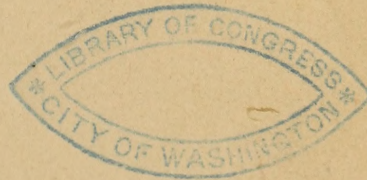


THE
BOOK OF APHORISMS.

BY

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

Robert Macnish, L.L.D.



GLASGOW:—W. R. M'PHUN.

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BOOK OF ALPHABETS

BELL AND BAIN, PRINTERS, GLASGOW.

Dedicated

TO

Lieutenant John Gunn,

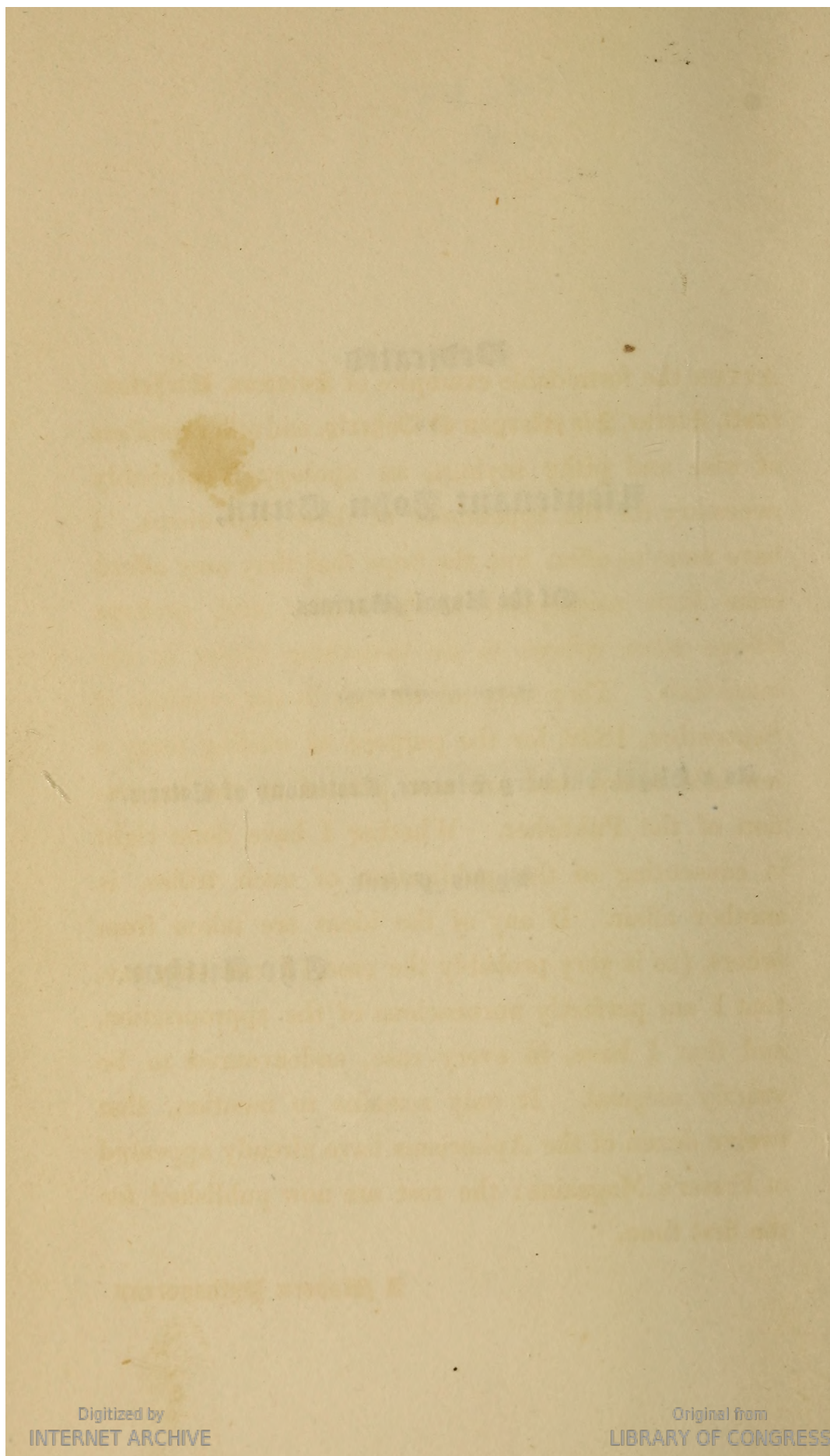
Of the Royal Marines,

(RIESGILL, CAITHNESS,)

As a Slight, but very Sincere, Testimony of Esteem,

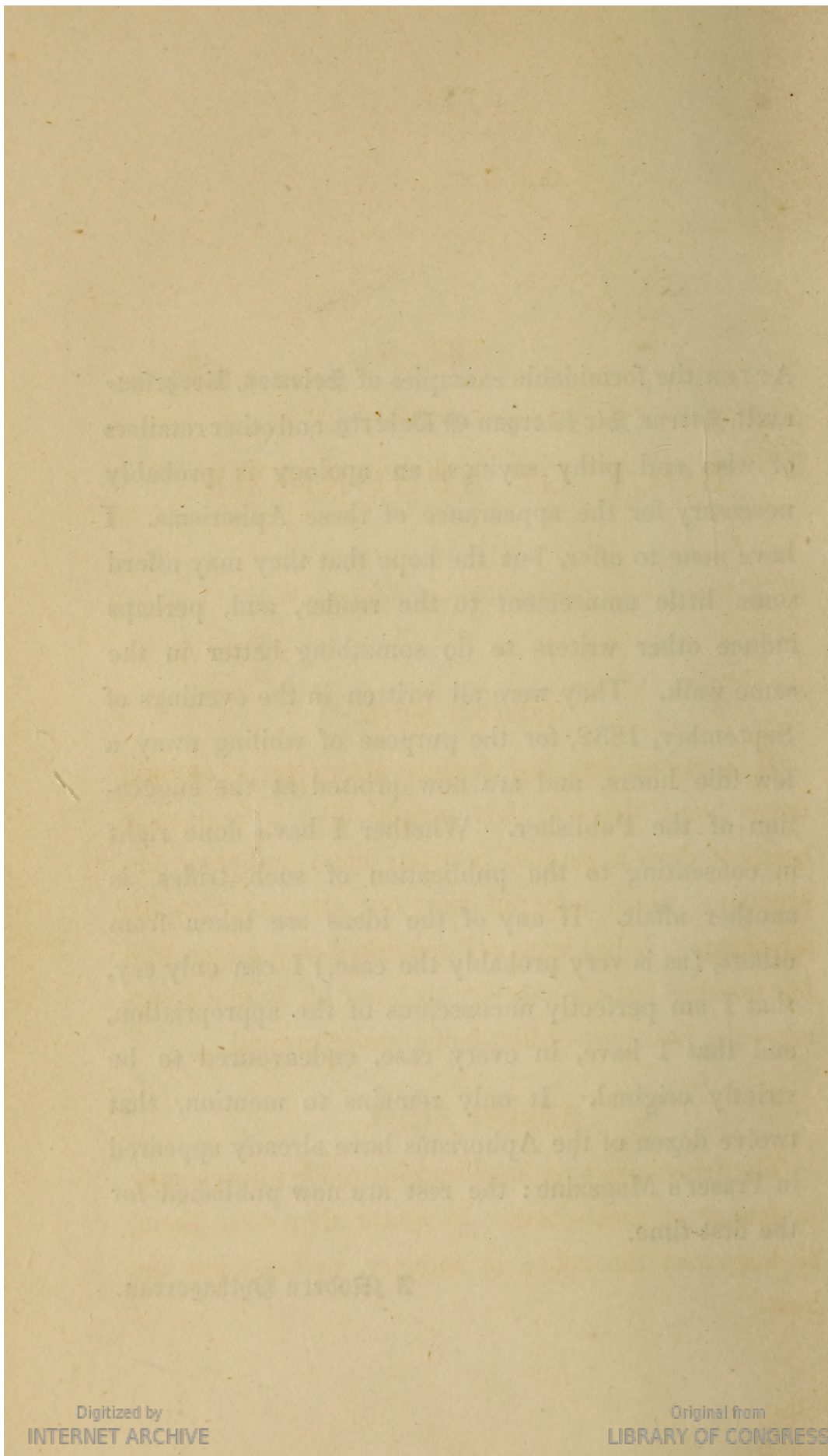
By his Friend,

The Author.



AFTER the formidable examples of Solomon, Rochefoucault, Sterne, Sir Morgan O'Doherty, and other retailers of wise and pithy sayings, an apology is probably necessary for the appearance of these Aphorisms. I have none to offer, but the hope that they may afford some little amusement to the reader, and, perhaps induce other writers to do something better in the same walk. They were all written in the evenings of September, 1832, for the purpose of whiling away a few idle hours, and are now printed at the suggestion of the Publisher. Whether I have done right in consenting to the publication of such trifles, is another affair. If any of the ideas are taken from others, (as is very probably the case,) I can only say, that I am perfectly unconscious of the appropriation, and that I have, in every case, endeavoured to be strictly original. It only remains to mention, that twelve dozen of the Aphorisms have already appeared in Fraser's Magazine: the rest are now published for the first time.

A Modern Pythagorean.



THE
BOOK OF APHORISMS.

Aphorism First.

If a person has had famous ancestors, he should never boast thereof; lest people take it into their heads to draw a parallel between them and their descendant, which may not turn out altogether to his advantage. It has been well remarked that a man who has nothing but his ancestry to boast of, is like a turnip—the best part of him being under ground.

Aphorism Second.

The Irish have a national and incurable idiosyncrasy in favour of great-coats. In winter they wear them, to keep out the cold; in summer, to keep out the heat.

Aphorism Third.

Well-made people always look shorter than they really are.

Aphorism Fourth.

It argues great baseness to affront a man, or even to quiz him, with the view of annoyance, where he is so situated that he cannot, or dare not, resent the offence. For instance, I have seen men in the presence of their wives, mothers, sisters, &c. say rude things to others, which the latter, from delicacy, did not, under such circumstances, like to reciprocate. Fellows who are capable of doing this are cowards, and should be well kicked, to teach them better manners.

Aphorism Fifth.

The finest potatoe is the *Laltedal*,—so denominated by the Irish.

Aphorism Sixth.

It is a bad sign of a very young man, when he is much given to talking in mixed companies and before strangers. It is a certain proof of consummate puppyism and self-conceit, and invariably indicates a want of due modesty.

Aphorism Seventh.

Stately, reserved, and dignified people are asses.

Aphorism Eighth.

Some of our greatest poets have been confounded coxcombs. Milton was vain of his ample forehead and fine flowing locks, and Byron of his elegant and aristocratic-looking hand—to say nothing of his hair, which he cherished as the apple of his eye.

Aphorism Ninth.

Women have a much keener insight into character than men.

Aphorism Tenth.

A Tory in humble life must be a person of sterling integrity and independence. I say nothing of his wisdom: that is a matter of opinion.

Aphorism Eleventh.

Pomposity and stupidity are synonymous.

Aphorism Twelfth.

Men who speak sneeringly of female intellect are, in almost every instance, distinguished for stupidity and self-conceit.

Aphorism Thirteenth.

The best slang poetry we have is that which appears in "Bell's Life in London." Moore has also done some good things in the same way, although his most elaborate effort, "*Tom Cribb's Memorial to Congress*," is a decided failure. The following lines from "Tom Cribb's Epistle to Big Ben," are beautifully alliterative :

Great shade of the cheesemonger, you who, alas !
Doubled up, by the dozen, the mounseers in brass.

Aphorism Fourteenth.

Perhaps the strongest passion in the human mind is the love of power. What else can tempt people to accept of governorships in that detestable charnel-house Sierra Leone? a settlement of which Theodore Hook made the witty remark, that it was always blessed with two governors,—one going out *alive*, the other coming home *dead*.

Aphorism Fifteenth.

The most egregious of puppies are our negro footmen.

Aphorism Sixteenth.

There is no quality by which a reputation for talent can be so easily acquired as good scholarship.

Aphorism Seventeenth.

French mustard is a misnomer. The mixture so called is a composition of salt, vinegar, mustard, and pepper.

Aphorism Eighteenth.

A little man, or a man who is very thin, should never wear a broad-brimmed hat.

Aphorism Nineteenth.

Talking of broad-brimmed hats, I am of opinion that the vainest of the human race are the Quakers. It is nothing but vanity which makes Obadiah affect this and other peculiarities of dress.

Aphorism Twentieth.

Next to signing a death-warrant, the most disagreeable task in which a man can employ his pen, is that of writing out a certificate.

Aphorism Twenty-First.

Most of the eminent poets of the present day, such as Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Hogg, Wilson, and Moir, have fair hair: so had Shelley and Sir Walter Scott; and so to a considerable extent had Lord Byron —his hair being a light auburn.

Aphorism Twenty=Second.

Authors should review their own works. This is a good rule, and, I am happy to say, is now very generally followed.

Aphorism Twenty=Third.

Married people are constantly recommending matrimony to their unmarried friends. This puts one in mind of the fox that lost his tail.

Aphorism Twenty=Fourth.

Nothing is more disgusting to third parties than conjugal squabbles. If men and their better-halves are determined to quarrel, let them do so in private; and not expose their ill-tempers to the eye of the world.

Aphorism Twenty=Fifth.

If a man and his wife have a dispute on any subject, and you are referred to as umpire, make it an invariable rule to decide in favour of the lady.

Aphorism Twenty=Sixth.

It is a good rule, however, in all cases of dispute, whether conjugal or otherwise, to decline, when practicable, the office of umpire. By acting in that capacity, you are sure to displease one party or other.

Aphorism Twenty-Seventh.

Find fault as seldom as possible, and never without a just cause. If you do so frequently, and for insufficient reasons, not only will the object of your censure cease to respect you, but will become careless of pleasing you.

Aphorism Twenty-Eighth.

Ignorant, illiterate people are particularly apt to pique themselves upon their *good sense*, and seem to think that in this quality they greatly surpass the talented and well-informed. The absurdity of such a notion is extremely amusing. In what manner good sense can be fostered by ignorance, it would puzzle a casuist to demonstrate.

Aphorism Twenty-Ninth.

The term *Esquire* is now at a discount among all men of rank and sense. Nobody seems to care a rushlight about it, except barbers, tailors' apprentices, and clerks on small salaries.

Aphorism Thirtieth.

Our first-rate works of genius have been almost all produced *currente calamo*. I am often astonished at the excellence of a work, never at the rapidity with

which it was written. It is much easier to conceive that "Humphrey Clinker" and "Guy Mannering" were written in three months than in as many years.

Aphorism Thirty-First.

The most insufferable puppy is a young one, especially if he has just come off his travels. Most men are puppies from eighteen till twenty-four; many all their lives.

Aphorism Thirty-Second.

Never believe a man to be clever on the authority of any of his acquaintances. These reputed geniuses are very often blockheads.

Aphorism Thirty-Third.

The greatest visionaries of the present day are the Utilitarians. The theories of Jeremy Bentham and his disciples will never be realized in practice.

Aphorism Thirty-Fourth.

I never met with any person who could tell who was the second king of Israel. They invariably say *David*, whereas *Ishbosheth* was the person—having, on the death of Saul, been placed over Israel (not Judah, remember) by *Abner*, Captain of the Host.

Aphorism Thirty-Fifth.

Married men are, generally speaking, longer-lived than bachelors. This is certainly one inducement to matrimony,—seeing this holy state has so many drawbacks.

Aphorism Thirty-Sixth.

Of all characters, the most insipid is a lover.

Aphorism Thirty-Seventh.

When a man is really in love with a girl, he keeps it to himself, and never likes to be quizzed upon the subject.

Aphorism Thirty-Eighth.

If you have children who are learning drawing, do not pester visitors by exhibiting their productions. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, these are vile daubs; and any praise they may extort is a piece of mere compliment, for the purpose of flattering your own foolish vanity and turning the heads of your offspring.

Aphorism Thirty-Ninth.

Good singers who wish to maintain dignity of character, should not be too ready in exhibiting their vocal powers. Somehow, it is difficult for a man who sings much in company to make himself respected.

Aphorism Fortieth.

Good singers, however, or those who fancy themselves to be such, are great bores. The airs which they assume in company are most insufferable. If asked for a song, they affect, with an aspect of the most hypocritical humility, that really they cannot sing, that their voice is out of order, that they are hoarse, and so forth; the fellows all the while being most anxious to show off,—only wishing to be pressed, in order to enhance their own importance, and stimulate the curiosity of the company. Nor is this the worst of the case, for no sooner do they perpetrate one song than they volunteer a dozen, interlarding the intervals between their performances with pedantic disquisitions on music, and flooring every man who ventures to hazard an opinion on the subject. These people, whether amateur or professional, must be extinguished; and the best way to accomplish their overthrow, and reduce them to their native insignificance, is, in the first instance, to take them at their word, and not urge them to sing. By doing so they immediately take the pet, and sport mum for the rest of the evening. The same remark applies to musical people in general, whether in the shape of fiddlers, fluters, horn-blowers, thumpers on the piano-forte, &c. These individuals can think of nothing else but their favourite

pursuit, and imagine all the world to be equally interested in it. Take a musician off music, and he is the most ignorant of animals.—A good story in illustration of this is told about Madame Catalani. Being at a large party in Vienna, where Göthe was present, she was much surprised at the great respect with which that illustrious man was treated. On inquiring his name, she was informed that it was the celebrated Göthe. “Celebrated!” said the syren; “what music did he ever compose? Why, I never heard of him.” It is a fact, that some musical lady, when Rossini was all the rage in London, took his arm, and, leading him to the Duke of Wellington, took his grace’s arm also. “My lady,” said Rossini, “you lean on the two greatest men in Europe.” The Duke did not kick him down stairs: he only smiled.

Aphorism Forty-First.

If you really are a good singer, and are asked much out, depend upon it it is on account of your voice, and not from any feeling of respect or good-will which is entertained towards yourself.

Aphorism Forty-Second.

Don’t marry a fashionable woman, or one who is reputed highly accomplished.

Aphorism Forty=Third.

A girl much given to dancing can hardly find acceptance in the eyes of a man of true delicacy. Such a man's mind must revolt more or less at the idea of his mistress twirling round in the waltz, or quadrilling it with a set of fellows, the very touch of whose fingers upon her delicate person he must feel as a sort of sacrilege. For this reason, young ladies should dance little, or not at all, in the presence of their lovers.

Aphorism Forty=Fourth.

Don't marry a girl who has the reputation of being exceedingly amiable. These immensely amiable creatures, upon a more intimate acquaintanceship, are generally found to have a pretty considerable spice of mischief in their composition; although they have the art of making themselves appear like perfect doves to common observers. A girl who has no particular reputation of any kind will generally be found to have fewest faults, and to make the best wife.

Aphorism Forty=Fifth.

Men are more intensely selfish than women. There are infinitely more instances of devotion, and of the entire surrender of their own interests at the shrine of affection and duty, in the annals of women than of men.

Aphorism Forty-Sixth.

I have a profound veneration for great liars, of a certain class. On this account Baron Munchausen, Major Longbow, and Ferdinand Mendez Pinto are my especial favourites. Men of this description are invariably good tempered, benevolent, and generous, and will any day treat you to a bottle of wine, provided you do them the favour of listening to their adventures.

Aphorism Forty-Seventh.

Heroic liars, such as the Baron and Major, are a godly race; but those who practise the sin in a small way, and keep fibbing about trifles, are a despicable crew, and should be held by the heels and soused head downmost in a firkin of small beer.

Aphorism Forty-Eighth.

“*Charity begins at home.*” There is no sentence so much abused as this. It is the favourite apothegm of the hard-hearted and penurious, who employ it as an excuse for their want of generosity, and as a cloak for their selfishness.

Aphorism Forty-Ninth.

A coquette, if not a fool, must be a knave. Coquetry has its origin either in giddiness or dishonesty.

Aphorism Fiftieth.

Trust not the honesty of any politician when he is out of power. The difference produced in the conduct of men by place and pension, gives us a painful picture of human nature, and shows how little to be trusted are all the fine declarations constantly made in favour of liberty and economy by those patriots who have not got a share of the loaves and fishes.

Aphorism Fifty-First.

Great sentimentalists are great blockheads.

Aphorism Fifty-Second.

The same remark applies to those persons who indulge in giving you descriptions of fine scenery.

Aphorism Fifty-Third.

The criticism in all the English language capable of inflicting most confusion and dismay upon its luckless author—next to the one written by Lord Brougham on Wordsworth's "Excursion,"—is that which either he or Mr. Jeffrey penned in the *Edinburgh Review* against Byron's *Hours of Idleness*. The sapient critic counsels him "that he do forthwith abandon poetry, and turn his talents to better account." He further assures him "that a certain portion of liveli-

ness, somewhat of fancy, is necessary to constitute a poem,"—meaning, of course, that he who in a short time was to astonish the world by the splendour of his powers, and prove himself one of the greatest poets of modern times, was deficient in these qualities. It was fortunate for English literature that Byron had a good spice of the Evil One in his composition. Had he been a timid creature, like Keats or Kirke White, he would have struck his colours, followed the critic's advice, and the world would thus have been deprived of "Harold," "Lara," and other immortal works.

Aphorism Fifty-Fourth.

Those who are most ardently solicitous of obtaining praise, and make the greatest efforts to attain it, are generally less successful than those who give themselves no trouble about the matter. The latter often do unconsciously what procures this kind of incense; while the extreme care and anxiety of the former very frequently defeat the purpose they have in view,—so perversely do people refuse a man what he longs for, and give him what he is indifferent about.

Aphorism Fifty-Fifth.

For meats, there is no fork equal to a steel one, although it must be allowed that the silver fork is

decidedly preferable when there is fish in the case. Talking of steel forks (begging Theodore Hook's pardon), I cannot help thinking that any man who affects a detestation of these useful implements, and pretends that on no account can he use them in discussing his victuals, is a conceited prig.

Aphorism Fifty-Sixth.

There are some persons whose wrath is felt to be formidable, and excites respect, even when grounded upon no rational provocation. There are others, in whom the display of this passion, though ever so justifiable, only gives rise to laughter, and is felt to be utterly ridiculous. Nor does this necessarily depend upon the appearance and physical strength of the individual, for I have seen strong men whose anger, like that of a child's, was matter of derision, and excited neither respect nor fear; while that of others, weak in body and insignificant in aspect, was at once acknowledged to impress the spectators with both feelings, and to inspire them with emotions of involuntary respect. All this depends upon the force of the individual's character. A dwarf with a great share of such energy may excite more respect than a giant who is destitute of it. Had Frederick the Great moved in ordinary life, the unimposing slightness of his appearance would

not have stood in the way of making his resentments be powerfully felt. It is owing to such causes that there are some men whom people are indifferent about angering, and others whom they would not offend for almost any consideration.

Aphorism Fifty-Seventh.

No man of a less intellectual calibre than Sir Isaac Newton or Laplace is entitled to be *absent* in company. Some blockheads affect mental abstraction for the purpose of being thought men of genius.

Aphorism Fifty-Eighth.

Eloquent men should never be made members of parliament. There is naturally so much depravity in the human heart, and so little wisdom in the human head, that those who possess the gift of eloquence are just as likely to employ it in the cause of mischief as in that of good. What portion of benefit did this nation ever derive from the eloquence of Canning and many others?

Aphorism Fifty-Ninth.

A well-made woman always looks ill in a man's dress, while she who in such a costume appears to advantage is necessarily ill-made.

Aphorism Sixtieth.

Arguers and spouters are invariably asses.

Aphorism Sixty-First.

Talking of spouting puts me in mind of an abominable habit some parents have got of making Tommy or Billy get up and recite some favourite piece of declamation, such as "The Pet Lamb," "Lochiel's Warning," or "Lochinvar." You are obliged to listen to and praise the little urchins, while you are heartily wishing them and their rhetoric at the bottom of the Red Sea.

Aphorism Sixty-Second.

Never open letters addressed to your children, unless you have reason to suspect that they contain something improper. This practice is not only in itself hurtful to that proper pride which should always be encouraged in young people, but it teaches them dishonourable habits; for how can children respect the sacredness due to a sealed letter, when they see it violated by their own parents.

Aphorism Sixty-Third.

People look taller in surtouts than in coats; on which account little men should patronise the former.

Aphorism Sixty-Fourth.

I would a thousand times rather pass an evening in the company of an unassuming blockhead, than in that of a pert man of genius. Men of genius, however, are seldom pert. This quality belongs, in a more especial manner, to merely *clever* men, of whom there are in this planet more than enough.

