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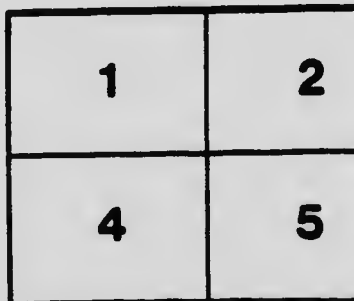
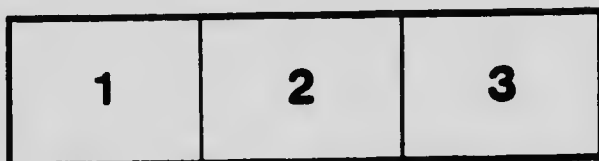
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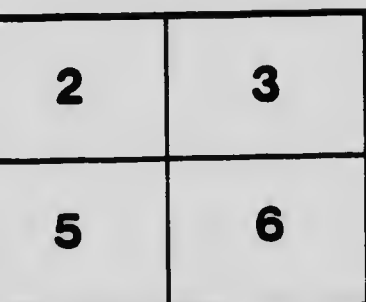
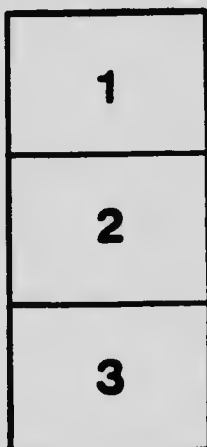
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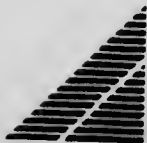
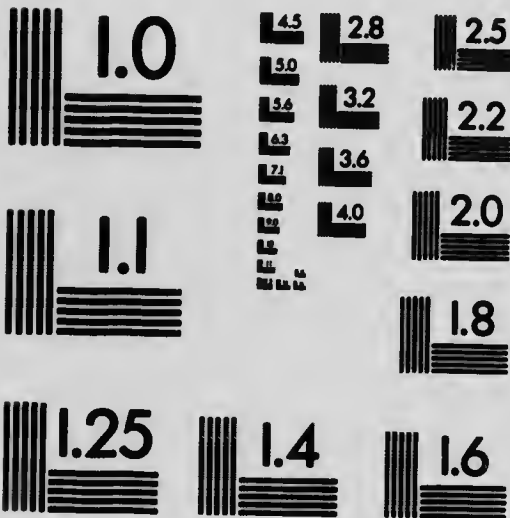
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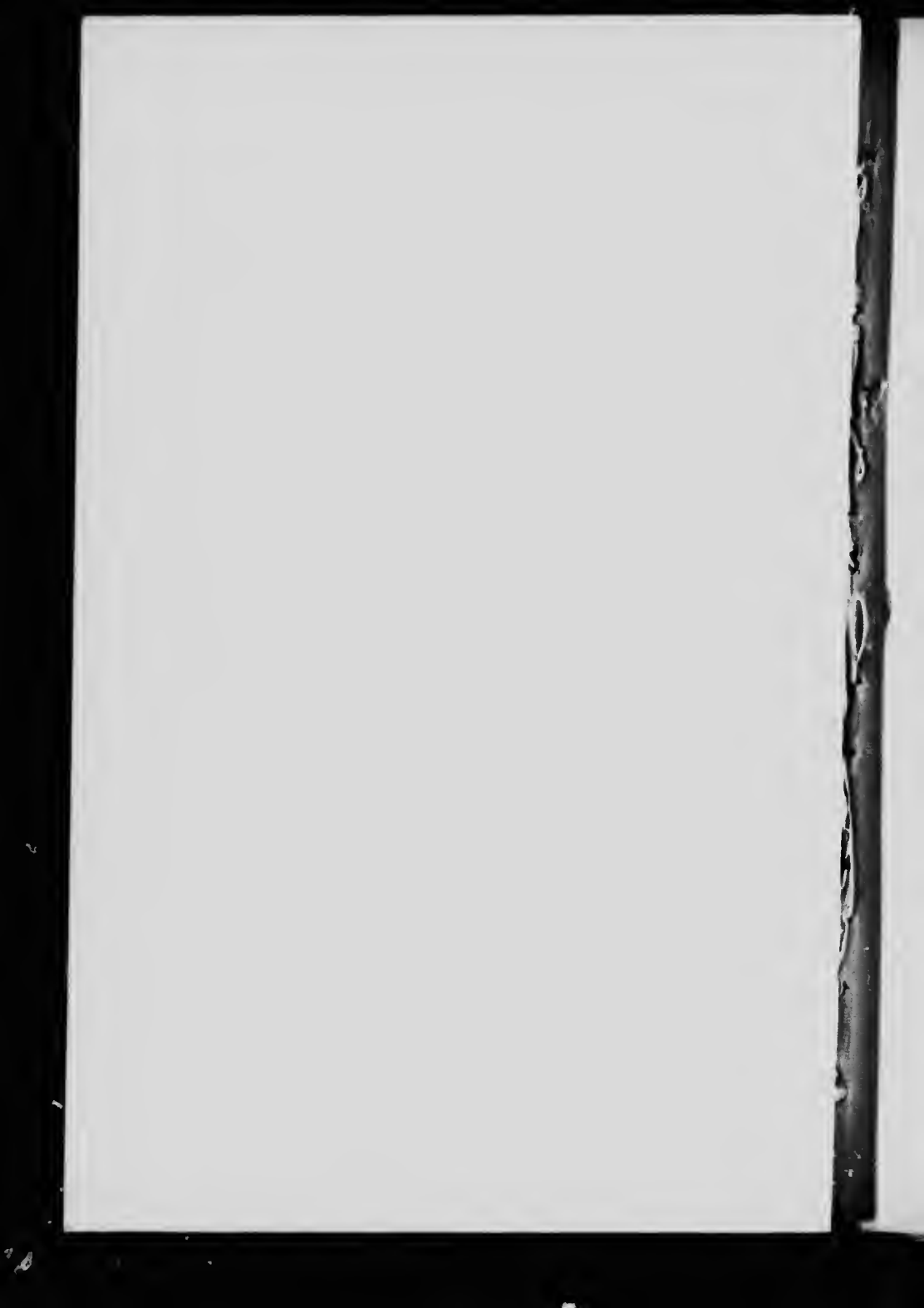
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WIT AND WISDOM OF HALIBURTON

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Fragments of Sam Slick

INTRODUCTION

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON was a many-sided man. While still young he became known as a brilliant and effective speaker in the Legislature of his native province of Nova Scotia. He was elevated to the bench when but thirty-three years of age, and served both in the Court of Common Pleas and the Supreme Court. Later in life he returned to politics, after his removal to England, and sat in the British Parliament, nominally for Launceston, but in reality as the one solitary, unofficial representative of the Colonies. Time and again he fought in the House of Commons the battle of a united Empire—fought it single-handed, in a Parliament then entirely con-

I

B

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Fragments of Sam Slick

trolled by the spirit of the Little Englander. Haliburton was a patriot in the best sense of that much-abused term. From beginning to end of his life his energies were devoted to two great projects : the development and welfare of his native province and the consolidation of the Empire. With voice and pen he never ceased to attack, on the one hand the inertia of his fellow-colonists, and on the other the narrowness of the people of the mother country. He did not live to see the turn of the tide in England, but there can be no doubt but that his eloquent appeals for a broader, saner Imperial outlook bore fruit ; and even in his own day he had the satisfaction of seeing the lazy self-sufficiency of Nova Scotians giving place to a policy of intelligent development.

Had his activities been confined to law and politics, to the administration of justice and the development of a broad and far-sighted statesmanship, Haliburton might still be regarded as a many-sided man ; but he

Introduction

was also an historian and a humorist. It would hardly be going too far to say that he was also a novelist, for, though his humorous books are not properly classed as fiction, they reveal, sometimes to a striking degree, many of the qualities of the true novelist.

