

That enough is as good as a feast. Not a
man, woman, or child, in ten miles round
Guildhall, who really believes this saying.
The inventor of it did not believe it himself.
It was made in revenge by somebody, who was
disappointed of a regale. It is a vile
cold-srag-of-mutton sophism; a eye
palmed upon the palate, which knows
better things. If nothing else could be said
for a feast, this is sufficient, that from the
superflue there is usually something left
for the next day. — Morally interpreted,
it belongs to a class of proverbs, which
have a tendency to make us undervalue
money. Of this cast are those notable
observations, that Money is not health,
Riches cannot purchase every thing; the
metaphor, that makes gold to be mere
muck; with the morality, which traces
fine clothing to the sheep's back, and
denounces pearl as the unhandsome excretion

of an oyster. Hence too the phrase, which
computes dirt to acres — a sophistry so
barfaced, that even the liberal sense of
it is true only in a wet season. This, and
abundance of similar sage saws — assuming
to inculcate content — we verily believe to
have been the invention of some cunning
Borrower, who had designs upon the purse
of his wealthier neighbor, which he could only
③ hope to carry by force of these verbal jugglings.
Translate any one of these sayings out of the
artful metonymy which envelopes it, and the
trick is apparent. Goodly legs & shoulders of
mutton, exuberating cordials, books, pictures,
the opportunities of seeing foreign countries,
independence, heart's ease, a man's own time
to himself, are not muck — however we may
be pleased to scandalise with that appellation
the faithful metal, that provides them for us.

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