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THE 1406

FUNNY STORY

AND

HUMOUROUS JEST BOOK.



Oh! aint it funny Massa? Golly!

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# HAND-BOOK OF JESTING.

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"Mother," said a little fellow the other day, "is there any harm in breaking egg-shells?" "Certainly not, my dear; but why do you ask?" "Cause I dropt the basket just now and see what a mess I'm in with the yolk!"

## A CLERK'S BLUNDER.

A parson reading the first line or so of a chapter in the Bible, the clerk by some mistake or other read it after him. The parson read as follows:—

"Moses was an austere man, and made atonement for the sins of the people."

The clerk, misunderstanding him, spoke thus:—

"Moses was an *oyster-man*, and made *ointment* for the *shins* of his people."

A man sentenced to be hanged prayed for a reprieve, on the ground that he had a sore throat, which rendered him unfit for the operation of hanging; he feared, he said, that the most alarming consequences might ensue, if he were hanged in his present condition.

## THE JUDICIOUS PRECAUTION.

Colonel Patrick O'Blarney, as honest a teague,  
As ever took snuff to repel pest or plague,  
Having got a French snuff-box of *papier machee*,  
Which to open required much pains, so you see,  
Always kept a bent sixpence at hand in his pocket,  
And call'd it his key by the which to unlock it:  
As, by niggling and wedging it under the lid,  
He came at his rappee, which was under it hid.  
But, one day when he wanted a pinch for a friend,  
He searched for his sixpence, but all to no end,  
Till at last 'twixt the lining and pocket he found it;  
When in rage he cried, "arraah, the devil confound it;  
"I'll engage you don't serve me the same trick again,  
"For to make me be after thus hunting in vain."  
So, op'ning th     by the help of the tizzy,  
And feaking his nose till his noddle grew dizzy,  
He chuck'd in the coin, and exclaim'd with a shrug,  
While right went the rim down, "So there you lie snug!  
"And my hide-and-seek friend, I beg leave to remind ye,  
"That the next time I want ye, I'll know where to find ye."

"What an extraordinary curve your horse has in the spine (said a gentleman to an Irish farmer); can you account for it?" "By the powers, sir, and to be sure I am able. I have heard, sir, that before the haste was my property, he was backed against another horse, your honour, who *bate him hollow*—and I dare say it's the reason that his back never got straight again."

#### EPIGRAM.

"You're a thief," said a wag, "and I'll show it,"  
To a butcher, with angry feeling;  
"Tis a scandalous fact, and you know it,  
That knives you are constantly *steeling*."

An Abbe, who was very large and fat, coming late in the evening to a city, and meeting with a countryman, asked him if he could get in at the gate. "I believe so," said the peasant, looking at him jocosely, "for I saw a waggon of hay go in there this morning."

#### THE LAWYER AND CLIENT.

Two lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er,  
Shook hands, and were as good friends as before.  
"Faith," said the client, "how came you  
To be such friends, who were such foes just now?"  
"Thou fool," said one, "we lawyers, though so keen,  
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's between!"

"Good morning, Sambo, bery hot weather, Sambo. They do say, that it is so hot down east, that they is obliged to take off the tops of the houses to let in the air." "Well, Cuffy, it can't get no hotter in our house, any how, 'cause the Themometer's got bang up to the top; that's one comfort, Cuffy."

#### EPIGRAM.

A Cornish vicar, while he preached,  
Of patient Job did speak;  
When he came home, found to his grief,  
His cask had sprung a leak.  
Enraged—his wife did thus advise  
"Job for a pattern choose,"  
But he replied, "Job ne'er had such  
A tub of ale to lose."

An Irishman found a sovereign in the street which proved to be light, and he could only obtain 19s. for it. Soon after chance threw another in his way; but Pat exclaimed, "By the powers, I'll have nothing to do with you, for I lost a shilling by the last one I found."

A gentleman asked a negro boy to have a pinch of snuff. The boy very respectfully answered, "No, me tank you, sir, mine nose no hunger'd."

