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### **STOP MY PIG!**

ABSCONDED from his lodgings a male pig seven or eight weeks old, of the Newbury white breed. Whoever may have taken him into custody, or seen him in his wanderings, and will give information thereof at this office, will be compensated. He was last seen at full speed taking an air line for Vassalborough the place of his nativity.

September 7, 1832, Kennebec Journal

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J.A.R. —**SARCASM AND INDIFFERENCE HAVE** driven me from you. I sail in next steamer for Europe. Shall I purchase tickets for two, or do you prefer to remain to wound some other loving heart? Answer quick, or all is lost. **EMELIE.**

December 18, 1865, New York Herald

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### **REWARDS**

**A REWARD OF \$75 WILL BE PAID, IN ADDITION** to the sum already offered, for the arrest of the villian J. Wilkes Booth, who assassinated Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States, at Ford's theatre, Washington, D.C., on the evening of the 14th of April, 1865. **GEORGE WM. MATTHEWS,** Williamsburg, L.I., N.Y

April 19, 1865, New York Herald

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**IF THE LADY WHO, FROM AN OMNIBUS, SMILED** on a gentleman with a bunch of bananas in his hand, as he crossed Wall street, corner of Broadway, will address X., box 6,735 Post office, she will confer a favor

March 21, 1866, New York Herald

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**WANTED—A young lady of German parentage; must be a 36 bust and understand bookkeeping on a small scale. Apply Milbauer & Bleiweiss, ladies' and misses' cloaks, 419 Broadway**

January 2, 1892, New York World

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“In some respects Mr. Pepys reminds one of a type that is now commoner in Scotland, I fancy, than elsewhere. He himself seems at one time to have taken the view that he was of Scottish descent. None of the authorities, however, will admit this, and there is apparently no doubt that he belonged to an old Cambridgeshire family that had come down in the world, his father having dwindled into a London tailor. In temperament, however, he seems to me to have been more Scottish than the very Scottish Boswell. He led a double life with the same simplicity of heart. He was Scottish in the way in which he lived with one eye on the “lassies” and the other on “the meenister.” He was notoriously respectable, notoriously hard-working, a judge of sermons, fond of the bottle, cautious, thrifty. He had all the virtues of a K.C.B. He was no scapegrace or scallywag such as you might find nowadays crowing over his sins in Chelsea.

Extract from *The Art of Letters*, by Robert Lynd, New York, 1921

—And there's your Latin quarter hat, he said.  
Stephen picked it up and put it on. Haines called to them from the doorway:

—Are you coming, you fellows?

—I'm ready, Buck Mulligan answered, going towards the door. Come out, Kinch. You have eaten all we left, I suppose. Resigned he passed out with grave words and gait, saying, wellnigh with sorrow:

—And going forth he met Butterly.  
Stephen, taking his ashplant from its leaningplace, followed them out and, as they went down the ladder, pulled to the slow iron door and locked it. He put the huge key in his inner pocket.  
At the foot of the ladder Buck Mulligan asked:

—Did you bring the key?

—I have it, Stephen said, preceding them  
He walked on. Behind him he heard Buck Mulligan club with his heavy bathtowel the leader shoots of ferns or grasses.

—Down, sir! How dare you, sir!

**Extract from Ulysses, by James Joyce, 1922**