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[Translator, John]

Proverbs in Verse,

OR

MORAL INSTRUCTION

CONVEYED IN

PICTURES,

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS :

On the Plan of Hogarth moralized,

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

WITH FIFTY SIX CUTS:

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

RULES FOR READING VERSE.



Know thyself's the great axiom in life,
Truth to Folly here shews its grinace ;
It shrinks back, with itself, as in strife,
On seeing its face in the Glass.

LONDON:

SOLD BY I. SOUTER, I, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Preface.

AN Edition of these Proverbs, paraphrased in prose, has been published some years since, and is still extant; but, being rather adapted to the capacities and minds of youth, of more advanced age; the Author has been induced to publish an edition in verse, as more likely to catch and rivet the attention of younger minds. This he has attempted even at the age of eighty two; not professing himself to be a Poet. Had he any taste for that art, it would have been shewn, in the course of so long a life.

Were these pages more elegantly penned, in the true spirit of Eastern Poetry, it would not have answered the purpose. Common understandings must be addressed in common and familiar language, suited to their capacity. The Proverbs are here rendered in verse, with a view of making them more entertaining, and of inducing young people to get them by heart,

PREFACE.

and thus making on them a more lasting impression; also of teaching them and using them to read verse equally well as prose, which very few are capable of doing; and they are written in different measures to this end.

This paraphrase in verse is widely different from that in prose; one possibly may more explain the other. The Author has been led to it by the public approbation of his *Hogarth Moralized*, which has turned out as instructive as a piece of Morality on the Stage.

He has added an Elegy on Conscience and a paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer, not inconsistent with the tenor of this volume; the effusions of a mind not so strong perhaps at the age of eighty, as at half that period.

ON ENGLISH PROSODY,

OR

RULES FOR READING VERSE.

PROSODY is a species of Grammar, and comprises the rules of pronunciation and the laws of versification: of the latter nothing here will be said.

No Pronunciation is just, unless every letter has its peculiar sound, every syllable its proper accent, and every sentence its just emphasis.

No Articulation is good, unless the last letter of the word be distinctly sounded, nor can the reading or speaking be perfect, unless the voice be sufficiently kept up, so that the last word of a sentence be well heard.

Versification is the arrangement of a certain number of syllables in a line, according to certain rules; so as to render the line in reading or speaking, smooth and harmonious to the ear.

The general rule is, to pronounce verse as if it were prose, but with more deliberation; for as the language of Poetry is not so familiar as that of Prose, or the words placed in the same regular order; were it as hastily read as we deliver our words, it would not be understood.

The stops are to be observed with great exactness, the accent to be placed where it ought to be (as will be shewn hereafter,) and the emphasis, or stroke of the voice, on the proper words in each line:

The Reader should pause, (without changing the key or tone of his voice, raising it higher or lower,) at the end of each line, whether there be any stop or not, whilst he can count one, to apprize the hearers of the end of the line: and if the last word will bear two sounds, (as words ending in y will,) to give it that which will chime best with its sister line; that is, the line with which it is designed to chime, as for example,

Were I but once from bondage free,
I'd never sell my liberty.

Here ty in liberty is to be sounded as *tee*; but in the following lines it should be sounded as *ti*,

My soul ascends above the sky
And triumphs in her liberty.

However, whether pronounced as *tee* or *ti*, the last syllable should be so feebly uttered, as not to fix any stop or accent upon it.

Words of one syllable that may be sounded as two, if required, as world, hour, and some others, Poets often consider as two syllables and form their lines accordingly. In this case the reader must follow them with his voice.

Time slips away, and our *hours* glide on.

Here *hours* may be considered as of one syllable or two, making the line ten syllables long, or nine, as may suit with corresponding lines.

So likewise there are certain words that may be sounded as having one syllable less than they have, as *capricious*, having four syllables, may be sounded as three, *caprishus*—*nutrition*, as *nutrishun*, and so on: where the line requires lengthening or shortening, it is to be done by the voice; for Poets, often cramped by necessity, have taken great

READING VERSE.

freedom in the mode of sounding. So *associate*, a word of four syllables, is sometimes sounded as one of three, as *assoshate*. This, if the reader have a good ear, he will readily fall into.

Next there is a certain tone of voice, or as musical men term it, a certain key-note, by which the voice should be pitched, and this should be different according to the matter we are delivering, whether light, airy, solemn, or grave. We should not read an Elegy as we would a Pastoral—a Prayer as we would a Fable. It is the same in prose; so also in music, a good performer would not play a dirge in the same time as he would a jig, and *vicê versâ*.

If verse be read with the above attention, and still sound harsh upon the ear, the fault is not in the reader, but in the Poet; for those verses are not well penned that cannot be read gracefully, by the common rules of pronunciation.

Versification is the arrangement of a certain number of syllables in one line, according to certain rules, so as to render them harmonious to the ear.

The feet of all verses are *Iambic*, that is, with the accent on the second syllable, as *abound*, *destroy*, or *Trochaic*, having the accent on the first syllable, as *holy*, *weildy*.

Iambic measure comprises lines of four syllables; as,

With *ravish'd ears*,

The *monarch hears*.

Dryden.

So, if the line consist of monosyllables, the accent may be on the second and fourth; as,

Most *good*, most *fair*,

Or *things* as *rare*.

Drayton.

RULES FOR

Or of six syllables ; as,

Though *in the utmost peak*
Awhile we do remain,
 Among the *mountains bleak,*
Expos'd to sleet or rain ;
 No sport nor hours shall break,
 To exercise our vein.

Drayton.

Of eight syllables, which is the usual measure for short poems ;

And may at last my weary age,
 Find out the peaceful hermitage.

Milton.

Of ten syllables, which is the common measure of heroic or tragic poetry ;

Confus'd and chiding, like the hollow roar
 Of tides receding from th' insulted shore.

Of twelve syllables, called *Alexandrine*, and which are now only used to diversify heroic lines, as in the three following lines, of which the last consists of twelve syllables ;

Waller was smooth, but Dryden taught to join
 The varying verse, the full resounding line,
 The long majestic march and energy divine.

}
 }
 }

In this alexandrine or last line, the pause is to be on the sixth syllable.

The following are all *Alexandrine*, or in twelve syllables ;

Of all the *Cambr'an shores* their heads that bear so high,
 And *farth'st* survey their soils with an ambitious eye,
Merviniæ for her hills, as for their matchless crowds,
 The nearest that are said to kiss the wand'ring clouds,
Espec'al audience craves, offended with the throng,
 That she of all the rest neglected was so long.

Drayton.

Especial audience, in the fifth line : though especial contains four syllables, it is sounded as containing only three, *espeshal*; and audience, containing three is sounded as two, *augence*. This agrees with what has been said before.

In lines of fourteen syllables, as in those of twelve, the accent is the same.

And as the *mind* of *such* a *man* that *hath* a *long* way *gone*,
And either *knoweth* not the *way* or *else* would *let* alone
His purpos'd journey. Chapman.

In all these measures, as appears by the syllables printed in Italics, the accent is on *even* syllables, not on *odd* ones, viz. on the second, fourth, sixth, &c. not on the first, third, fifth, &c.

But lines of fourteen syllables, are by modern writers, broken into alternate lines of eight and six, and easier read ; as,

When *all* shall *praise* and *ev'ry* *lay*,
Devote a *wreath* to *thee*,
That *day*, for *come* it *will*, that *day*,
Shall *I* lament to *see*.

This measure is called Lyric, as calculated to be played or sung to the Lyre.

Trochaic measures are of three syllables ; as

Here we *may*
Think and *pray*,
Before *Death*
Stops our *breath*.
Other *joys*
Are but *toys*.

Of five syllables ; as,

In the *days* of *old*,
Stories *pleasant* *told*.

Of seven syllables ; as,

*Fairest piece of well-form'd earth,
Urge not thus your haughty birth.*

In these measures the accent is to be placed on the odd syllables, that is, on the first, third, fifth, &c.

There is another used in songs of quick time, which some call *Anapæstic*, the accent being on every third syllable, as in the following of twelve syllables;

May I govern my passions with *absolute sway*,
And grow *wiser and better*, as *life wears away*.

So again in a line of eight syllables,

Diogenes surly and proud;

and in this of eleven syllables,

I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me.

These measures are often varied by different combinations, and sometimes by double rhymes, as in the *heroic* measure below.

'Tis *Heav'n itself* that *points out an hereafter*,
And *intimates eternity to man*. *Addison.*

The same rules hold good in blank verse, as in lines that rhyme with each other, and the same observations are applicable to each.

In verses with double rhymes,

*They neither added nor confounded,
They neither wanted nor abounded.*

So a like variation in lines of seven syllables,

*For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done,
What thou brave and happy Vernon,
Hast atchiev'd with six alone.*

In that of six syllables,

'Twas *when* the *seas* were *roaring*,
 With *hollow* *blasts* of *wind*,
 A *Damsel* lay *deploring*,
 All on a *rock* *reclin'd*.

Again in the *Anapæstic*,

When *terrible* *tempests* *assail* us,
 And *mountainous* *billows* *affright*,
 No *pow'r* nor *wealth* can *avail* us,
 But *skillful* *industry* *steers* *right*.

To these common measures and laws every species of English Poetry may be reduced, and if the lines be looked at before they are read, and read as these rules prescribe, they cannot be read amiss.

There are in all versification a few licences admitted for the convenience of the poet; such as leaving out occasionally prepositions and conjunctions, where the sense is obvious without them.—the elision of e before a vowel, as *th' ethereal*, and sometimes of o in *to*, as *t' accept*,—so again, as has been observed, by which two short vowels coalesce or are absorbed into one syllable, as *question*, *special*, read as two syllables each. Some words are contracted by the expulsion of a short vowel before a liquid, as *av'rice*, *temp'rance*, *pow'r*, &c. Persons who understand the English language grammatically, will readily comprehend this; those who do not, must first learn it grammatically; and they will find this readily done by a short treatise, price 1s. 6d. which the Author of these pages has

RULES FOR READING VERSE.

published for the purpose, called an English Accidence, or Abstract of Grammar, by which those may be taught or may teach themselves to speak and write correctly without making Grammar a Study.



Education makes the man.



As, on Paper that's blank, we can write what we please,
So the mind of a child may be fashion'd at ease ;
May be taught by Instruction, to be virtuous and good ;
For knowledge to minds is, as to bodies, their food.
Without Education, man is but a brute,
Is sway'd by his passions, at times ; as they suit,
He's as savage as full, as the beasts of the glade,
Most unfit for society, friendship, or aid.

Here are boys in good order, saluting their master :
The more docile they are, they gain learning the faster.
To govern his passions, man's gifted with reason,
That recourse to this pow'r he may have in due season.
Without it they'd tear him, at times when he's idle,
As horses their Carriage, when without bit or bridle ;
Most unruly and wild they would dash it in pieces ;
So to be what he should be, man instantly ceases.



