

To give you a notion, now—(let who
wins, laugh!)

When first I see a man, what do I
first?

Why, count the letters which make
up his name,

And as their number chances, even
or odd.

Arrive at my conclusion, trim my
course:

Hiram H. Horsefall is your honoured
name,

And haven't I found a patron, sir, in
you?

"Shall I cheat this stranger?" I
take apple-pips,

Stick one in either canthus of my
eye,

And if the left drops first—(your left,
sir, stuck)

I'm warned, I let the trick alone this
time.

You, sir, who smile, superior to such
trash,

You judge of character by other rules:
Don't your rules sometimes fail you?

Pray, what rule

Have you judged Sludge by hitherto?

Oh, be sure,

You, everybody blunders, just as I,
In simpler things than these by far!

For see:

I knew two farmers,—one, a wiseacre
Who studied seasons, rummaged al-
manacs,

Quoted the dew-point, registered the
frost,

And then declared, for outcome of
his pains,

Next summer must be dampish: 'twas
a drought.

His neighbour prophesied such
drought would fall,

Saved hay and corn, made cent. per
cent, thereby,

And proved a sage indeed: how came
his lore?

Because one brindled heifer, late in
March,

Stiffened her tail of evenings, and
somehow

He got into his head that drought
was meant!

I don't expect all men can do as
much:

Such kissing goes by favour. You
must take

A certain turn of mind for this,
a twist

I' the flesh, as well. Be lazily alive,
Open-mouthed, like my friend the

ant-eater,

Letting all nature's loosely-guarded
notes

Settle and, sleek, be swallowed!
Think yourself

The one i' the world, the one for
whom the world

Was made, expect it tickling at your
mouth!

Then will the swarm of busy buzzing
flies,

Clouds of coincidence, break egg-
shell, thrive,

Breed, multiply, and bring you food
enough.

I can't pretend to mind your smiling
sir!

Oh, what you mean is this! Such
intimate way,

Close converse, frank exchange of
offices,

Strict sympathy of the immeasurably
great

With the infinitely small, betokened
here

By a course of signs and omens, raps
and sparks,—

How does it suit the dread traditional
text

O' the "Great and Terrible Name"?
Shall the Heaven of Heavens

Stoop to such child's play?

Please, sir, go with me

A moment, and I'll try to answer you.
The "*Magnum et terribile*" (is that

right?)

Well, folk began with this in the
early day;

And all the acts they recognized in
proof