Aphorism Sixty-Fifth.

When you hear a man spoken of as being interesting, depend upon it he is a ninny.

P. S. This remark does not apply to a woman.

Aphorism Sixty-Sixth.

The most difficult department of riding, is to trot well. To leap the horse as high and as far as his action will carry him is considered the triumph of the equestrian art; but perfect out-and-out trotting is still more difficult. Place a first-rate horseman of thirteen stone, and a second-rater of ten, upon horses equally good, and the former will out-trot the latter in spite of his teeth. I have seen this tried, and the result was the same even when the parties, after the first trial, changed horses: the heavy man beating the light one upon either horse. The easiest riding pace is the canter, and is invariably adopted by those who cannot

ride, by which means, when going a long journey, they invariably knock-up their steeds.

Aphorism Sixty-Seventh.

Byron had an idea that a soft, white hand indicated gentle blood, and was the characteristic of a gentleman. If this is the case, in what class are we to place weavers, whose hands in whiteness and softness will vie with a lady's. Robert the Bruce, Cœur de Lion, and "Bell the Cat," were, we presume, gentlemen; yet it may be safely affirmed that their hands were not of the softest in the world.

Aphorism Sixty-Eighth.

No man in the middle ranks of life should ever appear shabbily dressed: the privilege of being so belongs exclusively to the *nobility* and the *mobility*.

Aphorism Sixty-Ninth.

If a man in the middle ranks, and in good circumstances, sports shabby toggery, you may pronounce him a conceited coxcomb. He evidently thinks himself a man of talent, and imagines that on this account he is entitled to dress differently from the rest of his caste.

Aphorism Seventieth.

These imaginary geniuses are great bores. Young

men who, for the first time in their lives, have succeeded in obtaining a college prize, or in getting admittance into a magazine, are apt to conceive themselves something better than small beer; and on the strength of their supposed accomplishments consider themselves justified in appearing among decent company with an old coat, a dirty shirt, and probably patched inexpressibles; to say nothing of the privilege they claim of being very listless and absent, of sighing, looking vastly melancholy and interesting, and perhaps of falling asleep during the music.

Aphorism Seventy-First.

The most difficult thing in the world is to talk good nonsense. No person can do it but one of first-rate ability. The nonsense of a man of genius is better than other people's sense.

Aphorism Seventy-Second.

A man may live fifty years without talking a particle of nonsense, and yet be a blockhead. Indeed, a man who never talks nonsense is more likely to be a blockhead than one who occasionally does.

Aphorism Seventy-Third.

A person who dislikes cards, backgammon, chess,

draughts, &c. should never learn these games. If he is known to be able to take a hand at them he will often have to do so for the purpose of obliging others and discommoding himself. On the contrary, by being in a state of blessed ignorance with regard to them, he can always escape the annoyance. For the above reason, I have studiously avoided acquiring a knowledge of whist: gaming, either for love or money, is what I could never tolerate.

Aphorism Seventy-Fourth.

Next to the braying of an ass, the most abominable sound uttered by any animal is the scream of the peacock. Well has Buffon described this creature as having the beauty of an angel, the voice of a devil, and the guts of a thief.

Aphorism Seventy-Fifth.

At a dinner party, always endeavour to seat yourself close to the landlord, as you thus avoid carving. A place alongside the landlady is dangerous, especially if she has a couple of fowls placed before her.

Aphorism Seventy-Sixth.

When you cannot manage to ensconce yourself next the landlord, try and fix upon a place opposite to which

there is nothing which requires to be carved or helped out. If you are unable altogether to escape scot-free, you may take up a position *vis-a-vis* to a dish of potatoes or cauliflower, the serving of which will not materially interfere with your masticatory operations.

P. S. Try if possible to avoid being placed between two ladies.

Aphorism Seventy-Seventh.

Mankind have been for ages in raptures with the Venus di Medici, on account of its exquisite beauty and proportion; and yet the head of this famous statue is so small that its owner, if alive, could not have possessed average intellect. Surely this is a defect, for though we never can conceive Venus in the light of a sage, it is hardly consistent to regard her as a fool. The Immortal Gods, we suspect, entertained a different opinion of the Queen of Beauty. She was more rogue than fool.

Aphorism Seventy-Eighth.

There is no solitude like that of a great city, and the greater the city is, the greater the solitude. You may live in Paris or London for twenty years, and yet not know, nor be known by, your next-door neighbour. This is delightful, and most unlike the vile gossip of

small towns, where every one is known by every body, and where the most trivial circumstances are pryed into with annoying curiosity. A great town enlarges, a small one contracts the mind. In the former you can have either society or solitude, as you desire it; in the latter, you can often have neither.

Aphorism Seventy-Ninth.

Men should never salute their wives before third persons. I mention this, as I have more than once had occasion to witness this foolish practice. Indeed, all demonstrations of love should be avoided in the presence of others, as they only render the parties ridiculous.

Aphorism Eightieth.

When a man finds it convenient to tell a lie, he should sport a good thumping one when he is about it. If a great lie serves his purpose better than a little one, why hesitate between the two, when the sin is equally great in both cases? The former has this advantage, that when detected its enormity may be so great as to enable the person to pass it off as a piece of quizzery, which can never be done with the latter.

Aphorism Eighty-First.

An equivocation is a most contemptible vice, and the

person who deals in it is a poor creature, compared to whom a liar, especially if an out-and-outer, is a species of hero.

Aphorism Eighty=Second.

The greater the reputation of a man for learning and genius, the more nonsense will he talk. Such men can afford, occasionally, to play the fool on the strength of the renown which they have gained; while they who have no reputation to go upon must be contented to walk perpetually in the paths of wisdom, and eschew folly as a pastime too dangerous for them to indulge in.

Aphorism Eighty=Third.

As gravity is sometimes mistaken for wisdom, so do pertness and flippancy often pass for wit.

Aphorism Eighty=Fourth.

No man of any mind will willingly live in a small town, if he has the means of residing in a large one.

Aphorism Eighty=Fifth.

It is extremely ridiculous to see a dance without hearing the music, especially when the musicians are invisible. It is like an effect without a cause, and gives those engaged in it the appearance of lunatics. I remember of being much struck with the force of

this remark while standing on one of the bridges in Paris, and seeing a number of washerwomen dancing about a quarter of a mile off. It was during the *fête des Blanchisseuses*, which, with these ladies, is held as a jubilee.

Aphorism Eighty-Sixth.

All genuine fishermen are agreed that old Izaak Walton knew little or nothing of angling. He cut a figure among the Cockneys, but beside a thorough-bred angler he would have been nobody. The best anglers in the kingdom are those of Tweedside, and they all agree in considering Izaak an ignoramus in the art.

Aphorism Eighty-Seventh.

The most concentrated definition in the English language, is that which Dean Swift gives of a fishing-rod. "A stick and a string, with a worm at one end and a fool at the other." And yet I have known fishermen who were not exactly fools.

Aphorism Eighty-Eighth.

The most pure and exquisite pleasure which a man can experience, is at the moment when the girl to whom he is fondly attached, but of whose affection he is doubtful, confesses that she loves him.

Aphorism Eighty-Ninth.

Superficial thinkers have generally much fluency of language. It is on this account that they are so often good speakers.

Aphorism Ninetieth.

Don't marry a woman who is twin to a brother. If you do, you will run every chance of being childless. Remember free-martins.

Aphorism Ninety-First.

Lean men should not marry lean women, nor corpulent men corpulent women. The fat kine and the lean kine should go together.

Aphorism Ninety-Second.

Red haired fortune-hunters should try their luck in Spain, that colour being at a premium among the fair sex of the peninsula.

Aphorism Ninety-Third.

The extinction of national customs is always to be regretted. The quadrille, waltz, and gallopade, have expelled the country-dance from amongst us; and our own music is fast disappearing before the influence of French, German, and Italian airs. John Bull is a most

contradictory animal. No person has such an opinion of himself, or such a consciousness of superiority, and yet he is constantly sacrificing his own peculiarities to those of foreign countries. While affecting to despise other nations, he is always aping them.

Aphorism Ninety=Fourth.

I never knew a person with a badly developed head who was a believer in Phrenology.

Aphorism Ninety=Fifth.

Great power of mind, and great elegance of manners, are nearly incompatible. It is difficult for a man of genius to be an adept in the graces of the drawing-room. Powerful minds have an originality and intractability about them, which render it extremely difficult for them to fall into that ease and conventional politeness, which are considered to constitute the finished gentleman. The politeness of a man of genius is more that of nature than of art.

Aphorism Ninety=Sixth.

When a tall and short man are walking arm in arm, the former is bound in honour to adapt the length of his step to that of the latter. The little fellows should make a point of asserting this privilege, which, I am

sorry to say, is generally violated by the giants, to the great annoyance of Lilliput.

Aphorism Ninety-Seventh.

The much talked of hospitality of the monks of the great Saint Bernard is a lie. A set of more greedy knaves does not exist on the face of the earth. Try and get a crust of bread or a mouthful of sour wine at their hands without paying exorbitantly for it, and you will find yourself "pretty considerably mistaken," as Jonathan says.

Aphorism Ninety-Eighth.

It is absurd to say that women cannot keep secrets. I believe, that in this particular, they are quite equal to the other sex, and not a whit more apt to divulge what is entrusted to them.

Aphorism Ninety-Ninth.

Unmarried people keep secrets better than those who are married. There is such a sympathy and mutual communication between man and wife, that they are apt to let each other into all the secrets which may chance to be communicated to them. This is not so much the case with the votaries of single blessedness.

Aphorism One Hundredth.

Some people sport the ridiculous doctrine that there should be no secrets between man and wife. This is mere fudge, and must have originated with the ladies.

Aphorism One Hundred and First.

One of the greatest bores to be met with, is a person who is fond of telling his dreams. The impertinence and stupidity of this practice are such, that all sensible people should combine to extinguish it.

Aphorism One Hundred and Second.

If a person tells a notorious and improbable lie, the best way is to match it with one still greater. This is the true method of flooring a bouncer.

Aphorism One Hundred and Third.

A dishonest boy will never make an honest man. When he grows up to manhood, he may perhaps find it his interest to act honestly in his dealings, but for all that he is a knave at heart, and would cheat *secundum artem*, if it would farther his own ends better than integrity. "The boy's the father of the man." This was said by Wordsworth, and an invariably true saying it is.

Aphorism One Hundred and Fourth.

A whale is not a fish. See Cuvier.

Aphorism One Hundred and Fifth.

It would appear extremely absurd for any bard to invoke his fiddle, and yet the violin is a much finer instrument than the harp. This shows the omnipotence of old associations. Fiddles and fiddlers have been much ridiculed—the former most unjustly; nor is it possible by any effort of reason, to obviate the ridicule attached to this glorious instrument. How absurd, for instance, in Byron, had he, in his delightful *Hymn to Greece*, thus expressed himself,—

“ And must thy *fiddle*, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine !”

Whereas, by substituting the far inferior instrument, a *harp* or lyre, the lines, instead of being ridiculous, become highly dignified and natural.

Aphorism One Hundred and Sixth.

The fashionable prejudice against eating mustard to lamb and mutton is absurd. If a man is disposed to do so, any person who objects to the same is an ass.

Aphorism One Hundred and Seventh.

There are few things, in a small way, more difficult

to accomplish, than to snuff a candle with the left hand.
P. S. Unless you are left-handed.

Aphorism One Hundred and Eighth.

Never allow a candle to remain too long unsnuffed. By so doing, not only does the wick become cabbaged and unseemly, but the quantum of light given out is diminished, and the candle itself burned down much sooner than it would be if regularly trimmed. If you study economy in your candles, let them be frequently topped. At the same time, don't snuff them too low, for that is equally bad with not snuffing them often enough.

Aphorism One Hundred and Ninth.

Short dumpy women are fond of sporting wide shouldered and broad bottomed gowns, to say nothing of inordinate *bustles*. Dumpies should always wear long petticoats, unless, indeed, they chance to have—which is not uncommon—a small foot and finely turned ankle.

Aphorism One Hundred and Tenth.

The most gullible nation in the world is the English. All kinds of imposture flourish in this country; and no quackery or humbug is too gross for the appetite of John Bull. Empirics in medicine have here a rich

harvest, and drug the natives to some purpose. Impudence and pretension take us by storm, while modest and real talent are passed by unnoticed. The multiplicity of quack medicines, and the readiness with which they are bought and swallowed, excite the astonishment and laughter of foreigners.

Aphorism One Hundred and Eleventh.

In dressing, great care should be taken, not only to accommodate the dress to the complexion of the individual, but to adapt one part of it to another; for instance, to match the coat, trowsers, waistcoat, &c., so as to produce an agreeable harmony. Such a combination as brown coat, black waistcoat, and drab inexpressibles, gives the genteelst man a vulgar appearance.

Aphorism One Hundred and Twelfth.

Tight pantaloons are an abomination. It is impossible for any man, however handsomely made about the limbs, to look well in such a dress. If a man has a good pair of *understandings*, and wishes to show them off to advantage, let him sport tight knee breeches and silk stockings.

Aphorism One Hundred and Thirteenth.

More geese are reared in Caithness, considering its

extent, than in any county of Great Britain. It is, *par excellence*, the shire of geese.

Aphorism One Hundred and Fourteenth.

Members of Dilletanti Societies are, in general, especial asses; their eternal talk about the fine arts, drawing, colouring, harmony, composition, chiar-oscuro, foreshortening, design, and so forth, is enough to turn the stomach of a horse. The thing is the more insufferable, because they absolutely know nothing of the subject, and have about as much appreciation of works of genius, as a pig possesses for the inventions of Watt or Dædalus.

Aphorism One Hundred and Fifteenth.

While prigs of the above description are eternally chattering about such topics, men who are really eminent in the fine arts, never say a word on the subject. Goldsmith describes this matter well in his account of Sir Joshua Reynolds:—

“ To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering :
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing ;
When they talked of their Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.”

Aphorism One Hundred and Sixteenth.

The proudest of animals is the turkey-cock, the

vainest the peacock; unless we except numerous instances furnished by the human species.

Aphorism One Hundred and Seventeenth.

It was a good remark of Swift's, that a man was too proud to be vain. Vanity and pride are the moral antipodes of each other: there is not the slightest affinity between them. A really proud man has such a high opinion of himself, as to be indifferent about what others think of him: a vain man has such misgivings about himself, that he is constantly on the *qui vive* for approbation, and for ever doing what he conceives will procure it.

Aphorism One Hundred and Eighteenth.

It is a terrible thing for a man to have the reputation of being a good carver. The sooner he gets rid of such fame, the better for his own comfort.

Aphorism One Hundred and Nineteenth.

When a physician pronounces a complaint to be *nervous*, it is a sure proof that he knows nothing about it. The term nervous, as applied to diseases, is merely a cloak for ignorance.

P. S. This word is often strangely applied to conditions entirely different. A nervous man is either one

of great weakness and irritability, or great strength. Nothing is more common than to hear of a nervous arm, *i. e.* an arm of a sinewy and powerful make.

Aphorism One Hundred and Twentieth.

It is impossible to judge of the benevolence of a man's heart, by the sums he *publicly* gives for charitable purposes. In such cases, charity generally proceeds from mere ostentation, and not a farthing would be given, were it not made known from whence it came. On this account, when collecting money for any benevolent purpose, it is a capital plan to publish the names of the donors. The truly charitable man is he who does good in private. Such a man almost blushes when his deeds of benevolence become known. I have known men who were as hard as flint, and who, during their lifetime, never gave sixpence to the poor, yet leave in their wills hundreds or thousands to charitable purposes. This does not deserve the name of charity: it is nothing but idle ostentation, though, it must be allowed, a very useful species of it.

Aphorism One Hundred and Twenty-First.

The best way to irritate a scold, is never to answer her, but let her spin out her yarn till it is exhausted.

Aphorism One Hundred and Twenty-Second.

Another good method is to agree with her in all she says, even when she abuses you. Scolds live upon contradiction, while acquiescence in their vituperation is sure to break their hearts.

Aphorism One Hundred and Twenty-Third.

Smollett ought never to be forgiven for making Roderick Random red-haired. A hero with carrotty locks is too much of a joke.

Aphorism One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth.

There is not a more insufferable animal than a phlegmatic man or woman. I would far rather associate with a person who had a good share of devilry in his or her composition, than with such a biped. A phlegmatic person is invariably dull, insipid, and selfish, and a most consummate bore.

Aphorism One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth.

A man who practises pistol-shooting, for the purpose of making himself formidable as a duellist, is uniformly an arrant coward. No person should answer the challenge of a miscreant of this description. The proper way to treat him, if he sends or provokes a challenge, is to kick him soundly, or tweak his sneezer.

Aphorism One Hundred and Twenty-Sixth.

One of the greatest bores I know of, is a person who speaks very slow, and takes a long time to express his ideas. The annoyance is the greater, because such people, in addition to their provoking tardiness of articulation, are almost uniformly great anecdote-mongers. The worst company a man can meet with, is a proser of this description.

Aphorism One Hundred and Twenty-Seventh.

The difference between Whigs and Tories, is a very simple one. When the Whigs get into power, they are Tories: when the Tories are sent to the right about, they become Whigs. Should the Radicals get in, they will doubtless turn as staunch Tories as the others.

Aphorism One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth.

A hint to boarding-school people. When you wish your pupils to write to their parents, let them trust to their own brains for the materials of the letters. It is a common practice for the master or mistress to draw out copies for them, in which are sapiently set forth the happiness of the youngsters—how much they like their situation, and what marvellous progress they are making in their studies. Any system of education

which directly or indirectly inculcates what is not true, must be bad; and that such epistles must often abound in untruths, who can for a moment doubt?

Aphorism One Hundred and Twenty-Ninth.

Women have less *active*, but more *passive* courage than men. Surgeons are well aware, that though it is much easier to make a man submit to an operation, yet, that generally speaking, he does not bear it with so much fortitude as a woman. Indeed, women endure all kind of misfortunes (except love ones) better than the other sex.

Aphorism One Hundred and Thirtieth.

English residents in Paris have an absurd habit of abusing the natives, and every thing connected with that capital. The folly of the thing is the greater, because the fact of their staying in the French metropolis, proves that they are mightily pleased with it; but, I suppose, John Bull imagines he shows his loyalty by growling at other nations.

Aphorism One Hundred and Thirty-First.

Dull, stupid people have an instinctive abhorrence of mimicry and wit. The cause is obvious; they are afraid of being made the butts of these pleasant qualities.

Blockheads are exceedingly afraid of being quizzed, and cannot tolerate the slightest joke at their own expense.

Aphorism One Hundred and Thirty-Second.

I never knew an Englishman who would allow the Louvre to be superior to Somerset House, or a Frenchman who would acknowledge St. Paul's to be a nobler fabric than the church of St. Geneviève. This is extremely philosophical, and indicates profound candour and patriotism.

Aphorism One Hundred and Thirty-Third.

The richest piece of humour in the English language is the entertainment after the manner of the ancients, as related in *Peregrine Pickle*. Fielding, Swift, Scott, Rabelais or Cervantes, never produced any thing so exquisitely laughable and ludicrous.

Aphorism One Hundred and Thirty-Fourth.

People have a strange habit of making their neighbours older, and themselves younger than they are.

Aphorism One Hundred and Thirty-Fifth.

Talking of age, the longer women live the younger they grow. I know ladies who, six years ago, rated at

thirty-five, and who now stand at twenty-nine. It is next to impossible for a woman to get over forty. This is the *pons asinorum* at which the sex almost invariably stick. The only person I ever met with, who confessed that she had passed this barrier, was an old lady of eighty; but, then, her great grandson was a lad of eighteen.

Aphorism One Hundred and Thirty-Sixth.

The English country inns are notorious for bad breakfasts. Indeed, the English, as a nation, are not famous for their *dejeuners*. The strength of the national genius is concentrated upon their dinners, in which, it must be allowed, they exhibit great talent, whether in the cooking or masticatory department. For breakfasts, the Scotch beat the English all to nothing: there is no such thing as a bad breakfast to be procured, for love or money, in any inn throughout the whole Land of Cakes. Sam Johnson never made a wiser observation, or spoke with greater *gusto*, than when he declared, that wherever he dined, he should like to breakfast in Scotland. This was genuine philosophy.

Aphorism One Hundred and Thirty-Seventh.

Noisy children are dreadful bores. There are some houses which cannot be visited without disgust, in

consequence of a set of ungovernable brats, who are permitted by their stupid parents, to romp and bawl about the room, to the infinite annoyance of visitors. For this there is no excuse whatever. By proper education, a child above a certain age, may be taught to remain perfectly quiet in the presence of strangers; and unless they are of that age, it is absurd to introduce them at all. A man cannot possibly insult a visitor more, than by permitting him to be disturbed by his children. In consequence of such an annoyance, I have more than once been obliged to quit houses where so impertinent a system is permitted. People should remember, that however amusing to them the romping of their offspring may be, it is most annoying to others.

Aphorism One Hundred and Thirty-Eighth.

Men who sport tights, either have, or imagine they have, good limbs. This may be received as an incontrovertible fact.

Aphorism One Hundred and Thirty-Ninth.

For the same reason, ladies with good ancles (real or supposed) are fond of wearing short petticoats. If you see a woman whose petticoats are invariably long—fashion or no fashion—you may depend upon it that her ancles are thick.

Aphorism One Hundred and Fortieth.

Brandy or gin for a dram, rum for grog or punch, and whisky for hot toddy. Such are the forms in which these illustrious liquors appear to most advantage.

Aphorism One Hundred and Forty-First.

Persons whose countenances are lighted up by a habitual smile, are, generally speaking, bad tempered and hypocritical.

Aphorism One Hundred and Forty-Second.

A bad custom at present prevails, of introducing toasted cheese before the dessert. This system should be exploded. I often wonder what wiseacre has the merit of introducing these absurd fashions.

Aphorism One Hundred and Forty-Third.

Should an officer on board ship give a man a glass of grog, the latter will, if he possibly can, get drunk: he makes a point of it. Being brought to trial for the same, he invariably calculates upon getting off, by pleading that he got tipsy upon his superior's generosity.

Aphorism One Hundred and Forty-Fourth.

If your umbrella is wet, do not unfurl it for the purpose of drying it more rapidly. If you do, the

whalebones acquire a particular set, which it is almost impossible to obviate: they become permanently bent, in consequence of the contraction of the cloth while drying, and give the umbrella, when furled, a bulging and unseemly appearance.

Aphorism One Hundred and Forty-Fifth.

The best wigs are those made in Great Britain: they beat the French and German ones all to sticks. This is worth remarking, as the former, with their usual vanity, claim pre-eminence over us in the manufacture of perukes.

Aphorism One Hundred and Forty-Sixth.

You may form a pretty shrewd guess of a man's character, by the dogs he keeps. An admirer of spaniels is generally a fawning creature; of bull dogs, a blunt honest fellow, rather too fond of quarrelling and fighting; of poodles, a ninny; and so on.

Aphorism One Hundred and Forty-Seventh.

Talking of dogs, it is truly disgusting to see the scandalous manner in which some ladies pamper those nasty good-for-nothing little wretches, called lap-dogs. I never see one of these quadrupeds chafing itself on

the rug, without feeling strongly inclined to Burke it on the spot.

Aphorism One Hundred and Forty-Eighth.

Education improves some poets, and spoils others. Campbell could never have produced such exquisite works as he has done, had he not been thoroughly educated—nor could Byron. Scott, without education, could have done in the poetical department, all that he has accomplished. Burns had just enough of education—more would have spoiled him; the same remark applies to Hogg, whose poems, had he possessed the training of Pope or Dryden, would have been very different, and very inferior works to what they are at present. The prose of the Shepherd, however, would have been all the better of a little *schooling*.

Aphorism One Hundred and Forty-Ninth.

A well-made woman is always a little in-kneed. In proof of this, it is only necessary to refer to the Venus di Medici.

Aphorism One Hundred and Fiftieth.

If your castor is drenched, brush it well with a soft brush, and hang it up. When dry, it will be found little the worse of the ducking; whereas, if you allow

it to dry without previously brushing it, the down becomes ruffled to a degree which it is difficult to overcome, and the hat is thus materially injured.

Aphorism One Hundred and Fifty-First.

The best tailors in Europe are Germans. The mighty Stultze, who, it is said, commands an army of 340 snips, is a native of Allemania.

Aphorism One Hundred and Fifty-Second.

A tailor who can make gaiters well, is up to any thing in his profession. To fabricate these trivial articles perfectly, is the highest triumph of skill. Inexpressibles are mere child's play to them—waist-coats are not worth naming in the same breath; and even a coat is a matter of moonshine. The best pair of gaiters I ever had, were made by a regimental tailor, who, by the bye, was a notorious drunkard.

