

1003
NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES.

No. 2.

THE
SCRAP-BOOK:

A SELECTION OF THE BEST

JOKES, PUNS, COMIC SAYINGS,
JONATHANISMS, &c., &c.



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THE SCRAP-BOOK.

A GENTLEMAN complaining to his bootmaker that a pair of boots recently sent were too short, and that he wanted a pair to cover the whole calf, had the following *jeu d'esprit* sent to him :—

These boots were never made for me,
They are too short by half;
I want them long enough, d'ye see,
To cover all the calf.
Why, sir, said Last, with stifled smile,
To alter them I'll try;
But if they *cover all the calf*,
They must be *five feet high*.

A gentleman, who had gained a handsome fortune by unremitted industry, was once accosted with, 'I say, John, why don't you have a coat of arms on your carriage?' 'Oh!' said the gentleman, 'I want no coat of arms; when I first came into L—— I wore a coat without arms.'

An elderly lady, telling her age, remarked that she was born on the 22d of April. Her husband, who was present, observed, 'I always thought you were born on the *first* of April.' 'People might well judge so,' responded the matron, 'in the choice I made of a husband.'

A gentleman remarking that he had lost his watch through the carelessness of a servant, in leaving the house unguarded, concluded by saying—'However, it was a poor one.' Miss B. replied, 'Why, sir, a gentleman like you should have kept a *better watch*.'

A gentleman looking at his watch, just after midnight, cried, 'It is *to-morrow morning*! I must bid you *good night*!'

'That's what I call a repetition,' exclaimed a friend the other day. 'What's that, Tom?' said we. 'Why, look at that sign across the way—J. E. Weller, jeweller.'

'Am I not a little *pale*?' inquired a lady, who was rather short and corpulent, of a crusty old bachelor. 'You look more like a *big tub*,' was the blunt reply.

An Irishman fights before he reasons; a Scotchman reasons before he fights; an Englishman is not particular as to the order of precedence, but will do either, to accommodate his customers.

A recent philosopher discovered a method to avoid being dunned! 'How—how—how?' we hear everybody asking. Never run in debt.

'How beautiful,' said a lady, 'the face of nature looks after undergoing a shower!' 'Yes, madam, and so would yours, after undergoing a similar process.'

Dr. Samuel Johnson, when travelling in Inverness-shire with Boswell, addressed a man at work in a peat-moss. 'How far are we from Fort-William, friend? I think we have been *deviating* the last half hour.' 'Like eneuch,' replied the man, 'but I've been *divoting* here sin' six o'clock this morning.'

A pretty girl was lately complaining to a friend that she had a cold, and was sadly plagued in her lips by chaps (cracks or clefts.) 'Friend,' said Obadiah, 'thee should never suffer the *chaps* to come near thy lips.'

An American physician announces that he has changed his residence to the neighbourhood of the churchyard, which he hopes may prove a convenience to his numerous patients!

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

If wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak—to whom you speak—
And how—and when—and where.

'What is light?' asked a schoolmaster of the booby of a class. 'A sovereign that isn't full weight is light,' was the prompt reply.

If your sister, while tenderly engaged in a tender conversation with her tender sweetheart, asks you to bring a glass of water from an adjoining room, you can start on the errand, but you need not return. You will not be missed, that's certain—we've seen it tried. Don't forget this, little boys.

Lord Campbell tells of a judge who wound up a sentence of death, at Stafford, for the uttering of a forged one-pound note, in this horribly facetious manner:—'And I trust that, through the merits and mediation of our blessed Redeemer, you may there experience that mercy which a due regard to the credit of the paper currency of the country forbids you to hope for here.'

'Illustrated with *cuts*,' said a young urchin, as he drew his jack-knife across the leaves of his spelling-book.

Which travels fastest, heat or cold? Heat does; because you can catch cold.

Why is an infant like a diamond? Because it is a *dear little thing*.

A correspondent asks, 'Whom do the papers mean by Our Foreign Relations?' Why, our Cousins-German, of course.

Dr. Franklin, talking of a friend of his who had been a Manchester dealer, said, 'That he never sold a piece of tape narrower than his own mind.'

There is a man at Gravesend so mean, that he wishes his landlord to reduce the price of his board, because he has had two of his teeth extracted.

A fop, just returned to England from a continental tour, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii. 'Not very well,' was the reply; 'they are so dreadfully out of repair!'

During a consultation of physicians on the character of a Bacchanalian patient, how to cure his fever, and abate his thirst, the sick man observed, 'Gentlemen, if you will cure the fever, I will take half the trouble off your hands, and abate the *thirst* myself.'

A glass of soda water was offered the other day to an Irishman, who rejected it with the greatest indignation. 'Do you think I am a salamander,' said he, 'to drink water boiling hot?'

By Mac and O, you'll always know
True Irishmen, they say;
For if they lack both O and Mac,
No Irishmen are they.

Law and logic are like a piece of india-rubber, easily pulled into any shape.

