

EPITAPH

In Hendon Church-yard, wrtitten by Dr. Crosfield himself.

T. CROSFIELD

Died November 8th, 1808.

Beneath this stone Tom Crosfield lies,
Who cares not now who laughs or cries,
He laugh'd when sober, and when mellow,
Was a harum-scarum, harmless fellow :
He gave to none design'd offence,
So *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Bon-Mot of the Bar.

Mr. Erskine being indisposed in the Court of King's Bench, told Mr. Jekyll, "that he had a pain in his bowels, for which he could get no relief."—"I'll give you an infallible specific," replied the humourous barrister, "get made *attorney-general*, my friend, and then you'll have no bowels."

JOURNAL FOR DE WEEK.

The following paper was dropped from the pocket of a Jew, well known upon 'Change.

Sunday.—No business to be done—de Christians all out making holiday—waited at home for Levi : he never came—took a walk in St. George's fields—put me in mind of Newgate—called dere—supped and smoaked a pipe with Lord George Gordon—very sensible man.

Monday.—At 'Change till two—man in red coat wanted to borrow monies—did not like his looks—in de afternoon called in St. James's street—not at home—very bad luck—thought to have touched something dere,

Tuesday.—Went to de west end of de town—brought some old clothes—took in—gave great price for de breeches, thinking I felt guinea in de fob left dere by mistake—only done to cheat me—noting in the world but counterfeit halfpenny—fold dem again to Levi—took him in the same way—very good dat.

Wednesday.—Went to St. James's street again—de devil is in de man—not at home—met Levi ; he scolded me about de breeches—not mind dat at all—went to puff at de auction—very well paid—engaged to puff at anoder in de evening—found noting dere—obliged to sneak off—found a pair of candlesticks in my coat pocket—*dropped in by accident*—fold dem to Mr. Polishplate, de silver-smith—did very well by dat.

Thursday.—On 'Change—met de gentleman with de white wig—wanted more monies—let him have it—very good securities—like white wigs—carried my advertisement to de newspaper, signed Z—pretty crooked letter dat—always sure bring customers.

Friday.—Found a watch in my coat pocket—*dropped in by accident*—made some money by dat—met my good friend Mr. Smalh—not seen him since he was a bankrupt—arrested him for de monies he owed me—went home, and prepared for de sabbath.