Aphorism One Hundred and Fifty-Third.

Some blockheads affect to hold cheap the talents of the Duke of Wellington, because he is merely (as they allege,) a great general. Even allowing him to be nothing more, the fact of his being so, indicates a mind of a very high order. To constitute a truly great commander, requires an extraordinary union of many

of the highest qualities; and if the person possessing these is not gifted with first-rate talents, I should like to know who is. I have met with some poor creatures who were utterly incapable of reasoning consecutively upon the commonest subject, and who yet conceived, that with a little military experience, they would be quite able to rival the achievements of the illustrious Duke.

Aphorism One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth.

Corns are less frequent at the present day, than in the last age. This arises partly from the abolition of high-heeled shoes, and partly from wearing shoes broad at the toes. About twenty years ago, a most absurd custom prevailed, of wearing sharp-pointed shoes, by which the extremities of the feet were necessarily compressed, and corns almost as necessarily brought on.

Aphorism One Hundred and Fifty-Fifth

The greatest safeguard of religion, consists in the morality of the priesthood. So long as their lives are pure, so long do men respect the doctrines they inculcate.

Aphorism One Hundred and Fifty-Sixth.

An absurd opinion prevails among many people, that men of genius and learning are, *ex necessitate*,

weak in body. Let us pick out a few at random, and see how the case stands. The Admirable Crichton stood six feet six, and was one of the strongest fellows in Europe. Burns had the strength of two ordinary men, and would have proved an ugly customer to come to close quarters with. Cunningham and Galt are as big and as strong as Anak. Smollett was an athletic wiry chap, who, we have reason to believe, could use his daddles with as much dexterity as his pen. As for Wilson, nothing but the unfortunate circumstance of his being a man of first-rate genius, prevented him from sporting the champion's belt, and rivalling the fame of the Game Chicken. Hogg is a strong well-built carle, whom we will back for a fall against any man of his age and inches in the kingdom. The late formidable Andrew Thomson, the Scottish parson, was a powerful man, as well as a sturdy pillar of the church. Johnson was as strong as Hercules; Bruce of Kinnaird a second Antæus; and Belzoni the traveller, a revivification of Sampson himself.

Aphorism One Hundred and Fifty-Seventh.

Much thinking attenuates the frame, and a hasty temper has the same effect. Those who think little, and take things easy, are most apt to get corpulent. "Fat paunches," says Shakspeare, "make lean pates."

Aphorism One Hundred and Fifty-Eighth.

The Scotch greatly surpass the English as gardeners: ditto as farmers.

Aphorism One Hundred and Fifty-Ninth.

Talk of corn to a Scotchman, and he conceives you to mean oats.

Aphorism One Hundred and Sixtieth.

In travelling, especially on the continent, take a carpet bag with you, instead of a portmanteau. The latter subjects you to a great deal of trouble, and some expense, the former to little of either. This is a hint worth attending to.

Aphorism One Hundred and Sixty-First.

The most magnificent of puppies was Alcibiades.

Aphorism One Hundred and Sixty-Second.

Stupid people are very unreasonable. They are surprised at men of genius differing from themselves in their modes of thinking; and affect great amazement and indignation at that peculiarity of manner and occasional eccentricity which are apt to characterize great and original intellects. What would the block-heads have? Do they imagine that genius is always

to manifest itself after the humdrum, gin-horse fashion of their own dull minds. The expectation is absurd. They can neither think, feel, nor act after the fashion of talented people, and it is too much to suppose that the latter can do so after theirs.

Aphorism One Hundred and Sixty-Third.

There cannot be a surer mark of great self-conceit and importance than egotism. Those who, in writing or speaking, make a frequent use of the personal pronoun "I," have invariably an immense opinion of themselves, and are passionately fond of adulation.

Aphorism One Hundred and Sixty-Fourth.

An absurd name is a great misfortune. No human being could respect people bearing such appellatives, as Timothy Sheepshanks, Jeremy Snooks, or Obadiah Spiderlimb; nor is it possible to conceive the idea of a man falling in love with Miss Grizzel Ramsbottom, or Miss Sabrina Budge, however amiable, beautiful, or accomplished these ladies might be. Parents should, as far as they are able, avoid entailing such a curse upon their offspring. This, as regards Christian names, is in their power. And yet how often do we meet with Tabithas, Dorothis, Deborahs, Jonathans, Gama-liels, Zephaniahs, and others equally ludicrous.

Aphorism One Hundred and Sixty-Fifth.

For an opposite reason, people may congratulate themselves, when they do not bear the names of illustrious characters. It is dangerous for any man to be called William Shakspeare, Isaac Newton, or Walter Scott. "Comparisons are odious."

Aphorism One Hundred and Sixty-Sixth.

Every benevolent heart must be gratified at meeting with an insolent and careless shopkeeper. It is a sure proof that the worthy man is in the fair way of making a fortune. The same remark applies to innkeepers.

Aphorism One Hundred and Sixty-Seventh.

The most purely intellectual of men—he who had least of the grossness of human nature—was undoubtedly Plato.

Aphorism One Hundred and Sixty-Eighth.

The best ice creams, are those flavoured with strawberries.

Aphorism One Hundred and Sixty-Ninth.

Naturalists have now agreed to post the lion and eagle as cowards. The bravest animals in existence are the bull-dog and game-cock.

Aphorism One Hundred and Seventieth.

Those who are indifferent about tea, pay their devotions to something stronger.

Aphorism One Hundred and Seventy-First.

The most absurdly punctuated book in the English, or, perhaps, in any other language, is *Chalmers' Caledonia*,—a work, nevertheless, of vast learning, acuteness, and research.

Aphorism One Hundred and Seventy-Second.

A great deal of what is called wit, comes under the head of impertinence. Of this description are most of the witticisms attributed—I hope, falsely—to Erskine, Curran, John Clerk, and other noted barristers.

Aphorism One Hundred and Seventy-Third.

Great linguists are, for the most part, great block-heads. I say nothing of Sir William Jones, the Admirable Crichton, and other exceptions to the rule; but, generally speaking, what I state holds true. To master a variety of languages, requires only one talent, and that by no means a high one, *viz.* a good verbal memory, which is sometimes possessed in great perfection, even by simpletons and idiots. It is difficult for men of very strong and original minds, to become good

linguists; they are so much taken up with substantialities, that they think little about words. *Res, non verba, quæso*, is their motto. The knowledge of a number of languages does not communicate a single new idea; it only gives the power of expressing what you already know, in a variety of ways. "I would rather," as Spurzheim says, "acquire one new idea than twenty ways of expressing an old one." If men of great genius are occasionally formidable as linguists, they are so in spite of their genius, which rather stands in their way than assists them; and they would have been still greater linguists, if they had possessed their powerful verbal memory accompanied with less original talent.

Aphorism One Hundred and Seventy-Fourth.

A man who is a notorious rake, is not the least likely to find favour in the eyes of many women. The novelists of the last century did great mischief by the flattering pictures they drew of rakism. What were Joseph Andrews, Roderick Random, Tom Jones, Peregrine Pickle, and many of the heroes of the novels, but notorious debauchees? There can be little doubt, that from such sources arose the popular, but most false notion, of a reformed rake making the best husband.

Aphorism One Hundred and Seventy-Fifth.

An unaccountable mystery hangs over the stature of the Duke of Wellington. I never knew two persons who gave the same account of his Grace's height. I have heard him estimated at all heights, from five feet six, to five feet eleven. There are some things, seemingly very simple, which it is impossible to establish: this is one of them; and future historians will, doubtless, go to loggerheads about the stature of the modern Cæsar.

Aphorism One Hundred and Seventy-Sixth.

Ossian's Poems are a mystery. I do not mean as regards their authenticity, for that point I consider settled, but as regards their merits. I never met a grown man who could form an opinion upon the subject. Like the Duke of Wellington's stature, the point must, I suspect, remain for ever unascertained.

Aphorism One Hundred and Seventy-Seventh.

If you have a young dog take care that he gains the first two or three battles that he fights. This is easily done by matching him with a weaker dog than himself. If he is licked in his first encounters, he loses confidence ever after, and the chances are that as a "fighting man" he becomes good for nothing. Dog fighting, however, is a brutal thing, at best.

Aphorism One Hundred and Seventy-Eighth.

Don't correct or scold your children before third parties. If they have any pride or feeling at all, the exposure breaks their hearts, and they become good for nothing. The same remark applies to domestics.

Aphorism One Hundred and Seventy-Ninth.

An affected man is a very disgusting animal, especially if his affectation be of the effeminate or sentimental kind. This species of puppyism is more intolerable than absolute boorishness, and the individual who practices it is uniformly a poor sickly-minded creature.

Aphorism One Hundred and Eightieth.

Every person should endeavour to ascertain whether he has any particular hobby. Having found out what it is, let him be careful of indulging in it before others, as, in all probability, the subject will be voted a bore.

Aphorism One Hundred and Eighty-First.

Men who are in-kneed, bandy, or otherwise ill made about the legs, should wear wide trowsers, which serve to conceal their defects. I give this advice, as many persons so circumstanced have an absurd custom of sporting tights.

Aphorism One Hundred and Eighty=Second.

Some of the best leapers to be met with are weavers. They are loose, supple-jointed fellows, and often get over the ground amazingly. Ploughmen as a body, are bad jumpers, while shepherds are capital at this exercise.

Aphorism One Hundred and Eighty=Third.

First-rate far leapers are often indifferent at high leaping. *Ex. Gr.* Professor Wilson, who in the former capacity stood almost unrivalled, having, in his youthful days, done twenty-three feet upon a dead level—a prodigious effort—was not particularly good at high leaping: and Mr. Ingleby, who, as a high leaper, approached to within three or four inches of Ireland himself, was indifferent at far leaping. Ireland, however, was an exception to the general rule, being equally good at both.

Aphorism One Hundred and Eighty=Fourth.

First-rate leapers—by which is to be understood men who will do twenty-one feet and upwards—are invariably tall men, ranging from six feet to six feet three. Perhaps, there is not an instance on record of a middle sized man doing twenty-one feet and a half. A friend of mine, whose stature does not exceed five

feet eight, has accomplished seven yards on a level, but then he was allowed to be the best jumper, of any size, along the borders, and never was beaten. Twenty feet, for any stature, is a great performance; for an ordinary-sized man it is immense.

Aphorism One Hundred and Eighty-Fifth.

The most prudent woman in other respects, is frequently a fool as regards matrimony. How often do we see the most beautiful and accomplished of the sex uniting themselves to stupid, ill-favoured, and illiterate blockheads? Rather than not be married at all, it is impossible to say who some women will not take.

Aphorism One Hundred and Eighty-Sixth.

The worst carvers are medical men. We should expect the contrary.

Aphorism One Hundred and Eighty-Seventh.

Persons who are very finical and dainty, have invariably gross imaginations. This is a remark of Dean Swift's, who was himself one of the cleanliest men that ever existed.

Aphorism One Hundred and Eighty-Eighth.

“Love me, love my dog.” I'll be hanged if I do.

Aphorism One Hundred and Eighty-Ninth.

Some tastes are natural, others acquired. Sweets belong to the former, bitters to the latter. A person may, by habit, gain a very strong relish for what he disliked at first. Children, or young people, prefer the sweet home-made to foreign wines. The fondness for coffee, chocolate, parsnips, celery, and artichokes, is, in a great majority of cases, acquired.

Aphorism One Hundred and Ninetieth.

The most disgusting species of pride is that which “apes humility.”

Aphorism One Hundred and Ninety-First.

To constitute a good conjurer, immense assurance and a certain degree of the mimetic faculty are essential. Mimicry is the art of deceiving, or of making that appear which is not. Now this is precisely the secret of necromancy, and I believe no person can possibly be good at that art unless he has good imitative (*alias* deceptive) powers. Of course, a large stock of brass and manipulative dexterity are also indispensable.

Aphorism One Hundred and Ninety-Second.

The love for children is a primitive faculty of the

mind, and distinct from general benevolence. A person may possess the first without having much of the second, and may thus have far more affection for young people than for adults. Children have an intuitive perception of such people, and flock to them as especial favourites.

Aphorism One Hundred and Ninety-Third.

The greatest musical composers in the world are the Germans; the best singers, and performers on musical instruments, the Italians.

Aphorism One Hundred and Ninety-Fourth.

Dignity is extremely ridiculous when assumed by a little man. None are entitled to sport it but such as are at least six feet high, and weigh fifteen stones, or upwards.

Aphorism One Hundred and Ninety-Fifth.

If a clergyman is appointed to a country parish in Scotland, and wishes to become unpopular with the congregation, the best way to accomplish his purpose is to read his sermons.

Aphorism One Hundred and Ninety-Sixth.

The impudence of some people is beyond belief. If

they wish information upon any subject, they do not scruple to ask it by means of post letters, which they never think of paying. The remedy is easy. Return their letters under an envelope. You have thus the satisfaction of putting them to the expense of a double postage.

P. S. Talking of letters, I may take notice of a piece of impertinence frequently practised. If a man's wife is confined, or if he loses a child, he must needs inform—not his relations merely—but all his acquaintances of the same by means of post letters, unpaid, as above. The impertinence of such a step speaks volumes.

Aphorism One Hundred and Ninety-Seventh.

Of all dandies the most disgusting is an ugly one. Puppyism, to be enduring, requires, at least, good looks; although it must be remarked, that the generality of the breed are remarkable for the contrary.

Aphorism One Hundred and Ninety-Eighth.

Persons who interlard their conversation with French, Italian, or Spanish phrases, are vain, shallow, conceited creatures. The same remark does not exactly apply to Greek or Latin. I have known some

strong minded and really learned men employ these languages in familiar intercourse, although even in their case I have always been forced to come to the conclusion that they were pedants.

Aphorism One Hundred and Ninety-Ninth.

I never met with any person who could tell me the difference between a pie and a tart. When they say that a pie is made of meat and a tart of fruit, I always stagger them with an apple-pie. Driven to their shifts, they are obliged to say that an apple-pie is not a pie at all, but a tart. This subterfuge I knock on the head by repeating the nursery rhymes :

“ A is an apple-pie,
B baked it,
C cut it,
D divided it;”

And so on. If they resist this, I bring Jack Horner into the field :

“ Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas-pie ;
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a *plumb*,
Then said, ‘ What a good boy am I ! ’ ”

This evidence is irresistible, and compels them to admit, in spite of their conviction to the contrary, that a pie and a tart are identical.

Aphorism Two Hundredth.

Good singers are often alarmingly ugly, and have generally large mouths. I never knew a small-mouthed man or woman whose singing was worth the toss of a farthing.

Aphorism Two Hundred and First.

Always suspect a man's honesty who is constantly talking about his strict honour, hatred of meanness and knavery. In like manner, the virtue of a great prude may be safely called in question: ditto the religion of those who are for ever harping upon this subject.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Second.

When an unmarried lady becomes all of a sudden extremely devout, and runs after popular preachers, we may infer, without any great stretch of uncharitableness, that she has given up all hopes of matrimony.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Third.

Short dumpy women wear their heads dressed very high, and are partial to lofty combs.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Fourth.

If you hear a man pretending to be very stupid, depend upon it he thinks himself a very clever fellow.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Fifth.

Great travellers are often great liars; and the enormity of their lies depends very much upon the distance of the country in which they have travelled. The bouncers of a man who has not gone farther than France or Switzerland are small affairs not worth minding. Those of one who has proceeded the length of Spain or Russia are rather better. They become better still if he has visited the Levant; and rise into considerable respectability when his peregrinations have extended to Egypt, or Turkey in Asia. South American travellers are entitled to great merit on account of the colossal character of their lies; they are really admirable, and do their authors the highest credit. A number of capital ones might be told about that land of mystery, Paraguay, and its mysterious ruler Dr. Francia. After all, however, there are no liars like the East Indian. Hindostan is, *par excellence*, the region of the long bow—the land of fiction. It is not, therefore, to be expected that travellers in other countries can compete with those who have visited India: the expectation is quite unreasonable.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Sixth.

Persons of strong talent have almost invariably large nostrils. Merely clever or smart people may have

them small, but very seldom, indeed, those of powerful and very masculine minds.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Seventh.

If you ever are absurd enough to quarrel or get into an argument with any person, let it never be upon politics or religion.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Eighth.

The surest mark of a superior, or generally informed man, is when you cannot discover by conversation the calling or profession to which he belongs. A man who has had good opportunities of being well educated, and who, nevertheless, is always betraying his profession by his talk, has never an intellect of a high order. A real gentleman never speaks of his profession, unless the subject is introduced by others.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Ninth.

Law and poetry are incompatible. A man cannot at once be a good lawyer and good poet. The rule, however, does not extend to the other learned professions. Some of our great divines and physicians have been excellent poets. Mason Good, one of the greatest physicians in the world, was a man of fine imagination, and excelled in poetry; and every body

knows of Garth, Arbuthnot, Armstrong, and various others. Among divines, need we mention the distinguished names of Crabbe, Young, Heber, and Bowles.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Tenth.

It is death to hint even to the ugliest woman that she is not good-looking.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Eleventh.

Persons with small, fine compressed lips, have generally much sensitiveness of character, accompanied with great irritability, and a tendency to be finical and particular.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Twelfth.

When you hear people constantly talking about politeness, vulgarity, gentility, and so forth, depend upon it they belong to the *profanum vulgus*. A real lady or gentleman seldom or never talks about these things. It is only to the would-be-genteel that the terms are familiar. For the same reason a really brave man never talks of his courage: this he leaves to the coward or him who has none of it.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Thirteenth.

It is a good plan to accept invitations from rich vul-

gar people. Though their society may not possess the quintessence of elegance and refinement, you are certain to get an excellent dinner, which is always the great look-out among all men of sense and good taste.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Fourteenth.

Don't, however, accept of an invitation from any vulgar person who deems himself extremely genteel. If you do, you are sure to be starved, for these would-be-genteel folks consider it fashionable not to overload the table.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Fifteenth.

Never decline an invitation from an old East Indian.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Sixteenth.

If a medical man wishes to get the reputation of being very clever let him become a drunkard. I never heard of a dissipated physician or surgeon who was not reputed a man of talent.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Seventeenth.

The most poetical of blacking-makers, and most transparent of poets, is Robert Warren, 30, Strand. A vast deal of talent has been expended—we do not say thrown away—in celebrating his blacking, which is cer-

tainly inimitable. In the poetical department Day & Martin are inferior to Warren, but as prose writers they are not to be surpassed. In their advertisements there is a sublimity which is quite enchanting. The commencement of them is splendid:—"TO PREVENT FRAUD." They do not want to sell their blacking—not they; they merely wish to check the course of dishonour and dishonesty. They do not wish to vend their wares—no; their particular desire is solely to prevent fraud. By the way, who is Martin? Is there such a person *in rerum naturâ*? I doubt it. The question, in my mind, is quite as interesting as the controversy respecting Junius.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Eighteenth.

Have nothing to do with those good-natured friends who make a practice of letting you know all the evil which they may hear spoken about you. These people take especial care to let you have nothing of the good, if there is any going.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Nineteenth.

Girls have a naughty custom of caressing and kissing children in the presence of young men. I say *naughty*, not for the thing itself, but for the reason which makes the cunning young creatures do it.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Twentieth.

Ladies' men are asses. The ladies themselves despise them, although they find the creatures very useful for holding their fans, making negus, handing round the sweetmeats, drawing corks, and other little services of this kind.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Twenty-First.

There is no such thing as disinterested benevolence. Actions from which a person derives no tangible benefit are so denominated; but the grateful feelings which arise in the heart are a sufficient recompense to noble minds, and constitute their reward for the performance of such deeds. When a selfish man acts benevolently, it is with ulterior views to his advantage; the springs which move the generous man are the kindly emotions of his nature, and he has his reward in the approbation of a good conscience.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Twenty-Second.

The honester a man, the easier cheated. Nothing is so difficult as to impose upon an impostor.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Twenty-Third.

The greatest ale-drinkers in the world, are the coal heavers on the Thames.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Twenty-Fourth.

Women are more taken by the figure than men, who generally look more to the face than to the person of their sweethearts.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Twenty-Fifth.

If you wish to oblige a blockhead, allow him to quiz you. Sumpshs are flattered by the idea of having trotted men cleverer than themselves.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Twenty-Sixth.

The structure of the hair is curious. Each hair is a tube, and derives its colour from a fluid contained within it. When the hair becomes gray, it is in consequence of the want of this fluid.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Twenty-Seventh.

Persons who travel most in foreign countries are those who know least of the beauties of their own. While Cori-usk, Glencoe, Killarney, Loch-Lomond, and the Lakes of Westmorland and Cumberland are to be seen at home, there is little need to traverse Switzerland and Italy in search of the grand or beautiful.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Twenty-Eighth.

The greatest sign of civilization is a people's cookery.

Huge rounds of beef, roasted or boiled, haunches of venison, colossal plum-puddings, &c. &c., are all marks of barbarism. As nations get civilized, these gigantic features of gastronomy disappear, and we have in their place elegant fricasees, graceful cutlets, inimitable *patés*, and so forth. Such is the custom in France, which is certainly the most polished country in Europe, and in China, which, in a physical sense, is highly civilized.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Twenty-Ninth.

Red cats are the best mousers. Somehow this variety of the tabby tribe is becoming very rare. Twenty or thirty years ago they were sufficiently common, but are now seldom seen, at least in towns.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Thirtieth.

Simplicity is one striking characteristic of genius. It is difficult to conceive a man of great talent a coxcomb.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Thirty-First.

One of the worst used men was Bruce of Kinnaird. His admirable travels were looked upon as a tissue of falsehoods, and himself as a second edition of that "liar of the first magnitude," Baron Tott. Clarke and other

recent travellers have confirmed all his statements, and proved the stupid injustice of his ignorant calumniators. Truth, though long obscured, is certain, at one time or other, to shine forth and vindicate its own majesty.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Thirtieth-Second.

Do not infer that because a man is fat he is a great eater. This he may or may not be as the case turns out. The most egregious gluttons I ever met with are poor, puny, emaciated, sickly-looking creatures, whom you would suppose every breath of wind would blow through, and who seemed more like candidates for the other world, than for the good things of this life. My illustrious friend, Dando, was, it is true, an exception.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Thirtieth-Third.

The inhabitants of the Scotch and English borders present a curious contrast. Somehow, they have never amalgamated, and are more different in their habits, looks, language, and mode of living, than it is possible to imagine. On the northern side, even to the very boundary line, we have the broadest Scotch dialect; on entering the first farm house in Northumberland, we meet with the burr. Visit a farmer on the Scottish side, and he sets before you whiskey and oat cakes, do

the same on the English side, and you are presented with home-brewed ale, and home-baked wheaten bread; and these distinctions are as marked on the border, as in the most remote parts of the two kingdoms.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Thirty-Fourth.

I never knew a good poet who was not a good prose writer. Of course, I suppose him to be properly educated. The best prose writers which the present century has seen, are distinguished bards. *Ex. Gr.* Scott, Byron, Southey, Wilson, Hogg, Hunt, Moir, Milman, Croly, and fifty others.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Thirty-Fifth.

There are some who, when they talk of genius, mean imagination. This is absurd. Genius and imagination, though frequently, are not necessarily united. Newton, Laplace, Euler, Watt, Locke, Hobbes, Hume, were all geniuses, and great ones too, but probably few men had less imagination, in the common acceptation of the term. Imagination, as it is usually understood, has reference to the sublime and beautiful, and is applicable to poetry, painting, sculpture, and works of taste and fancy in general. The sciences, whose whole object is utility, and which bear upon the inventive faculties of the mind, have little reference to the

imagination; which, indeed, is rather hostile, than favourable, to the cultivation of science, although some distinguished scientific men, such as Bacon and Brown, have been gifted with it in no ordinary degree.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Thirty-Sixth.

Don't eat hot rolls if your stomach is weak. In such a case, there is nothing like cold toast.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Thirty-Seventh.

The best tooth-powder in the world is Armenian bole, a pennyworth of which will serve a person for six months.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Thirty-Eighth.

Some people imagine that when they have not read any thing for a day, it is, so far as improving the mind is concerned, a day lost. This is not quite correct. A man, if he has any mind at all, is always unconsciously laying in a stock of ideas. A walk into the country, or half-an-hour's chat with a friend, may suggest various trains of thought, which lie in the sanctuary of the brain, and are capable of being turned to important uses afterwards. It is from such casual and unexpected sources that many of the best ideas have their rise.