An amorous swain told the story of his heart's affections by a strange emblem—he presented his lady-love with a microscope. Fatal gift! she viewed his imperfections through it, and rejected him.

An authoress speaks of boys of eighteen or twenty as having arrived at an 'age of detestability.'

In a certain benighted part of the country may be seen, on the outside of a humble cottage, the following inscription in large gilt letters:—

'A Seminary for Young Ladies.'

This was, perhaps, too abstruse for the villagers, as immediately underneath there is added, in rude characters,

'Notey Beny—Allso, a Gals Skool.'

An Irishman some time ago was committed to the House of Correction for a misdemeanour, and sentenced to work on the tread-wheel for the space of a month. He observed, at the expiration of his task,—'What a grate dale of fatigue and botheration it would have saved us poor crathers, if they had but invinted it to go by stheeme, like all other water-mills; for burn me if I have not been afther going up stairs for this four weeks, but could not reach the chamber-door at all, at all.'

A Dutch householder, bragging of his worldly gear, writes:—

I've got a pig cat and I've got a pig tog,
I've got a pig calf and I've got a pig hog,
I've got a pig baby so pig and so tall,
And I've got a pig vife dat's pigger as all.

'Class in spelling, come up and recite.' 'Yeth, thir.
'John, spell effects.' 'F-X.' 'Right. Next, spell seedy.
'C-D.' 'Right again.'

Why are young ladies like *arrows*? Because they are all in a *quiver* when the *beaus* come.

Why is a talkative young man like a young pig? Because, if he lives, he is very likely to become a great *bore*.

An Irishman being informed that it was the intention of the government to call out the militia, made the following reply:—‘I’m *hanged* if I care when I’m *drawn* or where I’m *quartered*.’

Why is a good sermon like a kiss? Do you give it up? Because it only requires *two heads* and an *application*!

‘I do declare, Sal, you look pretty enough to eat. ‘Well, Solomon, ain’t I eating as fast as I can?’ replied Sal, with her mouth full.

‘Barber, I think this towel has been in use long enough!’ ‘It has been used more than six weeks, and no one has ever found fault with it before.’

A romantic youth promenading in a fashionable street of New York, picked up a thimble. He stood awhile, meditating upon the probable beauty of the owner, when he pressed it to his lips, saying, ‘Oh that it were the fair cheek of the wearer!’ Just as he had finished, a stout elderly negress looked out of an upper window, and said, ‘Massa, jist please to bring dat fimble of mine in de entry—I jist drapt it.’

Two Irishmen meeting one day, one of them inquired of the other if he had seen his friend Pat Murphy lately: ‘For,’ said he, ‘he has grown so thin that you would not know him at all. You are thin, and I am thin, but, by the powers, he is thinner than both of us put together.’

‘Sambo, whar you get dat watch you wear to meetin’ lass Sunday?’ ‘How you know hab watch?’ ‘Bekase I seed de chain hang out de pocket in front.’ ‘Go ’way, nigger!’ ‘Spouse you see halter round my neck, you tink dar is horse inside ob me?’

A person in want of an occupation, and advertising for the same in the *Times*, informs the world, that ‘The advertiser being highly respectable, no retail business will suit.’ This gentleman seems to be somewhat less consequential logically than he is personally. His address is given as K.—Should it not have been S.N.O.B.?

'Colonel W—— is a fine-looking man, isn't he?' said a friend the other day. 'Yes,' replied another; 'I was taken for him once.' 'You! why you're as ugly as sin.' 'I don't care for that, I was taken for him once—I endorsed his note, and I was taken for him by the sheriff.'

A witness in an Irish Court of Justice stated that he was suddenly roused from his slumbers by a blow on his head. 'And how did you find yourself?' asked the counsel. 'Fast asleep,' replied the witness.

'If you are a cingle man, Pik, taik my advice, and stay so; or, if you will marry—if you mus have a wyf—never permit yourself to be overcum by a widder? Them the sentiments of one who has tried and noes.'

'It is a curious fact,' says the *Medical Times*, 'that the most carnivorous quadrupeds are more averse to devouring women than men.' Yet women are described as the tender sex.

A witty rogue, brought before a Parisian tribunal for a drunken riot, on one occasion, assured the bench that he was not a drunkard, but in his childhood he was bitten by a mad dog, and he had ever since a horror of water.

'I don't like to play forfeits,' said Jemima, 'and have all the fellows kissing me—it makes me common property.' 'Nothing is common which is dear,' meekly responded Bemus.

The local American papers state that a teacher in Virginia, giving lessons in geography, asked a boy, 'What state do you live in?' The urchin hit the fact when he bawled out, 'A state of sin and misery.'

Dr. Wing, being asked where a young lady's *waist* began, replied, 'At the altar. The moment they have you trapped, they come down on your pocket-book like a hawk upon a May bug. After they are married they are all *waste*.' What a libellous fellow!

The principal of an academy, in his advertisement, mentioned his female assistant, and the 'reputation for teaching which she bears;' but the printer—careless fellow—left out the 'which,' so the advertisement went forth commending the lady's reputation for 'teaching *she bears*!'

