

I have often played with birds, evidently making them think that I was afraid, and that they were really driving me. One summer a pair of kingbirds (*Tyrannus carolinensis*) drove me about for a long time. They had built close to the piazza, and had become quite tame before they found how afraid I was of them.

The rose-bugs were very numerous at this time, and I soon found that the kingbirds were helping me exterminate them; they

would alight on a rose-bush and devour the bugs greedily. As they came near to me I would cautiously move further away; this the birds were quick to notice, and soon became so bold that they would drive me from bush to bush, and after the bugs had entirely disappeared, when I went to the bushes to cut flowers, the birds would often drive me away, and then hunt over the bushes, as if they thought my sole business was bug-hunting.

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF THE HAYTIANS.

By JOHN BIGELOW.

IT was my fortune to pass a portion of the winter of 1854 in the island of Hayti, while it was still under the imperial sway of the late Faustin I. My primary purpose in going to a place then difficult of access and little frequented by tourists was to inform myself personally of the condition and prospects of this struggling little empire, which had successfully defied one of the best armies of the first Napoleon, and which for more than half a century had managed to maintain its political independence without the alliance or even the sympathy of any foreign state.

It is no part of my present purpose to set forth the results of my observations in Hayti, but merely to give some account of the most interesting if not the only truly indigenous and original product of the Haytian civilization of which I was fortunate enough to find any trace.

The Haytian depends for his livelihood exclusively upon the products of the soil, the air, and the water. He manufactures nothing for export. With the richest sugar lands, he imports all his sugar and molasses; he smokes cigars made of Kentucky tobacco, and eats salt fish cured in New England. Though I searched carefully for it, I found nothing to bear away with me as a trophy of Haytian civilization that was wrought with Haytian hands, or was in any way the fruit of Haytian industry.

What I did find, however, that was essentially Haytian, and as much the specialty of this island as the De Brie cheese, or the Valenciennes lace, or the Jersey cows, or Florentine mosaics are the specialties of the places of which they bear the name, were the proverbs with which the creole population are accustomed to garnish their conversation.

Proverbial forms of expression are used quite freely by all classes, but most abundant in the mouths of the humble and unlettered peasants, who not only can not read themselves, but who probably never had an ancestor who could. To them they hold the place of books and libraries, in which they

hoard up and minister to each other the wisdom and experience of ages.

Many of their proverbs struck me as so novel and so finely flavored with the soil of the island, or with the customs of its peculiar and simple-minded people, that I was tempted to make a memorandum of them. My interest in the subject attracting the attention of several intelligent Haytians of my acquaintance, they were good enough to assist me in enlarging my collection.*

A majority of the proverbs in common use had evidently come from the Old World, many, of course, from France—not the least valuable relic of French domination in the island—while others, and to me the more interesting portion, were obviously indigenous, and such as reflected the sentiments likely to be uppermost in the minds of people who were or had been bondmen. Were any apology needed for inviting the reader's attention to these specimens of the proverbial literature of the Haytians (if the colloquialisms of a people who neither read nor write may be called a literature), it will be found, I trust, in the fact that they are the highest expression of the purely intellectual activity of this people that exists, and are unquestionably the most interesting and characteristic production of their beautiful but very unfortunate island.

Victor Hugo, in one of his youthful productions, which, though now pretty much forgotten, predicted his literary eminence,† seized very successfully this feature of Haytian civilization. It has also attracted the attention of most foreigners who have written about this island. Pamphile de la Croix says that "Toussaint L'Ouverture, like all men who reflect much, but with whom education has not varied the language of gen-

* In this work I was under special obligations to Mr. B. P. Hunt, of Philadelphia, then the head of a large commercial house in Port-au-Prince, who to a general culture of high order added a familiarity with the history of Hayti and with the peculiarities of its people which is possessed by no other person living, to my knowledge.

† Bug Jargal.

ius," had favorite sentences which he often used. "I have frequently found in his correspondence," he says, "the original apologue which he used to excuse his refusals to spend money. 'Money,' he would often say, 'is an evil spirit; as soon as you touch it it disappears. Many precautions are required in opening its coffers.'"

"In prostrating me," he said, after his arrest by General Le Clerc, "they have only thrown down the tree of liberty in San Domingo. It will yet repel them with its roots, which are deep and numerous."

When Toussaint burned Cape Haytien, to prevent its occupation by Bonaparte's army, he is reported to have used in his justification an old French proverb thus Haytianized: *Pas capable faire omelet sans casser zef.*—*One can't make an omelet without breaking the egg.*

The late Emperor Faustin I., more commonly known by his family name of Soulouque, whose parents were both brought as slaves from Africa, was much addicted to the use of proverbs. A friend of mine once heard him caution a rogue who, for some service to his Majesty, had been provided with an office in which he failed to give entire satisfaction, by using a proverbial locution at least as old as the days of Richelieu, who, like most despotic rulers, had frequent occasion to employ it: *Mon fils, déplumez Voie sans faire crier.*—*My son, pluck the goose without making it scream.* Another form of an equally felicitous exhortation to moderation in the exercise of power is of Latin extraction, *Shear the sheep; don't skin it.*

The following apologue, reported to me by a Haytian merchant who chanced to hear it, is singularly characteristic of the way events which impress the imagination of these people—I may say, perhaps, all Africans—are translated by them into abstract symbols:

In 1830 a Spanish frigate arrived in the harbor of Port-au-Prince to protest against the Haytian occupation of the eastern or Spanish part of the island—now usually known as San Domingo—which Boyer, the then President of Hayti, had already held for some nine years without opposition.

The old *garde-magasin*, or store porter, of my informant, who had been a soldier in the war for Haytian independence, and who had been told and believed that the Spanish frigate at anchor before him in the offing had been sent to conquer Hayti and reduce her again to colonial subjugation, as he sat upon a stick of logwood and looked out upon the vessel with an air compounded of pity and contempt, began to soliloquize in this wise:

"Houn! avla za fair que fort. Lion soti outi le soti; li vini pou devorer zos. Li tournin li nan toute sens, li pas capable quetè boute zos.

Chien tou tè tombé sous zo li; te mordu li jous-que li bouqué; li bligé allé chemin li tou. Avla pauvre poule soti la bas et li crêe li capable fair quichose avec zos. Cé trop fort."

My informant, who chanced to overhear the old negro, asked him to explain his strange soliloquy.

"*Main oui, monché,*" replied the old soldier. "*Ou pas trouvé ça trop fort? Comment! Anglais vini pou pran pays la; nous lê batté Anglais. Français te vini tou: nous baie Français non caille yo pas te jamais blie. Avla pauvre Pagnol, qui vlé fair ça Anglais et pi Français pas tè capable."*

The man whose private meditations took such shapes, though he had never read a book, nor, indeed, talked much with those

* "Now isn't that too much? The lion he came and tried to eat the bone. After turning it over every way, he had to leave it. Then the dog fell on the bone; he gnaws away on it till he is tired, and then he goes his way also. And now here comes a miserable chicken, and fancies she can do something with the bone. That is too much."

† "Why yes, Sir. Don't you find this too much? The English came to take our country; we beat the English. Then the French came; we gave them a skinning they will never forget. And now comes this miserable Spaniard, who has got it into his head that he can succeed where the English and French have both failed."

A person familiar with the French language will have little difficulty in understanding the text of the old porter's discourse, and other specimens of Haytian *patois* which are to follow, though a few explanations will render the task less difficult.

The article *un, une*, is pronounced *nion*, as *nion caille* for *une caille*, *nion poule* for *une poule*.

The personal pronouns *je, tu, el* are *mo, to, ly*; and for the possessives, *mon, ton, son*, the Haytian says, *d moue, d loue, d li*, which, instead of preceding the nouns as in French, follow them, thus, *chien d moue*, instead of *mon chien*.

Z is frequently prefixed to nouns beginning with a vowel, as *zos* for *vos*, *zami* for *l'ami*.

Conjunctive and demonstrative pronouns, instead of coming, as in French, between the person and the verb, usually follow the verb; for example, *pauvre poule li crêe li capable*, instead of *se crêe*; *yo prend li*, instead of *on l'a pris*; *allez voir lion la*, instead of *allez voir le lion*.

The present infinitive or participle passive is used for the present indicative, as *mo manger*, instead of *je mange*.

The imperfect indicative is formed by placing *tè* before the participle passive, as *chien tè tombé sous zos*, instead of *chien tombait sur vos*; *Français pas tè capable*, instead of *le Français n'était pas capable*. The participle is used to express any past tense instead of inflecting the verb. *Pouvoir*, the verb, is always rendered by *capable*, or, as it is pronounced, *capabe*. *Mo pas capable faire*, instead of *je ne puis pas le faire*. The present indicative is the only tense of the verb *vouloir* in general use among the Haytians, and that is pronounced *vlé*.

The negative *pas* precedes instead of following the verb, as *mo pas connaît* for *je ne sais pas*.

Baie is used in the sense of *donner*, as *baie si ça for donnez lui cela*. So *baie veni* is used for *apporter*, and *baie allé* for *ôter*.

Gagner is the Haytian *avoir*, and does more service, I think, than any other verb in his vocabulary. Harvey, in his *Sketches of Hayti*, gives the following sketch of its catholicity. An Englishman who had asked a negro to lend him a horse received the following reply: "Monché, mo pas gagné chonal, main mo connaît qui gagné li; si li pas gagné li, li faut mo gagné li pour vous gagné."

who had, must have possessed an understanding and an imagination not to be despised, and when alone, at least, must have dwelt in pretty good society. Who is the poet or the statesman who could have put the patriotic Haytian's case more effectively in as many words? and what strikes one in these days of fierce partisanship is the art and majesty with which the picture is abstracted from whatever is local or savors of mere individual or private grievance, and lifted up to the level of universal truth and justice. The gods of Homer did not color the tales of their grievances with so little of personal and purely selfish passion.

