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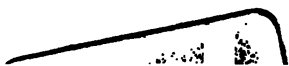
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27. 335.



In a notice in The Particular
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(p. 195), the title of this
work is given as:
Old Sayings and Songs
newly profounded, in Prose
and Verse.

Unless this is an inaccuracy,
it would seem therefore
that another issue of the book
exists with the above title.

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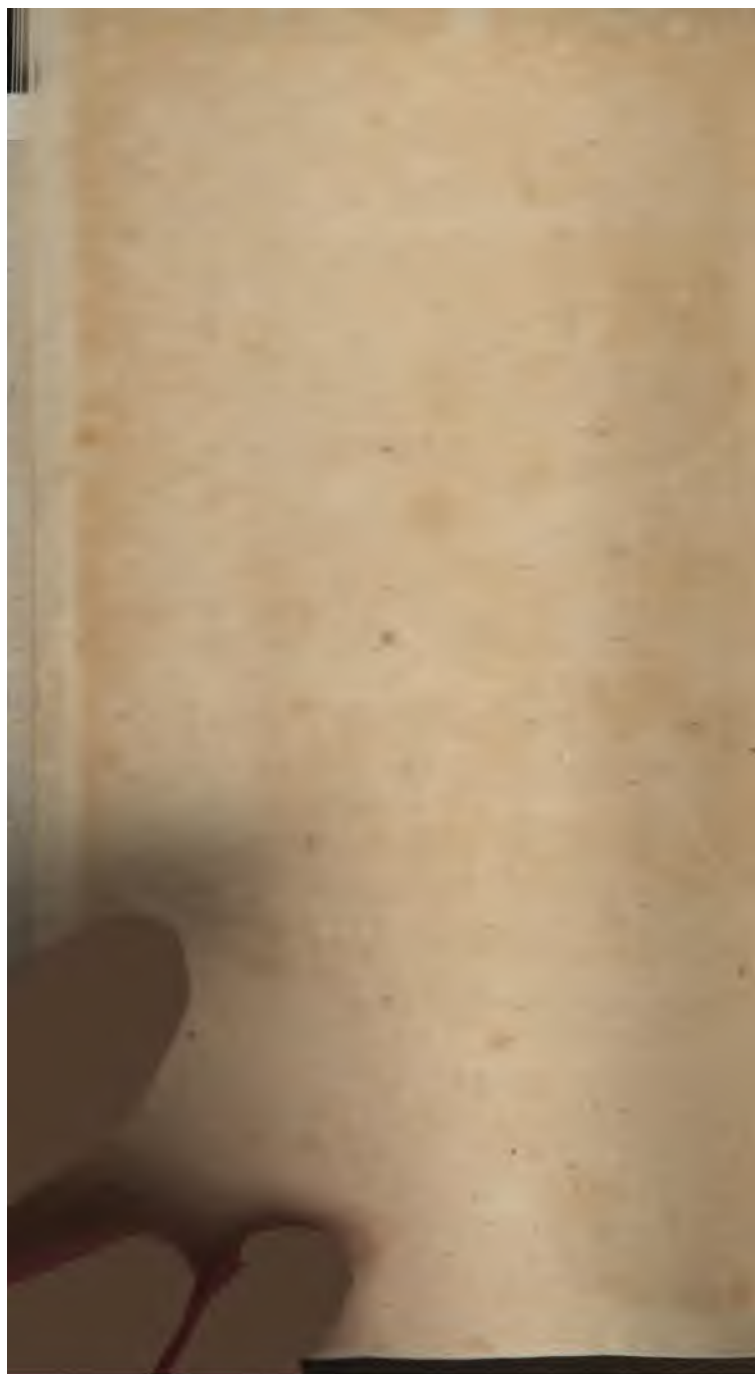
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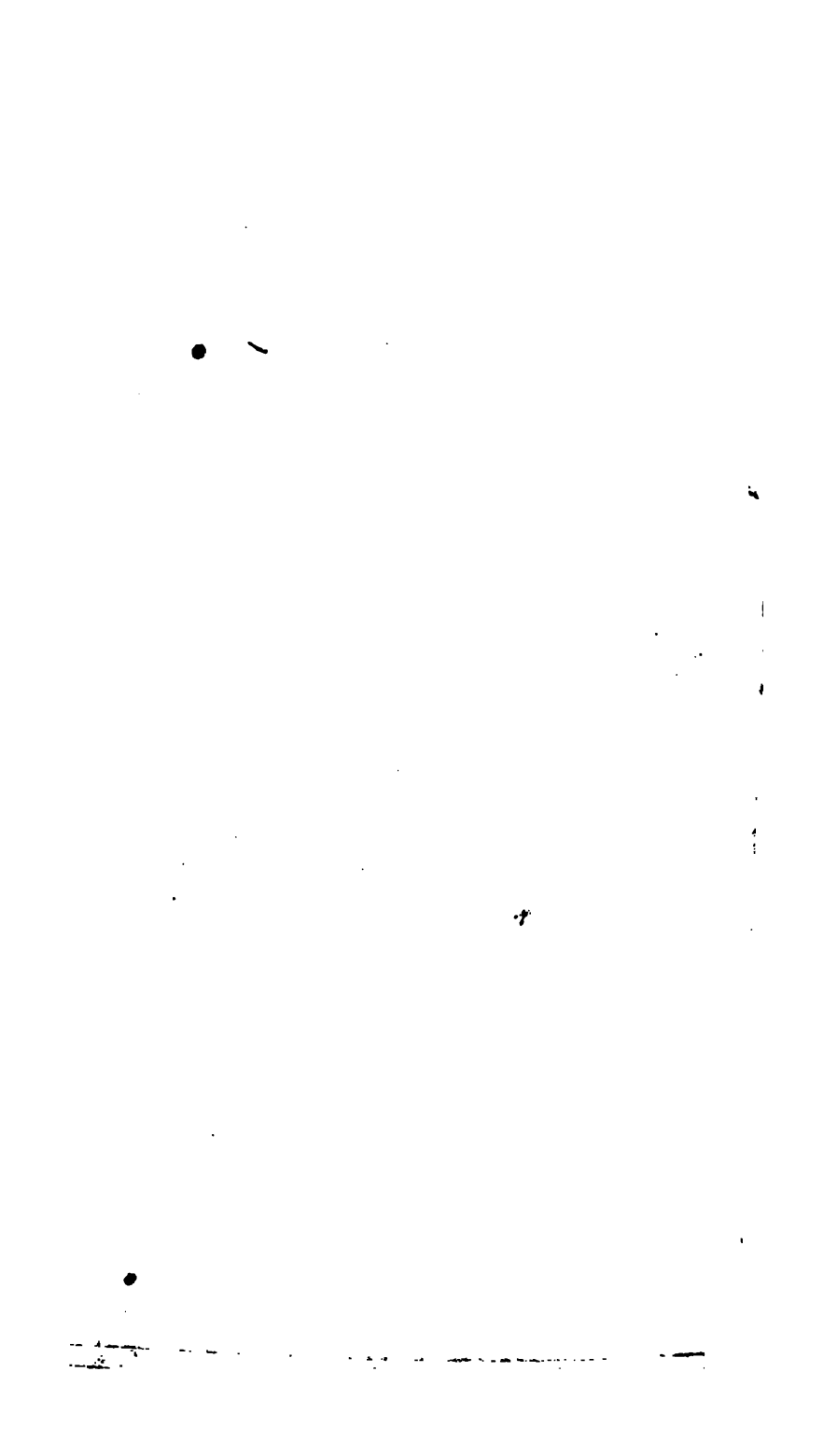
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See Page 5.

London. Published by Wightman & Cramp, 24 Paternoster Row, 1827.

v. H. 1827.
Old English Sayings

NEWLY EXPOUNDED,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.



"Old saws speak the truth, said he to himself."—Bride of Lammermoor

BY JEFFERYS TAYLOR,

AUTHOR OF PARLOUR COMMENTARIES, &c. &c.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY WIGHTMAN AND CRAMP,

24, PATERNOSTER ROW;

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**BY OLIVER AND BOYD, EDINBURGH; M. OGLE, GLASGOW;
AND W. CURRY, JUN. AND CO. DUBLIN.**

1827.

335.



TALES

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

OLD ENGLISH SAYINGS.

“HAD I WIST.”

At a little side desk, in the office of a country attorney, sat a shabby unhappy looking man. Care had pencilled his forehead with a multitude of reticulated wrinkles, which indicated anxiety, arising at once from the difficulty, and the necessity of accomplishing the task in which he was engaged. Frowns fewer, but deeper, and far more decided in their physiognomical expression, marked the brow of his more able, but scarcely less anxious, employer, who occupied an ample and better lighted table at the window.—It is not, however, with the latter individual that we are to become acquainted.

His humble clerk, Mr. Edward Humphrey,—who was, by his want of other means, compelled there to sit, all day, and every day, doing the hard duty of a quill-and-parchment drudge,—did not leave his cares, nor perhaps his labours, behind him when he quitted the office at night. Debt, difficulty, and privation killed all his comforts; and long had he been in mourning on their account.

It was, however, the remembrance of better days, but more especially the consciousness of his own active agency in accelerating their flight, which made him the wretch that he was. But so far from endeavouring to dismiss these recollections from his mind, he had a strange propensity to brood over and cherish them: nay, he even seemed to derive a melancholy kind of satisfaction from the conversations which he freely held with the few individuals of his present acquaintance, upon this painful subject.

His chief friend and associate was a sensible and benevolent elderly man, an occasional assistant in the same office, who had more than once, by his superior tact and knowledge of the world, rendered poor Mr. Humphrey important aid in his professional exigencies; but most essentially, in enabling him to keep terms and treaty with his harsh, overbearing, and irascible employer, the attorney aforesaid. Mr. Humphrey was not by any means destitute of wit, shrewdness, and even spirit; but unfortunately, these qualities were of a sort which never served his own turn in a single case of moment. Persons may almost as well have no talents at all, as be deficient in those which are needful to their peculiar occasions. With "a mouth of his own; he was obliged to bid another man blow;" and then, as his old friend, Mr. Truman, told him, when they

were sitting together one evening, "It was no wonder if he got 'wasted porridge.'"

"I ought to know *so* much, at least," replied Mr. Humphrey: "Mr. Truman, I'll tell you what—I am strongly disposed to make you my confessor to night, and give you a sketch of my life."

"If you have only *now* resolved on it, pause a while," said Mr. Truman, "second thoughts are best you know."

"*Had I wist* as much as that *twenty years ago*," said Mr. H., "it would have been well indeed: hasty men never want woe. But, attend! I *have* thought again, and am still resolved to proceed; though, '*Had I wist*,' which is but a dull ending to a dismal tale, must be the burden of my song. Knowledge, like physic, you know, is more plague than profit if it arrives too late; yet that is the case with the whole of my present stock of wit or wisdom. But what can't be cured, must be endured, of whatever kind the evil may be, and I am condemned to the constant pain of feeling, that my dear bought experience cannot now avail me. To this, self-reproach adds an envenomed sting, it is the consciousness of *wilful* ignorance and errors which makes memory misery to such as I."

"Aye," replied Mr. Truman, "I can join in with you there; for *I* also, in my early days, supplied myself with some sources of regret, without the

least occasion so to do. The Spaniard says, 'there are two sorts of things he will never fret about, 'things that he *can* help, and things that he *can't*;' but I can tell him, that things he *could* have helped, he *will* fret about, whether he intends it or not."

"My father used to say, sir," continued Mr. Humphrey, "that 'He hath a good judgment who is apt to distrust his own;' and further, 'He that will not be counselled, cannot be helped;' and again, 'He that will *too soon* be his own master, will have a fool for his scholar.' *Had I wist* this, sir, on the sunny morning when I was *twenty-one*, I should now, perhaps, have been more like my father, who had, of money and wit, a plentiful store: but I *wist* not, that 'if we do not hear reason, she will one day make herself be heard!'"

"She will, indeed! Mr. Humphrey," replied his friend. "A word and a blow we find to be the discipline in her school."

"It might have been well for me, if I had had the blow *first*," continued poor Mr. Humphrey, "as you will soon admit."

"The day that I was of age, my father called me into his counting-house, a place which, on other occasions, I entered with as much good-will as does a vagrant a chamber of petty sessions. Of my previous conduct, you may form a conjecture from my father's memorable address to me then. 'Ned,'

said he, taking a bundle of writings from his desk, and looking at me with an expression of deep feeling in his countenance, 'he that throws away his estate with his hands, goes afterwards to pick it up on his feet, or perhaps sinks upon his knees, and a gentleman on his knees is lower than a ploughman upon his legs; for *Simon Noland, Clown*, is a better style and title than *Humphrey Hadland, Gent.* I cannot hinder you,' he added, 'from taking full and uncontrolled possession, this day, of your grandmother's property, amounting to fifteen hundred pounds a year. What will you think of me, your *father*, when I assure you that I most devoutly wish I could?' 'Sir,' said I, not knowing what else to say, 'any part of it is at your service: I care perhaps less about the money than you suppose.' 'So much the worse, Ned!' said my father, with a sigh. 'I want none of your cash, Edward: I have some thousands of my own, and would give 50 per cent. of it all, to purchase you just so much discretion as would enable you to *keep* that which is yours.' My father then took off his glasses, and fixing his eyes upon me in a way which I shall never forget, whilst his lips quivered with agitation, pronounced this judgment, for such I may well call it. 'Edward,' said he, 'do not think that I underrate either your abilities or your principles. You are a clever fellow in your

way; but that way is the high road to ruin! wise as you may think yourself, and clever as you may really be, you will, before you are half as old as I am, with bitter feelings, call yourself *a fool*. You are at present an honest man,' continued my poor father, with increasing emotion, 'but you will, sooner or later, find it hard to keep folks from calling you a knave. You are now *a gentleman*, Ned; but you will one day quarrel with the beggar for his bone!'"

"Upon my honour," said Mr. Truman, "that was but an indifferent birth-day greeting; it was not giving you salt, but wormwood, to your porridge."

"I wish I could say it was the bitterest I have tasted," rejoined Mr. Humphrey. "Before I proceed, I must exculpate the wisest and kindest of parents from the charge of harshness. My life and conduct have abundantly justified the worst that he said. I was even at *twenty-one*, and he knew it, deep and desperate in ruinous courses; and my present miseries are, as he foresaw they would be, deep and desperate, now that the game is played out."

"There is, without doubt, much fatiguing sameness in the history of a dog-trotting brown-wig,—such, I am ashamed to say, I once called my father to his face;—and there is too disgusting a kind of

sameness in the teeming records of rakes. Facts, even in the latter case, need fiction to impart interest to the hackneyed language which must be employed in describing scenes that have been too often described before. I shall therefore say nothing, where nothing new can be said; and leaving whatever may have been most vicious in my conduct to be inferred, content myself with representing your most obedient humble servant, Edward Humphrey, as *a fool*.

"It certainly, however, never entered my head, that *I*, of all persons, could be one, till my folly had finally emptied my pocket; I say *finally*, for as long as there was hope of replenishing it, I applauded my own wisdom and skill in keeping that spark of hope alive. And my hopes *did* survive, and were realized wonderfully, in a case like mine. It is said that fools always come short of their reckoning; but this was by no means always the case with me, and I was able to play the fool upon a large scale, for many years together! *Had I wist* that this was *neither* my luck nor my cunning, I should have been less of a fool than I was, whilst I thought this extended period was of itself an advantage, and one for which I was indebted to my own skill and management."

Mr. Truman knew that his unhappy friend was in that state of feeling in which confession and self-

crimination of the bitterest kind, were rather a relief than otherwise to his overburdened mind. He, therefore, interrupted him but little, whilst rehearsing his tale, which it was evident the narrator thought much more astonishing and unusual in its leading incidents than it really was. There was, however, much that was singular in this ingenuous shrift in this respect, that whereas it is common enough for persons to own themselves knaves, very few indeed, even when driven to the last extremity, will admit that they ever have been fools.

"In about eighteen months," continued our candid friend Humphrey, "I contrived, without much difficulty, to sink, consume, ruin, or wreck, as the victors of a sea-fight would say, the whole of my floating property, and in six months more, my estates were sold; half my debts were paid, and what was cleverer still, I pocketed ninety pounds myself out of the proceeds. If any consolation was wanting in addition to this, it was to be derived from the reflection; that my fortune had been laid out in such a liberal way, as must have secured me many friends, who would any, or all, of course, willingly lend a hand, when it was their turn to hold the bottle.

"I had heard my father, and other worldly-wise persons, say, that he who would think he has many friends, must try but few of them;—a narrow and most ignoble aphorism I then thought: but it was

one which my immediate experience somewhat confirmed. I, who had dissipated thousands amongst these friends, found, nevertheless, another old saying true, 'that he goes a sorrowing, who goes a borrowing, even amongst those whom he has most obliged.' I saw, within an hour or two, that I could as soon raise a hurricane, as raise five hundred pounds amongst them all, though it had been to save me from hanging."

"That's right! friend Humphrey," said Mr. Truman, "give other men a stroke in passing as well as yourself."

"I would it were in my power to give *one individual* a more palpable stroke," rejoined Mr. H., "but of that more anon. Almost the only instance of any thing like foresight or policy in my conduct at this time, was the care I took to conceal from my father my ruined circumstances altogether. In this, his residing many miles distant, enabled me to be but too successful. My profligacy, and consequent difficulties, were so completely hidden from him since the aforesaid birth-day address, that he thought it had, contrary to his expectations, wrought a change in me. On the very day that I had made this unsuccessful cruise, did I receive a letter from his house-keeper, urging me to his dying bed-side. I lost not an instant;—'Ned!' said he eagerly, as I entered his room, 'you have made haste indeed!' and he

looked wistfully and enquiringly at me at the same time, as if he would have asked, did you come out of love to *me* or my money?

"It was the only time, if indeed he was doubtful upon that point, that my dear father ever did me injustice; but I think I set him right if he was wrong. 'Ah!' said he, 'you are not a moment too soon; strength and breath are scarce with me now.'

