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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK JOE MILLER'S JESTS, OR THE WITS VADE-MECUM ***

Joe Miller's *JESTS*

OR, THE

W I T S

V A D E - M E C U M .

BEING

A Collection of the most Brilliant *JESTS*; the Politest *REPARTEES*; the most Elegant *BONS MOTS*, and most pleasant short Stories in the *English* Language.

First carefully collected in the Company, and many of them transcribed from the Mouth of the Facetious *GENTLEMAN*, whose Name they bear; and now set forth and published by his lamentable Friend and former Companion, *Elijah Jenkins*, Esq;

Most Humbly INSCRIBED

To those CHOICE-SPIRITS of the A G E ,

Captain BODENS, Mr. ALEXANDER POPE, Mr.
Professor LACY, Mr. Orator HENLEY, and JOB
BAKER, the Kettle-Drummer.

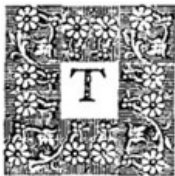
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Transcriber's Note: Jest number 59 was omitted from the original text.



JOE MILLER's *JESTS*.

1.  HE Duke of *A—ll*, who says more good Things than any Body, being behind the Scenes the First Night of the *Beggar's Opera*, and meeting *Cibber* there, well *Colley*, said he, how d'you like the *Beggar's Opera*? Why it makes one laugh, my Lord, answer'd he, on the Stage; but how will it do in print. O! very well, I'll answer for it, said the Duke, if you don't write a Preface to it.^[1]
2. There being a very great Disturbance one Evening at *Drury-Lane* Play-House, Mr. *Wilks*, coming upon the Stage to say something to pacify the Audience, had an Orange thrown full at him, which he having took up, making a low Bow, this is no *Civil Orange*, I think, said he.
3. Mr. *H—rr—n*, one of the Commissioners of the Revenue in *Ireland*, being one Night in the Pit, at the Play-House in *Dublin*, *Monoca Gall*, the Orange Girl, famous for her Wit and her Assurance, striding over his Back, he popp'd his Hands under her Petticoats: Nay, Mr. Commissioner, said she, you'll find no Goods there but what have been fairly entered.
4. *Joe Miller* sitting one day in the Window at the *Sun-Tavern* in *Clare-Street*, a Fish Woman and her Maid passing by, the Woman cry'd, *Buy my Soals; buy my Maids*: Ah, you wicked old Creature, cry'd honest *Joe*, *What are you not content to sell your own Soul, but you must sell your Maid's too?*
5. When the Duke of *Ormond* was young, and came first to Court, he happen'd to stand next my Lady *Dorchester*, one Evening in the Drawing-Room, who being but little upon the Reserve on most Occasions, let a Fart, upon which he look'd her full in the Face and laugh'd. What's the Matter, my Lord, said she: Oh! I heard it, Madam, reply'd the Duke, you'll make a fine Courtier indeed, said she, if you mind every Thing you *hear* in this Place.
6. 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 more *crooked* Word, he'd beat her Brains out: Why then *Ram's Horns*, you Rogue, said she, if I die for't.
7. A Gentleman ask'd a Lady at *Tunbridge*, who had made a very large Acquaintance among the Beaus and pretty Fellows there, what she would do with them all. O! said she, they pass off like the Waters; and pray, Madam, reply'd the Gentleman do they all *pass* the *same Way*?
8. An Hackney-Coachman, who was just set up, had heard that the Lawyers used to club their *Three-Pence* a-piece, four of them, to go to *Westminster*, and being called by a Lawyer at *Temple-Bar*, who, with two others in their Gowns, got into his Coach, he was bid to drive to *Westminster-Hall*: but the Coachman still holding his Door open, as if he waited for more Company; one of the Gentlemen asked him, why he did not shut the Door and go on, the Fellow, scratching his Head, cry'd you know, Master, my Fare's a Shilling, I can't go for *Nine-Pence*.
9. Two Free-thinking Authors proposed to a Bookseller, that was a little decayed in the World, that if he would print their Works they would *set him up*, and indeed they were as good as their Word, for in six Week's Time he was in the *Pillory*.
10. A Gentleman was saying one Day at the *Tilt-Yard* Coffee-House, when it rained exceeding hard, that it put him in Mind of the General *Deluge*; Zoons, Sir, said an old Campaigner, who stood by, who's that? I have heard of all the *Generals* in *Europe* but him.
11. A certain Poet and Player, remarkable for his Impudence and Cowardice, happening many Years ago to have a Quarrel with Mr. *Powell*, another Player, received from him a smart Box of the Ear; a few Days after the Poetical Player having lost his Snuff-Box, and making strict Enquiry if any Body had seen his *Box*; what said another of the Buskin'd Wits, *that* which *George Powell* gave you t'other Night?
12. *Gun Jones*, who had made his Fortune himself from a mean Beginning, happening to have some Words with a Person who had known him some Time, was asked by the other, how he could have the Impudence to give himself so many Airs to him, when he knew very well, that he remember'd him seven Years before with hardly a *Rag to his A—*. You lie, Sirrah, reply'd *Jones*,

seven Years ago *I had nothing but Rags to my A—*.

13. Lord *R—*— having lost about fifty Pistoles, one Night, at the Gaming-Table in *Dublin*, some Friends condoling with him upon his ill Luck, Faith, said he, I am very well pleas'd at what I have done, for I have bit them, by *G—*— there is not one Pistole that don't want Six-Pence of Weight.

14. Mother *Needham*, about 25 Years age being much in Arrear with her Landlord for Rent, was warmly press'd by him for his Money, Dear Sir, said she, how can you be so pressing at this dead Time of the Year, in about six Weeks Time both the Par—, and the C—n—v—c—n will sit, and then Business will be so brisk, that I shall be able to pay ten Times the Sum.

15. A Lady being asked how she liked a Gentleman's Singing, who had a very *stinking Breath*, the Words are good, said she, but the *Air* is intolerable.

16. The late Mrs. *Oldfield* being asked if she thought Sir *W. Y.* and Mrs. *H—n*, who had both stinking Breaths, were marry'd: I don't know, said she, whether they are marry'd; but I am sure there is a *Wedding* between them.

17. A Gentleman saying something in Praise of Mrs. *G—ve*, who is, without Dispute, a good Player, tho' exceeding saucy and exceeding ugly; another said, her Face always put him in mind of *Mary-Bone Park*, being desired to explain himself, he said, it was vastly *rude* and had not one Bit of *Pale* about it.

18. A pragmatICAL young Fellow sitting at Table over-against the learned *John Scot*, asked him what difference there was between *Scot* and *Sot*: *Just the Breadth of the Table*, answered the other.

19. Another Poet asked *Nat Lee* if it was not easy to write like a *Madman*, as he did: No, answered *Nat*, but it is easy to write like a *Fool* as you do.

20. *Colley*, who, notwithstanding his *Odes*, has now and then said a good Thing, being told one Night by the late Duke of *Wharton*, that he expected to see him *hang'd* or *beggar'd* very soon, by *G—d*, said the Laureat, if I had your Grace's *Politicks* and *Morals* you might expect *both*.

21. Sir *Thomas More*, for a long Time had only Daughters, his Wife earnestly praying that they may have a Boy, at last they had a *Boy*, who when he came to Man's Estate, proved but simple; *thou prayedst so long for a Boy*, said Sir *Thomas* to his Wife, *that at last thou hast got one who will be a Boy as long as he lives*.

22. The same Gentleman, when Lord Chancellor being pressed by the Counsel of the Party, for a *longer day* to perform a Decree, said, *Take St. Barnaby's Day, the longest in the Year*; which happened to be the next Week.

23. This famous Chancellor, who preserved his Humour and his Wit to the last Moment, when he came to be executed on *Tower-Hill*, the Heads-man demanded his *upper Garment* as his Fee; ay, Friend, said he, taking off his *Cap*, That I think is my *Upper-Garment*.

24. The Great *Algernoon Sidney* seemed to shew as little Concern at his Death, he had indeed got some Friends to intercede with the King for a Pardon; but when he was told, that his Majesty could not be prevailed upon to give him his Life, but that in Regard to his ancient and noble Family, he would remit Part of his Sentence, and only have his Head cut off; nay, said he, if his Majesty is resolved to have my *Head* he may make a Whistle of my *A—*— if he pleases.

25. Lady *C—g* and her two Daughters having taken Lodgings at a Leather-Breeches Maker's in *Piccadilly*, the Sign of the *Cock* and *Leather-Breeches*, was always put to the Blush when she was obliged to give any Body Direction to her Lodgings, the Sign being so odd a one; upon which my Lady, a very good Sort of Woman, sending for her Landlord, a jolly young Fellow, told him, she liked him and his Lodgings very well, but she must be obliged to quit them on Account of his Sign, for she was ashamed to tell any body what it was, O! dear Madam, said the young Fellow, I would do any Thing rather than lose so good Lodgers, I can easily alter my Sign; so I think, answered my Lady, and I'll tell you how you may satisfy both me and my Daughters: *Only take down your Breeches and let your Cock stand*.

26. When *Rablais* the greatest Drole in *France*, lay on his Death-Bed, he could not help jesting at the very last Moment, for having received the extreme Unction, a Friend coming to see him, said, he hoped he was *prepared* for the next World; Yes, yes, reply'd *Rablais*, I am ready for my Journey now, *they have just greased my Boots*.

27. *Henry* the IVth, of *France*, reading an ostentatious Inscription on the Monument of a *Spanish Officer*, *Here lies the Body of Don, &c., &c. who never knew what Fear was*. Then said the King, *he never snuffed a Candle with his Fingers*.

28. A certain Member of the *French Academy*, who was no great Friend to the Abbot *Furetiere*, one Day took the Seat that was commonly used by the Abbot, and soon after having Occasion to speak, and *Furetiere* being by that Time come in; Here is a Place, said he, Gentlemen, from when I am likely to utter a thousand Impertinences: Go on, answered *Furetiere*, there's *one* already.

29. When Sir *Richard Steele* was fitting up his great Room, in *York-Buildings*, for publick Orations, that very Room, which is now so worthily occupied by the learned and eximious Mr. Professor *Lacy*. He happened at one Time to be pretty much behind Hand with his Workmen, and coming one Day among them to see how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the *Rostrum*, and make a Speech, that he might observe how it could be heard, the Fellow mounting, and scratching his Pate, told him he knew not what to say, for in Truth he was no Orator. Oh! said the Knight, no Matter for that, speak any thing that comes uppermost. Why here, Sir *Richard*, said the Fellow, we have been working for you these six Weeks, and cannot get one Penny of Money, pray, Sir, when do you design to pay us? Very well, very well, said Sir *Richard*, pray come down, I have heard enough, I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, tho' I don't admire your Subject.

30. A Country Clergyman meeting a Neighbour who never came to Church, altho' 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, said the Countryman. A little Boy coming by at the same Time, who made you, Child, cry'd the Parson, *God*, Sir, answered the Boy. Why look you there, quoth the honest Clergyman, are not you ashamed to hear a Child of five or six Years old tell me who made him, when you that are so old a Man can not: Ah, said the Countryman, it is no Wonder that he should remember, he was made but t'other Day, it is a great while, Master, sin I were made.

