

**COUNSEL FOR
COTTAGERS AND A
LOOKING-GLASS
FOR LANDLORDS**

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Counsel for Cottagers and A Looking-glass for Landlords by R. E. Egerton -Warburton

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R. E. EGERTON -WARBURTON

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COUNSEL FOR COTTAGERS

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BY

R. E. EGERTON-WARBURTON.



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AD 220



COUNSEL FOR COTTAGERS.



WORKMAN worth your weight in gold,
Good Samuel, think not over bold
Your Master, if his friendly pen
For you and for your fellow men—

For all who by their labour live—
A word of honest counsel give.

No harm I trust in my intent,
And, since the Vicar gives consent,
A homely Sermon I propose
To preach in verse, instead of prose.
To Nan, while she her needle threads,
This read, till nodding both your heads,
No doctrine to perplex your brain ;
The practice that I preach is plain—

COUNSEL FOR COTTAGERS.

Plain as the needlework she sews,
Which needs no spectacles on nose.
If more than you, by toil opprest,
Can easily at once digest ;
My sermon into portions split,
And read it over, bit by bit.

The text that I shall take is this,
Writ in the Book of Genesis ;
See chapter three, and verse nineteen,
Words speaking clearly what they mean :
"By sweat thy bread thou here shalt earn,
Till thou again to dust return."

Attention, first, lest sin ensnare,
Devoutly give to praise and prayer.
Thank, on your knees, the GOD of Heaven
Each morn for rest to labour given ;
And ask, ere labour you begin,
For health and strength your bread to win.
With cheerful heart then take the field,
Skill'd in each weapon that you wield,
Or axe, or bill-hook, spade, or rake,
To fell, to delve, to tine and stake
The hedge, or summer hay to make.

COUNSEL FOR COTTAGERS.

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With whomsoever you engage,
Give honest work for honest wage ;
If e'er in idleness detected,
Or chidden for some task neglected,
Though nettled conscience feel the smart,
Curse not the master in your heart ;
Nor vent your wrath in oath outright
Of loud abuse, when out of sight :
The inward curse, the outward oath,
A God there is Who heareth both.

When threatening clouds a shower denote,
Ere quite wet through, put on your coat ;
'Tis better for yourself and master,
Than, later on, the " Poor Man's Plaister."

When, down the pathway, bustling Nan
At noon-day brings the dinner-can,
How many a pamper'd son of wealth
Would envy then your vigorous health,
And envy too, as well he might,
The vigour of your appetite.

To betters met upon the way
Take off your hat and bid " good day ;"

COUNSEL FOR COTTAGERS.

Not that in worth they better be
Than you, but it is Heaven's decree
That all men should, in their gradation,
Due honour yield to every station.
And, though your years have reach'd four score,
And doctors ne'er have cross'd your door,
Reject not, till on death-bed laid,
The visit by the parson paid,
For, with a body sound and whole,
Some evil may infest your soul ;
As through a dwelling creeps dry rot
And spreads decay, though heeded not.

Home straightway trudge when work is o'er,
Where, latch uplifted, at the door
Stands Nancy, with a smile to greet
And welcome back your weary feet ;
While merry children climb your chair,
Their father's evening meal to share.

O ! happy circle, happy spot,
More happy still the owner's lot !
Can he who, born and nurtur'd there,
Hath breath'd the breath of heaven's pure air,