

ANECDOTES.

On one occasion, when the great Lord Chesterfield was present, the Duchess of Marlborough was urging the Duke to take some medicine, contrary to his inclination. At length she said, vehemently: "Do, my Lord, take it; I'll be hanged if it will not do you good." Lord Chesterfield joined in her grace's entreaty, and slyly said:—"Take it, my Lord; it will certainly do you good one way or the other."

A gentleman in Britain made a bet with his wife's brother on the result of the division on the Malt Tax; but, before the bet could be decided, the poor young man was gone "to that undiscovered land, from whose bourn no traveller returns." To most people, this would have been a case of difficulty; not so to a man of real business. Scarcely had the important intelligence of the majority against the repeal arrived, when he was called to attend his wife, who was taken suddenly ill, and thought to be dying. On entering her apartment, "I am dying," faintly articulated the lady, "indeed, I feel myself going." This was too good an opportunity to be lost. "If you *must* go, my love," said the affectionate husband, "should you see your brother, Tom, my dear, you will tell him I have won the bet on the Malt tax by a majority of 158."

In the reign of George II, the see of York falling vacant, his Majesty, being at a loss for a fit person to appoint to the exalted position, asked the opinion of the Rev. Dr. Mountain, who had raised himself, by his remarkable facetiousness, from being the son of a beggar to the see of

Durham. The Doctor wittingly replied, "Had'st thou faith as a grain of mustard seed, thou would'st say to this Mountain (at the same time laying his hand on his breast), 'be removed and be cast into the sea (see).'" His Majesty laughed heartily, and forthwith conferred the preferment on the Doctor.

A Mr Hare breakfasted once with the celebrated Mr. Fox, whose dealings with the Jews was pretty extensive. Looking out of the window, he perceived a number of the money-hunting tribe about the door, upon which he called out: "Pray, gentlemen, are ye fox-hunting or hare-hunting this morning?"

Milton was asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughter in the different languages. To which he replied: "No, sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

A lady, some time back, on a visit to the British Museum, asked the person in attendance if they had a *skull* of *Oliver Cromwell*. Being answered in the negative, "Dear me," said she, "that's very strange; they have one at Oxford."

An Irish gentleman was in company with a beautiful young lady to whom he was paying his addresses; when, on giving a shudder, she made use of the common expression that "someone is walking over my grave." Pat, anxious for every opportunity of paying a compliment to his mistress, exclaimed:—"By the powers, madam, but I wish I was the happy man."

—PHILIP LAWDESHAYNE.

