

COURTLY

QUIPS

SAMPLER

GENTRY

GEMS

VOLUME I.



COURTLY QUIPS
&
GENTRY GEMS

VOLUME I.

*THE BEST OF
EARLY ENGLISH WIT*

COURTLY QUIPS & GENTRY GEMS

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COURTLY QUIPS & GENTRY GEMS

JOE MILLER'S JESTS

Joe Miller's *JESTS*

O R, T H E

Wits Vade-Mecum.

B E I N G

A Collection of the most Brilliant *JESTS*
the most excellent *BONS MOTS*; and most pleasa
short *STORIES* in the *English* Language; many
them transcribed from the Mouth of the Facetio
GENTLEMAN, whose Name they bear.

To which are added,

Choice Collections of *MORAL SENTENCES*:

And of the most pointed and truly valuable

EPIGRAMS in the *BRITISH* Tongue;

With the Names of the Authors to such as are known

Most humbly *INSCRIBED*

To those CHOICE-SPIRITS of the AGE

His Majesty's Poet, Mr. *COLLEY CIBBER*; His
Holiness's Poet, Mr. *POPE*; Mr. Orator *HEN-*
LEY; Mr. Ancient *PISTOL*, *DAVID GARRICK*
CHARLES MACKLIN, Comedians; and *JOE*
BAKER, the Kettle-Drummer.

The *SEVENTH EDITION*, with large *ADDITIONS*.

LONDON: Printed for *T. READ*, in *Dogwell Court*,
White-Fryers, Fleet-street. *MDCCLXIV*.

COURTLY QUIPS & GENTRY GEMS



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COURTLY QUIPS & GENTRY GEMS

JOE MILLER'S JESTS

**Selected Pieces From
JOE MILLER'S JESTS
Published 1744.**

7.

A certain Country Squire ask'd a *Merry-Andrew*, Why he play'd the Fool ? For the same Reason, said he, that you do; out of *Want: You do it for Want of Wit, and I do it for Want of Money.*

8.

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.*

15.

One told another, who did not use to be cloathed very often, that his new Coat was too *short* for him ; *That's true,* answer'd his Friend, *but it will be long enough before I get another.*

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19.

Sir *William Davenant*, the Poet, who had no *Nose*, going along the Meuse one Day, a Beggar-Woman follow'd him, crying, Ah! God preserve your *Eye-Sight*, Sir ; the Lord preserve your *Eye-Sight*. Why, good Woman, said he, do'st thou 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.

28.

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

29.

Villars, the witty and extravagant *Duke of Buckingham*, in King *Charles II.* his Time, was saying one Day to Sir *Robert Viner*, in a melancholic Humour, I am afraid, Sir *Robert*, I shall die a Beggar at last, which is the most terrible Thing in the World : Upon my Word, my Lord, said Sir *Robert*, there is another Thing more terrible, which you have Reason to apprehend, and that is, *That you will live a Beggar.*

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30.

The same noble Duke, another Time, was making his Complaint to Sir *John Cutler*, a rich Miser, of the Disorder of his Affairs, and ask'd 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*.

40.

The great *Algernoon Sidney* seem'd to shew as little Regard at his Death; he had, indeed, got some Friends to intercede with the King for a Pardon ; but when it was told, that his Majesty could not be prevail'd 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, be may make a Whistle of my A— if he pleases*.

41.

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 Directions to her Lodgings, the Sign being so odd ; upon which my Lady, a very good Sort of a Woman, sending for her Landlord, a jolly young Fellow, told him, She lik'd him and his Lodgings very well, but must be forced 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, reply'd 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*.

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45.

When Sir Richard Steele was fitting up his Great Room, in *York Buildings*, for public Orations, that very Room which was lately so worthily occupied by the learned and eximious Mr. Professor *Lacy*, he happened at a 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 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*, says 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, though I don't admire your Subject.

50.

A certain Senator, who is not, it may be, esteem'd 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 complain'd of the Indignity shewn to him ; but one who had been acquainted with the first Gentleman from a Child, as he told the House, assur'd them, That it was only an ill Habit that he had got, *for tho he would often shake his Head, there was Nothing in it.*

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59.

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, that he very punctually kept his Word with him ; the same Gentleman being some Time after desirous of borrowing a larger Sum: *No*, said the other, *you have deceiv'd me once, and I am resolv'd you shall not do it a second Time.*

60.

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 desir'd to speak with him ; the Servants told him, their Lord 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 hath sent me to thee, and would have thee grant a *Noli Prosequi* for *John Atkins*, who is his Servant, and whom thou hast cast into Prison. *Thou art a false Prophet*, answer'd my Lord, *and a lying Knave; for if the Lord had sent thee, it would have been to the Attorney-General, for he knows it is not my Power to grant a Noli Prosequi.*

71.

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

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Richard Steele here 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.*

86.

King Charles II. having ordered a new Suit of Cloaths to be made, just at a Time when Addresses were coming up to him from all Parts of the Kingdom, *Tom Killegrew* 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 the King ask'd the Meaning of it ; the Taylor said, Mr. *Killegrew* ordered 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.*

89.

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 refused him Admittance, with some saucy Language, which the other did not fail to return: My Lord happening to come out while they were wrangleing, ask'd 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*, replied 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

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was better pleased at the Joke, than offended at the Affront, I am now convinced, by your Wit, you are *Ben Johnson*.

92.

G—s E—I, 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*.

98.

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, That 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*, reply'd the other, *that 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 once, who the next Day after he had first heard it, was whispering a stinking *Rump of Beef*, at a Friend's House.

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105.

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, *Oh, 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.*

106.

A Country Farmer going cross his Grounds in the Dusk of the Evening, espy'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.*

115.

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 a *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 fry'd* ; 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 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.

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116.

The facetious Mr. *Spiller*, being at the Rehearsal, on a *Saturday* Morning, the Time when the Actors are usally paid ; was asking another, Whether Mr. *Wood*, the Treasurer of the House, had any Thing to say to them that Morning ? No, Faith, *Jemmy*, replied the other, I'm afraid there's no *Cole*, which is a cant Word for Money. *By G—d*, said *Spiller*, *if there's no Cole, we must burn Wood*.

117.

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 pitch'd upon that he liked, ask'd 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*.

121.

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*.

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124.

A certain Person came to a Cardinal in *Rome*, and told him, That he had brought his Eminence a dainty white *Palfry*, but he fell *Lame* by the Way : Why then, said 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 pleased but *One*, with this *lame Horse* thou shalt please half a Dozen.

128.

A devout Gentleman being very earnest in his Prayers, in the Church, it happen'd that a Pick-pocket being near him, stole away his Watch; who having ended his Prayers, miss'd it, and complained to his Friend, that his *Watch* was lost while he was at Prayers, to which his Friend replied, *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.*

129.

George Ch—n, who always was accounted a very blunt Speaker, asking a young Lady one Day, What it was a Clock ? She told him her Watch *stood* : I don't wonder at that, Madam, said he, when it is so near your —.

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130.

A modest Gentlewoman being compelled by her Mother to accuse her Husband of Insufficiency, and being in the Court, she humbly desir'd of the Judge, that she might write her Mind, and not be oblig'd to speak it, for Modesty's Sake: The Judge gave her that Liberty, and the Clerk was immediately ordered 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's no Ink in your Pen. Truly, Sir, says she, that's just my Case and therefore I need not explain myself any farther.

132.

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.*

135.

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

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137.

A young Fellow in the Country, after having an Affair with a Girl in the Neighbourhood, cried, What shall we do, *Bess*, if you prove with Child ? O ! very well, said she, for I'm to be married To-morrow.

143.

A melting Sermon being preached in a Country Church, all fell a weeping but one Man, who being ask'd, Why he did not weep with the rest ? *Oh !* said he, *I belong to another Parish.*

149.

