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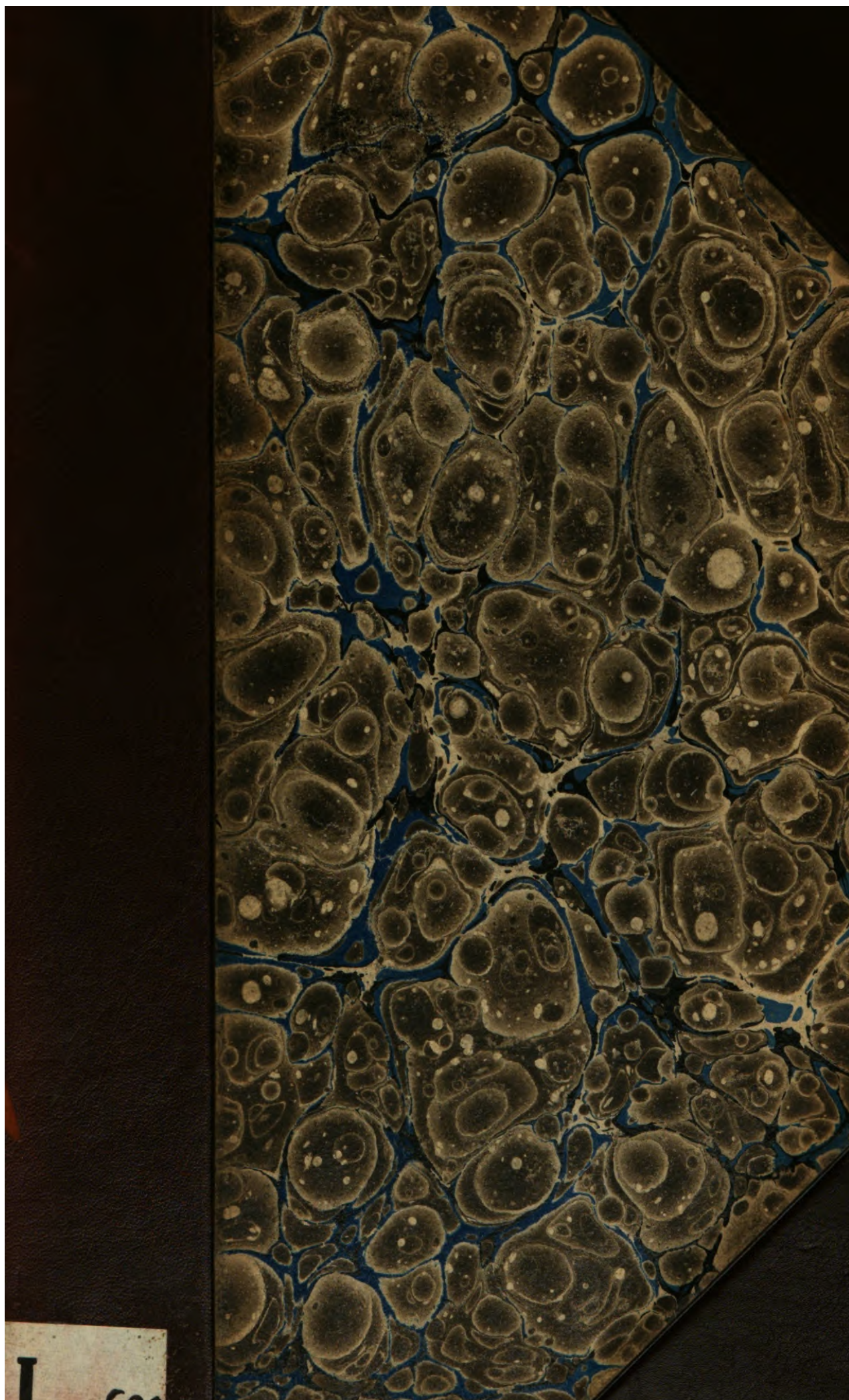
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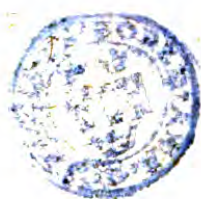
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The TOWN and COUNTRY JESTER



THIS JEST BOOK points out the most happy way
To shorten the Night and brighten the Day;
Good Humour and Mirth we here do impart,
Which enliven the Soul and gladden the Heart.

T H E
Town and Country Fester;
 O R,
 A N E W F U N D
 O F
 GENUINE WIT and GOOD HUMOUR.

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The most *complete, rational, merry, diverting, and humorous* Collection of AGREEABLE ENTERTAINMENT for *Winter Evenings* and a *leisure Hour*, ever before published in the English Language.

Among the Originals which chiefly compose this Work, and which are the Productions of the first Geniuses of the present Age, will be found the greatest and best selected Variety of

Good Sayings	Bulls	Anecdotes	Frolicks
Witty Jests	Quibbles	Waggeries	Humbugs
Bon Mots	Tales	Double En-	Witticisms
Repartees	Stories	tendres	Fables
Jokes	Adventures	Hob Nobs	Smart Obser-
Puns	Narrations	Whims	vations

Ingenious Flights, &c.

Likewise excellent Conundrums, Epigrams, Rebusses, Epitaphs, Merry Poems, &c. And a capital List of the best Toasts and Sentiments now used in public and private Companies by Persons of both Sexes.

Together with

The COMPLETE ENGLISH SONGSTER;
 Being a choice Collection of all the most esteemed New Songs, now Sung at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the London Theatres, and other Assemblies, throughout the Kingdom.

Here TOWN and COUNTRY both agree
 To furnish WIT, and MIRTH and GLEE;
 If all that's gloomy you would bury,
 Purchase THIS Book, 'twill make you merrv.

L O N D O N :

Printed for ALEX. HOGG, No. 16, and J. MACGOWAN,
 No. 27, in Paternoster-row.

[Price *only* ONE SHILLING.]

A D V E R T I S E M E N T,

THE great number of publications, called *Jest Books*, seems to preclude the necessity of adding to the list. This would certainly be the case did they answer to their titles; but it is pretty apparent, that the only Jest many of them contain is this, that the publishers falsely entitle them, and thereby make a jest of the public.

In the following collection, *Novel Jests* have been chiefly inserted; as the author is acquainted with many of the wits of the *present day*, he has had frequent opportunities of hearing some of their best *Bon Mots* and *Repartees*; those he has faithfully inserted, and in order to compleat the work, and make it a fund of entertainment for every reader, he has selected the *Cream* of every Jest Book extant, so that this publication is in reality what the title expresses it to be, *A New Fund of Genuine Wit and Good Humour*.

The modest and sober reader will here find nothing that offends the laws of strict decency. Most, if not all the present Jest Books, teem with the most lewd and abandoned expressions, such as are not fit to be recited in any company, much less be published to the world in so glaring and improper a manner.

The author has likewise avoided every degree of profanity as well as immodesty. Some people are of opinion, that a Jest loses its zest, when it has not an oath tack'd to it; but this is a very depraved taste and opinion, especially in a Christian country.

In order to make this work still more compleat, after many *humourous Epigrams, Epitaphs, Rebusses, Riddles, Conundrums, Toasts, Sentiments, &c.* there is inserted an excellent Collection of *Songs*, some of the best of our old songs, which are hereby rescued from oblivion, and most of the *new ones*, especially those sung at *Vauxhall* the last season.

To the Public the author appeals, because he knows the decision will be impartial. The Poet is indebted for his reputation, the Patriot for his popularity to the public: the Public succours Virtue in distress, calls forth Genius, bids the fine arts flourish, rewards merit in every kind and degree: Therefore who is so proper a Patron for a work of this kind, as the Public?

New B O O K S, just printed for ALEXANDER HOGG,
No. 16, Pater-noster-Row.

I. 'This Day is published,

Embellished with an entire New Frontispiece, price only
One Shilling;

THE HORSEMAN'S SURE GUIDE; Or,
Every Man his Own Farrier.

Containing every thing relating to the *Art of Farriery*, and the proper *management of Horses*. Being a new and much more complete book of *Farriery* and *Horsmanship*, than any hitherto published. Of the great variety of articles comprized in this new publication, we can here only mention the following general heads. A *Practical Treatise* on all the various accidents and disorders to which horses are liable, wherein are given a full explanation of the most efficacious and approved methods of curing the several *Distempers*, &c, and useful cautions and observations concerning their *Symptoms*; by which any person may manage his own *Horses*, and cure their disorders in the best manner without applying to a *Farrier*. Likewise, *Important Advice* respecting the choice of *Horses*; setting forth their real qualities, and also their blemishes, particularly those of the eyes, legs, wind, &c. Together with the best *Instructions* for *Riding*, which alone will be absolutely sufficient with a little practice, to make any person ride in a graceful manner, and perform a journey with ease and pleasure, To which are added, *Ample Directions* for the treatment of post chaise and other travelling *Horses* after violent exercise: A list of the materials, medicines, ointments and drugs, which a *Gentleman Farrier* should keep by him, &c. &c.

* * Be careful to ask for *The Horseman's Sure Guide*,
By John Maples.

II. *Adorned with an elegant Frontispiece, finely engraved,*
Price only One Shilling;

THE NEW GARDENER'S CALENDAR; Or,
Every Man a Compleat Gardener.

Comprehending a regular and full account of the particular work and business necessary to be performed during every month in the year, in the

Kitchen Garden,	Fruit Garden,	Hot-House,
Flower Garden,	Orchard,	&c. &c.
Shrubbery,	Green-House,	&c.

With a general catalogue of the produce of each respective month; and valuable directions respecting the

New B O O K S.

cultivation of soil and situation, and concerning the raising, grafting and transplanting of Trees, Quick for Hedges, &c. agreeable to the newest and most approved methods as practised by the most eminent Gardeners in this kingdom. To which are added, proper Directions for killing all sorts of Vermin that infest Gardens, Houses, Barns, Fields, &c. Useful Rules for judging of the weather, founded on experience; and likewise, A New Essay on the Mystery and Management of Bees, in which the best instructions are given with regard to their Breeding, Gathering, Swarming, Hiving, &c.

By WILLIAM THOMPSON,

Gardner to the late Duke of Ancaſter.

* * By the publication of this *New Book of Gardening*, which contains many modern improvements in that useful and agreeable Art, the public will derive a valuable acquisition; and as the Author has purposely studied *cheapness*, he has put it in the power of persons in every situation to purchase his *New Gardener's Calendar*, Price One Shilling. However, be careful to ask for *Thompson's New Gardener's Calendar*.

III. Mrs. ANN PARTRIDGE

Begs leave to inform young Women in general, that the following Work, which is *the cheapest Book of Cookery according to the present Taste ever before printed, is now published so'ely for their Benefit and Advantage*. It would make a most valuable, though cheap Present, from every Mistress to her Maid Servant.

THE UNIVERSAL COOK; Or,
Young Woman's Best Guide,

In the WHOLE ART of COOKERY. Giving particular Directions for Boiling, Roasting, Frying, Broiling, and Stewing; and the most approved Methods of making Hashes, Gravies, Sauces, Soups, Fricasseees, and Ragouts.

Together with the WHOLE ART of PASTRY; and the choicest Receipts for CAKES, &c. To which are added, proper Instructions for the Arrangement of Dishes, for every month in the year.

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Embellished with a beautiful Frontispice. Price only Six-Pence.

* * A GENERAL CATALOGUE of valuable *New Books*, published by ALEX. HOGG, may be had gratis of most Booksellers, in which is an account of many curious publications on most subjects.

A N E W
F U N D
OF GENUINE
Mirth and Good Humour.

WHEN the Earl Rivers was ambassador at the court of France, he was applied to by the Protestants there for his subscription towards erecting a place of divine worship—his lordship treated those who applied to him with great civility, and desired them to put his name down for £. 500—This had a very good effect as an example for others, and the subscription was presently compleated—This being done, they paid his lordship a second visit for the amount of his subscription, when he laughingly told them he did not mean to pay the sum above specified, and only designed it as a lure for others; and added he, *You would not kill your decoy ducks surely?*

A certain King's serjeant of the present day, famous for browbeating the evidences by him in any and every trial in which he is concerned, was interrogating an old woman at Exeter, who was brought to prove a circumstance which happened in her memory, and could not be ascertained but by her.—Serjeant D. said to her, Why, old woman, will you take upon you, on your oath, to say that you remember this circumstance which happened so very long time ago? O yes, Sir, replied the woman, *I can remember things much longer ago than that.*—Why, what can you remember longer ago than that? rejoined the Serjeant.—*Why, said the woman, I remember when you*
B *yourself*

yourself was a broken tradesman in this town, and did not pay any one more than half a crown in the pound— This put the court into an immoderate fit of laughter ; after which the Serjeant told the court, that the woman was certainly wrong in her information, *for that he did not pay them any thing in the pound.*

Another learned gentleman at the bar, when interrogating a sailor who was called as witness to a murder aboard ship, asked him where the defendant was when he saw him strike the person murdered ; the defendant, replied the sailor, I don't know what you mean by the defendant — Counsellor B. addressed himself to the bench, and argued that he was not a competent witness, who did not understand what plaintiff or defendant meant ; however, the sailor was suffered to proceed in his evidence—in the course of which he was asked by the aforesaid counsellor, in what part of the ship he (the evidence) stood when the fact was committed. *Where did I stand,* replied the sailor with sea-faring roughness ? *Why, I stood abaft the binnacle—* Abaft the binnacle, says counsellor B. Pray where is that ? *There's a pretty fellow of a counsellor,* replied the sailor, *who does not know where abaft the binnacle is !*

On a person being summoned to a court for a debt upon a note of hand, the plaintiff was called upon to produce it, when it appeared that he had copied the noted upon the back of it ; he was interrogated for what purpose that was done, to which he replied, *that he copied it for fear of losing the original.* We need not tell the reader to what country the plaintiff belonged.

The famous Geo. S. a *bon vivant* of the present day, said to a friend of his, Mr. D. *You are soon going into Scotland ; I have heard the Scotch blamed for being very national, now I think it rather a virtue than a crime, for there are many others who having been, in Scotland have had an itching after it.*

The aforesaid gentleman was once asked by my Lord M——e, what he should call his new house in Piccadilly, for said his lordship, here is Bath House and
Devonshire

Devonshire House, &c. &c. Now as I have but lately had a title, it may be thought too assuming to call it—
M——e house. *O my lord*, says George, *You cannot be at a loss for a proper name—suppose your lordship was to call it, House Lamb.*

N. B. His lordship's real name is *Lamb*.

A few years since a celebrated wit, whose talent for satire was never *disputed* or equalled in the age that he lived, took it into his head to write a new edition of the works of the celebrated Lord Rochester and Tom Brown, which he had so mutilated, in order to add to their novelty, that when he presented them to the late Lord Lyttleton for his opinion, that nobleman, after having perused them returned them with these words, written on a blank place opposite to the title: "*It is written, thou shalt do no murder.*"

When the Prince George man of war took fire in the Channel, and every body was providing for their safety, Admiral Broderick stripped off his cloaths and took to the sea rather preferring a watery grave to a flaming one. The boat of two ship's in company were soon out, but from the number of men that crowded round her would have soon sunk but for the people in her, who were eagerly calling out for the admiral:—A sailor on board immediately put on the admiral's cloaths, and going down the stern ladder was taken in as the admiral, but had not gone far before he saw the true commander in the water, whom he described to the people, and took up as he was nearly spent.

On a board in Mutton Lane, Saffron Hill, is painted the following odd notice: *New laid eggs by Betty Bridges every day.*

The late Mr. Foote went one day into the house of T——H——s and said, "*Tom, I am hungry, have you any cold meat?*" None, replied the host with a sorrowful countenance, *my wife died yesterday, and we are all in confusion—Oh Tom*, said Foote, *there's no cold meat like a dead wife.*

It is not a month since a man who had a sick wife, went home and asked how she did. The maid said she was dead; *Well*, said he, *I am going to club, send for me if I should be wanted.* In two hours after he returned and was going to bed as usual, when the maid said, *Lord, sir, you won't go there! I have made a bed for you in the other chamber.*—*Yes, but I will, Betty, I never had a peaceable day with her, and I will have one quiet night before we part.*

When the inclosing laws first took place, this very bad practice prevailed in Scotland as well as in England, and in order to sanctify the measure, the principal gentlemen of that country agreed that the minister of a certain parish should have his allotment of the inclosed land—To the minister's share fell an old woman's house and garden, or rather, what in that country is called a Cale-yard. Now it is the practice throughout that kingdom, upon a certain day every year, for the minister to enquire into the spiritual state of his whole flock, and every man, woman, and child capable of giving a rational answer attends this publick examination; at length, upon an examination-day, it came to this said woman's turn to be examined, to whom said Mefs John, *Well Moggy, how many commandments are there?* *Nine*, quoth she, *Pho, nine*, quoth Mefs John, *What have you done with the tenth?* *Oh!* said Moggy, *ye ken well enough what ye have done with the tenth, for the one part ye have made a stable of, and the other ye have added to your garden.*—*Ye ken well enough what ye have done with the tenth!*

Counsellor B——t was employed in Mr. Vansittart's famous cause, in his address to the jury, he said, *That for brevity's sake in the course of the trial, he should shorten Mr. Vansittart's name, and call him Mr. Van.* When Mr. Vansittart's examination came on, he begged leave that he might be indulged with the same liberty as the learned counsel, by shortening his name, and he should therefore call him *Mr. Bear.*

An Irishman on board a man of war was desired by his mess-mate to go down and draw a can of beer:
Teague

Teague knowing that preparations were making to sail, absolutely refused; *Arrah by my shoul*, said he, *and so while I am going into the cellar to fetch beer, the ship will sail and leave me behind.*

A fellow countryman of the above was hearing another expatiating largely upon the excellency of a lamb's head and lights dressed in a peculiar way: the Irishman begged it as a particular favour, that he might have the receipt, *Because*, said he, *I know where to buy one for nothing*, and the other directly wrote it down for him. —Teague went off in triumph, and in his way home stole a head, &c. from a butcher's shop, concealing it under the flap of his coat. —Unfortunately a mastiff dog coming by, seized the pluck and made off with it; at which, instead of the Irishman's pursuing the dog, he stood laughing at him very heartily—A fellow who observed the circumstance, asked him what he laughed at; *Don't you see*, said he, *the dog has run away with your meat.* 'Tis true enough, answered Teague, *he has got the meat, but he does not know what to do with it, for I have the receipt in my pocket.*

A certain nobleman who was rather short of cash, as many of his cotemporaries are, had a valuable living to give away, and was, as is usual upon such cases, applied to by many clergymen: it so happened that he refused them all, because none of them could tell him who was Melchizedeck's father; at length it came to the ears of one who hit upon the expedient at once—he went directly to his lordship and told him, he could not only inform him who was his father but also who was his mother; and taking a purse of guineas out of one pocket, he said, *There my lord, is his father, and taking another purse out of his left hand pocket; there my lord, said he, is his mother—Well*, answered his lordship, *this is something to the purpose I must confess, only let me count the letters of their names, and if they correspond with my idea of their number, you shall have the living.*

As two gentlemen were standing together in the Strand, a young lady passed them, when one of them

said to the other, *That is one of the handsomest women I ever saw.* The lady over hearing him, replied, *Sir, I wish I could return the compliment ; So you might, Madam,* replied the gentleman, *and tell a confounded lie as I did.*

Two gentlemen, strangers to each other, were sitting together at the Haymarket Theatre, when one of them asked the other, *if he ever saw a more ordinary woman in his life than the lady who sat about five from them.* *Sir,* replied the other, *that is my wife !—I beg your pardon, Sir,* said the gentleman who made the remark ; *it is not that lady I mean, 'tis the one who sits next to her.* *Sir,* said the latter, *That is my sister.*

In a great storm at sea when they were all at prayers, a fellow burst out into a violent fit of laughter ; being reprov'd for his ill-timed mirth, and asked the reason of it, *Why,* said he, *I was laughing to think what a hissing our comrade's red nose there will make when it comes into the water.*

A man being asked by his neighbour how his sick wife did, made for answer, *Indeed the case is pitiful, my wife is afraid she shall die, and I am afraid she will not die ; and this makes a very disconsolate house indeed.*

A person who had been prosperous in the world was engaged in a quartel with another who knew him when in an adverse condition, this he upbraided him with, and said, *Why sir, I knew you a dozen years ago when you had not a rag to your back. — That must be a mistake, sir,* replied the other, *for twelve years ago, I had nothing but rags to my back.*

A dissenting minister being tempted by the offer, of a good living in the establishment, accepted it for which he was blamed by many of his friends ; to which the minister replied, *that he had seven powerful reasons for it ;* his friends listened with much attention to hear what they were. He told them *they were a wife and six children.*

An innkeeper who lives upon the great north road,
is

is very fond of being acquainted, or rather pretending to be acquainted with every great man he hears of, or happens to see. Some travellers were detained at his house sometime by very heavy rains, and one of them remarked to the other, that he never saw it rain faster or with greater continuance, and that he could compare it to nothing but a *general deluge*.—The landlord over-hearing him, said, *That he was well acquainted with the General, and that he had called at his house one day last week.*

A certain widow lady told her son, who lived a very irregular life, that she was very angry with him for being so intimate with one who was the death of his father, and that she should rather expect it as a mark of his duty and affection, that he would endeavour to revenge his murder. *Who is it,* said the son, *who murdered my father?* *I did not know that my father was murdered—*O yes, said the mother, *he was, and the murderer's name is, Intemperance.*

A young lady of distinction coming into her mother's dressing-room, found her very richly adorned with jewels—the Countess of C—asked her what she would give to be as finely equipped as her mother; *Not half so much,* replied the young lady, *as your ladyship would give to be as young as I am.*

An honest clergyman in the country was reproving a married couple for their frequent dissensions, which were very unbecoming both in the eye of God and man, seeing that you are both one; *Both one,* cried the husband, *was you to come by our door sometimes when we quarrel, you would swear we were twenty.*

An 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

such valuable stockings; *Pho*, said the Irish gentleman, *I ordered the crier to say, they were Worsted.*

A countryman at A — affizes was indicted and arraigned for stealing a goose, but the accusation was false, for he brought a neighbour of his who swore positively, that he remembered that very goose in his possession ever since it was a gosling—An Irishman, who was a prisoner for stealing a gun, hearing this able defence, prevailed on a fellow countryman of his to swear that he remembered the gun in his possession ever since it was a *Pistol*.

