

pened one Sunday to have exchanged pulpits with Mr. Dalton of Shap, who had but one eye. A quaker, strolling as usual into the church at Orton, whilst Mr. Dalton was preaching, cried out, "Come down, thou false Fothergill." "Who told thee" said Mr. Dalton, "that my name was Fothergill?" "The spirit," quoth the quaker, "Then is that spirit of thine a lying spirit," said the other, "for it is well known, I am not Fothergill, but peed" (a North country word for one-eyed) "Dalton of Shap."

"Buy some of this silk, please your ladyship," said a shopman to lady N. as she was cheapening materials for a dress at a mercer's "upon my honor, you will find it will last for ever, and after that it will do very well for your ladyship's waiting maid."

A gentleman seeing a determined railer against women at a wedding party observed to a friend, that he thought him rather out of place on such an occasion, "By no means" replied the other, "he will serve for an epithalamium." "How so?" was instantly asked, "why because" was the answer, "you know he is a *verse to matrimony*."

*Oh! jam satis!* If here is not variety enough, I will give my best foolscap and bells away for nothing. Moreover, I will wager a set of "Scribblers", to a calf's head (no very contemptible object to an hungry author) that before next Thursday, the sources whence I have borrowed, (for most of them are borrowed,) any two of the above trifles, will not be pointed out to me by any one of my criticisers. L. E. M.

N. B.—*The Widow* will be remonstrated with next week.