

COW-DEALING EXTRAORDINARY.

Once upon a time a farmer, residing at Epping Forest, having rather an elderly cow which began to be very slack of milk, he determined to get rid of her, and to purchase another. He accordingly took her to Romford fair, and sold her to a cow-dealer for about 4*l.* 10*s.*, but he did not see any cow in the market promising enough in appearance, and returned home without a cow, but satisfied with the price he had got for the "old one." The cow-dealer calculated upon Smithfield market as a better *emporium* for disposing of his bargain, and accordingly drove her there, in order to sell her to the polony-pudding merchants; but there was a glut in that description of dainty in consequence of the late floods, which have proved fatal to many poor beasts. The cow would not sell even for the money which had been just given for her, and the owner was about to dispose of her for less—when a doctor, who had been regarding the beast for some time, offered, for a fee of five shillings, to make her as young as she had been ten years before. The fee was immediately paid, the doctor took his patient to a stable, carded her all over—prescribed some strange diet for her—sawed down her horns from the rough and irregular condition to which years had swelled them, into the tapering and smoothness of youth, and delivered her to her owner, more like a calf, than the venerable ancestress of calves. The cow-dealer was struck with the extraordinary transformation, and it immediately occurred to him (a proof that a cow-dealer can be dishonest as well as a horse-dealer) to sell her for the highest price he could get for her, without saying a word about her defects or infirmities. Having heard that the Epping farmer was in want of a cow, he thought he could not send his bargain to better quarters than those she was accustomed to, and he forthwith dispatched her to Romford market, where her old master was on the lookout for a beast. She immediately caught his eye. He asked her age. The driver did not know, but she was a "fine young un." "I've seen a cow very like her somewhere," said the farmer. "Ay," said the driver, "then you must have seen her a long way off, for I believe she is an Alderney." "An Alderney! What do you ask for her?" The price was soon fixed. The driver got the sum of 15*l.* 7*s.* for the cow, and the farmer sent her home. The ingenuity exercised might be guessed at from the fact, that the person who drove the beast home had been at her tail for the last seven years at least twice a-day and yet he did not make the discovery, although she played some of her old tricks on the journey, and turned into the old cow-house, and lay down in her old bed with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. At length the discovery was to be made. The cow was milked, and milked, but the most that could be got from her for breakfast was a pint, and that was little better than sky-blue. The farmer in grief and astonishment, sent her to a cow-doctor who had been in the habit of advising in her case, and

complained that she gave him no milk. "Milk," said he, "how should she, poor old creature? Sure it isn't by cutting her horns, and giving her linseed oil-cakes, and scrubbing her old limbs, that you can expect her to give milk." The farmer was soon convinced of the imposture, and would have forgiven it if the laugh against him could have been endured. This not being the case, he applied to the Lord Mayor of London, for redress; but was told that his lordship could do nothing in the matter.—*Old Scrap Book.*

A HOAX EXTRAORDINARY.

About the time of Bonaparte's departure for St Helena, a respectably dressed man caused a number of handbills to be distributed through Chester, in which he informed the public that a great number of genteel families had embarked at Plymouth and would certainly proceed with the British regiment appointed to accompany the ex-emperor to St. Helena: he added farther, that the island being dreadfully infested with rats, his majesty's ministers had determined that it should be forthwith effectually cleared of those obnoxious animals. To facilitate this important purpose, he had been deputed to purchase as many cats and thriving kittens as could be possibly procured for money in a short space of time; and therefore he publicly offered in his handbills 16*s.* for every athletic full-grown tom-cat, 10*s.* for every adult female puss, and half a crown for every thriving vigorous kitten that could swallow milk, pursue a ball of thread, or fasten its young fangs on a dying mouse. On the evening of the third day after this advertisement had been distributed, the people of Chester were astonished by the irruption of a multitude of old women, boys and girls, into their streets, all of whom carried on their shoulders either a bag or a basket, which appeared to contain some restless animal. Every road, every lane, was thronged with this comical procession; and the wondering spectators were compelled to remember the old riddle about St Ives:

As I was going to St Ives.
I met a man with seven wives;
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kitts;
Kitts, cats, sacks and wives,
How many were going to St Ives?

Before night a congregation of nearly three thousand cats was collected. The happy bearers of these sweet-voiced creatures proceeded all (as directed by the advertisement) towards one street with their delectable burdens. Here they became closely wedged together. A vocal concert soon ensued. The women screamed: the cats squalled; the boys and girls shrieked treble, and the dogs of the streets howled bass. Some of the cat-bearing ladies, whose dispositions were not of the most placid nature, finding themselves annoyed by their neighbours, soon cast down their burden, and began to fight. Meanwhile the boys of the town, who seemed mightily to relish the sport, were employed in opening the mouths of the