In this wretched abode of unfortunate men,
The effect of lost reason is brought to our ken.
How happy seems one!—he is capering a jig.
Delighted in robbing some friend of his wig:
Another's for swimming, seeing ducks in a pool;
One declares he's a statesman; another his tool.
One a priest, one a judge, one a lord, one a king;
For as madmen may fancy, they're this or that thing.
As it dwells in their minds, they would act as they think,
Would endanger their lives, nay stand on the brink
Of destruction, as heedless as children would be,
Were they left to themselves, disregarded and free.

If our reason be then of such import and quest,
'Tis our int'rest to keep it unshaken at rest,
Now strong liquors shake it, and render us sad,
And as much void of reason as if we were mad;
Our passions afloat, they endanger our life,
Once rous'd into action, there's no end to their strife.

This reason's improv'd, made more pow'ful in station,
By a liberal, prudent, and wise education.
Then let it be sought for, and obtain'd where it can,
Education alone 'tis that makes up the man.

A Good Beginning makes a Good End.



Who'd train up a child in the way it should go,
Will not find it hard the young mind to entice,
From certain abuses,
To much better uses.

The twig as 'tis bent will be found so to grow.
A virtue 's as easily learnt as a vice.

Our Painter has giv'n us a most pleasing sight ;
Early youth and old age alike void of fear ;
Though Death here appears at the window by night,
Th' effect of religious instruction is clear.

He addresses the latter,
In most serious matter,
Apparently calls him from life, ere he rise :

He points to the glass,
Shews th' hours as they pass,
That his sand's nearly run,
And his days almost spun :
He tries to affright him,
And cause great alarms ;
It seems to delight him :
Extending his arms,
To receive him as warm as a friend in disguise.

Death is surely no evil when man is prepar'd ;

It lessens our fears,
It shortens our cares,
And brings us the nearer to heaven :

Learn in youth then to die,
On your Maker rely,
Since life to mankind has been given,
As a state of probation,
For an endless duration ;

Though our hopes may be cross'd
In life's hurricane toss'd,
Yet death's sting will be lost,
And a victory over it fully declar'd.

Fair and Softly goes Far.



Man's a machine, and wears away
As other things ; but past,
With gentle use, we dare to say,
The longer it will last.

Young Wilding gallops at full speed,
Now stops and falls a prancing ;
Old Gaffer, on his aged steed,
Steals by him, far advancing.

So is it seen in busy life ;
Who wish the way to lead,
The faster to get on their strife,
So much the less they speed.

Hedges have Eyes and Walls have Ears.



Lucinda, in her tender years,
Vows to obey her Strephon's call;
Unheeding that her Father hears,
Conceal'd, she thinks, behind a wall.

Thus many a one deceiv'd has been,
In what they've done and what they've said,
Been over-heard and over-scen,
And thus unguardedly betray'd.

Pause then before you speak or act,
As some sly foe were standing near,
Who might o'er hear, or see, in fact,
What neither he should see, or hear.

Much Coin, Much Care.



Old Gripus, as counting his gold,
Alarm'd at his servant's approach,
As spendthrifts in debt, were they told,
That bailiffs surrounded their coach.

Lest he lose but a *part*, being nigh,
He startles with fear for his self,
Nor sees he that death is close by,
To rob him of *all*—e'en *himself*.

If riches create so much pain,
'Twere better to part with them wholly ;
To count on such pleasure or gain,
Is surely a test of our folly !

A Friend in Need, is a Friend indeed.



When Charity opens its purse to the poor,
'Tis always an object of love ;
But when unexpectedly brought to the door,
It seems to descend from above.

A scene by our artist is here brought to sight,
Which must to fine feelings give pleasure ;
Susceptible minds must surely delight,
Be gratified much beyond measure.

By the death of her husband, a woman is left
Her blind sire and child to maintain ;
By every means but her labour bereft,
She finds these she cannot sustain.

The time's introduc'd, when they're craving for bread,
When their wants she cannot relieve,
A kind-hearted youth, by humanity led ;
Steps in and is ready to give.

The joy which this act to the family gives
By words cannot well be express'd ;
A Friend whom our wants at the moment relieves,
Past doubt of all friends is the best.

A pleasure the sons of humanity feel
Unknown to th' insensate of woe ;
That gratitude which the receivers reveal,
Compensates what givers forego.

No man is so poor, but has something to spare
At times, what another may want,
And then 'tis his duty that something to share,
Without aught reluctance to grant.

A Cup of cold water in charity giv'n,
We're taught is accounted a *Gift* ;
Entails on the giver a blessing from heav'n,
In th' Eye of his Maker, a lift.

Much Meat, Much Malady.



Here's Alderman Greedy,
By fever and gout ;
On crutches already,
To move him about.

Good eating and drinking
May cheer for an hour,
But will, past all thinking,
Our happiness sour.

To eat 'till we 're full
Dispirits the mind,
It renders us dull
And fills us with wind.

High living is never
A pleasant repast,
'Tis dangerous ever ;
It kills us at last.

Noise, Revel or Riot
Are causes of strife ;
But Diet and Quiet,
Are comforts of life.



*The Worth of a thing is best known by
its Want.*



Water, though little worth, at times,
When plenty is at hand,
Is otherwise in sultry climes,
When not at our command,

Parch'd with great heat, the thirsty steed,
Knowing a well is nigh ;
To reach it, gallops at full speed,
But lo!—the well is dry.

Thus disappointed in our views,
That which we covet most,
Though trifling, not obtain'd, renews,
Our troubles—and with cost.

Experience is the Mistress of Fools.



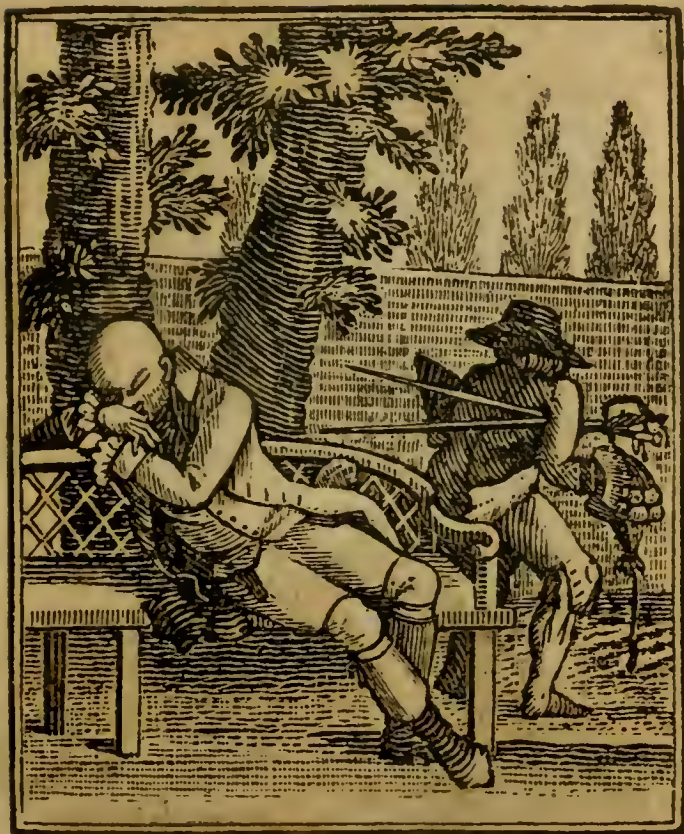
Approaching too near,
Void of thought or of fear,
A hive in a Garden hard by ;
A boy, as we see,
Was stung by a bee ;
The pain made him roar out and cry.

His comrade, more wise,
The Enemy flies :
True Wisdom is taught in the schools ;
But where does the fault lie,
If wisdom be taught by
Experience, the mistress of Fools ?

'Tis this makes us wise,
Leads men to despise
The vices and follies of youth :
As wit dearly bought
Exceeds what is taught,
It leads us unerring in Truth.



Opportunity makes the Thief.



All property would be secure,
If Honesty reign'd in the breast ;
Were all men, in principle, pure,
The world would be far more at rest.

But avarice, envy and lust
Do that which exceeds our belief,
They destroy all right notions of *Just*,
And make man a knave—nay a *Thief*.

Opportunity's all that he wants,
To realise easy his dreams ;
For this time of action he pants,
To pursue his nefarious schemes.

Let man be awake and on guard,
His danger is little to run;
Sincerity's then his reward:
Whilst he sleeps, all the mischief is done.



*When the Child is christened you may
have Godfathers enough.*



Professions of friendship how common we find them !

But not till we stand in no need :

With most men no promise whatever will bind them,

Their word must be ta'en for the deed.

Sincerity, surely, at most times, a name is ;

It comes and departs with the wind ;

If we rest on assertions, the principal blame is

With us, who are simple and blind.

The best maxim in life, is to crave no assistance,

But rest on our own active pow'rs ;

Should we fail in the end, through unlook'd-for resistance,

False friends can't embitter our hours.

As the leaves in the Autumn when forests grow sapless,
Drop off, as the Winter appears :
So friends of this stamp, when they find we are hapless,
Desert us, and smile at our tears.



Make Hay while the Sun shines.



In durance vile, those whom a prison may keep,
Desirous of 'scaping thereout ;
Should make the attempt when their jailor's asleep,
Or it cannot be well brought about,

The Farmer, again, who would wish for good Hay,
Must make it while weather be good ;
Nor leave it neglected, as one rainy day
May render it unfit for food,

A good opportunity ne'er should be miss'd,
But seiz'd at the moment requir'd ;
In such studied measures, our best hopes consist,
To bring about what is desir'd.

As Shakespeare asserts, there's a powerful tide
In life—which if ta'en at the flow,
Will lead unto fortune, and ill must betide
The man who t' embrace it is slow.

Blind rashness pursued, may at times prove destructive
To those who think not, ere they climb ;
But Promptitude's found to be ever productive,
If wisely exerted in time.



Pride will have a Fall.



