TOM BROWN'S
JEST BOOK:
OR, COMPANION TO THE CLOISTER,
THE NE PLUS ULTRA OF EVERY THING FUNNY.
CONTAINING ALL HIS COMICAL AND HUMOROUS STORIES,
CURIOUS RIDDLES,
Also, without any curtailment, the whole of his unique collection of
AMOROUS TALES AND SONGS, SMUTTY CONUNDRUMS, QUEER JOKES, WITTY
SAYINGS, &c., &c., &c.

LONDON:
EDWARD DUNCOMBE,
MIDDLE ROW, HOLBORN.
Why are Tom Brown's Jests like a sore leg?  
Because they are full of humour.
TOM BROWN'S
JEST BOOK:
OR, COMPANION TO THE CLOISTER,
THE NE PLUS ULTRA OF EVERY THING FUNNY.
CONTAINING ALL HIS COMICAL AND HUMOROUS STORIES,
CURIOUS RIDDLES,
Also, without any curtailing, the whole of his unique collection of
AMOROUS TALES AND SONGS, SMUTTY CONUNDRUMS, QUEER JOKES, WITTY SAYINGS, &c., &c., &c.

LONDON:
EDWARD DUNCONE,
MIDDLE ROW, HOLBORN.
'Tis often obtain'd with care and cost,
And is no sooner got than lost.

A maidenhead.
TOM BROWN being at an assembly, was asked how he liked a young lady that was dancing, and whose complexion was discernably her own manufacture? Really, sir, answered he, I am no connoisseur in painting.

A young lady, who had been married about six months, asked Tom Brown if he would stand for her first child? Madam, answered he, by the shortness of your apron, I am very sure your first child has already been stood for.

One of the Canons of St. Paul’s being in company with some ladies, let fall his handkerchief, and in stooping to pick it up again, he happened to break wind backwards. Bless me, ladies! cried out one of them, I believe ’tis his Majesty’s birthday, for I think I hear one of the cannons at St. James’s. No, madam, answered another lady, then present, I am sure ’tis not so far off as St. James’s, for I can smell the gunpowder.
Tom Brown, being in company with one Mr. Wake, and another gentleman, it happened that the former fell asleep; which the other gentleman observing, said, why, Tom, our friend is asleep. I'll lay you a guinea, cries Tom, that he is a Wake. Done, cries the other. Well now, says Tom, I'll convince you that I have won the wager:—Don't you know, that his grandfather was a Wake, and his father was a Wake? and certainly he must be a Wake, even though he is fast asleep: therefore I have won the wager.

Tom Brown assured a young lady that he would do anything to serve her. If I was poor and necessitous, said the lady, I make no doubt but you would express yourself in a different manner. Indeed, madam, I would not, replied Tom; for, if you was naked I would cover you.

One Easter Monday, an arch rogue meeting a blind woman, who was crying puddings and pies, took her by the arm and said, come along with me, dame, I am going to Moorfields, where, this holiday-time, you may chance to meet with good custom.—Thank'e kindly, sir, says she. Whereupon he conducted her to Cripplegate church, and placed her in the middle aisle. Now, says he, you are in Moorfields; which she believing to be true, immediately cried out, Hot Puddings and Pies! Hot Puddings and Pies! come they are all hot! &c. which caused the whole congregation to burst out in a loud laughter; and the clerk came and told her she was in a church; you are a lying son of a whore, says she; which so en-
raged the clerk, that he dragged her out of the
church; she cursing and damning him all the
while; nor would she believe him till she heard
the organ play.

Two sailors being in company together, were
conversing of the danger of rocks upon the ocean.
D—n my eyes, Jack, says one, that rock upon the
streights of Ludgate, destroys more than half the
rocks in the universe.

In the reign of King Henry VIII, a facetious
spendthrift nobleman, having lately sold a whole
manor, consisting of nearly a hundred tenements,
came strutting to court in a new rich suit, saying,
am not I a mighty man, to bear a hundred
houses upon my back. Which Cardinal Woolsey
hearing, said, You had much better have paid your
debts. What you say is very right, replied the no-
bleman, for I owe your father* three half-pence
for a sheep's head; come, write me a receipt, and
here's two-pence for it.

A young woman, named Cunny, who was of a
free, merry, yet innocent disposition, happened to
lodge in the same house with a gentleman whose
name was Parsley: the latter being asked one day,
how he liked Miss Cunny? Very well, answered
he; but I should like her much better if she was
stuffed with parsley.

A great crowd being gathered about a poor cob-
bler, who had just died in the street, a man asked

* His father was a butcher at Ipswich, in Suffolk.
Tom Brown what was to be seen? Only a cobbler's end, replied he.

A soldier, who was sadly troubled with the cholera, stopped near a hedge to untruss a point. A general going that way at the same time, and being offended at the strong smell, you rascal, says he, what a stink you do make! No wonder, general, answered he; Do you think a man can stink with sixpence a day? The general was so pleased with this repartee, that he gave him a guinea to buy musk with.

As Tom Brown was sitting at table with another gentleman, who speaking of the fair sex in general, affirmed that there was not one honest woman among them all. If it be so, replied Tom, one of these two things must necessarily follow; you must either be a cuckold and a son of a whore, or you have told a d---n'd lie.

As a boy was leading a calf with both hands, a nobleman happened to pass by upon the high-way; the boy, it seems, minded the calf more than the lord, and went drudging on, without moving his hat. Why, sirrah, says the nobleman, have you no more manners than to stand staring me in the face, with your hat on? Alas, says the boy, I'll put off my hat with all my heart, if your lordship will but light, and hold my calf in the mean time.

T. L—, the famous usurer, when he died made a will to this effect: I give and devise every thing to whom it is due; my money to the necessitous,
my body to the surgeons, and my soul to the devil.

A merry cobbler, as he sat stitching in his stall, was singing a piece of his own composition, where-in he very often repeated these words, viz: The king said to the queen, and the queen said to the king.—What was it the king said to the queen? said one who heard him. Crispin snatches up his strap, and lays it, with all his might, across the shoulders of the impertinent querist: How now, sauce-box! says he, it's a fine age we live in, when such coxcombs as you must be prying into matters of state! I'd have you to know, sirrah, I am too loyal a subject to betray the king's secrets; and pray get you gone, and don't interrupt me in my lawful occupation, lest I stick my awl in your eye, and put an end to your folly.

Tom Brown told a parson, that he was like a blind man, holding a lanthorn to light others, but could receive no light from it himself: Why so? said the doctor; because, answered he, you preach of charity, chastity, and temperance, and practise usury, fornication, and gluttony.

A young lady asked a gentleman, who was a lawyer, what was the most surprising curiosity in all Sir Hans Sloan's collection? he answered a virgin at fifteen years of age. Indeed, sir, replied the lady, you are mistaken, for I have been told by several, that, in his whole collection there is nothing so curious as an honest lawyer.

A nurse, who was holding a child by the fire-
side, and handling his little bauble; said to a maid that stood by, look here, you may see by a penny, how a shilling is coined.

An Irish servant being struck by his master, cried out, devil take me if I am certain whether he has killed me or no; but if I am dead it will afford me great satisfaction to hear the old rogue was hanged for killing me.

A young lady asked a widow her opinion of matrimony. Oh, Madam, answered she, it would be a heavenly life, if the first night would last always.

Two sailors being in company together, were relating the most remarkable accidents that happened in their voyages. One swore, they found it so excessively hot going to Guinea, that they used no fire to boil their kettle, but dressed all their meat above deck in the sunshine; and could bake, boil, fry, or stew, as well as at a large fire.

The other said, I never was in so hot a climate as that; but, I have been so many degrees to the Northward, where it has been so cold, it has frozen our words in our mouths; that we could not hear one another speak, till we came into a warmer latitude to thaw them, and then all our discourses broke out together like a clap of thunder, that there was never such a confusion of tongues heard at Babel.

Says his companion, this is very strange, but I have known stranger things to be true: I was once sitting upon my chest between decks, picking the lice out of an old canvass jacket, and a beam of
lightning darted and melted one of the guns, and went through a pair of buckskin-breeches I had on, and burnt the lappets of a blue shirt to tinder; hissed as it came out like a rattle-snake, but did my body no manner of damage.

A gentleman talking of the four elements, expressed great admiration at the creation of water. Lord, sir, said a merry lady, there's nothing so very curious in that, for I can make water.

One having occasion to rise early, bid his man look out, and see if it was day; the man replied, it was dark; you logger-head, says he, why don't you take a candle and hold it out of the window, how do you think to see without?

A fellow going to sleep, put a brass pot under his head, and finding it hard, stuffed it with feathers, and so lay on it with confidence of softness.

A debauched October parson was reproved by a citizen, for his loose, disorderly life; telling him, that the clergy ought to be the lanthorns of light. How can we be the lanthorns of light, answered the parson, when you citizens have got all the horns?

A country maid riding to market, her mare stumbled, in the middle of the market-place, and threw her topsy-turvy, showing all for nothing; but she receiving no harm by the fall, speedily got up again, and turning herself to the laughing people, said, Sirs, did you ever see the like before? Never
but once, said a country fellow, and that was a black one.

A beggar-woman petitioned a young buck very hard, to bestow a single half-penny upon her; at the same time assuring him it was lending to the Lord. Indeed, woman, answered the buck, I'll not lend the Lord a farthing; for if I should happen to go to hell, I should never see him to demand my debt.

An Italian, who was to preach before some Cardinals, in praise of St. Luke, was so confounded when he was in the pulpit, that he could only remember his text, Salutat vos Lucas Medicus. Luke, the physician, greeteth you. These words he repeated so often, without being able to remember any part of his sermon, that the Cardinals, tired with these repetitions, got up, and as they were going out, one of them said to the preacher; Pray, sir, greet him also in our names.

A woman, whose husband was ill, went to Dr. Ratcliff with some of his urine in a urinal, to desire him to prescribe for him. The doctor took the urinal out of the woman's hand, and after emptying it, made water in it himself. He then asked what trade her husband was of? She answered, a shoemaker: Why then, said the doctor, do you take this water of mine to him and if he can fit me with a pair of boots, by looking at it, then will I prescribe for him by looking at his water.

A lady complaining to the same person of a
singing in her head; Madam, said he, I know nothing better than to wipe your a-e with a ballad.

Another complaining to him of a violent pain in the head, he immediately pulled off her cap. What do you mean, doctor? cried the lady; I only want to feel where about your pain is, answered he; you can't feel it, sir, says she; nay, then, replied he, if your pain is so very trifling that it cannot be felt, you have very little occasion for my advice.

Tom Brown frequently said, that he chose travelling on Sundays for two reasons; one, because he had the prayers of the church; and the other, because all the girls he met with had clean linen on.

A person riding along the city in great haste, Tom Brown called after him, and asked, what play was acted that night? Says he, you may see that upon every post. Why, I took you for one, replied Tom, by your riding so fast.

One was very gravely saying, there were two sorts of fish allowed to be cried upon a Sunday, and that was Milk and Mackarel.

A citizen's wife being in the country, and seeing a goose that had many goslings; How is it possible, said she, that one goose should suckle so many goslings?

Mrs.——— called to her servants to know what ill smell was in the kitchen? they answered, they were making matches. Well, said she, I have
heard matches were made in heaven, but by the brimstone, one would think they were made in hell.

A gentlemen, who had been very silly and pert in a lady's company, at last began to grieve at remembering the loss of his child, lately dead. A bishop sitting by, advised him to make himself easy, because the child was gone to heaven. I believe, my lord, said the lady, 'tis that which makes him grieve, because he is sure never to see his child there.

A sea captain, being just come a-shore, was invited by some gentlemen to a hunting-match. After the sport was over, he gave his friends this particular account of what pastime he had:—Our horses being completely rigged we manned them, and the wind being S. W. twenty of us being in company, away we set over the downs. In the time of half a watch we spied a hare under a full gale, we tacked and stood after her, coming up close, she tacked, and we tacked, upon which tack, I had like to have run aground; but getting close, off I stood after her again; but, as the devil would have it, just about to lay her a-board, bearing too much wind, I and my horse over-set, and came keel upwards.

An Irishman went to a shoe-maker's shop, and told the master he wanted to buy a pair of shoes. Accordingly he handed him a pair with the toe of one (as usual) thrust into the other. The Irishman put on his old shoes again in a great passion, and told the shoemaker he was a cheating knave, to offer to give him a pair of brogues that the little
one was big enough to hold the great one in his belly.

A monkey-faced fellow went to Mr. Garrick, to enter himself as a player; That will never do, says Mr. Garrick, at present; but if you had a tail, no money should part us.

A woman, that drank pretty freely of the juniper, having been married some years and never had any children, seeing her husband (who was a gardener) sowing some carrot seeds; John, says she, 'tis very strange, that the seeds you sow here should come to perfection, when the seed you sow in the bed above stairs come to nothing. Wife, replied the gardener, the reason is, because my good seed is too much watered.

Two gentlemen being in a pair of oars, one of them was affronted by the waterman; Sirrah, says the other gentleman, hold your prating, or else I'll knock your head and the wall together.

A gentleman asked a shepherd, whether that river might be passed over or not? Yes, says he; but upon trying, he flounced over head and ears; Why, you rogue, says he, did you not tell me it might be passed over? Indeed, sir, says he, I thought so, for my geese go over and back again every day, and I did not doubt but you was as wise as a goose.

A Lord-Lieutenant going over to Ireland, with his lady and family, was, in his passage, overtaken
by so violent a storm, that the mariners themselves
gave the vessel over for lost, and expected every
instant that she would either founder or go a-shore.
At this juncture, a sailor observing one of the
menial servants standing pale with fear at the cabin
door, came up to him, and asked him if he had ever
lain with a duchess? No, said the poor fellow,
frightened at such waggery, in such a dangerous
time; Why, then, says the tar, you have that plea-
sure to come, for by G—d, we shall all lie with her
Grace in less than half an hour. The Duke, who
over-heard this, when the storm abated, and the
danger was over, sent the fellow a handsome pre-
sent, and forgave him the impudence of the joke,
for the sake of its wit.

Tom Brown, hearing a sea captain tell some
extraordinary lies, said, his adventures were more
marvellous, for he was cast away, swallowed up by
a whale, in whose body he resided for some weeks,
till he was digested; and then the whale hoisted
its bum out of the water, and voided him safe ashore
on the coast of Sussex.

How unnatural a sight it is, said Tom Brown, to
see a parson with a ruby face and double chin, to
preach up abstinence in Lent!

