

Merry-thoughts on men and things.

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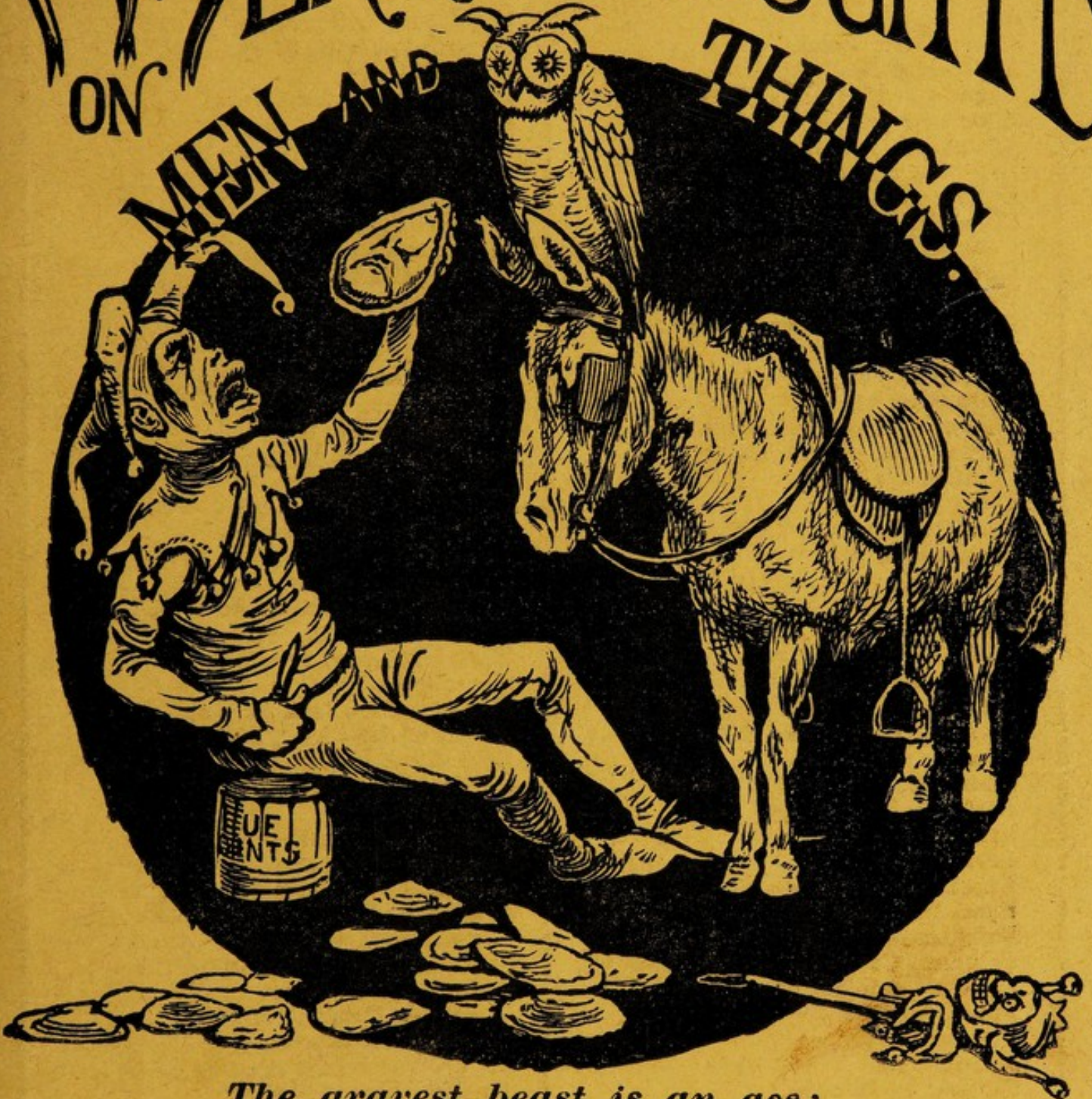
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MERRY-THOUGHTS

ON

MEAN AND

THINGS.



*The gravest beast is an ass;
The gravest bird is an owl;
The gravest fish is an oyster;
And the gravest man is a fool.*

JOE MILLER.

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MERRY-THOUGHTS

ON

MEN AND THINGS.

Paddy's Logic.



“THE sun is all very well,” said an Irishman, “but the moon is worth two of it; for the moon affords us light in the night-time when we *want it*, whereas the sun’s with us in the daytime, when we have *no occasion* for it.”

Complimentary.

LORD NORTH, who was very corpulent before a severe sickness, said to his physician after it, “Sir, I am obliged to you for introducing me to some old acquaintances.”

“Who are they, my lord?” inquired the doctor. “*My ribs*,” replied his lordship, “which I have not felt for many years until now.”

Dr. Johnson,

as quoted in the “Anti-Lancet,” writes:—“Astonishing and unaccountable is the degree of timidity and terror which annihilates, for a time, the whole energy of the mind, and renders the victim of *dyspepsia* afraid of his own shadow, or of things more unsubstantial, if possible, than shadows.”

Pure English.

Two Frenchmen wishing to show off their English in a London coffee-house, one remarked, “It does rain to-morrow.” “Yes, it was,” promptly replied his friend.

Dr. Rooke's “Anti-Lancet”—All should read it.

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A Novel Complaint.



A RICH man consulted a physician for a slight disorder. The physician felt his pulse and said, "Do you eat well?" "Yes," said the patient. "Do you sleep well?" "I do." "Then," said the physician, "I shall give you something to take away *all that!*"

Sheridan Knowles.

IN 1855, being then upwards of seventy years of age, Mr. Knowles was suffering from chronic sciatica and bronchial disease of long standing. He found no relief till he read Dr. Rooke's "Anti-Lancet," and tried the Oriental Pills and Solar Elixir.

Mistaken Identity.

A PHYSICIAN attending a lady several times had received a couple of guineas each visit. At last, when he was going away, she gave him but one; at which he was surprised, and, looking on the floor, "I believe, madam," said he, "I have *dropped a guinea.*" "No, sir," replied the lady, "it is I that have *dropped it.*"

A Good Remedy.

THE father of the late Charles Mathews was sometimes irresistibly funny, even during his last illness. He liked to have his friends about him, and even when he was in agony he would make them laugh at his very singular expressions. Once they thought he was asleep, and were talking round him, and one related how he had been in a fever, and was so overcome with thirst that he seized a bottle by his side and swallowed its contents, which proved to be ink. A gentleman remarked, "Why, that was enough to kill him!" The supposed sleeper yawned out, "Why no; he'd nothing to do but swallow a sheet of blotting-paper."



I am so much liked that I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." "Perhaps," said she, "you always went away without *paying!*"

Excessive Joy.

ON the effects of excessive joy, Dr. Rooke, in the "Anti-Lancet," says:—"In the English newspapers of May 27th, 1854, I read that upon the occasion of announcing a free discharge to the convicts in Newgate Prison, Dublin, who were under sentence of penal servitude, four of them were so overjoyed as to drop down dead!"

A Tight Fit.

AN old Scotch laird was once induced to employ an itinerant tailor instead of a metropolitan artist. In a short time a new pair of inexpressibles were sent home to him, and they were so tight that after waxing hot and red in the attempt to try them on, he let out rather savagely at the tailor, who calmly assured him "It's the fash'n; it's jest the fash'n." "Eh, ye haveril, is it the fashion for them no to go on?"

