whether they would not take possession of “their own” tribune, meaning the central glazed pavilion which is the private property of some of the Orleans family, for which reason Napoleon III. never went to Chantilly. The more or less facetious reply of the Duc d’Aumale to M. Daru was, “Not yet.”

CIX.

ONE of Rogers’s servants, who had grown grey in his service, died, and a friend called to condole with Rogers on the loss he had sustained. “Well !” exclaimed Rogers, after listening for some time to his expressions of sympathy, “I don’t know that I feel his loss so very much, after all. For the first seven years he was an obliging servant ; for the second seven years he was an agreeable companion ; but for the last seven he was a tyrannical master.”

D.

CX.

BEING present at a theatrical fund dinner, Sheridan, whose father was an actor, made a high-flown speech, in which he spoke of himself as being "descended from the loins of kings." Dr. Spry, one of the party, said, "That is quite true; the last time I saw his father, he was the King of Denmark."

CXI.

WHEN Lieutenant O'Brien, called "Sky-rocket Jack," was blown up at Spithead in the *Edgar*, he was saved on the carriage of a gun; and when brought to the admiral, all black and wet, he said, "I hope, sir, you will excuse my appearance in this *dis-habille*, as I came away in such a *hurry*."

CXII.

DR. BALGUY, having preached an excellent discourse at Winchester Cathedral, the text of which was, "All wisdom is sorrow," received the following elegant compliment from Dr. Warton, then at Winchester school:—

"If what you advance, dear doctor, be true,
That wisdom is sorrow, how wretched are you."

CXIII.

AFTER Paley's preferment to the Archdeaconry he dined with a large number of clergymen at his first visitation, all of whom were in eager expectation to hear the improving conversation of the great man. The latter remained silent till the second course was served. He then opened his lips, and everyone listened with rapt attention to what the Archdeacon would deign to say. His remark was, "I don't think these *puddens* are much good unless the seeds are taken out of the raisins." On another occasion, Paley

gave utterance to a speech such as we might have expected from Sydney Smith. Feeling annoyed by a draught of air behind him, he said, "Shut that window behind me, and open one lower down behind one of the curates."

CXIV.

A GENTLEMAN, passing a second-hand dealer's in the vicinity of Leicester Square, said in an undertone, but so as to be heard by the proprietor, "Ah (referring to a dingy anonymous portrait at the door), that is not unlike John Wilkes," and passed on without thinking any more of the matter. But the next time he went that way, he perceived to his supreme astonishment a conspicuous inscription, "The celebrated John Wilkes, fine original painting, £2 2s."

CXV.

WHEN the late Peter Cunningham was preparing an account of the Revels at Court, he went to one of the government offices to make inquiries in connection with the Master of the Rolls at that time, the well-known Sir Julius Cæsar. But he was told that though they believed they had heard the name, they were not aware he was ever knighted.

CXVI.

SHELLEY and Leigh Hunt were once travelling together in a coach, at a time of great political commotion and uneasiness, their only companion being an old lady, a stranger. To relieve the monotony of the journey, Shelley broke out with that well-known passage in Shakespear's *Richard II.* (but slightly varying for the nonce): "For God's sake, Hunt, let's sit upon the ground, and tell strange stories of the deaths of kings!" The old lady could no longer contain herself, she was terrified out of her wits at the idea of being

shut up with a lunatic, perhaps with two. "Guard, guard!" she cried, "let me out, let me out."

CXVII.

A WAG, sitting in a coach opposite to a very sedate and starch old gentleman, kept looking out of the window, and rubbing his hands with great apparent glee. At last he ventured to remark, still rubbing as before: "Fine day for the race, sir?" "What race, what race?" briskly inquired the other. "The *human* race, sir," pleasantly returned the first.

CXVIII.

WHILE Dr. Cotton was Ordinary of Newgate, it used to be said that persons, who were executed there, died with *cotton* in their ears.

C XIX.

JOHAN CLEVELAND, the Poet, was once at a house, where there was a fine gentleman present, not very remarkable for his powers of mind. This person pretended to be tired of town (it was just the beginning of the long vacation), and said he should go into the country, and not return till Michaelmas. Cleveland told him that he thought he could not choose a better time, both for going away and returning. "How is that?" says the fellow. "Why," replied Cleveland, "you will be going out with the green-geese, and coming in again with the wood-cocks."

CXX.

MRS. HUDSON, wife of the Railway-King, discovered that one indispensable ornament in every gentleman's house was a pair of globes. So she obtained her husband's leave, and ordered the articles. But what was her astonishment, not to say indignation,

when she found, on receiving them, that, though a pair, they did not match !

CXXI.

THE following anecdote is illustrative of the once famous *Vauxhall slice*. The ham-carver-in-chief at that well-known establishment having been dismissed, inquiries were set on foot for supplying the vacancy, and one gentleman in particular offered his services, and was admitted to an audience of the Proprietor. "You see that ham, sir?" said the Proprietor. It was very hard not to see it, considering it was one of the largest in the kingdom, and the candidate answered affirmatively. "What could you do with it?" again demanded the Proprietor. "Do with it?" repeated the candidate, "why, cut it into slices." "Ay, ay," said the Proprietor, but could you cover *an acre of ground* with it?" The candidate shook his head doubtfully. "Won't do for me, sir," cried the Proprietor, "last man could do that."

CXXII.

IN his copy of Thicknesse's "Useful Hints to those who make the tour of France," Charles Lamb wrote: "This is a book of no great Thicknesse."

CXXIII.

CURRAN being asked "What an Irish gentleman, just arrived in England, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue?" answered, "I suppose he's trying to catch the English accent."

CXXIV.

AT a public dinner, Curran was defending his countrymen against the imputation of being a naturally vicious race. "Many of our faults, for instance" (said he), "arise from our too free use of the circulating

medium (pointing to the wine), but I never yet heard of an Irishman *being born drunk.*"

CXXV.

ON the fly-leaf of a volume of Chesterfield's *Letters to his Son*, 1774, occurs the following MS. epigram on that son, Philip Stanhope:—

“Vile Stanhope!—Demons, blush to tell—
In twice two hundred places,
Has shown his son the road to Hell,
Escorted by the Graces.

But little did th' ungenerous lad
Concern himself about them,
For base, defiant, meanly bad,
He sneak'd to Hell without them.”

CXXVI.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE asked the churchwarden of St. Ebbs, Oxford, what the state of immorality in that parish was. “Pretty fairish, my lord,” was the answer.

CXXVII.

STANDING one day on the Serpentine Bridge, whence the turreted top of a public house in the Bayswater Road may be seen, I overheard a man, who evidently wished to pass for a person skilled in London topography, say to his female companion: “That is Kenilworth Castle, where Queen Victoria was born.”—*W. C. H.*

CXXVIII.

LORD KENYON, referring to Julian the Apostate, spoke of him as Julian *the Apostle.*

CXXXIX.

MR. and Mrs. Carter Hall lived during many years at a pretty little cottage in Old Brompton, called the Rosery. Douglas Jerrold christened it the *Rogquery*.

CXXX.

AT a regimental dinner, where the Prince Regent and Mrs. Crewe—the celebrated beauty to whom Sheridan inscribed in a complimentary poem, the *School for Scandal*—were fellow guests, the Prince proposed as the first toast, *Buff and Blue, and Mrs. Crewe!* to which the lady gracefully responded with *Buff and Blue, and All of You!*

CXXXI.

WHEN Erskine heard that somebody had died worth two hundred thousand pounds, he observed, “Well, that’s a very pretty sum to begin the next world with.”

CXXXII.

“A friend of mine,” said Erskine, “was suffering from a continual wakefulness; and various methods were tried to send him to sleep, but in vain. At last his physicians resorted to an experiment which succeeded perfectly: they dressed him in a watchman’s coat, put a lantern into his hand, placed him in a sentry-box, and—he was asleep in ten minutes.”

CXXXIII.

MISS LAMB, sister of Charles, was fond of mity cheese, and on one occasion her brother was commissioned to procure a piece. When he had selected what he thought would do, the Shopman said, “Shall I pack it up, sir?” “N-no, I-I th-thank y-you,” stammered Lamb, “if-if you-you’ll g-give me a string, I’ll-I’ll l-lead it h-home.”

CXXXIV.

ABOUT 1820, Perry, proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, was arguing a political point at some dinner-table, when his adversary advanced some rather Toryfied doctrine, on which Perry exclaimed, "Why, I thought you were a Whig!" "So I am," said the other, coolly, "but not a *Perry-Whig*."

CXXXV.

WHEN George Lamb left the Bar to attend to his duties in the House of Commons, Poole remarked that he had ceased to be a *Bar-Lamb*, and had become a *House-Lamb*.

CXXXVI.

BEFORE the Reformation, Henry VIII. entertained some fears as to the reception of his policy for dissolving the monastic institutions among the more powerful of the laity. Sir Thomas Wyatt is said to have contributed to fix the King's mind upon the measure by a jest. "What," said he, "if your Highness should butter the rooks' nests!"—meaning, the distribution of some of the temporalities among the nobility;—which was afterwards done.

CXXXVII.

A LADY once travelling into the city with Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, saw a warehouse described as a *Dry-salter's*. She asked his lordship what a dry salter was. "Tate and Brady," was the bishop's reply.

CXXXVIII.

AN ignorant person was ridiculing in the presence of the present Lord Sherbrooke, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, the admiration for the old philosophers. "For my part," said he, "I thoroughly des-

prise them all." "At any rate," said Lowe, "your's is not the sort of contempt which is said to be bred by familiarity!"

CXXXIX.

THE late Bishop of Winchester (Wilberforce) was once travelling with some one, who entered into conversation. At length, the subject turned upon the bishop himself, about whom his companion made some critical remarks. "And pray, sir," said he, at length, "do you know him?" "Oh, yes," replied Wilberforce, "I know him a little." "Why," inquired the other, "do people call him *Soapy Sam*?" "Oh," answered Wilberforce, "I suppose, because he is always getting into hot water, and coming out with clean hands!"

CXL.

A FELLOW, having killed his parents, was tried for the murder, convicted, and sentenced to death. Being asked whether he had any thing to say, he replied that he hoped his honour would consider favourably the case of a *poor orphan*.*

CXLI.

AFTER Sir Hugh Smithson—who married Lady Elizabeth Percy, and took the family name—had been created Earl of Northumberland, a Garter fell vacant, for which he was an aspirant; but it was conferred on some one else. Thereupon the Earl is said to have remarked with some warmth, that he was the first Percy who had ever been refused the Garter. "Rather," retorted the Minister, when he heard of it,

* An instance occurred in France, in 1873, in which a man murdered his father, in order to escape the conscription by becoming the son of a widow

“he is the first Smithson who ever dreamt of applying for such a thing!”

CXLII.

KING James I., being displeas'd with the City, because the Corporation would not lend him a certain sum of money, told the Lord Mayor and Aldermen one day, that he would remove his own Court and the Courts of Westminster-Hall to another place, with further expressions of his indignation. The Lord Mayor calmly heard all, and at last answered: “Your Majesty hath power to do what you please, and your City of London will obey accordingly; but we humbly desire that, when your Majesty shall remove your Court, you will be pleas'd to leave the Thames behind you!”

CXLIII.

AT a boat-race at Cambridge, considerable merriment was produced in some visitors, who overheard a Cantab exclaim: “Oh! look, there's *Trinity* bumping *Jesus!*”

CXLIV.

SOME one was endeavouring to convince a certain old lady by quotations from scripture on some point or other. “You see, Madam,” said he, “St. Paul in his *Epistle to the Ephesians* says,” and he repeated the passage to her (as he thought very impressively). “Yes,” replied the lady, very collectedly, “I know all about that; *but that's just where Paul and I differ!*”

CXLV.

THE very last time Swift ever was in London, he went to dine with the Earl of Burlington, who was then but newly married. My lord being willing,

perhaps, to surprise his lady with a new character, and to have some diversion, forbore to introduce him in the usual manner, or even to mention his name; and as he generally appeared in a rusty gown, and had no very striking person, her ladyship could not help eyeing her new guest. After dinner, said the dean, "Lady Burlington, I hear you can sing; sing me a song." The lady looked on this unceremonious manner of asking a favour with disgust, and positively refused him. He said, "She should sing, or if he was her husband he would make her. Why, madam, I suppose you take me for one of your poor, paltry, English hedge parsons; sing, when I bid you." As the earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was so vex'd that she burst into tears and retired. His first compliment to her when he saw her again was, "Pray, madam, are you as proud and as ill-natur'd now, as when I saw you last?" To which she answer'd with great good-humour, "No, Mr. Dean, I'll sing for you, if you please."

CXLVI.

MOLIERE, the great poet, was esteemed an excellent actor. He died in performing the part of the *Hypochondriac* in a comedy of his own writing, called *Le Malade Imaginaire* (which is part of a comedy in English called the *Mother-in-law*), on the 17th of February, 1679, in his grand climacteric. The archbishop of Paris would not allow his body to be inhumed in consecrated ground, which the king being informed of, sent for the archbishop, and expostulated with him; but he was an obstinate churchman, and would not willingly condescend to his majesty's persuasions. The king, finding him unwilling to comply, desired to know how many feet deep the Holy Ground reached? The bishop replied, "About eight." "Well," replied the

king, "I find there is no getting the better of your scruples ; therefore let his grave be dug twelve feet, that's four below your consecrated ground, and let them bury him there." The archbishop was obliged to comply ; for Lewis the XIVth would be obeyed.

CXLVII.

A CELEBRATED Scotch divine had just risen up in the pulpit to lead the congregation in prayer, when a gentleman in front of the gallery took out his handkerchief to wipe the dust from his brow, forgetting that a pack of cards was wrapped up in it. The whole pack was scattered over the floor of the gallery. The minister could not resist a sarcasm, solemn as the act was in which he was about to engage. "Och, mon, mon ! sure your psalm-buik has been ill-bund !"

CXLVIII.

KILLIGREW was a man of very great humour, and frequently diverted king Charles II. by his lively spirit of mirth and drollery. He was frequently at court, and had often access to king Charles when admission was denied to the first peers in the realm. Amongst many other merry stories, the following is related of Killigrew. Charles II., who hated business as much as he loved pleasure, would often disappoint the council by withdrawing his royal presence when they met, by which their business was necessarily delayed, and many of the council much offended by the disrespect thrown on them. It happened one day while the council were met, and had sat some time in expectation of his majesty, that the Duke of Lauderdale, who was a furious ungovernable man, quitted the room in a passion, and accidentally met with Killigrew, to whom he expressed himself irreverently of the king. Killigrew bid his grace be calm, "for he would

lay a wager of a hundred pounds that he would make his majesty come to council in less than half an hour." Lauderdale being a little heated, and under the influence of surprise, took him at his word. Killigrew went to the king, and without ceremony told him what had happened, and added, "I know your majesty hates Lauderdale, though the necessity of your affairs obliges you to behave civilly to him; now if you would get rid of a man you hate, come to the council, for Lauderdale is a man so boundlessly avaricious, that rather than pay the hundred pounds lost in this wager, he will hang himself, and never plague you more." The king was pleased with the archness of this observation, and answered, "Then Killigrew, I'll positively go;" which he did.

CXLIX.

A DRAMATIC novice brought a play which he had written to Douglas Jerrold, and asked his opinion of it. It was very bad. Jerrold hesitated. "Do you think it good?" inquired the author. "Good?" repeated Jerrold, "good, dear boy? Good is not the word."

CL.

IN DISRAEL'S second administration, Lord Derby resisted a proposal to give a certain Scottish peer the order of the Thistle, as he feared he might eat it.

CLI.

LORD SELBORNE, who was of a very pious turn and read prayers regularly at home, had a favourite parrot which was kept in one of the sitting-rooms. This bird escaped one day, and was reported to be at the top of one of the trees at the end of Port-

land Place, where they lived. Selborne and his daughter hastened to try and recover the treasure. When they came to the place, "Pretty Poll, pretty Poll, come, then," cries Miss Palmer persuasively; but Poll does not stir. The Chancellor then takes the matter up. "Stay," says he, "let me try; he knows my voice better." So, in a deeper voice he says, "Pretty Poll, Poll, Poll, come, pretty Poll!" "Let us pray!" says pretty Poll, from the tree top, but does not move.

CLII.

DR. WOODFORD, Bishop of Ely, was very noted for his love of kidneys. He is said to have remarked that he was so fond of them, that he thought he should like to keep a sheep!

CLIII.

A LADY whose nephew was a student at Cambridge, meeting a Cantab, an acquaintance, asked him, how he conducted himself? "Why truly, Madam," was the reply, "he is a good fellow, and sticks close to *Catherine Hall*." "I protest," said she, "I feared as much; he was always hankering after the wenches, from a boy."

CLIV.

WHEN Dancourt gave a new comedy to the public, if it did not succeed, he was accustomed to console himself by going to sup with some of his friends, at Cheret's. One morning after the rehearsal of his *Agioteurs*, which was to be played in the evening for the first time, he thought of asking one of his daughters, who was only ten years old, what she thought of the piece. "Ah, father!" said the girl, "You may go and sup this evening with Cheret."

CLV.

MY poor nephew, Lord Orford, was deranged. The first symptom that appeared was his sending a chaldron of coals as a present to the Prince of Wales, on hearing that he was loaded with debts. He delighted in what he called *book-hunting*. This notable diversion consisted in taking a volume of a book, and hiding it in some secret part of the library, among volumes of similar binding and size. When he had forgot where the game lay, he hunted till he found it.—*Walpoliana*.

CLVI.

I SHALL tell you a very foolish but a true story. Sir John Germain, ancestor of Lady Betty Germain, was a Dutch adventurer, who came over here in the reign of Charles II. He had an intrigue with a Countess, who was divorced, and married him. This man was so ignorant, that being told that Sir Matthew Decker wrote St. Matthew's Gospel, he firmly believed it. I doubted this tale very much, till I asked a lady of quality, his descendant, about it, who told me it was most true. She added, that Sir John Germain was in consequence so much persuaded of Sir Matthew's piety, that, by his will, he left two hundred pounds to Sir Matthew, to be by him distributed among the Dutch paupers in London—*Walpoliana*.

CLVII.

A YOUNG man intending to study medicine, communicated his design to Voltaire. "What is that you propose doing?" said he, laughing, "you are going to put drugs, of which you know nothing, into bodies of which you know still less."

CLVIII.

CARMELINE, the famous tooth-drawer, and maker of artificial teeth, had his portrait painted and

placed in his chamber window, with a motto taken from Virgil's line on the Golden Bough, in the sixth book of the *Æneid*: "Uno avulso, non deficit alter."

CLIX.

MENTION being made to Louis XI. of France, of an ignorant person who had got a fine library of books, the king said, "He resembles a hump-backed man, who carries a burden on his back which he cannot see."

CLX.

IT was said by Mademoiselle Scuderi of M. de Pelisson, that he had abused the privilege which men enjoyed of being ugly.

CLXI.

NICHOLAS, de Bourbon, who was fond of his cups, used to say that to hear anybody read French verse, gave him the sensation of drinking water.

CLXII.

RABELAIS, when he was at a great distance from Paris, and without money to bear his expenses thither, procured some brickdust, and having disposed of it into several papers, wrote upon one "Poison for Monsieur," upon a second, "Poison for the Dauphin," and on a third, "Poison for the King." Having made this provision for the royal family of France, he laid his papers in such a manner that they might be seen by the landlord who was an inquisitive man, and a loyal subject. The plot succeeded as he could wish: the host secured his guest, and gave immediate information to the secretary of state of what he had discovered. The secretary presently sent down a special messenger, who brought up the pretended traitor to court, and provided him, at the king's expense, with proper ac-

commodation on the road. As soon as he appeared, he was known; and his powder, upon examination, being found perfectly innocent, the jest was only laughed at; an inferior wit would probably have been sent to the galleys.

CLXII.

WHEN the Duke of York was obliged to retreat before the French, Sheridan gave as a toast, "The Duke of York and his brave followers."

CLXIII.

I KNEW a person who occasionally gave entertainments to authors. His fancy was to place them at table, each according to the size and thickness of the volumes they had published, commencing with the folio authors, and proceeding through the quarto and octavo, down to the duodecimo, each according to his rank.—*Walpoliana*.

CLXIV.

GEORGE III. having purchased a horse, the dealer put into his hands a large sheet of paper, completely written over. "What's this?" said his majesty. "The pedigree of the horse, sire, which you have just bought," was the answer. "Take it back, take it back," said the king laughing; "it will do very well for the next horse you sell."

CLXV.

A CLERGYMAN calling on the Gladstones, while Gladstone still held the reins, Mrs. Gladstone entertained him, till her husband, who was upstairs writing, was disengaged. The minister lamented the terrible state of affairs in Ireland and elsewhere, but added consolingly, "There is One above us who will set all right." "Oh yes," exclaimed Mrs. G., "he'll be down directly."

CLXVI.

SYDNEY SMITH once said of Macaulay, when he was a trifle less than usually talkative, that he had had some *brilliant flashes of silence*. One evening when Gladstone had been engrossing the conversation, and some one presumed to interrupt by making a few remarks, Mrs. G. complained that poor William could not get in a word.

CLXVII.

THE late Prince Consort used occasionally to visit Baron Marochetti's studio in Thurlow Square. Once, when he called, the Baron was out, and as the Prince turned to go away, the boy asked whom he should say, when his master returned. "Tell him that Prince Albert called," said the Prince. "*Walker!*" said the boy.

CLXVIII.

MR. RICHARD SHUTE, a Turkey merchant in the time of Charles I., lived in Leadenhall Street, where the India House used to stand, and had a country-seat at Barking, in Essex. There he had a very fine bowling green, as he delighted much in that exercise. The King, who was also fond of it, once told Mr. Shute, whom he nicknamed *Satin-Shute*, from the satin doublet he was accustomed to wear, he would dine with him one day, and try his skill on his bowling-green. The King went, and was so pleased with the place, it being very retired, and likewise with Mr. Shute's skill, (he being considered one of the best bowlers of his time) that he frequently afterwards visited Barking Hill unattended, except by three or four gentlemen in waiting. On these occasions, he visited, as he would say, to drop state, and enjoy himself as a

private man. They generally played high, and punctually paid their losings; and though Shute often won, yet the King would, one day, play higher than usual, until, having lost several games, he gave over. "An' it please your Majesty," said Shute, "one thousand pounds more: perhaps the tide may turn!" "No, Shute," replied the King, laying his hand on his shoulder, "Thou hast won the day, and much good may it do thee. But I must remember I have a wife and children."

CLXIX.

ROBERT BURTON, who wrote the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, was a shy scholar, who had mixed very little in the world. He was sitting once in his bookseller's shop at Oxford, when the Earl of Southampton came in, and asked for a copy of his work. Says the bookseller, "My Lord, if you please, I can shew you the author." He did so. "*Mr. Burton,*" says the Earl, "your servant." "*Mr. Southampton,*" says Mr. Burton, "your servant;" and away he went, terribly confused.

CLXX.

SOME good stories are told of the Lancashire and Yorkshire self-helped men. George Taylor of Bradford ordered a carriage, and his maker asked him whether he desired a coat of arms on the panels. Taylor said he did, and, added he, "I will have the same as Sam Cooper." — of the same district, came to London, to buy horses, engage servants, order liveries, and so on, and at last, turning to his tailor, asked him if there was anything else he had not thought of. "Oh," said the man, "cockades, sir, are usual" — so cockades were sent down. They arrived late on Saturday night, and on Sunday the man was to go to

Bingley church in state. The box containing the cockades was opened, but the question was, what to do with them? He asked his wife. She thought that men wore them in their hats; a capital idea. On went one of the cockades to one side of the master's hat, and then to look uniform the second to the other side, and with this head-dress the millionaire and his family proceeded to Bingley church, of course much to the edification of the London flunkeys.

