

animadvert on our government for bestowing such a trifle, which did not cost them three francs.' 'That is true, to be sure,' replied the hero, 'it did not cost the English government three francs, but it cost the French a Napoleon.'

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.

'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.

A forward young lady was walking one morning on the Steyne, at Brighton, when she encountered a facetious friend. 'You see, Mr Debenham,' said she, 'I am come out to get a little sun and air.' 'I think, madam, you had better get a little husband first,' was the reply.

There is a man so absent that he mistook his wife for a pair of bellows, and alleged his thorough conviction of the illusion, by her always blowing him up instead of the fire.

Can you spell blind pig with two letters? Why P G, to be sure; that's a pig without an I, isn't it?

Zachariah Macaulay had a servant whom he purchased at Sierra Leon. One morning, as Cudjoe was lying in bed longer than usual, his master called out to him, and asked him what he was about? 'I am doing some head work, massa.' 'Head work—what is that?' asked Zachariah. 'Why, massa,' continued Cudjoe, 'suppose three crow on dat tree, and massa fire, and kill one, how many left?' 'Two, of course,' observed Zachariah. 'No, massa, wrong dere,' replied Cudjoe, showing his teeth, 'de other two fly away.'

SORROW-DISPERSER,

OR

HUMPY FUNNYDOSS'

BUNDLE OF MIRTH.

CAREFULLY REVISED

BY JACOB SIDESPLITTER, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF 'LAUGH AND GROW FAT,' 'THERE'S NAE SORROW HERE, JOHN,' 'DULL CARE BANISHED,' &c.



EDINBURGH:

PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY J. BRYDONE,

SOUTH HANOVER STREET.

Chaps.—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.’

Which is unquestionably the most numerous profession? D’ye give it up? Why, *dyers*—for all mankind *die*.

A Cheshire farmer was lately asked by the minister how it was that, when he preached, the farmer always fell asleep, but when a stranger preached, he was all attention. The farmer replied, ‘Why, sir, when ye preaches, I know aw’s right; but when a stranger comes, I canna trust him, and so I keeps a good look-out.’

A young man of the name of *Neck* was recently married to a Miss *Heels*; they are now, therefore, tied *Neck* and *Heels* together.

A lecturer at one of the chemical schools attached to the University of Dublin asked one of the students if he could ‘plate steel.’ ‘No,’ replied the witty collegian, ‘but I could *steal* plate.’

A gentleman, who had an Irish servant, having stopped at an inn several days, previous to his departure, desired to have a bill, which being brought him, he found a large quantity of port placed to his servant’s account, and questioned him about having so many bottles of wine. ‘Please, your honour, (cried Pat,) read how many they charge to my account.’ The gentleman began, ‘One bottle port, one ditto, one ditto, one ditto.’—‘Stop, stop, (cried Pat,) they are cheating you; I know I had some of their port, but I did not taste a drop of their ditto.’

One day during term time, as a solicitor, of no gentleman-like appearance, was passing near Lincoln’s Inn, with his professional bag under his arm, he was accosted, by a Jew, with ‘Clows to sell, sir, old clows?’ The lawyer, somewhat nettled at this address, from a supposition that Moses mistook him for an inhabitant of Duke’s Place, snatched a bundle of papers from his bag, and replied, ‘No, sir; they are all new suits.’

‘Recollect, sir,’ said a tavern-keeper to a gentleman who was about leaving his house without paying the ‘reckoning,’ ‘recollect, sir, if you lose your purse, you didn’t pull it out *here*.’

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

When does a school-boy’s writing-book resemble the hero of Waterloo?—When it’s a *Well ink’d un* (Wellington.)

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.’

Why is an Aunt better than an Uncle?—Do you give it up? If you follow the example of the *ant*, you will never want the assistance of ‘*my uncle*!’ (the pawnbroker.)

walk abroad with his hat off? Why, because he wants a little fresh *hair*, to be sure.