A woman, whose husband was ill, went to a celebrated physician with some of his water, and desired him to prescribe; the doctor took the urinal out of her hand, and after emptying it made water in it himself, and asked the woman what trade her husband was of, she replied, a *shoemaker*; then said the doctor, *If your husband will make me a pair of shoes that fit well by looking at my water, I'll prescribe for his disorder, by looking at his water.*

A large party of gentlemen were invited to dinner at a gentleman's house. It so happened that one of the party was over heard to say to another, *Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.* The gentleman took it up immediately, and said, *Wise men make proverbs, and fools repeat them.*

On a clergyman's being asked, what wine he liked best, replied, *That which I drink at other people's expense.*

When a certain celebrated female historian, who has shone more by her literary talents than her prudence, published what she called her *Loose Thoughts* — Foote said, *It was a very improper title for a woman of any modesty to prefix to her work.*—Garrick happened to be in company, and replied, *He was of a different opinion; for the sooner a woman gets rid of such thoughts, the better,*

A braggadocio of a physician was boasting of his success, and said, He never heard of any complaints from
his

his patients after he had them any time under hand. A person in company remarked, that might very likely be the case, for the faults of most physicians were buried with the patients.

In November last, a rider to a capital house 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 very 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 kind of you just to fire a pistol through my hat." With all my heart," said the highwayman, "Whereabout will you have the ball? Here," said the rider, "just by the side of the button." The unthinking highwayman was as good as his word; but the moment he had fired, the rider knocked him off his horse, and with the assistance of a traveller, who just at that time arrived, lodged the highwayman in Winchester gaol.

An Englishman and an Irishman were sometime ago condemned for piracy, and generally in these cases they are executed as near the water side as possible. Upon the day of execution, the tide being remarkably high, by some accident or other, as the Englishman was turned off, the rope slipped, and being a good swimmer, he made his way to the other side the river and got off. The Irishman observing what had happened, desired the executioner to tie his rope fast; For, said he, *if it should chance to slip, I shall certainly lose my life, for I cannot swim.*

A young fellow who had made an end of all he had, even to his last suit of cloaths, was told one day by a friend, *Now, I hope you'll own yourself a happy man, for there is an end put to all your cares. How so?* replied the young

young chap. *Because*, said his friend, *You have nothing left to take care of.*

In the reign of King Charles the second, a clergyman remarkable for his wit was speaking of the terrible fire of London, which happened in the year 1666 ; a gentleman in company asked him to what particular sin he could impute such a token of the Almighty's displeasure. The divine answered, that it could not be for the sin of lewdness and debauchery, for then the fire would have begun in Covent Garden ; nor could it be for the sin of lying and perjury, for then it would have begun at Westminsterhall ; nor could it be for the sin of swearing and blasphemy, for then it would have begun at Billingsgate ; he therefore concluded, that it must be for the sin of gluttony ; for it began in *Pudding Lane*, and ended in *Pye Corner*.

An Irishman having a very hardy horse and but very little stomach, thought by degrees he might make him live without either hay or oats, so subtracted daily something from his meat, till at last the horse died. Taking him to the Dog-kennel, his neighbours asked how he came to die. *Why faith*, said Teague, *I thought to make him live on nothing, but just as I brought him to it, he died.*

Alphonfus, King of Naples, had in his court a jester, who used to write down all the follies of the great men of that day, at least as many as came within his knowledge. The King one day (having a Moor in his household) sent him to the Levant to buy horses with ten thousand ducats. This was marked in his book as a genuine piece of folly. Sometime after the King, as he used to do in his merry moods, called for the book and found his own name written there with the story of the ten thousand ducats : the King being rather angry, asked the reason ? “ *Because*, said the jester, *you have committed a piece of folly, to give your money to one you are never like to see again.*” “ *But if he does come again with the horses*, said the King, “ *where is the folly then ?*” *Why, if ever he does*, said the jester, *I'll put out your name, and put in his.*

A gentle-

A gentleman who was lately married telling Foote that he had been that morning laying out three thousand pounds in jewels for his *dear wife*—Foot replied, *I see you are no hypocrite, for she is really and truly your Dear Wife.*

A country 'squire, not very famous for the brilliancy or the refinement of his conversation, was paying his addressee to an accomplished young lady in his neighbourhood, and happened to have a very handsome Italian bitch with him: The lady admired it very much, and said, *Dear sir, what a pretty dog you have got; You are mistaken, madam,* answered the genius, *It is not a dog, but one of your own sex.*

The greatest characters we meet with in any one particular line of life, are often very dissimilar in their natural dispositions—Foote and Garrick were as opposite as possible, the one being very extravagant and the other very frugal.—It happened that they were in company together when the late gold coin act first took place. Foote had a light guinea—What shall I do with it Garrick? said he—*Pshaw, says Garrick, its worth nothing, fling it to the devil,*—Well David, says Foote, I am now confirmed in my former opinion of you, which is, *That you are always contriving to make a guinea go farther than any other man.*

Counsellor C— in his usual brow-beating stile, once asked a carpenter in a court of justice, who was subpoena'd as a witness on a trial for an assault, how far he was from the parties when he saw the defendant strike the plaintiff—The carpenter replied, *Just four feet and a half.* Pray, said the counsellor, how came you to be so exact? Why, said the carpenter, to tell you the truth, *I thought, perhaps, some fool or other might ask me, and so I measured it.*

The late Mr. Garrick, who so long entertained the world as an inimitable actor, could upon occasion write very severe epigrams, and he never pointed his satire more severely than upon Sir John Hill the famous doctor, who wanted Mr. Garrick to introduce some of his
dramatic

dramatic pieces upon the stage. Mr. Garrick had not so good an opinion of their merit as Sir John, and constantly refused ; upon which Sir John frequently lampoon'd him in the public papers—Mr. Garrick took no notice of them for sometime, but at length his patience and his temper being quite exhausted, he wrote the following epigram :

For Phyfic and Farces,
His equal there scarce is ;
For his Farces are Phyfit,
And his Phyfic a Farce is.

The Earl of ——— who was known to change his party very frequently, complaining one day to a lady of infinite wit, that he had a pain in his side—My lord, said she, *I thought you had no side* : Yes, madam, said his lordship, *I have two*—Then said the lady, I suppose your lordship is *Jack of both sides*—Yes, madam, said he (a good deal nettled at her plain speaking) and I have a *back side* too—Indeed, my lord, I did not know that, said she ; but I believe every one knows that *your lady has one*.

As the celebrated Dr. Johnson was sitting in a Coffee Room, where a dog was very troublesome ; he ordered the waiter to kick him out, the waiter not being so alert as he should be, the Doctor repeated his orders ; upon which a young genius said, to the Doctor, Sir, I perceive you are not fond of dogs ? No, said the doctor, *nor of Puppies either*.

Every body knows that Dr. Johnson was very much piqued with the late Earl of Chesterfield, on account of a quarrel in early life. The Doctor was asked his opinion of the Earl's letters to his son soon after they were published. My opinion of them is this, said the Doctor, that they inculcate the morals of a whore, and the manners of a dancing master.

'Tis reported of Foote, that when he was applied to for the principal and interest of a debt rather considerable;

considerable, he wrote his creditor the following concise and comprehensive note. *It is not my interest to pay the principal, and I have not the principle to pay the Interest.*

A young member in the House of Commons was tempted to display his oratorical powers, by the success and applause with which other eloquent members were attended; accordingly, on a certain subject he rose up with great importance, and said, *Mr. Speaker, have we laws, or have we not laws? If we have laws and they are not obeyed, to what end were those laws made?* After he was seated some time, another member arose and said, *Mr. Speaker, did the honourable gentleman who spoke last, speak to the purpose, or did he not speak to the purpose? If he did not speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak?*

My Lord Chancellor Northington was applied to by a clergyman of his acquaintance for a living, at that time vacant, and pleaded his having a wife and several children. Why, says my lord, I believe you to be a very worthy and ingenious man; but in this I think you have acted very imprudently. — The clergyman begged his lordship would explain himself, for he had always done his part for the support of his family. *It may be very true,* said my lord, *but I think it would have been much more prudent to have got the living first, and the children afterwards.*

A clergyman being presented to a living by the Lord Chancellor, his lordship joked him upon the subject, and told him he supposed he would soon take to himself a wife — *No, my Lord,* replied he, *your Lordship has given me plenty, and it shall be my fault if I have not peace.*

The following story is related of Sir William Davenant, who had no nose: As he was walking along the Strand one day, a beggar-woman followed him, saying, God preserve your eye sight, Sir. Why so, good woman, said the poet? Because, Sir, said she, if you should grow dim-sighted, your honour would have no place to hang your spectacles on.

A certain lady of quality spoke to her butler to be very saving of an excellent tap of small beer, and asked him how it could best be preserved — The butler replied, *By placing a good barrel of ale by it.*

Sir Godfrey Kneller, the painter, and Dr. Ratcliffe the physician, had a garden in common. Sir Godfrey took it into his head one day to order the gate to be nailed up, which coming to the Doctor's ears, he said, You may tell Sir Godfrey, *that he may do any thing with the gate but paint it.* When Sir Godfrey heard this, he replied, *I can take that or any thing else from Dr. Ratcliffe, but Physic.*

His present Majesty meeting Dr. Johnson one day in the Queen's Library, fell into conversation with him, and asked him among other things, why he had not written more? *Sire, said the Doctor, I think I have written enough.* Why so should I too, replied his Majesty, if you had not written so well.

The above personage in one of his morning rides, noticed Mr. Blanchard's house on Richmond Hill, and being struck with its situation and elegance, enquired who it belonged to; he was told that it belonged to a card-maker; upon which his Majesty remarked, that one would think this man's cards had all turn'd up trumps.

Sir Richard Steele, who was an Irishman, was once asked by a gentleman to what cause it could be owing, that Irishmen in particular should be so remarkable for their frequent blunders; to which the knight replied, *Faith I believe there is something in the air of Ireland that occasions it, and I dare say, was an Englishman born there, he would be equally liable to make the same blunders.*

A tavern keeper at Cambridge one day complained to his man, that though he had lain in so large a stock as a hundred dozen of bottles very lately, they were all broke. I don't wonder at that says the fellow; for all those that were measure, you broke, and all those that were not measure, have been broken by the collegians.
The

The late General Guise had a remarkable good collection of paintings, which being viewed one day by his late Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales, and being told that the price of a very small picture was £. 500, his Highness expressed his surprize at it; upon which the General said, *Does your Royal Highness think I buy pictures by the yard?*

The said General when Captain had the honour of taking Field Marshall Tallard prisoner. Many years after, as the General was driving thro' that part of Versailles where the Marshal lived, he ordered his coachman to stop; when the servants came to the door, the General asked if *Tallard was at home*. In a country where Etiquette is so much observed as in France, the servants rather wondered at his freedom; however, the enquiry was followed by an invitation to dinner, when the Marshal took notice in a humorous manner of his servants surprize at his asking, whether Tallard was at home; To which the General replied, *Why, Cæsar was Cæsar, and Pompey was Pompey, and Tallard is Tallard, and what would Tallard be more?*

The present Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench trying causes on the Crown side at Chelmsford assizes, desired the prosecutor of a prisoner for stealing a trinket, to value the theft at ten pence, that it might not affect the prisoner's life. Ten-pence, my lord! cried he, why, the very fashion of it cost me ten times the sum. To which his lordship replied, *My good friend, we must not hang a man merely for fashion sake.*

A young gentleman standing by his father whilst he was playing at cards, and observing that he lost a great deal of money, burst into a flood of tears. His father asked him what he cried for? *Cry for, Sir, said he, I have heard of Alexander's weeping because he had conquered so much there was nothing left for him to win; and I cry, because I'm afraid you will leave me nothing to lose.*

A certain impertinent oculist once told a lady, that he was such a master of penetration and discernment,

that he could tell any body's thoughts by their eyes, and particularly madam, said he, I can tell yours at this time. *Can you so, Sir,* replied the lady, *was I in your case I would endeavour to keep them secret, rather than tell them; for I'm sure they are not at all to your advantage.*

Mr. Quin happening to call at a friend's house which was not quite finished near Bath, found only the servant at home; however, Quin being rather hard drove in a certain way, told the fellow to *shew him the little house*; "Yes, Sir, said the servant, the house is small, but it is very compact."—"I mean, said Quin, your necessary house." "I believe, Sir, said the servant, when my master comes down he will find it very necessary, and much preferable to lodgings." Quin was almost out of all patience and exclaimed, "'Tis your convenience I mean, Sir." "Yes, Sir, I can assure you, Sir, as I said before, tho' small, it is very convenient." You rascal, you, says Quin, *'Tis your f-t-house I mean, and if you don't shew it me directly, I shall foul my breeches,* Oh lord, Sir, said the servant, *that is not built yet.*

George S——n and Mr. S——r paying a morning visit together, as they were going thro' the hall, the great glass lamp, which hung in the centre fell, and very narrowly missed Mr. S——r; *Good God, said he, George, I was very near being gone. Yes, said George, very coolly; but there would have been one comfort attending so bad an accident, you would have had the benefit of extreme unction before you departed.*

His late Majesty was very complaisant to the ladies, and took very much notice of them at court: in particular the lady of Lord ———. The first time his lordship came to court afterwards, the King said, *My lord, I very much admire your choice; your judgment is a good one.*—His lordship replied, *May it please your Majesty, it was God's judgment, and not mine.*

Some years ago Foote was entertaining himself in his usual and expensive way at Salt Hill; accordingly the bill

bill was rather considerable. Foote asked the waiter what his mistress's name was: *Partridge, and please your honour*, said the waiter. *Oh, said he, I thought it had been Woodcock, by the length of the bill.*

The marriage of Capt. C. with the lady of the late Sir W. S. coming to my Lord Chesterfield's ears; he was asked if he did not think the match very imprudent? his lordship replied, by no means; she married for a cloak, and he for a coat.

My Lord ——— married Mrs. S ——— his lordship was remarkable for gambling, and she for her familiarities with the other sex; upon which my Lord Chesterfield said, *It was no wonder that brimstone and cards made matches.*

A certain Earl more celebrated for his jollity than his religion, notwithstanding his chaplain was at table, introduced a baboon dressed up in the garb of a clergyman, in order to say grace; which conduct was very properly resented by the chaplain, who told his lordship, *that he did not know till then that he had so near a relation in orders.*

When Queen Elizabeth went to visit the famous Lord Chancellor Bacon, at a small country seat which he had built before his advancement to the wool-sack; she asked him how he came to build himself so small a house; his lordship replied, *That he had not made the house too big for himself, but that her Majesty had made him too big for his house.*

A certain famous astrologer made a calculation, that the world would be at an end in eighteen years time — the said gentleman some time after had a little estate to sell, and required of the buyer 30 years purchase—The purchaser was very much surprised, and asked him *with what face he could ask so much, when he well knew that the world would be at an end long before that period.*

A celebrated lady of fashion, whose name has since made much noise in the world, told my Lord Chesterfield that occasion had been taken from a late illness of her's, to spread a report that she had been brought
to-bed

to-bed of two children. His lordship told her to be easy under the circumstance, adding, that for his part he made it a rule long since, not to believe more than *half* the world said.

A certain attorney, remarkable for his honesty, appeared at a cause before a judge, as remarkable for his corrupt practices, in dirty linen. The judge took notice of it and told him, it was a contempt of the court—*The attorney replied, that tho' his shirt was dirty, his hands were clean.*

Waller the celebrated poet in Oliver Cromwell's protectorate, wrote many extravagant poems in his praise. When King Charles came to the throne, he likewise wrote a poem upon the restoration, inscribed to that monarch, and with which he was introduced to his Majesty. The King, after having read the poem, told Waller that the lines were good, but not so good as some addressed to Oliver. To which the poet, with admirable presence of mind, replied, *that it was much easier to write on fiction than on truth.*

As a certain clergyman of the parish of Rickmansworth was walking down a narrow footway, he met a blunt farmer of his parish, who not giving way to him so ready as the priest expected, told him that he was better fed than taught; *Very true, said the farmer, for you teach me, and I feed myself.*

A French courtier being very dangerously ill, and deeply involved in debt, applied to his confessor and told him, that the only petition he had to make to the Almighty, was, that he would be pleased to lengthen his life till he had paid his debts. The confessor having an opinion of the sincerity of the person, replied that it was a very equitable request, and thought it very probable that the Almighty would indulge him in it—Then said, the sick person, turning about to one of his old friends; *Should God be so gracious as to bear me, I certainly shall live for ever.*

The celebrated Dr. King, late Lord Archbishop of Dublin, having a large party of noblemen and gentlemen to
dinner

dinner with him, among other things provided was a leg of mutton and caper sauce ; but as the Doctor never eat butter, he had some capers reserved dry ; and he always eat upon a trencher instead of a plate. Whilst he was mincing them, he cried out, *My lords and gentlemen, you now have a sight which is rather curious, viz. an old man of eighty-seven years of age cutting capers upon a trencher.*

Mr. Fenshaw of Herefordshire had a wife not of the most placid disposition in the world, although he was an indulgent husband : as she was very fond of riding he bought her a very pretty gentle horse ; however, it so happened that upon a sudden fright the horse threw Mrs. F. and broke her neck. A gentleman in the same neighbourhood being blessed with a wife of a similar disposition, applied to Mr. F. for his late wife's pad, as he had a great fancy for it, and would give him any price. *No, no,* said Mr. F. *I don't intend to sell it, as I am not certain that I shall not marry again.*

The honourable Mr. F. being one day at a famous tavern at the west end of the town, had a great run of luck at hazard ; flushed with his success, he ordered several porters to go into the streets and bring in as many poor objects as they could find, for whom he ordered each a belly full of victuals, and they amounted to about a hundred. During the time they were regaling themselves Mr. F. had entirely broke all the noblemen and gentlemen ; he then paid the reckoning, and ordered each of the poor persons a shilling to take home with them, and then went his way. In going through Spring Gardens he met the Duke of B. who said to him, *Well F. where have you been ?* *Been,* said F. *I have been fulfilling the Scripture.* *I believe,* said the D. *you know very little about the Scripture.* *No matter for that,* said Mr. F. *I have been filling the hungry with good things, and the rich I have sent empty away.*

An Oxonian shewing the Museum to a party of his acquaintances, amongst other pieces of antiquity produced a rusty sword. *This,* said he, *is the very sword with which Balaam was about to kill his ass.* One of
the

the company thought that Balaam had no sword, only wished for one. *Very true*, said the scholar, *and this is the very sword he wished for.*

The great Duke of Newcastle was very famous for making fair speeches to all the attendants at his levee, whether he ever meant to serve them or not; and would keep them dependent as long as he could. One day Lord Chesterfield was there, and observing Garnet upon Job lie on the table; the Duke asked his lordship's opinion of that book. *My opinion is*, said Lord C. *that it is one of the best books in the world for one who attends your Grace's levee.*

A London gentleman being in the county of Rutland in the shooting season, was desirous of amusing himself in that way, but a surly justice forbade him, telling him that he had two little manors, and insisted upon his not shooting there—*I verily believe you Sir*, said the Londoner, *and any body may perceive that—Perceive what?* said the justice. *Why, Sir, that you have too little manners.*

At the battle of Dettingen the present Lord Townshend had a pair of colours, and marching down to the enemy, appeared to be very thoughtful, which is usual with young officers in their first battle, insomuch that he did not seem to notice a drummer's head which had been just shot off near him, though he received some of the brains on his coat. An old officer observing this, came up and told him that the best way in these cases, was not to think at all—*O Sir*, replied the Ensign, *you entirely mistake my reverie, I was only thinking what could bring this drummer here, who seemed to have such a quantity of brains.*

The Marquis of Carmarthen being at Mitchener's Coffee Room at Margate, was much solicited by a poor man to buy some tooth-picks. *Well*, said the Marquis, *what is the price of your tooth-picks?* *A guinea a-piece*, replied the man. *A guinea a-piece*, said the Marquis! *Why tooth-picks must be very scarce at Margate surely, by your asking such an exorbitant price,* *No*, replied the

the man, toothpicks are not scarce here, but Marquisses are.