A young Fellow riding down a steep Hill, and doubting 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*, answered the Countryman, it is hard enough at the Bottom, I'll warrant you: But in half a Dozen Steps the Horse funk, up to the Saddle Skirts, which made the young Gallant whip, spur, curse, and swear. Why thou Whoreson Rascal, said he to the Ditcher, didst thou not tell me it was hard at the Bottom ? *Ay*, replied the other, *but you are not half Way to the Bottom yet.*

150.

It was said of one that remember'd every Thing that he lent, but nothing that he borrow'd, that *he had lost half his Memory.*

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153.

An Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose Country was the best Living ; said the *Welchman*, There is such noble House-keeping in *Wales*, that I have known above a Dozen Cooks employed at one Wedding Dinner : *Ay*, answered the *Englishman*, *that was because every Man toasted his own Cheese.*

158.

The famous *Tom Thynn*, who was very remarkable for his good House-keeping 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 Mug of his Small Beer. *Why, how now*, said he, *what Times are these, when Beggars must be Choosers ! I say, bring this Fellow a Mug of Strong Beer.*

159.

It was said of a Person, who always eat at other People's Tables, and was a great *Railer*, That he never open'd his Mouth but to some Body's Cost.

160.

Pope *Sixtus Quintus*, who was a poor Man's Son, and his Father's House ill thatch'd, 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.*

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165.

Two very honest Gentlemen, who dealt in Brooms, meeting one Day in the Street, one ask'd the other, How the Devil he could afford to under-sell him every where as he did, when he stole the Stuff, and made the Brooms himself ? *Why, you silly Dog*, answered the other, *I steal them ready made.*

168.

A Lady who had generally a pretty many Intrigues upon her Hands, not liking her Brother's extravagant Passion for Play, ask'd him, When he design'd to leave off Gaming ? *When you cease Loving*, said he. *Then*, replied the Lady, *you are like to continue a Gamester as long as you live.*

169.

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 looked back.*

170.

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.

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171.

Cato Major used to say, That wise Men learnt more from Fools, than Fools from wise Men.

172.

A *Braggadocia* chancing, upon an Occasion, to run away full Speed, was ask'd by one, What was become of that Courage he used so much to talk of. *It is got*, said he, *all into my Heels*.

180.

A Gentleman coming to an Inn in *Smithfield*, and seeing the Ostler expert and tractable about the Horses, ask'd, How long he had lived there, and what Countryman he was ? *I'se Yorkshire*, said the Fellow, *an ha lived Sixteen Years here. I wonder*, replied the Gentleman, *that in so long a Time, so clever a Fellow as you seem to be, have not come to be Master of the Inn yourself. Ay*, answered the Ostler, *but Maister's Yerkshire too*.

181.

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 the Lord, *you would forfeit it again in less than a Week*.

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182.

A seedy (poor) half-pay Captain, who was much given to blabbing every Thing he heard, was told, There was but one Secret in the World he could keep, and that was, *where he lodged*.

188.

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 little longer, and rest yourself. *No my Dear*, reply'd the Husband, *I'll get up and rest myself*.

191.

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 ask'd 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'm a Magistrate* ; and pulling the Book out of his Pocket, administred the Oath, and then gave the Fellow Six-pence, saying, *He must reserve the Shilling to himself for the Affidavit*.

203.

The famous *Jack Ogle*, of facetious Memory, having borrowed on Note the Sum of Five Pounds, and failing in Payment, the Gentleman who had lent the

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Money, took Occasion indiscreetly to talk of it in the publick Coffee-house, which obliged *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, offered him the Note to make the Matter up ; to which our Hero readily consented, and had the Note delivered. But now, said the Gentleman, if we should return without fighting, our Companions will laugh at us ; therefore, let us give one another a slight Scratch, 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, by G—d, Sir* : Well, well, says the other, I can swear I received this Wound of you ; and so march'd off contentedly.

206.

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 Third, to their great Satisfaction : At length the Curtain drew up, and three or four Actors entered to begin the Play ; upon which, one of the Countrymen cry'd to the other, *Come, Hodge, let's be going, ma'hap the Gentlemen are talking about Business.*

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207.

Two inseparable Comrades in the Guards in Flanders, had every Thing in common between them. One of them being an extravagant Fellow, and unfit to be trusted with Money, the other was always Purse-bearer, which yet he gained 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 ?* said they ; *Why,* replied he, *I hid my Money in his own Pocket last Night, and I was sure he would never look for it there.*

215.

One losing a Bag of Money of about 50 *l.* between the *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 really bid me to my Loss.*

216.

Two Brothers coming once to be executed for some enormous Crime, the Eldest was turn'd off first, without speaking 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 turn'd off too, and then you will see a Pair of Spectacles.*

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219.

A humourous 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 will set mine on Fire.*

220.

An *Irishman* whom King *Charles II.* had some Respect for, being only an inferior Servant of the Houshold, 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* on her Backside. I humbly thank your Majesty, replied *Teague*, she's like to do well, but the Surgeon says, *It wall be an Eye sore as long as she lives.*

223.

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 tied her Garters, and by an unlucky Slip, went farther than he should have done. At which, the poor Creature blushing, cried, *Be quiet, Mr. John, I'll throw a Stone at your Head else.* *Ay, Child*, said he, *I'll fling two at your Tail if you do.*

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226.

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

229.

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 have had your Will all your Life-time, and now I will have mine.*

235.

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

236.

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*, said he, *and so I think it is of the Fair.*

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240.

Bully Dawson was overturn'd 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.

242.

Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, the Painter, and the late Dr. *Ratcliffe* had a Garden in common, but with one Gate : Sir *Godfrey*, upon some Occasion, ordered the Gate to be nailed 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*, *Well*, replied he, *I can take that or any Thing but Physic from my good Friend Dr. Ratcliffe.*

249.

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

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260.

A young Fellow who had made an End of all he had, even to his last Suit of Cloaths ; 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 have mothing left to take Care of.*

263.

Dr. *Lloyd*, Bishop of *Worcester*, so eminent for his Propheesies, when, by his Sollicitations and Comipliance 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.**

** Most of the Clergy follow this Spelling.*

264.

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 surpriz'd, 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, there's 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 Carrier's, that you sent me for a Present out of the Country.*

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267.

A Butcher in *Smithfield*, that lay on his Death-Bed, said to his Wife, My Dear, I am not a Man for this World, therefore I advise you to marry our Man *John*, he is a lusty strong Fellow, fit for your Business. *Oh, dear Husband*, said she, *if that's all, never let it trouble you, for John and I have agreed that Matter already.*

269.

A Philosopher carrying something hid under his Cloak, an impertinent Person ask'd him, What he had under his Cloak ? To which the Philosopher answered, *I carry it there that you might not know.*

273.

A great deal of Company being at Dinner at a Gentleman's House, where a Silver Spoon was laid at the Side of every Plate, one of the Company watching for a convenient Opportunity, as he thought, slid one of them into his Pocket ; but being observ'd more narrowly than he was aware of, the Gentleman who sat opposite to him, took up another, and stuck it in the Button-Hole of his Bosom ? which the Master of the House perceiving, ask'd him, in good Humour, What was his Fancy in that ? *Why*, said he, *I thought every Man was to have one, because I saw that Gentleman, over-against me, put one in his Pocket.*

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276.

A rich Farmer's Son, who had been bred at the University, coming Home to visit his Father and Mother, they being one Night at Supper on a Couple of Fowls, he told them, that by *Logick* and *Arithmetick*, he could prove those two Fowls to be three. Well, let us hear, said the old Man. Why this, cried the Scholar, is *one*, and this, continued he, is *two*, two and one, you know, make *three*. *Since you have made it out so well*, answered the old Man, *your Mother shall have the first Fowl, I will have the Second, and the Third you may keep yourself, for your great Learning.*

278.