Mrs. Partington came into the room in a state of great excitement. 'Do you know,' said she, 'they have formed another of those *coalitions*? Well, I declare it is too bad. The price of coals will be up to I don't know what.'

'Bill, you young scamp, if you had your *due*, you'd get a good whipping.' 'I know it, daddy, but *bills* are not always paid when *due*.' The agonised father trembled lest his hopeful son should be suddenly snatched from him.

A young man being cured of a martial predilection by being present in a skirmish, it was said of him that he had an *itch* for military distinction, but the smell of *sulphur* cured it.

A man by the name of Philo, who was married to a lady named Sophy, observed, that uniting his name with the lady's, put him in possession of philosophy.

A captain of a vessel loading coals, went into a merchant's counting-house, and requested the loan of a rake. The merchant, looking towards his clerks, replied—'I have a number of them, but none, I believe; wish to be hauled over the coals.'

An old farmer, whose son had died lately, was visited by a neighbour, who began to condole with him on his loss. 'My loss!' exclaimed the father, 'no such thing—his own loss—he was of age.'

A vagrant called at a house on a Sunday, and begged for some cider. The lady refused to give him any, and he reminded her of the oft-quoted remark, that she 'might entertain an angel unawares.' 'Yes,' said she, 'but angels don't go about drinking cider on Sundays.'

Time to me this truth has taught,
 'Tis a truth that's worth revealing—
 More offend for want of thought
 Than from any want of feeling.
 If advice we would convey,
 There's a *time* we should convey it;
 If we've but a word to say,
 There's a *time* in which to say it.

A Yankee editor remarked, in a polemical article, that though he would not call his opponent a liar; he must say, that if the gentleman had intended to state what was utterly false, he had been remarkably successful in his attempt.

A celebrated divine, who had prided himself upon his originality, and who would reject his best thought if he imagined it was traceable to any previous author, was startled one day by a friend coolly telling him that every word of his favourite discourse was stolen from a book he had at home. The astonished writer, staggered by his friend's earnestness, begged for a sight of this volume. He was, however, released from his misery by the other smilingly announcing the work in question to be 'Johnson's Dictionary,' where, continued his tormentor, 'I undertake to find every word of your discourse.'

After listening to Bushfield Ferrand's fervid appeal at New Malton, a shrewd Yorkshire farmer was asked what he thought of the speech? His reply was, simply, 'Why, I don't know, but I think six hours' rain would hae done us a deal mair good!'

An American, formerly master of a vessel, who recently returned from California, where he has been operating for about a couple of years, was thus accosted:—'Well, Captain H., I suppose you have made enough this trip to stay at home, and lay off the rest of your days?'—'Well, yes, I have made something.' Pursuing his interrogations still further—'Well, captain, how much of the stuff did you bring home?'—'Well, sir, about as much as a good donkey could haul down-hill upon ice.'

During the late session at N——, a man was brought up by a farmer, and accused of stealing some ducks. The farmer said, he should know them anywhere, and went on to describe their peculiarity. 'Why,' said the counsel for the prisoner, 'they can't be such a very rare breed—I have some like them in my yard.' 'That's very likely, sir,' said the farmer: 'these are not the only ducks of the sort I have had stolen lately.'

There is one disease that a miser is pretty sure never to die of—and that is, 'enlargement of the heart.'

Medicine has killed as many people as war. Powder and pills are as fatal as powder and ball. Be careful, therefore, how you allow people to shoot them into you.

'Och, an' what's yer honor agoin' to give me, seein' as it's myself that saved yer honor's house from turnin' to ashes intirely?' 'How, so, Pat?'—'An sure, when it cotched afire, wasn't I the second one that hollered fire first?'

'Come, Doctor,' said a sinner to a clerical saint, 'I can give you a treat—a bottle of claret forty years old.' The doctor was in raptures, and eagerly accepted the invitation; when, to his dismay, the expected quart proved only to be a pint bottle. 'Waes me,' said he, taking it up in his hand, 'but it's unco wee of its age!'

When Nelson said to his men at Trafalgar, 'England expects every man to do his duty,' three Scotchmen who were standing at their guns exclaimed, 'He never mentioned poor Scotia;' but one of them, suddenly recollecting himself, rejoined, 'His Lordship is just coaxing the English; he knows Sandy will do his work when wanted, without coaxing.'

A short time since, an invalid sent for a physician; and, after detaining him for some time with a description of his pains, said, 'Now, doctor, you have humbugged me long enough with your good-for-nothing pills and worthless syrups; they don't touch *the real difficulty*. I wish you would strike the cause of my ailment, if it is in your power to reach it.' 'It shall be done,' said the doctor, at the same time lifting his cane, and demolishing a decanter of spirits that stood upon the sideboard.

A man with one eye laid a wager with another man, that he (the one-eyed person) saw more than the other. The wager was accepted. 'You have lost,' says the first; 'I can see the two eyes in your face, and you can see only one in mine.'