31. A certain reverend Drone in the Country was complaining to another, that it was a great Fatigue to preach twice a Day. Oh! said the other, I preach twice every *Sunday*, and *make nothing of it*.

32. One of the foresaid Gentlemen, as was his Custom, preaching most exceedingly dull to a Congregation not used to him, many of them slunk out of the Church one after another, before the Sermon was near ended. Truly, said a Gentleman present, this learned Doctor has made a very *moving* Discourse.

33. Sir *William Davenant*, the Poet, had *no Nose*, who going along the Meuse one Day, a Beggar-Woman followed him, crying, ah! God preserve your *Eye-Sight*; Sir, the Lord preserve your *Eye-Sight*. Why, good Woman, said he, do you pray so much for my *Eye-Sight*? Ah! dear Sir, answered the Woman, if it should please God that you grow dim-sighted, you have no Place to hang your *Spectacles* on.

34. A Welchman bragging of his Family, said, his Father's Effigies was set up in *Westminster-Abbey*, being ask'd whereabouts, he said in the same Monument with Squire *Thyne's* for he was his Coachman.

35. A Person was saying, not at all to the Purpose, that really *Sampson*, was a very strong Man; Ay, said another, but you are much stronger, for you make nothing of lugging him by the Head and Shoulders.

36. My Lord *Strangford*, who stammered very much, was telling a certain Bishop that sat at his Table, that *Balaam's* Ass spoke because he was Pri—est— Priest-rid, Sir, said a Valet-de-Chambre, who stood behind his Chair, my Lord would say. No, Friend, reply'd the Bishop, *Balaam* could not speak himself, and so his *Ass* spoke for him.

37. The same noble Lord ask'd a Clergy-man once, at the Bottom of his Table, why the *Goose*, if there was one, was always plac'd next the *Parson*. Really, said he, I can give no Reason for it; but your Question is so odd, that I shall never see a *Goose* for the future without thinking of your *Lordship*.

38. A Gentleman was asking another how that poor Devil *S—ge* could live, now my Lord *T—* I had turn'd him off. Upon his Wits said the other; *That is living upon a slender Stock indeed*, reply'd the First.

39. A Country Parson having divided his Text under two and twenty Heads, one of the Congregation went out of the Church in a great Hurry, and being met by a Friend, he ask'd him, whither he was going? *Home for my Night-Cap*, answered the first, *For I find we are to stay here all Night*.

40. A very modest young Gentleman, of the County of *Tiperary*, having attempted many Ways in vain, to acquire the Affections of a Lady of great Fortune, at last try'd what was to be done, by the Help of Musick, and therefore entertained her with a Serenade under her Window, at Midnight, but she ordered her Servants to drive him thence by throwing *Stones* at him; *Your Musick, my Friend*, said one of his Companions, is as powerful as that of *Orpheus*, for it draws the very *Stones about you*.

41. A certain Senator, who is not, it may be, esteemed the wisest Man in the House, has a frequent Custom of shaking his Head when another speaks, which giving Offence to a particular Person, he complained of the Affront; but one who had been long acquainted with him, assured the House, it was only an ill Habit he had got, for though he would oftentimes shake his *Head*, there was *nothing* in it.

42. A Gentleman having lent a Guinea, for two or three Days, to a Person whose Promises he had not much Faith in, was very much surpriz'd to find he very punctually kept his Word with him; the same Gentleman being sometime after desirous of borrowing the like Sum, No, said the other, you have *deceived* me once, and I am resolved you shan't do it a second Time.

43. My Lord Chief Justice Holt had sent, by his Warrant, one of the *French Prophets*, a foolish Sect, that started up in his Time, to Prison; upon which Mr. *Lacy*, one of their Followers, came one Day to my Lord's House, and desired to speak with him, the Servants told him, he was not well, and saw no Company that Day, but tell him, said *Lacy*, I must see him, for I come to him from the *Lord God*, which being told the Chief Justice, he order'd him to come in, and ask'd him his Business; I come, said he, from the *Lord*, who sent me to thee, and would have thee grant a *Noli Prosequi* for *John Atkins*, whom thou hast cast into Prison: Thou art a false Prophet, answered my Lord, and a lying Knave, for if the Lord had sent thee it wou'd have been to the *Attorney-General*, he knows it is not in my Power to grant a *Noli-Prosequi*.

44. *Tom B—rn—t* happening to be at Dinner at my Lord Mayor's, in the latter Part of the late Queen's Reign, after two or three Healths, the Ministry was toasted, but when it came to *Tom's* turn to drink, he diverted it for some Time by telling a Story to the Person who sat next him; the chief Magistrate of the City not seeing his Toast go round, call'd out, Gentlemen, *where sticks the Ministry?* At nothing, by G—d, says *Tom*, and so drank off his Glass.

45. My Lord *Craven*, in King *James* the First's Reign, was very desirous to see *Ben Johnson*, which being told to *Ben*, he went to my Lord's House, but being in a very tatter'd Condition, as Poets sometimes are, the Porter refus'd him Admittance, with some saucy Language, which the other did not fail to return: My Lord happening to come out while they were wrangling, asked the Occasion of it: *Ben*, who stood in need of no-body to speak for him, said, he understood his Lordship desired to see him; you, Friend, said my Lord, who are you? *Ben Johnson*, reply'd the other: No, no, quoth my Lord, you cannot be *Ben Johnson* who wrote the *Silent Woman*, you look as if you could not say Bo to a Goose: *Bo*, cry'd *Ben*, very well, said my Lord, who was better pleas'd at the Joke, than offended at the Affront, I am now convinced, by your Wit, you are *Ben Johnson*.

46. A certain Fop was boasting in Company that he had every *Sense* in Perfection; no, by G—d, said one, who was by, there is one you are entirely without, and that is *Common Sense*.

47. An *Irish* Lawyer of the *Temple*, having occasion to go to Dinner, left these Directions written, and put in the Key-Hole of his Chamber-Door, *I am gone to the Elephant and Castle, where you shall find me; and if you can't read this Note, carry it down to the Stationer's, and he will read it for you.*

48. Old *Dennis* who had been the author of many Plays, going by a *Brandy-Shop*, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*; the Man who kept it, came out to him, and desired him to drink a Dram, for what Reason said he, because you are a *Dramatick* Poet, answered the other; well, Sir, said the old Gentleman, you are an out-of-the-way Fellow, and I will drink a Dram with you; but when he had so done, he asked him to pay for it, S'death, Sir, said the Bard, did you not ask me to drink a Dram because I was a *Dramatick* Poet; yes Sir, reply'd the Fellow, but I did not think you had been a *Dram o'Tick* Poet.

49. *Daniel Purcel*, the famous Punster, and a Friend of his, having a Desire to drink a Glass of Wine together, upon the 30th of *January*, they went to the *Salutation Tavern* upon *Holbourn-Hill*, and finding the Door shut, they knock'd at it, but it was not opened to 'em, only one of the Drawers look'd through a little Wicket, and asked what they would please to have, why open your Door, said *Daniel*, and draw us a Pint of Wine, the Drawer said, his Master would not allow of it that Day, it was a *Fast*; D—mn your Master, cry'd he, for a precise Coxcomb, is he not contented to *fast* himself but he must make his Doors *fast* too.

50. The same Gentleman calling for some Pipes in a Tavern, complained they were too *short*; the Drawer said they had no other, and those were but *just come in*: Ay, said *Daniel*, I see you have not bought them *very long*.

51. The same Gentleman as he had the Character of a great Punster, was desired one Night in Company, by a Gentleman, to make a *Pun extempore*, upon what Subject, said *Daniel*, the *King*, answered the other, the *King*, Sir, said he, is no *Subject*.

52. *G—s E—l* who, tho' he is very rich, is remarkable for his sordid Covetousness, told *Cibber* one Night, in the *Green Room*, that he was going out of Town, and was sorry to part with him, for faith *he loved him*, Ah! said *Colley*, I wish I was a Shilling for your sake, why so, said the other, because then, cry'd the Laureat, I should be sure *you loved me*.

53. Lord *C—by* coming out of the House of Lords one Day, called out, where's my *Fellow*! Not in *England*, by G—d, said a Gentleman, who stood by.

54. A Beggar asking Alms under the Name of a poor Scholar, a Gentleman to whom he apply'd himself, ask'd him a Question in *Latin*, the Fellow, shaking his Head, said he did not understand him: Why, said the Gentleman, did you not say you were a *poor Scholar*? Yes, reply'd the other, a

poor one indeed, Sir, for I don't understand one Word of Latin.

55. Several Years ago when Mrs. *Rogers* the Player, was young and handsome, Lord *North*, and *Grey*, remarkable for his homely Face, accosting her one Night behind the Scenes, ask'd her with a Sigh, what was a *Cure for Love*? Your *Lordship*, said she, the best I know in the World.

56. Colonel —, who made the fine Fire-Works Works in St. *James's Square*, upon the Peace of *Reswick*, being in Company with some Ladies, was highly commending the Epitaph just then set up in the Abbey on Mr. *Purcel's* Monument,

He is gone to that Place were only his own Harmony can be exceeded.

Lord, Colonel, said one of the Ladies, the same Epitaph might serve for you, by altering one Word only:

He is gone to that Place, where only his own Fire-Works can be exceeded.

57. Poor *Joe Miller* happening one Day to be caught by some of his Friends in a familiar Posture with a Cook Wench, almost as ugly as *Kate Cl—ve*, was very much rallied by them for the Oddness of his Fancy. Why look ye, said he, Gentleman, altho' I am not a very young Fellow, I have a good Constitution, and am not, I thank Heaven, reduced yet to *Beauty* or *Brandy* to whet my Appetite.

58. Lady *N—*, who had but a very homely Face, but was extremely well shaped, and always near about the Legs and Feet, was tripping one Morning over the *Park* in a Mask; and a Gentleman followed her for a long while making strong Love to her, he called her his *Life*, his *Soul*, his *Angel*, and begged with abundance of Earnestness, to have a Glimpse of her Face; at last when she came on the other Side of the Bird-Cage Walk, to the House she was going into, she turned about and pulling off her Mask: Well, Sir, said she, what is it you would have with me? The Man at first Sight of her Face, drew back, and lifting up his Hands, O! *Nothing!* Madam, *Nothing*, cry'd he; I cannot say, said my Lady, but I like your Sincerity, tho' I hate your Manners.

60. Sir *B—ch—r W—y*, in the Beginning of Queen *Anne's* Reign, and three or four more drunken Tories, reeling home from the *Fountain-Tavern* in the *Strand*, on a *Sunday* Morning, cry'd out, we are the pillars of the Church, no, by G—d, said a Whig, that happened to be in their Company, you can be but the *Buttresses*, for you never come on the Inside of it.

61. After the Fire of *London*, there was an Act of Parliament to regulate the Buildings of the City, every House was to be *three Stories* high, and there were to be no *Balconies* backwards: A *Gloucestershire* Gentleman, a Man of great Wit and Humour, just after this Act passed, going along the Street, and seeing a little crooked Gentlewoman, on the other Side of the Way, he runs over to her in great haste, Lord, Madam, said he, how dare you to walk the Streets thus publickly? Walk the Streets! why not! answered the little Woman. Because said he, you are built directly contrary to Act of Parliament, you are but two Stories high, and your *Balcony* hangs over your House-of-Office.