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Aphorism Two Hundred and Thirty-Ninth.

The greatest patriot in the world, when out of his own country, is a Scotchman. When Sawney goes to London, he is quite grandiloquent in praise of sheeps'-head broth, oaten cakes, and haggis, not one of which he will taste in Scotland if he can get any thing better.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Fortieth.

The greatest gossips in the world are ladies' waiting-maids and keepers.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Forty-First.

There is no quality which people like so well to be thought possessed of as imagination.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Forty-Second.

To like the Yankees, a man must be born and brought up among them. I have in my time met with many, who, discontented with their own country, crossed the Atlantic, expecting to find a new Jerusalem in the United States; but I never found one—and huge sticklers for liberty and equality some of them were—who could honestly say that he liked the country, or especially the manners of brother Jonathan. The fact of the matter is, John Bull is not able to republicanise himself. His stomach sickens at democracy, when he

comes into immediate contact therewith. Let him growl and theorise as he may, he is a monarchist at heart, and so will be till the end of the chapter.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Forty=Third.

A person who cannot relish occasional absurdity and wit, and must, moreover, have a satisfactory reason for whatever is said or done, is a philosophical blockhead.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Forty=Fourth.

The following fact is curious, and not easily explained. With us, it is well known that sugar and other sweet substances injure the teeth, while the negroes, who, from their childhood, consume a vast quantity of sugar, have the finest teeth in the world. Let physiologists account for this, if they are able.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Forty=Fifth.

Never compliment a woman upon her *embonpoint*. If she be really corpulent, the greatest compliment you can pay her, is to remark, in an indifferent sort of way, that she is not looking so stout as usual.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Forty=Sixth.

According to Chesterfield, men of fashion never employ proverbs or *aphorisms*. Indeed!

Aphorism Two Hundred and Forty-Seventh.

One of the most deplorable consequences of the march of intellect, is the abolition of the birch in our academies. The old, and time-venerated, race of pedagogues is now extinct; flogging is abrogated, and *HORSING, in terrorem*, numbered with the things that were. All this is extremely lamentable, and indicates the rapid decline of Great Britain in the scale of nations.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Forty-Eighth.

The greater the knowledge which a man acquires, the less highly does he think of himself. Self-conceit, if not the direct product of ignorance, is greatly fostered by it.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Forty-Ninth.

The most pugnacious race of tradesmen are bakers, and ugly customers they are, as any one will experience who fancies a taste of their quality.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Fiftieth.

If you hear any person talk of the *British* army or navy, or the King of *Great Britain*, depend upon it he is an Irishman or a Scotchman. The English, with a modesty highly laudable, always speak of the *English* army, &c. and the King of *England*. To be sure, Mr.

O'Connell is now the King of Ireland, and so far as that portion of the realm is concerned, there is no impropriety; but it occurs to me, although very possibly, I may be wrong, that William the Fourth still reigns over the Land of Cakes, and that a portion of the army and navy is composed of Scotchmen. These, however, are points on which I would not like to speak with too great confidence. There is nothing like caution in a writer of aphorisms.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Fifty-First.

When you meet with a man who affects to doubt every thing he hears, never hesitate to write him down an ass. A great doubter is a solemn and self-conceited prig. How amusing it is to see the block-head shake his empty pate, compress his lips into a sneer, and turn up his absurd unmeaning eyes, in affected disbelief, when he hears aught which he thinks it would imply sagacity to discredit! Such persons imagine that to be a great doubter implies wisdom; whereas, in their case, it has its origin in constitutional phlegm and stupidity.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Fifty-Second.

I never yet had the good fortune to encounter an Irishman who was worth less than £2000 a-year.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Fifty-Third.

Much good argument has been wasted upon the comparative happiness of the married and unmarried states. The case, I believe, resolves itself into this, that the former promises more happiness, the latter less misery. If people could think coolly upon the subject, and be less guided by feeling and passion, I believe that the condition of celibacy will be allowed to be, upon the whole, the preferable one. Happy as the matrimonial state may often be, we know that it is frequently attended with extreme misery, an infliction which single-blessedness can never occasion, but which it may often prevent.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Fifty-Fourth.

Many fine lads are spoiled by being brought up too much among women. The chances are, that a boy, unless he be allowed to associate early and freely with his own sex, will turn out a mere booby.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Fifty-Fifth.

Some parents commit a great error in the education of their sons. They are constantly inculcating the doctrine of passive resistance, and recommending them to slip out of quarrels the best way they can, instead of conducting themselves in a manful and courageous

manner. This may do very well with pugnacious and hot-blooded lads, whose fiery propensities require a check ; but with quiet timid creatures, what other effect can it have but to make them regular Jerry Sneaks ? The defective pluck of a lad of this kind should be supplied, as far as possible, by precepts inculcating courage and manliness. The parent who encourages his son to pocket affronts, instead of resenting them, is training him in an apprenticeship to cowardice, and degrading the very nature of the lad.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Fifty-Sixth.

Don't indulge in any absurd paroxysm of distress if your son comes home from school with his *cork* drawn, or his *ogles* in mourning. These pugnacious little bantams are generally good fellows at heart, and will make bold, pushing, active men. No lad is the worse of a little pluck. I would not give a farthing for a boy who has not fought a good battle while at school. If he has never done so, it is a proof that he wants spirit ; for it is morally impossible he can pass through his scholastic curriculum without receiving some provocation, which no lad of courage can get over without showing fight. All the really good and clever fellows I know were regular *millers*, while at school.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Fifty-Seventh.

I never, all my life, met with a bully who was not a coward. When I was a student, we used to have one in every class, and the shine was uniformly taken out of them by lads much less than themselves.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Fifty-Eighth.

By putting a piece of lump sugar, the size of a walnut, into the tea-pot, you will make the tea infuse in half the time it would otherwise take. This useful fact is well known to bagmen and stage-coach travellers.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Fifty-Ninth.

Should you meet with a young man who is exceedingly sensible, and neither talks nor can relish nonsense, you may rely upon it he has no genius of any kind. If, in addition to his great load of sense, he is a theatrical critic, and bores the company about acting, actors, and such stuff, you may safely pronounce him a blockhead.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Sixtieth.

If you are an author, never ask any one his opinion of your productions. The chances are, he is no judge, and even if he is, you can never calculate upon his telling you what he conceives to be the truth. To praise, in such, cases, is an almost invariable rule. For

the same reason, never believe what an editor says in commendation of a rejected article which he returns to you. The more highly he speaks of your production, the less does he think of it.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Sixty-First.

Decision of character is often confounded with talent. This is particularly the case with the fair sex. A bold, masculine, active woman always gets the name of clever, although her intellect may be of a humble order, and her knowledge contemptible.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Sixty-Second.

Lobsters are justly reckoned more delicate than crabs.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Sixty-Third.

Little fellows generally wear high-crowned hats, tall men the reverse; the thing, as regards the former, speaks for itself.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Sixty-Fourth.

When men complain of the frivolous talk of the fair sex, they should recollect that they themselves are the main causes of it. They treat women like children; and instead of conversing with them upon rational

subjects, they address them upon nothing but trifles, and thus fill their minds with worthless and unmeaning foolery. There is no necessity for making blue stockings of the sex, (which heaven forbid,) but they should be treated as rational beings, and not as fools. Men, now-a-days, seldom think of talking to women upon any other subjects than balls, assemblies, and the fashions. What can be expected from such tuition?

Aphorism Two Hundred and Sixty-Fifth.

The people of Tweedside, though they cook salmon admirably, don't use sauce to the fish. This is a terrible oversight.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Sixty-Sixth.

A fact. Nine-tenths of the catsup sold in the shops is a vile compound of liver and the roan of fish, seasoned with vinegar, pepper, and other condiments. If you wish to have the article genuine, you must procure mushrooms, and make it yourself.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Sixty-Seventh.

Never judge of a man's honesty or talents by the certificates he produces. Such documents are just as likely—or rather much more so—to be false as true. The greatest knave can, at all times, obtain them in

proof of his integrity; and any illiterate blockhead may, by their means, make himself appear one of the most learned and accomplished men of the age. No degree of knavery or stupidity is the least bar in the way of obtaining the most splendid and unqualified testimonials.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Sixty-Eighth.

Milton owes Satan an apology for bestowing one of his names on another fallen angel. The second of the Infernal Powers he denominates Beelzebub, which, by prescriptive right and wont, is one of the appellations of Lucifer himself. It thus appears that even the Devil may be shabbily used.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Sixty-Ninth.

One of the most profitless pieces of discussion is that which relates to the comparative merits of Shakspeare and Milton. Where there is such a total difference in the character of their genius, comparison becomes impracticable: there is no point where a parallel can be instituted between them. As poets, they are equally wonderful and unapproachable; but Shakspeare, dealing chiefly with human feelings and characters, will always be the favourite with the mass of readers. Milton is not, and never will be, a popular poet, in the general

sense of the term. His beauties and sublimities are quite beyond common understandings : he can only be appreciated by poetical minds—to all others he is a sealed book.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Seventieth.

It is perfectly possible to make champagne from gooseberries equal to that yielded by the grape. *Ex. Gr.* Lord Haddington, who is a first-rate judge of wines, had a bottle of mock, and one of real champagne set before him ; and was requested to say which was which. He mistook the product of the gooseberry for the genuine article ; and many persons, reputed good judges, have done the same thing.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Seventy-First.

If a man pronounces you a liar, it is very absurd to call him out for the same. This ceremony does not prove that you are *not* a liar. It only shows that you possess sufficient courage to stand at the distance of twelve paces, while a pistol—probably a leadless one—is fired at you.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Seventy-Second.

I have a sincere admiration for the above method of fighting duels without bullets, now so generally adopted.

This sagacious system, if we may believe Lord Byron, was adopted by Messrs. Moore and Jeffrey, of whose encounter his Lordship makes honourable mention in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* :

“ When Little’s leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow-Street myrmidons stood laughing by.”

Aphorism Two Hundred and Seventy-Third.

The feelings of an author may be gathered from his writings. The poet who seldom dwells on love, cannot be of a very amorous complexion.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Seventy-Fourth.

The ridicule which some shallow-pated coxcombs attempt to cast upon old maids is insufferable, and should be put down. Sensible people, by standing out against it, would soon silence the barking of the puppies, and put an end to their offences on this particular point. Why are not old bachelors subjected to the same system of annoyance and neglect? Their peculiarities are infinitely more marked and ludicrous than those of the sisterhood.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Seventy-Fifth.

The worst psalmody, and the best sermons, are to be heard in the Scotch churches.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Seventy-Sixth.

The pious horror with which the people of Scotland regard the use of the organ in churches, is extremely ridiculous, and quite inconsistent with the good sense of the country. The only reason I ever heard given for the national veto upon this sublime instrument, is, that it is used in Catholic and Episcopal Churches. This is a rich specimen of the *non sequitur*, or rather of the *argumentum ad absurdum*. For the same reason, gowns and pulpits ought to be abolished.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Seventy-Seventh.

If you perceive the slightest tendency in your hair to come out, get your head shaved at once, and wear a wig for a few months. Were this precaution more attended to, we should have fewer bald pates.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Seventy-Eighth.

I never knew a very tall man who did not wish to be taller. People from five feet ten to six feet are perfectly satisfied with their altitude, but when they get as high as six feet four or six, their ambition prompts them to wish for a few additional inches. I know a gentleman who stands six feet five on his stocking-soles: he prided himself upon being the tallest man in the place, and was distressed beyond measure when a person half-an-

inch taller made his appearance and dethroned him from his pre-eminence. In like manner, when a man is excessively little, he wishes to be still less. Nothing would have annoyed Bebe the dwarf so much as the sight of a grown man shorter than himself—or O'Brien, as a giant who o'ertopped him by an inch. A person who is exceedingly ugly, or has an enormous nose or mouth, does not like to be surpassed in these particulars. Even a great liar, or rogue, likes to stand at the head of his profession. A very strong man is vain of his strength—a very weak man of his weakness. In short, whenever a person, in any one thing, is prodigiously and monstrously opposed to the natural standard, he wishes to outrage it still more. It is only those who keep within it, that are horrified at the idea of its violation.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Seventy-Ninth.

Lord Byron hated dowdy women. The *Court Journal*, on the authority of a likeness in the *Byron Gallery*, pronounces his lady to be a dowdy. Could this have had any thing to do with their quarrel?

Aphorism Two Hundred and Eightieth.

Byron had a curious idiosyncrasy with regard to the sex: he could not bear to see women eating. This

length I will not go, though I must confess that the vision of a pretty woman consuming platefuls of roast-beef with the appetite of a Dando, is not the most ravishing in the world.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Eighty-First.

If you wish to hear all the evil in people's characters, wait till they get married. If you are desirous to learn all—and more than all—their good qualities, have patience till they be dead. When the latter event takes place, the world can indulge in praise without exercising generosity, or doing any good to the objects of it.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Eighty-Second.

The most cowardly species of impertinence is that which is frequently practised by barristers towards witnesses. It is a pity that the latter cannot always pay back these puppies in their own coin; but a modest man or woman put into the box, has no chance with the practised effrontery brought to bear against him.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Eighty-Third.

Snuff-taking in a woman is abominable, unless she be very aged—say eighty, or upwards, when it is rather becoming than otherwise.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Eighty-Fourth.

The best linguists in the world are the Russians.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Eighty-Fifth.

Old maids, and married ladies who are childless, have a most extraordinary penchant for dogs, and especially cats.

P.S. A similar penchant for the latter is often possessed by old bachelors.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Eighty-Sixth.

There is only one species of egotism which is not disgusting, and that is where a man or woman of genius speaks of the peculiar circumstances, or state of mental excitement, under which he composed his works. This is often delightful, because it unfolds a new and interesting leaf in the book of human intellect. It requires decided talent, however, to justify this, or render it worth listening to. The thing from one of our small-beer geniuses, or third-rate scribblers (and it is they who are most fond of indulging in it) is at once insufferable and absurd. The feelings of a monkey on planning the robbery of a nut tree, would be about as interesting, or rather much more so, as they would excite laughter; whereas, in the other case, we have nothing but disgust.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Eighty-Seventh.

Men of talent very generally fix upon ignorant and stupidish women for their wives; while stupid men almost invariably alight upon clever women.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Eighty-Eighth.

Brutus was wrong when he conceived he was doing a service to his country in ridding it of Julius Cæsar. Cæsar was ambitious, and aimed at the supreme power, but cutting him off did not cure the evil. Instead of one tyrant, Rome soon had several, either of them infinitely worse men than the great Dictator, whose rule would have been just and illustrious, compared with theirs. It was the times which produced Cæsar, and unless they could be changed, his destruction could lead to no good result. At this period, Rome was rotten to the core, her republican virtue irrecoverably gone; and the question was only whether she was to have a good or a bad tyrant, for a tyrant of some kind or other she must have. The patriotism of Brutus, therefore, only aggravated the evil it was meant to cure.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Eighty-Ninth.

If animals were to turn authors, the eagle would excel in epic, and the sheep in pastoral poetry. The elephant would produce an excellent treatise on philo-

sophy—the horse employ his genius on chivalry—the cow on agriculture—and the dog cut a figure in the drama. The writings of the monkey would abound in satire and burlesque; while the cat would be distinguished for the sarcasm, envy, and disingenuousness of his compositions. The style of the lion would be bold, abrupt, and Pindaric; that of the tiger spirited, flexible, and vigorous; while the gander would be remarkable for the extreme verbosity and diffuseness of his language. The badger would probably attempt a treatise on the *Medicinal Effect of Perfumes*, the turkey a disquisition on the *Mock Heroic*. The genius of the owl would exhibit itself in the composition of elegies, epitaphs, and solemn dirges; that of the bear in an essay on *Waltzing*. As for the hog, he would never excel in polite literature, but might favour the world with *A Critical Analysis of the Philosophy of Bacon*. The peacock would make an excellent contributor to the *Lady's Magazine* and *Annuals*. The lion, the elephant, and the TIGER, would be apt to send their contributions to *Blackwood* or *Fraser*. The whale would write powerfully on the *Depopulating consequences of the Greenland Fishery*, and the pigeon on *Letter Carrying*. The goose would make a blue-stocking of the first class, and be famous for dealing in scandal. The magpie would be a notorious plagiarist—cabbaging

ideas at all hands. As for the parrot, he would not indulge much in written composition, but be fond of showing off as a public speaker. For delivering long-winded sermons, and composing political harangues, the ass would be unrivalled.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Ninetieth.

If you wish to get into a man's good graces—you yourself being one—never praise his wife, especially her beauty.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Ninety-First.

Tell-tales are most contemptible beings, especially when occurring in the shape of men. To retail in one house what is seen or spoken of in another, is a treason against society which cannot be too thoroughly despised.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Ninety-Second.

Never trust any person with a secret who communicates one to you. If you do so, you may calculate upon yours being divulged to some other person.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Ninety-Third.

Should you find it necessary to have a confidant, avoid a vain person, however in other respects estim-

able. Such people feel their consequence mightily enhanced by being made the repositories of secrets, and will, therefore, be peculiarly apt to blab them.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Ninety-Fourth.

There are no washerwomen like the Scotch: they employ both hands and feet in their avocation. The *tub hornpipe* is peculiar to these ladies. For specimens of this performance, as well as of well turned *understandings*, see the King's Park, Edinburgh, the Green of Glasgow, and other places in the Land of Cakes.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Ninety-Fifth.

The more the race is mixed, the more perfect does it become. This holds true both with regard to man and the inferior animals. Families which for several generations have intermarried, become imbeciles—hence the number of insane and weak-minded people among royal and noble families.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Ninety-Sixth.

When a mother is constantly stunning you with praises of her daughter, depend upon it she has a design upon you.

P. S. Supposing you to be a bachelor.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Ninety-Seventh.

One of the most disagreeable situations in which a man can be placed, is at a ball, where he himself cannot dance. In such a dilemma, the only step he can resort to is the preparation of negus, or lemonade for the company, not forgetting to help himself liberally to whatever is going in the shape of eatable or drinkable.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Ninety-Eighth.

The last half of the eighteenth century may be called, *par excellence*, the age of scepticism. Philosophers and historians at that time affected to doubt every thing. Hume first doubted his own existence, and then doubted whether he doubted, which gave rise to Dr. Beattie's witty remark, that his work was "a doubtful solution of doubtful doubts." The most notorious doubters were the Scotch. Hailes commenced by doubting every thing in the history of Scotland honourable to the valour of the country; and Hume and others, following in the same train, thought they were showing their impartiality when they threw a doubt upon any deed which redounded to the credit of their native land.

Aphorism Two Hundred and Ninety-Ninth.

The love which parents bear to their children is

much modified by the difficulty or care which they experience in bringing them up. Poverty deadens affection, and induces harshness to the offspring,—on which account, the poorer classes are more unfeeling parents than those in easy circumstances.

Aphorism Three Hundredth.

You will seldom meet with a labouring man who is hen-pecked: he rules the roast, and is, I am sorry to say, more frequently the tyrant, than the lover of his better half.

Aphorism Three Hundred and First.

Those frontlets or patches which gentlemen paste upon their heads for the purpose of concealing partial baldness, should be exploded. They are vile affairs, and prevent the head from being washed so often as it should be by every cleanly person. Don't wear a patch if you abominate paste, and love the daily ablution of your pericranium. Should you dislike to appear in company with a barren crown, get a wig at once, for to that it must come at last.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Second.

The most awfully difficult and valour-daunting exploit which a modest youth has to encounter, is that of

requesting a lady to drink wine with him at a large dinner party. To perform this dreadful ceremony for the first time, requires such courage, that he who is able to go through it without shrinking, is qualified to lead the forlorn hope, force his way into a square of bayonets, pull the beard of the Sultan, or trip up the heels of the Emperor of China before all his mandarins.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Third.

In a state of nature, the feeling of shame in reference to the person does not exist,—it is a conventional one, acquired by civilization. In the first stages of every country, except where the coldness of the climate compels clothing, the inhabitants invariably go naked. Such is the case, at the present day, with the aborigines of New Holland, and some other savage nations.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Fourth.

If you hear a man constantly talking of his indifference to the good things of this life, and how he could dine with as much pleasure on a potato as on turbot and oyster sauce, you may stamp him as a guzzler of the first magnitude. This affectation of indifference to good feeding is all bam. The most honest gourmands are decidedly the English: they talk of the subject with profound gusto, and may be said to have studied

the philosophy of eating more deeply than any nation in Europe.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Fifth.

Painters are not always the best judges of pictures, nor poets of poetry. Some of the first critics in both departments are persons who never tried their hand at either; for instance, Aristotle, Hazlitt, the Schlegels, and various others.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Sixth.

The worst judge of a man's own productions is often himself. Milton conceived *Paradise Regained* superior to *Paradise Lost*, and Hogarth looked upon *Sigismunda* as his *chef-d'œuvre*.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Seventh.

When a man is notoriously and confessedly good at any thing, he does not feel much gratified at receiving praise on that account. Lord Byron liked better to be flattered for his swimming than for his poetry. He was good at both, but his excellence in the latter every body knew, and he therefore thought little about it. Cardinal Richelieu, on the contrary, was fond of being thought a first-rate poet, while he was perfectly indifferent about praise on account of his statesmanship.

This foible the courtiers knew well, and acted accordingly. He had also the ambition of being considered a great leaper; and having a jealousy of Count de Grammont, who was really excellent at that exercise, the latter allowed himself to be overcome by the cardinal, and thus got into his good graces.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Eighth.

The most obvious inferences often escape the observation of the most sensible men. Take the following as an example: Sir William Hamilton thought he had the phrenologists by the heels when he discovered that Voltaire, who despised religion, had a large organ of veneration. This was absurd. Voltaire was a notorious free-thinker. He did not believe in Christianity, and consequently could not venerate it.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Ninth.

Avoid having confidants. The most difficult thing in the world to keep is a secret; and if you cannot preserve one yourself, how can you expect that another will? Keep your private feelings and opinions also to yourself, and trust them to no ear, however apparently trustworthy. A pretty figure people cut, when, after quarrelling with confidants—a common case—they have the mortification of knowing that the latter are in

possession of all their secrets. Indeed, to have a confidant at all—unless in a case of strong necessity—argues invariably weakness of mind.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Tenth.

One of the greatest mysteries is the expression of the human eye. It depends upon something beyond mere organization, for I have seen the eyes of two persons which in their structure and colour were, apparently, quite the same, and yet the ocular expression of each individual was perfectly different. Some owe the expression of their countenance chiefly to the eyes, others to the mouth, nor is it, upon the whole, easy to say which feature is the most expressive. The intellect, I believe, is more especially communicated by the eyes, and the feelings by the mouth. I never knew a man of imaginative genius who had not fine eyes.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Eleventh.

It has been the occasion of surprise to many, that Switzerland, the most romantic country in Europe, has never produced a poet. They imagine that the scenery should generate poetry in the minds of the inhabitants; but this is confounding the cause with the effect. It is not the scenery which makes the poet, but the mind of the poet which makes poetry of the scenery.

Holland, perhaps, the tamest district in the world, has produced some good poets; and our own immortal Milton, was born and brought up amid the smoke of London. Spenser, the most fanciful of poets, was also a Cockney.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Twelfth.

In a well-proportioned man, the distance between the points of the middle fingers, when the arms are stretched out laterally, should be equal to the length of his body.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Thirteenth.

Hospitality is the virtue of a rude or semi-barbarous state of society, and a noble virtue it is. When people get civilized, and more especially when they become congregated in large towns, it invariably disappears. The hospitality of the Scotch Highlanders is much praised, but in truth the same thing exists in every society similarly constituted. The shepherds in the Lowlands, living far away from the rest of the world, and existing in a sort of primitive state, are just as hospitable as the mountaineers.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Fourteenth.

Ignorant people have an absurd prejudice against

the French for eating frogs, as if they were the principal or only food of the nation. Suppose they did eat them, what then? A frog, besides being the most cleanly of animals, is extremely tender, and constitutes excellent food. But the whole notion, so far as regards our Gallic neighbours, is ridiculous. There is not one Frenchman in five thousand who ever tasted a frog. A dish of those animals is a most costly affair; and at Virey's, Beauvillier's, or any other first-rate restaurateur's, cannot be had for less than a guinea.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Fifteenth.

The motive which prompts most people to travel is vanity. They care little themselves about what they may see, but have the pleasure of detailing it to others, and thus becoming lions. There is nothing which annoys a great traveller so much as the thought that one of the company has gone over the same ground as himself. Not only is the power of monopolizing the subject thus taken out of his hands, but he loses the privilege of shooting with the long bow—a right to which such personages have laid claim from time immemorial.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Sixteenth.