Dr. Smith, a clergyman of the church of England, and a remarkable ordinary man, having a neat parsonage house and garden with every thing clean and new about him, said one day to a neighbouring clergyman ; *You see, my good Sir, what a nice marriage trap I have got here.* *Very true Doctor,* replied he, looking him full in the face ; *but I don't half like the BAIT.*

Dr. Johnson and Foote were one day disputing, whether the emigrants from Scotland into this country were as numerous in the former as in the present reign. Foote maintained they were, the Doctor the contrary : at last the Doctor said, *Sam, You are deceived, but, I see how it is—they are not to be distinguished now as formerly, for the fellows all come BREECHED to the capital of late years.*

Mr. Norris of Dover having some business in the law-way in London, was obliged to employ an attorney, of whom he had a very good opinion ; but when he came to town was surprised to find his bill amount to so much——The attorney insisted upon it that every thing was reasonably charged ; and that there was no improper article in his bill. *Nay,* said Mr. Norris, *there is one charge I'm sure can't be right ; for you charge me Three and Four Pence for going into Southwark, and none of my business laid that way.* *O Sir,* said the lawyer, *that was for fetching the turkey and chine from the carrier's that you sent me for a present.*

Aristophanes being as usual very witty in the Green Room, the Duke of C. was present and seemed highly entertained, crying out, *Well, Foote, upon my soul, you are a high fellow, and I swallow all the good things you say.* *Yes,* said Foote, *I believe your royal Highness does and digest them too, for I never knew you throw any of them up again.*

A certain gentleman giving serious advice to his daughter, thought he could not do it better than in the words of St. Paul : *If you marry,* said he, *you will do well ;*

well ; If you do not marry you will do better. The daughter very humourously replied, *Pray Sir, be kind enough to get me a husband, whom I shall like as soon as you can, for I shall be content to do well ; and leave it to others to do better.*

When King James the Second was Duke of York he paid a visit to the immortal Milton, and asked him if he did not esteem the loss of his eye-sight as a judgment from Heaven, for what he had done and written against his father, King Charles the First ? The bard replied, *If your royal Highness thinks that the calamities that befall us in this world are indications of the wrath of Heaven, how are we to account for the death of your father. I have only lost my eyes ; he lost his head.*

Dr. G——m of Bath, who accustomed himself to expect exorbitant fees, having attended a lady for some time, from whom he received two guineas a visit ; the lady began to be more prudent, and one morning gave him only one guinea. The Doctor seemed surprised, and looking on the ground as if he had lost something : the lady asked him what he looked for ; *Madam, said he, I believe I have dropt a guinea. No, Sir, replied the lady, it is I that have DROPT a Guinea.*

Those who frequent public or private card parties, must remark some players who are too fond of keeping the pool, and sometimes fingering the contents, The honourable Mrs. D. was long suspected of such practices, and a certain lady and gentleman were determined to watch her one evening. They pooled eight guineas, and very soon after the lady observed to Mrs. D. that she had seen her take two guineas out of the pool, and put them in her pocket. Mrs. D. with great effrontery denied the fact ; the lady persisted in her assertion, and appealed to the gentleman for the truth of it. Mrs. D. said, *Sir, did you see me take two guineas out of the pool ?* he replied, *I am very sorry to be a witness against a lady, but I certainly did, madam. Why then, said Mrs. D. taking two Guineas between her finger and thumb ; I hope you see me put them in again.*

When

When a person changes his religion, it is very natural for those of the same church to which he formerly belonged to ridicule him for his novel opinions. This was the case with my Lord Waldgrave, who had abjured the Romish church, and was sent ambassador to Paris. Being one day in company with his cousin the Duke of Berwick and many other people of distinction, the Duke asked him, whether the ministers of state or the ministers of the gospel had the greatest share in his conversion; to which his lordship answered, *How can your grace ask me such a question; Don't you know that when I laid aside the Roman Catholic religion, that I left off confession.*

Dr. Johnson's celebrated tour to the Western Hebrides has been much talked of, and the free manner in which the Doctor speaks of that country, and of the manners of the people in general, has very much disgusted them, so that you can hardly mention the Doctor's name to a Scotchman but he is offended. A gentleman lately asked a Caledonian, what he thought of Dr. J. Think of him, said the Scot, *I think as others do, that a man must be born a poet, to be one, and I think that the Dr. must have been born a liar, or he would not have given such an untrue account of this country.*

Amongst other curiosities shewn to Dr. J. when in Scotland, he was taken up to the top of Alfred's seat near Edinburgh; on being asked what he thought of that prospect? *Think of it, said the Dr. why, I think it the finest prospect in Scotland; for I can here see the road to England.*

When Foote was paying a Christmas visit at his friend's, Mr. B. the weather was extremely cold and they kept very bad fires, which was occasioned by the scarcity of wood in the house, on which account Foote was determined to make his visit as short as possible—On the third morning Foote appeared with his boots on ready to decamp. Mr. B. asked him what hurry he was in—*Oh, replied Foote, if I stay here much longer, I shan't have a leg to stand on. Why, replied Mr. B. we don't*

don't drink so hard. No, replied the wit ; but there is so little wood in your house, that I'm afraid some of these mornings the servants will light the fire with my right leg.

A non-conformist minister being ejected from the living of St. Michael's, said, *It should cost a hundred men their lives*—which being construed as a seditious speech, he was asked his meaning ; to which he replied, *that he meant to practise Physic.*

It is reported of Quin, in whose days it was more the fashion to give vails than it is at present ; that being at a nobleman's house at dinner, he did not find the entertainment so splendid as he expected, and when coming away, as usual, a train of servants presented themselves. Quin found that if he gave them all it would come to a great deal of money, and therefore hit upon this expedient ; *Where is the cook*, said he ; here, sir, he answered immediately ; and *Where is the butler ?* said he. This gentleman presented himself directly. Well then, said Quin, *Mr. Cook, there's half a crown for my eating, and Mr. Butler, there is five shillings for my wine ; and upon my word, gentlemen, I never made so bad a dinner for the money in my life.*

As Mr. Herring of Wapping was going along Thames Street, unfortunately his foot slipped, and he fell into the kennel. A friend of his coming by said to him, *Why Mr. Herring, what a pickle you are in ?* Another person over hearing this laughed very heartily, and told the first person he met of his acquaintance, that he had been very much entertained with a droll circumstance, for that he had just seen *Mr. Herring all over dirt.*

When Sir William Temple was ambassador to the States of Holland, in the reign of Charles the Second, he was invited to an entertainment at the French resident's, together with the Austrian ambassador. After dinner the French resident proposed a health to *the rising sun*, alluding to the motto of the King his master ; which was accordingly drank. The Austrian ambassador, in compliment

compliment to his mistress, drank *the moon and fixed Stars*, which was greatly applauded, and instantly drank. It then came to Sir William's turn, who with infinite presence of mind drank his royal master, by the name of *Joshua, who made the sun and moon stand still*.

A certain clergyman, who shall be nameless, as he was performing divine service in his parish church, on the coast of Essex, where there is a variety of shipwrecks, and where the people are well known to be very fond of plunder; it so happened that the alarm was given of a *wreck! a wreck!* upon which the congregation were much more *moved* than with the parson's sermon; he perceiving it, opened the pulpit door, walked down stairs and begged they would stay to hear five words more which he had to say; the people consenting, the parson said, *Let us all start fair*.

The old Duchess of Marlborough was not very much famed for good breeding and politeness, whatever other qualities she might possess; being in a large party of very genteel company, she happened to break wind backwards—a young gentleman, who sat near her grace, seeing the company observe it, took the shame upon himself, and apologized very modestly for the rudeness which he said he had been guilty of. It passed very well, and the next day the Duchess sent him a pair of colours, with her compliments, and with this remark, *That it was an ill wind which blew no body good*.

My lord Sunderland kept an Irish footman, and sent him one day with a present to a gentleman in his neighbourhood, who in return sent his lordship six live partridges, with a complaisant note; in the way the birds fluttered and Teague opened the lid of the basket in order to quiet them, when they all flew away—Upon his return, and presenting the letter to his lordship, he said, I find there are half a dozen partridges mentioned in the letter: *Ah*, said Teague, *I am very glad you have found them in the letter, for I can assure your lordship they are all lost out of the basket*.

Geo. S—n told a gentleman one day (who was very much given to babbling every thing he heard, and was

at the same time very inquisitive) *that there was but one secret in the world he could keep, and that was where he lodged.*

About nine months ago Mr. Horneck (who till then had never been one of Fortune's fav'rites) met with a certain sporting gentleman, and they agreed to retire to a celebrated gaming-house, to take a main at hazard for ten guineas; this he presently lost, and very contentedly eat part of a fowl and drank his bottle with his sporting friend; after supper the gentleman was desirous of renewing the play, but Horneck replied that he had no more money; then said the gentlemen, I will take your word for ten times the sum; 'twas agreed, to it they went, and in about four hours Horneck won four thousand eight hundred guineas; with this he decamped, and found his wife setting up for him; she naturally enquired what had detained him so long—he neglected to answer, but called peremptorily for a bible, she was surprized at the request, and asked him if he was out of his mind; *Bring me a bible*, continued he; *I suppose*, said she, *you have lost a good deal of money—Bring me a bible*, continued he; *What can be the matter?* said Mrs. Horneck *I don't believe there's such a thing in the house, without it's in the maid's room;* there she went and found part of one, then H. fell upon his knees and made a most solemn oath that he would never touch a dice or card again—She all this while endeavoured to alleviate his grief, considering this as an effect of affliction for some considerable loss; but he rose up and threw down three thousand guineas on the table. *There*, said he, *I have won that to-night, and shall receive eighteen hundred more to-morrow; and I'm positively determined I'll never risk a guinea of it again.*

The Earl of A — n shewing his curiosities at his villa near Oxford to some gentlemen of the University, at last came to an ostrich, one of whose properties his lordship told them was to digest iron; *Ah*, said an Oxonian, *then I'll be hang'd, if this bird has not swallowed the key of the cellar, or we should have had something to drink before now.*

My

My lady N. the other day was going along Pall-mall, in her career she observed her son coming out of a house in King's Place; the young gentleman immediately caught his mother's eye and retreated. The good old lady stopt her carriage, and calling out, said to him, *My dear, never be ashamed of coming out of such a house as that; but I would advise you always to be ashamed of going into such an one.*

Charles F. complaining one day at the Smyrna, that he was very subject to take cold in his feet—a gentleman in the room, who was rather stupid than otherwise, told him that the method he took to keep his feet dry, was to cut a thin piece of lead out of an India chest and fit it to his shoe. *Then Sir,* said Charles, *You are more heavy than I took you to be, I always thought you had lead enough at one end, but I did not know that you had any at the other.*

A gentleman being under the hands of a political barber who was shaving his head; the tonsor was giving him an account of the present feat of war in America, and describing General Prevost's situation before Charles Town. The barber growing rather tedious, and talking too much; the gentleman told him that *he hoped he was not drawing a map of the country upon his head with the razor.*

Mr. N. who is a very good judge of music, going into Durham cathedral and hearing the choir chaunting *Lord have mercy upon us miserable sinners.* Ah quoth he, they might as well have said, *Lord have mercy upon us miserable SINGERS.*

When the Reverend Mr. Townly was supposed to be upon his death bed, a reverend friend of his applied for the next presentation to the living. Mr. Townly recovered and hearing of the application, upbraided his friend for wanting his death. No, no, my dear friend, replied the other; *I was not solicitous about your dying, it was your living I wanted.*

Foote was well known to sacrifice every thing, his nearest friend and greatest benefactors to the sallies of his own wit—he had written some verses on a scolding wife,

which being read in a private company were very much admired by Dr. C— who instantly desired a copy of them, to whom he very imprudently replied ; *No, no, Doctor, it is needless to give you a copy, when you have the original.*

A certain Middlesex justice took a coach in the city, and was set down at the Parliament Coffee-house, when the coachman demanded eighteen-pence for his fair ; Are you certain, said the justice, that the ground comes to as much ? Yes, replied the coachman. Will you swear it ; said the justice. Yes, said Mr. Whip. Why, then friend, said he, I am a magistrate, and taking the book out of his pocket, administered the oath, and gave the fellow six-pence, saying, *he should reserve the other shilling for the affidavit.*

The passion for precedence is perhaps more discernable in the city than at St. James's. One would at least think so by the following humorous circumstance : a grocer's wife and a cheesemonger's wife were upon a visit together, when they had risen up and taken their leave, the cheesemonger's lady was going out of the room first, upon which the grocer's lady pulled her back, saying, *No, madam, nothing comes after cheese.*

The celebrated Quin was once asked, why he did not marry, take a house, and set up an equipage, as he could very well afford to do them all ? To which the wit answered, *I always carry a coach, a wife, and a dinner in my pocket ; can either take the number, obtain a divorce, or turn off my cook whenever I please.*

The above gentleman happened to be in a returned post-chaise between Bath and Bristol, when the post-boy, in order to encrease his perquisite, took up another passenger, who proved a very disagreeable one, having very sweaty feet, as well as being guilty of many indecencies ; Quin was determined to get rid of him, a lucky opportunity offered, for the passenger asked him how long he meant to stay at Bristol ; that said Quin, depends upon the effect the sea water has upon me. What, said the other are you going to drink it ? No, said he,, I am going to be dipped for the bite of a mad dog, and immediately

mediately shewed some distortion of features, which the passenger took for indications of madness, and precipitately left the chaise.

Lady Grosvenor, whose character fame has made very free with, was hearing a lady of quality boast of her descent from a prince of the blood, said, *I boast of greater honours than your ladyship ; for a prince of the blood has descended from me.*

A certain gentleman, who lives not many miles from Piccadilly, employed a taylor, who was an Irishman ; he sent for him one day and told him to let out the last suit of clothes he brought home, for they were too little for him. Sometime afterwards the gentleman wondering that the taylor kept his cloaths, sent for him ; when the Irishman came, he told him *that he had punctually obeyed his commands, and had made a very good bargain, for he had let them out to a countryman of his at six pence a week, and he had engaged to wear them at that price for three months certain, whether he lived or died.*

The following pertinent remark was made by a Frenchman of quality ; said he, *With us (meaning in France) no people are in disgrace, but those turned out of employment, and with the English, no body is so contemptible and so much abused as those who are turned into places.*

A certain lady, who at present lives in Cheap-side, and is rather fond of tippling, was walking out not long since in the fields near Islington—It rains, my dear, said the wife. Not yet, my dear, replied the husband, tho' the clouds look rather black. Indeed, my dearest, said the wife, it rains now, for I just this minute, he'd up my face, and a drop fell into my eye—O my dear, said he, *you had a drop in your eye before you came out.*

As a reverend prelate was commending Dryden's translation of Virgil, my Lord Rochester told him, *that the original indeed was excellent, but that everything suffered by translation, except a Bishop*

A gentleman who possesses a small estate in Gloucestershire, was allured to town by the promises of a courtier, who kept him in constant attendance for a long while to

no purpose ; at last the gentleman, quite tired out, called upon his pretended friend and told him that he had at last got a place. The courtier shook him very heartily by the hand, and told him, he was very much rejoiced at the event : but pray, Sir, said he, where is your place ? *In the Gloucester coach*, said he, *Sir, I secured it this morning ; and you Sir have cured me of any higher ambition.*

An officer in the guards being sent by Sir Henry Clinton with a party of twenty men, to reconnoitre the enemy near New York, upon his return was boasting that they had made two hundred Americans run. Captain H. expressed his astonishment at this circumstance ; the former replied, that it was no very great feat, for *that his party ran away, and the Americans followed them.*

Just before the passage boats were stopped between Dover and Calais, two gentlemen of rather different characters were going over, the one a profound philosopher, the other a man of humour and vivacity. The philosopher was very uneasy lest he should go to the bottom. *Why* said the humourist, *that would suit your genius exactly ; as for my part, I am only for skimming the SURFACE of things,*

Upon the death of Mr. Bradshaw, one of the lords of the Admiralty, who was pretty well known to be egregiously in debt, one of his creditors said, there goes five hundred pounds of my money, Ah, said another, and three hundred of mine are gone with him too. A gentleman standing by, and hearing their conversation, observed, *that tho' a man could carry nothing of his own out of the world ; yet he perceived that he might carry a great deal of other mens.*

A brave officer at the battle of Fontenoy was ordered by the commander in chief, to go on a dangerous exploit against the French with forces that were very inadequate to the undertaking. The captain advised the commander to send but half the number of men ; Why so ? said he, *Because,* replied the captain, *They are enough to be knocked on the head.*

That

That witty comedian Foote, when in the Green Room at the Hay Market, was very severely attacked by Mrs. Jewel who disliked the part Foote had assigned her to play, upon which, our late Aristophanes grew warm and told her, that *he had heard of tartars and of brimstone*, but he positively affirmed, *she was the cream of tartar, and the flower of brimstone*.

A shop-keeper in this city was the other day applied to by his landlord for some rent ; three quarters were due, and he only demanded for half a year. Sir, said the shop-keeper, I am surprised at your calling on me ; for I will tell you fairly and honestly, that I never pay any body ; and if you will produce me one single receipt, proving that I ever paid any money in *my life*, I will very readily pay you.

Some of our brightest geniuses and cleverest fellows are often reduced to great straits and exigences ; this was the case in a particular manner with Foote, and tho' his family was a good one, they nevertheless were sometimes involved. In a case of this nature his mother once wrote him the following laconic note, which she thought would bring him to her immediately : " Dear Sam, I'm " in jail ; to which Foote replied, Dear mother, so " am I."

When the famous act of parliament was about to be passed for altering the late Lord Foley's will, some noblemen and gentlemen were talking about the circumstance at Almack's, where George S. was half asleep and half awake : however, hearing one of them say, that he believed the new will would be established, *That is very odd indeed*, said George, *for then the Jews will be greater gainers by the New Testament than by the Old*.