62. One Mr. *Topham* was so very tall, that if he was living now, he might be shewn at *Yeate's* Theatre for a Sight, this Gentleman going one Day to enquire for a Countryman a little Way out of Town, when he came to the House, he looked in at a little Window over the Door, and ask'd the Woman, who sat by the Fire, if her Husband was at Home. No, Sir, said she, but if you please to *alight* and come in, I'll go and call him.

63. The same Gentleman walking across *Covent-Garden*, was asked by a Beggar-Woman, for an Half-penny or Farthing, but finding he would not part with his Money, she begg'd for Christ's-Sake, he would give her one of his old *Shoes*; he was very desirous to know what she could do with one Shoe, to make my Child a *Cradle*, Sir, said she.

64. King *Charles II.* having ordered a Suit of Cloaths to be made, just at the Time when Addresses were coming up to him, from all Parts of the Kingdom, *Tom Killigrew* went to the Taylor, and ordered him to make a very large Pocket on one Side of the Coat, and one so small on the other, that the King could hardly get his Hand into it, which seeming very odd, when they were brought home, he ask'd the Meaning of it, the Taylor said, Mr. *Killigrew* order'd it so; *Killigrew* being sent for, and interrogated, said, one Pocket was for the *Addresses* of his Majesty's Subjects, the other for the *Money* they would give him.

65. My Lord *B—e*, had married three Wives that were all his Servants, a Beggar-Woman, meeting him one Day in the Street, made him a very low Curtesy, Ah, God Almighty bless your Lordship, said she, and send you a long Life, if you do but live long enough, we shall be all *Ladies* in Time.

66. Dr. *Tadloe*, who was a very fat Man, happening to go thump, thump, with his great Legs, thro' a Street, in *Oxford*, where some Paviers had been at Work, in the Midst of *July*, the Fellows immediately laid down their Rammers, Ah! God bless you, Master, cries one of 'em, it was very kind of you to come this Way, it saves us a great deal of Trouble this hot Weather.

67. An Arch-Wagg of St. *John's* College, asked another of the same College, who was a great

Sloven, why he would not read a certain Author called *Go-Clenius*.

68. *Swan*, the famous Punster of *Cambridge*, being a Nonjuror, upon which Account he had lost his Fellowship, as he was going along the *Strand*, in the Beginning of King *William's* Reign, on a very rainy Day, a Hackney-Coachman called to him, Sir, won't you please to take Coach, it *rains* hard: Ay, Friend, said he, but this is no *Reign* for me to take Coach in.

69. When *Oliver* first coined his Money, an old Cavalier looking upon one of the new Pieces, read the Inscriptions, on one Side was *God with us*, on the other, *The Commonwealth of England*; I see, said he, God and the *Commonwealth* are on *different* Sides.

70. Colonel *Bond* who had been one of King *Charles* the First's Judges, dy'd a Day or two before *Oliver*, and it was strongly reported every where that *Cromwell* was dead; No, said a Gentleman, who knew better, he has only given *Bond* to the Devil for his farther Appearance.

71. Mr. Serjeant *G—d—r*, being *lame* of one Leg; and pleading before Judge *For—e*, who has little or no *Nose*, the Judge told him he was afraid he had but a *lame* Cause of it: Oh! my Lord, said the Serjeant, have but a little Patience, and I'll warrant I prove every Thing as plain as the *Nose* on your Face.

72. A Gentleman eating some Mutton that was very tough, said, it put him in Mind of an old *English* Poet: Being asked who that was; *Chau—cer*, replied he.

73. A certain *Roman-Catholick* Lord, having renounced the *Popish* Religion, was asked not long after, by a Protestant Peer, *Whether the Ministers of the State, or Ministers of the Gospel had the greatest Share in his Conversion*: To whom he reply'd, that when he renounced *Popery* he had also renounced auricular *Confession*.

74. *Michael Angelo*, in his Picture of the last Judgment, in the Pope's Chappel, painted among the Figures in *Hell*, that of a certain *Cardinal*, who was his Enemy, so like, that everybody knew it at first Sight: Whereupon the Cardinal complaining to Pope *Clement* the Seventh, of the Affront, and desiring it might be defaced: You know very well, said the Pope, I have Power to deliver a Soul out of *Purgatory* but not out of *Hell*.

75. A Gentleman being at Dinner at a Friend's House, the first Thing that came upon the Table was a Dish of Whitings, and one being put upon his Plate, he found it stink so much that he could not eat a Bit of it, but he laid his Mouth down to the Fish, as if he was whispering with it, and then took up the Plate and put it to his own Ear; the Gentleman, at whose Table he was, enquiring into the meaning, he told him he had a Brother lost at Sea, about a *Fortnight ago*, and he was asking that Fish if he knew any thing of him; and what Answer made he, said the Gentleman, he told me, said he, he could give no Account of him, for he had not been at Sea these *three Weeks*.

I would not have any of my Readers apply this Story, as an unfortunate Gentleman did, who had heard it, and was the next Day whispering a Rump of Beef at a Friend's House.

76. An *English* Gentleman happening to be in *Brecknockshire*, he used sometimes to divert himself with shooting, but being suspected not to be qualified by one of the little *Welch* Justices, his Worship told him, that unless he could produce his Qualification, he should not allow him to shoot there, and he had *two little Manors*; yes, Sir, said the *Englishman*, every Body may perceive that, perceive what, cry'd the *Welchman*? That you have *too little Manners*, said the other.

77. The Chaplain's Boy of a Man of War, being sent out of his own Ship of an Errand to another; the two Boys were conferring Notes about their Manner of living; how often, said one, do you go to *Prayers* now, why, answered the other, in Case of a *Storm*, or any Danger; ay, said the first, there's some Sense in that, but my Master makes us *pray* when there is no more Occasion for it, than for my leaping over-board.

78. Not much unlike this Story, is one a Midshipman told one Night, in Company with *Joe Miller* and myself, who said, that being once in great Danger at Sea, every body was observed to be upon their Knees, but one Man, who being called upon to come with the rest of the Hands to *Prayers*, not I, said he, it is your Business to take Care of the Ship I am but a *Passenger*.

79. Three or four roguish Scholars walking out one Day from the University of *Oxford*, spied a poor Fellow near *Abingdon*, asleep in a Ditch, with an Ass by him, loaded with Earthen-Ware, holding the Bridle in his Hand, says one of the Scholars to the rest, if you'll assist me, I'll help you to a little Money, for you know we are bare at present; no doubt of it they were not long consenting; why then, said he, we'll go and sell this old Fellow's Ass at *Abingdon*, for you know the Fair is To-morrow, and we shall meet with Chapmen enough; therefore do you take the Panniers off, and put them upon my Back, and the Bridle over my Head, and then lead you the Ass to Market, and let me alone with the Old Man. This being done accordingly, in a little Time after the poor Man awaking, was strangely surprized to see his Ass thus metamorphosed; Oh! for God's-sake, said the Scholar, take this Bridle out of my Mouth, and this Load from my Back. Zoons, how came you here, reply'd the old Man, why, said he, my Father, who is a great Necromancer, upon an idle Thing I did to disoblige him, transformed me into an Ass, but now his

Heart has relented, and I am come to my own Shape again, I beg you will let me go Home and thank him; by all Means, said the Crockrey Merchant, I don't desire to have any Thing to do with Conjuraton, and so set the Scholar at Liberty, who went directly to his Comrades, that by this Time were making merry with the Money they had sold the Ass for: But the old Fellow was forced to go the next Day, to seek for a new one in the *Fair*, and after having look'd on several, his own was shewn him for a very good one, O, Ho! said he, *what have he and his Father quarrelled again already?* No, no, I'll have nothing to say to him.

80. Mr. *Congreve* going up the Water, in a Boat, one of the Watermen told him, as they passed by *Peterborough* House, that that House had *sunk a Story*; no, Friend, said he, I rather believe it is a *Story raised*.

81. The foresaid House, which is the very last in *London* one Way, being rebuilt, a Gentleman asked another, who lived in it? his Friend told him Sir *Robert Grosvenor*; I don't know, said the first, what Estate Sir *Robert* has, but he ought to have a very good one, for no body *lives beyond him in the whole Town*.

82. Two Gentlemen disputing about Religion, in *Button's Coffee-House*, said one of them, I wonder, Sir, you should talk of Religion, when I'll hold you five Guineas you can't say the *Lord's Prayer*, done, said the other, and Sir *Richard Steele* shall hold Stakes. The Money being deposited, the Gentleman began with, *I believe in God*, and so went cleverly thro' the *Creed*; well, said the other, I own I have lost; *I did not think he could have done it*.

83. A certain Author was telling Dr. *Sewel*, that a Passage he found fault with in his Poem, might be justify'd, and that he thought it a *Metaphor*; it is such a one, said the Doctor, as truly I never *Met-a-fore*.

84. A certain Lady at *Whitehall*, of great Quality but very little Modesty, having sent for a Linnen Draper to bring her some *Hollands*, as soon as the young Fellow enter'd the Room, O! Sir, said she, I find you're a Man fit for Business, for you no sooner look a Lady in the Face, but you've your *Yard* in one Hand, and are lifting up the Linnen with the other.

85. A Country Farmer going cross his Grounds in the Dusk of the Evening, spy'd 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, said the young Man, no Harm, Farmer, we are only going to *Prop-a-Gate*.

86. King *Henry VIII.* designing to send a *Nobleman* on an Embassy to *Francis I.* at a very dangerous Juncture, he begg'd to be excused, saying such a threatening Message, to so hot a Prince as *Francis I.* might go near to cost him his Life. Fear not, said old *Harry*, if the *French King* should offer to take away your Life, I would revenge you by taking off the *Heads* of many *Frenchmen* now in my Power: *But of all those Heads*, reply'd the Nobleman, *there may not be one to fit my Shoulders*.

87. A Parson preaching a tiresome Sermon on *Happiness* or *Bliss*; when he had done, a Gentleman told him, he had forgot one Sort of Happiness: *Happy are they that did not hear your Sermon*.

88. A Country-Fellow who was just come to *London*, gaping about in every Shop he came to, at last looked into a Scrivener's, where seeing only one Man sitting at a Desk, he could not imagine what Commodity was sold there, but calling to the Clerk, pray, Sir, said he, what do you sell here? *Loggerheads*, cry'd the other, *do you*, answer'd the Countryman, *Egad then you've a special Trade, for I see you have but one left*.

89. *Manners*, who was himself but lately made Earl of *Rutland*, told Sir *Thomas Moor*, he was too much elated by his Preferment, that he verify'd the old Proverb,

Honores mutant Mores.

No, my Lord, said Sir *Thomas*, the *Pun* will do much better in *English*:

Honours change MANNERS.

90. A Nobleman having chose a very illiterate Person for his Library Keeper, one said it was like a *Seraglio kept by an Eunuch*.