I have said that many of the proverbs most current in Hayti are such as could only have originated or be popular among slaves or a people inured to oppression. I might perhaps go a little farther, and say that none are current among them that would be out of place on the lips of a slave. Till their emancipation every Haytian might have said, in the language of an old Spanish poet, "When I was born I wept, and every day I live tells me why."

It has been observed that proverbs begin to appear when man begins to suffer and to envy; he then seeks consolation in his misery by laughing at his oppressors. In this sense proverbs have been poetically termed the tears of humanity. It is certain that the people who have been most dependent upon the caprice of their fellow-creatures have been, in all ages, most addicted to the use of proverbs, and for an obvious reason. In the form of a general truth we may give vent to the bitterest personal feeling without making ourselves responsible for its personal application.

But without presuming to offer or discuss any new theories in regard to the origin or currency of proverbs, I will content myself with laying before my readers such of my collection as are most unequivocally of pure Haytian, or at least of West Indian, extraction, leaving aside the much larger number which have reached the island from other lands in the ordinary commerce of civilization, and which, as well as some of these, may no doubt be found in other collections.

Though a little less numerous than Solomon's, the proverbs here submitted will have at least this quality in common with those of the wisest of sovereigns, that they will be found "to speak of trees, of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes."

I.

D'abord vous quelé poux de bois mangé canari, calebasse pas capable prend pied.*

When you see the wood-louse eat the earthen jar, the calabash can not be expected to resist.

* Corruption of *voir*, one of the few words in common use differing widely from the French.

The foam or spittle of the wood-lice here referred to is such a powerful solvent that it makes an impression even upon iron. They are called wood-lice because they feed upon soft wood, and as soon as they have gained the top of a house, the owner must immediately take measures to provide another roof. They also make great havoc among books and linen. No chest is tight enough to keep them out.*

The calabash is a vegetable of the gourd species, which is susceptible of being hollowed out, and is one of the most universal utensils of the Haytian *ménage*. Of course it has no pretensions to resist an enemy to which an earthen vessel would succumb.

The obvious import of this proverb is that when the educated, the wealthy, the well-connected, the lawgivers of state and society succumb to vice or superior force of any kind, or betray a lack of courage or judgment or skill, we must not expect the unlettered, the poor, the obscure and dependent, to be more firm or efficient.

One will hardly fail to remark here a servile recognition of inferiority and irresponsible helplessness.

There seems to be a logical as well as a physiological connection between the foregoing proverb and this which follows:

II.

D'abord vous quelé poux de bois mangé bouteille, croquez calebasse vous haut.

When you see the wood-louse eat the bottles, hang the calabash high.

The former is an invocation of charity toward those who fall into temptation, and this suggests precautions to be taken against falling again. If you find yourself inclined to any vice, try and put yourself beyond its reach, avoid exposing yourself to its temptations, eschew society and amusements which weaken your power or disposition to resist it, following in this respect the counsel of Niebuhr in the choice of books, who said very profoundly in one of his letters that it is best not to read books in which you make the acquaintance of the devil.

And again, whatever is precious to you, be it your sense of God's presence with those who try to do His will, your respect for His word, your faith in prayer, hang it high; that is, cultivate a respect for it not only in yourself, but in others; place it where no enemy can see it without looking up, nor reach it without ascending.

Here is another of the same family:

III.

Pravette pas jamais gagné raison devant poule.

The cockroach is always wrong when it argues with the chicken.

* *Natural and Civil History of the French Dominions in North and South America*, by T. Jeffreys, p. 168.

This is the same plea for the weak against the strong and aggressive which the immortal slave of Phrygia so forcibly presented in his fables of "The Wolf and the Lamb" and "The Council of Animals to stay the Pestilence" some five-and-twenty centuries ago.

IV.

Neque couteau connaît quior à yamme.

It is only the knife that knows the heart of the yam.

This is commonly used merely to inspire a healthy distrust of appearances, and especially such as concern the relations of domestic life. It is also sometimes used to show how circumstances, trials, temptations, like a knife, penetrate to the very heart of some persons, putting all artifice and conventionality at defiance; in others, bringing to light qualities of character till then unsuspected.

In this latter sense the Haytians use another proverb, which is probably of French origin:

V.

Cé lèr vent ca renter mounè ca ouèr la peau poule.

It is when the wind is blowing that we see the skin of the fowl.

VI.

Cé souliers tout-seule savent si bas tini trous.

Shoes alone know if the stockings have holes.

That is, there are vices and infirmities known only to the most intimate, there are crimes known only to their authors, and there are weaknesses known only to one's familiars.

Nemo scit præter me, said St. Jerome, ubi soccus me premit.

It is the sea only which knows the bottom of the ship, say the Efik tribes of Western Africa.

There is another proverb quite current, I am told, in the French Antilles, though I never chanced to hear it, that *A man is not to be known till he takes a wife*. This might be taken as merely a variety of the two preceding proverbs, without an explication of its origin.

The buccaneers of San Domingo were pretty much a law unto themselves, acknowledging only an odd jumble of convention upon which they had from time to time agreed. They had, in a manner, shaken off the yoke of religion, and thought they did much in not entirely forgetting the God of their fathers. Had they been perpetuated until this time, the third or fourth generation of them would have had as little religion as the Caffres and Hottentots of Africa. They even laid aside their surnames, and assumed their nicknames or martial names, most of which have continued in their families to this day. Many of them, however, on their marrying, which seldom happened till they turned planters, took

care to have their real surnames inserted in the marriage contract; and this gave occasion to the proverb, that *A man is not to be known till he marries*.*

VII.

Rattle mange canne; zandolie mourrie innocent.

The rat eats the cane; the innocent lizard dies for it.

Of what countless flogged, kicked, imprisoned, tortured, starved, murdered Haytians does not this creole paraphrase of two well-known lines, one of Publius Syrus and the other of Horace, bear witness!†

The innocence, that is, the harmlessness, of the lizard is almost as familiar a feature of serpent life in the tropics as that of the lamb among animals.

The Italians have a proverb which implies that the lizard's good name is not confined to the Antilles:

Cui serpe mozzica lucerta teme.

He who has been bitten by a serpent is afraid of a lizard.

At Naples, "whose luxurious inhabitants," says Gibbon,‡ "seem to live on the confines of Paradise and hell fire," they have a joke upon their exemption from the misfortunes of their neighbors of Torre del Greco:§

Napoli fa i peccati, e la Torre li paga.

Naples commits the sins, and La Torre expiates them.

The Germans have the same aphorism in different forms:

Bei grosser Herren Händeln müssen die Bauern Haar lassen.

Der Herren Sünden der Bauern Busse.

VIII.

Want of charity for those who occasionally succumb to temptation is finely rebuked in a proverb, the application of which unhappily can not be limited to the transgressions of slaves or heathen:

Petit mie tombe, ramassé li; Chrétien tombe, pas ramassé li.

If the millet (a little grain largely cultivated in the Antilles) falls, it is picked up; if the Christian falls, he is not helped up.

This proverb conveys a merited rebuke to those who assume that any amount of spiritual growth diminishes our liability to temptation, or that the greatest saint has any less of it to contend with than the greatest sinner, and who infer therefore that the professing Christian, and especially the clergy, who occasionally succumb to them, are on that account altogether hypocrites and

* Jeffreys, *Description of the Island of Hispaniola*, p. 23.

† "*Judex damnatur eum nocens absolvitur.*"

‡ "*Quidquid delirant reges, piecuntur Achiivi.*"

§ Memoirs of his own life.

§ A village in the suburbs of Naples, which has been already three times destroyed by Vesuvius.

impostors. It teaches a more profound theology and a more divine charity than is uniformly distilled from metropolitan pulpits.

There are two other West Indian proverbs of the same import:

Acoma tombe; tout moun di c'e bois pourri.

The acoma falls; all the world says, 'tis rotten wood.*

IX.

Chita chiche.

The sifter is mean.

Chiche in creole is the equivalent of a persistent sifter, who is naturally idle, and therefore remains poor, not uncommonly the synonym for inhospitality and meanness.

X.

That hope which, through a kind Providence, often saves the most abject and depressed from despair, frequently finds its expression in the following proverb:

Joudui pou ous, demain pou moin.

To-day for you, to-morrow for me.

This is a slight modification of our old English proverb,

It is a long lane that has no turning.

No one familiar with the Bible can read this form of appeal from the present to the future, which the human heart instinctively makes in its hour of trial, without recalling the memorable occasion when such appeals may be said to have received the highest sanction they have ever received on earth. When the chief priests, captains of the temple, and elders came out against Jesus with swords and staves as against a thief, he said to them, "When I was daily with you in the temple, ye stretched forth no hands against me: but this is your hour, and the power of darkness."

That His hour and the power of light were expected to come in due time is implied, though, with eloquent fitness, not expressed.

So all people, while under the dominion of evil passions and filthy lusts, may look forward, if so disposed, to the Saviour's hour, when, upon their invitation, He with His angelic following shall enter in and sup with them.

XI.

The following proverb is not strictly of Haytian origin, though I had never happened to hear it used out of Hayti:

Quand vous mangé avec diable, tiembé cuiller vous long.

When you sup with the devil, use a long spoon.

* The Acoma is the giant of the West Indian forest.

† Shakspeare alludes to it in a way to justify the belief that in his time it was too familiar and commonplace to be quoted in full.

Stephano. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy!

This is a caution to those who accept the hospitality or favors of rogues. It does not take the high and only safe ground, which is to have no transactions with Satan, to make no compromise with evil. If it did, it would probably have lacked one of the essential elements of a proverb—general, popular acceptance; for a proverb comes to its shape like a cobble-stone, by long and constant attrition. The average man thinks himself a little smarter than Satan, and that he can accept Satan's hospitality without returning it, that he can have just one or perhaps two transactions with the Prince of Evil, or operate with him for a limited period, and then stop. *Einmal keinnmal*, say the Germans: *Once is never*; that is, it is idle to think of doing a wrong thing only once. No one ever deliberately entered into a single transaction with Satan that did not soon enter into another.