CLXXI.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S nephew was once much terrified by a large turkey-cock, which upset him, and sprang on his back. The lad as soon as he was disengaged from the bird, ran into the house, and into Sir Walter's room. "What's the matter, mon?" said Scott. "Sare," replied the boy, "ha' been heald doon by Boobbly jock."

CLXXII.

A MAN met a German acquaintance. "Ah! you are going into business!" "O yes." "Taken offices;" "O yes." "But you have no capital?" "O no, have no capital, but great experience." "How then?" "Oh I know a gentleman with capital." "He will be your partner?" "O yes; I have the experience and he has the capital. I have agreement for three years; at end of three years he will have the experience, and I shall have the capital."

CLXXIII.

A STORY, oddly illustrative of the way in which the spirit of lifting survived or lingered in Scotland down to the close of the last century, was told some years ago (Dec. 29, 1875), in a paper. A foreign grandee went to dine at a Scottish duke's in the High-

lands ; he had a magnificent jewelled snuffbox, which after dinner he passed round. It went from one to another, but had disappeared, before it reached the owner again. No intelligence could be obtained of it, till the Duke's valet or attendant, undressing him, discovered the missing property in his master's pocket, and taking the incident, instead of mere absence of mind, to be a bit of the genuine old Border spirit peeping out, exclaimed with much glee, "I saw your Grace pouch it!"

CLXXIV.

WHEN Bentley was about to start his magazine, he was uncertain as to the title. There was a consultation about it. Said Bentley, "Well, I was thinking of calling it the "Wit's Magazine,"—and then again—I thought perhaps it might do to call it 'Bentley's Magazine!" "Well," said Blanchard, "You need not go from one extreme to the other!"

CLXXV.

THE late Mr. Henry Huth gave me an instance of the mild humour which is found from time to time in the caterers for the public amusement. As he was passing Punch one day in the street, he stopped for a moment to look on, and of course the man immediately presented himself, and with doffed hat says he, "Shall I take your cheque, to-day, my lord?"

CLXXVI.

TECHNICAL expressions are apt to mystify the uninitiated. A nervous old lady, in a railway carriage had as her only companions a couple of artists, who engaged in professional conversation. "Look," cried one to the other, to the infinite astonishment of their only auditor, "how capitally that old woman in the red cloak in the distance carries off yonder house!"

CLXVII.

IT is said that Jerrold, meeting Peter Cunningham, asked him what he had had for dinner. "Calves' tails," said Cunningham. "Ah! dear boy," returned Jerrold, "extremes meet."

CLXXVIII.

ONE evening at Lamb's somebody was speaking of the future state, and describing the way in which we should move about like angels with wings. "Why," broke in Coleridge, "you don't believe in that sort of poultry?"

CLXXVIX.

WHEN Thackeray went to Oxford to make arrangements for delivering a series of lectures at that University, he waited on the vice-chancellor, and asked his permission to lecture within the precincts. "Pray" was the first inquiry, "what can I do to serve you?" "My name is Thackeray." "So I see by this card." "I seek permission to lecture within the precincts." "Ah! you are a lecturer; what subjects do you undertake—religious or political?" "Neither, I am a literary man." "Yes?" "I am the author of *Vanity Fair*." "I presume, a dissenter—has that anything to do with John Bunyan's book?" "Not exactly; I have also written *Pendennis*." "Never heard of these works, but no doubt they are proper books." "I have also contributed to *Punch*." "Punch! I have heard of that. Is it not a ribald publication?"

CLXXX.

MEREWETHER, the Queen's Counsel, was famous in legal circles for his humour. A stranger met him on the staircase of his chambers and thus accosted him, "You are Mr. Jones, I believe?" "Sir, if you

believe that, you will believe anything," was his quiet rejoinder. Travelling by the Great Western to his circuit, he wished to have the carriage to himself in order to study a brief, and having for his single companion a mild clergyman, he got rid of him by affecting insanity. This he did so naturally that all the clergyman's efforts, after the first quarter of an hour, were directed to soothe and conciliate his fellow passenger. As they passed the great Middlesex Asylum, he observed, like a nurse with a fractious child, "How pretty Hanwell looks from the railway." "Ah," answered Merewether, grimly, with a slight bark, "You should see how the railway looks from Hanwell." At the next station the divine got out precipitately, and left the lawyer to himself.

CLXXXI.

MAZARIN said of Louis XIV. : "I find in him enough to make four Kings and one honest mau."

CLXXXII.

THE wife of a small farmer in Perthshire went to a chemist with two prescriptions—one for her husband, and the other for her cow. Finding she had not money to pay for both, the chemist asked her which she would take.—"Gie me that for the coo," said the wife; "if he were to dee, I could sune get another mon; but I'm not sae sure if I would sune get another coo."

CLXXXIII.

H. J. BYRON, standing with a friend at the door of the Garrick Club, saw Labouchere, proprietor of the *World*, Edmund Yates, who is rather stout, and their solicitor, George Lewis, coming along together. "Look, Jack," said he, "Here's the World, the Flesh, and the Devil."

CLXXXIV.

WHEN Labouchere had seceded from the *World* newspaper, and started *Truth* in opposition, some one at the club said to him, "what is *Truth*?" "Another and a better *World*!" he is said to have replied.

CLXXXV.

CHARLES LAMB and Ayrton making a party at whist, Ayrton took a trick by trumping. "Ah?" said he, "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." "But when *you* meet Greek," retorted Lamb, "you can't read it."

CLXXXVI.

A MISSIONARY, sent to convert some Negro tribe, asked Sambo in a solemn tone, if he had found Jesus. "God Almighty, massa," returned Sambo, simply, "Am him lost?"

CLXXXVII.

SOME one mentioning to Lord Byron the rise of a new star in the poetical firmament, he said, "Yes, another damned scribbler like myself—not so good, I hear."

CLXXXVIII.

WILLIAM Hazlitt, meeting Charles Wells, a young solicitor, who had then recently published "Joseph and his Brethren," said to him, "Bye-the-bye, I have read your poem; I consider that it shews great genius; and—I advise you to stick to your profession."

CLXXXIX.

FORSTER, author of the *Life of Goldsmith* and other works, was a remarkably pompous person. He



is remembered as Lady Lytton's "butcher's boy." He once said to Laman Blanchard in his usual grandiose style, "Blanchard, I'm thinking of taking chambers in the Albany." "Ah!" replied the other, "we've got Albany Fonblanque, and then we shall have Albany Forster!"

CXC.

CATNACH, the ballad-printer, was a well-to-do man in later life, and lived at Dancer's Hill, near Barnet. He was rather given to intemperate habits, and a neighbour of his, going home one evening, heard some one groaning by the roadside, and found the noise proceeded from a man, who had fallen into the ditch. This was Catnach.

CXCI.

IN the ledger at the India House, where the rates of interest were entered from half per cent upwards, Charles Lamb wrote, "This is a book of interest, and the interest increases as you proceed."

CXCI.

A MAN, meeting a Jew, knocked him down. The Jew got up. He knocked him down again. A third person came up, and asked him why he did it. "Because the Jews crucified our blessed Saviour, to be sure," he replied. "O, but," returned the new-comer, "that was 1800 years ago." "Can't help it," coolly answered the assailant, "only heard of it last night."

CXCI.

SHERIDAN, being told that the lost tribes of Israel had been found, said he was glad to hear it, as he had nearly exhausted the other ten.

CXCIV.

HENRY REEVE, Clerk of the Privy Council, when he published his memoirs relating to the last reign, gave offence to the Queen, and his resignation was suggested. "Very well," said Reeve, "I shall then have plenty of leisure to complete the other three volumes, taking in the reign of Her Majesty," The demand was not pressed; but the work has been continued since Reeve's death.

CXCIV.

A CURIOUS account is given of the circumstances under which John Black lost his editorship of the *Morning Chronicle*. At the annual dinner given to the staff, to which certain celebrities of the day were always invited, Black, in response to the toast of his own health, observed in concluding—"And it's surely a very fine thing for my friend Easthope to find himself among such distinguished characters and one of the proprietors of a journal like this! I recollect well when he and I came up to London together, and the only difference betwixt us was that *I* had shoes, and he had none." "Ah! John Black," whispered Sir John Easthope's partner, by whom the editor sat; "you've put your foot in it, John Black!" And so it proved; for Black was shortly afterwards informed that his services could be dispensed with.

CXCVI.

CHARLES LAMB hearing Martin Burney observe that he did not like acids, said, "I know, Martin, of one acid, which would do you good—*acid-uity*."

CXCVII.

MR. FIRTH, in his speech at Chelsea, March 26th, 1879, against the aggressive foreign policy of Disraeli's government, told, *apropos* of some blunder of the then First Lord of the Admiralty, a story of an

American Secretary of the Navy, who had never seen the sea. One day, this functionary was taken down to one of the Navy yards to see one of the national ironclads, and he was taken on to the deck of the vessel, and after examining its mechanism above, he looked down with the greatest astonishment through the hatchway into the hold, whereupon he made a very memorable remark. It is by no means elegant, but it is certainly American: "Why the darned thing's hollow!"

CXCVIII.

THE story they tell of Hudson the railway-king and his wife being invited to dinner at Stafford House, seems to me strikingly illustrative of the subservience of our aristocracy to any reigning star, however paltry. The Marquis of Stafford was shewing Mrs. Hudson, when he led her down to dinner, the valuable curiosities on the staircase and in the hall. "And what is that, my Lord?" asked she, pointing to a bust of Marcus Aurelius. "O, that is Marcus Aurelius," he replied. "The present Markis, or the late, my Lord?" was the rejoinder of the Duke of Sutherland's honoured guest of the evening.

CXCIX.

"I WOULD not recommend Jones to my relations, but I would to others. I should be very sorry for the other people, but they were not my relations." *Evidence of the Defendant in Jones v. Duchess of Westminster.*

"Speak the same truth to all—absurd!

I have her Grace's ducal word:

'If other people should require

A maid, she's all you can desire.

If Gower or Grosvenor asked 'so sad!

Jones won't suit you, my dear: she's mad!"

—*World*, April 9th, 1879.

CC.

WHEN Peter the Great was in England, he once attended a meeting of Parliament, where the King (William III.), had come to give his assent to a bill. But Peter, not wishing to be seen, viewed the proceedings through a hole in the ceiling, which gave rise to a saying by some one, that he had seen the rarest thing in the world, a palace with a king on the throne and an emperor on the roof.

CCI.

IT is related, as characteristic of the ardour of Scottish nationality, that, at a representation of Home's *Douglas* at Glasgow or Edinburgh, a Scotchman turned, at some striking passage in the drama, and said to a Southron at his elbow: "And wher's your Wully Shakespeare noo?"

CCII.

TWO Scotch lairds conversing, one said to the other that he thought they were wiser than Solomon. "How's that?" said the other. "Why," said the first, "he did not know whether his son might not be a fool, and we know that ours' are sure to be."

CCIII.

WHEN William IV. came to the throne, S. T. Coleridge observed that we had had in England many kings; wise kings, foolish kings, great kings, little kings, fortunate and unfortunate, and almost every other possible variety, but now," said he, "we have a blackguard King."

CCIV.

DEAN Stanley meeting Bishop Wilberforce at a party, the two happened to confront each other.

Stanley recollected what Cicero had said, that he wondered how two Augurs could face each other without laughing, and remarked to Soapy Sam, "Here are we two Augurs face to face!"

CCV.

A LITTLE boy, who had had some insight into the disposal of surplus kittens, on being shown his mama's newly arrived twins, laid his finger on that which struck his fancy, and said, "That's the one I'll have kept."

CCVI.

GARROW, who was afterwards Solicitor-General, was more famed for his pleasant voice and skill as a cross-examiner than for his legal knowledge. Once, however, he met with his match in a conjuror. He asked this man whether he did not tell people's fortunes, and after a good deal of beating about the bush, the witness admitted it, and offered to tell Garrow's. "What is it, then?" asked Garrow. "Why, you made your first speech at the Old Bailey, and you'll make your last there."

CCVII.

AT a dramatic entertainment in Venezuela, they wanted to introduce the Devil on the boards, and not wishing to offend either the white or the black population, the manager adopted the plan of bringing on the old gentleman in a pepper and salt dress.

CCVIII.

WHEN an attempt was first made to assassinate Henry IV. of France, he was struck in the mouth, and he said, "I knew from their mouths that they did not love me, and now I know it from my own."

CCIX.

SIR WALTER SCOTT used to say that his friends might be very bad accountants, but were very good book-keepers.

CCX.

WHEN the Duke of Wellington was told that Mr. Jones the artist, who was nicknamed "Wellington" Jones, was often mistaken for him, and imitated his dress, even to wearing a military cloak with a red lining, the great duke quietly replied, "How very odd! I am never mistaken for Mr. Jones!"

CCXI.

ALFRED TENNYSON's father, when the future laureate brought him some verses which he had made, gave him, they say, half a sovereign, with the remark that it was the first and last money he would ever get by writing poetry.

CCXII.

DR. LAW, Bishop of Carlisle, Lord Ellenborough's father, had in his early life written and printed some political parody on a religious subject, and when Hone was on his trial before Ellenborough for a similar offence, he offered to hand up to the bench a copy of the Bishop's production. The Chief Justice extended one hand with a deprecatory gesture. It is said that it was his last appearance in Court.

CCXIII.

A LADY, more remarkable for her vanity than her charms, said in the presence of Lord Houghton, that she had had hundreds of men at her feet. "Chirpodists," suggested the Cool of the Morning, *sotto voce*.

CCXIV.

WORDSWORTH observed to Lamb, that he thought Shakespeare a good deal over-rated, and that

he thought, if he had a mind, he could write as well. Lamb answered, "Yes, that's all that would be necessary."

CCXV.

I HEAR a story—probably a *ben trovato*—about Trench, Archbishop of Dublin, when he was made Archbishop. A page-boy wanted to know, when he brought up the water and boots, what he was to say, and Trench said, "My Lord, the boy." The unfortunate lad knocked at the door next morning, and when his master cried out, "Who's there?" returned, "The Lord, my boy!"

CCXVI.

AFTER Thoms had started *Notes and Queries*, with his Captain Cuttle motto, a member of the House of Lords, with which he was officially connected, met him and said, "I like your new thing, Thoms, but who was Captain Cuttle?" "O, my lord," replied the other, "He was a friend of Charles Dickens."

CCXVII.

WHEN it was a question of making an index to Macaulay's History, the author was asked whether he had any preference in the matter; but he said that he did not mind, as long as they did not employ any damned Tory. Henry Campkin, Secretary of the Reform Club, did it, I believe; and I have understood that he was a Tory at heart.

CCXVIII.

A SCOTISH Lord was very favourably impressed by Mr. H. G. Bohn after a first interview, and pronounced him to be a very clever and agreeable person. The next time, however, when my lord called, Bohn and his kindred were throwing books at each other,

to the accompaniment of angry expressions. When my lord saw his friend again, he had changed his view. "Ah! the de'il has shawn his cla," quoth he.

CCXIX.

A LADY, who had heard a good deal of the Hampshire Hogs, went down into the county, and came across a very nice civil little boy, who shewed her part of the way, and seemed remarkable for his polish and courtesy. She thought she must have been fortunate enough to meet with a stranger, or that the Hampshire folk had been maligned. "My boy," she inquired mildly, "you do not belong, I suppose, to these parts?" "You're a liar, I do!" was the nice little lad's reply.

CCXX.

WHEN Jerrold lived on Putney Lower Common, he was, as usual, very short of money, and behind-hand with his landlord. The latter, after many applications, at last said, "Really, Mr. Jerrold, if I do not get my money soon, I must put a man in." "You could not," said his tenant, "make it a woman, I suppose?"

CCXXI.

SIR George Jessel, the Jew master of the Rolls, dining at a Club with Cordy Jeaffreson and a couple of others, Jessel took the chair. When the first dish of meat came on, Jeaffreson, who knew what it was, smiled. Jessel asked him his reason. "O," said he, "only the pleasure of seeing you in the chair to-night." It was roast pork.

CCXXII.

AT a masquerade, given by S. W. Reynolds of Black Lion Lane (now Queen's Road), Bayswater, at

which my grandfather and grandmother Reynell were present, one of the masks was Chantry. A second mask came up, and Chantry said, "You can't tell me who I am!" The other replied, "Shan't try."—*W. C. H.*

CCXXIII.

LORD FALMOUTH, who sold off his stud in 1884 from a feeling of distaste for the unhealthy condition of the turf, is said never to have betted but once, when he laid sixpence on Lady Bertha with his trainer's wife, and lost it. He sent her the coin set in diamonds.

CCXXIV.

MADAME ROTHSCHILD, wife of one of the early members of this family,—I believe, Mr. Nathan Rothschild,—lived to be 98. On her deathbed, she said to her attendant, "O dear doctor, can you do nothing for me?" "Nothing, madam," he replied, "I cannot make you young again." "No," she persisted, "I do not want that, but I should like to live to grow old."

CCXXV.

A CURIOUS notion is derived of the ignorance of people in the country districts—even of those who take some sort of interest in reading—from the story of a man, who happened to have a copy of Josephus, and undertook to read it to his fellow-villagers chapter by chapter in the evenings after work; and his hearers paid rapt attention to the narrative, and would hardly let him break off in the middle of some exciting episode, taking the events which he was describing to be something which had occurred quite recently elsewhere.

CCXXVI.

WHEN the Queen visited Trinity College, Cambridge, of which the Crown is patron, during the mastership of Whewell, the latter met her with, "I welcome your Majesty to my house." "*My house, Dr. Whewell,*" the queen rejoined.

CCXXVII.

MAJOR GAISFORD told a curious story of his father, the Dean of Christchurch, when they both went abroad together, and called on Dindorff, the great German scholar and editor of Herodotus. The door was opened by a little shabby man, who was asked if Herr Dindorff lived there. He looked at Gaisford, considered, and then said, "Ich ben Dindorff." Then the other gave him his card, which he studied attentively, and at last exclaiming, *Gaisford!* threw his arms around the Dean's neck, and kissed him on both cheeks.

CCXXVIII.

AN obscure gentleman, named Leitch, was in company with Jerrold, and it was a question how he spelt his name. Jerrold, or some one else present, asked whether he spelt it like John Leech the artist. "O dear, no!" replied Mr. Leitch, disclaiming any affinity. "Ah! to be sure," said Jerrold, "you're Leech with the *itch*."

CCXXIX.

THE Baron de Merger, when I was staying with him at Plessis La Barbe, near Tours, in 1853, told me that his father, a general officer in the French service in the time of Napoleon I., had been pressed by the Emperor to become one of his aides-de-camp, but declined, and that Napoleon, whenever he saw him, re-

minded him of this, saying, "Ah! M. de Merger, but why would you not become my aide-de-camp?"—
W. C. H.

CCXXX.

SOME one asked Mr. Registrar Hazlitt if he was related to the celebrated author of that name. "Yes," said he, "I am his son." "Dear me, sir," returned the inquirer, "what a fine genius he was! what an admirable work that is of his, the *Select Poets of Great Britain*, sir?"—a mere compilation, with which Hazlitt had next to nothing to do! Such is fame!

CCXXXI.

AN American laid a wager of 100 dollars with another man, that he would throw him over a river. They went down to the bank, and he took his companion up, gave a great heave, and threw him into, but not over, the river. His friend claimed the money. "Oh," said he, "I didn't say I would do it the first time; I'll manage it before I have done." No further trial took place.

CCXXXII.

A lady and gentleman conversing together, the latter observed that he always slept in gloves, because it made his hands so soft. "Do you sleep in your hat, too?" the lady asked.

CCXXXIII.

WHEN Lord Palmerston was at the Home Office, a stipendiary magistracy fell vacant, and a flood of applications of course poured in for the post. When Palmerston came the next time, he eyed the heap of letters, and said to his private secretary, "What's all this?" and on being informed, he added, "Do they

think I'm going to read all these damned things?—D'ye know any one who would do?" His secretary recommended Mr. Burrell, a friend of his, and Palmerston gave him the berth.

CCXXXIV.

H. J. BYRON was solicited to read a MS. play written by a lady; but he said that he had no time. "Would he just cast his eye over it then?" "O, yes, he did not object to cast his eye over it." The MS. came, as Byron supposed, of the play; but, though long enough for a drama, it turned out to be only the prologue. He declined to see any more, but told the authoress he feared it would be too lengthy for performance—he mentioned to a friend that he fancied it would have occupied about a fortnight in representation.

CCXXXV.

A FRENCHMAN, who supposed himself well acquainted both with our language and constitution, observed, in reference to our practically republican government, that Queen Victoria was only *a puppy*.

CCXXXVI.

CARLYLE happened, in the presence of Thackeray, to speak in terms of qualified admiration of Titian. "Oh!" said he, "they talk a great deal about Titian; I could never see much in him." Thackeray tapped him on the shoulder, and whispered, "Do you think that is *Titian's* fault?"

CCXXXVII.

SOME one observing to Carlyle that if Jesus Christ were to come among us, he would be persecuted as he was among the Jews. "Oh, no," replied Carlyle,

“He’d just be made a lion of, and Monckton Milnes’d ask him to breakfast.”

CCXXXVIII.

AT the trial of Horne Tooke, Sir John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, was for the Crown, and in the course of his address, he declared with emotion, followed by tears, that he should have nothing to leave to his children but his good name. “What’s he crying for?” said some one to Tooke. “O,” returned the latter, “he’s thinking what a small patrimony he will leave his family!”

CCXXXIX.

MR. REGISTRAR HAZLITT used occasionally to meet a person, who to any remark he made to him had the same invariable rejoinder. “Ditto, the same to you, sir.” He once observed to this individual that so-and-so was a very distinguished writer, and he at once came out with, “Was he? ah! indeed!—*Well, ditto, the same to you, sir.*”

CCXL.

TALLEYRAND, attending the death-bed of a friend, who was in great agony, heard him say that he was suffering the pains of the damned. “Comment? Deja?” quoth the other.

CCXLI.

IT was said of Sydney Godolphin that he was never in the way, and never out of the way, and of Charles, Earl of Peterborough, that he was always in a hurry and always too late.

COXLII.

HARLEY, the actor, had a street band playing before his house in Bell and Horns Lane, Brompton, and when the men had finished, they rang the bell for a gratuity. Harley told his servant to shew them in.

“Well?” said he, rather sharply, when they stood silently expectant. “We thought your honour would give us something!” at last said one of them. “Give you something,” retorted Harley, in affected astonishment; “I thought you had come in to offer an apology for making such a villanous noise.”

CCXLIII.

AT an auction, when H. G. Bohn had been making one of his veracious statements, somebody present had the hardihood to say, “Well, Mr. Bohn, that is the biggest lie that ever you told, and it *must be* a big one.”

CCXLIV.

A JEW thanked heaven that he was born a man, for said he, “If I had been born a woman, Lord! what a w—— I should have been!”

CCXLV.

COLERIDGE, meeting an old clothesman, who cried, as usual, “O’ clo’, O’ clo,’” stopped, and asked him, why he persisted in saying *O’ clo’* instead of *old clothes*. Moses looked hard at him for a moment, and then replied drily, “If your honour had to say it five hundred times a day, you’d say *O’ clo’* too.” The philosopher passed on.

CCXLVI.

JERROLD, ordering some wine at a tavern, said, “Waiter, bring a bottle of your old port—not your *elder* port, mind.”