An old clergyman was in the habit, as soon as he got into the pulpit, of placing his sermon in a crevice under the cushion, where he left it during the singing of the accustomed psalm. One Sunday he pushed the sermon-book too far into the crevice, and lost it. When the psalm was concluded, he called the clerk to bring him a Bible. The clerk, somewhat astonished at this unusual request, brought him a Bible as he was desired. The clergyman opened it, and thus addressed his congregation—'My brethren, I have LOST MY SERMON; but I will read you a chapter in Job WORTH TEN OF IT.'

Mrs. Wagner having presented her husband with a daughter, he 'put it in the *Times*,' which was all very well; but we are not satisfied that he was called upon to add, 'her eleventh child,' unless he intended it as a warning to bachelors.

An old gentleman of eighty years having taken to the altar a young damsel of sixteen, the clergyman said to him, 'The font is at the other end of the church.' 'What do I want of the font?' inquired the old gentleman. 'I beg your pardon,' said the clerical wit, 'I thought you had brought this child to be christened.'

In a club, the other day, sat two gentlemen, one of whom has attained fame upon canvas, the other upon paper. He of the pencil was remarkably complimentary to him of the pen—so much so indeed, that the latter at length, with a good-natured laugh, exclaimed, 'Why, my good fellow, you really show the versatility of your genius in the most striking light: you prove that you can paint not only in oil, but—in butter!'

Horne Tooke, being asked by George III. whether he played at cards, replied, 'I cannot, your majesty, tell a king from a knave.'

A sign in front of a shop in a village near Exeter, has the following:—'Kakes and bear, sold her.' An addition in width has been added, to inform the public, that 'I make my sign a little vider, to let the people know that I sell sider.'

A fire-eating Irishman, covered with wounds received in duels, challenged a barrister, who gratified him by an acceptance. The duellist, unable to stand without support, requested that he might have a prop. 'Suppose,' said he, 'I lean against this milestone?' 'With pleasure,' replied the lawyer, 'on condition that I may lean against the next.' The challenger burst into a roar of laughter at the joke, and swore he would not fight so good-humoured a gentleman.

A Glasgow youth walking with his sweetheart along Queen-street of that city, stopped at the door of a pastry cook's shop, and addressing his lady-love, said, 'Now, my dear, what will you take?' She, expecting to be treated to some of the good things of the shop, modestly replied, 'I will take anything you like.' 'Then,' says he, 'we will take a walk,' and marched past the shop.

A gentleman one day observed to Henry Erskine, who was a great punster, that punning was the *lowest* of wit. 'It is so,' answered Erskine, 'and therefore the *foundation* of all wit.'

Maximilian being requested to grant an individual a patent of nobility for a certain sum—‘I can make you *richer*,’ said Maximilian, ‘but none can ennoble you but your own *virtue*.’

The late Lord Jeffrey, when pleading one day before old Lord Newton, the judge stopped him, and asked him in broad Scotch, ‘Whaur were ye educat, Mr. Jeffrey?’ ‘Oxford, my lord.’ ‘Then I doubt ye maun gang back there agin, for we can mak nocht o’ ye here.’ On another occasion, the advocate, in stating his case before the same judge, happened to speak of an itinerant violinist. ‘D’ye mean a blin’ fiddler?’ asked Lord Newton. ‘Vulgarly so called, my lord,’ answered the spirited advocate.

The only kind of mistakes we are in favour of, is when an old bachelor gets married. Such miss-stakes are popular among the ladies.

Lord Braxfield (a Scotch judge) once said to an eloquent culprit at the bar, ‘You’re a vera clever chiel, mon; but I’m thinking ye wad be nane the waur o’ a hangin’.’

Why should Joseph Ady be a leading man in the education movement?—Because he has all his life had a decided passion *for the universal diffusion of letters*.

We notice the marriage of Mr. Day to Miss Field, which presents this singular anomaly, that although he *won the Field*, she *gained the Day*.

Some things come by odd names. The most uncommon quality in nature is called ‘common sense;’ a paper half a mile long is a ‘brief;’ and a melancholy ditty, devoid of sense or meaning, is a ‘glee.’

The following bull appears in the American President’s message recently delivered:—‘We are at peace with *all* the world, and we seek to maintain our cherished relations with the *rest* of mankind.’

When James Beresford, author of ‘The Miseries of Human Life,’ was at the Charterhouse School, he was a remarkably gay and noisy fellow; and one day, having played truant to attend a concert, the school (says Southey) was so quiet without him, that his absence was at once detected, and brought upon him a flogging.

A gentleman while skating fell into the water, and ran imminent risk of his life. A man with some difficulty pulled him out. The gentleman rewarded his preserver with a sixpence. The bystanders expressed some surprise respecting the insufficiency of the sum ; but the man coolly observed, that the gentleman knew best what his own life was worth, and walked off.

The following anecdote is told in illustration of the Scotch veneration for the Sabbath :—A geologist, while in the country, and having his pocket hammer with him, took it out and was chipping the rock by the wayside for examination. His proceedings did not escape the quick eye and ready tongue of an old Scotch woman. ‘What are you doing there, man?’ ‘Don’t you see? I’m breaking a stone.’ ‘Y’are doing mair than that ; y’are breaking the Sabbath.’