Madame———, brought her daughter, (who
was very young) to St. Martin’s Church to be mar-
rried. Little Miss looked so unfit for business, that
the parson innocently said to her mother, Madam,
have you brought this child here to be baptised?
A certain lady, who was very liberal of her favours, declared that she looked upon herself as a queen. Why so, madam? says a gentleman then present: Because, says she, there are a great many Members enter my House of Commons.

A fribble being invited to supper at a lady’s, burst into tears the moment supper was brought in. The lady was surprised at this sudden grief, and asked the occasion of it? Ah, madam, said he, sighing, occasion enough:—you may remember my poor little lap-dog, that died t’other day of a violent cold; and that leg of lamb and spinnage, do so put me in mind of my Cloe, sunning herself upon a grass-plat, that I cannot refrain from tears.

One called a man ox, in the presence of his wife, at which she seemed to be angry: said another, Why do you call the man ox, when all the parish knows he is an ass? He is not an ass neither, replied the wife, for asses never wear horns, and my husband doos; therefore I’ll swear he is no ass.

An old gentleman, who was making proposals to a young lady, promised to settle lands upon her to the amount of 500 acres. Indeed, sir, answered the lady, I am not mercenary, for with the man I like, I shall be better satisfied with a single yard, than with all your 500 acres.

As two country fellows was talking together in a bright star-light night, says one of them.—Would I had but a meadow as large as the sky is! And I, says t’other, as many oxen and cows as there are stars
in it! But then, says the first, where would you put them to graze? Why, in your pasture, says the other. Ay, that's if I pleased, answered the first. Pleased! says the other, marry, I'd do it in spite of your teeth. The quarrel, in short, ran so high, that they came from words to names, and from names to blows.

A very harmless Irishman, drinking some white wine mixt with a little claret; arrah, now, dear honey, said he, if a little claret gives such a delicious taste, how would white wine taste, if it was all claret.

A poor man in Sussex, who was deemed very skilful in prognostications, about the weather, was asked by a petty-fogging lawyer, when the sun would change? when such a wicked lawyer as you goes to heaven, answered the poor fellow.

WATER DIALECT:

Being Tom Brown's humorous voyage up the River Thames, in company with an Indian.

No sooner had my Indian and I took water at Black Friars, and got into the middle of the stream, but our two watermen began to attack a couple of fine ladies with a footman, as follows: How now, you two confederate brimstones, where are you swimming with your fine top-knots? I'll warrant your poor cuckold's are hovering about Change, to hear what news from Flanders, whilst you, like a couple of hollow-belly'd whores, are sailing up to Vaux-hall to cram one end with roasted fowls, and
the other with raw sausages. One of the ladies taking courage, made the following return. Get you home, you old cuckold, look under your wife's bed, and see who has been planting a son of a whore in your parsley-bed: Oh! how fond the old fool will be of the fruits of another man's labour, when the midwife vouches the bastard to be the true picture of his daddy.

No sooner had we saluted each other with these water compliments, but a western boat, stowed with a mixture of both sexes, began a fresh attack upon us, in manner following, viz. How now, old dad, where are your man and you carrying that king of the gipsies? why he looks as if he had painted his face with a child's reverence, to make his countenance shine. Out you nasty turd-coloured dog! born upon a dunghill without a head, that your mother was forced to supply the defect with a yellow pumpkin!

My Indian made no reply; and the next that we met was a jolly parson, whom our charon accosted as soon as within hearing, thus: well met, holy father, I'll warrant in your time you have drawn as many tithe pigs in at your mouth and out at your fundament, as would have stocked Bartholomew fair for a whole season, or else you could never have shown such a fat gut to your lean parishioners. Thou art a wicked reprobate, I'll warrant thee, replied the priest: prithee desire the minister of your parish to teach you the Lord's prayer and the ten commandments, that thou mayest not be damned in the next world for the sin of wilful ignorance. Thank you, master, for your advice, cries old Grizzle; but I believe it to be the first
you ever bestowed so generously without being paid for it.

No sooner had we steered clear of divinity, but we overtook a quaker and his handmaid, with whom our merry pilot thus began his drollery. Well done, holy ones; I see Aminadab will have his Abigail as well as the wicked ones their harlots. By and by it will be, when they get in private, oh, Abigail! since the light of thy countenance hath moved the outward man to uncover thy nakedness, I say stretch thou forth one leg towards Dan, and the other towards Barsheba, and hold up thy fleshy idol, that I may raise seed unto thy husband Abraham, who at present is a weak friend, and cannot, as he ought, administer the comfort of wedlock unto thee his wife.—Out upon thee, says the quaker, for a foul friend! oh generation of vipers; that this river Jordan should be so defiled in the hearing of the saints by thy abominable utterance. Thus our waterman's language so provoked the quaker, that the spirit moved him to hold forth; but rowing contrary ways we had but a short benefit of his pious exhortations.

One came into an inn, and asked the host how long he had lived there? About three days, sir, said he: then pray, said the other, how many barrels do you draw in a week?

One swore an eel was the longest lived of all creatures; for it lived longest after it was dead.

A Quaker's Grace before Meat.—By T. Brown.
Bless this our dinner; bless this tripe, and this
loin of veal, for it was a molten calf that made Israel to sin; bless these potatoes and this custard, for the land of Canaan flowed with milk and honey: bless all these tarts, for thy judgments are tart, unless they are sweetened with the sugar of thy mercy. Sowse us therefore in the powdering tub of thy mercy; that we may be tripes fit for thy heavenly table. Water us young shrubs with the dew of thy blessing, that we may grow up into tall oaks, and live to be sawed into deal boards to wainscot thy new Jerusalem. Finally, let this dinner improve and nourish our bodies, so that we may with love and holiness embrace our sisters, to the edifying of the spirit, in raising up the new man.

A person going through Cock-court, Ludgate-hill, asked a young woman the name of it; upon my word, sir, says she, it is such a nasty name that I am ashamed to speak it. But pray do, says he: Why then, replied Mrs. Innocence, 'tis called by the name of that nasty thing which you men p—s with.

When the late Mr. Kitchen died, one was saying, What, will Death have his kitchen under ground? no, replied another, Death won't keep the kitchen long, for the devil has bespoke it.

A simple fellow was making a great moan and said, he had got such a pain in his feet, that he was not able to lift up his hand to his head.

A Welshman hearing a malefactor, that was tried before him, say, concerning a mare he had stole,
that he had brought it up from a colt: when he came to be examined about a sword he had stolen, swore by St. Davy it was hur own, for hur had brought it up from a dagger.

Another Welshman sitting from a bridge, good s-t, by St. Davy, said he, what a devil no plump? for he expected to hear his excrement fall in the water; but all the while he s-t in his coat pocket.

A Welshman seeing his master tearing some letters, Pray, sir, give hur one, says he, no matter which, to send to hur friends, for they have not heard from hur a great while.

A long reach and a little conscience, said Tom Brown, are as necessary qualifications for a minister of state, as a long hand and little fingers are for a man-midwife.

A lady who kept a tame coney for amusement, being weary of it, said to her footman, “John, I think my coney begins to grow very troublesome; ’tis always craving for food.” If you please, madam, answered John, I’ll feed it as often as you desire, if it loves to suck gristle.

A Spaniard who was blind of an eye, being in the gallery of a tennis-court, to see people play, had his other eye struck out with a ball; which was no sooner done, but he unconcernedly took off his hat, and only said to the company, buenos noches, cavalleros, that is to say, good night to you, gentlemen.
Whilst Claudius was emperor, a mother was at law with her own son. The son was plaintiff, and required that his mother might acknowledge him for her son. The mother disowned him, asserting he was an impostor. The reasons alleged on both sides being alike probable, the emperor condemned the woman to marry the young man. This wise sentence, like that of king Solomon, evinced the truth, and obliged this barbarous mother, rather than commit incest, to own him for her son.

A young chaplain, who had neither a good voice, nor skill in singing, yet thought every one admired him; often observed an old woman to fall a crying when the psalm was singing; for which, one day, he asked her before some of the chiefest of the house, what moved her to weep so often when the psalm was singing? alas, sir, said she, when I lived in the country with my husband, we had the misfortune to lose a she-ass which was very profitable to us, and your voice doth so much resemble her's, that every time I hear you sing, I cannot forbear weeping when I think of the poor creature.

It is, said Tom Brown, the business of the fire- ships of the navy to burn, sink and destroy, their enemies, and those of Covent Garden and the Strand, to burn, sink and destroy, their friends by whom they live.

The viceroy of Naples, in a great siege, made a strict order, that no person should walk in the streets without a sword, that was above such an
age: one day going along to see his order put in execution, he saw one without a sword, and had him brought before him; the order then was read, and, according to sentence, he was to be hanged upon the next sign-post: the gentleman pleaded very strongly for himself; but no ways prevailing desired that the next person might run him through that came by; immediately appears a gentleman that had lost even so much as the blade of his sword at gaming, and had a wooden one fitted to the handle. This gentleman being informed of the case, what he was to do, appears very loath to stain his hands with blood: but seeing he must do it, he pulls off his cloak, and lifting up his eyes, began his prayer, and desired that if the person ought not to die, that his sword might be turned into wood; which it did to the wonder of all the spectators, and the great joy of the condemned gentleman.

An old counsellor in Holborn, used every execution day, to turn out his clerks, with this compliment; go, ye young rogues, go to school and improve.

Tom Brown used to say, "that a whore in the business of love, was like farthings in the business of trade; only used for the convenience of ready change."

Three or four sharpers once dressed themselves up like country bumpkins; and putting on the air and manner of the most ignorant of those kind of people, they purchased two or three pounds of
pork steaks; and going into a public house, directly facing an eminent banker's, where the clerks were counting over a great quantity of gold upon the counter, and which place they had pitched upon for their purpose; after prevailing with the landlady to dress them their steaks, and a cloth was laid in a little room for their dinner, one of them takes a pewter plate, that was properly prepared for their design, and running into the street, without his hat, bolts directly into the banker's shop; and with a west country accent, he goes directly up to the counter, where they were telling the money, and with both hands immediately slaps down his plate upon a great heap of guineas; and roaring out at the same time, zir, an you please, I want a vard' north of your best mustard. D—mn your ignorant blood (quoth the clerk) if you don't get out of the shop this minute, I will send you to hell for mustard; what do you come here for mustard for, you rascal? at this, the sharper quits his plate with one hand, to prevent suspicion, and holding it down carelessly with the other, but with the bottom of it towards his thigh, that the clerk should not see any thing, he replies to him (with an awkward kind of a bow, and scratching his head with his other hand) zir, I beg your pardon; I thought you zould every thing here; I am sure the volks o' th' house, yonder, bid me come o' this side o' th' way vor't: and so I hope you ben't angry with me vor't, zir.

So away he goes over to his companions, much better freighted than with mustard. For his plate being charged on the other side with bird lime, it was stuck as full of guineas as it could hold.
Mr. Jokish and Mr. Jackson, two tradesmen of London, went to west-Chester fair to lay a little money out; and being there one night, the chamberlain of the inn where they lodged, happened to conduct them through an apartment where there were two men in bed together. Mr. Jokish observed that one of them was so plaguay long shanked that his legs were half-way out of the bed; which he no sooner saw than he conceived a mighty desire to have a little humour with them. And as soon as they came into the next room, where they were to lie, he says to the chamberlain, you may now leave us, and we will take care of the candle ourselves.—So when the chamberlain was retired, he acquainted his bedfellow with his design.—Did you observe (says he) the man in the next room, with his legs half a yard out at the feet of the bed? Yes, replied Jackson; and what then?—If you will hold the candle just at the door, answered Jokish, and light me, and take it away at my signal, I will show you some diversion.—With all my heart! replied Jackson. So they both of them pulled off their slippers, to prevent making a noise. And as soon as Jokish came into the room where the two men lay, he espies by the bedside a pair of spurs; one of which he takes up, and gently puts it upon the man's naked foot that hung so far out of bed: and as soon as he had buckled it fast, he beckons his friend Jackson to take away the candle, and shut the door; and then he gives Teague (for he happened to be an Irishman) a good hard pinch upon the same foot that he had put the spur upon. The Irishman, at this, begun to growl confoundedly, and hauling
up his feet into the bed; (though not awake) he scratched his bedfellow’s legs sadly with the spur; who, being a Scotchman, roars out, in a devilish passion—De’el d—n you, sir, gen ye’se not gang out of the bed, and cut your toe nails, by G—d! ise throw ye oot o’ th’ window!—The Irishman being yet asleep, and not in the least sensible of what had passed, soon after thrust down his legs as they were before. Then Jokish gave him another pinch by the toe, and up the Irishman hauls his feet again, and scratches the Scotchman’s legs as before; at which the Scotchman began to pummel the Irishman heartily; presently after, the Irishman, rolling his feet about the bed, struck the rowel of the spur into his own leg, which thoroughly awakened him. At this, he with some surprise, putting down his hand to feel what was the matter with his foot, cried out in a very great passion—Arrah, d—n my shoul, but the horstler of dish innish a very great rascal! for, by Chriesht! but he has pulled off both my boots, and like a d—d rogue has left one of my spurs on.

During the time sir Thomas Moore was lord chancellor of England, he used to send his gentleman usher, to his wife’s pew to tell her that he was gone;—but the next sunday after he had given up the chancellorship, he came himself to her pew, and used the words of his gentleman usher, madam, his lordship is gone.

The same person, when he was sent prisoner to the tower, one of the officers claimed his upper garment (meaning his coat) for a fee; he present-
ed him his cap, telling him that was his upper garment.

The same person being asked, after his condemnation, and before his execution, whether he had changed his mind? yes, answered he, for I intended to have been shaved; but, as I am to die so soon, I will let my beard grow. Whether it is fashionable in death's icy dominions to wear a beard, I know not; but, if it is not, no doubt but his gloomy majesty has barbers enough in his realm to shave me.

When a messenger came to acquaint him that he must prepare for death, he called for a chamber-pot, and having made water in it, he viewed it, and said, "I see nothing in this water, but that I may live if the king pleases."

When he was in prison, and had his books and every thing taken from him, he shut up his windows day and night; saying, "as his goods and tools were taken away, it was time to shut up shop."

When he was on the scaffold, and going to be executed, he said to the executioner, Friend, you will get no credit by cutting off my head, my neck is so very short. You are mistaken, my lord, answered the hangman, for if I do it well, I shall have the greater credit, because a difficult job is the greatest proof of skill.

A linen-draper being asked by a woman, how
much would be sufficient to make a shift, told her, if she was a reasonable woman she might make a shift with one yard.