It is, however, neither as an historian or as a novelist that we are here concerned with Haliburton, but rather as a humorist ; and the modest object of the little volume of selections to which this is an introduction is to illustrate, however imperfectly, this side of Haliburton's personality, his deep knowledge of human nature, his quick perception of the twists and quirks of human personality, his satire that is keen without bitterness or vindictiveness, his skill in character-drawing, his broad and kindly sympathy, his wisdom and strength. For all these things are a part of true humour ; all these qualities belong to the true humorist. It is not easy to give the reader unfamiliar

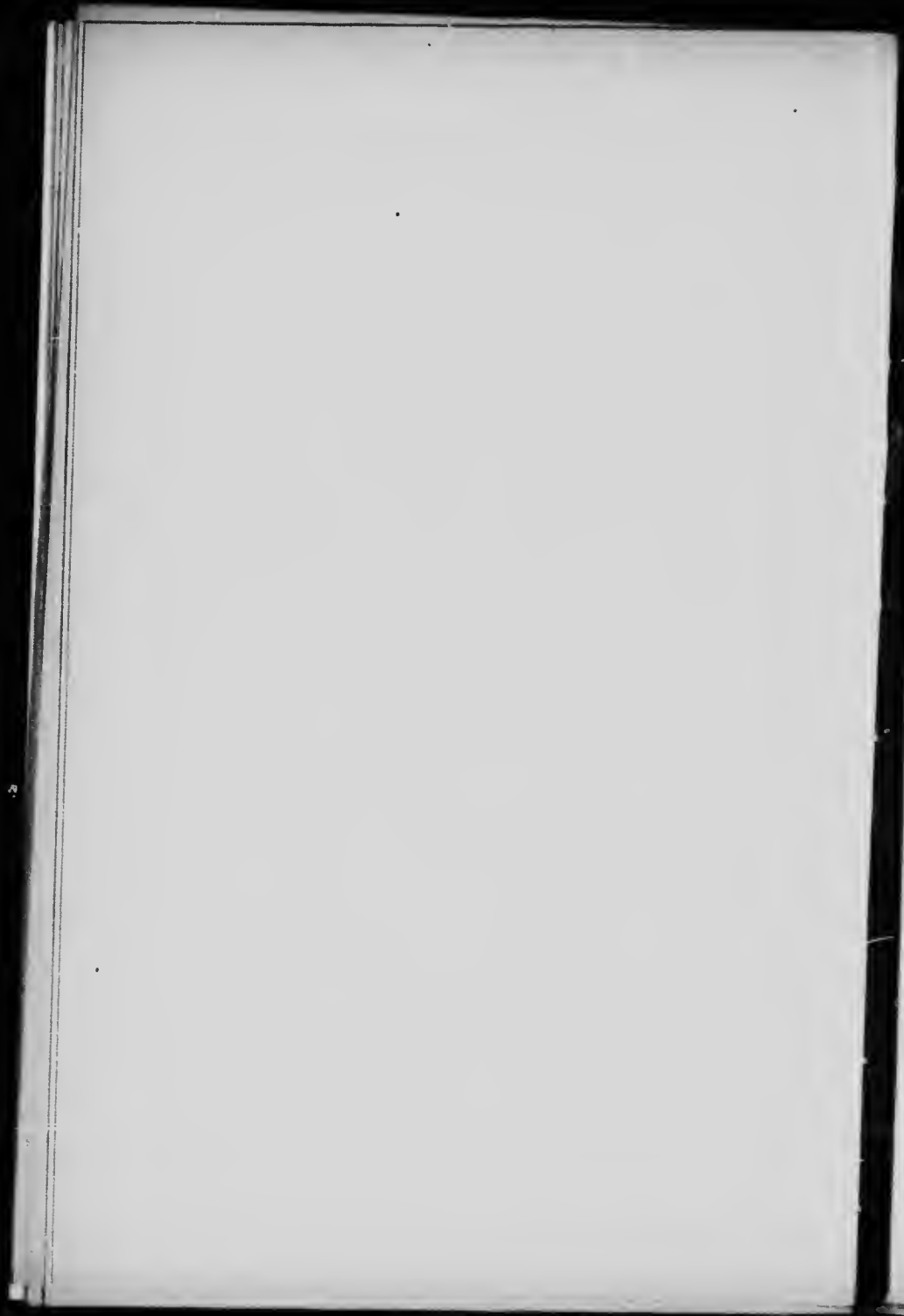
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with Haliburton's books anything like an adequate idea of the character and spirit of his work within the compass of such a very modest little volume as this. To get the true flavour of "Sam Slick," one must follow him through such inimitable stories as "The Snow-wreath," in *The Clockmaker*, "The Deacon" and "The Acadian Horse-trader," in *The Attaché*, and "The Pippin," in *The Old Judge*, and all are too long for the present purpose. It is hoped, however, that these selections will give at least some idea of the wisdom and humour, the insight and sympathy, of Thomas Chandler Haliburton.

In the collection of brief quotations, arranged under the general heading "Wit and Wisdom," will be found many old sayings—"wise saws," as Sam Slick would call them—in a new dress, and many fragments of shrewd wisdom that were part and parcel of Haliburton's personality. Mr. F. Blake Crofton, in his admirable article on "Haliburton: the Man and the Writer," has remarked

Introduction

upon his peculiar gift for aphorisms and short, pithy sayings of all kinds, and points out more than one case in which Haliburton anticipated famous sayings of later writers, such as the remark of the country girl, "I guess I wasn't brought up at all, I growed up," which appeared in *The Clockmaker* a dozen years before it was repeated in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; and Sam Slick's saying, "Ain't this been a hot day? I do wish I could jist slip off my flesh and sit in my bones for a space, to cool myself," which anticipated the famous aphorism of Sydney Smith. Indeed, one of the things that must strike every reader of Haliburton is the number of familiar sayings that may be traced back to Sam Slick. If this book answers no other purpose, it may at least serve to identify some of the many sayings, witty and wise, that every one is familiar with, but whose parentage is forgotten.



I

WILMOT SPRINGS

“THERE’S always some jugglery or quackery agoin’ on everywhere a’most,” said Sam Slick. “It puts me in mind of the Wilmot springs. One of the greatest flams I ever heard tell of in this province was brought out hereabouts in Wilmot, and succeeded for a space beyond all calculation. Our sea sarpant was no touch to it—and that was a grand steamboat spekilation too, for a nation sight of folks went from Boston down to Providence and back ag’in, on purpose to see the sarpant in the boat that first spoke it out to sea. But then they were all pleasurin’ parties, young folks takin’ a trip by water, instead of a quiltn’ frolic to shore. It gave the galls something to talk about and to do, to strain

Fragments of Sam Slick

their little eyes through the captain's great big spy-glass to see their natural enemy, the sarpant ; and you may depend they had all the cur'osity of old Marm Eve too. It was all young hearts and young eyes, and pretty ones they were, I tell you. But this here Wilmot wonder was a sort of funeral affair, an old and ugly assortment, a kind of Irish wake, part dead and part alive, where one half groaned with sorrow and pain, t'other half groaned to keep 'em company—a rael, right down, genuine hysteric frolic, near about as much cryin' as laughin'—it beat all natur'. I believe they actilly did good in sartain cases, in proper doses with proper diet ; and at some future day, in more knowin' hands, they will come into vogue ag'in and make a good spekilation ; but I have always obsarved when an article is once run down, and folks find out that it has got more puffin' than it desarves, they don't give it no credit at all, and it is a long time afore it comes round ag'in. The Wilmot

Wilmot Springs

springs are situated on the right there, away up onder that mountain ahead on us. They sartainly did make a wonderful great noise three years ago. If the Pool of Saloom had abeen there, it couldn't 'a had a greater crowd o' clowns about it. The lame and maimed, the consumptive and dropsical, the cancerous and leprous, the old drunkard and the young rake, the barren wife and sick maid, the larfin' Catholic, and sour secretary, high and low, rich and poor, black and white, fools of all ages, sizes and degrees, were assembled there a-drinkin', bathin', and a-washin' in the waters, and carryin' off the mud for poultices and plaisters. It killed some, and cured some, and fool'd a nation sight of folks. Down to the mouth of the spring where it discharges into a stream, there is a soft bottom, and there you'd see a feller standin' with one leg stuck in the mud; another lyin' on a plank, with an arm shoved into the ooze up to the shoulders; a third a-sittin' down, with a mask o' mould

Fragments of Sam Slick

like a gypsum cast on his head ; others with naked feet spotted all over with clay to cure corns ; and these grouped ag'in here with an unfortunate feller with a stiff arm, who could only thrust in his elbow, and there with another sittin' on a chair, adanglin' his feet in the mire to cure the rheumatis ; while a third, sunk up to his ribs, had a man a-pourin' water on his head for an eruption, as a gard'ner waters a transplanted cabbage-plant, all declarin' they felt better, and wonderin' it hadn't been found out afore. It was horrid, I tell you, to see folks makin' such fools of themselves.

“If that are spring had belonged to an American citizen, that had made such an everlastin' touss about it, folks would have said they calkelated it was a Yankee trick ; as it was, they sot each other on, and every critter that came home from it sent half a dozen neighbours off—so none o' 'em could larf at each other. The road was actilly covered with people. I saw one old goney,

Wilmot Springs

seventy years of age, stuck in a gig atween two mattresses, like a carcase of mutton atween two bales of wool in a countryman's cart. The old fool was agoin' for to be made young, and to be married when he returned home. Folks believed everything they heerd of it. They actilly swallered a story that a British officer that had a cork leg bathed there, and the flesh growed on it, so that no soul could tell the difference atween it and the natural one. They believed the age of miracles had come; so a fellor took a dead pig and throw'd it in, sayin' who know'd as it cured the half dead, that it wouldn't go the whole hog? That joke fixt the Wilmot springs; it turned the larf against 'em; and it was lucky they did, for they were findin' springs just like 'em everywhere. Every pool the pigs had ryled was tasted, and if it was too bad for the stomach it was pronounced medicinal. The nearest doctor wrote an account of it for the newspapers and said it had sulphur and

Fragments of Sam Slick

saltpetre in it, and that the mud when dried would make good powder, quite good enough to blow gypsun and shoot us Yankees. At last they exploded spontaneous, the sulphur, saltpetre, and burnt brans went off of themselves, and nothin' has ever been since heerd of the Wilmot springs."