An Irish tailor, making a gentleman's coat and vest too small, was ordered to take them home and *let them out*. Some days after, the gentleman, inquiring for his garments, was told by the ninth part of an Irishman, that the clothes happening to fit a countryman of his, he had *let them out* at a shilling per week.

The Young Woman's Consolation.—A village pastor was examining his parishioners in their Catechism. The first question in the Heidelberg Catechism is this—'What is thy only consolation in life and death?' A young girl to whom the pastor put this question laughed, and would not answer. The priest insisted. 'Well, then,' said she, at length, 'if I must tell you, it is the young shoemaker that lives in the Rue Agneaux.'

Vy is a red-hot poker like a celebrated poet? Because it *Burns*.

A Pertinent Query.—Mrs W——, notwithstanding her professional powers, displays so little knowledge on general subjects, as to have obtained the *sobriquet* of 'the inspired simpleton.' She had the misfortune to meet an accident in travelling, which accelerated her *accouchement*, and she became the mother of a seven months' child. She was weeping, and exclaimed that the infant would not live, when Mr W—— consoled her, by assuring her, that *his own grandfather* was a seven months' child. 'Very likely, my dear,' said the weeping beauty; 'but *did he live?*'

It is said that her Majesty gives Prince Albert *half a crown* by day, and a *sovereign* at night.

whom she had omitted to pay the 'usual tributes,' when the fellow immediately dragged her off to the watch-house, without any ostensible provocation. She was brought before the police magistrate next morning, when the nocturnal guardian charged her with the heinous crime of walking in the streets the preceding night. 'And your soul to the gallice, would you have me walk on the house-tops?' said she.

An Hibernian, being asked if he liked salmon, answered, 'Yes, pickled; for,' said he, 'if I go to market and buy a bit of fresh salmon, it is so stale that it is not fit to be eat.'

An Irish schoolmaster being asked what was meant by the word 'fortification,' instantly answered, with the utmost confidence, 'two twentifications make a fortification.'

An Irish officer, just returned from the West Indies, was dining with Dr Harvey, and several medical men in Dublin. The conversation turned upon tropical climates; and the officer, whose opinion was asked about that of the West Indies, said, 'It is an infernal place; and added, that if he had lived there until that day, he would have been dead of the yellow fever two years ago.' Another of the physicians, without observing the bull, very gravely added, that 'the climate was certainly unwholesome, and that great numbers died there.' 'Very true,' said Dr O'Donnel, 'but if you'll tell me the country where the people don't die, I will go and end my days there!'

A gentleman observing the common crier of Bristol unemployed, inquired the reason. 'I can't cry to-day, sir, as my wife is just dead.'

A member once remarked in the House of Commons, that the French were the most rest-

of a certain sea-port town, discovered over an admiral's door an escutcheon, and very naturally took it for an alehouse. The gentleman, a ruddy-looking portly man, standing at the door, he clapped him on the shoulder, 'Hallo, landlord, you look like an honest fellow, give us a cup o' the best.' The gentleman, to carry on the joke, ordered his servant to bring him some beer; which being done, the jolly tar drank towards his master's very good health, and inquired what was to pay, which the officer told him, he might settle the next time he came that way.

An apothecary ordered his pupil to mix up some medicines for one of his patients, then in great danger; and, on his recovery, expatiated at large on their virtues to the pupil, who observed, that he thought it by no means improbable that the patient might have recovered as soon without their use. 'Impossible,' said the apothecary; 'and pray what could encourage such an opinion.' 'Why,' replied the young man, 'I forgot to send them.'

A Cork Almanack informs its readers, that the principal republics in EUROPE are Venice, Holland, and America.

A person had his fortune told by an astrologer. After having, by the help of ambiguous language, unfolded to this man the events of his life, past, present, and future, then the soothsayer asked for his usual gratuity. 'How is it,' said the inquisitor, 'that you pretend to know hidden things, and are ignorant of my not having a penny in my pocket?'

