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**VOL. X.**

**AUGUST—DECEMBER, 1821**



**WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;**

**AND**

**T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.**

**1821.**





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# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LIV.

AUGUST, 1821.

VOL. X.

PART II.

## EPISTLE PRELIMINARY.

We have found ourselves, dear Subscribers, under the necessity of publishing two Numbers of our Magazine, this month, and we shall be obliged to do this occasionally, when our correspondents become dangerous and personal. We trust that we shall be forgiven by all whose articles are not inserted. We put a printer's devil, blindfolded into our large iron-safe, and told him to throw out at random thirty articles. As he is no relation of the late Miss Macavoy of Liverpool, the blindest impartiality may be depended upon. Another devil was in waiting to carry off the articles to the printing-office; and they are printed just as the blinded devil threw them up, on the principle of fortuitous concussion. That so much and so many of them should have happened to relate to coronations, cannot surprise any person who believes that an accidental jumble of atoms produced the world.

We regret, however, that this mode of selection has been unfortunate in one respect. The paw of the little devil in the chest has not happened to lay hold of any sentimental description of the late august ceremony; although, doubtless, there must be many such, as all the writers for the press appear to have been taken with the most pathetic sensibility in their account of the solemnities; even the London newspapers not only excelled themselves, but some of them performed characters at variance with their wonted habits.

The eyes of "The Morning Chronicle," for example, were suffused with tears of joy and gratitude at beholding the whiglings placed so near his Majesty's seat of honour; "The Examiner" was obliged to confess that "the thing was well got up;" and Cobbet himself bit his lips with vexation to such a degree, that there is some doubt if he will ever be able to wash his mouth again.

Had we not been induced to grant the boon of this impartial selection to our correspondents, in imitation of his Majesty's act of grace to the Radicals, merely to try if we can appease a parcel of discontented rogues, we should have confined ourselves exclusively to works of a tender-hearted kind, such as has hitherto characterised our publication. Perhaps, however, our readers will allow, that for them the fortuitous selection has been fortunate, for certainly we never before issued any Number like to this, whether we regard the abilities of the correspondents, or the topics on which their abilities have been exerted.

## THE STEAM-BOAT;

## No. VI.

*Or, The Voyages and Travels of Thomas Duffie, Cloth-merchant in the Saltmarket of Glasgow.*

## VOYAGE THIRD.

HAVING nourished my faculties for observation by reflecting on the various things I had seen, and the extraordinary I had heard, I began again to feel the spirit of curiosity germinating to new adventures, which it would at one time have been far from my hand to have undertaken. But travelling enlarges the mind, and experience is a great encourager in the way of venturing afield. I was, however, for a season perplexed anent the air in which I should steer my course, as the Jack Tars say, till some accident brought me to think, that of late years our young haberdashers, and others in the fancy line, are in the practice of taking a trip up to the town of London, to see the fashions:—Thinking of this, as I was saying, it came into my head, that if such jauntings were profitable to them, the like might be of service to me in my business—at the same time, considering the steady hand I had always held in my calling, it would not do for me to be overly ready to change my methods; and therefore, before attempting any thing of the sort, I thought it would be prudent to see a little more of the world, and look about me; for although Glasgow is surely a large and populous place, it must be allowed that it is but a narrow sphere for observation, and that a man who spends his whole life therein, between, as it were, the punch-bowl and the coffee-room, cannot be else, as a man, than one of the numerous family of the *Smalls*, a term which I heard an exhibitioner at Babiol's, from our College to Oxford, employ in speaking of persons with poor heads and proud purses—and nobody could dispute with him the justice thereof.

However, not to descant on particularities, let it suffice, that one night, over a dish of tea, [the Englishers, as I afterwards found, say a cup of tea,] with Mrs M'Lecket, I said to her, "What would ye think, Mistress, if I were to set out on a journey to London?"

Mrs M'Lecket had then the pourie in her hand to help my cup; but she

set it down with a stot, and, pushing back her chair, remained for a space of time in a posture of astonishment, by which I discovered that it was a thing she never expected would have entered my head. I then expounded to her how it might be serviceable to me to inspect the ways of business in London; but although nothing could be more reasonable than what I set forth on that head, she shook her's, and said, "This comes of your gallanting in the Greenock steam-boats; but ye're your own master, Mr Duffie, and may do as ye think fit—howsoever, its my opinion that the coronation has a temptation in it that ye're baste to own."

After thus breaking the ice with Mrs M'Lecket, I consulted with Mr Sweeties as to money matters and lesser considerations, and having made a suitable arrangement for being from home a whole month, and bought a new trunk for the occasion, with the 'nitial letters of my name on the lid in brass nails, I was taken in a stage-coach to Edinburgh. Some advised me to prefer the track-boat on the canal to Lock No. 16; but as I had the long voyage from Leith to London before me, I considered with myself, that I would have enough of the water or a' was done, and therefore resolved to travel by land, though it was a thought more expensive.

My companions in the coach consisted of Mrs Gorbals, who was taking in her youngest daughter, Miss Lizzy, to learn manners at a boarding-school in Edinburgh—and a Greenock gentleman, who was on his way to get the opinion of counsel anent a rividendo on some interlocutor of the Lord Ordinary concerning the great stool-law-plea of that town; and we were a very tosh and agreeable company. For of Mrs Gorbals it does not require me to tell, that she is a blithe woman; and Miss Lizzy, although she has not quite so much smeddu as her elder sister Miss Meg, that Mr M'Gruel, the Kill-winning doctor, had a work with last year, is however a fine good-tempered lassie, and, when well schooled, may



pass for a lady in the Trongate, among the best and the bravest, ony day. As for the fears and subfeuars of Greenock, every body knows what a pith of talent is in them, and how cleverly they can see through the crooks and the crevices of all manner of difficulties. I need, therefore, only say, that our fellow-passenger had no small portion of the ability common among his townfolk. I should remark by hands, that on the outside of the coach there was a man from Port-Glasgow in the volunteering line, watching a bit box with his cleeding, and hadding on by the rail like grim death—what he was going to do at Edinburgh, or whether he was gawn o'er the seas or further, he kens best himself.

In the course of our journey to the capital town of Scotland we met with no accident, but had a vast deal of very jocose conversation. Twice or thrice Mrs Gorbals paukily tried to pick out of me where I was going, and seemed to jealousy that I was bound on a matrimonial exploit; but I was no so kittle as she thought, and could thole her progs and jokes with the greatest pleasure and composure, by which she was sorely put to in her conjectures.

As it was not my intent to stay any time in Edinburgh at the outgoing of my jaunt, as soon as the coach stopped, I hired a porter from the Highlands, and he took my trunk on his shoulder, and we walked both together on to Leith. Luckily for me it was that I had been so expeditious, for we reached the pier in the very nick of time, just when the new steam-boat, the City of Edinburgh, was on the wing of departure. So on board I steppit, where I found a very jovial crew of passengers. Among others, Doctor and Mrs Pringle from Garnock, who were going up to London, as the reverend Doctor told me himself, on account of their daughter, Mrs Sabre, Miss Rachael that was, being at the down-lying, and wishing

her mother to be present at the handling.

I said to him, considering what he had suffered in his first voyage, that I was surprisid he would have ventured on water again, especially as he had his own carriage. But both he and Mrs Pringle declared that the tribulation and extortioning of travelling by land was as ill to abide as the sea-sickness, which I can well believe, for at every house, when we changed horses in coming from Glasgow in the stage-coach, there was the stage-driver begging his optional; to say nothing of what Mrs Pringle herself remarked concerning the visible comfort of such a steam-boat, where every thing was on a neat genteel fashion, and no sort of commodity neglected.

I told her, however, that I was not sure but from the boiler there might be a danger, when we were out on the ocean sea; whereupon the Doctor, who, in his first voyage to Glasgow, had got an insight of the method of enginery, took and showed me all how it worked, and how the boiler, when the steam was overly strong, had a natural way of its own of breaking the wind off its stomach, as he said, in his pawkie and funny way, which was very diverting to hear. I need not therefore say that I was greatly delighted to find myself in such good company as the Doctor and that clever woman his lady, who is surely a fine patron to wives throughout the whole west country, especially in the shire of Ayr.

Nothing could be more facetious than our voyage; every body was just in the element of delight; the sea rippled, and the vessel paddled, as if she had been a glad and living thing, and sailed along so sweetly, that both Dr Pringle and me thought that surely the owners had some contrivance of a patent nature for creeshing the soles of her feet.

#### TALE X.

##### A JEANIE DEANS IN LOVE.

AMONG the passengers was a Mrs Mashlam, from the vicinity of Minebole, whom I knew when formerly she was servan lass to Baidie Shuttle, before she gaed into Edinburgh. She was then a bonnie guileless lassie, just a prodigy of straight-forward simplicity, and of a sincerity of nature by common; indeed, it was all owing to her chaste and honest demeanour, that she got so well on in the world, as to be married to her most creditable gudeman, Mr Mashlam, who is not only of a bein circumstance, but come of a most respectable stock,

having cousins and connections far advanced among the gentry in Edinburgh. He fell in with her on her return from her great adventure with the Duke of York at London, which made such a great noise throughout the West at the time, and which, but for her open-hearted innocence, would have left both cloors and dunkles in her character.

At the first I did not know Bell again, but she knew me, and made up to me, introducing her gudeman, and telling me that they were going up on a jaunt to London, because she had been for some time no in very good health, but chiefly to see the King crowned, the which, I have a notion, was the errand's end of most of us, notwithstanding what Doctor and Mrs Pringle said about their daughter's lying in. After some change of conversation, we sat down on stools on the deck,—a great convenience, and most pleasant in such fine weather as we had; and on my speering at Mrs Mashlam anent her former journey to London, of which I had heard but the far-off sough of rumour, she blushed a thought in the face, and then said, "Noo, that a's past, and my folly of teen love cured, I need na be ashamed to tell the particulars before the face of the whole world, and the fifteen Lords.

"When I was servan with Captain MacConochy, Serjeant Lorie of his company had a wark with me. He came often about the house, and as he was of a serious turn like mysel, I thought the mair o' him that he never spoke of love, for he wasna in a way to marry. But ae night as I lay on my bed, it was, as it were, whispered in my ear, that if I could do a thing for him that would mak him hae a pride in me, he would master the doubts of his fortune, and make me his wife. Wi' this notion I fancied that I might hae the power to persuade the Duke of York, if I could get a word of his Royal Grace, to gie the serjeant a commission. The road, however, is lang between Edinburgh and the Horse Guards, but a woman's love will travel farther than horses; so I speered at the serjeant, without letting on to him o' what was in my head, about the way of going to London, and how to see the Duke, and when I got my half year's fee, I got leave frae my mistress for a fortnight to see a frien', and set out for the Horse Guards.

"When I reached London, I dressed mysel in my best, and speered my way to the Duke's office. The first day I lingered blately about the place. On the second, the folk and soldiers there thought I was nae in my right mind, and compassionated me. A weel-bred gentleman, seeing me hankering at the gate, inquired my business, and when I told him that it was with his Royal Grace, he bade me bide, and he would try what could be done; and shortly after going into the house, he came out, and said the Duke would see me.

"Up to that moment I felt no want of an encouraging spirit; but I kenna what then came o'er me, for my knees faltered, and my heart beat, as I went up the stairs; and when I was shewn into the presence, in a fine room, with spacious looking-glasses, I could scarcely speak for awe and dread. The shawl fell from my shoulders, and his Royal Grace, seeing my terrification, rose from his sittee, and put it on in the most ceeveleezed and kindly manner. He was in reality a most well-bred gentleman, and, for discretion, would be a patron to mony a Glasgow manufacturer, and Edinburgh writer. He then encouraged me to proceed with my business, asking me in a hamely manner, what it was.

"Please your Royal Grace," said I, "there's a young lad, a friend o' mine, that I would fain get promoted; and, if your Royal Grace would like to do a kind turn, he would soon be an officer, as he's a serjeant already. He has no-

body to speak a word for him, so I hae come from Scotland on purpose to do it mysel.

“ The Duke looked at me with a sort of kindly curiosity, and replied,— ‘ Well, I have heard and read of such things, but never met with the like before.’

“ He then inquired very particularly all about what was between the serjeant and me, and if I was trysted to marry him ; and I told him the plain simple truth, and I could see it did not displease him that I had undertaken the journey on the hope of affection. He said there were, however, so many claims, that it would not be easy to grant my request. I told him I knew that very well, but that others had friens to speak for them, and the serjeant had nane but mysel. Upon which he looked at me very earnestly, with a sort of mercyfulness in his countenance, and putting his hand in his pocket, gave me three guineas, and bade me go away back on the Sunday following by the smack to Leith. He gart me promise I would do so ; and then as I was going out of the room he bade me, after I had taen my passage place, to come again on the morn, which I did, but on that morning he had broken his arm, and couldna be seen. I saw, however, one of his Lords. They told me since syne, it was no doubt my Lord Palmerston, and his Lordship informed me what had happened to the Duke, and gave me two guineas, obliging me, in like manner as his Royal Grace had done, to promise I would leave London without delay, assuring me in a most considerate manner, that my business would be as well attended to in my absence as if I were to stay. So I thankit him as well as I could, and told him he might say to the Duke, that as sure as death I would leave London on the Sabbath morning, not to trouble him any more, being content with the friendship of his royal spirit.

“ Accordingly, on the Sabbath, I gaed back in the smack, and the serjeant would hardly believe me, when I said whar I had been, and what I had done for him. But when he was made an ensign, he turned his back on me, and set up for a gentleman. I thought my heart would have gurged within me at this slight ; and a very little would have made me set out a second time to the Duke, and tell him how I had been served ; but, after greeting out my passion and mortification on my secret pillow, I thought to mysel, that I would let the serjeant fall out in some other's hand ; and that I was none the worse for the good I had wisied to him as a soldier, though, by altering his vain heart, it had done himself none as a man ; and when I cam into this contentment, I got the better of my pining and sorrow.”—And in saying these words, she took Mr Mashlam in a loving manner by the hand, and said, “ I ha'e no reason to rue the disappointment of my first love ; and I only hope that Mr Lorie, for the kind-natured Duke's sake, will prove true to his colours, lightly though he valued my weak and poor affection.”

Every body in the Steam-boat was greatly taken with Bell, and none in all the company was treated with more respect than her and her gudeman. So on we sailed in the most agreeable manner.

Doctor Pringle and the Mistress having visited London before, were both able and most willing to give me all sort of instruction how to conduct mysel there, which the Doctor assured me was the biggest town by far

that he had ever seen in his life ; and certainly, when I saw it mysel, I had no reason to doubt the correctness of his judgment, although, in some edificial points, it may not be able to stand a comparative with Edinburgh or Glasgow. But notwithstanding the experience which they had of the ways of managing in London, we were sorely put to it on our disembarking at Wapping. For the Doctor, to shew me how well he could set about things,

left me and Mrs Pringle standing on the wharf, and went himself to bring a hackney for us and our luggage. They were, in their way to Captain Sabre's in Baker Street, to set me down at the lodging-house in Norfolk Street, Strand, where they had been civilly treated while living there when up about their great legacy,—“but ance awa aye awa.” Long and wearily did Mrs Pringle and me wait, and no word of the Doctor coming back. The Mistress at last grew uneasy, and I was terrified, suffering more than tongue can tell, till the Doctor made his appearance in a coach, as pale as ashes, and the sweat hailing from his brow. He had lost his road; and, rambling about in quest of it, and likewise of a coach, was mobbit by a pack of ne'er-do-weels and little-worth women in a place called Ratchliffe Highway, and in the hobbleshaw his watch was picket out of his pocket by a pocket-picker, and his life might have been ta'en, but for the interference of a creditable looking man, who rescued him out of their hands.

This was a sore sample to me of the Londoners; and I quaked inwardly when, as we drove along the street in the hackney, I saw the multitudes flowing onward without end, like a running river, thronger than the Tron-gate on a Wednesday, especially when I thought of the crowd that was expected to be at the Coronation. However, nothing happened, and I was set down with my trunk at the door of

the Doctor's old lodging in Norfolk Street, Strand, where the landlady was most glad to see the Doctor and the Mistress looking so well, but her house was taken up with foreigners from different parts of the country come to see the King crowned, and she could not accommodate me therein. However, as I was a friend of the Doctor's, she invited me to step into her parlour, and she would send to a neighbour in Howard Street that had a very comfortable bed-room to let. So I bade my fellow-passengers good day, and, stepping in, was in due season accommodated, as was expected, in the house of Mrs Damask, a decent widow woman, that made her bread by letting lodgings to single gentlemen.

Having thus narrated the occasion and voyage of my coming to London, I will now pause, in order to digest and methodize such things as it may be entertaining to the courteous reader to hear, concerning my exploits and observes in the metropolitan city; for it is no my intent to enter upon the particularities of buildings and curiosities, but only to confine my pen to matters appertaining to the objects of business that drew me thither, with such an account of the coronation as may naturally be expected from one who had so many advantages at the same as I had; not, however, would I have it supposed, that I paid any greater attention to the pageantry thereof, than was becoming a man of my years and sobriety of character.

#### PART. II.—THE PREPARATIONS.

London being, as is well known, a place of more considerable repute than Greenock, or even Port Glasgow, upon which I have so fully enlarged in my foregoing voyages, it seems meet that I should be at some outlay of pains and particularities in what I have to indite concerning it; and, therefore, it is necessary to premise, by way of preface, to appease critical readers, that my observations were not so full and satisfactory as they might have been, because of the hubbub of his Majesty's royal coronation, which happened to take place while I was there. It's true that I had an inkling, by the newspapers, before my departure from Glasgow, that the solemnity might be performed about the time I counted on being in London, but every body knows

it was a most uncertain thing; and as for the King's own proclamation anent the same, is it not written in the Bible, “Put not your trust in princes?” However, scarcely had Mrs Damask shewn me the bed-room that was to be mine, and I had removed our sederunt, after settling terms, to her parlour, where she was to get me a chop of mutton for my dinner, than she began to inquire if I wasna come to see the coronation. But I said to her, which was the fact, “I am come on business; no that I object to look at the crowning the King, if its possible, but it would be an unco like thing o' a man at my years of discretion to be running after ony sic-like proformity.”

She was, however, very much like my own landlady, Mrs M'Lecket, a

thought dubious of my sincerity on that point, and the mair I said to convince her that I had a very important matter in hand, the less did she look as if she believed me. But she said nothing, a thing which I must commend as the height of prudence, and as a swatch of good breeding among the Englishers; for there is not a Scotch landlady, who, in such a case, would not have shaken her head like a sceptic, if she did na charge me with telling an even down lee.

When I was sitting at my dinner, there arose a great tooting of horns in the street, most fearful it was to hear them; and I thought that an alarm must be somewhere; so ringing the bell, Mrs Damaak came into the room, saying it was but the evening newspapers, with something about the coronation, the which raised my curiosity, and I thought that surely the said something must be past ordinaire, to occasion such a rippet; and, therefore, I sent out and paid a whole shilling for one of the papers, but it contained not a word of satisfaction. It, however, had the effect of causing me, when I had finished my chack of dinner, to resolve to go out to inspect the preparations that were making at Westminster Hall and the Abbey. Accordingly, Mrs Damaak telling me how I was to direct myself, I sallied forth in quest of the same; and after getting into that street called the Strand, found that I had nothing to do but flow in the stream of the people; and I soon made an observe, that the crowd in London are far more considerate than with us at Glasgow—the folk going one way, keep methodically after one another; and those coming the other way do the same, by a natural instinct of civilization, so that no confusion ensues, and none of that dinging, and bumping, and driving, that happens in the Trongate, especially on a Wednesday, enough to make the soberest man wud at the misleart stupidity of the folk, particularly of the farmers and their kintra wives, that have creels with eggs and butter on their arms.

On entering the multitude, I was conveyed by them to the Cross, where there is an effigy of a king, no unlike, in some points, our King William; and winding down to the left, I saw divers great houses and stately fabrics, of various dimensions, suited to their

proper purposes, as may be found set forth in “The Picture of London,” a book which I bought on the recommendation of Mrs Damaak, and in which there is a prodigality of entertainment. But the thing which struck me most, as I passed by, was the cloth-shop of one Mr Solomon, a Jew man, in the window of which were many embroidered waistcoats, and other costly but old-fashioned garments; with swords of polished steel, and cockit hats, and a paraphernalia sufficient to have furnished the best playhouse with garbs for all the ancient characters of the tragedies and comedies.

Seeing such a show of bravery, I stoppit to look; and falling into a converse with a gentleman, he told me—when I said that surely Mr Solomon did not expect to get many customers for such old shop-keepers—that what I saw were court dresses, and were lent with swords and buckles, and all other necessary appurtenances to the bargain, for five guineas a-piece to gentlemen going to the levees and drawing-rooms, and that they were there displayed for hire to those who intended to see the ceremonies in Westminster Hall. This I thought a very economical fashion, but it did not make so much for the cloth trade as the old custom of folks wearing their own apparel, and it seemed to me that it would have been more for the advantage of business had the Privy Counsellors, and those who had the direction of the Coronation, ordered and commanded all gentlemen to wear new dresses of a new fashion, instead of those curiosities of antiquity, that make honest people look like the pictures of Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, Knight of the Garter, which may be seen in one of the volumes of my very old Magazine, wherein there is a full and particular account of the late coronation, the which was the cause of my bringing the book in my trunk from Glasgow, in order to enable me to make comparisons.

I had not travelled far towards the Abbey of Westminster, when I had good reason to see and note, that, considering all things, it was very lucky for me to have got to London when I did, for there was such a vast preparation that it could not, I think, have been in the King's power, with any sort of respect for his people, to have postponed his royal Coronation. The sight,

indeed, was such as is not to be told—hundreds of men were as busy as bees working at their bikes, building lafts and galleries for spectators, by which the owners expected to make a fortune, it being certain that money at the time of a coronation, as the old song sings—

“Flies like the dust in a summer’s day.”

However, there were sedate persons among the crowd, with whom I entered into discourse; and they told me, as indeed the matter came truly to pass, that the Babel-builders of the scaffolds were over-doing the business, for, that although great prices for seats may have been given at the old King’s solemnity, the like would not happen again, the space now around the Abbey, and all the way the procession was to march, being greatly enlarged compared to what it was in former times, and so capable of accommodating a far greater multitude than of old.

This observe made me look about me; and to touch here and there on the generalities of the subject to other persons, who, having a civil look, encouraged me, though a stranger, to break my mind to them.

I fell in, among the rest, with a most creditable elderly man, something of a Quaker it would seem, by the sobriety of his attire, the colour was a brown mixture,—and he said to me that he thought the Coronation a most ill-timed proceeding, to which I replied that surely in a season of great distress throughout the kingdom, it was not well counselled.

“I don’t speak of THE DISTRESSES,” said he, in a dry manner, “because that is what should be—the landlords in parliament cannot expect to have high rents and regular paying tenants if they reduce their customers to half pay. But it is the Queen, sir—the Queen’s case is what makes it most imprudent—all these poor people, with their scaffolds and booths, will be ruined by it—nobody will come to see the Coronation, for it is feared there will be a riot.”

“God bless you, sir, you are one of the protectors of innocence, I can see that,” cried a randy-like woman, with a basket selling grozets, overhearing our conversation.—“Get about your own affairs, hussy!” exclaimed my sober-looking friend—“It is such as

you that have ruined the Queen’s cause—What have you to do with her guilt or innocence, you-baggage-you?”

The woman looked at him very severely; and as I was only a stranger in London, I thought it best to make nimble heels from the scene to another part, and before I was well away I heard her at him, banning the faint-heartedness of him and all his like, for false friends to the queen.

The next I spoke to was a young gentleman, with a most methodical gravat, prejunctly tied, and I inquired at him what was his opinion. “It will be a very fine thing; his Majesty, you see, vill go halong that there platform, with trumpets, and the ouse of peers; then he vill come by this ere place, and get into the Habbey there, where the Harshbishop vill hanoit im vith the hoil, and put the crown hon is ead. Then he vill come back; hand hout that rection yonder, the champion, hall in armour, vill ride into the all, and challenge to single combat his Majesty’s benemies.”

“You may say that, now that Boney’s gone,” cried a pawkey young lad, who was the companion of this gentleman; “but, it’s my opinion, the whole will be a most confounded bore. Give me a review for a show. How can old men, judges, and privy counsellors, with gouty toes, and shaking heads, make else than a caricature of solemnities?”

“Very just,” interposed a man in a suit of shabby black, of a clerical cut. “The ceremony has survived the uses which gave it sanctity in the eyes of the people. It will now pass like a pageant of the theatre, and be no longer impressive on its own account, but merely on account of the superior quantity of the silk and lace that may be shewn in the dresses. Had the spirit of the age been consulted by his Majesty, the thing would have been different. It would have been shewn in some royal act of grace and favour, such as the foundation of a noble institution, where courses of lectures might be given by men of genius and literature, qualified to do justice to the topics.” I supposed the gentleman was a professor of lecturing himself; and dreading that he might open on me, I walked to another part of the edificial preparations, where I met with a man of a very sound understanding, who

described to me how the floor of the platform was to be covered with broad cloth, which both of us agreed was a most commendable encouragement of trade, on the part of his most gracious majesty; and we thought, likewise, that the expence, both by the King, and the spectators, was a spreading of money, that would augment the means of spending to those employed, and, through them, give encouragement to the dealers in all desirable commodities. The very outlay for ale and strong drink, will encourage the brewers, and the colonies, and the traders in wines, from which farmers and merchants will draw profit; and all traders so heartened, will increase the brows of their wives and families, to the great advantage of the manufacturers and those in the fancy line.

While we were thus speaking on the beneficial consequences of the coronation, a most mercurial rioter came up, bawling one minute, "The Queen for ever!" and then turning his tongue in his cheek, and roaring, "God save the King!" I really thought the rank and dignity of both their majesties suffered greatly by this proceeding, and I wonder the ministers did not, by a proclamation, forbid all such irreverence anent the characters of the King and Queen. Saying this to a stiff and dry man, of a pale metaphysical look, and a spare habit of body, he said to me, "that the coronation did not concern personalities, but was a solemn recognition of the monarchical principle in the Constitution, and that they were vulgar fools who considered it as a custom, which any sensible man censured with two such mere puppets as the individuals we call King and Queen." Surely this was the saying of a dungeon of wit, and I would fain have gone deeper into the matter with him; but just as we were on the edge of something of a very instructive nature, a gang of rankringing enemies of blackguard callants came bawling among us, and I was glad to shove myself off in another direction.

The first place where I again fell in with other conversable visitants was near to a side-door of Westminster-Hall, where I was greatly chagrined to find two public-houses within the same—what would our provost think of even one change-house within the entrance of the new court-houses? and here were

two, roaring full of strangers and way-faring people, within the very bounds and precincts of the coronation palace! I there forgathered with a batch of decent looking folk, moralizing on the scene. Some thought the booths and benches were very handsome; and certainly such of them as were hung with the red durant, and serge and worsted fringes, might deserve a commendation, as they could not but prove to the profit of business; but as for those that were ornamented with paper and paintings, though they might cast a show of greater splendour, they were undoubtedly of a very gaudy nature, and not at all suitable to the solemn occasion of a Royal Coronation.

When I had, by this itinerancy of the preparations, pacified my curiosity, I returned homeward to the house of Mrs Damask to get a cup of tea, and to consult with her as to what was best to be done about getting admittance to the Hall or the Abbey; for by this time it was growing dark, and there was but the Wednesday between and the day fixed, which made me resolve, as I did upon her advice, to postpone all serious thoughts of business until after the ceremony,—people's heads being turned, and nobody in a state to talk with sobriety on any other matter or thing.

While we were thus conversing, and the tea getting ready, a chaise, with a footman behind it, came to the door, and a knocking ensued with the knocker that was just an alarm to hear,—and who should this be but that worthy man Doctor Pringle, in his gude-son's, the Captain Sabre's, carriage, come to assist me how I could best see the show. "Knowing," said he, "Mr Duffie, that you are a man of letters, and may be inclined to put out a book on the Coronation, I couldna but take a pleasure in helping you forward to particulars. Mrs Pringle herself would have come with me; but this being the first night with her dochter Rachel, who is not so near her time as we expectit, she couldna think of leaving her, so I came by myself to let you know, that we have a man in our gude-son to get tickets baith to see the Hall and the Abbey,—so you may set yourself easy on that head. But, Mr Duffie, there's a great impediment, I doubt, to be overcome; for it's ordered by authority, that gentlemen are

to be in Court dresses, and I fear ye'll think that o'er costly, being so far from your own shop, where you could get the cloth at the first hand; over and above which, the Coronation is so near, that I doubt it is not in the power of nature for any tailor to make the garb in time."

I need not say how well pleased I was with this complimentary attention of Doctor Pringle; and when I told him of Mr Solomon and the old-fashioned clothes, we had a most jocose laugh about the same; and he said, that, as soon as I had taken my tea, we would go together in the Captain's carriage to Mr Solomon's shop, and get a suit of Court clothes for me. As for the Doctor, he stood in no need of such vanity; having brought up his gown and bands with him, in case of being obligated to preach any charity sermons, as he was in his legacy visit to London,—and he was told, that clergymen were to be admitted in their gowns. "Indeed," said the Doctor, "Rachel wrote to her mother of this when she pressed us to come to see the Coronation, which was the cause of Mrs Pringle putting the gown in the portmanteau; but, you know, if I preach in another's pulpit, there is never an objection to lend either gown or bands."

The Doctor then went to the window, and, opening the same, said to the coachman, that he might put up his horses for a season at a change-house, and come back in half an hour; but I could discern that the flunkies were draughty fellows, though they seemed to obey him; for when they, at the end of the time, came back with the carriage for us, the horses were reeking hot, and when we stepped in, to go to Mr Solomon's at Charing Cross, the first thing the Doctor laid his hand on was a lady's ridicule, and how it could have come into the carriage was past all comprehension. But the footman took charge of it, and said he knew the owner, so the Doctor gave it to him; but when I came to reflect at leisure on this, I thought it was very soft of the Doctor to give it up without an examination.

By the time we got to Mr Solomon's shop, it was full of strangers, on the same errand as ourselves, and it was long before we could be served. At last, however, the Doctor and me were

persuaded by the man to take a sky-blue silk suit, richly flowered, with an embroidered white satin waistcoat, adorned with glass buttons. I would fain myself have had one of the plain cloth sort, such as I saw the generality of gentlemen preferring, but I was overly persuaded, particularly by the man offering me the loan for a guinea less than the others were let for. The Doctor, too, in this was partly to blame; for he greatly insisted, that the gayer the apparel the more proper it was for the occasion,—although I told him, that a sky-blue silk dress, with great red roses and tulips, and glass buttons, was surely not in any thing like a becoming concordance with the natural douceness of my character. However, persuaded I was; and we brought the dress away,—sword, and cockit-hat, with all the other paraphernalia,—and the Doctor and me had great sport at my lodgings about the spurtle-sword, for we were long of finding out the way to put it on,—for it was very in-commodious to me on the left side, as I have been all my days Katy-handed. Indeed, we were obligated to call up both Mrs Damask and the footman to instruct us; and I thought the fellow would have gone off at the head with laughing, at seeing and hearing the Doctor's perplexity and mine. However, we came to a right understanding at last; and the Doctor wishing me good-night went home to his gude-son's, with a promise to come down to me betimes in the morning.

After he was departed, I began to consider of the borrowed dress, and I was not at all satisfied with myself for the gaiety thereof; I thought also that it must surely be one very much out of fashion, or it would never have been so much pressed upon me at a moderate rate.—But Mrs Damask thought it most handsome, so submitting my own judgment to the opinion of others, I reasoned myself into contentment, and getting a mutchkin of London porter in, and a partan, which to me was dainties, I made a competent supper, and retired to my bed, where I slept as comfortable as could be till past eight o'clock next morning, when I rose and had my breakfast, as I had bargained with Mrs Damask, for the which I was to pay her at the rate of seven shillings per week, a price not out of the way,



considering London and the Coronation time, when, as was understood at Glasgow, every thing was naturally expected to be two prices.

By the time I had got my breakfast, and was in order to adventure forth, Captain Sabre's carriage, with the Doctor and Mrs Pringle, came to the door, to take me out with them to show me the curiosities of London. But before going, Mrs Pringle would see my court dress, which she examined very narrowly, and observed "it must have cost both pains and placks when it was made, but it's sore worn, and the right colour's faded.—Howsomever, Mr Duffie, it will do vastly well, especially as few ken you."

This observe of Mrs Pringle did not tend to make me the more content with my bargain, but I was no inclined to breed a disturbance by sending back the things, and I could no bear the thought of a law-plea about hiring clothes to look at the King.

Mrs Pringle having satisfied her curiosity with my garments, we all went into the carriage, and drove to a dress-maker's, where she had dealt before, to get a new gown and mutch for the Coronation. The mantua-maker would fain have persuaded her to have taken a fine glittering gauze, spangled and pedigreed with lace and gum flowers, but Mrs Pringle is a woman of a considerate character, and was not in a hurry to fix, examining every dress in the room in a most particular manner, that she might, as she told me, be able to give an explanation to Nanny Eydent of the Coronation fashions. She then made her choice of a satin dress, that would serve for other times and occasions, and adhered to it, although the mantua-making lady assured her that satin was not to be worn, but only tissues and laces; the mistress, however, made her putt good, and the satin dress was obligated to be sent to her, along with a bonnet, that would require the particularity of a milliner's pen to describe.

When we had settled this matter, we then drove home to Captain Sabre's, to hear about the tickets, where I got one, as being a literary character, to the box set apart for the learned that were to write the history of the banqueting part of the solemnity, and it was agreed that I was to be at the door of admittance by three o'clock in

the morning; the Doctor and Mrs Pringle were provided, by the Captain's means, with tickets both for the Hall and Abbey, he himself was to be on guard, and Mrs Sabre, being big with bairn, and thereby no in a condition to encounter a crowd, was to go with a party of other married ladies, who were all in the like state, to places in the windows of a house that overlooked the platform, so that nothing could be better arranged, not only for me to see myself, but to hear what others saw of the performance in those places where I could not of a possibility be.

And here I should narrate, much to the credit of the Londoners, that nothing could exceed the civility with which I was treated in the house of Captain Sabre, not only by himself and the others present; for many ladies and gentlemen, who knew he was to be on guard, and how, through his acquaintance, we had been favoured in tickets, came in to inquire particulars, and to talk about the Coronation, and whether the Queen really intended to claim admittance. In a like company in Glasgow I would have been left at the door, but every one was more attentive to me than another, on understanding I was the Mr Duffie of Blackwood's Magazine. The Captain insisted on my taking an early family dinner, saying they had changed their hour to accommodate the Doctor, and the Doctor likewise pressed me, so that I could not in decency refuse, having as I have mentioned, postponed all business till after the Coronation. In short, it is not to be told the kindness and discretion which I met with.

In the afternoon, the Doctor, Mrs Pringle, and me were sent out again in the carriage to see the preparations and the scaffolding, and it was just a miracle to hear the Doctor's wonderment at the same, and the hobblèshaw that was gathering around. As for Mrs Pringle, she was very audible on the waste and extravagance that was visible every where, and said, that although a pomp was befitting the occasion on the King's part, the pomposity of the scaffoldings was a crying sin of vanity and dissipation.

When we had satisfied ourselves, and I had pointed out to them the circumstances which I had gathered the night before, they conveyed me to the

house of Mrs Damask, where I had my lodgment, and we bade one another good night; for although it was yet early, we agreed that it would be as well for us to take, if possible, an hour or two's rest, the better to withstand the fatigue and pressure of the next day; and accordingly, when I went up stairs, I told Mrs Damask of that intent, and how I would like, if it could be done, that she would have the kettle boiling by times, for me to have a bite of breakfast by three o'clock in the morning, which she very readily promised to do, having other lodgers besides me that were to be up and out by that time.

Thus have I related at full length, to the best of my recollection, all the

preliminary and profatory proceedings in which I was concerned about the Coronation; the ceremonies and solemnities of which I will now go on to tell, setting down nought that is not of a most strict veracity, having no design to impose upon the understanding of posterity, but only a sincere desire to make them, as well as the living generation, acquaint with the true incidents and character of that great proceeding, the like of which has not been in this country in our time, if it ever was in any other country at any time, to the end and purpose that the scene and acting thereof may have a perpetuity by being in the pages of my writings.

### PART III.—THE CORONATION.

I HAD but an indifferent night's rest; for the anxiety that I suffered, lest I should oversleep myself, prevented me in a great degree from shutting my eyes. So I was up and stirring before "the skreigh o' day;" and I was in a manner out of the body at Mrs Damask, who had not the breakfast ready so soon as I had hoped she would. It was more than a whole quarter of an hour past three o'clock in the morning before I got it and was dressed; and when I was dressed, I durst not almost look at myself in the looking-glass, with my broided garments of sky-blue, the sword, and the cockit hat, I was such a figure. Judge, then, what I felt when I thought on going out into the streets so like a phantasy of Queen Anne's court. Luckily, however, another gentleman in the house, who had likewise got a ticket and dress, was provided with a coach for the occasion, and he politely offered me a seat; so I reached the Hall of Westminster without any inordinate trouble or confusion.

Having been shewn the way to the gallery where I was to sit, I sat in a musing mood seeing the personages coming in, like a kirk filling. A murmuring was heard around, like the sough of rushing waters, and now and then the sound of an audible angry voice. As the dawn brightened, the Hall was lightened; and the broad patches of white, and red, and other

colours, that seemed like bales and webs of cloth in the galleries forment me, gradually kithed into their proper shape of ladies and gentlemen.

I now took my old Magazine out of my pocket, and began to make comparisons; but for a time I was disturbed by ladies coming into the gallery, and sitting down beside me, talking much, and very highly pleased.