"'And so, Ned,' he added, after a short interval, stretching out his hand with difficulty to take mine, 'the old man was *wrong* for once, was he? and you *can* and *do* take care of your money like other folks?'

"I burst into tears; he did the same, thinking that I remembered the birth-day address with pain: and so I did; and it was the bitter pain of knowing that he was right, whilst he thought himself wrong. 'Yes, I was wrong,' said he, with great emotion; 'on the day you came of age I was cruelly harsh to you: I know not what ailed me on that day, but I meant it well.—Oh! I know what ails me *now*,' and he turned in great bodily pain. 'Never mind, Ned,' he continued, 'it will soon be over.—Ah! I shall never wrong my child again! and my *will* will shew you that in my last hours I have done you justice.'

"Justice! O, Mr. Truman, bitter is undeserved blame; but *had I wist* that undeserved *praise* is infinitely more bitter from a dying parent, I should

certainly never have endeavoured to earn it by deceit."

"We all find out sooner or later," said Mr. Humphrey's friend, "the truth of that paradoxical old saying, 'the best lie is the worst.'"

"I can bear witness to its truth better than most folks," continued Mr. Humphrey. "Had not my father been deceived, or if he had known but half the truth, he would have left me his income *only*, and have secured the principal. If one hundred a-year, and no more, had been preserved to my use, by being placed out of my reach, life would have been heaven to me compared with what it now is.

"I looked upon my father's wan and worn-out countenance, and thought, O, if his fortune would save him, how gladly would I relinquish it!—and perhaps I should—and perhaps too, if put to the trial, I should *not*. Wild and extravagant wishes have but little value. Amongst even abandoned characters, there are few indeed *so* abandoned, but their feelings may in this way be excited; but what are they or their families the better for them when they are even excited to the utmost?

"My father lay some time exhausted: at last he said, 'You remember, Ned, that on that birth-day of yours, I told you I had some thousands of my own. You now see what a mistake that was. I had scarcely two years' interest in the property!

There is only *one* thing I find that a man can really call his own ; a thing too that he cannot get rid of if he would, and that is his *soul* ! Beware of *Had I Wist*, in *all* affairs,' said he, 'but above all, in those where ignorance rather aggravates than alleviates guilt. Well may they 'be speechless' at the last, whose best excuse condemns them.' My father then breathed a gentle sigh, and was no more.

"It appears, that at the time when he thought me a hopeless, irrevocable spendthrift, he had left only the interest of his money at my disposal ; but, deceived by my representations of the safety of that with which I had been tried, he had relented, and made me absolute master of his whole fortune. He did not then think that in so doing he bequeathed me unmitigated ruin. O, how should I have implored him to limit the power of his son Edward Humphrey, *had I wist* that Edward Humphrey was the worst enemy his son ever had !"

"You really give that enemy no quarter at all," said Mr. Truman.

"He never gave *me* any," said our determined self-accuser.—"It is said that the poor man has few friends : the rich, none that he knows of. I have been both rich and poor, and have found this out to my cost. I perceived that when poverty came in at the door, friendship, in most cases, leaped out of the window ; and when wealth came in, as it were,

unexpectedly at the window, the same sort of friendship will, as if nothing had happened, walk in again at the door.

“A certain Mr. Cozens, who at billiard-tables, and in other ways, had lent a ready hand in easing me of my fifteen hundred a-year, was one to whom, in my distress, I had applied for the loan of two hundred-pounds. ‘My dear lad,’ said he, ‘I’m confoundedly vexed and anxious about you; but I tell you what, I am not exactly the first that you ought to apply to for help. There’s your father rolling in cash he can’t use, like a cat in a corn-bin: why don’t you give him a shake?’ ‘My good fellow,’ said I, ‘can you not see that I should be penny-wise and pound-foolish with a vengeance by so doing? If my father was to know I had wasted my own property, do you think he would ever trust me with his?’

“‘True, true,’ said he, ‘you are right; and I’m thinking that the same consideration makes lending imprudent in me as in him.’ ‘I thank you, sir—good morning,’ said I. O, Mr. Truman! how I should like to hear him sing *in alto*, whilst I beat time with a cudgel upon his bones!”

“You would pummel him so, I reckon, that parchment must be scarce indeed before any one would kill him for his skin.”

“Aye, that would I. But my hankering to make a mummy of him did not come on till afterwards.

This identical Mr. Cozens paid me a most friendly visit after my father's death, when he knew that *I* now was rolling in the cash. Bursting into the room as though we had ever been Damon and Pythias to each other, he seized my hand between both his, and with tears in 'his eyes, which sought the skies,' he condoled with me on my loss, and with well feigned satisfaction, congratulated me on my gains. 'Well,' said he, 'I always thought the old gentleman would do you justice; I was pretty sure you would have every shilling of his money.' 'And yet,' said I, 'I believe you once thought it too hazardous to lend me two hundred pounds on my chance.' This I said without much acrimony; for, to say the truth, my good fortune had wonderfully improved my good humour just at first. He saw I was in a placable mood, and did not delay to profit by it. 'My dear friend,' said he, 'you have touched upon a subject, which, though it partly brought me here, is of all others the most painful to my mind. I have indeed long been tormented with the fear that you were ignorant of my real reasons—the dire necessity which compelled me to appear unfriendly then. I was at that time, as indeed I am now, as much in need myself, as any man out of jail. Yes, sir, so *it was*, and so *it is*; and notwithstanding the disadvantage under which I may labour, owing to the conduct I

was obliged to adopt then, my present occasions are so very pressing, that I have no alternative by which I can avoid soliciting in turn; and unless you will accommodate me with five hundred pounds for about twelve months, I shall be driven to the desperate expedient of selling my estate to raise the money.’”

“You of course wrote him a cheque for the amount, my friend Humphrey.”

“I had heard somewhere, Mr. Truman, that if you have given a dog a bone to hold in his mouth, you may afterwards give him a kick and he can’t bite you. I *did* write Mr. Cozens a cheque for the money; and when he had handed me his written acknowledgment for the sum, I said, ‘I recollect what passed on the occasion just referred to, better, sir, than you may think I do. *I shall not soil my accounts with your name, I shall merely enter it as five hundred pounds lent to ——, a scoundrel!*’

“And how *old* were you then?” asked Mr. Truman, dryly.

“I had not cut my wise teeth; let that suffice. The face of Mr. Cozens turned all the colours of the rainbow, I believe, within the space of one minute. He laid down the cheque, took it up again, grinned at me in a way I shall never forget, made his bow, and departed, without another word being said on either side.

“And thus Mr. Cozens pocketed the affront; and

I was ass enough to think myself a clever fellow, for contriving to fling my heels in his face on such easy terms. But he understood *me* better than I understood either him or myself. Whilst I *thought* him to be a hypocritical knave, he *knew* me to be an arrant fool; and therefore he waited patiently for the triumph, which he felt confident my utter ruin would one day afford him.

"My father used to say—'You will do well to keep yourself from the anger of a great man—from a tumult of the mob—from fools in a narrow way—from a man that has been marked—from a widow that has been thrice married—from wind that comes in at a hole—and from a reconciled enemy.' Now, sir, *had I wist* that there was *wisdom* as well as *wit*, in this sevenfold caution, I should have been above all things on my guard against Mr. Cozens. My five hundred pounds enabled him to jump into a concern; by which, as an army contractor during the war, he soon became a great man, that is, powerful, by having the command of large sums of money. He was, moreover, a man that was *marked*, at least in my connexions; but worst of all, he was a reconciled enemy, and I *even* began to think of him once more as my friend. He returned me the money with interest, and many thanks; hoping at the same time that I had changed the injurious opinion I had formed of him; and

finally, he succeeded in cajoling me more completely than I believe he had ever hoped.

"Whilst he was getting up in the world, *I*, as he well knew, was going rapidly down; partly through ignorance—partly through wilfulness. A little mis-directed cunning, with a great deal of stupidity; a few virtues indiscreetly exercised, and a host of disastrous vices; all pulling one way, drew me irresistibly along; during which time, my progress was far more distinctly marked by my reconciled enemy, than it was by myself. I had been for some years *sliding* down with no inconsiderable speed; but not content with that, I at last took a leap, as you shall hear; a jump, by the way, which in my wisdom I designed to be upwards, and doubted little that it would place me far higher on Fortune's ladder than even my father had stood; but which unfortunately plunged me into an abyss of difficulty, from which I could never emerge."

"Ah!" said Mr. Truman, "that is the usual way. It is the *thrift* of a spendthrift, or that which he intends to be such, which ruins him most effectually."

"And so," continued Mr. Humphrey, "speculation completes what extravagance began. One day when I had been overlooking my accounts, and had found with alarm that I was many thousand pounds poorer than I had thought myself an hour

before, a letter was put into my hand, containing a printed schedule of various large and productive estates in France and Germany, which, owing to peculiar circumstances, it was alleged, were to be disposed of in a peculiar way."

"Is it possible, Mr. Humphrey, that the hoax of a foreign lottery could have deceived you?" said Mr. Truman.

"You shall hear, sir. Finding that vineyards and olive-yards; estates and baronies; nay, provinces, principalities, and powers, were to be tossed up for, my poor heart beat thick, and I breathed with difficulty. Indeed, if the farago of lies I held in my hand had been the abdication of an emperor in my favor, I could not have been more wild at the news. Away went I to my reconciled enemy, and asked *his* opinion. 'Why,' said he, 'this is exactly the sort of chance which makes one feel the want of money. A single guinea ticket you see is scarcely worth purchasing; but if a man has the means of treating for these shares in a *wholesale way*, he has the finest opportunity in the world. Unfortunately,' he added, '*my* means are completely tied up; *you* have the advantage of me, and can proceed forthwith.'

"Need I tell you the rest, sir? I *did* become '*a wholesale dealer*.' Fools you know are long-armed apes. I made a desperate effort; and,

reaching at portions of my property which a wiser man would have considered *out* of his reach, I scraped together and embarked a ruinous sum; and when I had done so, heard no more of my money. Now, sir, *had I wist* that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, do not you think it would have been well?”

“Not for those who whistled your bird away, sir.—And what happened next?”

“Do not suppose I have told you the worst yet, sir. I went once more to my reconciled enemy, with a face deplorably long, and said that I could hear nothing of my foreign correspondents, or from their agents. ‘Then you must *go* to them,’ said he; ‘and if they have taken wing, the estates have not, and your money must have produced you something.’ I said I could not do that, as my affairs were in some confusion. ‘Then there is the more need for you to take a trip,’ said he; ‘your attorney can adjust them, I am pretty sure, if you give him sufficient powers; and your absence on the continent, will furnish a good excuse amongst your friends for authorising him to act in your stead.’

“Whether the estates in question existed at all, signifies little to me. I could not find them; nor could I meet with an individual who had the least knowledge of them. I learned two things on my

return to England. One was, that an Act of Parliament had been passed, prohibiting, under severe penalties, the sale of any tickets or shares in foreign lotteries, and strictly forbidding the publication of any schemes or advertisements respecting them. This wholesome statute apprised me too late of the nature of the speculation. The next thing I heard was, that Mr. Lightfoot, the attorney to whom I had trusted my remaining property, had absconded, or given leg-bail as the Scotch say, and had left me little but his blessing on departing."

"It is good keeping his clothes who is going to swim," said Mr. Truman.

"Trust a bush, not a beggar, with them, if swim you must," replied poor Mr. Humphrey. "I have paid at a round rate for experience, which has taught me the value of cautionary aphorisms such as these. I found, however, that my worthy attorney had taken to his heels in too great a hurry to make quite such clear work as he had intended with my property; a few remaining shreds of it, when put together, amounted to about six hundred pounds. This sum, compared with what I had lost, appeared so utterly insufficient and contemptible, that I did not consider it worth caring about. I therefore spent it as the felon spends his last half-crown, with the recklessness of desperation. *Had I wist* that with less than half the sum a fortune could in

some hands have been made, I might have done something worth doing with this wreck of my property. It was when this was diminished to twenty pounds, that my froward treacherous memory reminded me that my *father* himself commenced with four hundred pounds.

"I began now to wish I might find the old Spanish proverb true, 'a beggar's wallet is a mile to the bottom;' for a beggar it appeared certain I must shortly become. But Fortune, who, it is said, knocks once at least at every man's door, and who had already knocked twice loudly at mine, once more gave a gentle tap thereat. I had not had enough of lotteries, but was fool enough to venture twelve pounds out of my twenty for a share in our own lawful state lottery, and was lucky enough to augment my fortune thereby to two hundred pounds.

"*Had I wist*, sir, that this, though a useful and comfortable sum, would not bear trifling with, I might now, perhaps, have been able to lay my hand on that sum, and something more. But I immediately laid out half of it in fresh tickets, which produced me nothing. After that, I gave a swindler fifty pounds to find me a situation of seventy pounds a year; but he also took wing, and departed without taking leave.

"My cat-and-wheel has now nearly spun itself out, sir, as you may suppose. I have, however, an inci-

dent to mention of some importance yet. You know the proverb, he that goes far from home for a wife, either intends to cheat, or will be cheated. Both happened in my case. I had now just fifty pounds in the world. Suddenly I bethought me that it would be convenient to make matrimony a *matter o' money*, as old fashioned folks say over their gin and water. I equipped myself as handsomely as I could, and rolled down to Bath, where I had heard there were eight thousand old maids to be had for asking. There I rolled out a volley of lies aboutt myself and circumstances; and, according to my design, I shortly rolled back again with a wife—a true *goldfinch*, I made no doubt. The day, however, that we arrived in town, she simpered and said, that *her face was her fortune!* 'Is it, madam?' said I, 'then so it must continue; for *my face is my fortune too.*' 'Your *misfortune* you ought to say, sir,' said she, 'since it has procured you nothing better for a wife than a *milliner two hundred pounds in debt!*' 'Madam,' said I, 'if your face had but half as much bullion as it has *brass* in it, it would go far towards discharging that sum.' With this compliment I turned on my heel, and bade a final adieu to Mrs. Edward Humphrey, Miss Balkman that was. I never saw her more. Such were the blessings of another prosperous-lie.

"I had now, sir, about twenty shillings in my pock-

et; and striding along, heedless whither, had time to ponder on the past, and to consider the future. I was now beyond the middle of life, and could not help calling one of my father's sayings to mind—He who is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor wise at forty, nor rich at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, rich, or wise. My father used to say, too, that it is better to spare at the brim than the bottom. It seemed as if I was resolved to do neither; for out of my eight half-crowns, being somewhat hungry, I determined to appropriate four to a tavern dinner.

“Persons in general are somewhat less discontented full than fasting; at least those who are used to the vicissitudes of repletion and want; and so it was, that although never given to excess at the table, I felt on that occasion wonderfully disposed to enjoy myself, and indeed felt my heart as light as my pocket during that carousal. ‘Drink water like an ox, wine like a King of Spain,’ said I to myself, when the cloth was removed and my bottle was brought; and adjusting myself in a corner of the box with the newspaper before me, any man might have thought me a man of fortune still.

“I had read all the news, fresh and stale, and had got nearly through the advertisements, when a name caught my eye, which roused me like a bucket of water over my ears. ‘Wanted, an under-clerk in

an attorney's office; apply to *J. Lightfoot, Missingham.*' Up I started: down went bottle and glass. I rang, and I roared for the waiter like a madman; threw him, in my haste, every shilling of my money, and took to my heels, as I had had a score of bailiffs after me. The fresh air recalled my reason time enough to prevent me from setting off to travel post eighty miles without a penny in my pocket. Pledging some of my Bath equipments for a few shillings, I staged it half the way, and walked the rest; enquired for Mr. Lightfoot's; rushed into his office, where he was sitting at his desk, and without consulting eyes or reason, I collared him with both hands, and in the next instant perceived that he was a man I had never seen before! Had *I wist* that there might be two attorneys of the same name, I might have escaped a concussion of my own head against his wainscot, which I shall never forget. 'Hold off, you villain!' were words which he instantly seconded by flinging me from one side of the room to the other with his left arm, whilst with his right he reached down—a blunderbuss from the chimney; and had not an eclclaircissement immediately taken place, I believe he would have lodged the contents in my body. 'How is this, sir?' said he. 'Is it possible you could suppose that the Mr. Lightfoot who absconded with your money would return, and advertize himself?'

“ ‘It is possible,’ said I, ‘that I who have been a fool for almost fifty years, should be one still.’

“ ‘It is my misfortune,’ said Mr. James Lightfoot, adjusting the collar of his coat, ‘to be related to Mr. Jenkins Lightfoot aforesaid. I have some interest myself in bringing him to justice; but neither money nor wit of mine have hitherto been able to discover him:—have you any further business with me, sir?’

“ Desperation now nearly unsensed me. I cast a wild, and, for aught I know, a wishful, glance at the blunderbuss in his hand, and reeled against the wall. Mr. Lightfoot’s stern countenance relaxed. ‘Sit down, Mr. Humphrey,’ said he, placing for me a chair. ‘I presume,’ he added, with some hesitation, ‘that there was nothing in my advertisement but *my name* which could have taken your attention?’

“ Hope humbles more than despair. Never could I have supposed it *possible*; but down I dropped on my very knees—I, a man more than fifty years of age, before one scarcely so old—and begged the situation of under clerk, for myself.—‘Are you in your senses, sir?’ said he, raising me with visible displeasure: ‘*be seated*, Mr. Humphrey. I cannot,’ he continued, ‘offer you, without pain, the very undesirable situation in my office, which induced me to advertize; nor could I, without imprudence,

allow you a more confidential one. You need not enter into any particulars respecting your *former* situation in life, since I have heard them already from a gentleman, for whom I do business—a *Mr. Cozens.* I in my turn, I believe, exhibited all the colours of the rainbow in quick succession in my face; but my tongue was glued to my mouth.—‘Eighty pounds a-year,’ said he, ‘is all I can offer; punctual attendance I am obliged to require.’