All the Difference.

ILL SLENDER wished to get married, but could not find courage to pop the question. On informing his father of the difficulty he laboured under, the old gentleman said passionately, "Why, you foolish fellow, how do you suppose I managed when I got married?" "Ah, yes," was the answer; "you married mother, but I've got to marry a strange girl."

Natural Grief.

ONE hiring a lodging said to the landlady, "I assure you, madam,



Looking Back.

IF a blacksmith, whom Sir Walter Scott had formerly known as a horse doctor, and whom he found at a small country town south of the Border practising medicine, with a reckless use of "laudamy and calomy," Lockhart tells a good story. When remonstrated with, he apologised for the mischief he might do with the assurance that it "would be long before it made up for Flodden."

In-door Relief.

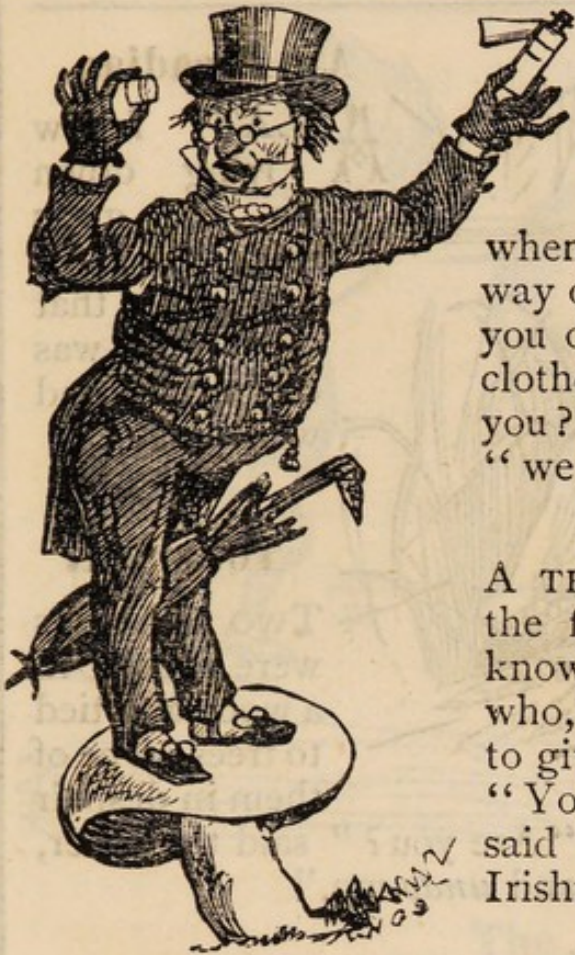
A MELTING sermon being preached in a country church, all fell a-weeping but one man, who, being asked why he did not weep with the rest, said, "O no, I belong to *another* parish."

The Death of Lord Byron

is ascribed by the "Anti-Lancet" to the use of the lancet; he called his physicians a "set of butchers." Had he been subjected to a more rational treatment "he might have been rendering literature more glorious by the effusions of his pen," instead of lying in "cold obstruction," the martyr of a pseudo-medical experiment.

Not to be Done.

"WHAT'S the price of this article?" said a deaf old lady. "Seven shillings," said the draper. "Seventeen shillings!" she exclaimed; "I'll give you thirteen." "Seven shillings is the price!" shouted the honest tradesman. "Oh, seven shillings," the lady sharply rejoined; "I'll give you five."



Had Him There.

AN American lecturer wished to explain to a little girl how a lobster casts its shell when he has outgrown it, so, by way of illustration, he said, "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you?" "Oh no," said the little one, "we let out the tucks."

A TEACHER asked a little girl who was the first man. She said she did not know. He then asked an Irish child, who, looking very proud at being able to give the answer, said, "Adam, sir." "You need not look so grand about it," said the first scholar, "he wasn't an Irishman."

Medical Science.

THE "uncertain foundation" on which rests the doctrine of ordinary medical science, is made apparent in the columns of the "Anti-Lancet." Yet none have spoken more strongly against medical philosophy than those who have been experts in it, and declared every dose of medicine to be an experiment!

Emperor of China.

SIR G. STAUNTON related a curious anecdote of old Kien Long, Emperor of China. He was inquiring of Sir George the manner in which physicians were paid in England. When, after some difficulty, his Majesty was made to comprehend the system, he exclaimed, "Is any man well in England that can afford to be ill? Now, I will inform you," said he, "how I manage my physicians. I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed: a certain weekly salary is allowed them, but the moment I am ill the salary stops till I am well again. I need not inform you my illnesses are *usually short*."



An Arcadian.

A LAZY fellow lying down on the grass said, "Oh, how I do wish that that this was called *work* and well paid."

Too Fast.

Two travellers were robbed in a wood and tied to trees. One of them in despair

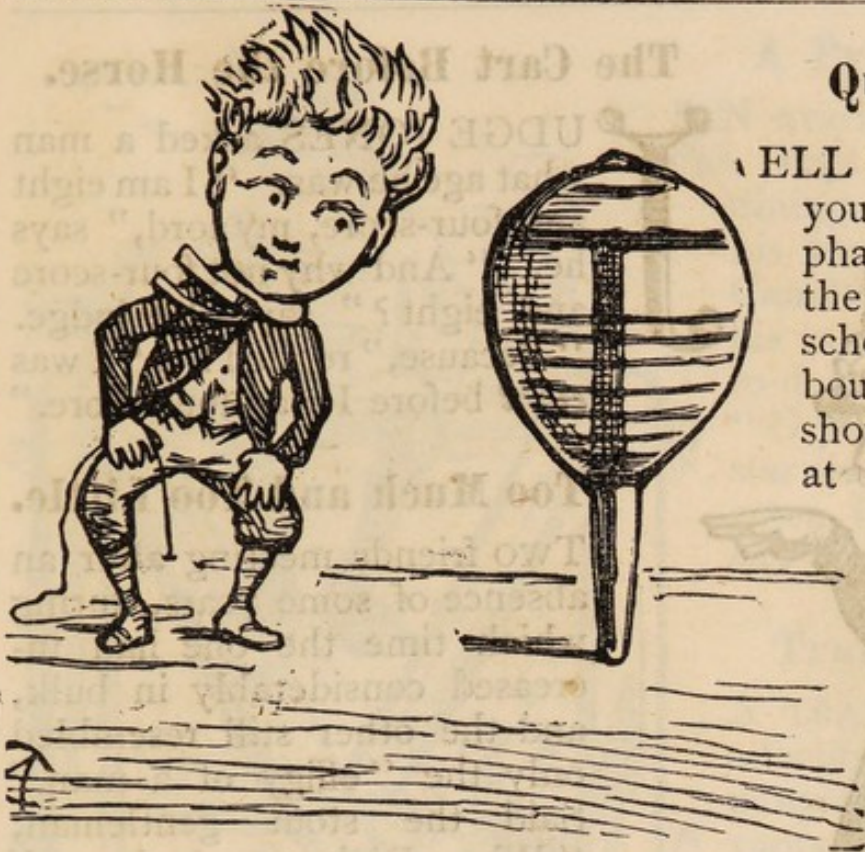
exclaimed, "Oh, I am undone!" "Are you?" said the other, joyfully, "then I wish you'd come and *undo* me."