The performance of the day began by sixteen queer looking men, dressed into the shape of Barons, rehearsing how they were to carry a commodity over the King's head, called a canopy. It was really a sport to see in what manner they endeavoured to march, shouldering the sticks that upheld it, like bairns playing at soldiers. Among this batch of curiosities, there was pointed out to me a man of a slender habit of body; that was the great Mr Brougham, and a proud man, I trow, he was that day, stepping up and down the Hall, with a high head, and a crouse look, snuffing the wind with a pride and panoply just most extraordinary to behold.

By and bye, the nobles, and counsellors, and great officers, and their attendants, a vast crowd, all in their robes of state,—and a most gorgeous show they made,—came into the Hall, followed by the King himself, who entered with a marvellous fasherie, as I thought it, of formalities, and so he seemed, or I'm mistaken, to think

himself; for I could see he was now and then like to lose his temper at the stupidity of some of the attendants. But it's no new thing for kings to be ill-served; and our Majesty might by this time, I think, have been used to the misfortune,—considering what sort of men his ministers are.

Shortly after the King had taken his place on the throne, the crown, and the other utensils of royalty, were brought, with a great palavering of priesthood and heraldry, and placed on the council-table before him, and when he had ordered the distribution thereof, the trumpets began to sound, and the whole procession to move off. His Majesty, when he reached the head of the stairs, was for a time at some doubt as to the manner of descending, till a noble in scarlet came and lent him his arm, for the which his Majesty was very thankful at the bottom. Meanwhile a most idolatrous chaunting and singing was heard, as the procession slid slowly down the Hall, and out at the door, and along the platform to the Abbey. Those who had places for the Abbey as well as the Hall then hurried out; and, while the King was absent, there was but little order or silence in the company, people talking and moving about.

I now began to weary, and to grudge at not having got a ticket to the Abbey likewise; but trusting to Doctor Pringle and the Mistress for an account of what was doing there, it behoved me to be content: so, with others, I stepped down from where I was sitting, and looked at the preparations for dressing the royal table, which had a world of pains bestowed on it—divers gentlemen measuring with foot-rules the length and the breadth thereof that was to be allowed for the dishes, no joking the tithes of an inch in the placing of the very saltfits. But there was one thing I could not comprehend; which was a piece of an old looking-glass, in a green painted frame, with four gilded babies, about the size of a hair's doll, at the corners, placed flat in the middle. Surely, it was not for the intent to let the King see how he looked with the crown on his brows; and, if it was not for that purpose, I wonder what it was there for?—but truly it was a very poor commodity. In the mean time, golden vessels, flag-

gons, and servers, and other dunked and old-fashioned articles of she like metal, were placed in shelves on each side of the throne for a show, like the pewter plates, dripping pans, pot lids, and pint stoups in a change-house kitchen. Some thought it very grand; but, for me, I thought of King Hezekiah shewing his treasures to the messengers of Berodach-baladan, the son of Baladan, King of Babylon;—for the foreign ambassadors, whose names are worse to utter than even that of the son of Baladan, and to spell them is past the compass of my power, sat near to this grand bravado of ancient pageantry.

By this time I had got some insight into the art of seeing a Coronation, so that, after satisfying my curiosity with the internals of the Hall, I strayed out upon the platform, partly to get a mouthful of caller air, and partly to get a drink of porter, for the weather was very warm, and I was very dry, by reason of the same, with the help of a biscuit in my pocket. And while I was about the porter-job in one of the two public-houses before spoken of, a shout got up, that the procession was returning from the Abbey, and I got up and ran to get back to my seat in the Hall; but as the crowd was easy and well bred, before I reached the door I halted, and thought I might as well take a look of the procession, and compare it with our King Crispin's Coronation, which took place on the 12th of November, A.D. 1818; and the order of which I will state herein, with annotations, to the end and intent, that posterity, in reading this book, may have a clear notion of what it was; and the more especially that his Majesty's ministers,—I mean those of King George IV,—may have a proper pattern for the next ceremony of the kind—for it was most manifest to me, that the shoemakers' affair was a far finer show than the one that I had come so far afield to see. But this is not to be wondered at, considering how much more experience the craft have; they being in the practice of crowning and processing with King Crispin, according to law, every year; by which they have got a facility of hand for the business, as is seen in their way of doing the same; the form and order whereof follows.

## ORDER OF THE PROCESSION OF KING CRISPIN.

As it moved from the Barrack-Square, Glasgow, on Thursday the 19th of Nov. 1818, about 12 o'clock.

Herald.	Music. (7)
CHAMPION, (1)	LATE KING, (8)
Supported by two Aides-de-Camp.	Supported by two Dukes.
Two Captains.	Two Captains.
Standard-Bearer, supported by two	Six Lieutenants.
Lieutenants.	A COSSACK. (9)
Music. (2)	A party of Caledonians, with two
Two Captains.	Pipers. (10)
Then follows part of the Body.	Two Captains.
Standard-Bearer, supported by two	Twelve Lieutenants.
Lieutenants.	INDIAN KING,
Music. (3)	Supported by two Bashaws. (11)
Colonel.	A Page.
Three Lords Lieutenant.	Two Captains.
Twenty-four Ushers.	Standard-Bearer, supported by two
Two Captains.	Lieutenants.
Standard-Bearer, supported by two	Music.
Lieutenants.	Six Lieutenants.
Music. (4)	Two Sheriffs.
Secretary of State.	Macer.
Privy Councillors.	LORD MAYOR,
THE KING,	Supported by two Aldermen.
SUPPORTED BY TWO DUKES,	Ten White Apron Boys. (12)
And protected by four Life-Guards.	Two Captains.
Nine Pages, (5)	BRITISH PRINCE,
Protected by four Guards.	Supported by two Aides-de-Camp.
Two Captains.	A Page.
Standard-Bearer, supported by two	Standard-Bearer.
Lieutenants.	Music.
Music. (6)	Lieutenant-Colonel.
Twenty Lords.	THE BODY.
Two Captains.	Standard-Bearer, supported by two
Standard-Bearer, supported by two	Lieutenants.
Lieutenants.	Three Adjutants.

(1) There was no Champion in the procession of his Sacred Majesty.—Surely it was a great omission to leave him out.

(2) There was no such Band of Music, as at King Crispin's—four fiddlers, three clari-nets, with drums and fifes—but only Popish-like priests, and callants in their father's sarks, singing, and no good at it.

(3) Music again. His Sacred Majesty had no such thing.

(4) Band of Music the Third—It was the regiment's from the Barracks. What had King George to compare with that?

(5) King George IV. had but six pages—King Crispin had nine, bearing up his train.

(6) Music again. O what scrimping there was of pleasant sounds, compared to our show at Glasgow!

(7) Music again. Think of that, Lord Londonderry, and weep—no wonder you delight in stratagems and spoils—I'll say no more.

(8) I didna approve, at the time, of this show of the late King, being myself a loyal man, and the Radicals then so crouse; for I thought, that the having the King of the past-time in the procession was like giving a hint to the commonality, that it would be a great reform to have Annual Kings as well as Annual Parliaments.

(9) *A Cossack*.—There was to be sure, a Russian Ambassador; but what's an Ambassador compared to a Cossack?

(10) "A party of Caledonians, with two Pipers."—There was no such thing.

(11) "Indian King, supported by two Bashaws."—O, Lord Londonderry, but ye have made a poor hand o't—what had ye to set beside an Indian King, supported by two Bashaws?

(12) "Ten White Apron Boys."—For them we must count the Band of Gentle-men Pensioners.

But it's really needless to descend thus into particulars—the very order of King Crispin's Procession is sufficient to put the whole Government to the blush—to say nothing of the difference of cost.

Indeed I was truly mortified with the infirmities and defects of the whole affair, and was hurrying away from it when I happened to see Mrs Mashlam with her husband on a booth, and I stopp'd to speak to her, but she had seen nothing in the whole concern save only her old friend the Duke of York. "When she saw him going to the Abbey with the lave, she rose up as he pass'd," said Mr Mashlam, pawkily, "and made him a courtesy, and the tear shot in her e'e."

I thought by the glance she gave the master at this jibe, that he had treaded rather hard on a tender corn, but she smiled, and taking him by the hand, made it all up by saying in a kind manner in the words of the song, "For auld Robin Gray is ay kind to me." I hadna, however, time to spend with them, but hurrying back to the Hall, I was almost riven to pieces among a crowd of bardy ladies of quality, that had drawn up with gallants when they were in the Abbey and brought them with them, and insisted on taking them in whether the door-keepers would or no. It was surprising to hear with what bir and smeddum they stood up to the door-keepers, not a few of them carrying their point with even down flyting, to the black eclipse of all courtly elegance. Among them I beheld, at last, Dr Pringle in his gown and bands, with Mrs Pringle holding by his arm, toiling and winning by the sweat of their brows their way towards the door. They were rejoiced to see me, and the moment they got within the door, the Doctor whispered to me with a sore heart, "O, you is a sad remnant of the beast! Far better it were had a man of God, like Samuel with a pot of ointment in his hand, gone alone to the king in the secrets of the desert, and anointed and hallowed him with prayer and supplication."

"This is Babylon!—this is Babylon!" cried Mrs Pringle gaily, and aloud out at the same time; "but it was a very fine sight, that must be allowed."

The crowd began now so to press upon us, that I was glad to hasten them in, and to get them up beside me in the gallery, where we were scarcely seated when the whole show, as I had seen it on the outside, but in a more confused manner, came into the Hall;

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a stately maiden madam, in a crimson mantle, attended by six misses carrying baskets of flowers, scattering round sweet smelling herbs, with a most majestic air, leading the van. She was the King's kail-wife, or, as they call her in London, his Majesty's herb-woman; and soon after there was a great clamour of trumpets and sonorous instruments, proclaiming as it were, "God save the King," all the spectators standing, and the very rafters of the hall dirling in sympathy, for truly it was a wonderful and continuous shout of exultation; and my fine garb of sky blue, and the ladies' dresses suffered damage by the dust that came showering down from the vibrating imagery and carvings of the roof, as the King's Majesty passed on under his golden canopy of state, and ascended the steps leading to his throne, looking around him, and bowing to every body. Both me and Doctor Pringle, as well as the Mistress, thought he cognised us in a most condescending manner; and here I must say for his Majesty, that he certainly did his part in a more kingly manner than Andrew Gilbert, who performed King Crispin, never forgetting himself, but behaving throughout most stately and gracious, though often grievously scomphisht with the heat and the crowd; the which was not the case with Andrew, poor fellow, as I saw myself from Mrs Micklewraith's windows in the Gallowgate, where in passing, having occasion to blow his nose, instead of applying to the page that carried for him a fine white pocket-napkin, he made use of his fingers for that purpose, which was surely a very comical out-breaking of the natural man from aneath the artificial king.

As I was looking at his sacred Majesty with his crown and robes, I thought of a worthy lady that told me of what she had herself once witnessed, of his father's behaviour in the House of Parliament—"I was there," said Mrs Clinker, "with Mr Clinker and our five dochters, to see the solemnities of the robing room in the House of Lords; and there was a great congregation of other ladies with some gentlemen to keep them in countenance—a most genteel company we were, and all sitting in the greatest composity, waiting, like the ten virgins in the parable, some of us wise and some

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foolish, but we had no lamps, when the cry arose that the King was coming. Then first came ae lord, and syne another, and then the Duke of York bounced among us with a troubled countenance, walking backwards and forwards like a ramping lion, which made us all sit with quaking hearts, as you may well think; next came the King himsel, honest man, talking to his nobles, and they had all faces of great terror. It was just a prodigy to see what a fear they were in; but his Majesty was never dismayed, keeping up a blithe heart. However, we began among ourselves to dread that surely something was the matter; and by and by it spunkit out that the King had been shot at, with a treasonable gun that went off without powther. Oh! what I suffered, to know and hear that we were sitting on a Gunpowder Plot, and that Mr Clinker, with me and my five dochters, might be flying in the air, clapping our hands in despair, like peelings of onions, before we kent whar we were. But the King saw the distress that all the ladies were in, and put on a jocose demeanour, and talked to his lords as they put the robes about his shoulders,—the crown he put himsel on his own head with his own hands, and when he had done so, he turned round to let us all see him, and he really looked like a king as he was, and his tongue never lay."

I'll no take it upon me to say that the behaviour of his present Majesty, in the latter particular, was like his father's, for he is a newer fashioned man, and hasna yet had such an experience of kingcraft; but if in other and more serious concerns, he can port himself as much to the purpose as the auld King, we can thole with him, though he should na just speak so much to the entertainment of his people.

In the mean time, the Peers and Prelates, and the minuter members of the procession, took their seats at the table; and I could see that the Bishops and Aldermen soon began to make long arms towards the catables, which me and Doctor Pringle thought a most voracious thing of them, and not well bred towards his sacred and anointed Majesty, who was undergoing such a great fatigue that day for their advantage and renown to all parts of the earth. I likewise observed a Peeress from her seat in the front of the left opposite to me, speaking vehemently to

a fat Lord at the table below. I suppose he was her gudeman, by the freedom of her speech, for she was plainly making a remonstrance to him on her being so neglected, for among all the ladies round her, both right and left, to a great expanse, there was not a single gentleman, because they were Peeresses, and placed there to sit in state for a help to the show; and then I saw his lordship put some eatable article on a trencher, and it was handed up to pacify her ladyship, and some of her adjacent kimmers.

In this stage of the procedure, during his Majesty's absence, I had leisure for a conversation with the Doctor and the Mistress anent what they had seen in the Abbey, the which I will set down in their own words, my faculty of memory not being of that sort which enables me to give a compendious narration, but, as Mr Sweeties said, by way of encouragement to me to proceed with the enditing of this book—"a great talent in transcribing the personalities of my heroes and heroines."

"Aweel, Doctor," quoth I, "and what did you see, and how were ye entertained with the anointing?" The Doctor shook his head in a solemn manner, and cogitated some time before he made reply, then he answered and said, "It would not become me, Mr Duffie, to find fault with what the King did in the midst of all his government, as he can do no wrong, and may be, in my presbyterian simplicity and ignorance, I am no of a capacity to judge; but if you doing was not popery—the seven-headed ten-horned popery, that rampaged over the back of common sense so long in this land, the darkness of night is the light of day to my eyes, and we are not sitting here in the earthly bunkers of this grand auld ancient Hall, but are the mere bubbles of a vision of sleep, and all this pomp and garniture around of no more substance than the wrack of vanity that floats in some poor dreaming natural's fantastical imagination. O Mr Duffie, a heavy hand has been laid on my spirit this forenoon; to see and witness the Protestant King of a Protestant people, crossed and creeshed with such abominations of idolatry, and a paternostring of rank and heinous popistry, that ought to have been stoned out of the midst of the Christian congregation that was

sinning by witnessing the same. I tried to the uttermost of my ability to keep the wonted composure of my mind, and to note in my remembrance the circumstantialities, but one new head of the beast made its appearance after another, till I quaked with terror. I could scarcely abide to look at that speaking horn the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, after all, said no 'great things:' as for the prelate that preached, I think he read every word, although holding forth in the very presence of the King's Majesty, who, oppressed with the burden of his royal robes, endured all as well as he could. Two or three times I could plainly see, by the help of a pocket spy-glass a lady lent me, that his Majesty was not overly content with some of the doctrines, which gave me pleasure, although, considering they were but matter of morality, I think he need not have fashed himself about any such feckless ware of the episcopalian inefficacy, than which nothing can be more innocent in a temporal point of view, although, as you know, and every true believer knows, it is as deadly venom in a spiritual. In short, Mr Duffie, I have no brood of this Coronation. But let the sin of it rest at the doors of them that advised it; as for me and my house, we will fear God, and honour the King. But of one thing I am most thankful, to wit, that the papistry of this doing is an English work, and can bring neither sin nor disgrace upon the Canaan of Scotland, where the Coronation of the Kings was ever a most devout and religious solemnity, as I have specially read in the account of what was done at Scone, on the new year's day of Anno Domini 1651, at the crowning of King Charles, the second of that name,—a prince who, according to all history, was not one of the soundest Protestants,—but who nevertheless conducted himself on that occasion in a most sincere manner, saying to the Lord Chancellor, when that pious man told him, with all due formality, how his good subjects desired he might be crowned as the righteous and lawful heir of the crown and kingdom, 'I do esteem,' said King Charles, 'the affections of my good people more than the crowns of many kingdoms, and shall be ready, by God's assistance, to bestow my life in their defence; wishing to live no longer, than

I may see religion and this kingdom flourish in happiness,—the which was as good a speech as King David himself could have made to the Children of Israel, and far better than a profane liturgy out of a book. Then King Charles, having made an end of speaking, was conveyed by his nobles to the Kirk of Scone, which was fittingly prepared for the occasion, and Mr Robert Douglas, a minister of Edinburgh, and Moderator of the General Assembly, preached a most weighty sermon from Second Kings, chap. xi. verses 12 and 17; and, after the blessing, the King renewed the Covenants. First, the National Covenant, then the Solemn League and Covenant were distinctly read; at the close of which the King, kneeling down upon his bended knees, and holding up his right hand, did take upon him, as it were, at the footstool of his Maker, the solemn vows ament the same.

"When this was done, he then ascended a stage in the middle of the kirk, and the Lord Lyon presented him as the King of Scotland to the people; and the people having testified their acceptance of him as such, he again descended from the stage, and, falling on his knees, the great coronation oath was administered in an awful manner; to the which his Majesty replied, 'By the Eternal and Almighty God, who liveth and reigneth for ever, I shall observe and keep all that is contained in this oath,—at which there was silence and dread in the kirk, and a sensible manifestation of the devout simplicity of our true and reformed religion.

"Having taken the oath, King Charles was then invested with the types and symbols of royalty; but there was no creeshey papistry practised there, every thing was done in a spirit of meaning and of understanding, the nobles, one by one, touching the crown on the king's head, and saying aloud, to the hearing of the people, 'By the Eternal and Almighty God, who liveth and reigneth for ever, I shall support thee to my uttermost;' and then, holding up their right hands towards heaven, swore to be loyal and true subjects, and faithful to the crown.

"But what ensued was the grandest solemnity of all, and to the which there was no comparison in the wearisome paternostering of this day. When the nobility had sworn their allegiance,

the Lord Lyon went forth and declared the obligatory oath to the people; and all present lifting up their right hands, stretched them towards the king, who was seated on his throne on the stage, and cried with one loud and universal voice, 'By the Eternal and Almighty God, who liveth and reigneth for ever, we become your liege men, and truth and faith shall bear unto you, and live and die with you, against all manner of folks whatsoever, in your service, according to the National Covenant, and Solemn League and Covenant.'

"Then the minister addressed himself with the earnest voice of a servant of the King of Kings and the Lord of Glory, and pointed out to the poor frail human creature that had been thus invested with the ensigns and homages of sovereignty, how he was obligated, as the temporal type and representative of Him to whom all thrones and principedoms pertaineth, to ettle, to the utmost of his ability, to do that which would be pleasant in the sight of his heavenly Master, without whose favour he could hope for neither homage nor honour nor prosperity, but only confusion of face and sorrow of heart for ever.

"Far different, ye see, Mr Duffie," continued the worthy Doctor, "was the old simplicitty of our Presbyterian Coronation, and deeper the spirit of its symbolic ritual sank into the hearts of the worshipping witnessae. However, as King George is a member of the English Church, I'll no find fault with what has been done to him this day. But I think it was surely a great omission in the ceremonial, that there was no recognition of him by the people, nor covenant, on their part, to be to him, in all straits and perils, true and faithful lieges; for it, in a manner, must leave him in doubt whether they are yet with a right sincerity his subjects, the which it is the main business of a Coronation to verify before the world."

When the Doctor had made an end of this edifying account of our Scottish national way of crowning the Kings in times past, I turned round to Mrs Pringle, who was sitting at my right hand, sucking an orange, with her satin gown kilted up to save it from the accidental drops of the juice, and inquired at her what was her opinion of the crowning in the Abbey.

"Mr Duffie," said she, "I have got no gude o't; for the Doctor, at every new o'ercome o' the ceremony, panted with an apprehension; and when he saw the 'nointing, I was in a terrification that he would speak loud out, and get us both sent to the Tower of London for high treason. But, Mr Duffie, do ye ken the freet of yon doing wi' the oil on the palms of the hand? It's my opinion that it's an ancient charm to keep the new King in the kingdom; for there is no surer way to make a new cat stay at hame, than to creesh her paws in like manner,—as we had an experience of, after our flitting from the Manse to Hydrabad-house, as we call our new place, in memory of the Cornal's legacy; for Miss Mally Glencaira made us a present of one of Miss Nanny Pedian's black kittlings, which is a radical sorrow, like Miss Nanny's own hardware self,—thieving beith in pantry and parlour, when it can get in. Howsomever, Mr Duffie, this business must have cost a power of money, and considering the King's great straits, and the debt that he and his ministers owe to the pesents, out of which, I do assure you, we were glad to get our twa three pounds, for they were never twa days the same,—it must be allowed that it is a piece of dreadful extravagance. But the Lord Londonderry, that was the Lord Castlereagh, is surely a genteel man—none more so among all the Lords—and I would fain hope he knows where the monee is to be had to pay the expence. There he is yonder—that's him with the grand cap of white feathers, and the blue velvet cloke, to denote that he's in the King's servitude.—I hope he's no ordained to be one of the auld blue-gowns.—See what a fine band of diamonds he has on his cap. A gentleman told me they were pickit out of the lids of the snuff-boxes that he and his lady got from the Emperor Alexander and the King of France, for putting Boney out of the way, that was sic a potentate to them all. But, Mr Duffie, how is it possible sic a stack of duds as the King is, to fight in state at the head of his armies, when required, for his crown and kingdom? Howsomever, I spose, as by law now-a-days he is not allowt to go to the wars, the Parliament winks at him. But can ye think, Mr Duffie, that it's possible all the diamonds on the leddies' heads here are precious stones?—The



King's crown, I am told, is sprit new, gotten for the occasion, as the old one was found, on an examine, to hae mouny false jewels put in to delude the people, the true ones being purloined in times of trouble. But now that the Coronation's 'played and done,' can you tell me, Mr Duffie, what's the use o't; for I hae been sitting in a consternation, trying to guess the meaning of a' this going out, and up and doon, and changing swords, and helping the King off and on wi' his clothes—'first wi his stockings and syne wi his shoone,' as the sang of Logan Water sings.—It may be what the Doctor calls a haryglyphical ceremony, but haryglyphical or rabbittical, I doubt it would take wiser men than Pharaoh's or the Babylonian soothsayers to expound it. To be sure it's a fine show, that cannot be denied; but it would have been a more satisfaction to the people, had his Majesty paraded up and down the streets like your King Crispianus at Glasgow."

While Mrs Pringle was thus discouraging, in her discanting way, in high satisfaction and glee, taking every now and then a suck of her oranger, the Head Lord Chamberlain came with his staff in his hand, arrayed in his robes of crimson-velvet, and wearing his coronet on his head, and ordered the Hall to be cleared, turning out, by his own bodily command, every one that lingered on the floor, more particularly the Earl Marshal's flunkies; for it seems that the Lord Chamberlain, as I read in my old Magazine, is obligated, at a royal Coronation, to have a gaw in the Earl's back, and takes this method to show his power and supremacy within the bounds of the Hall. But the ceremony was, I could see, not relished by those in the Earl Marshal's livery, for the most part of them being gentlemen disguised for the occasion, had hoped, under that masquerading, to have egress and ingress both to Hall and Abbey. However, the disgrace was inflicted in a very genteel manner, by the Lord Gwydir, who performed the part of Lord Chamberlain, throughout the whole ploy, with the greatest ability. Nothing, indeed, of the kind was ever so well done before; for his lordship, unlike his corrupt predecessors, making a profit of the office, did all in his power to render it suitable to the nobility of the three kingdoms, and suppressed the

sordid custom of making the royal ancient feast of the King of the realm a pay show, like the wax-work of Solomon in all his glory.

When the Hall was cleared in this manner, a bustle about the throne announced that the King was again coming, so we all stood up, and the trumpets sounding, in came his Majesty, with his orbe and sceptres, and took his seat again at the table. Then the lower doors were thrown open, and in rode three noble peers on horseback, followed by a retinue of servants on foot, bearing golden tureens and dishea, which, after some palaver, were placed on the King's table. During this scene, the learned gentlemen of the daily press, above and behind me, were busily writing, which Dr Pringle observing, inquired what they were doing, and when I explained it to him, as I had been told, he noted that the ambassadors of the allied powers were placed over against them, and said, that the thing put him in mind of Belshazzar's feast, the newspaper reporters being to them as the hand-writing on the wall, "MENE, MENE, TEKEL UPHARSIN," said the Doctor, in so solemn a manner, that I wished the ambassadors could have heard it, as it might have been to them for a warning to their masters; no doubt, however, they were dismayed enough to see the liberty of the press so far ben, and for the first time, too, in a station of recognised honour at a Coronation.

When the golden dishes were set before the King, they stood sometime untouched, for his Majesty would not permit them to be uncovered, till one of the ministers was got to say the grace. Then the lids were taken off, when, lo and behold! as Mrs Pringle judiciously observed, they contained but commonalities; and surely, as she said, there ought to have been, at least, one pie of singing blackbirds, on such a great occasion. However, the King tasted but little of them; it was therefore supposed that he had got a refreshment behind the scenes. But we know not the truth of this suppose, and, at the time, I could not but compassionate his Majesty in being obligated to eat before such a multitude. It would have spoiled my dinner, and the thought of such discomfort made Doctor Pringle, as he told me himself, pray inwardly that the Lord might

never make him a king ; a very needless prayer, in my opinion, considering the reverend doctor's great simplicity of parts and talents in the way of policy.

At this time, I discerned a very clever and genteel manner of acting on the part of the Lord Londonderry, who was one of the grandest sights in the show. In marching up the Hall with the rest, he took his stance on the platform whereon the throne was placed, and in the wonderment of the time forgot to take off his cap of feathers, although then before the presence of the King's Majesty. Some friend at his Lordship's elbow observing this, gave him a jog, to put him in mind that it might be thought ill breeding. Any common body like me would have been sorely put out at committing such an oversight ; but his Lordship, with great ready wit, shewing what a pawky diplomatic he is, instead of taking off his cap on the spot, feigned to have some turn to do on the other side of the platform ; so he walked past in front of the King, and making his Majesty as beautiful a bow as any gentleman could well do, took off his cap, and held it, for the remainder of the time, in his hand.

The first part of the banquet being ended, the sound of an encouraging trumpet was heard—and in came the Champion on horseback, in the warlike apparel of polished armour, having on his right hand the Duke of Wellington, and on his left, the deputy of the Earl Marshal. But it does not accord with the humility of my private pen to expatiate on such high concerns of chivalry ; and I was besides just tormented the whole time by Mrs Pringle, speering the meaning of every thing, and demonstrating her surprise, that the Duke of Wellington could submit to act such a play-actor's part. Really it's a great vexation to have to do with either men or women of such unicorn minds as Mrs Pringle, where there is any thing of

a complexity of sense, as there is in that type and image of the old contentious times of the monarchy, shewn forth in the resurrection of a champion in a coat-of-mail, challenging to single combat.

In this conjuncture of the ploy, we were put to a dreadful amazement, by a lady of an Irish stock, as I heard, taking it into her head to be most awfully terrified at the sight of a Highland gentleman in his kilt, and holding his pistol in his hand. The gentleman was Glengarry, than whom, as is well known, there is not, now-a-days, a chieftain of a more truly Highland spirit ; indeed it may be almost said of him, as I have read in a book, it was said of one Brutus, the ancient Roman, that he is one of the last of the chieftains, none caring more for the hardy mountain race, or encouraging, by his example, the love of the hill and heather. Well, what does the terrified madam do, but set up a plastic to disarm Glengarry, thinking that he was going to shoot the King, and put to death all the blood royal of the Guelf family, making a clean job o't for the bringing in of the Stewarts again. Then she called to her a Knight of the Bath, and a young man of a slender nature, one of the servitors, and bade them arrest Glengarry. It was well for them all that the Macdonell knew something of courts, and the dues of pedigree, and bridled himself at this hobbleshow ; but it was just a picture, and a contrast to be held in remembrance, to see the proud and bold son of the mountain—the noble that a King cannot make, for its past the monarch's power to bestow the honour of a chieftainship, even on the Duke of Wellington, as all true Highlanders well know ;—I say, it was a show to see him, the lion of the rock, submitting himself calmly as a lamb to those "silken sons of little men," and the whole tot of the treason proving but a lady's hysteric.\*

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\* The particulars of this ludicrous affair are excellently described in a letter from Colonel Macdonell himself, published in answer to a paragraph in that sagacious newspaper, *The Times*, entitled "A Mysterious Circumstance." When the "mysterious circumstance" was first read in Edinburgh, it was at once known that it could only apply to Glengarry ; but a Highlander thought otherwise from the pistol not being loaded, saying, "By Gote, it could na be Glengarry, for she's aye loaded."—We subjoin the letter.

"SIR—The alarm expressed by a lady on seeing me in Westminster Hall on the day of his Majesty's coronation, and the publicity which her ladyship judged it becoming to

After the champion and his companions had made their "exeunt omnes," as it is written in the Latin tongue, in the play-books, there was another coming forth of the high Lords on horseback, followed by their retinue of poor Gentlemen, that have pensions, carrying up the gold dishes for his Majes-

give to that expression of her alarm by means of your paper, I should have treated with the indifference due to such mock heroics in one of the fair sex, but that it has been copied into other papers, with comments and additions which seemed to me to reflect both upon my conduct and the Highland character. I trust therefore to your sense of justice for giving to the public the real history of the 'mysterious circumstance,' as it is termed. I had the honour of a Royal Duke's tickets for my daughter and myself to see his Majesty crowned, and I dressed upon that magnificent and solemn occasion in the full costume of a Highland Chief, including of course a brace of pistols. I had travelled about 600 miles for that purpose, and in that very dress, with both pistols mounted, I had the honour to kiss my Sovereign's hand at the levee of Wednesday last, the 25th instant. Finding one of our seats in the Hall occupied by a lady on our return to the lower gallery, (whence I had led my daughter down for refreshments,) I, upon replacing her in her former situation, stepped two or three rows further back, and was thus deprived of a view of the mounted noblemen, by the anxiety of the ladies, which induced them to stand up as the horsemen entered, whereupon I moved nearer the upper end of the gallery, and had thereby a full view of his Majesty and the Royal Dukes upon his right hand. I had been standing in this position for some time, with one of the pilasters in the fold of my right arm, and my breast pistol in that hand pointing towards the seat floor on which I stood, when the Champion entered, by which means I hung my body forward in any thing but 'seemingly as if going to present it': in fact, I had taken it into my hand in order to relieve my chest from the pressure of its weight, after having worn it slung till then, from four o'clock. It was at this instant that a lady within a short distance exclaimed, 'O Lord, O Lord, there is a gentleman with a pistol!' to which I answered, 'The pistol will do you no harm, madam;' but a second time she cried out, 'O Lord, O Lord, there is a gentleman with a pistol!' This last I answered by assuring her that the pistol was not loaded, but that I would 'instantly retire to my place, since it seemed to give her uneasiness;' and I was accordingly preparing to do so, when accosted by a young knight-errant, and closely followed by two others, likewise in plain clothes, one of whom, the first that began to mob me, for it merits no other term, laid his hand on my pistol, still grasped, under a loose glove, in my right hand; and, observing the numbers increase on his side, he asked me to deliver him the pistol. Need I say that, as a Highland chieftain, I refused his demand with contempt? The second gentleman then urged his friend's suit, but was equally unsuccessful; a Knight of the Grand Cross was then introduced with all due honours, by the name of Sir Charles, into this petty contention, and he also desired me to give up my pistol to that gentleman; which I flatly refused, but added, that understanding him by dress, &c. to be a Knight of the Grand Cross, he might have it if he chose with all its responsibility; for, as I had already said, 'it was not loaded, and pistols were a part of my national garb in full dress.'

"Again, Sir Charles desired me to 'give it to that gentleman;' but my answer was, 'No, Sir Charles. You, as a soldier, may have it, as the honour of an officer, and a man of family, will be safe in your hands; but positively no other shall, so take it, or leave it, as you please.' Soon after the Knight Grand Cross had come up, I perceived the gentleman in the scarlet frock (who appeared to be sent by Lady A—y), but his conduct was not prominently offensive in this affair. Sir Charles, after the conversation above referred to, took possession of that pistol, the other being always worn by me in its place; and the Knight Grand Cross, having first declined my turning up the pan to shew that there was no powder in it, I told him I had a daughter under my protection in the hall, and consequently proceeded in that direction, on his signifying a wish that I should retire, adding, 'I have worn this dress at several continental courts, and it never was insulted before.' I begged the favour of his card, (which he had not upon him), at the same time gave him my name, and the hotel where I lodged, expressing an expectation to see him. Sir Charles at this time begged I would move forward, and I begged of him to proceed in that direction, and that I would follow; this he did a short way, and then halting, requested I would walk first. I said, 'I had no objections, if he followed;' however, he and the Squire remained a little behind, probably to examine the pistol I had lent Sir Charles, which the latter shortly came up with and restored. Soon after I was seated, I missed my glove, and returned in search of it to the close vicinity of Lady A., when her gallant Squire pledged himself to fetch it to me if I retired to my seat, and he soon after redeemed his pledge: mean time, Sir Charles must recollect that I spoke again to him, on my way back, and that I then mentioned to him the name of a near

ty's table, in a most humiliated manner, bowing their heads three times, and coming away backward; and when the King had eaten of the dishes, there was a great shew of loyalty and regality, performed by divers dukes and lords of manors; among others, I was pleased to see his Grace of Argyle performing the ancient part of his Scottish progenitors, and getting a golden cup for his pains.

I think it was in this crisis of the entertainment, that Mrs Pringle pointed out to me, sitting by the head of the Peers' table, an elderly man, with a most comical wig, and having a coronet over it on his head, just a sport to see. Both the mistress and me wondered exceedingly what he could be, and when we heard him propose to drink the King's health, with one-and-eighty hurras, we concluded he could be no other than the King's George Buchanan on this occasion; and what confirmed us in this notion, was his soon after going up as one privileged, and saying something very funny to his Majesty, at which we could see his Majesty smiled like a diverted person. Over and above this, he took great liberties with his royal highness the Duke Clarence, at the King's left hand, shaking hands with him in a joke-fellow like manner, and poking and kidding him in the ribs with his fore-finger, which was a familiarity that no man in his right mind at the time would have ventured to practise at the royal table, and before the representatives of all the monarchies of Europe, as was

there assembled looking on. But when I pointed him out to the Doctor, the Doctor was terrified at our ignorance, and told us that it was the Lord Chancellor. I could not, however, believe this, as it is well known the Lord Chancellor is a most venerable character, and knows better how to behave himself with a gravity when within the light and beam of the royal eye.

But the best part of the ploy was after his Majesty had retired, for, when he departed, every one, according to immemorial privilege, ran to plunder the table, and the Doctor and me and Mrs Pringle made what haste we could to join the hobbleshaw below, in order to get a share of the spoil. The Doctor, at the first attempt, got a golden cup, as he thought, but, oh hon! honest man! on an examine, it proved to be only timber gilt; as for me, I was content with a piece of a most excellent bacon ham, and a cordial glass or two of claret wine, and a bit seed-cake, having fasted for so long a period. Mrs Pringle would fain have had a rug at the royal nappery on the King's table, but it was nailed fast. She, however, seized a gilded image of a lady, like what is on the bawbees, with a lion by her side, and not a little jocose the Mistress was with it, for it was almost as big as a bairn, wondering and marvelling how she would get it carried home. But, as the Doctor observed on the occasion, most uncertain are all earthly possessions.—Mrs Pringle happened just for a moment to turn her back on her idol to take a

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connexion of mine, well known in command of the Coldstream Guards; and as neither of these gentlemen have called for me since, I presume they are satisfied that the blunder was not upon my side, and that my conduct would bear itself through. The conclusion of the day went off very pleasantly, and when satiated therewith, my daughter and I drove off amidst many marks of civility and condescension even from strangers, as well as from our own countrymen and acquaintances in the highest rank.

“This, sir, is the whole history of the absurd and ridiculous alarm. Pistols are as essential to the Highland courtier's dress, as a sword to the English courtier's, the Frenchman, or the German, and those used by me on such occasions are as unstained with powder, as any courtier's sword with blood: it is only the grossest ignorance of the Highland character and costume which could imagine that the assassin lurked under their bold and manly form.

“With respect to the wild fantasy that haunted Lady A.'s brain of danger to his Majesty, I may be permitted to say, that George the Fourth has not in his dominions more faithful subjects than the Highlanders; and that not an individual witnessed his Majesty's coronation who would more cheerfully and ardently shed his heart's blood for him than

“Your humble Servant, not ‘Macnaughton,’ but  
 “ARD-FLATH SIOL-CHUINN MAC-MHIC ALASTAIR, which may be  
 anglicised ‘Colonel Ronaldson Macdonell of Glengarry and Clanronald.’”

“Gordon's Hotel, Albemarle Street, July 29.”

glass of wine with me, when a bold duchess-looking lady laid hands on the darling Dagon, and carried it away to another part of the table, where she sat down triumphing among judges and other great personages, and expatiated over her prize. Poor Mrs Pringle was confounded, and turned up the white of her eyes like a dying doo with disappointment, and had not the courage to demand back her property, being smitten with a sense, as she afterwards said, of not having come very honestly by it; so the lady carried off the image, as her prize, to her chariot, and a proud woman I trow she was, demonstrating over its beauties to all her acquaintance, as she bore it along in her arms, and on her own great good luck in getting it.

As we were thus employed, Mrs Pringle gave me a nodge on the elbow, and bade me look at an elderly man, about fifty, with a fair gray head, and something of the appearance of a gauzey good-humoured country laird.—“Look at that gentleman,” said she.—“Wha is’t?” quo’ I.—“That’s the Author of Waverley,” was her answer; “a most comical novel, that the Doctor read, and thought was a true history book.”