II

THE DUKE OF KENT'S LODGE

AT a distance of seven miles from [Halifax] is a ruined lodge, built by his Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, when commander-in-chief of the forces in this colony, once his favourite summer residence, and the scene of his munificent hospitalities. It is impossible to visit this spot without the most melancholy feelings. The tottering fence, the prostrate gates, the ruined grottos, the long and winding avenues, cut out of the forest, overgrown by rank grass and occasional shrubs, and the silence and desolation that pervade everything around, all bespeak a rapid and premature decay, recall to mind the untimely fate of its noble and lamented owner, and tell of fleeting pleasures, and the transitory nature

Fragments of Sam Slick

of all earthly things. I stopped at a small inn in the neighbourhood for the purpose of strolling over it for the last time ere I left the country, and for the indulgence of those moralising musings which at times harmonize with our nerves, and awaken what may be called the pleasurable sensations of melancholy.

A modern wooden ruin is of itself the least interesting, and at the same time the most depressing object imaginable. The massive structures of antiquity that are everywhere to be met with in Europe exhibit the remains of great strength, and though injured and defaced by the slow and almost imperceptible agency of time, promise to continue thus mutilated for ages to come. They awaken the images of departed generations, and are sanctified by legend and by tale. But a wooden ruin shows rank and rapid decay, concentrates its interest on one family, or one man, and resembles a mangled corpse, rather than the monument that

The Duke of Kent's Lodge

covers it. It has no historical importance, no ancestral record. It awakens not the imagination. The poet finds no inspiration in it, and the antiquary no interest. It speaks only of death and decay, of recent calamity and vegetable decomposition. The very air about it is close, dank, and unwholesome. It has no grace, no strength, no beauty, but looks deformed, gross, and repulsive. Even the faded colour of a painted wooden house, the tarnished gilding of its decorations, the corroded iron of its fastenings, and its crumbling materials, all indicate recent use and temporary habitation. It is but a short time since this mansion was tenanted by its royal master, and in that brief space how great has been the devastation of the elements! A few years more, and all trace of it will have disappeared for ever. Its very site will soon become a matter of doubt. The forest is fast reclaiming its own, and the lawns and ornamented gardens, annually sown with seeds scattered by the winds

Fragments of Sam Slick

from the surrounding woods, are relapsing into a state of nature, and exhibiting in detached patches a young growth of such trees as are common to the country.

As I approached the house I noticed that the windows were broken out, or shut-up with rough hoards to exclude the rain and snow ; the doors supported by wooden props instead of hinges, which hung loosely on the panels ; and that long luxuriant clover grew in the eaves, which had been originally designed to conduct the water from the roof, but becoming choked with dust and decayed leaves, had afforded sufficient food for the nourishment of coarse grasses. The portico, like the house, had been formed of wood, and the flat surface of its top imbibing and retaining moisture, presented a mass of vegetable matter, from which had sprung up a young and vigorous birch-tree, whose strength and freshness seemed to mock the helpless weakness that nourished it. I had no desire to enter the apartments ; and

The Duke of Kent's Lodge

indeed the aged ranger, whose occupation was to watch over its decay and to prevent its premature destruction by the plunder of its fixtures and more durable materials, informed me that the floors were unsafe. Altogether the scene was one of a most depressing kind.

A small brook, which had by a skilful hand been led over several precipitous descents, performed its feats alone and unobserved, and seemed to murmur out its complaints, as it hurried over its rocky channel to mingle with the sea; while the wind, sighing through the umbrageous wood, appeared to assume a louder and more melancholy wail, as it swept through the long vacant passages and deserted saloons, and escaped in plaintive tones from the broken casements. The offices, as well as the ornamented buildings, had shared the same fate as the house. The roofs of all had fallen in, and mouldered into dust; the doors, sashes, and floors had disappeared; and the walls only, which

Fragments of Sam Slick

were in part built of stone, remained to attest their existence and use. The grounds exhibited similar effects of neglect, in a climate where the living wood grows so rapidly, and the dead decays so soon, as in Nova Scotia. An arbour, which had been constructed of lattice-work, for the support of a flowering vine, had fallen, and was covered with vegetation ; while its roof alone remained, supported aloft by limbs of trees that, growing up near it, had become entangled in its network. A Chinese temple, once a favourite retreat of its owner, as if in conscious pride of its preference, had offered a more successful resistance to the weather, and appeared in tolerable preservation ; while one small surviving bell, of the numerous ones that once ornamented it, gave out its solitary and melancholy tinkling as it waved in the wind. How sad was its mimic knell over pleasures that were fled for ever !

III

SAM SLICK ON COLONIAL PATRIOTS

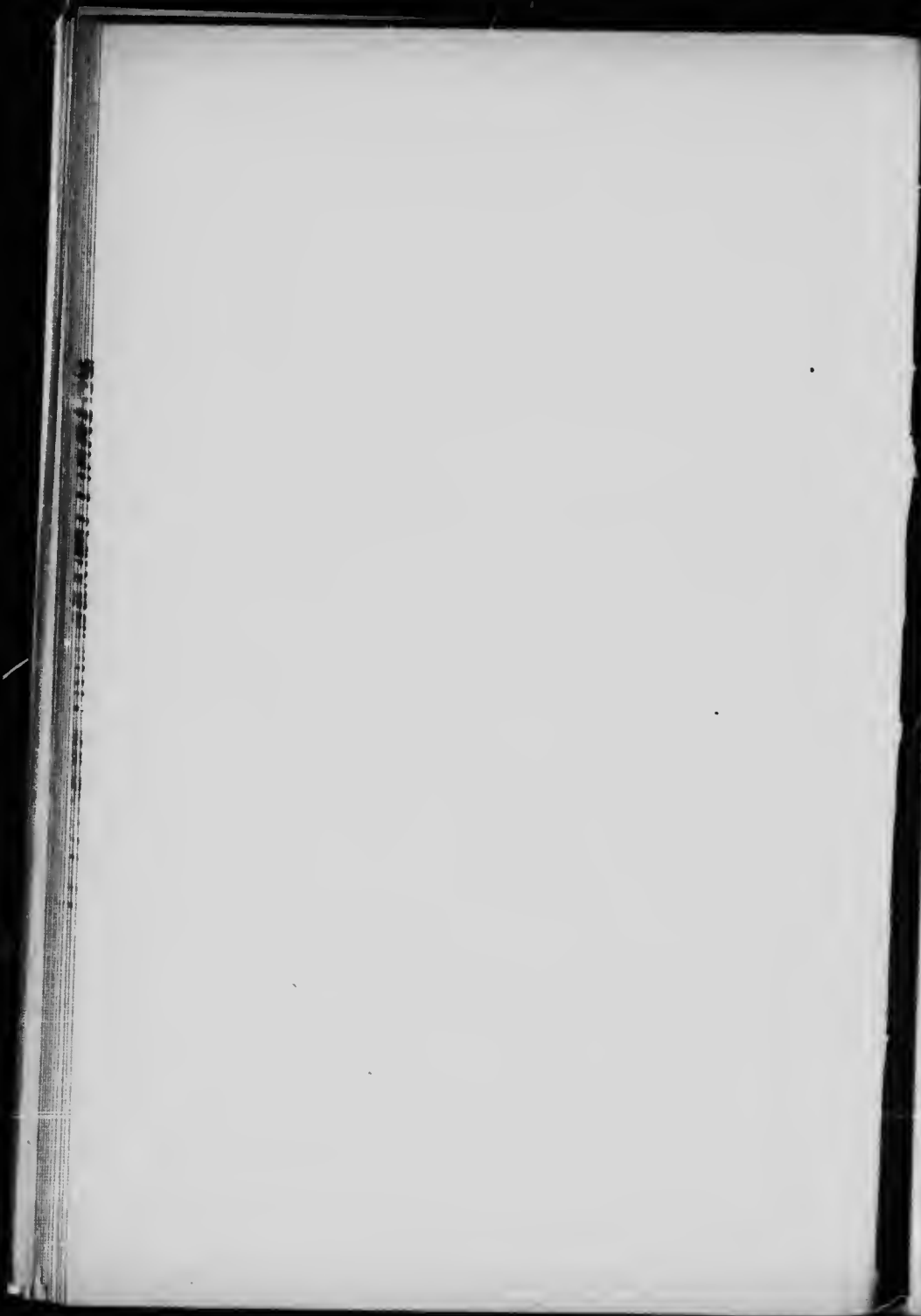
HOW many kinds of patriots are there in the colonies? Well, there are jist five. Rebel patriots, mahogany patriots, spooney patriots, placc patriots, and rael genuine patriots. Now, to govern a colony, a man ought to know these critturs at first sight; for they are as different from each other as a hoss is from a jackass, or a hawk from a handsaw. A rebel patriot is a gentleman that talks better than he fights, hante got much property in a gineral way, and hopes to grab a little in the universal scramble. He starts on his own hook, looks to his rifle for his support, and shoots his own games. If he got his due, he would get a gallus for his reward.—A mahogany

