

“same embarrassment, which, like a storm, makes him feel the leak, may, like that also, prevent his stopping it.”

In his No. XXIII, the Prompter has attacked the custom of the *Charivari*, and taken the same side of the question as the stupid old women do, who are at the head of our police. In No. 5 of the Scribbler I have alluded to this custom and have promised a further essay upon it, but which, like the reparation of the man's leaky roof, I have put off, because when I had the inclination, I had more pressing matter before me, and when I had the leisure, I wanted the inclination. I have not, however, lost sight of it, and in the mean time take this opportunity of hinting to the wisecracs who quote “the Black Act,” as a statute in force against such meetings, and amongst which is the Prompter, that there is a maxim which is a very good one for all, but more particularly for magistrates and persons in power, to observe, viz. *Do not shew your teeth till you can bite*, for it is the merest bugbear in the world to pretend that the Black act is in the slightest degree applicable to the case, having, in that part of it relied on by their worships, been solely and exclusively enacted against deerstealers. But I beg pardon of the worshipful old ladies I have just alluded to, I forgot that along with the little smattering of law they possess, they have also both the will and the power to (and actually very often do) wrest that law to their own purposes, and to make black white, or any colour that to their most immaculate judgements may seem meet. But to revert to the custom itself, is it any thing more than a living caricature of the unequal match it is intended to ridicule? and what annoyance, besides that of the noise, the discordant music, and the sarcastic songs which accompany the masquerade, does it give to the new married couple, for a few