“This, Mr. Truman, did I accept—all this did I promise: and when I did so, I remembered another of my father’s proverbs, ‘do not say you will *never* drink of that water, however dirty it may be.’ *Had I wist* that I should drink of worse still, I might have been better contented with that whilst it lasted. Mr. Lightfoot, though stern and rigid, was not without kindness, and was at the end of two years arranging a better birth for me, when he died; and I was glad to enter the office of our present employer, where I work harder, get less money, and never, never a civil word. O, Mr. Truman, *had I wist* years ago that it was *possible* I could come to this, I should *not* have come to it:—is not mine an unexampled story?”

“By no means,” said his friend, taking his hand. “All the wit in the world is not in one head; neither is *all* the folly. You are but one of a multitude of persons who have by similar con-

duct ruined themselves. I never before, however, met with an individual who would so candidly own his indiscretions: permit me to say, that I feel convinced you have been too severe in passing judgment upon yourself. Fools think themselves wise men to the very last, and there is not a more convincing proof that a man is *not* a fool than this, that he is able to point out the folly of his own actions. I know not if I had had your means, whether I should have made a much better use of them myself. *I too* have been a fool; I too have been extravagant; have speculated, and lost that which I never can regain. When a boy, I dabbled perniciously in the lottery; and when about two-and-twenty, I lost four hundred pounds in an insane mining scheme; but *my* race was soon stopped. The lottery and the mine, ever shewed *me* a wry mouth and a greedy one, which cured me of my unfortunate attachment to them.

"I can adopt your own saying, and repeat, *had I wist* in the first instance that the lottery is a *conspiracy to defraud*, I should have had nothing at all to do with it, and should not have waited till it had defrauded me; and, *had I wist* that working a mine in a wrong place, is like boring for fresh water aboard a ship at sea, I should have had nothing at all to do with *that*. But *I wist* not then that two and one do not make fifty. *I wist* not

that it was folly to dig for lead with a silver shovel, or to throw gold into a pit for the sake of getting it out again."

"And yet," said Mr. Humphrey, "it is certain that mines and the lottery make the fortunes of many."

"Of *some*, Mr. Humphrey. As to a mine, we may apply the old saying, when the well is dug, it is easy enough to pump; and as to the lottery, it is certain, that as it is the worst game any one can sit down to, it is the best in the world for some few to get up from. There *must* be some winners, or there would be no losers. He, however, who digs for treasure without judgment or forethought, and *finds it*, is but a lucky fool: he who obtains a gambler's prize, is but a lucky knave.

"There is small danger that *I* should act the part of either the one or the other in future, sir; the wings of my wilfulness having been by fate so closely shorn. Seventy pounds a year, with now and then the fag-end of a day, and of a goose-quill, comprise, as you know, the only means that are left me to play the fool with now. I will not deny, however, that whilst in Mr. Lightfoot's office, I had remaining, elasticity of mind enough to occupy myself in retracing some parts of the wayward course of my life, and in registering, at the expense of a few sheets of paper, a few thoughts derived from my very costly experience."

“So! ho! Mr. Humphrey—it is out at last!”

“Aye, Mr. Truman. What say you to ‘THE LIFE AND LUCUBRATIONS OF TIMOTHY DIMWIT?’”

“*Ordered to lie on the table, and to be printed:* that is what I say, sir. You have then written your life?”

“No more of it than you have already heard. I trust neither my tongue nor my pen will ever serve me so ill a turn, as to disclose the *whole* of my wretched history.”

“But your ‘*lucubrations*,’ Mr. Humphrey. The midnight oil will have been spent to little purpose, if you keep them to yourself.”

“Why, as to my *lucubrations*, sir, certainly I—I—I—You—You—You—they—they are scarcely in a state to—to—to—”

“Come, my good sir; compound the matter with your bashfulness. Bestow on me and the night-foundered world, a ray or two from your lamp of knowledge, and do not make a dark lantern of it.”

“Well then,” said Mr. Humphrey, who somehow was pleased to be pliant in this case, “I’ll e’en take you at your word. You must know then, that my own peculiar recollections and reflections have induced and enabled me to sermonize a little upon many of those subjects to which the proverbs of

common life supply the texts. I will not say, however, that my fancy for these pithy apophthegms has not, in some instances, led me where my memory has deserted me; and in others, I have been thinking of other men's follies rather than my own. But you will in general easily perceive that I am in fact commenting on the biography of your humble servant, whilst I am moralizing upon these old English sayings."

"I used to think *myself* pretty ready with proverbs," said Mr. Truman; "but you I see can produce three to my one. How is it that you have so many at command? it is thrifty men in general who are most fond of these thrifty sayings."

"True," said Mr. Humphrey, "and my father was a wholesale dealer in them. It was from him, that in youth I derived my present stock. They were acquired involuntarily on my part, from his incessant use of them; as a man at sea, though not a mariner, acquires sea-phrases. In the hey-day and bustle of my riotous life, I, as it were, whisked them away, as a swarm of noisome insects; but now that trouble has tamed me, they settle, and too often sting me with all their power."

Poor Mr. Humphrey then, with an expression of satisfaction in his countenance, which had not enlivened it for many a sad day, took from the closet of his apartment a portfolio, lettered according to

the designation he had mentioned, "*The Lucubrations of Timothy Dimwit,*" and drawing from it sundry scraps of paper, read as follows; whilst his benevolent and discerning friend exercised that species of good-nature (often more agreeable than any other), which consists in lending a pair of ears for an hour, and now and then an encouraging nod, to one who has written something that he rather wishes to read.



A BURNT CHILD DREADS THE FIRE.

LIFE is full of hazards, which experience neither taught nor bought will always enable us to foresee. There are dangers so concealed as to elude the vigilance of the most discerning eye: traps and pitfalls which the utmost wariness cannot detect, till we are unhappily entangled in them. It is these hidden snares and perils which make cautious men doubly cautious, and induce that painful watchfulness, and jealous distrust, which being in some cases needlessly exercised, make inexperienced persons wonder and censure. But one or two practical lessons in life will probably cause a change in opinion, and show, that a burnt child may well dread the fire, even in cases where he cannot see the flame.

It would be well indeed if persons in general, old and young, would dread it more than they do. We are all like *burnt children*. We have all suffered more or less by our ignorance, our wilfulness, or our folly, in tampering and meddling with that which we should have let alone. We are all (begging our several pardons) like scalded urchins; running continually into mischief, smarting from

the consequences, and then howling or growling at what we are pleased to term our misfortunes. "O, pa'! I've burnt my thumb!" says the inexperienced and disobedient child, who has handled the hot poker which he should not have touched; and, "O, la! *I've burnt my fingers!*" says the child of larger growth, who by meddling with other men's matters has embroiled his own. Scald not your lips in another man's pottage, is a caution admirably exemplified in the well known story of one, who passing a house in which a man was beating his wife, interfered as a peace-maker, by beating the husband to make him desist; and who got a broken head for his pains,—not from the man, but the woman, who laid the broom over his pate with this vituperative remonstrance, "What business is it of yours, you rascal! Has not a man a right to beat his own wife if he pleases?"

Experience, it is said, keeps a dear school, but it is the only one we are apt to learn in. Wit bought is twice taught, though some are slow enough in gaining wisdom even so. If the reminiscence of punishment will not persuade, precept cannot be expected to do it; it, however, *does* persuade sooner or later, all but the most incorrigible fools.

If those are wise who learn caution from their own experience, those are wiser still who learn it from the experience of others. If the burnt

child dreads the fire, it is well ; but if the *un*burnt child dreads it, it is better ; for he has obtained the benefit of experience without the expense of it. And what is easier? Has not every imaginable problem in life and conduct been worked by others a thousand times over? and do not history, biography, and the multitude of facts which force themselves upon every man's notice, furnish the required result gratis to all? and do not these national aphorisms further direct our judgment, by summing up the evidence which other men's errors have supplied?"

Mr. Humphrey, as he laid this paper aside, looked askance at his friend for an instant. Mr. Truman looked askance at him in return, and then said, " Well, sir; as far as the *doctrine* of your exposition of the proverb is concerned, I can say, that it agrees, I conceive, with the experience of most men, as well as with your own. As to the literary merits of this and your other pieces, I must continue silent ; for, as you know, I am about as competent a judge of such matters, as a horse is of a deed and covenant."

So poor Mr. Humphrey had no better encouragement than this ; yet he proceeded, undismayed, to reveal his next lucubration.



BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

AND what things are those which are done better late than never? It is not so easy to mention them as some would be apt to suppose. There is a sunny period, a high noon of opportunity, for every important achievement, and but few, comparatively, can be accomplished at all, when the set time for performing them has passed away. "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven." If we do not make hay when the sun shines, we cannot make it when it is cloudy. If we do not sow in earing time, it is useless to sow in harvest; we only waste the seed, and lose our labour. In such cases we must reverse our proverb, and say, Better *never* than late, if we have suffered the only appointed season to escape us.

In applying this saying, there is indeed great risk of lessening our terror at that most fearful of all felons, "*the thief of time.*" Procrastination does not appear such an unprincipled robber, if we regard him as one mercifully forbearing to do his worst. It is true, that delay, though dangerous, is not absolutely fatal, if, according to what this proverb supposes, *late* is not *too* late. But who is

to guaranty this in a single instance? The first moment of opportunity has been the last, in a multitude of cases in which it was thought that any time was time enough. Procrastination, whilst apparently taking only that which could be well spared, has, in most instances, plundered his unhappy victims of that single *golden* minute, the loss of which was irreparable ruin. The records of men in all ages, abound with examples of alarming import to all who delay and presume. The admonition implied in this proverb is addressed to those who *having* delayed, would delay still, and despair.

Taking our text then as it stands, we are reminded by it, that opportunity *lingers* sometimes, and are exhorted to bestir ourselves when it does so. That which was an easy task in the morning, may be a possible one even at the going down of the sun. If we have left till then undone the thing which we ought to have done long before, so much the worse; but that is but a despicable excuse for continued inaction. It is a wretched subterfuge of indolence to make the difficulty our own delay has occasioned, a plea of exemption from further effort. If the obligation remains, it matters not that the opportunity has nearly fled. We may have stood long idle; the day may be far spent; the night, in which no one can work, may be at hand; yet if there be an eleventh hour unspent, we are bound

to arise and employ it with what ability we may. We can scarcely expect to enjoy the full reward of those who have borne the heat and burden of the day. It will be well if in any degree we are enabled to redeem the time.

Amongst the few things which are done better late than never, we are reminded by an excellent old saying of one, in which opportunity is extended to the end of life. "*It is never too late to repent.*"

"It would be well," said Mr. Truman, "if none ever thought it too soon: but what have you next?"

"Fine words and fine thoughts," said Mr. Humphrey. "You will remember enough of my story to know who I am thinking of in what follows."



CALL ME COUSIN; BUT COZEN ME NOT.

“I PRAY,” says the Italian, “to be kept from *still* water; from that which is rough I can keep myself.” Still water, though deep and dangerous, is commonly deceptive; the firm and pebbly soil at the bottom appears nearer than it is in reality, and we may perish before we can touch it: but the foaming impetuous torrent warns faithfully, even while it roars angrily, and destroys none but those who rush headlong into it.

Without adopting the language of David, when he said, in his haste, “*All men are liars,*” we may fairly conclude that at least all those are such, who make needles and fulsome professions of goodwill and affection. “*Every cross has its inscription;*” and so it is probable has every compliment which is remarkably well sugared. Yet some there are who have such a strangely sweet tooth, that they are gratified by the most luscious morsel that can be prepared for them; whilst others are more disgusted by the honey, than they are by the drug it is intended to disguise.

The least that can be expected in such cases is, that these kind expressions are intended to bespeak

certain kind offices in return ; as we have elsewhere said, " He who calls himself your friend indeed, probably means *you* to be his friend in need." But wheedling parasitical language is but too often employed to cover mischief, and to allay suspicion. " Trusty and well beloved cousin," said the Queen of Scots to the Queen of England, whom she cordially hated, when her exigencies compelled her to request a refuge from her foes. " Right trusty and dearly beloved cousin," said the Queen of England to the Queen of Scots, whom she most devoutly detested, when she granted protection, and invited her confidence, in order to insure her destruction. So it is through all the ranks of society, down to the pauper, who whilst speaking to " Your honour," is thinking of your penny.

And after all we may ask, who is finally benefited by this cozening system? certainly he least who practises it. Those who are deceived by it at first, commonly derive experience from it, which is worth more than it costs. But deceivers suffer more in apprehension than even their *success* is worth, and when *unsuccessful*, they find their apprehensions exceeded. From him that hath *not*, shall be taken away even that which he *hath*. Hypocrisy is a cloak which wears out in time, and is incapable of repair. A hole once made in it can never be stitched up ; after every attempt the rent

is made worse, till the wretched owner is obliged at length to relinquish it, and has then nothing for it but to dub himself villain at once.

There are, however, rough hypocrites, as well as smooth ones. Deceit is not always courteous. Whilst some would wheedle a man to make him compliant, others would bully him for the same purpose. There are swarms of swaggering poltroons, who have courage enough to bark, but none to bite; who speak great swelling words, and thereby remind us, that it is empty vessels which make the greatest sound.

“You might add,” remarked Mr. Truman, “that *courtesy*, as exhibited in the manners and expressions of well-bred persons, is not always deceitful. You may call me cousin as often as you please, without offence, if you mean not thereby to cajole me, that is, if you *cozen me not*.”

“Aye, so you may,” said Mr. Humphrey; “but for my own part, I think that a little of it goes a great way at any time, and enough is as good as a feast. But perhaps you have had more than enough of these crude thoughts of mine?” “Hear! Hear!” was Mr. Truman’s reply; and poor Mr. Humphrey proceeded.



BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER.

MAN is a gregarious animal, and is a wretch if he dwells alone, whether it be from choice or necessity. Solitary confinement, therefore, proves to be one of the most severe inflictions which jurisprudence or monachism has devised. The naturalist can scarcely name a creature too repulsive in its form to be an agreeable associate in such a situation. The odious appearance, and fearful mechanism, of the reptile and insect tribes, do not disqualify them for the office of companions and friends, to those who have none beside. An able pen has exemplified this.

————— “ The Bastille,

Ye horrid towers, the abode of broken hearts ;
 Ye dungeons, and ye cages of despair,
 That monarchs have supplied from age to age,
 With music such as suits their sovereign ears ;
 The sighs and groans of miserable men !
 There dwell the most forlorn of human kind,
 Immured though unaccused ; condemned untried :
 Cruelly spared, and hopeless of escape.
 To count the hour-bell, and expect no change ;
 And ever, as the sullen sound is heard,
 Still to reflect, that though a joyless note
 To him whose moments all have one dull pace ;

Ten thousand rovers in the world at large
 Account it music ; that it summons some
 To theatre, or jocund feast, or ball ;
 The wearied hireling finds it a release
 From labour ; and the lover, who has chid
 Its long delay, feels every welcome stroke
 Upon his heart-strings, trembling with delight.
 To fly for refuge from distracting thought,
 To such amusements as ingenious woe
 Contrives—hard shifting, and without her tools ;—
 To read engraven on the mouldy walls,
 In staggering types, his predecessor's tale,
 A sad memorial, and subjoin his own.
 To turn purveyor to an overgorged
 And bloated spider, till the pampered pest
 Is made familiar ; watches his approach ;
 Comes at a call, and serves him for a friend."

This kind of companionship is, however, an exception to the rule laid down in the proverb. *Birds of a feather* flock together, when free to follow their own inclinations, though rather than remain alone, they will *seek* out with avidity the fellowship of any, feathered or unfeathered, who may be to be found ; but generally speaking, persons of congenial dispositions, characters, and pursuits, as they assimilate best, are found in each other's company, and the reason is obvious. Geese and crows, owls and peacocks, ducks and canary-birds, from necessity, as well as choice, are led divers ways by their divers wants and habits. Nor do the opposite feelings and propensities of men, separate them

into classes less distinct than these. They must agree to differ, seeing they differ too much to agree. Whenever various animals, or men of sundry sorts, are by peculiar circumstances brought together, as in a menagerie, how is it with them? Why, the cackling and the cawing, the quacking and the hissing, the talking and the prating; the confused din of discordant tongues make it plain that the convention is unnatural and compulsory, and that like the individuals mentioned in the Acts, "when they are let go, they will return to their own company;" and then only is it seen, when men are really at liberty to choose their company, what company it is they really choose.

Necessity, however, as has been hinted, classifies men. The causes which bring these of the same kind together, are the objects which they have in common. Where are the crumbs, there are the chickens; and where the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together. The wise and the vain, the man of morals and the profligate man, cannot walk in company, not merely because they are not agreed, but because, as their goals lie in different directions, their paths of course run wide of each other.

But this saying, like others, will not *always* hold good if taken in its direct meaning. Daws borrow peacock's feathers sometimes, and wear them so as

to deceive the best judges. Asses have been concealed in lion's skins, and wolves have appeared in sheep's clothing. Those who flock together, therefore, because they find it their interest to throng in certain companies, may not really be of the same feather, though they may appear so. All is not gold that glitters; and whenever, as at the present period, much is to be gained, and nothing is to be lost, by exhibiting the external garb of religion, many will put it on, who have no right whatever to assume it. In the merry days of King Charles II., birds of this feather were so sure to get plucked, that it was far better policy for a man to wear a cloak for his religion, than religion for a cloak. Men must have loved hypocrisy to distraction for its own sake, who were hypocrites then. But the case now (as it had need be) is quite altered, and worldly wisdom recommends, if not "the spirit of heaviness," certainly these "garments of praise," to whoever asks prudentially, "Wherewithal shall I be clothed?"

The twin proverb to this, "Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you what you are," guides us to a moral. He who flocks with the good, may be bad; but he who flocks with the bad, cannot be good. No Hibernian blunder ever equalled this in absurdity, that Satan himself may have enemies amongst those who appear to be his friends.

We may be assured of this, that those are *genuine* birds of a feather, who, under such auspices, flock together.

