

**PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY; A BOOK
OF THOUGHTS AND ARGUMENTS,
ORIGINALLY TREATED. FIRST AND
SECOND SERIES COMPLETED IN ONE
VOLUME, PP. 1-281**

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MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER

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Martin F. Tupper

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY;

A BOOK OF

THOUGHTS AND ARGUMENTS,

ORIGINALLY TREATED.

BY

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, ESQ., M. A.

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AUTHOR OF "THE CROCK OF GOLD," &c.

First and Second Series,

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

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1851.

PREFACE

TO THE

NEW AND IMPROVED AMERICAN EDITION.

THE publisher of the present edition, believing that there was a call for a new, corrected, and improved issue of "Proverbial Philosophy," was induced to prepare the present carefully-revised and expensively-executed edition. The sale of three thousand copies in three weeks has fully justified our conviction of the demand for such a work, and, to make it still more worthy of its highly-flattering reception, we have obtained a splendidly-engraved steel plate of Tupper, executed from an English copy, and said, by all who have seen the original, to be a most faithful and spirited likeness of this talented and popular author.

As the reading public are eager to receive life-like sketches of the "homes and haunts" of those who administer to their mental appetites, we subjoin the following interesting sketch, by a gentleman of New York, from the "Literary World."

"A VISIT TO MARTIN PARQUHAR TUPPER.

"June 19, 1847.

"A few days since, having received a long and cordial invitation, from Mr. Tupper, to come down from London, and spend a day with him at his seat in the Vale of Albury, near the town of Guilford, county of Surrey, I took an early train this morning, from the Nine Elms Station, at Vauxhall Bridge, for Guilford. It was a lovely ride of some two hours, through a country cultivated like a garden, and rich with the promise of a full harvest. Mr. Tupper's house

was about four miles of carriage drive from the Guilford Station. His invitation had fully detailed the time and manner of travel down from town; and also sketched a programme for the occupation of the day, which we abundantly filled.

"His seat is just out of the village of Albury. It is a house somewhat in the style of Charles I.; and indeed one portion of it in the interior is but little changed. With its heavy black oak staircase, its small and loop-hole-like chambers, and narrow lancet-Gothic windows, it needs but little to imagine yourself in some stronghold of the past ages. The house stands in the lap of a sweet valley, surrounded on all sides by fine rolling hills; it is quite large, with a circular little park in front, in which there were some Lebanon cedars, Spanish oaks, and fine yews. Its entrance is a Gothic portal on the south side, and along this front were twined many beautiful climbing roses. I sent in my card, and was ushered into the drawing-room, a large and elegant room at the west end of the house, with French casement windows. On either side of the door are two large curved ebony cabinets, richly inlaid with medallion; above the mantel is a superb Guillo, representing a life-size of Diana, rising, with her crown in her hand, above the rolling world; opposite are some fine things by Teniers and Vandyck, and the remaining space on the sides of the room is well covered with the masters; and between the two farther windows, on a composite revolving pedestal, is an exquisite, life-like statue of The Girl tying her Sandal, the *chef d'œuvre* of Rudolph Schadow. The furniture of the room was of course in good taste. I waited a moment; and soon Mr. Tupper came in with a joyous welcome. He is short in person, and his countenance is a striking portrait of our own Washington Irving. He is young—just thirty-six; and after graduating at Oxford, inheriting a considerable estate, and being anxious to marry, (for his affections had been intrahed quite early in life,) his father decided that, before marriage, he should adopt some profession. In compliance with his father's wishes, he, as it is styled, 'ate' through his terms at Lincoln's Inn, was called to the bar in due time, married, and settled in this delightful spot. We talked a while about America and her authors; and he said that his reading had lately turned towards America, from the favor wherewith they had received his writings, and added, that he looked on every American as at least his cousin by a common descent from the same old English stock. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

"I was soon introduced to Mrs. T., who certainly is a wife every way worthy of him, and of those beautiful verses recently written by him, and published in the 'Literary World,' wherein he has enshined her, I might almost say, in an affectionate immortality. I had brought down with me from London a series of the 'Literary World,' which I had received, containing these lines; and as Mr. T., in looking with delighted interest through every page, came to these lines, he commenced reading them aloud, but had scarcely got beyond one verse before his eyes filled with tears, and his voice choked with emotion, and he was obliged to stop. Wiping away the natural tear, he tried to explain to me that he was doubly touched both with the feeling expressed in those sweet lines, (as feeble verses, as he called them,) and also with the compliment in seeing them so much thought of, as to be found, unexpectedly to himself, in the columns of an able American Review. Those verses open, as with a sun-gleam, the domestic bliss of the family of Albury, and show those strong, natural, and hearth-side affections, which bind this happy circle of his six charming children, his dear wife, and himself, so tenderly together. The man who could write such verses must needs be full of the best feelings of our nature; and certainly it has never been my lot to be the guest of a family where every household affection was stronger or purer than at Albury. Mr. Tupper went on talking unrestrainedly, and with much feeling and power, about men and books, and how happy he lived here; he also spoke with much interest of America, and carefully inquired after his American correspondents and unsexed friends,—amongst others, Longfellow, a beautiful copy of whose poems lay on the centre-table before us. * * * * *

"I have thus given an imperfect but detailed record of a well-spent day. Its memory will always be bright and fresh with me. My apology, if in truth I need any, is in the belief that the knowledge of the daily life of a man of genius must always be of interest to those who sympathize with and admire the productions of his mind; and particularly so to his numerous American readers, who cannot expect to know him personally. — R. D."

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