Seeing myself so nigh to that great literary character, and understanding that there was some acquaintance between him and my friends, I sideled gradually up towards him, till he saw the mistress and the doctor, with whom he began to talk in a very conversible manner, saying couthy and kind things, complimenting the Doctor on his talents as a preacher, and sympathizing with Mrs Pringle, whose new gown had suffered great detriment, by reason of the stour and the spiders’ webs that had fallen down, as I have rehearsed, from the rafters.

By this time some familiar interchange of the eye had taken place between him and me; and when he understood that my name was Duffie, and that I corresponded in a secret manner with Mr Blackwood, the bookseller in Edinburgh; he said that he had been just like to die at some of my writings, which I was very well pleased to hear; and then I speered at him if he was really and truly the author of Waverley. “Mr Duffie,” said he, “I just hae as little to say to the book as you hae.”—To the which I replied, “that if a’ tales be true, that could be nae lie.”

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—“But we ken,” cried Mrs Pringle, “that ye are the author, though ye may have reasons, in black and white, o’ your ain, for the concealment.”—“Na,” quoth the Doctor, “that’s, I must say, a hame push; but, no doubt, when a decent man denies a charge o’ the kind, it ought to be believed.” In this easy manner we stood conversing for a season, and then we sat down on the steps leading up to the King’s throne, and had some jocose talk anent what we had seen, and other sights and shows of regal pageantry, the which, by little and little, led us on to speak of past times, and the doings of Kings and Queens, who have long departed this life, till at last we entered upon the connection and pedigree of his Majesty with the old tyrannical House of Stuart; my new acquaintance, however, did not much relish the observe that I made concerning the prelatie nature of the princes of that line.

After this sederunt we rose, and the disappointment of the golden image was not the only dejection that Mrs Pringle was ordained to meet with that night:—Both the Doctor and her had forgotten to make proper regulations about Captain Sabre’s carriage, which was to take them home; so that, after waiting till the Hall was almost skailed, and many of the lights out, we three, in all our finery, were obligated to walk out into the streets, and no hackney was to be seen or heard of. What with the gravel hurting her feet, and the ruin it was of to her satin shoes, Mrs Pringle was at the greeting, and some drops of rain beginning to fall, her new gown was in the very jaws of jeopardy. But she is a managing woman, and not often at a loss;—seeing the Doctor and me standing overcome with perplexity, and in a manner demented, she happened to observe a gentleman’s carriage at a door, and, without more ado, she begged the servants to ask their master to allow them to take her home, which he very readily did, and thus extricated us all from a most unspeakable distress, for both the Doctor and me got into the chaise beside her, and arrived safe at Captain Sabre’s, where there was a great assemblage of friends, and a wonderful speer and talk about what we had all seen that day at the Coronation.

When we had rested ourselves a

short space of time, and taken some refreshment, the doctor and me (he having put off his gown and bands) went out by ourselves on our feet, it being no length of a walk from Baker-Street to Hyde-Park, to see the fire-works, things which the doctor had never seen, but which were no unco to me, as we have had sic-like at Glasgow, from riders and equestrian troops. But this, at that time of night, was not a very judicious adventure, considering that I was in my sky-blue court-dress, with a cockit-hat and a sword; for it brought the voices of the commonality. I, however, could have put up with them, but just as we got into the crowd, there was a great flight of sky-rockets, with a fearful rushing noise, which so terrified Doctor Pringle, that he thought it was a fiery judgment breaking out of the heavens upon London, for the idolatries of the day—and uttered such a cry of fright, that every body around us roared and shouted with laughter and derision; inasmuch, that we were glad to make the best of our way homeward. But our troubles did not then end. Before we were well out of the Park, an even-down thunder-plump came on, that not only drookit the doc-

tor to the skin, but made my sky-blue silk clothes cling like wax to my skin; and, in the race from the rain, the sword gaid in between my legs, and coupit me o'er in the glar of the causay with such vehemence, that I thought my very een were dinst out: the knees of my silk breeks were riven in the fall. Some civil folk that saw my misfortune, helped me in with the doctor to an entry mouth, till a hackney could be got to take me home. In short, the sufferings I met with are not to be related, and I had an experience of what it is to be stravaiging after fairlies at the dead hour of the night; for when I reached Mrs Damaak's house, she was gone to bed, and nobody to let me in, dripping wet as I was, but an aahypet lassie that helps her for a servant. No such neglect would have happened with Mrs M'Lecket in the Saltmarket. She would have been up to see to me herself, and had the kettle boiling, that I might get a tumbler of warm toddy after my fatigues. But I was needcessitated to speel into my bed as well as I could, shivering with the dread of having got my death of cold, or of being laid up as a betheral for life, with the rheumateese.

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ACCOUNT OF A CORONATION-DINNER AT EDINBURGH,

In a Letter from JOHN M'INDOE, Esq. to WILLIAM M'ILHOSE, Esq.  
Manufacturer, Glasgow.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I PROMISED to write you from this boasted city, and my destined route having landed me in it at a most important juncture, I haste to fulfil my engagement. But this letter shall neither be about business, which you detest; nor the appearance of this small eastern metropolis, which you despise. No, sir: this letter, I am resolved, shall be about *the men of genius here*, the only thing worth notice in this their city, and the only article in which we cannot excel those who are destined to live in it. You are well aware that my attachment to literature, or rather to literary men, is such, that with unwearied perseverance I have procured introductions to all such of them as verged on the circle of my uttermost acquaintance. But perhaps you do not know, that when I could in neways attain such intro-

ductions, I made a piece of business with the gentlemen, put on a brassen face, and favoured them with a call. It is a fact, that I waited on Mr J——y with a political French novel in MS. written by a lady. He received me rather haughtily, with his back stretched up at the chimney, and his coat turned to one side; but I held him excused, for I perceived that he was thinking on something else. I made him a present of the work, however, and have been proud to see what use he has made of it. I also waited on Sir W—— S—— with a few Saxon coins, and two Caledonian brass javelins; on Mr C—— N—— with a song from Dr Scott; on Mr —— with a specimen of Glasgow ice, and the Gorbals weaver's theory on the mean temperature of the globe; on P—— W—— with some verses to the moon, said to be written by Finlay; on G—— with

a German dialogue of Paisley manufacture; and on the E— S— on pretence of buying his wool. But of all the introductions I ever had in my life, the most singular took place here last night, which, as you will see by the post-mark, (should I forget to date this,) was the celebrated 19th of July.

I came from Stirling to this place in the morning, in order to attend at the great public dinner; but being informed by chance, that a club of literary and social friends were to dine together at a celebrated tavern, at which they have been accustomed to meet for many years, I was seized with an indescribable longing to make one of the party, and immediately set all my wits to work in order to accomplish this. Accordingly, I went to the commercial correspondent that was deepest in arrears with our house, and besought his interest. He introduced me to another, and that one to another, who promised, if practicable, to procure me admission; and the manner of this admission being not the least singular part of my adventure, I must describe it to you the more particularly.

This last-mentioned gentleman, (who was a jeweller,) after writing a card of considerable length, gave it me, with a direction where to find his friend, who was a mercantile gentleman whose name I had often heard mentioned: therefore, when I threw my eye on the direction, I was greatly delighted. I soon found his shop, and the door being open, popped in; where, behold, the first face I saw was that of an elderly reverend-looking divine, a man of the most benevolent aspect. Behind him was a tall dark squinting politician, at a hard argument with an artist whose picture I had seen at an exhibition or two, and knew him at first sight. I do not know his name; but he wears spectacles, has a round quizzical face, and a very little mouth, out at which the words come pouring in flights, like well-ground meal out of a mill. But that meal had some poignancy of taste about it; for it made the politician writhe and wince, and almost drove him beyond all patience. Beyond the counter, at the fire-place, stood two celebrated lawyers, with their fore-fingers laid across, arguing a lost process over again with great volubility. I could see no mercantile-looking person whatever to

whom to deliver my letter, save a young well-favoured lad with a Roman nose, busily engaged at one of the windows with his day-book, and to him I shewed the back of my card; but he only nodded his head, and pointed to an inclosed desk on the opposite side. To that I went; and, aboving aside eight or nine spacious subscription-boards for painters, poets, artificers, and all manner of rare and curious things, I set my nose through the spokes, and perceived the bald head of a man moving with a quick regular motion, from the one side to the other alternately, and soon saw, on gaining a little more room for my face among the subscription cards, that he was writing, and tracing the lines with no common celerity. I named him, and at the same time handed him my letter; on which he cocked up his eyes with a curiosity so intense, that I could scarcely retain my gravity, and thought to myself, as he perused the lines, "This must be an extraordinary fellow!"

When he had finished reading the note, he beckoned me to meet him at an opening in the counter, near the farthest corner of the shop. I obeyed the signal; but as he passed the two lawyers, he could not help pricking up his ears to the attestations of one of them, who was urging the case with more fervency than the matter appeared to require. When he came to a pause, the Merchant of Venice, for so I always felt inclined to denominate him, only said to him, "Well, it may be all very true that you are saying, my dear sir; but, for God's sake, don't get into a passion about it. There can be no occasion at all for that." And having given him this sage advice, he passed on, shook me by the hand, and conducted me down stairs.

"So you are for this private dinner, in place of the great public one, with my Lord Provost, and all the nabbs in the country to preside?" said he.—"I would prefer it a great deal," said I, "and would take it as a particular favour, if you could procure me admission into a company made up of gentlemen, whose characters I hold in the highest admiration."—"Ay! God bless the mark!" said he, taking a hearty pinch of snuff with one nostril, and quite neglecting the other; "so you admire them, do you? I should like, an it be your will, to know what it is for. I

hope it is not for their detestable political principles? If so, I have done with you, friend; let me tell you that.” —“ I suppose our principles are all much the same in the main,” said I; “ and I hope you intend to be of the party, for one.” —“ Me? not I—I love the fellows personally, and should certainly have been there; but then one hears such blarney; so much sycophantic stuff, it makes one sick, and affects one like an emetic after a good hot dinner. By the bye, I have no great objections to their mode of dining;” (at this part, he took another hearty snuff, still with the same nostril, and gave two or three dry smacks with his lips;) “ but the truth is, I do not know if I can be admitted myself.” —“ I thought you and they had been all one,” said I.—“ Why, so we are, in some respects,” replied he; “ as I said, I love the blades personally, but as to their political creed, I say, God mend it. But so it is, that I am so often with them, that my own party have almost cut me; and the others, who know my sentiments well, view me with a jealous eye, and would as soon, I fear, want me as have me; so that, at present, I am an alien from both parties. But, I must say this for these luminaries whom you profess to *admire*, that badness of heart is none of their faults. There will be some more of the artists here immediately. I will speak to them—you shall be sure of a ticket of admission.” —“ Shall I likewise have the pleasure of meeting with the Edinburgh artists too?” said I.—“ All of them who pretend to be literary men and Tories,” said he. “ But, heaven be praised, we have not many of them!”

Well, to make a long tale short, to the meeting we both went, where nine-and-twenty of us sat down together to dinner; and as I was merely introduced by name to two of the stewards as the friend of this Merchant of Venice, little farther notice was taken of me, so that I had time to note down a few things that passed, which I subjoin for your amusement, and that of Tod and Finlayson, should they meet you at Dugald's to-morrow evening. In the meantime, I shall describe two or three of the leading members of this literary club, that you may have a guess who they are; for I forgot to tell you, that the obliging Merchant bound me by a promise, before undertaking

to introduce me, that whatever I said, wrote, or published, I was to give no names, that having become of late a most dangerous experiment. I gave him my world, which I will not break, though it will cramp me very much in my letters; but the ample field of description is left free and open to me, and to that will I resort, as a general that feels himself cramped in the plain makes his retreat to the mountains.

We shall begin with the president, who was an old man with long grey locks, prominent features, and a great deal of vivacity in his eye; a little lame of both feet, and tottered as he walked, so that I instantly recognized him as one who, of late years, has been, like the cuckoo, often heard of but seldom seen. You will understand well enough who I mean. The gentleman next to the president, on the right hand, was young, sprightly, and whimsical; with hawk's eyes, and dark curled hair. He spoke so quick, and with so short a clipped tongue, that I, who sat at a distance from him, scarcely ever could distinguish a word that he said. He on the president's left hand was a country-looking man, well advanced in life, with red whiskers, strong light-coloured hair that stood upon his crown like quills upon the fretful porcupine, and a black-silk handkerchief about his neck tied over a white one. These two appeared to be intimate acquaintances, and were constantly conversing across the table. The countryman appeared to be often jealous of the other, and at a great loss to understand the ground of his jokes, but he would not let him have a minute's peace. I shall give you one single instance of the sort of conversation that was passing between them, so much to the amusement of the president, and the friends next to them. The young gentleman had been telling the other some literary anecdote about the author of a book called *Marriage*, (which I once saw advertised) but I could not hear distinctly what he said. The other raised his eyes as if in great astonishment, and I heard perfectly what he said, which was as follows:—“ Weel, man, that's extraordinary! I never heard ought like it a' my days afore. Hech, but it wad be a queer job, if ane but kend that it was true!” —“ What!” said the president, “ sure you don't accuse your friend of telling you falsehood, or indeed *suppose* that he would tell



you aught that is not strictly true?" — "Whisht, callant. It as a' that ye ken about the matter," said the countryman. "I am only speaking for myself. Let every man ride the ford as he finds it. He may have always told the truth to you, and every body else. I'll never dispute that. But let me think; as far as I min', he never in a' his life tauld me the truth but ance, and that was by mere chance, and no in the least intentional." I was petrified; but those who knew the two only laughed, and the accused party laughed the most heartily of any.

The croupier was likewise a young gentleman, tall, fair, and athletic; and had a particular mode of always turning up his face like a cock drinking out of a well when he began to speak. Though rather fluent after he began talking, he seemed always to commence either with pain or difficulty, and often in the middle of a dispute between others, when he disapproved of a sentiment on either side, then he held up his face, and made his mouth like a round hole, without engaging any farther in the debate. I could not help observing, however, that one very ingenious gentleman, with whom I was peculiarly happy to meet, but who is now so publicly known, that I dare not even describe him, kept his eye ever and anon upon the croupier's motions; and though he sometimes laughed at them, if ever the said croupier turned up his face, he held it as good as if he had sworn that the speaker was wrong. And this celebrated character restrained himself, or rose into double energy exactly in proportion to the attitude of the croupier's nose, which he failed not to consult as minutely as a farmer does the state of his barometer.

There were also two, who, by way of precedence, sat opposite to each other in armed chairs at the middle of the table; the one a facetious little gentleman, with an Irish accent; the drollest being, without effort or premeditation, that I ever heard open a mouth. Indeed one would have thought that he often opened his, and let it say what it liked. I was a grieved man when he got so drunk at an early hour that he fell under the table. His fellow was nothing behind him in either good humour or fun, but I thought they were sometimes trying who could speak the greatest nonsense.

This last I do not know, for some called him by one name, and some another. He is a stout boardly gentleman, with a large round whitish face, — a great deal of white round the pupil of the eye, and thin curled hair. A most choice spirit; and you must either have known or heard of him when you were in Campbell's house here. I took him at first for a well educated substantial merchant; afterwards for a sea-captain; but I now suspect that he may move in a higher circle than either of these would do.

The next most remarkable man of the party in my eyes was a little fat Gibbon-faced scholar, with a treble voice, and little grey eyes. He is indeed a fellow of infinite wit and humour, but of what profession I could not devise. He may be a doctor of physic, a dominie, a divine, a comedian, or something more extraordinary than any of these; but I am sure his is an artless and a good heart, and that he is not aware of the powers of his own mind in the delineation of human characters, perhaps (and it is a pity) too careless of what he says, and too much addicted to the ludicrous.

There was also a tall elegant old gentleman, from whom I expected something highly original. There were two or three attitudes of body, and expressions of countenance, that he assumed in confuting a young impertinent advocate, that were quite imitable; but he was placed by some individuals that he seemed not to like, and in a short time drew himself up. I hope I shall have an opportunity of describing some more of them by and by; in the mean time I must proceed with regularity, which leads me at present to something by no means unsubstantial, namely the dinner, a thing which I have always accounted an excellent contrivance wherewith to begin the commemoration of any great event.

The dishes were exclusively Scottish. There was the balmy Scots kail, and the hodge-podge, at the two ends of the table to begin with; and both of these backed by a luxurious healthy-looking haggies, somewhat like a rolled up hedgehog. Then there were two pairs of singed sheep heads, smiling on one another at the sides, all of them surrounded by well scraped trotters, laid at right angles, in the same

way that a carpenter lays up his wood to dry; and each of these dishes was backed by jolly black and white puddings, lying in the folds of each other, beautiful, fresh, and smooth; and resembling tiers of Circassian and Ethiopian young maidens in loving embraces. After these came immense rows of wild ducks, teals, and geese of various descriptions; with many other mountain birds that must be exceedingly rare, for though I have been bred in Scotland all my life, I never heard any of their names before. Among them were some called whaups, or tilliwhillies, withertyweeps, and bristlecocks.

As soon as the dinner was over, our worthy president rose and made a most splendid speech, but as you know I do not write the short-hand, I cannot do justice to it by any report. He concluded thus:—"Gentlemen, let us dedicate this bumper to our beloved sovereign, GEORGE THE FOURTH—May he long be spared to wear the crown this day set upon his head, and sway the sceptre put into his hand over a free, a loyal, and a happy people. With all the honours, ten times redoubled."

Here the applause, clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, and shouting, was prodigious, so that I was afraid the people, in the extremity of their loyalty, had been going mad. But after they had sung the King's Anthem in full chorus, they again took their seats quietly, all save the countryman before mentioned, who was placed at the president's left hand, and who had all the time been sitting with open mouth staring in the speaker's face. When the rest sat down, he heaved his fist firm clenched above his head, and vociferated, in a loud and broad dialect, "Faith, callants, ye may say what ye like; but I can tell you, that this auld chap at the end o' the board speaks weel, and hauds a confoundit grip o' good sense too." And with that he came down on the table with such a rap, that he made all the glasses jingle. This set the circle in a roar of laughter, but he held up

his hand again as a sign for them to be silent, and seemed disposed to harangue them. Some called to order; others, *Hear, hear*; and, finally, all voices united in the cry of, *Chair, chair*. The orator finding himself thus interrupted in what he intended to have said, looked good-naturedly about, and said, "I fancy I'm maybe like the tail that grew out o' the tup's nose, a sma' bit out o' my place here, and a wee blink farther forret than I should has been. I was gaun to mak a speech, an' tack a toast to the tail o't; but a' in gude time. Auld cronie, gi'e me your hand in the meanwhile; I hae eye kend you for a leel man and a true, and I think mair o' ye the night than ever!" With that he shook the old president unmercifully by the hand, and added, "Ay, my hearty auld cock, we are a' ane, and there's muckle gude blood i' the land that's a' ane wi' us; and as lang as that is the case, we'll sing the Whigs Leyden's bit auld sang—

'My name it is doughty Jock Elliot,  
And wha dare meddle wi' me?'"

After this, a number of loyal and national toasts followed from the chair, the same that are given at every social meeting. When these were exhausted, the croupier being called on for a toast, he rose, and after turning his face three times straight upward, he delivered a very striking speech, and concluded by giving as a toast, "*A pleasant journey, and a hearty welcome to our King to Scotland.*"

This toast was drank with all the honours; and, before the president took his seat, he begged that some gentleman would favour the company with a song corresponding with the toast. "That I'll do wi' a my heart," said the countryman, "an ye'll excuse me my speech. I'm never at a loss for a sang; and gin I ha'e nae new ane that suits, I can brag a' the country at patching up an auld ane." He then sung the following song with great glee, and every time he pronounced the term *Carle*, he came with a slap on the president's shoulder.

"*Carle, an the King come.*"

1.

"Carle, an the King come!  
Carle, an the King come!  
Thou shalt dance, and I shall sing,  
Carle, an the King come!"

A royal face when have we seen ?  
 When has a King in Scotland been ?  
 Faith, we shall bob it on the green,  
 Carle, an the King come.

## 2.

Raise the loyal strain now !  
 Carle, thou's be fain now !  
 We's gar a' our bagpipes banna,  
 Carle, an the King come.  
 Auld carle, I have heard thee bless  
 His good auld Sire with earnestness ;  
 Nae shall thy heart rejoice the less,  
 Carle, an the King come.

## 3.

I have heard thee tell, too,  
 Stuart's race excelled too ;  
 Then, for their sakes, we'll hail their Son,  
 Carle, an the King come.  
 For them our fathers rued fa' air,  
 And stood till they could stand nae mair ;  
 Then let us hail their only Heir  
 Carle, an the King come.

## 4.

Who has raised our name high ?  
 And our warrior fame high ?  
 Tell—that snarlers may sing dumb,  
 Carle, an the King come.  
 O loyalty's a noble thing !  
 A flower in heaven that first did spring ;  
 And every grumbler down we'll fling,  
 Carle, an the King come.

## 5.

Who our brand can sever ?  
 Carping creakers, never !  
 But now their crimes we'll saora to sum,  
 Carle, an the King come.  
 Then bend the bicker ane an' a',  
 We'll drink till we be like to fa',  
 And dance it, cripple stils an' a',  
 Carle, an the King come.

## 6.

“ Carle, an the King come !  
 Carle, an the King come !  
 Thou shalt dance, and I shall sing,  
 Carle, an the King come !”  
 When yellow corn grows on the riggs,  
 And gibbets rise to hang the Whigs,  
 O then we will dance Scottish jigs,  
 Carle, an the King come.

The singer received his due quota of applause ; and being reminded that he had a right to call a song, it was hinted, that he should call on the Merchant of Venice, alias the Royal Merchant ; but he shook his head, and replied, “ Na, na, it is nae his time o' night yet by ten bumpers. I ken him ower weel to ca' on him now ;—but he'll gie me, *Wad ye ken what a Whig is ?* or twail o'clock yet, for a' his canting about rights an' liberties in the forenoon. He speaks muckle nonsense about thae things. I'm while's

just wae for him." Another whispered him to call on the president; but he added, "Na; I'm something like the weaver wi' his grace—I never like to ask ought that I think I ha'e nae some chance o' getting."

The next gentleman who spoke, at least to any purpose, was one before mentioned, whose personal appearance I chuse not to describe. He being clothed in black, I had taken him all the afternoon for a clergyman; and after he spoke, I had no doubt but that he was a celebrated whig minister, who was taken from Perthshire to London some years ago; and yet I could not conceive what he was seeking there. Word followed word, and sentence followed sentence, till he actually winded out his speech to the length of three quarters of an hour's duration. But before he was half done I got fatigued, which, creating some confusion in my ideas, I lost all traces of connection in my notes; and on looking them over to-day, I find so many contractions of superlative terms, most of them meaning the same thing, that I can make nothing of them; and it is a loss for you I cannot, for though the speech was delivered in a preaching style, it was nevertheless a piece of grand and impressive eloquence; inso-much, that I said to myself again and again, "On my word but the seceder minister does well!" The subject was indeed scarcely to be equalled. It was a character of our late venerable and beloved Sovereign—"The father of his people, and the firm defender of their rights, whose image was embalmed for ever in their profound and grate-

ful remembrances, and whose descent to the grave was long overshadowed by the darkest of human calamities." Such were some of the speaker's impressive words; and you can scarcely conceive how much he affected his audience. It was upon the whole a singular mixture of prolixity, pathos, and sublimity. He concluded by giving "The memory of our late beloved and revered Sovereign, George the Third." The toast was drunk with the silent honours, in a way which I never saw done in Glasgow, and which in this instance appeared to me highly impressive. All the company taking example by the president stood up in silence, and waving their emptied glasses slowly around their heads, crossed their hands on their brows and made a reverend bow, after which a long restrained *ruff* of approbation ensued like the sound made by muffled drums.

After this an elderly gentleman with spectacles rose, and said, "He had been favoured with a few verses of a song that day—that they were written by a gentleman in the company, who, he believed, had written more loyal and national songs than any bard now living, more perhaps than all of them put together; and as the verses appeared to suit the foregoing toast in a particular manner, he volunteered to sing them, provided he were allowed to consult the manuscript. This being granted, he sung the following stanzas in a soft under voice, to a most beautiful old air, to be found only in Albyn's Anthology.

*Our good Auld Man.*

1.

Our good auld man is gane!  
Our good auld man is gane!  
But I will greet for the auld grey head,  
Now cauld aneath the stane.

2.

There's some brag o' their weir,  
And some o' their lordly kin;  
But a' my boast was his virtuous breast,  
And the kindly heart within.

3.

'Tis neither for blight nor blame  
That the tear-drap blinds my e'e,  
But I greet when I think o' the auld grey head,  
And a' that it bore for me.

4.

Though darkness veil'd his eye,  
And light o' the soul was name;  
They shall shine bright in a purer light,  
When the moon and the stars are gane.

I only took notes of one more speech and two songs; for, indeed, the glass went round so freely, that wine and loyalty got the upper-hand of my judgment, and I lost all recollection of what was afterwards done, said, or sung, as completely, as if I had been at a whig dinner, with Kelly in the chair, at the Black Bull.—Yours, &c.

JOHN M'INDOE.

THE VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS SECUNDUS.

CHAPTER VII.\*

*Early Recollections.*

We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans fine;  
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit  
Sin auld langsyne.

We twa hae paidelt in the burn  
Frae morning sun till dine;  
But seas between us braid hae row'd  
Sin auld langsyne.

BURNS.

In travelling along the streets of Edinburgh, I have often stopped to witness the children of the present day enjoying themselves at the games which formed the delighted pastime of my boyhood; and I have sometimes regretted that a classical book of juvenile sports did not exist, to assist the recollections of the past. Indeed I had, I must confess, for a long time ceased to notice the continuance of such games, till, in my own family, a set of youngsters arose, who from the school brought the knowledge and the practice of the almost forgotten amusements; but, from that period, I have again refreshed my memory, by taking a share in these innocent relaxations; and, though it may not add much weight to my character as a philosophical traveller, I find I can take a game with the *bairns* at *kittie-coot*, or

*blind Harry*, as well as ever, and can jink as nimbly at *tig touch timmer*, *doze a tap*, or roll up a *pirie*, as if I had just escaped from reading my accustomed dose of *Barrie's Collection*, under the superintendance of that worthy teacher.

In the multifarious projects of manhood, what a change must not the most careless observer have perceived from the time when one set of objects, and one set of amusements, formed the business and the pleasure of all; and no one can look back to the period of boyish amusement, and early study, without thinking of the varied situations which his school-fellows now fill in the great theatre of life. He who was the hero of the little ring at school, has perhaps sunk into the humble dependent of his former follower; and he who enacted the chief

\* We have received a communication from Mr Lithgow, junior, referring to Chapter I. of the *Travels of Columbus*, in which, in a friendly way, he congratulates our worthy publisher for having risen above the *Storm*,—Mr Storm's shop being the ground floor of No. 17, Prince's Street. That we have occasionally, in our castigations of infidelity, glanced aside from infidel opinions to their embodied supporters, and exposed the arts of ultra-whiggery and radicalism in the persons of their champions, and have thus given offence, we do not deny. But the fifty-thousand readers who monthly devour our pages, and the fifty thousand more who read them at second hand, are the surest test of the value of our labours, and the strongest evidence that *THE MAGAZINE*, in spite of misrepresentation, is now accounted the chief bulwark of those "who fear God, and honour the King."—EDIT.

personage in mimic plays,—whose ingenuity added to the interest, and whose spirits increased the mirth, of the little drama,—has, it may be, in the scenic illusions of after life, sunk to the office of candle-snuffer or scene-shifter to his more fortunate companions.

It is certainly not very comfortable for many to reflect, that while their former companions at the bowl or the ball have risen to distinction and opulence, they may be toiling, with hopeless activity, for “the day that is passing over them;” and it is not very palatable to human pride, to see the associate of school tasks pass his early playmate unheeded on the street, because he has had no friends to assist his progress, or wealth to secure a continuance of school friendship. But, while no degradation can be implied, or should be felt, when all do not begin life with the same advantages, so no superiority of intellectual powers can be adjudged to those who merely occupy an exalted station on account of hereditary wealth or title; and while one holds fast his integrity and moral worth, I see no distinction in creatures of the same species, which should entitle either to overlook the other, or any occasion for envy even on the part of the most humble, who fills to the best of his ability the part which Providence has assigned him. In the race of life, there are many starting places, and many goals; and he is no more to be despised for want of activity or diligence, who sets out with the disadvantages of poverty and want of friends, ten miles from the winning-post of human distinctions, than the person is to be praised, who, with every temporal advantage, has only a few yards to run. At least this is my system; and, if it has no other effect, it has that most convenient one, of making me contented with my humble station. I can look down with pity upon the man, who, merely on account of the possession of a few more pounds, or a few more acres of land, thinks himself entitled to treat with disdain a fellow being, whose situation in life may be of as much real consequence in the economy of Providence, and whose ultimate hopes of “untried being” may be as well grounded as his; and I am sometimes tempted to consider the unprofitably rich, and the luxuriously idle, as beings beneficent-

ly placed in these situations, for want of powers and energies to do something better. When I am forced, by the customs of society, occasionally to roast my servants by extraneous cookery,—make the children run about the house like frightened kittens, in the hurry of festive preparation,—put the whole economy of my family for days out of order,—and myself to sit up till long past the midnight hour, to entertain a few friends, I often think how preferable my situation is to those who are almost always in company,—whose entertainments are as everlasting as any thing human can be,—and who have neither strength of mind to look at, nor time to think of, the present, the future, or the past. In the scale of happiness, it would be hard to say which class of beings has the greatest share; and the few snatches of pleasure in the power of the humblest, are perhaps enjoyed with a relish unknown to the sated appetite of daily luxury.—“Give me neither poverty nor riches.”—But I am moralizing, when I should be describing.

To those who have been formerly young, (and I do not insist upon those who never were so to read this chapter,) and especially those who, for the encouragement of teachers, have taken the trouble to procure them pupils, and have thus become fathers, I make no apology for dedicating a few sentences to early recollections; and however odd it might appear, were a dozen of the High School callants, of twenty-five years back, (now perhaps reverend clergymen, respectable merchants, officers in the army, judges, or advocates,) to be seen at the *cleckenbrod*, or *dosing* their *piries*, yet I believe, that even the remembrance that “such things were,” forms not the least interesting topic of conversation, when old school-fellows meet afterwards in the voyage of life.

The games among the children of Edinburgh have their periodical returns. At one time nothing is to be seen in the hands of the boys but *cleckenbrods*; at another, *dosing of taps*, and *piries and pirie cords*, form the prevailing recreation; and at a third, every retired pavement, or unoccupied area, swarms with the rosy-faced little imps playing at *bowls*, their eyes sparkling with delight at the acquisition, or moulded into melancholy at the loss

of a favourite marble. The demand for bowls has occasioned, according to the prevailing systems of mercantile economy, a corresponding increase in the manufacture. In my time there were only two species, *marble* and *stone bowls*; but now there are five or six different kinds, formed of stucco, clay, &c. which, though more of them can be got for a penny, yet I doubt much if they would stand the force of a *breaker* of former days.

*Rolling girs*, (rolling hoops,) forms another healthy exercise to the boys of Edinburgh. Hoops seem less in use now, however, than formerly; and I have observed that few are now decorated (thanks to the police bill) with *ginglers*. The operation of guiding the path of a *girr*, which is done with a short stick, I should think an excellent preparation for those young gentlemen who may afterwards be called, in the course of events, to drive their own *four-in-hand*, or display their ability in more humbly guiding the equipage of another. *Bummers*, or a thin piece of wood swung round by a small cord, I have not seen for many a day.

*Ho, spy!* is chiefly a summer game. Some of the party of boys conceal themselves, and when in their hiding-places call out these words to their companions; and the first who finds has next the pleasure of exercising his ingenuity at concealment. *Hide and seek* is, I believe, played much in the same manner; but the watchword of this last is *hidee*. The English and Scots used to be played by parties of boys, who, divided by a fixed line, endeavoured to pull one another across this line, or to seize, by bodily strength or nimbleness, a *wad* (the coats or hats of the players) from the little heap deposited in the different territories at a convenient distance. The person pulled across, or seized in his attempt to rob the camp, was made a prisoner, and conducted to the enemy's station, where he remained under the denomination of *stinkard* till relieved by one of the same side, or by a general exchange of prisoners.

*Pen-guns* are made and fired at the season when the turnip first comes to market, which turnip, cut in thin slices, and bored through with the

quill, forms the charge. *Bountry-guns* are formed of the alder tree, the soft pith being taken out, and are charged with wet paper; and *pipe-staples* form a very amusing play thing, by putting two pins crosswise through a green pea, placing the pea at the upper end of the pipe-staple, and, holding it vertically, blowing gently through it. Making *soap-bells* with a tobacco-pipe, and witnessing the fragile globe sailing in the air, is still a frequent and innocent amusement.

*Flying dragons* is a very common thing in Edinburgh in harvest; and very beautiful objects these dragons are, as they flutter in the air in an autumnal evening. To prevent misapprehension, however, on the part of readers of romances, I beg to remark; that our Scottish dragons are perfectly harmless animals, and have no connection whatever with giants' castles, or maidens in jeopardy. They are generally guided by very young boys, with a chain no stronger than a piece of slight packing twine, and are found to be perfectly at the command of their little masters. In short, a *dragon* in Scotland is what is called in England, with no greater propriety, a *kite*; and, in both countries, I believe, they are generally formed of the same material—paper.

*Pitch-and-Toss*, is played with half-pence or buttons. The parties stand at a little distance, and pitch the half-penny to a mark, or *gog*, and he who is nearest the mark, has the envied privilege of tossing up for *heads* or *tails*, and the first *shot* at the next trial of skill. *Penny-stanes* are played much in the same manner as the *quoit* or *discus* of the ancient Romans, to which warlike people the idle tradesmen of Edinburgh probably owe this favourite game. The *duck* is a small stone placed on a larger, and attempted to be hit off by the players at the distance of a few paces.

If the reader be tired with these recollections of former days, I can have no objection, by concluding the chapter here, to give him a *barley*, (parley;) and if he feels he has enough of the subject, he has nothing to do but shut the book, and (to use a very expressive juvenile term,) *spit and gi'e owre*.

## CHAP. VIII.

Zickety, dickety, dock,  
The mouse ran up the nock ;  
The nock struck one,  
Down the mouse ran ;  
Zickety, dickety, dock.

HALLOW'EEN, and HALLOWFAIR, in Edinburgh, usher in nuts, gingerbread, and other articles for *fairings* ; and has been the appointed time, ever since I remember, for all the boys to possess themselves of *shintys*. The shinty, or *hummy*, is played by a set of boys in two divisions, who attempt, as they best can, to drive with curved sticks, a ball, or what is more common, part of the vertebral bone of a sheep, in opposite directions. When the object driven along reaches the appointed place in either termination, the cry of *hail!* stops the play, till it is knocked off anew by the boy who was so fortunate as to drive it past the *gog*. Playing at the *ba'* is also a favourite game with the boys of Edinburgh, and *penny Herioters* were at one time very celebrated. These balls were manufactured by the boys of George Heriot's Hospital, and, from this circumstance, got the name of *Herioters*. I can vouch to their being an excellent article of the kind, and famous *stotters*. Golf is played also by young as well as old gentlemen ; and running the *gaunt-ric*, or gauntlet, is a punishment frequently inflicted on the least dexterous, as *dumps* are on the knuckles of those who are unsuccessful at bowls.

The games for girls are not so varied as those of the boys. Though they may occasionally assist at those of the boys, yet it would be accounted unboyish, or effeminate, did the little men venture to take a part in the amusements more peculiarly appropriated to the girls. Of these, the *chucks*, played with a *bowl* and *chucks*, a species of shell (*Buccinum lapillus*) found on the sea-shore ; and the *Beds*, where a *pitcher* is kicked into chalked divisions of the pavement, the performer being on one leg, and hopping, are exclusively games for girls.

"*Dab a prin in my lottery-book ; dab ane dab twa, dab a' your prias awa,*" is putting a pin at random in a school-book, between the leaves of which little pictures are placed. The

successful adventurer is the person who puts the pin between two leaves including a picture, which is the prize, and the pin itself is the forfeit. *A' the Birds in the Air, and a' the Days of the Week*, are also common games, as well as the *Skipping-rope, and Honey-pots*.

The rhymes used by children to decide who is to begin a game, are much the same in the period to which my recollection extends. The one at the head of this chapter is most frequently used for this purpose. To it may be added the following ; and I would recommend the whole to the notice of the antiquarian.

Aner, twaery, tickery, seven,  
Alby, crackiby, ten or eleven ;  
Pin-pan, muskidan,  
Tweedlum, twodlam, twenty-one.

As I went up the Brandy hill  
I met my father wi' gude will ;  
He had jewels, he had rings,  
He had mony braw things ;  
He'd a cat and nine tails,  
He'd a hammer wantin' nails ;  
Up Jock, down Tam,  
Blaw the bellows, auld man.

In another play, where all the little actors are seated in a circle, the following stanza is used as question and answer :—

Who goes round my house this night ?  
None but bloody Tom ;  
Who stole all my chickens away ?  
None but this poor one.

Another game played by a number of children with a hold of one another, or *tickle-tails*, as it is technically called in Scotland, is, *Through the Needle-e'e*. The immemorial rhyme for this alluring exercise is this :—

Brother Jack, if ye were mine,  
I would give you claret wine ;  
Claret wine's gude and fine—  
Through the needle-e'e, boys !

*Pirley Pease-weep* is a game played by boys, and the name demonstrates that it is a native one ; for it would require a page of close writing to make



it intelligible to an Englishman.\* The following is the rhyme of this play,—

Scotsman, Scotsman, lo!  
Where shall this poor Scotsman go?  
Send him east, or send him west,  
Send him to the crew's nest.