The "Times" Newspaper,

in 1863, wrote thus of General Stonewall Jackson:—"After the general's feeble constitution had been exposed to hardships, privations, destitution, and exposure day and night, he was at length severely wounded, *lost much blood*, and inflammation of the chest set in." He was then *leeches* and cupped, when the correspondent lost "all hope of his recovery."

Cool.

MR. DUNLOP once met, with characteristic humour, an attempt which was made to play off a trick against him. It was known that he was to dine with a minister whose house was close to the church, so that he must return through the churchyard. Accordingly, some idle and mischievous youths waited for him in the dark night, and one of them came up to him dressed as a ghost, hoping to put him in a fright. But Mr. Dunlop's coolness soon put an end to the joke. Looking at the pretended apparition very quietly, he said, "Well, Mr. Ghost, is this the general rising, or are ye jist taking a solitary daunder by yourself?"



Quite Natural.

“TELL me now, did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?” asked the master of an infant school in a fast neighbourhood. “I have!” shouted a six-year-old at the foot of the class.

“Where?” inquired old spectacles, amused by his earnestness. “*On the elephant!*” was the reply.

The Dyspeptic

should read Dr. Rooke's observations on *diet*, in the “Anti-Lancet.” Invalids are recommended not to eat suppers, as they tend to perpetuate debility. Highly-seasoned foods are strongly deprecated. See the section referred to, page 29.

Fine Language.

A LEARNED lecturer was very fond of using long words. When he did this he was rather ashamed of himself, and paused to give the meaning in simple language. On one occasion he was addressing a rural audience, and used the word *catastrophe*, then immediately added, “that, you know, my friends, means the end of a thing.” Next day he was riding through the town, and a mischievous youth succeeded in fastening a bunch of furze to his horse's tail. The horse was a sober-minded and respectable quadruped, and took no notice of the addition which had been made to his caudal region, while the rider was entirely unconscious of it, until, as he was passing some cottages, he was arrested by the shrill voice of an old woman, exclaiming, “Heh, sir! Heh, sir! there's a whun-buss at your horse's catawstrophe.”

The Cart Before the Horse.

JUDGE JONES asked a man what age he was. "I am eight and four-score, my lord," says he. "And why not four-score and eight?" says the judge. "Because," replied he, "I was *eight* before I was four-score."



Too Much and Too Little.

Two friends meeting after an absence of some years, during which time the one had increased considerably in bulk, and the other still resembled only the "effigy of a man." Said the stout gentleman, "Why, Dick, you look as if you had not had a dinner since I saw you last." "And you," replied the other, "look as if you *had been at dinner ever since.*"

Metallic Poisons.

AGAINST metallic poisons of every kind, as used medicinally, Dr. Rooke, in his "Anti-Lancet," gives his unqualified condemnation. Hundreds of victims to them are hurried annually to a "premature grave." The Oriental Pills and Solar Elixir are free from these *debilitating poisons.*

A Good Salesman.

AN American map agent was on one of his journeys when he was attacked by highway robbers, who demanded his money. He had none, and so they were nonplused. "But," said the Yankee, "I have some splendid maps of the country along with me, which I should like to show you;" and in a twinkling he was off his horse, had a map stuck on a pole, and explained it so effectually that he sold each of the banditti a map, pocketed the money, and resumed his journey.



A Provident Boy.

AN avaricious Fenman, who kept a very scanty table, dining one Saturday with his son at an ordinary in Cambridge, whispered in his ear, "You must eat for to-day and to-morrow." "O yes," retorted the half-starved lad, "but I haven't eaten for *yesterday* and *to-day* yet, father."

Truth and Fiction.

A TRAVELLER relating his adventures, told the company that he and his servants had made fifty wild Arabs run; which startling them, he observed that

there was no great matter in it, "for," says he, "we ran, and they *ran after us*."

Indolence,

says the "Anti-Lancet," is contrary to the laws of health, "it lowers nervous energy, produces indigestion and its protean maladies," and is one of the chief causes of a "lamentable practice," that results in "nervous and muscular debility, and premature decay."

Considerable Latitude.

SIR RICHARD JEBB being called to see a patient who fancied himself very ill, told him ingenuously what he thought, and declined prescribing for him. "Now you are here," said the patient, "I shall be obliged to you, Sir Richard, if you will tell me how I must live—what I may eat, and what I may not." "My directions as to that point," replied Sir Richard, "will be few and simple. You must not eat the poker, shovel, or tongs, for they are hard of digestion; nor the bellows, because they are *windy*; but eat anything else you please."



Scotch Understanding.

HOW did it happen, a lady asked a very silly Scotch nobleman, that the Scots who came out of their own country were, generally speaking, men of more abilities than those who remained at home. "Oh, madam," said he, "the reason is obvious. At every outlet there are persons stationed to examine all who pass, that, for the honour of the country, no one be permitted to leave it who is not a man of understanding." "Then," said she, "I suppose your lordship was *smuggled*."

A Full Stop.

A GENTLEMAN was speaking of the kindness of his friends in visiting him. One old aunt, in particular, visited him *twice* a year, and stayed *six months* each time.

Worth Knowing.

ON the anatomy and physiology of the human body, Dr. Rooke's "Anti-Lancet" gives a concise and interesting dissertation. Even dyspeptic patients may read it with interest, and may be led to find a partial, if not total remedy for the disease that renders their life a burden and a calamity.

A Welsh Wiggling.

AN Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose country was the best living, said the Welshman, "There is such noble housekeeping in Wales that I have known above a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner." "Ay," answered the Englishman, "that was because every man *toasted* his own cheese."

Brutal Affections.

THE attachment of some ladies to their lapdogs amounts, in some instances, to infatuation. An ill-tempered lap-dog biting a piece out of a male visitor's leg, his mistress thus expressed her *compassion*: "Poor dear little creature! I hope it will not make him sick!"



A Case of Necessity.

A SHOPKEEPER, who had stuck up a notice in glaring capitals, "Selling off! Must close on Saturday!" was asked by a friend, "What! are you selling off?" "Yes; all the shopkeepers are selling off, ain't they?" "But you say, 'Must close on Saturday.'" "To be sure; would you have me *keep open* on Sunday?"

The Season-ings.

"COME here, Johnny, and tell me what the four *seasons* are." Young Prodigy: "Pepper, salt, mustard, and vinegar."

The Best Place for the Invalid.

AGAINST the practice of sending invalids abroad for health, the "Anti-Lancet" says:—"Multitudes are hurried abroad every year in the last stage of consumption, deserting the comforts of home and country, in pursuit of a shadow. . . . It is absurd, it is cruel, thus to send the suffering patient from his kindred and friends to die in a foreign land."

"I LOVE you still," the man said to his wife when she was giving him a curtain lecture."

Treats of the Principles of Life and Death.



Catching him up.

AN Irishman being asked who was the eldest, he or his brother; "I am eldest, said he; "but if my brother lives three years longer, we shall be *both* of an age

Common Politeness.

Two gentlemen having a difference, one went to the other's door, and wrote "Scoundrel!" upon it. The other called on his neighbour, and was told by a servant that his master was not at home. "No matter," was the reply; "I only wished to return his visit, as he *left his name* at my door in the morning."