One seeing a bare-legged fellow running, said, Do you hear, friend? When those stockings are worn out, I'll give you a new pair: You may save yourself the charge, said he, for they have lasted me these thirty years, without repair, and I have a pair of breeches of the same, and every whit as old, and yet you may see, sir, there is but one small hole in them, about big enough to put your nose in.

A person told a deformed, ill-natured fellow, that he was topic enough to convince an atheist that the world was made by chance; for that the chaos had more symmetry and proportion.

An Irish officer in Minorca, was found by a gentleman, who came to visit him in the morning; a little ruffled, and being asked the reason, he replied, that he had lost a pair of fine black silk stockings out of his room, that cost him eighteen shillings; but he hoped he should get them again, for he had ordered them to be cried, with a reward of half a crown for the person who brought them. His friend observing, that this was too poor a recompense for such a pair of silk stockings: poh, man, replied he, I directed the crier to say they were worsted.

A countryman, that lived near Sittingbourn in Kent, had a very sickly wife, which had reduced

C 2
him to a very low condition, and a doctor of great repute being come into those parts, his wife persuaded him, who was a very ignorant man, to carry her water to the new-come doctor, and see what his judgment was: accordingly the poor man goes one morning with her water, and being had into the room where the doctor was, Good morrow to your worship, sir; Confusion, says he; physician, thou would'st say, says the doctor. Truly, said the countryman, I am no scholard, but a man very ingram and unrude; but my wife having put d in a pot, I have brought it to your doctorship, beseeching you to taste her water. So the doctor took the water, and put it into a urinal, and having viewed it, said, my friend, I find thy wife is very weak. I found that myself long ago, said the countryman, for I have had a wench this quarter of a year to lead her up and down the house: I did not bring her water to know that. Was you ever with any doctor before? said the physician. Yes, indeed, sir, said he, with many a one to my cost. What did they tell you her distemper was? said the doctor. Truly, they tell me she is in a presumption. Consumption, thou should'st say, said the doctor. I told you before, said the countryman, that I did not understand your allegant speeches; but I believe you speak true enough, for she has well nigh consumed all that ever I had. Well, but does she keep her bed! said the doctor. No, truly, sir; for being hard put to it for money, I was fain to sell her bed, a fortnight ago. Is she not very costive? said the doctor. Costly, said the countryman, your worship's in the right on't there, indeed; for she hath cost me all that I have upon
her already. Said the doctor, you mistake me, I do not say costly, but costive: I mean is she loose or bound? Indeed, sir, she is bound to me during life, and I am bound to her too, the more is my sorrow. Ay, but prythee, said the doctor, tell me plainly, how does she go to stool? Why, truly as she goes to a chair, I am fain to have one to lead her. Pshaw! says the doctor, I see thou dost not yet apprehend! I must be plain to make thee understand, how does she go to s—t? as to that, sir, the same way as other folks do, the backward way; she has a free passage behind still. But I mean, says the doctor, is it thick or thin? Oh, as to that, says he, in the morning it is so thick, you may cut it with a knife: and at night, 'tis so thin, your worship may eat it with a spoon.

A boy was reading, the devil was a lawyer from the beginning, instead of a lyer from the beginning.

When Mr. Howell, the celebrated fire-eater, came first to London, a gentleman in the green-room at Covent-Garden house said, on reading the advertisement, it was a pity he had not come sooner, to have prevented the mischief done in Cornhill; for, by the account he had given of himself, he would have eat that fire up presently. And while they were disputing about the man's abilities, Sir, says Mr. Quain, I look upon him to be the greatest man in the world, for he is in no fear of fire, and may bid the devil kiss his a—se.

One seeing his son do mischief, cries out, sirrah, did you ever see me do so when I was a boy?
In a popish country, where days of abstinence are strictly kept, two travellers called for a couple of pullets for supper. The woman of the house told them she durst not dress any flesh; but, about a mile farther, they might have what they would. Very good, says one of the travellers, and why not here as well? Alas! says the woman, they are only sworn, and may do what they please, without hurting themselves; but for us, who are bound, it would absolutely ruin us.

A gentleman playing at romp with a young lady, complained she had given him a confounded prick in his hand. I am very sorry for it, said the lady; but if you are resolved to avenge the affront, you may give me a prick in my hand, if you choose it.

A countryman passing by the watch in the city, they stopped him—he told them he was in haste, but asked them who they watched for? They said, for the King (meaning the King's watch.) For the King! says he, then by my troth, I can bring very good witnesses that I am no such man; for I'se even Johnny Thump, of Yorkshire, and have been of an errand for my master.

Pope having been lighted home by a link-boy, offered to give him somewhat less than he expected; upon which he demanded more; Pope protested that he had no more halfpence left; repeating a term familiar to him, when a little vexed, God mend me! The boy finding that nothing was to be got, went away muttering loud enough to be overheard, "God mend me—God mend me, quotha!
Five hundred such as I might be made before one such a crooked son of a bitch as you could be mended!” Pope, on this, called him back, and gave him half-a-crown as a reward for his wit.

Tom Brown, seeing a very little gentleman with a prodigious broad brimmed hat, said, give that gentleman such another hat below, and you may serve him up to the King’s board, between two dishes.

A gentleman who was always very generous to his rich relations, and took no notice of his poor ones, was once riding through a river, in the midst of which his horse stood still and staled; whereupon his servant wittily said to him—“Sir, your horse now resembles yourself, for he bestows his moist bounty to the overflowing streams, when the ground is almost barren for want of water.”

What complaints can my husband make of me! said a techy wife. I have a mind to all that he has a mind to; he has a mind to be master, and so have I.

There was a poor young woman who had brought herself even to death’s door with grief for her sick husband; but the good man, her father, did all he could to comfort her. Come, child, said he, we are all mortal; pluck up a good heart, my child, for let the worst come to the worst, I have a better husband in store for thee. Alas, sir, said she, what do you talk of another husband for?—why, you had as good as stuck a dagger into my heart. No,
no; if ever I think of another husband, may —— ! Without any more ado, the man dies, and the woman immediately breaks out into such transports of tearing her hair and beating her breast, that everybody thought she would have run stark-mad upon it. But, upon second thoughts, she wipes her eyes, lifts them up and cries, Heaven's will be done! — and, turning to her father — Pray, sir, says she, about the other husband you were talking of; is he here in the house?

---

Tom Brown, drinking some beer at a petty ale-house in the country, which was very strong of the hop, and had hardly any taste of the malt, was asked by the landlord if it was not well hopped? Yes, answered he, and if it had hopped a little further it would have hopped into the water.

---

Tom Brown happening to dine in a pretty large company, where a num-skull observing him to help himself to some dainties, cried out — What, do you poets indulge yourselves in such luxuries? Why not, answered he, do you think the wisdom of Providence designed good things for none but such blockheads as you?

---

A young spark seeing a pretty girl, said, sweetheart, give me leave to kiss your hands and feet. O lack! sir, said she, you are in extremes to aim at both high and low at once; for I have often heard there is virtue in the middle, and there you may kiss — and if you will not you may let it alone.

---

One having a scolding wife, swore he would
drown himself; she followed him, desiring him to forbear, or at least to let her speak with him. Speak quickly, then, says he. Pray, husband, if you will needs drown yourself, pray take my counsel, to go into a very deep place, for it will grieve my heart to see you long a dying.

A married man having got a wench with child, was told by the justice, that he thought such a man as he would not have defiled his bed so. You mistake, sir, said he, there was no defiling the bed in the matter, for it was done in the field.

One Mr. Ash, who was himself a famous punster in Ireland, coming into an inn, desired the landlord to lend him a hand to pull off his great coat. Indeed, sir, said he, I dare not. Dare not! replied the other—what do you mean by that? You know, sir, answered he, there is an act of Parliament against stripping of ash.

A very fine lady, who had the gout, asked Dr. M—, what was the occasion of the gout? Whoring and drinking, madam, said he.

A pragmatical coxcomb passing along a narrow street, met a corpse that was carrying upon men's shoulders, in order to be interred, and for some time refused to give way to the corpse. Pray, sir, said one of the bearers, don't grumble to give way to your betters; for the person here inclosed is now a companion for a king.

Tom Brown being asked by a lady, who was the
most unhappy of all men?—answered, he who thinks himself so.

An arch boy being at table where there was a piping hot apple-pye, putting a bit into his mouth, burnt it so that the tears ran down his cheeks. A gentleman that sat by, asked him why he wept? Only, sair he, because it is just come into my remembrance that my poor grandmother died this day twelvemonth. Phoo! says the other, is that all? So, whipping a large piece into his mouth, he quickly sympathized with the boy; who, seeing his eyes brim full, with a malicious sneer, asked him why he wept? A pox on you, said he, because you were not hanged, you young dog, the same day your grandmother died.

A man being asked by his neighbour how his sick wife did, made this answer. Indeed, neighbour, the case is pitiful, my wife fears she shall die, and I fear she will not die, which makes a most disconsolate house.

Louis the Fourteenth having one day found a louse on Marshal Bassompier's clothes, had a mind to banter him about it; whereupon the Marshal told him—pray, sir, don't laugh at me for it, lest your Majesty make people believe there is nothing but lice to be gotten in your Majesty's service.

A country farmer going across his grounds in the dusk of the evening, saw a young fellow and a lass very busy near a five-bar gate, in one of his fields, and calling to them to know what they were about
No harm, farmer, said the young man, we are only going to prop-a-gate.

One crossing a King in his hunting, he rides after him with his sword drawn; pray, sire, says he, do not knight me before my eldest brother is dead, for I am but a younger brother; which turned the King’s fury off in a laughing humour.

There was a young lady of admired beauty, who after a long and strait siege of a garrison town, wherein she dwelt, became exposed, with other virgins, to the violence and fury of the soldiers. One of these having deflowered this maid, demanded of her how she felt herself? Oh, said she, never had a poor distressed maid more pleasure with less sin.

A mistress of a boarding school at Chelsea, who was very red-faced, taxing one of her scholars with some faults, the young lady denied it, but coloured at the accusation. Nay, says the mistress, I am sure it must be true, for you blush. Pardon me, Madam, says she, it is only the reflection of your face.

An old gentleman, the very first night that he went to bed to his lady, she sent forth a shriek: and being asked the cause—how could I avoid it, said she; if the embraces of a husband be so cold, what coldness shall I find in the arms of death.

A young woman growing big with child, who had two gallants, one of them with a wooden leg, the question was put, which of the two should father
the child. He who had the wooden leg offered to decide it thus: If the child, says he, comes into the world with a wooden leg, I will father it; if not, it must be your's.

A monk, in his sermon, said to his audience, let us admire, my brethren, the prodigious strength of Sampson, who, with the jaw bone of an ass, put a thousand Philistines to the sword.

An honest curate in the country, remonstrating to a married couple, who did not live together in the most agreeable union, on the indecency and even sinfulness of their contentions, since they were, in the eye of God and man, but one. But one! cried out the husband, surely if you were to come by the door, and hear us in the height of our quarrels, you would swear we were twenty.

A country fellow coming to Blackwell, and seeing the ships, asked one who stood by, what they were? who told him they were ships. So pointing to one of them, pray, said he, how old is that? They told him two years old. How, says the fellow, and so big already!—Lord, what a huge massy thing it will be by that time it is as old as I am.

Two servants discoursing over a pot of ale, of their master's hospitality, one said, his master kept a very noble Christmas this year, for he killed an ox every day; tush! said the other, my master killed an ox and a half.

A young lady being compelled by her parents to
marry a very old man, on being asked how she liked matrimony, by one of her acquaintance, gave the following account:—Upon our wedding-day, the old fellow was so over-joyed that he had noosed me fast, that he had made himself drunk long before any of the company were merry, with nothing but Canary sops, and was at last forced to be brought to bed in a chair, just after the manner that church-wardens send lame beggars to an hospital. The brideman had no sooner disrobed him of his wedding plumes, and tumbled him out of his hand-barrow into kennel, as a scavenger shoots his rubbish upon a lay-stall, but he f—ted twice in the hearing of the company, and stunk so abominably, that the guests could not stay to eat the sack-posset, or perform the ancient ceremony of flinging of the stocking; but wished me much joy of my cleanly bed-fellow, and so departed the chamber. By this time he was as dead asleep as if he had eaten nothing for his wedding dinner but opium, and drank nothing for his evening draught but juice of poppies. Bless me, thought I, what a snoring beast of a withered mortal has Heaven sent me for a husband! If this be marrying, I believe I shall continue a maid; for I cannot conceive myself in much danger of losing my virginity. I must confess I had a mighty itch to be better satisfied in what Hymen had sent me; and at last (thoroughly assured he was asleep) I ventured, between hope and fear, to make a manuel enquiry after the nuptial pacificator; but found age had stole away all the comforts of a married life, and had not left between us both, so much as one inch of benevolence.
Two Irishmen having travelled on foot from Chester to Barnet, were confoundedly tired and fatigued with their journey; and the more so, when they were told they had still about ten miles to London. By my shoul and St. Patrick, cries one of them, it is five miles a-piece, let's even walk on.

A good woman having drank too large a morning's draught, fell asleep in the church, and at length began to snore; upon which one jogged her; says she, pray give the cup to my gossip there, for I can drink no more.

One Chambers and Garret, riding by Tyburn, says Chambers, Here's a brave tenement, if it had a garret. I wonder, says Garret, thou shouldest talk so simply; there must first be Chambers before there can be a Garret.

Two scholars passing by a windmill, stood for some time viewing it; the miller looking out of a little wicket, seeing them, asked them what they would have, and what they stared at? Why, says one of them, we are looking at this thing: pray what is it? Why, says the Miller, don't you see? Where are your eyes? It is a windmill.—We crave your mercy, sir, said the scholar, we took it for a jail, seeing a thief looking out of the window.

A gentlewoman being on horseback, and having a hole in her gown, a country fellow seeing it, says, Mistress, mistress, you have got a hole in your a—e! I know that, says she, and you may come and put your nose in it.
One was reading in the old testament, that Moses made an ointment for the shins of the people, instead of Moses made an atonement for the sins of the people.

A lady was saying she had overthrown her adversary; at which, one of her servants said, Ay, Madam, he took a wrong sow by the ear, when he meddled with your ladyship.

A gentleman and his servant, riding into the country, they met a fellow a-stride upon a cow. The man calls out to his master, O, sir, says he, yonder is a strange sight! a fellow is on horseback on a cow. That's a bull, says the gentleman. Nay, sir, says the man, it is not a bull, I know it is a cow by its teats.

A gentleman being once reproached for voting against his conscience; the charge is false, said he, I never had a conscience.

A large first rate whore endeavouring to pick up a gentleman, who objected to her size, told him, that a large house might have small apartments.