My Lord A—— and his brother, the honourable Mr. F——, are of an exceeding swarthy complexion ; they happened to be both in deep mourning, and talking one day with George S. at a door in Pall Mall, George suddenly turned round and saw a chimney sweeper lying under the window ; O said he, *Master F—— I beg your pardon, I did not see you before, I hope you are very*
we l,

well, Master F—to which Lord A—said, Ah George, I see you will never leave off your tricks.

An Highlander walking along Cheapside heard a voice crying out, Scot, you are a rogue; Scot, you are a rogue; this roused his Caledonian spirit, and made him draw his sword; upon looking round for the offender, he discovered it to be a Parrot. *Oh, quoth the Highlander, Gin ye were a mon, as yere a green guuse, I would split your wem.*

In the late northern exertions for raising men to serve his Majesty, it was too customary for the Lairds and Highland chiefs to compel their vassals into the service by main force, when they would not go by fair means—A little disturbance of this sort happening one day, and a croud ensuing, a person stopt to ask what was the matter? *Nae thing at au, cried a Scot, they are only making a mon a volunteer.*

A gentleman going into Scotland at the time above alluded to, was prepossessed with the idea, that the outward behaviour of every Scotchman was very decent, if not sanctimonious; but to his great surprize, the first ostler who changed horses for him at Corahill began swearing most grievously; the gentleman asked him, if that was the practice of his countrymen in general, and if they had not a greater regard to religion? The fellow replied, *There used to be some religion in this country, but now there's nane at au, for au our ministers are turned Recruiting Sarjeants.*

Two fellows not very famous for their honesty, and who dealt in mops happening to meet, one asked the other how he could undersell him in that article, for, said he, I steal the stuff and make the mops myself, and I don't know how I can go cheaper to work—O, *you fool*, replied the other, *I steal them ready made.*

It is very common for people in general, who live at any great distance from the metropolis, or any other place where particular articles are to be purchased which they want, to trouble any person travelling there with a variety of commissions—It happened that a gentleman of

of Verona was about to take a long voyage, and as usual, almost all his friends begged the favour of him to purchase for them such and such commodities, and only one of them advanced him the amount of the desired purchase. Now, had this gentleman complied with the solicitations of all his friends, it would have taken up much more money than he could spare, and would have procrastinated his journey to an unusual length; he therefore entirely omitted every one, except that for which he had the money in advance. Upon his return, after about a year's absence, he had numberless applications for the different commodities, and he gave this general answer: *As I was upon my voyage, and standing one day upon deck, I was looking over my different commissions, when suddenly there came a gust of wind, which blew them all away, except one, and the weight of the money inclosed in the commission prevented its sharing the same fate.*

From a spot of ground near Great Marlow in Buckinghamshire, there is perhaps one of the finest ecchos to be heard of any place in the kingdom. As some gentlemen were trying experiments of this kind (amongst whom was an Hibernian) the Irishman said, to be sure the eccho was a good one, but that in his country there was one to be heard much more remarkable; for if you cried out, *How do you do!* it would answer; *Pretty well, I thank you.*

When Sir Hugh Palliser's house was so terribly noticed by the mob upon Admiral Keppel's honourable acquittal, insomuch that all his windows were broke, besides a great variety of other damage, a gentleman of his acquaintance sent the next morning to enquire after his health, Sir Hugh returned compliments, and assured the gentleman that he was never better in his life, for that he had not one *pane* left.

The other day some chimney sweepers were talking of the expected invasion; one of them remarked, that it could not make any difference to them, for whether the French landed or not, no alteration in their profession would be made, for chimney-sweepers they should still remain. The other humourously replied, that could
not

not be the case, for *the French would bring chimney-sweepers over with them.*

When the great Duke of Newcastle was at the head of affairs, he was, as all other prime ministers are, very much interested in the fate of elections. At the close of an election at Lewes in Suffex, he was so delighted with the conduct of a casting voter, determining the election in his friend's favour, that he broke out into the following remarkable speech: "My dear friend, I love you
"dearly—you're the best man in the world. I long to
"serve you, what can I do for you?" May it please
"your grace," said the man, "An exciseman of this
"town is very old, I should be glad to succeed him
"when he dies." "Ah," said the Duke, "my dear
"friend that you certainly shall, and I sincerely wish,
"for your sake, that he was in Heaven now—but when-
"ever he dies, come to me directly, insist upon seeing
"me, sleeping or waking. If I am not at Clare-
"mont, come to Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; if I am not at
"Lincoln's Inn-fields, come to Court; if I am not at
"Court, never rest till you find me; not the Sanctum
"Sanctorum, or any place shall be kept secret from such
"a dear worthy soul as you are—Nay, I'll give or-
"ders for you to be admitted, tho' the King and I were
"talking secrets together in the Cabinet." — The voter
believed every thing he said, and waited with faith and
hope for the death of the exciseman, who very soon
took his leave of this wicked world, and almost imme-
diately the casting voter set out for Lincoln's Inn-Fields,
where he arrived about two in the morning. It so hap-
pened that the King of Spain's death was hourly ex-
pected, and the Duke had given orders for the dispatch
of couriers, should that event take place, and had di-
rected his servants to give admittance to every person
who came with any intelligence, even into his bed-cham-
ber, so anxious was the Duke for this important event.
When the voter arrived he was immediately admitted by
the servant, who was scarcely conducted to the door, but
he cried out with a transport of joy: "My Lord Duke,
"he's dead." "Is he, my dear friend?" said the
Duke; "When did he die?" "Two mornings ago,"
said

said the man. "What, so lately! Why my worthy creature, you must have flown like lightning! How shall I reward you?" "All I wish for in the world," replied the man, "is, that your Grace will be pleased to appoint me in his stead." "Appoint you in his place!" said the Duke. "You, you blockhead, you, King of Spain; What pretensions can you have to so high a place?"—By this time his Grace had withdrawn the curtains and discovered his electioneering friend, and with him the gross mistake he had committed—His anger was a little roused—but when that subsided, he was as good as his word, and made him an exciseman.

In the last summer, (being in the year 1779) which every body must remember was exceeding fine and dry; a company of gentlemen were discoursing upon the extraordinary weather, and one of them ordered his servant to bring in a weather-glass, which he had lately purchased for thirty guineas. As the servant was bringing it in, he accidentally let it fall and broke it to pieces. All the company imagined the gentleman who owned it would be exceedingly chagrined, but on the contrary, he said, *I think it rather a good omen, we have hitherto had a dry season, and now I hope we shall have some rain; for I protest I don't remember ever to have seen the glass so low in my life.*

In the time of the late rebellion, when people were as apprehensive of the arrival of the Scotch in the metropolis, as they are now of that of the French, and with much greater reason, some soldiers were upon their march down into the north very hospitably treated by a certain Hertfordshire landlord, and among many other things he told the party, that they were the finest fellows in the kingdom, and were indeed the very pillars of the nation. Some considerable time after the rebellion was quelled, one of the same soldiers happened to be quartered at the same house: the landlord was rather quarrelsome, he began abusing the soldiers as burdens upon the subject. The soldier who had experienced different treatment, expostulated with the landlord upon the change of his
sentiments,

sentiments, and repeated the phrase he had formerly adopted, viz. that the soldiers were the pillars of the nation.—*Pho, pho*, replied the landlord, *'Twas catter-pillars I meant.*

Lady T. lately asked his majesty for a set of apartments in Hampton Court for her mother, which was immediately granted. Shortly after the King asked her ladyship how her mother liked her apartments. *Perfectly well, Sire*, replied she, *if the poor woman had but a bed and a few chairs to put in them.* The King immediately gave orders for furnishing her rooms. Some time after the bill was brought in to the Lord Chamberlain, which ran as follows: “To a bed, &c. for the Countess Dowager of ——— four thousand pounds,” which the Chamberlain refused to pay till he had shewn it to his majesty. The King saw that it was a *fair take in*, and gave orders for the payment; but when he saw Lady T. at Court, he again asked her how her mother liked the apartments—her ladyship said, she had nothing now to complain of—*Has'nt she?* said the King: *I'm sure if she finds the bed as hard as I do, she will never lie down upon it as long as she lives.*

George S——n meeting a gentleman at the Smyrna, who had a remarkable stinking breath; asked him where he had been riding that morning? the gentleman replied, that he had been riding to Hampstead, but had the north wind full in his face. *Come, come*, said George, *don't you complain, for I'm sure the north wind had the worst of it.*

It is related of Lord Chief Justice Hol., who had been very wild in his youth, that being once upon the Bench at the Old Bailey, a fellow was tried and convicted of a robbery on the highway, whom the judge remembered to have been one of his former companions. Curiosity induced him to enquire the fortune of the coteremporaries with whom he once associated, and asked him what was become of Tom such a one, and Jack such a one—The fellow fetched a deep sigh, and replied, *Ah, my lord, they are all hang'd but your lordship and I.*

Roote was very fond of good eating and drinking, and naturally frequented those tables where the best was to be found—

found. He one day, not long before his death, called upon an alderman in the city (with whom he was intimately acquainted) just at dinner-time, when, instead of seeing the usual delicacies, he saw only some green pease soup and a neck of mutton; he suffered both to be taken away, and said he would wait for something else. The alderman could not refrain, telling him that they had an accident in the morning which spoiled the whole dinner, and nothing had escaped the catastrophe but these two dishes; for the kitchen chimney had fallen in. *Oh, is it so,* said Foote, *then John, bring back the mutton, for I find it is neck or nothing with us.*

Some years ago, while a number of convicts were marching along the city hand-cuffed, in order to be conveyed on board a vessel in the river, appointed to carry them passage free over the herring-pond, a gentleman remarked that they did not appear very gloomy, but quite the contrary, as some were whistling, others singing. — *Ah,* quoth one of them, *Sir, if you will come along with us, you'll see that we are merry enough, and our mirth will, I dare say, have such an effect upon you, that you will be quite transported.*

Foote being upon a visit at Lord Townshend's at Raynham, happened one morning to look into the pig-stye and saw a silver spoon among their victuals; one of the house-maids coming by and perceiving Mr. Foote, cried out, *Plague on the pigs what a noise they make. Well they may,* said Foote, *for they have but one silver spoon between them.*

The clergyman of St. O. Bermondsey has a remarkable red face. On being interrogated one day, how much his face cost painting, very humourously replied, *Indeed, Sir, I can't tell, for it is not finished yet.*

A certain Scotch minister at the west end of the town, a warm advocate for his country, and a violent partizan of the present administration, was warmly engaged at the Reo in Hood, when to the astonishment of great part of the people present, the following ejaculation escaped him, whether from design or in duce tence it is not certain. *Good Lord, ha mercy upon a' fauls and eddits, and especially*

pecially upon the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the city of
L——.

A French officer in the course of the last war being a prisoner at Portsmouth, was permitted to walk about the town on his parole, went out of curiosity one Sunday morning to church, where he saw the Mayor's daughters, and two very handsome girls they were; *Begar*, said he, when he came home, *two ver fin young ladie were at church dis morning*; Who were they? asked the landlady. *Begar I forgot de names, but wat be dat ting dat nibbe nibbe de gras?* Oh, said the landlady, a cow; No, no, said the Frenchman; A sheep, perhaps, said she: No; a bull? No; Perhaps then you mean a horse? No, no, *begar wat be de borse's wifes name?* A mare, answered the landlady. *De Mayor's two daughters vere at church dis morning; two wer pretty young ladie, begar dey made water in my mou.*

A certain rector, not many miles from Gloucester, was reproving one of his parishioners for not coming to church. The farmer told him he had two reasons for not going there; the one was, *the parson has all the talk to himself*; and the other, *that he did not like singing without drinking*.

As two gentlemen, the one very corpulent and the other very thin and short, were detained at a tavern the other evening by the violence of the rain, the porter, after making many enquiries, at last obtained only one chair; the chairman proposed carrying them both. Where will you stow us? said the fat gentleman. *Please your honour, you in the chair, and that little gentleman in the lantborn. In that case,* replied the gentlemen, *I believe you will not find us light.*

Dr. Johnson was once asked, from whence arose his antipathy to the Scotch. You mistake me, Sir, said the Doctor. *I do not hate Scotchmen, neither do I hate frogs, provided they keep in their native element; but I must confess I don't like to see them hopping about my bedchamber.*

Major Brereton, the present master of the ceremonies at Bath, was told a little while ago, that a certain house in that city was haunted by a spirit. *What spirit?* said he,

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The spirit of extravagance, gaming, and incontinence, has possessed the people here for many years.

The same gentleman had ordered a pot of tea to be brought him in the Long Room, and finding it very weak. Here waiter, said he, take this away, it reminds me of the devil. Our Saviour asked him for *bread*, and he gave him a *stone*; I asked for *tea*, and you give me the *waters*.

Foote one day told a miser of his acquaintance, that he, the miser, was very happy in being free from two dreadful plagues that tormented many thousands in this metropolis. What plagues are those? demanded Sir Gripus? *Why, a scolding wife and a smoky house*, said Foote. *Matrimonial expences keeps you unmarried; and your antipathy to dressing food, at your own expence, renders fires in your house unnecessary.*

When Dr. Johnson heard of Dr. Blair of Edinburgh having written notes upon Fingal, the reality of which performance, has been very much doubted, he observed that the bookfellers ought to allow a large discount to the purchasers—*Because*, said he, *they are notes of very long credit.*

Soon after Mr. Wilkes was chosen Sheriff of the city of London, Foote met him in the Strand, and observing the chain about his neck, told the patriot, that he could have saved him the expence of that chain, had he consulted him. How so? said Wilkes. *Why*, said Foote, *Garrick would have lent you his jack-chain, for he has no manner of occasion for it.*

In a company of gentlemen, some little time ago, the conversation turn'd on the origin of differences between man and man. One of the company observed, that most of the contentions that have been in the world were owing to women. To which another very gallantly replied, *There is nothing else worth contending for.* Then said the former gentleman, *from this moment let all contention cease; for I'll be hanged if women are worth contending about; and if you had known as much of them as I have, you'd say so too.*

Dunfall, the player, having on a large full wig, which he had not paid for, was told by a friend of his, that it was a very good one. *Faith, Sir*, said he, *I know not*

how good it may prove in the long-run; but at present it has run me over head and ears in debt.

A certain priest in a rich abbey in Florence, being a fisherman's son, caused a net to be spread every day on a table in his apartment, to put him in mind of his original obscurity. — This dissembled humility had a good effect, for upon the first vacancy he was chosen Abbot; after which the net was never more used. Being asked the reason, he answered, *There is no occasion for the net, now the fish is caught.*

A party of gentlemen at the Baptist's Head Coffee-house, one evening lately, made an appointment to set out early the next morning for Cox-Heath Camp; one of them said he was so drowsy in a morning, that he could not wake without being called. An Irish gentleman, one of the party said; *for his part, it was no trouble to him to rise early; for he had been so fortunate as to buy an alarm, and therefore he had nothing to do but pull the string; and then he could wake himself at what hour he pleased.*

When Peter the Great was over in England, amongst other curiosities he went to see the various Dock-yards and Shipping. — He told the Admiral who accompanied him, that he had often heard of keel-hauling, and should like to see the ceremony; the admiral told him that there was not a subject in his majesty's dominions, that was liable to so severe a punishment. O, said Peter, *take one of my fellows, he shall undergo it instantly* — The admiral then told him, *that the constitution of this country was such that it was impossible to inflict it even on a foreigner.*

When Mrs. Woffington first acted Sir Harry Wildair, at Drury-lane Theatre, coming off the stage into the Green-room; *I believe*, said she, *that one half of the house take me to be a man*; to which Quin replied, *But the other half, I believe, know to the contrary.*

Colonel Bond being one of King Charles the first's judges, died a day or two before Oliver; and it was strongly reported that the Protector was dead. *No*, said a gentle-

a gentleman, who knew better, he has only given Bonds to the Devil for his appearance.

When Oliver first coined his money, an old cavalier looking upon one of the new pieces, read this inscription on one side: *God with us*; on the other, *The commonwealth of England*. *I see*, said the gentleman, *God and the Commonwealth are on opposite sides*.

A gentleman was reproved by a friend of his for marrying his son so soon, for that he had better stay till he had acquired more wisdom.—*You mistake the thing*, said the father, *for should my son grow wise, he will never marry at all*.

At one of the Pope's battles a cardinal came in amongst the soldiers, and encouraged them to bravery, telling them that should they die in the service of his holiness, he promised them a plenary remission of all their sins, and that they should dine with the angels in Paradise; after which he retreated, which a soldier perceiving, cried out, *Why will you not stay and dine with us in Paradise*.—To which the valiant cardinal replied, *My hour of eating is not yet come*.

A lawyer and his clerk riding on the road, the clerk desired to know what was the chief point of the law? his master said, if he would promise to pay for their suppers that night, he would tell him, which was agreed to. *Why then*, said the attorney, *good witnesses are the chief point in law*. When they came to the inn, the master bespoke a couple of fowls for their supper, which being finished, told the clerk to pay for them according to agreement. O, Sir, said he, *where are your witnesses?*

When the Dartmouth was blown up at sea, Captain Davis her commander was saved upon the carriage of a gun; and when brought into the ship where the crew had taken him up in a very black and wet condition, he said with great pleasantry to the officer who commanded her: *Sir, I hope you will excuse my dirty appearance, for I came out of the ship in so great a hurry, that I had not time to shift myself*.

A young Buck of the first head was rallying a clergy-

man the other day in very unbecoming language ; and amongst other things which he mistook for wit, said scornfully, " Ah father, if after all your mortifying the flesh, there should be neither Heaven nor Hell what a great fool you'll be." The clergyman replied, *Ah son, if after all your wickedness, there should be a Heaven and Hell, who will be the greatest fool then, you or I.*

A gentleman in Nando's Coffee-house, was one day lamenting his growing old ; a pert young fellow asked him, what he would now give to be as young as he—*I would be content,* said the gentleman, *to be almost as foolish.*

George S——n last summer went to see a company of strolling players perform, when the entertainment happened to be The Stage Coach, which was most wretchedly performed. When the whole was over and Buskin was giving the next Bill of Fare, George asked him what he call'd the Entertainment just finished—*The Stage Coach, Sir,* said he ; *O then,* said George, *be pleased to let me know when you perform this again, that I may be an outside passenger.*

When the Mayor of Portsmouth was knighted by his Majesty at the Naval Review, he stumbled as he was rising from his knees ; upon which, with great presence of mind, he apologized to the King, by saying, *Your Majesty has loaded me with so much honour, that I cannot well stand under it.*

One of the Merchant Taylor's scholars in saying his exercise was at a stand, and asked one of his school-fellows to help him out ; *No,* said the other, *Metbinks you are out enough already.*

It was told Antigonus, in order to intimidate him as he march'd to the field of battle, that the enemy would shoot such volleys of arrows as would intercept the light of the sun. *I am glad of it,* replied he, *for it is very hot, we shall then fight in the shade.*

Count O'K——y sold a gentleman a horse for a considerable sum of money, and assured him, upon his honour,

nour, that he had no faults ; about three weeks after he met the Count, Why, said he, you told me the horse had no faults, and he is blind of one eye : *Well, Sir,* said the Count, *that's no fault, 'tis only a misfortune.*

In the reign of King Charles the Second, a nobleman complained to his Majesty, that certain enemies had vowed to put him to death, and therefore he begged his Majesty's protection, which the King readily granted : but shortly after he repeated his complaints to the King, that notwithstanding his protection, he still went in fear of his life ; to which his Majesty replied, *My Lord, I am very sorry for it, but it is not in my power to protect you from fear.*

A rider to a capital house in the city, celebrated for his humour, as very many of that fraternity are, being at Bristol, invited no less than six Quakers to sup with him at his quarters ; presently after, some of the friends were anxious to hear the rider sing, but being inconsistent with their plan of purity to request so profane a favour, they went a round about way to work. *Friend,* said one, *do'st not thee sometimes amuse thyself with singing a song ?* I do, said he. *Then if thou art inclined,* resumed old Broad Brim, *to amuse thyself after that manner now, we shall not oppose thee.* After repeated solicitations of this kind, he began *amusing* himself in that way, and the friends seemed as much amused as he.—It is to be observed, that it was Saturday night, and the clock struck twelve just as he had sung three verses of a song, not famed for it's strict accordance with the rules of modesty ; The rider paused and said, he did not chuse to proceed, as it was Sunday morning. *Thou may'st finish thy song,* friend, said one of them ; *for I can assure thee, that clock goes five minutes too fast.*

Before the penal laws against the Roman Catholics were repealed, it was one of the principal restrictions upon the profession of that religion in this kingdom, that if a junior branch of a family should commence protestant, he should be entitled to the whole of his father's estate. It happened in a gentleman's family, that his younger son being rather extravagant, applied to his father

ther

ther for a sum, which the latter judged it inexpedient to grant. Upon his refusal, the son threatened him with a public profession of the protestant faith. This alarmed the old man, who consulting a friend on the occasion, asked him what step he had best take: *Why*, said his friend, *I would advise you to turn first, and your estate will be secured.*

In a storm at sea, Mr. S—— chaplain of the R——, asked one of the crew if he thought there was any danger? O yes, replied the sailor, if it blows as hard as it does now, we shall all be in heaven by twelve o'clock to-night.—The chaplain terrified at the expression, cried out, *O God forbid.*

When General Lee commanded a body of the rebel army at the action in the Jerseys, he observed one of his Aid de Camps to be rather fearful of the danger he was in, from executing the general's orders. By way of encouragement, he told his Aid de camp, that in one action the King of Prussia had twenty Aid de camps slain; and therefore begged he would be courageous. O, replied the latter, I was not at all fearful of myself, but was rather apprehensive, that the Congress could not spare so many.