An old bachelor, in counselling a young friend, cautioned him in this wise :—‘Ne’er take a wife till thou hast a house (and a fire) to put her in.’

A young gentleman was recently asked to ‘take something.’ He said he was not dry, but he would take the sixpence, which he accordingly pocketed and marched off.

It is considered a great compliment in the east, to say to a young girl, ‘Your skin is as clear and beautiful as the fresh peel of an onion just drawn out from between its flakes!’

A Bremen journal contains the following advertisement :—‘A young gentleman, on the point of getting married, is desirous of meeting a man of experience who will dissuade him from such a step. Address,’ &c.

It is not always a mark of kindness to possess an open countenance. An alligator is a deceitful creature, and yet he presents an open countenance when in the very act of *taking you in*.

When Prince Gonzago was in England, he dined in company with Dr. Johnson, and thinking it was a polite thing to drink the doctor’s health with some proof that he had read his works, called out from the top of the table to the bottom—that table filled with company—‘At your good health, Mr. Vagabond!’ instead of Mr. *Rambler!*

'I say, Henry Charles, you have been to Hong-Kong, haven't you?'—'Yes.' 'Well, can you speak China?' 'Y-e-s, a little: that is, I speak *broken china*.'

'I shall soon die, Cuffy—I must soon set out upon a long journey.' 'Berry well (replied Cuffy), I guess hab good going, because it's all the way down hill.'

Mr. Hunt, in a lecture on Common Law, has remarked, 'That a lady, when she married, lost her personal identity—her distinctive character—and was like a dewdrop swallowed by a sunbeam.'

To such an extent is veneration for the fair sex carried in San Francisco, that a party of Oregonians stopped to have a dance round an old cast-off bonnet.

'Will the galvanic rings cure depression?' asked a lady. 'What has caused the complaint, ma'am?' asked the doctor. 'The loss of my husband,' mournfully replied the lady. 'Then you had better get a *wedding ring*,' answered the doctor.

A gentleman sat down to write a deed, and began with 'Know all women by these presents.' 'You are wrong,' said a bystander, 'it ought to be "know all men."' 'Very well,' answered the other, 'if all women know it, all men will, of course.'

Conductor (very loud).—'Go on, Bill; here's that ugly old cove wot always kicks up such a row, and makes hisself so disagreeable, just got in!'

Driver.—'Oh, as he? Hi've a deuced good mind to pitch im hover, hand break his stupid old 'ed!'

'What news to-day?' said a merchant to his friend lately. 'What news?' responded the other, 'nothing, only times are growing better; people are getting on their legs again.' 'On their legs!' said the first. 'I don't see how you can make that out.' 'Why, yes,' replied the other, 'folks that used to ride are obliged to walk now; is not that getting on their legs again?'

'What are you going to give me for a Christmas present?' asked a merry damsel of a poor but good young man, who meekly replied, that he had nothing to offer but his humble self. 'The smallest favours gratefully received,' was the cheerful response.

A gent. was asked what kind of 'gal' he preferred for his wife. 'One,' he said, 'that wasn't prodi-gal, but frugal—a true-gal, and suited to his conjugal taste.'

Buggins (at breakfast table).—'Mary Anne, bring me a egg.'

Finished Daughter.—'An egg, if you please, father; an egg, not a egg—pray speak correctly.'

Buggins.—'A negg is it, my dear—a negg, eh? Well, Mary Anne, instead of one, you may bring two *neggs*!'

AN IRISHMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF MAKING A CANNON.—Take a long hole and pour brass round it.

The *Dublin Commercial Journal* has the following: "One of the habitués of the theatre the other evening, talking of female authors, said that, though they have tact, grace, and finesse, they have no creative genius, and seldom produce any *perfect work*. 'It is easy to see,' said Mrs. L., the actress, 'that it was a woman who gave *you* birth.'"

A gentleman dining at a fashionable hotel, whose servants were 'few and far between,' despatched a lad among them for a cut of beef. After a long time the lad returned, and placing it before the faint and hungry gentleman, was asked, 'Are you the lad who took away my plate for this beef?'—'Yes, sir.'—'Bless me,' resumed the hungry wit, 'how you have grown!'

'Father,' said a juvenile apothecary, to his learned 'dad,' 'what's the reason they don't use *pestles* in battle?' 'Pestles, my son, what should they do with pestles in battle?' 'Why, the Wellington dispatches say the *mortars* did great execution, and I can't see how, without pestles?' 'Pound away, my son, and don't puzzle me with your questions. Mortars and pestles do a great deal of damage, without being used on the field of battle.'

A clergyman, coming to a poor woman's cabin, amongst other questions asked her how many commandments there were? 'Truly, sir,' said she, 'I cannot tell.'—'Why, ten,' said he.—'A fine company,' replied she, 'God bless you and them together.'—'Well, but neighbour,' says he, 'do you *keep* these commandments?'—'Ah, the Lord in heaven bless you, sir, I am a poor woman, and can hardly *keep myself*; so how can I bear the charge of keeping so many commandments?'