Fragments of Sam Slick

patriot is a crittur that rides likes a beggar a-horseback : you'll know him by his gait. As soon as he begins to get on a bit in the world, he is envious of all them that's above him, and if he can't get his legs onder the mahogany of his betters, is for takin' his better's mahogony away from them. To skin his pride over and salve his vanity, he says he is excluded on account of his politicks and patriotism, a martyr to his virtue. This chap mistakes impedence for independence, and abuse for manliness : he is jist about a little the dirtiest and nastiest bird of the whole flock of patriots. This feller should be sarved out in his own way : he should stand in the pillory and be pelted with rotten eggs.—A spooney patriot is a well-meanin', silly Billy, who thinks the world cen be reduced to squares like a draftboard and governed by systems ; who talks about reforms, codifyin', progression, schoolmasters abroad, liberality, responsibility, and a pack of party catchwords that he don't know the

Sam Slick on Colonial Patriots

meaning of. This chap is a fool, and ought to go to the infirmary.—A place patriot is a rogue: he panders to popular prejudice, appeals to the passions of the mob, and tries to set them agin' their richer neighbours, and attempts to ride on their shoulders into the government, and to secure place will sacrifice everything that is valuable, and good, and respectable. He is a philosopher in his religion, and a rascal in his philosophy. He is wilful, and acts against conviction. This man is the loudest and most dangerous of all, and should go to the workhouse.—The true patriot is one who is neither a sycophant to the Government nor a tyrant to the people, but one who will manfully oppose either when they are wrong, who regards what's right, as minister said to me, and not what is popular; who supports institutions as a whole, but is willin' to mend or repair any part that is defective.



IV

ON BOASTING

THERE are two kinds of boastin', Squire, active and passive. The former belongs exclusively to my countrymen and the latter to the British. A Yankee openly asserts and loudly proclaims his superiority. John Bull feels and looks it. He don't give utterance to this conviction. He takes it for granted all the world knows and admits it, and he is so thoroughly persuaded of it himself, that, to use his own favourite phrase, he don't care a fig if folks don't admit it. His vanity, therefore, has a sublimity in it. He thinks, as the Italians say, that "when nature formed him, she broke the mould." There never was, never can, and never will be another like him. His boastin', therefore, is passive. He shows

Fragments of Sam Slick

it and acts it; but he don't proclaim it. He condescends and is gracious, patronises and talks down to you. Let my boastin' alone, therefore, Squire, if you please. You know better what it means, what bottom it has, and whether the plaster sticks on the right spot or not.

V

THE PHILOSOPHY OF KISSES

SQUIRE, you are older than I be, and I suppose you will think all this sort of thing is clear sheer nonsense, but depend upon it a kiss is a great mystery. There is many a thing we know that we can't explain, still we are sure it is a fact for all that. Why should there be a sort of magic in shaking hands, which seems only a mere form, and sometimes a painful one too, for some folks wring your fingers off a'most, and make you fairly dance with pain, they hurt you so. It don't give much pleasure at any time. What the magic of it is, we can't tell, but so it is for all that. It seems only a custom like bowing and nothing else, still there is more in it than meets the eye. But a kiss fairly electrifies you ; it warms

Fragments of Sam Slick

your blood and sets your heart a-beatin' like a brass drum, and makes your eyes twinkle like stars in a frosty night. It tante a thing ever to be forgot. No language can express it, no letters will give the sound. Then what in natur is equal to the flavour of it? What an aroma it has! How spiritual it is. It ain't gross, for you can't feed on it; it don't cloy, for the palate ain't required to test its taste. It is neither visible, nor tangible, nor portable, nor transferable. It is not a substance, nor a liquid, nor a vapour. It has neither colour nor form. Imagination can't conceive it. It can't be imitated or forged. It is confined to no clime or country, but is ubiquitous. It is disembodied when completed, but it is instantly reproduced, and so is immortal. It is as old as the creation and yet is as young and fresh as ever. It pre-existed, still exists, and always will exist. It pervades all natur. The breeze as it passes kisses the rose, and the pendant vine stoops down and hides

The Philosophy of Kisses

with its tendrils its blushes, as it kisses the limpid stream that waits in an eddy to meet it, and raises its tiny waves, like anxious lips to receive it. Depend upon it Eve learned it in Paradise, and was taught its beauties, virtues and varieties by an angel, there is something so transcendent in it.

How it is adapted to all circumstances ! There is the kiss of welcome and of parting, the long-lingering, loving present one, the stolen or the mutual one, the kiss of love, of joy, and of sorrow, the seal of promise, and the receipt of fulfilment. Is it strange therefore that a woman is invincible whose armoury consists of kisses, smiles, sighs and tears ?

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VI

HOME

YES, Home is a great word, but its full meaning ain't understood by every one.

It ain't those who have one, or those who have not, that comprehend what it is ; nor those who in the course of nature leave the old and found a new one for themselves ; nor those who when they quit shut their eyes and squinch their faces when they think of it, as if it fetched something to their mind that warn't pleasant to recollect ; nor those who suddenly rise so high in life that their parents look too vulgar, or the old cottage too mean for them, or their former acquaintances too low. But I'll tell you who knows the meaning and feels it too ; a fellow like me who had a cheerful home, a merry and

Fragments of Sam Slick

a happy home, and who when he returns from foreign lands finds it deserted and as still as the grave, and all that he loved scattered and gone, some to the tomb and others to distant parts of the earth. The solitude chills him, the silence appals him. At night shadows follow him like ghosts of the departed, and the walls echo back the sound of his footsteps, as if demons were laughing him to scorn. The least noise is heard over the whole house. The clock ticks so loud he had to remove it, for it affects his nerves. The stealthy mouse tries to annoy him with his mimic personification of the burglar, and the wind moans among the trees as if it lamented the general desolation. If he strolls out in his grounds, the squirrel ascends the highest tree and chatters and scolds at the unusual intrusion, while the birds fly away screaming with affright, as if pursued by a vulture. They used to be tame once, when the family inhabited the house, and listen with wonder at notes sweeter and

Home

more musical than their own. They would even feed from the hand that protected them. His dog alone seeks his society, and strives to assure him by mute but expressive gestures that he at least will never desert him. As he paces his lonely quarter-deck (as he calls the gravel walk in front of his house) the silver light of the moon gleaming here and there between the stems of the aged trees startles him with the delusion of unreal white-robed forms, that flit about the shady groves as if enjoying or pitying his condition, or perhaps warning him that in a few short years he too must join this host of disembodied spirits.

Time hangs heavily on his hands, he is tired of reading, it is too early for repose, so he throws himself on the sofa and muses, but even meditation calls for a truce. His heart laments its solitude, and his tongue its silence. Nature is weary and exhausted and sleep at last comes to his aid. But alas! he awakes in the morning only to

Fragments of Sam Slick

resume his dull, monotonous course, and at last he fully comprehends what it is to be alone. Women won't come to see him, for fear they might be talked about, and those that would come would soon make him a subject of scandal. He and the world, like two people travelling in opposite directions, soon increase at a rapid rate the distance between them. He loses his interest in what is going on around him, and people lose their interest in him. If his name happens to be mentioned, it may occasion a listless remark, "I wonder how he spends his time," or "The poor devil must be lonely there."

Yes, yes, there are many folks in the world that talk of things they don't understand, and they are precious few who appreciate the meaning of that endearing term "home." He only knows it, as I have said, who has lived in one, amid a large family, of which he is the solitary surviving member. The change is like going from the house to the

Home

sepulchre, with this difference only, one holds a living and the other a dead body. Yes, if you have had a home, you know what it is, but if you have lost it, then and not till then do you feel its value.

