

A GUESSER.

Lattin very amusing. Mentioned some Frenchman who said he had not read the "History of France," but had *guessed* it.

FIRE TREES.

It is said that the frozen Norwegians, on the first sight of roses, dared not touch what they conceived were trees budding with fire.

A COOL LANDLORD.

Dawson told a good story about the Irish landlord counting out the change of a guinea. "Twelve, 13, 14 (a shot heard); 'Bob, go and see who's that that's killed'; 15, 16, 17 (enter Bob), 'It's Kelly, sir.'—Poor Captain Kelly, a very good customer of mine; 18, 19, 20, there's your change, sir."

GEORGE IV. AND QUEEN CAROLINE.

Martial's well-known epigram, I am not surprised to find, has been applied to the quarrel between their majesties. I remember translating it thus, when I was a boy,

"So like in their manners, so like in their life,
An infamous husband and infamous wife;
It is some-thing most strange and surprising to me,
That a couple so like should never agree!"

WORDSWORTH ON SCOTT.

Spoke of the Scottish novels. Is sure they are Scott's. The only doubt he ever had on the question did not arise from thinking them too good to be Scott's, but, on the contrary, from the infinite number of clumsy things in them; common-place contrivances, worthy only of the Minerva press, and such bad vulgar English as no gentleman of education ought to have written. When I mentioned the abundance of them, as being rather too great for one man to produce, he said, that great fertility was the characteristic of all novelists and story-tellers. Richardson could have gone on for ever; his "Sir Charles Grandison" was, originally, in thirty volumes. Instanced Charlotte Smith, Madame Cottin, &c. &c. Scott, since he was a child, accustomed to legends, and to the exercise of the story-telling faculty, sees nothing to stop him as long as he can hold a pen.

CANNING ON GRATTAN.

Talking of Grattan, he said that, for the last two years, his public exhibitions were a complete failure, and that you saw all the mechanism of his oratory without its life. It was like lifting the flap of a barrel-organ, and seeing the wheels. That this was unlucky, as it proved what an artificial style he had used. You saw the skeleton of his sentences without the flesh on them; and were induced to think that what you had considered flashes, were merely primings, kept ready for the occasion.

MOORE ON WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth rather dull. I see he is a man to *hold forth*; one who does not understand the *give and take* of conversation.

AN ERUDITE CURE.

Mr. Rich said at dinner that a curé (I forget in what part of France) asked him once whether it was true that the English women wore rings in their noses? to which Mr. R. answered, that, "in the north of England, near China, it was possible they might, but certainly not about London."

AN AWKWARD BUSINESS.

It was mentioned that Luttrell said lately, with respect to the disaffection imputed to the army in England, "Gad, sir, when the extinguisher takes fire, it's an awkward business."

POPULARITY AND PILLS.

Saw this morning at the bottom of a pill-box, sent me from the apothecary's, these words, "Mav Hebe's choicest gift be thy lot, thou pride of Erin's Isle!" Glory on a pill-box!

WHY THE FRENCH FUN WELL.

The quickness of the French at punning arises, I think, very much from their being such bad spellers. Not having the fear of orthography before their eyes, they have at least one restraint less upon their fancy in this sort of exercise.

A CAUTIOUS MEDICO.

Lord John mentioned an old physician (I believe) of the old Marquis of Lansdowne, called Ingerhouz, who, when he was told that that old Frederic of Prussia was dead, asked anxiously, "Are you very sure dat he is dead?" "Quite sure." "On what authority?" "Saw it in the papers." "You are very, very sure?" "Perfectly so." "Vell, now he is really dead, I *rill* say he vas de greatest tyrant dat ever existed."

FRESH WIT.

I dined at Lord Blessington's. Lord B. mentioned a good story of an Irishman he knew, saying to a dandy who took up his glass to spy a shoulder of mutton, and declared he had never seen such a thing before, "Then, I suppose, sir, you have been chiefly in the *chop line*."

ANXIETY OF A COMPOSER.

He mentioned a good story to prove how a musician's ear requires the extreme seventh to be resolved. Sebastian Bach, one morning getting out of bed for some purpose, ran his fingers over the keys of the pianoforte as he passed, but when he returned to bed found he could not sleep. It was in vain he tossed and turned about. At length he recollected that the last chord he struck was that of the seventh; he got up again, resolved it, and then went to bed and slept as comfortably as he could desire.

A CONSCIENCE-SMITTEN BARBER

Told a story of a young fellow at a Chelsea ball, who, upon the steward's asking him,