Waste Paper

In front of these ever-hospitable windows (moored in mid-stream) there is a never-failing little fleet of barges, or ought they to be called lighters? Which gigantic inscriptions on the, what? behind—declare to be the property of

Phillips, Miller.

Waste Paper Merchants.

These merchants, merchant princes judged by their gables—presents should command respect for does not their trade symbolize one of those facts of death and resurrection, disintegration and reintegration, which are nature’s most cruel but most consoling essence.
Their business is almost a natural force and it partakes of the holy miracle. I think never ceases of Tannah's building. Not so, methinks, those other waste-paper merchants, taking the style of princes, who deal in paper before it is ostensibly waste. When it is usually quite as worthless and often vicious, yet spoiled with no disinfectant, quite the contrary. The above however is not what I truly want to say. Suggested to me by the sight of those lighters on Battersea Wharf I do not intend
a diatribe & however justified in the style of Mr. Benda's *Tractatus des Clercs*. Rather I wou'd point out that what I am looking upon from this hospitable Chelsea window symbolises the true legitimate function and fate of all such paper as has been used to write what as distinguished from inventories, bills, poems, etc., etc., are called men's thoughts.

II

Not long ago than yesterday my learned friend Dr. A. H., was showing me what looked like a jigsaw puzzle, but was really his
his patient putting together of the shreds of a paper
form by the theft of a tomb-robber to whom, in his sacrilegious
search for Pharaoh's jewels, it had indeed been nothing but waste-paper
but to the student of inestimable value, conveying as it
does, the knowledge of a event that Egyptians of about 4000 B.C. used
books more or less resembling in all respects those
wherein modern Italians to regulate their gambling at the lottery. And
this lead to the reflexion that when all is said and done, similar to
this is the value of much of the literature, both prose and verse, which
we preserve, reprint and read. It helps us
The superstitions of the Blunders often the atrocities - and taste of past - more than perfectly pass - and also imperfect past almost partaking of present generations. In so far valuable like the Kitchen middy and broken crockery of prehistoric men.