Blood-Letting.

DR. ROOKE'S "Anti-Lancet" was one of the first serious attempts to grapple with the evils of blood-letting. Hence its name. He has proved blood-letting to be a fruitful cause of debility, and very disastrous to human life.

Brevity.

DR. ABERNETHY, the celebrated physician, was never more displeased than by hearing a patient detail a long account of troubles. A woman, knowing Abernethy's love of the laconic, having burned her hand, called at his house. Showing him her hand, she said, "A burn." "A poultice," quietly answered the learned doctor. The next day she returned, and said, "Better." "Continue the poultice," replied Dr. A. In a week she made her last call, and her speech was lengthened to three words, "Well; your fee?" "Nothing," said the physician; "you are the most sensible woman I ever saw."

How to Get Rid of an Enemy.



DR. MEAD, calling one day on a gentleman who had been severely afflicted with the gout, found, to his surprise, the disease gone, and the patient rejoicing on his recovery over a bottle of wine. "Ah!" said the doctor, shaking his head, "this Madeira will never do; it is the cause of all your suffering." "Well, then,"

rejoined the gay incurable, "fill your glass, for now we have found out *the cause*, the sooner *we get rid of it* the better."

Spirituos Liquors.

DR. ROOKE contends that the "abuse of spirituos liquors is a serious cause of debility. They tend not only to weaken the nervous fibres, but eventually to destroy the whole system." In cold climates the bad effects of spirits are conspicuously manifest.

A Doubtful Point.

A SCOTCH minister went one day to call on some members of his flock, and he came to a house where his gentle tapping could not be heard for the noise of contention within. After waiting a little, he opened the door and walked in, saying in an authoritative voice, "I should like to know who is the head of this house." "Weel, sir," said the husband and father, "if yer sit down a wee, we'll maybe be able to tell yer, for we're just trying to settle that point."

As You Like it.



I KNEW an old sea captain who used to say he didn't care how he dressed when abroad "because *nobody* knew him. And he didn't care how he dressed when at home because *everybody* knew him."

Better Known than Trusted.

A WELL-KNOWN borrower stopped a gentleman whom he did not know, and requested the loan of a sovereign. "Sir," said the gentleman, "I am surprised that you should ask me such a favour, as I do not know you." "O, dear sir," replied the borrower, "that's the very reason; for *those who do*, will not lend me a farthing."

It's easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient.

The Brain.

REFERRING to the brain, the "Anti-Lancet" says:—"The brain is merely the instrument by which the mind carries on its operations, but *is not of itself* capable of thought. . . . When the 'silver cord' is broken that connects *mind* with *matter*, vitality ceases."

The Angry Ocean.

"MOTHER, this book tells us about the angry waves of the ocean. Now, what makes the ocean get angry?" "Because it has been *crossed* so often, my son."

Short and Sharp.

"WHY, Mr. B.," said a tall youth to a little person who was in company with half-a-dozen huge men, "I protest you are so very small I did not see you before." "Very likely," replied the little gentleman; "I am like a sixpence among six penny pieces—not easily perceived, but worth the *whole* of them."



A Reproof.

“ I CAN’T find bread for my family,” said a lazy fellow in company. “ Nor I,” replied an industrious miller; “ I am obliged to *work* for it.”

A Sure Sign.

“ SOME folk’s tongues are like the clocks, as run on strikin’, not to tell you the time o’ the day, but because there’s summat wrong in their own inside.”
—MRS. POYSER.

Hard Study.

THE effects of hard study are thus referred to in Dr. Rooke’s “ Anti-Lancet : ”—“ Hard study is another direct cause of indigestion and debility. Energetic action cannot be kept up in the brain and stomach at the same time.” During a season of “ profound thought ” nervous power is withdrawn from the stomach and “ concentrated in the brain.” “ Hence the weak digestion and sallow complexion of literary men.”

Uncomfortable.

AN old Scotch minister, who was in the habit of preaching in the open air, took his place on a bank on one occasion, and unfortunately fixed himself on an ants’ nest. The active habits of these little creatures soon made the good man’s position very uncomfortable, and afraid that his audience might observe something of his discomfort from his manner, he apologised by remarking, “ Brethren, though I hope I have the word of God in my mouth, I think the deil himself has gotten into my breeks.”

An Honest Warranty.



A GENTLEMAN once bought a horse of a country dealer. The bargain concluded and the money paid, the gentleman said: "Now, my friend, I have bought your horse, what are his faults?" "I know of no faults that he has, except two," replied the man; "and one is, that he is hard to catch." "Oh! never mind that," said the buyer; "I will contrive to catch him at any time, I will engage; but what is the other?" "Ah, sir! that is the worst," an-

swered the fellow; "he is good for nothing when you *have* caught him."

A Repertory of Facts.

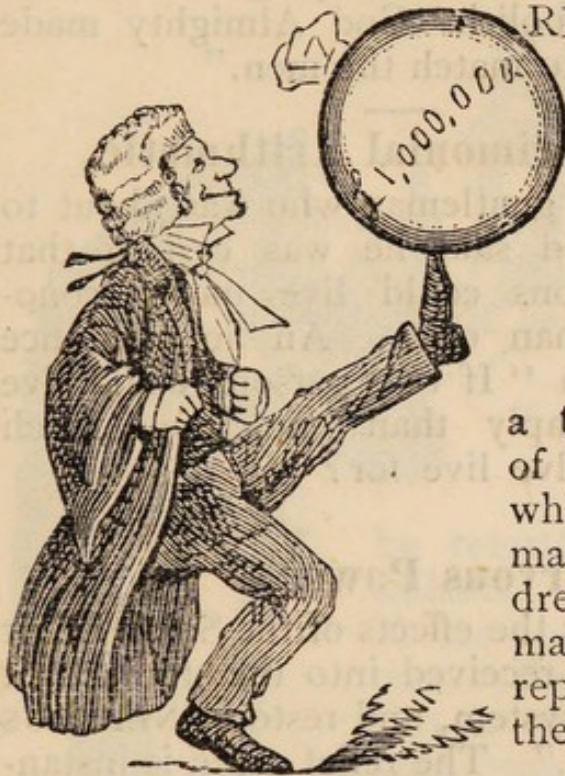
IN the preceding pages we have thrown out hints as to the value of the "Anti-Lancet" as a repertory of facts and suggestions with regard to disease, its causes and cure. The practical earnestness of the author is manifest on every page, and precludes the very suspicion of quackery. He was bent on discovery in the healing art, and acted after the manner of a public benefactor.

Truth Before Everything.

A SELF-MADE man having amassed a large fortune in business was afraid that his descendants would become ashamed of their lowly origin. He therefore built a handsome house and bought a large estate which he left to his eldest son, with the proviso that it was to be his so long as he kept a portrait of the founder of the house dressed as a workman and with a bag of tools in his hand over the dining-room mantelpiece. If this portrait was removed, the estate was to pass away to strangers. As might have been expected, this portrait became more and more an object of detestation to the *nouveaux riches*, and they would gladly have got rid of it if they could have done so without imperilling the family fortune. At last they hit upon the

following expedient. They had a Crusader painted on the back of the old gentleman's portrait, and then hung the picture in the place assigned to it, turning the old gentleman with his face to the wall. Then when inquiries were made as to the identity of the man in armour they said that this was a "portrait of the founder of the house," and they consoled themselves with the thought that if this was not the exact truth it was within three-quarters of an inch of it.