The necessity, however, of great wariness in our dealings with the Evil One, which the length of the spoon imports, rather than the wiser policy, not only of rejecting all his proposals, but of making flagrant war upon them, expresses the popular sense both of the danger of such dealings and the occasional necessity for them.

No one has had much to do with slaves or with any people whose social and political liberties were seriously abridged without remarking a corresponding disposition to seek a partial indemnification for their privations through falsehood, or theft, which is a form of falsehood. It is safe to say that in those countries in which private rights and property are least secure a man's social standing is least compromised by disingenuousness.

"Le même jour qui met un homme libre aux fers Lui ravit la moitié de sa vertu première."

It does not follow, however, that the slave is really any less truthful than the master, though he may tell more lies. If a lie were necessary to save him from a flogging, and if, as in the slave's case, there were no public sentiment to which he is obliged to pay homage, how many masters would hesitate longer than their slaves to take refuge in falsehood? Many have deplored Galileo's weakness when stretched upon the rack of the Inquisition who would not have suffered so much even as the great Etruscan for the truth.

mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.—*Tempest*, Act II., Scene 2.

The devil has lost much of the personal consideration, if not of the influence, which he used to enjoy in earlier ages, and hence the comparative disuse of this proverb, except among people where the belief in the actual existence of a personal devil to be propitiated prevails, as in Hayti and among all African races, and among some Christian sects. "Other times, other proverbs."

* The day which puts a free man in irons deprives him of half his original virtue.

As we become independent of the world, whether by having the means of gratifying our carnal appetites or by the gradual extinction of such of them as depend on the co-operation or forbearance of our fellow-creatures, lying will become a more hateful offense, and truthfulness a more indispensable condition of worldly esteem. So long, however, as we are sustained in the discharge of our duty only by a sense of worldly prudence, the difference among us, after all, is only a difference in the length of the spoon which we use at the devil's table.

This proverb is also suggestive of another that is more familiar, and which, Quintilian tells us, was old in his day:

Liars should have long memories.

XII.

Nion doigt pas jamain mangé calalou.

You never eat gumbo with one finger.

Spoons and forks are luxuries with which the Haytian peasants are not familiar, and they eat their gumbo (we call it okra) with two fingers. It would be as difficult to eat gumbo with one finger as to eat pease with a nut-picker. This proverb illustrates our dependence upon each other in every age and condition of life. The Haytians have another which is like unto it:

XIII.

Nion doigt pas sa pouand puces.

A single finger can't catch fleas.

These are only variations of the old Greek proverb,

*Εἷν ἀνὴρ, οὐδεὶς ἀνὴρ.**

Or, as it comes to us through the Spanish, *One man and no man is all the same.*

So the Calabars of West Africa say,

A man does not use one finger to take out an arrow.

And Dr. Franklin compared an old bachelor to the half of a pair of scissors which had not yet found its fellow, and therefore was not even half as useful as they might be together.

The Spaniards also say,

Three helping each other will bear the burden of six.

As the gods of the ancients were wont to visit this earth in the guise of the humblest peasants, so one of those everlasting truths, which may be said to embrace the beginning and end of human wisdom, lies enveloped in the homely rhetoric of the rustic proverb of which these are variations. They teach that elementary sense of dependence among men by which the most ignorant, as well as the most learned, are unconsciously led to comprehend and acknowledge their primary and final dependence upon God, a conviction

which is the basis of all true religion; and in the same degree to lose faith in their own sufficiency, the basis of all idolatry.

The French have a proverb which, while it seems to enlarge the significance of that we are considering, is actually embraced by it:

Celui qui mange seul son pain est seul à porter son fardeau.

He who eats his bread alone must alone bear his burden.

Or, as the Spaniards say:

Quien solo come su gallo, solo ensille su caballo.

Who eats his dinner alone, must saddle his horse alone.

"Two are better than one," says the preacher, "because they have a good reward for their labor; for if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up."*

All the selfishness, wars, intolerance, persecution, crime, and disorder in this world, and which seem to be most rife among those nations which boast of being most civilized, may be traced to a disregard of this universal law of dependence, the mother of humility, which the unlettered peasant of Hayti has extracted from his daily necessity of taking two fingers to his gumbo.

The following proverbs, current in many tongues, bear in the same direction, and help to prove that there is probably a larger party in this world who cultivate a pious sense of dependence than of impious independence:

Two heads are better than one.

Two eyes see better than one; or,

Plus oculi vident quam oculus.

One flower makes no garland.

Two dry sticks will kindle a green one.

Good riding at two anchors, men have told,

For if one break, the other may hold.

The reflection of our Saviour, when he announced that the hour was come that the Son of Man should be glorified, only extends the application of the same general truth. "Except," he added, "a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."†

In short, solitude is sterility; independence is selfishness.

XIV.

The Haytians have another proverb to express the force of numbers which could only have its origin among a people who had inherited the notion that conspiracy and assassination were among the legitimate resources of statesmanship.

Complot plus fort passé ouanga.

Conspiracy (or combination) is stronger than witchcraft.

* One man, no man.

† Eccles. iv. 9, 10.

† St. John, xii. 24.

This proverb also reflects the condition of the human mind when it is beginning to emancipate itself from superstition. It betrays a dawning sense of the superiority of plan and systematic combination of natural forces over those supernatural resources upon which the ignorant and the savage are much accustomed to rely.

Providentially only good motives and purposes will combine. The selfish, which are the sinful and predatory motives, are all distrustful, and therefore incapable of acting in thorough concert. Like Pilate and Herod they may unite, but their union will only last while in the presence of their common adversary. Hence all predatory and noxious animals and insects are rendered by their very selfishness comparatively harmless. "It is a wonderful proof of the wisdom of Providence," said the late

Lord Lytton,* "that whenever any large number of its creatures forms a community or class, a secret element of disunion enters into the hearts of the individuals forming the congregation, and prevents their co-operating heartily and effectually for their common interest."

"The fleas would have dragged me out of bed if they had been unanimous," said the great Curran; "and there can be no doubt that if all the spiders in this commonwealth were to attack me in a body I should fall a victim to their combined nippers." But spiders, though inhabiting the same region, constituting the same race, animated by the same instincts, do not combine even against a butterfly; each seeks his own special advantage, and not that of the community at large.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE newspapers lately published with satisfaction and the public read with pleasure that at a concert in Washington Mr. Thomas, the conductor, rapped his orchestra to silence in one of the finest passages of the performance, and, turning to the audience, said that it was evident that the music interrupted conversation. It was a courteous rebuke of certain persons who had entered during the concert, and who had not ceased to chatter, to the great annoyance of their neighbors, and Mr. Thomas, in promptly and pointedly reproving them, not only protected the just rights of his audience, but showed a proper appreciation of the duties of his position. If other conductors would follow his example, the vulgar nuisance of such disturbance would soon be abated. It is observable, however, that those who are most frequently guilty of the offense are those who would be peculiarly amazed by the charge of vulgarity or ill-breeding. But there is nothing more truly deserving that name than flagrant disregard of the minor social rights of others. Thus there are many guests at the finest inns who would be confounded by a charge of theft, but who are, in the strictest sense, hotel thieves. It was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, or at some other palace of the public, that a grave gentleman said to the affable clerk, "I am sorry and surprised that you harbor thieves in this house."

"Thieves, Sir!" was the hot reply—"harbor thieves! What do you mean, Sir? Explain, if you please."

"I mean that I had something stolen from me last night by one of your guests."

"We are all exposed to sneak thieves, Sir."

"But this was not a sneak thief; it was a guest in the house, and quartered as comfortably as I was."

"This is very extraordinary, Sir. What was stolen from you, and at what hour was the theft?"

The grave gentleman answered, with great sobriety, "At two o'clock this morning some most precious sleep was stolen from me by one of your

guests, and I have reason to believe that the theft was accomplished with a pair of boots."

The affable clerk's mind wavered a moment between a suspicion of insanity and of practical joking upon the part of the grave gentleman; then he turned away, and remarked, "Ah!"

But the gentleman was right. His neighbor, who came in at two in the morning, and strode noisily along the corridors when he knew that he was surrounded by sleepers, and who flung his boots down and slammed his door, was a minor Macbeth, who had murdered sleep and defrauded his neighbors of their just rights. It was an act of intolerable selfishness, which deserved exposure and rebuke as richly as the offenders at the concert whom Mr. Thomas chastised.

Margaret Fuller once vindicated the claims of good manners in the same way. She sat in a crowded hall to hear a symphony of Beethoven, and several young men and women near her laughed and talked during the performance, disdaining the reproving looks and the murmured "hush" of their neighbors. During the interlude Miss Fuller turned to one of the chief offenders of her own sex and said, audibly, "My dear, your conversation is probably very interesting, but some of us have paid to hear the music, and don't you think we have a right to enjoy what we have honestly paid for?" There were some sour looks and some sharp words from the offenders, but there was also a very general murmur of approval from the neighboring benches, and there was no more chattering. Doubtless those gay young people thought, and they may even have said, that it was a great impertinence to speak to them in that manner; and the Washington party that Thomas reproved probably thought him an impudent fellow to call public attention to them as he did. But they should reflect that they first called public attention to themselves in the most offensive manner; and as for impudence, which is the more impudent,

* *Kenelm Chillingly*, vi. 106.

So they pass on together, where work and pleasure call them, to Venice, to Rome, where, after old John Joseph's peaceful death, Zucchi led his wife.

Rossi gives a pretty description of the two in their after-life. They were united and yet themselves, and true to their different natures. If you watch them before a picture, he says, you see Antonio, gifted with eloquence, speaking with energy, judging, dissecting, criticising. Angelica silent, with animated eyes, listens to her husband, and gazes attentive at the canvas. You may read in her face, and see her true opinion there. She speaks at last, but it is to praise, for impulse inclines her to dwell on the beauty and charm of the works before her. Hers is the nature of the bee, continues her old biographer; she only sucks honey from the flowers. So the tender soul whom Goethe praised lived on. She did not long survive the protector whom she had chosen. "Poverty I do not fear," she writes, after Zucchi's death, "but this solitude is terrible." We may still read her touching farewell to Antonio written on the marble in the church of Rome:

ANGELICA KAUFFMAN,
DOOMED TO TEARS AND GRIEF, TO HER
SWEETEST, KINDEST HUSBAND,
NOT AS SHE HAD PRAYED.