91. A Mayor of *Yarmouth*, in ancient Times, being by his Office a Justice of the Peace, and one who was willing to dispense the Laws wisely, tho' he could hardly read, got him the Statute-Book, where finding a Law against *firing a Beacon*, or causing any *Beacon* to be fired, after nine of the Clock at Night, the poor Man read it *frying of Bacon*, or *causing any Bacon to be fryed*; and accordingly went out the next Night upon the *Scent*, and being directed by his *Nose*, to the Carrier's House, he found the Man and his Wife both *frying of Bacon*, the Husband holding the Pan while the Wife turned it: Being thus caught in the Fact, and having nothing to say for themselves, his Worship committed them both to Jail, without Bail or Mainprize.

92. The late facetious Mr. *Spiller*, being at the Rehearsal, on a *Saturday* Morning, the Time when the Actors are usually paid, was asking another, whether Mr. *Wood*, the Treasurer of the

House, had any Thing to say to them that Morning; no, faith, *Jemmy*, reply'd the other, I'm afraid there's no *Cole*, which is a cant Word for Money; by G—d, said *Spiller*, if there is no *Cole* we must burn *Wood*.

93. A witty Knave coming into a Lace-Shop upon *Ludgate-Hill*, said, he had Occasion for a small Quantity of very fine Lace, and having pitched upon that he liked, asked the Woman of the Shop, how much she would have, for as much as would reach from one of his Ears to the other, and measure which Way she pleased, either over his Head or under his Chin; after some Words, they agreed, and he paid the Money down, and began to measure, saying, *One of my Ears is here, and the other is nailed to the Pillory in Bristol, therefore, I fear you have not enough to make good your Bargain; however, I will take this Piece in part, and desire you will provide the rest with all Expedition.*

94. When Sir *Cloudsly Shovel* set out on his last Expedition, there was a Form of Prayer, composed by the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, for the Success of the Fleet, in which his Grace made Use of this unlucky Expression, that he begged God would be a *Rock* of Defence to the Fleet, which occasioned the following Lines to be made upon the Monument, set up for him, in *Westminster-Abbey*, he being cast away in that Expedition, on the Rocks call'd, the *Bishop and his Clerks*.

*As Lambeth pray'd, such was the dire Event,
Else had we wanted now this Monument;
That God unto our Fleet would be a Rock,
Nor did kind Heav'n, the wise Petition mock;
To what the Metropolitan said then,
The Bishop and his Clerks reply'd, Amen.*

95. A *French* Marquis being once at Dinner at *Roger Williams's*, the famous Punster and Publican, and boasting of the happy Genius of his Nation, in projecting all the fine Modes and Fashions, particularly the *Ruffle*, which he said, *was de fine Ornament to de Hand, and had been followed by all de oder Nations: Roger*, allowed what he said, but observed, at the same Time, that the English, according to Custom, had made a great Improvement upon their Invention, *by adding the Shirt to it.*

96. A poor dirty Shoe-Boy going into a Church, one *Sunday* Evening, and seeing the Parish-Boys standing in a Row, upon a Bench to be catechized, he gets up himself, and stands in the very first Place, so the Parson of Course beginning with him, asked him, *What is your Name? Rugged and Tough*, answered he, *who gave you that Name?* says Domine: *Why the Boys in our Alley*, reply'd poor *Rugged and Tough*, *Lord d—mn them.*

97. A Prince laughing at one of his Courtiers whom he had employed in several Embassies, told him, he looked like an *Owl*. I know not, answered the Courtier, what I look like; but this I know, that I have had the Honour several Times to represent your *Majesty's Person*.

98. A *Venetian* Ambassador going to the Court of *Rome*, passed through *Florence*, where he went to pay his Respects to the late Duke of *Tuscany*. The Duke complaining to him of the Ambassador the State of *Venice* had sent him, as a Man unworthy of his Publick Character; *Your Highness*, said he, *must not wonder at it, for we have many Idle Pates, at Venice. So have we*, reply'd the Duke, in *Florence; but we don't send them to treat of Publick Affairs.*

99. A Lady's Age happening to be questioned, she affirmed, she was but *Forty*, and call'd upon a Gentleman that was in Company for his Opinion; Cousin, said she, do you believe I am in the Right, when I say I am but *Forty?* I ought not to dispute it, Madam, reply'd he, for I have heard you say so *these ten Years.*

100. It being proved in a Trial at *Guild-Hall*, that a Man's Name was really *Inch*, who pretended that it was *Linch*, I see, said the Judge, the old Proverb is verified in this Man, who being allowed an *Inch* took an *L*.

101. A certain Person came to a Cardinal in *Rome*, and told him that he had brought his Eminence a dainty white *Palfrey*, but he fell lame by the Way; saith the Cardinal to him, I'll tell thee what thou shalt do, go to such a Cardinal, and such a one, naming half a Dozen, and tell them the same, and so as thy Horse, if it had been *sound*, could have pleas'd but *one*, with this *lame Horse* thou shalt please half a Dozen.

102. A prodigal Gallant (whose penurious Mother being lately dead, had left him a plentiful Estate) one Day being on his Frolicks, quarrell'd with his Coachman, and said, you damn'd Son of a Whore, I'll kick you into Hell; to which the Coachman answer'd, *if you kick me into Hell, I'll tell your Mother how extravagantly you spend your Estate here upon Earth.*

103. The Emperor *Augustus*, being shewn a young *Grecian*, who very much resembled him, asked the young Man if his *Mother* had not been at *Rome*: No, Sir, answer'd the *Grecian* but my *Father* has.

104. *Cato* the Censor being ask'd, how it came to pass, that he had no Statue erected for him,

who had so well deserved of the Common-Wealth? I had rather, said he, have this Question asked, than *why I had one*.

105. A Lady coming into a Room hastily, with her *Mantua*, brush'd down a *Cremona* Fiddle, that lay on a Chair, and broke it, upon which a Gentleman that was present burst into this Exclamation from *Virgil*:

Mantua vae miseræ nimium Vicina Cremona.

Ah miserable Mantua too near a Neighbour to Cremona.

106. A devout Gentleman, being very earnest in his Prayers, in the Church, it happened that a Pick-Pocket being near him, stole away his *Watch*, who having ended his Prayers, mist it, and complained to his Friend, that his *Watch* was lost, while he was at Prayers; to which his friend reply'd, *Had you watch'd as well as pray'd, your Watch had been secure, adding these following Lines.*

*He that a Watch will wear, this must he do,
Pocket his Watch, and watch his Pocket too.*

107. *George Ch—n*, who was always accounted a very blunt Speaker, asking a young Lady one Day, what it was o'Clock, and she telling him her *Watch stood*, I don't wonder at that, Madam, said he, when it is so near your —.

108. A modest Gentlewoman being compelled by her Mother to accuse her Husband of Defect, and being in the Court, she humbly desired of the Judge, that she might write her Mind, and not be obliged to speak it, for Modesty's sake; the Judge gave her that Liberty, and a Clerk was immediately commanded to give her Pen, Ink, and Paper, whereupon she took the Pen without dipping it into the Ink, and made as if she would write; says the Clerk to her, Madam, there is no Ink in your Pen. *Truly, Sir*, says she, *that's just my Case, and therefore I need not explain myself any further.*

109. A Lieutenant Colonel to one of the *Irish* Regiments, in the *French* Service, being dispatched by the Duke of *Berwick*, from *Fort Kehl*, to the King of *France*, with a Complaint, relating to some Irregularities, that had happened in the Regiment; his *Majesty*, with some Emotion of Mind, told him, *That the Irish Troops gave him more Uneasiness than all his Forces besides.* *Sir*, (says the Officer) *all your Majesty's Enemies make the same Complaint.*

110. Mr. *G—n*, the Surgeon being sent for to a Gentleman, who had just received a slight Wound in a Rencounter, gave Orders to his Servant to go Home with all haste imaginable, and fetch a certain Plaister; the Patient turning a little Pale, Lord, Sir, said he, *I hope there is no Danger.* *Yes, indeed is there*, answered the Surgeon, *for if the Fellow don't set up a good pair of Heels, the Wound will heal before he returns.*

111. Not many Years ago, a certain Temporal Peer, having in a most pathetick and elaborate Speech, exposed the Vices and Irregularities of the Clergy, and vindicated the Gentlemen of the Army from some Imputations unjustly laid upon them: A Prelate, irritated at the Nature, as well as the Length of the Speech, *desired to know when the Noble Lord would leave off preaching.* The other answer'd, *The very Day he was made a Bishop.*

112. It chanc'd that a Merchant Ship was so violently tossed in a Storm at Sea that all despairing of Safety, betook themselves to Prayer, saving one Mariner, who was ever wishing to see two Stars: Oh! said he, that I could but see two Stars, or but one of the Two, and of these Words he made so frequent Repetition, that, disturbing the Meditations of the rest, at length one asked him, what two Stars, or what one Star he meant? To whom he reply'd, *O! that I could but see the Star in Cheapside, or the Star in Coleman-street, I care not which.*

113. A Country Fellow subpoena'd for a Witness upon a Trial on an Action of Defamation, he being sworn, the Judge had him repeat the very same Words he had heard spoken; the Fellow was loath to speak, but humm'd and haw'd for a good Space, but being urged by the Judge, he at last spoke, *My Lord*, said he, *You are a Cuckold:* The Judge seeing the People begin to laugh, called to him, and had him speak to the *Jury*, *there were twelve of them.*

114. A Courtier, who was a Confident of the Amours of *Henry IV.* of *France*, obtained a Grant from the King, for the Dispatch whereof he applyed himself to the Lord High Chancellor: Who finding some Obstacle in it, the Courtier still insisted upon it, and would not allow of any Impediment, *Que chacun se mêle de son Metier*, said the Chancellor to him; that is, *Let every one meddle with his own Business.* The Courtier imagining he reflected upon him for his pimping; *my Employment*, said he, *is such, that, if the King were twenty Years younger I would not exchange it for three of your's.*

115. 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 some 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—mn you for a lying Bitch, reply'd the other, my Husband has wore *Dog-Skin Breeches* these ten Years, and his A—se is as brown as a Nutmeg.

116. Dr. *Heylin*, a noted Author, especially for his *Cosmography*, happened to lose his Way going to *Oxford*, in the Forest of *Whichwood*: Being then attended by one of his Brother's Men, the Man earnestly intreated him to lead the Way; but the Doctor telling him he did not know it: *How!* said the Fellow, *that's very strange that you, who have made a Book of the whole World, cannot find the Way out of this little Wood.*

117. Monsieur *Vaugelas* having obtained a Pension from the *French King*, by the Interest of Cardinal *Richelieu*, the Cardinal told him, he hoped he would not forget the Word *Pension* in his Dictionary. No, my Lord, said *Vaugelas*, nor the Word *Gratitude*.