"Why do you set your cup of coffee upon the chair, Mr. Jones?" said a worthy landlady one morning at breakfast. "It is so very *weak*, ma'am, I thought I would let it *rest*," said Mr. J. looking very demurely.

An old lady was telling her grandchildren about some troubles in Scotland, in which the chief of her clan was beheaded. "It was no great thing of a head, to be sure, but it was a sad loss to *him*," said the good old lady.

A Parisian usurer was on his death-bed, and the priest, to awaken in his bosom thoughts of his approaching dissolution, held before his glazing eyes a silver crucifix. "I can lend you but a small sum on so small a pledge, sir," said he, faintly; betraying the ruling passion strong even in death.

An elderly lady, going to her grocer's for her weekly ounce and a half of seven shillings mixed tea, said she always hoped for the *best*, but was prepared for the *worst*.

It is said that Fortune knocks once at every man's door. Perhaps she may; but there are many who have no sooner gone to open the door, than they find the knock proceeded from a runaway.

A certain merchant, sleeping in a commercial hotel, had given orders over night, that he should be called at a particular hour. Boots was punctual. "The morning has broke, sir," said he, drawing the curtain. "Let it break and go to mischief; it owes me nothing," said the sleepy trader.

A gentleman being irritated at some misconduct of his old servant, said, "John, either you or I must quit the house." "Very well, sir, where will your honour be ganging to?" said John.

An Irishman being asked what he came to America for, said, "Is it what I came here for, you mane? Arrah, by the powers, you may be sure that it wasn't for *want*, for I had plenty of that at home."

Counsellor Wallace once said to a countryman in a smock-frock, who was undergoing his examination in the witness-box, "You in the smock-frock, how much are you paid for lying?" "Less than you are, unfortunately, or you would be in a smock-frock too."

"What would our wives say, if they knew where we *are*?" said the captain of a schooner, when they were beating about in a thick fog, fearful of going ashore. "Humph, I shouldn't mind that, if we only knew where we were ourselves," replied the mate.

The servant of an officer one day met a crony, who inquired of him how he got on with his fiery master. "Oh, excellently; we live on very friendly terms," answered the servant; "every morning we beat each other's coats; the only difference is, he takes off his to be beaten, and I keep mine on."

Thomas Ram, bishop of Ferns, in Ireland, rebuilt the palace of that place, and finding, ere it was finished, that he should not long enjoy it, had the following inscription placed over the entrance-door—

This house *Ram* built for his succeeding brothers;  
So *sheep* bear wool, not for themselves but others.

Somewhere in the West, a sable knight of the lather and brush was performing the operation of shaving with a very dull razor. "Stop, that won't do," said the sufferer. "What's de matta, boss?" "That razor pulls." "Well, no matta for dat, sah. If de handle ob de razor don't break, de beard's bound to cum off."

The following inscription was recently to be seen upon a sign-board at York :—

Wallis and Stockton,  
Chemists and Druggists,  
Oils and Colours.

A countryman passing along the street, after considerable hesitation, succeeded in deciphering it, and was heard to read as follows :—

Waistcoats and Stockings,  
Chimneys and Drumsticks,  
Oliver Cromwell.

An attorney and a tailor meeting at a tavern, wagered a bottle which should make the best rhyme. The following was the result—

*The Lawyer :*

The world, though large, is but a span,  
It takes *nine tailors* to make a man.

*The Tailor :*

The world is wide, and full of evil,  
And *half a lawyer* makes a devil.

The company present decided that the *ninth part of the man* had beaten the *whole man*, and won the wager.

"Did you not tell me this morass was hard at the bottom?" said a young horseman to a countryman, when his horse had sunk up to his saddle girth. "Yes, I did, but you are not halfway to the bottom," answered the fellow.

An awkward man, attempting to carve a goose, dropped it on the floor. "There, now! we have lost our dinner," exclaimed his wife. "Oh, no, my dear, it is quite safe; for I have my foot on it," replied he.



"Are you not afraid your wife will get married again when you die?" "I hope she may, as there will be one man in the world who will know how to pity me."