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VII

IN THE HEART OF THE WOODS

THE ways of the forest are easy to learn, its nature is simple, and the cooking plain, while the fare is abundant. Fish for the catching, deer for the shooting, cool springs for the drinking, wood for the cutting, appetite for eating, and sleep that makes no wooing. It comes with the first star, and tarrys till it fades into morning. For the time, you are monarch of all you survey. No claimant forbids you ; no bailiff haunts you ; no thieves molest you ; no fops annoy you. If the tempest rages without, you are secure in your lowly tent. Though it humbles in its fury the lofty pine, and uproots the stubborn oak, it passes harmlessly over you, and you feel for once you are a free and independent man. You

Fragments of Sam Slick

realise a term which is a fiction in our constitution. Nor pride or envy, hatred or malice, rivalry or strife is there. You are at peace with all the world, and the world is at peace with you. You are not its authority. You can worship God after your own fashion and dread not the name of bigot, idolater, heretic, or schismatic. The forest is His temple—He is ever present, and the still, small voice of your short and simple prayer seems more audible amid the silence that reigns around you.

VIII

FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS

INDEED, a man that don't love a hoss is no man at all. I don't think he can be religious. A hoss makes a man humane and tender-hearted, teaches him to feel for others, to share his food, and be unselfish, to anticipate wants and supply them, to be gentle and patient. Then the hoss improves him otherwise. He makes him rise early, attend to meal hours, and to be cleanly. He softens and improves the heart. Who is there that ever went into a stable of a morning, and his crittur whinnered to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet short and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say "Morning to you, master,"

Fragments of Sam Slick

or when he went up to the manger and patted his neck, and the lovin' crittur rubbed his head ag'in him in return, that didn't think within himself, well, after all, the hoss is a noble crittur? I do love him. Is it nothin' to make a man love at all? How many fellers get more kicks than coppers in their life—have no home, nobody to love them and nobody to love, in whose breast all the affections are pent up until they get unwholesome and want ventilation. Is it nothin' to such an unfortunate crittur to make a stable help? Why, it elevates him in the scale of humanity. He discovers at last he has a head to think and a heart to feel. He is a new man. Hosses warn't given to us, Doctor, to ride steeple-chases, or run races, or brutify a man, but to add new powers, and lead new speed to him. He was destined for nobler uses.

IX

PEN PORTRAITS

CAPTAIN BARKINS

JOHAN BARKINS was a tall, corpulent, amphibious-looking man, that seemed as if he would be equally at home in either element, land or water. He held in his hand what he called a nor'-wester, a large, broad-brimmed, glazed hat, with a peak projecting behind to shed the water from off his club queue, which was nearly as thick as a hawser. He wore a long, narrow-tailed, short-waisted blue coat, with large, white-plated buttons, that resembled Spanish dollars, a red waist-coat, a spotted Bandanna silk handkerchief tied loosely about his throat, and a pair of voluminous corduroy trousers, of the colour of brown soap, over which were drawn a

Fragments of Sam Slick

pair of fishermen's boots that reached nearly to his knees. His waistcoat and his trousers were apparently not upon very intimate terms, for, though they travelled together, the latter were taught to feel their subjection, but, when they lagged too far behind, they were brought to their place by a jerk of impatience that threatened their very existence. He had a thick, matted head of black hair, and a pair of whiskers that disdained the effeminacy of either scissors or razor, and revelled in all the exuberant and wild profusion of nature. His countenance was much weather-beaten from constant exposure to the vicissitudes of heat and cold, but was open, good-natured, and manly.

THE SCHOOLMASTER

MR. WELCOME SHANKS was very tall, and, though his frame was large and muscular, exceedingly thin. His back, either from the

Pen Portraits

constant habit of stooping, or from a rheumatic affection so common in this country, was almost circular, and had the effect of throwing his long bony hands forward, which looked as if they were still growing, and in time would reach the ground, and enable him to walk upon all-fours. His face was hard, hollow, and pale, having an anxious and careworn expression, that indicated either mental or bodily suffering. His eye was bright and intelligent, but restless, as was his head, which he kept continually but slowly moving from side to side. He was attired in a suit of old, rusty black, which, though almost threadbare, and showing evident marks of successive repairs, was scrupulously neat. He wore a white, Quaker-looking hat, having a brim of more than usual dimensions, the front of which was bent downwards, so as effectually to protect his face, and especially his eyes, from the strong light of the sun. His queue gave an inexpressibly droll effect to his figure, for

Fragments of Sam Slick

he carried his head and neck so much lower than his shoulders, that it could not reach his back, but, resting on the cape of his coat, stood up almost in a perpendicular direction, and suggested the idea of its being the handle of the protruding arms, or the root to which they were indebted for their extraordinary length.

ELDER STEPHEN GRAB

THE Elder was a pious man ; at least he looked like one, and spoke like one too. His face was as long as the moral law, and perhaps an inch longer, and as smooth as a hone ; and his voice was so soft and sweet, and his tongue moved so ily on its hinges, you'd a thought you might a trusted 'im with ontold gold, if you didn't care whether you ever got it ag'in or no. He had a bran new hat on, with a brim that was none of the smallest, to keep the sun from makin' his inner man wink, and his go-to-meetin'

Pen Portraits

clothes on, and a pair of silver-mounted spurs, and a beautiful white cravat, tied behind, so as to have no bows to it, and look meek. If there was a good man on a'irth, you'd a said it was him. And he seemed to feel it, and know it too, for there was a kind of look o' triumph about him, as if he had conquered the Evil One, and was considerable well satisfied with himself.

THE ACADIAN HORSE-TRADER

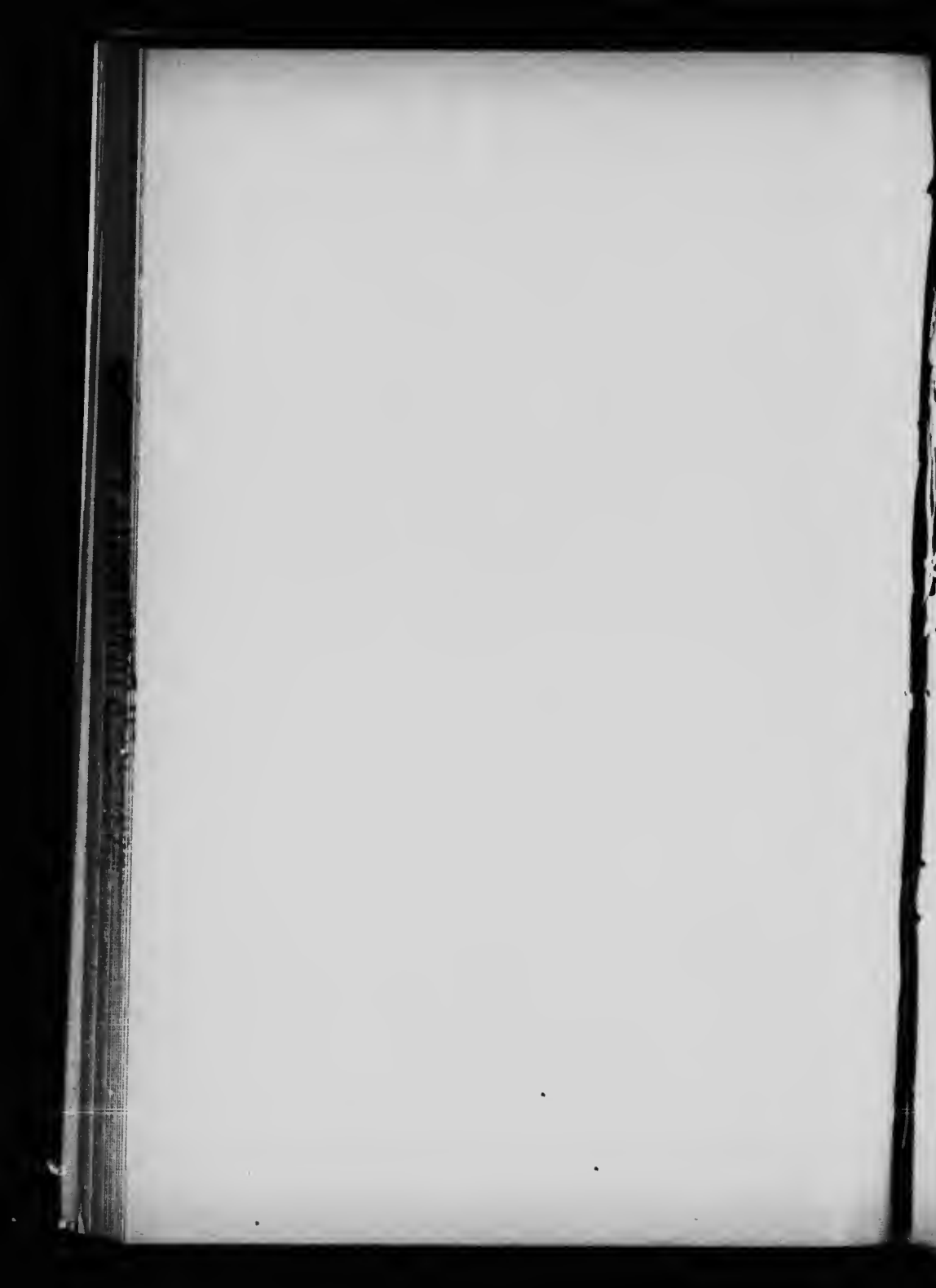
HIS face was a fortin' to a painter. His forehead was high and narrer, showin' only a long strip o' tawny skin, in a line with his nose, the rest bein' covered with hair, as black as ink, and as iley as a seal's mane. His brows was thick, bushy, and over-hangin', like young brushwood on a cliff, and onderneath, was two black peerin' little eyes, that kept a-movin' about, keen, good-natured, and roguish, but sot far into his skull, and looked like the eyes of a fox peepin' out of