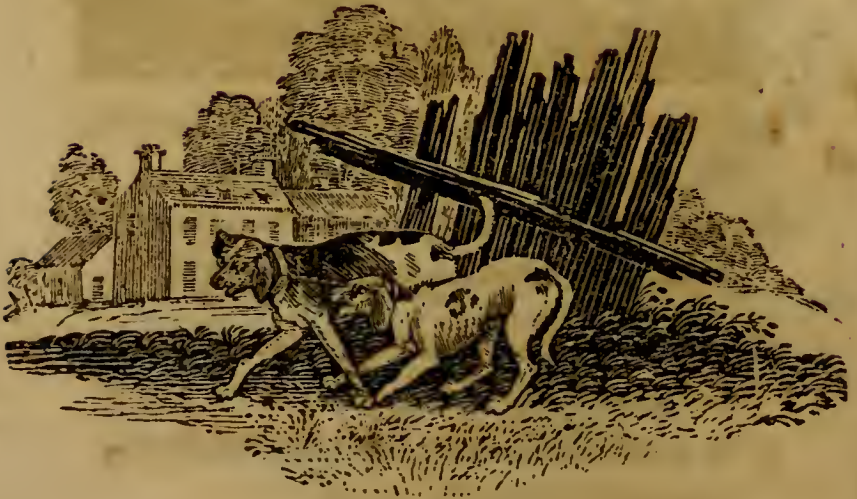
Pomposus, in passing a half-famish'd wretch,
Whose calamities call'd for relief,
Struts by him, unfeeling, his mind on the stretch,
To display, what exceeds our belief.

That consequence, borrow'd from ill-gotten pelf,
Can possibly so foster pride ;
As to make silly man quite full of himself,
Unmindful of all else beside.

This picture here shews us, that strutting along,
Unheeding his steps—as he strays,
Right into a pit he tumbles headlong,
And thus puts an end to his days.

By the prodigal son, in the back of this print,
Reduc'd to attending on swine ;
The painter points out by an unerring hint,
That greatness may one day decline.

Experience has taught us, that early or late,
The power that over-rules all,
Ordains that th' unfeeling, in whatever state,
Shall meet, unexpected, a fall.



It is an ill wind indeed that blows nobody good.



“Honest Dick and his Wife, once to sea, took a trip,
“When a sudden cross wind overset the light ship ;
“Hand in hand over deck went this couple together,
“Susan sank like a stone, Richard swam like a feather.
“Thank my stars, cries the man, safe arriv’d from the flood,
“’Tis an ill wind indeed that blows *nobody* good !”

In this ballad of old, consolation is found,
Whether drown’d in the sea, or laid safe under ground,
Dick gets rid of his mate, his burden of life,
Does not mourn, but *rejoice*, at the death of his wife.
So here in a shipwreck, where each soul on board perish’d,
By th’ unfeeling on land, hopes of plunder are cherish’d :

On the coast they collected, expecting the stores
Of the vessel so wreck'd, to be cast on the shores.
Their wish soon requited—abundance of things
To them each successive wave presently brings :
All seize what is near them, yet it goes to their heart,
That of all this rich spoil, each can get but a part.
Hence we learn 'tis our duty, repinings to smother,
What is mishap to one is good luck to another ;
Our bitters and sweets are so blended together,
That best we should make, foul or fair, of the weather.



Murder will out.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.



Lucullus, on reaching a village, and tir'd,
Alights from his horse, at an Inn, on the road,
To seek some refreshment, as nature requir'd,
And there till the morning to take his abode.

The day *had been* sultry—Oppress'd *were* the trees—
But Sol had declin'd, and bright Hesp'rus was seen,
The prospect inviting,—an Evening breeze—
And sweet Philomela enliven'd the scene.

Refresh'd by his meal, yet annoy'd by its fumes,
At Eve, to the Church-Yard, he pensively strays,
T' indulge his reflections, to muse o'er the tombs,
To list to a nightingale warbling his lays.

Cast out from a grave now op'ning anew,

A skull which a toad for its safety had enter'd,
Self-mov'd, as it seem'd, rolled forward to view;

On this the whole thoughts of our moralist centr'd.

Our Sexton, like Charon, to whom Poets have

Assign'd a like office;—conveying the dead,
From region to region; the one thro' the Grave,
The other o'er Styx, as by Virgil is said.

Like Shakespeare's grave-digger, our digger of graves,
Now leans on his spade, b'ing encumber'd with years,
Harangues boldly on Death, its horrors out-braves,
Yet whistles, at times, as to banish his fears.

Perchance, had the owner of these luckless bones,

Been known as well now, as poor Yorick was then,
His gibes and his jests would be retail'd in tones
Of sad lamentation, again and again.

The Skull was took up, which the reptile had left,

A Nail, to its head, was observ'd had been pass'd;
Apparently driv'n through its temporal cleft,
And though greatly decay'd, it stuck firm and fast.

Enquiries took place. All the Sexton could say,

Was that "Twenty years since, a trav'ller was led
"To sleep for the night at yon Inn, in his way,
"Was robb'd of his cash, and found dead in his bed.
"The Landlord, who keeps it, was strongly suspected,
"But no marks of violence seen, as was said,
"The matter blew over, he's now well respected—
"And in this very spot his body was laid."

“ Good Heavens !” exclaim’d he, “ how strangely, we know,
“ Do things come to pass, by th’ unthinking and dull,
“ Unnotic’d !—This grave was ne’er open’d till now,
“ And, certain as death, Sir,—that *must* be *his* skull !”

As Jael of old, in an arduous strife,
 ’Tween Jabin and Barak, in Israel’s cause,
By a nail through his temple, took Sisera’s life,
 (In defiance of war and its general laws ;*)
Driv’n in by a hammer, as sleeping he lay :—
 So here was a murder committed, no doubt,
By similar means, in a similar way,
 In hopes it might never be after found out.

Absorb’d with the thoughts of so horrid a deed,
 Resolv’d to his utmost, to bring it to light ;
Lucullus hies back, with the skull in great speed,
 Yet, as Prudence directed, conceal’d it from sight,

’Till fit opportunity serv’d to impart
 The tale to his Host, as it stated had been :—
When, with rivetted eyes, as pierc’d to his heart,
 And saw how his conscience was working within ;
With such powerful words, he disclos’d it, as press’d
 The mind of this miscreant so home with his crime,
Self-smitten, he *wept*,—and the throbs of his breast
 Suspended his pow’r of speech for a time.

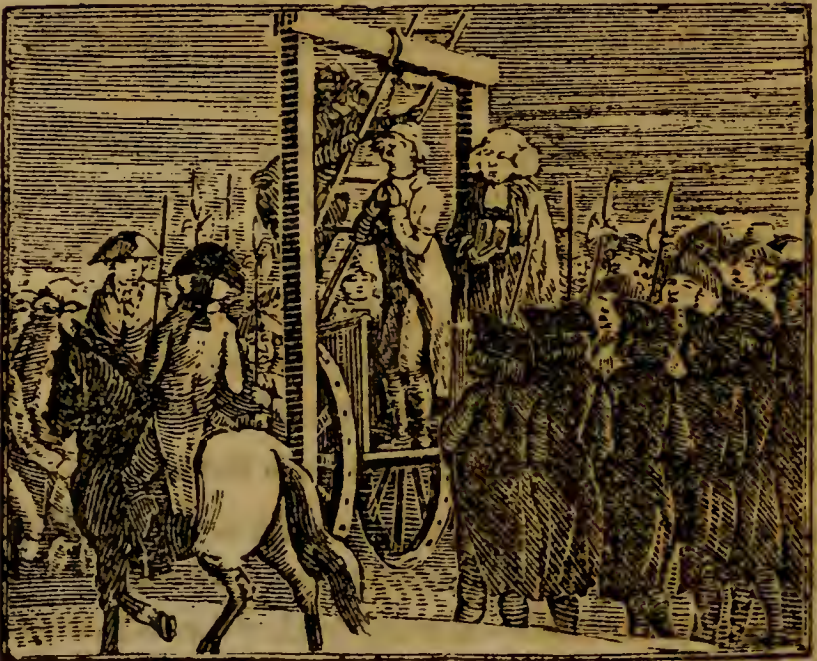
The moment bad fair,—with the skull now confronted,
 Its looks grim and ghastly, his senses astound,
The nail did the rest :—nothing further was wanted ;—
 He shudders—he trembles, he drops to the ground.

* Judges, chap. iv, v.

“Own thy guilt,” roars Lucullus—“that Pow’r implore
“Whom thou ’st highly incens’d by so foul an act,
“For mercy and pardon—concealment’s now o’er!”
“The panic-struck murd’rer *confesses* the fact.

Thus Heaven brought forward, what all must allow
A truth of great import, which long lay conceal’d,
Envelop’d in darkness mysterious, till now,
Abundance of things in concurrence reveal’d.

It’s all-searching Eye is thus made known to men,
It’s pow’r of unrav’ling, establish’d past doubt ;
Less vices are seldom conceal’d from our ken,
But, sooner or later, all *murder will out*.



Children and Fools have merry lives.



Giddy Children and Fools
Without reason or rules,
Will in high spirits caper and dance,
When a brisk tune they hear,
(And when unaw'd by fear,)
Whether play'd by design or by chance.

So the Simple and gay,
Whirl their life half away,
In wild dissipation and mirth ;
Uninclin'd to pursue,
Objects not in their view,
Or such as in time may have birth.

My young friends then be wise,
Ere to manhood you rise ;
Sullen time is too apt to bring sorrow,
On those fools who misuse,
Or his tenders refuse,
And bestow not a thought on the morrow.



Custom is second Nature.



Of this adage, our Painter has taken some pains
 'T' express his ideas, in time of hard frost ;
And tho' rather far-fetch'd, its true sense still remains,
 Nor are his just notions of custom here lost.

By the figures brought forward in this wintry scene,
 One blowing his fingers, as perish'd with cold ;
Another in spirits nearly naked is seen,
 Accustom'd by habit ; the contrast is told.

Hence we learn that mere creatures of habit we are,
 That custom can change e'en our natural tone ;
Make us this thing or that, by degrees, and as far
 As we court it ourselves ; or leave it alone.

Since, good or ill habits are as readily gain'd,
And when gain'd, become of the mind, a strong feature ;
It's incumbent on all, to beware they're not stain'd
With such habits of vice, as dishonour their nature.



What can't be cured, must be endured.

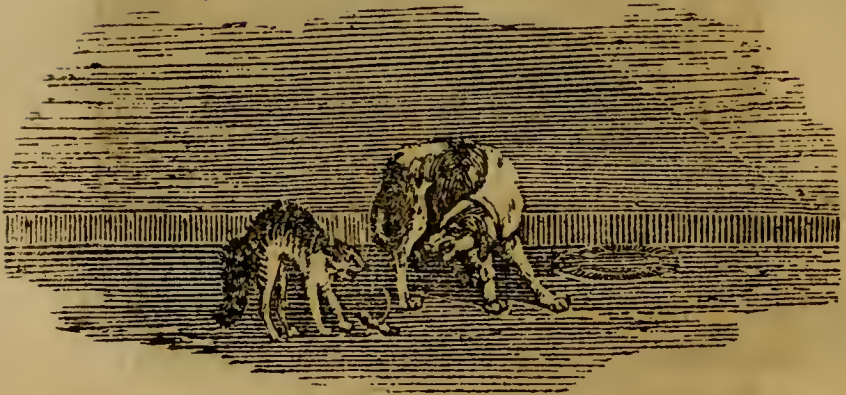


“Pity the sorrows of a poor blind man,
Lost to the world—doom'd to hardest fate ;
Relieve his wants, ye happy few, who can ;
Nor throw reflections on his hapless state.”