A girl of the town, in Dublin, walking the pavement in pursuit of her 'avocations,' had the misfortune to be known by a watchman, to

A gentleman, waiting in the ante-chamber at the Exeter Concert-Room, inquired of the attendant what was the nature of the performances, adding, that he supposed they were *miscellaneous*; to which the other immediately replied, 'No, sir, I don't think *she* is here; but there's Miss Holdaway and Miss George, and several other excellent singers.'

'Jim, how does the thermometer stand to-day?' 'Our's stands on the mantel-piece, right agin the plasterin'.'

Teddy Maguire was a witness in a case as to the quality of oatmeal. Counsel wished to make it appear that when bad oats were brought to the mill for sale they were refused by the buyer. 'Did you ever see Mr Murdock return oats?' said Atherton. 'Yes, yer honour.' 'On what *ground* did he refuse them?' 'In the back yard!' said Teddy.

'A sweet return,' exclaimed the husband, when his wife threw the sugar basin at him.

Why is a drunkard hesitating to sign the pledge like a sceptical Hindoo? Because he is in doubt whether to give up the worship of the *jug-or-not*.

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 enough,' (replied the man,) 'but I've been *divoting* here sin' six o'clock this morning.'

A Witty Bill-Sticker.—On a gate in the neighbourhood of Horton, the broadsides have been so judiciously arranged by the bill-sticker, that the heads read in the following order:—Bucks. Mr Stephenson will shortly sell by auction, in

'Ven the lady and gen'lmen as keeps the hot-el first begun business, they used to make the beds on the floor; but this wouldn't do at no price, 'cos, instead of taking a moderate twopenn'orth o' sleep, the lodgers used to lie there half the day. So now they has two ropes, 'bout six foot apart, and three from the floor, which goes right down the room; and the beds are made of slips of coarse sacking stretched across 'em.' 'Well,' said Mr Pickwick. 'Well,' said Mr Weller, 'the advantage o' the plan is hobvious. At six o'clock every mornin' they lets go the ropes at one end, and down falls all the lodgers. Consequence is, that being thoroughly waked, they get up very quietly and walk away.'

Why are London females unhappy at three quarters past seven? Because the *mails* leave at eight.

A sea-officer, who had lost his hand by a grape-shot, was in company with a young lady, who remarked that it was a cruel ball which deprived him of his hand. 'A noble ball, madam, for it bore away the palm.'

'Aint I a burster,' as the boiler said to the steam-boat captain, when it blew him sky high.

'Thou art false to me,' as the man said to the plank, which let him down into the water, as he was about to step into a steam-boat.

'My son,' said an affectionate mother to her hopeful heir, who was in a short time to be married, 'you are getting very *thin*.' 'Yes, mother,' he replied, 'I am; and I expect shortly that you will see my *rib*.'

'That's smart,' as the boy said when the schoolmaster administered the cane to him.

'Come over the moon-light sea,' as the smuggler said to sundry casks of Hollands.

by Governor Hunter, a dispute arose between two ladies, who wished to take precedence of each other. 'Ladies,' said Barrington, 'patience; I will just consult the *Newgate Calendar*, and the lady that was *first transported* shall take the *highest place* in the room.' There was no occasion for George to consult his register; every lady who heard him pressed to the *lowest seats*, and the *upper part* of the room was left untenanted.

A very modest lady, who was a passenger on board a packet-ship, it is said, sprang out of her berth and jumped overboard, on hearing the captain, during the storm, order the crew to *haul down the sheets*.

It is a historical fact, that Charles I. was beheaded with his own consent. How was that? Because he was *axed* whether he would or no.

'That may be a very good portrait of Boz,' said one to another, while looking at one of the numerous engravings of the renowned Dickens—'but what a curious nose it has! It is turned askew.' 'So it is—the artist certainly had not drawn a nose worthy the face of the author of *Oliver Twist*!' 'I don't know that—for the nose itself is decidedly *all of a twist*.'

Why may Prince Albert be considered a *saving* and frugal personage? Because he *lays* by a *sovereign* every night.

'Think there's any danger, mister meanageeryman, for that Boy Contractor?' 'Oh no, said the man, 'the sarpent don't bite, he swallows his wittals whole.'