CCXLVII.

IN 1871, the deposed French emperor, visiting the International Exhibition at South Kensington, was much interested by the card-printing machine.

The person in charge printed on a card "*L'Empereur Napoleon*," and shewed it to him. His Majesty laughingly observed, "*Ex*," and passed on.

CCXLVIII.

AN Irish fisherman passed himself off to the captain of a ship on the coast of Ireland as a qualified pilot. He knew nothing of the coast. "This is a very dangerous shore here," said the captain to him, when he was on board. "Yes, it is, your honour," replied the fellow. "There are a great many dangerous rocks about here, I hear," observed the captain. "Yes, there are, and," a dreadful crash coming, "*this is one of them*," coolly returned the fisherman.

CCXLIX.

M. HENRI MONNIER de la Sizeranne, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, and afterwards a senator, had been raised to the rank of Count, and somebody inquired which name he must call him by. The President Dupin replied: "*Les uns l'appellent Monnier, les autres de la Sizeranne, et tout le monde Henri (en rit).*"

CCL.

DURING the famous Tichborne case, tried in 1871, the Solicitor General (Coleridge) was leader for the defence, and was very fond of saying to the Claimant every now and then, "Would you be surprised to hear?" or as the case might be, Tichborne generally replying, that he would not be at all surprised. A caricature portrait of Coleridge, which appeared in the *Hornet* at the time, had this inscription: "Would you be surprised to find that I am the Solicitor-General?"

CCLI.

AN old woman, walking down the church-aisle during service in a large red cloak, heard the Minister say, "Lord, have mercy upon us!" then the clerk repeated, "Lord, have mercy upon us!" and then the whole congregation echoed, "Lord, have mercy upon us!" "Bless my heart!" cried she, stopping short, "Did ye never see an old woman in a red cloak before."

CCLII.

A POOR counsel at the Court of Bankruptcy got so small a share of practice, and was said to be so willing to accept any fee which was offered, that Mr. Aldridge and he were known as the Crown Solicitor and the Half-Crown Barrister.

CCLIII.

LORD MANSFIELD had an old woman brought before him as a witch, and among other things she was charged with riding through the air. The great judge dismissed the case, observing: "My opinion is that this good woman should be suffered to return home, and whether she do so walking on the ground, or riding through the air, must be left to her own judgment; for there is nothing contrary to the laws of England in either."

CCLIV.

JERROLD once told his wife that he thought when a woman reached forty, her husband ought to be allowed to treat her like a bank-note—change her into *two twenties*.

CCLV.

MANNING, Charles Lamb's Chinese correspondent, had announced a present of silk for Miss Lamb,

as on its way through Mr. Knox. Some delay occurring, Lamb, writing to his friend, made a humorous complaint of the non-arrival of the parcel. *Nox longa*, said he.

CCLVI.

THIS reminds us of Douglas Jerrold and his epitaph on Charles Knight—"Good Night."

CCLVII.

BARHAM, author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, speaking one day at dinner of having seen the illuminations for the Prince of Wales's christening in 1842, said in reference to the A. E. displayed everywhere, "Ah! he'll make acquaintance with the other three vowels, before he comes of age."

CCLVIII.

A CITY merchant advertised for a porter, who feared the Lord, and could carry 300 cwt.

CCLIX.

A BOOKSELLER apprised a gentleman, who happened to call at his shop, that it was his intention to fit up a room overhead, and furnish it appropriately, to receive his literary customers. The gentleman applauded this as a good notion. "Yes," said the other, "I'm going to do it well, this," pointing to an old chair of not very prepossessing aspect, "will do for one—Louis Quarts, you know," he added with a mixture of complacency and gusto. Taking up a book, which lay near, he thought it necessary to inform his visitor, that it was an Aldus—"some call him Aldine, you know."

CCLX.

TWO eminent railway projectors of the present day, meeting each other to talk over a scheme, in

which they were supposed to have equal interest, one began by explaining his views to the other. Sir E. W. listened with much attention, and when his friend F. had done, he quietly demanded, "And where do I come in, James?"

CCLXI.

CHARLES LAMB, in a letter to his friend Manning, says, "Hazlitt has written a grammar for Godwin. Godwin sells it bound up with a treatise of his own on Language. But the *grey mare* is the better horse."

CCLXII.

SIR STEPHEN FOX, brother of Charles, and also a man of enormous size, happening to go thump, thump, with his great legs through a street in London, where the paviors were at work, in the middle of July, the fellows immediately laid down their rammers. "Ay, God bless you, master," cries one of them, "it was very kind of you to come this way; it saves us a deal of trouble this hot weather."

CCLXIII.

QUEEN ELIZABETH took much pleasure in the occasional society of Dr. David Whitehead, who was a great opponent of the celibacy of the clergy. The queen, who did not like married divines, said to him one day: "Whitehead, I like thee all the better, because thou art unmarried." "Indeed, madam," replied the doctor, bluntly, "I like your Majesty all the worse for the same reason."

CCLXIV.

A MAN who had a large family, and but very moderate means to support them, was lamenting

how difficult it was to make both ends meet to an acquaintance of no family and a large fortune. "We should not repine," replied his friend; "He that sends mouths, sends food." "That I do not deny," replied the other; "only permit me to observe, He has sent *me the mouths, and you the food.*"

CCLXV.

LORD BRAXFIELD, the Scotch judge, once said to an eloquent culprit at the bar, "You're a vera clever chiel, mon; but I'm thinking ye wad be nane the waur o' a hangin'."

CCLXVI.

"**D**ID you present your account to the defendant?" inquired a lawyer of his client. "I did, your honour." "And what did he say?" "He told me to go to the devil." "And what did you do then?" "Why, then I came to you."

CCLXVII.

AMONG the conditions of sale by an auctioneer in a midland county was the following: "The highest bidder to be the buyer, unless some gentleman bids more."

CCLXVIII.

AFRENCH dancing-master asked one of his friends, if it was really true that Harley was made Count of Oxford, and Chief Treasurer of England. On being answered in the affirmative, "That amazes me," said he; "what merit can the queen have found *dans ce Harley*? For my part, I have had him under my hands these two years, and cannot make anything of him?"

CCLXIX.

JERROLD once went to a party at which Mr. Pepper had assembled his friends, and said to his host on entering the room, "My dear Mr. *Pepper*, how glad you must be to see your friends *mustered!*"

CCLXX.

A MAN who wanted to buy a horse asked a friend how to tell a horse's age. "By his teeth," was the reply. The next day the man went to a horse-dealer, who shewed a splendid black horse. The horse-hunter opened the animal's mouth, gave one glance and turned on his heel. "I don't want him," said he; "he's thirty-two years old." He had *counted* the teeth.

CCLXXI.

STERNE, who used his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick in a fine sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burnt over his head." "If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."

CCLXXII.

HOOD said he was forced to make broad grins under narrow circumstances, and be a lively Hood for a livelihood.

CCLXXIII.

AN Irishman exclaimed, at a party where Theodore Hook shone as the evening star, "Och, Master Theodore, but you are the *hook* that nobody can *bait.*"

CCLXXIV.

SOMEBODY complained to Frank Talford, that at a new club which had been established in Arundel

Street, there was no getting anything to drink. "Well, then," said Talfourd, "one must *come drunk.*"

CCLXXV.

SOME one was saying, that his great-grandfather, and his grandfather, and his father, all died at sea, and a friend recommended that he should never go to sea himself. "Where did *your* great-grandfather, and grandfather, and father die?" the man inquired of the other. "In their beds," said he. "Then if I were you," said the first, "I should never go to bed."

CCLXXVI.

A MAN, who was asked what sort of wine he preferred, replied, "Other peoples."

CCLXXVII.

A FRIEND meeting Frank Talfourd in the street on a very cold day, said to him; "Why, my dear fellow, you never wear a great-coat!" "No," replied Talfourd, "I never *was.*"

CCLXXVIII.

BISHOP BURNET, who was a tall, large-boned man, preaching once with some vehemence before King Charles the Second, closed one of his sentences with a violent thump upon the cushion and this note of interrogation—Who dares deny it? "Nobody," said the king in a whisper, "who stands within the reach of that devilish great fist of yours."

CCLXXIX.

AN honest curate in the country remonstrating with a married couple who did not live together in the most agreeable union, on the indecency and even sinfulness of their contentions, since they were, in the

eye of God and man, but *one*. "But *one!*" cried out the husband; "surely if you were to come by the door, and hear us in the height of our quarrels, you would swear we were *twenty*."

OCLXXX.

A CLERGYMAN coming to one of the Yea and Nay profession for his Easter offering, the Quaker kindly asked him in, begged him to seat himself, and then inquired if he would eat anything; and on the parson answering in the negative, he proceeded with asking him if he would *drink with him*, and then, if he would *smoke a pipe with him?* to all which the parson answered no. "Well, friend," says Yea and Nay, "I have offered thee a meat-offering, a drink-offering, and a burnt-offering, and I know of no other offering mentioned in the Scriptures; so, if thee will not accept of those, I wish thee good-day, friend, for I shall offer thee no more."

OCLXXXI.

AS Anstee (the actor) was returning home with some jovial companions through Bath, about three in the morning, they accidentally met with the watch, who was regularly crying the hour. In the mirth of heart they were in, this was construed by some of the bucks to be a sort of satire upon them for keeping bad hours. Anstee, therefore, insisted that the fellow should cry past eleven o'clock instead of three, on pain of corporal punishment. After some remonstrance, the poor man was obliged to comply; but, before he had finished his oration, suddenly recollecting himself, he said, shrewdly "I know the *hour* I am to call, but *pray, gentlemen, what sort of weather would you choose to have?*" "*Sunshine!* you scoundrel, to be sure—*sunshine;*" upon which

(notwithstanding it was raining at that time violently) the accommodating watchman gravely cries out, in the proper key—“*Past eleven o'clock, and, by particular desire, a sunshiny morning!*”

CCLXXXII.

WHEN the British and American armies were near each other in the neighbourhood of German Town, five Hessian soldiers, who had straggled in the woods, and lost their way, were met by an Irishman, who was a private in Washington's army. He immediately presented his piece, and desired them to surrender. They, supposing that he was supported by a party of the enemy, did as he directed, and threw down their arms. He then marched them before him to the American lines, and brought them to headquarters. General Washington, wondering at the spirit and achievement of the fellow, asked him how he, a single man, could capture five? “Why,” said the Irishman, “plase your Excellency, by Jasus, *I surrounded them!*” The General, who was very seldom known even to smile, laughed heartily at the bull, gave him a sum of money, and promoted him to a halbert.

CCLXXXIII.

BEAU NASH took a hack one night at Temple Bar, and bad the man drive to Berkeley Square. The fellow, who had been wishing for the usual time for going home, swore, as he was mounting the box, that he should be glad to drive his fare to hell. “Do you consider,” said Nash, when they were come to Berkeley Square, “that if you had driven me to hell, as you said just now you should be glad to do, you must have gone there yourself.” “You mistake, sir,” replied the fellow, “for I should have backed you in.”

CCLXXXIV.

A SHREWD politician was asked by a certain nobleman, why the Germans were foremost to begin, and the last to end a continental war? "My lord," said the politician, "if the Germans scattered their gold, and we fought for bread, the balance of power would soon be settled by those whom it concerns."

CCLXXXV.

A N Irish gentleman was visited by a friend, who found him a little ruffled, and being asked the reason of it, said he had lost a new pair of black silk stockings out of his room, that had cost him eighteen shillings; but that he hoped he should get them again, for that he had ordered them to be cried, and had offered half-a-crown reward. The other observed that the reward was too little for such valuable stockings. "Poh," said the Irish gentleman, "I ordered the crier to say they were worsted."

CCLXXXVI.

W HEN Beau Nash was ill, Doctor Cheyne wrote a prescription for him. The next day, the doctor coming to see his patient, inquired if he had followed his prescription? "No, faith, doctor," said Nash, "if I had, I should have broken my neck, for I threw it out of the two pair-of-stairs window."

CCLXXXVII.

J ACK WEEKS said of a great man just then dead, who pretended to some religion, but was none of the best livers, "Well, I hope he is in heaven. Every man thinks as he wishes; but if he be in heaven, it were a pity it were known."

CCLXXXVII.

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CCLXXXVIII.

COLONEL CHARTRES, reflecting on his ill life and character, told a certain nobleman, "That if such a thing as a good name was to be purchased, he would freely give ten thousand pounds for one." The nobleman said, "It would certainly be the worst money you ever laid out in your life." "Why so?" said the honest colonel. "Because," answered the peer, "you would forfeit it again in less than a week."

CCLXXXIX.

FRANCIS I. being told of a captain who never knew what fear was, said, "Then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers."

CCXC.

MONSIEUR GOUSSAUT, President of the Chamber of Accompts, was celebrated for stupidity. One day standing behind a player at piquet, who did not know him, the player throwing a foolish card, exclaimed, "I am a mere Goussaut!" The president, enraged at finding his name used as a proverb, said, "you are a fool." "True," said the other, without even looking back, "that is just what I meant to say."

CCXCI.

A NOT very intellectual lord, with the *cordon bleu*, seeing a fine diamond on the hand of a lady, said rudely, "I would rather have the diamond than

the hand." The lady, hearing him, answered, "And I would rather have the collar than the puppy."

CCXCII.

RICH's abilities as a harlequin are well known. One night, after the entertainment, he got into a hackney-coach, and ordered the man to drive him to the Sun Tavern, in Clare Market. It happened that, as the fellow was driving by the window, Rich perceived it to be open, and threw himself out of the coach into the room. The coachman, having turned the corner, drove up to the house, and getting from the box, opened the coach door, and let down the step; then taking off his hat, he waited some time, expecting his fare to alight; but at last, looking into his coach, and seeing it empty, he bestowed a few hearty curses on the rascal that had cheated him, and remounting his box, turned about, and was driving the same way back. As he passed again by the window, Rich watched the opportunity, and again threw himself into the coach; asked where he was going, and bid him turn and come once more to the Sun Tavern door. When Rich got out, after reproaching the fellow for his stupidity, he would have given him his fare. "No, God bless your honour," says the man, "my master has ordered me to take no money to night." "Why then," says Rich, "he is a fool, and here is a shilling for yourself." "No," said the man, who by this time had mounted his coach-box, "that won't do; I know you too well for all your shoes; and so, Mr. Devil, for once you are outwitted."

CCXCIII.

A MAN, who wanted to get rid of his house, carried about a stone of it as a specimen.

CCXCIV.

TOWARD the close of the battle of Inkermann, Lord Raglan was returning from taking leave of General Strangeways, and was going up towards the ridge. A sergeant approached carrying canteens of water for the wounded, and as Lord Raglan passed he drew himself up to make the usual salute, when a round shot came bounding over the hill, and knocked his forage-cap off his head. The man calmly picked up his cap, dusted it on his knee, placed it carefully on his head, and then made a military salute, and all without moving a muscle of his countenance. Lord Raglan was delighted with the man's coolness, and said to him, "A neat thing that, my man!"—"Yes, my lord," replied the sergeant with another salute; "but a miss is as good as a mile."

CCXCV.

ONE day Joe Haines, the actor, was arrested by two bailiffs for a debt of twenty pounds, just as the Bishop of Ely was riding by in his carriage. Quoth Joe to the bailiffs, "Gentlemen, here is my cousin, the Bishop of Ely; let me but speak a word to him, and he will pay the debt and costs." The bishop ordered his carriage to stop, while Joe close to his ear whispered—"My lord, here are a couple of poor waverers, who have such terrible scruples of conscience that I fear they will hang themselves!" "Very well," replied the bishop. So, calling to the bailiffs, he said—"You two men come to me to-morrow, and I will satisfy you." The bailiffs bowed and went their way. Joe went his way too. In the morning the bailiffs repaired to the bishop's house. "Well, my good men," said his reverence, "what are your scruples of conscience?" "Scruples!" replied the bailiffs, "we have

no scruples; we are bailiffs, my lord, who yesterday arrested your cousin, Joe Haines, for twenty pounds. Your lordship promised to *satisfy* us to-day, and we hope you will be as good as your word." The Bishop, to prevent any further scandal to his name, immediately paid the debt and costs.

CCXCVI.

MOORE was not less a wit than a man of sentiment. A beautiful woman who wore on her breast a miniature likeness of her ugly husband, asked him, "Whom he thought it was like?"—"I think," said the poet, "it is like the Saracen's Head on Snow Hill."

CCXCVII.

A FELLOW was charged with stealing a piece of cloth from a dry-goods store, when the lawyer put in the plea, that his client did not see it. "Not see it?" said the recorder. "Why, I mean, sir, that the individual charged with stealing that cloth did not see it, sir—he could not see it—it's an invisible green!"

CCXCVIII.

WHEN Sir John Sinclair moved in the House of Commons for a reward of a thousand pounds to be granted to Mr. Elkington, whom he stated to be the best artist for draining the country, a member, who sat next him, whispered: "You forget the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Germany, who have both shown themselves successful artists in that sort of way."

CCXCIX.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, at the close of his administration, was sitting one evening with some intimate friends, to whom he was complaining of the

vanities and vexations of office ; adding from the second epistle of the second book of Horace :—

“Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti ;
Tempus abire tibi est.”

“Pray, Sir Robert,” said one of his friends, “is that good Latin ?” “Why, I think so ; what objection have you to it !” “Why,” said the other dryly, “I did not know but the word might be *bribisti* in your Horace.”

CCC.

BENSLEY, before he went on the stage, was an officer in the army. Meeting one day a Scotchman, who had been in the same regiment, the latter was very happy to see his brother officer ; but being ashamed to be seen in the street with a player, he hurried him into an obscure coffeehouse, when he began to remonstrate with him on his thus disgracing the honourable profession to which he had belonged. “But,” added he, “what do you make by this new business of yours ?” Bensley said, “From seven hundred to a thousand a year.” “A thousand a year !” exclaimed Sawney, “hae ye ony vacancies in your corps ?”

CCCI.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN constantly wore spectacles. As he was walking one day in Ludgate Street, a porter passing him was nearly pushed off the pavement by an unintentional motion of the doctor. The fellow, much irritated, exclaimed, “Damn your spectacles !” The doctor smiling, made answer, “It is not the first time they have saved my *eyes*.”

CCCI.

IN a great storm at sea, when all expected to be cast away, they went to prayers. In the midst of their devotion, a boy fell laughing. The captain

asked him what he meant by it? "Why, truly, sir," said he, "I laugh at that man's fiery nose there, to think what a hissing it will make by and by, when it comes into the water."

CCCIII.

EPIGRAM on the statue of George I. being placed on the top of Bloomsbury Church:—

"The King of Great Britain was reckon'd before
The *head of the Church* by all Protestant people ;
His Bloomsbury subjects have made him still more,
For by them he is now made the *head of the steeple*."

CCCIV.

AN eminent critic was reading a fine passage in Homer to his friend, who was a mathematician. "My dear sir," replied the philosopher, "what does all this *prove*?"

CCCV.

A STUDENT, shewing the Museum at Oxford to a party, produced, among many other curiosities, a rusty sword. "This," said he, "Is the sword with which Balaam was going to kill his ass." One of the company observed that he thought Balaam had no sword, but only wished for one. "You are right," replied the student, "and this is the very sword he wished for."

CCCIV.

A MEMBER of the Scottish bar, when a youth, was somewhat of a dandy, and rather short and sharp in his temper. He was going to pay a visit in the country, and was making a great fuss about the preparing and putting up of his habiliments. His old aunt was much annoyed at all this bustle, and stopped him by the somewhat contemptuous question, "Whaur's this you're going, Robby, that ye mac' sic a grand

ware about your claise?" The young man lost his temper, and pettishly replied, "I'm going to the devil." "Deed, Robby, then," was the quiet answer, "ye needna be sae nice; he'll just tak' ye as ye are."

CCCVII.

WHEN Charles Lamb was at the India House, the authorisies did not, it is said, find him particularly punctual in his arrival in the morning. "Mr. Lamb," said his chief to him one day, "you come here rather late." "Y-yes, I-I do," replied he, "but—but, con-consider how ear-early I go-go!"

CCCVIII.

A MINISTER, examining some of his parishioners before the sacrament asked one fellow, "What art thou by nature?" "A *tailor*, sir," said he.

CCCIX.

AYRTON, Charles Lamb's friend, only made one joke in his life; it was this. Lamb had his usual Wednesday evening gathering, and Martin Burney and the rest were playing at whist. Ayrton contented himself with looking on. Presently he said to Burney, in an undertone, the latter not being notorious for his love of soap and water, "Ah! Martin, if dirt were trumps, what hands you'd hold!"

CCCX.

SIR DRUE DRURY, when about to tender the Bible to a fellow, asked him if he understood what he was about, and what an oath was? "Yes, sir," said he, "I hope I have not to learn that at these years." "Pr'ythee, let me hear what is an oath?" said Sir Drue. "Sir," answered the fellow, "As God shall judge my soul, is as good an oath, I think, as any man can swear on a summer's day."

CCCXI.

A SILLY priest of Trumpington having to read that place, *Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani*, began to consider with himself, that it would be ridiculous and absurd for him to read it as it stood, because he was vicar of Trumpington, and not of Ely; and therefore he read it, *Trumpington, Trumpington, lama sabachthani*.

CCCXII.

AT a literary club, of which Jerrold was a member, a gentleman, who was not very popular with some, often attended. On one occasion, this person happened to be remarking, in Jerrold's hearing, that there was a particular song which he thought so objectionable, that he could scarcely stay in the room if it was sung. "Can no one," asked Jerrold, "favour us with that song?"

CCCXIII.

THE late Mr. Angus Reach would have it that his name ought to be pronounced *Re-ak*. Jerrold, one evening, over dessert, said, "If you please, Mr. *Re-ak*, will you hand me a *pe-ak*?"

CCCXIV.

AT one of the meetings of the Literary Club, a dish of peas was brought in, become almost gray with age. "Carry these peas to Kensington;" said one of the party. "Why to Kensington?" said another. "Because it's the way to Turn 'em Green." Goldsmith, going home in the evening with Sir Joshua Reynolds, observed that he would have given five pounds to make so excellent a pun. "You shall have the opportunity on Tuesday, when you are to dine with me, and none of the same company will be present." Tuesday came, and the dinner was served up;

312 - Lots more to read to do.
There is one thing I want,
correct the copy - I want
Larroll's son to see it.

314 Told you, I want to
make the whole book
help for you. It was
never impossible, I can
know that he was a
great man, I can't
in two days!

amongst the other dishes was a plate of peas of the same description. "Carry these peas to Kensington," says Goldie. "Why so?" "Because it's the way to *make* them green."

CCCXV.

WHILE the late Mr. Dyce was seeing through the press his edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's works, he had frequent occasion to visit the printer's office. One day the principal partner, who was a particularly clever man, happened to return to the office, and asked the other member of the firm, who was rather less so, whether any one had called. "Oh, yes," said he, "that troublesome fellow who is always in and out; I don't know whether you call him Beaumont or Fletcher!"

CCCXVI.

A DIGNIFIED clergyman going down to his living to spend the summer, met, near his house, a comical old chimney-sweeper, with whom he used to chat. "So, John," says the Never-Sweat, "whence come you?" "From your house, sir," says Mr. Soot, "for this morning I swept all your chimneys." "How many were there?" says the parson. "Not less than twenty," quoth John. "Well, and how much a chimney have you?" "Only a shilling a piece, sir." "Why, then," said the parson, "you have earned a great deal of money in a little time." "Yes, yes, sir," says John, throwing his bag of soot over his shoulder, "we black-coats get our money easy enough."