Spectacles with golden frames are bad. Not only is

the pressure of this valuable but heavy metal on the nose disagreeable, but I have known it produce swelling of that organ, followed by ulceration. The best frame is one made of tortoise-shell or slight steel.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Seventeenth.

The best characters are not those who have fewest vices, but those who have most virtues.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Eighteenth.

The most aristocratic people in the world are those of the United States.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Nineteenth.

There are some people who, for the purpose of veiling their hardness of heart, and want of humanity, affect a vast abhorrence of vice, and an equal reverence for virtue. If, for instance, a poor creature who at one period of his life committed some indiscretion, gets into distress, and applies to them for relief, they instantly put him in mind of the unlucky event, and thus pretend to justify themselves for withholding any assistance. No matter how much the indiscretion may have been atoned for: it has been committed, and that, forsooth, is enough for the hypocrites. Detesters of vice! adorers of virtue!—how do they expect that

their own errors will be overlooked by the Deity, when they themselves cannot—or rather affect they cannot—pass by unpunished the most venial transgressions of a fellow-creature. The assumed cause of their uncharitableness is more offensive than the want of charity itself.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Twentieth.

It is a curious circumstance, that blockheads are generally far better story-tellers than clever men. This, indeed, so often holds true, that when I hear of a person being great at story-telling, I am apt to place him in the catalogue of asses.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Twenty-First.

The antipathy of the Scotch to fat meat is absurd: ditto to meat unless it be roasted to a cinder.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Twenty-Second.

Never lend umbrellas.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Twenty-Third.

If a man takes your umbrella *by mistake* for his own, *yours* is invariably the best of the two.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Twenty-Fourth.

Persons who have the deepest insight into character,

and are the most difficult to be imposed upon, with regard to the dispositions and talents of individuals, are those who have a strong perception of the ridiculous. This truth Sir Walter Scott has beautifully illustrated in the novel of the Pirate, when he contrasts the two sisters, Minna and Brenda Troil. It is impossible to conceive any hypocrite passing himself off as a saint, or any shallow, but showy fellow, as a person of sterling talent upon such men as Swift, Cervantes, or Voltaire.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Twenty-Fifth.

Nothing is more difficult than for two individuals to get up a consistent piece of falsehood which will stand the test of examination. If they could previously hit upon every point upon which, by possibility, they might be questioned, it would be easy enough to make their evidence tally; but there is, in almost every case, a mass of minute particulars which must escape the most carefully preconcerted arrangement of the parties; and it is upon these that their evidence would be apt to exhibit discrepancies.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Twenty-Sixth.

Women are much more bitter against an erring sister than men.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Twenty-Seventh.

It is somewhat odd that the favourite English dish, beans and bacon, has never been naturalized in the Land of Cakes. I cannot charge myself with ever having seen such a dish in Scotland.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Twenty-Eighth.

In the modern education of children, too much time is devoted to the cultivation of the mind, and too little to that of the body. What is the consequence? The intellect, from such premature and excessive exertion, and the body, from an opposite cause—a want of exertion—are both injured. The mind should never be forced on, but allowed to acquire strength with the growth of the body; and the invigoration of the latter, above all, ought to be encouraged, as upon it depends most materially the future health of the individual. Education should be made a pastime with children, and not a task. The young mind when forcibly exerted becomes weakened, and a premature decay of its energies takes place. It is scandalous, as well as absurd, to see the manner in which children are confined several hours together within the walls of a school-house. Some parents declare that they cannot bear to see their offspring idle; but when a child is enjoying itself in the open air, and acquiring health, it cannot be

said to be idle. With health comes strength of body, and with strength of body strength of mind.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Twenty-Ninth.

The high Tories are making a great deal too much fuss about the bishops doffing their wigs in the House of Lords. It is not upon the peruke, but upon the block which it covers, that the glory and renown of the Church of England depend. Tillotson, Stillingfleet, and Jeremy Taylor sported wigs, to be sure, but would they have been less potent pillars of Episcopacy had they appeared in Parliament with sconces as bare as a Dominican friar's—as uncovered as Father Abraham's?

Aphorism Three Hundred and Thirtieth.

There is seldom much love in a romp. If there be any at all, it is not of a very profound or passionate description. Romps are pleasant, crack-brained fools, with too much mischief in their pates to be capable of thinking or feeling deeply on any subject.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Thirty-First.

The higher we ascend in the scale of rank, the less consequence do the parties assume. The squire gives himself more airs, and is more afraid of associating with his inferiors, than the duke. More courtesy and famili-

arity are shown to those beneath them by the nobility than by wealthy merchants and tradesmen. A rich cheesemonger is a far more important character than his grace.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Thirty-Second.

Tragedy-writers and tragic actors are usually gay, rattling fellows: writers and performers of comedy the reverse. Persons, indeed, who excel in humour have, in a great majority of cases, a strong dash of sadness in their temperament. The saturnine Swift—the peevish, cynical Smollett—the moping Grimaldi—the melancholy Carlin, are strong illustrations in support of this point. Nature seems to delight in contradictions.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Thirty-Third.

The best and worst cheese in Europe is made by the Dutch, who favour us with the last, and keep the first to themselves.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Thirty-Fourth.

Be slow of giving credit to any stories you may hear about extraordinary feats of strength and agility. Some time ago a gentleman told me that a friend of his jumped twenty-four feet upon a dead level. Meeting the said friend shortly after, I asked him if he

had ever perpetrated such a leap, when he at once declared his entire guiltlessness thereof, and said that the greatest leap he ever committed was six yards and a half.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Thirty-Fifth.

Considering the population of Germany, more people wear spectacles in that country than in any other in Europe. This, I take it, proceeds from the studious habits of the Germans, who thus injure their eyesight.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Thirty-Sixth.

Ignorant illiterate people appear to much greater advantage in the witness box than the well educated. In such a situation, it is much easier to bamboozle a philosopher than a peasant.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Thirty-Seventh.

The worst witnesses are lawyers. We should imagine them the best, but facts are always stultifying our preconceived notions.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Thirty-Eighth.

It is very disgusting to hear the cant uttered by some people concerning the immoralities of Burns and Byron. Did these persons possess a tithe of the same

strong passions to struggle against as the great poets in question, they would have been cursed with a hundred times more vice, without being blessed by a particle of the virtues possessed by the objects of their vituperation. Burns and Byron no doubt had their faults, (which in their case were more remarked than in inferior men, whose very insignificance causes errors to be unobserved,) but in considering them, their undoubted good qualities should be placed in the opposite scale, and an average thus struck of the good and evil.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Thirty-Ninth.

The best sausages in the world are to be had in Paris. I mean the fresh sausages, for in the dried state the German ones are allowed to be matchless.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Fortieth.

If you publish a book, do not trust to your friends or acquaintances buying it. They are the worst patrons an author can have, and never think of purchasing his writings.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Forty-First.

In France, Germany, or Italy, a stranger can see almost any thing without paying for it,—the palaces, paintings, halls of sculpture, churches, &c. He may

even attend the public hospitals and lectures on medicine and philosophy free of expense. In all this there is a liberality most creditable to the governments of these nations, and widely different from the grasping avarice prevailing in this country, where nothing is shown unless exorbitantly paid for. Let any person who doubts this, visit St. Paul's, Holyrood House, or any public institution, and he will be convinced to his cost.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Forty-Second.

The most splendid piece of modern prose composition is, perhaps, the description of the Hall of Eblis, in *Vathek*,—a work which (or rather the author of which) Professor Wilson pronounces to be destitute of genius of any kind; and which Lord Byron declares to be one of the most magnificent imitations of the Eastern romance that ever was written. “Who shall decide when *poets* disagree?”

Aphorism Three Hundred and Forty-Third.

Cologne is the dirtiest town in Europe.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Forty-Fourth.

Black is the coldest dress in winter, and warmest in summer. White is the reverse.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Forty-Fifth.

The Scotch fiddle is a misnomer. Our neighbours the Irish are supposed to be the most distinguished performers on this unmelodious instrument.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Forty-Sixth.

An absurd prejudice prevails among foreigners, and even natives, against the water of the Seine, which, I have the authority of Thenard, whom I heard prelect upon the subject some years ago, to pronounce extremely wholesome.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Forty-Seventh.

If you are apt to bespatter yourself, it is a good plan in wet weather to wear drab, pepper-and-salt, or grey trowsers.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Forty-Eighth.

Tall men have a most inordinate propensity to marry little women, and *vice versa*. Middle-sized men alone are guided by common sense in this matter, as they generally marry middle-sized women. There is something inexpressibly absurd in a man of six feet six going arm-in-arm with a little body a foot and a half less than himself; taking two steps for every one of his, and looking up at him as if his face were the

ball of the steeple. But the absurdity is still greater to behold a little dapper fellow, of some four feet ten, yoked to a tall dawdle of a woman, who overtops him by a neck and head. It is quite impossible for a giantess of this description to respect such a mannikin of a husband.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Forty-Ninth.

Some blockheads blame Shakspeare for asking "what is in a name?" It is not Shakspeare who does so, but the love-lorn Juliet, from whom the observation comes with singular propriety. Well did the Swan of Avon know the influence of names.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Fiftieth.

Talking of the Swan of Avon, some asses have taken it upon them to pronounce his name as if it spelt Shack-speare: and Kean, the actor, who is certainly no ass, has done the same thing. We should have thought Kean had a little more poetry in his composition than to substitute such a tame unmeaning appellation for one which instantly calls up *shaking* the *spear*, and other warlike associations. The above is an instance of the power possessed by men of genius over the minds of blockheads, for I believe that Kean was in reality

the originator (the reviver at all events) of the objectionable pronunciation.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Fifty-First.

Patrons of churches should appoint no clergyman who has not a good audible voice. In all congregations there are many old people whose hearing is not very acute; and it is wrong that they should be deprived of the benefit of the service because the officiating priest cannot or will not speak above his breath.

P.S. No minister with a weak voice should be appointed to a large church.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Fifty-Second.

When a miser is drunk, he sits with his hands in his breeches pockets. This is an infallible sign of the man's character.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Fifty-Third.

The best light in the world, and by no means the most expensive, is the spermaceti candle.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Fifty-Fourth.

If you see a man with broad shoulders and spindle-shanks, ten to one he is an Englishman.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Fifty-Fifth.

Talking about spindle-shanks, reminds me of a good anecdote. About thirty years ago, more or less, a supply of ready made gaiters was sent down from London for a Scotch militia regiment, and were, with the exception of one pair, obliged to be returned on account of being too small. The person whom this solitary pair fitted was a half-starved barber, Tom Strap by name. Will any man after this deny that the English are a spindle-shanked generation?

Aphorism Three Hundred and Fifty-Sixth.

Of all animals the most insolent, pampered, and greedy, are the domestics of the nobility.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Fifty-Seventh.

The great secret of making oneself agreeable is to be a good listener. Crafty people know this well, and act accordingly.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Fifty-Eighth.

Women who rule their husbands are often ruled by their children. We should expect the contrary.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Fifty-Ninth.

I have remarked, and Gil Blas' mother did the

same thing, that women generally bear a great dislike to their sons' wives. This is the more remarkable as they are almost always fond of their sons-in-law. Can any person explain the why and wherefore of these singular facts?

Aphorism Three Hundred and Sixtieth.

A vast deal of nonsense is talked about the proper method of preparing toddy; and no two people can agree as to whether the water, the spirit, or the sugar, should be put in first. This is extremely absurd. The thing is just as broad as it is long, nor does it matter a straw which of the ingredients has the precedence. If these are good, and are combined in proper proportions, you will have good toddy, no matter which you put first or last into the tumbler.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Sixty-First.

I can form a pretty shrewd guess as to whether a man is short or tall by the manner in which he knocks at the door. If the knocker goes rap, rap, rap, rap, loud and quickly, I estimate him at five feet six, or downwards, and am seldom mistaken.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Sixty-Second.

The Scotch, as a nation, have larger heads than the

English; and the people in the north of Ireland than those in the south. Ask any extensive hatter, and he will verify this assertion. The largest heads in Scotland are in Aberdeenshire, the natives of which are supposed to be the most sagacious bipeds of the Caledonian breed.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Sixty-Third.

Talking of heads, that of Sir Walter Scott was a curiosity. His head was very large, and yet he required a very small hat. The reason is obvious. His head was remarkably lofty—more so, by far, than that of any man I ever saw; and thus possessed great size, although its circumference was below average.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Sixty-Fourth.

The most gesticulative nation in Europe are the Neapolitans—the least so the Dutch. Cato the censor must have been a Dutchman.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Sixty-Fifth.

Puppyism is at a premium just now. Most parents have a desire that their sons should get dandified as soon as possible, and, accordingly, employ all their skill to make them part with every thing in the shape of diffidence or modesty. This is highly commendable.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Sixty-Sixth.

Ireland has produced some tremendous *fistiologists*, such as Peter Corcoran, Ryan, Donnelly, and others; but, upon the whole, England is entitled to carry off the palm of pugilistic excellence. The English are as brave and strong as the Irish, and have far more coolness.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Sixty-Seventh.

The best boxer that ever stripped was Jem Belcher. He was a man of much greater genius than Jeremy Bentham, Macintosh, and fifty others whom it is fashionable to praise, now-a-days. The improvements he introduced into the fistic art were truly valuable, and produced an entire revolution in the science. In inventive talent he was quite equal to Watt. His stopping with the right hand, and making the return with the left—being just the reverse of the old system—deserve immortal honour, to say nothing of his improvement in cross-buttocking, and giving pepper to his antagonist without napping it himself. Jem was decidedly the Hannibal of pugilists, as the *Game Chicken* was the Scipio Africanus. The Chicken's left-handed hit on the jugular is entitled to great praise, and stamps him as a man of first-rate genius. Randall's "one, two," and favourite lounge at the *bread-basket*, are also

specimens of exquisite talent. Cribb, though rather slow, must also be allowed to possess considerable inventive genius. Had he done nothing else than introduce that admirable piece of generalship, *milling on the retreat*, he would be justly entitled to a niche in the temple of fame. Need I mention the illustrious Gulley, who now fills the distinguished place of a British senator? Did he wield his tongue as skilfully as his bunch of fives, he would floor the best speakers in the house.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Sixty-Eighth.

The Scotch cut a poor figure with their daddles. Though excellent metaphysicians, and political economists, they are very so-so *millers* indeed. The only truly good man in this line that Scotland ever produced is Captain Barclay, who, after, all is only an amateur, and never entered the ring.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Sixty-Ninth.

Sea-gull's eggs, when boiled hard, and eaten cold with pepper, salt, vinegar, and mustard, make a delightful breakfast dish. Many persons have an antipathy to such eggs; but it is from eating them in the soft state, when they have a fishy taste. Try them as above, and they will change their opinions on the subject.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Seventieth.

No offence is so difficult to pardon as contempt. Beat a man and he may forgive you; abuse him and he may forget it, but once treat him with contumely, and he becomes your enemy for life.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Seventy-First.

I never knew a woman who could argue well: so much the better. There is a delightful inconsequentiality in the reasonings of the fair sex. Some beautiful specimens of the *non sequitur* might be collected from their efforts in this department of logic.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Seventy-Second.

If you are troubled with weak eyes, do not wear green spectacles: they do harm. Blue glasses are infinitely superior. I speak from experience.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Seventy-Third.

If a man has any peculiar opinions regarding religion, he should keep them to himself, and not endeavour to instil them into others. This is more especially the case if they savour of infidelity. To shake any one's belief in a future state, is a piece of gratuitous and wanton cruelty, for which there is no possible excuse; and yet there are many deists who make a point of

doing so whenever they have an opportunity, and thus undermining the pillars upon which the consolation of their victims was built.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Seventy-Fourth.

If in any publication you read an article in which an attempt is made to dignify tailors, and blunt the edge of that ridicule which has been turned against them from time immemorial, you may rely upon it that it has been written by one of the fraternity. It is impossible to make Snip heroic or interesting. Smollett contrived to elevate barbers, in the person of Strap; but to inspire us with interest for the *ninth part of a man* would have puzzled even his genius.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Seventy-Fifth.

Blackwood remarked, many years ago, upon the impossibility of conceiving Tom Cribb to be a Frenchman; but it is still more difficult to imagine a tailor champion of England: and yet Jack Randall—he was lousy at the time, I confess—was once within an ace of being licked by a snip; nor was it till after having the worst of several rounds that he was able to take the conceit out of this pugnacious knight of the small sword.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Seventy-Sixth.

The best soporific is a dull sermon. Its narcotic effects are greatly superior to those of opium, especially if the church be very warm.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Seventy-Seventh.

People are every now and then getting alarmed lest some comet should destroy the earth. Such terrors are founded upon a miserably narrow view of the universe. It is utterly impossible, in the nature of things, that an event of this kind can take place. All the heavenly bodies move in a certain tract, from which they cannot deviate; and though the path of the comets is more diversified than that of the others, they are not the less subject to the same law. They are merely wandering over a space which they have traversed since the creation, and can never approach nearer the earth than they have already frequently been. The Deity has too well guarded the integrity of His works to permit the destruction of any of them by such an approximation.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Seventy-Eighth.

If you chance to say any thing not particularly witty, and one of the company laughs heartily at the same, you may conclude either that he is turning you into

ridicule, that he is an ass, or that he wishes to curry favour with you.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Seventy-Ninth.

If a person has a great knack at finding out feats of legerdemain, you may pronounce him a blockhead. I never knew a clever man who was worth a farthing at detecting such tricks.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Eightieth.

Many persons talk of the pleasure they will experience, when, after a long absence, they revisit the scenes of their youth. In returning to such scenes, no feelings but those of melancholy arise in the mind. Every one who has made the experiment will find this to be the case. Upon the whole, there are no pleasures like *The Pleasures of Hope*. *The Pleasures of Memory*—no offence to Rogers—are idle phantoms of the brain.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Eighty-First.

There is not a town in the United Kingdom where, as a body, the inhabitants speak such pure English as in Inverness. Sam. Johnson very absurdly imputed this to their intercourse in former times with Oliver Cromwell's soldiers.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Eighty=Second.

Never smoke with pipes which are not glazed at the mouth-piece, or when this is broken off. In such cases, the stalk is apt to adhere to the lips; and the pulling necessary to loosen the adhesion may so far irritate those parts, as, in course of time, to produce cancer. Sir Astley Cooper relates cases of this horrid disease which arose from such a cause.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Eighty=Third.

The worst ink in the world is Japan ink. It costs ten times as much as common ink, and is not half so good.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Eighty=Fourth.

In modern education a great deal too much time is devoted to the dead, and a great deal too little to the living languages. Boys—unless they are destined for the learned professions—instead of wasting several years in Latin and Greek, should set to French, German, Italian, or some modern tongue, which may be of practical use to them in the business of life.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Eighty=Fifth.

The best metallic pens are the Perryan; but, after all, no artificial pen is equal to a good goose quill.

N. B. No metallic pen writes well upon pasteboard.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Eighty-Sixth.

Of all literary coxcombs, the most despicable was Lord Chesterfield. His letters to his son—who, by the bye, must have been an ass of the first water—are the veriest rubbish that ever issued from the press. Well did Sam. Johnson characterise them as inculcating the morals of a prostitute and the manners of a dancing-master. It makes us ashamed of our grandfathers to think that such stuff passed current and attracted admiration in their day.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Eighty-Seventh.

Johnson's reproof of Chesterfield on the occasion of the latter puffing the Doctor's dictionary, under the hope that it would be dedicated to him, (after treating the author during the progress of this mighty work with marked neglect,) is a masterly specimen of mingled scorn and rebuke; but I think the purpose would have been much more effectually served had he treated his lordship's advances with silent contempt.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Eighty-Eighth.

The word *merit* is often sadly misapplied. If a man accumulates a fortune, it is customary to say that he has great merit, as if he were entitled to the slightest praise for looking sharply after his own interest, and

feathering his own nest. The most grovelling creatures are just as likely to do this as the noble-minded and generous, or rather much more so; and the whole has its root in the strong selfishness of human nature. Were a man to make a great sacrifice for the purpose of doing justice to the injured, placing his poor and deserving friends or relatives in comfortable circumstances, or advancing the cause of science and philanthropy, his merit would be undeniable, although probably the heartless portion of the world would call him a fool for his pains.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Eighty-Ninth.

In shaving, carry the edge of the razor as much as possible against the grain. This at first is difficult, but a little practice soon overcomes it.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Ninetieth.

Always shave with hot water. I insert this aphorism as I observe my friend Sir John Sinclair has very absurdly recommended cold water.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Ninety-First.

I would recommend every man who values a good shave to have at least a dozen of razors. I cannot explain how it happens, but a razor by being laid aside

for a number of days improves in sharpness. This is a fact to which any barber in town or country will bear witness.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Ninety-Second.

I never knew a good leaper who was flat-soled.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Ninety-Third.

If you are informed that a man intends to pull your nose, the best method of defeating his purpose is to grease it. This is much better than flooring him on the spot, or calling him out.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Ninety-Fourth.

Authors should prey upon the public, and not upon each other. I make this remark from the annoyance to which literary people are subjected by a set of scribblers who call upon them, and either solicit money or the favour of their names to some work which they—the said scribblers—are about to publish. This is the more provoking, because such persons are never men of talent, but useless, self-sufficient lazy devils, who, from a spirit of blinded conceit and indolence, will not turn their hands to a decent calling, but must, forsooth, try their luck in the field of literature.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Ninety-Fifth.

An unaccountable sympathy seems to exist between London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Paisley, and Renfrew. Take the following facts as evidence thereof:—On the occasion of the late king's visit to Scotland, the magistrates of the different cities, towns, and boroughs of the Land of Cakes required court dresses to enable them to pay their devoirs to his Majesty at Holyrood. Well then, it so turned out that the dresses of the Edinburgh magistrates were made in London—those of the Glasgow magistrates in Edinburgh—those of the Paisley magistrates in Glasgow, and those of the Renfrew magistrates in Paisley.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Ninety-Sixth.

The eloquence of the bar and that of the senate appear to be incompatible. Erskine, Curran, Jeffrey, &c. all eminent pleaders, failed in parliament; and the bulk of those distinguished for their forensic orations have been equally unsuccessful. Brougham, to be sure, is great in Parliament, but then his bar eloquence—good as that was—was far inferior to his senatorial. Indeed, considering the general powers of the man, it might be called a failure, so that he constitutes no exception to the rule. It is difficult to imagine that Burke, Pitt, or Fox—the three stars of the House of

Commons—would have shone at the bar, and perhaps still more so to imagine the same thing of Chatham, who was greater than any of them.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Ninety-Seventh.

If you hear any Christian boast that he has been in the Mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople, you may, with great safety, pronounce him a liar.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Ninety-Eighth.

Bristol has produced more good boxers than any town in the kingdom. Cribb, the three Belchers, Harmer, Nicholls, Neat, the Game Chicken, Big Ben, *cum multis aliis*, fought their way into the world in this city of incendiaries and pugilists.

Aphorism Three Hundred and Ninety-Ninth.

Of all men of genius, none had so many absurd prejudices as Johnson. Upon what principle, physiological or otherwise, are we to account for his detestation of these excellent dishes, hotch-potch and Scotch haggis?

Aphorism Four Hundredth.

Dancing is very absurd in a fat man, and still more so in a fat woman; yet how often do we meet with such people tripping it on the *light* fantastic toe.

Aphorism Four Hundred and First.

The best whisky is made in Scotland. It is ludicrous to behold the Irish standing out for the supremacy of poteen.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Second.

A man who is good at making explanations and apologies, is seldom good for any thing else.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Third.

Extremes often meet. Strong friendships and partialities seldom exist between individuals of similar minds. This may seem a paradox, but it is perfectly true. Indeed, it may be laid down as an axiom, that great differences either produce strong attachments, or strong antipathies. This is another apparent paradox. There is often no accounting for these facts: we must take them as we find them.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Fourth.

The best sauce for fish, or indeed for almost any thing, is oyster sauce. Lobster sauce, the King of Oude's, Essence of Anchovies, &c. &c. are all well enough in the four months of the year when the *natives* cannot be had; but when oysters are procurable, there is no excuse for using sauce made with any thing else.

Aphorism *Four Hundred and Fifth.*

Some people eat oysters with the beards on: *Chacun a son goût*, but, for my part, I always have them denuded of these appendages. Oysters, I think, should always, except in the shape of sauce, be eaten raw, and out of the shell. Depend upon it, this is the approved method among gourmands. My lamented friend, the late Dando, never swallowed them in any other form; and his authority on these subjects, even Dr. Kitchener would not have disputed.