A Gentleman who had a Suit in Chancery, was call'd upon by his Counsel to put in his Answer, for Fear of incurring a Contempt. And why, said the Gentleman, is not my Answer put in ? How should I draw your Answer, cried the Lawyer, 'till I know what you can swear ? *Pox on your Scruples*, replied the Client, *prithee, do you do your Part as a Lawyer, and draw a sufficient Answer, and let me alone to do the Part of a Gentleman, and swear to it.*

279.

A Country Lass with a Pail of Milk on her Head, going to Market, was reckoning all the Way, what she might make of it. This Milk, said she, will bring me so much Money, that Money will buy so many Eggs, those Eggs so many Chickens, and, with the Fox's Leave, those Chickens will make me Mistress of a Pig, and that Pig may grow a fat Hog, and when I have sold that, I may buy a Cow and Calf : And then, says she, comes a Sweetheart, perhaps

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a Farmer ; him I marry, and my Neighbours will say, *How do you do, Goody Such-a-one ?* And I'll answer, *Thank you, Neighbour; how do you ?* But may be my Sweetheart may be a Yeoman, and then it will be, *How do you do, Mrs. Such-a-one ?* I'll say, *Thank you.* Oh ! but suppose I should marry a Gentleman ; then they'll say, *Your Servant, Madam ;* but then I'll toss up my Head, and say nothing. Upon the Transport of this Thought, and with the Motion of her Head, down came the Milk, which put an End at once to her fine Scheme of her Eggs, her Chickens, her Pig, her Hog, and her Husband.

283.

A Lady perceiving her Maid to be with Child, ask'd her, Who was the Father of it ? Indeed, Madam, said she, my Master. And where did he get it, said the Lady ? In your Chamber, Madam, answered the other, after you were gone to Bed. And why did not you cry out, said the Lady ? *Indeed, Madam,* replied the other, *I made no Noise for Fear of awaking you.*

284.

One *Irishman* meeting another, ask'd, What was become of their old Acquaintance *Patrick Murphy ? Arrah, now, dear Honey,* answered the other, *poor Patty was condemn'd to be hang'd ; but he sav'd his Life by dying in Prison.*

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289.

One telling *Charles XII.* of *Sweden*, just before the *Battle of Narva*, that the *Enemy* was three to one : *I am glad to hear it*, answered the *King*, *for then there will be enough to kill, enough to take Prisoners, and enough to run away.*

294.

A toping Fellow was one Night making his Will over his Bottle ; I will give, said he, Fifty Pounds to Five Taverns, to drink to my Memory when I am dead : Ten Pounds to the *Salutation* for Courtiers ; Ten Pounds to the *Castle* for Soldiers ; Ten Pounds to the *Mitre* for Parsons ; Ten Pounds to the *Horn* for Citizens ; and Ten Pounds to the *Devil* for the Lawyers.

295.

A Gentleman calling for Small Beer at another Gentleman's Table, finding it very hard, gave it the Servant again without drinking. What, said the Master of the House, don't you like the Beer ? *It is not to be found Fault with*, answered the other, *for one should never speak ill of the Dead.*

296.

Some Men and their Wives, who all lived in the same Street, and on the same Side of the Way, being merry-making at a Neighbour's House, said one of the Husbands, It is reported, that all the Men in our Row are Cuckolds but one :

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His Wife soon after being a little thoughtful, What makes you so sad, my Dear ? said her Husband, I hope you are not offended at what I said. *No*, replied she, *I am only considering who that one can be in our Row that is not a Cuckold.*

301.

A Lady seeing a Gentleman dance, found Fault with him, and said, He straddled too much. *Of, Madam*, replied the Gallant, *if you had that between your Legs that I have, you would straddle a great deal more, I dare say.*

302.

A Gentleman speaking of *Peggy Y—s*, the famous Courtezan, who has always an Abundance of fine Cloaths, said, *She was like a Squirrel, for she always covered her Back with her Tail.*

307.

A Wench swearing a Bastard Child to a Gentleman in the Country, the Justice having a Respect for the Gentleman's Lady, took upon him to jobe the Gentleman, and ask'd him, Why he would defile the Marriage Bed ? *There was no Bed in the Case*, answered the Gentleman, *good Mr. Justice, for it was done in a Field.*

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310.

A poor Fellow, who growing rich on a Sudden from a very mean and beggarly Condition, and taking great State upon him, was met one Day by one of his poor Acquaintance, who accosting him in a very humble Manner, but having no Notice taken of him, cried out, *Nay, it is no great Wonder that you should not know me, when you have forgot yourself.*

313.

One asking another which Way a Man might use Tobacco to have any Benefit from it : *By setting up a Shop to sell it, said he, for certainly there is no other Profit to be had from it any other Way.*

314.

The same Wagg, an arch one to be sure, said, Taylors were like Woodcocks, for they got their Sustenance by their *long Bills.*

317.

A certain ancient Duchess having had a Present made to her of a fine Stallion, going the next Day into her Stable. Yord, ordered him to be brought out for her to see, and then would needs have a Mare brought to him : The Groom asking which ? *Old Bess*, said she. Lord, Madam, answered the Groom, that will be to little Purpose ; *Old Bess* is too old to be with Foal. No Matter for that, cry'd she, it will *refresh* the poor old Creature. By this we may guess what her Grace thinks a Refreshment for a poor old Creature.

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319.

An extravagant young Fellow, rallying a frugal Country 'Squire, who had a good Estate, and spent but little of it, said, among other Things, I'll warrant you, that Plate-button'd Suit was your Great Grand-Father's. *Yes*, said the other, *and I have my Great-Grand-Father's Lands too.*

340.

A young Fellow being told that his Mistress was married, to convince him of it, the Gentleman who told him, said, He had seen the Bride and Bridegroom. Prithee, said the forswaken Swain, do not call them by those Names, I cannot bear to hear them.— Shall I call them Dog and Cat, answered the other ? *Oh, no, for Heaven's Sake, reply'd the first, that sounds ten Times more like Man and Wife than t'other.*

358.

An old Bawd being carried before Justice *M—s* for keeping a disorderly House, strongly denied all that was charged upon her : *Housewife ! Housewife !* said the, Justice, how have you the Assurance to deny it ; you do keep a Bawdy-House, and I will *maintain it. Will you ?* reply'd the old Lady, *the Lord bless you ! I always heard you were a kind-hearted Gentleman.*

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373.

A Gentleman being arrested for a pretty large Sum of Money, sent to an Acquaintance, who had often profess'd great Friendship for him, to beg he would bail him ; the other told him, That he had promised never to be Bail for any Body ; but with much Kindness said, *I'll tell you what you may do, you may get Somebody else if you can.*

375.

When King *Charles* the First was in great Anxiety about signing the Warrant for the Earl of *Strafford's* Execution, saying, It was next to Death to part with so able a Minister, and so loyal a Subject ; a certain Favourite of the King's standing by, soon resolv'd his Majesty, by telling him, That in such an Exigence, *a Man had better part with bis Crutch than his Leg.*

384.

A Country Fellow that had served several Years in the Army Abroad, when the War was over, coming Home to his Friends, was receiv'd among them with great Rejoicing ; who heard, with no small Pleasure, the miraculous Stories he related. — Well, said the old Father, and prithee, *Jack*, what did'st learn there ? *Learn, Sir, why I learnt to know, That when I turned my Shirt, the Lice had a Day's March to my Skin again.*

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391.

A beautiful young Lady, but extremely fanciful and humourous, being on the Point of resigning herself into the Arms of her Lover, began to enter on Conditions, that she expected should be observ'd after the Articles were sign'd and executed. — Among the rest, says she, positively, I will lie in Bed as long as I please in a Morning: *With all my Heart, Madam*, says he, *provided I may get up when I please.*

395.

A Woman may learn one useful Hint from the Game of *Back-Gammon*, which is not to take up her Man 'till she is sure of binding him. — Had poor *M—d* thought of this, when she had once gain'd her Point, she would never afterwards have made such a Blot in her Tables.