The following notice appeared on the west end of a church in Watling Street: 'Any person sticking bills against this church, will be prosecuted according to law, OR ANY OTHER NUISANCE.'

A horse-dealer, selling a nag, frequently observed, with much earnestness, that he was an honest horse. After the purchase, the gentleman asked him what he meant by an honest horse. 'Why, I'll tell you,' replied the Jockey. 'Whenever I rode him, he always threatened to throw me; and hang me if he ever deceived me.'

An Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose country was the best living, the Welshman said, 'There is such noble housekeeping in Wales, that I have known about a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner.' 'Ah,' answered the Englishman, 'that was because every man toasted his own cheese.'

An Irishman having accidentally broken a pane of glass in a window, was making the best of his way out of sight; but, unfortunately for Pat, the proprietor stole a march on him; and having seized him by the collar, exclaimed, 'You broke my window, fellow, did you not?' 'To be sure I did,' said Pat; 'and didn't you see me running home for money to pay for it?'

'I should just like to pay you off,' as John Bull said to the National Debt.

'I wish I could get things into the right train,' as the unprotected female said to herself, when she saw her luggage going away from her in all directions.

Why is a hen walking, like a conspiracy?—Because it's a foul proceeding.

What is the difference between a chicken with a wing and one without a wing?—There is a difference of a pinion (opinion).

We may set it down as an axiom, that young ladies cannot know everybody's name, when it is utterly impossible for them to know what their own may be a twelvemonth hence!

A Yankee student being asked how many genders there were, said 'three—masculine, feminine, and neutral;' and defined them as follows:—'Masculine, men; feminine, women; and neutral, old bachelors.'

'Shon,' said a Dutchman, 'you may say what you please pout pad neighbours ; I have had te vorst neighbours as never was. Mine pigs and mine hens come home wit dere ears split, and todder day two of them *come home missing.*'

Soon after Dr. Johnson's return from Scotland to London, a Scottish lady, at whose house he was, as a compliment ordered some hotch-potch for his dinner. After the Doctor had tasted it, she asked him if it was good ? To which he replied, 'Very good for *hogs !*' 'Then pray,' said the lady, 'allow me to help *you* to a little more of it.'

An Irish doctor advertises, that the deaf may hear of him at a house in Liffey Street, where his blind patients may see him from 10 till 3.

'Pat,' said a gent. to his servant, 'what's all that noise in the street?' 'Oh, nothing, sir ; they're only *forcing* a man to turn *volunteer.*'

When you are in at a neighbour's in the evening, and a man asks his wife how long before she is going to bed, you may safely conclude that you had better leave.

The following advertisement appeared lately in an Irish newspaper: 'This is to notify Patrick O'Flaherty, who lately left his lodgings, that if he does not return soon, and pay for the same, *he shall be advertised.*'

Some days ago, a pretty, bright little juvenile friend, some five years of age, named Rosa, was teased a good deal by a gentleman who visits the family ; he finally wound up by saying : 'Rosa, I don't love you.' 'Ah, but you've *got to love me,*' said the child. 'How so?' asked her tormentor. 'Why,' said Rosa, 'the Bible says you must love them that *hate* you, and I am sure I hate you!'

At an infant-school examination a few days ago, the examiner asked, 'What fish eat the *little ones*?' 'The *big 'uns,*' shouted a little urchin.

'Don't you understand me, Jim?' thundered the old man. 'Why, you must be quite a fool.' 'True, I am very *near one,*' meekly replied Jim.

A constant frequenter of city feasts having grown enormously fat, it was proposed to write on his back, *Widened at the expense of the Corporation.*

‘Well, Alick, how’s your brother Ike getting along these times?’ ‘Oh, first rate—got a *good start* in the world; married a widow with nine children.’

A little girl inquired of her friend, who had passed her eighth year, ‘What causes the rain?’ to which the following beautiful reply was given: ‘The drops of rain are the tears shed by angels over the sins of the world.’

A gentleman, inquiring of a naval officer why sailors generally take off their shirts when going into action, was answered, ‘that they may not have any *check* to fightin’.’

An American editor states that a friend of his carries his sense of honour so far, as to spend all his time in perfect idleness, because he does not even like to *take advantage of time*.

A poor Irishman offered an old saucepan for sale. His children gathered around him, and inquired why he parted with it. ‘Ah, my honeys,’ answered he, ‘I would not be afther parting with it, but for a little money to buy something to put in it.’

A gentleman calling for some beer at another gentleman’s table, finding it very bad, gave it to the servant again without drinking. ‘What!’ said the master of the house, ‘don’t you like the beer?’ ‘It is not to be found fault with,’ answered the other, ‘for we should never speak ill of the *dead*.’