Clear the Court.



ORDERED to clear the court, an Irish crier at Ballinasloe did so by this announcement: "Now, then, all ye *blackguards* that isn't *lawyers* must lave the court."

A Riding Lesson.

"Is this the way to Ryde?" said a traveller, who was as ignorant of horsemanship as of the place for which he was inquiring. The countryman to whom the question was addressed carefully surveyed the horseman for a minute or two, and then replied, "Na, na; thee turns out thee toas too much."

Treatment of Diseases.

IN the chapter on this subject the "Anti-Lancet" observes:—"A knowledge of the cause of diseases is half their cure." "The means used must be *tonic* and *alterative*," and these qualities are the chief characteristics of the Oriental Pills and Solar Elixir.

A Sheepish Compliment.

ON one occasion Lord Cockburn was sitting on the hillside with a shepherd, and observing the sheep reposing in the coldest situation, he remarked to him, "John, if I were a sheep I would lie on the other side of the hill." The shepherd answered, "Ah, my lord, but if ye had been a *sheep* ye would hae had mair sense."



A Truth for the Ladies.

A LEARNED doctor has given his opinion that tight lacing is a public benefit, inasmuch as it *kills off* all the foolish girls, and leaves the wise only to grow into women.

Made to Match.

"I AM not denying the women are foolish—God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

Matrimonial Arithmetic.

A YOUNG gentleman who was about to be married said he was certain that two persons could live more economically than one. An acquaintance asked him "If two persons could live more cheaply than one, how much could twelve live for?"

Restoration of Nervous Power.

THE "Anti-Lancet" thus describes the effects of the Solar Elixir in the system: "After it has been received into the stomach, it is immediately absorbed by the system, and restores NERVOUS POWER throughout the whole body." The relief given is instantaneous in almost *all cases*.

One Way of Looking at It.

AN old clerical friend upon Speyside, a confirmed old bachelor, had a very faithful minister's man, who had been in his service for many years, and was engaged, at the time we speak of, to be married to the younger of the minister's two female servants. Johnnie went up-stairs one evening to arrange details with the old gentleman, who immediately said to him, "Oh, Johnnie man, is this you? Fat's this you're coom about the nicht? Sit down an' tell me." "Weel, sir, I jist cam to tell you that I'm gaun to be married; an' I wint to settle fat day'll be convenient for you." "Vera weel, Johnnie man, but wha is 't that you're

takin'?" "Ou!" says Johnnie, "I'm no gaun far for a wife, for I'm jist takin' the lassie doun in your kitchin, an' we're gaun to be proclaimed upon Sabbath; and we'll gie you as little trouble as we can, an' jist come up the stairs ony evenin' convenient for you, sir, an' get it a' dune here by yoursel' sir." "Weel, weel, Johnnie, I sall be rale gled to settle some nicht neist week wi' you baith. An' I'm rale happy to hear a' this, for," added the good old bachelor, at this time above *fourscore* years old, "in my opinion, Johnnie, marriage is a vera harmless amusement."

A Stray Shot.

N officer, in battle, happening to *bow*, a cannon-ball passed over his head and took off that of the soldier who stood behind him. "You see," said he, "that a man never loses by politeness."

Serve Him Right.

COLONEL BIRCH, who sat in the House of Commons in 1675, had a coarse but ready wit, with which he retorted without distinction on all assailants. A reflection having been made in the House upon his former occupation (that of a carrier) Birch replied, with justifiable contempt, "It is very true, as that gentleman says, I once was a carrier; and let me tell that gentleman it is very fortunate for him that he never was a carrier, for if he had, he would have been a carrier still."

The Slavish Effects of Custom

are laid bare in Dr. Rooke's "Anti-Lancet," in his strictures on bleeding. He says:—"The false philosophy of Aristotle" enslaved the minds of man for a "thousand years;" and blood-letting has been more disastrous still; yet "solemn pedantry" prescribed it as an infallible panacea for numerous diseases, which were invariably aggravated, and in many cases actually produced, by the practice.





Worthy of Credit.

AN Irish gentleman was applied to by a crossing-sweeper for charity. The "gentleman" replied, "I will remember you when I return." "Please your honour," says the man, "I'm ruined by the *credit* I give in that way."

Real Sympathy.

A GENTLEMAN being told that an acquaintance was married, exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it," but reflecting a moment, he added, in a tone of compassion, "Yet I don't know why I should be ; he never did me any harm."

What to Do.

ALL who wish to prolong life should read Dr. Rooke's "Anti-Lancet." It may be procured, post free, from your Patent Medicine Vendor, or post free from Dr. Rooke, Scarborough, England. Concerning this book, the late eminent author, Sheridan Knowles, observed : "It will be an incalculable boon to every person who can read and think."

Short Stories.

SIR WALTER SCOTT once stated that he kept a Lowland laird waiting for him in the library at Abbotsford, and that when he came in, he found the laird deep in a book which Sir Walter perceived to be "Johnson's Dictionary." "Well, Mr. —," said Sir Walter, "how do you like your book?" "They're vera pretty stories, Sir Walter," replied the laird ; "but they're unco' short."

Why Not?

AN honest Highlander observed a magnificent man in full tartans standing at the door of the Blair Athole Hotel, and noticed, with much admiration, the wide dimensions of his nostrils in a fine up-turned nose. He accosted him, and, as a most complimentary act, offered him his mull for a pinch. The stranger drew up, and rather haughtily said, "I never take snuff!" "Oh!" said the other, "that's a peety, for there's grand accommodation."

Medical Discovery.

DR. ROOKE says, in the "Anti-Lancet," that the discovery of the Oriental Pills and Solar Elixir was the "result of many long years' laborious application to the study of vegetable chemistry—a science which," he says, "has been little understood by the profession."

Complimentary.

YOUNG lady from the country got into a tram-car. In a minute or two the conductor came to her and said, "Your fare, miss." The lady blushed. The conductor repeated, "Your fare, miss." The lady blushed more deeply. By this time the conductor began to look foolish. After a pause, however, he again repeated, "Miss, your fare." "Well," said the lady, "they say at home that I am good-looking, but I don't see why you want to say it out so loud."