404.

To what an Ebb of Taste are Women fallen, that it should be in the Power of a lac'd Coat and a Feather to recommend a Gallant to them : Taylors and Perriwig-makers are become the Bawds of the Nation : That Fop that has not wherewithal, by Nature, to move a Cookmaid, shall, by a little of their Assistance, be able to subdue a Countess.

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405.

A Lady seeing a tolerable pretty Fellow, who by the Help of his Taylor and Sempstress had transform'd himself into a Beau, said—What Pity 'tis to see one, whom Nature has made no Fool, so industrious to pass for an Ass : Rather, says another, one should pity those whom Nature abuses than those who abuse Nature : *Besides the Town would be robb'd of one half of its Diversion, if it should become a Crime to laugh at a Fool.*

410.

A decay'd Gentleman coming to one who had been a Servant, to borrow Money of him, received a very scurvy Answer, concluding in the following Words : *Lord, Sir, what do you trouble me for ? I've no Money to lend. I'm sure you lye,* says the Gentleman, *for if you was not rich you durst not be so saucy.*

411.

The *Roman Catholicks* make a Sacrament of Matrimony, and in Consequence of that Notion, pretend that it confers Grace : The Protestant Divines do not carry Matters so high, but say, This ought to be understood in a qualified Sense ; and that Marriage so far confers Grace, as that, generally speaking, *it brings Repentance, which every Body knows is one Step towards Grace.*

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412.

A Lady, who had a Mind, she told another, to quarrel with an impertinent teasing young Fellow she did not like, said, she could not tell how to provoke him, he was so very assiduous and submissive. 'Slife, said her Friend, I'd spit in his Face. *Alas*, reply'd she, *that won't do, when Men are fawning like Lap-Dogs, they ll take that for a Favour.*

435.

A Farmer, who had a very great Name in the Country for his Dexterity in manly Exercises, such as Wrestling, Throwing the Bar, and the like, drew upon himself many, Occasions to try his Skill, with such as came far and near to challenge him : Among the rest, a conceited Fellow rode a great Way to visit this Champion ; and being told, that he was in his Ground behind the House, he alighted, and walk'd with his Horse in his Hand, 'till he came where he found him at Work ; so hanging his Horse upon the Pails, he accosted him thus : That having heard much of his Fame, he was come forty Miles to try a Fall with him. The Champion, without more Words, came up to him, and closing with him, took him upon such an advantageous Lock, that he pitch'd him clear over the Pails ; so, with a great deal of Unconcern, took up his Spade, and fell to Work again. The Fellow getting upon his Legs again, as nimbly as he could, call'd to speak to him. Well, says the Champion, have you any more to say to me ? *No, no*, replied the Fellow, *only to desire you will be so kind as to throw my Horse after me.*

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436.

A busy Impertinent entertaining Arisotle the Philosopher one Day with a tedious Discourse, and observing that he did not much regard him, made an Apology, That he was afraid he had interrupted him. *No, really*, reply'd the Philosopher, *you han't interrupted me at all, for I have not minded one Word you said.*

437.

If your Wife has cuckolded you, 'tis in 'vain to grieve ; e'en shake Hands with, your Neighbours. One telling his Friend he was a Cuckold, — *If I had not known it*, replies he, *I should have been angry with you for telling me on't.*

438.

Two conceited Coxcombs wrangling and exposing one another before Company, one told them, That they had both done like Wits : *For you Wits*, says he, *never give over 'till you prove one another Fools.*

440.

A young Lady with a good Fortune having bestow'd herself on a wild young Fellow : Well, says the old Lady her Aunt, *For all you were so eager to have him, you'll have your Belly full of him in a little Time, I'll warrant you.*

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444.

Du Val, who was a very famous Highwayman, and at length suffered for his Robberies, was likewise as famous for gaining the Hearts of the Women, being a smart dapper Fellow : After his Death, he had this Epitaph bestow'd on him.

*Here lies Du Val : — Reader, if Male thou art,
Look to thy Purse ; if Female, to thy Heart ;
Much Havock he has made in both ; — for all
The Men he made to stand, — the Women fall.*

446.

Tom P—, good honest Fellow, but with very little Manners, being one Day at Dinner at Lord *L—*'s, several Ladies being at Table, my Lord told him, that Mr. *Such-a-one*, naming a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, had taken something very ill of him, and would take an Occasion, he heard, to resent it : Mr. *Such-a-one*, reply'd *Tom*, may kiss my A— : Upon such a coarse Expression, the Ladies all started, and my Lord cry'd, Fie, *Tom*, I thought you would not have used such a Word before Ladies. Why, my Lord, said *Tom*, A — an't Bawdy, is it ? *No*, said my Lord, *but it is within half an Inch of it.*

447.

A Citizen dying greatly in Debt, it coming to his Creditors Ears, Farewel, said one, there is so much of mine gone with him : And he carried so much of mine, said another : One hearing them make their several Complaints, said,

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Well, I see now, that though a Man can carry nothing of his own out of the World, yet he may carry a great deal of other Men's.

449.

Three young conceited Wits, as they thought themselves, passing along the Road near Oxford, met a grave old Gentleman, with whom they had a Mind to be rudely merry ; Good-Morrow, Father *Abraham*, said one : Good-Morrow, Father *Isaac*, said the next : Good-Morrow, Father *Jacob*, cry'd the last, *I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob*, reply'd the old Gentleman, *but Saul, the Son of Kish, who went out to seek his Father's Asses ; and lo ! here I have found them.*

450.

A young Maid coming fresh out of the Country, was courted by a Person of Quality, who she understood was infected by the foul Disease : My Lord paid his constant Devoirs to her, and promised her Marriage, which she refusing, some of her Friends ask'd her, Why she, who was meanly born, would not marry one that would not only enrich her, but ennoble her Blood ; *I will not*, said she, *corrupt my Flesh, to better my Blood, for any Lord in Christendom.*

451.

An ingenious young Gentleman at the University of *Oxford*, being appointed to preach before the Vice-Chancellor, and the Heads of the Colleges, at *St. Mary's*, he having formerly observed the Drowsiness of the Vice-Chancellor,

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took this Place of Scripture for his Text, *What ! Cannot ye watch one Hour ?* At every Division he concluded with his Text, which, by Reason of the Vice-Chancellor's sitting so near the Pulpit, often awak'd him : This was so noted among the Wits, that it was the Talk of the whole University, and withal it did so nettle the Vice-Chancellor, that he complain'd to the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, who, willing to redress him, sent for this Scholar up to *London* to defend himself against the Crime laid to his Charge ; where coming, he made so many Proofs of his extraordinary Wit, that the Archbishop enjoined him to preach before King *James*. After some Excuses, he at length condescended ; and coming into the Pulpit, begins, *ames the First and the Sixth, Waver not ;* meaning the first King of *England*, and the sixth of *Scotland* ; at first the King was something amazed at the Text, but in the End, was so well pleased with his Sermon, that he made him one of his Chaplains in ordinary : After this Advancement, the Archbishop sent him down to Oxford to make his Recantation to the Vice-Chancellor, and to take Leave of the Univerfity, which he accordingly did, and took the latter Part of the Verse of the former Text, *Sleep on now and take your Rest* : Concluding his Sermon, he made his Apology to the Vice-Chancellor, saying, *Whereas I said before*, which gave Offence, *What ! Cannot you watch one Hour ?* I say now, *Sleep on and take your Rest* ; and so left the University.

452.

A plain Country Fellow born in *Essex*, coming to *London*, which Place he had never seen before, as he walk'd in a certain Street, not a great Way from *Mark Lane*, he 'spy'd a Rope hanging at a Merchant's Door, with a Handle to it, wondering what it meant, he takes it in his Hand, play'd with it to and fro ; at length, pulling it hard, he heard a Bell ring ; it so happened that the Merchant being near the Door, went himself, and demanded what the Fellow would

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have ; Nothing, Sir, said he, I did but play with this pretty Thing which hangs at your Door. What Countryman are you, said the Merchant ? An *Essexman* an't please you, replied the other. I thought so, replied the Merchant, for I have often heard say, That if a Man beat a Bush in Essex, there presently comes forth a Calf. *It may be so*, replied the Countryman, *and I think a Man can no sooner ring a Bell in London, but out pops a Cuckold.*

453.