At an excellent hotel, not a hundred miles from Liverpool, they were one day short of a waiter, when a newly-arrived Hibernian was hastily made to supply the place of a more expert hand. ‘Now, Barney,’ said mine host, ‘mind you serve every man with soup, anyhow.’ ‘Bedad, I’ll do that same,’ said the alert Barney. Soup came on the start, and Barney, after helping all but one guest, came upon the last one. ‘Soup, sir?’ said Barney. ‘No soup for me,’ said the gent. ‘But you must have it,’ said Barney; ‘it is the rules of the house.’ ‘D—n the house,’ exclaimed the guest, highly exasperated; ‘when I don’t want soup I won’t eat it—get along with you.’ ‘Well,’ said Barney, with solemnity, ‘all I can say is jist this—it’s the regulations of the house, and the divil a drop else ye’ll get till yo finish the soup!’ The traveller then gave in, and the soup was gobbled.

Lately in the Court of Exchequer, a builder's scaffolder described a foreman as 'a man who walks about and does nothing, and orders everybody else to work.'

Some time ago, a provision merchant's shop in Leith had on its signboard, 'Butter sold here for smearing sheep and bakers.'

'Well, John,' said a doctor to a lad, whose mother he had been attending during her illness, 'how is your mother?' 'She's dead, I thank you, sir,' was the reply.

A gentleman well acquainted with a certain alderman, being asked what sort of a Lord Mayor he thought he would make, answered, 'An unaccountable one.'

Horace Walpole tells a story of a Lord Mayor of London in his time, who, having heard that a friend had the small-pox twice, and died of it, asked if he died the first time or the second.

A servant girl said the other day, that she gave but twelve pence for the cap she had on her head; a gentleman observed, 'Then you have a *crown piece* for a *shilling*.'

'A steam-boat (Jonathan says) has got a saw-mill on one side, and a grist-mill on t'other, and a blacksmith's shop in the middle, and down cellar there's a tarnation great pot boiling all the time.'

Why is twice eleven like twice ten? Because twice eleven is twenty-two, and twice ten is twenty *too*.

A letter passed through the Shields Post-office a short time ago, 'For Betsy Robinson, a Scotch Woman with One Eye, Carey Bank, North Shields.'

A woman offering to sign a deed, the judge asked her whether her husband compelled her to sign. 'He compel me!' said the lady, 'no, nor twenty like him.'

'How is your son to-day?' asked a friend of a stock-brother. 'Very bad,' replied the old gentleman, striving to compose his agitated features: 'Very bad, indeed! I would not give ten per cent. for his chance of life.'

'You had better ask for manners than money,' said a finely-dressed gentleman to a beggar boy who had asked for alms. 'I asked for what I thought you had the most of,' was the boy's reply.

Pat. Murphy, residing in Raymond Street, was lately fined twenty shillings and costs, for keeping six full-grown pigs in his front *parlour*!

'I wonder how they make lucifer matches?' said a young lady to her husband, with whom she was always quarrelling. 'The process is very simple—I once made one,' he answered. 'How did you manage it?'—'By leading you to church.'

We are authorised to say that Mr. John Macdonald of Mansfield Wood House, who attained his hundredth year last November, will run any man in England, his own weight *and age*, for any sum. N.B.—No hurdles.

A gentleman passing through one of the public offices was affronted by some clerks, and was advised to complain to the principal, which he did thus: "I have been abused here by some of the rascals in this place, and have come to acquaint you of it, as I understand you are the principal."

A young lady, a native of Sydney, being asked if she should like to go to Britain, answered that she should like to see it, but not to live in it. On being pressed for her reason, she replied, 'That from the large number of bad people sent out from thence, it must surely be a very wicked place to live in!'

Did our readers ever remark that the gentlemen who 'carry round the plate, and who are always on a cold scent after a penny, are not *themselves* very liberal in their contributions?' 'Why don't *you* put in something?' asked a contributor, of one of these Sunday sub-treasurers, on one occasion. 'That's *my* business,' was the reply: 'what *I* give is *nothing to nobody*!'

'What are you writing there, my boy?' asked a fond parent the other day of his hopeful son and heir, a shaver of ten years.—'My composition, thir.' 'What is the subject?'—'International law, thir,' replied the youthful Grotius; 'but really I shall be unable to conthentrare my ideas, and give them a logical relation, if I am conthantly interrupted in thith manner by irrelevant inquiries.'

A widow said once to her daughter, 'When you are of my age, you will be dreaming of a husband.' 'Yes, mamma,' replied the thoughtless little hussy, '*for a second time*.'

‘What are you about, my dear?’ said his grandmother to a little boy who was sliding along the room, and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit. ‘I am trying, grandmamma, to steal papa’s hat out of the room, without letting that one see it,’ said he, pointing to the gentleman, ‘for papa wants him to think that he is out.’

O’Connell, in one of his speeches in Conciliation Hall, told his followers, that if measures injurious to Ireland were brought into Parliament, he would go over to England, and ‘*die* on the floor of the House of Commons in opposition to them;’ and when he came back he would say, ‘Are you for Repeal now?’