One having a very good stomach, was invited to dinner, but having some extraordinary business, he stayed till they had almost dined. How to get his belly full, he could not tell, but sits down very melancholy in a chair; says he, it is a sad accident that happened to your neighbour Green just now, for looking out at a window, he put both his eyes out; away the company runs to this neighbour's
house, in the mean time he makes an end of their dinner for them; on their return, they told him they did not think he was so great a liar; says he again, what I say is true, for none can put their heads out, but their eyes must be out likewise.

An apothecary having cheated a country fellow of a hare, by persuading him it was a cat; his wife, to be revenged of him, filled a deep pot of t—d, and puts the depth of three fingers of honey on the top, which she carried to the apothecary’s, and he being greedy of it at an under rate, bought it: Not long after, the plot being discovered, his companions jeered him, and asked him, whether the cat that eat the hare, had s—t that honey.

A citizen, more tender of his wife than himself, used to make her go to bed first in the winter-time, and lie in his place to warm it, and then called her his warming-pan; which she not well relishing, went according to her usual custom to warm his bed, and left something smoking in the place; he suddenly leaped into it, and finding himself in a stinking pickle, Wife, said he, I am bes—t; No, husband, said she, it is but a coal dropped out of your warming-pan.

A gentleman being asked by a neighbour, how he did? Do! sir, said he, why, I think I do very well; but really I cannot get my wife to think so.

An old gentleman who had married a fine young lady, being terribly afraid of cuckoldom, took her to task one day, and asked her if she had consider-
ed what a crying sin it was in a woman to cuckold her husband? Lord, my dear, said she, what do you mean? I never had such a thing in my head, nor ever will. No, no, replied he, I shall have it in my head, and you will have it somewhere else.

A deaf fellow coming to London, to sell a turkey, at Hyde Park Corner, had occasion to untruss a point; a gentleman passing by, intended to put a joke upon him; Countryman, said he, there's a t—d under you; the man thinking he asked the price of his turkey, said, four shillings, master; I say there's a t—d under you, said the other. It is as good as ever you eat in your life, said the fellow, either baked or roasted. You rascal, said he, I could find in my heart to kick you soundly. Choose, said the fellow, if you won't another will.

One Hog was to be tried before Judge Bacon, who told him he was his kinsman; Says he, no Hog can be bacon till it is hanged, and then I'll allow you to be my kinsman.

A Countess coming into the dressing-room of her daughter, a young lady about fourteen, whilst she was at her toilet, and observing her very busy in setting her person off to the best advantage, herself being in full dress, and richly adorned with jewels; asked the girl, what she would give to be as fine as her Mamma? To which miss replied, Not quite so much as your ladyship would give to be as young as I am.

One jesting with his maid-servant, who was pass-
ably handsome, but very lean; said, I wonder Jane, thou art no fatter, thou dost eat thy meat heartily, but dost not thrive upon it; thy mistress eats not the fourth part of what thou dost, and yet you see how plump she looks: to which Jane replied, I only eat at set meals, but my mistress hath her strong broths before dinner, and warm jellies after dinner; and puts more into her belly, than you or I ever saw or heard of.

One Jordan, a precise Mayor, had a Fiddler brought before him, upon the account of vagrancy and strolling; the mayor asked him, What difference there was between a rogue and a fiddler? he told him, The same difference as is between a piss-pot and a jordan.

A lawyer’s clerk was in love with an extreme pretty girl, courted her and agreed to marry her. The wedding entertainment was provided, and among others, the clerk’s master was invited. In the heat of dancing, a sigh, caused by indigestion or windy food, escaped the bride the contrary way, and loud enough to be heard by all the company, who burst into laughter: She blushed, and the bridegroom was so confounded and enraged, that he instantly broke off the match, to which no remonstrances nor intreaties could reconcile him; he imagined his acquaintance would jeer him for ever upon this accident, and he left the house in a pet. Great was now the disorder of the guests! the clerk’s master, who was one of them, and though a man in years, had eyed the girl with great attention, and was smitten with her beauty, not on-
ly condemned his clerk’s excessive delicacy, but proposed to repair the injury he had done the girl, and offered her marriage on the spot. Piqued at her lover’s desertion, and pressed by her friends, who foresaw the advantages of such a match, she consented, and they were married immediately. After marriage, she behaved to him with so much modesty and discretion, that dying soon after, he left her mistress of a very opulent fortune. Being now a widow, handsome, young and rich, she had many offers of marriage, but accepted only the Marshal de L’Hospital’s, Governor of Paris! who also dying soon after, left her once more a widow, though with greater additions of honour than of fortune. Her person and character were now so amiable, that Casimir King of Poland, residing in France, after his abdication of the throne, fell in love with her and married her. So great a fortune perhaps never took its rise from so burlesque an incident.

A Welshman, in heat of blood challenged an Englishman at sword and buckler; but the Englishman giving him a lusty blow on the leg, which vexed him, he threw down his weapon swearing, Splut, was not hur buckler broad enough, but hur must hit hur on hur leg.

A templar went at Christmas into Yorkshire, and took some other templars along with him, and upon one of the holy-days he would have them to an ale-house hard by, where the woman was deaf; so coming thither, O my young masters, says she, I have not seen you this seven years; then he
thinking to abuse her, drank to her, saying, here's to thee, and to all the whores, rogues, and bawds in England: She seeing his lips go, but could not hear him, said, Come, sir, I will pledge you, for I know you drank to your father and mother, and those good gentlewomen your sisters.

Two men fighting together in a frosty morning, one struck the other's head off; but fearing the Law, took up the head again, being reeking hot, and clapped it on, which immediately was frozen on. Then they both went to the ale-house to drink, and he whose head was fastened, his nose began to drop, and he going to blow it, his neck being thawed by the great fire, threw it quite into the fire; which saved the other's life.

A person asked an Irishman, why he wore his stockings the wrong side outwards? Who answered, because there was a hole on the other side.

At a play-house, two comedians being on the stage, the one asked the other, where they should meet? who presently looked up in the gallery, and saw a young fellow's hands under a wench's petticoats, Why, we will meet at the sign of the Hand-in-Placket; the fellow perceived the discovery, and bashfully withdrew his hand; nay, says the actor, friend, if you take away the sign, we shall never find the house.

A gentleman having been a hunting, and being very hungry, came to another gentleman's house,
where he found ready a chine of beef, which he liked so well, that he commanded his servants to cut out all his beef in chines.

Three great masters of their trade, a vaulter, a barber, and a fencer, contended together who was the best experienced in his art; the vaulter said, he leaped and sat a stag in his full course; the barber said, he shaved a goat running; the fencer, in a rainy day, said, he so brandished his sword over his head, that not a drop of rain fell upon him. Let him judge which was the best, that believes the story.

One coming along late one night, was stopped by a constable, who asked him what he did out so late, and what was his name? My name, says he, is Twenty Shillings. Where do you live? says the constable. I live, says he, out of the King's dominions. So, says the constable, where have you been? Says he again, where you would have been with all your heart. It may be so, said the constable; but where are you going? Where you dare not go for your ears. I do not intend it, says the constable, to-night, but you shall go to the Compter. The next morning, he was brought before a magistrate, who checked him for answering the constable so crossly. Sir, said he, it was partly the truth. As to the first question, my name is Mark Noble; to the second, I live in Little Britain; to the third, I had been drinking a glass of good Sack; and to the last, I was going to bed to my wife. So for the joke-sake was dismissed without fees.
A gentleman married with a cockney, and being desirous to show her the country, as they were going through a meadow, there was a tree, upon one of the boughs whereof, a mole catcher had hanged up many moles that he had taken; the young woman seeing it, said, look you, husband, what a fine young Black-pudding Tree is here!

A poet going over Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, one who pretended himself a maimed soldier, begged an alms of him; the poet asked him by what authority he went begging? Sir, said the soldier, I have a license. A license! said the poet, lice I consider thou mayest have, but sense thou hast none, to beg money of a poet.

In Bourdeaux, a gentleman being in his vineyard, saw some hogs there, and in a great passion swore they belonged to some cuckold, cuckold-maker, rogue, villain, or rascal, and bid his man go turn them out. His man, hearing what his master said, returned, crying, Hold, sir, hold, the hogs are your own. The devil they are, said he, so much the better; I cannot help what I said, for it is many an honest man's case.

A quaker being in bed with his own spouse, in the middle of the night, about the ninth hour, she pulled him, saying thus unto him, Ezekiel, awake! What sayest thou, Tabitha, the wife of my bosom? Arise, said she, speedily and quickly, and make no longer tarrying nor delaying, but enter into the next room, and nigh unto the place that pays tribute to Cæsar, there standeth a wicker-chair
whereon hangeth a garment called a red petticoat; 

dive into the pocket, and take out thence two far-

things, then go to Obadiah the tallow-chandler, and 

buy two candles, light one of them and bring it 

presently, for I fear our youngest son Nehemiah 

has bes—t himself.

Two Welshmen at an inn, had a dozen of eggs 

for breakfast; and after they had paid, and gone a 

mile out of town, one said to the other, he was 

glad he was there, for hur did sheat hur landlord 

this morning, for in hur shix eggs which hur had, 

hur had two chickens and hur paid never a varding 

for them.

A young fellow who had more fortune than wit, 

being at dinner at the house of a gentleman of dis-

tinction, a young lady that was there, was taken 

with a fainting fit, and while every body hastened 

to her assistance, some with smelling-bottles, and 

some with other helps, proper on such occasions; 

says the spark, with a sneer, “there is no great dan-

ger, I suppose it is only a breeding qualm;” Sir, 

says a gentleman that sat near him, with a severe 
tone, the lady is a sister of mine, and has been a 

widow these two years. Pardon me, replied the 

spark, who did not extremely like his looks, and 

was willing to palliate the offence, she looks so 
young and so innocent, that I really took her for 
a maid.

A lump of ill-manners, sitting by the fire-side, 

was very eager with his father to gape, or yawn, 

which he refused; whereupon the indulgent mo- 

E
ther cried, 'Prithee yawn, since the child will have thee yawn: why then, I will yawn, says he; the son seeing that, cried, mother, mother, look yonder, is that not a vine oven to bake a t—d in?

A fellow was blaming his sweetheart, telling her she was false to him; she, to clear herself, used many imprecations, bidding him, to mark her end; nay, as for that, said he, I shall not so much mark your end as I shall your middle.

As a citizen and his wife were crossing the Thames in a boat, the citizen heartily wished all cuckold's were thrown into the middle of the river. Dear husband, said his wife, can you swim?

A braggadocia swore, that he met with two great enemies at one time, and he tossed one so high in the air, that if he had had a baker's basket full of bread, he would have starved in the fall; and the other he struck so deep into the earth, that he left nothing to be seen but his head and one arm, to pull his hat off to thank him.

A Dutch schipper being detained in Denmark, petitioned the Queen that she would intercede for him with his Majesty, for leave to return to Holland, that his trade might not suffer. If you obtain this favour for me, said he to the Queen, I will give you two large bales of Holland, finer than this my shirt is made of, which he showed her very handsomely through his c—d-piece.

A good old porter to a monastery was used to
say, that, generally speaking, their devotions began by,—I believe in God, and usually, ended with the resurrection of the flesh.

Two persons eminent for their wit, in order to exercise their talents, agreed that one should ask a question in poetry, and the other would answer it; when one proceeded as follows:—

Suppose our Monarch should command,
A naked woman to the Strand;
What would you do in such a matter,
To keep the folks from laughing at her?

To which the other answered—
If such a thing should come to pass,
Why, put your nose into her a—e,
And when the stink begins to stir,
They'll laugh at you and not at her.

Some gentlemen being in a tavern, as they were in the height of their jollity, in came a friend of theirs, whose name was Sampson. Ah, said one, we may now be securely merry, fearing neither serjeant nor bailiff, for though a thousand such Philistines should come, here is Sampson, who is able to brain them all. Sir, replied Sampson, I may boldly venture on so many as you speak of, provided you lend me one of your jaw-bones.

A lady having two suitors, one tall, and the other short; a gentleman asked her, which she liked best; Indeed, sir, says she, I like the tallest, if all things are proportionable.

A person having a wry nose, another told him
he knew what his nose was made of, and what it was not made of; why, said he, how is that? It is not made of wheat, 'tis made a'wry, replied the other.

One was talking of a woman that always hit her husband in the teeth with his horns; says a simpleton, What a fool was he to let his wife know he was a cuckold!

A little slender woman was asked how she durst venture on so big a man? O, says she, a little worm may lay under a great stone.

A gentlewoman told her son, who lived a very irregular life, that she was very angry with him for being so fond of a person who had been the death of his father: If you were a worthy son, you would endeavour to revenge the murder. Who is it? says the son. Intemperance, replied the mother.

A deformed lady sent for a portrait painter, and asked him how much he must have to draw her picture? Twenty guineas, says the painter. That's too much, replied the lady. Not at all, madam, says he, for it requires ten times more skill to draw a mishapen figure to perfection, than it would to draw a beautiful lady.

A landlord asked a woman how many children she had? She said sixteen; and how many alive? says he; why, truly, said she, I cannot tell, but I will reckon them up as well as I can; first, there's Tom, then Will, Jack and Harry, and one great
loggerhead-rogue, as like you, landlord, as if he were spit out of your mouth.

A puritan said, he fasted one day in Lent: What, says one, was it Good Friday? No, says he, it was Ash Wednesday; and the reason of it was, I eat so much on Shrove Tuesday, that I had no stomach to eat anything on Ash Wednesday.

One of our late kings was riding a hunting, and coming to a gate which he must go through, saw a country clown at it, and said, Prithee, fellow, open the gate: The fellow knowing who he was, says, No, an please your grace, I am not worthy of that office, but I will run and tell Mr. Holt, who is a justice of peace two miles off, and he shall come and open it for your grace. So he ran away, and left the king to open the gate himself.

A very little gentleman was one day a hunting, and his servant asked a clown, whether he saw any gentleman ride that way; truly, said he, I saw a hat upon a saddle, galloping that way a while since.

Tom Brown's relation of a humorous dialogue, which passed between a Buck-wit, and an eminent Physician, at a coffee-house, in Covent-garden.

Buck. Doctor, Doctor, Doctor, I want some of your medicines, Doctor:—will you prescribe for me, Doctor?

Doctor. What is your disorder, sir?

Buck. Why, I believe I want purging, Doctor;

E 2
for I have a confounded large quantity of crabbed
wit in me; cannot it be carried off by purging,
Doctor?

Doctor. What, is it troublesome, then?

Buck. 'Faith it is, Doctor, damned troublesome,
confounded troublesome; I often procure me a
broken head by it; and have already, merely on
that account, almost got the ill-will of every body.