Aphorism *Four Hundred and Sixth.*

Whatever gourmands may say to the contrary, apple sauce is no improvement to roasted goose. To relish such a mixture of incompatibles, implies a depraved taste.

Aphorism *Four Hundred and Seventh.*

If you are bald, wear a wig, *unless you have an elegantly formed head*. Without this requisite, baldness is never becoming, and the man who sports it, is putting his appearance to a severe test.

Aphorism *Four Hundred and Eighth.*

Important to Drunkards. If, an hour before sitting down to drink, you take a grain or two of opium, you

will be able to withstand a much greater quantity than otherwise of liquor. This fact has escaped the notice of Macnish.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Ninth.

The best way of standing out a debauch well, is to be cautious at the commencement. A man who is sober at eleven o'clock at night, may drink till six in the morning. It is also of consequence to stick to one liquor. This I mention as many people deluge their stomachs with malt liquor after dinner, then betake themselves to wine, and wind up the performances by hot toddy. No head can withstand such a Gothic intermixture of ingredients, which are good in themselves, but which, when united, become too much for Bacchus himself.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Tenth.

The most conceited people under the sun are the Yankees.

P. S. Talking of Yankees, it is amusing to hear Cooper the novelist, called the American Walter Scott. This puts me in mind of our own Stothard, whom some imprudent admirers have denominated the British Raphael. Comparisons of this kind only injure those whom it is intended to compliment by them.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Eleventh.

If you wish to impose upon stupid people, be very mysterious and unintelligible. The less you are understood the more highly will you rise in their estimation. The great secret of the success of many popular preachers, consists in bamboozling their hearers. Sensible, intelligible preachers are seldom popular. This may be received as an uncontrovertible fact.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Twelfth.

Sensible people are generally those who talk least. Great talkers are, for the most part, great asses. What says the couplet?

“ The prophet Balaam was in wonder lost
To hear his ass speak—asses *now* speak most.”

Aphorism Four Hundred and Thirteenth.

The best way of getting into a man's good graces is to laugh heartily at all his jokes. Nothing pleases poor human nature so much as this species of homage. The worse his jokes are, let your laugh be all the heartier.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Fourteenth.

The best drink after a feast of Oysters, is whisky toddy.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Fifteenth.

Persons who indulge much in conundrums, charades, &c., are invariably poor creatures. The same remark applies to punsters. It is difficult for a man of sterling talent to perpetrate a pun, or to solve an enigma. On the latter account, Œdipus must have been an ass.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Sixteenth.

Some stupid people suppose that imagination and philosophy are incompatible. Blockheads! Was not Bacon the greatest of philosophers, also one of the most imaginative of men? There is more true philosophy in the writings of Shakspeare, Milton, and Scott, than in those of all the metaphysicians that ever existed.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Seventeenth.

“As grave as a Spaniard,” has passed into a by-word; but the phrase is inaccurate, for the Spaniards, like all other southern nations, are a gay and lively people. The gravity which exists, is solely confined to the grandees, who are rendered so by the genius of the government, and not by nature. National character is much more dependant on climate than is generally supposed. A moist, foggy atmosphere renders people phlegmatic; witness the Dutch;—a sunny climate dis-

poses them to be gay and light hearted; witness the Italians and French; while intense heat inclines them to luxury and voluptuousness, as in the case of the Turks and the natives of the tropics. The heart is lighter in summer than in winter, and in a clear day than in a gloomy one. Such influences continuing constantly to operate, must, in the course of a few ages, have a permanent effect upon the moral structure, and thus confer a character upon nations.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Eighteenth.

If you invite several people to dine with you, and one of them is late of arriving, never wait for him, but order the dinner to be served at once. This is a good advice, as not only do many people make a regular practice of coming late, but some landlords, out of a mistaken courtesy, await their arrival, to the injury of the meats, and the great annoyance of the rest of the company, who are thus made to suffer for their want of good manners. The remedy for this offence, *contra bonos mores*, is perfectly simple, and will seldom fail of effecting a cure.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Nineteenth.

There are some persons with whom it is a good plan to sport ignorance. By doing so, you will get into

their good graces, and probably be invited to dinner, whereas, if you make it appear that you are wiser or better informed than themselves, they will have nothing to do with you.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Twentieth.

In dry weather, carry an umbrella; in wet, please yourself. This, to be sure, is a Spanish proverb, but it is none the worse of being repeated.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Twenty-First.

Dark complexioned people should dress in black. A light dress makes too strong a contrast with the sombre hue of their skin.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Twenty-Second.

Blue-stockings are most dreadful bores, especially if ugly, which they generally are.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Twenty-Third.

Still greater bores are ladies who keep albums, and solicit contributions in the shape of picture or poetry. If they chance to be pretty, you must oblige them, poor things; if the reverse, you may refuse: but then you are sure to get into their bad graces, and they become inveterate enemies for life.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Twenty-Fourth.

A lady's album is generally worth looking at, as a psychological curiosity, indicative, to a considerable extent, of the taste and feelings of its owner.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Twenty-Fifth.

When a man is offended at being called a blockhead, it is a proof that he is so in reality. Clever men only laugh at being so denominated.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Twenty-Sixth.

All authors who affix a string of titles after their names are asses. This practice is common, in an especial degree, with the medical tribe.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Twenty-Seventh.

The passion of self-conceit flourishes more vigorously in small than in large towns. In the latter, it is checked by people having more opportunities of comparing their own merits and consequence with those of others, and thus estimating both by a severer standard.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Twenty-Eighth.

English servants are the greediest in Europe. For the most trifling service they expect extravagant

remuneration, and have no idea of doing the slightest good turn, unless they are paid for it. The sooner the custom of giving servants *vails* is abolished, the better. It is a shameful tax upon visitors, who are thus made to pay smartly for the hospitality shown to them.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Twenty-Ninth.

Those who are always talking of their fine feelings and sympathy with distress, have no feeling of any kind. Their sympathy is all gammon, and is employed as a cloak to cover the merest hard-heartedness.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Thirtieth.

Those who are fond of talking about their deceased relatives, care nothing about them. True sorrow sedulously avoids the mention of such topics, however much it may indulge in the cogitation.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Thirty-First.

A great deal of wrath is wasted in invectives against despotic governments and the tyranny of kings, but all this is absurd and unmeaning. It is not the governments and despots that are to be blamed, but the people who submit to them. Those placed at the head of a nation, will behave despotically if they are

allowed; for men are naturally tyrants at heart. It is therefore ridiculous to complain of the despotism of the Russian Emperor—he does no more than the kings of England and France, or the President of the United States would do, if they had the power.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Thirty=Second.

Women who are fond of splendid, gaudy dresses, are generally drabs. To prove this, try and get a sight of them *en déshabille*, when they do not expect visitors—say at breakfast time.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Thirty=Third.

Persons who make a mystery of every thing they hear, are uniformly either fools or knaves. The fools do so to acquire, as they suppose they do, a little consequence, from being possessed of a secret, (probably not worth keeping,) and the knaves are mysterious to effect some purpose of their own.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Thirty=Fourth.

Mystery, however, is useful for the purpose of concealing ignorance. If you are consulted upon a point of which you are profoundly ignorant, you may often gain the reputation of being perfectly conversant in all its details, by a few mysterious looks, words, and gestures.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Thirty-Fifth.

The greatest masters in the science of mystery, are lawyers and medical practitioners.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Thirty-Sixth.

Some people will not eat in the forenoon, lest it spoil their appetite for dinner. This is absurd. If a man is really hungry, why keep himself in a state of torture—for such I hold hunger to be—for several hours that he may at last enjoy a guzzle, in the performance of which, ten to one he disorders his stomach by inordinate indulgence, the result of previous starvation?

Aphorism Four Hundred and Thirty-Seventh.

The biscuit sold under the name of “Abernethy Biscuit,” was neither invented nor recommended by the celebrated surgeon of that name. Its fabricator was a baker named Abernethy, who gave it his own name, and who seems to have been no mean adept in the art of humbug.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Thirty-Eighth.

If you have a disobedient child, you may generally thank yourself for it. Obedience when insisted upon during childhood grows into a habit which is seldom

broken in after life. It must, however, be enforced in every instance, for if in one or two you permit the child to baffle you, no good is done. If it wont obey quietly, use the rod. "I once saw," says Johnson, "a mother chastise her child seven times before it would do what she ordered. If she had stopped at the sixth, her child would have been ruined." This was strictly true, and I will answer for it, that the child never disobeyed again.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Thirty-Ninth.

If you wish to make yourself agreeable to any one, talk as much as you please about his or her affairs, and as little as possible of your own.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Fortieth.

Never read your writings to other people. They will probably, from politeness, listen to you, but will, for all that, consider you a great bore.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Forty-First.

People profoundly stupid, are entitled to sincere respect. A moderately stupid person is insufferable, but one who is so in a colossal degree becomes instantly an object of veneration.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Forty=Second.

Never argue upon any subject. If you do, let it be with a clever man whom you may perhaps convince, or with a fool whom you may puzzle. But not to argue at all is a good rule. You may conquer a man in this kind of "intellectual gladiatorship," but what does it signify, if you make him your enemy? Depend upon it, no one likes to be out-argued. Whenever such an event takes place, the conquered party bears invariably a grudge against the victor.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Forty=Third.

If a great arguer fastens upon you, the best way to loosen his hold is to go in with all his assertions right or wrong—agree with him in every thing. This, if done in a politely sneering way, is an effectual cure. The more you stultify your own previous assertions the better.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Forty=Fourth.

If you wish to annoy a little man, quiz him about his diminutive stature. He will affect to laugh at it himself, but will, for all that, hate you profoundly.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Forty=Fifth.

Medical men are seldom equally good at all the

branches of their profession. Oculists and operative surgeons are seldom eminent as general practitioners, and the latter are, for the most part, indifferent operators.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Forty-Sixth.

Men of talent often appear common-place; but it is only when they are in the company of stupid people—where they do not think it worth their while to exert themselves. In the society of those of similar intellect with themselves they are invariably interesting, and far beyond the common herd. Talent never can be dull or common-place where it has free space to develop its energies.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Forty-Seventh.

Writing does not fatigue the eyes so much as reading. Try ten hours of each, and you will find the difference.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Forty-Eighth.

The study of law has a sad tendency to pervert the intellect and destroy the capability of distinguishing between right and wrong. A lawyer (unless, indeed, his mind be of a high order, and soars above the enslaving technicalities of his profession,) can never try

a point upon its absolute merits, but must have recourse to some legal precedent. In fact, the tendency of his studies is to annihilate the sense of natural justice and propriety, and substitute an artificial system in their place. If I wanted an arbitrator to decide on a point where nothing but common sense was required, a lawyer is the very last person I would employ. I should prefer the first country bumpkin I met with.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Forty-Ninth.

It is impossible to predicate from what an author has done, what he yet may do. When Byron published *The Giaour*, *The Bride of Abydos*, and *Siege of Corinth*, it was prophesied that he would yet shine as a tragic writer of the highest order. When Scott produced *Ivanhoe*, it was said by Jeffrey, I believe, that nothing but the attempt was necessary to enable him to bend the bow of Shakspeare. What has been the result? Byron attempted the drama, and failed most consummately, as witness, *The Doge of Venice*, *Sardanapalus* and *The Two Foscari*. Scott's dramatic efforts were a great deal worse. Who does not regret to think that *The House of Aspen*, *Auchin-drane* and *Halidon Hill* are from the pen of the author of *Waverley*? I remember of reading many years ago, in the pages of *The Edinburgh Magazine*,

that Campbell was engaged in an Epic, which was, in my memory serves me right, to rub shoulders with the *Æneid*. If this poem has ever been written, the author has shown wisdom in keeping it in his desk, for with all his fine genius he would have made nothing of it. I cannot agree with Scott in regretting that Dryden never wrote his *King Arthur*. Depend upon it, *glorious John* would have failed.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Fiftieth.

Important to rats and mice! White cats with green eyes are always deaf. This fact I give on the authority of the public prints, in which it was enunciated some years ago.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Fifty-First.

Those who are most addicted to satirize others, dislike most to be made the objects of satire themselves.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Fifty-Second.

Henry Kirke White was a poor creature. The sickly sensibility of his mind rendered him interesting to the young ladies; and he had a morbid tone of religious feeling, which made him a favourite with pious people; but as for genius, his share was small indeed. He never wrote a stanza which would have procured

insertion in any first-rate magazine, such as *Blackwood*, or *Fraser*, or the *New Monthly*. For the preposterous fame he has acquired, he is wholly indebted to the above circumstances, aided as those were by the able biography of Southey.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Fifty-Third.

John Keats was a far more wonderful youth. In spite of his Cockneyisms, he had an exquisite and noble genius; and though neglected at present, there can be no doubt that future ages will do ample justice to his memory. As a poet, Keats was not inferior even to Shelley, though his genius was of a totally different description.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Fifty-Fourth.

It implies a want of feeling, amounting almost to baseness, to deride any one on account of bodily defects. Every generous man avoids even the slightest allusion to such misfortunes.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Fifty-Fifth.

A complete *Slang Dictionary* is a desideratum. Captain Grose's was good, but the vocabulary of slang has been considerably enlarged since his day. The *Slang Dictionary* of Jon Bee, though the best modern

work, is yet sadly deficient in many particulars. Pearce Egan should endeavour to fill up this hiatus in English literature, by giving us a new and complete dictionary on the subject.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Fifty-Sixth.

A little pepper is a great improvement to strawberries and cream. Those who never tried it will doubt the fact, but "tasting is believing."

Aphorism Four Hundred and Fifty-Seventh.

A person who sees a good farce or comedy, and does not laugh at the same, is an ass.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Fifty-Eighth.

A boy who is distinguished at school for intense stupidity, either turns out a very clever man or a confirmed ass: there is no medium. Thomson the poet, Dean Swift, Sam. Johnson, Walter Scott, &c. when schoolboys, were reckoned the dullest of the dull, and had the reputation of being incorrigible blockheads.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Fifty-Ninth.

To break an appointment, without a strong and sufficient cause, is a breach of honesty. The conscientiousness of a man who can do this is unquestion-

ably deficient, and he would cheat in more important matters, if he could do so with impunity.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Sixtieth.

I have remarked that severe and logical thinkers write in a close hand, as if to save paper. Flashy, superficial thinkers, sport a wide rambling fist, with abundance of long, unmeaning dashes.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Sixty-First.

Persons who declaim against prize-fighting, are sumpsh.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Sixty-Second.

Those who are cut off by consumption, are the most amiable of the human race. There is almost always much gentleness and resignation in the victims of this accursed disease. Rough, coarse minded, peevish people, it passes by, and fixes upon those who seem destined to beautify and elevate human nature by their many virtues.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Sixty-Third.

There are some people upon whom it is impossible to affix a nickname: there is a propriety or force of mind about them, which repels the *soubriquet*, and

makes it recoil with shame upon the contriver. There is an essential want about a man upon whom a nickname is easily fastened : he is either very weak, or has some very absurd point in his character.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Sixty-Fourth.

If you see a man extremely and systematically grave, the chances are that he is a blockhead, who, conscious of his deficiencies, wishes to make his gravity pass for profound wisdom. None have less gravity than men of genius. They are not afraid to unbend and become playful and sportive, as is the case with the pompous and the stupid.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Sixty-Fifth.

Ireland is renowned for the production of giants and dwarfs. The late O'Brien, a native of the Land of Potatoes, was the tallest man ever produced in this kingdom. His stature was eight feet eight inches.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Sixty-Sixth.

Never, unless under very particular circumstances, either give or accept a letter of introduction. The bearer of such epistles is looked upon as a bore by those to whom they are addressed ; and the writer, instead of being thanked, is heartily detested for his pains. The

introducer and *introducee* are thus placed on nearly the same footing, and both very heartily wished at the devil.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Sixty-Seventh.

It is curious how extremes meet. A vulgar woman is much more likely than a real lady to be fascinated by a coxcomb. Women of the first stamp are generally fixed upon for wives by our puppyish, dandified men. She who is a lady in mind, as well as in manners, has a natural contempt for foppery, and prefers a man of plain unaffected demeanour.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Sixty-Eighth.

Never praise or talk of your children to other people, for, depend upon it, no person except yourself cares a single farthing about them.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Sixty-Ninth.

If a man carries off a prize at the university, it cannot thence be inferred that he is possessed of superior talent; because the prize so gained may be for a very indifferent production: his opponents may have been blockheads, or, if clever men, what they have produced on the occasion may, from carelessness, or some other cause, be below mediocrity. In such a case, an inferior may carry off the palm from a superior mind. To

place the merits of the successful composition beyond a doubt, we should peruse it, and thus ascertain whether it be or be not a work of talent. Every body knows that the majority of Oxford prize poems are sad affairs; and yet, from the keen and numerous competition, one might, *a priori*, be apt to imagine that the successful candidates would, on a future day, attain a lofty station in Parnassus. How far this has hitherto been verified, let works bear witness. With the exception of Milman, Wilson, Heber, and some two or three others, who ever heard of an Oxonian prize poet ever cutting the least figure in the realms of the muse?

Aphorism Four Hundred and Seventieth.

The best of liqueurs is rum shrub.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Seventy-First.

It is impossible for a man under five feet ten to succeed in the House of Commons. Curran, with all his eloquence and varied talents, was lost in consequence of his deficient longitude. Jeffrey, from the same cause, is a mere cipher in St. Stephen's. Ditto Wilberforce, who only obtained a hearing on account of his heading the saints. Ditto Shiel, Lord John Russel, Hobhouse, and many others. In short, an act should be passed disqualifying little men from sitting in Parlia-

ment. The eloquence of such representatives, however good in itself, is entirely thrown away upon the Grand Council of the Nation.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Seventy-Second.

If you are challenged to fight a duel, and have reason to believe that a *loaded* pistol really will be discharged at you, it is a good plan to give a hint of your intention—not forgetting time and place—to some timid friend, who will take care to inform the authorities of the contemplated meeting, and thus frustrate the sanguinary designs of your opponent.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Seventy-Third.

The hostile meeting being thus frustrated, it is a good plan to get into a terrible rage, and to swear roundly that it was your antagonist who gave the information. As he will be bound over to keep the peace, you are of course perfectly safe.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Seventy-Fourth.

Young people should not be brought up very strictly. There is a proper medium which ought always to be kept in view. Some parents will not allow their children to go to the theatres, or read novels, lest their minds be corrupted thereby, but this is altogether

erroneous. Neither novel reading or theatricals, unless indulged in to excess, will do harm, and may sometimes be useful in keeping the individual from worse pursuits. Boys so rigidly brought up are exceedingly apt to dash into wild excesses when the tension is relaxed, as it must be when they get beyond the state of pupilage. Inculcate every virtue in the minds of your children, but do not conceal from them that such a thing as vice exists; nor keep them in ignorance of the world as it goes. The idlest of all attempts is that of keeping certain books out of the hands of children: the effort only stimulates their curiosity, and encourages deception. When I was a boy, I got a copy of *Joseph Andrews*, which the master of the academy where I boarded took from me, saying it was a most improper book to read. What was the consequence? I determined from that moment to read the work, and, with the first pocket money, got it from a circulating library, and read it by stealth, and with infinitely more relish and care than if I had been placed under no interdict. The worthy man wished to preserve my morals, and I repaid his endeavours by cheating him on the first opportunity.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Seventy-Fifth.

It is most difficult to judge of the merits of any

composition which is spoken or recited. On this account, some speeches and essays, which, when listened to, seem most admirable, turn out to be downright trash when put into print and deliberately perused.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Seventy-Sixth.

In travelling, *per coach*, avoid the head or foot of the table when you stop for dinner. If you are fool enough to seat yourself at either of these extremities, you must make up your mind to get little for yourself—and that little not comfortably.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Seventy-Seventh.

To teach a person logic or mathematics for the purpose of making him a good reasoner, is the height of absurdity. The worst reasoners and most confused thinkers are those who have attempted to strengthen their argumentative faculties by such a preparation.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Seventy-Eighth.

Some ladies will not wash themselves with soap, lest it spoil their skin. This is absurd. Soap, by cleansing the surface of perspiration and other impurities, must be—as it certainly is—the best means of keeping the skin in a pure and wholesome state.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Seventy-Ninth.

Philosophers have never been able to decide whether a man suffers most disgrace by having his nose pulled or receiving a kick on the seat of honour. This point ought to be settled with all due speed, that people, in extreme cases of provocation, may know how to act.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Eightieth.

Two servants who have much combativeness and self-esteem in their dispositions seldom agree together. A sharp colloquial fire, with a graceful touch of Billingsgate, may, in such a case, be expected between the parties. One servant, however, of this temperament, and one who is not, may not only live in the most perfect harmony, but come to like each other very much, the milder unconsciously giving way to, and acknowledging the supremacy of the stronger spirit.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Eighty-First.

Young women who wish to get married, should set off without delay to Van Diemen's Land, where, at the present moment, there is a sad deficiency of the fair sex.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Eighty-Second.

If you see a book much puffed, the chances are that it is good for nothing.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Eighty-Third.

Never lend your horse to any body, though he be your dearest friend. This, however, need not prevent you from borrowing his, if you can get it.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Eighty-Fourth.

Some medical men will not make a charge for their attendance, but leave it to the patients themselves. The sooner this "*what you please*" system is abolished the better. It is disgraceful to see the members of a learned profession imitating the practice of cab drivers or porters. The whole affair is a direct tax on the generosity of their friends, and arises from sheer greed—as they expect more to be given than they have the face to ask.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Eighty-Fifth.

Should you send an article to a magazine, which is rejected, never on this account think the worse of the article; but always impute its rejection to the stupidity and bad taste of the editor. This aphorism, however, is so universally acted up to, that it is hardly necessary to enforce it.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Eighty-Sixth.

In travelling inside the coach in cold weather, sit

with your back to the horses if you can—which some cannot—without getting sick. This position is much warmer than the opposite.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Eighty-Seventh.

If you practise gymnastics, never try your hand at heavy lifts. Many a pretty man has been ruptured for life by such folly.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Eighty-Eighth.

You may guess the prosperity of a Dutchman by the number of breeches he has on; and of a New-haven fishwoman by the multiplicity of her petticoats.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Eighty-Ninth.

I have already spoken of *Ossian's Poems* and Wellington's stature as being mysteries, but a mystery still more impenetrable is the singular book entitled *Baron Munchausen*. No human being knows who wrote this strange production; and no one can say whether it be a work of genius or arrant trash. Never did I meet with any person who could muster courage sufficient to give an opinion on its literary merits. As to the author of the book, he stands in the same darkness as Junius; or rather he is more mysterious, for not even a surmise has been made upon the subject.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Ninetieth.

A great deal of twaddle has been uttered about the cruelty of crimping fish, as if it made any difference to the animals whether they were bled to death or suffocated *for want of water*.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Ninety-First.

Skinning eels alive, is, however, a most un-Christian custom, which should be abolished by act of Billingsgate.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Ninety-Second.

Dress a Frenchman as you will, and it is almost impossible to give him the look of a gentleman. Even in his best toggery, the most highly bred Monsieur has more the air of a well-dressed barber or man-milliner than any thing else.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Ninety-Third.

French women, on the other hand, even of the lower orders, have almost always the manners and—if well rigged out—the appearance of ladies.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Ninety-Fourth.

The French, as a nation, are perfidious: as individuals, they are generally very honest. In fact, the French *canaille* have far more honesty than our own.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Ninety-Fifth.

The last aphorism suggests another,—viz.: That corporate bodies, in their collective capacity, are tyrannical and exclusive, although perhaps every individual, taken separately, is quite the reverse. In like manner, mobs, considered in the aggregate, are brutal and cruel, when perhaps only a very small portion of the individuals are so in reality. Vice seems to be infinitely more infectious than virtue. These facts I defy any person to account for: they are, as Coleridge says, “*psychological curiosities.*”

Aphorism Four Hundred and Ninety-Sixth.

A Psychological Curiosity. This phrase of Coleridge’s has done a great deal of mischief. If any metaphysical proposition is started, and cannot instantly be unriddled, people, instead of, as in days of old, pommelling their brains to solve it, get out of the difficulty at once by declaring, with imperturbable gravity, that it is a *psychological curiosity.*

Aphorism Four Hundred and Ninety-Seventh.

If you meet with an only son who is not spoiled, either his parents or himself must be persons of the most sterling sense. The same remark applies to an only daughter.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Ninety-Eighth.

If you owe a number of accounts and cannot conveniently settle them all at the time, pay off the smaller ones first, as you are much less likely to get long credit for them than for large accounts. This saves a good deal of dunning, and may save your credit also.