118. A melting Sermon being preached in a Country Church, all fell a weeping but one Man, who being asked, why he did not weep with the rest? O! said he, *I belong to another Parish.*

119. A Gentlewoman 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 offer'd to decide it thus. *If the Child, said he, comes into the World with a wooden Leg, I will father it, if not, it must be your's.*

120. A Gentleman who had been out a shooting brought home a small Bird with him, and having an *Irish* Servant, he ask'd him, if he had shot that little Bird, yes, he told him; Arrah! by my Shoul, Honey, reply'd the *Irish* Man, it was not worth Powder and Shot, for this little Thing would have *died in the Fall.*

121. The same *Irishman* being at a Tavern where the Cook was dressing some Carp, he observed that some of the Fish moved after they were gutted and put in the Pan, which very much surprizing Teague, well, now, faith, said he, *of all the Christian Creatures that ever I saw, this same Carp will live the longest after it is dead.*

122. A Gentleman happening to turn up against an House to make Water, did not see two young Ladies looking out of a Window close by him, 'till he heard them giggling, then looking towards them, he asked, what made them so merry? O! Lord, Sir, said one of them, *a very little Thing* will make us laugh.

123. A Gentleman hearing a Parson preach upon the Story of the Children being devoured by the two *She Bears*, who reviled the old Man, and not much liking his Sermon; some Time after seeing the same Parson come into the Pulpit to preach at another Church: O ho! said he, *What are you here with your Bears again.*

124. A young Fellow riding down a steep Hill, and doubting that the Foot of it was boggish, call'd out to a Clown that was ditching, and ask'd him, if it was hard at the Bottom: Ay, ay, answered the Countryman, it's hard enough at the Bottom I'll warrant you: But in half a Dozen Steps the Horse sunk up to the Saddle Skirts, which made the young Gallant whip, spur, curse and swear, why thou Whoreson Rascal, said he, to the Ditcher, did'st thou not tell me it was hard at Bottom? Ay, reply'd the other, *but you are not half Way to the Bottom yet.*

125. It was said of one who remembered every Thing that he lent, but quite forgot what he borrowed, *That he had lost half his Memory.*

126. One speaking of *Titus Oats*, said, he was a Villain in Grain, and deserved to be well *threshed.*

127. It was said of *Henry*, Duke of *Guise*, that he was the greatest Usurer in all *France*, for he had turned all his Estate into *Obligations*, meaning, he had sold and mortgaged his Patrimony, to make Presents to other Men.

128. An *Englishman* and a *Welchman* disputing in whose Country was the best Living, said the *Welchman*, there is such noble Housekeeping in *Wales*, that I have known above a Dozen Cooks employ'd at one Wedding Dinner; Ay, answered the *Englishman*, that was because every Man *toasted his own Cheese.*

129. The late Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, had always a very great Contempt, I will not pretend to say how justly, for *J—s* the Painter, and being one Day about twenty Miles from *London*, one of his Servants told him at Dinner, that there was Mr. *J—s* come that Day into the same Town with a Coach and four: Ay, said Sir *Godfrey*, but if his Horses *draw* no better than himself, they'll never carry him to Town again.

130. Some Women speaking of the Pains of Childbirth, for my Part, said one of them, it is less Trouble to me, than to swallow a Poach'd Egg: Then sure, Madam, answer'd another, your *Throat* is very narrow.

131. A Gentleman asked *Nanny Rochford*, why the Whigs, in their Mourning for Queen *Anne*, all wore Silk Stockings: Because, said she, the Tories *were worsted.*

132. A Counsellor pleading at the Bar with Spectacles on, who was blind with one Eye, said, he would produce nothing but what was *ad Rem*, then said one of the adverse Party, *You must take out one Glass of your Spectacles, which I am sure is of no Use.*

133. The famous *Tom Thynn*, who was remarkable for his good Housekeeping and Hospitality, standing one Day at his Gate in the Country, a Beggar coming up to him, cry'd, he begg'd his Worship would give him a Mugg of his *Small Beer*: Why how now, said he, what Times are these! *when Beggars must be Choosers.* I say, bring this Fellow a Mugg of *Strong Beer.*

134. It was said of a Person, who always eat at *other Peoples Tables*, and was a great *Railer*, that he never opened *his Mouth* but to some Body's Cost.

135. Pope *Sixtus Quintus*, who was a poor Man's Son, and his Father's House ill thatched, so that the Sun came in at many Places of it, would himself make a Jest of his Birth, and say, *that he was, Nato di Casa illustre, Son of an illustrious House.*

136. *Diogenes* begging, as was the Custom among many Philosophers, asked a *prodigal Man* for more than any one else: Whereupon one said to him, *I see your Business, that when you find a liberal Mind, you will take most of him: No, said Diogenes, but I mean to beg of the rest again.*

137. Dr. *Sewel*, and two or three Gentlemen, walking towards *Hampstead* on a Summer's Day, were met by the famous *Daniel Purcel*, who was very importunate with them to know upon what Account they were going there; the Doctor merrily answering him, *to make Hay*; Very well, reply'd the other, you'll be there at a very convenient Season, the Country wants *Rakes.*

138. A Gentleman speaking of his Servant, said, *I believe I command more than any Man, for before my Servant will obey me in one Thing, I must command him ten Times over.*

139. A poor Fellow that was carrying to Execution had a Reprieve just as he came to the Gallows, and was carried back by a Sheriff's Officer, who told him, he was a happy Fellow, and asked him, if he knew nothing of the Reprieve before-hand; no, reply'd the Fellow, nor thought any more of it, than I did of my *Dying Day.*

140. A *Spanish Lady* reading, in a *French Romance*, a long Conversation betwixt two Lovers; *What a deal of Wit*, said she, *is here thrown away, when two Lovers are got together, and no Body by?*

141. A Countryman admiring the stately Fabrick of *St. Paul's*, ask'd, *whether it was made in England, or brought from beyond Sea?*

142. *Fabricus* the *Roman Consul*, shew'd a great Nobleness of Mind, when the Physician of King *Pyrrhus* made him a Proposal to poison his Master, by sending the Physician back to *Pyrrhus*, with these Words; *Learn, O King! to make a better Choice of thy Friends and of thy Foes.*

143. A Lady, who had generally a pretty many Intrigues upon her Hands, not liking her Brother's extravagant Passion for Play, asked him, when he designed to leave off *Gaming*; when you cease *Loving*, said he; then reply'd the Lady, *you are like to continue a Gamester as long as you live.*

144. A Soldier was bragging before *Julius Cæsar*, of the Wounds he had received in his Face; *Cæsar*, knowing him to be a Coward, told him, he had best take heed, the next Time he ran away, *how he look'd back.*

145. The *Trojans* sending Ambassadors to condole with *Tiberius* upon the Death of his Father-in-Law *Augustus*, it was so long after, that the Emperor hardly thought it a Compliment, but told them he was likewise sorry *that they had lost so valiant a Knight* as Hector, who was slain above a thousand Years before.

146. *Cato Major* used to say, *That wise Men learned more from Fools, than Fools from wise Men.*

147. A *Braggadochio* chancing, upon an Occasion, to run away full Speed, was asked by one, what was become of that Courage he used so much to talk of, it is got, said he, *all into my Heels.*

148. Somebody asked my Lord *Bacon* what he thought of *Poets*, why, said he, I think them the very best Writers next to those who write in Prose.

149. A Profligate young Nobleman, being in Company with some sober People, desired leave to toast the *Devil*; the Gentleman who sat next him, said, he had no Objection to any of his Lordship's Friends.

150. A *Scotsman* was very angry with an *English Gentleman*, who, he said, had abused him, and called him *false Scot*; Indeed, said the *Englishman*, I said no such Thing, but that you were a *true Scot.*

151. The late Commissary-General *G—ley*, who once kept a Glass Shop, having General *P—c—*

k's Regiment under a Muster, made great Complaints of the Men's Appearance, &c. and said, *that the Regiment ought to be broke: Then, Sir, said the Colonel, perhaps you think a Regiment is as soon broke as a Looking-Glass.*

152. *C—ll*, the Bookseller, being under Examination, at the Bar of the House of Lords, for publishing the Posthumous Works of the late Duke of *Buckingham*, without Leave of the Family, told their Lordships in his Defence, *That if the Duke was living, he was sure he would readily pardon the Offence.*

153. A Gentleman said of a young Wench, who constantly ply'd about the *Temple*, that if she had as much Law in her *Head*, as she had had in her *Tail*, she would be one of the ablest *Counsel* in *England*.

154. *J—ck K—s*, the Painter, having finish'd a very good Picture of *Figg* the Prize-Fighter, who had been famous for getting the better of several *Irishmen* of the same Profession, the Piece was shewn to old *J—n*, the Player, who was told at the same Time, that Mr. *E—s* designed to have a Mezzo-tinto Print taken from it, but wanted a Motto to be put under it: Then said old *J—n*, I'll give you one: *A Figg for the Irish.*

155. Some Gentlemen going into a noted Bawdy-House Tavern at *Charing-Cross*, found great Fault with the Wine, and sending for the Master of the House, told him, it was sad Stuff, and very *weak*: It may be so, said he, for my Trade don't depend upon the *Strength* of my *Wine*, but on that of my Tables and Chairs.

156. A Gentleman coming to an Inn in *Smithfield*, and seeing the Hostler expert and tractable about the Horses, asked, *how long he had lived there? And What Countryman he was? I'se Yerkshire*, said the Fellow, *an ha' lived Sixteen Years here.* I wonder reply'd 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, said the Hostler, *But Maister's Yerkshire* too.

157. The late Colonel *Chartres*, reflecting on his ill Life and Character, told a certain Nobleman, that if such a Thing as a good Name was to be purchased, he would freely give 10,000 Pounds for one; the Nobleman said, *it would certainly be the worst Money he ever laid out in his Life.* Why so, said the honest Colonel, *because*, answered my Lord, *you would forfeit it again in less than a Week.*

158. A seedy [poor] half-pay Captain, who was much given to blabbling every thing he heard, was told, there was but one Secret in the World he could keep, and that was *where he lodged.*

159. *Jack M—n*, going one Day into the Apartments at *St. James's*, found a Lady of his Acquaintance sitting in one of the Windows, who very courteously asked him, to sit down by her, telling him there was a *Place*, *No, Madam*, said he, *I don't come to Court for a Place.*

If the gentle Reader should have a Desire to repeat this Story let him not make the same Blunder that a certain *English-Irish foolish* Lord did, who made the Lady ask *Jack* to sit down by her, telling him there was *room*.

160. A certain Lady of Quality sending her *Irish* Footman to fetch Home a Pair of new Stays, strictly charged him to take a Coach if it rained for fear of wetting them: But a great Shower of Rain falling, the Fellow returned with the Stays dropping wet, and being severely reprimanded for not doing as he was ordered, he said, he had obey'd his Orders; how then, answered the Lady, could the Stays be wet, if you took them into the Coach with you? *No*, replied honest Teague, *I knew my Place better, I did not go into the Coach, but rode behind as I always used to do.*

161. *Tom Warner*, the late Publisher of News Papers and Pamphlets, being very near his End, a Gentlewoman in the Neighbourhood sending her Maid to enquire how he did, he had the girl tell her Mistress, *that he hoped he was going to the New-Jerusalem; Ah, dear Sir*, said she, *I dare say the Air of Islington would do you more good.*

162. A Person said the *Scotch* were certainly the best trained up for Soldiers of any People in the World, for they began to *handle their Arms* almost as soon as they were born.