Poor Mr. Humphrey looked very sheepish indeed as he took up his next paper, which, in fact, he laid down again once or twice; but his friend insisted on fair play, and he was therefore obliged to read these *rhymes*.

A DOCTOR AND A CLOWN, KNOW MORE THAN
A DOCTOR ALONE.

THERE lived a man; an author wan;
A learned *L.L.D.*;
Grimjole his name, him well became,
For lantern-jaws had he.

All things he knew, which lived or grew;
The legg'd; the wing'd; the finny;
From cedar tall, to hyssop small,
Like Solomon, or Pliny.

All human speech, he well could teach,
Indeed the chair he sat in,
When he was there, I do declare,
Understood Greek and Latin.

This Dr. Grim,—a tale of him
I now shall set before ye:
Sure inky feather, and brains together,
Ne'er framed so queer a story.

When learned toil, and midnight oil,
Have injured one's digestion;
And spirits flag—to ride a nag
Is good beyond a question.

And I shall view, and so may you,
This sage *his* nag bestriding,
When sage and steed are both agreed
About the time of riding.

But that, alas! scarce came to pass
One day in ten or twenty;
Yet he, no doubt, as it fell out,
Of *exercise* had plenty.

For Dr. G., no groom had he;
Nor had *sufficient knowledge*
To *catch his horse*,—a thing of course
He had not learned at College.

But round and round, the meadow's bound,
Just as his fancy steered him,
With Dr. Grim, close after him,
This wily nag careered him.

One day it chanced, as forth he pranced,
The doctor scamp'ring after,
A clownish wight beheld the sight
With lengthened peals of laughter.

Our worthy sage, felt kindling rage
Now flush his visage bony;
His temper lost—thus daily crossed,
Whilst *ne'er was crossed* his pony!

“ My rustic friend,” said he, “ attend !
Don't stand like Momus idle,
Grinning at nought—your's is a goad,
To fix his bit and bridle.”

“ Your honour bless !” quoth he, “ I guess
That won't be long *a-earning*.”
Then down the mead he chased the steed,
And noosed his nose returning.

The thing was done ! The bridle on,
Without the least confusion ;
With wonder fraught, the doctor thought
There must be some collusion.

But you'll agree, though wise was he,
Clodpoll did fairly match him ;
The learned fag could *hunt* his nag ;
The clown knew how to *catch* him.

“ I could as soon catch a horse in a cobweb,”
said Mr. Truman, “ as catch the muse of rhymes
even for an instant. How is it you contrive to de-
tain her ?”

“ I have never been able to detain her yet, Mr.
Truman, so I can't tell you. As to rhyming, it is
easy enough to one who, like me, has been always

scribbling. Many an hour, when I have been sitting on my tall stool, opposite my father in his office, have I been racking my brain with composing verses such as these, when I ought to have been reckoning up pounds, shillings, and pence."

"Nor are you at present so *engrossed* with *engrossing*, as to leave it off, I see.—Go on."

"*Had I wist*," thought poor Mr. Humphrey, "that my lucubrations would have appeared so dull, I would never have begun them. However, he shall e'en hear the rest, whether he will or not."

"You must know, Mr. Truman, that this next piece once comprised the contents of an anonymous letter, which I sent to one who had tried hard to bully me out of my opinions, and to force his own down my throat, as they give medicine to a horse. I will not deny that I was not less provoked with myself than with him; for whilst he produced hard words and soft arguments, I could produce no words or arguments at all, at the time when they were wanted, though I knew I was right. But that has ever been the case with me; all my wit and knowledge has arrived too late to avail me. So this, went striding after him by the postman, and cost him ten pence."

"You should have signed it *Ethelred the Unready*," said Mr. Truman.

"That, too, I never thought of, sir; but here it is."

SOFT WORDS AND HARD ARGUMENTS.

He who blusters without *reasons*, has most reason to bluster. He who is strenuous on the *wrong* side of the argument, has the utmost occasion for any auxiliaries which he can press into his service; and it must be confessed, that vociferation and clamour, are as likely means of persuasion as any that can be devised, when the why and the wherefore do not happen to be at hand;

“ When thoughts are gone, and reason spent,
Then bullying is most excellent !”

It is undeniable, that obstreperous disputants do in this way very frequently gain their point; carry their enemies' works by assault, and make right and reason fly before them. Chaff flies before the wind, and the wheat itself before the whirlwind.

This gusty kind of eloquence, however, loses its effect surprisingly, if often resorted to, even over those who are most apt to be influenced by it. With such as have a tolerable share of penetration and firmness, it is not only the most ineffectual, but the most prejudicial, method a man can employ; it is not merely useless but mischievous to his purpose.

Increasing elevation and strength of voice almost always indicate correspondent depression and weakness of argument; and so good a guide is this to persons possessing discernment of character, that they find out what arguments are most powerful on their own side, by the loudness of their adversaries' rejoinder, and often perceive that nothing more than a calm repetition of them is needful to ensure the victory. Where, however, they wish to prevent an explosion of passion, they will, by the same rule, forbear pushing their reasoning home; deal gently with replies, the logic of which is alarmingly feeble; and avoid, at the price of conquest, depriving a vehement wrangler of the only refuge that remains to him.

It is certain, that amongst controvertists, none are so furiously tempestuous in their wrath, as those whose arguments are at their last gasp from some mortal thrust of the enemy. Thus it is—if between men of mettle that disputes upon subjects of as little moment as the colour of the chameleon, become affairs of life and death! He that has uttered his last word in reason, utters one in passion, and the business is settled shortly after upon a spot, where there are two enemies; two friends; a brace of pistols, and a surgeon.

But amongst zealous disputants in general, though they may stop far short of this, soft words

are not much in use. These persons seem to have little practical conviction of the cogency of *unassisted* reasoning. Accustomed to underrate, if not to disallow entirely, all opinions, right or wrong, which clash with their own; they anticipate equal prejudices in others, and think that noise and bustle will give efficiency to words which, without such aid, would have no effect at all. Nothing, however, worth gaining, is obtained thus,—

“ He that’s convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still,”

whatever assent may be extorted, unless irresistible truth operates upon his mind. Loud and ill-adjusted language never can conduce to this end. Words are like weights; *gravity* gives them effect. They must be placed quietly in the scale, and left to incline the balance *by their own unaided tendency*; if they do not then accomplish their end, they are totally incompetent, and all attempts to influence them are equally despicable and absurd.

THE NORTH WIND AND THE SUN.

Boreas, he boasted and blustered amain,
And became so enraged with the sun,
That his words came to *blows*, on a certain wide plain,
Where old Esop stood by, looking on.

For the wind getting *high*, as his reasons got low,
 And the sun growing *warmish* at length,
 That the winterly churl underrated him so,
 They resolved on deciding their strength.

But if this was a *duel*, I think you'll agree,
 That an *odd* one it needs must be reckoned :
 For they settled that he should the conqueror be,
 Who could force the old cloak from their *second*.

But when Esop o'erheard it, he hobbled along,
 Full as fast as he possibly could.
 Thought he, "I care little who's right or who's wrong,
 -And the quarrel *now* bodes me no good."

But he hobbled in vain ; the north wind overtook him,
 And pulled at his mantle with fury ;
 He blustered and stormed ; but he could not uncloak
 him,
 With all he could urge, I assure ye.

"For," said he, "whilst you threaten and bully and
 bellow,
 Your attempts are the more out of season ;
 I shall not yield my cloak to a surly old fellow,
 Till at least he can *render a reason*."

But Phœbus now shed his warm beams,—when of course,

Esop had for his cloak no occasion :

Thus the sun tried his strength, and *prevailed*—by the force,

Not of *noise* ; but of *fervent persuasion*.

“ If every bully in England would give you a penny for a copy, Mr. Humphrey, it would be worth while to have it printed.”

“ I should in that case again have more money than wit, Mr. Truman ; they are, you know, pretty evenly adjusted just now.

“ And here comes a piece which would have been, perhaps, twice as long, but my halfpenny candle went out, and so of necessity my lucubrations were extinguished for that night.”



A. WONDER LASTS BUT NINE DAYS.

MEN wonder by reason of two things: their ignorance and their knowledge. *Ignorance of knowledge* (pardon the solecism), by causing persons to be surprised at nothing but that which is unusual, produces the evanescent kind of wonder whose limited duration is declared by the proverb. *Knowledge of ignorance*, however, by apprizing thinking men, that the *original* cause of all effects is hidden, induces a species of wonder to which this ancient saying is totally inapplicable. The *commonest* appearances of nature excite it: it is increased by acquaintance with such particulars as may be learned respecting them, and is then greatest, when the mind is most familiar with these objects of its attention; for an indisputable truth it is, that the knowledge of the most knowing extends no further than to the extent of a chain of subordinate causes; a series of consecutive effects. Here, therefore, where knowledge ends, wonder of course begins. It must arise in the mind of a reasoner perpetually, or never; to him every thing is wonderful, or nothing is so.

But this hackneyed aphorism is seldom employed



MY HOUSE, MY HOUSE, THOUGH THOU ART SMALL,
THOU ART TO ME THE ESCURIAL!

WHAT though a cat I scarce could swing,
 Within my humble cot?
Puss should not swing, to please the king,
 For hang her I will *not*.

What though my dining-room I use
 For drawing-room and kitchen?
What though my library I choose
 To keep the bacon-fitch in?

What though for want of room I ne'er
 Could lie straight on the floor?
I *can* lie *crooked*, that is clear,
 Or through the open door.

What though the roof's so nigh at hand,
 I cannot stand upright?
It has a hole where you might stand,
 If twenty times my height.

What though it lets in winds and rain,
 Through cracks all round about?
The cracks just opposite, 'tis plain,
 Must quickly let them out.

And what, if down my chimney low
I've seen folks rudely looking,
Intent to espy my dinner so?
There they might look a month I know,
And see no dinner cooking!
My house, my house, though thou art small,
Thou art to me the Escorial!

“It is poor work, Mr. Truman, to make sport of one's misery, and yet I have found sometimes that in this way I could beguile it for an hour.”

“My good friend Humphrey,” said Mr. Truman, “a man may as well laugh as cry, in many cases; and I am glad to see that your troubles have not, as I feared, entirely annihilated your cheerfulness.”

“I thought it *had* done so whilst I was telling my tale, sir. But I have not done with my subject. Hear the prosing prose.”

MY HOUSE, MY HOUSE, THOUGH THOU ART SMALL,
THOU ART TO ME THE ESCURIAL!

THIS distich, though perhaps of Spanish origin, is in accordance with the true and ancient spirit of John Bull. An Englishman's house is his castle, on account of its completeness, as well as its security, in his estimation. No matter how really incomplete, or positively inconvenient, it may be, it is his *own*, and as that little word changes objections into perfections, you will, with as little chance of impunity, find fault with his house as with *him*.

The feeling, however, of respectful regard to the homestead, seems generally to be in an inverse proportion to the splendour of the building; it is more frequently discerned in the *grange* than in the *mansion*, and reason good; because security and comfort, so essential to this feeling, and so carefully maintained in the former, are too often sacrificed, or separated, in the latter. Freedom and independence are absolutely indispensable in the opinion of those who have a taste for fire-side enjoyments, and of these the patrician often knows that he has little enough. His house, perhaps literally his castle, becomes literally his prison: or, if not,

it is a place in which rank, and the cogent authority of fashion, impose so many restraints, that probably he is happier any where than there.

The genuine love of home, for its own sake, however, may be, and no doubt *is*, cherished by *some* who reside in stately buildings; but to such, the proverbial couplet under consideration cannot of course apply; nor does it express the feeling of *every* humble householder. Neither a castle nor a cottage can ensure happiness or contentment, nor can they of themselves, except in a very indirect manner, conduce to it under any circumstances. There must be in the mind and character certain dispositions, without which other means lose their influence. Those who feel this incomparable delight at the thought of home, are those who do what they can to make it agreeable to all its inmates. Whether master, mistress, child, or servant, home will only be comfortable to those who personally contribute to its comfort. The rugged irascible man, the contentious brawling woman, the undutiful child, and the froward servant, invariably find this denunciation fulfilled, that as persons measure to others, it shall be measured to them again. There is neither bail nor mainprize here. He who makes others wretched, is himself a wretch, whether prince or peasant.

There are some who underrate, or even affect to

despise, those anonymous domestic comforts, which make many a lowly dwelling enviable. Though most irritably alive to the annoyance of petty evils, they derive no enjoyment from innumerable little pleasures of which social families partake. Men there are, who are bears enough to be displeased at the *attempt* to please, and who will snarl at all endeavours, great and small, to give them satisfaction; who can find occasion for a harsh word in the utmost efforts and attentions of *her* who has worked hard for a kind one. Bitter have been the tears shed by those who have thus suffered; but infinitely more bitter the tears of those who too late have repented their brutality, and become their own accusers. Revenge itself would be content with their punishment, and cry out, "it is enough."

But many who do not go this length, and are by no means indifferent to the comfort of home, seldom find any there or elsewhere, from an unhappy habit of always looking at the dark side of things. Morose and murky, they think others the same, or in time make them so, and then suppose that they have just ground of complaint. There are no earthly means of making such persons happy. The garden of Eden would be a wilderness, and its fruit insipid, to them.

But he who has an opposite propensity, and possesses the precious secret of extracting good out

of evil; who can bear and forbear; forgive and forget; he is the individual who has found out the true art of living. As to his dwelling, he may wish it a better one, and will do what he can to make it so; he still thinks of it with delight, and prefers it to another, partly because it *is his* dwelling, but chiefly because those reside in it whom he makes happy, and who make him so in return. It must be indeed narrow and incommodious, if he cannot say,

“ My house, my house, though thou art small,
Thou art to me the Ecurial.”

“ As for me, though,” said poor Mr. Humphrey, “ I cannot join in with this; for *I* have *no* domestic or social enjoyments, and it is well for others that I live alone; I never could take care of my own happiness, and it is not to be expected that I could contribute to the happiness of other people.”

“ I differ from you there, Mr. Humphrey. Happiness is a thing which no one *can* take care of *for* himself and *by* himself. An individual may make another happy who cannot make himself so, and that other probably will, as you have said, make him happy in return.”

“ Let us change the subject,” said Mr. Humphrey. “ It is a painful one to me, now that my own soli-

tary condition is fixed. But I do not complain; I have *had* my day, and it is now night: that is all."

"Come! my dear sir," said Mr. Truman, cheeringly, seeing his friend's habitual melancholy fast returning. "*Let* us change the subject. And do not put your papers by, I pray you. You might, as you know, almost as well read them to a post as to me, for any remark I can make; but never mind that; take the will for the deed, and go on:—and if you will not read them to *me*, I will seize all, and read them to *you*."

"That would puzzle you extremely," said Mr. Humphrey, again smiling: "it is as much as I can do to decypher them myself, written, as they most of them were, under the rays of a chamber rush-light.—However, I will try."



IT IS WIT TO STEAL A HORSE, OR PICK A LOCK ;
BUT IT IS WISDOM TO LET THEM ALONE.

TRULY he *must* be a witty fellow who can with ease and secrecy accomplish either of the things here mentioned. We have in another place exemplified the difficulty of merely *catching* a horse, in broad day-light, and with all imaginable facilities. What must it be, then, to have the same task to perform, under circumstances which forbid the use of means, that are not viewless, and noiseless as thought itself? This unauthorised Jack *Catch*, must select a night for his operations, in which, as we have somewhere else remarked, "an owl would be glad of a lantern." Then there is to wait and watch for the auspicious moment when "the coast is clear;" and how is he to know when it is so? How, I would ask, is a man that cannot see with his elbows, to know a horse from a horseman, when his eyes give him no information? How, in the next place, is he to distinguish *Old* Farmer Corney's spring-halt broken-kneed mare, from *Young* Farmer Corney's five-year-old, thrice warranted, fast trotting, Fanny? All this, however, is felt out, or smelt out: by hook or by crook, the nag is noosed;

and, shortly after, by hook or by crook, the *wag* is noosed also. There lies the rub. Clever fellows they are without doubt, but not quite clever enough. Well is it said, "He that lives upon his wits, breaks for want of stock." Mine then be the blessings of a blockhead. Better off is he who has not wit enough to shut his stable door till the steed is stolen, than he who has wit enough to steal it when Messrs. Bramah themselves are the trustees of the portal. It is better not to know a good shilling from a bad one, than to be able to pass a bad shilling for a good one; for the cleverest fellow that ever slipped a halter over another man's horse's head, could not slip his own head out of one. The wittiest conjurer that ever spirited open an iron cash-box, could not accomplish the smallest hiatus in a prison door.

But there are many other things beside horse-stealing and lock-picking, which it is vastly witty to do, but very wise to let alone; things in the performance of which, wit is often eminently conspicuous, and wisdom as conspicuously wanting. Woe betide the ill-starred wight who falls in with a witty fool during the exercise of his talents in his professional capacity! A happy escape will it be, if he can exchange his company for that of a foaming mastiff, or a starving hyæna from Exeter Change. Solomon seems to be of this opinion. "Better is

it," says he, "to meet a bear bereaved of her whelps, than a fool in his folly." An authentic anecdote will confirm this position, and prove that it is not altogether hyperbolic.

A party of young persons were making merry at Christmas, according to their wont, and the entertainment happened to be in the house of a country surgeon. At a late hour, the company began to think of home, and at length departed; excepting one, who was persuaded, by representations of time, distance, thieves, weather, &c., to remain the night. This point being gained, one or two of the young bone-setters resolved to prolong their amusement by a game of their own. They took a *spring-skeleton*, and most ingeniously placed it in the bed to be occupied by their guest, in such a way that it should move, on the bed being opened. Their young friend was then shown to his room: the operators retired, and anticipated the result of their contrivance with confidence and eager expectation. They were not mistaken; the scheme succeeded to admiration. In the morning they bounded into the room, elate with the idea of their frolic, and beheld their victim *playing* with the skeleton in a state of *absolute idiocy*, induced by the shock he had received, from which not all the wit or wisdom of man could ever recover him!