Such is the ut'trance here of woe pourtray'd,
That *children* meeting it to tears are driv'n ;
And such the sympathy to feel they're made,
They give *that* little that to them was giv'n !

Great is the honour of the human mind,
Whene'er a tender thought on those it give
To whom th' unfeeling world has been unkind,
And left to mis'ry, *where* it could relieve.

Evils of life that cannot well be cur'd,
With resignation we are taught to bear ;
Must with becoming patience be endur'd,
And left in trust to Heav'n's peculiar care.



Call me cousin, but cozen me not.



The man who deceitfully comes with two faces,
Is a dangerous friend, at the best ;
With one he beguiles, with the other disgraces,
And too frequently troubles our rest.

How oft have we met with such *friends*, as—alack !
(’Tis abuse of the word so to name them,)
Speak fair to your face ; the reverse, turn your back !
’Tis too tender to say that we *blame* them.

Such merit our *hatred*, as far as it goes,
They (as Sycophants always are found,)
Chime in, right or wrong, with our friends or our foes,
“ Will run with th’ hare and hold with the hound.”

When interest sways, double-handed they are,
Will, with one, squeeze you, warm as a brother :
And, like him in our view, if not well aware ;
Pick your pocket, most sly, with the other.

Adulation, past doubt, falls under this head,
Whilst it gratifies those who receive it :
It secretly tends, as in truth must be said,
To their hurt, tho' few will believe it.



Faint heart never won fair Lady.



'This Proverb alludes to a shame-fac'd young fellow,
That ne'er could procure him a wife ;
Not being in sp'rits, 'till with wine warm'd and mellow,
To court any maiden, thro' life.

Contrasted with this, here's a jolly, brisk tar,
Full of spirits and love, as can be ;
He cruising had been in a light ship of war ;
But nothing had met with at sea.

No sooner on shore than a rich prize he meets ;
Attacks, tho' not under command ;
What the seas did not yield, he met in the streets ;
And carries it with a high hand.

The allusion, tho' coarse, conveys a wise lesson,
It tells us to muster our spirits ;
When an object in view attracts us, to press on,
Not lose it, by any demerits.

Tho' Rashness be dang'rous, Courage, in season,
May gain us the good we desire ;
'Tis Cowardice then, not to venture, with reason,
To snatch a rich Gem from the fire.



The Master's eye makes the Horse fat.



Our Poet, Gay, in some place, quotes,
That hostlers often sell the oats,
They to their horses ought to give,
To make them strong for work and thrive.
And thus their Masters are disgrac'd,
In whom a confidence is plac'd.
Could Horses speak, the theft would out,
And what is right be brought about ;
But as things are, the Master's eye,
Such ills can only remedy.
“ A Carrier ev'ry night and morn,
Would see his horses eat their corn :
This sunk the hostler's vails 'tis true,
But then—the horses had their due.

Were we as cautious in all cases,
Great gains might rise from smaller places.”

Hence is the Picture’s chief allusion ;
Turn it aside, yet no confusion.
The moral’s good, we’re bold to say,
In this or any other way ;
The Farmer who expects to rise
In life, must seldom close his eyes,
Must ever on the look-out be,
As much to know, as much to see,
Not only what at home’s a brewing,
But what his men a-field are doing.
In harvest, reapers oft will scatter,
From haste or want of care—no matter,
Of corn, as much, as would, if weigh’d,
Equal the wages they are paid.
But lo !—our Farmer watchful stands,
Their ways at work, and all their plans,
Careful inspects, and for his pains,
Abundant riches early gains ;
To have a thing done, void of pother,
In spite of this, or that, or th’ other.
’Tis dangerous to trust to servants,
That which is worth our *own* observance.
You wish it well done.—What’s the plan ?
Do it *yourself*—whene’er you can.

*Creditors have better memories than
Debtors.*



Th' unfeeling debtor, who withholds what he owes,
And payment prolongs past its time ;
By such actions repeated, never fails to disclose
A heart not untainted with crime.

By withholding the cash, he purloins its use ;
Disquiets his Creditor's mind ;
In fact 'tis dishonest, 'tis shameful abuse
Of confidence, lib'ral and kind.

'Tis said, " None so deaf as they that *won't* hear,
Speak low or talk loud as you may ;
The ear that is callous to justice, we fear,
Will not hear a word that we say.

The least we've to do with such unfeeling men,
The less loss or trouble we share ;
'Tis a comfort to think that at least, now and then,
We're free from suspicion or care.



Out of debt out of danger.



A man long conceal'd, by a bailiff beset,
Was very soon after arrested ;
Was brought to th' attorney, to pay him the debt,
It having by him been requested.

So far it is well ; but had this not been done,
He surely to gaol had been hurried ;
Away from his friends and his business far gone ;
And there his days harrass'd and worried.

Of two evils in life, where a man has his choice,
'Tis certainly wisest and best ;
To determine at once, in the option rejoice ;
And to choose of two evils the least.

All is not Gold that glitters.



What was lately foreseen, is now brought to view,
A man over-reach'd by the law ;
Who 'd over-reach'd many, as swindlers oft do ;
Who never this evil fore-saw.

'Tis one whom his conscience did never reproach,
For wantonly running in debt ;
Defrauding his tradesmen, here dragg'd from his coach ;
For some time by bailiffs beset.

His coachman seems troubled, yet not for his master,
(No sorrow of this kind engages
The thoughts of domestics, for aught such disaster,)
But solely the loss of his wages.

How *Gentlemen* feel under insults like these,
Which disgrace the lowest in life ;
Is matter of wonder,—or how live at ease,
In this state of warfare and strife !

Sad case as it is, the unprincipled world
Out-braves all contempt and derision :
Nor will men desist, 'till they find themselves hurl'd,
From grandeur and state into prison.

It is not a mansion or 'coach that gives credit ;
The whole is not gold we see glitter,
Respect's not obtain'd but as conduct shall merit,
In life, to be modest, is fitter.

Abundance of woe is oft found in a carriage,
Sad hearts in a palace are seen ;
A series of strife, in what's call'd a good marriage :
The world's but a fictitious scene.

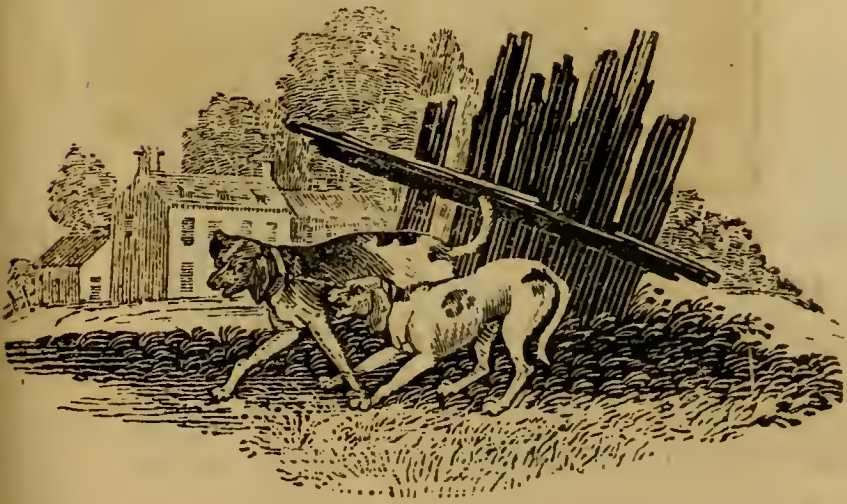


*Scald not your lips in another man's
pottage.*



A man and his wife, almost drunken with gin,
Were quarr'ling and fighting ; she loudly complains ;
A humane passer-by steps hastily in,
To quiet their wrath, and gets thrash'd for his pains.
How oft do we find it in general life ;
That e'en well-meaning friends, who try to dissuade ;
If they interfere much in matters of strife,
Meet seldom with thanks for their generous aid.
But meddlers, officious, (and many there are)
Who in others' affairs will boldly intrude ;
Give offence more than please, draw censure from far,
Are reckon'd impertinent, vulgar and rude.

Best advice, if unask'd, is very ill taken,
Each man has enough of his own cares to mind.
Pause then, ere you interfere, be not mistaken ;
Proffer'd service oft's deem'd more selfish than kind.



Kick not against the Pricks,



Two things should be weigh'd in all contests for right ;
The first and the principal matter,
Is, whether the object be worthy of fight,
If it be, then weigh well the latter.

This latter is whether we stand on fair ground,
With him whom we have to contest ;
Should the pow'rs of such, unequal be found,
The strongest must come off the best.

Here are two fighting men, a boxer unarm'd,
A soldier well arm'd is the other ;
In a posture of threat, our fears are alarm'd,
Lest, mad, they attack one another.

From hence we may learn, in our contests through life,
If possible, ne'er to contend,
With a force 'bove our own, whate'er be the strife,
Lest it should in our overthrow end.



Every Cross has its Inscription.



This Proverb alludes to those Crosses rais'd high,
In most public High-ways abroad ;
With pious intent, to remind passers-by,
Who perchance might travel that road.

That unworthy man, by a merciful God
Submitting to vile crucifixion ;
From sin was redeem'd, and an avenging rod.
Each Cross has its signal Inscription.

From hence we collect this most comforting lesson,
Afflictions, if right understood,
On true christian minds, our religion will press on,
As sure, that they tend for our good.

In a wreck, where no hope of escape could be cherish'd,
One only did Providence save ;
All the rest of the crew, to a man, on board perish'd ;
Were lost in a watery grave.

Borne up by a raft he had time to deplore
Fresh dangers, but fervently pray'd ;
His pray'rs were heard, he was soon cast on shore,
Kind Heaven thus lending its aid.

If deep plung'd in trouble, on God we rely,
Who afflicts for certain wise ends ;
The world and its ills, we may boldly defy ;
Whose vot'ries it seldom befriends.



*Where'er a man dwells he has a thorn at
his door.*



The miseries of man are far from known ;
Fools vainly think no sorrows like their own ;
View but the world, and you will learn to bear
Those ills in life which every one must share.

A merchant having sent a ship to sea ;
It founder'd in his sight, whilst on the quay.
What could he do ! (It struck on quitting port,)
To naught but resignation here resort ;
To this he flew, consol'd himself in thinking,
That *he* was safe, whilst all his crew were sinking.
A *portion* only of his lading lost ;
The other part was still upon the *coast* ;

Not shipp'd on board, as he at first intended ;
And thus by Providence was much befriended.
Would men console themselves with thoughts like these,
Little would rob them of their present ease !
Farmers account their gains from average years,
Merchants should do the same, and then their fears
Would vanish. Providence with good, sends bad ;
Our lives are chequer'd daily as our trade.
Be diligent, be frugal, kiss the rod
Of Heavenly chastisement, and rest on God.