The terms of *hot and cold*, used in the game of *Kittie-cout*; the couplet,

Gie's a pin to stick in my thumb,  
To carry my lady to London town;

and another couplet, addressed to the secreted personage at *Hidee*,—

Keep in, keep in, wherever you be,  
The greedy giel's seeking ye;

as they are often heard in the playgrounds, must awaken the most pleasing recollections in the minds of those who have formerly enjoyed these pastimes, or who still enjoy them by substitution, in the persons of the little masters and misses, who are to take charge of the affairs of the world for the next generation. The following rhyme (for I am afraid grey-bearded bachelors of the present day will not think it contains much reason) is still in very common use,—

Little wee laddie,  
Wha's your daddie?  
I cam out o' a buskit lady.  
A buskit lady's owre fine;  
I cam out o' a bottle o' wine.  
A bottle o' wine's owre dear;  
I cam out o' a bottle o' beer.  
A bottle of beer's owre thick;  
I cam out o' a guager's stick.  
A guager's stick's but and ben;  
I cam out o' a peacock hen.

To the favourite tune of Nancy Dawson several rhymes are sung in concert, as—

London bridge is broken down—  
We're a' maidens here but ane—  
This is the way the ladies bae—  
Here we go by gingo-ring, &c.

But I must here stop; for in a work intended for the use of grown gentlemen, and ladies arrived at the years of

discretion, it may be thought, that sufficient space has already been allotted to the amusements of periods long since and for ever past.

Thus have I, Christopher Columbus, Esquire, shortly noticed the chief of those games which were, and still are, the amusement of the children of Edinburgh; and I seldom walk the streets, or pass the High School in the intervals of the daily tasks, without wishing, that it were decorous still to partake of amusements so healthy, and so innocent. The billiard-table, dice, cards, fives-court, and pugilism, are only improved modifications of the same games, transferred from the open air to the tavern or enclosed court, and the passions of the grown-up players excited by the stimulus of wine, or the still stronger one of stakes in money. In place of the exercise being conducive to health, it is often only the precursor to a dinner of repletion; and the ingenuity exercised, during the midnight hours, at cards, or the mad hazards of the dice, is often the prelude to permanent ruin. I do not envy the man who cannot take amusement or exercise for health, or for their own sakes; and I would rather that my stomach had lost all the taste for healthy viands which hunger induces, than that my mind should be the slave of the most degrading passions which can agitate the bosom of a human being.

It would, perhaps, be in vain now to expect, that judges should leave the bench to hold the *bannets* between two pugilistic competitors, though they may formerly have done so in the High School Yard—that a gambler at cards or dice should stop the ruin of his own or of another's fortune, by playing at *nivy-nick-nack* or *pitch and toss*; that colonels and generals should amuse themselves at *Ho, spy!* the *wads*, or join the jocund bands at the *English and Scots*;—or that lawyers and attorneys should unprofitably exercise themselves at *bowls* or the *cleckenbrod*: And it perhaps

\* May I venture to suggest to our erudite commentators, and those skilled in antiquarian lore, that it would be better, in place of amending poor Shakespeare, (whose writings require no emendation,) to turn their talents for conjectural criticism and historical research to such subjects as I have now set forth. It would be curious to know, that many of our present youthful games were played by Mark Antony or Julius Cæsar;—that Homer or Virgil had dozed *taps* and *piries*;—that Malcolm Canmore and Queen Margaret had played at *tig*;—or that Sir William Wallace and Robert Bruce ever amused themselves, in *fun*, at the game of *English and Scots*.

would be equally vain to expect, that ladies should give up the luxurious waltz, and the beauty-killing attractions of late hours, to dance in daylight over the skipping-rope, or join the merry ring at *Through the needle e'e*,—*A' the birds o' the air*,—or *Tig me if you can*; but, as the difference between these amusements is only in degree, I see no reason to despair of inducing those, to whom innocence, and health, and happiness, are objects of interest, to return to the pastimes of childhood, with the same guileless hearts as when they entered into their spirit in the morning of their days.

It may be considered puerile, childish, or even infantine, O reader! if you will, to have said so much of games and times so long gone by; but I know at least one judge who was famous at making *bumbee-binks*; several advocates who were celebrated for catching minnows and banstickles; and not a few writers to the signet who were dexterous at finding and *herrying yellow-yites* and *linties*. With many a

respectable merchant in Edinburgh have I been in partnership in a concern of rabbits and *dows*; drowned puppies and kittens with many a reverend divine; worried cats and rats with many a first-rate tradesman; and *bickered*, as the scars on my forehead still testify, with many of the victors of the French at Waterloo. I have lived to see not a few of my early companions blotted from the list of animated beings; and I cannot think of their fate without feeling that every chapter of my *Voyages and Travels* here, draws me nearer to

“That undiscover'd country, from whose  
bourn  
No traveller returns.”

Amongst the vast number of those who have successively appeared on the stage of life, how few are remembered beyond a few months or years! and even the very games which occupied their earliest and happiest days are in danger of being lost, from a change of manners, and the want of an “honest chronicler.”

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE GRASSMARKET.

HERE's a sight, fy haste ye, mither,  
Cows and stots; and a' thegither,  
Stoitin ane against anither,  
Tweedle-drone, drone-tweedle, O!

Sic a sight was never seen, O!  
Some are fat and some are lean, O!  
Dirty some are, others clean, O!  
Tweedle-drone, drone-tweedle, O!

*The Grant Fencibles' March, with variations.*

THE Grassmarket, on a Wednesday, is a busy scene. Being the market for black-cattle and horses, a number of droves are weekly assembled there for sale. Though the amount of my agricultural knowledge might not qualify me to undertake a farm, yet I have occasionally peeped into the publications of our patriotic countryman Sir John Sinclair, and flatter myself that I am able at first sight to distinguish a bull from a cow, a horse from a mare, and a wether from a ram. I can tell an egg from a flour-dumpling; know that calves are not fed on field-mice,—that geese are not quadrupeds,—and that butter and cheese are made, not of small beer, but of milk. Sauntering along one Wednesday morning, and stopping at every parcel of cattle ex-

posed for sale, my attention was for a moment arrested by the appearance of six very handsome bullocks. I liked the physiognomy of the poor animals, and could not help feeling some regret that the purpose for which they were driven there was to put an end to their existence; that they had been brought from luxuriating in sunny pastures and daisied fields, merely with the view of filling the maw of that most carnivorous and rapacious animal, Man. My reverie was interrupted by a slap on the shoulder from a man in a great-coat, with boot-hose, and a whip in his hand. “Weel, what think ye o' thae stots?” said he; “there is nae better beasts in the market the day.” “They seem very handsome animals,” said I. “Ye may say that,” replied

my new friend; "they war fed in my ain yard at Wirlyknows, and de'il a bit o' oilcake ever crossed their craigs: only find them, man—tak haud o' them—dinna be feared."

With that he half dragged me between two of the bullocks; and, not to shew my ignorance, I felt the flanks of the animals, in the manner I saw him, raised their tails, and patted their necks, as if I had been born a grazier or a butcher. "What do ye think may be the weight o' thae now? gie a guess."—"I have no idea, indeed," replied I. "Toots, awa wi' your affectation, man,—ye ken fu' weel,—ye haena been sae lang a fleasher without kennan mair than ye wish to tell. But if they dinna stand out aught-and-forty stane, ye's get them for naething. I'm sure ye'll no grudge sixteen pund the piece for them—ye canna in your conscience ca' that dear."—"I really do not know their value correctly—they may be worth that money, for aught I know."—"Worth the money! Deacon Mitchell took twal sielike for 5s. mair a-head; but no to stand gibbling gabbling, they're your's at that price, and we'll say nae mair about it." "But really, sir, I know nothing about the matter, and"—"Say nae mair about it, Mr Harrigals,—it's a done bargain," said he, taking me by the hand; "I ken your father fu' weel, and he'll no be sorry ye've coft the beasts thrae me. If ye dinna double your money on them, I'll eat them a' mysaell. We'll just stap into this house here, and tak half a mutchkin on the bargain, and ye can gie me your order on Sir William for the siller.—Sandy, drive these beasts to Mr Harrigals' parks at the Grange Toll, and then gang to Mrs Twopenny's and get your breakfast, and see the powney get a feed, for I'll leave the market at twal. Come awa, Mr Harrigals, and we'll settle the business," said he, taking me by the coat.

Remonstrance was of no avail—I could not get in a single word. A feeling of the ridicule I should incur among my friends in the town-council, and the figure I should make at home as the proprietor of twelve fat stots, kept me for the moment in a kind of stapor, and I followed, or rather was dragged along by my conductor, who was expatiating on the bargain he had sold me. Trusting to be able to explain matters when in the

house, or failing of that, to disposing of the animals, though at some loss, to my friend Deacon Sparerib, the butcher, I resolved to make the best of my unfortunate situation.

We were crossing the street to the fatal house, squeezing through a crowd of farmers, graziers, butchers, dogs; and cattle-drivers, when the attention of my friend was arrested by the calling of his name, in a loud voice, by a person at a little distance—"Andrew! —Andrew Cloverfield! —Mr Cloverfield, I say?—Deil's in the man, is he deaf?"—"Wha's that crying on me? Stop a wee, Mr Harrigals, till we see," said he, and turned in the direction from whence the voice proceeded. A young man, about my own size, was bustling through the crowd, dressed in a short white jacket, booted and spurred. "O, it's you! Preserve us a'—how like you are to your brither! I've been looking for you twa hours in the market the day, as I had half-promised to your father to put a gude article in your hands. Herd Sandy's awa' wi' the beasts to your park, and now we'll a' gang in, and we'll hae our breakfast tgether."—"That's no my brither, Mr Cloverfield; you must be mista'en; and if ye hae sell'd the beasts, there's nae mair about it; but mysiller's as gude as anither's, and there's as gude fish in the sea as ever cam out o't."—"For God's sake, sir, stop a moment," said I; "the bargain's yours, if you will take it. This honest gentlemen has been under some sad mistake, which he would not allow me to clear up—do but take the animals at your own price."—"What!" said young Harrigals, "has this chield been imposing upon you by calling himself me? Grip him, Andrew—he maun be a swindler—and I'll ca' for the police."—"Wha may ye be? tell honestly this moment," said Cloverfield, seizing me by the neck; "if ye offer to cheat me, by a' that's good I'll gie you a sarkfu' o' sair banes, even in the open market. He may have accomplices—there may be mair than ane o' them."

It was in vain for me to tell him that he had forced the cattle on me, or to attempt to explain that I had only meant to satisfy my curiosity, by unwittingly looking at his bullocks. "Tak him into the house, till we see wha he is that has ta'en up our name," said Harrigals; "if he has forged our

name, we'll hae him ta'en afore the Shirra ;" and I was dragged across the pavement, in dread of being pelted by all the cattle dealers in the market, and of being perhaps walked in procession amidst a crowd of boys, to the nearest watch-house. A few moments conversation, however, served to make the necessary explanation; and when it was known that my father had been in the town-council, and had a shop on the South Bridge, my character of swindler was changed immediately into that of a "foolish laddie, for middling wi' things that I had naething to do with." Mr Cloverfield began now to think it was partly his own fault that I was dragged in to purchase bullocks, which I could not for their value have killed; and young Harrigals declared, that such a comical circumstance had never occurred in the High Market in his day.

"Foolish callant," said Andrew, "what for did you no speak out, man! I thought when I saw ye feart to set your feet in the sharn, and handle the nout wi' your yellow gloves, preserve us a', that the Edinburgh fleshers were turn'd unco gentle indeed. But howsomever, I wadna cheat ye—ye need nae hae been fear'd for that. Mr Harrigals kens that they are a gude bargain, and ye might maybe hae sell'd them wi' profit. But, come, we'll hae a half mutchkin upon it. Lassie, tell your mistress to bring in the tea-things,—ye're no to gang awa', my

merchant, wi' an empty stomach, and maybe ye'll learn something about buying cattle afore we're done. It's a capital joke after a'—I canna help laughing at my ain simplicity." Mr Harrigals added his request to the solicitations of Mr Cloverfield, and after a good breakfast, and a glass of brandy, which I was forced to swallow to keep the wind out of my stomach, as Andrew said, I received a kind invitation, when I felt inclined, "to come and tak a day's fishing in the Braidwater at Wirlyknows, where was the best trout in a the country."

I left my friends with a hearty shake of the hand, and with mutual congratulations at the circumstance which had brought us acquainted; and I returned home by the Bow and the Lawnmarket, both of which streets, and the houses therein, seemed, from their dancing so oddly before my eyes, not to have made up their minds about the centre of gravity. The people also appeared to walk less steadily than when I commenced my excursion. These circumstances have been since endeavoured to be accounted for by the administration of the glass of brandy to my stomach; but I leave it to the reader to decide, whether it is more likely that the houses should actually nod their heads, or that the celebrated traveller, Christopher Columbus, Esq. should be imposed on by his own very serviceable organs of sight.

## CHAPTER X.

### Angling and Shooting.

A's fish that comes in the net.

*Soots Proverb.*

*Larus hybernus*, LIN.—The winter gull;  
Our rocks and islets of this race are full.  
Colour, pure white; cinereous on the back;  
The head and bill, as usual, on the neck;  
The first quill-feather black; black streak'd the tail.  
They feed on fishes, sometimes on the whale;  
In misty weather, and in wintry storms,  
They seek the shore, and pick up frogs and worms.

*Pennant's British Zoology in Verse,*  
by DAVID DRINKWATER, F. L. S.

"We are all catching or caught," said I to myself, as I left Lucky Thomson's little tavern or inn near Musselburgh, where "Entertainment for Men and Horses" met my eye, after a morning's exercise on the Esk;—we are all anglers or fishers in the great

pond of life; and provided a proper bait be held out to us, we seldom fail to snatch at it. The shop-keeper baits his windows with jewellery, ribbons, and silks, to catch the eye of female beauty; while tallow-candles and tea, hams, cheese, and sugar, are laid out to at-

tract the notice of the thrifty housewife. The bookseller gilds his books, and the apothecary dusts his pills, to make them go down more pleasingly; the lawyer, like the spider, sets his lines, and the clergy sweep their fly-hooks, all for the purpose of catching something. Thousands are taken by the gilded butterflies of fame and glory, and thousands more are in the continual pursuit of the more substantial bait of riches. Even nets are set by beauty to entrap the hearts of the unwary; and the jointured widow, or miss with expectations, have only to display their purses, to congregate the persons, if not the hearts, of a whole county of unmarried gentlemen.—“But what has all this to do with your travels, Mr Christopher?” I think I hear the reader ask; “Recollect we are at a complete stand still, while you are musing and moralizing in this odd manner.” You are perfectly right, gentle Reader; and, in case of rain, I shall not keep you longer in the king’s highway, but take you back again to Lucky Thomson’s Inn, where you may share with me, in idea, the comforts of a hungry stomach, *baps* and butter, eggs, ham, and all the luxuries of the day’s first meal.

I had fished up the water, and down the water, with but indifferent success, till, coming in contact with the sign-board above mentioned, I thought I could not do better than lay in a cargo of provisions to last till dinner time; so I ordered breakfast, and put my fishing-rod, to save the trouble of unscrewing, against the little window of the apartment where breakfast was set, that I might see it in case of accident. I had demolished at least one *bap*, (*Anglice*, roll) eat two caller eggs of the honest gentlewoman’s own laying, according to her phraseology, and was in the act of breaking up a third, when the shaking of my rod outside the window attracted my attention. After a tremulous motion, I thought I heard the *pirs* unrolling, and the next moment the rod fell and disappeared. Unwilling to part so easily with an old companion, which would moreover have spoiled my sport for the remainder of the day, I ran to the door to ascertain if the trout had really left the water, and followed me to eat their breakfast on dry land. My rod lay on the ground, with the line extended,

and pulled by something round the corner of the house. Taking it up, and beginning to wind up the line, I soon found an obstruction to my progress, which even in these wonderful times I should not have contemplated. I had not rolled up above two or three yards, when a respectable matron of a hen, surrounded by eight or ten chickens, made her appearance, shaking her head, unwilling to come forward and afraid to retreat.

The good woman of the house followed me to the door, suspecting perhaps that I had forgot to pay my reckoning; but, upon seeing what had happened, she exclaimed, “Preserve us a! is that my brood hen ye hae caught wi’ your fishing wand? if it be, gentle or simple, ye had better been fishing something else, I’ll assure ye.” She then ran to the animal, which by this time was turning up its eyes, and making very extraordinary faces for a hen, and seizing it up, roared out, “As sure as I’m on this spot, the puir beast has eaten the flee-hook, and she’s golloring up blude. What gart ye come to my house, wi’ your what-ye-ca’-thems? I had rather ye never ditted my door, than been the death o’ poor Tappie.” She was now joined in her lamentations by two girls, who expatiated upon the cruelty of the monster that was the death “o’ grannie’s hen,” who could make eight or ten orphans so unadvisedly, and who “had the heart to torture puir dumb animals in this way.”

Though I could scarcely refrain from laughing at the strange attachment to my line, I put on a grave face, and said in words becoming the melancholy occasion, “My good woman, I am sorry, very sorry indeed, for your hen; but you should consider, that if she had not attempted to steal my fly, nothing would have happened.” “Steal! my hen steal! she’s as honest a hen as you, and that I’ll let you ken, sir. What signifies a bawbee’s worth o’ hooks, and a wee pickle horse hair? I wadna hae ta’en five shillings for my poor creature.” “Come, come, there is no use in making words about the matter. There’s half-a-crown,” said I, cutting off the line at the hen’s mouth, “and no more about it.”—“Half-a-crown!” exclaimed Lucky Thomson, “I wonder how you can offer half-a-crown for a hen worth

double the siller. I wad cast the money in your face, rather than sell my poor beast's life for half-a-crown."

I had heard or read somewhere, that the loudest speaker in a vulgar quarrel always comes off victorious; and, finding that I could not bring my landlady to reason in any other way, I raised my voice to its utmost pitch, and said in my most determined manner, that if she did not choose to take what I offered, I would give nothing at all, and besides prosecute her for damage done to my rod and line, and the loss of my fly. The woman's choler fell as mine seemed to rise; she remarked, in a subdued tone, "that her husband aye said she was owre hasty in her temper; that she saw I was a gentleman, and wadna wrang a poor body; and that she wad just tak what I liked to gie, though it would be lang indeed before the bairns got a hen like poor Tappie."

With little more ado I finished my breakfast. My hostess had her hen killed for nothing, and the price of it to the bargain; and two trouts to the little girls put an end to the mourning for the unfortunate hen and her helpless babies.

Mr Matthews, when you choose to be At Home in our city, send me notice thereof, and I shall make the above into a very capital law-case for your use, and the decision of the public,—for the lawyers of my acquaintance have not yet made up their minds, whether the woman was entitled to damages for the death of her fartive hen, or me, for injury done to my line, and the loss of an innocent fly.

*A bird in hand is worth two in the bush* says the English proverb, and English proverbs sometimes say true. I was shooting sea-fowl on Portobello sands, at a season when no other shooting is permitted, and for a long time I had wasted powder and patent shot to little purpose. The mewes, ducks, and gulls, either flew provokingly high, or at a tormenting distance, and I could not bring one down. In fact, none of them had a mind to be wounded or die that morning, which I thought very strange indeed. At last, however, a large grey gull flew past. I immediately levelled at him, and had the good fortune to see him tumble on the sands before me. I ran

to complete my conquest, hoping he was not mortally wounded, for I wanted one of this species very much to pick up the worms and insects in my garden; but when within a yard of where he lay, and almost ready to stoop for the purpose of lifting him up, he eyed me with a significant glance, and then, half running half flying, seemed to say, "Off we go!—catch me if you can." I ran pretty fast, but he ran still faster; and after coursing along the beach, which even arrested the half-naked bathers to witness its termination, my gull friend got over a garden dike at Joppa, and, having placed the high-road between him and me, disappeared in a corn field.

Was there ever any thing more provoking! But this world is full of disappointments; and, after all, it is not so humiliating to be gulled by a gull, as by one of one's own species. Being sufficiently tired by my chase, I left the bathers to dress themselves in peace, and determined to "wend my weary way" back again to town, and to repair the waste of the morning's expedition by a comfortable dinner.

I had walked nearly half way to Edinburgh, and had entered the range of houses called Jock's Lodge, when, to my astonishment and delight, I perceived my friend the gull stalking quietly by the side of the road, and picking his feathers, very much at his ease. "Ah, my good fellow," thought I, "I shall have you at last;" and to leap across the road and catch up the animal, was but the work of a moment. I got him under my arm almost unresisting, and having slung my fowling-piece on my shoulder, I gaily ascended the rising ground to the city. I had got but a few yards, however, when one of a few children standing by a door cried out, "Eh, there's a man wi' a gull."—"A gull? odd its very like Jenny Cameron's," was the response of another. "It's just it," cried a third; and surmise being increased to conviction among the little whipper-snappers, the whole sung out in chorus, "Jenny! Jenny Cameron! here's a man stealing your gull." Jenny made her appearance forthwith from the door of a little alehouse: "Stop the man wi' my beast," cried Jenny; "bairns, cry to the sogers to stop that man!" I turned to explain to Mrs Janet, that it could not by any possibility be her gull, for that I had

wounded it at Portobello, and pursued it a good way in the fields. "Nane o' your lies to me," said Jenny; "ye may have shot at a gull in your day, for aught I ken; but ye havena shot at this ane this ae half year. Ye'll see the mark o' my sheers on the creature's wing," continued she, "and every bairn in the place kens it fu' well." It came across my mind, that Janet might be in the right after all; and seeing none of the usual marks of powder and lead on the animal, and moreover finding that one of its wings was actually cut, I delivered up my prize, with many apologies for my stupid mistake. "Ay," said Jenny,

as she took the gull, "it was very stupid, nae doubt; but am no thinkin' ye would hae fund out the stupidity, had ye no been puttin in mind o't."

*Moral.*—Remember, O reader! that neither wisdom nor worth are always proof against cunning and knavery; and if, in the course of your peregrinations through life, you are sometimes disappointed in your well-founded expectations, reflect that even the great Christopher Columbus was twice gulled in one day by a foolish animal from the sea-side at Portobello, and be content.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH,  
From an Old Friend with a New Face.

LETTER I.

ON HOGG'S MEMOIRS.\*

MY DEAR CHRISTOPHER,  
I TAKE the liberty of sending back Hogg, which has disgusted me more severely than any thing I have attempted to swallow since Macvey's Bacon. He is liker a swineherd in the Canongate, than a shepherd in Ettrick Forest. I shall never again think of him without the image of an unclean thing; and, for his sake, I henceforth forswear the whole swinish generation. Roast pig shall never more please my palate—pickled pork may go to the devil—brawn, adieu!—avast all manner of hams—sow's cheek,

Fare thee well! and if for ever,  
Still for ever, Fare thee well!

What you can possibly see to admire in Jamie Hogg, is to me quite a puzzle. He is the greatest boar on earth, you must grant; and, for a decent wagger, Fundertake, in six weeks, to produce six as good poets as he is, from each county in Scotland, over and above the Falkirk Cobler, the Chaunting Tinsmith, Willison Glass, and the Reverend Mr ——. I engage to draw them all up two deep, in front of No. 44, Prince's-street, on the next day of publication; and they shall march round by the Mount of proclamation, and across the Mount, back to their parade. Lieutenant Juillinan shall be at their head—Mr ——— shall officiate as chaplain—and ——— if he pleases, shall be trumpeter.

But joking apart, of all speculations in the way of printed paper, I should have thought the most hopeless to have been, "a Life of James Hogg, by himself." Pray, who wishes to know any thing about his life? Who, indeed, cares a single farthing whether he be at this blessed moment dead or alive?

It is no doubt undeniable, that the political state of Europe is not so interesting as it was some years ago. But still I maintain that there was no demand for the Life of James Hogg, and that the world at large could have gone on without it. At all events, it ought not to have appeared before the Life of Buonaparte.

Besides, how many lives of himself does the swine-herd intend to put forth? I have a sort of life of the man, written by himself about twenty years ago. There are a good many lives of him in the Scots Magazine—a considerable number even in your own work, my good sir—the Clydesdale Miscellany was a perfect styte with him—his grunt is in Waugh—he has a bristle in Baldwin—and he has smuggled himself in a sack of chaff into the Percy Anecdotes. No man from the country has a right thus to become a public nuisance. This self-exposure is not altogether decent; and if neither Captain Brown nor Mr Jeffrey will interfere, why I will—so please to print this letter.

\* The Mountain Bard; consisting of Legendary Ballads and Tales. By James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. The third edition, greatly enlarged. To which is prefixed, a Memoir of the Author's Life, written by Himself. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

Take Hogg, and scrape him well for half an hour, and pray what does he prove to be? Why, a very ordinary common-place animal, in my humble opinion, as one may see on the longest day of summer, namely, the 22d of June. In all these lives of his, he keeps drawing and drivelling over his want of education. He could not write, he says, till he was upwards of twenty years of age. This I deny. He cannot write now. I engage to teach any forthcoming ploughman to write better in three weeks. Let Hogg publish a fac-simile of his hand-writing, and the world will be thunderstruck at the utter helplessness of his hand. With respect to grammar, is Hogg aware of this one simple fact, that he never wrote a page approaching to grammar in his life? Give him a sentence, and force him, at the point of the sword, to point out an accusative, and he is a dead man.

Now, I ask you, Christopher, and other good people, if such a man as this has any title to be compared with *Robert Burns*. The *Ayrshire Ploughman* could write long before he was twenty. He held the plough before he was in his teens—he threshed corn at thirteen—all the girls in Coil were in love with him before he was twenty—some of them to their cost,—and, at twenty-four, he published a volume of poems, containing, the *Twa Dogs*, *The Cot-tar's Saturday Night*, &c.—works that have made him immortal. After all, he was not a great poet; but he knew what he was about.

To hear Hogg and Burns spoken of in the same year, and written of in the same volume, is sickening indeed.—Some ailly gentleman has done this, Christopher, in your own Magazine. Why, the idea of such a comparison is enough to make a horse laugh—it is enough to set the whole British cavalry into a guffaw.

Come now, Christopher, and be honest with me. Do you believe that there is a man living who can repeat a single line of Hogg's? If there be, send for a metaphysician to him instantly. Cut off his head, and transmit it to Spurzheim. What the devil is his poetry, as you call it, about? Tell me that, and I will write a sheet in your Magazine every month gratis. Jamie has no ideas. For, if he had, are you so credulous as to believe that one or two would not have spunked out before

now? Draw upon him at sight, or at six months' date—no effects.

But I had no intention, when I took up my pen, to write one syllable about Hogg's genius, as it is called. And pray, what is in his life?—absolutely nothing. He has been in this world, it appears, fifty years, and his existence has been one continued bungle. But the self-conceit of the man is incredible. Lord Erskine is a joke to James Hogg,—and often must he have a sore heart to think what the worthy world will do without him some twenty years hence, when he hops the twig. His death will be remembered like a total eclipse of the sun, no doubt; and the people about Selkirk will date any event according to its distance in time from the death of Hogg.—“I remember it well—it was the year of the national bankruptcy.”—“Ay, ay—the year Hogg died of the cholick.”

Pray, was your friend asleep during the twenty years he herded sheep in Ettrick, and Yarrow, and Polmoody? How do shepherds employ themselves?—Of this he tells us nothing. Day after day—year after year, seems to have passed over his head in a state of mystification, and the honest man is no more able to give an account of them than an old ram, or his dog Hector. Now, all shepherds are not such dolts. Many of them are extremely clever, long-headed, sagacious, well-informed people; and in the present case, the wonderful thing is, that Hogg could have lived so long among such an intelligent class of men, and appeared in the world so utterly ignorant as he is. This is the view of the subject, which I maintain must be taken by all sensible people who read his Memoirs,—and I feel confident that Hogg himself will be startled to find that it is the true one, if he chuses to clap his large, grey, unmeaning eyes on this part of the Magazine.

Well, then—this prodigy tires of the shepherd's life, and comes jogging into Edinburgh; he offers his ballads and balderdash, at sundry times, and in divers manners, to all the booksellers in Edinburgh, high and low, rich and poor, but they are all shy as trouts during thunder—not one will bite. No wonder. Only picture to yourself a stout country lout, with a bushel of hair on his shoulders that had not been raked for months, en-



veloped in a coarse plaid impregnated with tobacco, with a prodigious mouthful of immeasurable tusks, and a dialect that set all conjecture at defiance, lumbering suddenly in upon the elegant retirement of Mr Miller's back-shop, or the dim seclusion of Mr John Ogle! Were these worthies to be blamed if they fainted upon the spot, or run out yelling into the street past the monster, or, in desperation, flung themselves into safety from a back window over ten stories? Mr Hogg speaks of his visits to booksellers' shops at this period with the utmost non-chalance. What would he himself have thought, if a large surly brown bear, or a huge baboon, had burst open his door when he was at breakfast, and helped himself to a chair and a mouthful of parrich? would not his hair have touched the ceiling, and his under jaw fallen down upon the floor? So was it with those and other bibliopoles. It was no imputation on their taste that they, like other men, were subject to the natural infirmity of fear. No man likes to be devoured suddenly in the forenoon—and the question, in such a case, was not respecting the principles of poetical composition, but the preservation of human life.

Balked in his attempt at publication of poetry, Hogg determines to set the town on fire. To effect this purpose, he commences a periodical work called the *Spy*, in which he proposes to treat of Life, Manners and Miller. This, I humbly presume to think, was gross impertinence. I have a copy of the *Spy*, and it is truly a sickening concern. The author makes love like a drunken servant, who has been turned out of place for taking indecent liberties in the kitchen with the cook-wench. The Edinburgh young ladies did not relish this kind of thing,—it was thought coarse even by the Blue Stockings of the Old Town, after warm whisky toddy and oysters; so the *Spy* was executed, the dead body given up to his friends—where buried, remains a secret until this day.

Hogg looks back on this enterprize with feelings of evident exultation, ill disguised under mock humility. Just take notice how he glories in his shame!

“And all this time I had never been once in any polished society—had read next to none—was now in the 38th year of my age, and knew no more of human life

or manners than a child. I was a sort of natural songster, without another advantage on earth. Fain would I have done something; but, on finding myself shunned by every one, I determined to push my own fortune independent of booksellers, whom I now began to view as beings obnoxious to all genius. My plan was, to begin a literary weekly paper, a work for which I certainly was rarely qualified, when the above facts are considered. I tried Walker and Greig, and several printers, offering them security to print it for me.—No; not one of them would print it without a bookseller's name at it as publisher: ‘D—n them,’ said I to myself, as I was running from one to another, ‘the folks here are all combined in a body.’ Mr Constable laughed at me exceedingly, and finally told me he wished me too well to encourage such a thing. Mr Ballantyne was rather more civil, and got off by subscribing for so many copies, and giving me credit for £10 worth of paper. David Brown would have nothing to do with it, unless some gentlemen, whom he named, should contribute. At length, I found an honest man, James Robertson, a bookseller in Nicolson Street, whom I had never before seen or heard of, who undertook it at once on my own terms; and on the 1st of September, 1810, my first number made its appearance on a quarto demy sheet, price four-pence.

“A great number were sold, and many hundred delivered gratis; but one of Robertson's boys, a great rascal, had demanded the price in full for all that he delivered gratis. They shewed him the imprint, that they were to be delivered gratis; ‘so they are,’ said he; ‘I take nothing for the delivery; but I must have the price of the paper, if you please.’

“This money, that the boy brought me, consisting of a few shillings and an immense number of halfpence, was the first and only money I had pocketed, of my own making, since my arrival in Edinburgh in February last. On the publication of the two first numbers, I deemed I had as many subscribers as, at all events, would secure the work from being dropped; but, on the publication of my third or fourth number, I have forgot which, it was so indecorous, that no fewer than seventy-three subscribers gave up. This was a sad blow for me; but, as usual, I despised the fastidious and affectation of the people, and continued my work. It proved a fatal oversight for the paper, for all those who had given in set themselves against it with the utmost inveteracy. The literary ladies, in particular, agreed, in full divan, that I would never write a sentence which deserved to be read. A reverend friend of mine has often repeated my remark on being told of this.—‘Gaping devils! who cares what

they say ! If I leave any time, I'll let them see the contrair o' that."

"My publisher, James Robertson, was a kind-hearted, confused body, who loved a joke and a dram. He sent for me every day about one o'clock, to consult about the publication ; and then we uniformly went down to a dark house in the Cowgate, where we drank whisky and ate rolls with a number of printers, the dirtiest and leanest-looking men I had ever seen. My youthful habits having been so regular, I could not stand this ; and though I took care, as I thought, to drink very little, yet, when I went out, I was at times so dizzy, I could scarcely walk ; and the worst thing of all was, I felt that I was beginning to relish it."

I write now, Christopher, to direct your attention to the next grand æra in the life of this extraordinary man,—and let us have it first in his own words.

"The next thing in which I became deeply interested, in a literary way, was the FORUM, a debating society, established by a few young men, of whom I was one of the first. We opened our house to the public, making each individual pay a sixpence, and the crowds that attended, for three years running, were beyond all bounds. I was appointed secretary, with a salary of £20 a-year, which never was paid, though I gave away hundreds in charity. We were exceedingly improvident ; but I never was so much the better of any thing as that society ; for it let me feel, as it were, the pulse of the public, and precisely what they would swallow, and what they would not. All my friends were averse to my coming forward in the Forum as a public speaker, and tried to reason me out of it, by representing my incapacity to harangue a thousand people in a speech of half an hour. I had, however, given my word to my associates, and my confidence in myself being unbounded, I began, and came off with flying colours. We met once a-week : I spoke every night, and sometimes twice the same night ; and, though I sometimes incurred pointed disapprobation, was in general a prodigious favourite. The characters of all my brother members are given in the larger work, but here they import not. I have scarcely known any society of young men who have all got so well on. Their progress has been singular ; and, I am certain, people may say as they will, that they were greatly improved by their weekly appearances in the Forum. Private societies signify nothing ; but a discerning public is a severe test, especially in a multitude, where

the smallest departure from good taste, or from the question, was sure to draw down disapproval, and where no good saying ever missed observation and applause. If this do not assist in improving the taste, I know not what will. Of this I am certain, that I was greatly the better of it, and I may safely say I never was in a school before. I might and would have written the Queen's Wake had the Forum never existed, but without the weekly lessons that I got there, I would not have succeeded as I did."

Now, you and I have been together in St Cecilia's Hall, Niddry Street, at meetings of this Society, called the Forum, and am I wrong in saying, that it was a weekly congregation of the most intrepid idiots that ever brayed in public? Hogg tells us, "it was established by a few young men, of whom I was one of the first!" This is a gross anachronism. He was at this time an old man, of two score and upwards. Here he says, "he felt the pulse of the public," and gauged "precisely what they would swallow and what they would not!" Suppose, my dear Christopher, that you, or any other medical man, (you seem to have dropped the M. D.) by way of feeling the pulse of christian patients, should practice on the left legs of a gang of jack-asses at Leadburn-hills ! or judge of the swallow of a convalescent young lady, by amusing yourself with feeding a tame cormorant? or prescribe to a dowager, fat, fair, and forty, as if you were James Stuart flinging oil cakes to the Duncarn ox? The Public unquestionably has a large and a wide swallow, and a pretty strong bouncing pulse of her own. But the Public would have retched, scunnered,\* vomited, swarfed,† fallen into successive convulsions, become comatose, and died under one tenth part of the perilous stuff that was both meat and drink to the Forum. The Forum got fat and puffy, red in the face, with a round belly, under circumstances that would have reduced the Public to a walking skeleton. The pulse of the Forum was heard like the tick of an eight-day clock, 60 in the minute, slow but sure, when that of the poor Public would have been 150. The Forum heard unmoved, what would have driven the Public for ever into the deepest retirement, the cell, or the cloister. Why, in com-

\* See Dr Jamieson once more.

† Once more.

parison with the Forum, the Public has all the sensitive delicacy of a private person.

But lest I should be suspected of exaggeration—who composed the select society of the Nidry Street Forum? Young grocers, redolent of cheese, comfits, and tallow-candles, who dealt out their small, greasy, fetid sentences, as if they were serving a penny customer across the counter with something odious in brown paper,—precocious apprentices,—one of whom, in all probability, had made or mended the president's unpaid breeches,—occasional young men obviously of little or no profession, who rose, looked wildly round them, muttered, sunk, and were seen no more,—now and then a blunt bluff butcher-like block-head, routing like a bull on a market-day in the Grass Market,—stray students of medicine from the sister-island, booming like bitterns in the bog of Allen,—long-faced lads from Professor Paxton, dissenters from every thing intelligible among men,—laymen from Leeds, and Birmingham, Hull, and Halifax, inspired with their red port wines, and all stinking like foxes of the strong Henglish-accent,—pert, prim, prating personages, who are seen going in, and coming out of the Parliament House, nobody knows why, or wherefore,—mealy-mouthed middle-aged men, of miscellaneous information, masters of their matter, all cut and dry, distinguished as private pedagogues, great as grinders, and powerful in extemporaneous prayer,—now and then a shrivelled mummy, apparently of the reign of George the II. with dry dusty leathern palate, seen joining in the debate,—stickit ministers who have settled down into book-binders, composers, or amanuenses to some gentlemen liberally disposed,—apothecaries deep in dog-latin, and tenderly attached to words of six or eight syllables, such as salutarianism,—a sprinkling of moist members from mason-lodges, dropping in when the discussion is about half-acas-over,—and finally, for there is no end to this, a few players and scene-shifters, (for on Friday night the theatre is shut,) assiduous in their noble endeavours to revive the study of Shakspeare, and making the Forum resound with screeds of blank verse, out of mouths as unmerciful as leaden spouts on a rainy day.