163. A Woman once prosecuted a Gentleman for a Rape: Upon the trial, the Judge asked if she made any Resistance, *I cry'd out, an please you my Lord*, said she: *Ay*, said one of the Witnesses, *but that was Nine Months after.*

164. A young Lady who had been married but a short Time, seeing her Husband going to rise pretty early in the Morning, said, *What, my Dear, are you getting up already? Pray, lie a little longer and rest yourself.* *No, my Dear*, reply'd the Husband, *I'll get up and rest myself.*

165. The Deputies of *Rochel*, attending to speak with *Henry* the Fourth of *France*, met with a Physician who had renounced the Protestant Religion, and embrac'd the Popish Communion, whom they began to revile most grievously. The King hearing of it, told the Deputies, he advis'd them to change their Religion, *for it is a dangerous Symptom*, says he, *that your religion is not long-liv'd, when a Physician has given it over.*

166. Two *Oxford* Scholars meeting on the Road with a *Yorkshire* Ostler, they fell to bantering the Fellow, and told him, they could prove him a Horse, an Ass, and I know not what; and I, said the Ostler, can prove your Saddle to be me a *Mule*: A *Mule!* cried one of them, how can that be? because, said the Ostler, it is something between a *Horse* and an *Ass*.

167. A *Frenchman* travelling between *Dover* and *London*, came into an Inn to lodge, where the Host perceiving him a close-fisted Cur, having called for nothing but a Pint of Beer and a Pennyworth of Bread to eat with a Sallad he had gathered by the Way, resolved to fit him for it, therefore seemingly paid him an extraordinary Respect, laid him a clean Cloth for Supper, and complimented him with the best Bed in the House. In the Morning he set a good Sallad before him, with Cold Meat, Butter, &c., which provok'd the Monsieur to the Generosity of calling for half a Pint of Wine; then coming to pay, the Host gave him a Bill, which, for the best Bed, Wine, Sallad, and other Appurtenances, he had enhanc'd to the Value of twenty Shillings. *Jernie*, says the *Frenchman*, Twenty Shillings! *Vat you mean?* But all his sputtering was in vain; for the Host with a great deal of Tavern-Elocution, made him sensible that nothing could be 'bated. The Monsieur therefore seeing no Remedy but Patience, seem'd to pay it chearfully. After which he told the Host, that his House being extremely troubled with Rats, he could give him a Receipt to drive 'em away, so as they should never return again. The Host being very desirous to be rid of those troublesome Guests, who were every Day doing him one Mischief or other, at length concluded to give Monsieur twenty Shillings for a Receipt; which done, *Beggar*, says the Monsieur, *you make a de Rat one such Bill as you make me, and if ever dey trouble your House again, me will be hang.*

168. A young Gentleman playing at Questions and Commands with some very pretty young Ladies, was commanded to take off a Garter from one of them; but she, as soon as he had laid hold of her Petticoats, ran away into the next Room, where was a Bed, now, Madam, said he, I *bar* squeaking, *Bar* the Door, you Fool, cry'd she.

169. A *Westminster* Justice taking Coach in the City, and being set down at *Young Man's* Coffee-house, *Charing-Cross*, the Driver demanded Eighteen-Pence as his Fare; the Justice asked him, if he would swear that the Ground came to the Money; the Man said, he would take his Oath on't. The Justice replied, *Friend, I am a Magistrate*, and pulling a Book out of his Pocket, administer'd the Oath, and then gave the Fellow *Six-pence*, saying *he must reserve the Shilling to himself for the Affidavit.*

170. A Countryman passing along the *Strand* saw a Coach overturn'd, and asking what the Matter was? He was told, that three or four Members of Parliament were overturned in that Coach: Oh, says he, there let them lie, *my Father always advis'd me not to meddle with State Affairs.*

171. One saying that Mr. *Dennis* was an excellent Critick, was answered, that indeed his Writings were much to be valued; for that by his Criticism he taught Men how to write well, and by his Poetry, shew'd 'em what it was to write ill; so that the World was sure to edify by him.

172. One going to see a Friend who had lain a considerable Time in the *Marshalsea* Prison, in a Starving Condition, was persuading him, rather than lie there in that miserable Case, to go to Sea; which not agreeing with his high Spirit, *I thank you for your Advice*, replies the Prisoner, *but if I go to Sea, I'm resolv'd it shall be upon good Ground.*

173. A Drunken Fellow carrying his Wife's Bible to pawn for a Quartern of Gin, to an Alehouse, the Man of the House refused to take it. What a Pox, said the Fellow, will neither my Word, nor the Word of G—d pass?

174. A certain Justice of Peace, not far from *Clerkenwell*, in the first Year of King *George* I. when his Clerk was reading a Mittimus to him, coming to *Anno Domini* 1714, cry'd out, with some warmth, and *why not Georgeo Domini, sure, Sir, you forget yourself strangely.*

175. A certain Nobleman—, a Cour—r, in the Beginning of the late Reign, coming out of the H—se of L—ds, accosts the Duke of *B—ham*, with, *How does your Pot boil, my Lord, these troublesome Times?* To which his Grace replied, I never go into my Kitchen, but I dare say the *Scum* is uppermost.

176. A little dastardly half-witted 'Squire, being once surpriz'd by his Rival in his Mistress's Chamber, of whom he was terribly afraid, desir'd for God's Sake to be conceal'd; but there being no Closet or Bed in the Room, nor indeed any Place proper to hold him, but an *India* Chest the Lady put her Cloathes in, they lock'd him in there. His Man being in the same Danger with himself, said, rather than fail, he cou'd creep under the Maid's Petticoats: *Oh, you silly Dog*, says his Master, *that's the commonest Place in the House.*

177. The Lord *N—th* and *G—y*, being once at an Assembly at the *Theatre-Royal* in the *Hay-Market*, was pleas'd to tell Mr. *H—d—gg—r*, he wou'd make him a Present of 100*l.* if he could produce an uglier Face in the whole Kingdom than his, the said *H—d—gg—r's*, within a Year and a Day: Mr. *H—d—gg—r* went instantly and fetch'd a Looking-Glass, and presented it to his Lordship, saying, *He did not doubt but his Lordship had Honour enough to keep his Promise.*

178. A young Fellow praising his Mistress before a very amorous Acquaintance of his, after having run thro' most of her Charms, he came at Length to her Majestick Gate, fine Air, and delicate slender Waist: *Hold*, says his Friend, *go no lower, if you love me*; but by your Leave, says the other, *I hope to go lower if she loves me*.

179. A Person who had an unmeasurable Stomach, coming to a Cook's Shop to dine, said, it was not his Way to have his Meat cut, but to pay 8*d.* for his *Ordinary*; which the Cook seem'd to think reasonable enough, and so set a Shoulder of Mutton before him, of half a Crown Price, to cut where he pleas'd; with which he so play'd the Cormorant, that he devour'd all but the Bones, paid his *Ordinary*, and troop'd off. The next Time he came, the Cook casting a Sheep's Eye at him, desired him to agree for his Victuals, for he'd have no more *Ordinaries*. Why, a Pox on you, says he, *I'm sure I paid you an Ordinary Price*.

180. The extravagant Duke of *Buckingham [Villars]* once said in a melancholy Humour, he was afraid he should *die a Beggar*, which was the most terrible Thing in the World; upon which a Friend of his Grace's replyed, No, my Lord, there is a more terrible Thing than that, and which you have Reason to fear, and that is, *that you'll live a Beggar*.

181. The same Duke another Time was making his Complaint to Sir *John Cutler*, a rich Miser, of the Disorder of his Affairs, and asked him, what he should do to prevent the Ruin of his Estate? *Live as I do*, my Lord, said Sir *John*: *That I can do*, answered the Duke, *when I am ruined*.

182. At another Time, a Person who had long been a Dependant on his Grace, begged his Interest for him at Court, and to press the Thing more home upon the Duke, said, *He had no Body to depend on but God and his Grace*; then, says the Duke, *you are in a miserable Way, for you could not have pitch'd upon any two Persons who have less Interest at Court*.

183. The old Lord *Strangford* taking a Bottle with the Parson of the Parish, was commending his own Wine: *Here, Doctor*, says he, *I can send a couple of Ho—Ho—Ho—Hounds to France* (for his Lordship had an Impediment in his Speech) *and have a Ho—Ho—Ho—Hogshead of this Wi—Wi—Wi—Wine for 'em*; *What do you say to that, Doctor?* Why, I say, *your Lordship has your Wine-Dog-cheap*.

184. The famous *Jack Ogle* of facetious Memory, having borrow'd on Note five Pounds and failing the Payment, the Gentleman who had lent it, indiscreetly took Occasion to talk of it in the Publick Coffee-house which oblig'd *Jack* to take Notice of it, so that it came to a Challenge. Being got into the Field, the Gentleman a little tender in Point of Courage, offer'd him the Note to make the Matter up; to which our Hero consented readily, and had the Note delivered: *But now*, said the Gentleman, *If we should return without fighting, our Companions will laugh at us; therefore let's give one another a slight Scar, and say we wounded one another; with all my Heart*, says *Jack*; *Come, I'll wound you first*; so drawing his Sword, he whipt it thro' the fleshy Part of his Antagonist's Arm, 'till he brought the very Tears in his Eyes. This being done, and the Wound ty'd up with a Handkerchief; *Come*, says the Gentleman, *now where shall I wound you?* *Jack* putting himself in a fighting Posture, cried, *Where you can*, *B—d Sir*; *Well, well*, says the other, *I can swear I received this Wound of you*, and so march'd off contentedly.

185. A Traveller at an Inn once on a very cold Night, stood so near the Fire that he burnt his Boots: An arch Rogue that sat in the Chimney-Corner, call'd out to him, *Sir, you'll burn your Spurs presently*: *My Boots you mean, I suppose*: *No Sir*, says he, *they are burnt already*.

186. In Eighty-Eight, when Queen *Elizabeth* went from *Temple-Bar* along *Fleet-street*, on some Procession, the Lawyers were rang'd on one Side of the Way, and the Citizens on the other; says the Lord *Bacon*, then a Student, to a Lawyer, that stood next him, *Do but observe the Courtiers; if they bow first to the Citizens, they are in Debt; if to us, they are in Law*.

187. Some Gentlemen having a Hare for Supper at the Tavern, the Cook, instead of a Pudding, had cramm'd the Belly full of *Thyme*, but had not above half roasted the Hare, the Legs being almost raw; which one of the Company observing said, *There was too much Thyme, or Time, in the Belly, and too little in the Legs*.

188. Two Countrymen who had never seen a Play in their Lives, nor had any Notion of it, went to the Theatre in *Drury-Lane*, when they placed themselves snug in the Corner of the Middle-Gallery; the first Musick play'd, which they lik'd well enough; then the Second, and the Third to their great Satisfaction: At Length the Curtain drew up, and three or four Actors enter'd to begin the Play; upon which one of them cry'd to the other, *Come, Hodge, let's be going, ma'haps the Gentlemen are talking about Business*.

189. A Countryman sowing his Ground, two smart Fellows riding that Way, call'd to him with an insolent Air: *Well, honest Fellow*, says one of them, *'tis your Business to sow, but we reap the Fruits of your Labour*; to which the plain Countryman reply'd, *'Tis very likely you may, truly, for I am sowing Hemp*.