Out of the Frying Pan into the Fire.



“ Nature for defence affords
“ Fins to Fish, and wings to Birds ;
“ Hoofs to Horses, claws to Bears,
“ Swiftness to the fearful Hares.
“ Man’s endow’d with art and sense ;
“ What have Women for defence ?
“ Beauty is their shield and arms,
“ Women’s weapons are their charms.” *

So far the Grecian Poet sings,
Religion teaches other things ;
It teaches that the mind of Man’s
(On wider, more extensive plans,)

* Anacreon.

Impress'd with Fear, for wiser ends,
 To guard that creature God defends,
 From enemies, from war, from strife,
 Which often tend to shorten life :
 To guard him from impending ill,
 So apt the human blood to chill,
 With anxious care and thought to fill
 The mind of man with rueful sorrow,
 And make him careless of the morrow :
 To guard him also from the Devil,
 The common author of all Evil ;
 From sin, the most material thing,
 And free his Conscience from its sting ;
 But not to run away from Justice,
 Or God, on whom his greatest trust is ;
 But of the dangers that appal him,
 Select the least that must befall him ;
 Not like the Fish, urg'd by desire,
 To 'scape the boiler, met the fire,
 Nor like the desp'rate wretch here scen,
 Who by the Devil chas'd had been,
 Out of his wits, to set him free,
 Dreading a halter as we see,
 Tumbles right headlong in the Sea.
 Just so, the frantic Soul, push'd hard,
 Raves round its tenement, when scar'd ;
 (Closely pursued by keen reflection,
 In every possible direction,)
 Shrieking for aid, but meeting none,
 Sinks to eternity, forlorn.
 All salutary fear protects us,
 But ev'ry vicious fear detects us.

In short, this Proverb recommends
A prudent fear, wise in it's ends :
Where two great dangers are in view,
To risk the lesser of the two.



Look before you leap.



A leap in the dark is the worst of all leaps,
With good luck we may fall on our feet ;
But th' odds are against us, not seeing our steps,
That we some serious accident meet.

To marry is just such a leap in the dark,
Where the party's imperfectly known,
Unconnectedly standing's a powerful mark
Of egregious folly alone.

True happiness may the result be, or not,
As the couple determine it shall ;
But not be accounted the consequent lot,
Of prudent alliance at all.

The great end of courting's by time to discover
The temper, the mind, the habits of each ;
Should those of the one, meet the wish of the other,
Things of less moment may be in reach.

Marriage, then may turn out a happy alliance,
Let trifles be better or worse,
(Two souls well cemented, in cordial affiance,)
Should it otherwise prove, 'tis a curse.



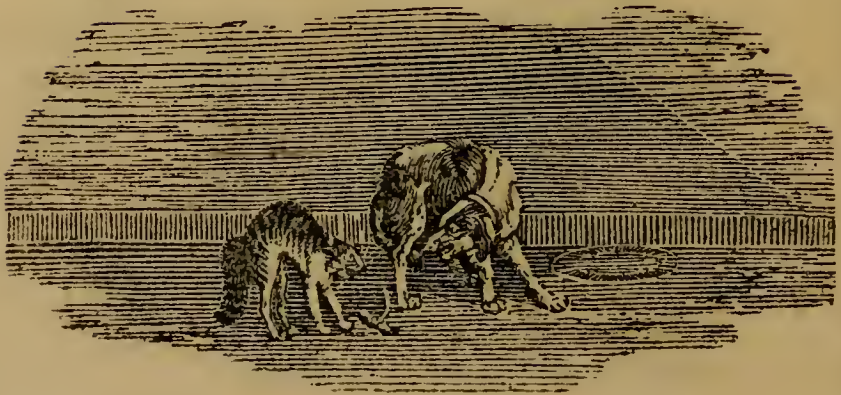
Better late than never.



This picture does not mean to say,
That when at Church w' attend to pray,
If our attendance there be late,
Whate'er in life may be our state,
'Tis better to be late than never.
Such sense it cannot bear; if ever.
If we're not there before Confession,
As hath, of late, been much the fashion,
We still continue as we were,
Most sinful creatures as we are;
Abandoning in strange delusion,
The benefit of absolution.
What can be then, the Print's intent?
Never too late, 'tis to *repent*;

Known by the gibbet at a distance,
Firm, standing proof against resistance ;
Th' youth with the Devil fast behind him,
Spurr'd to his fate, as here we find him,
Crowds of old sinners seen at Church,
Left by the Tempter in the lurch.

E'en so in every life—concern,
This useful lesson we may learn :
Whatever thing we undertake,
Dispatch it quick, and try to take
The surest manner to pursue
The object which we have in view ;
Nor 'till to-morrow that delay,
Which can as well be done to-day ;—
But if you should by chance neglect it,
Do it e'en late, than not effect it ;
For though delay be dangerous ever,
Still it is better late, than never.



*Set a beggar on horse-back, and he'll ride
to the Devil.*

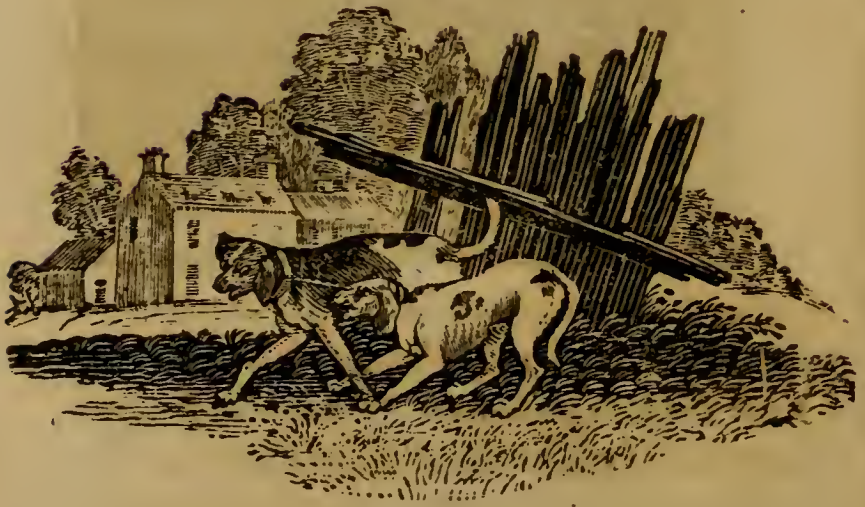


A Gentleman, quitting his horse in the streets,
Not finding a more proper person to send
The beast to his home ; sends a boy whom he meets,
Conceiving in this, it might answer the end.

No sooner he mounts, than he gallops full speed,
Regardless of every thing, as he flies ;
Rides o'er an old woman, without thought or heed,
And here with her dog and her basket she lies.

So the upstart in life, by all friends who know him,
Elated with pride and his beggarly pelf ;
Looks down with contempt on all those who're below him,
Regardless of every thing but himself.

Triumphant o'er those by far his superiors,
Giving way in his mind to such things as are evil;
He tramples on all whom he deems his inferiors,
And gallops as fast as he can to the Devil.



*Take away my good name, take away my
life.*



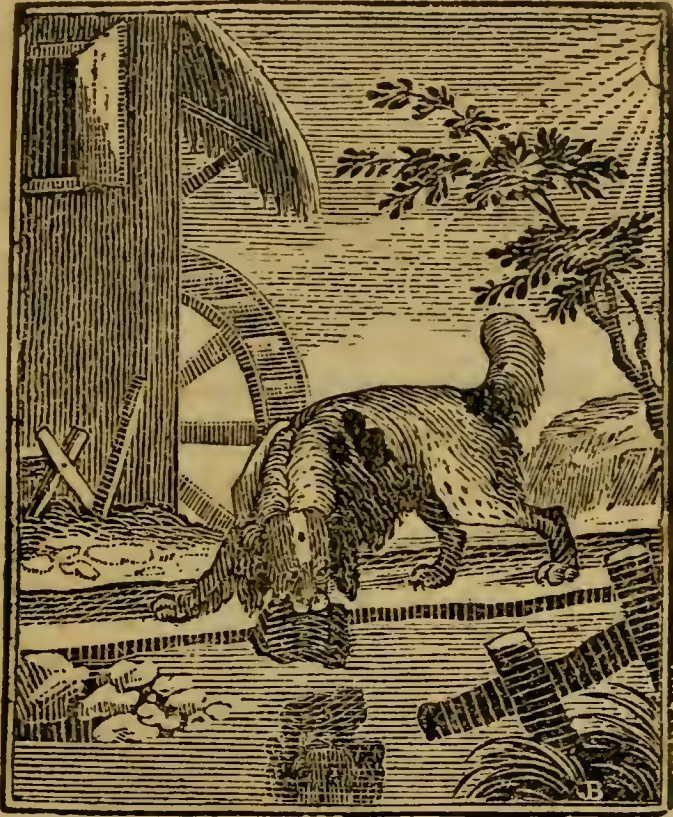
Good name to Man, says our immortal bard
Of Avon's (with Character ensnar'd,)
A Jewel, of inestimable price ;
He who purloins it, is a child of vice ;
Robs me of that, which cannot him enrich ;
And makes me poor, e'en to the greatest pitch
Of Penury ; scarce ever to be borne,
And to a state of wretchedness, forlorn.

An old man here by villains is traduc'd,
Falsely, (by hope of the reward induc'd,)
To justice dragg'd, of felony accus'd.

Good character in life to man's so dear,
That even villains covet it, and fear.
It's loss: it's sacred semblance they assume;
To court it's honours, often will presume;
Labour to be respectable in life,
And carry on the farce with ardent strife.
Seeing its high importance in the world,
Whether in pride or dissipation whirl'd,
By interest or ambition sway'd,
Whether or not by Justice weigh'd.
If great the sanction of a virtuous fame,
Let's gain it in reality,—not name:
'Tis easy gain'd, but what is scarce believ'd,
Once lost, 'tis difficult to be retriev'd.



Grasp all, Lose all.



The Dog and the Shadow's a fable of old ;
It's story so common, so trite ;
This picture explains it, it need not be told ;
Suffice it the moral to cite.

The covctous Trader, who greedy of gains,
Strives hard to get all that he can,
On that which he sells ; is a fool for his pains,
Destroying his general plan.

By aiming at profits too great in his trade,
He customers drives from his door ;
By grasping at riches too rapidly made,
Reversely, he finds himself poor.

As the Dog in the print, too eager to catch
A morsel he could not obtain ;
Lost that which he had, by a too greedy snatch ;
And never could after regain.