A young Man married to an ill-temper'd Woman, who not contented, tho' he was very kind to her, made continual Complaints to her Father, to the great Grief of both Families ; the Husband being no longer able to endure this scurvy Humour, bang'd her soundly : Hereupon she complain'd to her Father, who understanding well the Perverseness of her Humour, took her to Task, and laced her Sides soundly too ; saying, *Go and commend me to your Husband, and tell him, I am now even with him, for I have cudgell'd his Wife, as he hath beaten my Daughter.*

455.

A Gentlewoman delighting in Plurality of Lovers, chanced to admit to her Embraces two Gentlemen who loved one another entirely, but were unacquainted with each other's Intrigue ; one of them having lain with this Gentlewoman one Night, lost his Ring in the Bed, which the other found in it the Morning after ; the Day following the first sees it on his Friend's Finger ; after a great many Arguings about it, they came to understand one another's Intrigue : The Man who lost it demands his Ring, the other refuses ; at last, it was agreed, that it should be left to the next Comer-by, who should have the

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Ring ; it chanced to be the Husband of the Woman, who, hearing the whole Matter, adjudg'd the Ring should belong to him who own'd the Sheets : *Marry then, said they, for your excellent Judgment you | shall have the Ring.*

459.

A foolish Wench, meerly out of Revenge, complained to a Justice, that such a Man would have ravish'd her : What did he do, says he ? He ty'd my Hands so fast I could not stir them ; And what else ? *Why, Sir, said she, he would have ty'd my Legs too, but I had the Wit to keep them far enough asunder.*

460.

A Gentleman riding near the Forest of *Which-wood*, in *Oxfordshire*, ask'd a Fellow, What that Wood was called ? He said, *Which-wood, Sir*. Why that Wood, said the Gentleman. *Which-wood, Sir* : Why that Wood I tell thee ; he still said, *Which wood* ; I think, said the Gentleman, thou art as senseless as the Wood that grows there : *It may be so*, replied the other, *but you know not Which wood.*

462.

A Physician was wont to say, when he met a Friend, *I am glad to see you well*. *In Troth, Sir, said one, I think you do but dissemble, for the World always goes ill with you when it goes well with your Friends.*

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470.

A very honest and prudent Gentleman had the ill Fortune to marry a Wife a Grain too light ; one Day returning Home, he went up the Stairs, and found his Chamber-Door open, entering, he caught his Wife and the Adulterer, who were so intent upon their Sport, that they minded nothing else, in the very Act ; the Gentleman seemingly unmov'd, said, *Wife, Wife, indeed you don't do well to expose your own and my Reputation thus to the Hazard of being lost by Carelessness ; sure in a Business that so nearly concerns us both, you might have shut the Door ; I pray, consider, What if any one else had come and caught you in this Posture ?* And so went and left them : The Mildness of this Reproof so effectually wrought upon this Woman, that she ever after abhorred the Thought of enjoying any other Man but her Husband.

471.

A Person not belonging to the College, put his Horse in a Field thereunto appertaining ; being warn'd of so doing, and he taking no Notice thereof, the Master of that College sent his Man to him, bidding him say, If he continued his Horse there, he would cut off his Tail. Say you so, said the Person ? Go tell your Master, If he cuts off my Horse's Tail, I will cut off his Ears : The Servant returning, told his Master what he said ; whereupon he was sent back to bring the Person to him ; who appearing, said the Master, How now, Sir, what mean you by that Menace you sent me ? *Sir*, said the other, *I threaten'd you not, for I only said, if you cut off my Horse's Tail, I would cut off his Ears.*

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475.

The famous Mr. *Amner* going thro' a Street in *Windsor*, two Boys looked out of a one Pair of Stairs Window, and cry'd, There goes Mr. *Amner* that makes so many Bulls. He hearing them, look'd up, saying, *You Rascals, I know you well enough, and if I had you here, I'd kick you down Stairs.*

479.

In *Flanders*, by Accident, a *Flemish* Tyler falling from the Top of a House, upon a *Spaniard*, killed him, tho' he escaped himself. The next of the Blood prosecuted his Death with great Violence against the Tyler ; and when he was offer'd pecuniary Recompence, nothing would serve him but *Lex Talionis*. Whereupon the Judge said unto him, That if he did urge that Kind of Sentence, it must be, *That he should go up to the Top of the same House, and from thence fall down upon the Tyler.*

480.

A Bridegroom, the first Night he was in Bed with his Bride, said unto her, When I sollicitated thy Chastity, had'st thou then condescended, I would never have made thee my Wife, for I did it only to try thee. *Faith*, said she, *I did imagine as much, but I had been cozened so three or four Times before, and I was resolved to be fooled so no more.*

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485.

A Fellow hearing the Drums beat up for Volunteers for *France*, in the Expedition against the *Dutch*, imagin'd himself valiant enough, and thereupon listed himself ; returning again, he was ask'd, by his Friends, What Exploits he had done there ? He said, *That he had cut off one of the Enemy's Legs* ; and being told that it had been more honourable and manly to have cut of his Head : *Oh*, said he, *you must know his Head was cut off before*.

486.

A Person of Quality coming in a Church, to the Place where several of his Ancestors were buried, after he had said much in their Commendation, and prais'd them for worthy Men, *Well*, said he, *I am resolved, if I live, to be buried as near them as possible*.

492.

The Bishop of *D—m* had a slovenly Custom of keeping one Hand always in his Breeches, and being one Day to bring a Bill into the House of Peers relating to a Provision for Officers Widows, he came with the Papers in one Hand, and the other, as usual, in his Breeches ; and beginning to speak, I have something in my Hand, my Lords, said he, for the Benefit of the Officers Widows — Upon which the Duke of *Wh—n* immediately interrupting him, ask'd, *In which Hand, my Lord*.

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493.

King *Charles* II. on a certain Time paying a Visit to Dr. *Busby*, the Doctor is said to have strutted thro' his School with his Hat upon his Head, while his Majesty walk'd complaisantly behind him with his Hat under his Arm ; but, when he was taking his Leave at the Door, the Doctor with great Humility thus address'd himself : *Sir, I hope your Majesty will excuse my Want of Respect hitherto ; but if my Boys were to imagine there was a greater Man in the Kingdom than myself, I should never be able to rule them.*

494.

A Bishop of L—d—n having misrepresented Dr. *R—ndle* to the King ; and the Doctor being inform'd of it, told the Bishop he was an Incendiary, and had acted in a Manner Very unbecoming his Character ; which the Bishop complaining of to one of his Right Reverend Brethren, as they were walking in the Park, said, since they paid so little Regard to his Representations, he would concern himself no more with Church-Affairs, but retire to *F—m*, and endeavour to make his Peace with God. '*O ! my Lord*, reply'd his miter'd Brother, with great Emotion, *never think of that I beg of you.*

520.

The famous *Buchanan* being at Dinner where the Soop was exceeding hot, burnt his Mouth, and at the same Time breaking Wind backwards : *It was well for you*, said he, *that you made your Escape, for I should have burnt you alive if you had staid.*

COURTLY QUIPS & GENTRY GEMS

530.

The Reverend Mr. *Brodie* preaching one Day at the Kirk in *Edinburgh* on Hell-Torments, represented them to be intolerable, by the extreme Cold they suffer'd there. And it being at that Time very cold Weather, one of his Congregation after Sermon took upon him to ask him the Reason of his so doing, when all the eminent Divines had preach'd it up to be the Reverse. *O, Sir*, said he, *I had good Reason ; for if I had told them it was hot, I should have had them all run away to Hell to warm themselves.*

532.