Admiral Drake, whose birth and education are not so generally known as his courage and prowess in his line of duty; being asked when he was going to take the command of a squadron, whether he could speak French; replied in the negative; but added, *he believed he could make his guns talk that, or any other language he should dictate.*

A few days since, a well known Hibernian patriot, positively asserted at a public house near the Royal Exchange, that to his certain knowledge, the French were meditating the invasion of England in three places all at once; the *first* of which would be in Ireland.

The female servant of a tradesman, not a mile from Pater-noster-Row, for a short time past increasing considerably in bulk, pretended she had the dropsy, and to support

support the deception put flannel round her legs on the inside of her stockings, for a due proportion of parts. Her mistress advised her to be tapped; but the husband knowing the truth would soon come out, said to his wife, *My dear, the girl has been tapped; the only thing we can do for her, is to provide a mid-wife.*

Lord K——y being in company the other evening at a celebrated house in St. James's Street, till the circulation of the glass had, after the language of his friends, *set fire to every carbuncle in his face*, and put the whole, as it were, in a blaze; a wit present, took occasion to ask the noble lord, if he was to have any part of the £. 1000 premium given to Berkenhout and others for the invention of a scarlet dye.

The conversation at Arthur's happening to turn on the imminent danger, which the leaders of opposition were in of being crushed to death by the giving way of a main girder at the Duke of Bolton's masquerade. G——S——n (who was just awaked from a comfortable nap) said, *I always thought these fellows would bring an old house about their ears.*

A candidate at the late election for the county of Gloucester, a known courtier, applied to a yeoman for his vote, promising to exert his influence to turn out the ministry, and procure a fresh set.—*Then I won't vote for you*, said he. *I know how it is in buying in my hogs: when I buy them in lean, they eat the devil and all; but when they are half fat, the keeping 'em is not near so expensive. So that I am for keeping the present set, as they will devour much less than a new one.*

When the Militia Bill was originally in agitation, a certain nobleman opposed it, saying, that the Militia would be of no use: it was said that they would be of use to kill the French. His lordship replied, that he would eat the first Frenchman that should be killed by the Militia.—In the late war, a number of French prisoners were confined at Winchester, and the Militia placed as guards over them. An attempt was made to escape, when a gun was fired, and a little French taylor

was

was killed. Some wags at Winchester immediately sent a letter to his lordship, to come down and perform his promise; and they begged him to be expeditious, as they apprehended the Frenchman would not keep.

A Gentleman just come off a journey, found means to get into the Ball-room at Bath, accoutred in his boots and spurs, and a whip in his hand.—Major B———n immediately making up to him, told him he was glad to see him at Bath! but begged leave to remind him of a piece of neglect he had been guilty of.—What is that, Sir? said the gentleman. *Why, Sir, I see you have got your boots, spurs, and whip; but you have unfortunately left your horse behind.*

Erasmus, who was of a sickly constitution, and therefore obtained a dispensation for eating flesh in times of abstinence, being reproached by the Pope for not observing Lent; merrily answered, *I assure your holiness I have a Catholic heart, but I confess I have a Lutheran stomach.*

Lewis the fourteenth of France, rallying the Duke of Verona upon his extraordinary fatness, in presence of the Duke of Aumont, who was not less bulky; You grow out of all compass, said the King; certainly you use no exercise.—Your Majesty will pardon me, replied the Duke—seldom a day passes, but I walk two or three times round my cousin Aumont.

A Bath physician was much approved of by a lady who resided in Bristol, and consequently was consulted by her in her illness. One day she expressed her apprehension, that it might be inconvenient to him to come so far on her account. *Oh, Madam,* replied the doctor, *I have another patient in this neighbourhood, and by that means you know I kill two birds with one stone.*

On a certain lady's meeting a gentleman whom she had not seen for some time, asked him if he was married? No, Madam, replied he; how extremely well and fresh you look, cried the lady, surely you make use of Viper broth? On the contrary, madam, said the gentleman, the cause I look so well is, that I am not married, and consequently have nothing to do with vipers.

The

The famous Daniel Burgefs dining with a gentleman of his congregation, a large Cheshire cheese uncut was brought to table. Where fhall I cut it, faid Daniel? any where you please, Mr. Burgefs, faid the gentleman. Upon which he gave it to the fervant, *bidding him carry it to his houfe, and he would cut it at home.*

I can't conceive, faid my Lord S—— to my Lord T——, how it is you manage: I am convinced you are not of a temper to fpend more than your income; and yet, though your eftate is lefs than mine, I cannot afford to live at the rate you do. My lord, faid Lord T—— I have a place—A place! you amaze me, I never heard of it till now: Pray what place? *My lord, I am my own fteward.*

Bifhop Burnet, who was a tall large-boned man, preaching once with fome vehemence before King Charles the Second, closed one of his fentences with a violent thump upon the cushion, and this note of interrogation; Who dares deny it? *No body*, faid the King, in a whisper, *who ftands within the reach of that devilifh great fift of yours.*

When the famous Marshall Villars was turned of fourfcore, he gave fuch an instance of vivacity, in the war in Italy, that the Monarch politely told him, he loft the experienced general in beholding all the ardour of a young officer; to which the Marshal replied, *That lamps were apt to sparkle when they were expiring.*

The Prince of Orange, afterwards King William the Third of blessed memory, preparing for an expedition, one of his officers begged to know what his intention was. Can you keep a fecret, faid the Prince. *I can*, Sir, faid the officer; *and fo can I*, replied the Prince.

An Indian chief being asked his opinion of a cask of Maderia wine, prefented to him by an officer in the Company's fervice, faid he thought it a juice extracted from women's tongues and lion's hearts; for after he had drank a bottle of it, he faid, *he could talk for ever, and fight the devil.*

One of the Popes found fault with a painting of St. Paul, done by Raphael, and said that the face was too much coloured with crimson; when Raphael heard this, he said, he had painted the Saint, as no doubt he appeared in heaven; for he must certainly blush to see such a wretch as his holiness at the head of the Christian Church.

An Irishman taking ready furnished lodgings in St. James's Street, was asked by the landlady, if he chose to find his own linen, which being answered in the affirmative; she added, and table linen too, I suppose, Sir, *No, Madam*, said the gentleman, *nothing but my shirts and cravats.*

His present majesty one day asked a very old gentleman in the Drawing room, what Physician and Apothecary he made use of, to look so healthy at his time of life. *Sire*, replied the gentleman, *My Physician has always been a horse, and my Apothecary an ass.*

A minister of state told the celebrated Yorick, that men of wit were incapable of business; Sterne replied, *They are not incapable, my lord, but they are above it. A sprightly generous horse is able to carry a pack-saddle as well as an ass; but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.*

A certain gentleman celebrated for his whim, appearing in mourning when no death in his family had been heard of, one of his acquaintance asked him for what he mourned? *For a small relation*, said he. Pray what small relation?—*Why you must know my sister was with child, and she has miscarried.*

Some gentlemen of the minority meeting at Betty's in St. James's Street, were conversing upon the loss of the Colonies and many other calamities of the present day; one of them observed that his present Ma——y, tho' stiled great and magnanimous, very much resembled a ditch which always encreases in greatness, in proportion to the earth you take away from it.

The

The following humorous narrative, is given our readers as authentic, and as it accidentally came into our hands, we thought we could not in justice withhold from them, such a fund of entertainment.

In a Convent at Bologna, near Palermo, was formerly a Capuchin, known by the name of Fra. Pasqual, who had passed thro' many singular scenes of life, which it would be too long to recount. His last migration, or rather transmigration, was from one of the banditti in this kingdom, in which capacity, he had been enrolled for some time; but tired of the danger and fatigue, to which he was perpetually exposed, he at last determined to exchange the character of the hero, for that of the saint, and try if it was not both safer and surer to rely on the weakness of others, than on our own strength.

Fra. Pasqual pretended a strong compunction for the transgressions of his past life, and made a promise to the virgin, that the remainder of it should be spent in mortification and penance, to atone for them. To this end, Pasqual took the vows of poverty and chastity, and entered into all the rigours of the monastic life.—For some weeks he behaved in a most exemplary manner; he went barefooted, wore a large rosary, and a thicker cord of discipline than any monk in the convent; and his whole deportment gave testimony of the most unfeigned repentance; however, the devil was still at work in the heart of Fra. Pasqual, and all these external mortifications made him work the harder; in short, he found it impossible to drive him out: Pasqual was sensible of this: and afraid lest the enemy should at last get the better of him, he thought it adviseable to leave at Palermo the character of sanctity he had aquired, and begin somewhere else upon a new score. He embarked for Naples, where he was soon admitted into a Capuchin convent.

As Pasqual knew from experience, that the dull uniformity of the monastic life required some little amusements, to render it supportable; the first thing he set about was to find a mistress. He made love to a lady of easy virtue, who soon admitted his addresses, but at the same time informed him, that he had a formidable rival, who was jea-

lous as a tyger, and would not fail to put them both to death, should he discover the intrigue.—His was no other than a life guard man, a fellow of six feet two inches high, with a vast spada, like that of Goliath, and a monstrous pair of curled whiskers, that would cast a damp upon the heart of any one man but Fra. Pasqual ; but the monastic life had not yet enervated him ; he was accustomed to danger, and loved a few difficulties : however, as in his present character he could not be on a footing with his rival, he thought it best only to make use of prudence and stratagem to supplant him : these are the ecclesiastical arms, and they generally have been found too hard for the military.

The lady promised him an interview, as soon as the court should go Portici, where the life guard-man's duty obliged him to attend the King. Pasqual waited with impatience for some time ; at last the wished-for night arrived ; the King set off, after the opera, with all his guards. Pasqual flew like lightning to the arms of his mistress ; the preliminaries were soon settled, and the happy lovers had just fallen asleep, when they were suddenly alarmed by a rap and a well known voice at the door. The lady started up in an agony of despair, assuring Pasqual that they were both undone ; that this was her lover ; and if some expedient was not fallen upon, in the first transports of his fury, he would certainly put them both to death. There was no time for reflection ; the life guard-man demanded entrance in the most peremptory manner, and the lady was obliged to instant compliance. Pasqual had just time to gather his rags together, and cram himself in below the bed ; at that instant the door opened, and the giant came in rattling his arms and storming at his mistress, for having made him wait so long ; however she soon pacified him. He then ordered her to strike a light, that he might see to undress ; this struck Pasqual to the soul, and he gave himself up for lost ; however, the lady's address saved him, when he least expected it ; in bringing the tinder, she took care to let fall some water into the box ; and all the beating she and her lover could beat, they could not produce one spark. Every stroke of the flint sounded
in

in Pasqual's ears like his death knell ; but when he heard the life guard-man swearing at the tinder for not kindling, he began to conceive some hopes, and blessed the fertile invention of woman. The lady told him he might easily get a light at the guard, which was at no great distance. Pasqual's heart leaped for joy ; but when the soldier answered that he was absent without leave, and durst not be seen, it again began to flag ; but on his ordering *her* to go, it died within him, and now he found himself in greater danger than ever. The lady herself was disconcerted ; but quickly recovering, she told him, it would be too long before she could get dressed ; but advised him to go to the corner of a neighbouring street, where there was a lamp burning before the virgin Mary, who could have no objection to his lighting a candle at it. Pasqual revived ; but the soldier declared he was too much fatigued with his walk, and would rather undress in the dark ; he at the same time began to grope for a bottle of liquor which he knew stood there. Pasqual shook like a quaker, however, still he escaped. The lady observing what he was about, made a spring and got him the bottle, at the very instant he was within an inch of seizing Pasqual's head. The lady went to bed, and told her lover as it was a cold night, she would warm his place for him. Pasqual admired her address, and began to conceive some hopes of escaping.

His situation was the most irksome in the world ; the bed was so low, that he had no room to move ; and when the great heavy life guard-man entered it, he found himself squeezed down to the ground. He lay trembling and stifling his breath for some time, but found it absolutely impossible to support his situation till morning ; and indeed if it had, his cloaths being scattered about, must infallibly discover him : he therefore began to think of making his escape ; but could not move without alarming his rival, who was now lying above him. At first he thought of rushing suddenly out, and throwing himself into the street ; but this he disdained, and on second thoughts, determined to seize the life guard-man's sword, and either put him to death, or make an honourable capitulation both for himself and the lady. In the midst of

these reflections his rival began to snore, and Pasqual declares that no music was ever so grateful to his soul. He tried to stir a little, and finding that it did not awake the enemy, he by degrees work'd himself out of his prison. He immediately laid hold of the great Spada, when all his fears forsook him, and he felt as bold as a lion. He now relinquished the dastardly scheme of escaping, and only thought how he could best retaliate on his rival for all that he had made him suffer.

As Pasqual was stark naked, it was no more trouble to him to put on the soldiers clothes than his own; and as both his cloak and his cappauch together were not worth a sixpence, he thought it most eligible to equip himself *a la militaire*, and to leave his sacerdotal robes to the soldier. In a short time he was dressed *cap-a-pee*. His greasy cowl, his cloak, his sandals, his rosary, and his rope of discipline, he gathered together, and placed on a chair before the bed, and girding himself with a great buff belt, instead of the cordon of St. Francis, and grasping his trusty Toledo instead of the Crucifix, he sallied forth into the street. He pondered for some time what scheme to fall upon; and at first thought of returning in the character of another life-guard-man, pretending to be sent by the officer, with a guard in quest of his companion, who not being found in his quarters, was supposed to have deserted: and thus, after having made him pay heartily for all that he had suffered under the bed, to leave him to the enjoyment of his panic, and the elegant suit of clothes, he had provided him. However, he was not satisfied with this revenge, and determined on one still more solid. He went to the guard, and told the officers that he had met a Capuchin friar, with all the ensigns of his sanctity about him, sculking through the streets in the dead of the night, when they pretend to be employed in prayer for the sins of mankind. That prompted by curiosity to follow him, the holy friar, as he expected, went straight to the house of a celebrated courtesan, that he saw him admitted, and listened at the window till he heard them go to bed together; that if he did not find this information to be true,

true, he should resign himself his prisoner, and submit to whatever punishment he should think proper.

The officer and his guard, delighted to have such hold of a Capuchin (who pretend to be the very models of sanctity, and who revile in a particular manner the licentious life of the military) turned out with the utmost alacrity, and under the conduct of Pasqual, surrounded the lady's house. Pasqual began thundering at the door; and demanded entrance for the officer and his guard. The unhappy soldier waking with the noise, and not doubting that it was a detachment sent to seize him, gave himself up to despair, and instantly took shelter in the very place, that Pasqual had so lately occupied; at the same time laying hold of all the things he found on the chair, never doubting that they were his own cloaths. As the lady was somewhat dilatory in opening the door, Pasqual pretended to put his foot to it, when up it flew, and entering with the officer and his guard, demanded the body of a Capuchin Friar, who they were informed lodged with her that night. The lady had heard Pasqual go out, and having no suspicion that he would inform against himself, she protested her innocence in the most solemn manner, taking all the saints to witness that she knew no such person: but Pasqual suspecting the retreat of the lover, began groping below the bed, and soon pulled out his own greasy cowl and cloak: "Here (said he to the officer) here are proofs enough: "I'll answer for it Signor Padre himself is at no great distance;" and putting his nose below the bed; "Fogh (said he) I smell him; he stinks like a Fox. "The surest method of finding a Capuchin, is by the "nose; you may wind him a mile off." Then lowering their lanthorn, they beheld the unfortunate lover squeezed in betwixt the bed and the ground, and almost stifled. "Here he is (said Pasqual) with all the "signs of his holiness;" and pulling them out one by one, the crucifix, the rosary, and the cord of discipline; "You may see (said he) that the reverend father comes here to do penance;" and taking up the cord, "suppose now we should assist him in this meritorious work. "Do you hear Signor Padre. We will save you the

“ trouble of inflicting it yourself, and whether you come here to sin, or to repent, by your own maxims, you know a little sound discipline is healthful to the soul.” The guard were lying round the bed, in convulsions of laughter; and began breaking the most galling and most insolent jokes upon the supposed Padre. The life-guard-man thought himself enchanted. He at last ventured to speak, and declared they were all in a mistake: that he was no Capuchin: upon which the laugh redoubled, and the coarsest jokes were repeated. The lady, in the mean time, with the best dissembled marks of fear and astonishment, ran about the room, declaring that some Sorcerer had been at work, and his incantations had taken their full effect. Pasqual delighted to see that his plan had taken its full effect, thought it now time to make his retreat, before the unfortunate lover could have an opportunity of examining his clothes, and perhaps detecting him: he therefore pretended regimental business, and regretting much that he was obliged to join his corps, took leave of the officers and his guard; at the same time recommending by all means, to treat the holy father, with all that reverence and respect, that was due to so sacred person.

The life-guard-man, when he got out from below the bed, began to look about for his clothes; but observing nothing but the greasy weeds of a Capuchin friar, he was now perfectly convinced, that Heaven had delivered him over, for his offences, to the power of some dæmon; (for of all mortals, the Neapolitan foldiers are the most superstitious) the lady, too acted her part so well, that he had no longer any doubt of it. “ Thus it is (said he in a penitential voice) to offend Heaven! I own my sin: I knew it was Friday, and yet, O flesh! flesh! Had it been any other day, I still should have remained what I was. O St. Januarius; I passed thee too, without paying the due respect: thy all seeing eye has found me out. Gentlemen, do with me what you please; I am not what I seem to be”— “ No, no, (said the officer) we are all sensible of that: But come, Signor Padre, on with your garments, and march; we have no time to trifle. Here Corporal (giving him

“ him the cordon) tie his hands, and let him feel the weight of St. Francis. The Saint owes him that, for having so impudently denied him for his master.” The poor soldier was perfectly passive; they arrayed him in the Sandals, the cowl and the cloak of Fra. Pasqual, and put the great rosary about his neck; and a most woeful figure he made. The officer made him look in the glass, to try if he could recollect himself, and asked if he was a Capuchin now, or not. He was shocked at his own appearance; but bore every thing with meekness and resignation. They then conducted him to the guard, belabouring him all the way with the cord of St. Francis, and asking him every stroke, if he knew his master now?

In the mean time, Pasqual was snug in his Convent, enjoying the sweets of his adventure. He had a spare cloak and a cowl, and was soon equipped again like one of the holy fathers: he then took the clothes and accoutrements of the life-guard-man and laid them in a heap near the gate of another Convent of Capuchins, but at a great distance from his own, reserving only to himself a trifle of money, which he found in the breeches pocket, just to indemnify him for the loss of his cloak and his cowl; and even this, he says, he should have held sacred, but he knew whoever should find the clothes, would make lawful prize of it.