If a man have enough, why covet he more ?
That *more* is an evil, at least ;
A much greater evil's abundance in store :
Enough is as good as a feast.

Still a question remains : what is this *enough* ?
Engend'ring among us such strife ?
That which Comfort procures, all the rest's worthless stuff :
Content's the best blessing in life.



Necessity has no Law.



Life to man is, at times, so precious and dear ;
Not to lose it, he's giv'n a strong sense of fear :
To preserve it, is added the passion of hunger,
Which if not timely gratified, man lives no longer.
To avoid this catastrophe, man will deceive,
Where his honest endeavours can no way relieve,
And when much harder press'd, will risk all things and
thieve. }

A sad case of this sort here's presented, so pressing ;
Humanity shudders at a case so distressing ;
If ever there be then, a case worse than another ;
'Tis here—two children half-starv'd, their mendicant mother,
Without money to buy—no friend to relieve,
Her babes crying for bread, she's driv'n to thieve ;

Steals a loaf from a baker, is caught in the fact ;
And threatened with veng'ance for this piteous act.
A humane passer-by, b'ing inform'd of the matter,
With his heart full of throbs and his eyes full of water,
Gladly pays for the loaf, sets the matter at rest ;
It quiets the baker and relieves the distress'd.
The Painter this proverb might as well have explain'd,
By a less woeful tale, than the one we've been pain'd.

Tho' morality rigid, be taught in the schools,
Strictest equity govern'd by certain wise rules ;
Many cases there are, where 'twere wiser and better,
To adhere to the sp'rit of a law than it's letter ;
We, as Christians, are taught to speak truth from the heart ;
And in matters of war, not to take the least part ;
When necessity calls for a breach of these laws,
A departure from right may be deem'd a just cause.
Falsehood tending to good, when truth is destructive ;
Hath long been admitted, when of good it's productive.
When in war we take prizes and enemies slay,
Plunder towns and destroy all that falls in our way,
Necessity's pleaded, in defence of such acts,
For the breach of those laws which religion enacts ;
So must we in life's common actions, as fit,
To the law of necessity cheerful submit,
Where we cannot proceed as we wish, on our plan ;
Do our best to effect it, as well as we can.

An old dog will learn no tricks.



This Picture presented to view,
The thoughts of the Painter no less,
Than language would otherwise do,
And the Proverb before us express.

That youth is the age to acquire,
The knowledge we're anxious to have;
Life advanc'd 's not the time to enquire,
For little aught else than the grave.

A Porter, not able to read,
Conveying some trunks, as directed;
Is much at a loss to proceed,
Not finding his way as expected.

But meeting some boys, then at play,
Returning from School, better taught ;
They readily point out his way,
From a paper he with him had brought.

Learn early the use of this adage,
Neglect not the time of your youth ;
Void of learning, man is but as savage
As beasts of the field ;—this is truth.



Little Strokes fell Great Oaks.



This saying alludes to a matter of fact ;
A Truth, as to error oppos'd ;
Instructing us gradu'ly, wisely to act ;
As may, step by step, be suppos'd.

It teaches, that all things are done by degress,
Require some time to complete :
Of course, perseverance, and that at our ease,
Makes labour delightful and sweet.

Thus cities are built, where a plain before stood,
Great masses sawn through at command ;
Vast buildings erected by time, brick and wood,
And stone chissel'd out by the hand.

By small grains of sand, lofty mountains arise ;
Drops extent to th' ocean impart ;
By manual work, repetition supplies
Creation, in labours of art.

Greatest fortunes are made, by little and little ;
Small gains make a purse heavy weigh ;
So every little in time makes a mickle :—
Proud Rome was not built in a day.

Mark then, and this little attentively view ; :
It's greatness exceeds our belief :
Time held forth for work, not embrac'd, we may rue,
Once pass'd, there's no aid or relief.



*What is got over the Devil's back is spent
under his belly.*



No morsel so sweet, as the bread, which we earn ;
That we purchase, we prize beyond measure ;
What's by industry gain'd, we're soon taught to learn,
To consider, and justly a treasure.

Riches lightly obtain'd, we frequently lack,
Lightly they go, the Proverb will tell ye ;
They fly with the wind :—what's got over the back.
Of the Devil's spent under his belly.

Presented to notice, a gaming-house scene :
What an uncouth assemblage of rabble !
Not met for amusement, but tricking !—is seen,
And the Devil snug under the table !

Here gamesters, loose women, and sharpers assort,
In full hope the unwary to catch;
Here too, fond of dice, doth young Squander resort,
And is robb'd of his money and watch.

With such villains as these, all money ill-got,
We're proverbially told, never thrives;
Good fortune a-while may chance fall to their lot,
But will vanish in course of their lives.

I've seen, says the Psalmist, the wicked look gay,
Blaze forth awhile and shine as the sun;
(Prosperity here seldom lasts but a day!)
"I went by—and behold he was gone."

Not so with the righteous; wealth honestly gain'd,
More and more, if right us'd, will increase;
In life, they'll enjoy what they've justly obtain'd,
And at Death, leave their children in ease.



Birds of a Feather, flock together.



In still lower life, here's a similar scene ;
Rogues, gamblers, and drunkards beset,
With dice, beer and gin, at an ale-house are seen,
The Devil b'ing one of the set.

Their liquor quite out, they're all at a stand ;
The dice seem to rattle no more ;
This want is supplied, by the bell put in hand ;
The game's carried on as before.

When men of this sort are addicted to vice,
Keen prompters are readily found,
To spirit them on, or anew to give rise,
To evils in semblance aground.

All tendency then, to debauchery or sloth,
Destructive to body or soul ;
Should early be check'd, lest they turn in their growth,
To habits not under controul.

But the chief thing we learn,
What but few can discern,
In this adage here brought to our ken ;
That as birds of a feather,
Will assemble together,
And associate in flocks ; so will men.

Be then well on your guard,
(Ere your character's marr'd,)
With what persons you're seen to assort ;
If they be suspected,
You'll soon be rejected
By all men of good sense and report.



*What is bred in the bone, will never out of
the flesh.*



For him who's a villain in grain,
Addicted to certain propensions;
His friends must be ever in pain,
Exceed, lest he should, all dimensions.

Bad habits, too freely indulg'd,
Make pow'ful impressions on nature;
Hence character's often promulg'd;
The governing vice, a strong feature,
Those vices which stain to the bone,
Are wine, love of women and dice;
For these will few virtues atone,
Or the manners of such men suffice.

Long rooted, 'twould be endless pain,
To make an attempt at a cure ;
'Twill only be labour in vain,
A reform in such men to procure.

As he, who for gambling here's plac'd,
I' the stocks, (as a slave to this vice,)
Conceives himself no way disgrac'd ;
There stud'ing his cards and his dice :

And as him, from the pot-house behind,
Disgorging th' effects of his beer ;
Again and again, we shall find,
Pursuing his filthy career ;

That wretch who but feeds his desires,
Resembles a wild beast of prey ;
He raves, as his hunger inspires,
Not gratified, pushes his way.

So heedless of all that concern
His int'rest hereafter or here ;
That int'rest he never will learn,
'Till total destruction appear.

Regardless of all that he meets,
(Not suiting his ravenous taste ;)
As trifles, great dangers he treats,
'Till ruin o'ertakes him in haste.

Handsome is, as handsome does.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.



Gold, in its ore, is no better than earth ;
Trees, in the forest, no other than wood ;
But wood, by the fruit, to which it gives birth,
And ore, when productive of comfort, are good.

As every tree is known by its fruit ;
And each kind of wealth by the use it confers,
So wealth is esteem'd, as its uses may suit,
And trees by the fruit our palate prefers.

In like manner men are held more or less,
In public esteem, as known to conform,
To that which is right, (not what they profess,)
And those acts of good, they're seen to perform.

Exemplified here, by a Script'ral tale ;
A poor wretched jew, as Gospels relate,
(The story by far too trite to detail,)
Left helpless by thieves, in a most woeful state ;
Disfigur'd by wounds, and seemingly dead,
Is found by a man, who could not refuse
Immediate aid, by charity led,
Though one of a cast detested by Jews.
Good deeds, when done with benevolent spirit,
Are evident tests of brotherly love ;
If done to a foe, the greater the merit,
Returns will be made in the world above.



Enough is as good as a feast.



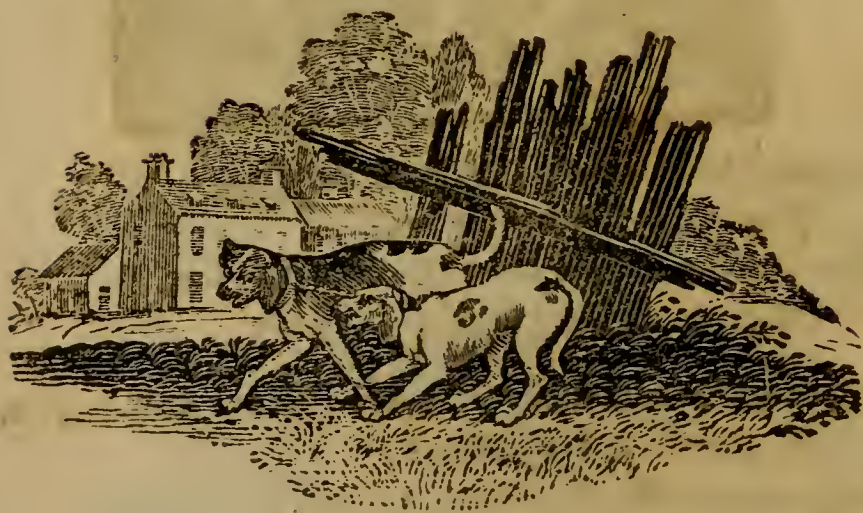
The man blest with enough has something to spare,
For sufficient is ever a feast ;
Now feasting implies more than ord'nary fare,
More than nature requires, at least.

When we've something to spare, 'tis our duty to give,
To objects in real distress ;
Importunate e'en, to, a *little*, receive,
Let that *little* be greater or less.

A cup of cold water, at times is a boon
Which Religion enjoins to be giv'n ;
If in Charity done, 'twill later or soon,
Procure us rich blessings from Heav'n.

Here's a family poor, dividing their meal
With a half-famish'd wretch at their door ;
With such readiness giv'n, it tells us they feel
That within, which compensates the doer.

A compassionate heart, the best is of hearts,
It alleviates sorrows and woes ;
When it comfort can yield, it comfort imparts,
Disregardful of what it foregoes.



Charity begins at home.



What can be alleg'd for this contrasted scene,
The churlishness visible here ;
At which nature recoils, with heart-felt chagrin,
This churl should so little revere ?