Such is a most imperfect enumeration of a few of the component parts of

the Forum, where Hogg learned to feel the pulse, and gauge the swallow of the Edinburgh public. "Here it was," quoth the swineherd, "that the smallest departure from good taste was sure to draw down disapproval!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" No doubt, even in the Forum, it was possible to go too far, and Hogg was, I know, often hissed. It is said, that even among apes and monkeys, there are rules of good breeding, and that the better bred ones are often excessively irritated at the mews and chattering of their less decorous brethren of Ape kind.

But the truth is, that Hogg never could speak at all in the Forum. He used to read ribald rhymes about marriage and other absurdities, off whity-brown paper, stuck up on a niche, with a farthing candle on each side of him, which he used to snuff in great trepidation, with his finger and thumb instantly applied to his cooling mouth, in the midst of the most pathetic passages, cheered by shouts of derisive applause that startled Dugald M'Glashan and his cadies beneath the shadow of the Tron-Kirk. He has no more command of language than a Highlander had of breeches before the 45; and his chief figure of speech consisted in a twist of his mouth, which might certainly at times be called eloquent. He had recourse to this view of the subject, whenever he found himself fairly planted, so that a deaf spectator of the debate would have supposed him stuck up in a hole in the wall to make ugly faces, and would have called for a horse-collar. Was that a situation in which "the smallest deviation from good taste would have drawn down disapproval?"

On the decline and fall of the Forum, James Hogg looked once more abroad over the world, and, his brilliant career of oratory being closed, Poetry once more opened her arms to receive his embrace. He wrote the Queen's Wake; and wishing to astonish some of his friends with a rehearsal, the following scene is described as taking place.

"Having some ballads or metrical tales past me, which I did not like to lose, I planned the Queen's Wake, in order that I might take these all in, and had it ready in a few months after it was first proposed. I was very anxious to read it to some person of taste, but no one would either read it, or listen to me reading it.

save Grieve, who assured me it would do. As I lived at Deanhaugh then, I invited Mr and Mrs Gray to drink tea, and to read a part of it with me before offering it for publication. Unluckily, however, before I had read half a page, Mrs Gray objected to a word, which Grieve approved of and defended, and some high disputes arose; other authors were appealed to, and notwithstanding my giving several very broad hints, I could not procure a hearing for another line of my new poem. Indeed, I was sorely disappointed, and told my friends so on going away; on which another day was appointed, and I brought my manuscript to Buccleuch Place. Mr Gray had not got through the third page, when he was told that an itinerant bard was come into the lobby, and repeating his poetry to the boarders. Mr Gray went out and joined them, leaving me alone with a young lady, to read, or not, as we liked. In about half an hour, he sent a request for me likewise to come: on which I went, and heard a poor crazy beggar repeating such miserable stuff as I had never heard before. I was terribly affronted; and putting my manuscript in my pocket, jogged my way home in very bad humour. Gray has sometimes tried to deny the truth of this anecdote, and to face me out of it, but it would not do. I never estimated him the less as a friend; but I did not forget it, in one point of view; for I never read any more new poems to him."

Some of the ballads in the Queen's Wake are tolerable imitations of Scott, and the old traditionary poetry of Scotland. But who the devil cares a jot for Mr Hogg's negotiation about it with Constable, and Miller, and Murray, and Goldie, and Blackwood? All the world knows that booksellers are the most selfish and crafty of their sex; and that poor poets are the most ignorant, absurd, and unreasonable of theirs. Poetry is a drug; even goodish decent poetry wont sell; and therefore I blame no publisher for behaving as ill as possible to any poet. Of the publishers aforesaid, Constable seems to have been amused with the matchless stupidity and vanity of Hogg,—but to have behaved to him, on the whole, with much good nature and due liberality. Miller seems to have intended to publish the Pilgrims of the Sun, but got frightened at Hogg's uncouth appearance, and the universal rumours of his incapacity. Murray seems to have awoken out of a dream, and on recovering his senses, to have cut the Shepherd in his easiest manner. Of Blackwood, it would be unbecoming me to speak with either praise

or censure in his own Magazine. But this I will say, that if he had offered, or will yet offer, to pay me as well as he has paid Hogg, I will become one of the best periodical writers in this country.

But let us hear what he says further with regard to the Queen's Wake.

"This address gave me a little confidence, and I faced my acquaintances one by one; and every thing that I heard was laudatory. The first report of any work that goes abroad, be it good or bad, spreads like fire set to a hill of heather in a warm spring day, and no one knows where it will stop. From that day forward every one has spoken well of the work; and every review praised its general features, save the *Electric*, which, in the number for 1815, tried to hold it up to ridicule and contempt. Mr Jeffrey ventured not a word about it, either good or bad, himself, until the year after, when it had fairly got into a second and third edition. He then gave a very judicious and sensible review of it; but he committed a most horrible blunder, in classing Mr Tennant, the author of *Anaster Fair*, and me together, as two self-taught geniuses; whereas there is not one point of resemblance—Tennant being a better educated man than the reviewer himself, was not a little affronted at being classed with me. From that day to this Mr Jeffrey has taken no notice of any thing that I have published, which I think can hardly be expected to do him any honour at the long run. I should like the worst poem that I have since published, to stand a fair comparison with some that he has strained himself to bring forward. It is a pity that any literary connexion, which with the one party might be unavoidable, should ever prejudice one valued friend and acquaintance against another. In the heart-burnings of party-spirit, the failings of great minds are more exposed than in all other things in the world put together."

Now, Christopher, you, and two or three other men in Scotland are entitled to cut up Mr Jeffrey. He is a man of real wit and cleverness, and deserves to be cut up. But he ought not to be haggled with a blunt jockey in the hands of a clown. There is something most laughable in a vulgar rhymster accusing Mr Jeffrey of delay in reviewing his worthless trash.—All the world saw that the critic wished to do a good-natured thing to the swine-herd, and to give him a lift above the sneers of the town. "He then gave a very sensible and judicious review of it!" It was neither sensible nor judicious, nor was it meant to be so. It was a mere piece

of charitable bam—of amiable humbug; and Mr Jeffrey is a great deal too kind, in my opinion, in bepraising the small fry of poetasters, while he sends his harpoon into the backs of the larger poets, and laughs at beholding them floundering about with a mile of rope coiled round them. I never could see any more wickedness in Frank Jeffrey than in Christopher North; and I believe you both to be a couple of admirable fellows,—no men's enemies but your own,—a little deficient in prudence and worldly wisdom; but gradually improving by age and infirmity, and likely to turn out, after all, useful and respectable members of society. I could not let this favourable opportunity pass without paying you both a well deserved compliment. Pray, where lay "the horrible blunder," in classing Mr Tennant, the author of *Anster Fair*, with Mr Hogg. Mr Jeffrey had never heard of Mr Tennant when he reviewed his poem. He did not speak of him as an ignorant, but a self-educated man. And though this was not altogether the case, there was no horrible blunder in saying so. Mr Hogg is simply a fool, when he talks of Mr Tennant being a better educated man than Mr Jeffrey. Mr Jeffrey's education was complete, and he is a most accomplished scholar, though not yet a professor at Dollar Academy.

Mr Hogg goes on to narrate to the world the circumstances under which he composed his *Mador of the Moor*, *Poetic Mirror*, *Dramatic Tales*, and other volumes.

Of *Mador of the Moor*, it is not in my power at present to speak in terms of adequate contempt. The story is this:—King James assumes the character of an itinerant fiddler, and seduces a farmer's daughter, somewhere about the extremity of Perthshire. She absconds, and, after a safe delivery of a thumping boy, at which it does not appear that any howdy officiated, madam takes her foot in her hand, and fathers the child upon his Majesty, in his court at Stirling Castle. The king marries the trull, and with the wedding (rather a stale concern) the poem concludes. This may be a common enough way of settling the business about Ettrick and Yarrow, but the kings of Scotland, I am persuaded, never did wive after such a fashion. King Jamie played a good many pranks during the long nights unquestionably, but on no single occa-

sion did he marry any of the girls; and Mr Hogg ought not thus to defend morality at the expence of historical truth. A poet, above all men, should always stick to facts; and this young woman, who, he says, carried her husband, is altogether an imaginary Jacobite relic.

The *Poetic Mirror* is now lying before me, and two of the imitations of Wordsworth are admirable. But Hogg never wrote one syllable of them. They were written by Lord Byron, with an immense stack of bread and butter before him, and a basin of weak tea. Mr Pringle's little poem is pretty enough, but all the rest of the volume is most inhuman and merciless trash. Does Hogg believe, that if he were to steal Lord Byron's breeches and coat, and so forth, and walk along the Rialto, that the Venetian ladies would mistake him for his lordship? It is easier to play the fool than the lord, and, therefore, in one or two of his imitations, the swine-herd is more lucky. That of himself, for example, is a true specimen of the sty-school of poetry.

I request you, Christopher, to look again at page 65. "*Risum teneatis, amici?*" Read it aloud, and believe your ears.

"I know not what wicked genius put it into my head, but it was then, in an evil hour, when I had determined on the side I was to espouse, that I wrote the *Chaldee Manuscript*, and transmitted it to Mr Blackwood from Yarrow. On first reading it, he never thought of publishing it; but some of the rascals to whom he showed it, after laughing at it, by their own accounts till they were sick, persuaded him, nay, almost forced him to insert it; for some of them went so far as to tell him, that if he did not admit that inimitable article, they would never speak to him again so long as they lived."

There is a bouncer!—The *Chaldee manuscript*!—Why, no more did he write the *Chaldee Manuscript* than the five books of *Moses*.—Prove he wrote it, and I undertake to prove the moon green cheese, and eat a slice of it every morning before breakfast. I presume that Mr Hogg is also the author of *Waverley*.—He may say so if he chooses, without contradiction,—and he may also assert that he, and not Lord Wellington, fought the battle of Waterloo,—that he communicated the steam-engine to Mr Watt,—and was the original inventor of Day and Martin's patent blacking. It must be a delightful thing to have such fan-

cies as these in one's noddle;—but, on the subject of the Chaldee manuscript, let me now speak the truth. You your self, Kit, were learned respecting that article; and myself, Blackwood, and a reverend gentleman of this city, alone know the perpetrator. The unfortunate man is now dead, but delicacy to his friends makes me withhold his name from the public. It was the same person who murdered Begbie! Like Mr Bowles and Ali Pacha, he was a mild man, of unassuming manners,—a scholar and a gentleman. It is quite a vulgar error to suppose him a ruffian. He was sensibility itself, and would not hurt a fly. But it was a disease with him “to excite public emotion.” Though he had an amiable wife, and a vast family, he never was happy, unless he saw the world gaping like a stuck pig. With respect to his murdering Begbie, as it is called, he knew the poor man well, and had frequently given him both small sums of money, and articles of wearing apparel. But all at once it entered his brain, that, by putting him to death in a sharp, and clever, and mysterious manner, and seeming also to rob him of an immense number of bank notes, the city of Edinburgh would be thrown into a ferment of consternation, and there would be no end of the “public emotion,” to use his own constant phrase on occasions of this nature. The scheme succeeded to a miracle. He stabbed Begbie to the heart, robbed the dead body in a moment, and escaped. But he never used a single stiver of the money, and was always kind to the widow of the poor man, who was rather a gainer by her husband's death. I have reason to believe that he ultimately regretted the act; but there can be no doubt that his enjoyment was great for many years, hearing the murder canvassed in his own presence, and the many absurd theories broached on the subject, which he could have overthrown by a single word.

Mr — wrote the Chaldee Manuscript precisely on the same principle on which he murdered Begbie; and he used frequently to be tickled at hearing the author termed an assassin. “Very true, very true,” he used to say on such occasions, shrugging his shoulders with delight, “he is an assassin, sir; he murdered Begbie:”—and this sober truth would pass, at the time,

for a mere *jeu-d'esprit*,—for my friend was a humourist, and was in the habit of saying good things. The Chaldee was the last work, of the kind of which I have been speaking, that he lived to finish. He confessed it and the murder, the day before he died, to the gentleman specified, and was sufficiently penitent; yet, with that inconsistency not unusual with dying men, almost his last words were, (indistinctly mumbled to himself,) “It ought not to have been left out of the other editions.”

After this plain statement, Hogg must look extremely foolish. We shall next have him claiming the murder likewise, I suppose; but he is totally incapable of either.

Now for another confounded bouncer!

“From the time I gave up ‘The Spy,’ I had been planning with my friends to commence the publication of a Magazine on a new plan; but for several years, we only conversed about the utility of such a work, without doing any thing farther. At length, among others, I chanced to mention it to Mr Thomas Pringle; when I found that he and his friends had a plan in contemplation of the same kind. We agreed to join our efforts, and try to set it a-going; but, as I declined the editorship on account of residing mostly on my farm at a distance from town, it became a puzzling question who was the best qualified among our friends for that undertaking. We at length fixed on Mr Gray as the fittest person for a principal department, and I went and mentioned the plan to Mr Blackwood, who, to my astonishment, I found, had likewise long been cherishing a plan of the same kind. He said he knew nothing about Pringle, and always had his eye on me as a principal assistant; but he would not begin the undertaking, until he saw he could do it with effect. Finding him, however, disposed to encourage such a work, Pringle, at my suggestion, made out a plan in writing, with a list of his supporters, and sent it in a letter to me. I enclosed it in another, and sent it to Mr Blackwood; and not long after that period, Pringle and he came to an arrangement about commencing the work, while I was in the country. Thus I had the honour of being the beginner, and almost sole instigator of that celebrated work, BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.”

Hogg here says, he declined the editorship of Blackwood's Magazine. This happened the same year that he declined the offer of the governor-generalship of India, and a seat in the cabinet. These refusals on his part

prevented his being requested to become leader in the House of Commons, to overawe Brougham and Macintosh. In short, Blackwood tells me, that all this story is a mere muddled misrepresentation. Ebony is no blockhead; and who but a supreme blockhead would make Hogg an editor!

This long letter will cost you double postage, my dear friend.—Look at page 66.

“ That same year, I published the *BROWNIE OF BODSBECK*, and other Tales, in two volumes. I got injustice in the eyes of the world, with regard to that tale, which was looked on as an imitation of the tale of *Old Mortality*, and a counterpart to that; whereas it was written long ere the tale of *Old Mortality* was heard of, and I well remember my chagrin on finding the ground that I thought clear pre-occupied, before I would appear publicly on it, and that by such a redoubted champion. It was wholly owing to Mr Blackwood, that the tale was not published a year sooner, which would effectually have freed me from the stigma of being an imitator, and brought in the author of the *Tales of My Landlord* as an imitator of me. That was the only ill turn that ever Mr Blackwood did me; and it ought to be a warning to authors never to intrust booksellers with their manuscripts.”

“ I was unlucky in the publication of my first novel, and what impeded me still farther, was the publication of *Old Mortality*; for, having made the redoubted *Burly* the hero of my tale, I was obliged to go over it again, and alter all the traits in the character of the principal personage, substituting *John Brown of Caldwell* for *John Balfour of Burly*, greatly to the detriment of my story. I tried also to take out *Clayra*, but I found this impossible. A better instance could not be given, of the good luck attached to one person, and the bad luck which attended the efforts of another.”

The *Brownie of Bodsbeck* shall, God willing, never be read by me; but I have been forced to see bits of it in corners of the periodical works, and they are, indeed, cruelly ill-written. There are various other instances of “good and ill luck,” as Mr Hogg calls it, in literary history, besides this one of *Old Mortality* and the *Brownie*. *Milton*, for example, has been somehow or other a much luckier writer than *Sir Richard Blackmore*. *Homer* made two choice hits in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, that have raised his name above that of *Professor Wilkie*, the unlucky author of the *Epigoniad*.

*Adam Smith* has perhaps been more fortunate on the whole than the *Scotsman*; and while you yourself, *Christopher*, have, by the merest accident in the world, become the best of all imaginable editors, only think what must be the feelings of *Taylor* and *Hessey*, as they look on that luckless ass with the lion's head! It is the same in the fine arts. What a lucky dog was *Raphael* in his *Transfiguration*; and who does not weep for the accident that befel *Mr Geddes* in handling the *Scottish regalia*? In philosophy, by some casualty never to be satisfactorily explained, the fame of *Lord Bacon* has eclipsed that of the latest of his commentators. We indeed live in a strange world; but these things will be all rectified at last in a higher state of existence. There, *Blackmore* very possibly may get *Milton* to clean his shoes; *Virgil* may stand behind the chair of *Dr Trapp*; and *Longinus* gaze with admiration on *William Hazlitt*.

But I bridle in my struggling muse in vain,  
That longs to launch into a nobler strain.

In page 75, you will observe a list of Hogg's works.

	Vols.
The Queen's Wake . . . . .	1
Pilgrims of the Sun . . . . .	1
Hunting of Badlewe . . . . .	1
Mador of the Moor . . . . .	1
Poetic Mirror . . . . .	1
Dramatic Tales . . . . .	2
Brownie of Bodsbeck . . . . .	2
Winter Evening Tales . . . . .	2
Sacred Melodies . . . . .	1
Border Garland, No. I. . . . .	1
Jacobite Relics of Scotland . . . . .	2

—  
15

Now, if the man had absolutely written fifteen volumes in seven years, death would be infinitely too good for him; but his enormities, though numerous and great, do not amount nearly to fifteen volumes. The *Hunting of Badlewe* is reprinted in the *Dramatic Tales*,—therefore, strike off one volume for that. The *Pilgrims of the Sun*, and *Mador of the Moor*, may sleep in one bed very easily, and the *Sacred Melodies* and the *Border Garland* may be thrown in to them. This most fortunately cuts off three volumes. The *Poetic Mirror* must, I fear, be allowed to stand very nearly as a sort of volume in its way. But, pray, did Mr Hogg write all the *Jacobite Relics*?

No, nor the notes either. They are all cribbed out of books, without even the grace of inverted commas. Destroy, therefore, these two volumes. The *Winter Evening Tales* "were written in early life, when I was serving as a shepherd-lad among the mountains,"—so charge not against an elderly man the sins of his youth. This yields the relief of two volumes. His guilt, therefore, lies within the compass of seven volumes, or a volume per year since the 1813.

The swineherd frequently alludes to a larger work, of which the present is only an abstract, or rather a collection of "elegant extracts." He concludes the present autobiography thus:—

"In this short memoir, which is composed of extracts from a larger detail, I have confined myself to such anecdotes only, as relate to my progress as a writer, and these I intend continuing from year to year as long as I live. There is much that I have written that cannot as yet appear; for the literary men of Scotland, my contempora-

ries, may change their characters, so as to disgrace the estimate at which I have set them, and my social companions may alter their habits. Of my own productions, I have endeavoured to give an opinion, with perfect candour; and, although the partiality of an author may be too apparent in the preceding pages, yet I trust every generous heart will excuse the failing, and make due allowance."

Heaven knows that I had no intention of subjecting you to double postage, when I began this letter; but I have been led on, drivelling away paragraph after paragraph, in my good natured old style, till there is not above an inch of candle left, vapouring away in the socket of the save-all. The truth is, that, after all, I have a sneaking kindness for Hogg; and, to shew how completely free I am, of all malicious thoughts, I request that you will send out to him this Letter by the Selkirk carrier, and oblige,

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

[COURTEOUS READER,—If thou art one of the numerous family of "THE SMALLS," the consternation which thou hast suffered in reading the foregoing epistle, can receive no alleviation from any palliative in our power to apply. But if thou art, as we believe the generality of our readers are, a person endowed with a gentlemanly portion of common sense, and can relish banter and good humour as well as curry and claret, thou wilt at once discover that the object of this "deevilrie," to use an expression of the Shepherd's, is to add to the interest which his life has excited. Indeed if the paper has not come from Altrive Lake itself, it has certainly been written by some one who takes no small interest in the Shepherd's affairs; for, in the private letter which accompanies it, the virtues and talents of Hogg are treated with all the respect they merit; and a hope is most feelingly expressed, that by this tickling the public sympathy may be awakened, so as to occasion a most beneficial demand for his works, and put a few cool hundreds in his pocket. At all events, if the Shepherd himself is not the flagellant, we may forthwith expect such an answer as will leave him quits with the writer, whoever he may be; and certainly, as his autobiography sufficiently proves, his fame can be in no hands more friendly than his own. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. To those who will, "with lifted hands, and eyes upraised," regard this as one of those wicked, and we-know-not-what-to-call-them, things, which afflict the spirits of so many of our co-temporaries, we can offer nothing in extenuation of the playful malice of this "attack." But seriously we do think, that among all those whom it must constrain to laughter, none will "rax his jaws" more freely than the Shepherd himself.

C. N.



## THE MODERN BRITISH DRAMA.

## No. I.

## THE FATAL UNCTION.

*A Coronation Tragedy—By LÆLIUS \*\*\*\*\* , M.D.*

We have great pleasure in doing our utmost to bring this singularly beautiful production into notice. It has redeemed, in our opinion, the literary character of the age from the imputation of the players, to whom we may now confidently assert a true dramatic genius does exist in English literature. Not only is the subject of this tragedy chosen in an original spirit, and the fable constructed with the greatest skill, but the versification and dialogue are equally entitled to unqualified praise.

The plot is founded on the unhappy coronation of Carlo Aurenzebe, King of Sicily, a prince of the Austrian dynasty, who was put to death during the solemn ceremony of the anointment, by the conspirators substituting a corrosive oil, of the most direful nature, instead of the consecrated ointment; and the medical author, with a rare felicity, has accordingly called his tragedy "The Fatal Unction." As the story is well known, we think it unnecessary to say more respecting it, than that the Doctor, with a judicious fidelity to historical truth, has stuck close to all the leading incidents, as they are narrated in Ugo Foscolo's classic history, in three volumes quarto, a translation of which, with ingenious annotations, may speedily, we understand, be expected from the animated pen of Sir Robert Wilson, the enterprising member for Southwark.

The play opens with a grand scene in a hilly country, in which Mount *Ætna* is discovered in the back ground. Butero, who had a chief hand in the plot, enters at midnight, followed by the Archbishop of Palermo, whom he addresses in the following spirited lines, his right hand stretched towards the burning mountain.

"There, spitting fires in heaven's enduring face,  
Behold where *Ætna* stands sublime, nor dreads

The vengeance of the foe he so insults—  
For what to him avails the thunderbolt?  
It cannot harm his adamantine head,  
Nor lavish showers of rain his burning quench :—

The wonted arms with which the warring skies

Do wreak their wrath upon the steadfast hills."

After some further conversation of this kind, the archbishop says—

"But why, my good Lord Count, are you thus shaken?

The spark of life in Carlo Aurenzebe  
Is surely not eterne. He is a man :  
The posset or the poniard may suffice  
At any time, my lord, at any time,  
To give him his quietus."

"Peace, fool, peace," is the abrupt and impassioned reply of Count Butero to the archbishop, and then the following animated colloquy ensues :—

"Archb. I am no fool, you misapply the term ;

I ne'er was such, nor such will ever be.  
Oh, if your Lordship would but give me hearing,

I would a scheme unfold to take him off,  
That ne'er conspirator devised before.

Count Butero. Thy hand and pardon.

'Tis my nature's weakness  
To be thus petulant ; ah, well you know,  
My Lord Archbishop, for I oft have told you,

Told in confession how my too quick ire  
Betrays me into sin. But thou didst speak  
Of taking off, hinting at Aurenzebe—  
What was't thou wouldst unfold ?

Archb. To-morrow, Count—  
Look round.

Count Butero. There's no one near.

Archb. Heard ye not that ?

Count Butero. 'Twas but the mountain  
belching—out upon't.

Pray thee proceed, and let the choleric hill  
Rumble his bellyful, nor thus disturb  
The wary utterance of thy deep intents.  
What would you say ?

Archb. To-morrow, my dear Count,  
The Carlo Aurenzebe, your sworn foe,  
And our fair Sicily's detested tyrant,  
Holds in Palermo, with all antique rites,  
His royal coronation.

Count Butero. I know that.

Archb. And 'tis your part, an old time-honour'd right,

To place the diadem upon his brow.

Count Butero. Proceed—go on.

Archb. And 'tis my duteous service  
To touch and smear him with the sacred oil.  
Count Butero. I am all ear—what then ?

Archb. What then, my lord ? what might not you and I

In that solemnity perform on him,  
To free the world of one so tyrannous ?"

The traitor archbishop then proceeds to develope the treason which he had

hatched, and proposes, instead of the consecrated oil, to anoint the King with a deadly venom, of which he had provided himself with a phial. Occasional borrowed expressions may be here and there detected in the dialogue; but, in general, they only serve to shew the variety of the Doctor's reading; we fear, however, that the following account of the preparation, which the archbishop had procured, must be considered as a palpable imitation of the history of Othello's handkerchief; at the same time, it certainly possesses much of an original freshness, and of the energy that belongs to a new conception.

"The stuff in this [shewing the bottle] a gypsey did prepare

From a decoction made of adders' hearts,  
And the fell hemlock, whose mysterious juice

Doth into mortal curd knead the brisk blood,

Wherein the circling life doth hold its course—

A friar saw her sitting by a well,  
Tasting the water with her tawny palm,  
And bought the deadly stuff."

The count and archbishop having agreed "to infect with death" their lawful and legitimate monarch, while he is undergoing the fatigues of his inauguration, then go to the palace on purpose to confer with certain others of the rebellious nobles; and the scene changes to a narrow valley, and peasants are seen descending from the hills, singing "God save the King," being then on their way towards Palermo to see the coronation.

Having descended on the stage, and finished their loyal song, one of them, Gaffer Curioso, sees an old gypsey woman, the same who sold the poison to the friar, standing in a disconsolate posture, and going towards her, he gives her a hearty slap on the back, and says, in a jocund humour,—

"What's making you hing your grundle, lucky, on sic a day as this?"

Gyp. Och hon! och hon!

Gaffer Cur. What are ye och-höning for?

Gyp. Do ye see that bell in the dub there?

Gaffer Cur. Weel, what o't?

Gyp. It's a' that's left me for an ass and twa creels."

The carlin having thus explained the cause of her grief, namely, the loss of her ass and paniers in the mire, a conversation arises respecting the bad and neglected state of the roads, in which

some political reflections, rather of a radical nature, are made on the Sicilian government and road trustees. In the end, however, as the poor woman is quite bankrupt, by the sinking of her quadruped Argusey, Gaffer Curioso persuades her to go to the city, where she may perhaps gather as much money by begging in the crowd assembled to see the coronation, as will enable her to set up again with another ass and baskets. The whole of this scene is managed with great skill, and the breaks and sparklings of natural pathos, here and there elicited, are exceedingly beautiful. The little incongruity of making the Sicilians converse in our doric dialect, may, perhaps, by some, be deemed a blemish; but when it is considered, that the different high characters in the piece speak in English, the propriety of making those of the lower order talk in Scotch, we are convinced, must, upon serious reflection, appear judicious and beautiful.

When the peasants, with the gypsey, have quitted the stage, the scene is again shifted, and we are introduced to Carlo Aurenzebe, the King and the beautiful Splendora, his royal consort, in their bed-chamber. His majesty has been up some time, walking about the room, anxious for the coming of his Lord Chamberlain, whose duty it was, according to ancient custom, in such a morning, to dress him; but the Queen still presses her pillow asleep; in this situation, the King happens to cast his eye towards the bed, and forgetting his own anxious cares about the impending ceremony of the day, addresses her in the following tender and touching verses:—

"How like a rose her blooming beauty presses

The smooth plump pillow, and the dent it makes

Is as a dimple in the guileless cheek:

Of some sweet babe, whose chubby innocence

Smiles to provoke carresses. O, my love—

But let her sleep—too soon, alas! too soon  
She must be roused, to bear her heavy part  
In the great business of the coronation."

His majesty then, in the most affectionate manner, steps towards the bed, and stoops

"to taste her cheek,  
That, like a full-ripe peach, lures the fond lip."

In the attempt he awakens her, and she leaps out of bed, startled and alarmed, exclaiming—

" Arrest that traitor's arm, dash down the bowl—

'Tis fraught with death."

And in this striking manner we are apprized that her Majesty has been afflicted with a most awful and ominous dream, of which, when she had somewhat come to herself, she gives the following impressive description:—  
" Methought we sat within an ancient hall, Our nobles there, and all the peeresses Garb'd as befits the feast you hold to-day. But as I look'd, a change came in my dream,

And suddenly that old and stately hall,  
Whose gnarled joists and rafters, richly carved,

Were drap'd and tasselled by the weaving spider,

Melted away, and I beheld myself

In a lone churchyard, sitting on a tree,  
And a fell band of corse-devouring gowles,  
Both male and female, gather'd round a grave.

*King.* What did they there?

*Queen.* With eager hands they dug,  
Fiercely as hungry Alpine wolves they dug,  
Into the hallow'd chamber of the dead,  
And, like those robbers whom pale science bribes

To bring fit subjects for her college class,  
With hideous resurrection, from its cell  
They drew the sheeted body.

*King.* Heavens!

*Queen.* They did—

And on the churchyard grass I saw it lie,  
Ghastly and horrible, beneath the moon,  
That paled her light, seeing a thing so grim.

*King.* Then what ensued?

*Queen.* I tremble to disclose—

*King.* I pray you, tell—dearest Splendora, tell.

*Queen.* It is a tale will harrow up your soul.

They tore the cerements, and laid out to view

The fatted paunch of one who erst had been  
The honour'd magistrate of some famed town,

Or parson capon-fed.

*King.* Tremendous Powers!

*Queen.* Then stooping down, a beautiful gowle

Smelt the wide nostril, and on looking up,  
The moonlight brightening on her forehead, smiled.

*King.* O who will beauty ever love again?

*Queen.* Soon without knives the cannibals began

To relish their foul meal—I saw a mother  
Give to her child, that fondled at her side,  
An ear to mumble with its boneless gums."

Her majesty then continues to relate, that another change came over the spirit of her dream, and the gowles having vanished, she found herself in

the midst of traitors; one of whom tried to force her to drink a bowl of poison, when happily she was roused by the king kissing her cheek. A few natural enough reflections are made by both their Majesties on the omen, and the first act is terminated by the lord chamberlain knocking for admission to assist his majesty to dress, while six mute ladies come in with a robe de chambre, which they throw round the Queen, and lead her off into her dressing-room.

The second act opens in the street, with a conversation between the friar who had bought the poison from the gypsey woman, and the King's principal secretary of state for the home department:

" *Sec.* My Lord Archbishop is an honest man:

Much do I owe him; for by his good favour

I was promoted to the trusts I hold.

*Friar.* I do not call his honesty in question,

But knowing what I know, if you will promise

To let me have the vacant see, I'll prove  
This same proud prelate a most plotting traitor.

*Sec.* Go to, go to, thou grow'st calumnious.

*Friar.* I had a bottle once of deadly venom.

*Sec.* Why had you that? O thou most damned villain,

Say, wherefore kept you poison in that bottle;

For whom, assassin, didst thou buy the draught?

*Friar.* Will you not listen?

*Sec.* No: begone and leave me,

I sin in holding converse with thy kind;  
And in my office do I much offend

In suffering such a man to roam at large—  
The cruel'st beast that in the forest dens,

The tawny lion, and the grumbling bear,  
Are far less dangerous than such as thou;

They keep no murd'rous phials in their pockets,

Nor secrete steel to do their guilty deeds."

This scene is conceived with great art; for the friar, as the reader sees, is just on the point of telling the secretary of state that he had given the poison to the Archbishop, and if the secretary would only have listened to him, the plot, in all human probability, would have been discovered. But the secretary, by his rashness, prevents himself from hearing the suspicious circumstance of the Archbishop having secretly provided a bottle of poison, and quits the scene, vehement-

ly expressing his abhorrence of all murderers—

“ Whether their beasts they do with pill or poniard,  
The ambush'd pistol, or the bludgeon rude,

That strews the road with brains—”  
pretty plainly insinuating that he considers the friar as one of those bad characters,

“ Who make no pause in their fell purposes.”

The friar, who is a very honest man, though longing a little for promotion in the church,—which, by the way, is a natural enough feeling in a clergyman,—justly indignant at the imputation of the secretary of state, breaks out, after that minister has made his exit, into this noble soliloquy :

“ Oh that the gods, when they did fashion me

Into this poor degraded thing of man,  
Had but endow'd me with the tiger's form,  
And for these weak and ineffectual hands,  
Had bless'd me with that noble creature's feet,

I would have torn the saucy dotard's throat.  
Me, murderer ! what, I that came to speak  
My strong suspicion of the plotting prelate,  
To have my words of truth with rage repell'd,

And the warm milk of human kindness in me,  
Tax'd with the thickness of a felon's blood !”

While the friar is in this resentful mood, Count Butero enters, and a long and highly poetical dialogue takes place, in the course of which the friar is led to suspect that his lordship has some secret understanding with the archbishop, and that between them something of a very dreadful nature has been concerted.

“ *Count.* But tell me, monk, where lies the guilt of it.

To die is to be not—and what is slain  
Is therefore nothing. How then, tell me,  
father,  
Can that which nothing is, be guilt, that is  
A thing most heinous—both in earth and heaven ?

*Friar.* There's atheism in such subtlety.  
I pray thee, son, to change these desperate thoughts ;

They smack of sin, and may draw down forever

That winged thing that is more truly thee,  
Than is the clothes of flesh and bone thou wear'st,

Loading its pinions, that would else expand,

And eagle like, soar onward to the skies.

*Count.* I'll hear no more—thou speak'st  
but priestly prate,

And the archbishop has a better knowledge  
Of what 'tis fit we should believe.

*Friar.* My Lord,  
If that his grace—my Lord Butero, hear me—

Nor turn your back so, with a mouth of scorn—

I say, my lord, if the archbishop holds  
Such shocking doctrines, and retains his see,

I doubt, I doubt, he is no honest man,  
But one that's school'd and fashion'd for much sin.

*Count B.* How know you, knave, that he's prepared to sin ?

*Friar.* I said not so,—you have not heard aright.

But why, my lord, should you look so alarm'd ?

What signifies the prelate's sin to thee,  
Or thine to him—that thou shouldst quail to hear ?

I did but say, he was no honest man.  
Ah, Count Butero, you do know he is not.  
Why do you start, and lay your dexter hand

So on the cut steel of that glittering hilt ?  
I did not charge you with dishonesty,  
I spoke but of his grace—look to't, my lord :

Your threat'ning gestures volumes tell to me,  
Of something dreadful in the womb of time,  
Hatching between you and that wicked prelate.

[*Exit the Friar ; the Count follows him a few paces with his sword drawn, but suddenly checks himself, and returning sheathes it.*]

*Count.* Back to thy home, my bright and trusty blade ;

I'll not commission thee for aught so mean.  
Thy prey is royalty—a jibing priest  
Would but impair the lustre of the steel.  
Yet he suspects, and may to others tell  
His shrewd conjectures, and a search detect  
Our schemed intent to make the coronation  
Administer to bold ambition's purpose.”

The Count then retires, and the scene changes to a hall in the palace, where the Queen, in her robes of state, is addressed by the old gypsy.

“ *Gyp.* Stop, lady fair, with jewell'd hair,

And something gie, to hear frae me,  
That kens what is, and what shall be.

*Queen.* Alas, poor soul ! take that small change, and go—

I have no time to list my fortune's spacing.  
This is the coronation-day, and I,  
That am the queen of this resplendent land,  
Have a great part in that solemnity.

*Gyp.* Pause and ponder, noble dame,  
Swords have points, and lamps have flame ;

Bottles cork'd we may defy,  
But doctors' drugs are jeopardy.

*Queen.* This is most mystical—what doth she mean?

*Gyp.* I heard a tale, I may not tell,  
I saw a sight, I saw it well;  
In priestly garb the vision sped,  
And then a body without head;  
A traitor died, a hangman stood,  
He held it up—red stream'd the blood;  
The people shouted one and all,  
As people should when traitors fall;  
But O, thou Queen of high degree,  
What 'vails the gladsome shout to thee.

*Queen.* This is mere rave—I understand it not—

Away, poor wretch, I'll send for thee again!"

The gypsy is accordingly dismissed with "the small change" which her majesty had bestowed; for "it is a law of our nature," in such circumstances, to deride admonition, and the author evinces his profound knowledge of man, in thus representing the Queen, reckless alike of her prophetic dream, and the gypsy's prediction, still going undismayed to the coronation.

The next scene represents an apartment where the regalia of Sicily is kept. The crown and the other ensigns of royalty are seen on a table, and among them an ivory pigeon, with a golden collar round its neck. The archbishop enters with an officer, the keeper of the regalia, and the following brief, but striking conversation, ensues.

*Archb.* Are all things now prepared?

*Off.* They are, my lord.

*Arch.* Clean'd and made ready for their solemn use?

*Off.* They have been all done newly up, your grace,

For, in the time of old Queen Magdalen,  
Whose sordid nature history well records,  
Some of the gems and precious stones were stolen.

*Archb.* So I have read, and that one day the lord,

Who then with justice held the seals of state,

Did catch her with the crown upon her lap,  
Digging the jewels with her scissors out,  
To sell them to a Jew.

But how is this—

Where is the golden spoon I must employ  
To pour the sacred oil on royalty?

*Off.* 'Tis here beside the dove.

*Archb.* Give me the dove.

*Off.* 'Tis full, your grace.

*Archb.* Ye gods, what have I done!  
The sacred oil I have spilt on the floor—  
But 'tis no matter, still the dove is full.  
Yes, though from age to age it hath been pour'd,  
Yea emptied on a hundred royal heads,

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Still, when 'tis needed, is the pigeon full—  
But go and bring a cloth to wipe that up—

[*Exit the Officer; in his absence the Archbishop takes a phial out of his pocket, and, unscrewing the head of the dove, empties the poison into the hollow which held the oil, saying.*]

Now this will do—for who shall dare to question

The miracle that doth replenish still

This legendary bauble?

[*Re-enter Officer with a towel.*]

*Archb.* *Officer,*

Be ye in readiness; the charter'd nobles,  
Appointed to bring forth these hallow'd ensigns,

Will soon be here to bear them to the presence.