The poor soldier remained next day a spectacle of ridicule to all the world; at last his companions heard of his strange metamorphosis, and came in troops to see him: their jokes were perhaps still more galling than those of the guard; but as he thought himself under the finger of God, or at least of St. Januarius, he bore all with meekness and patience: at last his clothes were found, and he was set at liberty; but he believes to this day, that the whole was the work of the devil, sent to chastise him for his sins; and has never since seen his mistress on a Friday, nor passed the statue of St. Januarius without muttering a prayer. — Fra. Pasqual has told the story to several of his most intimate acquaintance, whom he can depend on; amongst others, is the Abbé T——, who has often had it from his own mouth.

A country-

A countryman was saying that the Londoners were the greatest fools in the world; *So you would think*, said a Cockney, *if you took a view of our signs. — What think you of the Red Lion, the Blue Boar, the Bell Savage, the Bull and Mouth, the Saracen's Head, the Woman without a Head, the Swan with Two Necks, and the Devil?*

The late Mr. Charles Yorke being returned a member for the University of Cambridge, at the last General Election, as he was going round the Senate to thank those who had voted for him, said to one of them, noted for having the *longest and most hideously ugly face* that ever was seen. "Sir, I have great reason to be thankful to my friends in general, but confess myself under a particular obligation to you, for the very *remarkable countenance* you have shewn me on this occasion.

Mr. M. a celebrated Lamp-Lighter near Cripplegate, retired from business with a large fortune—A friend of his was telling another, that he had acquired a large sum of money by *lighting lamps*, and expressed his astonishment at the circumstance; the latter replied, that he believed the former was mistaken, for it was pretty certain Mr. M. got his money, by *not lighting lamps*.

The late Sir Robert Ladbroke, having his head shaved, remarked to his barber, that his head was a very *long one*; the barber (thinking to pay Sir Robert a compliment upon its proportion) replied, Yes, Sir Robert, and it is as *thick* as it is long,

After one of the battles in Germany (when Lord Stair commanded the British troops) which lasted from morning to night—as his lordship was walking down the ranks, he took notice of an old soldier, leaning upon the mouth of his musquet, in a very pensive mood, being very thoroughly fatigued with the service of the day—*How now, brother soldier*, said my lord, *you are not dull I hope?*—No, my lord, replied the veteran, *I am far from being dull, I was only thinking, what a devilish hard day's work I have done for a great.*

An Irish clergyman being excommunicated for acting
incon-

inconsistent with his holy function, a few years ago was restored to the church by the Archbishop of Dublin ; but in order thereto, was obliged to travel better than seventy miles from home ; when he came to kneel, to receive the Bishop's blessing, he was desired to pull off his cap, which he did seemingly much against his inclination, at the same time making the following sarcastical remark : — *Is it not very strange my lord, that your grace's blessing cannot penetrate my cap, when your grace could reach me, at seventy miles distance.*

A Lady being asked how she liked a gentleman's finking, who had a stinking breath ? *The words are good,* said she, *but the air is intolerable.*

As a husband-man was sowing his ground, two Macaronies rid by him ; one of them accosts him with an insolent air : Well, honest fellow, 'tis your business, I find to sow, but we reap the fruit of your labour. To which the husband-man replied, *'Tis very likely you may, for truly, I am sowing hemp.*

A person who had been a dependant on the Duke of Richmond, begged his interest for him at court ; and to press the thing more home upon him, said, *He had no soul to depend on but God, and his Grace ;* Then, said the Duke, *You are in a most miserable way, for you could not have pitch'd upon any two, who have less interest there :* intimating that the profligacy of the court, had entirely prevented the interposition of Heaven.

When Rabelais, that great Roman Catholic humourist, lay on his death bed, he could not help jesting at the very last moment ; for having received the extreme unction, a friend who came to see him, said he hoped he was prepared for the next world : *Yes, yes,* replied Rabelais, *I am ready for my journey now ; they have just greased my boots.*

When Sir Cloudesley Shovel set out on his last expedition, there was a Form of Prayer composed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, for the success of his fleet, in which his grace made use of this unlucky expression, *That he begged God would be a rock of defence to the fleet ;*

fleet ; which occasioned the following lines to be made upon the monument set up for him in Westminster Abbey, he being cast away in that expedition on the rocks, called the Bishop and his Clerks :

As *Lambeth* pray'd, such was the dire event,
Else had we wanted now this monument ;
That *God* unto our *fleet* would be a rock :
Nor did kind Heaven, the wise petition mock ;
To what the metropolitan said then,
The Bishop and his Clerk's reply'd Amen.

A witty rogue, coming into a lace-shop in Fleet-street, said, he had occasion for a small quantity of lace, and having pitched upon what he liked, asked the woman of the shop what money she would have, for as much as would reach from one of his ears to the other, and measure which way she pleased, either over his head, or under his chin ; after some words they agreed and he paid the money down, and began to measure, saying, *One of my ears is here, and the other is nailed to the Pillory in Liverpool ; therefore I fear you have not enough to make good your bargain ; however, I will take this piece in part, and desire you will provide the rest with all expedition.*

The celebrated Bishop Wilkins, having written a treatise upon the world in the moon, was asked by King Charles the Second, what entertainment he should meet with in his journey thither ?—O, replied the Bishop, *when your Majesty is able to travel to the world in the Moon, you may build castles in the air, for your entertainment by the way.*

Several men and their wives who all liv'd in the same street, and on the same side of the way, being keeping Christmas at a neighbour's house ; said one of the husbands, it is reported, *that all the men in our row are Cuckolds, but one* : his wife soon after being a little thoughtful ; *What makes you so sad, my dear*, said her husband, *I hope you are not offended at what I said ?* No, replied she, *I am only considering who that one can be in our row, that is not a cuckold.*

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In a cause tried in the Court of King's Bench, a witness was produced, who had a very red nose, and one of the counsel being desirous to put him out of countenance, call'd out to him, after he was sworn, *Well, let's hear what you have to say with your Copper Nose ? Why, Sir, said he, by the oath I have taken, I would not exchange my Copper nose for your Brazen face.*

An Englishman going into one of the French ordinaries near Soho, and finding a very large dish of soup, with about a pound of Mutton in the middle of it, began to pull off his wig, his stock, and then his coat ; at which one of the Monsieurs being very much surpris'd, asked him what he was going to do ? *To do ! why, I mean to strip and swim thro' this ocean of Porridge, that I may get at that little island of mutton.*

When the Duke of Ormond was young, and came first to court, he happened to stand next to Lady Dorchester, one evening in the Drawing-room, who being but little upon the reserve on most occasions, broke wind backwards, upon which he looked her full in the face and laughed. *What's the matter, my Lord ?* said she, *O, I heard it, Madam,* replied the Duke. *You'll make a fine Courtier, indeed,* said she, *if you mind every thing you hear in this place.*

Dr. W. and two or three other gentlemen walking towards Hampstead one day this Summer, were met by a celebrated Punster, who was very importunate with them, to know upon what account they were going thither. The Doctor merrily answered him, *To make Hay.* Very well, replied the other, you'll be there at a very convenient season ; the country wants *Rakes.*

A Justice of the peace seeing a clergyman on a very stately horse, riding between London and Hampstead, said to some gentlemen, who were with him ; *Do you see what a beautiful horse that proud parson has got ? I'll banter him a little.—Doctor,* said he, *you don't follow the example of your great master, who was humbly content to ride upon an ass.* To which the parson replied, *Why, really Sir, the King has made so many asses*

asses justices lately, that an honest clergyman can hardly find one to ride on, if he had a mind to it,

A country Parson having divided his text under two-and-twenty heads, one of the congregation was getting out of the church in a great hurry, but a neighbour pulling him by the sleeve, ask'd whither he was going? *Home for my night-cap,* answered the first; *for I find we are to stay here all night.*

An Englishman and a Welchman disputing in whose country was the best living; said Taffy, there is such noble housekeeping in Wales, that I have known above a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner: *Ay,* answered the Englishman, *that was because every man toasted his own cheese.*

King Charles the first, once going to dinner when the Chaplain was out of the way, told Archee, his jester, to say grace; which he immediately performed thus: *All glory be to God on high, and little Laud to the Devil.* At which all the courtiers smiling, because it reflected on Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was a little man; the King told Archee, that he would give an account of him to his Grace the Archbishop; and what would you do then, said the King? O, said Archee, *I'll hide myself where he shall never find me.*—Where's that, said the King? *In his Pulpit,* replied Archee, *for I'm sure he never goes there.*

A certain country Gentleman in the time of the long Parliament, being sent for before some Commissioners, by them appointed, they told him that he was desired to lend the Parliament £. 250. To which he gravely replies, *On my word, Gentlemen, if I was but as willing as I am able, I would do it with all my heart.*—The Court laughed heartily, and told him, *since he had satisfied them of his ability, they'd make him willing;* and so called a new cause,

In the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, there was a great rumour of an invasion, and mustering both horse and foot about London, insomuch that the realm was terribly affrighted; but all coming to nothing, a country gentleman then in London, asked a friend of his,

his, *To what end all that mustering in London and Middlesex was?* *To what end?* quoth the other, *Why, to Mile-End;* for there was the general muster; *and to what end were all the barges and lighters sent down to stop the passage of the Thames?* *To what end?* quoth he; *Why, to Gravesend.* Ay, but says the gentleman, *to what end was the hurly burly by land and water?* *To what end?* quoth the other; *marry, as far as I can understand, to no end at all.*

Monfieur Vaugelas having obtained a pension from the French king, by the interest of Cardinal Richlieu, the Cardinal told him, he hoped he would not forget the word *pension* in his Dictionary. No, my lord, said Vaugelas, nor the word *gratitude*.

The late Sir Godfrey Kneller had always a great contempt for Jervais, the Painter; and being one day at Hatfield in Hertfordshire, one of his servants told him that Jervais was come into the same town with a coach and four. *Is he so?* said Sir Godfrey, *I am sure, if his horses draw no better than himself, they'll never carry him to town again.*

Mr. Congreve going up the water in a boat, one of the watermen told him, as they passed by Peterborough House, at Mill Bank, that the house had *sunk a story*. No, friend, said he, I believe it is a *Story raised*,

When the Prince of Orange came over at the time of the Revolution, five of the seven bishops, who were sent to the Tower, declared for his highness, but the two others would not come into their measures; upon which Mr. Dryden said, *That the seven golden candlesticks were sent to be assayed in the Tower, and five of them proved Prince's metal.*

A gentleman having paid his addresses to a young lady for some length of time, was rather weary of his attendance, and demanded a categorical answer, either *yes* or *no*.—The young lady replied; Sir, I neither say *yes* nor *no*.

A gentleman talking of his travels, a lady in company said she had travelled a great deal further, and seen
G more

more countries than him ; *Well then, Madam, replied the gentleman, as travellers, we may lie together by authority.*

Charles F. was one day complaining to George S. that fortune, had no later than last night tricked him out of £. 1000, and thought it very hard that his luck never turned : *I don't wonder at your losing money, said George, but all the world is surprised how you get it to lose.*

When the celebrated beau Nash was ill, Doctor Cheyne wrote a prescription for him ; the next day the Doctor coming to see his patient, enquired if he had followed his prescription ? *No faith, Doctor, said Nash, if I had, I should have broke my neck, for I threw it out of the two pair of stairs window.*

A lady of quality was one day saying to her waiting-woman that she had got the better of her adversary : *Ab, Madam, said the servant, he took a wrong sow by the ear, when he meddled with your ladyship.*

A woman prosecuted a gentleman for a rape ; upon trial the judge asked her, if she made any resistance ? *I cried out, and please your lordship, said the woman ; Ay, said one of the witnesses, but that was nine months after.*

A country gentleman whose wife hanged herself on an apple tree in his garden, was solicited by a neighbour, for a scion of the same tree ; *for who knows, said he, when it is grafted on one of my own trees, but it may bear the same fruit.*

A late nobleman, reflecting upon his life and public character, was telling a friend of his one day, that if such a thing as a good name could be purchased, he would freely give £. 10,000 for it. His friend said, it would be the worst money he ever laid out in his life, *How so ? said his lordship. Because, replied his friend, you would certainly forfeit it again in less than a week.*

Two country Attornies, overtaking a waggoner on the road, and thinking to be witty upon him, asked why his fore horse was so fat, and the rest so lean ? the waggoner knowing them, answered, *That his fore horse was a Lawyer, and the rest were his Clients.*

A chimney

A chimney sweeper's boy had just swept the chimney at a barber's shop, and while he was tying up his foot, some of the journeymen tried to exercise their wit upon him, and among other questions asked him what trade his father was? To which the boy replied, *My father was a barber, and I might have been a barber too, but to tell you the truth, I did not like such a blackguard business.*

A young boy, remarkable for his shrewdness, had purchased of his play-fellow a magpie, which he carried to his father's house, and was feeding it at the door, when a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had an impediment in his speech, coming up, said, *T—T—T—Tom, can your mag T—T—Talk yet? Yes, Sir, said the boy, better than you, or I'd wring his head off.*

An author after reading a play to Quin, which was totally devoid of merit, Quin told him it would not do by any means, I wish, said the author, you could advise me what is best to do with it.—*That I can, said Quin, blot out one half, and burn the other.*

A highwayman presenting a blunderbuss to a gentleman in his chariot, demanded his money, with the usual compliments; the gentleman readily surrendered his purse, containing about sixty guineas, and told the highwayman, that for his own safety, he had better put the robbery upon the footing of an exchange, by selling him the blunderbuss for what he had just now taken from him. With all my heart, said the highwayman, and gave it the gentleman, who instantly turned the muzzle towards him, and told him, if he did not re-deliver his purse, he would shoot him. *That you may, if you can, replied the highwayman; for I promise you it is not loaded; and rode off very coolly with his booty.*

A great crowd being gathered about a poor cobbler, who had just died in the street, a man asked the watchman what was to be seen? Only a *Cobbler's End*, replied he.

In a late contest at the Old Bailey between the chief magistrate and an alderman of the metropolis, words rose

so high, as to occasion the appellation of *fool* to be given on both sides.—Alderman K. humourously observed, *That as they were confessedly Two fools, they had better get into a pair of scales, and see which was the greatest.*

When the custom of drinking drams prevailed more than it does at present, a gentleman called for a glass of brandy at the Smyrna, because he said *he was very hot.* Bring me one waiter, said another, *for I am very cold.* It is a strange thing, said a third, *that people can't find a better excuse for their follies.* Here, bring me a dram, boy, *for I like it.*

Baron B—, a celebrated gambler, well known by the name of the left handed baron, being detected some years ago at Bath, secreting a card, the company in wrath, threw him out of the window. The baron meeting Foote some time after, was loudly complaining of this usage, and asked what he should do.—*Do,* said Foote, *why it is a plain case, never play so high again as long as you live.*

A Nobleman, remarkable for his good nature and affability, ordering his servant pretty late at night to go with a message a considerable distance; the fellow did not receive his master's commands with that cheerfulness he ought.—The nobleman, after the man had left the room asked a gentleman in company, whether he did not think his footman seemed sulky at receiving his orders, and what could be the meaning of it? *My lord,* said the gentleman, *you are a good master to your servants, and as nobody can do too much for a good master, your man, I suppose, is determined he never will.*

In the reign of King Henry the Eighth a facetious spendthrift nobleman, having lately sold a whole manor, consisting of near a hundred tenements, came strutting to court in a new rich suit, saying, *Am not I a mighty man, to bear an hundred houses upon my back?* Which Cardinal Wolsey hearing, said, *My lord, you had much better have paid your debts.* What you say is very right, replied the nobleman, *and I owe your father * Three-*

* The Cardinal's father was a butcher at Ipswich in Suffolk.
half-

half-pence for a sheep's-head: Come write me a receipt, there's two-pence for it.

A humorous divine, visiting a gentleman one morning, was asked to stay dinner, which invitation he accepted of; the gentleman stepped into the next room to tell his wife, and desired she'd provide something extraordinary.—The lady was not of the best disposition in the world, and used such language, which provoked the husband to say, *Madam, was it not for the stranger in the next room, I would kick you out of doors.*—Upon which the clergyman, who heard all that passed, immediately stepped in, saying, *I beg, Sir, you'll make no stranger of me.*

A gentleman being arrested for a large sum of money, sent to an acquaintance, who had often professed great friendship for him, and begged he would bail him.—His friend returned for answer, that he had promised never to be bail for any man; but added he, *I'll tell you what you may do; you may get somebody else if you can.*

Two Comedians disputing which of them sung best, referred the matter to Dr. Arne.—When the day of judgment came, the Doctor pronounced upon one, *That he was the worst singer, he ever heard in his life;* and upon the other, *that he could not sing at all.*

One gentleman laid another a wager in the city Coffee House a few days ago, that he could not say the Lord's Prayer: the gentleman undertook the business, and instead of the Lord's Prayer, he repeated the Creed—*Well,* said the other, *I own I have lost, but I really did not think you could have done it.*

A seafaring man was saying one day that his father, grandfather, and great grandfather, all died at sea. A person who heard him, replied, *Then I'm sure I'd never go to sea, since it has been so fatal to your family.*—Quoth the seaman, *Pray where did your relations die?* he answered, *in their beds.* Upon the same principle then, said the sailor, *you should never go to bed.*

In a certain gentleman's family, who was a rigid economist, the pantry-door, was generally lock'd—a droll fellow, who was servant in the house, took it into

his head to nail up the necessary ; and gave it as a reason, *that whilst one was unopen, the other was unnecessary.*

A person who travelled the country, getting his bread by flying upon a rope from the tops of steeples, &c. applied to a divine at Wells, for leave to do so there ; the clergyman said, *Friend it is inconsistent with my duty, and the nature of my function, to permit any man to fly from the church ; but you may fly to it if you will.*

A sailor who was travelling on the roof of the Liverpool Coach, one moon light-night, carried a loaded blunderbuss with him ; and desired the coachman to give him timely information when he saw a highwayman coming ; they had not gone far over Finchley Common, when the coachman gave the alarm ; the sailor immediately fired, and wounded the man ; the coachman blamed him for his precipitancy, and told him he was not justified in what he did ; *No, said the sailor, what would you have him board us first ?*

A person being choaked with a honeycomb, his friends were bemoaning him ; a stander-by said, *Why do you make such lamentations ? for never man had a sweeter death.*

A gentleman and his servant riding through a river together one cold frosty morning, the gentleman's horse stumbled and threw him into the water, and directly after fell to drinking ; the man could not help laughing, upon which his master shaking his ears, said, *Sirrah, do you laugh at me ? No, Sir, replied the man, I don't laugh at you, I am only laughing, because your horse can't drink without a toast this cold morning.*

The passengers in the Bristol Coach going over Hounslow Heath the other day, were all robbed except a sailor, whose money was demanded, and if he did not comply, the highwayman told him, he would blow out his brains ; fire away then, said the tar, *if you will, for I may as well be without brains, as money.*

A lady who was rather under-sized, dancing at an assembly, was jeered by another lady on account of her diminutive

diminutive stature ; the former said in reply to this malevolent conduct : *Madam, when I am placed on my father's money-bags, I shall be as tall as any lady in the room.*

C O N U N D R U M S.

- 1 **W** H Y is a talkative fellow like a sheep's head ?
- 2 Why is King George like a steeple !
- 3 Why is Lord North like a cypher ?
- 4 Why are the city partits like a light guinea ?
- 5 Why are Lord Chesterfield's letters like syllabub ?
- 6 Why is beauty like a flower ?
- 7 Why is a dancing-master like a cook ?
- 8 Why is a company of ladies like a ring of bells ?
- 9 Why is a looking-glass like experience ?
- 10 Why is a lady, when painted, like a pirate ?
- 11 Why is a milk-man like a sailor ?
- 12 Why is a woman's tongue like a good clock ?
- 13 Why are most pieces of villainy like a candle ?
- 14 Why is swearing like an old coat ?
- 15 Why are some saddles like mules ?
- 16 Why is a madman like two men ?
- 17 Why is the seeing a sign a manifest token of sight ?
- 18 Why is money like a whip ?
- 19 Why is a picture like a member of parliament ?
- 20 Why does an ox drive ?
- 21 Why is the House of Commons like an account book ?
- 22 Why is an impertinent fellow like a waterman ?
- 23 Why is an axe like coffee ?
- 24 Why is a parson's gown like charity ?
- 25 Why is a grave-digger like a waterman ?
- 26 Why is a cane like Sunday ?
- 27 Why do we buy new shoes ?
- 28 Why is Cheapside like the Strand ?