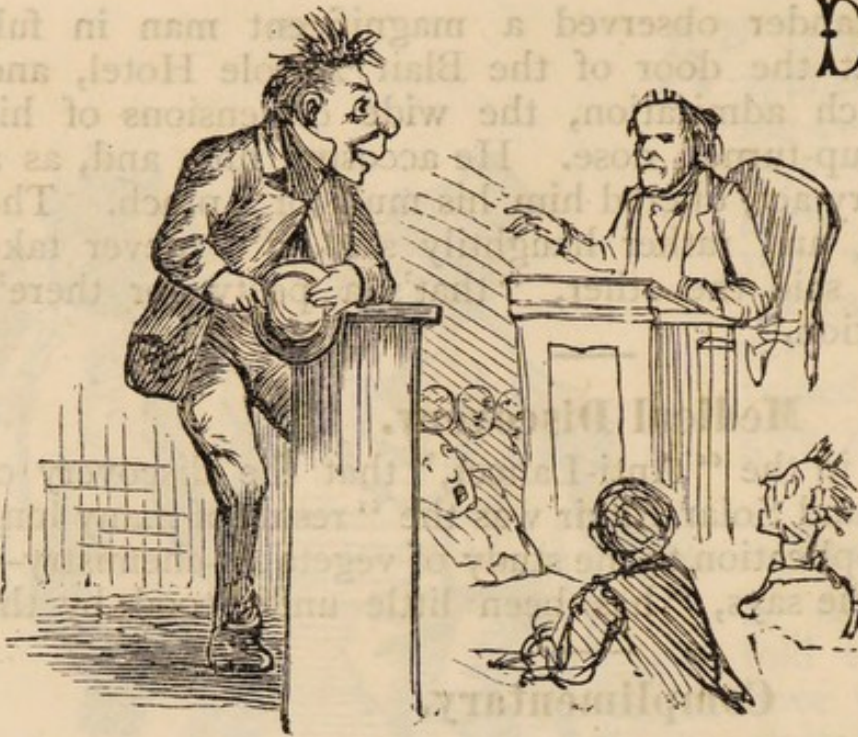
Not a Good Customer.

A CITY man who takes a business view of things, when asked recently about a person of a poetic temperament said, "Oh, he is one of those men who have soarings after the indefinite and divings after the unfathomable, but who never pay cash."



For a Copy of Dr. Rooke's "Anti-Lancet," gratis.

A Comparison.



DURING the as-sizes, in a case of assault and battery, where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following clear and conclusive evidence was drawn out of a Yorkshire-man:—

“Did you see the defendant throw the stone?” — “I saw a stone,

and I’ze pretty sure the defendant throwed it.”

“Was it a large stone?” — “I should say it wur a largish stone.”

“What was its size?” — “I should say a sizeable stone.”

“Can’t you answer definitely how big it was?” — “I should say it was a stone of some bigness.”

“Can’t you give the jury some idea of the stone?” — “Why, as near as I recollect, it was something of a stone.”

“Can’t you compare it to some other object?” — “Why, if I were to compare it, so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it wur as large as a lump of chalk !”

Advice Gratis.

THE numerous cures that have been effected by Dr. Rooke’s medicines should induce people to secure a copy of the “Anti-Lancet,” which affords such remarkable testimony as to the value of the altera-tonic treatment.

A Grave Prospect.

A CERTAIN beadle fancied the manse housemaid, but was at a loss for an opportunity to declare himself. One Sunday, when his duties were ended, he looked sheepish, and said, “Mary,

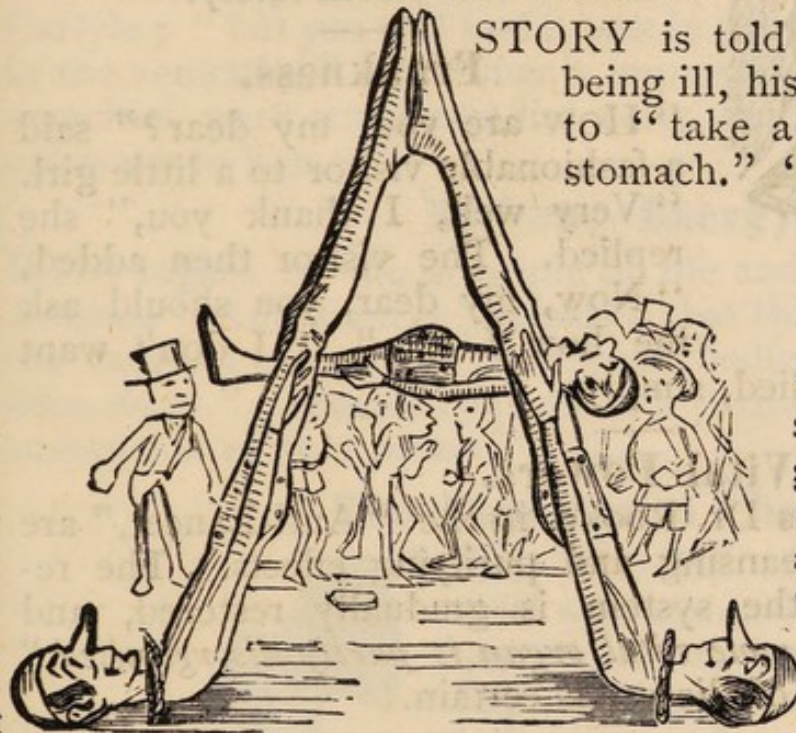
wad ye take a turn, Mary?" He led her to the churchyard, and, pointing with his finger, got out, "My fowk lie there, Mary; wad ye like to lie there?" The hint was taken, and she became his wife.

Nervous Power,

says Dr. Rooke, in his "Anti-Lancet," "influences the organs of digestion, of sanguification, and of assimilation, and enables them to perform their functions. Its importance, therefore," he continues, "in the economy of health and life will be apparent." "DEBILITY is not only the CAUSE but the consequence of ALL DISEASES."

Whose?

STORY is told of Sydney Smith who, being ill, his physician advised him to "take a walk upon an empty stomach." "Upon whose?" said he.



Rather Short.

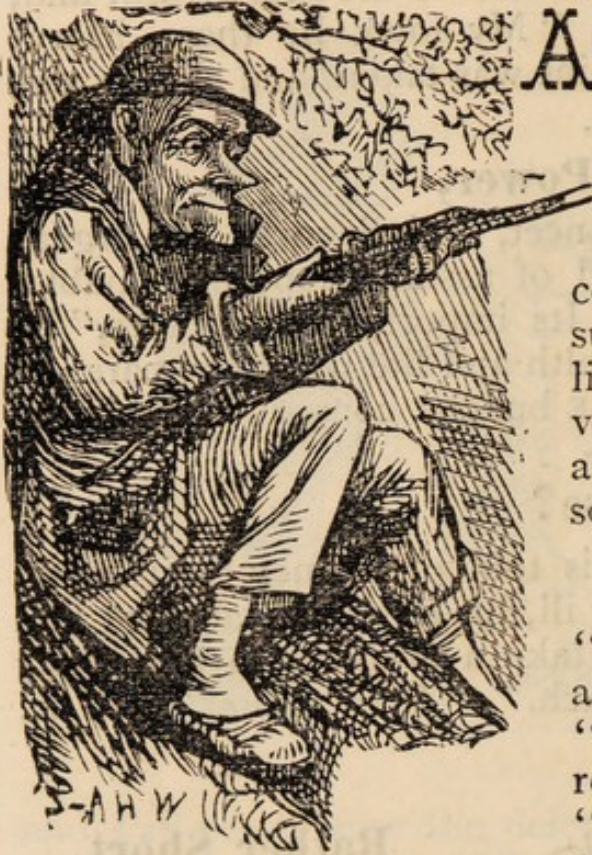
"FELLOW - CITIZENS," said a candidate for Congress out west, not long ago, "you are well aware that I never went to school but threetimes, and that was to a night school. Two nights the teacher

didn't come, and t'other night I hadn't any candle."

Extraordinary Compromise.