A gentleman one day relating to a Quaker a tale of deep distress, concluded very pathetically by saying, "I could not but feel for him." To which the Quaker replied, "Verily, friend, thou did'st right in that thou did'st feel for thy neighbour, but did'st thou feel in the right place—did'st thou feel in thy pocket?"

Fontenelle lived to be nearly one hundred years old: a lady of nearly equal age said to him one day in a large company, "Monsieur, you and I stay here so long, that I have a notion death has forgotten us." "Speak as low as you can, madame, lest you should remind him of us," said Fontenelle.

"I declare," said Aunt Betsey, "he was the oddest creature that was ever put into a skin. He wa'n't like other men in any thing; he never eat his breakfast till the next day at noon."

A lady had all her cherries stolen in one night. The gardener was charging it on the robins. She replied, "I guess they were *two-legged* robins."

A gentleman at dinner asked a person sitting next him if he would please to pass the mustard? "Do you mistake me for a waiter, sir?" "Oh no; I mistook you for a gentleman," was the reply.

Counsellor Lamb was a man of timid manners and nervous disposition. On one occasion, when opposed in some cause to Erskine, he remarked that "he felt himself growing more and more timid, as he grew older." "No wonder; every one knows the older a *lamb* grows the more *sheepish* he becomes," replied the witty but relentless barrister.

A good-humoured master once said to his servant, "Pompey, I didn't know till yesterday that you had a whipping last week." "Ah, massa, don't you? Golly, I know it at de berry time of it."

A country preacher was one sultry day much annoyed by those who dropped in after the service had commenced invariably closing the door after them. He bore the vexation with Job-like patience, but at length being fairly exhausted from heat, he vociferated to a offender, "Friend, do, for goodness' sake, let that door be open. I believe if I was preaching in a bottle you would put the cork in."

One Sunday, when the minister of Udney entered the kirk, he was no less surprised than indignant to find that "Jamie Fleming" had taken possession of the pulpit. "Come doon, Jamie," said his reverence. "Come ye up, sir, they're a stiff-neckit and rebellious generation, sir, an' it will tack us baith to manage them," answered Jamie.

There was once a considerate gentleman, who, when about to put milk in his tea, carefully took out half a-dozen flies which were drowning in the jug; but then, after he had helped himself, replaced the insects in what was becoming their (milk and) watery grave, justly remarking, that though he did not like flies himself, yet there might be other people who did.

"No man can do anything against his will," said a metaphysician. "Faith," replied Pat, "I had a brother who went to Botany Bay against his will, faith did he!"

A country Jonathan, on first seeing a water-cart in an American city, exclaimed to the driver, "I say, hold on, mister. Your tub is busted behind, and all the water's leakin away."

An Irish labourer was indicted at an assize town in the north of England for stealing shreep, and having been asked by the clerk of arraigns the usual question, "How will you be tried?" replied with great simplicity, "Faith, sir, and I never was tried before, so I don't know how you manage those matters." The gravity of the court was put to the test by the answer, and some time elapsed before poor Pat could be made to understand what he was to reply.

A chap went up stairs wun neet rather molty, an it bein dark, he put agh his airms to prevent his runnin agean owt; at last, he went full bang we his noase agean t' bed poast, an daan he tumald. When he gat up again, he sed, 'Well, its t'first toime at ivver ah know'd at me noaze wur longer than my airms."

A school boy inquired of one of his mates,—Jim, what is the meaning of relic?—Don't know.—Well, I can tell you; you know the master licked me in school yesterday?—Yes.—Well, he was not satisfied with that, but kept me in the school and licked me again. That is what I call a re-lick."

An Irishman was on board a vessel, which having been overtaken by a storm, the captain cried out,—All hands to the pump, to the bottom we'll go, every soul.—No, no, said Paddy, you shall not cheat me. I have paid you for my passage to England, and I'll be taken, too.

"Ma, they say marriages are made in heaven; do you think they are?" "Why, my dear, it is a very general opinion." "Well, perhaps they are; but they seem a long time in coming down to some of us."