Doctor. And yet you cannot leave it off?

Buck. No, Devil take me if I can, Doctor. I
endure all their censures, and ill-usage patiently,
as I do your impertinence, Doctor.

Doctor. Now, sir, as I have a strong inclination
to be a wit, I should be glad if you would inform
me what are the necessary qualifications.

Buck. Tools, Doctor, tools; if you were always
with me, Doctor, I should be always qualified for
a wit: but I can do nothing without a tool, Doctor.

Doctor. But let me advise you, young fellow, to
be cautious how you meddle with edge-tools, for
they sometimes prove to be of a very dangerous
consequence.

Buck. Yes, Doctor, in an unskillful hand; but
I would have you to know, Doctor, that I am able
to manage a tool as well as most people;—I can
handle ye, Doctor, as well, as well as any man.—
But pray now, Doctor, prescribe for me.

Doctor. First explain your case more fully.

Buck. In short then, Doctor, I am so much ad-
dicted to wit, that I would sooner break a limb at
any time, or part with the best friend I have in the
world, than lose an opportunity of making a pun,
or a repartee. I would sacrifice my life and re-
putation for a bon mot. Pray, good Doctor, think
of something to cure me of this deplorable malady.

**Doctor.** Why, sir, I can prescribe an absolute remedy; though, perhaps, you may not have courage enough to go through the operation; and yet, it is so very trifling, that as you so strongly solicit a cure, you cannot be against it:—'Tis only to cut your tongue out, sir; nothing in the world else! and then you may be assured that you shall never speak to offend any person again so long as you live. If you consult the whole college of physicians, they cannot recommend any thing more effectual.

**Buck.** Doctor, Doctor, you are mad! Part with my tongue! No, not for a kingdom! Doctor, Doctor, you are a drug, a mere drug!—When I want a vomit, I'll come and look at ye, Doctor; and so your most obedient humble servant.

In this ceremonious manner the buck-wit took his leave; when the Doctor, smiling at his folly and impertinence, said, his absence was exceeding good company.

To verify the old proverb, which says, One misfortune seldom comes alone; another buck, who pretended to be a great critic, approached the Doctor; and was so complaisant, or rather impertinent, as to enquire after his health, &c.; when the Doctor, being a very affable man, and much of a gentleman, returned his civilities; and to enforce conversation, amongst other things, he asked him what was the best news? "The best news," answered the-buck critic, "is what cannot be exceeded or equalled; for the word best, is an adjective of the
superlative degree; it is the highest degree of comparison. Therefore, Doctor, in answer to your question, the best news exceeds all other news whatsoever."

The Doctor made no answer; but I could easily perceive he was a little displeased; and to avoid any further impertinence, took a newspaper in his hand; which occasioned the buck-critic to return to his company again. And I, thinking there was no more sport going forward, and being a little fatigued with the business of the day, made my exit, and went home to bed.

A beggar asked Molier for alms; he gave him, through absence of mind or mistake, for a less valuable piece, a louis-dore. The poor fellow on perceiving it, hobbled after him, and told him of it; upon which Moliere returned it to him, with another louis-dore, as a reward for his honesty, exclaiming, "My God! what a lodging Virtue has taken up with there."

A lady, not over favoured by Nature in her person, seeing in a public room a stranger at a loss for a seat, reached him a chair, which civility the coxcomb repaid with the following compliment, "Curse me, madam, though you are not handsome, you are very obliging."

One being invited with his wife and daughter to dinner on a sabbath-day, brought along with him two little dogs; and coming to the house, he thus saluted the inviter with this compliment: "Sir, do you want any more guests? I have brought my
whole family with me, myself and two bitches, my wife and daughter.

A gentleman being at church, had his pocket picked of his watch, and complaining of it to a friend of his, he replied, had you watched as well as prayed, your watch had been secure: but the next watch you carry about you, remember these lines:

He that a watch would wear, this he must do,
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.

A poor man who had a termagant wife, after a long dispute, in which she was resolved to have the last word, told her, if she spoke one crooked word more, he would beat her brains out: “Why, then, ram’s-horns, you rogue,” said she, “if I die for it.”

One told another, who did not use to be cloathed very often, that his new coat was too short for him; that is true, answered his friend, but it will be long enough before I get another.

A gentleman was saying one day, at the Tilt Yard Coffee House, when it rained exceedingly hard, that it put him in mind of the general deluge. Zoons, sir, said an old campaigner, who stood by, Who is that? I have heard of all the generals in Europe but him.

A wise barber having been to trim a gentleman at night, was bid to take a candle to light him down stairs; which having done, and
lighted himself down, he very orderly brought it up again, returning thanks, and so went down stairs again in the dark.

One wept because his wife was dead; said another, it is the best dish of cold meat you have in the house; I wish I had it home, and you had my wife instead of it, scolding hot.

Some persons talking of a fine lady that had many suitors; Well, says one among them, you may talk of this great man, and that great man, of this lord, and t'other knight; but I know a fellow, without a foot of estate, that will carry her before them all. Pho! damme, that is impossible, says another, unless you mean her coachman.

A gentleman, who loved every thing that was foreign, and was extremely fond of hard names, dining at a friend's house, asked him, what the name of the wine was, of which he had just drank a glass at table: His friend knowing that it was but indifferent, and recollecting that he had bought it at Stock's Market, told him, it was the true Sto-ko-Marketto; upon which he found the wine excellent, and gave it great encomiums.

A gentleman whose wife was dead, and not yet buried, had given such extravagant marks of affliction, that on being missed for a little time, his friends were afraid he had laid violent hands upon himself. Upon this, they suddenly burst open the door of the chamber in which he was, and found him in the height of a fit of consolation with his
maid. They began to reproach him for such behaviour so soon after the death of his wife: Alas, said he, gentlemen, I am so distracted with grief, that I really do not know what I am about.

One telling an old bachelor that a young man of his acquaintance was just married: Alas, said he, what a pity it is for one so young to come to misfortunes.

One saying of an old lady who had married very improperly, that she was rank flesh, or she had never taken matrimony into her head at her years. She has more of the fish in her, says another, for it is plain she was steered by her tail.

A tradesman newly made mayor of a little country town, in Scotland, meeting with an old friend, who spoke to him, and by accident kept his hat off, imagined it was done out of respect to his new dignity; upon which, bridling and composing his muscles to great gravity, he said, Put on your hat, sir, put on your hat, I am still but a mon.

A fat rosy abbot, asking a countryman one day, how many Gods he believed there were? I believe, said the countryman, that there is no more than one God, and he extremely ill-served by you churchmen, who call yourselves his ministers.

A young fellow very earnest with a mistress who coyed it with him, but with no great intention to be much in earnest with her resistance; said,
What are you afraid of, my dear? upon my honour, I will do nothing to you: Then, upon my honour, says the girl, I will have nothing to say to you.

A gentleman in the country, who had three daughters, discoursing one evening on rural affairs, and the nature of vegetation, asked one of his daughters what plant or herb she thought grew the fastest? The young lady replied, asparagus; then he asked the second, who answered, a pompion or gourd; And when the same question was put to the youngest, she replied the pommel of a saddle; which very much surprising the old gentleman, he desired to know what she meant, and how she could make it out? Why, said she, when I was one day riding behind our John, and the ways being so rough, that I was afraid I should fall off, he cried, "Put your hand about my waist, and lay hold of the pommel of the saddle;" and I am sure, papa, when I first took hold of it, it was not much bigger than my finger; and in less than a minute, it was thicker than my wrist.

A Dutch commander being called in before a board of trade, was told that there was a voyage in projection of which he was to have the charge, that it was a very dangerous one, but that it would produce at least thirty per cent. Mynheer answered, that if his way to thirty per cent. lay through hell, he would hazard the singeing of his top-sails.

A person advertising for a horse, thus concludes his advertisement, "It would be needless for a
Yorkshire jockey to apply, the person who wants the horse being a Yorkshireman himself."

Tom Brown once, at dinner, being offered by a lady, the rump of a fowl, and refusing it, the lady said, pray, Mr. Brown, take it, the rump is the best part of the fowl. Yes, madam, said he, and so I think it is of the fair.

One being sentenced to die, fell on his knees, and besought the judge to spare his life, for the sake of his widow and his fatherless children.

A gentleman seeing a lady's legs, she lifting up her coats a little too high; said, Madam, you have a handsome pair of twins. You are mistaken, sir, answered she, for I have had several between them.

An ancient lady having had a present made to her of a fine stallion, going the next day into her stable-yard, ordered him to be brought out for her to see, and then would needs have a mare brought out to him: the groom asked her which? Old Bess, said she: Lord! madam, answered the groom, that will be to little purpose! old Bess is too old to be with foal. No matter for that, cried she, it will refresh the poor old creature.—By this we may guess what her ladyship thought a refreshment for a poor old creature.

A shoemaker promised a wench a pair of shoes to lie with her; according to bargain, after the business was over, she demands them; No, said
he, now the job's over, let him who rides thee next, shoe thee for me.

A woman going to bury her husband, who had been very severe to her; she gathered all the old shoes she could find, and conveyed them in her apron to the grave; and when the parson said Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust, she threw in all the old shoes, saying, Here's a hole, and in you must, for I have had many a scurvy kick betwixt you.

An insignificant person valuing himself highly on being a member of parliament; Yes, says another, whom he was insulting with his distinction, so you are, but in no greater degree, than nails and hair, which are excrements or members of the human body.

One being at his wife's funeral, and the bearers going pretty quick along, he cried out to them, Don't go so fast; what need we make a toil of a pleasure?

What's the reason, pray, that Sir J. C—r looks so sad when night comes on? 'Tis not because it brings darkness along with it, but because daylight ves him a candle.

Two ambassadors sent by the common-wealth of Venice to Frederick II., Emperor of Germany, seeing themselves slighted by him, because they had no beard, by reason of their youth, said to him, with a noble boldness, If our common-wealth had thought your Majesty had valued the beard more than the prudence of persons, she would have
sent you goats with beards as long as you can desire.

A horse-stealer was brought to be examined before a justice, who finding the felony apparent,—Well, sirrah, says he, if thou art not hang'd for this, I'll be hang'd for you! I humbly thank your worship, replied the thief, and when the time comes I desire you not to be out of the way.

One being choaked with a honey-comb, his friends began to bemoan him; Why do you make such lamentation? said another, For never did any man die a sweeter death.

A person having a horse, very hardy, and but very little stomach, he thought by degrees he might make him live without hay or oats; so subtracted daily something from his meat, till at last the horse died; going to carry him off to the crows, his neighbour asked, How came it to die? Why, I thought, answered he, to make him live on nothing; and just as I brought him to it, he died.

A person who had raised a handsome fortune from a small beginning, happened to have some words with another, who had known him for some time, was asked, How he could have the impudence to give himself such airs to one who knew him seven years ago, when he had hardly a rag to his a—e? You lie, sirrah, replied he, for seven years ago I had nothing but rags to my a—e.

When Madam de Signivi was laying down a large
sum of money for her daughter’s portion, she said, It is very hard I must give so much money to the Marquis de Grignon, to lay with my daughter. Then reflecting a little, she checked herself saying, He is to lay with her to-morrow night too, and the next night after, and every night; now I think of it, he will not be much over paid.

A gentleman said of a young girl, who constantly plied about the Temple, That if she had as much law in her head, as she had in her tail, she would be one of the ablest counsel in England.

A refugee minister in England said to one, who blamed him for exchanging his own church for another, only because it was more lucrative, That he had seven powerful reasons for it, which were a wife and six children.

A woman whose husband was to be hanged, the night before he was to die, she goes to the Sheriff, desiring him to stand her friend; Good woman, says he, your husband must die. I do not come to desire his life, sir, says she, but that he be the first hanged in the morning, because I have great way to go, and my mare is old and lame.

A man was stopped by the watch, who asked him what was his name? he answered, Adultery. Then, sir, I'll commit you; Sir, says he, if you do, your wife will be angry with you, for committing Adultery upon your watch.

As the watch was passing by, a maid servant
threw a p—s-pot upon their heads; they being angry, she asked who they were? They replied, the Watch; Why then, harm watch, harm catch, says the other.

A scholar blowing his fire, the nose of the bellows dropped off. I see it is cold weather, says he, for the nose of the bellows drops.

One having got a wench with child; at which his friends said, They wondered he could do so; says he, What need you wonder at me getting her with child? Indeed, if she had got me with child you might have wondered.

A gentleman lying on his death-bed, called to his coachman, who had been an old servant, and said, Ah! Tom, I am going a long and rugged journey, worse than ever you drove me. Oh, dear, sir, replied the fellow (he having been an indifferent master) never let that discourage you, for it is all down hill.

A smart fellow, thinking to show his wit one night at a tavern, called to the drawer, Here, Mercury, said he, take away this bottle full of emptiness. Said one of the company, Do you speak that, Jack, of your own head?

When recruits were raising for the late wars, a serjeant told his captain, that he had got him a very extraordinary man: Ay, says the captain, pri-thee, what is he? A butcher, sir, replies the serjeant, and your honour will have double service of
him; for we have two sheep-stealers in the company already.

A milk-maid having spilt her milk, said, I had rather have lost my maiden-head; for I can't recover my milk again; but my maiden-head I could have recovered, though I had lost it over and over.

A countryman used, when he clove wood, to cry hem! at every stroke; and his wife observing that then he struck with greater force, bid him at night, when they were in bed, to cry hem! No, said he, I must not do so now, I intend only to bore, not to cleave thee.

A gentleman galloping furiously over ploughed land towards a town called Tame, meeting one, says he, Is this the way to Tame? Ay, says he, your horse, if he be as wiid as the devil.

And old woman, who had a very handsome daughter, had a great jealousy and fear, that one Mr. John Turner, a young fellow in the neighbourhood, had a great mind to be too busy with her; and, as she apprehended, watching them pretty narrowly, she caught them in the very fact upon the bed in the garret; upon which she hollowed out, with a dismal groan, O John Turner! John Turner! No, I think, mother, said he, there's no occasion, she lies very well already.

A chandler having had some candles stole, a friend of his bid him be of good cheer; For in a
short time, says he, I am confident they'll come to light.

One meeting a gentleman in Moorfields early in the morning, asked him for a morning's draught; to which he answered, That he had been at the Gun in Moorfields with a wench, and had spent all his money; the other replied, guns and wenches are both chargeable.

A jealous-pated fellow pictured a lamb on his wife's belly, for he was going to sea; and staying out a long time, she began to have an itching desire; and her lover visited her, copied the lamb, and put a pair of horns upon it; and when her husband came home, he wondered at the horns: Why, my dear husband, said she, 'tis two years since you went, and by that time all lambs have horns.

