

The Rockwood Review.

buried in his tabooed ground, so as to help to remove the popular prejudice against interment therein. She listened attentively, if somewhat impatiently, and at last broke in with: "Well, sir, so you seem to think one part of the churchyard is as good as another, an' that it maks no differ where we be put, p'raps you'll gie us a lead."

He declares that there is no limit to the combination of fanaticism and hypocrisy, and tells his hearers that cannibalism was practised in the Court of King Ethelforth, and that Gurge, a Welshman, had a male and female Kymry killed for his eating daily, except on Saturday, when he slew two of each, so that he might not be guilty of breaking the Sabbath. In our own time a man drunk with a Sunday supply of whiskey, has been heard to solemnly reprove a companion for whistling on the Sabbath.

The Dean revives an ancient Milkism by saying that the style of singing in vogue in his younger days involved much repetition, and that one choir coming under his observation sweetly sang: "O turn my pi—, O turn, my pi—, O, turn pious soul to thee."

He has an amusing Hibernian story, wherein he relates how an Irish preacher, who had expressed the belief that some very "wicked" people were lineal descendants of those who perished in the flood, was constrained to modify his statement when reminded of their extinction, but recovered himself so far as to promptly remark that, although he couldn't prove their pedigree there was a very strong family likeness.

Leaving things ecclesiastical, the jolly Dean has a good story or two about matters of more mundane character, which may be retold here.

He tells that when the moustache was a novelty—as it was when the Queen ascended the throne—a Lancashire man saw his first skye terrier, and hearing his master say

that it had been presented to its present owner by an officer in the Eleventh Hussars, whom the countryman had seen, at once exclaimed. "I guessed as much, for it favvers (favors) him i' the faace."

Speaking of the common use of the terms Lady and Gentleman as a peculiarity of the age, he says that all women are "ladies," while seventy per cent of Englishmen, when receiving epistolary communications, are "Esquires." Here is how he illustrates the absurdity of this sort of thing.

"Jemimerann," said a robust mother to her daughter of seven summers, "if yer doan't drop them naughty tricks,"—(the playful little damsel was filling her sweet little bucket from the sands at Margate, and emptying it into the coat pockets of an elderly gentleman who was dozing on a bench hard by)—"ar' come 'ere an' behave like a lady, I'll smack yer chops."

A witness giving evidence in a Court of Justice, said: "When I see that ere gentleman in the handcuffs a pommelling that ere lady wi' the black eye, I says to my missus, 'Them's ways I don't hold on to,' an' 'Billy,' she says, says she, 'You'd better not.'"

The enfant terrible, of course, figures in the Dean's Memoirs.

A little boy at luncheon table, exclaimed to a visitor, who was raising his glass to his lips: "Oh, please, Mr. Toper, wait and let me see you drink. Uncle Tom said that you drink like a fish, and I want to see you do it."

A little girl, addressing another visitor, said: "I kna who you are—you're Blanche's last chance. I heard Pa say so."

And yet another of the terrible Little Folks said to a lady, complaining of the toothache: "Why don't you take out your teeth and put them on your dressing table, as Aunt Belle does, before you go to bed."

"I have just heard of your daughter's engagement," a gentle-