What's due to humanity's due to his God,
The Giver of all he receives :
Not fearing the strokes of a menacing rod,
He's thankless, and never relieves.

This Proverb must surely imply something more,
Escaping our painter's attention :
It alludes to the general state of the poor,
And not to reluctant intention.

In similar cases of common distress,
No doubt, 'tis our chiefest concern,
To provide for ourselves ; this done, not the less,
The mis'ries of others to learn.

Although love for ourselves, at home may begin,
By no means at home should it end :
The Scriptures say, charity covers much sin ;
To others then let it extend.

Our own wants reliev'd, 'tis our duty to think,
What good we to others can do ;
From labours of love, we are never to shrink :
Bestow where bestowal is due.

Self-preservation is Nature's *first* law,
The next is relief to another ;
E'en were he a stranger, no line should we draw,
But treat him, as were he a brother.

See Grasp all, Lose all.



Empty vessels make the greatest sound.



When empty, a vessel yields much greater sound,
Than when full, is an evident truth ;
This principle hath by experience been found ;
Boys learn it from earliest youth.

Hence musical instruments long have been known,
And hence the invention of drums ;
The sense of this proverb is also hence drawn,
And hence its true ref'rence comes.

'Tis here indeed giv'n in a figurative sense,
A Quixote in armour complete ;
Engaging with pigs, under warlike pretence,
To frighten the boys in the street.

Having cut off the head of a defenceless pig,
Exulting, as were he in battle ;
His weapon he brandishes, struts and looks big,
As children, when arm'd with a rattle.

By these emblems we're taught, as well as in schools,
True wisdom's in regular train ;
That boasters and praters are equally fools,
Betraying deficiency of brain.

Some Proverbs there are near alike in import,
One, " close mouth oft makes a wise head ;"
Another as good, of a similar sort,
" A fool's bolt is soon shot," as 'tis said.

These sayings combin'd, certain dictates disclose,
Which young men do seldom discern ;
Which sages of long-taught experience impose
As truths of high import to learn.

That talkative men often shew want of sense,
Exposing things better unseen ;
Free-speakers, at times, give most serious offence,
And wish they more cautious had been.

The best maxim is then, to think ere we speak,
And deliberately open our mind ;
To wantonly talk of ourselves, is most weak ;
Of others, unmanly, unkind.

Great Cry and little Wool.



This proverb alludes to a whimsical tale ;
Some Devils abroad, and imperfectly hearing,
That wool was obtain'd from beasts of short tail ;
Wanting wool, meeting swine, they set about shearing.

Disappointed, they roar'd, the hogs set up screams ;
No wool was procur'd, but abundance of cries.
This story, invented by some child it seems ;
For Devils are cunning, and not so unwise.

But the chattering pie, the blustering wind,
The whistling storm, the roaring of Devils ;
The squeaking of pigs, and the whole here combin'd,
Are descriptive enough of great, noisy evils.

But that we should learn, from this ancient saying
Is, guard against boasting, wherever you meet it ;
Who speaks much of himself, when talking or praying,
Betrays but hypocrisy—so must we treat it.

The more a man prates, the less by him is done.

He who promises much, oft executes less.

By modest assertions, is confidence won.

Be cautious at all times of what you profess.

By speeches and courtesy full of deceit,

A doubtful appearance is commonly vamp'd,

But where truth and probity cordially meet,

A dignified character's certainly stamp'd.



To forget an injury is the best revenge.



Revenge is a crime of so various extent,
That where to injustice it basely proceeds ;
The Laws of all countries take modes to prevent
All studied, all hostile, nefarious deeds.

But, when spur'd by the Devil in rancorous strife,
The offender is found with malice to burn ;
And in transport of rage, to take away life,
He sure is to forfeit *his* life in return.

With sword in his hand, with rage in his face,
A veteran chief seems determin'd to enter
A fort, that had long him annoy'd, to erase,
And wholly destroy, from its walls to its centre.

A venomous snake seems to point out his path,
By hissing, which gradually reaches his ear ;
The place might have felt the effect of his wrath,
Had not Peace by her blandishments check'd his career.

The force of the proverb she brought to his breast ;
He felt its due weight, and abandon'd his plan :
'The hov'ring dove, peaceful emblem of rest,
Announces self-victory over the man.

There are acts of revenge, though less, still unfit,
The meanly returning an evil for evil ;
Religion enjoins us such not to commit,
As sinful partaking the works of the Devil.

To pass by affronts, is of greatness a test ;
If to conquer a foe, our desires incline ;
That victory over ourselves is the best.
To punish, is human ;—to pardon, divine.



*Cruelty is a Tyrant, always attended with
Fear.*



Lo! here is a scene that must make the heart bleed,
A man murders his brother in bed;
No sooner 'tis done, than he starts at the deed,
With a horror-struck conscience and dread.

An agent of hell, as a passion appear'd,
With suspicion and jealousy vamp'd;
And spurring this monster, succeeded, as fear'd:
Grinn'd a horrible smile and decamp'd.

Where guilt lies, the Conscience is sharp as a sword,
Pierces deep and stabs to the heart;
'Tis quiet at times, yet disturb'd by a word,
Will manifest terrors impart.

What dread more terrific than vengeance to hear,
That vengeance so dreaded, infernal ?

It harrows the soul e'en to think, more to fear
That punishment, fi'ry, eternal.

But this fear the wicked must surely expect,
Without a repentance and pardon :

Beware, then, ye sinners, repent and reflect,
Nor think that your fate is borne hard on.

It rests with ourselves to be happy or not,
Heaven's vengeance is certain, though slow ;
Bliss hereafter, or mis'ry, must be our lot,
As found are our deeds here below.



Tread on a worm and it will turn.



“Love me, love my dog,” is a saying of old,
The moral so plain is, it need not be told:
A dog b'ing too often the poor man's best friend,
The cause why he loves it; we shall not contend.

An imperious Turk, his head high in air;
Not seeing his way, and for want of due care,
Treads hard on this friend;—he howls out in great pain,
His master resents it, his motive is plain.
Wrong, insultingly giv'n, with anger we burn;
Our feelings are rous'd, “a worm— trod on will turn.”

We find this in private; the same in a state,
A wife long abus'd,
And cruelly us'd,
Will fly from her brute, what may e'er be her fate.
A people ill-treated,
The oppression repeated;
Revolution takes place, or sooner or late;
Obedience worn' out,
Will at last turn about,
And the warmest of love, be converted to hate.



Time and Tide wait for no man.



Of all worldly knowledge thought truly sublime,
The greatest is that of ourselves and of Time.
The first has before, in the title, been hinted,
Yet further deserves in the mind to be printed.
That of knowing one's-self, is the best of the two,
And certainly merits our unceasing view.
It teaches religion, as far as it can,
Our duty to God, and our duty to man;
Without it, we little are better than brutes,
Their knowledge is not more than nature deputed.
Our Passions would soon get the better of reason,
Rebel against conscience, in case, as of treason.

Without knowledge of Time, we lose half our days,
So swiftly he flies, we discern not his ways ;
His flight is more rapid, by far than the wind ;
We think to o'ertake him ; he leaves us behind.

In painting him, poets have studied it well,
The day of his birth, no historian can tell ;
He's drawn as bald-pated, save one lock before ;
"Take Time by the fore-lock's" a proverb of yore.
He holds out an hour-glass, to show how time passes,
Is arm'd with a scythe, mowing lives down as grasses.

His ravage, depicted by ruin and dearth ;
Not a blade to be seen, buildings crumbling to earth ;
The Sun that shone bright in meridian blaze
Is setting apace, and will darken our days ;
His glass nearly run, and his out-stretching arm
Denote he is ready, mankind to alarm ;
To cut clean away the sad remnant of life,
And thus put an end to terrestrial strife.
Time and Tide are so bent, they wait will for none ;
To have them, we quickly must seize, or they're gone.
Old Time has no lock in the rear of his head ;
Drag him back we cannot, no matter our dread ;
To seize him in front, we are able, and ought ;
Reluctant however to this we are brought.

Time is ever on wing, and the Tide it rolls by,
Embrace what they offer, as wise men would try
To lose not those hours which are past all recall ;
Use well what remain—make the most of them all :
Lest Death overtake us, before we're aware,
And rob us of those we've at present to spare

All these things consider'd, we cannot be wise,
If we seize not Time fast by his lock as he flies ;
How dang'rous delay is, we learn to our sorrow ;
When what's now in our pow'r, is deferr'd till to-morrow ;
That look'd-for to-morrow, may never arrive,
The day in possession, we may not survive :
Young* long since hath sung in his *Night Thoughts* sub-
That Procrastination's the robber of Time. [lime,

* Dr. Young's Night Thoughts.



Every Tub must stand on its own bottom.



No mortal can govern what's out of his reach,
Or controul what he cannot command ;
All things that exist have a basis to each,
A foundation on which it must stand.

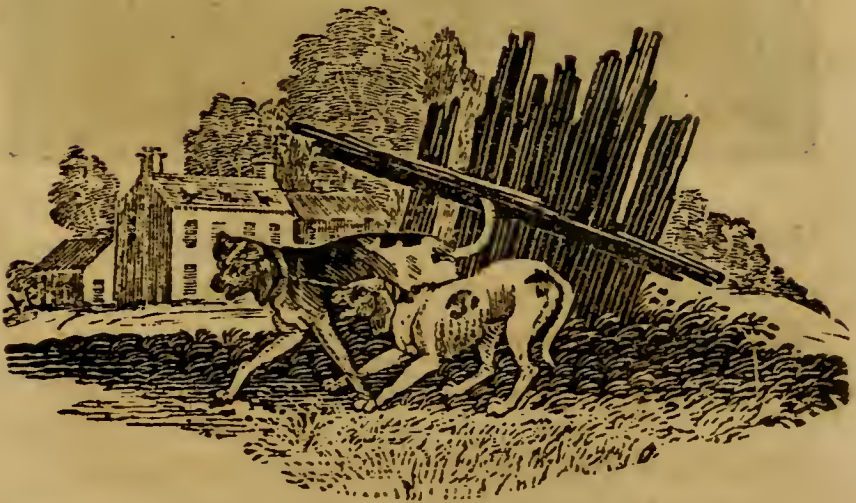
These in science, are truths, whate'er be their end ;
In religion 'tis equally true ;

'Tis to us no excuse, that others offend,
We must answer for all things *we* do.

A view of the great day of summons here's giv'n,
When all mortals must duly appear ;
To account for their acts, in the p'sence of Heav'n,
And attend its just sentence, with fear.

Man plumes himself now, not as void of offence,
But on being no worse than his neighbour ;
This at Judgement will be no plea or pretence,
For admission to Heav'nly favour.

“ Each tub stands on its own bottom,” so we
Must rely on no deeds but our own ;
Expect to be judg'd, as hereafter may be,
Individually, standing *alone*.