[*Exit the Archbishop; and the Officer is seen wiping up the holy oil as the drop scene falls.*]

The whole of this act is perfect, the dialogue rich and appropriate, and the action never flags for a moment, but proceeds with an awful and appalling rapidity.

The drama is very properly divided into only three acts or parts, the beginning, the middle, and the end, which the author tastefully denominates "the preparation," "the operation," and "the consummation;" and the third and last opens with the peasants and Palermitans assembled to see the coronation procession, and all talking Scotch in the most natural manner.

*Gaffer Curioso.* Hoots, ye stupid muckle stot; what gart ye tread on my taes, ye sumph that ye are?

*Cit.* Taes! ha'e ye taes? I'm sure a brute like you should ha'e been born bath wi' horns and clutes.

*Gaffer Curioso.* I'll tell you what it is, gin ye speak in that gait to me, deevil do me gude o' you, but I'll split your harnpan.

1 *Fem. Cit.* Black and sour, honest folk, for gudesake dinna fight.

2 *Fem. Cit.* Wheesht, wheesht, it's coming noo!

[*The Procession enters with solemn music; the crowd increases, and the Friar comes in at one side, and the old Gypsy woman at the other.*]

*Gyp. Wo.* That's the friar who bought the venom frae me at the well—I'll watch him—for what, I wonder, did he buy the venom?

*Friar.* As the Archbishop passes to the church

I'll mark him well—for, in my heart, I fear He meant no virtue, when he me entreated To give the deadly ointment to his care.

*Gyp. Wo.* The friar's surely no right in the head—He's speaking to himself—I'll hearken to what he's saying.

*Friar.* How he deceived me! no preferment yet

Has recompensed me for the fatal phial.

*Gyp. Wo.* Fatal phial!—He's talking about my wee bottle.

*Friar.* The fell Archbishop, and the Count Butero, With others of the baronage, have long Been justly deem'd much discontented men.

*Gyp. Wo.* That's nae lie; for wha's no discontented noo a-days?

*Friar.* The two have plotted;—stratagems and spoil Were in the gesture of the choleric count, What time we spoke together, and his look Told me the prelate was with him concern'd

To work some dire and woeful overthrow; Would that I ne'er had parted with that phial

To the proud metropolitan.

*Gyp. Wo.* Eh, megsty! he's gi'en the bottle to the Archbishop!

*Fem. Cit.* See ye that poor doited monk? he's been mumbling to himsel, and never looking at the show.

*Fem. Cit.* And the tinkler wife has been harkening to every word he said.

*Fem. Cit.* But look, oh, there's the Archbishop carrying the holy doo—and see Count Butero with the crown—Oh me! what a grand like thing it is.

*Cit.* Noo, lads, be ready—the King's minister's coming.—Tune your pipes for a gude hias to him for the new tax on kail pots and amries.

[As the prime minister passes, the mob all hiss and howl.]

*Friar.* The prelate look'd at me as he pass'd by, And there was meaning in his scowling glance.

*Gyp. Wo.* I'll gie the King warning o' the plot, and may be he'll help me to another ass and creels.

*Fem. Cit.* Ah, me! what a lovely lovely gown the Queen's got on.

*Cit.* Now, three cheers for the King.

[The King and Queen enter under a cloth of state, supported by Bashaws, and the People sing a verse of "God save the King," at the end of which the Gypsy Woman rushes forward.]

*Gyp.* Halt, King, and list—beware, beware,

For traitors' hands have laid a snare.

*Queen.* Come in, my liege, 'tis but a crazy hag,

That makes her living by predicting woe.

*King.* Her voice is most portentous, it hath cow'd

The manhood of my bosom, dearest chuck; And I would fain, till some more happy omen,

Defer the coronation.

*Queen.* Heed her not, But let us in, and on the seat of power Be consecrated with the holy unction.

*King.* Alas, my heart mingles!—An unaccustom'd load

Doth hang on my stuff'd stomach, and forbids

All cheer to enter with my boding fancies— Would that most ominous wretch were well away;—

Avaunt! thou raving Pythia—hies thee hence!

*Fem. Cit.* Eh me! hew the spae-wife has terrified the King!

*Cit.* Down wi' the auld radical jaud, she's no canny.

[The mob seize the Gypsy Woman and carry her off, and then the second verse of "God save the King" is sung, and the Procession passes.]

"It is a law of our nature" to have oppressive presentiments on those occasions when we have prepared ourselves to enjoy the greatest pleasure; and our author has, in the foregoing scene, handled this with a free and delicate pencil, happily representing Carlo Aurenzebe, in the very high and palmy state of his coronation, afflicted with thick coming fancies. The undaunted confidence of the Queen, and her contempt of the omens, is impressively illustrative of the blindness of mankind to impending misfortunes. We do not recollect that "this law of our nature" has ever been illustrated in poetry or the drama before. The action, too, of the spectators, is singularly felicitous in this scene. Nothing can be more natural, than that in a crowd people should tread on one another's toes; and the various shades of popular feeling are exhibited with great address. The first lord of the treasury is hissed for having levied a new tax; but the universal respect for the character and office of the monarch, is finely displayed in the burst of indignation with which the populace seize the sybil, and drag her to immediate punishment. They do not, however, put her to death, as might be supposed from what takes place, and by which the interest of the plot, now hastening rapidly to an issue, is so much augmented, for she is afterwards seen dripping wet in the grand assemblage of all the dramatis personæ at the catastrophe, having only, as her condition implies, been pumped upon.

The second scene presents the interior of the cathedral, and the ceremony of the coronation going forward. The archbishop prepares to anoint, and he looks pale and agitated. The friar, who had followed him closely, observes his agitation, and also the interest and

anxiety with which Count Butero watches the action.

*Friar.* Why should his hand so shake?  
—that iv'ry dove,

Framed guileless from the Afric beast's huge tooth,

Can have no harm in it.—He takes the spoon—

What spell of witchery is in that spoon,  
To make his hand so palsied as with dread?—  
He pours the oil into its golden mouth;  
And now he sets the pigeon on the altar,  
And 'gins to drop the unction on the head.  
Ye gods, why should his majesty so start,  
As if the ointment were the oil of vitriol?

*King.* Hold, my Lord Archbishop, I pray thee hold,

Thou droppest fire upon me. Treason, ho! I burn, I burn!—O for some quenching engine

To lave my kindled head—O! water, water!

My love, Splendor, I am scorch'd with something

Hotter than fire!—Do'st see if my head flames?

[*A great commotion takes place in the church; the Queen faints as Carlo Aureushe rushes distracted off the stage.*]

*Archb.* He's mad!—the man is cursed by heaven with craze,

And fate has will'd Butero for our king.

*Friar.* 'Twas you that did it!—O thou wicked prelate!—

Noble Sicilians, draw your swords, and seize

This holy traitor.—Here I do accuse him  
Of highest treason, blood, and sacrilege;  
And Count Butero art and part with him,  
In the dread action that appals you all.—  
Ladies, look to the Queen.

*Secretary.* Alas! good priest,  
Now do I rue how I rejected thee,  
And scorn'd the warning that thou would'st  
have given.

*Friar.* Ah, wise too late!—But where's his Majesty?

Fled in distraction—let us see to him.

[*Exit Friar, and the Secretary of State. The Ladies carry off the Queen, and the Nobles seize the Archbishop and Count Butero.*]

*Archb.* I'll speak no more, from this accursed hour.

O, Count Butero, partner of my crime,  
My lips are seal'd in adamantine silence;  
You marble statue of departed worth,  
Is not more silent on its pedestal,  
Than from this time am I.

*Count B.* Take me away;  
Since I have miss'd the guerdon of my purpose,

I am grown reckless of all penalties.  
Hew me in pieces, lop my limbs away,  
With pincers rive my quivering flesh, and pluck

These visionary orbs from out their sockets;

My tongue tear hence, and fling it to the dogs;

Yea, all extremities of torture try,  
I can endure them all!

*Archb.* 'Tis a vain brag—

But let me speak no more, lest my unguard-  
ed tongue

Betray some secret that may fatal prove.

[*Enter Friar, followed by the Gypsy Woman, dripping wet.*]

*Friar.* O horror, horror! never tongue  
nor pen

Hath told what now hath chanced.—The  
frantic King,

Rushing distracted, in the public eye,  
Began to reel and stagger in his woe,  
And bursting his head did smoke; anon  
The bursting fires shot wildly from his  
eyes,

And like a lighted torch he burning stood,  
No succour offer'd—all the trembling throng,  
Transfix'd, look'd on, incapable to aid."

Here properly the drama should have ended, but the author, conscious of his strength, changes the scene, and introduces the Queen again, but in a mad state, followed by her ladies, wringing their hands.

*Queen.* I had a lover once—where is he now?

Oft in his vows he spoke of darts and flames;  
Alas! I heeded not that too fond tale,  
But I have liv'd to see him burn indeed;  
O ye cool fountains and ye flowing springs,  
Where were your waters in that fatal hour?  
Could I have wept like you, my copious  
tears

Had been sufficient to have quench'd the  
fire.

Ha! thou foreboding owl, thou gypsy hag,  
Why didst thou warn me of this woeful  
chance,

And charm me to despise the admonition?"

"The law of our nature," which thus induces her majesty at once to acknowledge the truth of the gypsy's predictions, and to accuse the old woman of having rendered her incredulous, every man who has had any experience of himself must have felt, and cannot but be alive to the simplicity and beauty of Splendor's address to the Doctor's Cassandra. But we must come to a conclusion; the extracts which we have so largely given, will enable the public to appreciate the merits of this extraordinary performance, and we trust and hope the sale will be such as to induce the author to favour the world soon again with some new effort of his impressive talent. Whether "The Fatal Uncion" is calculated to succeed in representation, we cannot undertake to determine; but we do not think that

any sound critic will admit the objection as valid, which Miss Dance made to it when it was proposed to her to undertake the part of the gypsy, namely, that no lady would consent to stain her complexion with umber, and therefore the piece never could be properly performed. We think, however the experiment might have been made, and Miss Dance, in the part of Splendor, would have been a most lovely and interesting representative, particularly in the mad scene, for, to use the words of an eloquent theatrical critic in the Edinburgh Correspondent, "Who, that saw Miss Dance in Belvidera, can for a moment hesitate in allowing her pathos and fine feeling? and so true were they both to nature, that we shall venture to say, *her's* were not feigned tears—who, that beheld her in that arduous part, will deny that she had

a voice of great extent and compass? The mad scene was terrific and heart-rending in the highest degree; and the ineffable smile of insanity which she gave, while she fancied that she had Jaffier in her arms, and the strangely changed tone of her voice on that occasion, were certainly never more happily conceived, or executed with more distracting effect." By the way we should here mention, that the other day, in a certain bookseller's shop, we heard a professor in a university, not a hundred miles from the college, say to a gentleman who was speaking in raptures of Miss Dance's poor Belvidera's smile, "What did she go mad for?" To think of any man in this enlightened age asking, "What Belvidera went mad for?" and that man, too, not a professor of divinity!!

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"FIFEANA."

No. I.

Stz.—A change in the established form of religious worship in this country, has supplied us with many a ruined cathedral and desolated abbey; and the transference of the seat of Scottish royalty from Holyrood to St James's, has been proportionally productive of palace ruins. In whatever direction you take your annual trip, whether you travel by the power of steam or of the lever, by land or by sea, on foot or on horseback, you cannot fail, provided your course is over your native soil, to discover, at the opening up of every bay, and at the weathering of every head-land, at the entrance of every strath, or on the apron of every eminence, some arresting shape of Ruin, melting down, under the silent but irresistible influence of time, into the earth, yet still continuing to connect, by all the ties of association, the past with the present, the mitre and the crown of Scotland with the less elevated apprehensions of modern times. A Scotsman who has never travelled beyond the precincts of his native country, who has never crossed the Tweed on the one hand, nor the region of "Skua-gulls" on the other, can have no adequate notion of the advantages of which Scotland, as a thea-

tre of travel, is possessed. He would be apt to suppose, that through whatever land he might chance to direct his course, he would still, amidst all the modern exhibition of steam and smoke, and manufacturing, and husbandry,—amidst all that feathering of trade and traffic, by which our sea-ward vallies and navigable rivers are skirted, discover, at reasonable intervals, the more hallowed forms of antiquity, the lingering features of chivalry, the broken arch and the mouldering turret, the genius of a former and more poetical age—hovering over, and still greeting with a parting valediction, the present. In this expectation, however, he would be disappointed. St Paul's, and Windsor, are still the abodes of religion and royalty, whilst St Andrew's Cathedral and Falkland Palace are in ruins. The same happy revolution in church and state, which removed from us the superstitious observances of Rome, and the seat of our government, has left us, in addition to more substantial benefits, the reversion of a most romantic and interesting land, rendered still more interesting and romantic by the mouldering remains of our former royal and religious establishments.

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\* Shetland—Vide Dr Fleming.



I am not so smit with antiquarian mania, as to imagine, or to attempt to persuade others to imagine, that a "Ruin" is preferable, as an object of pleasurable contemplation, to an entire and a sublime edifice; but I assuredly think, that when these floating wrecks on the ocean of time are associated not only with the mere display of architectural design and execution, but with the ancient spirit and moral energies of our country, with much that it has now lost, but which once rendered it dignified in its internal character, and imposing in its external relations, our patriotism must be of a very suspicious description indeed, if it is not awakened and strengthened by the contemplation of them. There is nothing, in my opinion, which is more truly salutary to our national health and prosperity, than this reverence for, and frequent conversation with, the "Mighty Past." And, should the time ever arrive when a Scotsman can travel over the land of his fathers, hallowed as it is in almost every direction with reminiscences of their public character or domestic life, without taking any interest in such recollections, he will then be ripe for a state of rebellion or of vassalage. He will either have actually forfeited his claims to independence, or be prepared to do so. Were I desirous of reducing our national character, whether considered in reference to loyalty or to patriotism, to all that binds our hearts to the throne, or that attaches us to our national constitution and privileges; from the plenitude of authority, or rather from the insidious covert of design, I would issue forth my mandate, that all the monuments of our ancient history should be erased—that with the ruins of the cathedral, as well as with the tomb-stones of the martyrs, men should build offices, and construct fences—and that the fast mouldering palaces of the race of Stuart should yield up their last foundation-stone to grace the lintels of some modern villa, or figure from the snug parlour chimney of some burgh magistrate. I would become a second Edward, and efface not only from paper and parchment, but even

from the face of the earth itself, every fatimation, every record of antiquity; and thus I would train up a young, and a bustling, and a trifling generation, to consider pleasure and pudding as all in all!

My reflections have assumed this cast, in consequence of a visit, or pleasure excursion rather, which, a few days ago, I was induced to make, in company with a highly respectable and intelligent friend, to the ruins of Falkland Palace. Understanding that the present proprietor of these "Royal Ruins," and of the extensive grounds around them, (J. Bruce, Esq.) had, with a great deal of good sense and proper feeling, ordered the Palace to be enclosed by a sufficient wall, and thus protected from that dilapidation under which, in the course of ages, it had suffered so much, and by means of which (if permitted to be proceeded in) not a vestige would in a few years remain, I was anxious, ere the inclosure should be completed, and the former aspect of the ruins, by the opening up of some new views,\* in some measure altered, to saunter over, under the conduct of a well-informed and intelligent guide, the venerable, and time-hallowed precincts. It was a June day, and worthy of Juno herself. The wind, which had long resisted every southern tendency, and which had regularly at night-fall checked round in sullen obstinacy to the east, had at last yielded up "the point," and came over our faces, as we advanced upon our expedition, in all the blandishment and softness of an Italian atmosphere. The sun, which had obtained sufficient elevation to overshoot the highest parts of the Lomond hills, yet not to irradiate the northern aspect, flooded down his beams upon us, over a dark and still sunless background, through which trees, and turrets, and cottage-smoke were beginning to penetrate into light. There was a freshness and a hilarity over the whole face of nature, according well with that lightness of heart, and buoyancy of spirit, which generally accompanies, as well as suggests, such careless, and, as the busy world deem it,

\*The alterations here alluded to, are towards the north side of the Palace, by means of which the northern aspect, which was formerly concealed by trees and some rising grounds, will be opened up, and travellers upon the Cupar and Perth roads, by Auchtermachty, will have an excellent view of the ruins.

aimless excursions; and as we trotted and walked our horses onwards, in an easy jogging tête-à-tête way, I felt assured that this day's enjoyment was not at the mercy of chance; and that, being pleased with, and happy in ourselves, we should find the objects we went to visit fully equal to our expectations. As we halted for an instant in passing through the ancient and most beautifully situated burgh of Auchtermuchty, in order to water our horses at a small, but clear and rapid stream, which divides the town, my friend took occasion to remark, that, according to tradition, we were now upon classic ground, rendered so by the exceedingly graphic and humorous description of country life and manners, which the "Guidewife of Auchtermuchty," said to have been written by King James the First, contains. "There," said he, pointing to a green bank, on the farther side of the stream, "fed the honest woman's gaislines, of which the gudeman made so poor an account; and upon that very stone, perhaps, were the 'foul sheets' laid, which the spait thought proper to carry along with it."\* In the course of conversation, I learned that "Christ's Kirk on the Green," likewise supposed to have been celebrated by the royal author above mentioned, lay upon the banks of the river Leven, at no great distance, and was in fact none other than the church and the green of Lealy;—"the dancing and de-ray," making part of an annual revel, which, under the sanction of royal authority, and even example, was there exhibited. "Weel,† Bally-Mill," said my friend, as we began to cross over the valley towards Falkland, to a respectable looking figure who was riding past us, in an opposite direction, "how's a' wi' ye the day, Bally-Mill?" Mutual conversation ensued, 'from question answer flowed, during which, as I had not the good fortune to be acquainted with Bally-Mill, I had drifted a considerable space in advance.

When my friend overtook me, he made me acquainted with the following anecdote, respecting the manner in which the property of Bally-Mill, which lies a little way farther east, upon the banks of the Eden, was originally obtained from King James the Fifth, of facetious, and princely, and, alas, unfortunate memory!

The king, who was fond of seeing human nature under every modification of circumstance, and in the absence of all ceremony and constraint, a taste which a court was but indifferently calculated to gratify, was in the habit, whilst he resided at Falkland, of making excursions in disguise into the adjoining country. In one of these frolics, he entered, rather late in the evening, a miller's house, which was situated on Falkland muir, at the confluence of the Daft-water with the Eden. As the royal presence did not appear to her any ways imposing, the miller's wife stoutly opposed the entrance of her Guest; and at last, finding that words had but little weight with him, she brought up, as she had frequently in the course of expostulation threatened to do, the more weighty argument of her husband's presence upon the carle's obstinacy. The Miller, who chanced to be a man of some humour, and of great good nature, though miserably ruled by his wife, was prevailed upon to consent to the stranger's request; and having adjusted his mill-labour for the night, returned to his Guest with a tongue loaded with inquiries, and a heart light as air. The stranger was intelligent, and facetious; the landlord became gleeesome and open-hearted, till at last, with a most friendly and familiar salutation betwixt the carle's shoulders, and a hearty, and vigorous, and protracted shake of his hand, the gudeman declared he was the "ae best fallow he had met with since the death o' the auld parson o' Cult, who was aye fou six days out of the seven, and ended his life at last ae drifty night among the snaw."‡

\* Vide No. 1. Vol. I. of this Magazine.

† It is customary in Fife, as well as in several counties of Scotland, to address farmers, and even small proprietors, by the familiar appellation which belongs to their property or farm. Thus we have "Drona," "Strone," "Cuff-about," and "Tail-about," "Cockairnie," "Rumgally," "Craigfoodie," &c. &c.

‡ It is reported of this "drouthy brother," that, having through life frequently expressed a wish for a white "hinner end," in allusion to the sweet milk with which he was in the habit of washing down the lagging remains of a parrich-cog—his death, in the manner stated, became proverbial.

The ale, which now, in spite of "Beesy's grumbling," and protesting again and again that there was not another drop in the house, if their "*hair war like a gowan*,"\*—the ale, which had now begun to flow more freely, wrought wonders.

"Kings may be great, but they were glorious,

O'er a' the hills o' life victorious."

In a word, they were, in the course of the evening, (under the management of John Barleycorn,) as well acquainted with each other, and upon as familiar terms, as if, like Burns's drouthy cronies,

"They had been fou for weeks thegither."

And upon taking his departure next morning, the stranger insisted upon a visit from his kind-hearted and hospitable landlord, at his house in Falkland, where, under the name of "The Gudeman of Ballengeoch," he was, as he alleged, sufficiently well known. The visit, in the course of a few days, was paid—and the courtiers, being apprized of the jest, had the miller introduced, very much to his astonishment and confusion, into the king's presence. Here he was banquetted and feasted for some days in a most princely manner, and dismissed at last with the alternative of the 8th part or the 4th of the lands of Bally-Mill, at his option. Having consulted his wife on this intricate subject, he was admonished that no man in his senses could possibly hesitate respecting the relative value of 8 and 4. "And the 'eighth part' remains in the possession of the person who passed us," concluded my Informer, "to this hour."

We had, by the time that this anecdote was completed, come so far round in front of the Lomond hills, which now lay directly south of us, as to open them up in a beautiful and most sublime style. "Like two young roes that are twins," they rose before us in all the freshness of a recent, yet in all the permanent stability of an eternal existence. I have seen many

mountains which overpowered the mind more with bulk, and height, and compass—but none which presented a smoother and a more distinct outline, and which cut out, in the clear blue heaven above, a more bold and graceful curvature. I can never restrain my feelings when I am under the influence of mountain scenery—it comes over my soul with the power and the swell of music. So, lifting myself up from the saddle, and cutting right and left with a switch I had in my hand, to the no small alarm of my companion, and boldly apprehension of my poney, I burst out into these, or similar exclamations:—"Here is the pathway of chivalry—a field worthy of kings. On that mountain's brow I still see the shades of royalty—the deer is starting from his covert, and his branchy horns are figuring amidst the stillness and fragrance of the morning air. But the royal trumpet has sounded—and a thousand bugles have awakened at the call—and the steed, and the rider, and the hound, and the echoes are away—and from the banks of Lochleven, to the tides of the German Ocean, all is one wide display of speed, and glitter, and princely bravery, and courtly confusion—and the gallantry of ladyhood is a-broad—the pride and the boast of a Scottish court are darting their flaming radiance from glen to steep, and from steep to glen. The falcon,† too, is on the wing—and now hangs like a spot in the bosom of the cloud—and now stoops it suddenly, with the speed and the fatality of lightning. But the scene has shifted, and the noontide heats are come on—and, clustering in upon that plain, are arranged on the green grass sod, without the ceremony of heralding 'King and courtier, lord and lady fair'—whilst the fat deer is seething in the oak-suspended cauldron,‡ and the jest is seasoned with laughter, and the laugh is unhampered by courtly ceremony—and the 'First Stuart of the land' has seated the fairest daughter of proud Loraine by his side—and the eye is bright, and

\* "Hair was like a gowan,"—proverb meaning, "Were you even as beautiful." Yellow hair amongst our Scottish progenitors, as well as in ancient Greece, being held in high estimation.

† Hence Falkland—quasi Falconland!

‡ This is probably no fiction—for the parish of Kettle, or King's Kettle, to the east of Falkland, derived, in all likelihood, its name from this circumstance.—*l'ide* Statistical Account, parish, Kettle—by the Rev. Dr Barclay, Minister.

the cheek is glowing—and the heart of a whole court is beating wild and high to the tune of health and glee and festivity." — "Tumterara-tarrara-tumtee," interrupted my less mercurial friend. "Has the man lost his senses? Who ever heard of such a rhodomontade of blarney and stilted nonsense? Why, man, that stuff might do for M'Pherson's Ossian, or Blackwood's Magazine." The very mention, my dear sir, of your far-noted Magazine, acted like a charm in bringing me to myself again; and from that moment to this, I have never lost hope of seeing my friend's prophecy realized.

After a considerably protracted silence, we came up close to the very breast, as it were, and under the brow of the mountain, and I could perceive, much to my mortification, that there were other wrinkles than those of time observable upon its front. There was something so incongruous betwixt the great expression of nature, combined with the moral sublimity of association, by which I had so lately been transported, and dikes, and ditches, and irregular inclosures, and partially cultivated patches, and all the littleness, and all the contamination of private and plebeian appropriation, the characters of which I read but too distinctly up to the very mountain-top—that my spirits sunk as much below par, as they had lately risen above it, and I meditated, with a mixture of indignation and regret, on the sacrilege I had witnessed. "That summit," said I at length to my companion, "was wont, but a few years ago, to suggest no notion, nor recollection, but that of the power which originally created it, or the mightiness and pride of our national story, with which it was so eminently and closely associated.—But now—fy upon it—Oh, fy!—There is "Tailor Lapboard's" park, and this is "Suter Elson's" field, and that is "Baillie Bluster's" portion; here, at this stone, terminates the division of "Christy Codgut," the fish-wife; and that unseemly patch which disfigures the very summit, at once suggests the idea of "sowen-mugs and

leather aprons."—Fy on't—Oh fy—the mountain smells already of the loom and the workshop; let us pass quickly on." "Loom here, or loom there," replied my friend, "who seemed now to regard me as if he were seriously concerned about my intellects, "the division of these Lomonds was no easy job. I was myself present at several meetings, where Sir William Rae, and Sheriff Jameson, had no little difficulty, and exhibited great prudence, and skill, and impartiality, in adjusting the various claims; and it is my humble opinion, that there is more good sense in one rood of well-cultivated land, than in a thousand acres of waste royalty; and, however disrespectfully you may speak of tailors, and shoemakers, and bailies, and weavers, and so forth, they are fully as useful in their day and generation, and not a great deal less ornamental, than idle groggers and blackguard courtiers, persecuting kings, and assassinating nobles. You have but to cast your eye a little to the westward of the road upon which we are now entering, to see a verification of all this, for *there* lies before you the Cameronian village of Fruchy, which once lent a night's lodgings to those unhappy men whom the oppression of "a Stuart race" had driven like cattle from their homes and their families, and whom, under the whip, and in terror of the thumbikens, a royal escort were conducting to endure death, or worse than death, in the dark and airless dungeon of Dunotter Castle.\* And if you will only put yourself to the trouble to direct your eye a little in advance, you will mark, over the tiled and thatched roofs which intervene, and composing as it were a part of that royal palace we are now fast approaching, the parapet and turrets of a fortress, which is stained by one of those deeds of horror, which rose in barbarous atrocity above the genius, and character even of the age in which it was perpetrated." Having, notwithstanding a slight degree of inclination to retaliate upon this somewhat cutting and uncourtly address, allowed my curiosity to hear the story to which he al-

\* Several of these unhappy men died in this worse than Calcutta black-hole, and a well sprung up, which is still to be seen in the middle of the dungeon floor, to supply the thirst of the survivors! Such interpositions were by no means unusual in these times. A braken-bush, for example, grew up and spread in the course of a night, till it covered, and completely concealed from the search of persecuting "Clavers," one who had effected his escape from this horrible place of confinement!

luded to overcome my resentment, my friend proceeded thus:—

“*There,*” said he, “stood, and in fact still stands, the ancient castle, or *mar,* of the Macduffs, Earls and Thanes of Fife, who were once powerful enough to dispute authority and dominion *here* with majesty itself. This castle was afterwards forfeited to James the First, by an act of attainder against Macduff, and now composes part of the Palace which we are about to visit. About the beginning of the fifteenth century, this castle was committed to the keeping of King Robert’s brother, the ambitious and most barbarously inhuman Duke of Albany, who, having prevailed upon his brother the king to commit his son and heir to the kingdom, the young, and somewhat licentious David Duke of Rothsay, to his protection, shut up the young Prince in a dungeon of this castle, and, with a view to his father’s succession, actually starved him to death. The story is one which is enough to bring tears from the most rocky heart, and while it fixes an indelible stain—I had almost said upon Nobility itself—it sheds a lustre over the very peasantry, and these very burgesses you were but lately disparaging, which no title, or rank, or worldly grandeur, could ever confer.

“A poor woman, the wife, as is reported, of a Burgess of Falkland, having chanced, in passing by, to hear the groans and the miserable wailings of the unfortunate Captive, advanced, at the risk of her life, to a small chink, or loop-hole, in the wall, and there learning the helpless and perishing condition of the starving and totally-deserted Inmate, she ventured to slip through to him, from night to night, “cakes” made exceedingly thin on purpose, conveying, at the same time, to his perished and famished palate, through a reed, or piece of hemlock, the warm and reviving stream which proceeded directly from her own breast.\* But the device was at last found out,

and in all probability to the destruction of this humane and most undaunted woman, as well as most assuredly to the lingering and revolting death of the *now* altogether supportless captive. Imagination recoils with loathing and shuddering from such deeds of darkness as this, and rests with delight and rapture on the kindly refreshment which the strong contrast, presented by the woman’s conduct, affords.”—“If I knew,” added I, “a single *Brat* in Falkland, the most ragged and vice-worn even, which tumbles a stone from that Palace roof, or shivers a window in that parish school-house,—if I knew any thing at all in the shape of humanity which owned this woman for Ancestor, I would adopt him as my son: ‘he should eat of my bread, and drink of my cup, and lie in my bosom; and I would be unto him as a father.’”—“Away, and away; you again run with the harrows at your heels, my good friend,” rejoins my more cool and considerate monitor; “I am afraid your benevolence will have no opportunity of being exercised in this case, unless it instruct you to estimate the lower orders of society more highly than in your Lomond rhapsody you were lately disposed to do.”

Having now come up to the very front of the Castle which looks down upon the town, towards the south, we put up our horses with Mrs Scott, ordered a beef-steak for dinner, and set out incontinently upon our investigation of the Palace and adjoining ruins.

Upon entering through the boldly arched and truly royal gate-way, which conducts into the interior of the square, two sides of which are still pretty entire, we found ourselves in the presence of a Character well known in Falkland,—distinguished not less by the antiquity of the family from which he is descended, and of which he is the last and only remaining branch, than by a most devoted and unequivocal attachment to Mrs Scott’s chimney-cheek and whisky bottle.—

\* “By this Annabel the queen dying, David her son, who by her means had been restrained, broke out into his natural disorders, and committed all kinds of rapine and luxury. Complaint being brought to his father, (Robt. 3,) he commits him to his brother, the governor, (whose secret design being to root out the offspring,) the business was so ordered as that the young man was shut up in Falkland Castle to be starved, which yet was for a while delayed, a woman thrusting in some thin oat-cakes at a chink, and giving him milk out of her paps through a trunk. But both these being discovered, the youth being forced to tear his own members, died of a multiplied death,” &c. —HALL’S *Preface to Drummond of Hawthornden’s History of Scotland*, p. 16. London edit. 1665. Vide likewise *Lesly, Bishop of Ross*.

After a sufficient period of morning libations, he had just escaped from his favourite retreat, and was in the act, I nothing doubt, of reckoning kin and counting lineage with a full score of rather suspicious-looking faces, which were eying him in various stages of derangement, and mutilation, and decay, from the east and from the south walls. We were not long, under the management of my guide, in making him recognize our object, and in directing his antiquarian lore upon our ignorance. "You must know then," said he, taking me by the arm, and conducting us to the farther extremity of the western division; "you must know, '*sed nil nisi bonum de mortuis*;' you must understand that there were in former times only three great families in Europe, '*sed nil nisi bonum de mortuis*,'—the house of Bourbon—the house of Stuart—and the house of D—m. The house of Bourbon was distinguished by many great princes, and mighty kings; the house of Stuart, '*sed nil nisi bonum de mortuis*,' built and inhabited this very palace before you; and the house of D—m, after four or five hundred years of distinguished effort, has at last produced *me*." This was something like entering upon the Trojan war 'at the Egg,' so we took the liberty of endeavouring to restrict his somewhat discursive and antique remarks to the objects immediately before us; in consequence of which we were apprised of the conflagration of the east wing of the Palace, in Charles II.'s time; of the residences of the Dukes of Athol, and Earls of Fife; of the devastations and sacrilege committed by Cromwell's soldiery; and of the more recent aggressions upon these venerable and still imposing Ruins, by the neighbours and town's people, who had long regarded them as a public quarry, or common good. "Even now," continued our man of family and '*extensive latinity*,' "even now that I am pointing out to you the chambers where Dukes resided, and Kings sat in judgment, these vile low-born wretches are preparing, I verily believe, to overturn the wall by which these ruins have of late been enclosed; and to assert, by main force, and without 'law or leave,' what they conceive to be their immemorial privilege of devastation."

Scarcely had our Informer pronounced these words, when our ears were saluted with the distant sound of a drum, which seemed to beat furiously, and at every flourish gave rise, and lifting up, to a most dismal yell of human—and scarcely human voices. "Let us retire up this stair-way," said our '*nil nisi bonum*' Conductor, "to the battlements, and there we shall be safe, and in a situation to observe their proceedings." So, in a few seconds, we were safely seated on the western Turret, far and happily removed above the tumult and turmoil which was now accumulating beneath—And turmoil and tumult of the most decided character were now exhibited. Wives were running into the streets with children in their arms; artisans were collecting, armed with the implements of their profession; and dykers and ditchers were driving in from all quarters, towards the centre of general rendezvous, making, all the while, a most furious demonstration of tongue and gesticulation. The tide of gathering and of bustle became every instant more strong and overpowering, till, collecting all its strength and weight into one mighty swell of assault, it burst through the great gate-way of the Palace, and spread out in various fragments of confusion and uproar, in the very court-yard which we had so lately and so fortunately deserted. The drum at last, whether from the voluntary cessation of him who had so powerfully belaboured it, or from the giving way of the parchment, it was not easy to determine, was silent; and, elevated upon a fragment of the parapet wall, with a pick in one hand, the other being extended in the attitude of impetuous and impassioned address, "an Orator," apparently of no common powers, delivered to the motley and unseemly mob around him, a harangue, in which frequent mention was made of "law, rights, prescriptions, use and wont," &c. "Here, Lass, haud that wean o' mine, there, for a jiffy," exclaimed a virago mother, thrusting her brat, squalling rebellion and discontent, into the arms of a half-grown girl, who stood beside her, "and I'll soon settle their dyke-biggings. A braw story, indeed"—taking hold of the orator's pick, and commencing her movements in advance—"a braw story,

in troth, to think to bar us out wi' stane and lime walls frae our ain aul' use and wont." So saying, she was down the green, and had fixed the point of her weapon of destruction into the obnoxious erection, and had hurled down the first stone, as a signal of encouragement to thousands, ere they had time to come up to second her efforts. "*Nec longa erat mora,*" for when, after a very short interval, the multitude began, having effected their purpose, to open up and disperse, we could distinctly observe the breach they had made, large enough to afford a free thoroughfare to carts and carriages of all descriptions. "They are Goths—they are Vandals" exclaimed the last of the ancient and distinguished house of D——m, in which avowment, I confess, I felt every disposition to concur; when, ere I had time to embody my feelings in articulate sounds, I could see my sagacious friend eyeing me with somewhat of a mortifying aspect. "Let us suspend our opinion," said he, "at present; they tell me this day's transactions are likely to become a question of litigation in a court of law, and it would be altogether injudicious in us to prejudge a question of right, respecting which I understand the very best judges may be divided in opinion." "Divided in a whistle case!" retorted our hero of the whisky stoup, with an air of determined partizanship, which altogether, independently of a verbose and "*nil nisi bonum*" philippic which succeeded, sufficiently indicated in favour of which side, had he been placed in the chair of judgment, his decision would have been given. Having now succeeded in withdrawing our eyes and our attention from the motley band beneath, and having directed them leisurely and contemplatively over the surrounding scenery, we were amply repaid for all the disgusting turmoil we had seen, and for all the steps of steep, and sometimes broken ascent we had surmounted.

Looking eastward, the closely wooded, and far stretching strath of the

Eden,—so named, undoubtedly, from its immemorial amenity,—lay beneath the stretch and the effort of our vision; we surveyed the extensive plain, where the Fallow deer once roamed amidst their forests of oak, and where a few straggling successors still remain in ancient and unrestricted freedom!—Turning towards the north, fertile and cultivated fields rose, tier above tier, on the eye, till the gently swelling ascents melted away into the blue heaven by which they were relieved from behind. Towards the west, the Elder of the "twin Lomonds" projected its basaltic and abrupt precipices far into the still (in this direction) admirably wooded plain, and presented the expression of a Lion in the act of grasping his prey. The East Lomond, which pressed its green, and plump, and undecayed freshness upon the sky, almost immediately over our head, formed a striking and an agreeable contrast to the ruined achievements of man, amidst which we were seated. Here the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the memory with recollecting, nor the imagination with bodying out; and if any traveller by Falkland has an hour, whilst his beef-steak is making ready in Mrs Scott's, (and a capital beef-steak she makes,) to spare, let him ascend the western Turret of the Palace, and, seating himself on the parapet immediately over the gateway, let him look abroad in silent and solemn contemplation over ages that are past, and objects that are present—over much that is eminently calculated to gratify and delight the sight, and to elevate, and expand, and ameliorate the heart.