'Don't be so *taking*,' as the thief said when the officer arrested him.

man,' exclaimed Mr —, 'as you'll not be more than an hour going.' 'Vell, now, and s'pose I does it in an hour, I ought to have vot I hax, and I'm sure yer vorship oughtn't to grumble, for you fined me five bob t'other day, and war'n't more nor half a minute about it!'

'How do you do, Mr Smith?' 'Do what?' 'How do you find yourself?' 'I never lose myself.' 'How do you feel?' 'Pretty smooth, I guess—feel me, and see.' 'Good morning, Mr Smith.' 'Good! No, it's rather a bad one—it's wet and nasty.'

How did it happen?—A remarkable phenomenon occurred a few days ago on the Brighton Railway. A gentleman and lady were sitting opposite to each other, the lady having a piece of court-plaster on her lip. On emerging from one of the dark tunnels, marvellous to relate, the court-plaster was observed to have passed over to the gentleman's lip?

Why is a man with his eyes shut like an illiterate schoolmaster?—Because he keeps his pupils in darkness.

A Sailor's Notion.—A sailor, seeing some of our domestic slave-traders driving coloured men, women, and children, on board ship for New Orleans market, shook his head and said, 'Jim, if the devil don't catch them fellers, we might as well not have any devil.'

A man boasting about his knowledge of the world, when a wag in company asked him if he had ever been in Algebra? 'I cannot exactly tell,' says he, 'but I think I once passed it on the coach.'

Struggle for Precedence.—When George Barrington, the celebrated pickpocket, was high constable of Botany Bay, at a grand ball given

Love at Sight.—A servant girl, of no strong intellect, who lived with a lady in the neighbourhood of Paisley, one day surprised her mistress by giving up her place. The lady inquired the cause, and found it was that fertile source of dissension between mistress and maid-servant—a lad. 'And who is that lad?' inquired the mistress. 'Ou he's a nice lad—a lad that sits in the kirk just forenent me.' 'And when does he intend that you and he should be married?' 'I dinna ken.' 'Are you sure he intends to marry you at all?' 'I daur say he does, mem.' 'Have you had much of each other's company?' 'No yet.' 'When did you last converse with him?' 'Deed we hae nae conversed ava yet.' 'Then how should you suppose that he is going to marry you?' 'Ou,' replied the simple girl, 'he's been lang lookin' at me, and I think he'll soon be speakin'.'

'I'm in for a *duck*,' as the man said when he fell into the river.

A witty gentleman of Philadelphia observing a citizen, who had lost an arm, passing, said he presumed he might be called an *off-hand man*.

'I wonder how they make lucifer matches,' said a young married lady to her husband, about six weeks after they were married, and with whom she could never agree. 'The process is very simple,' he replied; 'I once made one.' 'Indeed; and pray how did you manage it?' 'By going to church with you,' was the brief and satisfactory explanation.

Vy is an oyster like a celebrated poet? Because its *Shelly*.

'Fare reduced,' as the man said who dined on a single cracker.

one lot—The Representatives of the County—together with three Cows-in-Calf—Lord Chandos, Young, and Harcourt—The Malt Tax—The Nobility and Clergy—The Church—A good stock of Tory humbug—and many other *useful* articles.

‘My son, hold up your head, and tell me who was the strongest man?’ ‘Jonah.’ ‘Why so?’ ‘Cause the whale could not hold him after he got him down.’

A Jew was observed noticing very intently a prodigious fine pork ham. ‘What are you saying to that ham, Master Jacobs?’ ‘I was saying to it, thou almost persuadest me to be a Christian.’

A New York paper says, ‘We once heard of a facetious person, whose name was *New*, who baptised his first child *Something*, as it was Something New. His second was baptised *Nothing*, it being Nothing New.’