AN ELEGY
ON PEACE OF MIND, ADDRESSED TO LORENZO,
AND WRITTEN BY DR. TRUSLER, AT THE AGE OF 82 :

In Imitation of Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-Yard.

Conscience is a Self-Accuser.



I.

How wretched, my Lorenzo, is the case
Of him, whose mind's in perturbation tost;
Harrass'd by doubts and fears he cannot trace,
And in a whirlwind of ideas lost!—

Thus, by a thousand thoughts, distracted torn,
His nights are dreadful, and his days drag slow;
He blindly wanders in the dark, forlorn,
Bewilder'd in a labyrinth of woe!

When owls do hoot, and village-curs do bark,
Expressive tokens of the dead of night;
When half the world lies bosom'd in the dark,
And ev'ry living thing's obscur'd from sight;

When watchful dogs, the guardians of the fold,
Howl and disturb the shepherd's sleep serene ;
When sprites do play, as ancient bards have told,
Their midnight gambols on the village green.

Call we this dreadful?—More so is the state
Of rich Lothario, who dares the rod
Of an avenging Pow'r,—with pride elate,
Full of *himself*, regardless of his God ;

When his tormenting Conscience racks the breast
Of its devoted victim ;—when his dreams
Appal his frightened spirit ;—break his rest
With fancied furies, doleful cries and screams !

Amid these horrors, chance he hear his clock,
Its tickings, or the watchman's hourly bell ;
List!—" 'Tis the tread," he cries, " of fiends that flock
Around my bed—hark !—*now* they howl !—*now* yell !"

Not so Paupertas, child of humbler lot,
Whose inward Registrar approves his deeds ;
Nought e'er disturbs the quiet of *his* cot ;
His nights delightful, as the life he leads.

In balmy sleep, his hours glide sweet along.
Night is to *him* a time of happiest quest ;
Should *he* awake,—he listens to the song
Of nightingales,— that lull again to rest.

These birds of folly strain their warbling throats,
In lays responsive, round the verdant green ;
In musical, yet *melancholy* notes,
To *cheer* the gloomy aspect of the scene.

Some faint resemblance of a peasant-life,
Is gather'd from these songsters of the grove ;
Free from the noisy jars of worldly strife,
The village-rustic carols out his love

Bereft of comforts lavish'd on the great,
A while in grief, the virtuous poor may pine ;
Still may they future joys anticipate,
As sainted objects of a Care divine.

II.

Through the long current of a well-spent life,
Paupertas peacefully pursued his way ;
With faithful Dorcas, an obedient wife,
Blithe as the morning, cheerful as the day.

In mutual sympathy, in mutual love,
Each view'd the other, with a partial eye ;
With warm desires, in halcyon ease, they strove
To close their days in soft tranquility.

Busy, yet not unmindful of their end,
Knowing their earthly course was nearly run,
Prepar'd beneath the weight of years to bend ;
They clos'd life calmly, as declines the sun.

No dirge was heard— no pageant trophies pac'd,
In solemn march—nor did a banner wave,
To catch a gazing crowd ;—tears only grac'd
Their way, in silence, to an humble grave.

No sculptur'd marble brings it to our view ;
No pompous epitaph attracts the eye ;
Alone, one aged, solitary yew
Points out the lot of their mortality.

Times of achievement, they, by fate denied,
Miss'd those immortal honours Heroes claim ;
In low obscurity they liv'd and died,
Unnotic'd in the register of fame.

But know the importance of a life well spent :
Acts of heroic goodness are enroll'd
In every breast ; a prouder monument,
More lasting than the pyramids of old.

Whilst vicious actions, and a mad career,
Consign to infamy (and dearly bought)
Him, who outbraves the Pow'r he's taught to fear. —
Pause then ye great ! —and shudder at the thought!

III.

Within church cemeteries records show,
As most secure from rash, unhallow'd hands ;
The Yew was planted, parent of the Bow,
Which arm'd our ancient, patriotic bands ;

When feudal Lords their servile vassals arm'd,
To aid their monarch in his country's cause ;
Whether by foreign enemies alarm'd,
Or rebel subjects, trampling on the laws.

Now, cypress-like, it solely marks the road
To that funereal, unnotic'd bourne ;
Where way-worn trav'lers, parting with their load,
Sink with the burden, never to return.

High o'er the turrets of yon village church,
Hoarse, boding rooks are seen to flock at times :
Now hover on the wing, now clam'rous perch,
Drowning in ceaseless caws, its tuneful chimes.

So do the noisy ranters of each sect,
With senseless jargon, itching ears astound ;
Cause men, their pious pastors to reject,
In doctrine pure, in sacred lore profound.

Thus is the placid soul oft-times disturb'd
By needless fears, by false alarms, that shake
The feeble mind (by human laws uncurb'd)
Of timid man, to dreadful thoughts awake.

Conscience is that still voice of Heav'n, which speaks
Peace to the sinner, if he act aright ;
But, with a dread of vengeance, breaks
The rest of him, not guiltless in his sight.

When e'er a doubt the feeble mind invades ;
Whether it hath to dread the wrath of Heav'n,
Consult the Conscience—where *this* not upbraids,
The best security to man is giv'n.

IV.

As David, Israel's king, we're giv'n to learn,
In closest bands with Jonathan was tied
Of human friendship ;—'tis of some concern,
To know, how men so happily allied,

Would act in concert. These congenial souls
Mov'd simultaneously, as if the same
In thought, in words, in actions, (nought controuls
In opposition)—diff'ring but in name.

These bosom-friends, in unity of heart,
Who wrought by sympathy, (whose thoughts, will,
As each to its other self did close impart) { *breath,*
'Were not divided, even in their *death*'*

So did this aged pair, for years combin'd,
Inseparably live, (as Time consum'd
Their pow'rs and functions,) and with hearts entwin'd,
Drop silent,—and together were inhum'd.

Lothario too dies—his race here ends.

His gorgeous exit blazons for the day;
This terminates the scene.—Bereft of friends,
None wish'd him any where but *where* he lay.

Hurl'd from their airy heights, the mighty fall!—
Into one common, earthly mass, are thrust
Mitres and Coronets and Sceptres:—all
Their glories sink and mingle, with the dust.

The pious Villager, whose lowly state,
Frees from the dread of such impending blow,
His breath resign'd, is plac'd beside the great,
By Death, the common leveller below.

He, at the latter day, (whom Heav'n awaits)
Exultingly may cry, absolv'd from sin,
“Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates;—
Be lift!—and—let a *Son of glory* in!”—*

Whate'er enjoyments life may here bestow,
Whatever blessings mortal man can have,
The grand *desideratum* is, to know
What *may* or *may not* pass— beyond the grave.

Death in itself is nothing,—still it brings
An awful dread upon the mind.—We fear
This final close of sublunary things;—
To be we know not *what*, we know not *where*.

PRAYER.

Great God of peace,—regard thy suppliant's tears!

Relieve me from the agonies of doubt!

Teach me to think aright!—Dispel my fears;

Unfold those mystic ways, past finding out!

Doubt of *hereafter* is the worst of ills;

Of all the choicest gifts thou hast in store,

Give me that sought-for quietude, which fills

The labouring heart with ease; —I ask no more.

'Tis *giv'n*—Benignant Calmer of my breast!

Which now nor doubts, nor painful thoughts annoy,

Most fully hast Thou set my soul at rest.

I thank Thee for—the quiet I enjoy!

What wish men more? Wealth, honours, pleasure, friends

Freedom from sorrow, health— or all combin'd?

This list of wishes here, Lorenzo, ends.

The sum of human bliss is, *Peace of mind.*



THE
LORD'S PRAYER,
PARAPHRASED.

Father supreme,— whose Mercy-seat's above!
To Thee our songs of praise and pray'r be giv'n!
Hallow'd thy name in Pæan strains of love,
On earth as sung by Seraphim in Heav'n!

Thy realms of endless space acknowledg'd be!—
Thy pow'r by Cherubs and by men ador'd!—
Thy will be done, in grateful ecstasy—
Parent of Nature—universal Lord!

Thy kind, thy gracious promises fulfil,
Giver of all that's good!—Thy bounty grant
To helpless man, who breathes but at Thy will,
Sufficient to supply his daily want!

Thou teachest men in harmony to live,
To hope for mercy, as they mercy shew;
Dispose our hearts—incline us to forgive;
Grant *us* thy grace, as we do grace bestow!

Guide us throughout the rugged path of life ;
Teach our frail footsteps devious ne'er to stray ;
Guard us from evil—from the 'Tempter's strife,
And smooth in peace our sad appointed way !

With mercy hear us, in this suppliant hour ;
In all our doings, wisely us prevent :
Whate'er Thou *will'st*— to grant, thou hast the pow'r,
Eternal—Glorious—God Omnipotent !

FINIS.



SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI !

ON READING PROSE.

As no one can read Verse well, that is not a perfect good reader of Prose ; some useful rules for reading of Prose will be found in *the Accidence*, recommended in page 12, of this volume.

Note ; a black line following a stop, either in Prose or Verse, denotes a pause, as long as a full period, added to the length of the Stop.

An Italic word in letter-press, by way of distinction, denotes a stronger emphasis on that word than on the others.

Words included in a parenthesis, thus, (—) are to be read in a key lower in tone than the other words, preceding or following them ; dropping the voice at the first parenthesis and raising it again to its last pitch at the other.

In Repetitions, My God, My God ! the second is to be read more forcibly than the first, and if there be three, as, Holy, *Holy*, HOLY, Lord God of Sabaoth ! the third holy should be stronger than the second.

An Adjective that expresses nothing more than what the substantive expresses, or what some other adjective adjoining that substantive, expresses, is an expletive and unnecessarily there placed ; but if it express some-

thing different, the stroke of the voice should be on the substantive, and an emphasis only on the adjective ; as in the Lord's prayer here paraphrased, fifth stanza.

Teach my frail *footsteps*, devious ne'er to stray.

Here, *Footsteps* is to have the stroke of the voice, or a stronger emphasis laid on it than on the word frail.

The contrary is generally done by ignorant readers. There is an exception to this rule ; that is, where there is an antithesis in the adjectives ; as where a patriotic leader is opposed to a monarchical general, &c. In this case the stroke of the voice, or the stronger emphasis is to be on the adjectives, *patriotic* and *monarchical*—but the good sense of the reader will be his best direction.

In this Volume there are no direct specimens of the ode kind, which is a Poem of the Lyric order, written to be sung to music ; but odes are reducible to other species of Poetry, and to be read according to the rules prescribed for reading lines of different lengths ; and therefore the reader, if he think, cannot be at loss how and where to place his accent.

There are many more rules necessary to be observed in reading prose, but I profess here only to treat of voice.

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