29 Why

- 29 Why is a lawyer like the devil ?
- 30 Why is the Moon like a weather-cock ?
- 31 Why have elephant's teeth been the ruin of many families ?
- 32 Why is a cork-screw like good news ?
- 33 Why do fantastical ladies admire fops ?
- 34 Why are concave glasses like liars ?
- 35 Why is a drawn tooth like a thing forgot ?
- 36 What kind of water is most deceitful ?
- 37 Why does a miller wear a white hat ?
- 38 Why are the stocks like a paper-kite ?
- 39 Why are bishops called overseers ?
- 40 Who was the first that bore arms ?

CONUNDRUMS answered.

- 1 **B**ECAUSE he is all *jaw*.
- 2 **B**ECAUSE he is the head of the church.
- 3 Because when he stands by himself, he is useless.
- 4 Because they want weight.
- 5 Because they are frothy.
- 6 Because it fades.
- 7 Because he cuts capers.
- 8 Because their clappers go merrily.
- 9 Because it lets you see yourself.
- 10 Because she hangs out false colours.
- 11 Because he gets his bread by water.
- 12 Because it never stands still.
- 13 Because they are brought to light.
- 14 Because it is a bad habit.
- 15 Because it is between a horse and an ass.
- 16 Because he is one *besides himself*.
- 17 Because it is a sign that you see.
- 18 Because it makes the mare to go.
- 19 Because it is a representative.
- 20 Because he cannot spit.
- 21 Because there are many cyphers in it.
- 22 Because he often puts in his oar.
- 23 Because it must be ground before it can be used.
- 24 Because it covers a multitude of sins.
- 25 Because

- 25 Because he handles sculls.
 - 26 Because it hangs upon some men's hands.
 - 27 Because no one will give them us.
 - 28 Because it is full of houses.
 - 29 Because he goes about seeking whom he may devour.
 - 30 Because it often changes.
 - 31 Because dice are made of them.
 - 32 Because it relieves the oppressed spirits.
 - 33 Because they keep their follies in countenance.
 - 34 Because they will magnify.
 - 35 Because it is out of the head.
 - 36 Woman's tears.
 - 37 To cover his head.
 - 38 Because they are raised, lowered, and kept up by
wind.
 - 39 Because they overlook their flocks, and especially
themselves.
 - 40 Adam.
-

A Collection of *Toasts* and *Sentiments*.

- 1 **M**AY the friends of our youth, be the companions of our age.
- 2 May we never want a friend, nor a bottle to give him.
- 3 Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds.
- 4 May reason be the pilot, when passion blows the gale.
- 5 May the enemies of Great Britain always want beef
and claret.
- 6 May we never see an old friend with a new face.
- 7 May hemp bind these whom honour can't.
- 8 May he who made the devil take us all.
- 9 Joys to our taste, and taste to our joys.
- 10 Friendship without interest.
- 11 Community, unity, navigation, and trade.
- 12 The life we love, with those we love.
- 13 May honest men be great, and great men honest.
- 14 A clean shirt and a guinea.
- 15 The last we love, and the friend we can trust.
- 16 May

- 16 May the honest heart never know distress.
- 17 May we live all the days of our lives.
- 18 May the pleasures of imagination be realized.
- 19 Love and friendship.
- 20 May the single be married, and the married happy.
- 21 Disinterested friendship and artless love.
- 22 May the pleasures of the evening bear the reflection
of the morning.
- 23 The hand that gives, and the heart that forgives.
- 24 The rose of Pleasure without the thorn.
- 25 Wit without bitterness, and mirth without noise
- 26 Plenty of coal, and fire to make it fly.
- 27 Religion without priestcraft, and politics without
party.
- 28 True hearts and sound bottoms.
- 29 May the coward never wear a red coat, nor the hy-
pocrite a black one.
- 30 Safe arrival of our outward and homeward-bound
fleets.
- 31 The army and navy of Great Britain.
- 32 May Britain regain the dependencies she has lost.
- 33 A halter to them who deserve it.
- 34 Perpetual disappointment to the enemies of Great
Britain.
- 35 A speedy exportation to all the enemies of England,
without a drawback.
- 36 May our endeavours be always successful, when en-
gaged under the banner of justice.
- 37 May we always be able to resist the assaults of prof-
perity and adversity.
- 38 Provision to the unprovided.
- 39 May we have in our arms, whom we love in our
hearts.
- 40 Sense to win a heart, and merit to keep it.
- 41 May we never speak to deceive, nor listen to betray.
- 42 Short shoes and long corns to the enemies of Great
Britain,
- 43 May our pleasures be boundless, while we have time
to enjoy them.
- 44 May America be free, and Great Britain just.

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, &c.

The following is placed over the dining-hall door in a College at Oxford.

In sociis seniores Coll.

*Quam bene potando seniores dæmona fallunt,
Scilicet in ficcis ambulat ille locis.*

TRANSLATION.

Drink, says old fop ill, and then fear no evil,
'Tis thus alone we can cheat the devil.
He walketh thro' dry places, this we know ;
And so keep wetting wheresoe'er we go.

On Lord Pembroke's running away with Miss Hunter.

When Angelo Pembroke had taken great pains,
To keep a good saddle, and manage the reins ;
Yet to ride this young hunter, he found it a hardship ;
For she swallowed the bit, and run off with his lordship.

Written on a blank leaf in Dr. Clarke's works.

Your writings are eternal, O my friend,
For he who reads them does it to no end.

On a young lady who was very remarkable for her singing, and playing on the Harpsichord.

Aspasia sings and plays so well,
Which she does best is hard to tell ;
But 'tis a poor account to say,
All she can do, is sing and play.

On a gentleman who died a day after his lady.

She first departed, he for one day try'd
To live without her, *lik'd it not*, and dy'd.

On the advantage of having two physicians at a time.

One prompt physician like a sculler plies,
And all his art and all his skill applies ;
But two physicians like a pair of oars,
Convey you sooner to the Stygian shores.

On Treason.

Treason does never prosper—what's the reason ?
Why, if it prospers—none dare call it treason.

The following smart repartee was once made by a young lady to Dean Swift, who was rather hard upon the air sex.

Cries Sylvia, to a reverend Dean,
What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there are none in Heaven ?
There are no women, he replied ;
She quick returns the jest :
Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest.

Written by a gentleman on being expell'd a lady's company.

Thus Adam look'd, when from the garden driv'n,
And thus disputed orders sent from Heav'n
Like him I go, tho' to depart I'm loth ;
Like him I go, for Angels drive us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind ;
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind.

A lady

*A lady being reproached with her faults by her husband,
penned the following Satire.*

Women have many faults, poor men have only two ;
There's nothing good they say ; there's nothing good
they do.

Written on the Earl of Kildare's tomb stone.

Who kill'd Kildare ? Who dar'd Kildare to kill ?
Death kill'd Kildare, who dare kill whom he will.

An extraordinary specimen of generous Oeconomy.

Frank, who will any friend supply.
Lend me ten guineas—come, said I,
Give me a pen, it is but fair
You take my note. Quoth he, hold there,
Jack ! to the cash I've bid adieu,
No need to waste my paper too.

Laconic Epitaph on Dr. Fuller of Oxford.

Here lies Fuller's earth !

*Spoken extempore on the projected Invasion at the Woolpack
in Cornhill.*

A Beau in company the other day,
Cries curse your smoking, 'tis an odious way.
Fie, gentlemen ! in France they never smoke,
Old Blunt replied (who dearly loves a joke)
What's done in France, young fop, we little care ;
But faith we'll make 'em *smoke* if they come here,

On a gentleman's calling for bacon and eggs on a fast-day..

Who can believe with common sense,
A bacon slice gives God offence ?

H

Or,

Or, how a herring hath a charm,
Almighty anger to disarm ;
Wrapt up in Majesty divine ;
Does he regard on what we dine ?

Satire on Wedlock.

In marriage are two happy things allow'd,
A wife in wedding sheets and in a shroud.
How can a marriage state then be accurs'd ;
Since the last day's as happy as the first ?

Satire on Child-bearing.

Nine months after Florimel happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudable manner to-bed ;
She warbled her groans with so charming a voice,
That one half of the parish was stunn'd by the noise ;
But when Florimel chose to lie privat-ly in,
Twelve months before she and her spouse were a kin.
She chose with such prudence her pangs to conceal,
That her nurse, nay her midwife, scarce heard her once
squeal,
Learn husbands, from hence, for the peace of your lives,
That maids make not half such a tumult as wives.

Truth told at last.

Says Colin in rage, contradicting his wife,
" You never yet told me one truth in your life."
Vext Fanny no way could this thesis allow,
You're a Cuckold says she ; do I tell you truth now ?

*The following verses were written in a Lady's Sherlock
upon Death.*

Mistaken fair, lay Sherlock by,
His doctrine is deceiving,
For whilst he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.
To die's a lesson, we shall know
Too soon without a master ;
Then let us only study now,
How we may live the faster.

To.

To live 's to love, to blefs, be blefs'd
 With mutual inclination,
 Share then my ardour in your breast,
 And kindly meet my passion.
 But if thus blefs'd I may not live,
 And pity you deny,
 To me at least your Sherlock give ;
 'Tis I must learn to die.

*On a lady's writing her design of not marrying, on a
 window.*

The fair one who this resolution took,
 Wrote it on glafs, because it should be broke.

On a young Lady's marriage with a Clergyman.

The Gods assembled in debate.
 About Amelia's nuptial state ;
 A gift so glorious, good, and great,
 To whom they should assign ;
 Unanimously did agree,
 That one so like themselves would be,
 Ill suited to mortality,
 So gave her a divine.

*Verses occasioned by King Charles and the Earl of Lau-
 derdale's sleeping, whilst Dr. South was preaching at
 Whitehall.*

Old South a witty churchman reckon'd,
 Was preaching once to Charles the second ;
 But much too serious for a court,
 Who at all preaching made a sport :
 He soon perceiv'd his audience nod,
 Deaf to the zealous man of God.
 The Doctor stopp'd, began to call,
 " Pray 'wake the Earl of Lauderdale :
 " My Lord ! why, 'tis a monstrous thing !
 " You snore so loud—you'll wake the King."

On the death of Lord Baltimore.

And did he die on the Classic shore ;
Has beauty lost her gentle Baltimore ?
He in Elysium shall with beauties mix,
And spit young *Woodcocks* in the groves of Styx.

A Pun.

A ragged prigg extoll'd himself
As born of men of note :
Cries Blunt — " You've got a coat of arms,
" But no arms to your coat."

Written by Mr. Congreve.

Pious Selinda goes to prayers,
If I but ask the favor ;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When she believes I'll leave her.
Wou'd I were forced from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her ;
Wou'd she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner.

The Lady's Choice.

A man that's neither high nor low,
In party nor in stature ;
No noisy rake, no fickle beau,
That's us'd to cringe and flatter.
And let him be no learned fool,
That nods o'er musty books ;
That eats and drinks, and lives by rule,
And weighs my words and looks.
Let him be easy frank and gay,
Of dancing never tir'd ;
Always have something smart to say,
But silent, if requir'd.

The

On the joint power of Beauty and Music.

Music has power to melt the soul ;
 By beauty nature's sway'd ;
 Each can the universe controul,
 Without th' other's aid.
 But here together both appear,
 And force united try ;
 Music enchants the list'ning ear,
 And beauty charms the eye.
 What cruelty their pow'rs to join !
 These transports who can bear ?
 Oh let the sound be less divine,
 Or look the nymph less fair !

Epitaph on Mr. Joseph Crump, a Musician of Worcester.

Once ruddy and plump,
 But now a pale lump,
 Beneath this soft tump,
 Lies honest Joe Crump,
 Who wish'd to his neighbour no evil.
 What tho' by Death's thump,
 He's laid on his rump ;
 Yet up he shall jump,
 When he hears the last trump,
 And triumph o'er Death and the Devil.

R E B U S S E S.

THE pleasure of the sportsman's chace,
 The pledge in matrimonial case,
 With twenty hundred weight beside,
 Name her I wish to make my bride.

Miss Harrington.

H 3

What

What's done when we buy, and done when we play,
Is the name of a lady, that's sprightly und gay.
Miss Selwin.

R I D D L E S.

AT two days old good Latin I spake,
Tho' for it I ne'er went to school :
Arms I have four, which come out of my back ;
And in yellow am drefs'd like a fool.
All men do me seek, tho' few do me get :
When caught, I'm confin'd like a fish in a net.
A Guinea,

In marble walls, as white as milk,
Lin'd with a skin as soft as filk ;
Within a fountain, chrystal clear,
A golden apple does appear.
No doors there are to this strong hold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.
An Egg.

A New Collection of SONGS, selected from the
best Authors.

The Court of Vauxhall.

Sung by Mr. VERNON.

LET pleasures gay queen hold her court where she
may,
At Almack's by night—at St. James's by day ;
Yet say what men will, and when envy says all,
There's nothing can vie with her court at Vauxhall.

The lawyer so learned, so grave, and so wise,
For us quit their briefs, and for us quit their tythes :
Retire to our gardens, their minds to unbend ;
And sup with a client, or sup with a friend.

The

The Doctor of phyfic return'd from his round,
Gives us the odd shilling, and pockets the pound;
And lest the chill damp of the ev'ning should hurt,
Prescribes for his party a large dose of Port.

The Parson so sleek in his bettermost wig,
Calls loudly for ham, tho' we pay no tythe pig;
And e'er it strikes ten, sits him down and falls to't,
With beef in commendam, and chickens to boot.

Our Music is form'd both by nature and art,
Perch'd up on each branch, the birds bear a part
And when with wild notes, you have fated your ear;
Walk this way—and listen to me perch'd up here.

The origin of English Liberty.

ONCE the Gods of the Greeks at ambrosial feast,
Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing;
Merry Momus among them, who sat as a guest,
(Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing.)
On each in the synod, the humourist droll'd,
So none could his jokes disapprove;
He sung, repartee'd, and some smart stories told,
And at last thus began upon Jove.
“ Sire ! Atlas who long has the universe bore,
“ Grows grievously tir'd of late ;
“ He says, that mankind are much worse than before,
“ So he begs to be eas'd of his weight.”
Jove knowing the earth, on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
From his shoulders, commanded the ball,
Gave his daughter Attraction, the charge of the world,
And she hung it up high in her hall.
Miss pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe round
To see what each climate was worth ;
Like a di'mond the whole with an atmosphere bound,
And she variously planted the earth :
With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd ;
France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear,
What suited each clime, on each clime she bestow'd,
And freedom she found flourish'd here.

Four Cardinal virtues she left in this isle,
 As guardians to cherish the root ;
 'The blossoms of Liberty 'gan then to smile,
 And Englishmen fed on the root.
 Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty so rare,
 O preserve it as free as 'twas given !
 We will while we've breath, nay, we'll grasp in death,
 Then return it untainted to Heav'n.

A Two Part Song.

WHEN Bibb thought fit from the world to retreat,
 As full of Champaign as an egg's full of meat ;
 He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,
 He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead ;
 Trim the boat, and sit quiet, stern Charon replied ;
 You may have forgot—you was drunk when you died.

The CRYING and LAUGHING Song.

Sung at Vauxhall.

WHEN I awake with painful brow,
 E're the cock begins to crow ;
 Tossing, tumbling, in my bed,
 Aching heart, and aching head ;
 Pond'ring over human ills,
 Cruel bailiffs, taylor's bills ;
 Flush and pam, thrown up at loo ;
 When these sorrows strike my view.

I cry.
 And to stop the gushing tear,
 Wipe it with the pillow-bier.

But when sporting ev'ning comes,
 Routs, Ridotto's, Balls and Drums,
 Casino's here, Festinos there,
 Mirth and pastime ev'ry where ;
 Seated by a sprightly lass,
 Smiling with the smiling glass :

When

When these pleasures are my lot,
Taylors, bailiffs, all forgot.

I laugh.—

Careless then what may befall ;
Thus I shake my sides at all.

Then again, when I peruse,
O'er my tea the morning news ;
Dismal tales of plunder'd houses,
Wanton wives and cuckol'd spouses ;
When I read of money lent,
At sixteen and a half *per cent*,
I cry——

But if e'er th' muffin's gone,
Simpering enters honest John.
“ Sir, Miss Lucy's at the door,
“ Waiting in a chaise and four.”
Instant vanish all my cares,
Swift I scamper down the stairs.

I laugh——

So may this indulgent throng,
Who now smiling grace my song ;
Never more cry oh ! oh ! oh !
But join with me in ha ? ha ! ha !

Sung by Mr. Wilson in the Duenna.

O The days when I was young !
When I laugh'd in fortune's spight ;
Talk'd of love the whole day long,
And with nectar crown'd the night.
Then it was, old father care,
Little wreck'd I of his frown ;
Half thy malice youth could bear,
And the rest a bumper drown.
O the days, &c.

Truth they say lies in a well,
Why, I vow, I ne'er could see ;
Let the water drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me

For

For when sparkling wine went round,
 Never saw I falsehoods mask ;
 But still honest truth I found,
 In the bottom of each flask.
 O the days. &c.

True, at length my vigour's flown,
 I have years to bring decay ;
 Few the locks that now I own,
 And the few I have are grey !
 Yet old Jerome thou may'st boast
 While thy spirits do not tire ;
 Still beneath thy age's post,
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.

O the days when I was young,
 When I laught in fortune's spight ;
 Talk'd of love the whole day long,
 And with nectar crown'd the night.

Sung in the Elopement.

COME haste to the wedding, ye friends and ye neighbours,
 bours,

The lovers their bliss can no longer delay ;
 Forget all your sorrows, your cares and your labours,
 And let ev'ry heart, beat with raptures to-day.
 Ye vot'ries all attend to my call,

Come revel in pleasures that never can cloy ;
 Come see rural felicity,
 Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

Let envy, let pride, let hate and ambition,
 Still crowd to and beat at the breast of the great ;
 To such wretched passions we give no admission,
 But leave them alone to the wise ones of state ;
 We boast of no wealth, but contentment and health,
 In mirth and in friendship our moments employ.
 Come see rural felicity, &c.

With reason we taste of each heart stirring pleasure,
 With reason we drink of the full flowing bowl ;
 Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,
 For fatal excess will enslave the free soul,

Then

Then come at our bidding to this happy wedding,
No care shall intrude here, our blifs to annoy ;
Come see rural felicity, &c.

Sung at Vauxhall.

THE fairest flow'rs the vale prefer,
And shed ambrosial sweetness there ;
While the tall pine and mountain oak,
Oft feel the tempest's ruder stroke.
So in the lovely moss grown seat,
Dear peace and quiet dwell ;
The storms that wreck the rich and great,
Fly o'er the shepherd's cell.

Sung in the Chaplet.

PUSH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,
While thus we sit round on the grafs ;
The lover who talks of his sufferings and smart,
Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.
Deserves, &c.
The wretch who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,
And wishes to add to the mas ;
Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himself,
Deserves to be reckon'd an afs ;
Deserves, &c.
The beau who so smart with his well-powder'd hair,
An angel beholds in his glafs ;
And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair ;
Deserves to be reckon'd an afs,
Deserves, &c.
The merchant from climate to climate will roam,
Of Cræsus the wealth to surpass ;
And oft, while he's wand'ring my lady at home ;
Claps the horns of an ox on the afs ;
Claps the, &c.
The lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea,
With forehead well cover'd with brass,
Tho' he talks to no purpose, he pockets your fee ;
There you my good friend are the afs.
There you, &c.

The

The formal physician, who knows ev'ry ill,
 Shall last be produc'd in this class ;
 The sick man awhile may confide in his skill,
 But death proves the Doctor an ass.
 But death, &c.

Then let us companions be jovial and gay,
 By turns take our bottle and lass ;
 For he who his pleasure puts off for a day,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass.
 Deserves, &c.

A Hunting Song.

HARK ! hark ! the joy inspiring horn,
 Salutes the rosy rising morn,
 And ecchos through the dale ;
 With clam'rous peals the hills resound,
 The hounds quick scented scour the ground,
 And snuff the fragrant gale.