But manual wit is often less dangerous than that

which consists in mere words. A wag may be forgiven, who splashes another from head to foot with mire in a *good-natured* way ; but he who asperses character, and ridicules conduct, had better look out for the consequences. He who thus makes men afraid of his *wit*, had need be afraid of their memories. The time may come, and most probably will, when an opportunity will occur for retaliation and ample revenge. It is at best an *unprofitable* joke, by which as much is lost in esteem as is gained in applause. It is a costly one indeed by which an individual loses a friend and gains an enemy. It may be clever and witty in the extreme, to contrive a jest upon an action, or a pun upon a name, which shall immediately have this effect ; but is most wholesome *wisdom* to let them alone.

Poor Mr. Humphrey heaved a deep sigh as he replaced this paper, and Mr. Truman conceiving that it had caused some unpleasant recollections, made no remark upon it, and his friend proceeded to read another.

HE THAT RISETH BETIMES, HATH SOMETHING
IN HIS HEAD.

WHAT think you is the human mind
But *thoughts*, with *thinking power* combined ?
Who thinks to live, must *live to think*,
Else mind and body lose their link ;
Hence,—if in sleep, within one's brain
No thoughts, nor pow'r to think, remain,
Then must one's mind forsake one's skull,
Like a dead man's, 'tis void and null ;
The sage profound, who sleeps till eight,
Dreamless, has nothing in his pate.
But the worst dolt and blockhead pure,
That e'er ate porridge with a skewer,
If he betimes should leave his bed,
Just then *hath* something in his head.

I've something now in mine.—Ere day
Succeeds the dawn, haste thou away :
Yon city's lonesome streets, at four
Of early morn, do thou explore.
But be thou first disguised aright—
Dressed like a watchman of the night ;
Be thou time-bawler : roar like one,
Paid by the earth to wake the sun ;

That seeming then a licensed bully,
Thy questions may be answered fully.
Demand the purposes of men,
Who like thyself are stirring then.
Stop all you see,—know what they seek ;
Threaten the watch-house till they speak :
Tell if *one* passenger goes by,
Like those at noon, who know not why ;
Tell if of all, who walk, or waddle,
One travels with an empty noddle ?

“ Now, Mr. Truman, what think you of this, and what follows, from one who never rose, but with ill-will, before ten o'clock ? ”

“ Why,” said he, “ it is on that account the more curious, like a treatise on light and colours by a blind man :—but let me judge for myself.”

HE THAT RISETH BETIMES, HATH SOMETHING
IN HIS HEAD.

If the hint that has been suggested were to be acted upon, there is little doubt that the information gained would prove the perfect accuracy of this saying. Night is the mother of counsels, and the first streak of dawn commonly discovers the result of some of her deliberations. It is therefore by no means to be supposed that these *very* early risers could all of them answer with convenience, if closely questioned, as to their immediate business. It would perhaps be well for them and their neighbours, if they remained asleep till all the world beside were awake. Knavery is up earlier than industry; and there is strong reason to suspect that he who is risen *long* before the sun, will find it needful to retire when the sun appears. Of this we may be sure, that he who rises *thus* betimes, hath *something* in his head; and it is more than probable that it is something which another man's head is not to be entrusted with.

But our proverb holds good, and doubtless points more expressly, to the honest industrious man, who rises though not *so* soon, yet *betimes*, according to

his custom. It is needless to inquire whether he has any thing in his head, who, as soon as he is stirring, has business on his hands. He might say, if he were asked, that he has that in his head in the morning, which he intends to have in his pocket before night. And he is as good as his word. There is a wonderful correspondence between the intentions of an industrious man, and his performances in this respect, and indeed in most others. No matter whether he happens to be counting out cash, or sorting old iron ; he may be taking money, or paying it away by handfuls ; pulling down barns, or building up bigger ; it signifies not, all is for the best with *him* :

He's up at five,
And he will thrive ;

though he has his share of misfortunes like other men.

But this saying, unlike most English proverbs, is nearly an unconnected position, and is certainly no text for a sermon upon the advantages of early rising. Indeed, whatever the advantages may be, and whatever text one might choose, the benefit of a sermon upon them, unassisted by other means, would probably be trifling. It is vastly more easy, as many a preacher knows, to talk a man asleep, than to talk him awake, even by the best logic in the world ; and

it is difficult to say of what use *a book* could be, to arouse a sleeper, unless it were thrown at his head, and even then a volume of *Reports of Crown Cases* would be much more effectual and appropriate than the present little tome.

If the very early riser would feel it inconvenient to give a true account of the thoughts in his head, as has been supposed; he, without doubt, would feel it much more so, who rises habitually late. In the former instance, the difficulty would consist in disguising the design in contemplation; in the latter, the perplexity would be no less, perhaps, than that which he felt, who was asked by Queen Elizabeth, what a man thinks of, who is thinking of nothing*? Would it not puzzle a cunning man to give verbal shape to the ineffable reveries of the ten o'clock dozer? when with eyes beginning to open like dying oysters, and a mouth like a church window, he enters his breakfast parlour? Methinks, that if the interrogatory were put, some one more compassionate would reply for him, "Don't tease the poor gentleman:—give him time: perhaps he will think of something in an hour or two."

But there are some, who shorten their days, at both ends, and actually *sleep twelve hours!* This

* This question was addressed by her to a courtier whom she had disappointed, and his answer was, after some deliberation, *A woman's promise.*

is called in the country "*sleeping round*," and from November to March, is not only permitted, but enjoined; not merely *waked* at, but prescribed by those careful goodies, who think two ends of a day of far less value than one end of a candle. These, however, it will be remarked, are rustics and barbarians; savage herds, whom none but a naturalist need think upon or describe. Aye; but the same preference of tallow to time, is evinced many a dreary afternoon, not only under thatched, but under slated, roofs. How many are there who sit hours together, looking at a mouldering fire, content with such light as its murky glimmerings can bestow! One indeed there was, to whom even such seasons were not without their use, and whose powerful and active mind could render them productive of ideas such as these. He says,

----- "But me, perhaps,
 The glowing hearth may satisfy awhile
 With faint illumination, that uplifts
 The shadows to the ceiling; there by fits
 Dancing uncouthly to the quiv'ring flame.
 Me oft has fancy ludicrous and wild,
 Soothed with a waking dream of houses; tow'rs,
 Trees, churches, and strange visages, expressed
 In the red cinders, while with poring eye
 I gazed, myself creating what I saw.
 Nor less amused have I quiescent watched
 The sooty films, that play upon the bars
 Pendulous, and foreboding in the view

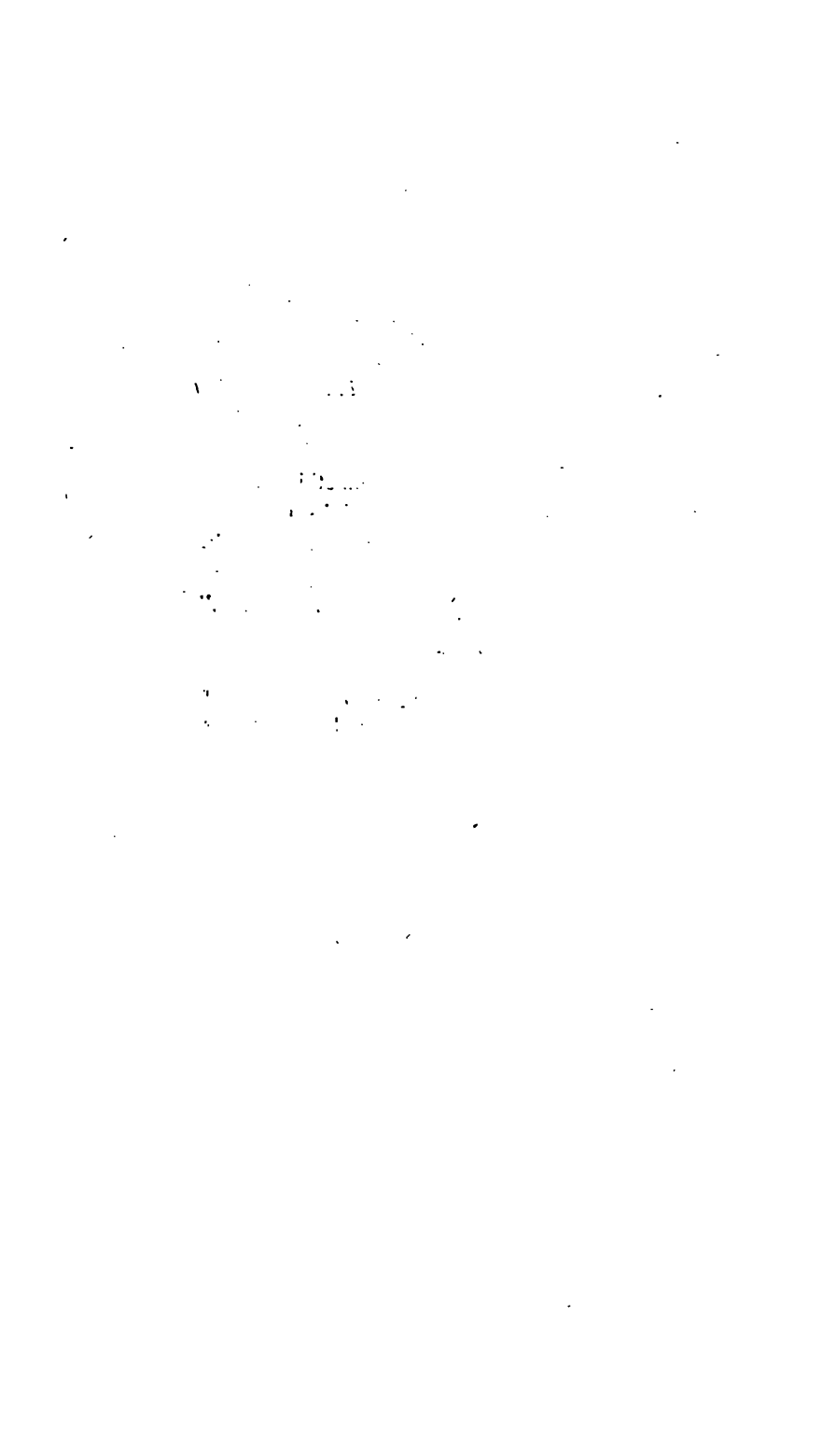
Of superstition, prophesying still,
Though still deceived, some stranger's near approach.
'Tis *thus* the understanding takes repose
In indolent vacuity of thought."

But how different from this is "*the indolent vacuity of thought,*" in which repose the understandings of parlour dozers in general!

He that riseth betimes, hath something in his head worth keeping there, if he thinks upon the place where "there is neither thought, nor work, nor device." Truly, as a fine English apophthegm reminds us, "there is sleeping enough in the grave!"

"This last," added Mr. Humphrey, "was another of my father's favourite sayings, and so was this next."

"Heigho!" said Mr. Truman.



OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE.

ALTHOUGH the world is so changeful and uncertain, that *quiet*, amongst all its rarities, seems the thing most rare; there are many persons who appear to have more than they like of it, and are so impatient for novelty, that they are continually leaping out of the frying-pan of their own tormenting restlessness, into the fire of positive calamity. By changing, for the sake of change, they expect trouble to give them ease, and find out to their cost, that the cure is worse than the complaint.

Doubtless, however, it is owing to the real exigencies of life, and it is when a change is unquestionably desirable, that the unfortunate transition from bad to worse, referred to in the proverb, is commonly made. And this arises frequently from a mistaken notion, induced by present suffering, that the evil which *is*, is the worst that will be; but those who have thus inadvertently once or twice exchanged the frying-pan for the fire, learn to exercise the utmost circumspection in all cases where an important step is to be taken, and will even remain *in the frying-pan*, however hot, as quietly as

they may, if it is the coolest place to which they have access.

But it is seldom the case, even when change is most desirable, that a *leap* is advisable. One may make more haste than good speed in escaping from the plague, by breaking one's neck in jumping out of window. Some persons fairly kill themselves to save their lives. They leap out of the frying-pan into the fire, not because there was nothing better that they could do, but because they would not give themselves time to do it. Many things are repented of at leisure, merely because they were done in haste.

The great desideratum is a sound judgment in distinguishing between two evils, so as that we may choose the least. It must be remembered, however, that if they be of a moral kind, we are neither compelled, nor at liberty, under any circumstances, to choose either. This principle, though of the utmost importance in correctly adjusting our notions of right and wrong, is but little regarded by many. "If we *must* commit a sin," says a certain reverend writer of the last age, "let it be as little as can be helped." The thief's maxim, "One may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb," has nearly as much morality in it, as is contained in this very lenient injunction. No one was ever yet *compelled* to commit a sin, small or great, since there is always

the alternative of suffering. He who prefers moral to physical harm, of two evils chooses the *greatest*: he, beyond a question, leaps *out of the frying-pan into the fire*.

“And now, sir,” said Mr. Humphrey, half closing his portfolio, “I think you have had enough of my sayings and sermons.”

“What makes you think so, Mr. Humphrey?”

“Why, I perceive that you gape, on an average, three times to every paragraph.”

“And so I did when my first cousin was reading my grandfather’s will,” said Mr. Truman, “and so there is nothing in that. Go on, and empty your budget; and I will neither gape nor interrupt you whilst it lasts, even though you should continue to gape, as you have done, every other minute yourself.”

“Have *I* gaped?” asked Mr. Humphrey.

“Aye, that you have,” answered Mr. Truman; “chiefly, though, when I have trespassed on your patience with my dull remarks; but, proceed, and I will engage to sit it out, like a judge hearing counsel; and if I gape once, I wish I may never hear such discourses again.”

“And if *I* gape once, I wish I may never again have such an auditor,” said poor Mr. Humphrey; he then arranged his remaining papers, and read them all, without preface or comment, to the end.

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HE THAT IS WARM, THINKS ALL ARE SO.

ONE wintry day, the wind it blew
 And whistled all forlorn,
 People, for very cold, did rue
 The day that they were born.

Now straight before a fire, they say,
 One selfish codger sat,
 Who did not seem to think the day
 So *very* cold as that.

Said he, "How mild the seasons grow,
 December's warm and bland;
 Jack Frost, he is too shy, I trow,
 To shake a beggar's hand.

"Don't urge the fire—I roast!" said he,
 "Compassion you have none."—
 Said those behind, "Good sir! but *we*
 Are somewhat *underdone*.

"Jack Frost, *just there*, may well be loth
 To shake one hand with you:—
 Come *here*, and he will shake them both,
 Till they are black and blue!"

HE THAT IS WARM, THINKS ALL ARE SO.

THE fire side, then, is not the best place at which to devise adequate winter charities. The liberal soul, who would devise liberal things, should go his rounds on frosty mornings, not merely that he may select, with greater precision, proper objects of beneficence; but also that he may be more feelingly alive to the nature and severity of the evil to be mitigated. He will then, whilst he "loves mercy," be more likely to "do justice," in proportioning his aid to the occasion. Well is it said, "What the eye does not see, the heart does not rue;" neither, perhaps, will the heart be apt to commiserate duly any species of corporeal sufferings in others, which it is entirely unconscious of at the time. What then? must a man torment himself, in order that he may be better qualified to comfort his neighbours? By no means. Begging is an ill trade on a fast day; those who practise austerities, are, in general, far too *austere* to be "*good Samaritans*." The proverb suggests, by reminding us how prone we are to judge of other men's condition by our own, that a roaring fire is not exactly the thing calculated to put us in remembrance of frost-bitten

toes and fingers; and, by the same rule, that repletion argues but languidly on the sorrows of emptiness; that the period of ease or enjoyment, is not that in which to adjust the measure of our concern for the privations and miseries of those around us. Suppose, then, that we dole out bread to the hungry rather *before* our own dinners than afterwards. Let us bestow clothes and fuel when the wind is north, and when we happen to feel that it is so. Let us correct our notions of the calamities of others, when we ourselves have a share.

But the propensity, according to the old saying, to "measure other men's corn by our own bushel," is in nothing more harmfully conspicuous, than in the judgment we pronounce on motives, principles, and conduct. It is said, that every man's praise or blame is first moulded in his own nature, and hence it is that such rash and injurious opinions are formed. The secret springs of action operate so differently in different individuals, that no one can with certainty speak of another's unexpressed intentions, merely from a knowledge of his own in similar circumstances. Yet how frequently do persons impute desires, designs, and actions, to their neighbours, with no other guide than their own accusing consciences, which, upon such occasions, they needlessly, but completely, expose to an acute observer. The odious maxim, that *every man has*

his price, or that *there is a rate* at which *any* one may be bribed, can find no support but in the self-convictions of one who knows that his own actions are at the command of the highest bidder. Thieves think all men would be thieves in certain situations, and in certain situations, therefore, would trust nobody. Liars think that no one loves truth for its own sake, and for that reason believe no one, when they can perceive no prudential inducements to veracity.

But amiable persons, not less than these, are apt to err, in judging of others by themselves. Not only does he that is heartless and cold, think that all men resemble him; but he also that is the reverse, supposes too often that others are like him, and this sometimes to his cost. It is a mistake, however, which time, and intercourse with society, will, in general, correct soon enough. Experience, observation, and the exercise of common sense, will probably rectify all favorable misconceptions which our proverb refers to.

When he who is amiable and tolerably happy, is convinced how *few* resemble him, he will do what he can to increase their number, by diffusing his own blessings around him. He will devoutly *wish*, though he cannot *think*, all men as happy as himself.



PENNY! WHENCE COMEST THOU? PENNY, WHI-
 THER GOEST THOU? AND, PENNY, WHEN WILT
 THOU COME AGAIN?

PENNY! whence comest thou, I pray?
 Thou joy of all beholders!
 Little I thought to see to-day,
 Thy lovely head and shoulders!

Whence comest thou, my dear brunette,
 Britannia blythe and bonny?
 Long time it is, since last I met
 My copper-coloured crony.

Whither so fast?—O, stay and hear
 My anxious thoughts about thee;
 Return! return! for it is clear
 I *cannot dine* without thee!

