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ning's meat, and perceived a silver spoon amongst their victuals; the grunting community making more than common noise, caused the maid to go and endeavour to silence them: and not observing Mr. Foote, she cried in a pet, Deuce take the pigs, what a riot they make. Well they may, you jade, cried Foote, when they have but one silver spoon amongst them all.

The Bishop of L. and C. declared one day, that the punishment used in schools did not make boys a whit the better, or more tractable. It was insisted that whipping was of the utmost service, for every one must allow that it made a boy smart.

A thief having stolen a cup out of a tavern, was pursued, and a great mob was raised around him. A bystander was asked, what was the matter? 'Nothing; a poor fellow has only taken a cup too much.

A gentlemen one day took occasion to speak of the married state before his daughter, and observed, that she who marries does well, but she who married not does better. Well then (replied the lady) I will do well; let those who choose do better.

A man seeing in the street an old woman who drove some asses, said, Adieu, adieu, mother of asses. Adieu, adieu, my son, answered she.

A person advertising for a horse, thus concludes his advertisement, it would be needless for a Yorkshire jockey to apply, the person who wants the horse being Yorkshire himself.

An Irish sailor having fallen from the mizen top of one of our ships, was supposed by every one on the quarter-deck, to have been killed by the fall; the poor fellow however got up but apparently little hurt. The first lieutenant, who was near him, inquired, Where he came

from? Please your honor replied Paddy, all the while rubbing his arm, I come from the North of Ireland.

A lady of quality said one day to Mr. Quin, Pray, Mr. Quin, do you ever make love? No, my lady, replied he, I always buy it ready made

When the Custom-house corps first made their public appearance, it was observed by one, that they look like Alexanders. Rather say, said another, they look like *Seizers*.

Lord Evelyn Stuart, son of the Earl of Bute, and an officer of the guards, wore long mustachios, and appeared thus in the house of Commons, of which he was a member. One day, Mr. C—y thus addressed him:—'My Lord, now the war is over, won't you put your mustachios on the peace establishment?' 'I do not exactly know whether I shall do that,' replied his Lordship, 'but I would advise you to put your tongue on the civil list.'

A man in Flanders dreamed one night that he was a cuckold, so he went to a priest to desire him to confess his wife, especially in that point. Well, says the priest to him, because you are my loving friend, I will lend you my gown and hood, and you shall take her confession yourself: so while he was waiting for his wife's coming, the priest went and told her the intrigue, and that her husband was to take her confession. When she came to him, after many simple questions that he asked her, she confessed to him, that she had only lain with three men, that was a young man, an old man, and a friar. He came home, as he thought, undiscovered. As he was at work, he would often be crying, the young man, the old man, and the friar. Troth, husband, I believe the priest has told what I confessed to him, and I did

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