A few days since, a person threw the head of a goose on to the stage of the Belleville Theatre. Cotru advancing to the front, said, ‘Gentlemen, if any one amongst you has lost his head, do not be uneasy, for I will restore it on the conclusion of the performance.’

A Liverpool furrier informs those ladies ‘who wish to have a *really genuine* article,’ that he will be happy to make them muffs, boas, &c., of ‘THEIR OWN SKINS!’

A provincial contemporary is ungallant enough to say that the ladies—Heaven bless ’em!—are never in time except on the wedding-day, and then they wait up all night to prevent being too late in the morning.

An advertisement of cheap shoes and fancy articles, inserted in a certain newspaper, has the following *nota bene*:—‘N.B. Ladies wishing those cheap shoes will do well to call soon, as *they will not last long*.’

A retired son of St. Crispin, who had amassed considerable wealth, used to put the letters F.R.S. and C. after his name. He translated them thus:—‘First Rate Shoemaker and Cobbler.’

‘What are you engaged in?’ said the head printer of a newspaper establishment to one of the compositors. ‘In an elopement.’ ‘Stop,’ said his interrogator, ‘I want you to share in a murder.’

‘Make way here,’ said a member of a republican deputation, ‘we are the representatives of the people.’ ‘Make way yourself,’ shouted a sturdy fellow from the throng, ‘we are the people themselves!’

The following advertisement was recently inserted in a New York paper:—‘Wanted—An experienced nurse to take charge of a young child, between 30 and 35 years old, of unexceptionable character and good reference. None need apply who cannot produce the best testimonials.’

A simple Highland girl, on her way home for the north, called, as she passed by Crieff, upon an old master with whom she had formerly served. Being kindly invited by him to share in the family dinner, and the usual ceremony of asking a blessing having been gone through, the poor girl, anxious to compliment, as she conceived, her ancient host, exclaimed, ‘Ah, master, ye maun hae a grand memory, for that’s the grace ye had when I was wi’ you seven years ago.’

A countryman busy sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him with an insolent air, ‘Well, honest fellow,’ said he, ‘’tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labour.’ To which the countryman replied, ‘’Tis very like you may, for I am sowing hemp.’

A wit being asked what the word genius meant, replied, ‘If you had it in you, you would not ask the question; but as you have not, you will never know what it means.’

A person, who was famous for arriving just at dinner-time, upon going to a friend’s (where he was a frequent visitor), was asked by a lady of the house if he would *do as they did*. On his replying he should be happy to have the pleasure, she replied, ‘Dine at home, then.’ He, of course, had received his *quietus* for some time, at least.

Two gentlemen, a few days since, took a boat at Blackfriar’s-bridge to go to the Tower. One of them asked the other who sat beside him, if he could tell him what *countryman* the waterman was. He replied he could not. ‘Then,’ said his friend, ‘I can; he is a *Ro-man*.’ A Cockney being told the above, said ‘the pun was wherry good.’

During a late crowded night at Covent Garden Theatre, a pretty woman, on whom the heat acted as a powerful *sudorific*, attracted general attention. A gentleman, after viewing her for a few minutes, exclaimed, ‘A charming painting *in oil*.’

The inhabitants of Mount Street, Southampton, were alarmed one morning at three o'clock by a drunken fellow crying, '*Fire! Fire!*' 'Where, for God's sake, is it?' exclaimed a hundred voices at once. 'That's exactly what I want to know,' replied the fellow, 'for my pipe's gone out.'

For the *gout*, says one, toast and water; for *bile*, exercise; for *corns*, easy shoes; for *rheumatism*, new flannel and patience; for *toothache*, pluck it out.

A venerable Scotch minister used to say to any of his flock who were labouring under affliction, 'Time is short, and if your cross is heavy, you have not far to carry it.'

La Motte, who had lost his eyesight, being one day in a crowd, accidentally trod upon the foot of a young man, who instantly struck him on the face. 'Sir,' said La Motte, 'you will be sorry for what you have done, when I tell you that I am blind.'

Coward is a feudal expression, implying cow-herd, for which employment a man void of courage was deemed only fit for.

Mr. Wilmot, an infidel, when dying, laid his trembling emaciated hand upon the sacred volume, and exclaimed solemnly, and with unwonted energy, 'The only objection against this book, is—a bad life.'

Franklin, one of the greatest philosophers and statesmen of America, was once a printer's boy. Simpson, the Scotch mathematician, and author of many learned works, was at first a poor weaver. Herschel, one of the most eminent astronomers, rose from the low station of a fifer boy in the army. These examples show us the happy effects of assiduity and perseverance.

There are boys who think themselves men, and who go to barbers' shops to be, as they say, '*bared*.' We heard of a juvenile who went to be scraped, and the barber having adjusted the cloth, and soaped his smooth skin, left him and went lounging about his door. As soon as the young '*gent*.' saw him sauntering, he impatiently screamed out, 'Well, what are you leaving me all this time here for?' The witty barber replied, 'I'm waiting until your beard grows!'

TO FIND 'MEAN' TIME.—Learn of Molly the maid the time of dinner, and always drop in at the exact moment.