AT Durham assizes a deaf old lady, who had brought an action for damages against a neighbour, was being examined, when the judge suggested a compromise, and instructed counsel to ask what she would take to settle the matter. "His lordship wants to know what you will take," asked the learned counsel, bawling as loud as he could in the old lady's ear. "I thank his lordship kindly," answered the ancient dame; "and if it's no inconvenience to him, I'll take a little *warm ale!*"

Paying in Kind.



A FARMER having lost some ducks, was asked by the counsel for the prisoner accused of stealing them to describe their peculiarity. After he had done so, the counsel remarked, "They can't be such a rare breed, as I have some like them in my yard." "That's very likely," said the farmer; "these are not the *only ducks* of the same sort I've had stolen lately."

Frankness.

"How are you, my dear?" said a fashionable visitor to a little girl. "Very well, I thank you," she replied. The visitor then added, "Now, my dear, you should ask me how I am." "I don't want to know," the child replied, simply.

Vital Powers.

THE Oriental Pills, says Dr. Rooke, in the "Anti-Lancet," are remarkable for their cleansing and purifying effects. The recuperative power of the system is gradually restored, and "except in cases where some vital organ is partly disorganised," the relief and even cure of disease is certain.

Carlyle's Tobacco.

CARLYLE'S habit of smoking had begun in his boyhood, probably at Ecclefechan, before he came to Edinburgh University. His father, he told me, was a moderate smoker, confining himself to an ounce of tobacco a week, and so thoughtfully as always to have a pipe ready for a friend out of that allowance. Carlyle's allowance in his mature life, though he was very regular in his times and seasons, must have been at least eight times as much. Once, when the canister of "free-smoking York River" on his mantel-piece was nearly empty, he told me not to mind that, as he had "about half a stone more of

the same up-stairs." Another tobacco anecdote of Carlyle, which I had from the late G. H. Lewes, may be worth a place here. One afternoon, when his own stock of "free-smoking York River" had come to an end, and when he had set out to walk with a friend (Lewes himself, if I recollect rightly), he stopped at a small tobacco-shop in Chelsea, facing the Thames, and went in to procure some temporary supply. The friend went with him, and heard his dialogue with the shopkeeper. York River having been asked for, was duly produced, but as it was not of the right sort, Carlyle, while making a small purchase, informed the shopkeeper most particularly what the right sort was, what was its name, and at what wholesale place in the City it might be ordered. "Oh, we find that this suits our customers very well," said the man. "That may be, sir," said Carlyle; "but you will find it best in the long run always to deal in the veracities." The man's impression seemed to be that the veracities were some peculiar curly species of tobacco hitherto unknown to him.

Nervous Energy.

WITH regard to the principle of life and Nervous Energy, Dr. Rooke's "Anti-Lancet" remarks that this mysterious fluid "is the cause of all motion in animal bodies, and preserves them from decay." Disease consists in a partial, and death in a total, suspension of that power.

The Doctrine of Chances.



LORD KAMES used to relate a story of a man who claimed the honour of his acquaintance on rather singular grounds. His lordship, when one of the justiciary judges, returning from the north circuit to Perth, happened one night to sleep at Dunkeld. The next morning, walking towards the ferry, but apprehending he had missed his way, he asked a man whom he met to conduct him. The other answered with much cordiality, "That I will do, with all my heart, my lord; does not your lordship remember me? My name's John —; I have had the honour to be before your lordship for stealing sheep!" "Oh, John, I

remember you well; and how is your wife? She had the honour to be before me, too, for receiving them, knowing them to be stolen." "At your lordship's service. We were very lucky we got off for want of evidence; and I am still going on in the butcher trade." "Then," replied his lordship, "we may have the honour of *meeting again*."

An Excellent Standpoint.



ANY years ago, when the late Lord Beaconsfield (then Mr. Disraeli) was a young man, he determined to enter Parliament, and offered himself as a candidate for a vacant borough. He was opposed by a gentleman of local celebrity, who, in his speech to the electors, made a point of declaring again and again, "I *stand* upon my knowledge of the town and its needs, I *stand* upon my connection with the borough," &c. &c. This expression was repeated so often that the audience noticed it, and when young Disraeli rose to speak, a man in the crowd shouted out, "What do you stand on, then?" To which Disraeli immediately responded, "I stand, sir, on my head."

Testimonials.

THERE is a prevalent idea that testimonials in medical works are manufactured. What truth there may be in this statement as far as others are concerned it boots not to inquire, but it does not apply to the cures published in the "Anti-Lancet," which are perfectly genuine, the witness being the letters themselves, from all parts of the country. They may be read in the "Anti-Lancet" with profit.

One Bite at a Cherry.

A YOUNG fellow once offered to kiss a Quakeress. "Friend," said she, "thee must not do it." "Oh, *by Jove!* but I must," said the youth. "Well, friend, as thee hast *sworn*, thee may do it, but thee must not make a practice of it."

Not Worth it.

AN Irishman jumped into the water to save a man from drowning,

on receiving sixpence from him as a reward, looked first at the sixpence then at the rescued man, and said, "I'm overpaid for the job."

Medical Errors.

THE author of the "Anti-Lancet," in early life, was "struck with the fact that all the medical systems hitherto promulgated in this country are false, seeing that they have no fixed principles, and hence lead to fatal errors in practice." One doctor ascribes the frequency of consumption to the use of bark, another thinks it an effectual remedy.

A Roland for an Oliver.

MR. HAWKINS, Q.C., engaged in a cause before the late Lord Campbell, had frequently to mention the damage done to a brougham, and this word he pronounced, according to its orthography, *brough-am*. "If my learned friend will adopt the usual designation, and call the carriage a *bro'am*, it will save the time of the court," said Lord Campbell, with a smile. Mr. Hawkins bowed, and accepted his lordship's pronunciation of the word during the remainder of his speech. When Lord Campbell proceeded to sum up the evidence, he had to refer to the omnibus which had damaged the *bro'am*, and in doing so pronounced the word also according to its orthography.

Post free from Dr. Rooke, Scarborough, England.



"I beg your lordship's pardon," said Mr. Hawkins, very respectfully; "but if your lordship will use the common designation for such a vehicle, and call it a 'buss——'" The loud laughter which ensued, and in which his lordship joined, prevented the conclusion of the sentence.

Not True.



A LADY was asked by her friends if she really intended to marry Mr. —, who was a good kind of a man, but so very singular. "Well," replied the lady, "if he is very much *unlike* other men, he is more likely to make a good husband."

Had him there.

"ACCORDING to Milton, Eve kept silence in Eden to hear her husband talk," said a gentleman to his wife, and then added in a melancholy tone, "Alas! there have been no Eves since." "Because there have been no husbands worth listening to," was the reply.

Turning the Table.

ON one occasion two irreverent young fellows determined to confound a well-known Scotch minister, the Rev. Walter Dunlop. Coming up to him in the High Street at Dumfries,

they accosted him with much solemnity, "Mr. Dunlop, have you heard the news?" "What news?" "The devil's dead." "Is he?" said Mr. Dunlop, "Then I must pray for two fatherless bairns."

Rather Saucy.

"YOU had better ask for manners than money," said a finely-dressed gentleman to a beggar who asked for alms. "I asked for what I thought you had *the most of*," was the cutting reply.



Wrong Direction.