And then before very long her own name is

written upon the stone, and the grief and the tears are over.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE CHURCH OF ST. ANDREA DELLE FRATTE.

LAWYERS' cramped sentences, foolscap papers, six-and-eightpenny phrases, tell stories which people can still read written on yellow papers with time-worn ink. Loving feelings, interpreted into the technic of an attorney's clerk; stories of the fidelity of years, and their resignation; of love, long tried and crowned at last; of false vows; of well-kept promises. Certain good friends have given me some curious relics of a little history that I have been imagining through this winter's gloom, and which has grown at last to be so vivid to my mind that I can scarcely tell how much is true, how much is but my own imagination. When I look at the parchments signed, the marriage lines, the settlements written and sealed and witnessed by all these familiar names, *Anthony Zucchi* and *Angelica Kauffman*, in the presence of *Robert Palmer* and others, it almost seems to me like one of those often-told legends of sleeping people awakening with a token in their hand which the vision brought them in their dreams.

THE END.

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF THE HAYTIANS.

By JOHN BIGELOW.

XV.

RESPONSIBLE people, whose misfortune it is to have lived under unstable and revolutionary governments, are apt to acquire a profound sense of the perils of public life and of every sort of political prominence. It is not strange, therefore, that the prudence of cultivating obscurity should become proverbial with them. The Haytians have this lesson preserved in many forms. Here are two:

Cabrite qui pas malin mangé nen pie morne.

The wild goat is not cunning that eats at the foot of the mountain; that is, near the thoroughfares and settlements of men.

XVI.

Coulevre qui vîl vîre li pas promener dans grand chemin.

The snake that wishes to live does not travel on the highway.

Ovid has less effectively presented the same idea in a line written during his banishment, which perhaps more than any other that has reached us from him shows how much more wisely he wrote than he acted:

*Crede mihi, bene qui latuit bene vixit.**

So we say, *Far from court, far from care.*

The poet Tibullus went so far as to recommend us to keep our joys from the world:

Qui sapit, in tacito gaudeat ille sinu.

Seneca thus expands the same idea in almost the same words:

Sic vero invidiam effugies, si te non ingesseris oculis, si bona tua non jactaveris, si scieris in sinu gaudere.†

Qui struit in callem, multos habet ille magistros,‡ is a popular Latin form of the same aphorism, which the Germans have adopted with a slight improvement:

*Wer will bauen an die Strassen
Muss die Leute reden lassen.§*

The goat and the serpent in the Haytian proverbs may be taken to represent the widely opposite motives which actuate different persons in cultivating obscurity. One, and the noblest, of which the goat

* A life retired is well inspired.

† If you would escape envy, keep out of sight, do not boast of your possessions, and taste your joys in private.

‡ He who buildeth in the street
Many masters hath to meet.

§ Who will build upon the walk
Needs must let the people talk.

may be taken as a symbol, is a just indifference to public honors and applause; a fear of their distractions or of their corrupting influence upon the heart and character; a modest sense of our ability to fill positions of responsibility.

It is to one of this class La Bruyère refers in one of his most profound reflections:

*"Celui qui un beau jour sait renoncer fermement ou à un grand nom, ou à une grande autorité, ou à une grande fortune, se délivre en un moment de bien des peines, de bien des veilles, et quelquefois de bien des crimes."**

The baser sort, symbolized here by the serpent, is a selfish unwillingness to give our time to the public service, a cowardly fear of the peril to our lives, fortunes, or personal consideration or personal comfort, or because of its interference with other plans for our personal profit or aggrandizement. The friendship of such is more to be feared than favored. This class is gently rebuked by Shakespeare in the first act of *Measure for Measure*:

"Thyself and thy belongings

Are not thine own so proper as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues."

The man who voluntarily puts himself in the position to awaken the envy of his fellow-creatures may be suspected of placing too high a value upon the objects of their envy.

It is a wonderful fact, of which every day of our lives might furnish many illustrations, and one worthy of much meditation, that our virtues and spiritual graces, which are incomparably the greatest treasures and dignities of which we can become possessed, are never objects of envy. We may pasture those on the high-road, at the foot of the mountain, or where we please.

People try to deprive us of them sometimes, but never because they desire to appropriate them, nor can they ever succeed without our consent.

As we never envy another his spiritual riches, so we never repent of what we do with a single eye to the laying up of such riches for ourselves. In that sense what a field is here left for the exercise of all the best faculties of our nature in acquiring priceless treasures, the highest dignities, irresistible power, without once quitting that modest seclusion which is comparatively free from evil, which provokes no man's envy, awakes no man's lust, but disarms the one and starves the other!

* He who has the wit betimes firmly to renounce either a famous name, or great power, or a large fortune, frees himself in a moment from many troubles, from many anxieties, and sometimes even from many crimes.—*De la Cour*.

XVII.

Maite cabrite mande li; ous pas capable di li plainda.

'Tis the owner of the goat reclaims it. You should not blame him.

This is a proverb employed in the interest of the lender, and to discourage ingratitude toward those who have served us by loans of any sort, whether of money or of any other articles.

XVIII.

Zorées pas lourd passé tête.

The ears never weigh more than the head.

That is, a man's curiosity is the measure of his intelligence. His interest in a thing is limited to his knowledge of its properties and attributes. To Peter Bell—

"The primrose by the river's brink
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more."

The Germans also say:

*Wer einen Froschmagen hat
Wird von Fliegen satt.**

Hence, by implication, the folly of talking over people's heads, or in trying to influence them by considerations which they don't comprehend. "All the wit in the world," says La Bruyère, "is useless to him who has none. The man with no ideas is incapable of profiting by the ideas of another."

XIX.

The obstinate and insubordinate are described as—

Gens qui tini zorées yeux plis hauts passé têtes yeux.

People who have their ears above their heads.

XX.

Tang ou pancor passé la rivière pinga ou jouré maman caimant.

Till you are across the river, beware how you insult the mother alligator.

Don't whistle till you are out of the woods, or, as the Germans say, Lobe den Tag nicht vor dem Abend, borrowed doubtless from the Latin, A solis occasu, non ortu, describe diem.

The Spaniards say: *Non mi digas oliva hasta que me veas cogido.*—*Call me not olive till you see me gathered.*

Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off (1 Kings, xx. 11).

President Lincoln has given a world-wide currency to a proverb which is almost a paraphrase of the Haytian—*Never suop horses while crossing a stream.*

* He who has the stomach of a frog will fatten on flies.

† To appreciate the force of this proverb, it should be kept in mind that the Haytian creole regards an insult to his mother as the most inexpressible outrage he can receive. Mungo Park also notices this as a trait, and certainly one by no means the least creditable, of all the African race.

XXI.

Si crapaud die ous caïman tini malziez, coër li.

If the frog says the alligator has sore eyes, believe him.

The alligator with sore eyes, that is, unable to see his prey, is comparatively harmless. If the frog, who lives near him, and has most to fear from him, says he is blind, you may trust him. So we may trust a man's favorable testimony of an unfriendly neighbor.

There is a slight variation of this proverb which is also current:

XXII.

Tortue qui sorti bas de l'eau li di ou caïman gagné malszieux, coër li.

If the terrapin that comes from the bottom of the water tells you that the alligator has sore eyes, believe him.

No fear need be entertained of the alligator, says Père Labat,* when he swims, for his paws must be supported to enable him to hurt any thing. For this reason he inspires no apprehension in places where the water is deep, only in those places where he can put his feet on the bottom or on the shore. When, therefore, a terrapin which swims in deep water tells you any thing about the alligator, it is evidence that the latter is in deep water, and therefore not dangerous. A similar lesson is taught by another department of the animal kingdom in the following aphorism:

XXIII.

Quand yo baille ou tête bef pou mangé, n'a pas peur zieux li.

When they give you an ox's head to eat, have no fear of his eyes.

XXIV.

The vanity of the black, which frequently tempts him to load his back at the expense of his stomach, to purchase superfluities while lacking necessities, is perhaps no more common among the African than the Caucasian race, but its exhibition is apt to be more absurd.

It is a weakness, however, which has not escaped the barbs of Haytian satire. Their contempt for such folly is compared to that of the frog which, lacking water to drink, asks for a bath, or wanting a shirt, calls for drawers.

Crapaud li pas tini l'eau pour li boire li vlé gagné pour li bagner.

XXV.

Crapaud pas tini chemise ous vlé li poter caneçon.

The Germans draw the same lesson from the cat:

Du willst andern Katzen fangen, und kannst dir selbst keine Maus fangen.

You would hunt other cats, and can't yet catch a mouse.

Cicero* quotes from Ennius a line expressing the same sentiment, though as a proverbial locution it has little save its age to recommend it—*Qui sibi semitam non sapiunt, alteri monstrant viam.*†

Goldsmith, in his "Haunch of Venison," has embalmed the best English paraphrase of the two Haytian proverbs now under consideration:

"There's my countryman, Higgins, oh, let him alone
For making a blunder or picking a bone;
But, hang it, to poets, who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat.
Such dainties to them their health it might hurt;
It's like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt."

XXVI.

Bef pas jamain ca die savanne, "Meci."

The ox never says to the pasture, "Thank you."

This proverb not only rebukes ingratitude for familiar favors or blessings, by placing the ingrates on a footing with beasts which have no intelligent sense of obligation, and are strangers to the emotion of thankfulness, but it also distinguishes between the ostensible good deeds which are the result of accident, or which originate in a selfish purpose, such as the feeding our cattle or poultry that they may one day feed us, from those which are the result of spontaneous and deliberate kindness.

XXVII.

Practical jokes and injudicious familiarities have given form and currency to the following caution:

Badînen bien épis macaque, main pou en gâde manien laché li.