CCCXVII.

BARON B——. the celebrated gambler, well known by the name of "The left-handed baron," being detected once at Bath secreting a card, the company, in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of the window of a one-pair-of-stairs room, where they had

been playing. The baron, meeting Foote some time after, was loudly complaining of this usage, and asked what he should do. "Do!" says the wit, "Why, it is a plain case: never play so high again as long as you live."

CCCXVIII.

LORD COCKBURN, the proprietor of Bonally, was sitting on a hillside with a shepherd; and observing the sheep reposing in the coldest situation, he observed to him, "John, if I were a sheep, I would lie on the other side of the hill." The shepherd answered, "Ay, my lord, but if ye had been a sheep, ye would hae had mair sense."

CCCXIX.

PENNANT, the antiquary, had an unaccountable antipathy to wigs. Dining at Chester with an officer who wore this covering for the head, when they had drunk pretty freely, after many wistful looks, Pennant started up, seized the caxon, and threw it into the fire. The wig was in a moment in flames, and so was the officer, who immediately drew his sword. Downstairs flies Pennant, and the officer after him, through all the streets of Chester; but the former escaped through superior local knowledge.

CCCXX.

A PREACHER having in his sermon asserted that God made everything perfect, a hunchback, who had listened attentively, met the parson as he was going out, and asked him, "Do you really think that I am perfect?" "Yes," answered he, gravely, "a very perfect hunchback."

CCCXXI.

IN the early display of Garrick's powers at Drury Lane, a tragedy was brought forth in which he sustained the character of an aged king. Though

there was nothing remarkably brilliant in the play, it proceeded without opposition till the fifth act, when the dying monarch bequeaths his kingdom to his two sons, in this line—

“And now between you I bequeath my crown”—
a wicked wit in the pit exclaimed—

“Ye gods ! he’s given them half-a-crown a piece !”

This threw the house into such comical convulsion, that not another word of the piece could be uttered.

CCCXXII.

SELWYN seeing the chimney-sweeps parading on May-day in all their tinsel finery, observed, “I have often heard of the Majesty of the People ; but I never before saw any of the young princes.

CCCXXIII.

A PRIEST at Florence, being a fisherman’s son, had a net every day spread on his table, to remind him of his origin, and an abbacy falling vacant, this meritorious humility procured him to be chosen abbot. The net was then spread no more. Being asked the reason, he answered, “The fish is caught.”

CCCXXIV.

IN the early period of Swift’s life, while he held the small living of Larocar, in Ireland, he used to be shaved by a barber, whom he liked as a good-natured, facetious fellow. Strap one day told him that he intended also to sell ale, by way of helping him on, “and,” added he, “as your reverence is good at these sort of things, may I beg of you to give me something to put on my sign.” “With all my heart,” answered Swift. “What do you mean to be your sign ?” “The Jolly Barber,” replied he, “with a razor in one hand

and a pot of beer in the other." "Then," said Swift, "write under it:—

"Roam not from pole to pole, but enter here,
Where nought exceeds the shaving but the beer."

CCCXXV.

"HALKERSTON'S cow" is a Scotch proverb, of which the following is the origin:—A tenant of Lord Halkerston, who was one of the judges of the Court of Session, one day waited on his lordship with a woeful countenance. "My lord," said he, "I am come to inform your lordship of a sad misfortune, my cow has gored one of your lordship's cows, so that I fear it cannot live." "Well, then, you must pay for it." "Indeed, my lord, it was not my fault, and you know I am a very poor man." "I can't help that; I say you must pay for it; I am not to lose my cow." "Well, my lord, if it must be so, I cannot say against your lordship—but stop, my lord, I believe I have made a mistake; it was your lordship's cow that gored mine." "Oh! that is quite a different affair—go along, and don't trouble me; I am busy—go along, I say."

CCCXXVI.

SELWYN had an unaccountable propensity for seeing executions. When a man was to be broken on the wheel at Paris, he went thither on purpose to enjoy the spectacle. A number of provincial executioners attended, and on ascending the circle round the scaffold, were welcomed by their Parisian brother, as Monsieur de Lyons, Monsieur de Boulogne, etc. Selwyn found means to obtain a place among the assemblage. M. de Paris, proud of being honoured by the presence, as he thought, of the English executioner, saluted him as Monsieur de Tyburn. George answered, "Vous me faites trop d'honneur; je ne suis pas un artiste, mais seulement un amateur."

CCCXXVII.

AN important discovery was made of a stone prostrate in a field, having this inscription :—

K	E	E	
P	O	N	T
H	I	S	S
I	D	E	

The learned antiquaries, puzzled, made every inquiry as to the meaning of the legend. At length the farmer, on whose ground it was discovered, explained the difficulty by informing them that the stone had been put up by his grandfather, to direct persons to *keep on this side.*"*

CCCXXVIII.

SYDNEY SMITH spoke of a lady's smile being so radiant that it would force a gooseberry-bush into flower.

CCCXXIX.

A YOUNG person telling him that he did not know something, Smith said, "Ah! what you don't know would make a great book."

CCCXXX.

LUTTRELL said of a man, that he was always as disagreeable as the occasion would permit.

CCCXXXI.

SYDNEY SMITH, when talking with a friend on the subject of Bible names, could not remember the name of one of Job's daughters. "Kezia," said his friend. Smith congratulated him upon being so well read in biblical lore. "Oh!" said he, "my three greyhounds are christened after Job's daughters."

* "The School for Wits," 1813, p. 123.

CCCXXXII.

SYDNEY SMITH said that he did not think that Macaulay had ever heard his voice ; but when he told a good story, he thought to himself, " Poor Macaulay ! he will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing this."

CCCXXXIII.

HE said of three sisters, that they were all so beautiful that Paris could not have decided between them, but must have cut his apple in slices.

CCCXXXIV.

WHEN some one asked what could have induced the Ministry to send Lord M. to Ireland and Lord C. to Scotland, Jekyll said, " Oh ! it is only the doctor who has put wrong labels on them."

CCCXXXV.

SYDNEY SMITH tells a story of a man, who went jogging along the road, till he came to a turnpike. " What is to pay ?" " Pay, sir ? for what ?" " Why, for my horse, to be sure ?" " Here is no horse, sir !" " No horse ! God bless me !" said he, looking down between his legs, " I thought I was on horseback."

CCCXXXVI.

SCARRON used to speak of Madame de Maintenon, when he married her, as bringing him only in dower, " two large eyes full of malice, a fine shape, a pair of beautiful hands, a great deal of wit, and a rental of four louis."

CCCXXXVII.

MR. RICHARD, M.P., in his speech on the franchise Bill, 1884, related this anecdote of Jerrold as illustrative of the lengths to which Conservatism may be carried. Jerrold, meeting an acquaintance, who was writhing and groaning, asked

him what ailed him. "O, my dear fellow, my cursed corns! they torment me so!" "Corns!" says Jerrold, "why don't you cut them?" "Cut them?—what, the corns I have had twenty years? Cut them!"

CCCXXXVIII.

H. J. BYRON, when he was once at the sea side, proposed to prepare for publication a popular volume to be called *Broad Grins from Broad Stairs*.

CCCXXXIX.

IT was said, as a joke, of a celebrated firm of wine merchants, that more came from the hedges than from the butler.

CCCXL.

A STORY goes of a sailor who, in a terrible storm, fell down on his knees and prayed thus:—"O Mister Good Almighty, do kindly save me and the ship! I'm not like some of them other chaps that are always a-bothering of you, and I'll never ask no favour of you again, if you'll just save me and the ship now."

CCCXLI.

AT a dramatic entertainment in Dublin, where *Faust* was being performed, the part of *Mephistopheles* was taken by a rather corpulent artist, and in passing down through the trap he stuck fast midway. One of the gods cried out, "Here's a lark! Hell's full!"

CCCXLIIa.

AT an opening of Parliament by His Majesty in person, poor George III., beginning to read the speech, said, "My lords and ——," when his eye, catching sight of the ladies in their fine dresses and plumes, he added, instead of *Gentlemen*, "PEACOCKS."

CCCXLII.

PETER GEORGE PATMORE, author of "My Friends and Acquaintance," was the son of a pawnbroker on Ludgate Hill, whom he used to describe as a goldsmith. In 1821 he was Scott's second in a duel with Christy, and Hazlitt afterwards spoke of him as the *d-jeweller*.

CCCXLIII.

GEORGE IV. used to fancy that he had led the charge of his own regiment, the Tenth Dragoons, at Waterloo. When he mentioned this (more than once) to the Duke of Wellington, the latter would reply, "I've heard you say so, sir."

CCCXLIV.

A BILL being brought in for repairing a road, which was almost impassable, Mr. Courtenay said he would move an amendment, to make it navigable.

CCCXLV.

A GENTLEMAN, inspecting lodgings to be let, asked the pretty girl, who shewed them, "And are you, my dear, to be let with the lodgings?"—"No," answered she, "I am to be *let alone*."

CCCXLVI.

A DISPUTE arose as to the site of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." An Irish clergyman insisted that it was the little hamlet of Auburn, in the county of Westmeath. One of the company observed that this was improbable, as Goldsmith had never been in that part of the country. "Why, gentlemen," exclaimed the parson, "was Milton in hell when he wrote his 'Paradise Lost?'"

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CCCXLVII.

A GENTLEMAN going in a *jingle* to dine a few miles from Dublin, the horse kicked furiously, and could not be got on, at which the driver exclaimed, "Oh! your honour, it is only the mare's a little *bashful*—she's not used to such company as your honour."

CCCXLVIII.

A VAIN, but indifferent performer on the violin, having amused his friend with several sonatas, observed that they were very difficult. "I wish," said the other, "they had been impossible."

CCCXLIX.

MOODY the actor had, at the Bristol theatre, selected for his benefit "Henry VIII," in which an inferior performer, Roger Wright, was to enact a part; but not attending the rehearsal, Moody reproached him for his inattention to one of Shakespeare's best plays. "Best plays! Master Moody," said Roger, "why, it was damned; look ye here, in the book it is noted in the title-page as one of Shakespeare's *hist.* plays."

CCCL.

A COMPANY happening to have a dispute concerning the age of the famous Lord Chesterfield, an Irish gentleman observed that he must be older than they supposed—"For," added he, "his lordship must have been upwards of one and twenty when he signed the bond which was forged by Doctor Dodd."

CCCLI.

A MAN was drinking beer in a public house—his son standing by—and when he had nearly finished the contents, he handed the pot to the boy, saying to some one, "Takes after father!" "Takes *very little* after father!" muttered the boy, swallowing the dregs.

CCCLII.

HE that for hot codlings cries,
 And cries not when his father dies,
 Proves thereby that he would rather
 Have hot codlings than his father.

There is a different version of this logical pleasantry, with something else substituted for hot codlings ; but the application is not affected.

CCCLIII.

IN a company of artists, the conversation turned on the subject, whether self-taught men could arrive at the perfection of genius combined with instruction. A German musician maintained the affirmative, and gave himself as an example. "I have," said he, "made a fiddle, which turns out as good as any Cremona I ever drew a bow over, all out of my own head ; aye, and I have got wood enough left to make another."

CCCLIV.

A QUACK-DOCTOR, haranguing the populace at Hammersmith, said "To this village I owe my birth and education ; I dearly love it and its inhabitants, and will cheerfully give a present of a crown to every one who will accept it." The audience received this notice with infinite satisfaction. "Here, ladies and gentlemen," added he, putting his hand into a bag, and taking out a parcel of packets, "these inestimable medicines I usually sell for five and sixpence each, but in favour of this my native village, I will take sixpence a piece."

CCCLV.

ERASMUS, on account of a sickly constitution, obtained a dispensation for eating meat in times of abstinence. Being reproached by the Pope for not

observing Lent, "I assure your holiness," said he, "that I have a *Catholic heart*, but I must confess I have a *Lutheran stomach*."

CCCLVI.

A GENTLEMAN who died at Paris, left his estate to the Jesuits, with an injunction to give his son "*la partie qui leur plairoit*." To the son the good fathers gave a very small share. A counsellor advised him to sue the convent, and argued that the testator had left to his son that part of the estate which the fathers should choose. It was plain what they chose by what they had kept, which the court accordingly decreed to the plaintiff.

CCCLVII.

SHUTER, one day meeting a friend with his coat patched at the elbow, observed he should be ashamed of it. "How so?" said the other, "it is not the first time that I have seen you out at the elbows." "Very true," replied Ned, "I should think nothing of exhibiting twenty holes; a hole is *the accident of the day*; but a patch is *premeditated poverty*."

CCCLVIII.

MADAME DE STAEL was much admired for her handsome figure, and particularly her fine arm; but was unfortunately disfigured by her deformed foot. Being in a gallery at Paris where there was an empty pedestal, vain of her person, she mounted, and placed herself in an attitude to display her figure to advantage; but unluckily one of her feet peeped out. A wit approached, and seeming to look only at the pedestal, exclaimed, "*O le vilain Pie-de-stal!*"

CCCLIX.

A GENTLEMAN had purchased a jest-book, from which having selected a few tolerable stories, he

related one of them, stating every circumstance as having actually happened to himself. His youngest son, a boy about nine years of age, who had occasionally got hold of the volume, sat with evident marks of impatience until his father had concluded, when he jumped up and bawled, "That's in the book! that's in the book!"

CCCLX.

LORD CHESTERFIELD, speaking of himself and Lord Tyrawley, when both were very old and infirm, said: "Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years; but we don't choose to have it known."

CCCLXI.

CHARLES II. asked Stillingfleet how it happened that he preached in general without a book, but always read the sermons which he delivered before the court. The bishop answered that the awe of seeing before him so great and wise a prince made him afraid to trust himself. "But will your Majesty," continued he, "permit me to ask you a question in my turn. Why do you read your speeches to Parliament?" "Why, doctor," replied the king, "I'll tell you very candidly. I have asked them so often for money, that I am ashamed to look them in the face."

CCCLXII.

ELWES, who united the most rigid parsimony with the most gentlemanly sentiments, received a present of some very *fine wine* from a wine merchant, who knew that nothing could so win his heart as small gifts. It had the effect to obtain from him the loan of several hundred pounds. Elwes, who could never ask a gentleman for money, and who was a perfect philosopher as to his losses, used jocularly to say, "It

was indeed very fine wine ; for it cost him twenty pounds a bottle."

CCCLXIII.

AS a nobleman was receiving from Louis III. the investure of an Ecclesiastical Order, and was saying, as is usual on that occasion, "*Domine non sum dignus*"—"I know that well enough," replied the king, "but I could not resist the importunity of my cousin Cardinal Richelieu, who pressed me to give it to you."

CCCLXIV.

A GENTLEMAN entering the study of a friend, a votary of the muses, in his absence, and finding the following unfinished stanza on his desk—

"The sun's perpendicular height
Illumin'd the depths of the sea."

took up the pen and thus concluded it—

"And the fishes beginning to sweat,
Cried, damn it, how hot we shall be!"

CCCLXV.

A WOMAN at a review brought a cask of beer for sale, which she cried at threepence a pint, but could find no customers, a rival at the back of her tent crying his for twopence. At length the other having got rid of his cargo, a person desired the woman to draw him a pint, when she was not a little mortified to find that she had not a drop left : her neighbour had in fact drawn his beer out of her cask.

CCCLXVI.

"PRAY, tell me, squire," says the duchess, in *Don Quixote*, "is not your master the person whose history is printed under the name of the sage Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha?" "The very same, my lady," answered Sancho, "and I myself am that very squire of his, who is mentioned, or ought to be men-

tioned, in that history, *unless they have changed in the cradle.*"

CCCLXVII.

A YOUNG gentleman, a clerk in the Treasury, used every morning, as he came from his lady mother's to the office, to pass by the canal in the Green Park, and feed the ducks then kept there, with bread and corn, which he carried in his pocket for the purpose. One day, having called his grateful friends, the ducky, ducky, duckies, he found unfortunately that he had forgotten them. "Poor duckies," he cried, "I am sorry I have not brought your allowance, but here is sixpence for you to buy some," and threw in a sixpence, which one of them caught and gobbled up. At the office he very wisely told the story to the other gentlemen there, with whom he was to dine next day. One of the party, putting the landlord up to the story, desired him to have ducks at table, and to put a sixpence in the body of one of them, which was taken care to be placed before our hero. On cutting it up, and discovering the sixpence inside, he ordered the waiter to send up his master, whom he loaded with epithets of rascal and scoundrel, swearing that he would have him prosecuted for robbing the king of his ducks; "For," said he, "gentlemen, I assure you, on my honour, that yesterday morning I gave this sixpence to one of the ducks in the Green Park."

CCCLXVIII.

A PARISH clerk one Sunday, gave out three staves of his own composition. After service the rector asked him, "John, what psalm was that we had to-day? it was not one of David's?" "David's?" answered he. "No! David never made such a psalm in all his life; it was my own putting together, measter."

CCCLXVIII^a.

THE author of the "History of Denmark" having written freely on the arbitrary government of that kingdom, his Danish Majesty ordered his minister to complain of it to William III., who demanded what he would have. "Sire," answered the ambassador, "if you were to complain to the king my master of a similar offence, he would send you the head of the author." "I cannot do that," replied the monarch; "but if you wish it, the author shall state what you have said in the next edition of his work."

CCCLXIX.

A MEMBER brought in a bill for the regulation of watchmen, and that they might be the better enabled to attend their duty, proposed a clause, obliging them to sleep six hours every day. "I second the motion," said another; "and at the same time beg I may be included in the clause, as I am often prevented by the gout from sleeping for a week together."

CCCLXX.

A JAMAICA planter, with a nose as fiery and rubicund as that of the illuminating Bardolph, was taking his *siesta* after dinner, when a mosquito, lighting on his proboscis, instantly flew back. "Aha! massa mosquito," cried Quaco, who was in attendance, "you burn foot!"

CCCLXXI.

WHEN Milton was blind, he married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. "I am no judge of flowers," replied Milton, "but it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily."

CCCLXXII.

A BUCK parson, going to read prayers at a village in the West of England, found some difficulty

in putting on the surplice. "Confound the surplice!" said he to the clerk, "I think the devil is in it." The clerk waited till the parson had got it on, and then answered, "I think as how he be, sir."

CCCLXXIII.

A MAN sitting one evening in an ale-house, thinking how to get provisions for the next day, saw a fellow dead drunk upon the opposite bench. "Do you not wish to get rid of this sot?" said he to the landlord. "I do, and half-a-crown shall speak my thanks," was the reply. "Agreed," said the other, "get me a sack." A sack was procured and put over the drunken guest. Away trudged the man with his burden, till he came to the house of a noted resurrectionist, at whose door he knocked. "Who's there?" said a voice from within. "I have brought you a subject," replied the man; "so, come quick; give me my fee." The money was immediately paid, and the sack with its contents deposited in the surgery. The motion of quick walking had nearly recovered the poor victim who, before the other had gone two minutes, endeavoured to extricate himself from the sack. The purchaser, enraged at being thus outwitted, ran after the man who had deceived him, collared him, and cried out, "Why, you dog, the man's alive." "Alive!" answered the other; "so much the better; kill him when you want him."

CCCLXXIV.

AFTER Dr. Johnson had been honoured with an interview with the King in the Queen's library at Buckingham House, he was interrogated by a friend concerning his reception, and his opinion of the royal intellect. "His Majesty," replied the doctor, "seems to be possessed of much good-nature and much curiosity, and is far from contemptible. His Majesty

indeed, was multifarious in his questions, but he, answered them all himself."

CCCLXXV.

A PLAYER once complaining to Foote, that his wife's drunkenness and ill-conduct had almost ruined him, concluded with a phrase he had a habit of using, "And for goodness' sake, sir, what is to be said for it?" "Nothing that I know," said Foote, "can be said *for it*, but a devilish deal may be said *against it*."

CCCLXXVI.

WHEN Lord Mansfield was very eminent at the bar, he used frequently to spend from Saturday evening to Monday morning at the late Lord Foley's, who, though a very good sort of a man, was not remarkable for either wit or talents. Somebody asking Charles Townshend what could be Murray's motive for spending so much of his time in such a manner. "Phoo," says Townsend, "Murray is a very prudent fellow. He is obliged to think a great deal in the course of the week, and he goes down to Foley's to rest his understanding on a Sunday."

CCCLXXVII.

A LADY, after performing, with the most brilliant execution, a sonata on the pianoforte, in the presence of Dr. Johnson, turning to the philosopher, took the liberty of asking him if he was fond of music? "No, madam," replied the doctor; "but of all *noises*, I think music is the least disagreeable."

CCCLXXVIII.

WHEN Whitfield first went to America, observing, during his voyage, the dissolute manners of the crew, he invited them to one of his pious declamations, and took occasion to reprehend them for

their loose manner of living. "You will certainly," says he, "go to hell. Perhaps you may think I will be an advocate for you ; but, believe me, I will tell of all your wicked actions." Upon this one of the sailors, turning to his messmate, observed, "Ay, Jack, that's just the way at the Old Bailey ; the greatest rogue always turns king's evidence."

CCCLXXIX.

IN a highly select company, where the topics of discourse were the Illimitable, the Unfathomable, the Universal (το πᾶν), and such transcendental matters, some one disturbed the gravity of the occasion by observing that "although *Toe Pan* might be universal in Greece, it was not so," he thought, "in England."

CCCLXXX.

FOOTE, on his return from Scotland, being asked by a lady if there were any truth in the report of there being no trees in that country, replied very maliciously, "No, indeed ; for when crossing from Port-Patrick to Donaghadee, I saw two blackbirds perched on as fine a *thistle* as ever I beheld."

CCCLXXXI.

A YOUNG clergyman complaining one day to Dr. Johnson, that somehow or other he had lost all his Greek, "I fancy, sir," replied Johnson, "it was at the same time that I lost my great estate in Yorkshire."

CCCLXXXII.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE often played billiards with his neighbour, Dr. Monsey, who was much his superior at the game. "How happens it," said Sir Robert, one day, "that nobody beats me at billiards but you, doctor?" "Because," said Monsey, "they play for places, I, only for a dinner and praise."

CCCLXXXIII.

THE late Sir John Holker, having concluded a case in court, took off his wig and gown, and walked into Westminster Hall. Some visitors accosted him, and desired him to shew them the place, which he humoured them by doing; and they ended by handing Sir John sixpence—the first honest money, he used to say, he had ever made.

CCCLXXXIV.

LAUGHING at the imbecility of a friend one day, somebody observed to Foote, “it was very surprising, as Tom D—— knew him well, and thought him far from being a fool.”—“Ah, poor Tom,” said Foote, “he is like one of those who eat garlic themselves, and therefore cannot smell it in a companion.”

CCCLXXXV.

ON one of the nights when Mrs. Siddons first performed at Drury Lane, a Jew boy, in his eagerness to get to the first row in the shilling gallery, fell over into the pit, and was dangerously hurt. The managers of the theatre ordered the lad to be conveyed to a lodging, and he was attended by their own physician; but, notwithstanding all their attention, he died, and was decently buried at the expense of the theatre. The mother came to the playhouse to thank the managers, and they gave her his clothes and five guineas, for which she returned a curtsey, but with some hesitation added, they had forgot to return her the shilling which Abraham had paid for coming in.

CCCLXXXVI.

A GENTLEMAN crossing the water below Limehouse, observed the labourers at work in a tier of colliers, and wanting to learn the price of coals in the Pool, hailed one of the men with, “Well, Paddy,

how are coals?"—"As black as ever, your honour," replied the Irishman.

CCCLXXXVIII.

