

of being too obsequious, or not civil enough, to him. The guests think "they have seen him before." Every one speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be—a tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity, he might pass for a casual dependant; with more boldness, he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent—yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanour, that your other guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and—resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach—and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean, and quite unimportant anecdote of—the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as "he is blest in seeing it now." He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth—favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture; and insults you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle—which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know till lately that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable; his compliments perverse; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is—a female poor relation. You may do something with the other; you may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent she-relative is hopeless. "He is an old humourist," you may say, "and affects to go threadbare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a character at your table, and truly he is one." But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. "She is plainly related to the L——s; or what does she at their house?" She is in all probability your wife's cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aliquando suffaminandus erat*—but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped—after the gentlemen. Mr. ——— requests the honour of taking wine with her; she hesitates between Port and Madeira, and chooses the former—because he does. She calls the servant *sir*; and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronizes her. The children's governess takes upon her to correct her when she has mistaken the piano for a harpsichord.

TIME.

"Time is the stuff that life is made of," says Young.

"*Become about your business,*" says the dial in the Temple: a good admonition to a loiterer on the pavement below.

The great French Chancellor, d'Aguesseau, employed all his time. Observing that Madame d'Aguesseau always delayed ten or twelve minutes before she came down to dinner, he composed a work entirely in this time, in order not to lose an instant; the result was, at the end of fifteen years, a book in three large volumes quarto, which went through several editions.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Ach wie nichtig, ach wie flüchtig!

O how cheating, O how fleeting,
Is our earthly being!
'Tis a mist in wintry weather,
Gather'd in an hour together,
And as soon dispers'd in ether.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Are our days departing!
Like a deep and headlong river
Flowing onward, flowing ever—
Tarrying not and stopping never.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Are the world's enjoyments!
All the hues of change they borrow,
Bright to-day and dark to-morrow—
Mingled lot of joy and sorrow!

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is all earthly beauty!
Like a summer flow'et flowing,
Scatter'd by the breezes, blowing
O'er the bed on which 'twas growing.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is the strength of mortals!
On a lion's power they pride them,
With security beside them—
Yet what overthrows betide them!

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is all earthly pleasure!
'Tis an air suspended bubble,
Blown about in tears and trouble,
Broken soon by flying stubble.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is all earthly honour!
He who wields a monarch's thunder,
Tearing right and law asunder,
Is to-morrow trodden under.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is all mortal wisdom!
He who with poetic fiction
Sway'd and silenced contradiction,
Soon is still'd by death's infliction.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is all earthly music!
Though he sing to angels sweetly,
Play he never so discreetly,
Death will overpower him fleetly.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Are all mortal treasures!
Let him pile, and pile untiring:
Time, that adds to his desiring,
Shall disperse the heap aspiring.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is the world's ambition!
Thou who sit'st upon the steepest
Height, and there securely sleepest,
Soon wilt sink, alas! the deepest.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is the pomp of mortals!