Joke freely with the monkey, but don't play with his tail.

Jocko's sensitiveness about his tail, which is notoriously his weak point,‡ serves admirably to show that there is nothing so amiable, so low, so familiar, that has not something about him or it that must not be trifled with. Every one has some sentiment which to him is sacred, some point of dignity, self-respect, or sensitiveness which may not be outraged with impunity.

This proverb also contains a warning against driving an adversary to extremities, against abusing an advantage. There

* *De Divinatione*, i., 58.

† Though not knowing the way themselves, they pretend to point it out to others: the blind leading the blind.

There is another Latin proverb which conveys a kindred though not quite the same lesson: *Alienos agros irrigas tuis sitientibus.*—*You water others' fields, your own parched by drought.*

‡ The Haytians also, when they wish to speak of one who has been heavily fined or harshly treated, say: *Y'eaux pèser la sous laché li.*—*They have pressed on his tail.*

* *Nouveaux Voyages aux Iles d'Amerique*, vol. vii., p. 201.

is a point with every body which it is not wise to pass, whether in joke or in earnest.

So the Haytians also say:

XXVIII.

Hai mounn, main pas baie yeux pañen pou chaier de l'eau.

Hate people, but don't give them baskets to fetch water in.

That is, don't impose upon them impossi-

ble duties nor insupportable punishments, for "with the tale of bricks Moses comes." Neither should we impute to people incredible crimes or acts inconsistent with their character, age, sex, or condition. As the French say: *Il ne faut pas faire cuire l'agneau dans le lait de la mère*—almost a literal translation of one of the prohibitions of Moses: "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk," Deut., xiv. 21; Exod., xxiii. 19; xxxiv. 26.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Editor's Easy Chair.

THIS number of the Magazine will be issued amidst the enthusiasm of the Centennial commemoration of the battle of Bunker Hill, which may be justly expected to be one of the most imposing spectacles ever seen in the country. There will be gray-haired men there who were youths fifty years ago, when the cornerstone was laid, and Daniel Webster was the orator and Lafayette was the guest of honor. There will be an ample and jubilant representation of a nation of imperial power and magnificent extent, of a country washed by the two great oceans of the globe—a country and a nation which the exulting hope of half a century ago scarcely dared to anticipate. Nor is there any reason to doubt that the same good-natured self-command which marked the great crowds at the Concord and Lexington celebration will be witnessed at Bunker Hill. The elements of the crowd will, perhaps, be somewhat more disorderly, as the famous battle-ground is now within the city, but the conduct of the throng on the 19th of April showed that the State still held to its old traditions, and was a self-governing community.

The great day of the 19th of April will be always memorable to those who felt the exaltation of feeling which was its characteristic. There was indeed much discomfort. The wind was icy cold, and the multitude of persons overflowed all calculation and anticipation. The railroads did what they could, but no railroad could transport all Massachusetts and a large part of the rest of the country between seven and ten o'clock in the morning. The roads were thronged with carriages of every kind, and the highway from Boston to Lexington, and even to Concord, was like Broadway in its busiest hour. The people came as they came a hundred years ago, but in numbers beyond comparison. And the icy wind blew impartially upon all: upon the wandering boy who came as to a militia muster or county cattle show, and upon the President of the United States and his cabinet, upon Governors and Legislatures and Senators, and upon the august tribunal of which a pale aid said, with awe, to the chief marshal, "Good Heavens! Sir, the entire Supreme Court of Massachusetts is waiting round the corner in an ox-cart." During some parts of the day, and in certain places, order seemed impossible. The President was believed to have been lost, as it were, in a barouche which was separated from its escort, and members of

the cabinet were reported to be engaged in vain efforts to get somewhere, and in animated colloquies with the police. One of them was said to have approached one of the stern guardians of public order, and to have told him, with some authority, to clear the way.

"Oh yes, I'll clear the way, my man; and I'll begin with you," responded the guardian, pushing the Secretary roughly, and exhorting him to move on.

"Evidently," said the other, "you don't know who I am. I am the Secretary——."

"Oh yes," answered the firm defender of order, "we've had a good many of 'em round today." And again he urgently assisted the cabinet officer to move on.

Yet with all the confusion and the little inconveniences there was no ill feeling, and in all the throng no accident. The icy wind might well have made every body petulant, but excepting a few gentlemen of the press, who were exceedingly uncomfortable, and naturally thought the arrangements inadequate and the celebration a failure, and one daughter of Concord who detected discourtesy in the treatment of the ladies in the tent, there was no complaint. Mr. Wendell Phillips, indeed, assailed the Concord committee of arrangements for not inviting the Collector of Boston, whom he declared to be *ex officio* the representative of the President in the State, and always one of his suit when the guest of a State upon ceremonial occasions. Mr. Phillips may be correct, but we doubt if the committee which provides for the Centennial observance of the battle of Saratoga, if they secure the presence of the President, will think it their duty, for that reason, to invite the Collector of New York, who, in his own person, would be, we have no doubt, a very welcome guest. There is certainly no such general understanding of the canon of courtesy in such cases as Mr. Phillips states.

The day in Concord, as in Lexington, probably suggested to many a patriotic pilgrim who had not thought of it before that American valor a hundred years ago is as consecrating as Greek valor twenty centuries ago. "The Jerseys were handsome ground enough for Washington to tread;" and what was there in the cause or the character of the heroes which should make Marathon or Plataea more romantic than Lexington or Concord? Leonidas and the Greeks stood in the pass at Thermopylae: John Parker and his townsmen on Lexington Green. They

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF THE HAYTIANS.

By JOHN BIGELOW.

XXIX.

*Liane yamme ca marer yamme.**The yam vines bind the yam.*

Those who lead or beguile the innocent into danger, physical or moral, who, like Haman, build gibbets for the unoffending, are sure, sooner or later, to become the victims of their own perfidy. "Whoso diggeth a pit," says Solomon, "shall fall therein: and he that rolleth a stone, it will return upon him."*

He is "taken in his own toils."

Like Acteon, he is eaten by his own dogs.

He is hoist by his own petard.

Punishment is a cripple, says a Spanish proverb, *but it arrives*.

Every stage and condition of life has limitations and conditions peculiar to it. Youth yearns for the strength of manhood, not suspecting that the vigor of manhood is mortgaged as soon as developed to new and proportionate service. The poor fancy that the wealth which seems far from giving happiness to a neighbor, if theirs, would leave them nothing to desire. When they acquire wealth, power, or station, however, they either find it involves corresponding duties and cares, or that it tempts to self-indulgence, weakens the moral energies, impairs the health, provokes jealousy and envy, and in a thousand ways eats away the pleasure with which, when seen through the spectrum of poverty or obscurity, it seemed so prolific.

"*Vois ce fleuve*," said Béranger, pointing to the Loire; "*plus il monte, plus il est troublé*."†

No one has turned his experience of life to much account who has not realized that happiness, like the yam, is nourished and sustained by those providential restrictions and limitations which grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength, and which, by revealing to us, put us on our guard against, our besetting sins and infirmities.

XXX.

*Macaque connaitte qui bois li ca monter.**The monkey knows what tree to climb.*

XXXI.

*Cochon maron connaitte qui bois li frotte.**The wild hog knows what wood he rubs against.*

Both these proverbs no doubt owe their currency, if not their origin, to slavery. Such aphorisms would spring naturally to the lips of the oppressed and dependent. People are rarely insolent or overbearing to those who

can chastise them. Who experiences this earlier or more frequently than those "who have no rights which a white man is bound to respect?" Unhappily, when slavery shall cease in the world, there is little chance that these proverbs will become obsolete. The Spaniards have a proverb of substantially the same import:

*Bien sabe el asno en cuya cara rebuzna.**

We have also in English another like unto it:

The cat knows whose lips she licks.

XXXII.

*Jardin loin, gumbo gâte.**The garden far, the gumbo (ochra) spoils.*

Those who have lived among slaves know the difficulty of having a garden. The propensity of these dependents to forage upon the vegetables and poultry of the proprietary class is incurable. To this is owing in a great measure the fact that, with manifold advantages of soil, of climate, and of cheap labor, such a thing as a good garden in the Slave States of America was almost unknown. In the days of slavery, a lady of South Carolina told me, strawberries and pease were rarely seen in the Charleston market, though the richest city for its population in all the Slave States. Now (1873), she said, for six miles around Charleston the land is a continuous market-garden.

The negro's plea for treating his master's fruit as his own is the same as that which the Hebrews may be supposed to have used when reproached with appropriating to their own use the jewelry of their Egyptian taskmasters. A garden, therefore, not under the immediate and watchful eye of the master, was apt to prove unprofitable property.

It is your own fault, says an English moralist, *if your neglected wife deceives you*.

Poor Richard says:

The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands.

Not to oversee workmen is to leave them with your purse open.

*He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.*

The Italians have a proverb, borrowed, however, from the Greek, which teaches the same lesson:

The master's eye makes the horse fat.†

"Perses being asked," says Aristotle, "what was the best thing to make a horse thrive, answered, 'The master's eye;' and Libys being asked what was the best manure, answered, 'The master's footsteps.'"

Pertinent to this is the story told by Au-

* Proverbs, xxvi. 27.

† See this river (the Loire); the more it swells, the more it is troubled.

* The ass knows in whose face he brays.

† *Æconom.*, ii.

lus Gellius of a fat man riding on a lean horse. He was asked why he was so fat and his horse so lean. "Because," he said, "I feed myself, and my servant feeds my horse."

But the Haytian proverb has a wider application than any of these. The garden that is near to its master will receive the labor and the thought of many of his spare moments in the course of the day when other employments are suspended, which would not be the case if the garden were more remote. It is visited more frequently; the growth of weeds and the presence of insects and vermin are detected in season, and before they work irreparable mischief.