A SERGEANT enlisted a recruit, who on inspection turned out to be a woman. Being asked by his officer how he made such a blunder, he said, "Plase your honour, I could not help it; I enlisted this girl for a man, and he turns out to be a woman."

CCCLXXXIX.

A SHIPMASTER was lately called out of a coffee-house at Wapping by a waterman, with the following address:—"An't please your honour, the tide is waiting for you."

CCCXC.

EXECUTIONS not being altogether so frequent in Sweden as here, there are many towns in that country without an execution. In one of those a criminal was sentenced to be hanged which occasioned some embarrassment, as it obliged them to bring a hangman from a distance at a considerable expense, besides the customary fee of two crowns. A young tradesman, belonging to the city council, giving his sentiments, said, "I think, gentlemen, we had best give the malefactor the two crowns, and let him go and be hanged where he pleases."

CCCXCI.

A SCOTCHMAN, having hired himself to a farmer, had a cheese set down before him that he might help himself. His master said to him, "Saunders, you take a long time to breakfast!" "In troth, maister," answered he, "a cheese o' this size is na sae soon eaten as ye may think!"

CCCXCII.

A MAN having deposited his treasure under a hedge, found, to his great sorrow, that it had been

discovered and carried off. Relating his misfortune to a friend, the latter observed, "It is surprising you should have lost your money, when you placed it in the bank."

CCCXCIII.

CHARLES V., speaking of the different languages of Europe, thus described them: "The French is the best language to speak to one's friend; the Italian to one's mistress; the English to the people; the Spanish to God; and the German to a horse."

CCCXCIV.

A CURATE and his wife had heard that the moon was inhabited: they procured a telescope to ascertain the fact. The lady had the first peep. "I see," said she, "I see two shades, inclining towards each other; they are undoubtedly two happy lovers." "Pooh!" said the curate, looking in his turn, "these two shades are the two steeples of a cathedral."

CCCXCV.

THE squire's wife, in a country parish, going after lying in to be *churched*, the parson, deeming her a personage not to be talked of like the vulgar females of the village, instead of praying, "O Lord, save this woman thy servant;" said "O Lord, save this lady thy servant." The clerk, no less gallant, responded, "Who putteth her *ladyship's* trust in thee."

CCCXCVI.

QUEEN CAROLINE, in derision, asked the Duke of Argyll what sort of persons were the Scotch lairds? He answered, "that they were like the German princes, very poor and very proud."

CCCXCVII.

ON the French Revolution, when everything royal was abolished, an exhibitor of wild beasts, afraid

of the charge of incivism, instead of *le royal tigre*, put on his sign-board, *Le grand tigre national!*

CCCXCVIII.

POPE'S oath was "God mend me." A link-boy, to whom he had refused a penny, looking at his diminutive crooked stature, cried out, "God mend, you, indeed! it would be less trouble to make a new one."

CCCXCIX.

SIR PATRICK BLAKE was once in company where a nobleman was relating many wonderful accounts of echoes, which he had heard abroad, more particularly one in the ruins of a temple on the Appian Way, about twelve miles from Rome, which he said, "*repeated any words seventy times.*" "That," replied Sir Patrick, "is nothing wonderful. There is an echo on my brother's estate, near the lake of Killarney, in Ireland, to which I have frequently said, 'Good-morrow, madam Echo,' and I was immediately answered, '*Good-morrow, Sir Patrick Blake, how do you do?*'"

CCCC.

WHEN a certain poet's works were to be printed, a very ugly woman desired the editor, in a preface, to contradict the report of her being mistress to the late bard. "Madam," replied the editor, "I will prefix your portrait."

CCCCI.

A SCOTCHMAN and an Irishman were sleeping at an inn together. The weather being rather warm, the Scotchman, in his sleep, put his leg out of the bed. A traveller, in passing the room-door, saw him in this situation, and having a mind for a frolic, gently fixed a spur upon Sawney's heel, who, drawing

his leg into the bed, so disturbed his companion that he exclaimed, "Arrah! my dear honey, have a care of your great toe, for you have forgot to cut your nails I belave." The Scotchman being sound asleep, and sometimes, perhaps, not a little disturbed by other companions, still kept scratching poor Teague, till his patience being quite spent, he succeeded in rousing Sawney, who not a little surprised at finding the spur on his heel, loudly exclaimed, "Deil take the daft chiel of an ossler; he's ta'en my boots off last night, and left on the spur."

CCCCII.

A GERMAN banker, travelling by rail in a first class carriage towards Vienna, had as a fellow-traveller, at one of the intermediate stations, an old gentleman, who entered into conversation, and proved very pleasant. The banker got out before his companion; and, before he did so, asked the latter how far he was going. The gentleman replied, to Vienna. "I have a daughter very well married there," said the banker, "I should like to give you a note of introduction to her." "I have also a daughter very well married there," said the other. "Would it be too great a liberty to ask the name?" "*My* daughter," the gentleman answered, "is married to the Emperor of Austria!" It was the old King of Bavaria.

CCCCIII.

SHERIDAN was not remarkable for the beauty or clearness of his calligraphy. It is said that, some one presenting an order at the theatre with his signature to it, the person at the door declined to admit the bearer, whereupon the later angrily exclaimed, "but there's his autograph as distinct as possible!" "Yes," returned the other, "that's exactly why I do not believe in it."

CCCCIV.

HELY HUTCHINSON was of such a soliciting disposition, that the Marquis Townshend, when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, said of him, "If England and Ireland were given to him, he would solicit the Isle of Man for a *potato-garden*."

CCCCV.

THE Pope having once written a letter to M. de Sully upon becoming minister, which ended in his holiness's wishes that he might enter into the *right way*, Sully answered, "That on his part he never ceased to pray for the conversion of his holiness."

CCCCVI.

A CLERGYMAN preaching in the city, on the anniversary of a charity for *girls*, forgetting the last circumstance, informed his audience, that through their munificence some of the objects of this charity might become *Lord Mayors of London*, or even *Archbishops of Canterbury*.

CCCCVII.

WHEN Captain Grose first went over to Ireland, his curiosity led to him to see everything in the capital worth seeing. In the course of his perambulations he one evening strolled into the principal meat market of Dublin, when the butchers, as usual, sent up the constant cry, "What do you buy, what do you buy, master?" Grose parried this for some time, by saying, "he wanted nothing." At last a butcher started from his stall, eyeing Grose's figure from top to bottom, which was something like Dr. Slop's in "*Tristram Shandy*," and exclaimed, "Well, sir, though you don't want anything at present, only say you buy your meat of me, and you'll make my fortune."

Nothing having been said
of any description of the
an instruction

CCCCVIII.

AN eminent painter, who had suffered under the common malady of his profession, viz., to paint portraits for persons who neither paid for them nor took them away, had portrayed a gentleman of a very dark complexion. This person, though satisfied with the painter's similitude, delayed to pay for it till the artist sent him word that he was in treaty for the picture with the landlord at the Blackamore's Head.

CCCCIX.

THE town of Chartres was besieged by Henry IV. of France, and capitulated. The magistrate of the town on giving up the keys, addressed His Majesty—"This town belongs to your highness by divine law and by human law." "And by *cannon* law," replied the king.

CCCCX.

THE North Western Railway Company required for their purposes a portion of the premises of a manufacturing chemist at Wolverhampton, and large compensation was demanded. The matter went into Court. The Company had taken care to watch the chemist's movements and see what went into his laboratory, for he made and sold in large quantities all sorts of fruit essences, pine-apple, jargonnel pear, and many more. But no deliveries of fruit were observed. Mr. Horatio Lloyd was retained by the Company, and in his examination of Mr. Bailey, he said, "I see you make pine-apple essence?" "Yes." "May I ask, sir, when your last consignment of pines arrived?" "I am a chemist." The counsel paused. "You sell jargonnel pear essence?" "Yes." "Excuse me for inquiring when you last received any parcel of jargon-

nels?" "I am a chemist. I never had any pears, or pines, or any other fruit in the place." The counsel sat down.

CCCCXI.

AN odd instance of the force of technical training is afforded by a story of one of the official attendants at a funeral, who, having been charged with a message from a relative of the departed to another guest, came across the room with it, and translating it into his own language, said, "If you please, sir, the corpse's brother would be happy to take wine with you."

CCCCXII.

TILBURY the actor habitually dressed in clerical fashion, with black clothes and a white neckcloth; and the profession nicknamed him the *Reverend Mr. Tilbury*. He lived at one time with his wife and family in Powis Place, and Mrs. T. and he did not agree very well: partly owing to the Reverend coming home rather later than she thought necessary or found comfortable. One day, after Tilbury had gone to the theatre, a son returned unexpectedly from the colonies, and received from Mrs. T. a doleful account of the way in which her rest was broken by having to sit up for the Reverend; and the youth, making her go to bed, awaited in her stead the return from his arduous duties of the parent, whom he had not seen so long. In the small hours came a gentle tap at the front door, and *An-ne, An-ne! open the door, An-ne!* and the door did open, and the returned from a distant land cries out, "I'll open the door for you! you ought to be ashamed of yourself to behave as you do," to the infinite dismay of the aged comedian.

CCCCXIII.

FRANK TALFOURD, paying a visit to the Zoological Gardens, went to the seal-house, and laying his hand on one of the seals, said, "I deliver this as my act and deed."

CCCCXIV.

A MAN went out rabbit-shooting, but could not get any sport. "So," said he, "I lay down where they could not see me, and made a noise like a turnip."

CCCCXV.

A COUPLE of sweeps, having occasion to pass a bridge at Manchester, unluckily could muster only a single halfpenny between them. How to raise the other halfpenny to pay the toll they knew not, till one of them proposed to toss up which should carry the other over. This was done—one was instantly crammed into the bag, and lugged over on the shoulders of the other as a burden of soot.

CCCCXVI.

[I HAVE heard the pound which used, until lately, (1885), to stand on Barnes Common mentioned as the scene of this pleasantry :—]

FOOTE AND QUIN.

As Quin and Foote
 One day walk'd out
 To view the country round,
 In merry mood
 They chatting stood,
 Hard by the village pound.

Foote from his poke
 A shilling took,
 And said, "I'll bet a penny,
 In a short space
 Within this place
 I'll make this piece a guinea."
 Upon the ground,
 Within the pound,
 The shilling soon was thrown :
 "Behold," says Foote,
 "The thing's made out,
 For there is one pound one."
 "I wonder not,"
 Says Quin, "that thought
 Should in your head be found,
 Since that's the way
 Your debts you pay—
 A shilling in the pound."

CCCCXVII.

FOOOTE once went to spend his Christmas with C——
 B——n, when, the weather being very cold, and
 but bad fires, occasioned by a scarcity of wood, Foote
 was determined to make his visit as short as possible;
 accordingly, on the third day after he went there, he
 ordered his chaise, and was preparing to set out for
 town. B——n, seeing him with his boot on in the
 morning, asked him what hurry he was in, and pressed
 him to stay. "No, no," said Foote, "was I to stay
 any longer, you would not let me *have a leg to stand*
on." "Why, sure," said Mr. B——n, "we do not
 drink so hard." "No," says the wit, "but there is so
little wood in your house, that I am afraid one of your
servants may light the fires some morning with my
right leg."

CCCCXVIII.

JONAS HANWAY, who was of a remarkably thin and meagre habit, once walking in a narrow street, met a staggering fellow so much intoxicated that he took up the whole path. Hanway made a full stop, and looking earnestly at the man, gravely said, "My good sir, indeed I think you have *drunk a little too much*." "Have I?" hiccupped the fellow, "have I? and indeed, my good sir, I think you have *ate much too little*."

CCCCXIX.

SARAH, Duchess of Marlborough, was accustomed to make an annual feast, to which she invited all her relations. At one of these family meetings she drank their health, adding, "What a glorious sight it is to see such a number of branches flourishing from one root!" but observing Jack Spencer laugh, she insisted on knowing what occasioned his mirth, and promised to forgive him, be it what it would. "Why, then, madam," said he, "I was thinking how much more all the branches would flourish, if the root were underground."

CCCCXX.

A LADY begged of her lover to give her his picture to hang at her breast. Said he, "that would at once let your husband know of our amour."—"Ah," said she, with *naïveté*, "but I would not have it drawn like you."

CCCCXXI.

AT the rehearsal of *Venice Preserved*, when a new actress, highly recommended to Garrick, was to make her *debut* in Belvidera, she repeated that tender

exclamation, "Would you kill my father, Jaffier?" with so much *sang froid*, that Garrick whispered her nearly in the same tone, "Can you chop cabbage, madam?"

CCCCXXII.

A GENTLEMAN, much given to immoderate indulgence of appetite, was observed to be a constant attendant at city feasts. Having much increased in bulk, a wag found means to stick on his back a label, on which was written, "Widened at the expense of the Corporation of London."

CCCCXXIII.

IN a summer, when the month of July was extremely wet and cold, some person asked Quin whether he ever remembered such a summer. "Yes," replied the wag, very seriously, "last winter."

CCCCXXIV.

"WHEN Dr. ——— preaches," said a humble pastor, "the ploughman leaves his furrow, the tradesman his shop, the scholar his books, and the fine lady her toilet, to crowd round his pulpit. When I preach, I set all things to rights again, and every one follows his own business."

CCCCXXV.

A SCHOLAR, a bald man, and a barber, travelling together, agreed each to watch four hours at night, in turn, for sake of security. The barber's lot came first, who shaved the scholar's head when asleep, and then waked him when his turn came. The scholar, scratching his head, and feeling it bald, exclaimed, "You wretch, you have waked the bald man instead of me."

CCCCXXVI.

CURRAN used to relate, with great glee, a mishap which befell a Roman Catholic bishop who went up to Dublin Castle to adulate the lord-lieutenant. It seems one of Lord Cornwallis's eyes was smaller than the other, and had acquired a quick, perpetually oscillating motion. The addressers, who had never seen him, had elaborated their compliments on the country. His Excellency was on his throne in high state, when Bishop Lanigan, of Kilkenny, at the head of his clergy, auspiciously commenced—"Your Excellency has always kept a steady eye upon the interests of England"—the room was in a roar. "Never," said Curran, "did I hear its match, except in the Mayor of Coventry's compliment to Queen Elizabeth—'When the Spanish Armada attacked your Majesty, they caught the wrong sow by the ear.'"

CCCCXXVII.

A GENTLEMAN rode up to a public-house in the country, and asked, "Who is the master of this house?" "I am, sir," replied the landlord; "my wife has been dead about three weeks."

CCCCXXVIII.

LEIGH HUNT was asked by a lady at dessert, if he would not venture upon an orange: said he, "Madam, I should be happy to do so, but I am afraid I should tumble off."

CCCCXXIX.

WHEN Archbishop Laud was on trial, he was told that if he had not committed one great act of treason, he had perpetrated so many small crimes as, taken together, made him a traitor. "I never knew," said the archbishop, "that one hundred black rabbits made up a black horse."

CCCCXXX.

WHEN Lord Carnarvon was going to travel, one bad him take care and not change his religion. "There is no fear of that, sir," answered he, "for no man living will be so mad as to change religions with me."

CCCCXXXI.

A GASCON, who had been for some years in the service of Louis XIV., obtained from the king a gratuity of 1500 livres. He went immediately to be paid by M. Colbert, who just at his coming had sat down to dinner. Notwithstanding, he passed boldly into the dining-room, and asked where was M. Colbert? "I am the person," said Colbert; "what would you be pleased to have?" "A trifle scarce worth mentioning," said the other; "a small order of the king for letting me have 1500 livres." M. Colbert with great good-nature, and according to his usual good-humour, desired him to be seated at table and partake of the fare, which the Gascon did without a second invitation. After dinner he was directed by him to one of his clerks, who gave him 1000 livres. The Gascon said there were 500 more coming to him. "Very true," said the clerk, "but so much of the payment has been stopped for your dinner." "Odds-fish!" said the Gascon, "500 livres for a dinner! I give but twenty sous at the eating-house." "That may be," said the clerk, "but you have had the honour to dine with M. Colbert, that great first minister of state, and it is but fit you should pay for it." "Well, then, if it be so," replied the Gascon, "here, take back all the money; what signifies my encumbering myself with 1000 livres? To-morrow I'll bring here a friend to dine, and all will be paid." M. Colbert admired

the gasconade, had the officer paid the whole of his bill, and afterwards rendered him several good offices.

CCCCXXXII.

A GENTLEMAN returned from India, inquiring of a person respecting their common acquaintance, who had been *hanged* after he left England, was told he was dead. "And did he continue in the *grocery line*?" said the former. "Oh no," replied the other, "he was quite in a *different line* when he died."

CCCCXXXIII.

AN East-India governor having died abroad, his body was put in arrack to preserve it for interment in England. A sailor on board the ship being frequently drunk, the captain assured him the next time he was guilty of that offence he should be severely whipped; and at the same time forbade the purser, and indeed all the ship, to let him have any liquor. Shortly after, the fellow appeared very drunk. How he got the liquor no one could guess. The captain, resolved to find out and punish the person who had thus disobeyed his orders, promised to forgive him if he would tell from whom he got the liquor. After some hesitation, he hiccupped out, "Why please your honour, I tapped the governor."

CCCCXXXIV.

A SCOTCH Proclamation for holding a fair:—"Oh yes! and that's e'e time; Oh yes! and that's twa times; Oh yes! and that's thrid and last time. All manner of person or persons whosoever, let 'em draw near, and I shall let 'em ken that there is a fair to be held at the muckle town of Langholm, for the space of aught days, wherein any hustrin, custrin, land-lopper, dubs-kouper, or gang-the-gate-swingier,

shall breed any hurdam, durdam, rabblement, babblement, or squabblement, he shall have his lugs tacked to the muckle throne, with a nail of twa-a-penny until he down on his hobshanks, and up with his muckle doup, and pray to ha'en nine times God bless the king, and thrice the muckle laird of Relton, paying a groat to me, Jemmy Ferguson, bailey of the aforesaid manor. So you've heard my proclamation, and I'll gang hame to my dinner."

CCCCXXXV.

IN Ruffhead's "Statutes at Large," under the head of "What sort of Irishmen may come to dwell in England," Henry VI., chap. 3, in the margin is printed, "*All persons born in Ireland shall depart out of the realm, Irish persons excepted, who remain in England.*"

CCCCXXXVI.

A FEW days after the Rye House plot, Charles II. was walking in St. James's Park without guards or attendants of any kind. The Duke of York afterwards remonstrated with his royal brother on the imprudence, nay, absurdity of such conduct. Charles, a little nettled to be so reprov'd, answered quickly, "Brother James, take care of yourself, for no man will kill me to make you king."

CCCCXXXVII.

A PROVINCIAL newspaper, giving an account of a violent hurricane, says, "That it shattered mountains, tore up oaks by the roots, and carried them through the air to a great distance; dismantled churches, laid villages waste, and overturned a haystack."

CCCCXXXVIII.

AN innocent lad one evening went up to the drawing-room on the bell being rung. When he returned to the kitchen he laughed immoderately. Some of the servants asking the cause of his mirth, he cried, "What do you think? There are sixteen of them, who could not snuff the candles, and were obliged to send for me to do it."

CCCCXXXIX.

GEORGE III. asked a poor fellow who was driving some sheep (and who did not know His Majesty), how much he expected for the sheep per head. "Whoy, seven-and-twenty shillings, zur." "Seven-and-twenty! I can't get more than four-and-twenty." "Then you doyn't knaw your business," said the clown.

CCCCXL.

GARRICK once asked Rich, the manager of the theatre, how much he thought Covent Garden would hold. "I could tell you to a shilling," replied the manager, "if you would play Richard in it."

CCCCXLI.

AT one of Charles Lamb's Evenings at Home, when Leigh Hunt was present, Coleridge happened to be talking with unusual fervour and solemnity on certain abstruse religious points, and Hunt remarked to Lamb aside, that he had not expected this from Coleridge. "Ah!" stammered Lamb, "n-never mi-mind, my dear fellow, w-what-what C-Cole-Coleridge says. He-he's so-so f-f-full of his f-f-fun!"

CCCC XLII.

LAMB's Sonnet, entitled *The Gipsy's Malison*, was returned to him by the Editors of the Magazines.

In a letter to a friend, he told him of the failure, and added humorously, "Damn the age; I'll write for antiquity."

CCCCXLIII.

TALFOURD got his first brief, and informed Lamb of his good fortune with great glee. "Ah!" said Lamb, "The great first cause, least understood."

CCCCXLIV.

A SCOTCHMAN being asked what he thought of London, "Ah!" said he. "'Tis a plaguy ru'nous place to be in, for I hadn't been there twa hours, when bang went saxpence."

CCCCXLV.

MR. REGISTRAR HAZLITT, going into a jeweller's shop in Regent Street, not many years ago, saw and admired a silver statuette. He observed to the jeweller, that the piece was quite worthy of Benvenuto Cellini (who lived in the sixteenth century), and he would have been pleased to see it. "Oh, sir," answered the shopkeeper, "if Mr. Cellini is a friend of yours, I shall be glad to shew it to him at any time."

CCCCXLVI.

LORD SEAFORTH, who was born deaf and dumb, was to dine one day with Lord Melville. Just before the time of the company's arrival, Lady Melville sent into the drawing-room a lady of her acquaintance who could talk with her fingers to dumb people, that she might receive Lord Seaforth. Presently Lord Guildford entered the room; and the lady taking him for Lord Seaforth, began to ply her fingers very nimbly; Lord Guildford did the same; and they had been carrying on a conversation in this manner for about

ten minutes, when Lady Melville joined them. Her female friend immediately said, "Well, I have been talking away to this dumb man." "Dumb!" cried Lord Guildford, "bless me, I thought *you* were dumb."

CCCCXLVII.

A PERSON abusing another to Churchill, said, he was so insufferably dull, that if you said a good thing he did not understand it. "Pray, sir," said Churchill, "did you ever try him?"

CCCCXLVIII.

A MOTION was made in the House of Commons that such as were chosen to serve in the Parliamentary troops, should be faithful and skilful riders. Waller the poet said, "He much approved the motion, for," added he, "it is most necessary the riders be faithful, lest they run away with the horses, and skilful, lest their horses run away with them."

CCCCXLIX.

FOOTE and Garrick being at a tavern together at the time of the first regulation of the gold coin, the former, pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning, asked the other, "What he should do with a light guinea he had?" "Pshaw, it is worth nothing," said Garrick, "fling it to the devil." "Well, David," said the other, "you are what I always took you for, ever contriving to make a guinea go farther than any other man."

CCCCL.

AN Irish fortune-hunter at Bath, telling Smollett, that he had got an excellent phaeton on an entirely new plan; "I am rather of opinion," said Smollett, "that you have got it on the old plan, for I suppose you never intend to pay for it."

CCCCLI.

QUIN used to apply a story to the then ministry. A master of a brig calls out "Who is there?" A boy answered, "Will, sir."—"What are you doing?" "Nothing, sir." "Is Tom there?" "Yes," says Tom. "What you doing, Tom?" "Helping Will, sir."

CCCCLII.

A YOUNG fellow, whose talent lay in comedy, came to offer himself to a manager; and having given a specimen of his capacity to Quin, he asked, "If he had ever played any parts in comedy?" The former answered, "Yes; he had played Abel in the *Alchymist*." "I am rather of opinion you played Cain," said Quin, "for I am certain you murdered Abel."

CCCCLIII.

A GENTLEMAN once introduced his son to Rowland Hill by a letter, as a youth of great promise, and likely to do honour to the university of which he was a member; "but he is shy," added the father, "and I fear buries his talents in a napkin." A short time afterwards, the parent, anxious for his opinion, inquired what he thought of his son. "I have shaken the napkin," said Rowland, "at all the corners, and there is nothing in it."