Aphorism Four Hundred and Ninety-Ninth.

The antipathies of some men are extremely praiseworthy. Mr. Theodore Hook's virtuous indignation against steel forks, and Mr. Cobbett's laudable antipathy to the Scotch, come under this head.

Aphorism Five Hundredth.

When an author publishes a book, there are certain periodicals upon whose unqualified praise of his production he can calculate to a certainty, and others in which he is quite sure that it will be cut up and condemned. The greater the sway of a bookseller over the reviewers, the better for the book.

Aphorism Five Hundred and First.

If you wish a pig to go forwards, pull it backwards by the tail. For the same reason, when dealing with an obstinate person, persuade him to do just the reverse of what you want, and you will gain your end.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Second.

The present century commenced with 1801. This is worth mentioning, as most people have got an idea that it commenced with 1800, thus making the previous century end with 1799. We may as well say that 100 terminates with 99.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Third.

The best method of cooking mutton is to boil it, and serve it up with caper sauce.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Fourth.

Women almost always like their sons better than their daughters. We might, for the opposite reason, expect that men should prefer the latter to their sons, yet we do not find that it is so. The girls have thus the worst of it at both sides of the house. This is too bad.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Fifth.

A Hint to Cooks. Roasted chestnuts, grated or sliced, make an excellent addition to the stuffing for turkies or geese.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Sixth.

Another Hint. In boiling salmon, split the fish from

head to tail; if you don't do this, but boil it entire, or cut horizontally through the middle, it is impossible to cook it thoroughly, the thickness of the back and shoulders being such, that if the outside be properly done, the inside must needs be little better than par-boiled. On the Tweed, and other salmon districts, the latter system is held in abomination.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Seventh.

Stupidity is of no advantage to a lawyer, but physicians are frequently the better of a more than average share of it. I do not mean that the patients of the latter are benefited thereby: I only speak of the advantages derived by the parties themselves.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Eighth.

It is dreadful to see the want of Christian charity which religious sects are constantly showing towards each other. Instead of living in mutual harmony, each seems to think and act as if it alone had the keys of salvation, and as if all others were doomed to eternal punishment. Where human minds are so differently constituted and trained, it is impossible they can all think alike. This fact should weigh with every sensible being, and teach him to behave with tenderness and generosity to those who differ from him on matters of

religious belief. Meanwhile, God bears with all, while the poor earth-worms who disgrace His image, are quarrelling with, and punishing each other—all (as they madly suppose) for His glory, as if such acts would give pleasure to the great Ruler of nature, and Fountain of every thing that is good.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Ninth.

Don't lend books. On this point be inexorable both to friends and foes. Borrowed books never get fair play. They are either lost, damaged, or kept. Not one person in fifty returns them to their owners in the state in which they were given out. For such reasons, be not too ready in showing your library to visitors, as they are sure to ask the loan of some of its contents, and you are thus put to the necessity of either refusing them point blank, or risking the works you may lend them.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Tenth.

People laugh at Catherine of Russia for prohibiting ladies from *getting drunk* at her levees, and gentlemen from *striking ladies* on the same occasions. This, however, is greatly outdone by that prig, Lord Chesterfield, in one of his advices to his son. He tells him after blowing his nose in company, not to look at the

handkerchief. In the *American Chesterfield*, the Yankees are admonished not to spit upon the carpet. This, however, from what we know of the salivary propensities of Brother Jonathan, is a very necessary piece of advice.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Eleventh.

It is a good plan for a man to marry out of a family where there are a number of daughters. In such a case, the ladies are much less likely to be spoiled, and consequently more likely to make good wives, than where there is only one or two.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Twelfth.

It is customary for some people to deride Æsop's fables as childish. Let these wiseacres try and produce some as good. The difficulty of fable-writing is proved by the few who have tried it, and the still fewer who have succeeded.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Thirteenth.

Some self-conceited people will not read books, affecting to rely upon their good sense and observation, which they allege are superior to any thing to be got by reading. I am sorry to say that Hobbes of Malmesbury has also sported a somewhat similar

theory. He advises us to read few books, lest we become as foolish as their authors. All such doctrines, however, are founded upon a fallacy. What are good books—which, of course, only should be perused—but the receptacles of the wisdom and bright thoughts of highly gifted men? To say, therefore, that such should not be read, is to tell us we should shut our ears against what the wise and the talented have uttered; and consequently to narrow the circle of our minds to the few stray ideas which we can pick up by our own solitary observation. All that one mind can so accumulate is comparatively little; and he who would trust to that alone, and throw aside other means of acquiring knowledge, places himself at a disadvantage in reference to others who act differently, which he cannot but feel in whatever situation he is placed.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Fourteenth.

In writing for the press, do so in a clear, legible hand, and only on one side of the paper.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Fifteenth.

A connoisseur in wine is a great bore. How learnedly the blockhead discusses the merits of Port, Hock, Vino Tinto, Barsac, Lachryma Christi, &c.! How sagaciously he applies his carbuncled bottle-nose to the

liquor! with what awful importance he tastes it, smacks his lugubrious lips, and pronounces oracularly upon its merits! These fellows must be extinguished, as insufferable nuisances.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Sixteenth.

Scotchmen have contrived to get into very bad odour throughout the West Indies; but are allowed to have been the best slave-drivers in these islands.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Seventeenth.

There are some works which can only be appreciated by poetical minds. Of these, the *Arabian Nights*, *The Isle of Palms*, and *Christabel*, are instances. Dull, common-place people can see no merit in such productions of genius.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Eighteenth.

There is perhaps not an instance of a man of genius having had a dull woman for his mother, though many have had fathers stupid enough, in all conscience. Talent, therefore, is much more communicable to the offspring from the maternal side than from the other. If a man wishes to have clever children, this may perhaps serve him as an apology for marrying a woman of talent, should all other excuses be wanting.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Nineteenth.

Important to Rat Catchers! The best way to catch rats, is to put any animal substance well perfumed with oil of rhodium into a trap. This induces them to enter readily, and even draws them from a considerable distance, as they are extremely partial to this oil.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Twentieth.

A Physiological Aphorism. The first born of persons who marry very young, are generally far inferior in intellect to those that come after, when the intellects of the parents are in greater vigour and maturity.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Twenty-First.

If an animal possesses a number of useless or bad qualities, it is sure to be a favourite with some people, to whom its very inutility seems a recommendation. The good-for-nothing lap-dog, the monkey, and the babbling parrot are illustrations of the truth of this remark.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Twenty-Second.

Talking of parrots, these creatures, as well as mice, can live without drink. Fluids are not essential to

their existence, although both animals take water readily when it comes in their way.

N. B. Parsley kills parrots.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Twenty-Third.

A quick tempered man should never marry a woman, however otherwise estimable, whose temper is analogous to his own. When two fires meet, there is the deuce to pay.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Twenty-Fourth.

Many persons have a singular incapacity for acquiring a knowledge of the world. This even happens when they possess excellent talents and knowledge, and have had every opportunity of seeing life. A man must be born with the faculty of knowing human nature; and when this is the case, he knows it well, though his experience is limited. Many men have seen as much of the world as Shakespare, Tacitus, Fielding or Molière, yet how few have possessed their deep insight into the workings of the mind?

Aphorism Five Hundred and Twenty-Fifth.

The most useless of studies is metaphysics—next to that, logic. I might, perhaps, except political economy which is equally bootless, and capable of producing a thousand times more mischief.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Twenty-Sixth.

Valour and strength are much more prized in the country, than in towns. In the latter a man may be a sneak in mind, and a snip in bodily vigour, without being thought the less of—not so in the former, where he who can lick his comrades and has good pluck, is sure to be an immense favourite with the girls, and to be highly respected by his own sex.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Twenty-Seventh.

The goodness of a composition is in some degree affected by the state of the pen with which it is written. *Cæteris paribus*, we compose better with a good than a bad pen: the latter has a tendency to confuse our ideas by annoying us and putting us out of temper. According to the Laird of Macnab it is impossible to write correct orthography with a bad pen.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Twenty-Eighth.

Children should be dressed like children. This is worth remarking at the present time, when so many of them of both sexes are seen strutting about habited like men and women. Boys of six in surtouts and high crowned hats, and girls of the same age with long shawls and muffs, are too much of a joke.

P. S. Talking of boys, these young gentlemen should

sport petticoats for a year or two longer. They are too soon breeched. Things were managed differently in former times, but this, to be sure, is the age of intellect.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Twenty-Ninth.

Keen politicians are asses.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Thirtieth.

Never read to others the letters which you receive from your friends. Nobody cares a rushlight about the correspondence of his neighbour: and what may appear to you a matter of vast importance, will seem to him, in all likelihood, the merest balderdash.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Thirty-First.

The conduct of Columbus, during his voyage to America, when his men mutinied and were on the point of throwing him overboard, affords perhaps the noblest instance on record of the moral sublime.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Thirty-Second.

If you are asked to dine with a company where a great traveller is to be present, decline the invitation. These fellows are notorious bores. They consider themselves as lions who are entitled to monopolize all

the conversation ; and invariably retard the free course of the wine round the table.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Thirty-Third.

I have elsewhere mentioned that Switzerland, the most romantic country in Europe, has never produced a poet. In like manner, Scotland, which ranks as one of the most religious nations, has been sadly deficient in the production of eminent divines. Indeed, she has never given birth to a divine of the first order. This is a curious fact, seeing how strongly the national mind has been directed upon theology.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Thirty-Fourth.

A peculiar genius is required for hoaxing. One of the best specimens of this art is the story of the American steam boat, which discharged boiling water, and set innumerable pikes and cutlasses in motion against those who should attempt to board her. It was concocted by an ingenious friend of mine, and took admirably. He drew up the account, gave it into the hands of a shipmaster, who was bound for the States, and desired him to hand it in at the first newspaper he passed by. He did so in Boston, or Baltimore—I forget which ; the paragraph was printed as authentic, copied into all the papers of the Union, and from them

inserted into every newspaper in Great Britain, Ireland, and the Colonies. Some of them even got alarmed at the formidable American steam ship, and very seriously suggested to the British Government, that a vessel of similar construction should be got ready to fight the Yankees with their own weapons, in the event of another war.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Thirty-Fifth.

The burlesque and the mock heroic, which are generally supposed to be synonymous, are directly the reverse of each other. The former makes great things little, the latter little things great. *Bombastes Furioso* in which kings, generals, and ministers of state are represented squabbling, fighting, and killing each other about a kitchen wench, is a good illustration of the burlesque. The ridiculous self sufficiency and laughable dignity of the Laird of Cockpen, partake essentially of the mock heroic. Every body knows the *Rape of the Lock*, where sylphs, gnomes, and such "small deer" are made to perform the most important functions—nor must that truly admirable poem *Anster Fair* be omitted, where Tommy Puck exercises such an influence over great personages, not forgetting Rob the Ranter, and Bonnie Maggie Lauder. The ancients also dealt in the mock heroic, as witness

the Battle of the Cranes and Pigmies, and other pieces. When a man boasts of having performed any feat notoriously beyond his power of execution, he instantly ascends into the regions of the mock heroic.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Thirty-Sixth.

A Hint to Actors. The burlesque should always be performed by tall, and the mock heroic by little men.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Thirty-Seventh.

If you are anxious to be in good terms with a man, never beat him in argument. Such a victory is absolutely never forgiven. By allowing him to conquer you in this species of "intellectual gladiatorship," you make him your friend, and may calculate upon being frequently asked to dine with him.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Thirty-Eighth.

Never visit a HELL. If you do, be careful to take no money with you, otherwise the chances are that you risk it all on the game, and, in all probability, get fleeced for your folly. The fascination of gambling is most unaccountable, and exceeds that of the basilisk. The sight of the thing tempts lookers on to try their luck; and, when once they fairly begin, and more

especially if the chance goes against them, they absolutely lose all idea of the value of money. An accursed demon is constantly whispering in their ears, "play, play, play;" and, urged by the infernal advice, they risk every thing—their cash houses, pictures, lands. Were their souls gameable, or of any use to the other party, there cannot be a doubt that they would gamble them away in this traffic of ruination and madness. Mortgaged estates, pennyless rakes, bankrupt landlords—what brings nine-tenths of them into these conditions but gambling, whether it be in the shape of *faro*, *rouge et noir*, horse-racing, or other infinite modifications of this destructive propensity? Many a man has entered the gaming-house endowed with all manner of wealth and happiness, and left it, fleeced by an hour's insanity, to drink the poisoned cup, or apply the loaded pistol to his distracted head, or, if he shuns these alternatives, to live a life of poverty and contempt, with perhaps a ruined family to deplore the infatuation of their wretched parent. Such is gambling.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Thirty-Ninth.

The best opera in existence is that of *Punch and Judy*. The man who can behold the ludicrous absurdities of this extravaganza without laughing heartily, may claim sincere respect on the score of stupidity.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Fortieth.

Some weak people affect an illegible mode of writing. Hearing that a few of our eminent men have bad, and not easily read, fists, they imagine that by sporting a like kind, they also may pass for sages. This is something like the ass in the lion's skin.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Forty-First.

Young girls, from fourteen to seventeen, are fond of aping the woman in their dress, and are partial to long shawls, which give the young things a matronly appearance. When they become women in reality, they are rather too apt to go upon the opposite tack, and to assume the dress, and airs of the girl.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Forty-Second.

Almost all men, at one period or other, attempt poetry. This usually happens when they stand on the boundary line which divides youth from manhood, and is inspired by that theme of themes, love—a species of madness into which people choose to fall, at least once in their lives.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Forty-Third.

The greatest humbugs of modern times, are the political economists.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Forty-Fourth.

Editors of magazines should be anonymous. There is a mystery about anonymity worth all the reputation which the most renowned author in the world can bring in support of the periodical over which it is announced he is to reign. Every article in a magazine ought also to be anonymous, and without even the *nom de guerre* of the author. Mr. Bulwer has an article in a late number of the *New Monthly*, inculcating doctrines the reverse of these, but he is clearly in the wrong.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Forty-Fifth.

The greater part of Havannah cigars (so called) are manufactured in Great Britain: another specimen of humbug.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Forty-Sixth.

If a man borrows money from you, and, on being dunned for the same, protests to have forgotten it, you may, with considerable safety, set him down for a liar. Obliviscence in pecuniary matters is all fudge. A man no more forgets what he borrows, than what he lends.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Forty-Seventh.

Don't marry a woman who is a notable. This is

even worse than a blue-stocking. Notables, in addition to their other annoying qualities, are notorious gossips. They are eternally on the *qui vive*, and keep the house in an uproar about nothing. One of the best notables to be met with, is Lady Maclachlan, in the novel of *Marriage*. "What will Lady Maclachlan say?"

Aphorism Five Hundred and Forty-Eighth.

When cigars are green and mouldy on the surface, it is considered a proof of the superiority of the stuff of which they are made. Taking advantage of this erroneous notion, some tobacconists contrive to give them such an appearance of mould by means of a little acid. "The supposed superiority of speckled cigars is all fiddle-de-dee." So saith the sagacious author of *Twelve Golden Rules for Cigar Smokers*. The sounder the jacket of the cigar, the better.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Forty-Ninth.

If you are the son of a tobacconist, dont join the "TENTH," or you will be sneezed out of the regiment. This sternutatory process was, it is said, successfully put in practice against young L***y***t.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Fiftieth.

The best gamekeeper is an old poacher.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Fifty-First.

If a woman writes in a bold, manly hand, depend upon it, she has got a masculine mind. There is a much greater analogy between the hand-writing, and the character of individuals, than people are aware of.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Fifty-Second.

If there is a delicate, deformed, or weak-minded child in a family, it is generally the favourite with its parents. This is a beautiful illustration of nature taking the part of the most helpless.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Fifty-Third.

Sometimes very bad books have good titles, but a really good book has never an absolutely bad or affected denomination. It is impossible to conceive a work of the latter description, bearing such a name as *The Sighs of Sensibility*, *The Susceptible Spirit*, or any thing of that mawkish and twaddling sort.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Fifty-Fourth.

Do not imagine we are indebted to tailors for all the various inventions in the matter of dress. That odd piece of toggery called a *spencer*, was invented by the Earl of the same name, who undertook for a wager to appear in public with the skirts of his coat cut away.

Being a leader of the *haut ton*, this piece of sartorial deformity, became straightway fashionable.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Fifty-Fifth.

In some districts of England, when a servant is hired it is customary to ask him whether he *chews* or *bolts* his bacon. If he be a *bolter*, he receives higher wages, it being considered that the *chewer* is the more voracious animal of the two. This may be a lie, but the story is current in many places, and I never heard it contradicted.

P. S. It is curious that the term *bolt*, as applied to swallowing, does not occur in Johnson's dictionary.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Fifty-Sixth.

Diogenes, the cynic, was either a madman or a self-sufficient blockhead. His living in a tub, if it did not proceed from lunacy, had its origin in a vain desire of appearing singular in the eyes of the world. Most eccentricities have their origin in this feeling.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Fifty-Seventh.

The most obsequious creature on the face of the earth is a candidate for a seat in Parliament. The contrast between these gentlemen before and after their election, is extremely edifying and amusing.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Fifty-Eighth.

Nine-tenths of the bear's grease sold in the perfumer's shop is neither more nor less than hog's lard; nor is the imposition of much consequence, as the one is just as good as the other.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Fifty-Ninth.

An accomplished woman, in common parlance, means one who sings and dances well, knows a little French, a little Italian, a little drawing, a little embroidery, and not much of any thing, excepting fashionable novels, in which she is a great adept.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Sixtieth.

A person's character may be often judged by the shake of his hand. Those who give their hand loosely, and without making any pressure, are generally cold, insipid, phlegmatic, characters.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Sixty-First.

In these perilous times, when you submit your chin to a barber, never talk about politics till you ascertain his principles on these matters. It is dangerous to put one's throat in the mercy of a man armed with a razor, especially if he be a red-hot politician, which all shavers are, without exception.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Sixty=Second.

Better grapes are grown in the hot-houses of Great Britain than in any part of the Continent.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Sixty=Third.

The closest approach made in this life to immortality is by annuitants. They are certainly the longest lived of the human race. Swift's Strulbrugs must have been annuitants.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Sixty=Fourth.

It is absurd to erect commemorative monuments. True greatness perpetuates itself, and requires no such accessories. Such men as Shakspeare, Bacon, and Newton, live in their works, which are more enduring than a thousand pillars of brass. Those who have not merit enough to ensure perpetuity, should be quietly forgotten. The attempt to make their names live by means of monuments, is an idle struggle against fate, as well as common sense.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Sixty=Fifth.

A Curious Fact. High-couraged dogs have always much width between their ears. This is strictly phrenological, and was known to canine fanciers many generations before Gall existed.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Sixty-Sixth.

Robert Montgomery's *Omnipresence of the Deity* has supplanted *Paradise Lost* in various academies in England. The cause is obvious. Montgomery's nonsense is adapted to the nonsense of the academies. This is a splendid illustration of the *march of intellect*.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Sixty-Seventh.

The less a man knows about household matters the better. These he should leave to his wife, if he has one, or to his housekeeper, if he has not; yet some men are cognizant of every trifle which passes in the family. They know how much soap is given out to the domestics, how many candles are burned weekly in the kitchen, and other things equally unworthy of notice by a manly character. Such "hussey-fellows," as they call them in Scotland, should have the dishclout pinned to their coat tails, to teach them better manners.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Sixty-Eighth.

Of all the papers in this kingdom, the two which expose humbug most ably and unceasingly are *John Bull* and *The Age*. Of their imputed scurrility, and other peccadilloes, I say nothing. The satirical poetry of both is admirable, and often quite worthy of Dean Swift.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Sixty-Ninth.

Of all writers, he who has fallen from boundless popularity into the most perfect neglect, is Peter Pindar. His sins against decency, and his attacks on private character, were certainly unpardonable, but he had such good stuff in him, and some of his pieces are so capital in their way, that his eclipse becomes a subject of curious speculation.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Seventieth.

The best tooth-pick is one made of a soft quill. Metallic ones are injurious to the teeth, and should be eschewed by all who value their masticatory organs.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Seventy-First.

Pea-soup should always be seasoned with celery. This is worth mentioning, as the circumstance is often overlooked by ignorant or careless cooks.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Seventy-Second.

A foolish prejudice prevails among many people against the skate. If this fish is hung up and dried for a day or two, then cut in slices, done on the gridiron, and eaten with butter, it is most delicious.

N.B. The female skate is more delicate than the male.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Seventy-Third.

The "TENTH" proved themselves especial coxcombs—not to say asses—when they sent Cornet Battier to Coventry for calling for porter after dinner. This crusade in high circles against malt liquor is absurd, and ought to be blown up.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Seventy-Fourth.

It is customary to talk of the *School for Scandal* being the finest comedy in the English language. This is ridiculous in the face of such works as Farquhar's comedies, and *She Stoops to Conquer*. Talking of comedy, it is singular that neither Smollett nor Fielding, though gifted with the richest humour and deepest insight into the odd peculiarities of character, had much talent for this species of composition. This, I suppose, we must call a *psychological curiosity*.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Seventy-Fifth.

Ask a hundred people, saints or sinners, what relation Mordecai the Jew was to Queen Esther, and ninety-nine of them will answer, *her uncle*.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Seventy-Sixth.

We often hear broad-chested men talked of as being peculiarly powerful, but a round chest indicates greater

strength than a broad one, and is, besides, less subject to disease; this, indeed, is a natural consequence of superior vigour. *Cæteris paribus*, the rounder a man's body is, the greater is the strength he possesses. This fact is well known to the fancy. A man with a round, deep chest, promises to make the best boxer.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Seventy-Seventh.

The most inveterate enemies are satirists and rival wits. Voltaire and Piron detested each other,—Quin hated Foote, and all the small wits of the age kept up a sort of pigmy warfare against Dryden and Pope.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Seventy-Eighth.

National reflections are the vulgarest that can possibly be indulged in, and can only proceed from a mind essentially ignorant or ignoble. A man may disgrace his country, but his country never can disgrace him.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Seventy-Ninth.

Of all animals, the goose has the strongest sense of honour. If one of a flock commits an offence against the community, she is immediately black-balled, and none of the sisterhood (or brotherhood) will associate with the offender. When last in Caithness, I saw an unlucky goose which was thus sent to Coventry by her

fellows. She was compelled to keep several yards in the rear of the others, and if she attempted to mingle with them, was instantly attacked. What dire offence she had been guilty of I could not learn.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Eightieth.

If you see a book much abused in the Whig journals, you may calculate upon seeing it praised in the Tory, and *vice versa*.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Eighty-First.

I have a high respect for Mr. Waterton, the traveller. His gambols on the back of the cayman, and the satisfactory manner in which he disposed of the boa constrictor, are truly edifying in these prosaic times. For cause of said respect, see Aphorism Forty-Sixth.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Eighty-Second.

A clever servant is almost invariably quick-tempered. The reason is obvious: superior talent is always accompanied by pride, which must meet with many petty annoyances in the menial state.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Eighty-Third.

If you breakfast at an inn, and are asked whether you will have tea or coffee, choose the former. Tea

you can generally calculate on getting good, which is seldom the case as respects coffee. Independent of this, tea can be prepared much more rapidly; which is often a matter of no small consequence.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Eighty-Fourth.

Perhaps the most horrible bore on the face of the earth is a hypochondriac. The annoyance which these unhappy mortals inflict upon their friends is incalculable, and only to be surpassed by that which their imaginary list of diseases inflicts upon themselves.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Eighty-Fifth.

When you hear a bachelor eloquently indignant against married men who allow themselves to be henpecked, depend upon it he will get into precisely the same state, provided he ever ventures on matrimony.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Eighty-Sixth.

The greatest tyrants are those who have themselves at one time been bondsmen. The mulattoes in the West Indies who possess slaves are the most cruel masters, and the emancipated negro is the severest slave-driver. In our own country, workmen are continually complaining of the tyranny of their masters, and yet submit to a despotism infinitely more grinding

—that of each other. Committees of their own number rule the whole body. Every one must submit to their decrees under pain of not only being sent to Coventry, but mutilated, or even murdered, if they dare to act independently. In this enlightened nation, it is customary for workmen to be waylaid and beaten with bludgeons, to have oil of vitriol thrown upon them, or their ears cut off, if they dare to work to a certain master, or at a certain rate of wages. So much for British liberty. So much for the tyranny of the mob.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Eighty-Seventh.

The most useless of all clubs are the Ballantyne and Maitland. They have never published a book worth a single farthing. The ambition of sensible men, and men of learning, to become members of these bodies is perfectly unaccountable. I will defy any human being to give a rational explanation of this strange mania: but all black-letter pursuits seem to smack of the same absurdity.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Eighty-Eighth.