Two friends, who had not seen each other for a long time, meeting by chance, one asked the other how he did. He said he was not very well, and that he had got married since he saw him. ‘This is good news, indeed,’ said he. ‘Not so good neither,’ replied the other, ‘for I have married a shrew.’ ‘That is bad, indeed,’ said the other. ‘Not so bad neither,’ said he, ‘for I got two thousand pounds with her.’ ‘That is well again,’ said the other. ‘Not so well neither, for I laid it out in sheep, and they died of the rot.’ ‘That was hard, indeed,’ said his friend. ‘Not so hard neither,’ said he, ‘for I sold the skins for more money than the sheep cost.’ ‘That made you amends,’ said the other. ‘Not so much amends neither,’ said he, ‘for I laid out my money in a house,

A young lady asked a widow her opinion of matrimony. ‘Oh, madam,’ answered she, ‘it would be a heavenly life, if the honeymoon would last always.’

A justice of the peace, seeing a parson on a very stately horse, riding between Highgate 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 do not follow the example of your great Master, who was humbly content to ride upon an ass.’ ‘Why, really, sir,’ replied the parson, ‘the king has made so many asses justices, that an honest clergyman can hardly find one to ride, if he had a mind to it.’

A tailor sent his bill to a lawyer for money; the lawyer bid the boy tell his master he was not running away, but very busy at the time. The boy came again and told him he must needs have the money. ‘Did you tell your master,’ said the lawyer, ‘that I was not running away?’ ‘O yes, sir,’ answered the boy, ‘but he bade me give his compliments, and tell you that he was.’

The junior counsel, who opened the cause of Count D’Eon, concluded as follows:—and we shall now call witnesses to prove that *he is she*.

A very agreeable lady of the name of Riggs, being last season at Margate, in a house with six others, and only one gentleman to attend them; when, on regretting that there were not more of the male creation, says a sprightly lady, one of the party, ‘if we complain of not being well manned, I am sure we are well rigged.’

A sailor, half-groggy, passing along the street

During an examination of a black servant in the Catechism, he was asked by the clergyman what he was made of. ‘Of mud, massa,’ was the reply. On being told that he should say—‘of dust,’ he answered, ‘No, massa, it no do—it no tick together.’

‘What a horrible scrape I am in now,’ as the fish said to the woman who was rubbing down his back with a knife.

‘Master Buggains, come up and tell me who was Cleopatra!’ ‘Cleopatra was the sister to one of the Pyramids of Hgypt, and come to her unhappy eend by swallerin’ of a wasp.’ ‘Good boy, good boy; you’ll be a Gibbon one of these days.’

‘Friend of my sole,’ as the old boot said to the cobbler.

The following *naive* lover’s promise was offered as an irresistible temptation to a filially-given inamorata:—‘I like you,’ sighed the girl to her suitor, ‘but I can’t leave home. I’m a widow’s only darling; no husband can ever *equal* my parent in kindness.’ ‘She is kind,’ pleaded the wooer; ‘but be my wife; we will live all together, and see if I don’t *beat your mother!*’

An apothecary, being with a large company of his neighbours, boasted that a patient, who had been many months confined to his bed, under the care of another apothecary, was out in twenty-four hours after he had begun to attend him. ‘Yes,’ replied a person present, ‘I know that to be a fact; I met him yesterday going to be buried.’

‘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*.’

and it was burned.’ ‘That was a great loss, indeed,’ said his friend. ‘Nay, not so great a loss neither, for my wife was burned in it.’

Why are cowardly soldiers like butter?—When exposed to a *fire* they *run*.

A wit being once very low in pocket, and meeting with a lord, who was walking, thought to wheedle him out of a broad piece, and, coming up to him, said, ‘My lord, I had a strange dream last night, and now half of it is out; for I dreamed that I met you here, and that you gave me a broad piece.’ ‘Well,’ said his lordship, ‘I will make out the other part,’ and so gave it him. ‘But stay, now I think on it, give me that, for it is a piece my mistress gave me to keep for herself.’ Scroggin readily returned it in hopes of a better gratuity. ‘Now,’ said my lord, ‘I’ll tell you my dream, that it may be out likewise. I dreamed that I gave a fool money, and he had not wit enough to keep it;’ and so passed on, leaving Scroggin to scratch his ears, and fretting to be so outwitted.