Fragments of Sam Slick

his den, when he warn't to home to company hisself. His nose was high, sharp, and crooked, like the back of a reapin' hook, and gave a plaguey sight of character to his face, while his thinnish lips, that closed on a straight line, curlin' up at one end, and down at the other, showed, if his dander was raised, he could be a jumpin', tarin', rampagenous devil if he chose. The pint of his chin projected and turned up gently, as if it expected, when Goodish lost his teeth, to rise in the world in rank next to his nose. When good natur' sat on the box, and drove, it warn't a bad face; when Old Nick was coachman, I guess it would be as well to give Master Frenchman the road. He had a red cap on his head, his beard hadn't been cut since last sheep shearin', and he looked as hairy as a terrier; his shirt collar, which was of yaller flannel, fell on his shoulders loose, and a black handkercher was tied round his neck, slack like a sailor's. He wore a round jacket and loose

Pen Portraits

trousers of homespun with no waistcoat, and his trousers was held up by a gallus of leather on one side, and of old cord on the other. Either Goodish had growed since his clothes was made, or his jacket and trousers warn't on speakin' tarms, for they didn't meet by three or four inches, and the shirt showed atween them like a yaller militia sash round him. His feet was covered with moccasins on ontanned moose hide, and one heel was sot off with an old spur and looked sly and wicked.



X

WIT AND WISDOM

NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE

WE can do without any article of luxury we never had, but when once obtained, it isn't in human natur' to surrender it voluntarily.

Folks that grow up like a mushroom are apt to think no small beer of themselves.

The littler folks be, the bigger they talk.

Fragments of Sam Slick

A long face is plaguey apt to cover a long conscience.



You may stop a man's mouth by crammin' a book down his throat, but you won't convince him.



When the freshness of youth is on the move, the sweetness of temper is amazin' apt to start with it.



Change of air and scene to cure love, consumption, or the blues, must be taken early in the disease, or it's no good.



Where there is no confidence there can be no honesty.

Wit and Wisdom

The poor are everywhere more liberal, more obligin', and more hospitable, accordin' to their means, than the rich.

Presents of money injure both the giver and receiver, destroy the equilibrium of friendship, and diminish independence and self-respect.

No one hates like him that has once been a friend.

"Soft Sawder" requires a knowledge of paintin', of light and shade, and drawin' too. You must know character. Some people will take a coat put on by a whitewash brush; others won't stand it if it ain't laid

Fragments of Sam Slick

on thin like copal ; and with others, ag'in,
you must lay it on like gold leaf.



Of all the seventeen senses, I like common
sense about as well as any.



Never flatter a man for what he excels in,
for he knows that as well as you ; but flatter
him for something he wishes to be thought
expert in, but can't do well.




Conversation is more than half the time
a refuge from thought, or a blind to conceal
it.




When a man is wrong, and won't admit
it, he always gets angry.

Wit and Wisdom


Wherever there is authority, there is a natural inclination to disobedience.




A man is never astonished or ashamed that he don't know what another does; but he is surprised at the gross ignorance of the other in not knowin' what he does.



Thunderin' long words ain't wisdom, and stoppin' a critter's mouth is more apt to improve his wind than his onderstandin'.



The memory of past favours is like a rainbow, bright, vivid, and beautiful, but it soon fades. The memory of injuries is engraved on the heart, and remains for ever.



Them that have more than their share of

Fragments of Sam Slick

one thing commonly have less of another. Where there is great strength there ain't apt to be much gumption. A handsome man in a general way ain't much of a man. A beautiful bird seldom sings. Them that has genius have no common sense. A feller with one idea grows rich, while he who calls him a fool dies poor. The world is like a baked meat-pie : the upper crust is rich, dry, and puffy ; the lower crust is heavy, doughy, and underdone. The middle is not bad generally, but the smallest part of all is that which flavours the whole.

—

We find it easy enough to direct others to the right road, but we can't always find it ourselves when we're on the ground.

—

There would be no fortins to be made if there wern't fools to spend 'em.

Wit and Wisdom

It's only your friends and your enemies
that tell you of your faults.



The mechanism of the human heart, when
you thoroughly understand it, is, like all the
other works of nature, very beautiful, very
wonderful, but very simple. When it does
not work well, the fault is not in the ma-
chinery but in the management.



We need all the counterweights we can
muster to balance the sad relations of life.
God has made sunny spots in the heart ;
why should we exclude the light from them ?



Memory has many cells. Some of them
ain't used much, and dust and cobwebs get
about them, and you can't tell where the

Fragments of Sam Slick

hinge is, or can't easily discern the secret spring; but open it once, and whatever is stowed away there is as safe and sound as ever.



The door of the heart must be opened softly, and to do that you must file the hinge and the lock.



There is no such thing as natur'; it is only a figure of speech. The confounded poets got hold of the idea and personified it. The noise water makes in tumblin' over stones in a brook, a-spluttin' like a toothless old woman scoldin' with a mouthful of hot tea in her lantern cheek, is called the voice of natur' speaking in the stream.



National traits are fair subjects for satire

Wit and Wisdom

or for praise, but personal peculiarities claim the privilege of exemption in right of that hospitality through whose medium they have been alone exhibited.



There's two languages that's univarsal: the language of love and the language of money; the galls understand the one, and the men understand the other, all the wide world over, from Canton to Niagara.




Strap pride on an empty purse, and it puts a most beautiful edge on; it cuts like a razor.




Whenever you make an impression on a man, stop; your reasonin' and details may ruin you.

Fragments of Sam Slick


No man can be a general favourite, and be true.




Those who argue always convince themselves in proportion as they fail to convince others.




Poor man ! he thought if he had a secret, it was his own, and he had a right to keep it. Had he mixed more with the world, he would have found that it is an offence against society for a man to presume to have a secret.



Nothing is so heavy to carry as gratitude.



 We may like those we have injured, or

Wit and Wisdom

that have injured us, because it is something we may forgive or forget. We can't like those that have done us a favour, for it is a thing we can never forgive.

MEN AND OTHER THINGS

A MAN that stoops lower than he ought in some things is plaguety apt to straighten himself over the perpendicular in others.



A critter that is too knowin' by half may know too much for other folks' good, but he don't know half enough for his own.



A Dutchman's eye don't often speak much,

Fragments of Sam Slick

but when it has any expression in it, it speaks to the pinte.



Yankees and weasels ain't often caught nappin'.



A brave man is sometimes a desperado ; a bully is always a coward.



Many a man has died about the time his great baking of bread came out of the oven.



Where all are poor, it don't take much to make a rich man.



There never was a good husband that warn't a good horseman.

Wit and Wisdom

Nicknames stick to people, and the most ridiculous are the most pervasive.



A man who is a slave to his own rules is his own nigger.



Climate, locality, and occupation form or vary character, but man is the same everywhere.



He was a man that took the world as he found it, and made no complaints. He know'd if you got the best, it was no use complainin' that the best warn't good.



There are two things a man leaves in the East, his liver and his truth.

Fragments of Sam Slick

He is a most splendid man that—we class him number 1 letter A.



He put me in mind of a pair of kitchen tongs, all legs, shaft and head. He actilly looked as if he had been picked off a wrack at sea, and dragged through a gimlet hole.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS

You may get purity of election, but how are you to get purity of members ?



Politics make a man as crooked as a pack does a pedlar.



It is in politics as in horses ; when a man has a beast that's near about up to the notch

Wit and Wisdom

he'd better not swop him. I'd rather keep a critter whose faults I know than change him for a beast whose faults I don't know.



Politics grind away a man's honesty near about as fast as cleaning a knife with brick dust.



Power has a nateral tendency to corpulency.



A quack doctor is bad enough and dangerous enough, but a quack politician is a devil outlawed.



The greatest democrats are the greatest tyrants.

Fragments of Sam Slick


There's no tyranny on airth equal to the tyranny of a majority.

Politicks are the seed mentioned in Scriptur' that fell by the road-side, and the fowls came and picked them up. They don't benefit the farmer, but they feed them hungry birds, the party leaders.


