

**AUTHOR'S EDITION, WITH LATEST  
ADDITIONS AND ILLUSTRATIVE  
NOTES. THE AUTOCRAT OF THE  
BREAKFAST TABLE, EVERY MAN  
HIS OWN BOSWELL, VOL. II**

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**OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES**

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THE AUTOCRAT  
OF  
THE BREAKFAST TABLE  
EVERY MAN HIS OWN BOSWELL.

POCKET EDITION, IN ONE SHILLING VOLUMES.

*The Breakfast-Table Series,*

*Author's edition, with his latest notes.*

THE AUTOCRAT. 2 vols.

THE PROFESSOR. 2 vols.

THE POET.\* 2 vols.

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THE AUTOCRAT  
OF THE  
BREAKFAST TABLE

BY  
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES



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THE AUTOCRAT  
OF  
THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

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VII.

**T**HIS particular record is noteworthy principally for containing a paper by my friend, the Professor, with a poem or two annexed or intercalated. I would suggest to young persons that they should pass over it for the present, and read, instead of it, that story about the young man who was in love with the young lady, and in great trouble for something like nine pages, but happily married on the tenth page or thereabouts, which, I take it for granted, will be contained in the periodical where this is found, unless it differ from all other publications of the kind. Perhaps, if such young people will lay the number aside, and take it up ten years, or a little more,

from the present time, they may find something in it for their advantage. They can't possibly understand it all now.]

My friend, the Professor, began talking with me one day in a dreary sort of way. I couldn't get at the difficulty for a good while, but at last it turned out that somebody had been calling him an old man.—He didn't mind his students calling him *the* old man, he said. That was a technical expression, and he thought that he remembered hearing it applied to himself when he was about twenty-five. It may be considered as a familiar and sometimes endearing appellation. An Irishwoman calls her husband "the old man," and he returns the caressing expression by speaking of her as "the old woman." But now, said he, just suppose a case like one of these. A young stranger is overheard talking of you as a very nice old gentleman. A friendly and genial critic speaks of your green old age as illustrating the truth of some axiom you had uttered with reference to that period of life. What I call an old man is a person with a smooth, shining crown and a fringe of scattered white hairs, seen in the streets on sunny days, stooping as he walks, bearing a cane, moving cautiously

and slowly ; telling old stories, smiling at present follies, living in a narrow world of dry habits ; one that remains waking when others have dropped asleep, and keeps a little night-lamp-flame of life burning year after year, if the lamp is not upset, and there is only a careful hand held round it to prevent the puffs of wind from blowing the flame out. That's what I call an old man.

Now, said the Professor, you don't mean to tell me that I have got to that yet? Why, bless you, I am several years short of the time when—[I knew what was coming, and could hardly keep from laughing ; twenty years ago he used to quote it as one of those absurd speeches men of genius will make, and now he is going to argue from it]—several years short of the time when Balzac says that men are—most—you know—dangerous to—the hearts of—in short, most to be dreaded by duennas that have charge of susceptible females.—What age is that? said I, statistically.—Fifty-two years, answered the Professor.—Balzac ought to know, said I, if it is true that Goethe said of him that each of his stories must have been dug out of a woman's heart. But fifty-two is a high figure.

Stand in the light of the window, Pro-