The Weight of Light.—An old lady, remarkable for the confused idea of the meaning of words, described a clear summer evening thus:—‘It was a beautiful bright night; the moon made everything as *light as a cork!*’

‘Boy, what is your name?’ ‘Robert, sir.’ ‘Yes, that is your Christian name; but what is your other name?’ ‘Bob, sir.’

A few evenings ago, Mr —, a magistrate at one of the police-offices, hired a cab for the purpose of journeying a few miles out of town. ‘How much is the fare?’ said his worship. ‘Vy,’ said the cabman, ‘as I’ve seed you afore, I shan’t charge no more nor a crown.’ ‘That’s too much,

A gentleman was at his banker's, and observed a little boy present a cheque at the counter. The clerk put the usual question to him—'How will you take it?' to which the boy replied, 'In my pocket, sir.'

Half Price.—A witty Hibernian, just arrived in London, and wandering about, perceived a blanket at a shop door, with this inscription on it, 'This superior blanket for half price.' Pat walked in, and demanded the price; 'just 5s., sir,' replied the shopkeeper. 'By my sowle, and that's chape enough!' And so, folding the blanket up, and putting it under his arm, he laid down 2s. 6d., and was walking off. The shopkeeper intercepted him, and demanded the other 2s. 6d. 'Didn't you say, you spalpeen, that the price of the blanket was 5s.? And, sure, hav'n't I given you the half of it? And by that same token, I won't give up my bargain.' A scuffle ensued, and Pat was taken to Bow Street; but when there, he pleaded his cause so ably, that the magistrates dismissed the complaint, and advised the shopkeeper never again to ticket his goods at 'half-price.'

Why was Queen Victoria, before her marriage, the most popular composer? Because her *Overture to Prince Albert* was known all over Europe.

'Well, that beats me out,' as the rye said when the fellow hammered it over the head with the flail.

It was quite amusing, a day or two since, to see a white man sawing a cord of wood, while a black fellow stood looking on, with his hands in his pockets, giving directions. The gentleman to whom the wood belonged just stepped up, and asked Pompey why the white man was

'Bless your soul, that don't mean me. I'm not a gentleman, not a bit of it. You can't make a gentleman of me no how you fix it.' So saying, he sucked away, and 'took the responsibility.'

'I'm losing flesh,' as the butcher said when he saw a man robbing his cart.

A jockey at the Maze races, England, asked an emigrant Yankee if they had any such remarkably swift horses in America? 'Swift!' said Jonathan; 'why, I guess we have—I've seen a horse at Balimore, on a sunny day, start against his own shadow, and beat a quarter of a mile at the first heat!'

'A specimen of the coloured race,' as the fellow said when he saw two negroes running.

A Counterfeit.—A fellow pretending to be in a fit, was carried from the street, in New Orleans, into a grocery store and laid upon the counter, where brandy was poured down his throat, and he recovered. A wag, happening to be present, said the fellow was a rogue, and the fit was a *counter-fit!*

'One bumper at parting,' as the man said when he ran against a post.

A farmer, in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, was lately accosted by his landlord thus—'John, I intend to raise your rent.' To which John replied—'Sir, I am very much obliged to you, for I cannot raise it myself.'

Twopenny Rope.—'And pray, Sam, what is the twopenny rope?' inquired Mr Pickwick. 'The twopenny rope! sir,' replied Mr Weller. 'It is just a cheap lodgin' house, vere the beds is twopence a night.' 'What do you call a bed a rope for?' said Mr Pickwick. 'Bless your innocence, sir, that an't it,' replied Sam.

An Irish colonel of a volunteer corps, who had long been a confirmed *bachelor*, excited much pleasantry by haranguing his men, 'Gentlemen, we are all assembled this day to defend our *wives* and our *children*.'

An arch boy having taken notice of his schoolmaster's often reading a chapter in the Corinthians, wherein is this sentence, 'We shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye,' privately erased the letter *C* in the word *changed*. The next time, his master thus read it, 'We shall all be hanged in the twinkling of an eye.'