One passing by a fellow that was deformed, began in derision, to praise his arms, legs, face, and other parts of his body; which the fellow perceiving, and knowing himself abused, said, That he had one property more, which the other had not taken notice of; and being demanded what it was, looking over his shoulder upon the other, said, This is my property, I have a wall-eye in my head, with which I never look over my shoulder, but I behold a fool.

A woman being with child, her husband was carving a couple of coney's, and beginning with the flaps, his wife called to him, Pray, husband, give me
a flap o' th' coney! What, says he, wife, before all the company?

_A profound meditation upon a broom-stick_,
_by Dean Swift._

This single stick which you now behold lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest; it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs; but now it is at the best but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; 'tis now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and destined to make other things clean and be nasty itself: at length worn to the stumps in the service of the maids, 'tis either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use of kindling a fire.—When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself, surely mortal man is a broom-stick! Nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, wearing his own hair on his head, till the axe of independence has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk.

But a broom-stick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and, pray, what is man but a topsy-turvy creature, his head where his heels should be grovelling on the earth? And yet he wallows in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away. His last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving; till worn to the stumps, like his brother broom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.
A taylor, blind of one eye, who came home sooner than his wife expected; in the mean time she had entertained her lover, and could not tell how to convey him out: but she goes to her husband, taking him about the neck, claps her hand upon his eye, and said, "My dear, I dreamt last night, you could see with your other eye!" In the mean time her companion slipped out.

Alphonsus, King of Naples, had in his court, a fool, who used to write down in a book all the follies of the great men in his time that were at court. The king one day having a Moor in his household, sent him to the Levant to buy horses, with ten thousand ducats. This the fool marked in his book, esteeming it a pure piece of folly. Some time after, the king, as he used to do when he had a mind to be merry, called for the book, and found at last his own name, with the story of the ten thousand ducats. The king, being somewhat moved, asked the reason why his name was there? Because, says 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, says the king, and brings me the horses, what folly is that in me? Why, if ever he does come again, replies the fool, I'll blot out your name, and put in his.

A barber was saying to a mower, That great persons sate bare to him: Puh, said the mower, I can't upon my work, and that you dare not do.

One being asked, Why he married so little a
wife? answered, Of all evils we would choose the least.

A prating woman having lost her teeth, asked a physician the reason, she being young and healthful? Why, I can't guess at any other reason, said he, but that your tongue grates too much against them.

One whose mistress's name was Field, said to another, in the morning, See how I am bedewed coming over yonder field: No, says the other, It's rather by laying all night in the Field.

An elder brother commending his younger brother's green cloak, said it became him passing well: Faith, brother, replied he, a mourning cloak, at your funeral would become me much better.

A gentlewoman who thought her servants always cheated her when they went to Billingsgate to buy fish, was resolved to go thither one day herself; and asking the price of a fish, which she thought too dear, she bid the fish-wife about half what she asked: Lord, madam, said the woman, I must have stole it, to sell it at that price; but you shall have it, if you will tell me what you do to make your hands look so white: Nothing, good woman, answered the gentlewoman, but wear dog-skin gloves. D—n you for a lying b—h! replied the other, my husband has worn dog-skin breeches these ten years, and his a—e is as brown as a nutmeg.

A drunken fellow who had sold all his goods to
maintain himself at his pot, except his feather bed, and at last, made away with that too; when being reproved for it by some of his friends, Why, said he, I am very well, thank God, and why should I keep my bed?

A gentleman courting a lady, she told him, she would not have him, if he would not tie himself from taking tobacco, for she mortally hated it; to which he, to please her, agreed: So on the wedding-night he lay as still as if he had been dead; with that she asked him the reason of his being so? He told her, that she had obliged him not to take that which made him active in all things, and put vigour and life into him; and without it he was always as inanimate as a stock or stone. With that, says she, my dear, you shall have some; so she called the maid to bring up some good tobacco and pipes: And when he had taken a pipe, he turned to her and gave her a conjugal kiss, then she called to the maid again, Prithee, Betty, Bring up a dozen pipes!

A man whose name was Herring, dropping accidentally into a river, desired one that stood on the bank, to lend him his hand for the helping him out: O, no, said he, by no means; for water is the Herring's proper element.

In a great storm at sea, when all the ship's crew expected to be cast away, they went to prayers; and just as they were at prayers, a boy falls out a laughing heartily: the captain asked him the reason of it, especially at that dangerous time? Why.
truly, sir, said he, I laugh at that man's fiery nose there, to think what a hissing it will make by and by, when it comes into the water.

A lighted candle falling out of a candlestick; says one that was standing by, You must stick it fast, or it will fall again; for I see it is light-headed.

Three citizens walking in the fields, one said, We shall have a great year of black-berries; for the last week, I plucked a handful of the fairest red black-berries that I ever saw. A second person laughed at him, saying, Red black-berries is a bull! But the third person, with much gravity, justified what the former had said, and very sagely questions, Are not black-berries always red when they are green?

A certain man being to go a journey, his friend advised him not to go that day; for I believe, says he, it will rain: No matter for that, says the other, if it be but dry under feet.

A Spanish commander, that had been against the Turks, when he came home, he told such impossibilities before the council, as all looked upon not only as ridiculous, but audaciousness in him to relate; then the council ordered him to withdraw, and called in one of the inferior officers, who did not only back what his commander had said, but reported a greater lie. One of the council reproved him for it: O, my lord, says he, you must excuse me, I do but my duty in following my commander.
Then they told him, he had outdone his commander. Then I have acquired more honour, says he, and I hope the king will reward me bountifully for it.

A very fat gentleman riding through a town, some of the ruder sort of the town fell a jesting of him, and told him, That he carried his portmanteau before, when it should be behind; meaning his great belly. O, says the gentleman, I always carry it before me; but especially when I ride through a town where there is nothing but rogues, whores, and pickpockets, for fear of having it stole.

A young gentleman who had more good-will than experience, being alone with a lady who did not want for either, cried out, in a transport, Oh! that I had you but in a wood! A wood! says the lady, smiling, that might be very well; but, methinks, such a closet as this, with the door shut, and a velvet-couch, is full as convenient a place.

A gentleman coming to an inn in Smithfield, and seeing the ostler expert and tractable about the horses, asked how long he had lived there, and what countryman he was? I'se Yorkshire, says the fellow, and ha lived sixteen years here. I wonder, replied the gentleman, that in so long a time so clever a fellow as you seem to be, have not come to be master of the inn yourself. Ay, answered the ostler, but maister is Yorkshire too.

An English gentleman being reproached for his
amours with Negro wenches, replied that, There were fine nights as well as fine days.

A QUAKER'S SERMON.

Dear Brethren and loving Sisters,—We are met and assembled together, and the end and meaning of our meeting is this, which I shall unfold to you in as few words, and as clear a sense as the matter itself will bear.

Obadiah, our dear brother, who followeth the lawful occupation of making shoes in the town of Twittenham, near the river Thames, having occasion to go to London, the man arose, took up his staff, and walked. But, behold, as he was going over Turnham Green, the north-east corner thereof, he met with our sister Ruth, who cast such ogling glances at the unfortunate Obadiah, and squeezed his hand so sensibly, that the snake peeped from out of the grass, and our dear friend Obadiah, was forced to obey the all commanding-power, of the little unlucky one: Whereupon he said unto her, Dear sister Ruth, the spirit moveth me to lay thee down, that I may multiply upon thee; and she answered him and said, Resist not the spirit, for from thence proceedeth no evil. So he took her and laid her down; and when it came to pass that she was down, and laid flat upon her back, he took up her coats, even unto the Holland smock which covered her nakedness, and covered her face, that her eyes might not behold the wickedness she was going to commit! So Obadiah let down his breeches, fell with his face downwards on our sister Ruth, and so followed the motions of the spirit.
But, my beloved, the intent was good, and that appears plainly thus: Our brother was moved with a fair and tempting object; and such temptations who can withstand? And secondly, he did not do it after the ways of the profane, who say, G—d damn me, I will do so or so, and by G—d, you shall do so or so; but he said unto her, dear sister, the spirit moveth me: whereby you may see his intention was good, and that he did not do it to satisfy the sensual and carnal appetite, but to raise up seed to the brotherhood by propagation.

A person whose name was Noble, was boasting in public company, that he was worth ten thousand pounds, and that he had two brothers as rich as himself: That's very false, replied one in the company, for by your own confession,* you and your two brothers put together make but twenty shillings.

An Irishman being asked why he fled from his colours? said, his heart was as good as any man's in the regiment, but he protested his cowardly legs would run away with him, whatever he could do.

Tom Brown used to say, The Sabbath is a wise institution, because the breaking of it keeps half the villages about town.

In the rebellion in the year 1715, when a diligent search was making for the Earl of Derwentwater, in order to bring him to justice for his trea-

* A noble is 6s. 8d. and three times that sum is 20s.
sonable practices, he was supposed to be concealed in some chamber in the temple; whereupon the master of the temple ordered strict search to be made in every corner by the two porters of the temple, and other proper officers. Upon this they went to work, and in the midst of their search they found a gentleman's chambers shut, which they immediately burst open, and going in his bed-room, they saw him getting out of his bed, stark naked, crying out, For heaven's sake, gentlemen, what do you mean? What authority have you to break open my door? What is your business here? They answered, they were come to search for the Earl of Derwentwater. The templar assured them, he was not there; but they would not believe him; for one of them said, he saw somebody in the bed; and insisted upon seeing who it was. This put him in a strange confusion, for he had the head-porter's wife in his bed; and how to prevent being discovered, he could not tell. At length a lucky thought came into his head, and he pulled all the bed-clothes from her, from the middle downwards, and what they saw was sufficient to convince them that it was not the Earl of Derwentwater: nor was the head-porter wise enough to know, by her posteriors, that it was his wife, nor had he the least suspicion of it; but each, after peeping a little while, and grinning at the venerable sight, made their exit, and seemed very well satisfied.

One said that of all prisons in the world (if he must needs go to one) he would choose to go to Ludgate, because none came there but they who had their freedom.
When Tom Holland, who was quartered in Fleet-street, had raised his landlord's maid's belly, whose name was Nell Cotton, it was wittily said, That he gave her a yard of Holland, and she gave him an ell of Cotton; and what harm is there in that?

A gentlewoman loved a doctor of physic, and to enjoy him, she feigned herself sick; the doctor being sent for in all haste, went up and stayed with her an hour; and when he came down, her husband asked him, How she did? O, says he, she has had two such extreme fits, that if you had but seen one of them, it would have made your heart ache. Ay, and my head too, I am afraid, replied the husband.

A country clergyman meeting a neighbour who never came to church, although an old fellow of above sixty, he gave him some reproof on that account, and asked him, If he never read at home? No, replied the clown, I can't read. I dare say, said the parson, you don't know who made you? Not I, in troth, cried the countryman. A little boy coming by at the same time, Who made you, child? said the parson: God, sir, answered the boy. Why, look you here, quoth the honest clergyman, Are you not ashamed to hear a child of five or six years old tell me who made him, when you, who are so old a man, cannot? Ay! said the countryman, it is no wonder that he should remember; he as made but t'other day—it is a great while, Easter, sin I was made.
A lady ordered a Sun-dial to be made, and the maker brought it home, with this motto:

- Time rapid flies, embrace it, man,
- Alas, thy life is but a span.

The lady immediately ordered it to be altered thus:

- To us on earth few years belong;
- This life is but nine inches long.

A rake being stung by a w—e, asked a benevolence, and gave a good reason for it, saying, He had lost all by fire.

A young woman, nineteen weeks after she had been married, was brought to bed of a fine boy: How now, wife; says her husband, methinks, this is something too early. No, husband, you mistake; we only married a little too late. O, did we so, says he, if ever we marry again, we will marry sooner for that trick. But, husband, cried she, you are ignorant of women going with child, for we go twenty weeks by day, and twenty weeks by night; and I came but a fortnight too soon. Well, says her husband, then I am contented.

One was advised to venture at the state lottery; No, says he, for seldom any body has luck but cuckolds; which his wife hearing, said, Pray, husband, venture then, for I am sure you will have good luck.

An unlucky rogue in Smithfield, being weeping for some misfortune that befel him, and an old woman coming by, and seeing him, asked him, What he cried for? Nothing, says he, but my father has
gone the same way to his end that your husband went. Which way is that, sirrah? Why, he has just now took shipping at Newgate, sailed up the river Holborn, struck against the rocks at St. Giles’s, and was cast away at Tyburn.

Two women were chatting together; says one, My daughter has not laid her eyes together these four nights: You fool, says t’other, how should she? Does not her nose lay between?

Tom Brown says, a woman may learn a very useful doctrine from a game of backgammon; which is, not to take up her man till she is sure of binding him.

An old fellow, full of vigour and fourscore, ventured boldly upon matrimony; and being put to bed to his young bride, after he had cleared his utterance by coughing up the phlegm and spitting, called his man to the bedside, and said, John, John, turn me to my dear!

One being to go a journey in wet weather, he over night desired his friend to tell him how he might ride dry in boots. Why, said he, I know a way, that is, eat in the morning three pickled herrings, and don’t you drink all the day after; and if you don’t ride dry in your boots I’ll be hanged.

A French soldier, being to be hanged for desertion, begged very hard of the general, that he would grant him one small favour after he was dead, which he promised he would. This, however, did
not satisfy the poor fellow, who fell upon his knees and begged he would swear it. Upon my honour then I will, says the general.—And what may this favour be which you have begged so hard to be granted after you are dead? Only to kiss my a—se, says the soldier. Ay, is it so? says the general, then set him at liberty immediately; for I had much rather forgive his crime while living, than kiss his a—se when dead.

One man asked another why his beard was brown, and his hair white? Because, says he, one is twenty years younger than the other.

A would-be wit began jesting with a gentleman, who told him he could not break a jest, but he could break his head: and did so.

A country fellow came to a turner's shop to buy a mat; many were shown him, but he liked none. Then to jeer the bumpkin, the turner brought forth his wife and his daughter Mat, and told him, there was all the mats he had: They will not do for me, says the bumpkin, for I must have one that has not been laid upon.

A scholar of Christ-church that was whimsical, or, as we used to say, that had a maggot in his head, always complained, that when he eat fish they would rise in his stomach. No wonder, quoth another, for they rise and leap after the maggots in your head.