190. Two inseparable Comrades, who rode in the Guards in *Flanders*, had every Thing in common between them. One of them being a very extravagant Fellow, and unfit to be trusted with Money, the other was always Purse-bearer, which yet he gain'd little by, for the former

would at Night frequently pick his Pocket to the last *Stiver*; to prevent which he bethought himself of a Stratagem, and coming among his Companions the next Day, he told them *he had bit his Comrade. Ay, how?* says they. *Why,* says he, *I hid my Money in his own Pocket last Night, and I was sure he would never look for it there.*

191. The famous Sir *George Rook*, when he was a Captain of *Marines*, quarter'd at a Village where he buried a pretty many of his Men: At length the Parson refus'd to perform the Ceremony of their Internment any more, unless he was paid for it, which being told Captain *Rook*, he ordered Six Men of his Company to carry the Corpse of the Soldier, then dead, and lay him upon the Parson's Hall-Table. This so embarass'd the Parson, that he sent the Captain Word, *If he'd fetch the Man away, he'd bury him and his whole Company for nothing.*

192. A reverend and charitable Divine, for the Benefit of the Country where he resided, caused a large Causeway to be begun: As he was one Day overlooking the Work, a certain Nobleman came by, *Well, Doctor,* says he, *for all your great Pains and Charity, I don't take this to be the Highway to Heaven: Very true, my Lord,* replied the Doctor, *for if it had, I shou'd have wonder'd to have met your Lordship here.*

193. Two Jesuits having pack'd together an innumerable Parcel of miraculous Lies, a Person who heard them, without taking upon him to contradict them, told 'em one of his own: That at St. *Alban's*, there was a Stone Cistern, in which Water was always preserv'd for the Use of that Saint; and that ever since, if a Swine shou'd eat out of it, he wou'd instantly die: The Jesuits, hugging themselves at the Story, set out the next Day to St. *Alban's*, where they found themselves miserably deceived: On their Return, they upbraided the Person with telling them so monstrous a Story; *Look ye there now,* said he, *you told me a hundred Lies t'other Night, and I had more Breeding than to contradict you, I told you but one, and you have rid twenty Miles to confute me, which is very uncivil.*

194. A *Welchman* and an *Englishman* vapouring one Day at the Fruitfulness of their Countries; the *Englishman* said, there was a Close near the Town where he was born, which was so fertile, that if a *Kiboo* was thrown in over Night, it would be so cover'd with Grass, that 'twould be difficult to find it the next Day; *Splut,* says the *Welchman*, *what's that? There's a Close where hur was born, where you may put your Horse in over Night, and not be able to find him next Morning.*

195. A Country Fellow in King *Charles* the II'd's. Time, selling his Load of Hay in the *Haymarket*, two Gentlemen who came out of the *Blue-Posts*, were talking of Affairs; one said, that Things did not go right, the King had been at the House and prorogued the Parliament. The Countryman coming Home, was ask'd what News in *London?* *Odsheart,* says he, *there's something to do there; the King, it seems, has berogued the Parliament sadly.*

196. A wild young Gentleman having married a very discreet, virtuous young Lady; the better to reclaim him, she caused it to be given out at his Return, that she was dead, and had been buried: In the mean Time, she had so plac'd herself in Disguise, as to be able to observe how he took the News; and finding him still the same gay inconstant Man he always had been, she appear'd to him as the Ghost of herself, at which he seemed not at all dismay'd: At length disclosing herself to him, he then appear'd pretty much surpriz'd: a Person by said, *Why, Sir, you seem more afraid now than before;* *Ay,* replied he, *most Men are more afraid of a living Wife, than a dead one.*

197. An under Officer of the Customs at the Port of *Liverpool*, running heedlessly along a Ship's Gunnel, happened to tip over-board, and was drown'd; being soon after taken up, the Coroner's Jury was summoned to sit upon the Body. One of the Jury-Men returning home, was call'd to by an Alderman of the Town, and ask'd what Verdict they brought in, and whether they found it *Felo de se:* *Ay, ay,* says the Jury-Man shaking his Noddle, *he fell into the Sea, sure enough.*

198. One losing a Bag of Money of about 50*l.* between *Temple-Gate* and *Temple-Bar*, fix'd a Paper up, offering 10*l.* Reward to those who took it up, and should return it: Upon which the Person that had it came and writ underneath to the following Effect, *Sir, I thank you, but you bid me to my Loss.*

199. Two brothers coming to be executed once for some enormous Crime; the Eldest was first turn'd off, without saying one Word: The other mounting the Ladder, began to harangue the Crowd, whose Ears were attentively open to hear him, expecting some Confession from him, *Good People,* says he, *my Brother hangs before my Face, and you see what a lamentable Spectacle he makes; in a few Moments, I shall be turned off too, and then you'll see a Pair of Spectacles.*

200. It was an usual saying of King *Charles* II. *That Sailors get their Money like Horses, and spent it like Asses;* the following Story is somewhat an instance of it: One Sailor coming to see another on Pay-day, desired to borrow twenty Shillings of him; the money'd Man fell to telling out the Sum in Shillings, but a Half-Crown thrusting its Head in, put him out, and he began to tell again, but then an impertinent Crown-piece was as officious as it's half Brother had been, and again interrupted the Tale; so that taking up a Handful of Silver, he cry'd, *Here, Jack, give me a Handful when your Ship's paid, what a Pox signifies counting it.*

201. A Person enquiring what became of *such a One? Oh! dear*, says one of the Company, *poor fellow, he dy'd insolvent, and was buried by the Parish: Died in solvent*, crys another, *that's a Lie, for he died in England, I'm sure I was at his Burying.*

202. A humorous Countryman having bought a Barn, in Partnership with a Neighbour of his, neglected to make the least Use of it, whilst the other had plentifully stor'd his Part with Corn and Hay: In a little Time the latter came to him, and conscientiously expostulated with him upon laying out his Money so fruitlessly: *Pray Neighbour*, says he, *ne'er trouble your Head, you may do what you will with your Part of the Barn, but I'll set mine o' Fire.*

203. An *Irishman* whom King *Charles II.* had some Esteem for, being only an inferior Servant of the Household, one Day coming into the King's Presence, his Majesty ask'd him how his Wife did, who had just before been cut for a *Fistula* in her Backside. *I humbly thank your Majesty*, replied Teague, *she's like to do well, but the Surgeon says, it will be an Eye-Sore as long as she lives.*

204. A young Gentlewoman who had married a very wild Spark, that had run through a plentiful Fortune, and was reduced to some Streights, was innocently saying to him one Day, *My Dear, I want some Shifts sadly. Shifts, Madam*, replies he, *D— me, how can that be, when we make so many every Day?*

205. A Fellow once standing in the Pillory at *Temple-Bar*, it occasioned a Stop, so that a Carman with a Load of Cheeses had much ado to pass, and driving just up to the Pillory, he asked what that was that was writ over the Person's Head: They told him, it was a Paper to signify his Crime, that he stood for *Forgery*: *Ay*, says he, what is *Forgery*? They answered him, that *Forgery* was counterfeiting another's Hand, with Intent to cheat People: To which the Carman replied, looking up at the Offender, *Ah, Pox! this comes of your Writing and Reading, you silly Dog.*

206. Master *Johnny* sitting one Summer's Evening on the Green with his Mother's Chambermaid, among other little Familiarities, as kissing, pressing her Bubbies and the like, took the Liberty unawares to satisfy himself whereabouts she ty'd her Garters, and by an unlucky Slip went farther than he should have done: At which the poor Creature blushing, cry'd, *Be quiet, Mr. John, I'll throw this Stone at your Head, else. Ay, Child*, says he, *and I'll fling two at your Tail if you do.*

207. When the Prince of *Orange* came over, Five of the Seven Bishops who were sent to the Tower declar'd for his Highness, and the other Two would not come into Measures; upon which Mr. *Dryden* said, *that the seven Golden Candlesticks were sent to be essay'd in the Tower, and five of them prov'd Prince's Metal.*

208. A Dog coming open-mouth'd at a Serjeant upon a March, he run the Spear of his Halbert into his Throat and kill'd him: The Owner coming out rav'd extreamly that his Dog was kill'd, and ask'd the Serjeant, *Why, he could not as well have struck at him with the blunt End of his Halbert? So I would*, says he, *if he had run at me with his Tail.*

209. King *Charles the IId.* being in Company with the Lord *Rochester*, and others of the Nobility, who had been drinking the best Part of the Night, *Killegrew* came in; Now, says the King, we shall hear of our Faults: *No, Faith*, says *Killegrew*, *I don't care to trouble my Head with that which all the Town talks of.*

210. A rich old Miser finding himself very ill, sent for a Parson to administer the last Consolation of the Church to him: Whilst the Ceremony was performing, old *Gripewell* falls into a Fit; on his Recovery the Doctor offered the Chalice to him; *Indeed*, crys he, *I can't afford to lend you above twenty Shillings upon't, I can't upon my Word.*

211. A Person who had a chargeable Stomach, used often to assuage his Hunger at a Lady's Table, having one Time or other promis'd to help her to a Husband. At length he came to her, *Now Madam*, says he, *I have brought you a Knight, a Man of Worship and Dignity, one that will furnish out a Table well. Phoo*, says the Lady, *your Mind's ever running on your Belly; No*, says he, *'tis sometimes running o'yours you see.*

212. One, who had been a very termagant Wife, lying on her Death-bed, desired her Husband, *That as she had brought him a Fortune she might have Liberty to make her Will, for bestowing a few Legacies to her Relations: No, by G—d, Madam*, says he, *You had your Will, all your Life-time, and now I'll have mine.*

213. When the Lord *Jefferies*, before he was a Judge, was pleading at the Bar once, a Country Fellow giving Evidence against his Client, push'd the Matter very home on the Side he swore of; *Jefferies*, after his usual Way, call'd out to the Fellow, *Hark you, you Fellow in the Leather-Doublet, what have you for swearing?* To which the Countryman smartly reply'd, *Faith, Sir, if you have no more for Lying than I have for Swearing, you may go in a Leather Doublet too.*

214. The same *Jefferies* afterwards on the Bench, told an old Fellow with a long Beard, that *he supposed he had a Conscience as long as his Beard: Does your Lordship*, replies the old Man, *measure Consciences by Beards? if so, your Lordship has no Beard at all.*

215. *Apelles*, the famous Painter, having drawn the Picture of *Alexander* the Great on Horseback, brought it and presented it to that Prince, but he not bestowing that Praise on it, which so excellent a Piece deserv'd, *Apelles* desired a living Horse might be brought; who mov'd by Nature fell a prancing and neighing, as tho' it had actually been his living Fellow-Creature; whereupon *Apelles* told *Alexander*, *his Horse understood Painting better than himself*.

216. An old Gentleman who had married a fine young Lady, and being terribly afraid of Cuckoldom, took her to Task one Day, and ask'd her, if she had considered what a crying Sin it was in a Woman to cuckold her Husband? *Lord, my Dear*, says she, *what d'ye mean? I never had such a Thought in my Head, nor never will*: *No, no*, replied he, *I shall have it in my Head, you'll have it some where else*.