Without troubling you with the circumstantiality of order, and manner, and colloquy, I may just mention now, in conclusion of this long and somewhat discursive communication, that we visited the old chapel, with its fine roof, and massive oaken doors;—that we descended again into the area, and inspected a long race of open-mouthed Kings and Queens of Scotland, which thrust out their stoney countenances from the wall;—that we had in

\* I observed, that advancing from the more ancient to the more modern mouths, the lips gradually became closer and closer, till, in the two last of the series, the compression was such as to *protrude* the *under lip* considerably;—a sure mark of high civilization and supercilious dignity in the *Great*, and of vanity and self-conceit in those of *less elevated* rank. Many of the countenances, however, are remarkably fine, and present some valuable Spurzheim notices. One is amazingly, and what I would even term *ridiculously*, like the late ex-Emperor Buonaparte; and another wears the exact countenance of our tutelary saint, John Knox.

remembrance (though not under our eye, as it is completely destroyed) the chamber, where the merry-hearted King of Scotland, after his losses at Solway Moss, *quantum mutatus!* in all the disconsolate desolation of disappointed hopes and a broken heart, retired, to die;—that we passed across the square, and through the passage, (which we had seen so lately, and with so much violence, opened,) into the still entire and spacious “Tennis-court,” the only antiquity of the kind now remaining in Scotland;—that we surveyed the bare and now woodless fields, which still obtain—*quasi locus a non lucendo*—the name of “Falkland wood,” and which were stripped of their Caledonian oaks by the republican violence and rapine of Cromwell;—that, in compliance with my invariable practice, we visited the church-yard, or rather burial-ground, of Falkland, in which the monument erected to the memory of the pious and far-noted Emily Geddie,\* was all that attracted, or deserved to attract, our notice;—that we rode out as far as the old church-yard of Kilgour,† a most retired and romantic spot, where we found a farm-steading, constructed almost entirely of broken head-stones and monuments;—that we found the bones and flesh of a *dead horse*, festering, in sacrilegious and obscene contamination, in a large stone-coffin, where the body of the poor unfortunate Prince David, formerly mentioned, had, in all probability, been once deposited;—and *that*, after having qualified our beef-steak, with a *quantum-suff.* of Mrs Scott’s whisky-toddy, and having obtained a full and a detailed account from our *new friend* “*Nil nisi bonum!*” of the ancient and honourable House of D—m,—we returned to our places

of abode about night-fall, highly gratified, upon the whole, with our excursion, but exceedingly shocked by that barbarous disrespect for the relics of antiquity, and the manes of the dead, which we had been compelled to witness.

Now, sir, I have finished my narrative; and if, through means of your extensively circulating Magazine, I can draw the attention of those in power to the object of it, namely, “*to the enclosing and preservation of our old, and venerable, and national Ruins,*” I think I shall contribute to the keeping up among us of that patriotic and chivalrous spirit, which is utterly at variance with every tendency to radicalism and insubordination. And if, by the slight allusion I have been compelled to make to the instance of Kilgour,—which is by no means a solitary one,—I shall have succeeded in awakening the attention of one single parish Proprietor to the subject of church-yard dilapidation, I shall have done more for the repose of the dead, and for the rational satisfaction of the living, than if I had been the Inventor of an Iron-safe, to preserve their bodies from resurrection.

It is my intention, during the latter end of this harvest, to make an excursion over Scotland, with the view of giving you some “Church-yard” and “Ruin” intelligences—of supplying you with a list of the “moral maxims of the dead”—and with a statement of the “sacrilegious and revolting dilapidations of the living,”—and neither power nor interest shall induce me to spare the guilty, nor to calumniate or misrepresent the innocent.—I am yours, &c.

VIATOR.

\* This singularly pious and affectionate girl,—for she died at sixteen years of age,—was daughter to John Geddie, in the Hill-town of Falkland, and has found a historian of her “Choice Sentences and Practices” in a James Hogg, (not the Jacobite Hogg,) altogether competent to the task he has undertaken. She was born in 1665, and died in 1681. The pamphlet was published by James Halkerston, Ballie in Falkland, in 1795, for the benefit, as he expresses it, of the rising generation; and is extremely rare, and not a little curious.

† Kilgour was formerly, previous to the union of the two parishes, the burial-ground of Falkland; and either Lealy or Buchanan, or both,—for I cannot speak positively, not having the books by me at present,—mention the particulars of the funeral procession from Falkland to Kilgour. Drummond says, Prince David was buried at Lindores, but this seems to be a mistake.



## CHARACTERS OF LIVING AUTHORS, BY THEMSELVES.

## No. I.

“ Dans ce siècle de petits talens et de grands succès, mes chefs-d'œuvre auroient cent éditions, s'il le faut. Par-tout les sots crieront que je suis un grand homme, et si je n'ai contre moi que les gens de lettres et les gens de goût, j'arriverai peut-être à l'Académie.”

LOUVET.

I'm a philosopher of no philosophy, and know not where the deuce my wisdom came from, unless it was in-born, or “connatural,” as Shaftesbury will have it. I have studied neither the heavens, nor the earth, nor man, nor books; but I have studied myself, have turned over the leaves of my own heart, and read the cabalistic characters of self-knowledge. Nor without success, for truth, I trust, has been no stranger to my pen. If all the world followed my example, there would be some sense in it.—But they do not. They have not courage and alacrity enough to catch wisdom and folly “as they fly.” They ponder and weigh—wind about a vacuum, like the steps of a geometrical stair-case. They do not “pluck bright knowledge from the pale-faced moon.” They do not dare to look from the table land of their own genius,—their own perceptions, nor sweep boldly over the regions of philosophy, “knowing nothing, caring nothing.” They do not expatiate over literature with the step of freemen,—they are shackled, and have not the spirit to be truly vagabond. They are not elevated to a just idea of themselves, their own feelings are not hallowed, and they put forth their thought “fearfully, and in the dark.” This is not the way to be wise;—there is confidence required for wisdom as well as for war. We are all of one kind; the feelings of nature are universal, and he that can turn his eye in upon himself,—that has mental squint enough to look behind his nose, may read there the irrefragable laws and principles of humanity. This is the difficulty,—the bar between man and knowledge, as is observed by Mr Locke, (who, by the bye, is an author I despise,—a philosopher who reasoned without feeling, and felt without reason). If a person can once enter into the receptacles of his own feelings, muse upon himself, watch the formation and progress of his opinions, he will then have studied the best primer of philosophy. If he can once lay hold of the end of that web, he can unravel it *ad infinitum*. With his pen in his fingers, and his glass before him, he no sooner be-

gins, than he is at the bottom of the page; and the Indian jugglers, with their brazen balls, were nothing to the style in which he can fling sentences about. I can speak but from my own experience: I have found it so; and though there is a degree of excellence, which all persons cannot arrive at, yet the fabrication of essays is a *double* employment, and I here record the principle by which I arrived at its perfection, as a bequest and lesson to posterity.—Despise learning; never mind books, but to borrow. Let the ideas play around self, and that is the way to please the selfish reader—other readers there are not in the world.

It is vulgarly supposed, that a man, who is always thinking and talking of himself, is an egotist. He is no such thing; he is the least egotistical of all men. It is the world he is studying all the time, and self is but the glass through which he views and speculates upon nature. People call me egotist; they don't know what they say. I never think of myself, but as one among the many—a drop in the ocean of life. If I anatomize my own heart, 'tis that I can lay hands on no other so conveniently; and when I do even make use of the letter *I*, I merely mean by it any highly-gifted and originally-minded individual. I have always thought myself very like Rousseau, except in one thing, that I hate ‘the womankind,’—I have reason—he had not. Nevertheless, had he hung up his shield in a temple, I'm sure I should recognize it. I feel within me a kindred spirit,—the same expansive intellect that strays over the bounds of speculation, and has grasped nothing, because it met nothing worthy,—the same yearning after what the soul can never attain,—the same eloquent and restless thought, whose trains are ropes of sand, undone as soon as done,—the same feverish thirst to gulp up knowledge, with a stomach in which no knowledge can rest. If a fortuitous congregation of atoms ever formed any thing, it formed us, for truly we are a tessellated pair, each of a disposition curiously dove-tailed, as Burke said of Lord Chatham's ministry,—of facul-

ties put together so higgledy piggedly, that however excellent each is in its kind, the union is an abortion,—a worse than nothing—but the anagrams of intellect, as Donne would say. The world, too, has treated us similarly; with the most patriotic feelings, our countries have laughed at us; with the most philanthropic pens, we have become the buts and bye words of criticism; and with the warmest hearts, we never had a friend. He despised poetry—so do I; he despised book-learning—I know nothing about it; he did not care for the great—the great do not care for me. What further traits of resemblance would you have?—his breeches hung about his heels.

The author of a *mighty fine* review of Childe Harold compares the author, my friend's friend, to Rousseau, and ekes out the similarity in poetic prose. I have no fault to find with the Review, it being *buon camarado* of mine, but they might have made out a better comparison. It was L. H. first suggested to me my resemblance to the author of *Eloisa*; it is one of those obligations I can never forget. He said, at the same time, that he himself was like Tasso, and added, in his waggery, he would prove that bard a Cockney. This is neither wit nor good sense in my friend, who, finding he cannot shake off the title, wishes to convert it into a crown;—it won't do, the 'brave public' will have it a fool's cap.

As for me, I care not; they will have me Cockney—they're welcome; they will have me pimpled in soul and in body—they're welcome; I know what they will not have me—but no matter; I wander from my theme—myself, but I cannot help it. The thoughts of what I have suffered from envenomed pens come thick upon me; but posterity will do me justice, and there will yet be "sweet sad tears" shed over the tombs of me and of my tribe. Nevertheless, let me not give up the ghost before my time—I am worth two dead men yet; nor let it be here on record that I could be moved by my hard-hearted and hard-headed persecutors. But "what is writ is writ"—it goes to my heart to blot one quarter of a page. My thoughts walk forth upon the street, like malefactors on the drop, with their irons knocked off. They come unshackled, unquestioned, unconcocted; and if I have uttered heaps of folly in my day, I trust there was some leaven—good or bad, which

I care not—to save it from being utterly insipid.

There have been few great authors who took from the beginning to writing as a profession—it is too appalling—I doubt if it would require half so much courage to lead a forlorn hope. They are, for the most part, men, against whom all other avenues were shut,—who have been pushed from their stools,

"And being for all other trades unfit,  
Only t' avoid being idle, set up wit."

And this not for lack of capacity, but for want of will; none of them could give a reason for being what they are—I could not, I know, for one. Yet mine was a natural course. It is an easy transition from the pencil to the pen, only the *handling* of the first must be the result of long practice, and unwearyed assiduity. The latter goes more glibly, and is the engine of greater power. We long to grasp it, as if it were Jove's thunderbolt, and "hot and heavy" we find it. The study of the arts, too, is a terrible provocative to criticism—to canting and unmeaning criticism. I must confess, I tremble to think what literature is likely to suffer from the encroachments of that superficial and conceited tribe. I was myself one of them, and may own it, though they be to me the first 'aneath the sun.' They leap to taste, without laying any foundation of knowledge—with their eyes stuck into the subject matter of their work; their notions of things are too apt to resemble those of the "fly upon the well-proportioned dome;" their overstrained idea of the all-importance of their art, may be a very useful feeling to themselves, and to their own exertions, but, to the world, it is pedantry and impudence. There are other things besides painting, and of this truth they do not seem enough aware. There are exceptions, however—I am one, H—another. And I take this opportunity of weighing a little into the opposite scale, since I perceive they hold up their heads more than ordinary, (especially the Cockney artists) on the strength of my former essays. I have heard a dauber speak of me, 'yes, he writes about the art,' in much the same tone as if he were recommending Milton to a divine for having treated of the Deity. They shall no more such essays, nor shall they again lay such flattering unction to their souls.

I must needs be an honest man, for

I speak hard always of what I love best;—it is upon points nearest our own hearts that we are most apt to feel spleen. Downright foes never come within arm's length of one,—one cannot get a blow at them; and we must fall foul of our friends, were it but for practice sake, to keep our pugnacity in tune. People, with whom I have been in habits of intimacy, have complained that I make free with their names, borrow my best things from their conversation, and afterwards abuse them. It is all very likely; but why do they talk so much? If they throw their knowledge into one's hands, how can we help making use of it? Let them enter their tongues at Stationer's Hall, if they would preserve the copy-right of speech, nor be bringing their action of trover to regain what they have carelessly squandered.

He that writes much, must necessarily write a great deal of bad, and a great deal of borrowed. The gentleman author, that takes up the pen once in three months, to fabricate a pet essay for his favourite miscellany or review, may keep up his character as a tasteful and fastidious penman. But let him be like me, scribbling from one end of the year to the other—obliged to it, at all hours and in all humours—and let's see what a mixture will be his warp and woof?—Let him, in an evil moment, be compelled to “set himself doggedly about it,” as Johnson says, and he'll be glad to prop himself up with the gossip of his acquaintances, and the amusing peculiarities of his friends. Let him stick in his working clothes, hammering away all weathers, like Lord Castlereagh in the House, and he'll have little time for display and got up speeches. He'll soon learn to despise which word comes foremost, and which comes fittest, and, in the way of diction, he'll soon cry out with myself—“all's grist that comes to the mill.” Grammarians and verbal critics may cry out against us for corrupting the language—they may collate, and talk with Mr Blair of purity, propriety, and precision; but we own no such rules to our craft;—with us, words are

“Winds, whose ways we know not of.” All we have to do is, to take the first that offers, and sail wherever it may blow;—all parts are alike, so as the voyage be effected—all subjects alike, so the page be concluded.

Talking of subjects—I have been often accused of a fondness for paradox. I am not ashamed of the predilection. Truth, in my mind, is a bull, and the only way to seize it is by the horns. This bold method of attack the startled reader calls paradox. He had rather spend hours in hunting it into a corner, with but a poor chance of noosing it after all, and is envious of him that has the courage to grasp it at once. I like the Irish for this, they blunder upon truth so heartily, and knock it out of circumstances, as if these were made of flint, and their heads of iron. I blunder on it myself often, but the worst of this method is, that one is so apt to mistake common-place for a new discovery. We light upon it so suddenly, that there is no time to examine its features, and thus often send forth an old worn-out maxim as a spic and span-new precept. But 'tis the same thing,—half the world won't recognize it, and the other half won't take the trouble of exposing it. All the didactic prosing of the age—prosing, be it in verse or not, is but the *bis crambe repetita*—the old sirloin done up into kickshaws and fritters. Gravity and sense are out of tune—the stock is exhausted to the knowing—the only vein unworked is humour. Wagery is always original; and there is more genuine inspiration in comic humour, than in the mighty-mouthed sublime. Madame de Staël, that eloquent writer,—whom I know but in translation by the bye—has anticipated these observations of mine in her Essay on Fiction:—“Nature and thought are inexhaustible in producing sentiment and meditation; but in humour or pleasantry, there is a certain felicity of expression, or perception, of which it is impossible to calculate the return. Every idea which excites laughter may be considered as a discovery; but this opens no track to the future adventurer. To this eccentric power there lies no path,—of this poignant pleasure there is no perennial source. That it exists, we are persuaded, since we see it constantly renewed; but we are as little able to explain the course as to direct the means. The gift of pleasantry more truly partakes of inspiration than the most exalted enthusiasm.” The world are beginning to be of the same opinion,—they are finding out this truth more and more every day. Natural humour, lightness of heart, and

*brío*, it begins to think the best philosophy,—and it is right. Doubtless this is the great cause of the popularity of that confounded Northern Magazine, which seems to have taken out a patent for laughing at all the world. Like the spear of Achilles, however, its point can convey pleasure as well as pain—a balm as well as a wound. It is a wicked wag, yet one cannot help laughing with it at times, even against one's-self. I shall never forget the look of L. H. when he read himself described in it, as a turkey-cock coquetting with the hostile number newly come out. There was more good nature in the article than he had met any where for a long time, and he grinned with a quantum of glee that would have suffocated a monkey.

I would that Heaven had endowed me with more of the risible faculty, or more of the serious; that I had been decidedly one or the other, instead of being of that mongrel humour, which deals out philosophy with flippant air, and cracks jests with coffin visage. I can't enrol myself under any banner; and cannot, for the life of me, be either serious or merry. I've tried both; but my gravity was dog-gedness, and my mirth most uncouth gambolling. So I must e'en remain as I am,—up or down, as stimuli make or leave me. It is a sorry look-out, though, to be dependent on these,—to owe every bright thought to "mine host," or mine apothecary. I am not an admirer of "the sober berry's juice;" it generates more wind than ideas. Johnson's favourite beverage is better, but it is not that I worship. "Tell me what company you keep," says the adage; a more pertinent query would be, "Tell me what liquor you drink." I would undertake to tell any character upon this data. There is a manifest 'compromise between wine and water' in Mr Octavius Gilchrist; 'tis easy to discover sour beer in Mr Gifford's pen; and brisk toddy in North's—equally easy in mine, to decry the dizziness of spirit, or the washiness of water, whichever at the time be the reigning potion.

This hurried sketch will not see the light till I am no more. 'Twill be found among my papers, affixed to my Memoirs, and my executors will give it to the world with pomp. Then will I, uncoated, unbreeched, and uncravatted, look down from the empyreal on the scattcration of my fœca. A life

of drudgery—of "hubble, bubble, toil, and trouble"—will be repaid with ages of fame; and, enthroned between Addison and Bacon, my spirit shall wield the sceptre of Cockney philosophy.—Yet let me not be discontented; I am not all forsaken. From Winterston to Hampstead my name is known—at least, with respect. I am in literature the lord-mayor of the city—the Wood of Parnassus (what an idea!). The apprentices of Cockaigne point at me, as towards the highest grade of their ambition. I am the prefect of all city critical gazettes; and L. H. for all his huffing and strutting, is but my deputy—my proconsul.—Said I not well, Bully Rock? I blew into his nostrils all the genius he possesses, and introduced him to the honourable fraternity of washerwomen and the round-table; since which auspicious day, he lacked never a beef-steak, or a clean shirt. But of him, and of all my acquaintances, I have left valuable memorials throughout my writings. This observation, and that anecdote, have always come *pat* into my sentences; so that, with my mixture of gossip and philosophy, I shall be the half-Boswell, half-Johnson, of my age.—Not that I deign to compare myself with the first in dignity, or with the last in "that fine tact, that airy intuitive faculty," that purchases at half-price ready-made wisdom. As to my politics, it would be a difficult matter to say what they were. I know not myself; so that we will treat them as a country schoolmaster gets over a hard word, "It's Greek, Bill, read on."—As to my temper, it is of the *genus irritabile prosaicorum* (if that be good Latin.) I am very willing to give, but little able to return a blow. I weep under the lash, and, in truth, am too innocent for the world. After attacking private character and public virtue,—endeavouring to sap all principles of religion and government,—uttering whatever slander or blasphemy caprice suggested, or malice spurred me to,—yet am I surprised, and unable to discover, how or why any one can be angry with me. I own, it is a puzzle to me to find out how I have made enemies. Yet, such is the world, that I am belaboured on all sides;—friends and foes alike fall foul of me;—and often am I tempted to cry out, in the language of that book I have neglected, "There is no peace for me, but in the grave."

## ESSAYS ON CRANIOSCOPY, CRANIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, &amp;c.\*

By Sir TOBY TICKLETOBY, Bart.

## CHAP. I.

*Counsel for the Prosecution:*

Gentlemen of the Jury, this cause here  
 Depends not on the truth of witnesses,  
 As was the case some hundred years ago,  
 Before the days of Justice Tickletoebius ;  
 But upon statute 4th of George the Fourth.—  
 Compare this villain's head with what you know  
 Of bumps, that all agree denote a thief ;  
 And if there's a righteous skull-cap in the box,  
 (And I must not suppose it otherwise,)  
 I have no fear but you'll give verdict, " Guilty."

*Counsel for the Prisoner.*

Look at that bump, my Lord, upon his head ;  
 Pray feel its brother, on the other side ;  
 And say if, in the range of possibilities,  
 This poor man here could either rob or steal,  
 And bear such striking marks of rigid virtue.  
 Ye Gentlemen of Jury, feel your heads,  
 And if there is a knob upon your skulls  
 (Unless mayhap the rudiments of horns,)  
 That bears more honest seeming, then will I  
 Give up this much-wrong'd man to punishment.

*Justiciary Records for the year 1906.*

As almost every individual in this ancient city who can read has lately had an opportunity of judging of the infallibility of the doctrine which measures the powers of our minds by the bumps upon our skulls, from the accurate examination of the head of the unfortunate individual who lately forfeited his life to the laws of his country, by one so eminently qualified to form an accurate opinion on the subject, I trust I shall be pardoned for dedicating a few pages to a theme which I have been compelled to hear illustrated in every company.

There seems now little doubt, from the learned publications of our own countrymen, that every prevalent bent of mind or brain (for brain without mind is a very useless article indeed) develops itself by a corresponding increase of the bony case which is supposed to contain the thinking ap-

paratus, and that an examination of the head of any one by those in the secret, is sure to detect the prevailing character of the individual, from the external swellings or bumps upon his skull. This is the system of those renowned discoverers Drs Gall and Spurzheim, and of their illustrators in this country ; and any one who takes the trouble to examine it by the test of experiment, will soon find that this hypothesis of human action is admirably calculated for the subsequent improvement of our species. My chief objection to it is, that it does not go far enough, and that in the thirty-three great divisions in the map of the osseous covering of the centre of nervous energy, room has not been found for thirty-three divisions more. For instance, we know that there are dull, and very stupid, and even insane people in the world ; yet there is no organ

\* *Cranioscopy* means the inspection of the cranium, and *Craniology*, a discourse on the cranium. *Phrenology* is derived from the Greek noun  $\phi\rho\eta\sigma\iota\varsigma$ , mind, or rather perhaps from  $\phi\rho\eta\sigma\iota\varsigma$ , *mentis delirium* ; the same root from which our common English word *phrensy* takes its rise, and which signifies, according to Dr Johnson, on the authority of Milton, *madness, frantickness*. The Scottish writers on this subject, with the characteristic good sense of their countrymen, prefer the appropriate term *phrenology* to the less significant terms employed by the cranial philosophers of the south, or the fathers of skull science on the Continent. *Phrenitis*, in the nosological systems of Sauvages and Cullen, I need scarcely remark, is a cognate word.

of stupidity, or bump of dulness,—no rise or depression to designate the sane from the insane,—the crack-brained theorist from the cool investigator. Now, that there must, in some skulls at least, be tremendous bumps of folly and gullibility, (*gullibilitiveness*, I believe, should be the word,) the writings of Spurzheim and his followers afford abundant and most melancholy proof.

Another very profound theory of human action and human motive, has been lately propounded by the celebrated Dr Edward Clyster; and though the system of the Doctor has been prevented from being sufficiently known by the mean jealousies and envy of professional rivalry, and the prevailing celebrity of phrenology, it certainly deserves to be made better known. The Doctor's theory is, that the prevailing mental character of the individual may be traced with equal certainty on another extremity of the human body; and that in point of practical experiment, more instances can be cited in favour of his hypothesis, than that of Drs Gall and Spurzheim. From the Doctor's repeated examination of the bottoms of nearly eight hundred boys, while usher of the Grammar School of Kittlehearty, and from facts communicated to him by the four masters of the High School of Gutterborough, he concludes with confidence, that the indications of the hemispheres of the one termination, are at least of equal importance with the indications of the other. He mentions with an air of triumph the results of the application of the birch (*taws*, *Scotticé*;) to this part, and the well known effects of the operation in stimulating the intellectual powers, as matter of everyday observation, and as affording reason to believe that the bottom is more intimately connected with the mind than preceding investigators have supposed.†

The intimate connection which subsists between the stomach and the brain,

so well known to medical men from the intolerable headachs which arise from repletion and indigestion, also well deserves the notice of some great man, capable of working up the idea into a system. The facts which have come under my own notice, have long impressed me with the belief, that there is more mind in the belly than most people are aware of. There is no saying what effect even diet may have on the production of genius; and it would be premature, in the present state of our knowledge on this point, to offer any conjectures as to the share which breakfast, dinner, and supper may have had in the elicitation of works, hitherto attributed to the head alone.

Without entering into the merits of these rival hypotheses, or of the more probable one of Lavater, that the prevailing habits of thought give a characteristic tone to the whole physiognomy, I may be permitted to state, that the production of genius is a much more philosophical subject of inquiry than the indications of it, or the want of them in a person already formed, and where the utmost that can be expected from the knowledge is, some minute regulations for checking or improving what can only be checked or improved to a very limited extent. These indications, then, of the hitherto barren theory of Drs Gall, Spurzheim, and Company, I now purpose to turn to some practical account.

It is a well-known fact, that the human cranium may be moulded, in early infancy, into any conceivable shape, from the elastic nature of the bones of which it is formed. Every medical practitioner, from Hippocrates and Celsus down to Abraham Posset the apothecary, is aware of this fact; and it is equally well ascertained, that several tribes of savages take their distinctive mark from the form of the skull. It is fashionable among one tribe, for instance, to wear their brain in a case shaped like a sugar-loaf, while others

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† Dr Spurzheim, from the circumstance of Sterne being represented in all his portraits with his head leaning on his hand, and his finger on a particular place of his forehead, concludes that the organ of *wit* must occupy that identical spot; and Dr Clyster, from the late Dr Webster, the founder of that excellent institution, the Widows' Fund of the Scottish Clergy, having his hands in his breeches-pockets when he brought forward the measure in the General Assembly, and always one hand in that position when he spoke on the subject, considers it as demonstrated, that the organ of *Benevolence* and *Philanthropy* must be confined to that neighbourhood. So nearly balanced are the two theories.

prefer to have their terminating prominence moulded in imitation of a cocoon. And I have little doubt, when the interior of the African continent is better known, that nations will be found with their craniums compressed into forms still more unaccountable.\* The mere mention of these undoubted facts, when coupled with the knowledge of the functions of the brain derived from the writings of Gall, Spurzheim, and their British disciples, must awaken, in the minds of philosophic observers, ideas of the perfectibility of the human race, and the concentration and expansion of the powers of the human mind, which may make the golden age of the old world, or the Millennium of the present, an event within the reach of ordinary life, and perfectly practicable in the next generation.

I know the envy generally attached to the promulgator of a new discovery; and I should not have dared, did a court of inquisition exist in this country, perhaps even to hint at the generalisation of facts collected by the great men who have gone before me in the road of discovery. But if the scheme I have now to propose be taken up by Parliament in their next session, I pledge myself, (the principles of Gall and Spurzheim retaining their infallibility,) gradually to lessen by its means the annual amount of crime in this country, and in the course of thirty years, the common term for a generation of human beings, to banish it entirely from Great Britain.

As it is of considerable importance, however, and as it may prevent the honour of my discovery from being appropriated by others, and save a world of literary controversy about priority of ideas, I beg to mention, that the idea came into my organ of inventiveness on the twenty-fifth of July, one thousand, eight hundred, and twenty-one, ten minutes after eleven o'clock at night, and that it entered into my very marked organ of benevolence in less than three minutes after. As all the circumstances which

lead to any very notable discovery are of service in tracing the filiation of ideas, I may further remark, that it was after a careful perusal of the Phrenological Notices regarding Haggart's head, attached to the end of that murderer's narrative, and the very satisfactory illustration of that almost prophetic art, which can, by manipulation, typify a thrice-condemned convict as a remarkable culprit, before he is actually hanged! My supper this evening consisted of a plate of strawberries, (very small ones,) and about the eighth part of an ounce, by estimation, of Scottish Parmesan, viz. ewe-milk cheese.—Thus much for the ascertainment of my discovery, which, I have little doubt, will add a few leaves more to the already flourishing laurel which already encircles the head of Sir Tobias Tickletoëus, Baronet. †

As all the organs of thought and volition are as distinctly laid down in the cranial map of Gall and Spurzheim as the position of the Isle of May, or the Bell Rock, in the charts of the coast of Scotland,—and as I have already demonstrated the practicability of compressing the cranial bones, at an early age, into any conceivable form,—nothing more is required, to give a new and definite direction to the thoughts and feelings of the next generation, than to mould the infant head to a given form, by the simple application of an unyielding metal head-dress, formed so as only to permit the development of the required organs. These metal caps might be moulded from the heads of those whose ruling passions were most strongly marked; and, continuing them of the same form, they might be made of increasing size, so as to suit every shade of growth, from puling infancy to the full grown man.

If the elevation of the skull, at a certain part, be occasioned by the development of a particular organ situated under it, (and this has been clearly demonstrated by Dr Spurzheim, and his Scottish disciples,) there can be nothing more easy in nature, or in the

\* The relation which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Othello, of "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," may turn out to be a veritable fact. Othello, it will be observed, was a native of Africa.

† My German commentators generally quote me by my Christian name Tobias; but the Dutch translators always denominate me as above. I mention this, because it has, in more than one instance, occurred that I have been confounded with "my uncle Toby," and I wish as long as possible to preserve my personal identity.

brass and iron manufactures, than to furnish metal caps, which, by repressing the growth of the injurious, and encouraging the expansion of the good affections, would inevitably make all the future generations of Britons to think and act alike for the common welfare. For instance, were the Protestant succession wished to be secured to the descendants of the present reigning family, let the royal infants be provided, from their births, with iron caps, with a large vacancy for *amativeness* and *philoprogenitiveness*, in which these organs might shoot up to the utmost luxuriance; and if the organs of benevolence and righteousness, (why not *benevolentiveness* and *righteousiveness*, Messrs Gall and Spurzheim?) were thought necessary in sovereigns, their growth might be encouraged at the expence of other organs of less public value,—as *self-loveativeness* and *covetiveness*.<sup>\*</sup> Repressing the disposition to *furtiveness* and *secretiveness* in the next generation, the cause of one class of crimes would be instantly done away. Allow not the organs of *destructiveness* and *combaticiveness* to expand their bony covering, and war and ruin will be banished from the land. When the means of subsistence become too scanty for the existing population, let the organs of *amativeness* and *philoprogenitiveness* have no room for display in the head-dresses of the young, and the next generation will live and die in hopeless virginity and unregarded celibacy. The organ of public *approbation* might make all the gentlemen in the public offices, now so handsomely paid for their trouble, think themselves fully requited for their services by a vote of thanks, were this organ to be exclusively encouraged in the children of the present incumbents. A strict attention to the organ of *righteousness*, might sweep away at once all the expensive establishments of courts, judges, and lawyers; and the due production of the organs of *veneration* and *benevolence*, might save our successors, in less than thirty years, the expence of churches, and the payment of tithes. And were other nations not to adopt the great discovery now promulgated,

and it were necessary to have a standing army kept up, one or two hundred thousand children, with steel caps which should allow only the organs of *combaticiveness* and *destructiveness* to enlarge in their infant craniums, would place the country in perfect safety from the danger of foreign invasion; while a due proportion of the organ of *determinativeness* in our peasantry and mechanics, might make our subjugation a matter of absolute impossibility.

In short, the thirty-three divisions into which the skull is arranged, and the thirty-three propensities corresponding to these divisions, may be so modified, by adopting metal cases for the covering of the heads of the young, as to produce any quantity of talent required. The Parliament have only to pass an act, ordering a sufficient number of these skull-moulds to be made, of various sizes, for the use of every parish; and to make it felony, without benefit of clergy, for the next generation to be without them, at least till the wished-for organs have sufficiently displayed themselves. Of the effects of this discovery upon the future fate of the world, nobody who possesses one bump out of the thirty-three can allow himself to doubt. The extravagance of one sovereign, might easily be made up in the penuriousness of his successor; and indeed the measure, by a little care on the part of the parish officers, might make the least wise of the next generation equal to Newton or Bacon; and the least eloquent not inferior to Cicero or Demosthenes. In fact, the world might be made, in less than a century, to advance further in intellectual and moral improvement, than it has done for the last five thousand years. Wars, and the ravages of war, might be made for ever to cease; and the multiplied and varied generations of mankind, might, without rivalry, walk their round upon the stage of life, free from the irritations of passion, and from every stain of moral turpitude which could either embitter their wanderings in time, or lessen their hopes of immortality. Then should we have professors of anatomy and butchers (to use a common me-

\* This is printed *costiveness*, by mistake I presume, in the second edition of Dr Spurzheim's book.—See Dr Hamilton's work on Purgative Medicines, for the alleviation of this troublesome complaint; and the Doctor himself for its permanent cure.



taphorical expression,) born with the knife in their teeth; lecturers on every branch of science calculated to acquire the necessary information from their cradles; or, what perhaps would be still better, the metal caps might be constructed so as to allow no faculty to expand beyond the mediocrity of hopeless dulness, or absolute stupidity; and then the money now expended in the education of the young, in cultivating faculties unmarked, perhaps unexisting, in the bony covering of the cogitative pulp, might be applied to more hopeful and necessary purposes.

## CHAPTER II.

I hae a theory lying in seat,  
Lad, gin ye lo'e me, tell me true;  
I hae a strong notion ye've mony waur faut  
Than the thing that the Carles are to try ye for now.

I hae a theory wantin' a leg,  
Lad, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;  
There's mair in the shell than inside o' the egg,  
Speak out, for I canna ilk day come to you.

*Old Song.*

*Phren.* I'll tell you what you are, my honest friend,  
(On secrecy from me you may depend,)  
You don't love women—hate the thoughts of wine?  
Now, tell me truly—Do I right divine?

*Mur.* No, Sir!—You're wrong for once. I loved the fair—  
The decent ones I mean—beyond compare:  
Seduction was my forte; and, as for wine,  
Little of that delicious drink was mine;  
But when well on with good plain Highland whisky,  
I was too sly to blab, or even seem frisky.

*Phren.* You had no wish to kill, but to escape?

*Mur.* Why, there you're right, sir; but, when in a scrape,  
One may knock down, and think of nothing ill;  
This was my case—but blows will sometimes kill.

*Dialogue between a Phrenologist and a Murderer.\**

Having, in the preceding chapter, of the minor details. The great matter laid the basis of my great discovery before the public, I now proceed to some at the first commencement of the plan would be, to provide accurate models

\* As our respectable correspondent, Sir Toby Tickletohy, has omitted to insert a motto for this chapter, perhaps from not having carried his library with him to the Moors, we have taken the liberty to prefix two,—one from a well-known old song—the other from a manuscript of "Haggart's Life, done into English verse, by an Eminent Hand," which has been sent us for publication.

To ascertain the fidelity of this paraphrase, we were at the trouble of comparing it with the original published narrative, and now subjoin the parallel passages.

*Phren.* "The present communication is entirely confidential, and will not be abused. David Haggart is therefore requested to be open, and completely candid in his remarks. P. 159.

"You would not be the slave of sexual passion, nor greatly given to drink."—P. 167.

*Hag.* "You have mistaken me in this point of sexual passion; for it was my greatest failing that I had a great inclination to the fair sex; not, however, of those called prostitutes; for I never could bear the thought of a whore, although I was the means of leading away and betraying the innocence of young women, and then leaving them to the freedom of their own will. I believe that I was master of that art more than any other that I followed.

"A little spirits were always necessary, although I could abstain from them at pleasure, according as it suited the company I was in. When in drink I was very quiet, and would think twice before I spoke once."—Pp. 167, 168.

*Phren.* "You would never be cruel or brutal; and you would never inflict serious suffering upon any individual without bitterly regretting it?"—P. 167.

of skulls, with the required organs properly displayed, for the purpose of having caps made of all sizes to suit the growth of the infant cranium. A search in the tombs of great men, whose excellence in any art or science was known and ascertained, might in this view be attended with very beneficial consequences; but as in ceneries where thousands are annually buried, the confusion of skulls and bodies is such in a few years, that one would not be able to identify even their own bones, the effects to be derived from skulls drawn from this source, could never be accurately depended on. It has therefore struck me, that a more certain way of procuring models would be to have them made from the craniums of existing talent, where talent is wanted, or from the head-pieces of patriotism and incorruptible integrity, if any such should be found to exist in the country. In my speculations on this subject, I at first thought that removing the integuments from the outside of the cranial covering, or scalping our celebrated countrymen for the purpose of making casts from the bones of their heads, would be sufficient; but as anatomists assert that skulls are not everywhere of the same thickness, there may exist bumps and depressions on which the talents depend, only to be discovered by an internal examination

of the shell after the removal of the kernel. It is not too much to expect, therefore, that the possessors of these craniums which have made a noise in the world, or which have been the cause of the celebrity of their proprietors, may leave them as a legacy to their admiring countrymen; but it would be far more patriotic, certainly, were they now to give them up to the modeller, before old age evaporates the cranial contents, or an additional deposit of osseous matter fills up some of the cavities on which eminence depends. The Duke of Wellington, for instance, the first general in Europe, and who has so often hazarded his life for the benefit of his country, would, I am certain, have no objection to have his body shortened a few inches to promote so much good, and thus be the matrix of a hundred future Wellingtons; and I feel quite confident that none of our own celebrated countrymen, and we have a good many, would hesitate for one moment to sacrifice their heads to the future and certain improvement of their native land. In place of one Stewart, and one Scott, (at present the brightest luminaries in our Scottish horizon,) we might, in a few years, have hundreds of the one, and thousands of the other; and provided we were wise enough to keep the models in our own hands, (for they have

*Hag.* "Cruel to my inferiors I never was; but I rejoiced to pull the lofty down, to make them on a fair level with their brethren in the world. Whatever I did, I never looked back to my former crimes with regret, as I never thought that was of any use."—P. 167.

"I laid one low with my pistol. Whether I have his murder to answer for, I cannot tell. But I fear my aim was too true, and the poor fellow looked dead enough."—P. 32.

"Before he had time to challenge me, I hit him a very smart blow on the head with the butt-end of my whip."—P. 109.

"Our only object was liberty—not to murder poor Thomas Morrin."—P. 167.

*Phren.* "The greatest errors have arisen from a great self-esteem, a large combative-ness, a prodigious firmness, a great secretiveness, and a defective love of approbation. No others of the faculties appear to possess an undue degree of energy or deficiency."—P. 160.

"Your nature is, in many respects, different from your actions."—P. 169.

"Your sentiment of Justice is not remarkably defective."—*Ib.*

"Your sentiment of benevolence is great," &c.—*Ib.*

We have quoted these latter passages to shew what an excellent man Haggart was, but for his unfortunate convictions, and as additional proofs of the soundness of the theory which our correspondent has so eloquently advocated. Though it has been insinuated to us in more than one quarter that the observer must have been either blind or "lunatic," when he made observations so little in accordance with the registers of the criminal courts; and though we have heard it remarked as an odd manner of characterising the profession of robbery, seduction, and murder, to term it merely "a sporting *Rue of life*,"—yet as David, according to the indications of his cranium, was "an honourable man," and his observer is known to be "an honourable man," we make no farther remark, than by repeating with Mark Antony, that "so are they all,—all honourable men."—C. N.

no such heads in any other country,) an era in Scottish literature might arrive, far more splendid than the age that boasted of Hume, Smith, and Robertson. Or, say that the worthy managers of our city corporations, and the Sheriffs of our counties, were to lay their heads together, and resolve to deny county and civic privileges to every one who should not choose to have their childrens' heads cramped into these approved models; and if the General Assembly of our National Church should add the weight of their influence to the scheme, and deny church-privileges to the nonconformists, I have little doubt that the native enterprise of our countrymen, guided by such craniums, would soon acquire the government of the world, and lay the foundation of an empire of greater extent, and of infinitely more power, than any that has yet existed.