Be honest, be consistent, be temperate; be rather the advocate of internal improvement than political change; of rational reform, but not organic alterations. Neither flatter the mob, nor flatter the government; support what is right, oppose what is wrong; what you think, speak; try to satisfy yourself, and not others; and if you are not popular, you will at least be respected;

Wit and Wisdom


popularity lasts but a day, respect will descend as an heritage to your children.




In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred patriotism is the trump card of a scoundrel.



Concession never stopt agitation since the world was first squeezed out of a curd; it only feeds it.



No man can be a good statesman that can't drive well. There's a great deal to be larned from horses.



A politician is like a bee; he travels a zigzig course every which way, turnin' first

Fragments of Sam Slick

to the right and then to the left, now makin' a dive at the wild honeysuckle, and then at the sweetbrier, now at the buckwheat blossom, and then at the rose; he is here, and there, and everywhere; you don't know where the plague to find him; he courts all and is constant to none.



Changes in the body politic are always necessary more or less, in order to meet the changes of time and the changes in the condition of man. When they are necessary, make 'em, and ha' done with 'em. Make 'em like men, not when you are forced to do so, and nobody thanks you, but when you see they are wanted, and are proper; but don't alter your name.



He said he could tell a man's politics by

Wit and Wisdom

his shirt. "A Tory, sir," said he, "is a gentleman every inch of him, stock, lock, and barrel, and he puts a clean shirt on every day. A Whig, sir, is a gentleman every other inch of him, and he puts an onfrilled shirt on every other day. A Radical, sir, ain't no gentleman at all, and he only puts a shirt on of a Sunday. But a Chartist, sir, is a loafer; he never puts a shirt on till the old one won't hold together no longer and drops off in pieces."



"How does your country," said I, "appear so attractive, as to draw to it so large a portion of our population?" "It tants its attraction," said the Clockmaker; "it's nothin' but its power of suction; it's a great whirlpool—a great vortex; it drags all the straw and chips and floatin' drift-wood into it."

Fragments of Sam Slick

WOMEN AND HORSES

A GOOD darter and a good housekeeper makes a good wife and a good mother.



Whoever has the women is sure of the men, you may depend, Squire; openly or secretly, directly or indirectly, they *do* contrive, somehow or another, to have their own way in the end, and tho' the men have the reins, the women tell 'em which way to drive. Now, if ever you go for to canvass for votes, always canvass the wives, and you are sure of the husbands.



“When I see a child,” said the Clock-maker, “I always feel safe with the women

Wit and Wisdom

folk ; for I have always found that the road to a woman's heart lies through her child."



Any man that onderstands horses has a pretty considerable fair knowledge of women, for they are jist alike in temper, and require the very identical same treatment.



"My pretty maiden," says he, a-pattin' her on the cheek, "where was you brought up ?" "Why," says she, "I guess I warn't brought up at all, I growed up."



When ladies wear the breeches their petticoats ought to be long enough to hide 'em.



The difference atween a wife and a sweet-

Fragments of Sam Slick

heart is near about as great as there is
between new and hard cider.



Sense is better nor looks any time ; but
when sense and looks goes together, why
then a woman is worth havin'.



A woman who wants a charitable heart
wants a pure mind.



It ain't enough for a gall not to give
people a reason to talk ; they shouldn't even
give them the chance.



A woman has two smiles that an angel
might envy ; the smile that accepts the
lover before words are uttered, and the

Wit and Wisdom

smile that lights on the first-born baby,
and assures him of a mother's love.



Women always put the real reason last—
they live in a postscript.



A really modest woman is never squeamish.
Fastidiousness is the envelope of indelicacy.



She was so thin she actilly seemed as if
she would have to lean agin the wall to
support herself when she scolded, and I had
to look twice at her before I could see her
at all, for I warn't sure she warn't her own
shadow.



Beauty without intelligence is the most
valueless attribute of a woman.

Fragments of Sam Slick

Women were not behind the door when tongues were given out.



Women are more difficult to read than men, because smilin' comes as nateral to them as suction to a snipe.



Weak, timid, and powerless as woman is, in the minor troubles and trials of life, when real danger and great afflictions are to be encountered, she rises superior to fear.



Women forgive injuries, but never forget slights. Wrong them, and they will exhibit the mildness of angels; slight them, and they will show the temper of the devil.



A horse that won't go ahead is apt to

Wit and Wisdom

run back, and the more you whip him the faster he goes astarn.



There are only two things worth lookin' at in a horse, action and soundness.

MATRIMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

WOMEN are so everlastin' full of tricks, and so cunnin' in hidin' 'em aforehand, that it's no easy matter to tell whether the bait has a hook in it or not; and if you are a-playin' round it and a-nibblin' at it, why, a sudden jerk given by a skilful hand may whip it into your gills afore you know where you be, and your flint is fixed as sure as there are snakes in Varginy. You may tug, and pull, and haul back till you are tired; but the more obstropolous you become the faster the hook is fixed in, and the sorer the

Fragments of Sam Slick

place is. Nothin' a'most is left for you but to come up to the line and submit to your fate. Now, if you go for to take a widder, they are shocking apt to know too much, and are infernal sly ; and if you take a maid, it's an even chance if you don't spile her in breakin' her in, and she don't bolt and refuse a heavy pull. If they are too old they are apt to be headstrong from havin' had their head too long ; and if they are too young they are hardly way-wise enough to be pleasant.



Don't marry too poor a gall, for they are apt to think there is no eend to their husband's puss ; nor too rich a gall, for they are apt to remind you of it onpleasant sometimes ; nor too giddy a gall, for they neglect their families ; nor too demure a one, for they are most apt to give you the dodge, race off, and leave you ; nor one of a different sect, for it breeds discord ; nor a weak-

Wit and Wisdom

minded one, for children take all their talents from their mothers. . . . I'll give you a gage to know 'em by that is almost invariable, universal, infallible. The character and conduct of the mother is a sure and certain guarantee for that of the darter.

Them that I would have won't have me,
and them that would have me, the devil
wouldn't have.

“There is nothin' like matrimony,” says the old minister, “nothin' like home, nothin' on airth to be compared to a vartuous woman. They are somethin' better than men, and somethin' jist a little less than angels, when you can fall in with one of the right kind. A right-minded, sound-minded, and pure-

Fragments of Sam Slick

minded woman is the greatest and best work of God.”



Matrimony likes contrasts; friendship seeks its own counterpart.



Matrimony, like sugar and water, has a natural affinity for, and tendency to, acidity.

MORALS AND MANNERS

A LESSON from life is worth a hundred sermons.



All our young emotions are good and generous, but we become jealous, selfish, and mean, as we advance in years.

Wit and Wisdom

Duty makes pleasure doubly sweet by contrast.

When pleasure is the business of life it ceases to be a pleasure; and when it's all labour and no play, work, like an onstuffed saddle, cuts into the very bone. Neither labour nor idleness has a road that leads to happiness; one has no room for the heart, and the other corrupts it.

Memory is nothin' but experience. The memory of the wrong way keeps us in the right one, and the memory of the right road reminds us of pleasant journeys. To mourn to-day over the wreck of yesterday only increases the loss, and diminishes the value of what little is left to us.

Fragments of Sam Slick

Reserve is a line fence that neighbours have to keep up, to prevent encroachments.



Wounded pride should be touched lightly ; the skin is thin and plaguey sensitive.



Consait grows as natural as the hair on one's head, but is longer in comin' out.



We are full of chords, from the deepest-toned silver string up to the little short upper sharp one. Strike one of your own that is in tune with that of another, and it vibrates through him.



Liberality in religion now consists in

Wit and Wisdom

abusin' your own church, and praisin' every other sect.



There is an hypocrisy in vice as well as in religion.



Storms make oaks take deeper root. Vice makes virtue look well to its anchors. It's only allurin' sin that's dangerous.



I don't like preachin' to the narves instead of the judgment.



Philosify is like most other guests, it likes to visit them that keeps good tables.



The moment a man takes to a pipe he

Fragments of Sam Slick

becomes a philosifer :—it's the poor man's friend ; it calms the mind, soothes the temper, and makes a man patient onder trouble. It has made more good men, good husbands, kind masters, indulgent fathers, and honest fellers, than any other blessed thing in this univarsal world.

“Purity in a child,” said the old minister, “of such is heaven ; purity in woman, of such also is the realms of bliss ; but purity in man—oh, Sam, I am most afeerd, sometimes, there ain't much of it anywhere nowadays.”

The fountain of love lies in the deepest recesses of the human heart. The wintry frosts of old age may dry up some of its springs, and the lacerations of ingratitude

Wit and Wisdom

may drain off and limit its supply ; but deep and far down is the well, where summer heats and wintry frosts cannot penetrate, and its water, what little is left of it in old age, is as pure and sweet and pellucid as ever, and there it remains till the temple that covers it, crumbled and mouldered by time, totters to its fall, and chokes it in the ruins.