Two Gentlemen standing together, as a young Lady passed by them, said one, *There goes the handsomest Woman I ever saw.* She hearing him, turned back, and seeing him very ugly, said, *Sir, I wish I could, in Return, say as much by you.* So you may, by *G—, Madam*, said he, *and lye as I did.*

533.

An impudent ridiculous Fellow, being laugh'd at by all who came in his Company, told some of his Acquaintance, That he had a happy Quality of laughing at all who laugh'd at him. *Then*, said one of them, *you lead the merriest Life of any Man in Christendom.*

JOE MILLER'S JESTS

535.

Alexander the Great ask'd *Dionides*, a famous Pirate, who was brought Prisoner to him, Why he was so bold as to rob and plunder in his Seas ? He answered, That he did it for his Profit, and as *Alexander* himself was used to do : *But because I do it with one single Galley, I am called a Pirate ; but you, Sir, who do it with a great Army, are called a King.* This bold Answer so pleased *Alexander*, that he set him at Liberty.

538.

Hermon was so covetous, according to the Testimony of *Lucilius*, that dreaming one Night he had spent some Money, hang'd himself in the Morning ; but *Dinarches Philo* quitted the Design he had once taken to hang himself, because he grudged the Expence of a Rope.

543.

An old superstitious *Roman*, who had his Buskins Rat-eaten, consulted *Cato*, in a grave Manner, what such an Accident might portend. Caro bad him set his Mind at rest, for there would come no Mischief on't. *But*, said the Philosopher, *if your Buskins had eaten the Rats, it might have been dangerous.*

COURTLY QUIPS & GENTRY GEMS

544.

Philip, King of *Macedon*, after the Battle of *Cheronea*, having generously set all his Athenian Prisoners free ; upon their unconscionably demanding their Baggage, *Sure*, said he, *these Men fancy we had but a Mock-Fight*.

557.

A sober good Woman who was treating with a Maid-Servant about Work and Wages, ask'd her, among other Questions, *What Religion she was of?* A-lack-a-Day, Madam, said the poor innocent Girl, I never troubled my Head about that, for Religion, I thought, was only for Gentlefolks.

558.

A very forward Spark being somewhat importunate with a marry'd Lady, who was resolved no longer to suffer his Addresses, dismiss'd him with this modest Answer : *Sir, whilst I was a Child I obey'd my Mother; when I was grown up I obey'd my Father ; and now that I am marry'd I obey my Husband ; So that if you desire any Thing from me, you must get his Consent*.

MORAL SENTENCES.

If your Friend be in Want, don't carry him to a Tavern, where you treat yourself as well as him, and entail a Thirst and Head-ach upon him next Morning. To treat a poor Wretch with a Bottle of *Burgundy*, or filling his

JOE MILLER'S JESTS

Snuff Box, is like giving a Pair of lac'd Ruffles to a Man that has never a Shirt to his Back. Put somewhat in his Pocket.

Poverty keeps us in a due State of Mind and Body ; Prosperity, as it is not every one's Fortune, so every one cannot bear it.

One said to a very slothful idle Fellow, *If thou was not afraid of dying, thou would'st not take Pains to draw thy Breath.*

Collectors for the Poor provide usually for themselves first, imagining, as they say, that Charity begins at Home.

Some Noblemen take no more Care of the Education of their Children, than they do of paying their Debts. Their Sons often prove Rakes, and their Daughters Hoydens.

We may write, and we may frame Conceptions in our Minds, of Love, but none sure know what it is, but those who have experienc'd it.

In taking Revenge, the very Haste we make is criminal.

That sick Man does ill for himself, who makes his Physician his Heir.

The Coward calls himself a wary Man, the Miser says he is frugal, and the Fool cries up his own Wit.

The best Company makes the Upper End of the Table, not the Salt.

The *Epicure* puts his Money in his Belly, and the Miser his Belly in his Purse. An envious Man keeps his Knife in his Hand, and swallows his Meat whole.

It is the wholsomest getting a Stomach by walking on one's own Ground ; and the thriftiest Way of asswaging it, at another's Table.

The Pleasure which Coxcombs afford, is like that of Drinking, only good when 'tis shar'd ; and a Fool like a Bottle, which makes one merry in Company, makes one dull alone.

COURTLY QUIPS & GENTRY GEMS

One can no more stop a Widow's Mouth, when she is talking of her Law Suits, than a Wit's, when he is talking of himself, or a Slanderer, when he is talking of other People.

Five of the most agreeable Things on a Journey, are Money in one's Pocket, a good Road, a wholesome Bed, Fine Weather, and a kind Landlady ; if she be handsome too, 'tis so much the better.

Fornication and Perjury go as often together as Paint and the Pox.

One speaking of an old fashioned Country-House said, It look'd like *Noah's* Ark, as if it had been made for the Beasts of the Field and the Fowls of the Air.

Beauty in a virtuous Woman, is like the Bellows, whose Breath is cold, yet makes others burn.

Men naturally love their Princes, as appears by the Court made to them in the Beginning of their Reigns ; yet it seldom lasts long, by Reason Princes often mistake their true Interest, and enrich their Courtiers at the Expence of their People ; Preferring, as it were, the *Paroquet* and *Monkey*, that are of no solid Use to them, to the Sheep and Oxen that feed and cloath them.

A Prince, 'tis certain, ought to be religious ; but it is absolutely necessary he seem so : For the People will never promise themselves any Felicity under him, if they do not think God on his Side ; and on the contrary, will be apt to impute the Disappointments of every Year to his Want of Devotion.

When the People press for a new Ministry, they do not mean a new Set, but a new Sort of Men.

The People will ever murmur at great Gifts while they pay great Taxes.

Want of good Laws is a very great Defect ; but want of due Execution of them, corrupts the very Vitals of Government.

JOE MILLER'S JESTS

Dogs know their own Physick.

Tho' the Dead may not be concern'd in what happens after them, the Dying are, and ought to be ; 'tis a Debt charg'd upon them, which in Honour and Conscience they ought to pay to their Posterity.

The World grows older, but not wiser : Women and Parliaments still trust the same Sort of Men who have constantly deceived them.

Not this, or that Man, but Mankind in general is the Rogue : He that makes the Exception does it at his own Peril.

If a Man walks lame he is pity'd ; if he dances lame he is laugh'd at : The one is unavoidable, the other not.

Modesty is a Kind of Fear that sinks a good Man to the Bottom.

Old Men, say they, are weary of the World, but the World is first weary of them.

There are few great Men who have not sacrific'd in the Temple of the Muses : King *David* wrote his *Psalms* ; *Julius Cæsar* a Poem in Praise of *Hercules* ; *Augustus Cæsar*, his *Ajax* ; *Seneca* his Tragedies ; Our *Oliver Cromwell* made an extempore *Diftich*, when he dissolv'd the Long Parliament, which for its Oddness I set down.

Magna Charta,
Magna Farta.

We tell others of their Faults more out of Pride, than a Desire they should mend, and call them to Account out of Ostentation, as if we ourselves were innocent.

A violent Passion hardly ever brought two together, but it made them miserable.

COURTLY QUIPS & GENTRY GEMS

'Tis not always Courage that makes a Man fight, nor Chastity that keeps Women from being Whores.

Some Men have been thought brave, because in the Heat of the Battle they were afraid to run away.

Reputation is a greater Tye upon Women than Nature, or they would not commit Murder to prevent Infamy.

Virtue is but a poor Reward to itself, yet, very rarely has any other.

If Kings had not gilded the Profession of Arms with Honour and Advantage, no reasonable Man would be a Sacrifice to their Ambition and Injustice, and profess himself an open Enemy to those who never did him any Harm.

It is a sad Truth, though Women won't believe it, that our Passion *ends* where theirs *begins*.