CCCCLIV.

WHEN the fair utilitarian and political economist, Harriet Martineau, published her book against marriage, it was sent to Dr. Maginn to review. His critique ran thus:—

"A book against wedlock, oh, oh!
And written by Miss Martineau!
But this I well know,

She would not say ' No '
 To a handsome young beau,
 Just six feet or so—
 Fie, fie, Harriet Martineau !

CCCCLV.

A NOBLE lord, on his deathbed, observed to his coachman, "Ah, John ! I am going a longer journey than ever you drove me."—"Never mind, my lord," said John, "it is all down hill."

CCCCLVI.

A SHOPKEEPER, recommending a piece of silk for a gown, said to his customer, "Ma'am, it will wear for ever, and make a petticoat afterwards."

CCCCLVII.

A GENTLEMAN, complaining to another that his pointer, though a capital dog, had an incurable propensity for mutton, the other told him to couple him with an old ram, and leave them in the stable all night, and the discipline he received would infallibly break him off that trick. The same person, some time afterwards meeting the owner of the dog, asked him, "Well, sir, I hope my prescription had the desired effect." "I cannot say it had," replied the other, "for the dog killed my ram and ate a shoulder."

CCCCLVIII.

A N author was reproved by a friend for editing so many volumes. "My dear sir, you will never reach posterity if you carry so much luggage."

CCCCLIX.

A N honest Yorkshireman, amusing himself by poaching, had his gun taken from him by a justice of the peace. Soon after, he was unfortunate enough to be informed against for sedition, in saying

he wished Bonaparte would land in Yorkshire. Being brought before the bench of magistrates, of which the aforesaid justice was chairman, he acknowledged the words; "but," said he, "my reason for saying so was, that I thought your worship would take his guns from him."

CCCCLX.

DAVID HUME and Sheridan were crossing the water to Holland, when, a high gale arising, the philosopher seemed under great apprehension lest he should go to the bottom. "Why," said his friend, "that will suit your genius to a tittle; for my part, I am only for skimming the surface."

CCCCLXI.

A GENTLEMAN who thought his two sons consumed too much time in hunting and shooting, gave them the appellation of *Nimrod* and *Ramrod*.

CCCCLXII.

ERSKINE, being counsel for the plaintiff in an action for the infringement of a patent for buckles, expatiated with his usual eloquence on the improvement made in this manufacture. "What," said he, taking out his own buckle, and exhibiting it to the court; "what would my ancestors say, were they to rise out of their graves and see me with such an ornament as this?" "They would be surprised, I dare say," observed Mr. Mingay, "to see you with either shoe or stocking."

CCCCLXIII.

WHEN Clive was a boy and was once walking with a schoolfellow through Drayton market, the two lads stopped to look at a butcher killing a calf. "Dear me, Bobby," said the lad, "I would not be a butcher for all the world."—"Why, I should not much

like it," said Clive, "it's a dirty, beggarly business; but I'd a plaguy deal rather be a butcher than a calf."

CCCCLXIV.

WHEN the affair of Lord Melville was brought forward in the House of Commons, a gentleman mentioned in company that his lordship had quitted his place. "Did you ever," said a lady present, "hear of a Scotchman quitting his place?"—"Yes, madam," replied the gentleman, "his *native* place."

CCCCLXV.

A POOR fellow, in Scotland, creeping through the hedge of an orchard, with an intention to rob it, was seen by the owner, who called out to him. "Sawney, hoot, mon, where be e' ganging?" "Bock agin," said Sawney.

CCCCLXVI.

A SCOTCHMAN boasting of the beauty of Glasgow, Dr. Johnson asked him drily, "Did you ever happen to see Old Brentford?"

CCCCLXVII.

LORD ARMADALE, one of the Scotch Judges, had a son who, at the age of eleven or twelve, rose to the rank of a major. One morning his mother, hearing a noise in the nursery, rang to know the cause of it. "It's only," said the servant, "the major greeting for his porridge."

CCCCLXVIII.

LORD NORTH, happening to meet with an acquaintance, whose affairs had gone into disorder, the latter told him, that he had sold off all his moveables. "And what," said his lordship, "have you done with your mare?" "I have sold her too." "Then," said

the other, "you have not attended to Horace's maxim:—

'Equam memento rebus in arduis
Servare.'

CCCCLXIX.

GARRICK's Epigram on Sir John Hill:—
"For physic and farces
Thy equal there scarce is;
Thy farces are physic,
Thy physic a farce is."

CCCCLXX.

A GENTLEMAN one day took occasion to speak of the married state before his daughter, and observed that she who marries does well, but she who does not marry does better. "Well, then," replied the young lady, "I will do well, let those who choose do better."

CCCCLXXI.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

WHEN first I attempted your pity to move,
Ah! why were you deaf to my pray'rs?
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs?

CCCCLXXII.

BURKE had written a tragedy, which he shewed to his friend Fox. Being asked by the latter if Garrick had ever seen it; "No," replied Burke; "I have had the folly to write it, but the wit to keep it to myself."

CCCCLXXIII.

AN Hibernian being asked what was the meaning of the phrase *posthumous works*, readily answered, "Why, to be sure, they are books that a man writes after he is dead."

CCCCLXXIV.

A YOUNG officer of the regiment of Orleans, being sent to Louis XIV. with some good news, petitioned him for the Order of St. Louis. "You are a very young man," observed the monarch. "True, sire," replied the officer, "but, you'll remember, our regiment are very *short-lived*."

CCCCLXXV.

WHEN Sir Elijah Impey, the Indian judge, was on his passage home, as he was one day walking the deck, it having blown pretty hard the preceding day, a shark was playing by the side of the ship. Having never seen such an object before, he called to one of the sailors to tell him what it was. "Ah!" replied the tar, "I don't know what name they know them by ashore, but here we call them *sea-lawyers*."

CCCCLXXVI.

A N English gentleman, travelling through the county of Kilkenny, came to a ford, and hired a boat to take him across. The water, being rather more agitated than was agreeable to him, he asked the boatman if any person was ever *lost* in the passage! "Never," replied Terence; "never. My brother was drowned here last week; but we *found* him again the next day."

CCCCLXXVII.

A N officer and a lawyer talking of the disastrous battle of Auerstadt, the former was lamenting the number of brave soldiers who fell on that occasion, when the lawyer observed that those who live by the sword must expect to die by the sword. "By a similar rule," answered the officer, "those who live by the law must expect to die by the law."

CCCCLXXXI.

A COMMON-COUNCILMAN was hoaxed into an opinion that, as a representative of the citizens, he was entitled to ride through the turnpikes free of expense. He next day mounted his nag, to ascertain his civic privileges, and asked at the turnpike at the Dog Row, in Mile End Road, if, as a Common-councilman, he had not a right to pass without paying? "Yes," replied the turnpikeman, archly, "you may pass yourself, but you must pay for your horse."

CCCCLXXXII.

A MAN, who had known the late Sir John Holker as a boy, came to town, and was directed to the court, where the Solicitor-General happened to be in charge of some case. Pushing his way through the crowd, he got near the place where Holker was standing, and cried out "*Johnny! Johnny!*" with his hand telephonically to his mouth. "Hush! Hush!" whispered those by him; "Don't you know he's her Majesty's Solicitor-General?" "Eh! what? Solicitor-General? Can't help that—knew him when he was *that* high. *Johnny! Johnny!*"

CCCCLXXXIII.

FLETCHER of Saltoun is well known to have possessed a most irritable temper. His footman desired to be dismissed. "Why do you leave me?" said he. "Because, to speak the truth, I cannot bear your temper." "To be sure, I am passionate, but my passion is no sooner on than it is off." "Yes," replied the servant, "but, then, it is no sooner off than it is on."

CCCCLXXXIV.

A YOUNG lady marrying a man she loved, and leaving many friends in town, to retire with

him into the country, Mrs. D—— said prettily, “She has turned one-and-twenty shillings into a guinea.”

CCCCLXXXV.

IN a part of South Wales, where inundations are frequent, a board is raised on a post with this inscription: “Take notice, that when this board is under water, the road is impassable.”

CCCCLXXXVI.

LORD NORBURY, the Irish Judge, dining at a table, where corn'd beef formed a dish, was asked if he chose a slice. “I would try it,” said he, “if it were hung.” “If you were to try it,” observed Curran, “it would be sure to be hung.”

CCCCLXXXVII.

PREVIOUSLY to Foote's bringing out his Primitive Puppet-show, a lady asked him, “Pray sir, are your puppets to be as large as life?” “Oh dear, madam, no; not much above the size of Garrick.”

CCCCLXXXVIII.

IN the Irish Bank Bill, passed in June 1808, there was a clause providing “that the profits shall be equally divided, and that the residue shall go to the governor.”

CCCCLXXXIX.

A GENTLEMAN in company with Foote, at the Smyrna coffee-house, took up a newspaper, saying, “He wanted to see what the Ministry were about.” Foote replied, “Look among the robberies.”

CCCCXC.

EPIGRAM.

TOM praised his friend (who changed his state)
For binding fast himself and Kate
In union so divine!

“Wedlock’s the *end* of life,” he cried ;
 “Too true, alas !” said Jack, and cried,
 “’Twill be the *end* of mine !”

CCCCXCI.

BATH FESTIVITIES.—EPIGRAM.

TWO musical parties to Bladud belong,
 To delight the old rooms and the upper :
 One gives to the ladies a supper, no song ;
 The other, a song and no supper.

CCCCXCII.

SOON after Foote had his house at North End, Fulham, fitted up, a friend came to see him. Sam, having carried him through the house, asked how he liked it? He answered, “that it was very neat, and handsomely furnished ; but at the same time, that there was not a room fit to swing a cat in.” “Sir,” says Foote, “I do not mean to swing cats in it.”

CCCCXCIII.

A LUNATIC in Bedlam was asked how he came there. He answered, “By a dispute.” “What dispute?” The Bedlamite replied : “The world said I was mad ! I said the world was mad. And they outvoted me.”

CCCCXCIV.

EPIGRAM.

PAINTERS at a certain subject stick,
 They know not how to form Old Nick.
 With cloven feet they often draw him ;
 And sometimes horn him, tail him, claw him ;
 Pshaw, nonsense all ! if ’t isn’t uncivil,
 Draw *Delia* frowning—that’s the devil.

CCCCXCV.

A GENTLEMAN, speaking to Lord Henry Petty’s proposed tax on iron, observed, that as it had

raised so many objections, it would be better to lay it on coals. "No," said his friend, "that would be out of the frying-pan into the fire."

CCCCXCVI.

THREE gentlemen proposing to sup at a tavern, one of them wished for partridges: a brace was brought, and he who had ordered them was requested to divide them; which he accordingly did, by taking one on his own plate, and leaving the other for his friends. "Stop," cried one of them, "this is an unequal division." "Not so," replied he, "there is one for you *two*, and here is one for me *too*."

CCCCXCVII.

A SCOTCH laird, whose estate in Argyleshire was intersected by the great military road constructed under the direction of Marshal Wade, erected on a conspicuous part of it a stone with this inscription:—

"Had ye seen this ro'd before it was made,
Ye'd lift up your honds and bliss Marshal Wade."

CCCCXCVIII.

GENERAL SUTTON, brother to Sir Robert Sutton, was very passionate, and calling one morning on Sir Robert Walpole, who was quite the reverse, found his servant shaving him. During the conversation, Sir Robert said, "John, you cut me," and continued the former subject of discourse. Presently he said again, "John, you cut me," but as mildly as before: and soon after he had occasion to say it a third time; when Sutton, starting up in a rage, said, swearing a great oath, and doubling his fist at the servant, "If Sir Robert can bear it, I cannot; and if you cut him once more, John, I'll knock you down."

CCCCXCIX.

A BEGGAR in Dublin had been a long time besieging an old gouty, testy, limping gentleman, who refused his mite with much irritability; on which the mendicant said: "Ah, plase your honour's honour, I wish your heart were as tender as your toes."

D.

WHEN Mr. Penn walked from Hyde Park Corner to Hammersmith, for a wager of one hundred guineas, with the Honourable Butler Danvers, several gentlemen who had witnessed the contest spoke of it to the Duchess of Gordon, and added it was a pity that a man, with so many good qualities as this Penn had, should be incessantly playing these unaccountable pranks. "It is so," said her Grace; "but why don't you advise him better? He seems to be a pen that everybody cuts, but nobody mends."

DI.

DURING a debate in the United States House of Representatives on a Bill for increasing the number of hospitals, one of the western members rose and observed, "Mr. Speaker, my opinion is, that the generality of mankind in general are disposed to take the disadvantage of the generality of mankind in general." "Sit, down," whispered David Crockett, who sat near him, "you are coming out the same hole you went in at."

DII.

A GENTLEMAN coming into a choir, where there was none of the best music in the world, hearing them singing, Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners: "Ay," says he, "they might very well have said, "Have mercy upon us, miserable singers."

DIII.

JOHN PALMER, whose father was a billsticker, and who had occasionally practised in the same hum-

ble though hereditary occupation himself, being one evening strutting in the green-room in a pair of glittering buckles, a gentleman, who was present, remarked that they really resembled diamonds. "Sir," said the actor with some warmth, "I would have you to know I never wear anything but diamonds."—"I ask your pardon," replied the gentleman, "I remember the time when you wore nothing but paste." This produced a loud laugh, which was heightened by Parsons jogging him on the elbow, and drily saying, "Jack, why don't you stick him against the wall?"

DIV.

A GENTLEMAN, asking Dr. Johnson why he hated the Scotch, was answered: "I don't hate them, sir, neither do I hate frogs, but I don't like to have either hopping about my chamber."

DV.

DURING the disturbances at Covent Garden Theatre, at a consultation held by the barristers employed by the managers to conduct the prosecutions against the O.P.'s, Sir Vicary Gibbs quoted the following line from Ovid:—

"Effodiuntur OPES, irritamenta malorum."

DVI.

AT the first masquerade which George II. honoured with his presence in England, a lady invited him to drink a glass of wine at one of the buffets. With this he readily complied; and the lady, filling a bumper, said, "Here, mask, the Pretender's Health;" then filling another glass, presented it to the king who, receiving it with a smile, replied, "I drink with all my heart to the health of all unfortunate princes."

DVII.

SIR MARTIN STUTEVILLE'S father riding out one day with his son, they passed by the house of the nurse who had smothered by accident Sir Martin's eldest son. "Look there, Martin," said his father, "there stands the woman that made you an elder brother." "God bless her heart!" cried Martin, and went up to her, and gave her a couple of shillings.

DVIII.

A MAN, hearing that a raven would live two hundred years, bought one to try.

DIX.

A WOMAN gave her little child a cloth to warm while she was otherwise busied. The child held it to the fire; but so near that it changed colour presently, and began to look like tinder; upon which the child called to its mother, "Mamma, is it done enough when it looks brown?"

DX.

IN a debate on the leather-tax, in 1795, in the Irish House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer observed with great emphasis, that in the prosecution of the present war, every man ought to give his *last guinea* to protect *the remainder*. A member said, that however that might be, the tax on *leather* would be severely felt by the *bare-footed* peasantry of Ireland. To which another replied, that this could be easily remedied by making the *underleathers* of *wood*.

DXI.

A DEVOTEE lamented to her confessor her love of gambling. "Ah, madam," replied the priest, "it is a grievous sin. In the first place, consider the

great loss of time.”—“Yes,” replied the fair penitent, “I have often grudged the time that is lost in *shuffling and dealing*.”

DXII.

A NEGRO, offering to lift a young lady over a gutter, she insisted that she was too heavy. “Lor, missus,” said he, “I’se used to lifting barrels of sugar.”

DXIII.

A LOIN of mutton was on a table, and the gentleman opposite to it took the carving-knife in hand. “Shall I cut it *saddlewise*?” quoth he. “You had better cut it *bridlewise*,” replied the master of the house, “for then we shall all stand a better chance to *get a bit in our mouths!*”

DXIV.

IT is a solemn thing to be married,” said Aunt Rachel, a grave spinster, to her niece. “It’s a good deal more solemn not to be,” said the merry girl.

DXV.

A WELSH parson, in his sermon, told his congregation, how kind and respectful we ought to be towards each other, and added that we were greatly inferior to the brutes in this respect. To prove this, he mentioned as an example the circumstance of two goats, which met one another upon a narrow plank across a river, so that they could not pass by without one thrusting the other off. “Now, how do you think they did? Why, I’ll tell you. One lay down, and let the other leap over him. Ah, my beloved, let us live like goats.”

DXVI.

THE *foolish* Duke of Cumberland was one night in the green-room at the Haymarket. "Well, here I am," said he, "Mr. Foote, ready to swallow all your good things." "Your Royal Highness," answered the wit, "must really possess the digestion of an ostrich, for I never knew you to throw any up again."

DXVII.

WHEN Lady Cork gave a party, at which she wore an enormous plume, Jekyll, who was there, observed, that she was just like a shuttlecock—all *cork* and feathers.

DXVIII.

HORNE TOOKE was the son of a poulterer, and was afraid lest his schoolfellows should discover the fact. Once he was pressed very hard to say what his father was. "A Turkey merchant," was his reply.

DXIX.

ASHHURST having said that the law was open to all, Tooke remarked, "And so is the *London Tavern!*"

DXX.

ROBERT CLIVE wrote a very illegible hand. He told his sisters, who had sent him out to India a handsome present, that they might expect in return for it *an elephant* which, to their great relief, turned out, when it arrived, to be *an equivalent*—of a less embarrassing description.

DXXI.

A COUNTRY gentleman, just come to London, was desirous of seeing everything curious, and after

having paid visits to the Abbey, the Lions, &c., he begged a friend to take him to Bedlam. They went, but on their way stopped at Jonathan's coffee-house, where the friend had some business. The Londoner, when he was ready to go, looked for his visitor, and at last found him outside the door. "Why didn't you stay in here," said he. "Stay in?" returned the other; "hang it! they're all loose."

DXXII.

SOME years ago, a man carried about Scarborough a bag, in which he said he had a cherry-coloured cat. The gentry flocked to see this wonderful phenomenon; but when he had collected as much as he could, he produced his cat, which proved a black one. Being upbraided for the imposition: "Nay, gentlemen," said he, "I have not deceived you; for you know there are black cherries as well as red ones."

DXXIII.

BROUGHAM once facetiously defined a lawyer thus: "A learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it himself."

DXXIV.

A POOR old woman, who was in very feeble health, had bequeathed to her parish priest after her death a solitary hen—which was all the property she had. The priest came one day, while she was still alive, and took away the hen with him. The poor old creature was so provoked when she found it out, that she exclaimed: "Now I'm sure that our priest is worse than the devil and the fox. I've often bidden the devil take her, and the fox take her, but they wouldn't, so long as I lived."

DXXV.

LORD CHANCELLOR HARDWICKE was very fond of entertaining his visitors with the following story of his bailiff, who, having been ordered by his lady to procure a sow of a particular description, came one day into the dining-room when full of company, proclaiming with a burst of joy he could not suppress, "I have been at Royston fair, my lady, and I have got a sow exactly of your ladyship's size."

DXXVI.

ONE of King James the First's chaplains, preaching before the court at Whitehall, made use of the following quibbles in his discourse. Speaking of the depravity of the age, "almost all houses," he said, "were made ale-houses; that men made matrimony a matter of money, and placed their paradise in a pair of dice: Was it so in the time of Noah? Ah, no."

DXXVII.

ON Lord Kellie, the celebrated musician, who was remarkable for his red face and insobriety, coming into a room in an embroidered coat much tarnished, Foote said he looked like Monmouth Street in flames.

DXXVIII.

HUET, Bishop of Avranches, devoted the whole of his time to study. A person in his diocese, who had made frequent applications to obtain an interview with him on business of importance, grew tired at length of calling, and exclaimed, "God send our next bishop may have *finished his studies*."

DXXIX.

IT is said that a lady once asked Lord Brougham, "Who was the *best* debater in the House of Lords?"

His lordship modestly replied : " Lord Stanley is the *second*, madam."

DXXX.

WHEN James I. coined his twenty-two-shilling pieces, called Jacobuses, his head was represented as crowned : he afterwards coined his twenty-shilling pieces, where he wore the *laurel* instead of the *crown*. Ben Jonson observed on this, that poets always came to poverty. " King James," says he, " no sooner began to wear bays, than he fell two shillings in the pound."

DXXXI.

A CERTAIN gentleman's attendance at the Old Birmingham Library, where he was not a subscriber, had grown more frequent than his company was acceptable. The regular visitors had many debates whether to give him a polite notice to quit, or suffer him to remain. An old crusty gentleman, going in one day, soon settled the business : preceiving not only the disagreeable visitor, but a large mastiff belonging to him, taking up the whole of the fireplace, he very coolly opened the door, and giving the mastiff a tremendous kick, which made him raise a hideous yell, he exclaimed in a broad accent, " Come, dom it, you are no subscriber, at any rate." The gentleman followed his dog, and never more annoyed them by his presence.

DXXXII.

A LADY desired her butler to be saving of an excellent tun of small beer, and asked him how it might be preserved. " I know of no method so effectual, my lady," says the butler, " as placing a barrel of good ale by it."

DXXXIII.

THEODORE HOOK was one evening at a party at the Archbishop of Canterbury's, and when he was preparing to leave, he searched in the hall without success for his headgear. Rogers found him wandering up and down, to the inexpressible astonishment of the servants in livery, singing, "Shepherds, I have lost my *hat*."

DXXXIV.

WHEN Sydney Smith's physician (Abernethy), told him that he ought to take exercise on an empty stomach, he inquired, "upon whose?"

DXXXV.

SYDNEY SMITH told a story of Lady Cork being so moved by a charity sermon, that she borrowed a guinea of him to put into the plate. But she forgot to put it in, and also to repay the money. He said once that he had dreamt that there were thirty-nine muses, and nine articles. Of a right reverend bishop he remarked, "he is so like Judas, that I am quite converted to a belief in the apostolical succession."

DXXXVI.

GARRICK, one day dining with a large company, soon after dinner left the room, and it was supposed that he had left the house; but one of the party, on going into the area to seek him, found Garrick fully occupied in amusing a negro boy, who was a servant in the family, by mimicking the manner and noise of a turkey-cock, which diverted the boy to such a degree, that he was convulsed with laughter, and only able now and then to utter, "O Massa Garrick! you will kill me, Massa Garrick!"

DXXXVII.

A RECRUITING serjeant addressed an honest country bumpkin in one of the streets in Manchester, with—"Come, my lad, thou'lt fight for thy king, won't thou?"—"Voight for my king," answered Hodge, "why, has he *fa n out wi' ony body?*"

DXXXVIII.

IN a country news-room, the following notice was written over the chimney:—"Gentlemen learning to spell are requested to use yesterday's paper!"

DXXXIX.

A LADY having put to Canning the silly question, why they made the spaces in the iron gate at Spring Gardens so narrow, he replied, "O, ma'am, because such *very fat people used to go through.*"

DXL.

A NORMAN, who had stolen a horse at Rouen, went to sell him at Falaise. The purchaser, having agreed about the price, suspected that the animal might have been stolen, and said to the seller, "Will you warrant him everywhere?" "Everywhere," said the Norman, "except Rouen."

DXLI.

COLMAN and Banister dining one day with Erskine, the ex-chancellor, amongst other things observed that he had then about three thousand head of sheep. "I perceive," interrupted Colman, "that your lordship has still an eye to the *Woolsack!*"

DXLII.

VESTRIS, the celebrated opera dancer, used to say with the most perfect sincerity, "I know only three men in Europe at the present day who are unique in their way—the King of Prussia, Voltaire, and myself."