A young woman meeting a former fellow-servant, was asked how she liked her new place. "Very well."—"Then you've nothing to complain of?" "Nothing; only master and missus talks such bad grammar."

A gentleman observing an Irish servant girl who was left-handed, placing the knives and forks on the dinner table in the same awkward position, remarked to her that she was laying them left-handed. "Oh, indade," said she, "so I have—be plased, sir, to help me turn the table round."

A countryman walking along the streets of New York, found his progress stopped by a close barricade of wood. "What's this for," said he to a person in the street. "Oh, that's to stop the yellow fever." "Ay, I have often heard of the *Board* of Health, but I never saw it before."

An old man who had been dreadfully henpecked all his life, was visited on his deathbed by a clergyman. The old man appeared very indifferent, and the parson tried to arouse him by talking of the King of Terrors. "Hout, tout, man, I'm no scar't. The King o'Terrors? I've been living sax and thirty years with the Queen o'them, and the King canna be muckle waur."

"I never shot a bird in my life," said some one to his friend, who replied, "For my part I never shot anything in the shape of a bird, except a squirrel which I killed with a stone, when it fell into the river and was drowned."

At the ladies celebration at Barre, Massachussets, there were nine hundred of the fairest portion of creation present. Among the toasts were—"Old bachelors: may they lie alone on a bed of nettles, sit alone on a wooden stool, eat alone on a wooden trencher, and be their own kitchen-maids."

"I cannot find bread for my family," said a lazy fellow in company. "Nor I," replied an industrious miller, "I am obliged to work for it."

Arnold of Brescia was said to have sold himself to the fiend, who was to be Arnold's slave and do his bidding for a hundred years and a day; after which, Arnold of Brescia was to be the fiend's—for ever. A century elapsed—the fiend was summoned. "Now roll me back the cycle of a hundred years, or our bargain's nought," said Arnold of Brescia. The fiend fled: he had bought—and was sold



"Martha, does thee love me?" asked a Quaker youth of one at whose shrine his heart's fondest feelings had been offered up. "Why, Seth," answered she, "we are commanded to love one another, are we not?" "Ah, Martha! but dost not thee regard me with that feeling that the world calls *love*?" "I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth; I have greatly feared that my heart was an erring one; I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I may have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thee was getting rather more than thy share."

John Reeve was accosted by an elderly man with a small bottle of gin in his hand—"Pray, Sir, I beg your pardon, is this the way to the workhouse?" John, pointing to the bottle, gravely said, "No, my man, but that is."

A Gascon once boasted that he had travelled all over the known world. "Upon my word, gentlemen," he concluded, "I have been to the very end of the world—one step further and I should have trodden upon nothing."

A coarse-looking fellow went up to an old gentleman, and holding out his hand, remarked with a smile: "My dear sir, I cannot call you by name, but I am sure we have been together somewhere." "We may have," said the old gentleman, "for I have been in some very bad company in my days."

A cockney was proceeding down the High Street at Gravesend, in hot haste, in order to get on board the boat which he saw from a distance was at the pier, arrived there just in time to be too late—in other words, just as the boat had unshipped her fastenings, and put off. "Ah, Jemmy," said a friend of his who had watched his movements, "you did not run fast enough." "Yes, I did," said Jemmy; "I ran fast enough, but I did not start soon enough."

"Mary, I am glad your heel has got well." "Why?" said Mary, opening wide her large blue eyes with astonishment. "Oh, nothing," said John, "only, I see it's *able to be out*!"

"What's a clock, Pat?" inquired a traveller. "Next to nothing," answered the Milesian, with great confidence. "What do you mean?" asked the traveller. "Not quite one," replied Pat, "and it follows in coorse that what isn't one is next to nothing."

"Ah, my charming Lucy, you're the prettiest parcel ever waggoner *transported*—so tight, and so neatly put up," "Ah, Robin, how can you flatter me so, when you see that all my charms are on the *wain*."