When next shall I behold thy face?
 Britannia blythe and bonny!
 O let it not be many days,
 My copper-coloured crony!

PENNY'S REPLY.

“ You ask me three questions in a breath, to only one of which you can possibly expect an answer. Whither I go, and when I am to return, your own exigencies, and your own industry, must determine. As to whence I come, though seldom called upon to give any account of myself, I believe I can tell pretty accurately.

You know as well as I do, that I was born in the Tower. The first incident of early life that I can remember, was a most violent blow on my face; and why it was administered, I could not at all conceive, as I was conscious of no fault. I have since learned, that none was imputed to me, excepting a certain plainness and vacancy of countenance, which, it was said, unfitted me for the world. How this severe treatment could mend the matter, I leave you to judge. If every person who has a plain face were to be beaten for it, it would be thought hard. I, for one, thought this knock on the head *very* hard; but there was no escaping; and, as it turned out, it certainly was for the best, and I have no reason to complain; indeed, I can safely aver, that this well-meant blow was *the making* of

me, and the finishing stroke of my character. So true is it, that even undeserved chastisements have their use.

“ From that moment I was entirely changed. I was so *forcibly struck* by this event, that my countenance exhibited the impression it had made upon me, and assumed a grave, decided, and manly expression.—Manly! did I say?—more than manly, more than noble, it was royal! But this was not all. Strange, but true, it is, that I acquired *letters* at the same time, and without the least effort on my part. *Latin* was communicated in such a novel but efficient manner, as to become, as it were, part of myself. It has ever since been constantly before my eyes, and is the language in which I invariably communicate all that I have to say in my official capacity. Even my Christian and surname, ‘*George King*,’ I always give in Latin; and, what is more, I call my sweetheart,—a lady whose portrait I constantly bear about me,—by her Latin name, *Britannia*. I confess, however, that my learning might, with justice, be called somewhat *superficial*; but I am a person of few words, and so that is of little consequence.

“ I will now proceed with some of my adventures, which, for brevity's sake, I have strung together as thick as possible, lest my narrative should be unfinished when you are compelled to dismiss

me, which I have reason to think you will do very shortly.

“ From the Tower I was sent to the Bank, and there was paid away, brand new, to a young spark just of age, who thrust me into his coat pocket, with gold, silver, and bank notes. Presently I was clawed out at a crossing, and with sundry other coins, was thrown, with a broad-cast, to an Irish sweeper. We were immediately scrambled for by him, two fish women, a printer's devil, an author 'out at elbows,' and a petty constable; the latter of whom gave one of the women a black eye; obtained two in return; showed his tipstaff, and seized half-a-crown and a halfpenny upon which she had set her foot. Meantime I was secured by the Irishman, and pouched with half a handful of mire. I discerned in the same poke with myself, a quid of tobacco, a bowl of a pipe, an old missal, part of a beef-sausage, a mendicity ticket, and a copper shilling.

“ At dusk, the Irishman paid me away *slily* for a *ha'p'orth* of cheese; I was then popped through a slit in the counter into a box containing some hundreds more, and remained there all night; but was taken out next day with my companions, and paid away for poor's rates. Sunday morning, I was in the pocket of a parish officer, and went with him to shut up public houses; after which, he took me

unto the next parish, and spent me at '*the Jack and Jill*;' there I was placed against a slice of lemon, which injured my complexion; was wiped, and made worse. Presently I was given in change to an old woman, with whom I went shortly after to church; and was pulled out in sermon time with her handkerchief. The old woman fumbled for me with her foot; but I rolled on my edge quietly and unperceived to a distant part of the aisle, and fell prostrate under the mural monument of a cashier of the Bank of England. I lay there nine years.

"There I got covered with dust, notwithstanding a woman, who had an allowance for sweeping the church once a week, actually came once a quarter and passed her broom over me,—very happy, very resigned. A newsweeper was at length appointed, and two strokes of her besom revealed me. I was immediately pulled out, blown, breathed upon, rubbed, and pocketed with a grunt of approbation. At night I was given to her boy to buy a candle; but the urchin embezzled me, and said I was lost. He got three cuffs on the jole for his pains, when he ran out, and relinquished me for a handful of green gooseberries, and a split whistle.

"After this, I passed current through thousands of hands in the usual way, during a period of about seven years. At length I was canted by a wag through the glass of a miser's window, who

grinned at me like the jaws of a rat-trap, stuffed the hole in the casement with straw from his couch, and committed me to his hutch, with myriads of my species, and other more valuable coins. We were locked and unlocked, counted and weighed, every night and morning, for forty-four years, at the end of which period, I, with three other pence, was withdrawn one day with a deep groan, and disbursed to a Jew, for a hat without a crown, a pedlar's left-off jerkin, and a beggar's wallet.

“ Finally, I was, as *you know*, included by the Israelite in the sum of ninepence paid by him just now to *your honour*, in exchange, if I'm not mistaken, for an odd boot, three shoes, a fiddle-case, and an Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.”



EX NIHIL, NIL FIT.

STOP your ears if you please, enigmatical host,
 For he can hear me, who is deaf as a post ;
 Shut your eyes if you please, I care little for that,
 For he can see me, who is blind as a bat.
 Put a toad in a telescope, wedge him in tight ;
 Surely *I*, not the stars, must appear to your sight.
 Take a string a yard long, and tie me to one end ;
 If you whirl it, then me to the moon you will send.
 I could turn both the poles, if I pleased, to the sun,
 Or could make the earth do, for the future, with one.
 I can prove that the moon is inhabited only
 By a goose with three legs, who is pensive and lonely.
 Who could heat the earth's orbit red hot? why *I* could ;
 And can prove that 'tis made of bell-metal and wood.
 I can prove black is white with great ease I suppose,
 And that Balaam's ass died of a cold in his nose.
 That a cat is a cucumber, and, if you please,
 That red port may be wrung from a frog with a squeeze.
 Furthermore, when an owl drops to sleep in a tree,
 'Tis a hundred to one, but she's thinking of me.
 A horse will trot freely, with me on his back ;
 Beggars dine upon me, when provisions they lack.
 Now question me not any further I pray ;
 If you ask me my name, I have *nothing* to say.



FAIR WORDS WILL NOT KEEP A CAT FROM
STARVING.

“MY dear old Grimalkin! be dumb I implore ye,
Your cry like an arrow transfixes my heart:
None can see thee and question a word of thy story,
Such a meagre, grim, grinning, old cat as thou art.

“Therefore cease, bony-crony, my feelings to harrow,
Hear again the kind words of my former advice;
If hunger assail thee, go catch thee a sparrow;
Or if sparrows fail thee, go catch thee some mice.

“I grieve thus to see thee grow thinner and thinner;
Attend to my counsel, thy bulk to increase;
Consume, if thou wilt, fifty mice at a dinner;
In plenty live *thou*, and let *me* live in peace.

“Far be it from me, like an unfeeling glutton,
To grudge my starved cat a dry bone from my shelves;
Overjoyed I would help thee to beef, veal, or mutton;
But cats prosper best, who provide for *themselves*.”

“My dearest kind master! how can I be quiet?”
Replied the poor cat in disconsolate mood;
“Mere words of compassion are poor windy diet;
An ill wind indeed, that blows nobody good.”

FAIR WORDS WILL NOT KEEP A CAT FROM
STARVING.

PITY, promises, and blame, are always cheap and plentiful. A man will never lack help, if these can help him; for they are commodities in which the most niggardly can be liberal. But the truth is, that like hedge-fruits, and other gratis goods, they are, for the most part, worthless and unpalatable, in proportion to their abundance. Yet how many there are who, from day to day, breakfast upon pity, dine upon promises, and sup upon blame, and are almost contented so to do, in the vain expectation that the time *will* come, though long in coming, when better things may be obtained.

By fair words, as applied in this proverb, and others of a like nature, we are doubtless to understand all kinds of deceptive and empty professions; such as are "plenty as blackberries" all the world over, as all the world knows. But so it is, that professions of sympathy and commiseration, though unaccompanied by so much as a hint at help, are strangely grateful to the ear, even when the hollowness of the tones is without difficulty to be detected. To "weep with those that weep," is a

duty performed with most ceremonious exactness, by multitudes who secretly rejoice in the disaster which gives them an opportunity of appearing friendly at a small expense. It is not wonderful then, if mere pity, so easily proffered, is so readily accepted; that *promises*, though vague and unsubstantial as the predictions in Moore's Almanack, should, like them, obtain attention, and awaken expectation. Men love to deceive, and it is equally true, that men love to be deceived. Fair words, therefore, though counterfeit coin, are likely to be current still. Whilst there are receivers, there will be utterers; the latter will never shut their mouths, unless the former will stop their ears.

Fair words, however, of a certain sort, and to a certain extent, may not only be excusable, but advisable, and even necessary in conducting the multitudinous concerns of social and commercial intercourse. The whole vocabulary of common everyday politeness, is made up of *fair words*, many of which may, we conceive, be used, without casting the slightest shade of disingenuousness upon the character of the speaker: although they convey a meaning, when strictly examined, with which his feelings and intentions do by no means correspond. Before a man can be convicted of essential and censurable ambiguity of speech, it must be ascertained that he *intended* to deceive by using words

and phrases which, in their *general import*, differed from the truth. Those who, not satisfied with this explanation, "make a man an offender for a word," and reject the authorized usage of respectable society, have not been very happy in their substitutes. A Quaker will not say "*dear sir*" to one for whom he may have considerable esteem; but he will say "*respected friend*" to one for whom he has not the *smallest* respect or regard; knowing him to be indifferent, if not absolutely an enemy. So blindly do party men strain at gnats, and swallow camels!

But whether fair words are of an excusable kind or not, our proverb suggests a wholesome caution, by asserting their miserable insufficiency in point of substantial utility. He who lives upon hope derived from them, whilst men continue to care for themselves more than for their neighbours, will probably die fasting. He will eventually be as destitute of pence, as he was originally of brains, when he supposed that fair words, like sumpter mules, must of necessity bring good things upon their backs.

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CARE NOT WOULD HAVE.

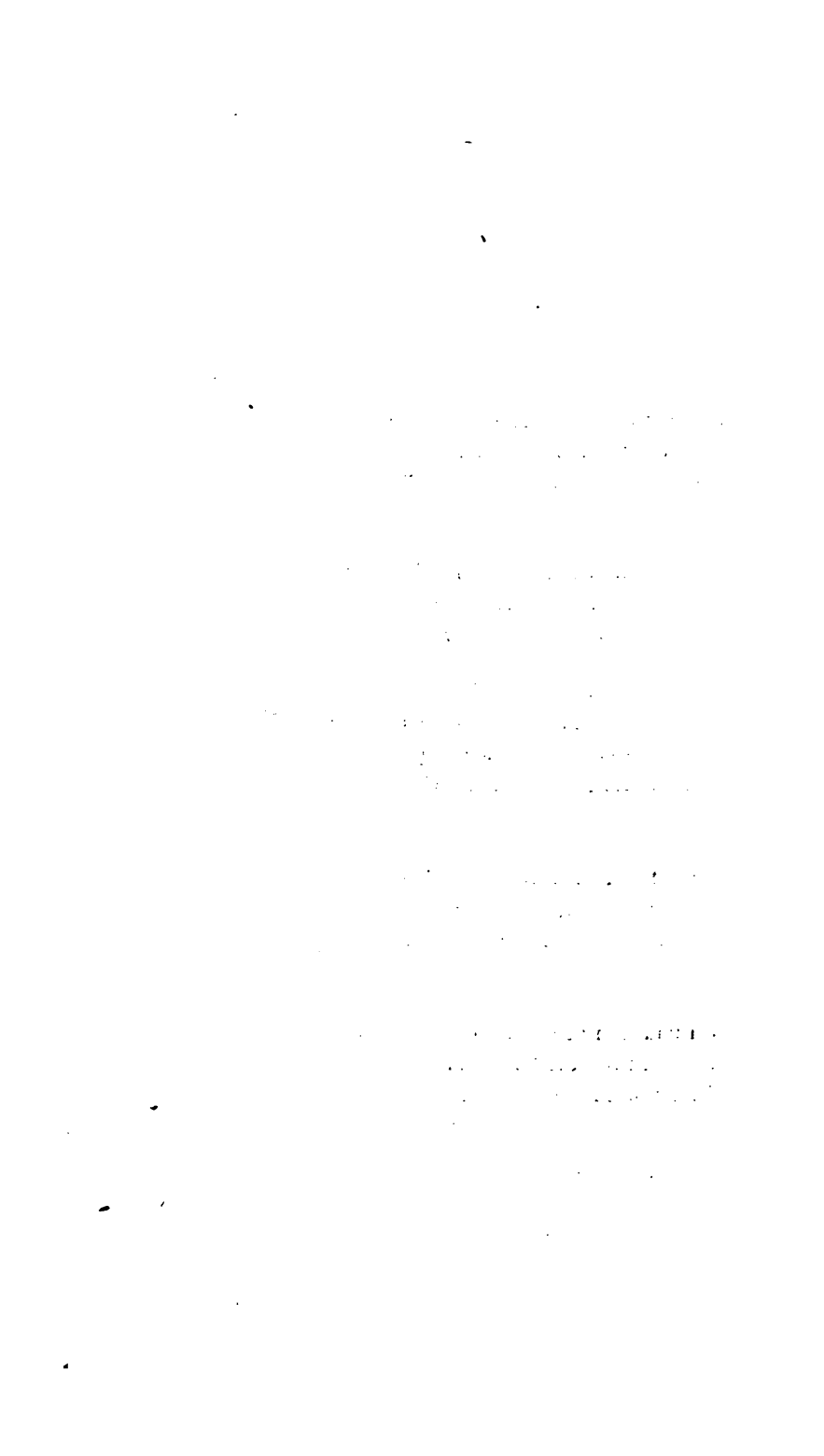
“ No, there you’re mistaken, ’twould do me no good,
 I do not care two-pence about it ;
 I wonder my words are so misunderstood ;
 I tell you I’m better without it.”

“ Sir, you ought to know best, and I meant no offence ;
 I would only beg further to mention,
 That *the chancery story* is all a pretence,
 So the house is more worthy attention.”

“ Indeed ! but what then ? ’tis a poor gloomy place,
 And ’tis haunted they say by a spectre ;
 And the parsonage house stares it full in the face,
 And I’m not on good terms with the rector.

“ To be sure, as you say, it must be *to be had*,
 If the title is free from objection ;
 And I, for my part, might not think it so bad,
 If it looked in another direction.

“ However, I think I’m persuaded *almost*,
 If I find it in decent condition ;
 And I’ll e’en run the hazard of parson and ghost,
 If I can but have *instant* admission.”



CARE NOT WOULD HAVE.

THE grapes were sour, wofully sour, which Reynard could not reach. How strange then, since he had the means of knowing without tasting, that he should have given himself a moment's concern about them! Persons at once envious and greedy, who have made an unsuccessful attempt to obtain something possessed by others, commonly make an equally unsuccessful one to conceal their chagrine, and convince the world, that to them the thing in question would be of little value, or that they could not in conscience make use of it. "Such an one has just got ten thousand pounds in the lottery." "So I hear, and *so much the worse*. It will do him no good: I never knew any one that ever got fat upon *windfalls*. What comes from the clouds, rises in vapour. Besides, speculating in the lottery is no better than gambling. For my own part, I have great doubts of a man's principles who can appropriate a sum so obtained; for it is, in fact, the public money. As for me, I live upon my labour, or upon what is my own, and care for nothing more," &c. &c. &c. "Aye," says John Bull; "don't tell me about your principles till they are

proved. Care not would have, and you would buy as many lottery tickets as you could pay for, before you are twenty-four hours older, if you knew the right numbers."

It is curious to observe the process of veering in certain cases. Every obstacle to the attainment of a thing, that is removed, removes with it an objection or a fault from the thing itself, till at length he that blew cold blows hot, he stands due south instead of due north, and ill brooks a hint at his versatility. Most persons, however, possess discernment enough to perceive this folly in others, although they may have a portion of it themselves. So far, therefore, from availing any thing to appear to nauseate the cup of Tantalus, it only enhances the disappointment in the eyes of the world, and, in fact, does that which at all times it is quite needless to do,—it makes a bad matter worse.

Upon the same mistaken plan, many sham indifference under positive misfortunes; making a wonderful effort to appear unconcerned, and even amused, when it is well known that they would accept relief upon almost any terms. A person was once endeavouring to convince Dr. Johnson that death had literally no terrors to some individuals, and supported his argument by adducing an instance of peculiar cheerfulness, and even merriment, in one at the foot of the gallows. Replied

the doctor, "that man would have been in raptures to have sold all his limbs to the surgeons in exchange for his life."

It is astonishing how incredulous persons discover the world to be, when they assume this kind of satisfaction under disappointment and calamity. It is very nearly as easy for a man to get out of a scrape, as to convince his neighbours that he does not mind being in one; so that if any one should really be so constituted as to be pleased when thwarted, and delighted when in despair, he may just as well say nothing about it; conceal his raptures, and congratulate himself that life affords so many occasions for his particular enjoyments.

There is, however, such a thing as putting a good face upon a matter, and making the best of an ill chance; and it is well so to do. When it is not overdone, it evinces, advantageously, an elasticity of mind, which is indeed of great value, under the unequal pressure of affairs. He who shows that he is ever *less* frightened than hurt, will be less liable to annoyance from others, than one with whom the contrary is the case. There is a sort and a degree of indifference conducive to perfect self-possession, which it is highly desirable to feel, and to exhibit in the pursuit of any earthly good, and under any earthly disappointment and calamity. He who has not this needful share of recklessness, is wretched.

And now, at the risk of twisting our text, we would apply it in a new way, and remark that there are some who seem by their conversation *at times*, as if they "would *have*" things, for which, judging by their conduct, it would appear that they "care not." It is not our province to preach; but we would hazard this illustration, and observe, that with regard to the prospects opened by *religion*, many are chargeable with this inconsistency. *During* life, they appear to be anxious for nothing beyond it; but at the *end* of life, when nothing better is to be obtained, they expect and hope for the enjoyments of a future state. Multitudes who thus absurdly and fatally "*care not, would have.*"

IT IS WELL TO DO ALL THE GOOD WE TALK OF;
BUT IT IS NOT WELL TO TALK OF ALL THE GOOD
WE DO.