A certain couple, going to Dunmow in Essex, to
demand the flitch of bacon, which is to be given to every married couple, who can swear they have had no dispute, nor once repented of their bargain in a year and a day; the steward, ready to deliver it, asked where they would put it? The husband produced a bag, and told him in that; That, said the steward, is not half big enough. So I told my wife, answered the good man, and I believe we have had a hundred words about it. Ay, said the steward, but they were not such ones as will butter any cabbage to be eat with this bacon; and so hangs the flitch of bacon up again.

A prodigal gallant, whose penurious mother, being lately dead, had left him a plentiful estate; one day being on his frolics, quarrelled with his coachman, and said, You damned son of a whore, how you drive! If I was out, I'd kick you into hell. To which the coachman replied, If you kick me there, I shall have an opportunity of acquainting your mother how you spend your estate.

Two very honest gentlemen, who dealt in brooms, meeting one day in the street; one asked the other, how the d—! he could afford to undersell him, everywhere as he did, when he stole the stuff, and made the brooms himself? Why, you silly dog, answered the other, I steal them ready made.

A parson and clerk having a mind for a whet before service began, went to a tavern, but drinking rather too much, the pastor, while the deputy was singing a psalm, fell fast asleep in the pulpit; the clerk observing it, and willing to excuse him, sung
the psalm twice over; but finding the faithful shepherd still sleeping, jogged him, and said, Sir, it is out. To which the parson loudly answered, Why then fill it again, supposing himself still in the tavern.

An English gentleman being in Brecknockshire, often diverted himself with shooting; but, being suspected not to be qualified by one of the busy Welch justices, his worship told him if he did not produce his qualification he should not shoot there; For, said he, I have two little manors. Yes, sir, said the English gentleman, any body may perceive that. Perceive what? cries the justice. That you have too little manners, says the other.

A gentleman speaking of Polly —, the famous courtesan, who had always abundance of fine cloaths, said, She was like a squirrel, for she covered her back with her tail.

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

The Rev. Mr. Brodie preaching one day at the
Kirk in Edinburgh, on hell torments, represented them to be intolerable, by the extreme cold they suffered there. And it being at that time very cold weather, one of the congregation, after sermon, took upon him to ask him the reason of so doing, when all the eminent divines had preached it up to be the reverse. O, sir, said he, I had good reason; for if I had told them it was hot, I should have had them all run away to hell to warm themselves.

An Irishman having a looking glass in his hand, shut his eyes and placed it before his face; another asking him why he did so? Upon my soul, says Teague, it is to see how I look when I am asleep.

One asked why a cuckold was said to wear horns? it was answered, Because the wife was a beast. Why, replied the other, should not the wife wear 'em then? No, says another, the husband is the head, and there they ought to be placed.

A purse-proud, niggardly fellow, willing to leave something behind him to perpetuate his memory, ordered his statue to be carved in marble. When finished and brought home, he asked a friend that was present, if he thought it like him? O dear! sir, says he, nothing can be more so, it resembles your very body and soul.

When Mr. John Droppe, of Magdalen College, was proctor, he often met in his walks with one Stone, a scholar. But Stone running away, and Droppe being too nimble for him, Stone would often
catch falls and do himself much injury; whereupon the scholars used to say,

\textit{Gutta eavat lapidem, non vi sed s\oe pe cadendo.}

A scholar being locked out of the gates at college, desired his friend within to get him the keys. His friend, Mr. Phil. French, of New College, answered, Sir, you had better come in and speak yourself, for I think I shall scarce procure them.

A parson preaching to his auditory, said, that they must take up the cross and follow him; which an arch fellow hearing, went just before the parson had done, and fetched his wife upon his back, and waited at the church door for the parson's coming out; so when he came, the fellow, with his wife at his back, followed him home; Well friend, says the parson, what do you mean by all this? Why, sir, says he, did you not bid me when you was in the pulpit, Take up my cross and follow you? and I have done as you directed me. Ah! but, says the parson, this is not the cross that I meant. Ah! but, says the fellow, it is the only cross that I have; and I have been plagued with her long enough already, and I do not desire to be troubled with her any more.

A country 'squire being in company with his mistress, and wanting his servant, cried out, Where is my blockhead? Upon your shoulders, sir, said the lady.

A young lady being married to a very wild spark, who had made away with a plentiful estate,
and was reduced to some straits, said very inno-
cently to him one day, My dear, I want some shifts
sadly. D—me, madam, replied he, how can that
be, when we make so many every day?

As two gentlemen were standing together, a
young lady passed by them, when one of them said,
There goes the handsomest woman I ever saw.
She hearing him, turned back, and observing him
to be very ugly, answered, I wish, sir, I could in
return, say as much for you. So you may, madam,
says he, and tell a d—d lie as I did.

One of a mean fortune, married a handsome gen-
tlewoman of a good estate, yet she must have a
gallant, and being in private with him, told him
how greatly she loved him; but her husband over-
hearing her, said, believe her not, for she has told
me so these seven years.

The cocket writer at the Custom-house, whose
hand was as unintelligible as you can conceive any
scrawl to be, was one day called upon by the board
to explain his writing; and after puzzling himself
sometime to no purpose, Gentlemen, said he, I beg
you'll send for some other person to explain it, for
it is no part of my business. I am cocket writer,
and not cocket reader.

At a commencement in Cambridge, Anno 1657,
the Prævaricator (whose name was White) told the
Oxonians that the Dean of Christ Church, Dr.
Owen, had as much powder in his hair as would
discharge eight cannons.—But Mr. Dan. Danvers

H
of Trinity College, who was Terræ Fulius at Oxford, told the Cantabs that were there, That he wondered how the powder could make such a report, seeing it was white, for White makes no report.

A country gentleman, having married a buxom widow, a few weeks after marriage, found it necessary to withdraw from the business of love for a little while; but not caring to let his wife into the secret, he procured a subpoena, to be sent him to attend as an evidence at one of the Courts in London; which showing her, he took leave, with seeming regret, and set forward on his journey, and was absent about a month. A few days after his return home, the said gentleman and his lady were looking out at a window at their cows grazing in a field adjoining; My dear, said he, what is become of the bull, which used to be so brisk among the cows here? Oh! child, says she, he's subpoenaed, I suppose, to the other end of the field.

A man who travelled the country, and got his bread by flying upon a rope off the tops of steeple, &c. applied once to a learned Bishop for leave to fly from the top of the Cathedral, and engaged some people of repute to speak in his favour; to whom his lordship replied; 'Tis inconsistent with my duty, and the nature of my function, to permit any man to fly from the church; but your friend may fly to it if he will.

A certain great man having a good living vacant, by the death of a former incumbent, was solicited
by many neighbouring clergymen of great learning, for the next presentation; all of whom he refused, because they could not inform him who was Melchisedeck's father; which a young fellow of a college in Oxford hearing, he came to ask it for himself; Sir, says he, if you can tell me who was Melchisedeck's father, you may stand a good chance. That I'll do instantly, replied the young gentleman, and who was his mother too. And putting his hand in one pocket, pulled out a purse of guineas, saying, This is his father, my lord; then turning his hand to the other pocket, took another purse, and this, my lord, is his mother. Well, answered his lordship, this is something to the purpose, I confess; let me only count the syllables of their names, and if they are right, you shall have the living.

A friend of mine, near seventy, who was blessed with a fine genius, but was very wavering and unstable in his disposition, was reproached with it by another gentleman, who told him he could never hold any resolution. Faith, sir, said he, you are much mistaken. I have resolved not to kiss the girls so much as I formerly did, and I am sure I shall hold to that.

An Oxford scholar being at Cambridge ten days together, they kept him drinking all night, that he could never rise before dinner; being asked how he liked the place? he said, Well enough, but the worst of it is, there is no forenoon in it.

One keeping his chamber by reason of issuing
sores in his legs, was asked, How he could keep in so much, having such running legs?

An Irishman on board a man of war, was desired by his messmate to go down and draw a can of beer; Teague, knowing that preparations were making to sail, absolutely refused. Arrah! by my shoul, says he, and so while I am gone into the cellar to fetch beer, the ship will sail and leave me behind.

A gentleman, when a fire broke out in his wife's apartments, which was just over the stables, cried out to his servants, Villains, save my horses!

The Lady Francis C—d, took water at the Old Swan to go to Westminster-stairs: during which time one of the watermen, who was a very sociable man, talked to her ladyship a great deal in favour of women in general, and particularly of his wife's neatness, which so pleased her ladyship, that she gave him half-a-crown, for which he was very thankful. Soon after which she said to him, Pray, honest man, in what particulars is your wife so neat? Why, madam, answered he, she never goes to stool but she first of all lets a bouncing f—t to blow the dust from the seat before she sits down.

A citizen was saying in company, that he never had seen an ear of rye in his life. A young lady then present, whose name was Miss Rye, said, at the same time showing him one of her ears, Here, sir, is an ear of Rye, which, if you please, you may behold. The gentleman immediately caught hold
of her ear and gave her a pinch; Nay, madam, said he, you have a wry face too.

---

Tom Brown's Will.
Imprimis—my departed shade I trust
To heav'n—my body to the silent dust.
My name to public censure I commit,
To be dispos'd of as the world thinks fit:
My vice and folly let oblivion close,
The world already is o'er-stock'd with those.
My wit I give, as misers do their store,
To those who think they had enough before;
I give my patience to compose the lives
Of slighted virgins and neglected wives.
To modish lovers I resign my truth,
My cool reflection to unthinking youth:
My honesty to lawyers I devise,
And all my chastity to Polly's thigh's.
All this let my executors fulfil,
And rest assur'd, that this is Tom Brown's will,
Who was, when he these legacies design'd,
In body vigorous, compos'd in mind.

A CURIOUS COLLECTION OF CONUNDRUMS.

---

Why are Tom Brown's Jests like a sore leg? Because they are full of humour.
Why is the book called the Whole duty of Man like a pair of breeches? Because it contains the duty of a husband to his wife.
Why is the soul disease like an impudent fellow? Because it takes people hold by the nose.
Why is an infant like a certain celebrated author? Because it is Young.
Why are the torments of hell like a circle? Because they have no end.

Why is H—e W—n like the House of Commons? Because many Members enter her?

Why is Tyburn like marriage? Because it ties fast for life.

Why is Mrs. —— like the Mansion House? Because stones were her chief foundation.

Why is a eunuch like a poor fellow? Because he has got no-thing.

Why did Mrs. —— make a cuckold of her husband? Because her conscience is above a yard long.

Why is four shillings and eleven pence like a king at his coronation? Because it is under a crown.

Why is a lame man like a good clock? Because he never stands.

Why is a leeky barrel like a coward? Because it runs.

Why is Scotch coal like a true lover? Because it burns with a pure flame.

Why is a cobbler like a parson? Because he mends the sole.

Why is day and night like soldiers upon centry? Because when one comes the other goes.

Why is a woman's tongue like a good clock? Because it never stands still.

Why is the Old and New Testament like a parson's gown? Because it contains a complete body of divinity.

Why are lawyers the best parsons? Because they bring most to repentance.

Why is it impossible to ravish some women? Because they are willing.

Why is a poor man like a sempstress? Because he makes shifts.
Why is a red haired lady like a band of soldiers? Because she bears fire-locks.
Why is an unbound book like a lady in bed? Because it is in sheets.
Why are most pieces of villany like a candle? Because they are brought to light.
Why is a lady in her shift like the Hague? Because she is in Holland.
Why is a little girl in arms, like a woman that comes before her time? Because she is mis-carried.
Tom went out, and his dog with him; he went not before, behind, nor on one side of him; then where did he go? On t'other side.
Why are Patty C—t's breasts like a shrewd tongue? Because they are provoking.
Why is Fanny M—- like a Sergeant at arms? Because she takes unruly members into custody.
Why is a boy on Shrove Tuesday like a pretty girl? Because he no sooner sets up a cock, but he knocks him down again.
What does a woman delight to see? A yard at her fore-door.
Why is a drunkard with a fiery face like a Christian Monitor? Because he puts in mind of Hell fire.
Why is a Prime Minister like a May pole? Because it is a high post.
Why is a grave-digger like a waterman? Because he handles skulls.
Why is my Lord Mayor like an almanack? Because he serves but a year.
Why is thy wig, reader, like a butcher's shop? Because there is a calf's head in it.
Why is a bad pen like a wicked man? Because he wants mending.
Why is Ireland like a bottle of wine? Because it has a Cork in it.

Why is a cobbler's stall like hell? Because there are bad soles in it.

Why is the moon like a weather-cock? Because it often changes.

Where should a lady clap her hands, if a man should enter a room where she was quite naked? On the man's eyes.

Why is a man like a melon? Because best raised in a hot-bed.

Why is a drunken man like a coach wheel? Because his head turns round.

Why is marriage like a curtain? Because it serves for a blind.

Why is a gun like a woman? Because there is an apron over the touch-hole.

Why are men like timber? Because they often prop-a-gate.

Why are forward girls like a lucky merchant? Because their commodities have an early vent.

Why are young girls like an old crazy ship? Because they want breaking up.

Why is Betty S—— like a cistern? Because she requires to be tightly plugged.

Why is a first floor like a lie? Because it is a story raised.

Why is a blind man heavier than one that can see? Because he is not so light.

Why is a w—e like a comet? Because she has a fiery tail.

Why is a woman with child like a gentleman? Because she shows her breeding.

Why are weather-cocks like the sea? Because they wave.
Why is a saddle like a mule? Because it is between a horse and an a—e.
Why is a cribbage-board like a new married lady? Because she is pegged up and down.
Why is a parish-bell like a good story? Because it is often toll'd.
Why is a fish-hook like a bull? Because it is sometimes baited.
Why is a man in a fever like a burning candle? Because he is light-headed.
Why is a madman like two men? Because he is a man beside himself.
Why is a malefactor like the root of a tongue? Because he is down in the mouth.
Why is the keeping a w—e like a gun? Because she is chargeable before she fires.
Why is a man with a bad memory like a covetous man? Because he is for-getting.
Why is a lock like an hospital? Because it is full of wards.
Why is a man that is deceived like a girl in leading-strings? Because he is mis-led.
Why is a difficulty overcome like a knight on horseback? Because it is sur-mounted.
Why is a looking-glass like a philosopher? Because it reflects.
What's a man like that is in the midst of a great river and can't swim? Like to be drowned.
Why is a skittish young horse like a coy girl? Because he is loath to be mounted.
Why is a drawn tooth like a thing forgot? Because it is out of the head.
What is a man like in the midst of a desert, without meat or drink? Like to be starved.
A COLLECTION OF RIDDLES.

My mother bare me in the field;
   Soon after I was sold;
And then to kiss a lady's thighs,
   I oftentimes made bold.
Soon after I was made divine,
   And much admir'd by some;
At length, for which I now repine,
   I wip'd a beggar's b-m.