No gates, no hedges, can impede
 The brisk, high mettled, starting steed,
 The jovial pack pursue ;
 Like light'ning darting o'er the plains,
 The distant hills with speed he gains,
 And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,
 And to the copse for shelter makes,
 There pants awhile for breath ;
 When now the noise alarms her ear,
 Her haunts descry'd, her fate is near,
 She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well known breeze,
 The hounds their trembling victim seize,
 She faints, - she falls, she dies ;
 The distant coursers now come in,
 And join the loud triumphant din,
 'Till eccho rends the skies.

Celia longing for Damon's return.

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,
 And banishes despair ;
 If yet my dearest Damon lives ;
 Make him ye Gods your care.
 Dispel these gloomy shades of night,
 My tender grief remove ;
 Oh ! send some chearing ray of light,
 And guide me to my love.
 Thus in the secret friendly shade,
 The pensive Celia mourn'd
 While courtly eccho lent her aid,
 And sigh for sigh return'd.
 When sudden Damon's well known face,
 Each rising fear disarms,
 He eager springs to her embrace,
 She sinks into his arms.

The Nod, Wink, and Smile.

Sung at Vauxhall.

LET fusty old grey beards of apathy boast,
 And Venus and Bacchus revile ;
 In spite of their books, they are slaves to some toast,
 The dupes of a nod, wink, or smile.
 Some snug sober citizens here may repair,
 Without an idea of guile ;
 But what with the music, and what with the fair,—
 They follow the nod, wink, or smile.
 Let men boast of titles, of honours, renown ;
 The females of this happy isle,
 Can vanquish the victors, nay kill with a frown,
 Or save by a nod, wink, or smile.
 These gardens of pleasure, the beauties approve,
 Who the dullest of moments beguile ;
 Here Cupid unfurls the white standard of love,
 And commands with a nod, wink, or smile.

*Sung by Mrs. Kennedy in the Character of Don Carlos,
in the Duenna.*

H A D I heart for falsehood fram'd,
I ne'er could injure you :
For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.

To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong ;
But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest,
Another with your heart ,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part.

Then lady dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong :
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

Corydon and Phillis. A Pastoral

H E R sheep had in clusters crept close to a grove,
To hide from the heat of the day ;
And Phillis herself in a woodbine alcove,
Among the sweet violets lay :
A young lambkin, it seems, had been stole from its dam,
(Twixt Cupid and Hymen, a plot)
That Corydon might, as he search'd for his lamb,
Arrive at the critical spot.

As thro' the green hedge, for his lambkin he peeps,
He saw the fair nymph with surprize ;
Ye Gods, if so killing, he cried when asleep,
I'm lost if she opens her eyes :
To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
I'll homeward my lambkin to trace ;
But in vain honest Corydon strove to depart,
For love held him fast to the place.

Cease,

Cease, cease, pretty birds, what a chirping you keep,
 I think you too loud on the spray ;
 Don't you see foolish lark, that the charmer's asleep ?
 You'll wake her as sure as 'tis day.
 How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet maid !
 Her cheeks he mistakes for the rose :
 I'd put him to death if I was not afraid,
 My boldness would break her repose.
 Then Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile,
 Kind shepherd, said she, you mistake ;
 I laid myself down for to rest me awhile,
 But trust me I was not asleep.
 The shepherd took courage, advanced with a bow,
 He plac'd himself down by her side ;
 And manag'd the matter, I cannot tell how,
 But yesterday made her his bride.

Sung at Vauxhall.

Contented I am, and contented I'll be ;
 For what can this world more afford,
 Than a girl that will sociably set on my knee,
 And a cellar's that's plenteously stor'd ?
 See my vault door is open, descend ev'ry guest,
 Tap the cask, for the wine we will try ;
 'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to your taste,
 And as bright as her cheeks to your eye.
 In a piece of slit hoop, I my candle have stuck,
 'Twill light us each bottle to hand ;
 The foot of my glass for the purpose I've broke,
 For I hate that a bumper should stand.
 Sound that pipe—'tis in tune, and the binns are well fill'd,
 View that heap of Champaign in the rear,
 These bottles are Burgundy, see how they are pil'd,
 Like artillery, tier over tier,
 My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,
 All gloriously rang'd in review ;
 When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks
 As kingdoms I've got to subdue.

'Tis my will, when I die, not a tear shall be shed,
 No hic jacet be grav'd on my stone,
 But pour on my coffin a bottle of red ;
 And say that my drinking is done.

Sung in the Devil to Pay,

YE Gods, ye gave to me a wife,
 Out of your grace and favor,
 To be the comfort of my life,
 And I was glad to have her :
 But if your providence divine
 For greater bliss design her ;
 To obey your will at any time,
 I'm ready to resign her,

Sung by Mrs. Wroughton at Vauxhall.

A Hunting Song.

YE sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen too,
 Who delight in the joys of the field :
 Mankind, tho' they blame, are all eager as you,
 And no one the contest will yield.
 His lordship, his worship, his honour, his grace,
 A hunting continually go ;
 All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chase ;
 With, hark forward, huzza, tally ho.
 The Lawyer will rise with the first of the morn,
 To hunt for a mortgage or deed ;
 The husband gets up, at the sound of the horn,
 And rides to the Commons full speed :
 The Patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game ;
 The Poet too, often lays low,
 Who mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,
 With, hark forward, huzza, tally ho.
 While fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands we sweep,
 Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown,
 How oft do they decency's bounds overleap,
 And the fences of virtue break down.

Thus

Thus public or private, for pension, for place,
For amusement, for passion, for shew,
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

Sung in Artaxerxes.

IN infancy our hopes and fears,
Were to each other known ;
And friendship in our riper years,
Has twin'd our hearts in one ;
O clear him then from this offence ;
Thy love thy duty prove ;
Restore him with that innocence,
Which first inspir'd my love.

The Parting Lovers

WHEN forc'd from dear Hebe to go,
What anguish I felt at my heart !
And thought—but it might not be so—
She was sorry to see me depart.
She cast such a languishing view,
My path I could scarcely discern ;
And so sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought she had bade me return.
Methinks she might like to retire,
To the grove I had labour'd to rear ;
For whatever I heard her admire,
I hasted and planted it there.
Her voice such a pleasure conveys,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she says,
I'm sure still to love her the more.
And now, e'er I haste to the plain,
Come shepherds, and tell of her ways ;
I could lay down my life for the swain,
Who would sing me a song in her praise.
While he sings, may the maids of the town
Come flocking and listen the while ;
Nor on him let Hebe once frown,
Tho' I cannot allow her to smile.

To

To see when my charmer goes by
 Some hermit peep out of his cell ;
 How he thinks of his youth with a sigh !
 How fondly he wishes her well !
 On him she may smile if she please,
 It will warm the cold bosom of age—
 Yet cease, gentle Hebe, O cease !
 Such softness will ruin the sage.
 I've stole from no flow'rets that grow,
 To deck the dear charms I approve ;
 For what can a blossom bestow,
 So sweet, so delightful as love ?
 I sing in a rustical way,
 A shepherd and one of the throng ;
 Yet Hebe, approves of my lay
 Go Poets and envy my song.

A Martial Song.

HOW stands the glass around ?
 For shame ye take no care, my boys ;
 How stands the glass around ?
 Let mirth and wine abound,
 The trumpets found ;
 The colours they are flying boys,
 To fight, kill, or wound ;
 May we still be found ;
 Content with our hard fate, my boys,
 On the cold ground.
 Why, foldiers, why,
 Should we be melancholy boys ?
 Why foldiers, why,
 Whose bus'ness 'tis to die ?
 What ! —fighting ? — fie !
 Drown fear, drink on, be jolly boys.
 'Tis, he, you, or I !
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
 We're always bound to follow boys
 And scorn to fly..

'Tis

'Tis but in vain,
 I mean not to upbraid you, boys ;
 'Tis but in vain
 For soldiers to complain ;
 Shou'd next campaign
 Send us to him that made us, boys,
 We're free from pain !
 But if we remain,
 A bottle and kind landlady,
 Cure all again.

Sung in the Way to Keep Him.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore
 That a lover once blest'd, is a lover no more ;
 Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
 That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.
 The bloom of your cheek and the glance of your eye,
 Your roses and lillies may make the men sigh ;
 But roses and lillies, and sighs pass away,
 And passion will die as your beauties decay.
 Use the man that you wed, like your fav'rite guittar ;
 Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar !
 How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
 Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much !
 The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
 Grow tame by your kindness, and come at command ;
 Exert with your husband, the same happy skill ;
 For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your will.
 Be gay and good humour'd, complying and kind ;
 Turn the chief of your care, from your face to your mind ;
 'Tis there that a wife may her conquest improve,
 And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

A Bacchanalian Song.

WE'LL drink and we'll never have done boys,
 Put the glass then around with the Sun boys ;

Let

Let Apollo's example invite us,
 For he's drunk ev'ry night,
 That makes him so bright,
 That he's able next morning to light us.
 Drinking's a Christian devotion,
 Unknown to the Turk and the Persian;
 Let Mahometan fools
 Live by Heathenish rules,
 And dream o'er their tea-pots and coffee:
 While the brave Briton's sing,
 And drink health to the King;
 And a fig for their Sultan and Sophy.

A Hunting Song.

COME rouse brother sportsman, the hunters all cry,
 We've got a good scent, and a fav'ring sky;
 The horn's sprightly notes, and the lark's early song,
 Will chide the dull sportsman for sleeping so long.
 Bright Phœbus has shewn us the glimpse of his face,
 Peep'd in at our window, and call'd to the chase;
 He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
 And makes the fields blush with the beams of his ray.
 Sweet Molly may teize you perhaps to lie down;
 And if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown;
 But tell her that love, must to hunting give place;
 For as well as her charms, there are charms in the chase.
 Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy,
 At his brush nimbly follow brisk Chanter and Fly;
 They seize on their prey, see his eye balls they roll;
 We're in at the death—now let's home to the bowl.
 There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the King,
 From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring;
 To George, Peace and Glory may Heav'n dispence,
 And fox-hunters flourish a thousand years hence.

Sung

Sung in Love in a Village.

L E T gay ones and great,
 Make the most of their fate,
 From pleasure to pleasure they run ;
 Well, who cares a jot ?
 I envy them not,
 While I have my dog and my gun.
 For exercise, air,
 To the fields I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light ;
 The blisses I find,
 No stings leave behind,
 But health and diversion unite.

Sung in Lethe.

Y E mortals whom fancies and troubles perplex,
 Whom folly misguides and infirmities vex ;
 Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest ;
 Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest ;
 Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair ;
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
 And young ones the rover they cannot regain ;
 The rake shall forget, how last night he was cloy'd,
 And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd :
 Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
 And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants,
 Or drench a fond fool to forget her gallants ;
 The troubled in mind shall go chearful away,
 And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to-day :
 Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Sung at Vauxhall.

TO reason ye fair ones, assert your pretence,
 Nor hearken to language beneath common sense ;
 When angels men call ye, and homage would pay,
 If you credit the tale, you're as faulty as they.
 Ten thousand gay scenes are presented to view,
 Ten thousand oaths sworn, but not one of them true :
 Such passions; O heed not, unless to deride,
 Lest a victim, you fall to an ill-grounded pride.
 Prefer ye the dictates of virtue to sound,
 True blessings can ne'er without goodness be found ;
 Leave folly and fashions, misguiders of youth,
 And stick to their opposites, freedom and truth.

Numberless Kisses.

DEAR Chloe come give me sweet kisses,
 For sweeter no girl ever gave ;
 But why in the midst of my blisses,
 Do you ask me how many I'd have ?
 I'm not to be stinted in pleasure,
 Then pry'thee dear Chloe be kind ;
 For since I love thee beyond measure,
 To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd
 Count the Bees that on Hybla are playing,
 Count the flow'rs that enamel the fields ;
 Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying,
 Or the grain that rich Sicily yields ;
 Count how many stars are in Heav'n,
 Go number the sands on the shore ;
 And when so many kisses you've given,
 I still shall be asking for more.
 To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
 A heart which dear Chloe, is thine ;
 In my arms I'd for ever enfold thee,
 And twist round thy neck like a vine.

What

What joy can be sweeter than this is !
 My life on thy lips shall be spent ;
 But the wretch who can number his kisses,
 Will always with few be content.

Sung in Midas.

LOvely nymph assuage my anguish,
 At your feet a tender swain ;
 Prays you will not let him languish,
 One kind look would ease his pain.
 Did you know the lad that courts
 You, he not long need sue in vain ;
 Prince of song, of dance, of sports,
 You scarce will meet his like again.

Sung in Thomas and Sally.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsman abroad,
 To horse my brave boys and away ;
 The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
 Upbraids our too tedious delay :
 What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox !
 O'er hill and o'er valley he flies ;
 Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza !
 The traitor is seiz'd on and dies.
 Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
 Like Bacchanals shouting and gay,
 How sweet with a bottle and lads to refresh
 And lose the fatigues of the day !
 With sport love and wine, fickle fortune defy,
 Dull wisdom all happiness sours ;
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

A jovial Song.

RAIL no more ye learned asses,
 'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies ;
 Sound its depth and fill your glasses,
 Wisdom at the bottom lies.

Fill

Fill them higher still and higher,
 Shallow draughts perplex the brain;
 Sipping quenches all our fire;
 Bumpers light it up again.
 Draw the scene for wit and pleasure;
 Enter jollity and joy,
 We for thinking have no leisure,
 Manly mirth is our employ:
 Since in life there's nothing certain,
 We'll the present hour engage;
 And when death shall drop the curtain,
 With applause we'll quit the stage.

The Cautious Mother.

MY cautious mother, t'other day,
 Cry'd Polly, mind me do;
 I saw young Damon come this way,
 And fear he came to you:
 You know he's gay and thought a rake,
 So never welcome make him,
 Thus I get scolded for his sake,
 I wish the deuce may take him.
 Its true I met him in the grove,
 He gently clasp'd my hand,
 Then sigh'd and talk'd more things of love,
 Than I could understand;
 And who'd have thought that we were seen,
 But of such tricks I'll break him;
 If he won't tell me what they mean,
 The deuce sure ought to take him.
 I often feel my bosom glow,
 With warmth I never knew,
 If this be love that haunts me so;
 What can a virgin do?
 Indeed for pipe, for dance, for song,
 'Gainst ev'ry swain I'd take him.
 But if he tantalizes long,
 I hope the deuce will take him.

They

They say from wedlock springs delight,
 Then let him speak his mind,
 I've no objection to unite
 With one so fair and kind :
 My mother tho' too apt to pry,
 To disoblige I'm loth
 Howe'er I'll wed, then all her cry
 Will be, deuce take you both.

The Pleasures of Matrimony.

TO love and be lov'd, how transporting the bliss,
 To give and receive the soft conjugal kiss ;
 To see a young race of sweet prattlers around,
 Is a pleasure superior to all can be found.

Let libertines rail at the joys they ne'er know,
 Such joys as from rambling can sure never flow ;
 A bottle and Thais, may please for a night,
 But wedlock affords never fading delight.

Tho' censure may seem to have room for its rage,
 In this money-job, scandalous, match-making age ;
 When parents and guardians their children dispose,
 As chapmen at Smithfield buy horses and cows.

But calmly consider true love as the source,
 And wedlock will surely be happy of course ;
 Yet a competent fortune will certainly please,
 For life is scarce life, unless pass'd thro' with ease.

'Tis prudent I own, e'er you marry to see,
 If your means will support a wife easy and free ;
 For cavils in wedlock will rise, to be sure,
 When industry can't keep the wolf from the door.

But when fortune and love, both together combine,
 And beauty and sense too, as mutually join ;
 Let them rail on who will, I am certain of this,
 That wedlock so plann'd is the height of all bliss.

A Martial Song.

COME ye lads, who wish to shine
Bright in future story !

Haste to arms, and form the line

That leads to martial glory !

Charge the musket, point the lance,

Brave the worst of dangers ;

Tell the blust'ring sons of France.

That we to fear are strangers.

Britain when the lion's rous'd

And her flag is rearing,

Always finds her sons dispos'd

To drub the foe that's daring.

Charge the musket, &c.

Hearts of oak with speed advance,

Pour your naval thunder

On the trembling shores of France,

And strike the world with wonder.

Charge the musket, &c.

Honour for the brave to share

Is the noblest booty ;

Guard your coast, protect the fair,

For that's a Briton's duty.

Charge the musket, &c.

And now Spain do take their parts

In a base alliance ;

All unite, and English hearts,

May bid the world defiance,

Beat the drum, the trumpet sound,

Manly and united ;

Danger face, maintain your ground,

And see your country righted.

Few happy Matches.

SAY mighty love, and teach my song,
To whom thy sweetest joys belong,

And who the happy pairs ;

Whose yielding hearts and joining hands

Find blessings twisted with their bands,

To soften all their cares ?

Not

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains,
That thoughtless fly into the chains,
 As custom leads the way ;
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
 And be as blest as they.

Not fordid souls of earthly mould,
When drawn by kindred charms of gold,
 To dull embraces move :
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
 And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames, those raging fires
 The purer bliss destroy :
On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed,
 T' improve the burning joy.

Not the dull pairs whose marble forms,
None of the melting passions warms,
 Can mingle hearts and hands :
Logs of green wood, that quench the coals,
Are married just like stoic souls,
 With osiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
 Can the dear bondage bless :
As well may heavenly concerts spring,
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
 Or none besides the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold,
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
 The rugged and the keen :
Samson's young foxes might as well
In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,
 With firebrands tied between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind,
A gentle to a savage mind ;
 For love abhors the fight :

Loose the fierce tyger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear,
Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves :
Bright Venus on her rolling throne,
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

The Hermit of the Dale.

TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper chears the vale,
With hospitable ray.

For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow ;
Where wilds immeasurably spread,
Seem length'ning as I go.

Forbear my son (the Hermit cries)
To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
For yonder phantom only flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

Here to the houseless child of want,
My door is open still ;
And tho' my portion is but scant,
I give it with good-will.

Then turn to-night, and freely share,
Whate'er my cell bestows ;
My rushy couch, and frugal care,
My blessing and repose.

No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn :
Taught by that power, that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

But from the mountain's grassy side,
A guiltless feast I bring ;
A scrip with herbs and fruit supplied
And water from the spring.

Then

Then pilgrim turn, thy cares forego,
For earth-born cares are wrong ;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

Soft as the dew from Heav'n descends,
His gentle accents fell ;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay :
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And stranger led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch,
Requir'd a master's care ;
The wicket op'ning with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
To revel or to rest.
The Hermit trimmed his little fire,
And cheared his pensive guest.

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily prest and smil'd ;
And skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups on the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
To sooth the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit 'spy'd ;
With answering cares oppress'd ;
And whence unhappy youth (he cry'd)
The sorrows of thy breast ?

From

From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove ;
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love ?

Alas ! the joys that fortune brings,
Are trifling and decay ;
And those that prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep ;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep.

And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest ;
On earth unseen, or only found,
To warm the turtle's nest.

For shame fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the set, (he said)
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-born guest betray'd.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view ;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too !

The bashful look the rising breast,
Alternate spreads alarms ;
The lovely stranger stands confest,
A maid in all her charms !

And ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn (she cry'd)
Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude,
Where heav'n and you reside.

But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray ;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair,
Companion of her way.

My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he ;
And all his wealth was mark'd for mine,
He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came :
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt or feign'd a flame.

Each hour the mercenary croud,
With richest presents strove ;
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

In humble simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

The blossom op'ning to the day,
The dews of Heav'n refin'd,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine,
Their charms were his, but woe is me,
Their constancy was mine !

For still I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain ;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

'Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride :
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died !

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay ;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

And

And there forlorn, despairing hid,
I'll lay me down and die ;
'Twas so for me, my Edwin did,
And so for him will I.

Forbid it, Heav'n ! the Hermit cry'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast :
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide ;
'Twas Edwin's self that prest !

Turn Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer turn to see ;
Thy own, thy long lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee.

Then let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care resign :
And shall we never—never part,
My life—my all that's mine ?

No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true ;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too !

F I N I S.