DXLIII.

A BISHOP of London having cut down a noble *cloud* of trees at Fulham, the famous Bacon told him, he was a good expounder of *dark* places.

DXLIV.

A WELSH judge, celebrated as a suitor for all sorts of places, and his neglect of personal cleanliness, was thus addressed by Jekyll: "As you have asked the Ministers for everything else, why have you never asked them for a piece of soap and a nail brush?"

DXLV.

WHENEVER Handel dined alone at a tavern, he always ordered, "*Dinner for three*;" and on receiving for answer to his question—"Is te tinner *retty*?" "As soon as the company come." "Then," said he, "pring up te tinner *prestissimo*; I AM DE GOMPANY."

DXLVI.

AN honest Highlander, walking along Holborn, heard a voice cry, "Rogue Scot, rogue Scot;" his northern blood fired at the insult; and he drew his broad sword, looking round him on every side to discover the object of his indignation; at last he found it came from a parrot perched in a balcony within his reach; but the generous Scot, disdaining to stain his trusty blade with such ignoble blood, put up his sword again with a sour smile, saying, "Gin ye were a mon, as ye're a green geuse, I would split your weem."

DXLVII.

LORD ELDON, in one of his shooting excursions at Wareham, in Dorsetshire, unexpectedly came across a person who was sporting over his land without

leave. His lordship inquired if the stranger was aware he was trespassing, or if he knew to whom the estate belonged? "What's that to you?" was the reply. "I suppose you are one of Old Bags's keepers." "No," replied his lordship, "your supposition is a wrong one, my friend, for I am Old Bags himself."

DXLVIII.

SOME years ago, says Richardson in his "Anecdotes of Painting," a gentleman came to me to invite me to his house: "I have," said he, "a picture of Rubens, and it is a rare good one. There is little H—— the other day came to see it, and says it is a *copy*. If any one says so again, I'll *break his head*. Pray, Mr. Richardson, will you do me the favour to come, and give me *your real opinion of it?*"

DXLIX.

"WHO is this Bobe (Pope), that I hear so much about?" asked George II., who had a difficulty in pronouncing his p's; "I cannot discover what is his merit. Why will not all my subjects write in brose? I hear a good deal, too, of Shakesbeare, but I cannot read him, he's such a *bombast* fellow."

DL.

A CORPULENT country gentleman, being at Stratford at the time of the jubilee celebrated there in honour of Shakespear, was very fond of being in company with Foote. The latter, wishing to get rid of him, asked him abruptly what country he came from; "From Essex," answered the other. "Ay," said Foote, "from Essex; and pray, who drove you?"

DLI.

SHORTLY after the commencement of the Peninsular war, a tax was laid on candles, which as a politi-

cal economist would prove, made them dearer. A Scotch wife in Greenock remarked to her chandler, Paddy Macbeth, that the price was raised, and asked why? "It's a awin' to the war," said Paddy. "The war!" said the astonished matron, "Gracious me! are they gaun to fecht by candle light?"

DLII.

ON All-Hallow E'en, so celebrated in Ireland, two apple-and-nut women entering the hall of the Four Courts on that day, pressed Councillor Shannon to buy some nuts. The councillor replied, "They are all empty, you baggages."—"They are the more like your head, councillor;" replied one of the nymphs, and passed on, crying her wares.

DLIII.

A CLERGYMAN, having gone to visit the portraits of the Scottish kings in Holyrood House, observed one of the monarchs of a very youthful appearance, while *his son* was depicted with a long beard, and wore the traits of extreme old age. "Sancta Maria," exclaimed the good Hibernian, "is it possible that this gentleman was an *old man* when his father *was born!!!*"

DLIV.

CAPTAIN PARRY was once asked at a dinner party where Erskine was present, what he and his crew lived upon when they were frozen in the Polar Sea. Parry said they had lived upon seals. "And very good living too," exclaimed the veteran joker, "if you keep them long enough."

DLV.

A FRENCH priest, who had usually a very small audience, was one day preaching at the church

in his village when, the doors being open, a gander and several geese came stalking up the middle aisle. The preacher, availing himself of the circumstance, observed, "that he could no longer find fault with his district for non-attendance; because, though they did not come themselves, they sent their *representatives*."

DLVI.

DRYDEN'S wife complained to him that he was always reading, and took little notice of her: "I wish," said she, "I was a book, and then I should enjoy more of your company." "Yes, my dear," replied Dryden, "I wish you were a book—an *Almanac*, I mean, for then I should change you every year."

DLVII.

A WIT, at the time when the revolutionary names of the months (Thermidor, Floréal, Nivose, &c.) were adopted in France, proposed to extend the innovation to our own language, somewhat on the following model:—Freezy, Sneezy, Breezy, Wheezy; Showery, Lowery, Flowery, Bowery; Snowy, Flowy, Blowy, Growy.

DLVIII.

IN Queen Anne's reign, Lord Bateman married three wives, all of whom were his servants. A beggar-woman meeting him one day in the street, made him a very low curtsy. "Ah! God Almighty bless you," said she, "and send you a long life; if you do but live long enough, we shall be all ladies in time."

DLIX.

A FRENCH marquis, dining one day with Sir Roger Williams, the famous punster, was boasting of the happy genius of his nation in projecting all the fine modes and fashions, particularly the ruffle

which, he said, "was de fine ornament to de hand, and had been followed by all de other nations." Roger allowed what he said, but at the same time that the English, according to custom, "had made a great improvement upon their invention, by adding the shirt to it."

DLX.

A FRENCH gentleman, who was not proverbial for his sagacity, being complimented upon the good appearance his coach-horses made: "To be sure," said he, "how should it be otherwise? They eat such excellent hay and oats: the king himself eats no better."

DLXI.

SIR T. ROBINSON was a tall, uncouth man, and his stature was often rendered still more remarkable by his hunting dress, a postilion's cap, a tight green jacket, and buckskin breeches. He was liable to sudden whims, and once set off on a sudden, in his hunting-suit, to visit his sister, who was married and settled at Paris. He arrived while there was a large company at dinner. The servant announced *M. Robinson*, and he came in, to the great amazement of the guests. Among others, a French abbé thrice lifted his fork to his mouth, and thrice laid it down, with an eager stare of surprise. Unable to restrain his curiosity any longer, he burst out with, "Pardonnez-moi, monsieur, est-ce que vous êtes le celebre *Robinson Crusoe*?"

DLXII.

BROUGHAM, in the House of Lords, said he remembered a case wherein Lord Eldon referred it in succession to three Chief Courts below, to decide what a particular document was. The Court of King's

Bench decided it was a lease in fee ; the Common Pleas, that it was a lease in tail ; the Exchequer, that it was a lease for years. Whereupon Lord Eldon, when it came back to him, decided for himself that it was no lease at all.

DLXIII.

LORD WILLIAM POULET, though often chairman of committees of the House of Commons, was a great dunce, and could scarcely read. Having to read a bill for naturalising Jemima, Duchess of Kent, he called her Jeremiah, Duchess of Kent. Having heard south walls commended for ripening fruit, he shewed all the four sides of his garden as south walls. A pamphlet called "The Snake in the Grass," being reported, probably in joke, to be written by this Lord William Poulet, a gentleman, abused in it, sent him a challenge. Lord William professed his innocence, and that he was not the author ; but the gentleman would not be satisfied without a denial under his hand. Lord William took a pen and began, "This is to scratify, that the buk called the Snak"— "Oh, my lord," said the person, "I am satisfied ; your lordship has already convinced me you did not write the book."

DLXIV.

AN honest Welsh carpenter, coming out of Cardigan-shire, got work in Bristol, where, in a few months, he had saved, besides his expenses, about twelve shillings ; and with this prodigious sum of money returning into his own country, when he came upon Mile Hill, he looked back on the town : "Ah, poor Pristow," said he, "if one or two more of hur countrymen were to give hur such another shake as hur has done, it would be poor Pristow indeed."

DLXV.

A GENTLEMAN, describing a person who often visited him for the sole purpose of having a long gossip, called him Mr. Jones the *stay-maker*.

DLXVI.

REYNOLDS, the dramatist, observing to Martin the thinness of the house at one of his own plays, added—"He supposed it was owing to the *war*." "No," replied the latter, "it is owing to the *piece*."

DLXVII.

LORD GALLOWAY was an enemy to the Bute administration. At the change of the Ministry he came to London for the first time in George III's reign. He was dressed in black, in a very uncourtly style. When he appeared at the levee, the eyes of the company were turned on him; and George Selwyn, being asked who he was, replied: "A Scotch undertaker, come to bury the last administration."

DLXVIII.

A FOOLISH fellow went to the parish priest, and told him with a very long face, that he had seen a ghost. "When and where?" said the pastor. "Last night," replied the timid man, "I was passing by the church, and up against the wall of it I beheld the spectre." "In what shape did it appear?" said the priest. "It appeared to be in the shape of a great ass." "Go home, and hold your tongue about it," rejoined the pastor, "you are a very timid man, and have been frightened by your own shadow."

DLXIX.

SIR JOHN STUART HAMILTON was lounging one day in Dalby's chocolate-house, when, after a long drought, there fell a torrent of rain: a country

gentleman observed, "This is a most delightful rain ; I hope it will bring up everything out of the ground." "By Jove, sir," said Sir John, "I hope not, for I have sowed three wives in it, and I should be very sorry to see them come up again."

DLXX.

FRANKLIN tells us, when he travelled in America and wished to ask his road, he found it necessary to save time by prefacing his question with—"My name is Benjamin Franklin ; I am by trade a printer ; I am come from such a place, and am going to such a place ; and now tell me which is my road ?"

DLXXI.

AN attorney in Dublin died very poor. A shilling subscription was set on foot to pay the expenses of his funeral. Most of the attorneys and barristers having subscribed, one of them applied to Toler, afterwards Lord Chief Justice Norbury, expressing a hope that he would also subscribe his shilling. "Only a shilling," said Toler, "to bury an attorney ! Here's a guinea ; go and bury one and twenty of them."

DLXXII.

WHEN the first edition of Thomson's "Seasons" came out, the poet sent a copy, handsomely bound, to Sir Gilbert Eliot of Minto, afterwards Lord Justice Clerk, who had shown him great kindness. Sir Gilbert showed the book to his gardener, a relation of Thomson. The man, taking it into his hands, and turning it over and over, and gazing on it with admiration, Sir Gilbert said to him, "Well, David, what do you think of James Thomson now ? there's a book will make him famous all the world over, and immortalise his name." David, looking now at Sir Gilbert, then

at the book, said, "In troth, sir, it is a grand book ! I didna think the led had i'genuity enow to ha' dane sic a neat piece o' handicraft."

DLXXIII.

A FASHIONABLE countess, asking a young nobleman which he thought the prettiest flower, *roses* or *tulips*? he replied with great gallantry, "Your ladyship's *two lips* before all the *roses* in the world."

DLXXIV.

CHARLES LAMB, meeting an acquaintance, asked him to lend him five shillings; but the friend had only half-a-crown about him, which he handed to Lamb. Some time after, the gentleman meeting Charles, said—"Ah, by the by, you owe me half-a-crown." "N-not at-at all," replied the other; "y-y-you owe m-me ha-half-a-cr-crown; f-for don't you recol-recollect, I-I asked you f-for fi-fi-five shil-shillings, and you only g-ga-gave me two-two and six-p-pe-pence?"

DLXXV.

AFTER the death of Sir Busick Harwood, his widow, who had been a Miss Pechell, gave evening parties very frequently. On one of these occasions, a gentleman, who was regaling himself with a third cheese-cake, observed in a whisper to his friend, "The hands of our hostess are unusually clean this evening," to which he replied, "That is always the case when she has a party, for her ladyship makes her own pastry."

DLXXVI.

SIR JOHN MILLICENT, the judge, was a man of superior abilities and a good lawyer, but addicted to his cups. He used to say that there was nothing for it, but to drink himself down to the capacity of his colleagues.

DLXXVII.

IT is the custom that every counsel, on being called to the degree of a serjeant-at-law, shall present gold rings to the Crown, Lord Chancellor, and other officers of state. Once, in the presence of the late Mr. Commissioner Fonblanque, of the Court of Bankruptcy, a question was raised as to the most appropriate motto for rings of this description. Some one suggested—*To Wit*; whereupon Fonblanque very promptly and wittily said, “But it should be in Latin—*Scilicet!*”

DLXXVIII.

MRS. BROUGHAM, mother of the late Ex-Chancellor, was a most excellent and thrifty housewife. One one occasion she was much troubled with a servant addicted to dish-breaking, and who used to allege, in extenuation of her fault, “it was crackit before.” One morning, little Harry tumbled down stairs, when the fond mother, running after him, exclaimed, “Oh! boy, have you broke your head?” “No, ma,” said Brougham, “*it was crackit before.*”

DLXXIX.

IT was mentioned to Jekyll that one of his friends, a brewer, had been drowned in his own vat. “Ah,” he exclaimed, “*floating in his own watery bier.*”

DLXXX.

MOORE, the dramatist, having been long under a prosecution in Doctors’ Commons, his proctor called on him on day, whilst he was composing the tragedy of the Gamester. The proctor having sat down, he read him four acts of the piece, being all he had written, by which the man of law was so much affected, that he exclaimed, “Good God! can you add to this couple’s distress in the last act?”—“Oh! very

easily," said the poet, "I intend to put them in the Spiritual Court."

DLXXXI.

THE celebrated Dr. Brown paid his addresses to a lady for many years unsuccessfully; and during that time he had always accustomed himself to propose her health, whenever he was called upon for a lady. But being observed one evening to omit it, a gentleman reminded him, that he had forgotten to toast his favourite lady. "Why, indeed," said the doctor, "I find it all in vain; I have toasted her so many years and cannot make her *Brown*, that I am determined to toast her no longer."

DLXXXII.

THE colonel of the Perthshire Cavalry was complaining that, from the ignorance and inattention of his officers, he was obliged to do the whole duty of the regiment. "I am," said he, "my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own cornet,"—"and *trumpeter* also, I presume," said a certain witty duchess.

DLXXXIII.

A COMMERCIAL traveller one day, at a country inn, was boasting somewhat extravagantly of the very extensive nature of the transactions in which he had the honour to be concerned. Amongst other proofs of the truth of his representations, he stated to his fellow-travellers that, "his house paid upwards of £300 per annum for the article of writing-ink alone, to be used in their counting-house and other offices!" "Oh!" replies a traveller in a different line of business, "that's a mere flea-bite to the business done by our house. Do you know," he continued, "that during the last twelve months we have saved, in that article

alone, no less a sum than £2000, by merely omitting the dots to our *i*'s, and the crosses to our *t*'s!"

DLXXXIV.

CHARLES V., going to see the new cloister of the Dominicans at Vienna, overtook a peasant who was carrying a sucking pig, and whose cries were so disagreeable to the emperor, that, after many expressions of impatience, he said to the peasant, "My friend, do you not know how to silence a sucking pig?" The poor man said modestly, that he really did not, and should be happy to learn. "Take it by the tail," said the emperor. The peasant finding this succeed upon trial, turned to the emperor, and said, "Faith, friend, you must have been longer at the trade than me, for you understand it better."

DLXXXV.

A YOUTH asked permission of his mother to go to a ball. She told him it was a bad place for little boys. "Why, mother, didn't you and father use to go to balls when you were young?" "Yes, but we have seen the folly of it," said the mother. "Well, mother," exclaimed the son, "I want to see the folly of it too!"

DLXXXVI.

DEAN JACKSON, passing one morning through Christ Church quadrangle, met some undergraduates, who walked along without capping. The Dean called one of them, and asked, "Do you know who I am?" "No, sir." "How long have you been in college?" "Eight days, sir." "Oh, very well," said the Dean, walking away, "*puppies* don't open their eyes till the *ninth* day."

DLXXXVII.

A GENTLEMAN on circuit, narrating to Lord Norbury some extravagant feat in sporting, mentioned that he had lately shot thirty-three hares before breakfast. "*Thirty-three hairs!*" exclaimed his lordship. "Zounds! then you must have been *firing at a wig!*"

DLXXXVIII.

FATHER O'LEARY had once a war of polemics with the Protestant Bishop of Cloyne, in which the prelate inveighed with great acrimony against the superstitions of Popery, and particularly against the doctrine of purgatory. Father O'Leary in his reply, slyly observed, "that much as the bishop disliked purgatory, he might possibly go farther, and fare worse."

DLXXXIX.

LADY A. and her daughter having been much annoyed by the *gaucheries* of a country booby of a servant, who would persevere in giving in their names as the Right Hon. Lady A. and the Hon. Miss A., at length took him seriously to task, and desired that, in future, he would mention them as simple Lady A. and plain Miss A. Their astonishment may be conceived when they found themselves obeyed to the letter, and Devonshire House was electrified by the intelligence that "*simple Lady A. and plain Miss A.* were coming up."

DXC.

A GASCON officer in the regiment of the Duke de Roquelaure dining one day with the Duke, the conversation turned on Aristotle. Some one maintained that there were a great many admirable things in Aristotle which were to be found nowhere else. "Well," said the Duke, turning to the Gascon, who was the butt of the company, "what do you think of the

matter?" "My opinion is," replied the Gascon, "that a great many people talk of having been at Aristotle, who never were there in their lives."

DXCI.

THE following colloquy took place lately between an inquisitive gentleman and his butcher's boy:—"What are your politics?" said the gentleman. "The Queen's, sir." "What are the Queen's?" "Moin, sir." "What's your name?" "My name," replied boy, "is the same as father's." "And what is his name?" said the gentleman. "It is the same as moin." "Then what are both your names?" "Whoy, they are both alike," said the boy. The gentleman turned on his heel, and the boy shouted, "Anything more, sir?"

DXCII.

A NOBLEMAN having presented King Charles II. with a fine horse, his Majesty bad Killigrew, who was present, tell him his age, whereupon Killigrew goes and examines the tail: "What are you doing?" said the king, "this is not the place to find out its age."—"Oh! sir," said Killigrew, "your Majesty knows no one should ever look a gift horse in the mouth."

DXCIII.

CHARLES THE SECOND once said to Algernon Sidney, "Look me out a man that can't be corrupted: I have sent out three treasurers to the North, and they have all turned thieves." "Well, sire, I will recommend Mivert." "Mivert!" exclaimed the king, "why Mivert is a thief already." "Therefore *he cannot be corrupted*, your majesty," answered Sidney.

DXCIV.

DOMINICO, the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV. at supper, fixed his eye on a dish of partridges. The king, who was fond of his acting, said, "Give those birds to Dominico." "And the dish too, sire?" Louis, penetrating his art, replied, "And the dish too." The dish was gold.

DXCV.

MR. SERJEANT MAYNARD had a mind to punish a man who had voted against his interest in a borough in the West, and brought an action against him for scandalous words spoken at a time when a member to serve in the House of Commons for that borough was to be chosen. First he laid his action in the county of Middlesex: and that was by virtue of his privilege, which supposes a serjeant on the Court of Common Pleas, and not to be drawn from the county where the court sat; and then, in the next place, he charged the words in Latin that, if he proved the effect, it would be sufficient: whereas, being in English, they must prove the very words to a tittle; and those were a long story that used to be told of Mr. Noy and all the cock lawyers of the West. So this was tried before Chief Justice North at *Nisi Prius*. The witness, telling the story, as he swore the defendant told it, said that a client came to the serjeant, and gave him a basket of pippins, and every pippin had a piece of gold in it. "Those were golden pippins," quoth the judge. The serjeant began to puff, not bearing the jest: so the witness went on, "And then," said he, "the other side came and gave him a roasting pig (as it is called in the West), and inside the pig there were fifty broad pieces." "That's good sauce to a pig," quoth the judge again. This put the serjeant out of

all patience ; and speaking to those about him, "This," said he, "is on purpose to make me ridiculous." The story being sworn, the judge directed the jury to find for the serjeant ; but in the court the judgment was arrested, because the words were mere merriment over ale, without intent to slander.

DXCVI.

A COUNTRY gentleman, coming to the Temple to take the opinion of the celebrated Sir Edward Coke on a point of law, asked for *My Lord Cooke's shop*.

DXCVII.

WHEN Dr. Dale was selected to fill some important diplomatic appointment in Flanders, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the queen told him, that he would receive twenty shillings a day for his expenses. "Then madam," said he, "I shall spend nineteen." The queen asked him what he would do with the odd shilling. "I shall keep that," said he, "for my Kate, and for Tom and Dick"—meaning his wife and children. The same gentleman, while he was abroad, sent two letters home, one for the queen, and the other for Mrs. Dale ; but unluckily, he misdirected them, and the one addressed to the queen began, "*my dear wife*;" while the other was superscribed, "*To her most excellent Majesty*."

DXCVIII.

A CAUSE was once tried in one of the western counties which originated in a dispute about a pair of small-clothes. Upon this occasion the judge observed, "that it was the first time he had ever known a *suit* made out of a *pair of breeches*."

DXCIX.

THE celebrated comedian Munden retired from the stage in 1824. The Lambs, Charles and Mary, attended the farewell performances, of which an account is given in the Lamb correspondence. Nearly the only joke which Miss Lamb ever made was on this occasion, when she observed to her brother:—
“*Sic transit gloria Munden!*”

DC.

WHEN Isaiah Thomas, the printer of Massachusetts, was printing his almanac for the year 1780, one of the boys asked him what he should put opposite the 13th July. Mr. Thomas being engaged, he replied, “Anything, anything.” The boy returned to the office, and set, “Rain, hail, and snow.” The country was all amazement till the day arrived, when it actually rained, hailed, and snowed violently. From that time Thomas’s Almanac was in great demand.

DCI.

FRANCIS I. was one day playing at tennis, when a monk, who was playing on his side, by a successful stroke insured the victory to the king’s party. “Well done,” said the king; “a brave stroke for a monk!” “Sire,” replied the monk, “your Majesty can make it the blow of an Abbé, if you please.” Some days afterwards the Abbacy of Bourmayen became vacant, and the king presented the situation to him.

DCII.

FULLER tells a quaint story of himself and a Justice Woodcock, “with whom,” saith he, “I one evening walked in the fields, when we did hear an owl.” “What pretty bird can that be,” said he, “is it the nightingale?” “Nay,” saith I, “it is a woodcock.” “No,” retorteth he sharply, “it is *fuller* in the head, *fuller* in the body, and *fuller* all over.”

DCIII.

CHARLES BALLS, the barrister, was plaintiff in a horse cause in Ireland, which was tried by Lord Norbury. As a last resource, the defendant called a Mr. Swift, whose evidence being decisive against him, the judge said, "I think you have now *lost your cause with a witness.*"

DCIV.

TWO girls at Norwich disputing for precedence, one of them, who was the daughter of a wealthy brewer, said to the other, whose father was a poor gentleman, "You are to consider, miss, that my father keeps a carriage." "Very true," returned the gentleman's daughter, "and you are to consider that he also keeps a dray."

DCV.

IN a small party, the subject turning on matrimony, a lady said to her sister, "I wonder, my dear, you have never made a *match*, I think you want the *brimstone.*" She replied, "No, not the *brimstone*, only the *spark.*"

DCVI.

IN a certain company, the conversation having fallen on the subject of *craniology*, and the organ of *drunkenness* being alluded to among others, a lady suggested that this must be the *barrel-organ.*

DCVII.

SOME gentlemen coming out of a tavern pretty merry, a link-boy cried, "Have a light, gentlemen?"—"Light yourself to the devil, you dog," said one of the company. "Bless you, master," replied the boy, "we can find the way in the dark; shall we light your worship there?"

