

brought my cousin, Roderic Lloyd, Prothonotary of North Wales, Marshall to Baron Price, and a hundred grand things, up my back stairs? Take him instantly down my back stairs, and bring him up my front stairs." In vain Roderic remonstrated; and while he was being conveyed down the back and up the front, his honor removed the bottle and glasses.

RECEIPT FOR MAKING WHITE CROWS OR RAVENS.—"Rub, with the fat of a white cat, some crows' eggs—those new laid are the best; let the eggs also be done over with the brains of the said cat: afterwards set them to be hatched by a very white pullet that has never hatched before: during the whole time she must be kept impervious to the sun, and the place must be hung with white linen clothes, and the crows or ravens produced from these eggs will be white"!!!

This precious article may be found in a work printed in Edinburgh, in 1777, in two vols, (page 139, vol. I.) entitled:—"The Young Ladies' School of Arts," by Mrs Hannah Robertson, with beautiful engravings that would not disgrace the present day.

HIS MASTER UP.—"Is your master up?" asked an early visitor of the Marquis of Blandford's valet. "Yes sir," rejoined the valet, with great innocence, "the butler and I carried him up about 3 o'clock."

ADMIRAL DUNCAN'S ADDRESS to the officers who came on board his ship for instructions previous to the engagement with Admiral de Winter, was both humorous and laconic. "Gentlemen, you see a severe *Winter* approaching; I have only to advise you to keep up a good fire."

AN ACTOR'S STORY.—Liston asked Matthews to play for his benefit; the latter excused himself, as he had to act elsewhere.

"I would if I could," said the mimic, "but I can't split myself in half."

"Umph! I don't know that," said Liston, "I have often seen you *play in two pieces*."

REGARD FOR THE CHARACTER AFTER DEATH.—Sergt. Weir of the Scots Greys was pay-sergeant of his troop, and might

have excused himself as such from serving in action at the Battle of Waterloo, but requested leave to charge with the regiment. When found dead by Corporal Scott of the same regiment, he had his name written on his forehead, with his own hand, dipped in his own blood, that it might not be imagined he had disappeared with the money of the troop.

THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE POUNDS A LINE.—James Smith, one of the authors of the celebrated "Rejected Addresses," was better paid for a trifling exertion of his versatile muse than any poet since the world began. One day he met the late Mr. Strachan, the King's Printer, at a dinner party, and him he found suffering from gout and old age, though his intellectual faculties remained unimpaired; and the next morning he transmitted to him the following *jeu d'esprit*:—

"Your lower limbs seemed far from stout;
When last I saw you walk;
The cause I presently found out
When you began to talk.
The power that props the body's length
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upwards, and the strength
All settles in the head."

This compliment proved so highly acceptable to the old gentleman, that he made an immediate codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed to the writer the sum of three thousand pounds, being at the rate of three hundred and seventy-five pounds sterling for each line.

A GOOD IRISH BULL.—Colonel Kemys, of the 40th Regiment, was remarkable for the studied pomposity of his diction. One day, observing that a careless man in the ranks had a particularly dirty face, which appeared not to have been washed for a twelve month, he was exceedingly indignant at so gross a violation of military propriety. "Take him," said he to the corporal, who was an Irishman, "Take the man and lave him in the waters of the Guadiana." After some time, the corporal returned. "What have you done with the man I sent with you?" inquired the Colonel. Up flew the corporal's right hand across the peak of his cap—"Sure, an't please y'r honnur, and didn't y'r honnur tell me to *lave* him in the river? and, sure enough, I left him in the river, and