"ARE ye going to start soon, Mr. Pilot?" said a cockney on board a steamer lying-to during a fog. "As soon as the fog clears up," replied the pilot. "Well, it's starlight now overhead," said the cockney. "Oh, yes!" said the pilot, "but we are not going that way."

The Victim of Consumption

is thus depicted in the words of Kirke White, one of its striking victims:—

"Ah! I had planned full many a sanguine scheme
Of earthly happiness—romantic schemes,
And fraught with loveliness; and it is hard
To feel the hand of death arrest one's steps,
And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades,
Lost in the gaping gulph of blank oblivion."

See "Anti-Lancet," p. 126.

Everyone should read the "Anti-Lancet."

All the Difference.

A SCOTCH countryman lost his wife and a favourite cow on the same day. His friends consoled him for the loss of his wife, and, being highly respectable, several hints and offers were made towards getting another for him. "Ou ay," he at length replied, "you're a' keen anouch to get me another wife, but no yin o' ye offers to gie me anither coo."

Little to Give.

UEER-STICK threw off the blame of the rudeness of his children in company by saying that his wife always "gives them their own way." "Poor things!" was the prompt response, "it's *all* I have to give them."

Left-handed Reading.

A SERVANT girl who could not read had from constant attendance got the church service by heart. A few Sundays previous to her marriage her sweetheart accompanied her to church, and she did not wish him to know that she could not read; she therefore took up the prayer-book and held it before her. Her lover, trying to look over it with her, saw that she held it upside down. "Good

heavens!" he cried, astonished, "why, you have the book wrong side upwards." "I know it," she said, confusedly; "I always read so, for I am left-handed."

A Popular Fallacy.

THE "Anti-Lancet" says that it is a popular fallacy that consumption is incurable. Dr. Rooke unhesitatingly declares that it is, in many instances, curable. This is demonstrable from the numerous cures that have been effected by his altera-tonic treatment, and that are recorded in his note-book.



A Hint for Genealogists.



R. MOORE, who derived his pedigree from Noah, explained it in this manner:—
 “Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and one *more*.”

Old Bachelors.

“I KNOW what the men like—a poor soft as 'ud simper at 'em like the picture of the sun, whether they did right or wrong, and say thank you for a kick, an' pretend she did na know which end she stood uppermost till her husband told her. That's what a man wants in a wife mostly; he wants to make sure of one fool as 'ull tell him he's wise. But there's some men can do without that—they think so much o' themselves already, an' that's how it is there's old bachelors.”—MRS. P.

The Solar Elixir

is thus described in the “Anti-Lancet:”—“It is a rich cordial, and forms a most powerful tonic, or restorative and anti-spasmodic medicine, of an EXQUISITE AROMA and very DELICATE FLAVOUR. It is made of the very best materials, regardless of cost, and if the bottles are even left uncorked, the Solar Elixir retains its delicious fragrance and taste for some months—a property which cannot be said to belong to any other medicine in the world.”

Full Inside.

CHARLES LAMB, one afternoon, in returning from a dinner-party, took his seat in a crowded omnibus, when a stout gentleman subsequently looked in, and politely asked, "Full inside?" "I don't know how it may be, sir, with the *other* passengers," answered Lamb, "but that last piece of oyster-pie did the business for *me*." —

Heads or Tails.

LORD ENNISKILLEN, on the death of his father, found a piece of waste land the subject of desperate contention between him and an old lady. So he called on her, and found her rather stiff and shy, as was natural. At last conversation got to the Chancery suit in which they were just embarking. Lord Enniskillen took out a sovereign, remarking, "Well, I think this is a better way of settling the business," tossed it up, crying, "Heads or tails?" "Tails!" cried the old lady, falling involuntarily into the humour, and tails it was, and the land was hers. A few days after, Lord Enniskillen had to preside at a dispensary meeting, when a very handsome sum was sent in by the old lady, who had had the land appraised, and feeling some misgivings, had sent the exact amount to this charity. —

Doing the Little Heathen.

A CERTAIN Sunday-school teacher used to make a collection for the missionaries every Sunday in his class. One day he found among the contributions a bad shilling. He at once asked the class who put it there, and the donor was pointed out to him. "Did you know this money was good for nothing?" asked the teacher. "Yes," said the boy. "Then what did you put it in the box for?" "I didn't suppose the little heathen would know the difference, and thought it would be just as good for them." —

Aperient Medicines.

CONCERNING these, the "Anti-Lancet" says:—"An endless variety have been recommended to remove costiveness, such as senna, aloes, lenitive electuary, sulphur, Epsom salts, &c., also pills containing gamboge and colocynth. All these have been tried only to fail; for after being used a few times, they always leave the bowels in a worse state than before."

There is nothing drastic in the Oriental Pills.

DR. ROOKE'S ORIENTAL PILLS AND SOLAR ELIXIR.

THESE WELL-KNOWN FAMILY MEDICINES have had a continually increasing sale throughout the United Kingdom and the British Colonies since their introduction in 1836, and are especially noted for their STRENGTHENING and RESTORATIVE Properties ; hence their invariable success in the RELIEF and CURE of

INDIGESTION,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS,

Pulmonary CONSUMPTION,
RHEUMATISM,
GOUT, SCROFULA,
GENERAL DEBILITY,

And all Diseases of the NERVOUS SYSTEM,

Whether arising from a sedentary mode of life, unhealthy occupation, insalubrious climate, or other cause whatsoever.

THE ORIENTAL PILLS & SOLAR ELIXIR

Are prepared only by CHARLES ROOKE, M.D., SCARBOROUGH.

The PILLS are sold in Boxes at *1s. 1½d.* and *4s. 6d.* each ;
the ELIXIR in Bottles at *4s. 6d.* and *11s.* each, duty
included. Around each Box and Bottle are wrapped

Directions for the guidance of Patients in all
Diseases.

CROSBY'S

BALSAMIC

COUGH ELIXIR.

OPIATES, NARCOTICS, and SQUILLS are too often invoked to give relief in COUGHS, COLDS, and all PULMONARY DISEASES. Instead of such fallacious remedies, which yield momentary relief at the expense of enfeebling the digestive organs, and thus increasing that debility which lies at the root of the malady, modern science points to CROSBY'S BALSAMIC COUGH ELIXIR as the true remedy.

DR. ROOKE'S TESTIMONIAL.

DR. ROOKE, Scarborough, author of the "Anti-Lancet," says:—

"I have repeatedly observed how
 "very rapidly and invariably it
 "subdued Cough, Pain, and Irri-
 "tation of the Chest in cases of
 "Pulmonary Consumption; and

"I can, with the greatest con-
 "fidence, recommend it as a most
 "valuable adjunct to an otherwise
 "strengthening treatment for this
 "disease."

This Medicine, which is free from opium and squills, not only allays the local irritation, but improves digestion and strengthens the constitution. Hence it is used with the most signal success in

**ASTHMA,
 BRONCHITIS,
 CONSUMPTION,**

**COUGHS,
 INFLUENZA,
 QUINSY,**

CONSUMPTIVE NIGHT SWEATS,

And all Affections of the THROAT and CHEST.

Sold in Bottles, at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each, by all respectable Chemists, and wholesale by JAMES M. CROSBY, Chemist, Scarborough.

* * * *Invalids should read Crosby's Prize Treatise on "DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND AIR-VESSELS," a copy of which can be had GRATIS of all Chemists.*