DCVIII.

A MAN, who had been abroad, and who was notorious for telling falsehoods, was speaking of a church in Spain, which was a mile and a half long. "Bless my heart," said a person present, "and how broad was it?" "About ten yards," said the traveller. Whereupon somebody else remarked, "Well, this is a confounded lie, but it differs from his other lies, which are generally as broad as they are long."

DCIX.

ONE of the chosen nation, who was condemned to be hanged, was brought to the gallows, and was just on the point of being turned off, when a reprieve arrived. Moses was informed of this, and it was expected he would instantly have quitted the cart, but he stayed to see his two fellow-prisoners hanged; and being asked why he did not get about his business, he said, "He waited to see if he could bargain with Maister Ketsch for the two shentlemen's clo'."

DCX.

BURKE, in his juvenile days, was extremely fond of private acting. A few of his companions proposed that he should play Richmond in Richard the Third; and having the part given him at a very short notice, he arose betimes one morning, and walked down a lane adjoining his father's house, so intent on studying his part, that he did not perceive a filthy ditch before him, and had just uttered with heroic dignity, "Thus far have we got into the bowels of the land," when he found himself up to his middle in the mire.

DCXI.

WHEN the *cashier* of a great banking institution does me the honour to request my autograph,

the idea irresistibly strikes me, how much more valuable *his* might be to *me*, than mine can possibly be to *him*.

DCXII.

THE following lines, were written by G. Coleman, the younger, at the age of seventy-five, on being asked to scribble in Miss Faucit's album :—

“ My muse and I, ere youth and spirit fled,
 Sat up together many a night, no doubt ;
 But I have sent the poor old lass to bed,
 Simply because my fire was going out.”

DCXIII.

AT one of the Holland-house Sunday dinner-parties, Crockford's Club, then forming, was talked of ; and the noble hostess observed, that the female passion for diamonds was surely less ruinous than the rage for play among men. “ In short, you think,” said Rogers, “ that *clubs* are worse than *diamonds*.” This joke excited a laugh, and when it had subsided, Sydney Smith wrote the following *impromptu* sermonet—most appropriately *on a card* :—

Thoughtless that ‘ all that's brightest fades,’
 Unmindful of that *Knave of Spades*,
 The Sexton and his Subs :
 How foolishly we play our parts !
 Our *wives* on *diamonds* set their hearts,
 We set our hearts on *clubs* !

DCXIV.

THEODORE HOOK, in one of the *Ramsbotham Letters*, mentions an anecdote of Rogers. Rogers, on returning in the packet from Boulogne, was asked

what was the name of the shore next to Hastings, and he replied, wittily enough : " Why, *Jane Shore*, I suppose."

DCXV.

SHERIDAN, proceeding along the street one morning, in a very unsteady condition, a drunken man in the kennel begged him to lend him a hand to get up. But the other said, " my—good—fel—low, I can't lift you up, but—I'll—come—and lie down—by the side—of you."

DCXVI.

A YORKSHIRE footpad had robbed a Chinese pedlar. Allan Park, before whom the man was tried, would not allow the celestial to be sworn before he had ascertained his religious opinions. John declared he was a Christian, but when asked " where he expected to go after death," replied, " Back to Peking." The judge, completely upset, said to Mr., afterwards Sir, David Dundas, a member of the bar who was present, " My dear young friend, you have heard what has happened, pray go over to the other court, and ask my brother Holroyd what I had better do." Dundas found Holroyd stripped to the waist, sponging and soaping himself all over (the weather being then very hot), before he started on his walk before dinner. " What," he shouted out from the middle of his basin, " has Park caught a tartar? What an ass he must be to hesitate about the matter. Go back and tell him from me that the man's evidence is clearly inadmissible." " But, my lord," meekly suggested Dundas, " the fellow says he is a Christian." " He a Christian," roared out Holroyd, resuming his ablutions with redoubled vigour. " He be d——d ; he is no more a Christian than I am."

DCXVII.

IN a bookseller's catalogue lately, appeared the following article :—"Memoirs of Charles the First, with a head capitally executed."

DCXVIII.

TWO men, sitting over their wine, after many jokes had been passed, one of them took up a nut, and holding it to his friend, said, "If this nut could speak, what would it say?" "Why," rejoined the other, "it would say, *give me none of your jaw.*"

DCXIX.

TWO officers who were friends, but had not met for some time, volunteered, each unknown to the other, for the Ashantee War. To their mutual surprise they stumbled across one another at Cape Coast Castle, whereupon the following dialogue ensued :—A. : "Holloa! Why B., who on earth would ever have dreamt of meeting you here? You don't mean to say you've volunteered?"—B. : "Well, yes, I have. You see, I've no wife and family, and I like war. But what in the name of wonder brings you here?"—A. : "Well you see, I have a wife and family, and I like—peace!"

DCXX.

G——— W——— got a name for changing his religion. His wife was once asked how he was—"Well, you know," said she, "it is most distressing, for one never knows when one may go to bed with a Protestant, and wake up in the morning by the side of a Roman Catholic."

DCXXI.

ELLENBOROUGH being on the bench at *Nisi Prius*, a witness, in a blue coat and gilt buttons, stepped

into the witness-box, but when the New Testament was put into his hand, he refused to be sworn. "Why do you object to take the oath, sir?" asked the gruff Chief-Justice. "Because I am one of the Society of Friends," was the mild answer. "Then, sir," said the Chief-Justice, with loud emphasis, "if you are a Quaker, why do you come here in the disguise of a rational man?"—*J. P. Collier's Diary*, part 3, p. 67.

DCXXII.

A MINIATURE-PAINTER, upon his cross-examination by Curran, was made to confess that he had carried his improper freedoms with a particular lady so far as to attempt to put his arm round her waist. "Then, sir," said the counsel, "I suppose you took that waist (*waste*) for a *common*."

DCXXIII.

AT a public meeting, which Mr. S. C. Hall attended many years ago, he recognized a person present without identifying him. He went up to him, and pleasantly observed, "I think, sir, I should know your face?" But he was on financial grounds a good deal disconcerted on the discovery of the stranger—for it was his tailor.

DCXXIV.

THE prestige of the Devil has of late declined, but it was formerly very wide and equally potent. A dying sailor on ship-board, who had not been worth the cost of his clothes, was consoled and encouraged by the assurances of the chaplain. "O!" said the latter, "be of good heart. God will be good and merciful to you." "Yes," returned Jack, "'tis not he I am a thinking o f, but that other ——— chap."

DCXXV.

AN illustration of the absurd manner in which quotations are misapplied, occurred in the case of a seaman, who was laid down to be flogged. He folded his hands before him, casting up his eyes, cried, "Man is born to trouble,—*and the sparks fly up'ard.*"

DCXXVI.

AT the time at Wilberforce was in the zenith of his fame as a philanthropist and a man of the most staid character, the watch found some one, late at night, helplessly prostrate in the gutter. "Come, get up," said the watch, "who are you?" "I-shs Mr. Wilberforce," hiccupped out Sheridan.

DCXXVII.

MR. REGISTRAR HAZLITT and his colleague, Mr. Roche, were invited by the late Lord Chancellor Campbell, to dine with him at Knightsbridge. Mr. Hazlitt arrived first, and was ushered into an empty drawing-room, Campbell not having come down. Rode followed, and entering the large room where he dimly saw an individual at the other end, bowed, taking Hazlitt to be the Chancellor. Hazlitt, who was also very short-sighted, bowed to Roche, taking him to be the same; and until they got nearer to each other, they did not discover that both had been saluting the wrong person.

DCXXVIII.

THE same learned gentleman, having received from two correspondents invitations to dinner and to an investment in a company, put the replies into the wrong envelopes, and surprised his friend, who had asked him to dine with him, by coldly informing him that he declined to take any shares in his speculation; and

the party, who had solicited his support for his new undertaking, equally, so by expressing the pleasure it would afford him to come on the day stated.

DCXXXIX.

AT one of the meetings of *Our Club*, to which Douglas Jerrold belonged, two gentlemen of opposite political views, happened to meet, and to enter on an argument as to the comparative merits of the Houses of Stuart and Orange. Their excitement reached such a height, that the Jacobite rose, and exclaimed, "I say, sir, that William III. was a great rascal, and I spit upon his memory!" The other controversialist, when his friend had resumed his chair, got up in his turn, and said, "And I say, sir, that James II. was a great rascal, and I spit upon his memory!" Jerrold asked some one to ring the bell; and when the waiter appeared, "Spittoons for two," quoth he.

DCXXX.

A WELL-KNOWN London bookseller, who had sold a quantity of books to an empty-headed *nouveau riche*, was told by an acquaintance that he should call himself, also, an upholsterer, as (at all events), in that instance he furnished the buyer's *room* but not his *head*.

DCXXXI.

A GENUINE specimen of the genus *Cockney* told a friend that he was going to Margate for a change of hair; "you had better," said the other, "go to a *wig-maker's shop*."

DCXXXII.

WHEN George Daniel of Canonbury, the book and print collector, went to look over the curiosities of the elder Matthews, at Highgate, almost every time

the actor shewed him (as he thought), some unique volume, the enquiring Daniel cried out : “ Ay, ay, very rare, very valuable,—but I’ve a duplicate of it in my library.” At last, Matthews, getting out of patience, exclaimed, “ Why, d—n ye, you’ve got a duplicate of everything I have except my lame leg—I wish you’d one of that ! ”

DCXXXIII.

IT was said, in Lord Harbury’s hearing, that Byron called his abusers *dogs* ; to which Harbury replied, “ No doubt he wished their censures *cur-tailed*.”

DCXXXIV.

THACKERAY was fond of telling the story of two men relating their adventures. One of them had told his companion something as having happened to him, which was extremely improbable ; the other capped it by a statement still more outrageous. “ What a liar you must be, Jack,” said his friend, to which he replied, “ Well, *we are telling lies, aren’t we ?* ”

DCXXXV.

DR. FULLER requested one of his companions to write an epitaph for him, and received the following :—

“ Here lies *Fuller’s earth*.”

DCXXXVI.

WHEN Dr. Johnson courted Mrs. Porter, he told her he was of mean extraction, he had no money, and that he had had an uncle hanged ; the lady, in order to place herself on an equality with the Doctor, replied, that she had no more money than himself, and that, although she had not had an uncle hanged, she had fifty relatives, at least, who *deserved* hanging.

DCXXXVII.

AN Editor of an *out-west* newspaper apologised for the non-appearance of his paper at the regular time of publication, by saying that he was engaged during that day in Cow-hiding another editor who had slandered him, and didn't get through the job in time to get on with his paper.

DCXXXVIII.

MADAM Vestris once, having an appointment with a *black* man, sent a youth to seek for him, but he shortly returned, saying he could find him nowhere; "You can never have looked for him," said the enraged Vestris, "he is only in the street." "Then," replied the lad, "no wonder I missed him, being a *black* man, I had no chance of seeing him *in the dark*."

DCXXXIX.

D'ORSAY, in remarking on a beauty-speck on the cheek of Lady Southampton, compared it to a gem on a rose-leaf. "The compliment is *far-fetched*," observed her ladyship. "How can that be," rejoined the Count, "when it is made on the *spot*?"

DCXL.

TWO ladies, sisters, of whom one was a widow and the other with a husband still living in India, called at a house, and on the former leaving, a gentleman offered to escort her to her carriage. But the sisters resembled each other so much, that he mistook the widow for the married one, and when she remarked to him, on the way to the door, how very hot it was, he replied, "Yes, but not so hot as where your husband is!"

FINIS.

ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF MR.
JOSEPH MILLER, COMEDIAN.

THE name of Joseph (more succinctly and familiarly Joe) Miller brings back before us, life-size, the face of an honest, grave, respectable, taciturn English comedian, in hat and wig of the period (*Georgio Secundo Gloriosissimo Regnante*). Not one of the light-heeled play-acting crew, but a performer who trod the boards of Drury heavily, in Colley Cibber's day, with a proper sense of the sobrieties and gravities of broad comic life.

The want of family papers is one to be lamented in the conduct of many biographical inquiries of the highest moment, and perhaps no more striking instance could be found of the loss posterity has suffered under this head than the case of the late Mr. Joseph Miller. The materials for this biography are so distressingly slight, that Miller lives for us only in a few straggling and insulated facts. We know nearly as little of him as Mr. Steevens knew of William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon; though not quite so little. We have plays by Mr. Shakespeare, and if we have none by Mr. Miller, we have play-bills, and the book which passes current as Joe Miller's Jests. This book is itself a joke. As there are notorious wits, so there are men notorious for never having made a joke themselves, nor seen the point of another man's joke, in their lives. Mr. Miller, a man of social habits, fond of company, of tobacco, and of good cheer, seldom spoke, and never laughed. In the scale of literary attributes, his abilities pointed to zero; for he could

neither read nor write, and he learned the parts with which he adorned the stage orally, his wife proving herself the better half by reading them to him. Yet he held a good place among such sterling theatrical geniuses of the pre-Garrick school as Barton Booth, Wilkes, Dogget, Cibber, Norris, Penkethman, Spiller, and others, immortalised in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, and while Sir Richard Steele was one of the royal patentees. He filled, with general applause, the parts of Clodpole in the "Amorous Widow," and Ben in "Love for Love." In the "King and the Miller of Mansfield," the Miller was appropriately performed by Mr. Miller. But his supreme effort, suiting as it did his natural bent, was Trim in Steel's "Funeral ; or, Grief à la Mode."

Mark what happened in the year 1738, and in the month of August. Mr. Miller died, leaving a widow ! The question was, what was to become of her ? Such questions will arise when tangible estate dies with the owner. In this case, however, the departed left a name, and an acute publisher found the answer in that name.

This was an epoch when the public had a sweet tooth for dead players' jokes. Consequently, dead players' jokes were the only articles of this special description worth paper and print ; singular as it may appear, no man, unless perchance he was a dead player, joked in those days. If we might take certain title pages upon trust, these dead players were a marvelously mercurial race, making, during their whole lives' time, hoards of the primest fun, and not letting a soul have the faintest inkling of it until they were fairly under ground. Of these jest-books, previously put out by the hearse-load, none were so popular as Spiller's *Jests* and Pinkethman's (elliptically, *Pinkey's*) *Jests*.

What was mortal of Mr. Miller, had been placed under a stone in St. Clement's Churchyard, Portugal Street. We proceed with the story of his less perishable part—his name.

There was then established in Dogwell Court, Whitefriars, a bookseller and stationer, named Read: a person of a shrewd and speculative turn of mind. Mr. Read was what we call, not a first-class publisher, yet a pushing man, most valuable to literary gentlefolks—errant who were in want of occasional jobs, or in possession, by some rare piece of good fortune, of an idea calculated to put small sums of money into their own pockets, and large sums into Mr. Read's.

Whether Mr. Read himself originated the notion that there was a good deal in Mr. Miller's name *quasi* Dead Player, and spake on the subject to a gentleman whom he believed able to assist him; or whether it was the gentleman who took the bold initiative, is not now ascertainable. At any rate, enter Mr. Mottley. Mr. Mottley had seen better days, and was just then seeing very bad days. It had lately gone worse and worse with him.

Mr. John Mottley—a real name and not a practical joke—was only son and heir of John Mottley, lieutenant-colonel in the service of his Sacred Majesty King James the Second, and afterwards commandant of a regiment in that of the most Christian monarch, Louis the Fourteenth, recommended for the post by his Sacred Majesty James, who had retired from business to St. Germain's, and referred persons applying for situations elsewhere. The colonel was unlucky enough to be killed in 1706, at the battle of Turin.

Young Mottley does not seem, at any period of his life, to have lain under particularly weighty obligations to his father, the favourite of two kings. His mother was no Jacobite, and from the mother's friends,

the Guises and Lord Howe, he derived whatever means of support he ever had, independently of literature. His father was a spendthrift, and he did not very much care whether it was his own money he ran through, or somebody's else's. His mother, a Guise by birth, had a fortune of her own, and his father at his death left her son, Mr. Read's casual acquaintance, a second. The colonel all but dissipated the one, and Mrs. Mottley's debts swallowed up the other. Still, young John had friends, who kept him alive and tolerably well for several years on two splendid promises and one small place in the Excise. Moreover, Lord Halifax, during his lord-treasurership, gave his word to Mottley that he should be a commissioner of wine licenses. The only circumstance which prevented the fulfilment of the promise was that, just before the place was to have been patented to Mottley, somebody else got it.

John Mottley's next episode was a bit of down-right cruel dealing. In 1720, Mr. Mottley resigned his emoluments in the Excise, on being appointed by Sir Robert Walpole an officer in the Exchequer. He thought he had found smooth water at last. But even when Mr. Mottley had become entitled to draw no more than three days' pay, came the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole's compliments to Mr. Mottley, and was exceedingly sorry he should only just have recollected that the place was bespoken for Mr. — somebody else! It did not occur to the right honourable gentleman that his honour was in any way concerned in providing other employment for Mottley, and the latter was thrown upon the world, simply destitute.

Bereft of all hope of aid from his own family, abominably deluded by ministers, poor John Mottley, broken down in health and spirits, was reduced to the need of earning his bread how he could. He wrote plays, which were not unsuccessful. Of four or so, he

was the unassisted author, and he was concerned in others. He sold his talents to the booksellers. He became acquainted with strange associates. His was soon among the familiar faces at the coffee-houses and other places of entertainment resorted to by the wit and the *litterati* of all grades.

It seems as if Mottley were to be haunted by that bad genius of his, ill-luck, to his life's end. He had no sooner got into a fair connection with the theatres, than the gout took the use of his right hand away, and thenceforth he was a confirmed valetudinarian. Mottley was in this sad predicament, crippled and half bed-ridden, when one day in 1739, quite early, Mr. Read, of Dogwell Court, called on him touching a little literary business. It was thought that it would be a profitable jest to gather together all the good things about town, put them into a shilling book, and make the late Joe Miller, notoriously as impervious to a joke as a Quaker, its foster-father. Mottley would have been a name of names for the title-page, one would have fancied; but Mr. Read held differently. Mottley was not a dead player, and Miller was. People who knew anything, knew that the late Mr. Miller was one of the dullest dogs that ever sipped ale out of a black-jack; and when they saw with their own bodily eyes Joe Miller's Jests on every stall, what a merry sensation there would be in all the old actor's old haunts about Drury Lane, and what a stir among the mighty butchers of Clare Market, who would spare a shilling, every butcher of them, to see what it *could* all mean. Mottley even sank his name, assuming that of Mr. Miller's "lamentable friend and former companion," Elijah Jenkins, Esq.

Anyhow it was a bouncing shilling's worth, and Mr. Read cleared a very handsome profit. Let us hope that Mr. Read did not forget the widow. The title-page runs thus:—

“Joe Miller’s *Jests*; or the Wit’s *Vade-Mecum*. Being a Collection of the Most Brilliant Jests; the Politest Repartees; the most elegant Bon-Mots, and most pleasant short Stories in the *English* Language.

“First carefully collected in the Company, and many of them transcribed from the Mouth of the Facetious GENTLEMAN whose Name they bear; and now set forth and published by his lamentable friend and former companion, *Elijah Jenkins*, Esq.

“Most Humbly Inscribed

To those CHOICE SPIRITS of the AGE,
Captain Bodens, Mr. Alexander Pope,
Mr. Professor Lacy, Mr. Orator Henley,
and Job Baker, the Kettle-Drummer,
London :

Printed and Sold by T. Read, in *Dogwell Court*,
White Fryars, Fleet Street. MDCCLXXXIX.
(Price One Shilling.)

So there was laughter all round in the jubilee year 1739, when “Joe Miller’s Jests; or, the Wit’s *Vade-Mecum*” came from Mr. T. Read’s Printing and Publishing Office, Dogwell Court, Whitefriars, Price One Shilling.

The public laughed, as those laugh who love good jokes, brimming measure; and Mr. T. Read laughed, as those laugh who win. For, in the soberest seriousness, we take it that he went shares with Mottley and the widow, much in the same manner as the lion in the fable goes shares with the ass.

The jokes about town in that immediate period embraced an extraordinarily wide range, and the pseudo-Jenkins collection abounds in illustrations of those minuter traits of character, which lend us, coming afterwards, such an insight into the men. Here we are presented with the choicest memorabilia possible concerning King Charles the Second, of ever-worshipful remembrance; Mr. Gun Jones; Sir Richard Steele

the Duchess of Portsmouth ; a Country Clergyman ; Mrs. C——m ; Sir William Davenant ; Ben Jonson ; two Free-thinking Authors ; A Very Modest Young Gentleman from the County of Tipperary ; Lord R. ; Tom Burnet ; Henry the Fourth of France ; the Emperor Tiberius, and others too numerous to rehearse.

But—and this has been hitherto a secret among these gems of wit and humour—there crept in unawares two items which breathe an abnormally Christian and reflective spirit, and which we learn, from sources inaccessible to the editor of 1739, were Mr. Miller's own composition. We must go to the works of some men, if we wish to understand their true dispositions and temperaments. Let us, for this purpose, go to the works of Mr. Miller—luminous, though not voluminous. The first is moral, the second philosophical. To begin with the moral (instead of ending with it) :—

“ Joe Miller sitting one day in the window of the Sun Tavern, in Clare Street, a fishwoman and her maid passing by, the woman said, ‘ Buy my soles, buy my maids ! ’ ‘ Ah, you wicked old creature ! ’ said honest Joe. ‘ What ! Are you not content to sell your own soul, but you would sell your maid's too ? ’ ”

If this were really a joke made hibernicè by a man whose intelligence was joke-proof, there would be an end of the jest of imputed authorship ; but it is nothing of the kind. The horrid cry reached Mr. Miller's ear as a detestable fact, and he prosed it out to his friends with the settled conviction that, under pretence of selling fish, the costerwoman carried on some other traffic.

This concludes the moral works of Mr. Miller. The philosophical works now commence, and into these the sentimental element has manifestly been infused.

“ It is certainly the most transcendent pleasure to be agreeably surprised with the confession of love from an

adored mistress. A young gentleman, after a very great misfortune, came to his mistress, and told her he was reduced even to the want of five guineas. To which she replied, 'I am glad of it, with all my heart.' 'Are you so, madam?' adds he, suspecting her constancy; 'pray, why so?' 'Because,' said she, 'I can furnish you with five thousand.'

This ends the Philosophical and Sentimental Works of Mr. Miller, heretofore undiscerningly printed with all the editions of the book vulgarly denominated *Joe Miller's Jests*.

As to Mr. Mottley, the reduced gentleman and disappointed candidate for government patronage, the gout let him live long enough to see many and many an impression of *Joe Miller's Jests* pass from the bookseller's counter to the always-rightly-appreciating public; but neither his name nor that of the Widow Miller appeared after 1739, that we can discover, in the credit column of Mr. Read's ledger. The longevity of misfortune and misery was exemplified in Mottley. He kept alive (principally between blankets) till the year of *Joe Miller's Jests* eleven. In 1750 death took him away. The hand of the harvestman was quickly cold, and almost as quickly his name sank out of recollection. Even the generation of which he was one, forgot him perhaps, notwithstanding the place accorded to him in some of the dictionaries of the time, and among the neat little memoirs which supplement Winchope's tragedy of Scanderbeg. If he were remembered, it was as a dramatist chiefly. But Mottley's plays have vanished long since into limbo, and his present and future claim to notice must rest upon his intimate identification with one of the most permanently popular books in the English language.

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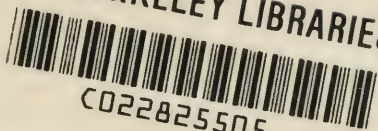
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