Some hemp; afterwards made into a shift; the rags of which made paper, whereon was printed a sermon, which was at length put to a base use.

I know a lady young and fair,
That has a thing o'ergrown with hair;
With which she takes delight in bed,
And dearly loves to have it fed.
   A lady's lap-dog.

Though very strange, 'tis very true,
   What I shall now relate;
I am in number only two,
   And yet I'm forty-eight.
Two shillings, which is forty-eight half-pence.

I daily breathe, yet have not life,
And kindle feuds, yet cause no strife.
   A pair of bellows.
TOM BROWN’S JESTER.

My master often lies with me,
His wife I oft enjoy;
Yet she’s no whore, nor cuckold he,
And true to both am I.
My clothes nor woman fit nor man,
They’re neither coat nor gown;
Yet oft both men and maidens, when
They’re naked, have them on.
What’s oft my belly, is oft my back,
And what my feet, my head;
And though I’m up, I have a knack,
Of being still a-bed.

* A bed. *

I’m in every one’s way, yet no Christian I stop;
My four horns ev’ry day,
Horizontally play,
And my head is nail’d down to the top.

* A turnstile. *

I cannot either eat or drink,
I often speak, yet never think;
I teach men lessons how to die,
And very seldom tell a lie.

* A clock. *

My mother is a man,
And all my sisters too;
Deny it if you can,
That what I say is true.

* A person whose name was Man. *
My voice is heard a mile or two,
    I talk so very loud;
I speak when lover's cease to woo,
    And when they wear a shroud.

    A bell.

I more than women's fancies change,
Yet never leave my post and range.
    A weathercock.

'Tis often obtain'd with care and cost,
And is no sooner got than lost.

    A maidenhead.

In a small cell I live, that is arch'd overhead,
Not with stone, brick, or plaster, wood, silver, or lead,

I am grateful to all from the crown to the prince;
Yet excepting my feeling I want every sense.
Tho' sometimes in dainties, and wealth I abound,
I'm sometimes so poor that I lie on the ground;

No liquor or food in my house to be found.
I travel as well by the night as by day,
And am seldom or ever found out of my way.

If you touch but my door, tho' I can't see or hear,
(As already I've said) yet I know you are there.
If you rap ne'er so gently, as I live all alone,
I strait make all fast, and will open to none.
For to open my door when with force you contrive,
I'm turn'd out of doors, robb'd and buried alive.

    An oyster.
EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, TALES, FABLES, SONGS, &c. &c.

Grace before meat; spoken extempore by a gentleman at the table of a miser, who, once in his life, made a sumptuous entertainment.

Thanks to this miracle, for 'tis no less, Than to eat manna in the wilderness. Where hunger reign'd, there we have found relief, And seen the wonder of a chine of beef; Chimneys have smoak'd that never smoak'd before, And we have eat, where we shall eat no more!

---

EPIGRAM.

With Sylvia, said a noble lord, Few other girls can vie! She never spoke an idle word, Nor ever told a lie.

If what is here affirm'd for fact, Be disbeliev'd by some, Tell them, whenever they object, The harmless thing was dumb.

---

On a Lady, who by falling down, her clothes flew up behind, and what was there, showed to the view of the company.

Poor Celia slipping, had a fall, And show'd her naked b—m to all, Which did such beauteous charms display, It sham'd the lustre of the day.---

I
Transported at the sight, I cry'd,
In pity, gentle Celia, hide
The dazzling beams of your b—ks—e!
For should it lie uncover'd thus,
All human kind would crave a buss.—
Assist me all ye sacred nine
To praise a b—m that's all divine;
Not all the goddesses on high,
Who reign above the starry sky;
Shou'd they turn up their tails to view,
Can show an a—e as fair as you!

——

The Town Lady to her young Admirer.

Away, young fool! give all thy flatteries o'er!
I'm neither saint nor angel, but a w—e;
If thou'rt in love, and wounded art by me,
I'll prove thy kind physician for a fee.
If thou hast any fond desire to do't,
Be generous at once, and let's go to't;
Money's alone the god that makes us kind,
For that we give up all you men can find;
For gold we show you all love's pleasing crotchets;
But shut our legs to those that shut their pockets.

——

Sarah, the wife of Abraham, a Taylor.

From Abraham's bosom, full of lice,
To Abraham's breast in Paradise,
The soul of Sarah took its flight,
And bid the lousy rogue good night.
Verses written in a lady's "Sherlock upon Death."

Mistaken fair, lay Sherlock by,
    His doctrine is deceiving;
For while 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 live's to love, to bless, be blest
    With mutual inclination;
Share then my ardour in your breast,
    And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus blest I must not live,
    And pity you deny;
To me, at least, your "Sherlock" give,
    'Tis I must learn to die.

THE P—S POT.

Presumptuous p—s pot, how durst thou offend?
    Compelling female's snowy knees to bend.
To kings and queens we humbly bow the knee,
    But queens themselves are for'd to stoop thee.
To thee they cringe, and with a straining face,
    They ease their grief by opening their case.
In times of need thy help they do implore,
    And oft to ease their ailments make thee roar.
Oh! that I was a p—s pot, but to see,
    That charming secret they impart to thee!
An Epitaph on True, Queen Mary's Dog.

Now envious Fate has claim'd his due,
Here lies the mortal part of True;
His faith and truth all Whitehall knows;
He ne'er could fawn or flatter those
Whom he believ'd were Mary's foes.

Ne'er sculk'd from whence his sov'reign led him,
Nor ever bit the hand that fed him.
Read this, ye statesmen, now in favour,
And mend your own by True's behaviour.

An Epitaph.

Here lies the body of Barren Peg,
Who had no issue but her leg;
Which really was so very cunning,
That tho' quite still, 'twas always running.

To a canting Author of Satire against Wit.

The simple preacher cries all wit is vain,
Unless 'tis like his godliness—for gain—
Of most vain things he may the folly own,
But wit's a vanity he has not known.

Fable—The Candle-flame and Moth.

A candle-flame, one winter-night,
Beheld a moth come flutt'ring by't,
And with endearing softness, said,
"My pretty thing be not afraid;
"And from me thus so shyly turn;
"For tho' I'm fire, I never burn:
"I do assure thee, from my heart,  
"I never yet have cav’d a smart;  
"Moon-like, at eve I shine so bright,  
"That you and others may have light;  
"The artist form’d me for that end,  
"And not to scorch and kill a friend,  
"Come, then, and lean upon my breast,  
"For I’ll not hurt thee I protest."  
The Moth, too credulous to fear,  
That instant to the blaze drew near;  
And after flying round about,  
Embrac’d the flame and roared out—  
"Oh! oh! thou base deceiver, oh!  
"Villain! how could’st thou serve me so?  
"Good Gods!—What tortures I endure!  
"I quite despair of any cure,  
"So burnt am I from head to feet.—  
"Rascal, to say thou hadst no heat!"  
Here interrupted icy death,  
And quickly fled his vital breath.  
Thus men who go within the doors  
Of vile diseased common w——s,  
Like moths, embrace a flaming fire,  
And in tormenting pains expire.

——

An Epigram.

As through the grass a subtile serpent stray’d,  
To Strephon’s arms ran Sylvia—trembling maid;  
But in the swain a subtler serpent found,  
Whose sting though sweet, with venom swell’d the wound.

I 2
Epigram.
Giles Jolt, as sleeping in his cart he lay,
Some pilfering villains stole his team away.
Giles wakes and cries—"What's here, a-dikin! what!
"Why, how now, am I Giles?—or am I not!
"If he,—I've lost six geldings to my smart:
"If not,—odds boddikins, I've found a cart!

Epitaph.
Here lies the vile dust of the sinfulllest wretch,
That ever the devil delay'd to fetch:
But the reader will grant it was needless he should,
When he saw he was coming as fast as he could.

Cloe's Character by Mr. Pope.
Her voice is as clear as the stream;
Her character light as the sun;
Her dealings are hard as a stone;
But her promise as sure as a gun.

An Epigram.
A ragged prig extoll'd himself,
As born of men of note;
Cries Blunt, you've got a coat of arms,
But no arms to your coat.

On the Death of Tom Brown.
Alas, poor Tom! his breath is fled,
And he inhabits with the dead;
Death lov'd his wit, and sternly cried,
"Come, dwell with me,"—and then he died.
The Exchange.
While Careful scolds his daughter Molly,
   And tells her she's undone,
By lying with her lover Folly,
   Their neighbour's eldest son.
My maidenhead is gone (cries Miss),
   Yet what care I a farthing:
I gave him mine, but I've got his,
   And pleasure in the bargain.

An Epigram.
Once on a time I fair Dorinda kiss'd,
   Whose nose was too distinguish'd to be miss'd;
My dear, says I, I fain would kiss you closer,
   But tho' your lips say ay, your nose says, no sir.
The nymph was equally to fun inclin'd,
   And plac'd her lovely lily hand behind;
Here, swain, says she, you may securely kiss,
   Where there's no nose to interrupt your bliss.

An Epitaph on a Methodist Lock-smith.
A zealous lock-smith died of late,
   And soon arriv'd at Heaven's gate,
Where mute he stood, and would not knock,
   Because he meant to pick the lock.

On a window in a coffee house, in Fleet-street.
If kisses were the only joys in bed,
   Then women would with one another wed.

Fable.—The Breast and Stays.
Alas! my heart's with grief opprest!
   Thus banish'd from mv Cloe's breast.
Where sweet ambrosial odours dwell;
And sentenc’d to this gloomy cell
Thus fallen from my happy state,
I stand and peep at Eden’s gate.

Thru spake a shorten’d pair of stays,
And thus the breasts, for answer says:—
I own I was by thee conceal’d,
But Fashion bids me be reveal’d;
And that, you know, we must observe,
Though it from modesty would swerve;
For, since ’tis taste to go quite bare,
I’ll be as other bobbies are.

Whence came this taste? the stays replies,
It only feasteth lustful eyes.
The snowy pillows silent lay,
As meditating what to say:
At length, I heard them this repeat:—
All breasts go bare in Catherine-street.

Epitaph on a Cobbler.
Lest drop one tear my gentle friend,
And pity this poor cobbler’s end.
This honest fellow work’d so fast,
He wore his awl out, and his last.
On future bliss he can’t depend,
His sole was grown too bad to mend.

The Button-hole.—A Tale.
As through the street a Quaker chanc’d to pass,
He stopt a girl to treat her with a glass;
The grateful wench presented in return,
A warmer gift than he could then discern.
’Twas not her maidenhead, the brethren say;
But then ’twas something likelier far to stay;
In short, to tell my pious friend's mishap,  
She gave Aminadab a scalding clap.  
This close companion troubled sore the Friend,  
And made him go for counsel. In the end,  
The surgeon said, except you lose the part,  
Your case is desperate and beyond my art.  
How! lose a membe. —cry'd the Friend with  
grief.

You must, or hope from physic no relief:  
There's no compounding; —instantly comply,  
Or, —seriously, prepare yourself to die.  
All I possess to save it I would give;  
But since my life's at stake, I choose to live;  
So use me gently, and perform thy work.  
The surgeon slash'd, and did it with a jerk.  
Prim view'd with tears his mortified scut,  
And noted well the draw'r wherein 'twas put.

The Friend went ev'ry morning to be drest,  
And drew this draw'r one day above the rest,  
When, lo! no less than six besides his own!  
He grinn'd to think his man was not alone:  
And daily ask'd for what they all were kept?  
The surgeon answer'd like a true adept,  
A dozen of them shank'd, and finely wrought,  
Will make a set of buttons for my coat.

The thought is good, and worthy of thy trade,  
Reply'd the Friend; but ere thy coat be made,  
Wilt thou not get as many female moles,  
That so thy buttons may have proper holes.

---

An Epitaph on a Bellows-maker, at Oxford.  
Here lies John Cruker, a maker of bellows,  
A lover of ale, and a king of good fellows
But when he arriv'd at the minute of death,
He that made bellows could not make breath.

Woman.
How quaint an appetite in woman reigns!
Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains;
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
A glutted market makes provisions cheap.

Epigram.
Come, Megg, be quick, and make the bed,
Now tuck the feet, now place the head;
I'll kiss ye, if you don't bestir ye;
Quoth Megg, I can't abide to hurry.

The fortunate Sailor.
Honest Jack, and his wife, once to sea took a trip,
When a sudden cross wind overset the light ship;
Hand-in hand over deck went this couple together,
Susan sunk like a stone, and Jack swam like a feather.
Thank my stars! says the man, (safe escap'd from the flood),
'Tis a bad wind, indeed, that blows nobody good.

To a Lady of Pleasure.
My heart is proud your chains to wear,
But Reason will not stoop;
I love that angel's face, but fear
The serpent in your hoop.
That circle is a magic spelt,
'To make the wisest fall;
Its centre black and deep, like hell,
Contains the Dev'l and all
Your eyes discharge the darts of Love;
But, oh! what pains succeed!
When darts shall pins and needles prove,
And love a fire indeed!

The Trout.—A Fable.

A trout, the plumpest in the tide,
Had long the angler's skill defied,
With pleasure nibbled ev'ry bait,
And baulk'd his sure expected fate:
While self-conceit enflam'd his breast,
He, to himself, these lines express'd;—
How wise am I to know my good!
What cowards half the finny brood!
I feast on rarities at will,
My sense evades the latent ill.
He spoke; impending in the brook,
A gentle wriggling on the hook,
He nibb'd, with caution, as before,
The dainty tempted more and more;
Grown bold, he snatch'd the rich repast,
And on the hook was catch'd at last.
Compell'd to quit the liquid glass,
He beat, till dead, the bending grass.

So fares the maid, whom love inspires,
With tender thoughts and soft desires:
She may, a while, fan up the flame,
And not commit an act of shame:
But soon longs after farther sweets,
Pursues her wish, and ruin meets,
Does wisdom's blissful precepts shun,
Nor sees her folly, till undone.
Epigram.
Nature's chief gifts unequally are carv'd,
She surfeits some, while many more-are starv'd:
Her bread, her wine, her gold, and what before
Was common good, is now made private store;
Nothing that's good we have among us common;
But all enjoy that common ill—a woman.

Polly.
Polly, the fairest of Love's foes,
What has she now to brag on?
So long she kept her legs so close,
That they have scarce a rag on.
Compell'd thro' want, this wretched maid,
Did sad complaints begin;
Which surely Strephon hearing, said,
It was a shame and sin,
To pity such a lazy jade,
As would not kiss nor spin.

FINIS.
Why are Tom Brown's Jests like a sore leg? Because they are full of humour.