217. The late Lord *Dorset*, in a former Reign, was asking a certain Bishop, *why he conferr'd Orders on so many Blockheads*. *Oh, my Lord*, says he, 'tis better the Ground should be plowed by *Asses*, than lie quite untill'd.

218. A certain Lady, to excuse herself for a Frailty she had lately fallen into, said to an intimate Friend of hers, *Lord, how is it possible for a Woman to keep her Cabinet unpickt, when every Fellow has got a Key to it*.

219. Mr. *Dryden*, once at Dinner, being offered by a Lady the Rump of a Fowl, and refusing it, the Lady said, Pray, Mr. *Dryden*, take it, the Rump is the best Part of the *Fowl*; Yes, Madam, says he, and so I think it is of the *Fair*.

220. A Company of Gamesters falling out at a Tavern, gave one another very scurvy Language: At length those dreadful Messengers of Anger, the Bottles and Glasses flew about like Hail-Shot; one of which mistaking it's Errand, and hitting the Wainscot, instead of the Person's Head it was thrown at, brought the Drawer rushing in, who cry'd, *D'ye call Gentlemen? Call Gentlemen*, says one of the Standers by; *no they don't call Gentlemen, but they call one another Rogue and Rascal, as fast as they can*.

221. An amorous young Fellow making very warm Addresses to a marry'd Woman, *Pray, Sir, be quiet*, said she, *I have a Husband that won't thank you for making him a Cuckold*: *No Madam*, reply'd he, *but you will I hope*.

222. One observing a crooked Fellow in close Argument with another, who would have dissuaded him from some inconsiderable Resolution; said to his Friend, *Prithee, let him alone, and say no more to him, you see he's bent upon it*.

223. Bully *Dawson* was overturned in a Hackney-Coach once, pretty near his Lodgings, and being got on his Legs again, he said, 'Twas the greatest Piece of Providence that ever befel him, for it had saved him the Trouble of bilking the Coachman.

224. A vigorous young Officer, who made Love to a Widow, coming a little unawares upon her once, caught her fast in his Arms. *Hey day*, say she, *what do you fight after the French Way: take Towns before you declare War?* No, faith, Widow says he, but I should be glad to imitate them so far, to be in the Middle of the Country before you could resist me.

225. Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, and the late Dr. *Ratcliffe*, had a Garden in common, but with one Gate: Sir *Godfrey*, upon some Occasion, ordered the Gate to be nail'd up; when the Doctor heard of it, he said, *He did not Care what Sir Godfrey did to the Gate, so he did not paint it*. This being told Sir *Godfrey*, he replied, *He would take that, or any Thing from his good Friend, the Doctor, but his Physick*.

226. The same Physician, who was not the humblest Man in the World, being sent for by Sir *Edward Seymour*, who was said to be the proudest; the Knight received him, while he was dressing his Feet and picking his Toes, being at that Time troubled with a *Diabetis*, and upon the Doctor's entering the Room, accosted him in this Manner, *So Quack*, said he, *I'm a dead Man, for I piss sweet*; *Do ye*, replied the Doctor, *then prithee piss upon your Toes, for they stink damnably*: And so turning round on his Heel went out of the Room.

227. A certain worthy Gentleman having among his Friends the Nickname of *Bos*, which was a Kind of Contraction of his real Name, when his late Majesty conferred the Honour of Peerage upon him, a Pamphlet was soon after published with many sarcastical Jokes upon him, and had this Part of a Line from *Horace* as a Motto, *viz*.

— *Optat Ehippia Bos* —

My Lord asked a Friend, who could read *Latin*, what that meant? It is as much as to say, my Lord, said he, that you become *Honours as a Sow does a Saddle*. O! very fine, said my Lord: Soon after another Friend coming to see him, the Pamphlet was again spoken of, I would, said my Lord, give five hundred Pounds to know the Author of it. I don't know the Author of the Pamphlet, said his Friend, but I know who wrote the Motto; Ay, cry'd my Lord, *prithee who was it?* *Horace*, answered the other: *How*, replied his Lordship, *a dirty Dog, that his Return for all the Favours I have done him and his Brother*.

228. A wild Gentleman having pick'd up his own Wife for a Mistress, the Man, to keep his Master in Countenance, got to Bed to the Maid too. In the Morning, when the Thing was discovered, the Fellow was obliged, in Attonement for his Offence, to make the Girl amends by marrying her; *Well*, says he, *little did my Master and I think last Night, that we were robbing our own Orchards.*

229. One seeing a kept Whore, who made a very great Figure, ask'd, what Estate she had? *Oh*, says another, *a very good Estate in Tail.*

230. In the great Dispute between *South* and *Sherlock*, the former, who was a great Courtier, said, His Adversary reasoned well, but he Bark'd like a Cur: To which the other reply'd, That Fawning was the Property of a Cur, as well as Barking.

231. Second Thoughts, we commonly say, are best; and young Women who pretend to be averse to Marriage, desire not to be taken at their Words. One asking a Girl, *if she would have him?* *Faith*, no, John, says she, *but you may have me if you will.*

232. A Gentleman lying on his Death-Bed, called to his Coachman, who had been an old Servant, and said, *Ah! Tom, I'm going a long rugged Journey, worse than ever you drove me?* *Oh, dear Sir*, reply'd the Fellow (he having been but an indifferent Master to him), *ne'er let that discourage you, for it is all down Hill.*

233. An honest bluff Country Farmer, meeting the Parson of the Parish in a By-Lane, and not giving him the Way so readily as he expected, the Parson, with an erected Crest, told him, *He was better fed than taught: Very likely indeed Sir*, reply'd the Farmer: *For you teach me and I feed myself.*

234. A famous Teacher of *Arithmetick*, who had long been married without being able to get his Wife with Child: One said to her, Madam, your Husband is an excellent *Arithmetician*. Yes, replies she, only he can't *multiply*.

235. One making a furious Assault upon a hot Apple-pye, burnt his Mouth 'till the Tears ran down; his Friend asked him, *Why he wept?* *Only*, says he, *'tis just come into my Mind, that my Grand-mother dy'd this Day twelvemonth: Phoo!* says the other, *is that all?* So whipping a large Piece into his Mouth, he quickly sympathiz'd with his Companion; who seeing his Eyes brim full, with a malicious Sneer ask'd him, *why he wept?* *A Pox on you*, says he, *because you were not hanged the same Day your Grand-mother dy'd.*

236. A Lady who had married a Gentleman that was a tolerable Poet, one Day sitting alone with him, she said, Come, my Dear, you write upon other People, prithee write something for me; let me see what Epitaph you'll bestow upon me when I die: Oh, my Dear, reply'd he, that's a melancholy Subject, prithee don't think of it: Nay, upon my Life you shall, adds she,—Come, I'll begin,

—Here lies Bidd:

To which he answer'd, *Ah! I wish she did.*

237. A Cowardly Servant having been hunting with his Lord, they had kill'd a wild Boar; the Fellow seeing the Boar stir, betook himself to a Tree; upon which his Master call'd to him, and asked him, *what he was afraid of the Boar's Gut's were out?* *No matter for that*, says he, *his Teeth are in.*

238. One telling another that he had once so excellent a Gun that it went off immediately upon a Thief's coming into the House, altho' it wasn't charged: *How the Devil can that be?* said t'other: *Because*, said the First, *the Thief carry'd it off, and what was worse, before I had Time to charge him with it.*

239. Some Gentlemen coming out of a Tavern pretty merry, a Link-Boy cry'd, *Have a Light, Gentlemen? Light yourself to the Devil, you Dog*, says one of the Company: *Bless you, Master*, reply'd the Boy, *we can find the Way in the Dark; shall we light your Worship thither.*

240. A Person was once try'd at *Kingston* before the late Lord Chief Justice *Holt*, for having two Wives, where one *Unit* was to have been the chief Evidence against him: After much calling for him, Word was brought that they could hear nothing of him. *No*, says his Lordship, *why then, all I can say, is, Mr. Unit stands for a Cypher.*

241. 'Tis certainly the most transcendent Pleasure to be agreeably surpriz'd with the Confession of Love, from an ador'd Mistress. A young Gentleman, after a very great Misfortune came to his Mistress, and told her, He was reduc'd even to the want of five Guineas: To which she replied, *I am glad of it with all my Heart*: Are you so, Madam, adds he, suspecting her Constancy: Pray, why so? *Because*, says she, *I can furnish you with five Thousand.*

242. On a Publick Night of Rejoicing, when Bonfires and Illuminations were made, some honest Fellows were drinking the King's Health and Prosperity to *England, as long as the Sun and Moon endured*: Ay, says one, and 500 Years after, *for I have put both my Sons Apprentices to*

243. A young Fellow who had made an End of all he had, even to his last Suit of Cloathes; one said to him, Now I hope, you'll own yourself a happy Man, for you have made an End of all your Cares: How so, said the Gentleman; *Because*, said the other, *you've nothing left to take care of*.

244. Some years ago, when his Majesty used to hunt frequently in *Richmond-Park*, it brought such Crowds of People thither, that Orders were given to admit none, when the King was there himself, but the Servants of the Household. A fat Country Parson having, on one of these Days a strong Inclination to make one of the Company, Captain *B-d-ns*, promised to introduce him, but coming to the Gate, the Keepers would have stopp'd him, by telling him, none but the Houshold were to be admitted: Why, d—mn you, said the Captain, don't you know the Gentleman? *He's his Majesty's Hunting-Chaplain*: Upon which the Keepers asked Pardon, and left the reverend Gentleman to Recreation.

245. The learned Mr. *Charles Barnard*, Serjeant Surgeon to Queen *Anne*, being very severe upon *Parsons* having *Pluralities*. A reverend and worthy Divine heard him a good while with Patience, but at length took him up with this Question, *Why do you Mr. Serjeant Barnard rail thus at Pluralities, who have always so many Sine-Cures upon your own Hands?*

246. Dr. *Lloyd*, Bishop of *Worcester*, so eminent for his *Prophesies*, when by his Sollicitations and Compliance at Court, he got removed from a poor *Welch* Bishoprick to a rich *English* one. A reverend Dean of the Church said, *That he found his Brother Lloyd spelt Prophet with an F*^[2].

247. A worthy old Gentleman in the Country, having employ'd an Attorney, of whom he had a pretty good Opinion, to do some Law Business for him in *London*, he was greatly surprized on his coming to Town, and demanding his Bill of Law Charges, to find that it amounted to at least three Times the Sum he expected; the honest Attorney assured him, that there was no Article in his Bill, but what was *fair and reasonable*: Nay, said the Country Gentleman, here is one of them I am sure cannot be so, for you have set down three Shillings and four Pence for going to *Southwark*, when none of my Business lay that Way; pray what is the Meaning of that Sir; *Oh! Sir*, said he, *that was for fetching the Chine and Turkey from the Carriers, that you sent me for a Present, out of the Country*.

FINIS.



Footnotes

[1] See *Cibber's* Preface to *Provok'd Husband*.

[2] Most of the Clergy follow this Spelling.

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