An opportunity lost is like missing a passage ; another chance may never offer to make the voyage worth while. The first wind may carry you to the end. A good start often wins the race. To miss your chance of a shot, is to lose the bird.



Truth and manliness are two qualities that will carry you through this world much

Fragments of Sam Slick

better than policy, or tact, or expediency, or any other word that ever was devised to conceal, or mystify a deviation from the straight line.



* A bought smile, like an artificial flower, has no sweetness in it.



Hope is a slender reed for a stout man to lean on, but it's strong enough for them that's infirm of mind and purpose. The houses hope builds are castles in the air. The houses of the wretched, who are altogether without hope, are too dismal to live in. A slight infusion of hope may be prescribed in bad cases; but strong doses weaken the mind, loosen the morals, and destroy the happiness of those who indulge in them. The true rule is, perhaps, not to

Wit and Wisdom

let hope build a house for you, or to live with you in it ; but he might come to visit you sometimes, to cheer you up a little, by talking pleasant, and getting you to look on the bright side of things. Hope is a pleasant acquaintance, but an unsafe friend. He'll do on a pinch for a travellin' companion, but he is not the man for your banker.



Smiles can be put on and off like a wig ; sweet expressions come and go like shades and lights in natur' ; the hands will squeeze like a fox-trap ; the body bends most graceful ; the ear will be most attentive ; the manner will flatter so you're enchanted ; and the tongue will lie like the devil—but *the eye, never.*



* Aim high in life, and if you don't hit the bull's eye, you'll hit the fust circles.

Fragments of Sam Slick

To be successful in society—lay in a good stock of “soft sawder” and small talk.



Diffidence is begotten by knowledge ;
presumption by ignorance.



Deacon Overreach was so mean he always carried a hen in his gig-box when he travelled, to pick up the oats his horse wasted in the manger, and lay an egg for his breakfast in the morning.




Memory acts on thought like sudden heat on a dormant fly ; it wakes it from the dead, puts new life into it, and it stretches out its wings and buzzes round as if it had never slept.

Wit and Wisdom

Ceremonials are ice-houses that keep the affections cold when the blood is at a high temperature.

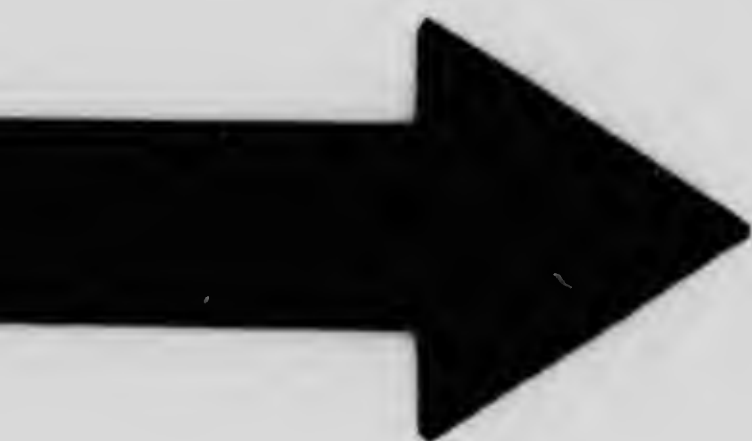
FACTS AND FANCIES

Our folks sarve them British travellers as the Indgians used to sarve the gulls down to Squantum in old pilgrim times. The cunnin' critters used to make a sort o' fish flakes, and catch herrin' and tom cods, and such sort o' fish, and put 'em on the flakes, and then crawl onder themselves, and as soon as the gulls lighted to eat the fish, catch hold o' their legs and pull 'em thro'. Arter that, whenever a feller was made a fool on and took in, they used to say he was gulled.



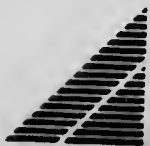
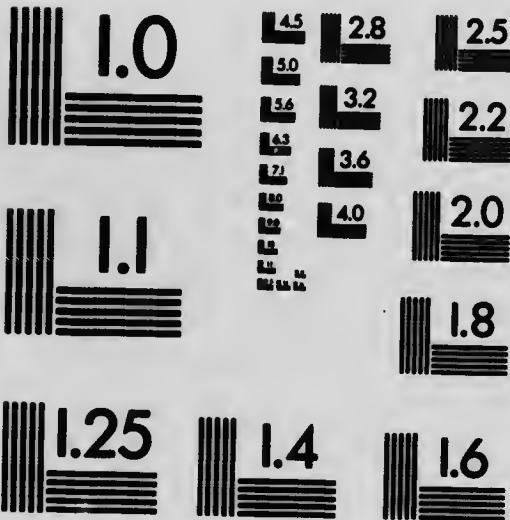
Brag is a good dog, but Hold-fast is a better one.





MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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Fragments of Sam Slick

He marched up and down afore the street-door like a peacock, as large as life and twice as nateral.



Old proverbs are distilled facts steamed down to an essence.



“Squire,” says Sam Slick, “ain’t this been a hot day? I do wish I could jist slip off my flesh and sit in my bones for a space, to cool myself, for I ain’t seen such thawy weather this many a year.”



Listeners are everywhere more scarce than talkers, and are valued accordingly.



The road to the head lies through the heart.

Wit and Wisdom

There's many a true word said in joke.



A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse.



He actilly looked as small as the little
end of nothin' whittled down.



He is on considerable good terms with
himself, is John Bull. He thinks the noblest
work of God is an Englishman.



A man that has too many irons in the fire
is plaguey apt to get some on 'em burnt.



Cryin' fire is a profitable trade in more
things than one.

Fragments of Sam Slick

Let every man skin his own foxes.



I love the country and the man that inhabits it. I find more beauty in the one, and of generous impulses in the other, than I find in cities or in courtiers.



Spekilatin' is buyin' a chance.



It's all cry and little wool with poets, as the devil said when he sheared his hogs.



It requires a good stock of wit to set up for a wag ; though quizzing is very pleasant, it's a game that two can play at.



A college education shows a man how devilish little other people know.

Wit and Wisdom

Lordly castles are besieged or betrayed,
while the wooden latch of poverty secures
the lowly cottage.



It ain't that Latin's so heavy to carry, but
you have such a slippery hold of it.



It's better to be cheated than chafed
when you can't help yourself.



What people hope for, they think at last
they have a right to.



The spur won't hurt where the hide is
thick.



Swapping facts is better than swapping
horses any time.

Fragments of Sam Slick

When you are down, poverty, like snowshoes, keeps your feet fast, and prevents your rising.



A good temper must be kept cool to retain its sweetness.



Innocence is not suspicious, but guilt is always ready to turn informer.



X The great secret of life is never to be in the way of others.



Never draw on to-morrow. Anticipatin' one's income makes the future bear the expenses of the past.



The vanity of fools is the wisdom of the wise.

Wit and Wisdom

Railly loyal people, like railly religious people, don't talk of it.



Modesty is brought forward and made way for. Assumption has the door shut in its face.



Brag is a dog that everybody hates, but nobody fears, for he only bow-wows; but he wakes up detraction, and he is a dangerous critter, for he bites without barkin'.



The skin is nearer than the shirt.



*The wages of idleness is poverty.



Colonists are the pariahs of the Empire.



Conversation is a barter in which one

Fragments of Sam Slick

thing is swapped for another, and you must abide by the laws of trade.



Civility is cheap coin, and kindness is a nice bank to fund it in.



There is roguery in all trades but our own.



It takes a great many strange people to make a world.



There is wisdom sometimes in a fool's answer ; the learned are simple, the ignorant wise ; hear them both.



Coerced innocence is like an imprisoned lark ; open the door and it's off for ever.

Wit and Wisdom

Once I drew a mutton chop so nateral,
my dog broke his teeth tearing the panel to
get at it, and another time I painted a
shingle so like stone, when I threw it in the
water it sunk right kerlash to the bottom.



It's a high fence that can't be scaled, and
a strong one that can't be broke down.
When there are accomplices in the house
it is easier to get the door unlocked than
to force it.



Braggin' saves advertisin'.



Slander bequeaths to folly that which
belongs to another.



Man made the town, but God made the
country.



Books only weaken your understandin', as
water does brandy. They make you let

Fragments of Sam Slick

others guess for you, instead of guessin' for yourself.



A good hat will carry off an old suit of clothes any time, but a new suit of clothes will never carry off an old hat.



Facts are sometimes invented, often distorted, and always magnified.



A good book, like good wine, needs no bush.



"A dusky night," says Sam Slick, "when the moon looks like a dose of castor oil in a glass of brandy."



A joke, like an egg, is never no good except it is fresh laid.

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