

slow man is less liable to accidents than a hasty man.

I always liked a little poem that tells an exciting tale of an old gentleman who was constrained to do a foolish thing on account of his excitement, but in which the poet partakes so little of the excitement of his tale that he troubles himself to look out for only two rhymes for the whole four stanzas.

By the side of a murmuring stream,
As an elderly gentleman sat ;
On the top of his head was his wig,
And a-top of his wig was his hat.

The wind it blow high and blew strong,
As the elderly gentleman sat ;
And it tore from his head in a trice,
And plunged in the river his hat.

The gentleman then took his cane,
Which lay by his side as he sat ;
And he dropped in the river his wig
In attempting to get out his hat.

His brest it grew cold with despair,
And full in his eye sadness sat ;
So he flung in the river his cane,
To swim with his wig and his hat.

It is noticeable that persons who owe money, that lawyers and law courts, and that officers in the employ of the government do not seem to consider delays dangerous. No doubt procrastination is the best thing in a lawsuit. It allows the parties time to bottle their wrath, and to contemplate their folly.

Whenever one is in a passion, delay is the best policy. Under these circumstances, as the editor said to the infuriated printer, who was angry because he had no copy, "you had better compose yourself."

You cannot get a hotel-clerk, or a steamboat-clerk, or a baggage-master excited. What would be the use? He would have to get excited over every new comer, because travellers are, as a rule, apt to be tempestuous. He prefers to be uniformly imperturbable.

A man, as I said, must have discretion to know when to haste and when to rest, when to stop and when to go ahead, when

to hold on and when to let go. We like people who, having once undertaken a thing, will never give up; who, having formed a purpose, will never relinquish it. The bear finds its safety in hugging its enemy with an unyielding clutch. But there is a picture on the news-stands of a bear hugging very tight a perpendicular saw, at the motion of which he seemed to have become offended. The saw, of course, continues its motion. The harder the bear hugs the more he gets tangled, and the tighter he presses it the harder it cuts. A man in that case would have exercised discretion and have let go, unless he were a simpleton or indeed had encountered a very easy saw like the one of which we read which cut so smoothly that a boy who lay on the log and was sawed with it, did not know he had been injured until he fell off in two pieces.

And so I think there is discretion to be used behind any maxim, even behind the maxim, "Don't get excited." I have read of people who were too calm and complacent. Of such a character I think was the conductor, who, when he ran over a man, said he never liked to do it "because it mussed up the track so." And speaking of saws, and following this train of thought, I may mention a young man from the country who went into a hardware store in New York and, rapping a great buzz-saw with his knuckles, remarked, "I had an old dad ripped to pieces with one of them fellers last week." I think that young man exhibited too little emotion for the occasion. It showed a lack of filial affection only comparable to that of a boy belonging to a primary school in Manchester, New Hampshire, who assured his schoolmates that he should soon be able to indulge in his favorite sport on the river with the best of them. "Father," said he, "has gone to the war, and when he gets killed I am going to have his fish-line."

As cool a person, under the circumstances, as was ever heard of, was a young nobleman, who, in a frightful railway accident, missed his valet. One of the guards came up to him and said: "My lord we have found your servant, but he is cut in two." "Aw, is he?" said the young man,