The worst Greek scholars in Europe are the Scotch. There is not, at this moment, even a second-rate Grecian in the Land of Cakes. Its present Greek potentates are no exceptions to the rule, being merely “one-eyed monarchs among the blind.”

Aphorism Five Hundred and Eighty-Ninth.

Yet Scotland has produced the two most consummate and elegant Latinists of modern times,—viz. Buchanan and Melville.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Ninetieth.

If you meet with a man who affects to sneer at illustrious ancestry and connections, you may be sure that in his own pedigree he has nothing to boast of. People who are highly connected, are invariably proud of the same, however much their good sense may prevent them from talking upon the subject.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Ninety-First.

The admirable Crichton was, after all, I suspect, a humbug. His fencing, and other gymnastic excellencies, together with his knowledge of languages, his eloquence, acting, and musical genius, I am not disposed to question; but the fact of his foiling whole conclaves of erudite doctors and professors on all points of human learning, is too much of a joke. I have no doubt that the secret of his success consisted in bamboozling the old fellows with interminable disquisitions on metaphysics and other scholastic subtilities. He possessed, in great perfection, the art of mystifying; which faculty, favoured by the vague, undefined, foolish topics upon

which the parties disputed, enabled him to gammon his antagonists, throw dust into their bewildered eyes, and thus gain an apparent victory over the whole University of Paris.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Ninety-Second.

Rather put up with a considerable loss than go to law.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Ninety-Third.

A girl who shows an alacrity to run off with you (her parents being strongly opposed to the match) is not likely to make a good wife. The same want of respect to them, which is exhibited in such alacrity, will most probably be extended to yourself after marriage. If you run away with a girl, let it be with one who only submits to such a step after a severe and distressing struggle between affection and duty. One who has no such struggle, but agrees at once to violate the duty she owes to her parents, will not, in all likelihood, prove very dutiful to her husband.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Ninety-Fourth.

A story-teller, or dealer in anecdote, is an abomination that ought to be expelled from all well-regulated societies. A man of an original and truly powerful mind never deals in anecdotes, unless it be for the pur-

pose of illustrating some general principle. Weak-minded people are all addicted to the vice. If a person of this description begins to annoy a company with his or her twaddle, a good cure for it, is to affect deafness—a very convenient infirmity at times. Another is—as soon as he begins to tell a story, pretend that you have already heard, and are familiar with all its particulars. A dose or two of this is a sickener.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Ninety-Fifth.

When you go to a public ball, or large public assembly of any kind, take an old hat with you. If, on coming away, the said hat cannot easily be found, from being confused among a multitude of others, be sure to supply yourself with the best of the lot you can find. Nothing like honesty.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Ninety-Sixth.

On such occasions, should you be desirous of having refreshments, apply early, for the tables are invariably soon cleared of their viands—leaving for after-comers nothing but empty boards.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Ninety-Seventh.

Pythagoras was undoubtedly a ventriloquist. We read of his addressing the river Nessus, which, we are

told, replied in a soft voice like that of a woman, which is exactly the ventriloquial voice when represented as coming from a great distance.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Ninety-Eighth.

If you hear a man boasting how much he can drink, depend upon it, he is an habitually sober person. A real drunkard never brags of these things: he is so much accustomed to the performance of great exploits, that he does not think it worth his while to relate them. This is a proof of true magnanimity. A glutton, also, shows not a little of this greatness of mind, and never boasts of his performances, but eats his way in silent consciousness of his power; while lesser gastronomic stars are incessantly gasconading about feats, which he is in the daily habit of doubling, and which he views with the most perfect contempt. True greatness is invariably modest. No man thought less of his talents than Dando, of whom I have more than once had occasion to speak.

Aphorism Five Hundred and Ninety-Ninth.

On going a long journey, wear shoes rather thick in the sole. They save the feet, and prevent them from getting blistered, much better than thin shoes.

Aphorism Six Hundredth.

Some parents have a great aversion to their children being married. The real cause, I suspect, consists in a dislike to becoming grandfathers and grandmothers.

Aphorism Six Hundred and First.

It is to be regretted when a woman of talent is not born to a fortune; for the very possession of high intellectual gifts must unfit her for performing many of the duties which devolve upon the sex in ordinary life. Such a woman, for instance, as Madame de Stael, would hardly cut a distinguished figure as a fabricator of plum-puddings; nor would Joanna Baillie be peculiarly eminent in the manufacture of goosebery wine, cherry bounce, or apple tarts. I can conceive a better constructor of pinnafores, baby linen, and petticoats, than Madame de Sevigné; and, in making a fashionable gown or pelisse, there would be no great difficulty in surpassing L. E. L. or the Misses Porter, even supposing these accomplished ladies had served a regular apprenticeship to a mantua-maker. Miss Mitford, with all her talk about village dresses, would make, I suspect, an indifferent milliner. That the whole of these ladies would find themselves sadly out of their element in rectifying butchers', bakers', and confectioners' accounts, and in preparing, with their own fair hands,

pap and gruel for squalling children—to say nothing of serving out soap, candles, tea, and table-beer to the domestics, can hardly admit of a rational doubt.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Second.

A Yankee is an animal with straight hair, short teeth, long back, and no calves to his legs.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Third.

The Gascons are, *par excellence*, the greatest liars in Europe.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Fourth.

Cleverness imposes much more upon an ordinary person than *talent*. The former is a light, smart, manageable commodity, and can show to advantage in a hundred situations, where the latter cannot be brought to bear. A clever man is smart, lively, talkative, and self conceited: a man of talent is seldom either the one or the other. The former is more popular with the million, because his intellect approaches more nearly to the calibre of their own.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Fifth.

Modesty is one of the leading characteristics of great minds. Newton, whose discoveries filled the

world, and revolutionized the whole empire of science, was one of the most unassuming of men. The mighty intellect and vast achievements of Laplace, only rendered him more conscious of his own ignorance; so true it is, that the more men know, the less do they think of themselves.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Sixth.

The best copyists in the world, are the Chinese.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Seventh.

The only passion which age does not blunt, is avarice, which, the longer we live, only becomes the keener.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Eighth.

The step of a Frenchman is too short, that of an Englishman too long. The former is minced and affected, while the latter smacks too much of the grenadier. A little of the one added to the other, would constitute exactly the proper walking pace.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Ninth.

If, in a foreign country, you see a man standing with his back to the fire, and the skirts of his coat kept apart and hanging in front over his fore-arms—thus

exposing the broadest part of his body to the influence of the heat—while, at the same time, he has both hands in his breeches pockets, you may, to a dead certainty, pronounce him a native of Great Britain, or Ireland.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Tenth.

Avoid speaking to yourself. A person looks extremely foolish, when caught in such a predicament.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Eleventh.

It is highly absurd to press people to eat or drink. To force a man to consume more than he desires, is compelling him to bestialize himself, for the purpose of *obliging* his landlord.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Twelfth.

In educating young people, far too little attention is paid to the dispositions and talents of the individual. It is utterly wrong to make a combative, litigious, bad tempered man a parson, and equally so to attempt transmuting into a soldier one who has neither activity of character nor personal courage. We often, from such misdirected powers, meet with priests who should have been lawyers, and soldiers who ought to have been priests.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Thirteenth.

The best place to reduce an uppish and self-sufficient man to his proper level, is London. People of this stamp, who come from the provinces with high notions of their importance, dwindle into amazingly small dimensions in the Metropolis.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Fourteenth.

When you make a purchase, and hesitate between two articles, the best way to settle your doubts is to ask the shopkeeper which he would recommend. His advice being given, fix upon the one which he pronounces the worst, and you are sure to be right.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Fifteenth.

Never run an account, unless there is an absolute necessity for so doing. Whenever the thing is practicable, pay ready money. You thus not only procure the article cheaper, but are prevented from purchasing follies, which you are very apt to do when there is credit in the case.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Sixteenth.

The danger of eating ice-creams in hot weather has been greatly exaggerated. Their extreme coldness renders it impossible to use them rapidly, and the tem

perature of the body is, therefore, only gradually reduced. A draught of cold water, or ginger beer, under such circumstances, is attended with far greater risk.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Seventeenth.

A merchant, or country gentleman, who has a smattering of literature, and can write a tolerable article for a newspaper, is looked upon as a prodigy of genius, provided he happens to be rich. With a wealthy man, a little learning goes a great way: with a poor one, even the highest talents and most extensive knowledge, are generally little esteemed.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Eighteenth.

With vulgar minds, much familiarity breeds contempt. The only way to gain the respect of such people, is not to become over intimate with them. This applies to the rich vulgar as well as to the poor.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Nineteenth.

All admirers of simple perspicuity must be in raptures with Dr. Johnson's definitions of the words *net* and *network*. Here they are: "NET—any thing made with interstitial vacuities"—"NETWORK any thing reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections."

Aphorism Six Hundred and Twentieth.

All sensible Catholics laugh at purgatory and transubstantiation. Ditto at abstaining on certain days from particular kinds of food.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Twenty-First.

A Hint to M. Ps. In franking letters write your names in such a manner, as may make it possible to decipher them. An absurd affectation of illegibility in their signatures has been long in vogue with members of the House of Commons. In this particular, they might take a lesson from the Peers, with whom such folly has not yet become fashionable. I suppose the Lords are not ashamed of their names.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Twenty-Second.

Women are far less apt to get bald than men, neither does their hair become so soon grey. I defy any physiologist to give a rational explanation of these facts.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Twenty-Third.

If you hear of a clergyman getting the present of a service of plate, or even of a gown or bible, from the ladies of his congregation, you may safely bet ten to one that he is a bachelor.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Twenty-Fourth.

Nothing is so easy as to play the critic. Small minds, on being shown a work of genius, whether in art or literature, set all their little wits to work to discover its defects; and where none really exist, they are pretty sure to invent them. Superior intellects, on the other hand—those in particular who excel in the same department as that of the works submitted to them—are much more intent on finding out its beauties than its errors, and are invariably kind and generous in their judgments. Great minds differ from small in nothing more than this, that they can afford to bestow praise, which the latter cannot.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Twenty-Fifth.

It is a common remark that the proper time for composition is the morning. This may be the case with regard to scientific productions, where great accuracy and precision of thinking are required; but as regards works of imagination, there can be no doubt that night is the period when, generally speaking, they are most felicitously produced. The nocturnal silence, the fading fire, the glimmering taper—in short, the loneliness and seclusion of the hour, are all favourable to the flights of fancy. Independently of this, the mind, in such circumstances, acquires a state of morbid

energy which it can hardly possess under the gaudy eye of day, and, consequently, its imaginative productions are more apt to be characterised by originality and power.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Twenty-Sixth.

Good painters are generally good mimics. No wonder : painting is essentially a branch of mimicry.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Twenty-Seventh.

The longer we live, the shorter does time appear. The theory of this I take to be as follows :—The old are more familiar with time than the young. They have passed through a greater portion of it, and by thus becoming habituated to its progression, think less of a given quantity. A year is a great period to a child, because, compared with its previous existence, it embraces a long era : to the aged it is nothing, because, compared with theirs, it is as nothing. A person accustomed to walk forty miles a day, thinks little of ten. Another, whose diurnal walk does not exceed three, conceives ten a formidable task. To illustrate the point still farther : to a poor man, a guinea is a great deal of money ; to a rich one, fifty times that sum is comparatively nothing. The same law holds with regard to the estimate of time by the young, who have had little of it, and by the old, who have had much.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Twenty-Eighth.

Never marry a woman who has got a shrill, piercing voice: it is almost invariably the sign of a bad temper. I do not mean to say that the dove-eyed, soft-voiced damsels are always to be trusted, but you run less risk with them, than with the others. What says King Lear of his beloved daughter, Cordelia?—

“ Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman.”

Aphorism Six Hundred and Twenty-Ninth.

The English have obtained the reputation of being the most suicidal nation in Europe. This is inaccurate: our neighbours, the French, are infinitely more addicted to the crime of self-murder. Let any one who doubts this visit the *Morgue* in Paris.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Thirtieth.

No man (or woman) should be jealous. If he has reason to believe that the girl to whom he is attached prefers another to himself, then let her go. What person of proper feeling or spirit would wish, for a wife, one whose undivided affections he did not possess? It is equally foolish to entertain enmity against the favoured rival: he did not make the woman's heart, and is not answerable for its throbbings in his favour.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Thirty-First.

Talking of jealousy—do not on any account try to make those jealous who are attached to you, for the wanton and unfeeling purpose of trying their affection. Such conduct is extremely base, though too much practised.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Thirty-Second.

Don't suppose that the wig is a modern invention. Astyages king of the Medes, and grandfather of Cyrus, sported one. For proof of this assertion, see *Xenophon*.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Thirty-Third.

It requires a very peculiar talent to be a good magazine-writer. Many of our best three volume novelists have been put to their wits' end, in attempting articles for these works. There is no spinning a long yarn in the Magazines. Condensation of thought, sharpness, and tact, are indispensably requisite. In a novel, if one half is good, the other may be as trashy as you please; but in a magazine, there must be no bam or balaam. Every paragraph must tell, and even a bad line is not to be tolerated. A person who cannot write on these principles, is not fit for the periodicals.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Thirty-Fourth.

No creature is so attached to its young as the monkey.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Thirty-Fifth.

When a man and his wife are mutually "*my dearing*" it at a great rate, and addressing each other as *Mr.* and *Mrs.* instead of by their Christian names, an immediate squall may be expected. These signs are infallible.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Thirty-Sixth.

When an author begins to copy himself, he is fairly "done up," and has reached the end of his tether. This is even worse than copying others, and indicates more complete intellectual exhaustion.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Thirty-Seventh.

No class of persons are so easily deceived, as those who pique themselves upon their penetration.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Thirty-Eighth.

Rather than undergo the restraint which some people submit to for the purpose of saving their clothes, a wise man will wear a suit extra, *per annum*. It is highly absurd to refrain from leaning against the back of the chair, lest the coat should be injured. Suppose

it be damaged a little, have we not the pleasure of enjoying, at will, this delightful position. A person cannot expect both to save his toggery and enjoy pleasure at the same time.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Thirty-Ninth.

It is absurd to say that a person who breaks his word would not scruple to violate an oath. The smaller offence does not necessarily infer the capability of perpetrating the greater.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Fortieth.

A man who will yawn in the midst of a good story, would cut your throat.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Forty-First.

Yawning may be excited by taking hold of the tongs and opening them slowly several times. Of course, those upon whom the trick is practised must not be aware of your design.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Forty-Second.

When imaginative genius displays itself in childhood, it is generally accompanied with beauty of person. Giulio Regondi, George Aspull, Young Burke, and the Infant Lyra, are illustrations of the truth of this remark.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Forty-Third.

Platonic love is an absurdity. There is no such thing. What people so denominate is not love at all, but strong friendship.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Forty-Fourth.

Young people invariably wish to be thought older than they are. In a few years they are cured of this penchant, and run into the opposite extreme.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Forty-Fifth.

An atheist must be a madman. He believes that effects can exist without a cause; and if this is not lunacy, it would be difficult to say what is.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Forty-Sixth.

Good operative surgeons are seldom good for any thing else in their profession; and the best general practitioners of the healing art are the worst operators.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Forty-Seventh.

A medical man whose knowledge is not confined entirely to his profession, is more likely to make an accomplished practitioner, than one who knows nothing else than medicine. The latter are invariably poor creatures, who are capable of taking a microscopic view

of the phenomena, which are presented directly before their senses, but are utterly incapable of generalizing from the great principles of science, and bringing them into practical operation. A man of this kind is easily known by an eternal and disgusting introduction of the *shop* into his conversation: the blockhead can talk of nothing else; he bores his hearers, *usque ad nauseam*, with “potion, pill, fell bolus, and disease”—narrates some wonderful operation performed, *per se*—tells us of a miraculous discovery, (doubtless as important as that of America,) which he has just made by virtue of the stethoscope; and, in short, proves very satisfactorily, that the noblest of professions may be made to appear revolting and ridiculous in the hands of ignoramuses, like himself. It is absurd to call John Hunter a mere surgeon: a man of his expansive genius never, by any possibility, could have been so. Hunter was not only the greatest of surgeons but one of the greatest philosophers of modern times; and had he peculiarly directed his mind to any thing else, he would have shone in it as brightly as in that department, which he did so much to honour and adorn.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Forty-Eighth.

The most unhappy beings on the face of the earth are politicians.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Forty-Ninth.

Those who express most sympathy for the misfortunes of others, are the least likely to lend them a helping hand in their distress. Crocodile tears, however, they are willing to bestow in abundance, which must be a great comfort to the unhappy friends on whose behalf they are shed.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Fiftieth.

Great moralisers are invariably cold hearted hypocrites. Joseph Surface, in the *School for Scandal*, is a capital specimen of this class of beings. Well has it been remarked that hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Fifty-First.

If you are wealthy, and treated with great respect and attention, asked frequently out to dine with the rich, and appointed manager of public institutions, and so forth, the chances are that it is not merit, but your purse, which procures you such distinctions. Wealthy people are very apt to take an opposite view of the case, and to suppose that to their talents or personal worth do they owe these honours; hence the insufferable pride so often attendant upon the footsteps of opulence. When such people, from unpropitious circumstances,

lose their wealth, how miserably do they often sink in the scale of society! They become thoroughly and essentially contemptible: their fair weather friends find it convenient to give them the cut direct, and they go sneaking about the public streets with threadbare coats and broken hearts. The greater their former state, the more complete their present degradation. Verily, "pride has got a fall;" and the world, with its usual good nature, acts up to the maxim of keeping a man down when he is down. Had these luckless spirits possessed native dignity or greatness of mind, the loss of their cash, though it impoverished, would never have rendered them contemptible; but any glory which they had being built upon the fortuitous groundwork of wealth, necessarily sunk with its foundation, and left them in their native character of insignificance.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Fifty-Second.

Never tickle children. It is a most cruel practice, which may throw them into convulsions, and render them nervous for life. Better to give them a good beating at once.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Fifty-Third.

Children should never be entertained with stories of ghosts or murders. The sooner the "raw head and

bloody bone" school of education is abolished the better. These horrible tales make a most forcible impression on the minds of young people, which it may require years to eradicate. Never frighten a child. If of a delicate, timid temperament, it may be injured for life by such a practice; and even bold children may be converted into arrant cowards.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Fifty-Fourth.

Well-meaning men—so called—are ninnies.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Fifty-Fifth.

Good-natured women are angels.

P. S. Always supposing them to be good-looking.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Fifty-Sixth.

The only labour which people never grudge to perform is that of mastication. The jaws are most willing and indefatigable servants.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Fifty-Seventh.

No person has any right to complain of the extortion of quacks. Their trade is one of imposture; and those who are simple enough to trust themselves in their clutches, have only themselves to blame. They deserve to be well fleeced for their folly.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Fifty-Eighth.

A glutton is an abominable animal—not so an epicure who is entitled to rank among the philosophers. Some would-be wits, affect to sneer at epicures, as if so important a matter as eating was not worthy of a wise man's consideration. People, to live, must eat; and he who can render most pleasant that by which they live, must be regarded as a benefactor of his species. Had Dr. Kitchener lived in ancient times, statues of brass would have been erected to his memory; and Monsieur Ude would have received divine honours.

P. S. Epicures are seldom gluttons.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Fifty-Ninth.

Of the three British nations, the most difficult to gull are the Scotch.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Sixtieth.

I have spoken of letters of introduction, but there is something of the same sort almost equally annoying. I allude to the stupid practice some people have got of introducing you to any friend whom they may meet while in your company. This is extremely annoying. It is very hard that a man cannot have the privilege of choosing his acquaintances, but must run the risk of

having any obtuse blockhead, or shallow nincompoop, foisted upon him, in this unceremonious manner, by the thoughtlessness of some foolish friend, who probably thinks he is paying him a compliment in bringing him in familiar contact with such animals. The thing is at once absurd and annoying, and ought to be put an end to. A man should be chary of introducing one friend to another—without permission—except in his own house.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Sixty-First.

There are some things, which a man may do without his character sustaining the slightest injury. He may cheat his neighbour to any extent in horse-dealing, steal umbrellas *ad libitum*, palm off modern pictures and cameos for antiques, and borrow money without repaying it.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Sixty-Second.

It is highly absurd to call drunkenness a beastly habit. Who ever heard of a beast that was addicted to tippling! It is too bad to libel the lower animals after this fashion. They are all, without exception, members of the Temperance Society, and very strict ones too; for their abstinence is not confined to ardent spirits, but extends to wine, malt-liquor, and every

other intoxicating agent. Nor, when overtaken with low spirits, have they even recourse to tea or coffee, for the purpose of rallying them, as was the case with Voltaire, Fontenelle, and other philosophers. Epicures some of them may be, and others gluttons, but not one of the whole lot can be charged with sacrificing at the shrine of Bacchus, or getting drunk in honour of the jolly god.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Sixty-Third.

Great eaters are intensely selfish; nor does their selfishness extend alone to the gratification of the stomach, but pervades every action of their lives. The same invariable rule does not apply to drunkards.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Sixty-Fourth.

No animal has been more traduced than the rat. We vilify him as an anthropophagus because he devours his own species; but, in this respect, are human beings a whit better? When pressed for food, and on the brink of starvation, do not men, women, and children turn cannibals, and eat each other. The rat does no more. He is not by nature a cannibal any more than ourselves, but is often compelled to become one by the force of circumstances. Who ever heard of a rat dining upon the body of his friend, if other food were procurable?

Aphorism Six Hundred and Sixty-Fifth.

Scotch patriotism is all fudge. No person leaves his own country with more readiness than Sawney: indeed, he is the most emigrative animal on the face of the globe. That he has as much *amor patriæ* as other nations may perhaps be admitted; but to say that he has more, is an assertion in the face of glaring facts to the contrary.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Sixty-Sixth

Those whose merits and claims to respect are generally recognised, can bear a little quizzery and banter without difficulty, and even relish the jokes raised at their own expense. Those, again, who have some misgivings as to their consequence or respectability, cannot tolerate freedoms of this kind, and sport fire and fury if the thing is practised against them. This holds true both as regards individuals and nations. The Americans have no patience under national reflections, and will be satisfied with nothing but fulsome flattery and preposterous and insincere confessions on the part of foreigners that they (the Yankees) are superior to every other people. How different is this childishness from the conduct of the old countries? The French laugh at *Monsieur Tonson*—the English at that cutting satire upon the peculiarities of John Bull, *Les Anglaises*

pour Rire, acted in the Parisian theatres; and the Scotch at *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant*. Were such national squibs against Jonathan to be performed in America, the actors would enjoy the felicity of being pelted off the stage for their pains. Poor Anderson the singer was kicked out of the United States, for—it is said—indulging in some harmless jokes against the country while on his passage out.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Sixty-Seventh.

When a tailor wishes to rest himself, he gets upon his feet.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Sixty-Eighth.

Two of the greatest rarities to be met with are a corpulent private soldier and a lean sergeant.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Sixty-Ninth.

The most disinterested of mankind are recruiting sergeants, especially those employed in beating up for the Indian service. They are so kind as to promise all who will accept the bounty and proceed to Hindostan, not only speedy promotion to the rank of colonel or general, but the certainty of rapidly accumulating a large fortune; yet such is their *amor patriæ*, and strong desire not to interfere with the fortunes of others, that they will on no account undertake the voyage

themselves, and thus realise in their own persons what they have so liberally held out to their neighbours. It is impossible not to admire such patriotism.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Seventieth.

The most sober people in the world, (if we may believe their own account of the matter) are drunkards. They never taste a drop; not they: so help them God!

Aphorism Six Hundred and Seventy-First.

Never bind a book, until at least six months after it has been printed.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Seventy-Second.

Persons who solicit subscriptions are dreadful bores, especially when occurring in the shape of friends or acquaintances. Many a trashy book have I subscribed for, to oblige some "good natured friend." Nothing can be more indelicate than requests of this description from persons with whom we are so situated that we are unwilling to offend them by a refusal. It is the virtual picking of a man's pocket. If a person is asked to subscribe to any thing, he should have a fair chance of refusing it, if he sees fit.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Seventy-Third.

When a person is sensitively afraid of his courage being called in question, he may be looked upon as a coward.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Seventy-Fourth.

Almost all women are aristocrats, and attached to monarchy. I never, in the course of my life, met with one who was democratically inclined.

Aphorism Six Hundred and Seventy-Fifth.

Next to the Bible, the best book in the world is **The Book of Aphorisms.**

THE END.

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