There is also a lesson in the proverb for that large class who are more concerned about the faults of other people than about their own, who are more occupied in evangelizing the heathen than in grubbing up the weeds and destroying the vermin that infest their own hearts, who, as De Maintenon said of Louis XIV., "think to expiate their own sins by being inexorable toward the sins of their fellow-creatures." Their garden is so far from home that it is overrun with the weeds and insects of self-righteousness, and what it yields is only fit to be burned or fed to swine.

XXXIII.

Li mene li comme hareng mène banane.

They are as inseparable as herring and banana.

To comprehend the force of this proverb it should be borne in mind that the country people of Hayti habitually cook banana with pickled herring, of which, therefore, very large quantities are imported annually. Besides the obvious applicability of this proverb to those who seem united to each other socially or politically by ties of peculiar intimacy, it also corresponds in some measure with a form of speech quite current in political circles, and which dates back at least to the days of George III. "When Pitt takes snuff," the opposition would say, "Dundas sneezes." It is applied to all who blindly accept another's leadership.

XXXIV.

Toute cabinette gagné maringoin à yo.

Every closet has its mosquito, or, as we say in Northern lands, Every closet has its skeleton.

It is painful to notice the variety of forms which this sentiment has taken, and the universality of its currency. For example,

*Every gap has its bush,
Every bean has its black,
Every grain has its bran,
Every man has a fool in his sleeve,
Every path hath a puddle,
Every day hath its night,
Every light has its shadow,
Chacun a son marotte, etc.,*

are only variations of the same theme.

What a grievous pity it is that this skeleton in every closet, this black in every bean, this puddle in every path, the unavoidable trials, sorrows, and embarrassments which beset us through life, are not more generally recognized and turned to account; that we are so inapt to learn the lessons they are mercifully sent to teach, and so unmindful of the fact that when they are unnecessary they are certain to disappear!

XXXV.

Croquez maconte ou oueti main ou ca rive.*

Hang your knapsack where you can reach it.

In other words,

Cut your coat according to your cloth;

In laying your plans, measure your resources;

Before you build, count the cost;

Stretch your arm no farther than your sleeve will reach.

XXXVI.

Ciramon pas donne calabasse.

The pumpkin vine does not yield the calabash.

This is the creole's way of saying:

You can't make a horn of a pig's tail, or a silk purse of a hog's ear;

Every man's nose will not make a shoeing horn;

Non cuivis contingit adire Corinthum;

You can't get blood from a beet, etc.

Non ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius.

XXXVII.

Gambette ous trouvé gan chemin, nen gan chemin ous va péde li.

Every jackknife found on the highway, on the highway will be lost.

That is:

Light come, light go;

What comes with the flute goes with the drum;

Quelche viene di salti, va via di balzi;

Schnell gewonnen,

Schnell zerronnen;

Soon gotten, soon spent;

Soon hot, soon cold;

Soon ripe, soon rotten;

Soon learned, soon forgotten;

Soon todd,†

Soon with God;

Ce que vient de pille-pille s'en va de tire-tire;

Père pilleur, fils gaspilleur.

The Romans used to say, "The third heir never enjoys a fraudulently acquired fortune."

There are few adult persons of any condition who have not had opportunities of observing how very perishable are apt to be

* The maconte is a sort of knapsack or saddle-bag made of flag or swamp grass, and which the Haytian peasant throws across the back of his donkey: and in it he carries every thing, from a baby to a piece of pork, from a bunch of sugar-cane to a sack of flour.

† An allusion of Horace's to the exorbitant price which a famous courtesan of Corinth set upon her favors.

‡ An old English proverb applied to children who have their teeth too soon.

the immediate fruits of what is vulgarly termed "luck," how rarely wealth or success not the legitimate fruit of our own labor, or the outgrowth of or complement to our own maturing characters, abides with us. It seems as if it were the order of Providence that our capacities to enjoy and retain wealth or any other species of worldly prosperity are proportioned in no inconsiderable degree to the trouble we have had in acquiring it. Nothing is more unreliable than a fortune won at the gaming-table, except perhaps a fortune won by fraud. Every thing in this world gravitates to the point where it may be most useful in the order of Providence, and no attempt by fraud or violence to divert it from that channel can be successful. "The unrighteous penny," say the Germans, "corrupts the righteous pound;"* and "that which is another's," say the Spaniards, "always yearns for its lord."†

"Time," says Lamartine, "only respects that in which he has a part."

"We see men fall from high position," says La Bruyère, "because of the very faults through which they rose."

Descartes makes a confession in his *Discours de la Méthode* that is but an amplification of the Haytian proverb.

"As for me," he says, "I am persuaded that if in my youth I had been taught all the truths of which I have since sought the demonstrations, I should never, perhaps, have known any others, or at least never have acquired the habit and facility which I think I possess of finding new ones whenever I apply myself to the search for them."

What is got over the devil's back is spent under his belly.

"An inheritance may be gotten hastily at the beginning," said the wise man; "but the end thereof shall not be blessed."‡

The Tuscans have two proverbs of substantially the same import:

*Bene di fortuna passano corse la luna;
Farina del Diavolo riduce in crusca.*

Chi confessa la sorte, nega Dio.

Seneca was accustomed to pay the postage of his letters to his friend Lucilius—the portorium, as he sometimes termed it—by quoting at its close something striking that he had read in the course of the day. In one of them he cites the following line from Publius Syrus, which shows that the notion that nothing we acquire is worth to us more than it cost us is neither of modern nor exclusively of Christian currency:

Non est tuum Fortuna quod fecit tuum.§

XXXVIII.

Tout bois cé bois, main mapou pas cajou.

All wood is wood, but mapou (a worthless sort of wood) is not cedar.

All people are good for something, but none are good for every thing. Every one is a member of the state, but all are not statesmen.

A' are na maidens that wear bare hair.

All are not hunters that blow the horn.

All is not gold that glitters.

All are not friends that speak one fair.

All are not saints that go to church.

All are not thieves that the dogs bark at, etc.

The Haytians have another proverb, which, if not a variation, may be regarded as a corollary of the foregoing:

XXXIX.

Ca qui pas bon pour sac pas bon pour maconte.

What is not good for the bag is not good for the knapsack.

This homage to the fitness of things is in the following proverb restricted to the discreet use of the tongue:

XL.

Toute mangé bon pour mangé, mais toutes paroles pas bon pour à di.

All food is good to eat, but all words are not fit to speak.

Akin to this is the English proverb,

He who says what he likes shall hear what he don't like.

"Seest thou a man that is hasty in his words?" says Solomon: "there is more hope of a fool than of him."¶

If one might judge from the proverbs to which it has given rise, indiscretions of the tongue are the most besetting of human infirmities. Every one is familiar with this of the Persian, so often in the mouth of diplomatists:

Speech is silvern; silence is golden.

The Italian says, *He who speaks, sows; he who keeps silence, reaps.*‡ Again, *Silence was never written down.*§ The Spaniards, in a yet profounder strain, say, *The evil which comes from thy mouth falls into thy bosom.*§ The Hebrews say, *If a word be worth one shekel, silence is worth a pair.*

Think what you please; say what you ought.

Words written are male; words spoken are female.

Verba volant; scripta manent.

The following inscription, which used to decorate the refectory of a Franciscan convent at Lyons, in France, includes discretion in speech among the four cardinal virtues of monastic life:

Garde toi—

De désirer tout ce que tu vois;

De croire tout ce que tu entends;

* Ungerechter Pfenning verzehrt gerechten Thaler.

† Lo ageno siempre pia por su dueño.

‡ Proverbs, xx. 21.

§ That is not yours which chance bestows.

* Proverbs, xxix. 20.

† Chi parla, semina; chi tace, ricoglie.

‡ Il tacere non su mai scritte.

§ El mal que de tu boca sale en tu seno se cae.

DE DIRE TOUT CE QUE TU SAIS;
De faire tout ce que tu peux.*

The Haytians permit the frog to teach them discretion in the use of their tongue:

XLI.

Ce langage crapaud qui ca trahi crapaud.

'Tis the frog's own tongue that betrays him.

We all know what sort of a character it is desirable to be thought to have, but nothing is so difficult to counterfeit successfully. Those who talk much are liable, like frogs, to reveal what they would prefer to conceal. "There is nothing," says La Bruyère, "so inartificial, so simple, so imperceptible, in our character that our manners do not betray it. A fool neither enters nor leaves a room, he neither sits nor rises, he does not even preserve silence nor stand on his legs, like a man of sense."

XLII.

It is distressing to think how many thousand poor creatures must have lain down at night with misery and awakened to despair before the mint of slavery could have coined the three proverbs which follow:

Bon blanc mouru; mauvais rête.

The good white dies; the bad remains.

XLIII.

Soleil couché; malheur pas jamais couché.

The sun sets; misfortunes never.

But there is no situation so desperate that has not its alleviations, and even the poor slave found comfort in reflecting that—

XLIV.

Même baton qui batte chien noir la pé batte chien blanc la.

The same stick that beat the black dog may beat the white one.

Disappointment, humiliation, sorrow, sickness, and death visit the palace of the rich white as well as the cabin of the poor black.

The French say, *The devil is not always at the door of the poor man*;† that is, the poor man is not always tried. And again, *The sun rises here; he sets there.*

In a more Christian spirit, the Spaniards say, *God has made no one to abandon him*; and the Russians, *What God has wet, He will dry.*

In the same sense, the mother of Baron Stockmar, the intimate friend and counselor of Queen Victoria and of her late husband, used to say, "Heaven takes care that the cow's tail shall not grow too long."

* Beware—

Of wishing all you see;
Of believing all you hear;
Of saying all you know;
Of doing all you can.

† *Le diable n'est pas toujours à la porte du pauvre homme.*

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XLV.

Battre un nègre, c'est le nourrir; battre un Indien, c'est le tuer.

XLVI.

Bondin pas tini zoreilles.

The belly has no ears.

That is, there is no reasoning with starvation. *Jejunus venter non audet libenter*; or, as Seneca says, *Venter præcepta non audit*.*

The ancients also had a proverb analogous to this, but applicable to another order of ideas:

Venter ingenii largitor.