A lady, some time back, at the British Museum, asked if they had a *skull of Oliver Cromwell*. Being answered in the negative, 'Dear me,' said she, 'that's very strange, for they have one at Oxford.'

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.

'Are you looking for any one in particular,' as the rat said to the cat when she was peeping down his hole.

In Warrington, a professional gentleman, named Badley, has a sign-board which exhibits his name and calling in the following terms:—

BONES BADLEY SEE.

No Gentleman.—'You mustn't smoke here, sir,' said a captain of a north river steam-boat to a man who was smoking among the ladies on the quarter-deck. 'Mustn't—Eh?—why not?' replied he, opening his capacious mouth and allowing the smoke lazily to escape. 'Didn't you see the sign—'All gentlemen are requested not to smoke abaft the engine?'

doing the work which he (the black) had been engaged to do? 'Cause me hire him for de job,' said Pompey. 'Ah! and how much do you give him?' 'Four and sixpence.' 'How is that? you are to have but four shillings, the usual price.' 'Oh, nebber mind, it's wort sixpence to be gemman lictle while!'

'My bark is on the sea,' as the cur-dog said when they threw him overboard.

The Peers and the Pledge.—The Marquis of Waterford, Lord Waterpark, Lord Rivers, Lord Brook, Lord Lake, the Marquis of Bath, and the Duke of Wellington, are meditating the propriety of 'taking the pledge.' The Earl of Fitzwilliam, Lords Portland, Portman, and Portarlinton, Viscount Beerhaven, and Lord Alesbury, shake their heads, and won't have anything to do with Father Mathew.

Cause of Cold.—A wag of a tailor in Balintore thinks it must be mighty cold (a regular American phrase) in Abingdon, 'for they have no thermometer there, and it gets as cold as it pleases.'

A lady at sea, full of apprehension in a gale of wind, cried out, among other petty exclamations, 'We shall all go to the bottom; mercy on us, how my head swims!'—'Zounds, madam, never fear,' said one of the sailors, 'you can never go to the bottom while your head swims.'

An Accident anticipated.—Amidst the evolutions of the Glasgow Volunteers one morning on the Green, Colonel Hunter was thrown from his horse. Being immediately surrounded by a crowd of sympathizing friends, who eagerly inquired if he was hurt, he very quickly allayed their anxiety by crying, 'Oh, never mind; I was coming off at any rate!'

THE SORROW-DISPERSER.

A negro having purchased a hat was observed to take it from his head on the fall of a shower of rain, and to manifest considerable anxiety to preserve it from the wet. On being remonstrated with for his supposed stupidity in thus leaving his head exposed, he wittily observed, 'Hat belong to me—head belong to massa.'

May is considered an unfortunate marrying month. A country editor says, that a girl was asked, not long since, to unite herself in the silken tie to a brisk chap, who named May in his proposals. The lady tenderly hinted that May was an unlucky month for marrying. 'Well, make it June, then,' honestly replied the swain, anxious to accommodate. The damsel paused a moment, hesitated, cast down her eyes, and said, with a blush—'Would'nt April do as well?'

Cheating a Frosty Road.—On a cold frosty morning, an unfortunate spalpeen was late in his attendance at school, when he was severely reproved by his masther. 'Faith, sir,' said young Pat, 'it was no fault of mine at all at all. The road was so slippery, that every step I took forward was two backward.' 'Oh, you big blackguard, how can that be? If you had walked that fashion, you never could have got here by any manes.' 'No more I would, sir, and so I played the road a trick; I turned my back on the school, and made it believe I was going home again.'

The Difference.—'How do you like the country?' said a lady to a little boy from the city, who was visiting some relatives in the country.

ously such questions as suggested themselves to his mind, one day desired a young urchin to tell him who Jesse was? when the boy briskly replied, 'The Flower of Dunblane, sir.'

