

A TIPPERARY SHEEP STEALER.—Not many years ago, there was in the county of Tipperary a sheep stealer as notorious as Borrowsky himself. It is easy enough to carry off, once you catch it, a sheep in Erris, for, let it be ever so fat, it is not much larger than a hare; but a wether fed on the rich plains of the most fertile of all Irish counties is not so easily carried away, body and bones. But our Munster plunderer was a huge fellow, with all the bone and muscle of a Tipperary man, fed up to all his capability and vigour on the stolen mutton. He therefore could, and often did, carry off from the midst of a flock a wether of twenty-eight pounds the quarter, and bring it home for the feasting of himself and his family. His practice was to tie the sheep by the feet, put his head between the hind legs, and thus, with the sheep still alive, dangling head downwards at his back, home trudged in the dark night, Terry Ryan; and so he thinned many flocks, and none but himself and family were the wiser. In this way he had on a dark night got into Squire ——'s deer park, and seized a noble mutton, and tied and slung it over his head. Thus he came to the park wall, which was about eight feet high, and still, weighted as he was, ventured to climb, as often he had done before. And now he is on the top of the wall, and pondering how he may best descend, when the sheep made a sudden struggle, his footing gives way, down he goes, but, as he goes, the sheep falls inside, he outside. The rope is a good one that keeps sheep and thief together; neither can touch the bottom—both struggle—the rope presses the fellow's windpipe—the sheep kicks, and so does Terry, but it is soon over with him. Next morning the herd found Terry dead as mutton, but the wether, though a little apoplectic, still a sheep and no mutton; and so proved itself the Jack Ketch of a thief, and the avenger of its race.—*Otway's Sketches in Erris.*

MEDICAL ANECDOTE.—Kien Long, Emperor of China, inquired of Sir G. Staunton the manner in which physicians were paid in England. When, with some difficulty, his majesty was made to comprehend the manner of paying physicians in England for the time that their patients were sick, he exclaimed, "Is any man well in England who can afford to be ill? Now I will inform you how I manage my physicians; I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed; a certain weekly salary is allowed them; but the moment I am ill, their salary stops till I am well again. I need not inform you that my illnesses are very short."

IN RUSSIA, a man goes to his minister to inform him of the death of his wife. "What will you give me for burying her?" asks the priest. "I am poor," he replies. "Well, give me your cow." No, a cow is too valuable; I have a goose; you shall have that." "That is too little; I will not bury your wife for a goose; pay me thirty rubles." "I will give you twenty." "No, that will not do; I will take twenty and a shirt." And so the bargain is concluded; but cordiality is at an end.—*Elliot.*

HARD TIMES.—The young ladies down east complain that the gentlemen are so poor there, that they can't even pay their addresses.

PRACTICAL RETORT.—In the theatre at Weimar, in Germany, not long ago, there were only seven persons in the house. The pit took offence at the miserable acting of a performer, and hissed him energetically: whereupon, the manager brought his company on the stage, and out-hissed the visitors.

OLD BAILEY WIT.—A man was tried for stealing a pair of boots from a shop-door in Holborn, with which he ran away. The judge said to the witness who had seized the prisoner, "What did he say when you caught him?" Witness—"My Lord, he said that he took the boots in joke." Judge—"How far did he carry the joke?" Witness—"About forty yards, please your lordship."

BAD PAYMENT.—A man has started a paper, in the State of Maine, to be issued "occasionally;" which is a great deal oftener, the editor says, than he shall be able to get his pay for it.

VALUE OF AN OATH.—A Norman was telling another a great absurdity as a matter of fact. "You are jesting," said the hearer. "Not I, on the faith of a Christian." "Will you wager?" "No; I won't wager; but I am ready to swear to it."

CHANGE OF THE TIMES.—An old farmer, who lives at Burghelere, under the North Hampshire Hills, observed to me last year, when we were talking about the corruption and degeneracy of the times, that it was the fine words and the flattery of men to the farmers' wives, that had done all the mischief; "for," said he, "when 'twas *dame* and *porridge*, 'twas real good times; when 'twas *mistress* and *broth*, 'twas worse a great deal; but when it came to be *madam* and *soup*, 'twas very bad."

Cobbett.

THE FIRST STEP IS THE ONLY DIFFICULTY.—This proverb was oddly applied by a lady, who, hearing a canon in the company say that St. Biat after his head was cut off walked two entire leagues with it in his hand. "Yes, Madam, two entire leagues." "I firmly believe it," answered the lady; "on such an occasion *the first step is the only difficulty.*"—*Walpole.*

TRUTH is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: whereas, a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.—*Tillotson.*

AFFECTED simplicity is refined imposture.—*Lavater.*

CHINESE CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.—A European merchant, after receiving on board his vessel the goods he had purchased, discovered that he had been deceived, both in their quality and price; but, as he asked a small deduction on this account, he did not doubt the Chinaman would come into his views. The European began, "you have sold me merchandize of a very inferior quality."

"That may be, but you must pay."

"You have treated me unjustly, and abused my confidence."

"That may be true, but you must pay."

"Then you are a cheat and a scoundrel."

"That may be, but you must pay me, nevertheless."

"How do you wish me to speak of the Chinese in Europe, where you are supposed to be virtuous? I will say you are a set of cheats."

"You can do that," coolly replied the Chinaman, "but you must pay."

The European, after heaping abuse upon the fellow, and fretting himself into a rage, without obtaining anything further than the calm reply, "you must pay," was forced to count down the money. On receiving it, the Chinaman said, "Instead of getting yourself into a passion, would it not be more better you no have *speaky*, and begin where you have finish?"