“ I MET a blind beggar, and gave him a groat,
A wicked impostor I afterwards thought;
But I can't see a soul in a wretched condition,
But out goes my money,—*that's my* disposition !

“ It was only last Christmas, no longer ago,
That I found a poor creature asleep on the snow ;
' La ! ' says I ; ' do get up, you'll be perished with
cold ;'

Then I gave him some silver, and felt for my gold.

“ But thinks I, 'twould be better to give him a job,
If I pay folks for begging, there'll be such a mob :
They had better crack pebbles,—a farthing a load ;
So I set him to work to break stones for the road.

“ And now to all the objects that come in my way,
This is just what I do, sir, and just what I say :
' You old ragamuffin ! ' says I ; ' who are you ?'
Then I give them a trifle, and something to do.

“ But I needs must confess, that an error I'm in,
To give them all halfpence, to spend them in gin ;
But I can't see a soul in a wretched condition,
But *out* goes my money,—*that's my* disposition !”

often *talked of*, for our own personal amendment. That will be doing well indeed! And no one can do better. An individual may busy himself thus, from morning till night, and from January till December, intent upon nothing so much as his own peculiar advantage, without being subject in the least to the charge of *selfishness*. "Go on and prosper," will be the language of every mouth, to him who is correcting his faults. Advice, information, and assistance, for the furtherance of this business, may be obtained gratis, from foes as well as friends, and it will be only when the result is less than was expected, and difficult to be discerned; when, in fact, there has been "great cry, and little wool," that neighbours will be at all disposed to find fault.

The encouragement for this undertaking is the utmost that can be wished—the certainty of reward. "That which a man soweth, shall *he also* reap." One who has actually done himself the moral good he has talked of, and who has improved his character by unwearied and unsparing diligence in its cultivation, is liable to no contingencies which can deprive him of the fruits of his labours; he will doubtless enjoy the whole produce, undiminished by any *tithes and taxes*, but such as he may be weak enough to allow of. It appears, then, that we possess facilities and incentives urging us to

this kind of selfish charity, which belong to no other species of benevolence. We must now consider the good which we have designed and talked of for the benefit of others.

And here we need not dwell long; for when we have really made good these outstanding debts for our own benefit, we shall scarcely leave unperformed our expressed intentions of improving the condition of those around us. Some endeavours to this end we *must* make, whether we have pledged ourselves to it or not; or we are no better than wolves, cormorants, and Greenland bears, which do nothing less, nor *more*, than eat, when they are hungry, what comes in their way; live for themselves, and die—for the good of others. Yet persons, who very nearly answer to this description, are often most lavish in their promises. "I intend," says the burly alderman (our former acquaintance), "*when the proper time is arrived*, to make an entire alteration in the mode of relieving our poor. I hope—if I live and do well—that in a few years there will be 'no complaining in our streets,' and indeed only wait for a little co-operation, to turn over quite '*a new leaf*.'" In the mean time, however, "all things continue as they were." The alderman consumes his turtle, and his turtle consumes *him*: he dies; and *then*, indeed, for the first time, does a little

good, by making room in the world for perhaps *three* to stand, where only he could stand before.

But some are professed world-menders, and talk boldly of renovating society at large. Well indeed it would be if these *could* do all the good they talk of; but we have hitherto been obliged to take the will for the deed. Such might, however, make a beginning with advantage by commencing *at home*, as we have before hinted. Example might thus do something, when precept can do nothing, and that wholesome truth would be exhibited conspicuously, that if every one will mend one, we shall all be mended.

But our proverb further declares, it is not well to talk of all the good we do.—And why not?

It happens, that those who are most disposed to talk of their good deeds, are the very persons who, like the boaster we commenced with, have the fewest and most paltry instances to mention; and, *vice versa*, those who really accomplish the most, are those who really talk the least about it. It certainly, however, would be the wisest way for benefactors of the former class, who take such especial care that their liberality should not outrun their prudence, to hold their tongues altogether upon the subject. It may be right for such; and for all, to *discourage mendicity*, for instance; but he who talks much of the good he does to society, by *reli-*

giously disobeying that command, "From him that asketh of thee, turn not thou away;" and who laments the *evil*, he does when he happens to obey it, certainly does *himself*: but little service thereby: since even if his motives were the best in the world, they must inevitably be misunderstood. In fact, it is not well for a person who does *little*, to talk of his doings, because unless he misrepresents them, he needlessly exposes the meanness of his character. And it is not well for one who does *much*, to proclaim his beneficence publicly, because in so doing he makes it appear probable that his charities are only proportioned to his appetite for praise:

How far this trumpeting habit is "an evil and a *bitter* thing," as it regards others, we may judge by supposing ourselves in the place of those who are under the necessity of receiving eleemosynary aid from an ostentatious giver; from Humphrey Trump Blaze, Esq. Such an one exacts the full penalty of poverty, not only in private, but in public: he is not content with the prostration of the sufferer to him personally, but takes care to reveal the scene, as often as he thinks there is an opportunity of displaying to advantage the effect it had upon his compassion. How many there are who bestow much, but not one single halfpenny with any other view than to obtain "praise of men." "They have their reward." He, however, who has said, "Let

not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," will answer, "I praise you not."

Thus have we endeavoured to support the doctrine of our text. The latter part of it has only been considered as it respects proclaiming to others, the good that we have *done to others*. It would have been unnecessary to enjoin silence upon those who in the way that has been mentioned have served themselves. He who adequately administers to his own moral necessities, will be in little danger of entering into particulars in discoursing with his neighbours upon the subject: he will feel no inclination, at the expense of exposing all his frailties, to talk of all the good he does in correcting them.

HARM WATCH HARM CATCH.

THREE things one mortal fear'd of old :—
 Gunpowder, poison, catching cold.
 Drugs, fire-arms, and a key-hole draught,
 Were perils such, he seldom laughed.
 Said he, " For worlds I would not eat
 Salt to my food, or salted meat.
 Salt may have arsenic ! who can tell ?
 Bless me ! I once began to swell
 After *one* pickled ham I'd taken :
 I'll ne'er again touch salt or bacon.—
 What's that a ram-rod ? man take care !
 It may go off, ere you're aware ;
 Plunge it in water—where's your gun ?
 Plunge *that*, or mischief will be done.—
 Oh ! what a wind, 'twould turn a mill—
 Some door's a-jar, say what you will.
 It blows a hurricane, although
 Each key-hole I have stuff'd with tow.
 By sudden chills, our ranks are thinn'd :
 I can't think what's the use of wind."

And so, by reason of his fears,
 Our hero soon cut short his years.

Lest he should catch a random shot,
In shooting time, stir he would not;
For months—was prisoned by his whim,
Lest sportsmen should make game of *him*.
Then, lest some poison he should take,
He starved himself for safety's sake.
And, lest a breeze should cause his death,
He gasped and died, for want of breath!

HE THAT EATS LEAST, EATS MOST.

ONE cannot lay claim to the reward due to great depth of thought in solving this witty problem. It amounts in other words to this, That he that eats sparingly, lives long, and therefore eats more in many years than gluttons can in few.

That individual is in a pitiable plight whose intellects are too weak for the purposes of self-government. As a vessel had better be without sails and oars, than without a helm, so a man had better be deprived of the motives of animal appetite, than be wanting in that measure of discretion and judgment, which is needful for their limitation and guidance. He, on the contrary, is well appointed, and so far safe, whose mind is just strong enough, and in essential matters competent, to rule, direct, and take care of

his body,—a mind which can, and will, exercise the sovereign functions of absolute power, in all cases where corporeal propensities would produce corporeal mischief.

It is not in this, as it is in many other matters, that a man must be advanced in life, before his experience will be old enough to direct his judgment. The laws of temperance and moderation are the statutes of common sense and prudence, and they have their rigid sanctions in results obvious even to the inexperienced eye. Where is the child whose observation has not told him, that excess and disease go hand in hand; or who cannot feelingly appreciate the woes of forbidden indulgence in tempting but cloying fruits and sweets? A child knows, that somehow transgression is almost inseparably connected with speedy and appropriate penalties. Punishment is not slack, as some men count slackness. Persons who view things superficially, are too apt to think that the sanctions of the Divine prohibitions are reserved entirely for a future state; but there is a regular and constantly operating system of reprisal upon the persons and comforts of those who grasp at more than is given or allowed. Judicial retribution is ever at work to prevent the possibility of an attempt being made to seize on ungranted pleasures, but at a loss. A more puzzling and unanswerable query could not be addressed to man than this, "What

profit had ye in those things whereof ye are now ashamed ?”

Here, indeed, is the sum of the matter, and this is the controversy between vice and virtue. The former, though hitherto utterly unsuccessful in its efforts to discover that golden mine of enjoyment of which it dreams,—still labours, and grovels still deeper in the sorry soil, blackened and grimed with its sordid work, and thereby tells us by its actions that it imagines a profit,—an advantage of some sort is yet to be acquired; but virtue, taking only of those things which can be obtained without stooping, replies, When you show me the advantage you *have* obtained, I will stoop too; but up to the present moment of time, those that have grovelled most have gained the least; and those that have been the least greedy have been the best filled, even with the pleasant things you exclusively seek.

Epitaph on a Man of Sense.

To the immortal Memory of
 FULMAN DOUBLEDINE, Esq. of Cookham Hall,
 Near Oxweldon, in this County:
 A Man of
 VAST CAPACITY, AND UNEXAMPLED ABILITY, in transacting
 The Business of the Board, at which
 For many years He presided.
 To promote
 The increase and aggrandizement of the BODY CORPORATE
 With whose Interests He was identified, was
 The main study of his
 Life:
 To this End, He ever sacrificed
 All considerations of Personal Ease, and Health and even of
 Existence:

In Him,
 The truest GREATNESS was exhibited :
 It was of that kind which prevented Him at any time from fixing
 His Eye, or His attention upon objects beneath Him :
 It induced Him to keep at
 Arm's length the Pleasures
 Of the Table.
 He was not less eminent as a man of sense and taste, than as a
 man of singular capacity.
 His conduct through Life
 Gave Him great weight and consideration
 In all affairs
 Wherein individual influence could give
 The Preponderance.
 To maintain His standing as
 An upright Man
 In the uneven Paths of Life, burdened by the
 Pressure of Corporation Affairs
 Was an onerous task
 Which few beside Himself could have accomplished.
 The County has in him lost its most conspicuous
 Inhabitant.
 He died December XXV, MDCCCXXVI. Aged forty-one.

Epitaph on a Man of Better Sense.

Beneath this stone lies Daniel Dwindledine ;
 Hearty was he at fourscore years and nine :
 Hunger and health in him did well agree ;
 Spare were his meals, and spare but strong was he :
 This, his intent, by appetite denied,
 To eat *more* food than any one beside,
 By sparing thus, whilst others richly fed,
 He hoped to dine, when other folks were dead :
 And truly such as he are good bread winners ;
 For he won more than THIRTY THOUSAND DINNERS.
 Ye worshippers devout of kitchen gods,
 Pause, and reflect, and calculate the odds !

You, who till sixty cram, of cramming die ;
Your groans inform us how, physicians why.
This man devoured *ten thousand dinners more*
In ninety years, than gluttons in three score.
Think of ten thousand meals, ye trencher men ;
A THOUSAND DINNERS MULTIPLIED BY TEN !!!
“ Aye, but,” say you, “ these dinners stinted thus,
Would be so many *miseries* to us :
Life, with *ill fare*, is woe ; the truth to tell.”
If so, till sixty cram, *then fare you well!*



HEDGES HAVE EYES, AND WALLS HAVE EARS.

“WELL, and so you told old Hazlewig that you didn't care a button-shank for any body in the world but himself?”

“Aye, and he believes it, and why should he not? Who else is there that it is worth my while to care a button for? (meaning your honour no offence.) There is something so *good* about him; such a *striking* excellence (you take me), that one cannot lose sight of it at the worst of times, and which in truth makes me civil, when I have a confounded mind to be saucy. I can truly say, his *will* is my law, and that I care more for *his* wealth and good estate, than I do for my own.”

“Excellent, kind-hearted, disinterested, young man that you are! and how much do you care about his *Health*, Tony?”

“I am anxious enough about *that* too, believe me, Dick. What could I do more, to show my solicitude, than advise him to leave a legacy to his physician, and to tell his physician he had done so? Said I to him, ‘Sir, Dr. Charlatan is, I doubt not, as well-principled a man as any in his profession. There are some who think of nothing but their fee,

when they prescribe for a patient; but he is not one of that sort, I am sure; certainly he has never shown himself so in your case: he has ever paid you extraordinary attention. And now, sir,' said I, 'it would be no more than just and expedient, I think, to write *him* a recipe in return; a *corroborative* to be adjusted, not at a *common doctor's*, but at *Doctor's Commons!*' Was'nt that witty, Dick?"

"Aye, and cunning to boot. Did the old guinea-pig take your hint?"

"Troth man, that did he. 'Aye, aye,' said he; 'good, good!' He went to his desk, and scratched him in a legacy with as much ease as I could spend one. O, my boy, how I longed to have a fair squint at that last dying speech and confession of his, whilst it was under his hand. I sidled near enough, however, to look over his shoulder, when he thought I was away, and perceived one or two most glorious items, which I had before no idea of; but *who* is to be the better for them, and *when*, his lawyer and physician know better than I.—Bless me, Dick!"

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Hazlewig, who now entered with papers in his hand, "I beg pardon for interrupting you. Old men are not *always* so blind, deaf, and stupid as they are thought to be; furthermore, '*hedges have eyes, and walls have ears*.' I have seen, and heard, and understood things, of which younger persons have been ignorant. I

have, without seeking it, obtained knowledge, recently, for which I am desirous to give some information in return. Here, gentlemen, is my *last dying speech and confession*; my *final* will and testament. You, Mr. Anthony, will perceive, that instead of scratching my physician *in*, I scratched *you out*, immediately after you had recommended me to make it *his interest* to neglect or injure my feeble health. I beg leave to assure you, that neither my lawyer or my physician know any thing of me or of mine, which can ever concern *you*."

"My dear grandfather! do not be so offended. It was merely a joke, though a most unhappy one. You know I have always done every thing in my power to please you, and would again, if you were not worth a halfpenny; my cousin Dick knows the same."

"Your cousin knows by this time, sir, that old guinea-pig can take a hint; and after what he has heard *you* say, and what he has heard *me* say, must be aware that it is impossible you should henceforth receive a shilling of mine, unless you can make it appear that I am in your debt."

"I can assure you, sir," replied Dick, "that Anthony has often said that he has already been overpaid by your liberality, for any thing he has done on your account; and that he has no expectations beyond those of one relation amongst many others."

“ I am constrained to apprise, both you and him, sir, that *any* expectations from me will be disappointed. Had I overheard you expressing pecuniary hopes merely, I should only have thought you a couple of fools for doing so within a yard or two of my easy chair in the other room; but having obtained a key to your wishes, if not your intentions, respecting your early benefactor, I am determined to give you no further opportunity of being ungrateful to me or my memory. Persons had better look about them, lest there be other auditors than they wish, before they talk unadvisedly or foolishly. They had need take greater care still, before they talk basely. Treason is not to be trusted even to stone and timber. Bad men may be seen and heard distinctly by others, whilst arranging their ill designs, though apparently in the presence of none but themselves; for *hedges have eyes, and walls have ears!* ”

HE THAT WOULD HAVE WHAT HE HATH NOT,
SHOULD DO WHAT HE DOTHT NOT.

Good people all, I pray excuse
An old factotum of the muse.
A grave philosopher of yore,
Intent to teach, as heretofore,
A wholesome and a needful lesson,
Which wise men lay the greatest stress on.
Know then all ye, and ponder well,
The undisputed truth I tell.
There lived a sage, no matter where,
'Tis not my business to declare
His residence, or name, or age ;
This must suffice, there lived a sage.
Perchance the author of our maxim,
With which some learned writers tax him :
But should it not be so, 'tis clear,
He proved its truth, as you shall hear.

This sage, averse from worldly strife,
Betook him to a hermit's life ;
Yet turns no misanthropic whim,
Hating the world for hating *him* ;

Nor monkish pride, absurd and foul,
Vexing his flesh, to save his soul ;
But he of knowledge was in quest,
The thirst of intellect possessed ;
'Mid busy haunts had vainly sought
One quiet nook for serious thought ;
And hence led justly to conclude,
Some *other* course must be pursued ;
He sped him to yon leafy glen,
Remote from noise and cares of men ;
Soon found a cave from tenant free,
And lived there half a century !
Thus proving well our maxim true,
That when some distant good in view,
Untasted still, is still desired,
Some untried effort is required :
But as Example well can teach,
When Precept is too old to preach,
We'll bring one instance more to fix it,
And trust to no one's *ipse dixit*.

The night came on in dread array,
Far westward fled the affrighted day.
Forth rushing from his northern sphere,
Winter, with arctic ire, drew near.
Blast-borne, he in his viewless car,
O'er mountain tops rolled distant war ;

Thence downward plunged to earth again,
With airy forces stormed the plain;
Now shook the hills; now delved the flood:
With frantic wrath bowed low the wood;
Now flung o'erwhelming snows around,
In dust now whirl'd them from the ground.

'Twas 'mid this elemental rage,
One reached the dwelling of our sage;
Nor heard he for the roar and din,
The hospitable words, "Come in;"
But, wond'ring, saw the lowly door
Wide opened by the man of lore.
"Welcome!" said he; "the churlish blast
Exceeds his rage for seasons past;
Else, doubtless, none would seek or crave
The comforts of a hermit's cave."