The belly (that is, hunger) develops talents.

There is a very old French Provençal proverb to the effect that *He who needs fire will seek it with his fingers.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SUBMISSION.

By CELIA THAXTER.

THE sparrow sits and sings, and sings;
Softly the sunset's lingering light
Lies rosy over rock and turf,
And reddens where the restless surf
Tosses on high its plumes of white.

Gently and clear the sparrow sings,
While twilight steals across the sea,
And still and bright the evening-star
Twinkles above the golden bar
That in the west lies quietly.

Oh, steadfastly the sparrow sings,
And sweet the sound; and sweet the touch
Of wooing winds; and sweet the sight
Of happy Nature's deep delight
In her fair spring, desired so much!

But while so clear the sparrow sings
A cry of death is in my ear;
The crashing of the riven wreck,
Breakers that sweep the shuddering deck,
And sounds of agony and fear.

How is it that the birds can sing?
Life is so full of bitter pain;
Hearts are so wrung with hopeless grief;
Woe is so long and joy so brief;
Nor shall the lost return again.

Though rapturously the sparrow sings,
No bliss of Nature can restore
The friends whose hands I clasped so warm,
Sweet souls that through the night and storm
Fled from the earth for evermore.

Yet still the sparrow sits and sings,
Till longing, mourning, sorrowing love,
Groping to find what hope may be
Within death's awful mystery,
Reaches its empty arms above;

And listening, while the sparrow sings,
And soft the evening shadows fall,
Sees, through the crowding tears that blind,
A little light, and seems to find
And clasp God's hand, who wrought it all.

* *Epistolæ Lucillii*, xx.

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF THE HAYTIANS.

By JOHN BIGELOW.

XLVII.

Chien gagné quatre pieds, mais li pas ca marché dans quatre chemins.

The dog has four feet, but he does not walk with them in four roads.

In these dissuatives from spreading our butter over too much bread we find the principle of division of labor, the discovery of which is one of Adam Smith's titles to fame, and a forecasting of specialization, which is the distinguishing characteristic of the march of modern science. Because we have faculties which qualify us for usefulness in many callings, we are not therefore to attempt to master all callings, but, as the dog uses his four legs to walk in a single path, so we are advised to use all our faculties to attain the greatest proficiency in whatever vocation we may reasonably hope for the greatest success. Concentration is the secret of success. All might have wealth if they would give as much thought to acquiring it as they do to spending it.

XLVIII.

Miser ca fait macaque manger pimento.

Hunger will make a monkey eat pepper.

Necessity has no law; or, as the Haytians also say:

XLIX.

Malheurs pas ca châger con la plie.

Accidents do not threaten like rain.

This is a degeneration of a sublimely poetical version of the same thought which has come down to us as a part of the wisdom of antiquity:

Dii lanceos habent pedes.

The feet of the avenging deities are shod with wool. Their steps are inaudible; they give no warning.

L.

Ou fait semblant mourir, moi fait semblant enterrer vous.

You make believe die, I make believe bury you.

This is a shot at all sham and false pretenses. The pretender is taken at his word. It recalls the story of the Quaker whose guest declined some delicacy at his table in the expectation of being asked a second time. Being disappointed in this, he held out his plate, with the remark that he had changed his mind.

"Nay," replied the Quaker, "thee'll not lie in my house."

In other words, you make believe to be modest, or indifferent to my food, and I'll take you at your word. "You make believe die, I make believe bury you."

La Bruyère says: *Vous le croyez votre dupe;*

s'il feint de l'être, qui est plus dupe, de lui ou de vous?

Franklin stimulated the colonists of Pennsylvania to resist the encroachments of the imperial government by using an Italian proverb of like import:

Make yourselves sheep, and the wolves will eat you.

The French say, *He who makes a sheep of himself, the wolf eats;* and the Spaniards say, *Make honey of yourself, and the flies will eat you.*

LI.

Chien connaît comment li fait pou manger zos.

The dog knows how to eat bones.

A modification of the vulgar English proverb, *You can't teach your grandmother to suck eggs.*

LII.

Quidi quidi pas fait vite.

Making a fuss is not making haste.

LIII.

Moi vini pou boir lait, moi pas vini pou compter veau.

I came to drink milk, not to count calves.

This is a slight variation of the Turkish proverb,

One does not cast stones at a barren tree.

So it is said of the pontifical court that it does not seek sheep without wool—*Curia Romana non querit ovem sine lana*—a sentiment which, with many others, appears to have been inherited from pagan Rome, when it was proverbial that—

Absque are mutum est Apollinis oraculum—Without his fee Apollo is mute.

The Germans say, *Umsonst wird kein altar gedeckt.*

Of the same *trempe* is Martial's epigram to Sextus:

*Vis te, Sexte, coli; volebam amare.**

You wish me, Sextus, to honor you; I wished to love you.

The Haytians have another proverb which is like the foregoing, though not of precisely the same import:

LIV.

Moin pas qua prend di thé pou la fievre li.

I don't wish to take tea for his fever.

LV.

Ca qui dit ou achetés choual gros vente li pas aidé vous nourrir li.

He who advises you to buy a horse with a big belly will not help you to feed him.

The world is full of people more ready

* Epigrams, iv., book ii.

with advice than money when we would buy, with criticism than credit when we become embarrassed, with indifference than sympathy when we become poor.

LVI.

Babiez mouche, babiez vianae.

Scold the fly, scold the meat.

In other words, if we find fault with the fly, we awaken a suspicion that the meat is spoiled by it. So the husband compromises his wife or daughter by accusing her cavalier. It is the argument used by the elders to Susannah.

LVII.

Ca qui gagné petit mil dehors, veillez la plie.

Who would harvest his millet, let him watch the weather.

This proverb, or at least the policy which it inculcates, seems to have been so universal at Rome some two thousand years ago that in the struggle for the repeal of the law which had banished Cicero, B.C. 57, the Senate resolved that thenceforth whoever attempted *de caelo servare*—to watch the heavens—or by their interpretation to obstruct public business, was to be regarded as an enemy of the republic.*

LVIII.

Chien jamais morde petite li jusque nans zos.

The bitch will never bite its pups to the bone; or, as the French say, The kick of the mare never harmed the horse.

LIX.

Petite qui pas capabe tête maman li yo tête granne.

The baby that can not suck its mother will suck its grandmother.

This may be regarded as the Haytian version of the familiar line of Horace,

Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurrit.

LX.

Zieuz rouges pas brûle savanne.

Red eyes will not set the prairie on fire.

Rien ne sèche plus vite que les larmes,† say the French.

Every language abounds in proverbs which, like these, treat tears as one of the most serviceable weapons of hypocrisy.

LXI.

Si zandoli té bon viane li pas ca drier.

If the lizard were good to eat, it would not be so common.

And *If soft words would butter parsnips, fewer would be wasted in flattery and idle compliment.*

LXII.

Si coulève pas té fonté, femmes se pouend li fair ribans jipes.

If the adder were not so dangerous, women would take it for petticoat strings.

But for the dangers which beset the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life, we should yield to them even more readily than we do now.

The arts, however, which the flatterer practices upon those who, unlike the lizard, are either too innocent or not worth preying upon, or who, unlike the adder, are not dangerous, are fitly described as a leprosy:

LXIII.

Lepe dit aimé ous pendant li ronge doigte ous.

The leprosy pretends to love you that it may eat your fingers.

The pliancy of courtiers, the sycophancy of politicians and place-hunters, and the servility of toad-eaters of all denominations were never perhaps more justly characterized. It would seem to be scarcely more extraordinary for persons to put faith in the affection of a foul disease which is eating away their extremities than it is for men of exalted rank and influence to tolerate around them many who seem to be their favorites. Unhappily, *When flatterers meet, the devil goes to dinner*: his success is assured.

LXIV.

Ou fache avec gan chemin, que côté ou va passé.

If you quarrel with the high-road, which way will you go?

This is usually employed in deference to the presumptive wisdom of the majority and the good sense of manners and usages which have been sanctioned by time and popularity.

Descartes took many more words to say the same thing. One of the four rules of life which he prescribed to himself while making his search for truth was: "To obey the laws and customs of my country, adhering to the religion in which God has given me the grace to be educated from my infancy, and governing myself in all other matters according to the most moderate and least extreme opinions that are commonly received by the more sensible of those with whom I have to live.....And among many opinions equally prevalent I chose the more moderate, as well because they are the most convenient in practice, and probably the best, all extremes being generally bad, as to wander as little as possible from the true course in case I had mistaken the road."

LXV.

C'est cuiller qui allé la cail gamelle; gamelle pas jamais allé la cail cuiller.

The spoon goes to tray's house but the tray never goes to spoon's house.

* Forsyth's *Life of Cicero*, p. 200 and 213

† Nothing dries quicker than tears.

The poor visit the rich, but the rich do not visit the poor. Those who want, go to those who have, but those who have are less apt to go to those who want. The obscure and humble seek the society of the fashionable, the distinguished, the powerful; the latter do not seek the society of the humble or the obscure.

"There are but two families in the world," said Sancho Panza, "those who have, and those who have not. My grandmother," he added, with a delightful simplicity, "had great esteem for the family of those who have, and I am of her way of thinking."

The Haytians have another proverb which is a corollary of the preceding:

LXVI.

Pauvre mouné bail dèjeuner nans quior.

Poor people entertain with their heart.

LXVII.

Cabrite pas connaît goupé, mais cui li batte la charge.

The goat does not know how to fight, but his skin may beat the charge.

There is no one so humble or so infirm that he can not in some way promote a cause he has really at heart.

LXVIII.

Béf pas ca jamais lasse poté cônes li.

The ox is never weary of carrying its horns.

What flatters our vanity or gives us protection is never wearisome.

There is an old Latin proverb of the same import:

Marti arma non sunt oneri.

LXIX.

Mouné connaît ca qua bouilli nen canari li.

Every one knows what is boiling in his own pot.

LXX.

Haillions moi passé tout nu.