A sea-captain in this vicinity brought home a sable African, who had never before seen such a thing as ice. One morning Sambo came in with a large piece, exclaiming—'O, massa, see what a big piece of glass me found.' 'So you have,' replied the facetious mariner, 'but it's wet; take it to the fire and dry it.' Down went Sambo to the kitchen fire, but soon returned with his eyes vastly dilated, and great astonishment otherwise depicted on his countenance, vociferating, 'Why, massa, such glass I neber did see; the more I dries it, the more it grows wet.'

A dashing foreman to a Glasgow tailor, dining in a mixed company, wished to impress those present with the immense importance of his services to his employer. 'Though I say it, that should not say it,' quoth snip, 'if it was not for me, my master could not carry on his business.' 'I can very well believe you,' said one of the party; 'I never yet heard of a tailor who could carry on his business without his goose.'

When the great fire took place in London, a gentleman remarked to his friend that it was in consequence of gluttony; and as a proof of his assertion, he stated, that it commenced at Pye Corner and ended at Pudding Lane.

A gentleman of Cork ordered his man to call him up at six o'clock; but he awoke him at four. Being asked the reason, he replied—I came to tell you that you have two hours to sleep.

A Frenchman meeting an English soldier with a Waterloo medal, began sneeringly to

less nation in the universe; very shrewdly adding, 'they will never be at peace till they are engaged in another war.'

The wife of an Irishman having been seized with severe pains, he immediately set about writing a card for the doctor; but before sending it off, the woman had so recovered that a visit from him was considered unnecessary, and, opening the card, wrote the following:—P.S. You will not require to come now, as she is quite better.

A young fellow, not just so wise as Solomon, eating Cheshire cheese full of mites one night at a tavern,—'Now,' said he, 'I have done as much as Samson, for I have slain my thousands, and ten thousands.' 'Yes,' answered one of the company, 'and with the same weapon too, the jaw-bone of an ass.'

A prisoner being brought up to Bow Street, the following dialogue passed between him and the sitting magistrate:—'How do you live?' 'Pretty well, sir; generally a joint and pudding to dinner.' 'I mean, sir, how do you get your bread?' 'I beg your Worship's pardon; sometimes at the baker's, and sometimes at the chandler's shop.' 'You may be as witty as you please, sir; but I mean simply to ask you how do you do?' 'Tolerably well, I thank your Worship: I hope your Worship is well.'

Three gentlemen being at a tavern, whose names were *More*, *Strange*, and *Wright*, says the last, 'There is but one cuckold in company, and that's *Strange*.' 'Yes,' answered *Strange*, 'here is one *More*.' 'Ay,' said *More*, 'that's *Wright*.'

An old schoolmaster, who usually heard his pupils once a-week through Watt's Scripture History, and afterwards asked them promiscu-

'I like it very much,' said the lad, 'because here we get cow's milk, but at home we only get milkmen's milk.'

Loss of a Character.—The following anecdote which we give exactly as the fact occurred, may be considered as an illustration of simplicity and integrity. A respectable farmer of Ross-shire, travelling a short distance on horse-back, having occasion to cross the river Conan, found on the banks of the stream a young woman also desirous of getting across. She informed the farmer that she was in quest of a situation, and had an excellent character from her last place. As the river was high, the good-natured farmer took the girl up behind him on his horse, and conveyed her over the water. Unfortunately, however, the written certificate of character fell out of the young woman's breast, where she had placed it for safety, and was carried off by the stream. She was in great distress at this mishap, till her kind conductor assured her that he would give her a character; and this pledge he redeemed, on their arrival at a house on the opposite side, in the following brief but pithy words:—'10th Sept. 1833. These certify that the bearer, Peggy M'Kenzie, lost her character this day, while crossing the river Conan with me, Andrew Monro.' We need hardly add, that this very equivocal statement was given in perfect good faith and sincerity. The girl accepted it with many thanks, but was soon convinced that the honest farmer's words did not correspond with his intentions, and that she required, what it is generally difficult to obtain, a new character.

'Dear me, why does that bald gentleman