Rejoined his stern and saddened guest;
"Of comforts I'm no more in quest.
This night I sought the rising storm;
Tranquil its utmost rage, and warm
Its fiercest blast; peaceful its strife,
To one long tempest-tost in life.
With mind and body's utmost stretch
I've toiled, a disappointed wretch:
Pleasure, wealth, happiness, and fame,
With ardent mind, and steady aim,

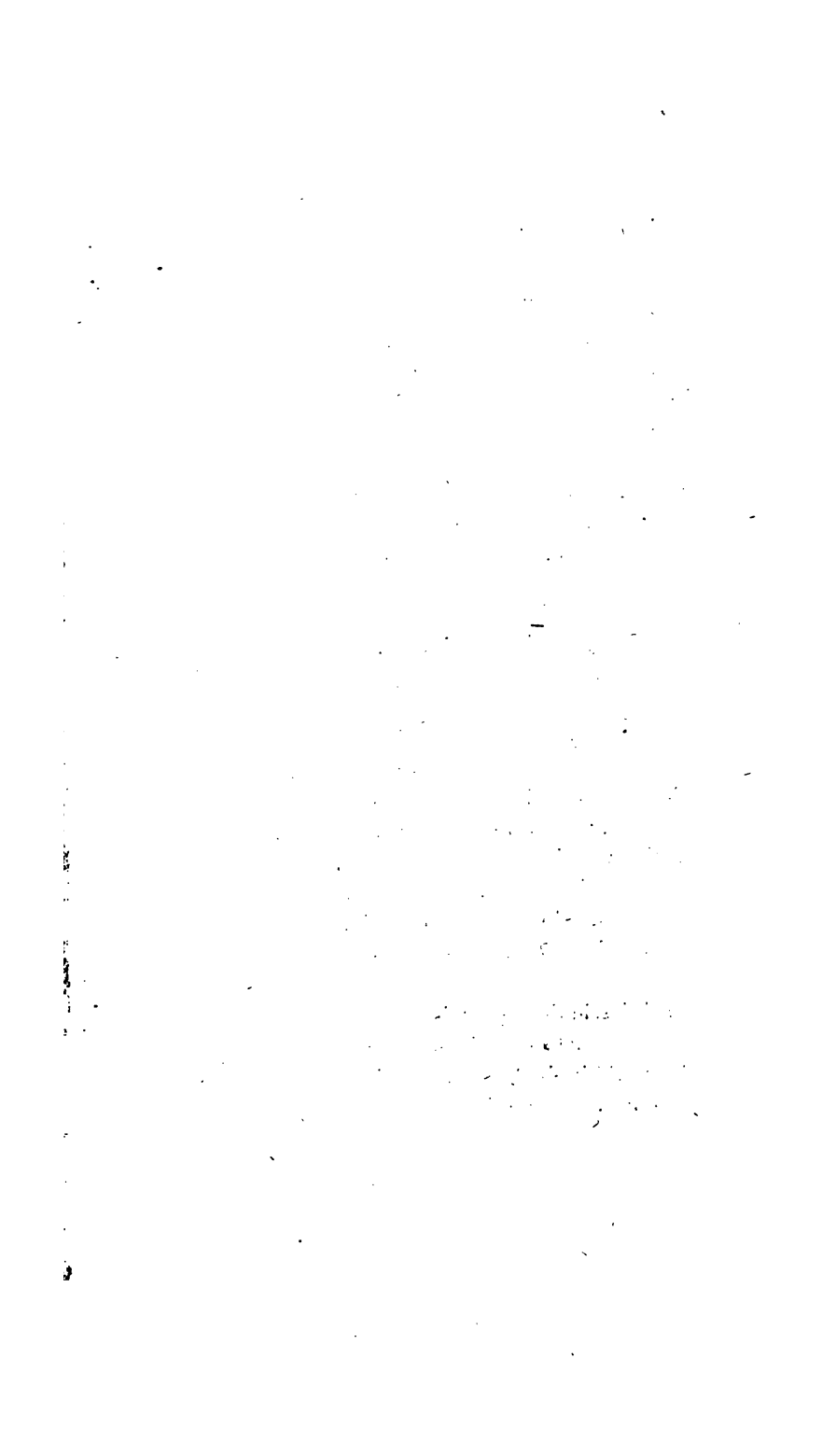
Each have I sought through toil and danger,
To all and each alike a stranger.
Thwarted, dissatisfied, undone ;
Friendless ; and friendly now to none.
I ask not man his aid to lend,
He is a foe, when most a friend !
Nature, a friend, when most a foe,
Refuge provides when tempests blow.
And now, 'mid her terrific reign,
Storms her own citadel in vain.
Such is this den ; 'twould shelter me
Safely, but that it shelters thee.
Better that hither I had sped,
Had a gaunt wolf been here in stead."

The surly misanthrope spoke thus :
Not so the amiable recluse.
Silent, at first, he strove to raise,
With embers fresh, a cheerful blaze :
Cool, calm, benevolent, and mild,
He heard, and courteously smiled :
Wise, grave, and shrewd, then he his guest
With cogent gentleness addressed ;
Argued him in against his will,
Proffered a plain but plenteous meal ;
Made him partake of his repast ;
Half pleased the misanthrope at last ;
Then put most posing questions to him ;
Into some strange confessions drew him ;

Found that the schemes his guest had tried,
Were those he *liked*, and none beside ;
That the huge host he deemed his foes,
Were *prosp'rous* men, or chiefly those ;
Proved that a misanthropic elf
Both judges and condemns *himself* ;
Puzzled this wise man-hater's crown,
Turned his whole system upside down ;
Bowed low his pride ; upraised his hope,
And rid him of the misanthrope.

Ten years revolved, and brought once more
This stranger to our sage's door.
No longer now his welcome spurned ;
The friendly greeting was returned :
" Pardon my presence, sage," said he,
" Once more I need one word with thee.
Well didst thou know my mind's disease ;
Pleasure, and wealth, and fame, and ease,
All I have gained, and have excess ;
One thing is lacking :—happiness !
O counsel, help me, guide me to it :
Say what's *undone*, and I will *do* it."

" This," said the sage, " is yet undone ;
Thou hast not sought its *source*, my son ;
The world itself does *not* contain it ;
Then look *beyond* this world to gain it."



HE THAT WOULD HAVE WHAT HE HATH NOT,
SHOULD DO WHAT HE DOTH NOT.

It appears then, that *he who would have what he hath not, should do what he doth not*. So we said before, and so we say again. This most excellent aphorism, like most proverbs which convey very accurate notions of men and manners, has less of pity in it than of reproof, and, in fact, like a school-master's switch, is more useful than comfortable. One who is soured by any recent disappointment, will find himself but little consoled by remarks, however suitable they may be, which imply that he is the artificer of his own vexations. He will say to such shrewd hints, as Job said to his friends, "Miserable comforters are ye all!" But still, "the knowledge of the disease is half the cure;" and an ounce of such knowledge may therefore be as well worth a pound of comfort, as "an ounce of help is at all times worth a pound of pity."

This saying, whilst it plainly attributes *deficiency of success to deficiency of exertion*, does not, however, intimate, that impossibilities may be accomplished by obstinacy; and if indeed it should be the fact, that a person has set his mind upon some-

thing, which in the nature of things is inaccessible, and beyond the reach of human effort; or if having "said that he would have *a crab*, he would *not* have an apple;" we can do little more than inquire, with all imaginable reverence, who was the fool then? Our motto certainly affords no encouragement to utopian dreamers, nor to philosopher's stone hunters, unless, indeed, they would be content to follow Poor Richard's direction:

"Get what you can, and what you get hold,
'Tis the stone which will turn all your lead into gold."

Putting, therefore, positive *chimeras* out of the question, our text, whilst it faithfully reproves, encouragingly suggests, that the thing which you say you *would* have if you *could*, you probably *could* have if you *would*: that is, if you *would* take that other step, or do that other thing; make that further effort, and that further sacrifice—which is required. It is said, "When there is a will, there is a way" (by *will* here is understood *determination*, as well as desire); and easy as it may seem to confute this doctrine, it is certain that none are competent to do it, but those who can absolutely affirm, that their endeavours have never been either limited or enfeebled by their inclinations,—or rather their disinclinations; and that the strength of their pur-

pose has never given way to difficulties which have not been actually and fairly grappled with.

There is an exceedingly good old Spanish proverb, which furnishes a valuable hint to such as may feel disposed to inquire what is that thing which is most needful to the attainment of any distant good, and in which it is likely that persons in general are most deficient. The proverb is, "*He that would be Pope, must think of nothing else.*" He then that would possess any remote advantage, must never lose sight of it; he must contemplate it with that steady uninterrupted attention which causes other (and intervening) objects almost to disappear from his view, as when the eye has been fixed for a length of time upon one star in the heavens, all other stars seem to be extinguished.

There is one further remark which is obviously appropriate here, namely, that if this devotedness of mind is so essential to the attainment of an object, that object ought to be beyond all questions worth attaining. We know what is supereminently worthy the ambition of the most exalted mind, and concerning this, it is somewhere said, in an old book, "*He that seeketh, findeth.*"

It must be evident to those who will reflect a little, that the proverb we have been considering is one of very extensive application. It is suitable as well to him who is straining every nerve but *one*, as

to him who strains no nerve at all. It kindly admonishes, and, at the same time, encourages, the former, whilst it unsparingly belabours the latter. It suggests perseverance and hope to him, who with honourable, but inadequate, exertion, is almost ready to despair; whilst it boldly blusters at him, who, like the bog-foundered lout in the fable, lies sprawling and bawling for the help of others, when he should exert *himself*, and clap his shoulder to the wheel.

“And now,” said Mr. Truman, “how many times have I gaped since I made my promise?”

“Not once,” said Mr. Humphrey. “Your mouth has been as fast closed as a miser’s money-box.”

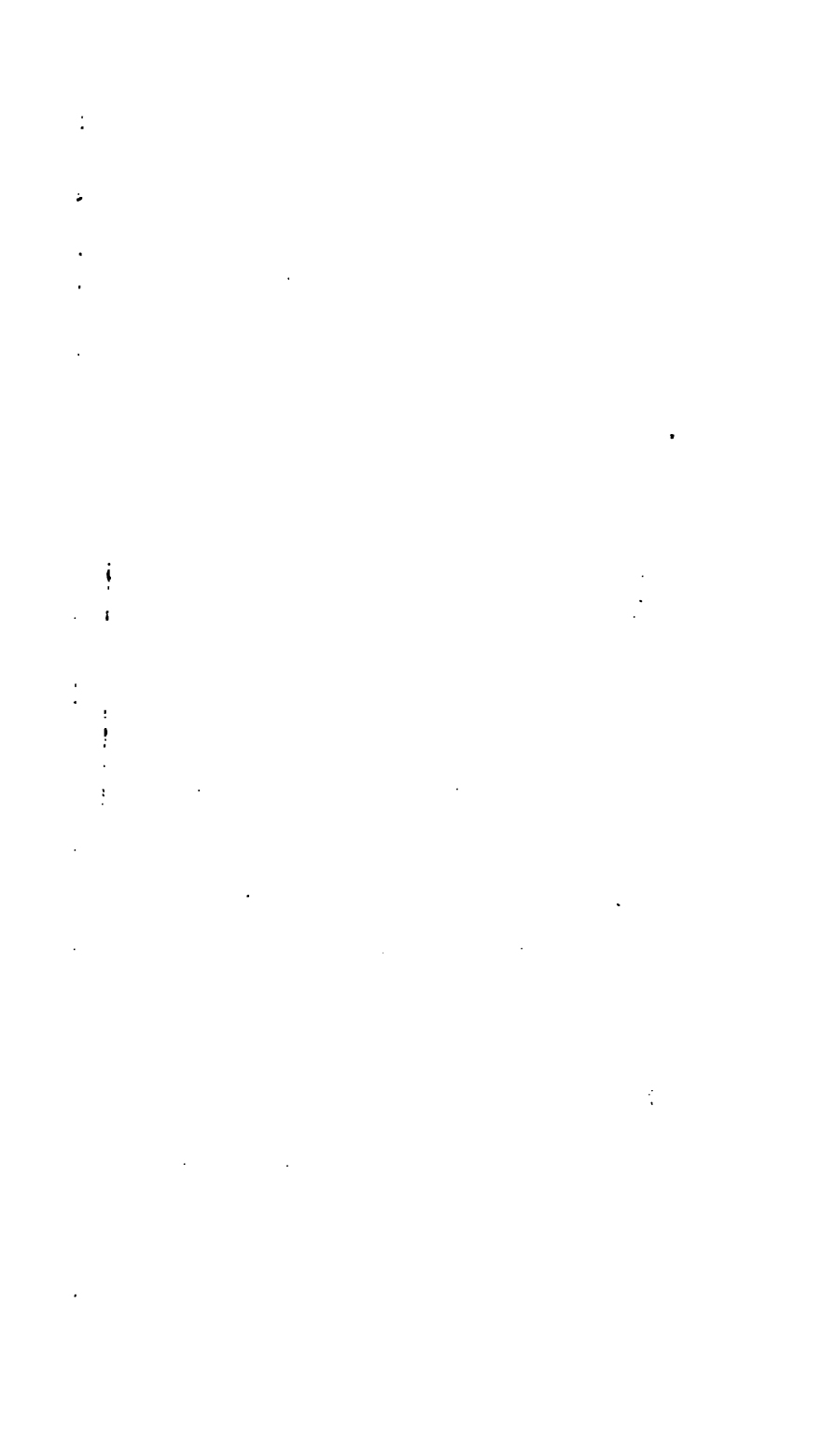
“Nor have I observed that *you* have gaped once, my good friend, since you have had none but your own words to attend to. But, without joking,—I have been thinking that there would be no great harm in getting your lucubrations printed.”

“Printed!” said Mr. Humphrey, sitting bolt upright in his chair at the thought.

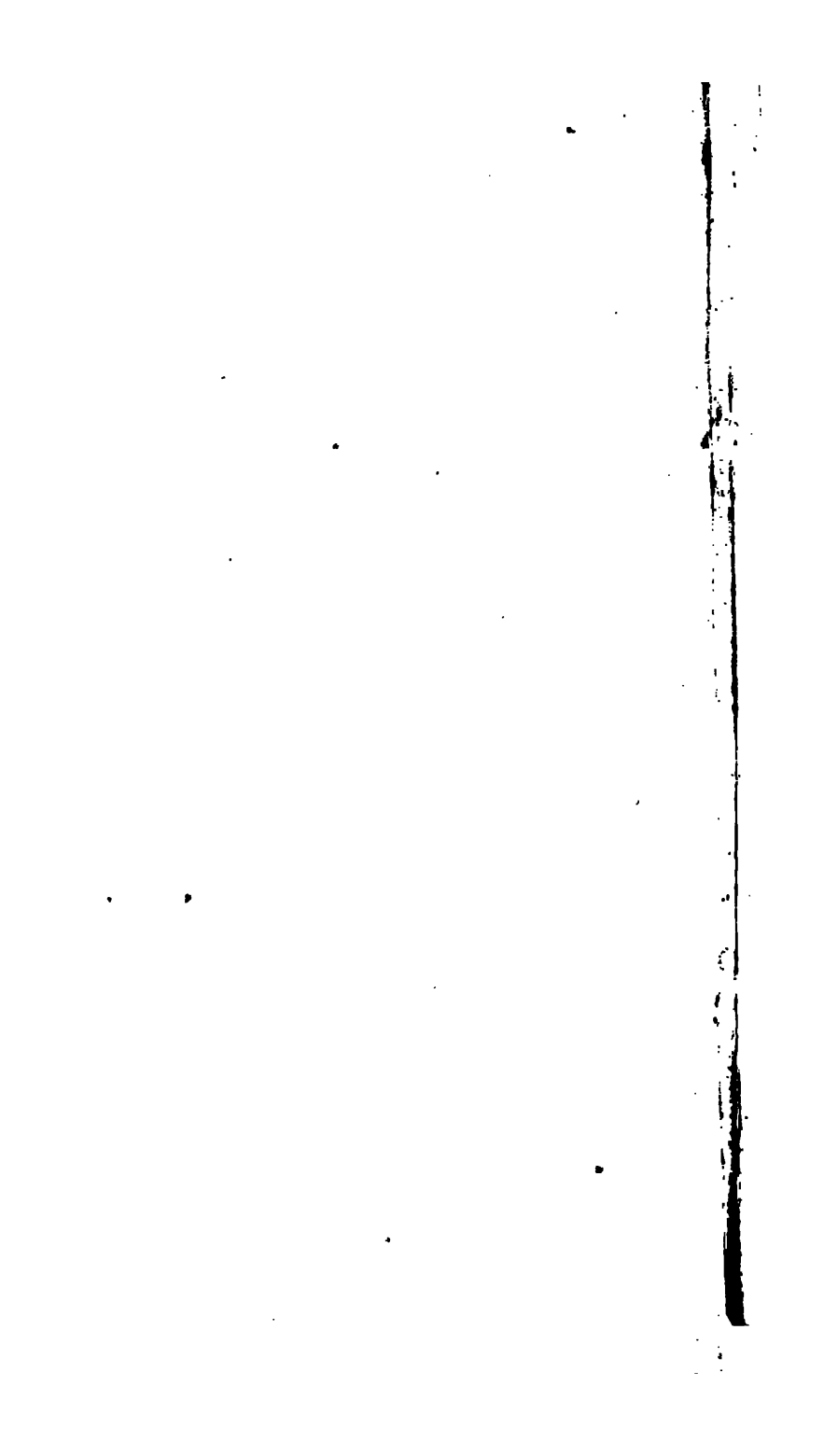
“Aye, *printed*, sir. Did not the man who wrote an inventory of his household goods in verse, get it printed? And did he not calculate justly, that if each parish in England only took *one*, he should sell ten thousand!”

“And then if he only got two shillings profit upon every copy, that would amount to one thousand pounds : and besides, he might sell *more* than one to each parish, for that is but a small allowance ; what is *one* book to a parish ! and *I* might get more than two shillings profit, as mine must be a larger work.—I’ll tell you what, I will certainly think of it,” said poor Mr. Humphrey.

THE END.







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