Better rags than nakedness, or half a loaf than no bread.

LXXI.

Butté pas tombé.

A stumble is not a fall; or, One error is not ruin.

The horse which draws his halter is not quite escaped.

LXXII.

Si li té gagné moussa, li ta mangé gumbo.

If he had mush, he would eat gumbo.

A proverb applicable to the large class who are never sensible of their present blessings, but always wishing something more or different.

So the Hebrews say,

An ass is cold even in the summer solstice.

Luther, in his "Table-Talk," is represented as putting down a Misnian noble who

had stumbled into the category of men who when they have much want gumbo, and rejected the Gospel because it paid no interest, by telling the following fable:

"A lion, making a great feast, invited all the beasts, and with them some swine. When all manner of dainties were set before the guests, the swine asked, 'Have you no corn?'"

"Even so," continued the doctor—"even so in these days it is with our Epicureans. We preachers set before them in our churches the most dainty and costly dishes, as everlasting salvation, remission of sins, and God's grace, but they, like swine, turn up their snouts, and ask for guilders. Offer a cow a nutmeg, and she will reject it for old hay. This reminds me of the answer of certain parishioners to their minister. He had been earnestly exhorting them to come and listen to the Word of God. 'Well,' said they, 'if you will tap a good barrel of beer for us, we'll come and hear you with all our hearts.'"

LXXIII.

Ci la qui vlé couvé, couvé su zéf yo.

Let him who wishes to hatch sit on his own eggs.

He who proposes to live without work must not undertake to do it at others' expense. He who would indulge in the luxuries of life must first provide them.

LXXIV.

C'est devant tambour nion connaît Zamba.

It is before the drum you know Zamba.

Zamba is a very important personage in Hayti. He is musician, sorcerer, priest, and improvisator, and equally indispensable in all these capacities at negro fêtes.

The proverb imports that a man's talents must be tested by what he professes to know and do best. Cicero taught the same truth, but less poetically: *Id enim maxime quemque decet, quod est ejusque maxime suum.**

The Germans say, also, *Jedem steht sein eigenes Kleid am besten.*†

LXXV.

Dent morde langue.

The teeth bite the tongue.

One of the uniform consequences of domestic quarrels.

LXXVI.

Voleur pas vlé camarade li porte maconte.

The robber does not desire a comrade to carry his knapsack for him.

Distrust is one of the qualities most certain to rule in the breast of a rogue. Whom no one can trust is sure to trust no one. An important corollary of this proverb is thus treated by Seneca: *Nam quidam fallere docu-*

* *De Officiis*, i., 31. It best becomes us to do what we can do best.

† Every one's own garment becomes him best.

erunt dum timent falli; et illi jus peccandi suspicando fecerunt. Which Voltaire may have had in his mind when he wrote the following line in his tragedy of *Zaire*:

Quiconque est soupçonneux invite à le trahir.

Whether in his mind or not, this modification of the *jus peccandi* shows that seven centuries of Christianity had not been entirely lost even upon one who treated it as a superstition.

The robber does not desire a comrade to carry his bag, not merely from a healthy distrust of his principles, but from the yet more selfish motive implied in the following proverb, often in the mouths of court favorites and political parasites:

*Le moins de gens qu'on peut à l'entour du gâteau.**

LXXVII.

Dents pas ca pôter dêi.

Teeth do not wear mourning.

Lightness of heart or innocence may not always be inferred from teeth-displaying laughter. Sad as well as treacherous hearts may often be found behind faces wreathed in smiles. "I laugh," said Byron, "that I may not weep."

LXXVIII.

Crabepas mâcher, li pas gras; li mâcher touop, et li tombé nans chôdièr.

Crab has not walked, he is not fat; he has walked too much, and has fallen into the pot.

This illustrates the folly of running into extremes, and commends the wisdom of Deucalion's advice to Icarus:

In medio tutissimus ibis; or, Too far east is west.

LXXIX.

Canari vlé rie chôdièr.

The earthen pot wishes to laugh at the iron pot.

The folly here criticised is also aimed at in the following:

LXXX.

Qui mêler zéfs nans calenda ouoches?

What business have eggs dancing with stones?

Do not eat cherries with a nobleman, lest he throw the pits at your nose, is the form in which the Danes administer the same counsel; and the Germans say, *The egg presumes to know more of the matter than the chicken.*

LXXXI.

Travai pas mal; ce ziez que capons.

Work is not hard; 'tis the eyes that are capons (cowards).

People are often discouraged from undertaking the task which Providence has clearly assigned them in view of the magnitude

of the aggregate result expected of them. They overlook the lesson taught them by their watches, which count aloud over thirty million times in a year by counting only sixty times in a minute. Hence the curtain of the future is always down. Had the loyal people of the United States, when Fort Sumter was fired upon in 1860, thought it would cost from three to four milliards of dollars and more than a million of lives to preserve the Union, it may be doubted whether the voice of the country would not have pronounced in favor of "letting the wayward sisters go." If Pope Julius II. had known that the erection of St. Peter's Church at Rome would result in the great Reformation, which in three centuries was destined to give the controlling military and civil power in Europe to the Protestants, that monument of ecclesiastical presumption would never have been reared, and the Reformation, with all its vital and vitalizing consequences, might have been indefinitely postponed. Pharaoh would scarcely have ordered the male children of his Hebrew subjects to be thrown into the Nile if he had supposed it was to lead to the overthrow of himself and of his army in the Red Sea. And when Moses invited his compatriots to fly with him to the land of Canaan, his following would have been small in numbers if before leaving Egypt they had suspected they were to wander forty years in the wilderness. Did we realize at the very commencement of our regeneration that we must end, as Christ did, upon the cross, deliver up to death all our carnal and selfish affections, it is to be feared there would be fewer Christians even than there are.

LXXXII.

Voyer chien, chien voyer la ché li.

Send dog, dog sends his tail.

Another branch of Dr. Franklin's aphorism that if you would have your business done, go; if not, send. Your agent will be apt to follow your example, and send.

LXXXIII.

Sac qui vide pas connaît reté debout.

The empty bag can't stand up.

This is the hungry slave's reply when reproached for idleness.

The conversation of the African of the Antilles abounds also in aphoristic expressions, which need only a slight change in form to be proverbs. For example, if a man's conduct justifies the worst imputations of his enemies, they say:

LXXXIV.

Baite lelemis laite pou bôdr la-sous tête ous.

He gives his enemies milk to drink on his head.

* The fewer the better around the cake.

LXXXV.

If a man has a grudge against you, they say :

Nòmme la tinî nion tit cochon ca nourri pou ous.
That man has a pig feeding for you.

LXXXVI.

If a man turns a deaf ear to another :

Li casser bois nans zoreies li.
He broke wood in his ears.

LXXXVII.

To decline a controversy, they say :

Pas moèn càller haler piquant çalà épis zôles.
I will not pluck this thorn with you.

LXXXVIII.

Of one who brings his kindred to trouble they say :

Li metter d'eau nans ziez famie li.
He put water in the eyes of his relations.

LXXXIX.

Conversing they call :

Ce manger zoreies.
To eat with the ears.

XC.

Of those who are abusive to their children or servants, or to any specially obnoxious person, they say :

Yeaux doé lasses laver la mains la-sous zôtes.
They ought to be tired of washing their hands on others.

XCI.

To endure every privation and strain every nerve to achieve a result, they say :

Mârer vente pou nion baggaie.
To gird up the belly for the work.

XCII.

To cheat a person unmercifully :

Entrer nans vente nion mounne.
To get into a person's belly.

XCIII.

To accommodate one's self to the custom of the place :

Danser con tamboû ca batte.
To dance as the drum beats.

XCIV.

A man with two faces—treacherous :

Cé nion couteau phémacie.
He is an apothecary's knife (which is two-edged).

XCV.

Of a man who can not keep a secret, but must bring it up and out, they say :

Cé nion gens qui tinî l'estomac froid.
He is a fellow with a cold stomach.

The proverbs of every nationality deserve to be studied scarcely less, perhaps, for what they do not contain than for what they do. This is especially true of the proverbs of Hayti. The reader will look in vain through this collection for any thing corresponding in spirit with the popular maxims of Poor Richard, by which labor is dignified and sweetened, poverty disinfected of meanness and vulgarity, and frugality raised to the level of a Christian grace. How can the slave be expected to find pleasure in toil the fruits of which go to another, or merit in frugality which neither increases nor diminishes his own comforts nor the comforts of any in whom he is interested? Industry, toil, thrift, economy, whether of property or time, can no more be commended to a slave than the east wind to a rheumatic.

It will be remarked also that there is not a proverb in this collection which reflects the slightest interest in the Church or in the forms and ceremonial of the Romish faith in which the Haytians are trained. Some indications of the old Vaudon worship, which they or their ancestors brought with them from Africa, and which, though proscribed by the law and the Church, is still cultivated more earnestly and more sincerely than any other, may be occasionally detected, but the Christian faith seems to have left no impression upon their forms of thought or expression.

Love, the fertile mother of proverbs in other and especially warm countries, has not, so far as I know, produced a single one in Hayti to rise up and call her blessed. The same is true of friendship, courage, firmness, and all those heroic qualities which have a sense of moral accountability for their basis. As might be expected from a race of bondmen, their proverbs reveal no consciousness of the power and pleasure of knowledge, of the glorifying uses of education, no interest whatever in art of any kind, nor, it grieves me to add, any interest in the domestic relations, with a single exception: the slave all the world over resents any indignity offered to his mother. In the father the slave naturally feels less interest; as little in brothers and sisters, in marriage, and in domestic life, the sacred charms of which have never been revealed to him.

How little they know of slavery to whom the word only suggests ideas of shabby attire, coarse food, hard labor, brutal punishments, and the manifold physical privations incident thereto! What are these to the direr privations to which the proverbs they do not use bear their unimpeachable, if silent, testimony—privations which starve the soul, dry up in the heart those fountains of affection and sentiment which make all men kin, and which plant in their place fear, hate, vindictiveness, and despair?