There must be a Concurrence of Chance to make a great Man ; Merit alone will never do it.

It is the Misfortune of Kings that the Grandeur of their Rank will not permit them to taste the Felicities of a private Life.

Wit often exposes a Woman to Danger, as Mettle does a blind Horse.

A Golden Shield is of great Defence.

It gives us but an ill Impression of the Capacity of the Gentlemen of the Faculty, to see Medicines have their Fashions like Hats and Wigs : Nothing is cur'd now without *Jesuits Powder*, *Opium*, and *Steel*.

A Place at Court is a continual Bribe.

To have neither Merit nor Fortune is the greatest Unhappiness that can befall a Man ; but the Gift of either recompences the Want of one.

Gaming is only fit for those who have great Estates, or those who have none.

JOE MILLER'S JESTS

The most considerable Advantage a rich Man has, is, that he may more safely transgress the Law, because he has wherewithal to bribe the Judges.

Every one desires a Friend, and yet very few can suffer Friendship : To tell a Man his Failings does not reform him, but incur his Hatred, and it may be, bring you to a Duel.

Old Folks love young Bedfellows, not so much out of Tenderness as Policy : 'Tis a Sort of applying Pigeons to their Feet ; it gives a vital Warmth to decaying Nature.

Taking up Money at Interest, is like drinking in a Fever ; it may gratify the Palate a little, but generally does a great deal of Mischief to the Patient.

Where the Means of growing rich are not visible, the Person's Integrity will be suspected, who has heaped up too much Wealth.

Some Men are so over-cautious, that they will hazard nothing ; but a true Sportsman will hook a Gudgeon to catch a Jack.

He who desires to live merely for living's Sake, has not a worthy Notion of his Being : He only puts a right Value upon Life, who desires it barely that he may do Good.

'Tis not Chastity to be insensible of Youth and Beauty ; nor Sobriety not to love Wine : 'Tis the not abusing the Creatures that is a Virtue, not the omitting the Use of them.

He that is in the Wrong, oftentimes deserves our Pity, but he, that is unwilling to be in the Right, should have nothing but our Contempt.

Compliments and Ceremonies were invented to conceal the Hatred which Men naturally bear to one another.

Great Men are like Wolves, we must not strike at them, unless we are secure of our Blow, for if we miss they will be sure to tear us to Pieces.

EPIGRAMS

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. B—

who died soon after her Marriage.

By Lady Mary W— M—.

HAIL, happy Bride ! for thou art truly bless'd,
Three Months of Rapture crown'd with endless Rest :
Merit, like your's, was Heaven's peculiar Care,
You lov'd, — yet tasted Happiness sincere.
To you the Sweets of Love were only shown;
The sure succeeding bitter Dregs unknown ;
You had not yet the fatal Change deplor'd,
The tender Lover for th' imperious Lord ;
Nor felt the Pains that jealous Fondness brings,
Nor wept the Coldness from Possession springs :
Above your Sex distinguish'd in your Fate ;
You trusted — yet experienc'd no Deceit.
Soft were your Hours, and wing'd with Pleasure flew,
No vain Repentance gave a Sigh to you ;
And if superior Bliss Heaven can bestow,
With Fellow Angels you enjoy it now.

OCCASION'D BY THE FOREGOING.

THO' all the World knows
The Fate of poor B—,

JOE MILLER'S JESTS

Yet Writers about it do vary ;
Some Folks make a Face,
And pity her Case,
'Tis the Envy of the good Lady *Mary*.

She says, she don't know,
How Heaven can bestow
Any Joy like the Death of that Bride ;
Whence some People say,
Could she chuse her own Way,
E'er now she had certainly dy'd.

But here's the Mistake,
If her Mind she would speak,
The Meaning appears very plain ;
She would ever be trying,
But to *B*— leave the Dying,
Her Choice is to live in the Pain.

ON A COMPANY OF BAD DANCERS 'TO GOOD MUSIC.

By Mr. BUDGEL.

HOW ill the Motion with the Music suits !
So Orpheus fiddled, and so danc'd the Brutes.

COURTLY QUIPS & GENTRY GEMS

EPITAPH.

HERE lies a Lady, who, if not bely'd,
Took wise St. Paul's Advice, and all Things try'd :
Nor stopt she here ; but follow'd thro' the rest,
And always stuck the Longest to the Best.

EPITAPH ON AN UNKNOWN PERSON.

Without a Name, for ever senseless, dumb,
Dust, Ashes, nought else, lies within this Tomb.
Where e'er I liv'd, or dy'd, it matters not ;
To whom related, or by whom begot :
I was, but am not ; ask no more of me ;
It's all I am, and all that thou shalt be.

**TO MR. —, ON HIS COMPLIMENTING MR. C— ON
HIS POETRY.**

C—, you say, writes well, suppose it true,
You pawn your Word for him ; — he'll vouch for you :
So two poor Knaves, when once their Credit fail,
To cheat the World, become each other's Bail.

JOE MILLER'S JESTS

THE LOVER'S LEGACY.

UNHAPPY *Strephon*, dead and cold,
His Heart was from his Bosom rent,
Embalm'd, and in a Box of Gold,
To his beloved *Kitty* sent.
Some Ladies might, perhaps have fainted,
But *Kitty* smil'd upon the Bauble ;
A Pin-cushion, said she, I wanted,
Go put it on the Dressing-Table.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO VERY BAD POETS.

By Mr. CONCANNEN.

SAYS Richard* to Joe‡ thou'rt a very sad Dog,
And thou can'st write Verses no more than a Log.
Says *Joseph* to *Dic*, Prithee Ring-Rhime get hence,
Sure my Verse, at least, is as good as thy Sense.
Was e'er such a Contest recorded in Song ?
The one's in the Right, and t'other's not wrong.

* *Savage.* ‡ *Mitchel.*

ON THE LATE SALLY SALISBURY.

HERE flat on her Back, but unactive at last,
Poor *Sally* lies under grim Death ;

COURTLY QUIPS & GENTRY GEMS

Thro' the Course of her Vices she gallop'd so fast,
No Wonder she's now out of Breath.

To the Goal of her Pleasures she drove very hard,
But was tripp'd up e'er half Way she ran ;
And tho' every Body fancied her Life was a *Yard*,
Yet it prov'd to be less than a Span.

A SIMILE

WOMEN to Cards may be compar'd: We play
A Round or two ; when us'd, we throw away,
Take a fresh Pack ; nor is it worth our grieving,
Who cuts and shuffles with the dirty Leaving.

TO A LADY WHO HAD VERY BAD TEETH.

OVID, who bid the Ladies laugh,
Spoke only to the Young and Fair ;
For thee his Council were not safe,
Who of sound Teeth have scarce a Pair.

If thou the Glass, or me believe,
Shun Mirth, as Foplings do the Wind ;
At *Pinkey's* Face affect to grieve,
And let thy Eyes alone be kind.

Speak not, tho' 'twere to give Consent,
For he that sees those rotten Bones,

JOE MILLER'S JESTS

Will dread their monumental Scent,
And fly your Sighs, like dying Groans.

If thou art wise see dismal Plays,
And to sad Stories lend thy Ear ;
With the Afflicted spend thy Days,
And laugh not above once a Year.

[WHO CAN BELIEVE....]

A French Gentleman dining with some Company on a Fast Day, call'd for some Bacon and Eggs: The rest were very angry, and reprov'd him for so heinous a Sin : Whereupon he writ the following Lines extempore, which are here translated.

PEUT on croire avec bon sens
Qu'un lardon le mit en colere ;
Ou, que manger un harang
C'est un Secret pour luy plair ?
En sa gloire envelopé
Songe t'il bien de nos soupé.

In *English* : By DEAN SWIFT.

WHO can believe, with common Sense,
A Bacon-slice gives God Offence!
Or, how a Herring hath a Charm
Almighty Anger to disarm ?
Wrapt up in Majesty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine !

EPITAPH UPON COUNSELLOR GILL.

HERE lies the Body of Counsellor Gill,
Who, before he died, had made his last Will;
Which was, *Imprimis*, That he might have made
A Grave, seven Foot deep, with an Iron Spade ;
So as to hold full Ten Gallons of Gin,
Six Pounds of Tobacco, with Pipes put therein ;
These being his only Wishes, and earnest Request,
Pray add a young Damsel, if you think it best ;
He thought it, when living, both fitting and just,
To have what he lov'd, when laid in the Dust.

ON AN OLD WOMAN WITH FALSE HAIR.

THE Golden Hair that Galla wears,
Is her's : Who would have thought it ?
She swears 'tis her's, and true she swears;
For I know where she bought it.

**ON A GENTLEMAN WHO DIED THE DAY AFTER HIS
LADY.**

SHE first departed ; he for one Day try'd
To live without her ; like it not, and dy'd.

JOE MILLER'S JESTS

TO A LADY WHO MARRIED HER FOOTMAN.

By Colonel P—.

DEAR Cousin, think it no Reproach ;
(Thy Virtue shines the more)
To take Black JOHN into the Coach,
He rode *behind before*.

EPITAPH ON A CERTAIN NOBLEMAN, WHO DIED BY
TAKING *CANTHARIDES*.

HERE old *Grubbinol* lies,
Upon very odd Terms ;
First a Prey to the *Flies*,
Now a Prey to the *Worms*.
Let those that grieve for him not wonder he's flown,
For the Carcass must rot when the Flesh is *Fly-blown*.
Yet this may be said in his Praise,
Tho' Death, cruel Death, from us tore him,
He died, endeavouring to raise
His *Friend* who was dead long before him.

ON CHLOE.

HERE *Chloe* lies
Whose once bright Eyes
Set all the World on Fire ;
And not to be

COURTLY QUIPS & GENTRY GEMS

Ungrateful, she
Did all the World admire.

**TO A LADY WHO DESIRED TO KNOW IN WHAT THE
GOODNESS OF AN EPIGRAM CONSISTS.**

AN *Epigram's* good, when like you, Mistress *Frail*,
'Tis pretty and short, with a Sting in its Tail.

SILVIA.

SILVIA makes a sad Complaint she has lost her Lover :
Why nothing strange I in that News discover.
Nay, then thou'rt dull ; for here the Wonder lies,
She had a Lover once!— don't that surprize ?

ON A HANDSOME IDIOT.

WHEN *Lesbia* first I saw so heavenly fair,
With Eyes so bright, and with that awful Air,
I thought my Heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his, who snatch'd celestial Fire ;
But soon as e'er the beauteous Idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral Lips such Folly broke ;
Like Balm the trickling Nonsense heal'd my Wound,
And what her *Eyes* enthrall'd, her *Tongue* unbound.

JOE MILLER'S JESTS

**WROTE BY A YOUNG LADY ON ONE OF THE
WINDOWS IN NOTTINGHAM-CASTLE.**

YE Heavens ! if Innocence deserves your Care,
Why have ye made it fatal to be Fair ?
Base Man, the Ruin of our Sex was born,
The Beauteous are his Prey, the Rest his Scorn ;
Alike unfortunate, our Fate is such,
We please too little, or we please too much.

**TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO LOVED TO DRIVE
HARD WITH A SORRY PAIR OF HORSES.**

THY Nags, the leanest Things alive,
So very hard thou lov'st to drive,
I heard thy anxious Coachman say,
It costs thee more in Whips than Hay.

ON A LADY'S WEARING A PATCH.

THAT little Patch upon your Face,
Would seem a Foil on one less Fair ;
On you it hides a charming Grace,
And you, in Pity plac'd it there.

WRITTEN ON THE CHAMBER-DOOR OF KING
CHARLES II.

By the Earl of ROCHESTER.

HERE lies the Mutton-eating King,
Whose Word no Man relies on ;
Who never said a foolish Thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

TO A BAD FIDLER.

OLD Orpheus play'd so well, he mov'd old *Nick*,
While thou mov'st nothing but thy Fiddle-stick.

PHILLIS'S AGE.

By Mr. PRIOR.

HOW old may *Phillis* be, you ask,
Whose Beauty thus all Hearts engages.
To answer is no easy Task ;
For she really has two Ages.
Stiff in Brocade, and pinch'd in Stays,
Her Patches, Paint, and Jewels on ;
All Day let Envy view her Face,
And *Phillis* is but Twenty-one.
Paint, Patches, Jewels laid aside,
At Night Astronomers agree,

JOE MILLER'S JESTS

The Evening has the Day bely'd ;
And *Phillis* is full Forty-three.

TO AN OLD WOMAN WHO USED ART.

LEAVE off thy Paint, Perfumes, and youthful Dress,
And Nature's Failing honestly confess ;
Double we see those Faults which Art would mend,
Plain downright Ugliness would less offend.

ON CHLOE.

PRithee is not Miss *Chloe's* a comical Case ?
She lends out her Tail, and she borrows her Face.

A DECLARATION OF LOVE.

YOU I love, nor think I joke,
More than Ivy does the Oak ;
More than Fishes do the Flood ;
More than Savage Beasts the Wood ;
More than Merchants do their Gain ;
More than Misers to complain ;
More than Widows do their Weeds ;
More than Friars do their Beads ;
More than *Cynthia* to be prais'd ;
More than Courtiers to be rais'd ;

COURTLY QUIPS & GENTRY GEMS

More than Brides the Wedding Night ;
More than Soldiers do a Fight ;
More than Lawyers do the Bar ;
More than 'Prentice-Boys a Fair ;
More than Topers t'other Bottle ;
More than Women Tittle-tattle ;
More than Rakes a willing Lady ;
More than *Nancy* does her Baby ;
More than Jaylors do a Fee ;
More than all Things I love thee.

A MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

By Dean SWIFT.

UNDER this Hedge, in stormy Weather,
I join'd this Whore and * Rogue together ;
And none but him who made the Thunder,
Can put this Whore and Rogue asunder.

* She was big with Child, when the Ceremony pass'd.

A TRUE MAID.

NO, no, for my Virginity,
When I lose that, says *Rose*, I'll die :
Behind the Elms, last Night, cry'd *Dick*,
Rose, were you not extremely sick ?

JOE MILLER'S JESTS

TRUTH TOLD AT LAST.

SAYS *Colin* in Rage, contradicting his Wife,
'You never yet told me one Truth in your Life.'
Vext *Fanny* no Way could this Thesis, allow,
'You're a Cuckold, says she, do I tell you Truth now ?'

ADVICE TO THE REV. DR. T—,

on his Translation of VIRGIL.

MIND but thy preaching, *T—*, translate no further :
Is it not written, *Thou shalt do no Murther ?*

A CHARACTER OF SCOTLAND,

taken from a Pane of Glass in an Inn in the Northern Road.

WHoe'er he is desires to see
A barren Land, without a Tree,
The rankest Beggary and Pride,
As close as Nits and Lice ally'd,
Be poison'd when he eats and drinks,
Or flavour'd with all Kinds of Stinks,
Whoe'er would bite, or would be bit,
Would get the Itch, or be besh—t,
Let him to *Scotland* but repair,
He'll find all these Perfections there.

COURTLY QUIPS & GENTRY GEMS

ON A CERTAIN POET.

THY Verses are eternal, O my Friend !
For he who reads them, reads them to no End.

TO CHLOE.

From MARTIAL, Book III. Epig. liii.

By Mr. MOTTLEY.

THY Eyes and Eyebrows I could spare ;
Nor for thy Nose do I much care ;
I could dispense too with thy Teeth ;
And with thy Lips, and with thy Breath ;
And with thy Breasts, and with thy Belly,
And with that which I, won't tell ye;
And, to be short — hark, in thy Ear,
Faith I could spare thee All, my Dear.

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