It has been objected, I believe, to the system of Gall, Spurzheim, and Comany, that its direct tendency is to lead to the doctrine of Materialism; but I see no just grounds for the objection. If the soul is independent of the body, and if the bumps and depressions on the human cranium be the work of this invisible agent, it should rather, I think, afford evidence of its independent power, that it can make room for the display of its peculiar faculties, without consulting the mass of matter or the bones where it is supposed to have its temporary residence. But as all the demonstrations of soul are only known to us through the medium of body, it is absurd to say that we can know any thing of this divine essence, excepting in connexion with its corporeal seat. Wine is wine, whether in a hog's-head, a flask, or one of Day and Martin's blacking-bottles; and soul is soul, whether we suppose its seat to be in the belly, the head, or the feet. Was ever a philosopher heard of, who could invent theories, or illustrate facts, without the assistance of his stomach, and the apparatus con-

tained in his thoracic cavity? and does not a cannon-shot through the breast put a stop as effectual to the operations of soul, as if it had been directed to the head? All that the phrenologists say is, that particular powers of mind or soul have been proved to manifest themselves in peculiar developments of the bones of the head; and all that I say is, that by my glorious invention, (as I have no doubt it will be termed by after ages,) the growth and development of these bones may, in early life, from their yielding quality, be made to accommodate themselves to the display of any required faculty of mind.

There is a strong argument from analogy, which may be here mentioned in illustration of the doctrine now propounded. Trees, it is well known, when left to take their own mode of growing, always delight to luxuriate in the wild irregularity of unshapely and unpruned branches; though it is quite well known to the skilful gardener, that they can be made to assume the form of a fan or a cone on walls, or expand horizontally on espaliers, at the pleasure of their early instructors, and still, after all, be trees, and bear fruit better than in their wild uneducated state. Now, I will not do my fellow-creatures the injustice to suppose, that they are less susceptible of cultivation than plumb or cherry-trees, or that the bony covering of their thirty-three propensities is harder than holly or boxwood, or more untractable than the teak or "knotted oak." But further illustration is unnecessary; the very mention of the circumstance must carry conviction to the mind of the unprejudiced observer of nature.

It may be objected to the magnificent discovery now enunciated, that the soul may not choose to occupy a habitation moulded to a certain shape, and that, if forced to reside in a house she does not like, she may sit sullenly in her cell, and disappoint the hopes

- \* By the bye, why is the soul always of the feminine gender, and the mind neuter?

The Soul, secure in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn-dagger, and defies its point.  
Hark, they whisper!—Angels say,  
Sister Spirit, come away!

I hope some of those metaphysical writers, who bewilder themselves and confound others, by the indiscriminate use of the terms soul, mind, brain, thinking principle, and so forth, would answer the question. My own soul, I am convinced, is an independent masculine spirit, which shall survive long after the pulpy attributes and bony faculties of phrenological minds shall be crumbled to dust.

of those most interested in her future display. That this may happen in one case out of a thousand may be considered as possible; though it is not very likely that the occupier of a common-place rotundity would be content to lose the pleasure of thinking like Newton or Bacon, merely out of dogged moroseness, which would hurt nobody but itself. But even were this case to be more common than can be supposed, the certainty of preventing the growth of evil propensities is sufficient to counterbalance the loss which society might sustain from this cause; and, to carry on the allusion to the training of plants, the manure of education which would in many cases be applied to heads already predisposed to excellence, might raise their possessors to such heights of knowledge, that the average of the whole population might be equal to a Locke, and not inferior to a Pope or Addison.

It is impossible for one mind to conceive all the objections which may be made by the ignorant, or those who are so wedded to old notions as to consider no innovations as improvements. But it would ill become the projector of so magnificent a plan for the future, not to suggest something likewise that may ameliorate the existing race of human beings, and, at least, banish vice and crime, if it do nothing more, from our native country. If the prevailing disposition of mind can be infallibly ascertained, according to Phrenologists, by the examination of the outside of the head, might not the British Parliament do something worse than pass an act, which shall oblige all individuals of this empire, of whatever age, to submit their rotundities to the required examination; and those found with organs hurtful to the community could then be separated from the general mass, and prevented from disturbing the peace of society by their furtive or murderous propensities? Crime would thus be crushed in the bud, and the infant murderer, or the confirmed thief, might pay the forfeit of their intended crimes long before their little arms were able to wield a rush, or their eyes distinguish one species of property from another. The grown up wicked people might be put to death without mercy, for the safety of the good; or, if this were thought too cruel, they might be transported,

at the expence of the Societies for the Suppression of Vice, to our new settlements on Melville Island, where their ingenuity might have room for its display in contesting with the arctic bear and fox the right of property in each other's bodies. Were this "consummation," so "devoutly to be wished," to take place, a committee of Gall and Spurzheim's followers in London, and the same in Edinburgh, superintended by their publishing disciples, might be established, for the purpose of picking out all the disturbers of society with villainous propensities, previous to their shipment; and the British millennium might instantly commence, by the shutting up for ever of those receptacles of vice and misery, the Newgates, and Bridewells, and prison-houses of every denomination.

As in every great revulsion of public opinion, or change of public sentiment, certain classes are sure to suffer, the opposition to the measure from those interested in the existence of crime, or who derive their chief support from the commission of vice, might be overcome by granting them annuities equal to the amount of their annual profits. Or, if this should be thought to fall too heavy on the national income, the measure might be partially delayed till the present race of office-holders wore out. Leaving a few culprits in every county for a certain limited period, the criminal courts and the officers of police, the keepers of jails, and the public executioner, would have no more reason to complain of the stagnation of trade, than other honest dealers in mercantile commodities for a long time past; and those respectable and useful matrons, who keep markets of beauty for the unwived part of the population, might be restricted in their calling to the disposal of their present stock. From the usual termination of crime, the frail nature of beauty, and the accidents to which it is exposed, I do not see that, from these causes, the millennium need be delayed beyond a very few years.

In those cases where the bumps on the skull do not form an infallible criterion, (for it must be allowed that this mode of judging of propensities sometimes fails) the assistance of those acute observers of human nature, the Bond Street and Police officers, ought to be called in, before deciding finally upon a moral delinquency; and, as a

last resource, a jury of Spurzheimists would settle the matter in a way not to be called in question. Though the examination of the skulls of great men has, in a few cases, thrown discredit on the theory, by even the most acute phrenologists sometimes finding the cranium of a thief to belong to the most beneficent person, and a murderer's bump on a head overflowing with the "milk of human kindness," yet these are but exceptions to the general rule,—mere tricks of nature to perplex philosophers. It is a very ill-constructed theory, indeed, that cannot explain things much more perplexing, and fortunately here the explanation is not difficult. In craniums of this sort, the organs undisplayed possess sufficient controul over the externally prominent ones to counteract their mischievous tendency; and although the head of Shakespeare, examined by the doctrines of the craniologists, palpably wants all the organs which should have contributed to form a mind capable of "exhausting worlds and imagining new ones;"—although Milton, by the same theory, looks very like as if he could steal a horse; Dryden might be mistaken for the keeper of a country ale-house; and Swift, Pope, and Gay, as three fellows whom it would be unsafe to meet upon an un-frequented road;—although Sir Isaac Newton and Dr Adam Smith, according to Spurzheim and Co., may be set down as tailors in no great estimation; Joseph Addison as an irreclaimable rake; David Hume and Edward Gibbon as portly coachmen, with heads as smooth as the hind-quarters of

their horses;—yet all these, I insist, are but exceptions to the general rule, and are by no means to be considered as of any consequence in the estimation of the phrenetic or phrenological hypothesis.

To conclude, (for I do not wish to exhaust the subject,) it may be mentioned, as an additional argument for the introduction of metal caps, or mind-regulators, that the heads, where no superior purpose was required, might be formed so as better to suit the various occupations of men than those in common use. Might not the person intended as a teacher of mathematics, for example, have his seat of thought moulded into the shape of a triangle, a cone, a cylinder, or any other form which might be of use to him in his demonstrations of Euclid, and thus save the trouble of tracing illustrative diagrams? those intended to carry weights on this part of their bodies might have the upper surface of the cranium formed into a horizontal plane; while soldiers, intended for parade, might have it elongated to a cone or cylinder, which would add some inches to their stature. But these details I willingly leave to the committee of Parliament, who will have to arrange the provisions of the bill; only suggesting, as it is my own discovery, that the act should be intitled, both in the warrant for the money which I am sure to receive from Parliament, and in the Journals of the House, "An Act for hastening the British Millenium, and for the revival of the Golden Age."

### CHAPTER III.

#### *Improvement of Intellect from Cross-breeds of Genius.*

Hey for a lass and a bottle to cheer,  
And a thumping bantling every year.

*English Song.*

DR SPURZHEIM, in his late duodecimo on Education,\* has a chapter on the "Laws of Propagation," in which he proposes to improve the human race by judicious cross-breeding. The reasonings contained in that chapter

are certainly worthy the attention of those persons of both sexes who may now be disposed to enter into the matrimonial state; and, were not the subject repulsive for its indelicacy, I should have been glad to have supported my

\* A View of the Elementary Principles of Education, founded on the Study of the Nature of Man. By J. G. Spurzheim, M.D. Edin. 1821.

own preconceived opinion by numerous quotations from an observer of such talents. But as I have an antipathy to scientific bawdry and learned obscenity, whether coming from the pen of Dr Aristotle or of Dr Spurzheim, I only quote the result of the interesting inquiry. "It is indeed a pity," says the Doctor, "that the laws of propagation are not more attended to. I am convinced that, by attention to them, not only the condition of single families, but of whole nations, might be improved beyond imagination, in figure, stature, complexion, health, talents, and moral feelings. I consider with Aristotle,"—Vide Aristotle's Master-piece,—"that the natural and innate differences of man are the basis of all political economy. He who can convince the world of the importance of the laws of propagation, and induce mankind to conduct themselves accordingly, will do more good to them, and contribute more to their improvement, than all institutions, and all systems of education!"

As any improvement of intellect from this source, however, is of little consideration, after the magnificent theory illustrated in the foregoing chapters, I should not now have noticed the subject at all, were it not to establish my own claim to priority of discovery, even on this point. From a paper of mine read before the Philosophical Society of Assbury, upwards of two years ago, and which was honoured by the marked approbation of all the members present at its reading, I extract the following passages:—

"It will not be denied, that great improvements have been made, during the last fifty years, in the breeds of cattle, by the judicious intermixture of the various qualities of animals, which are the objects of the breeders of horse or black cattle, or the rearers of sheep and the producers of wool. It is also well known, that Mr Knight, whose philosophic experiments on plants have been productive of so much advantage to horticulture, has succeeded in raising new and improved varieties of fruit from the junction of allied species. And it is at least a probable conjecture, that the same attention to the marriages of the human race, where genius or valour, or any species of excellence may be required, would scarcely fail to have similar results.

"For example, who could doubt

that the junction of a male Milton and a female Addison, a he Dryden and a she Swift, a feminine Pope, and a masculine Otway, would have produced, by the commixture of talents, a cross-breed of genius to which there would have been no parallel? and Bacon's sagacity, and Newton's scientific powers, might, by a proper arrangement of marriages betwixt the members of the families, long ere this time have resolved all the desiderata in philosophy, and unfolded all the arcana of nature.

"It is perhaps of no use to regret that the philosophical views which guide our graziers in the improvement of the breeds of cattle, and our experienced jockies in the management of their horses, were not perceived and acted upon ere this time,—and the eighteenth century in Britain had, compared to the rest of the world, enough to distinguish it, without having added to its laurels the discovery which I have now the honour of detailing. If it had been earlier made, the person who now addresses you would not have had the merit of it, and this Honourable Society would not have had the envied distinction of recording in their Transactions, and publishing to the world, a secret for its future improvement, even more valuable than the finding out of the philosopher's stone.

"To put the theory to the test of experiment, I now beg to propose the appointment of a committee, to confer with committees of the other scientific and literary associations throughout the kingdom, for the purpose of arranging the details, and securing to posterity the combination of the talents we at present possess, by promoting connexions which, however they may interfere with the partial and short-sighted arrangement of parents, will infallibly raise the next age to a pre-cedency of talent over all former ages of the world."

I have nothing further to add on the subject. But if a sound and healthy progeny is an object of concern to any respectable and beautiful young lady who may wish a cross with our family, I trust I shall not be so unpolite as to reject the advances of youth and beauty. My address is, Sir Toby Tickletoy, of Tickletoy Hall, by Longtown.

## TATON MOYΣON 'EΙΣΟΔΙΑ.

## THE MUSES WELCOME

## TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTIE PRINCE JAMES, &amp;c.

THESE are two things which, we hope, will ever be found to go hand and hand to the end of time; we mean learning and loyalty; and that discontent and dissatisfaction will ever be confined to the utterly ignorant, and to that more mischievous class, which may be denominated the half-informed; in which arrogance and pretension are more assiduous in making converts to crude speculations, than conscious of deficiency in making progress in true philosophy and sound sense. It is a considerable time now, since Pope told the world, that "a little learning was a dangerous thing," and assuredly the Spenceans and Radicals cannot be brought forward as an illustration of the falsity of his maxim.

Were a comparison to be drawn between our ancestors of a century or two back, and the present times, we do not think, that, in many respects, we should have great cause to exult in the parallel. We should in all likelihood surpass them in the show, but yield to them in the substantial practice of good. We should exhibit more of finicalness, pretension, politeness, and all those arts and graces, which cost little in the exercise; but it is much to be feared, that, balanced against them in benevolence, hospitality, warm-heartedness, disinterestedness, generosity; or in any of those virtues, the practice of which requires a sacrifice of selfish feelings; or in profundity of knowledge; or in whatever demands severe exertion of the mental faculties, we have as much reason to dread our being found wanting, as Belshazzar, when he beheld

The armless hand that wrote

His sentence on the palace wall.

Extremes meet. There are one set of people who are ever ready to exclaim, that the present age is by far the best and wisest of any that the world has exhibited; and that the past is to them but a scene of twilight indistinctness and confusion; while there is another set, who despising every thing recent, merely because it is so, and willing to adhere rather to old prejudices than to newly discovered truths, will be contented with nothing but what wears

the stamp of ancient usage, and venerable old age. In most things, truth, after all, generally lies in the middle; and the surest way of arriving at it is, by setting aside all prejudices, and forming our estimate from the consideration of facts alone. There is nothing, for instance, more loudly vaunted of than the present flourishing state of learning in Scotland—which is indeed supposed to form one of our most characteristic excellencies among the nations of the earth—and that liberal diffusion of ideas, originating in the cheapness of education, which has formed us into a large body corporate of authors and readers; yet we venture to stake our credit, that no such volume as the one before us, "The Muses Welcome to K. James," could, by any exertion of cotemporary talent, be possibly called forth on any similar occasion. As to our sister Erin throwing it into shade, by any thing which she may produce on the present occasion of his Majesty's visit there, we profess an equally sceptical opinion.

So inveterate were the prejudices, now fast dispelling, which our southern neighbours, at least the most uninformed part of them, conceived against this portion of the island, that our forefathers were accounted a set of savages prowling about the mountains, and utterly ignorant of the arts which adorn civilized life. A journey to Scotland was considered as a thing far more hazardous than what we look on a voyage to China to be now-a-days; and the traveller, before leaving his disconsolate friends, generally made his will, and settled his affairs, as the chances were considerably against his safe return to the bosom of his family. We speak of things not half a century old; and which will be found to be not wholly extinct at the present day, as witness the fears expressed so pathetically in the commercial travels of our friend the Bagman, as may be found extracted in an early Number of our work: but we trust we have there made sufficient apology for him, in its being the first time he had ever lost hold of his mother's apron-strings.

A more complete refutation of the scandals thrown out against old Scotland, and a more triumphant display of her general scholarship and sound information, at a time when a great part of Europe was in a state of semi-barbarism, can be found nowhere more satisfactorily, than in the collection from which we now propose to make some extracts. And we do think we shall be deemed to have rendered a service to our country, by putting our literary men on their mettle, against the expected visit of his Majesty next year.

James the Sixth, after having resided, and held his court in London for fourteen years, found it expedient, for the better settling of the civil and ecclesiastical differences of his Scottish subjects, to visit his ancient dominions in person. In his journey northward, the heads of the civil authorities, and the seminaries of learning, in testimony of their loyalty and joy, delivered orations, held disputations before him, and greeted him with poems in the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English tongues, which were collected in a handsome folio, printed in 1618, (the year following,) and edited by John Adamson.

In passing from Berwick to Dun-glass, the King was first addressed by A. Hume, in a most elaborate piece of oratory, which sets out with saying, that Priam of Troy had fifty sons; and that between father and children there subsisted many reciprocal duties. This postulate we immediately grant to Mr A. Hume; but let us see what use he makes of the fact. James the Sixth is likened to Priam, and the Scottish people to his offspring; but, as Priam had a Paris, as well as a Hector, the similitude will not hold good here, in Mr A. Hume's opinion, as his countrymen were all Hectors. He then proceeds to give a sketch of the history of Scotland from the days of the Picts, the landing of Fergus, the invasions of the Britons, Danes, Normans, and Romans, down to the day and the hour in which the King stands before him. Nothing surely can be more loyal or rhetorical than the following passage.

“ Nos hæcenus per duo ferè millia annorum soli fuimus majorum tuorum; illi; nos respiciebant solos. Si labores et sudores; si frigus et famem; si incommoda, et pericula, quæ illi pro nobis, nos pro il-

lis hancimus, enumerare velim; dies me, quid diem dico? imò annus, imò et ætas deficit priùsquàm oratio.”

The speech being concluded, a great number of “poesies,” in the Latin tongue, were recited, some of them considerably above mediocrity, and one or two of them very chaste and classical.

On the 15th of May, “the King's majestie came to Sea-towne,” where he was presented with a Latin poem, half as long as the Pilgrims of the Sun, composed by Joannes Gellius a Gellistown, Philosoph. et Med. Doc. who seems to have been fond of congratulatory addresses, as, previous to this, he was also author of an Epithalamium in Nuptias Frederici V. et Elizabethæ, printed at Heidelberg in 1613.—But let us turn from him to a name with which we are more familiar, and not more so than we ought to be; for, whatever Mr Gifford may say to the contrary, we uphold Drummond to be, if not a great historian, at least a poet of exquisite sensibility. When stupidity is trampled on, it remains in the mire; but genius re-assumes its native superiority. Such has been the fate of Drummond's writings, and they illustrate the motto which he has prefixed to the poem of “Forth Feasting,” in this collection; “A Virtute orta occidunt rarius.” The poem was presented by Drummond in person; but whether recited or not, we are not informed. We extract the following as a specimen:

“ Let others boast of blood and spoyles of foes,

Fierce rapines, murders, Iliads of woes,  
Of hated pompe, and trophies reared faire,  
Gore-spangled ensignes streaming in the aire,

Count how they make the Scythian them adore,

The Gaditan the souldiour of Aurore,  
Vnhappie vauetric! to enlarge their bounds,  
Which charge themselves with cares, their friends with wounds,

Which haue no law to their ambitious will,  
But (man-plagues) borne are human blood to spill:

Thou a true victor art, sent from above  
What others straine by force to gaine by love,

World-wandering fame this prayse to thee imparts,

To be the onlie monarch of all hearts.  
They many feare who are of many fear'd,  
And kingdomes got by wrongs by wrongs  
are tear'd,



Such thronessblood doth raise blood throw-  
eth down ae,

No guard so sure as loue vnto a crowne."  
Notwithstanding its animation and poetical merit, the following is in a strain of hyperbole, which, at the present day, would hardly be tolerated.

"The wanton wood-nymphs of the verdant spring,

Blew, golden, purple flowres, shall to thee bring,

Pomona's fruits the panisakes, Thetis gyrls,  
Thy Thulys amber, with the ocean pearles,  
The Tritons, herds-men of the glassic field,  
Shall give thee what farre-distant shores  
can yeeld,

The Scerean fleeces, Erythrean gemmes,  
Vaste Platas silver, gold of Peru streames,  
Antarticke parrots, Æthiopian plumes,  
Sabean odours, myrrhe, and sweet perfumes:  
And I myselve, wrapt in a watchet gowne,  
Of reedes and lillies on mine head a crowne,  
Shall incense to thee burne, greene altars  
raise,

And yearly sing due peans to thy praise."

The same poem may be found in the folio edition of the Collected Works of Drummond, published at Edinburgh in 1711, p. 35.

On the King's entering Edinburgh by the West Port, on 16th May, the city deputed "Mr Johne Hay, their clerk deputie," to make an oration in their name, and on their behalf. Master Johne proved himself no mere man of straw, and one whose diffidence would not overcome him on the day of trial, as may be guessed at from the following passage in his speech—

"This is that happie day of our new-birth, ever to be retained in fresh memorie, with consideration of the goodness of th' Almighty God, considered with acknowledgement of the same, acknowledged with admiration, admired with love, and loved with joy; wherein our eyes beheld the greatest humane felicitie our harts could wish, which is to feide vpon the royall countenance of our true Phoenix, the bright starrs of our northerne firmament, the ornament of our age, wherein wee are refreshed, yea revived with the heat and bright beames of our sun, (the powerful adamant of our wealth) by whose removing from our hemisphere, we were darkned, deepe sorrow and feare possessing our hearts, (without envying of your M. happiness and felicitie,) our places of solace ever giving a dewe heat to the fever of the languishing remembrance of our happiness: The vertie hills and groves, accustomed of before to be refreshed with the dewe of your M. presence, not putting on their wounded apparell; but with pale looks representing their miserie for the departure of their Royal King."

He must have presumed on the King possessing a voracious swallow, when he afterwards declared his conviction that he was "in heart as upright as David, wise as Solomon, and godlie as Josias." The Sovereign was here also deluged with Latin and Greek poems, by Thomas Hopeus, Henricus Charteris, Patricius Nisbetus, Jacobus Sandilandius, Patricius Sandæus, Thomas Synserfius, David Primrosius, Thomas Nicolsonus, Alexander Peirsonus, Nicolaus Udward, Andreas Fuorius, Jacobus Reid, Johannes Rayus, Jacobus Fairlie, and fifty others, all learned men in their day; but (alas! how are the mighty fallen,) all now forgotten and unknown! The university presented a pithy Latin oration—at the palace of Falkland, a long Latin poem was recited—and compositions, in Latin and English, were produced at Kinnaird, particularly by Joannes Leochæus, and Alexander Craig of Rose-craig. The town-clerk of Dondie also made a notable speech, and two Latin poems were, at same time, there presented.

At "the Palace of Dalkeith," the "Philomela Dalkeithensis" welcomed him in eight Latin poems; and when "his Majestic's happie nativite was celebrate on the xix of Junii, in the Castle of Edinburgh," a speech was delivered to him in Hebrew by Andrew Kerr, a boy of nine years of age. We had always imagined Mr Odoherly as having been the most wonderful instance of precocity that ever lived, but we doubt that he has here found a tough rival. As the Ensign is Scottish by the mother's side, we doubt not that, with proper care, he may trace back Andrew to have been a lineal ancestor of his own, more especially as talents are often hereditary in families.

At Stirling, the King was welcomed in an elaborate speech by "Master Robert Murray, commissar there," who, towards the conclusion of his address, has the following words—

"This towne, though shee may iustlie waunt of her naturall besutie and impregnable situation, the one occasioned by the laberynths of the delightsome Forth, with the deliciousnes of her valayes, and the heards of deare in her park; the other by the staltie rock on which shee is raised; though shee may esteeme herself famous by worthy founders, reedifiers, and the enlargers of her manie priviledges; Agricola, who in the dayes of Galdus fortified her,

Kenneth the Secund, who heere encamped and raised the Picts, Malcolme the Secund, Alexander the First, William the Lyon; yet doeth shee esteeme this her onlie glorie and worthiest praise, that shee was the place of your M. education, that these sacred brows, which now beare the weightie diademes of three invincible nations, were empalled with their first heere: And that this day the only man of kings, and the worthiest king of men, on whom the eye of heaven glaunceth, deignes (a just reward of all these cares and toyles which followed your cradle) to visit her. Now her burgeses, as they have ever bein to your M. ancestors obedient and loyall, they here protest and depose to offer up their fortunes, and sacrifice their lives in maintenance and defence of your sacred person and royall dignitie, and that they shall ever continue thus to your worthie progenie; but long long may you live. And let us still importune the Almightye

"That your happy dayes may not be done,  
Till the great coming of his Sonne,  
And that your wealth, your joyes, and peace,  
May as your raigne and yeares increase.  
*Amen.*"

This was surely enough for one day, but the good people of Stirling thought otherwise; and some thousands of hexameter verses were thrust into the King's hand.

Perth, otherways called Saint-Johnes-towne, was determined not to be beat, and they deputed "John Stewart, marchant burgesse" of the said burgh, to give his Majesty a specimen of their loyalty, and their oratory. After enumerating all the benefits bestowed by royal favour on Perth, he concludes in the following delectable strain—

"Wee, your maiesties ever-loyall subjects, the citizens of Perth, as heretofore wee have bein alwayes readie to serve your highnes to the last gasp, being earnest with God for your owne long, and your seed's everlasting reigne over us in peace; so now praying Almightye God, that your majestie may shyne in the firmament of these kingdomes like Josua's sunne in Gibeon, there to dowble the naturall dyet of man's abode vpon earth, with the citizens of Jerusalem, who gaue a shoute to the heaven for joy of King David his returne home unto the citie after his long absence, wee bid your Majestie most hardlie welcome home againe to your ancient kingdome and cradle, Scotland, and to this the hart thereof, your Maiesties Peniel Perth."

Then follows the Perth poetry. Amaryllis expostulates and exults with his Majesty, in two eclogues of the longest. The very bridge gets a tongue for the occasion, in the person of Henri-

cus Andersonus, and wheedles the King for a subsidy with most courtier-like dexterity. We cannot resist a part of the complaint—

"Maxime Rex, nostri solatia maxima luctus,

O toties casus commiserate meos.

Maximus ille ego sum Pons, et medò maximus annis

Se pronom in gremio volvit, agitque meo.

Ipse per undenos jacui minùs vtilis annos:

Nunc lacer in mediis semirefectus aquis.

Solus eras, animo qui me miseratus amico,  
Contuleras census Regia dona tui."

Nor the remedy appositely alluded to by the honest bridge, in the concluding lines—

"Me tibi, me patriæ, simul et mihi redde, meisque;

Vt merear titulus justa trophæa meis.

*Subidiù expectantissimus*

*Pons Perthanus.*"

The indefatigable Johannes Stewartus, not content with the dazzling display of his oratory, pours out a long poetical dialogue between Scotia and Genius; and, after Alexander and Henricus Adamides, and Adamus Andersonus have sung till they are tired, the Muse Perthnenses are winded up by *Ευκαριστικόν*, auctore Georgio Stirkeo, who, to give him his due, fairly puts to shame all ideas of relationship, either with stirks or stots, which his name might suggest.

As might have been expected, "The City of Saint Androes" was not deficient in the demonstrations of their loyalty and learning. Maister Harie Danskin, schoolmaister thereof "held forth in a Latin oration, whose prolixity must have wholly excused his Majesty, if he took a nap towards the middle of it, and whose pedantic and fulsome panegyric would have made any countenance, short of one framed of solid brass, to blush scarlet. We can almost conceive with what ineffable delight, and self-gratulation, the pedagogue signed himself "Henricus Danskenius, Civitatis Andreannæ orator, et Juventutis ibidem, moderator." This exhibition of oratory was surely enough for one day, but the wisdom of the University thought otherwise; and, as his Majesty was hastening from his seat of suffering to the great church, (whether seeking sanctuary or not, we are uninformed,) he was met at the very porch, with another torrent of Latin eloquence, by Dr Bruce, rector of the University, who,

on concluding, presented as many Latin and Greek verses, good, bad, and indifferent, as would suffice to fill a decent twelve shillings octavo. Even this was not enough; they could not think of the King's departure, while a single vestige of doubt could possibly remain in his mind, as to their wonderful acquirements. They accordingly held "Theses Theologicæ de Potestate Principis," with great parade of logic and learning; and, (not to let the King escape without a compliment,) we are informed, that when any difficulty, worthy of regal solution occurred, that is to say, when the Principal and Professors were fairly baffled, his Majesty interfered, and so successfully, "ut omnes (qui et plurimi et dictissimi interfuerant) auditores in summam rapuerit admirationem."

Philosophical problems, on a subsequent day, were also propounded, no doubt, to the great illumination of his Majesty, who departed for Stirling, where he was met by the whole posse of Professors from Edinburgh, Adamson, Fairlie, Sands, Young, Reid, King, &c. who spouted their philosophical theses by the hour. The King, when at supper the same night, is said to have produced the following jeu d'esprit in compliment to them, which is fully as good as any dusty metaphysics he got from them, and certainly far more ingenious:—

"As Adam was the first of men, whence all beginning tak,  
So Adamson was president, and first man in this Act.  
The Theses Fairlie did defend, which though they lies contain,  
Yet were fair lies, and he the same right fairlie did maintain.  
The feild first entred Master Sands, and there he made me see,  
That not all Sands are barren Sands, but that some fertile be.  
Then Master Young most subtilie the Theses did impugne,  
And kythed old in Aristotle, although his name be Young.  
To him succeeded Master Reid, who, though reid be his name,  
Reids neither for his disput blush, nor of his speech think shame.  
Last entred Master King the lists, and disputes like a King,  
How Reason, reigning as a Queens, should anger vnder-bring.  
To their deserved praise have I thus playd upon their names,  
And wis their collidge hence be calld, the Colledge of KING JAMES."

His Majesty having arrived at the city, which was then called Glasgow, and now the West Country, Mr William Hay of Barro, delivered a most luminous oration, which, however, the sight of such a splendid cavalcade very nearly made him fall through, as he fairly confesses.—

"Seing euerie thing heere about mee magnificent, high, and glorious, I am become like one tutchted with a Torpedo, or seen of a Woulfe; and my words, as affrayed, ar loath to come out of my mouth; but it shall be no dishonour to mee to succombe in that for the which few or none can be sufficientlie able."

But he afterwards cheers up, and proceeds in the following strain, which we boldly stake against the finest things ever uttered by Counsellor Phillips:—

"O, day! worthis to bee marked with the most orient and brightest pearls of Inde, or with them which that enamoured Queen of Nile did macerat to her valorous as vnfortunat lover! O, day, more glorious (because without blood) then that in which, at the command of that imperious captain, the sune stayed his course, and forgot the other hemisphere! Thou hast brought vs againe our prince, by three diadems more glorious than hee was in that last day, when with bleeding harts and weeping eyes wee left him. Those who never looked on our horizon but as fatal comets, nor ever did visit vs but heaue with armes, and thirstie of blood—Thou, O day! as benigne planets, friends, and compatriots, bringest vnto vs."

When he concludes, forward steps Master Robertus Bodius, in the name of the University, and delivers a glorious Latin speech, copiously interspersed with Greek quotations, and concluding with the words, "Amen. Amen. Vivat Rex Jacobus in æternum."

The Glasgow scholars were not deficient in their turn, but thundered forth Latin poems, signed Robertus Blarus, and Greek congratulations, ending with David Dicksonus.

Paisley would appear to have been a city, noted for its extensive literature even at this remote era of our history; and, what is still more remarkable, their knowledge appears to have come to them by intuition; a great proof of which is exhibited in the volume before us, wherein is a clever oration, delivered in the Earl of Abercorn's great hall, "by a prettie boy, Williame Semple," which commences with the following noble similie:—

"A graver orator, Sir, would better become so great an action, as to welcome our great and most gracious sovereign; and a bashful silence were a boy's best eloquence. But seeing we read, that in the salutations of that Romanæ Cæsar, a silly pye, amongst the rest, cried, *Ave Cæsar*, to: Pardon mee, Sir, your M. owns old parrot, to put furth a few words, as witness of the fervent affections of your most faithfull subjects in these parts, who all by my tongue, as birds of one cage, crye with mee, *Ave Cæsar, Welcome most gracious King.*"

When Master Williame had made an end of speaking, another good thousand hexameters were produced in the shape of a Carmen Panegyricum.

At Hamilton, Sir William Mure, younger of Rowallan, presented a copy of English verses, which, in despite of their quaintness and classical affectation, (which, it would appear, were characteristic of the times,) possess no mean degree of poetical merit. We quote the following stanzas as a specimen:—

"Great JAMES, whose hand a three-fold scepter swaves,

By heavens exalted to so high a place,  
Both crown'd with gold and never-fading bayes,

Who keeps three kingdoms in so still a peace;

Whose love, cair, wisdom, grace, and high deserts,

Have maid thee monarch of thy subjects' hearts.

"Though thou by armes great empires may'st surprise,

Mak Europe thrall, and over Asia reigne,  
Yet at thy feet, despyed, Bellona lyes:  
No crownes thou craves which bloody conquests stain.

While others aim at greatness bought with blood,

Not to bee great thou stryves, bot to bee good.

"Whome snakie hatred, soul-conceiv'd disdain,

Hart-rooted rancor, envy borne in bell,  
Did long in long antipathic detaine,  
To either's ruine, as they both can tell,  
Uniting them, thou hast enlarged thy throne,  
And maid devyded Albion all bee one."

At Sanquhar, and Drumlanrig, his Majesty was also greeted in Latin poems; and, returning by Dumfries to his English dominions, Mr James Halyday, in the name of the town, scattered the flowers of rhetoric on the King's head, with a most lavish hand.

To the "Muses Welcome to King James, on his return to Scotland," are appended the "Planctus, et Vota Musarum in Augustissimi Monarchæ Jacobo Britannicæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ Regis, &c. Recessu à Scotia in Angliam, Augusti 4, Anno 1617, Ὡς εὐχόμενος ἐπέψαλον ἐν λαμπρῇ τυχῆναι Ἐδιουρῆ, Excudebat Andreas Hart, Anno 1618." It is a collection of Latin poems, equally honourable to the loyal feelings, and to the erudition of our ancestors, but of which our limits preclude us from exhibiting any specimen.

But we must make an end. What we have said and quoted is sufficient to convince our cotemporaries, both here and in Dublin, that it may be as difficult to imitate the expressions of the loyalty of King James's time, as it was at the Coronation of George IV., to find patterns for the dresses of that age.

When his Majesty visits Scotland, we shall be quite content if the memorials which will probably be compiled of [the event, convey to posterity specimens, as honourable, of the genius, the taste, and learning, not only of the universities, but of the merchants, and other civil citizens, as the curious and amusing volume to which we have referred.

#### REMARKS ON BISHOP CORBET'S POEMS.

We are really the only samples of wit extant, since poor Sheridan departed, —and Canning's Hypocrene's grown somewhat drowthy; but mighty as our powers may be, we cannot profess to keep the world laughing for ever without some assistance. Our teeth have lost their original whiteness from being too much exposed from over-grinning; though some will have this to be the due consequences of sex-

agenary decay. 'Tis a foul aspersion: We have grown old

"In jokes, not years,  
Piercing the depths of fun."

If we be wrinkled, 'tis not from age, but risibility. There are two deep trenches (almost) cut in our visage "from mouth to either ear," all through one simple gentleman—the King of the Cockneys; and the other inhabitants

of that sneaky land have all left their marks in our features. We can stand it no longer, for they grow more ridiculous, and we more witty every day. Therefore, we intend, for the future, laughing by proxy; and if the gentle reader know of a wide-mouthed, shrewd, idle fellow of an acquaintance, let him be shipped instantaneously in the City of Edinburgh Steam-Boat, under cover, to Christopher North, Esq. He shall be grinner-general of Auld Reekie, and fogleman of the whole world. For when Christopher or his deputy laughs, who shall be grave?

But seriously, the world is growing very dull. There is not a joke stirring. Even the two giant wits of the sister isle, Norbury and O'Doherty, have become chap-founded. The Ensign has lost all his powers, since he forswore whisky, and grew good. And his brother-wit has been taken with what the sages of Stephen's Green denominate the *teasy weasy*. The Irish bar has so much changed for the worse, that Charles Philipps himself has betaken his youth and eloquence to Westminster, and English jurors have been lately so bepreached out of bullism by him, as to give upwards of sixpence damages for a broken head. To be sure, the Templars plead very justly in defence of their dullness, that they laugh too much over Blackwood, and have not leisure for original wit. They may mean this as a compliment, but we don't take it as such. We reckon upon such ascendancy as a matter of course, and entreat our worthy young friends, in return, not to be cast down by the excellence of what they can never come in competition with; and warn them, what a reproach it is to be grave with such ridiculous personages cocked up before 'em, as Lawyer Scarlett, and Attorney Brougham.

Physic is no better than law, and has grown as stupid as an inauguration essay. From the top to the bottom of the profession—from Sir Henry Hallford, down to Gale Jones and Dr Drumgoole, it is stale, flat, unprofitable—No; not always unprofitable. But for the church to acquiesce in the general torpor—the profession of Sterne and Swift—it is a bad sign; “there's something rotten in the state of Denmark.”

You know us, my worthy public, for a fellow of open arms. We love you all, as in duty bound, by the laws of reciprocal affection; and therefore beg of

you, when we do give you, or any set of you, a box on the ear, to think nothing of it. Suppose us over our third bottle at Oman's, acting the editor over his mahogany, arguing for the bare life, (the more the nonsense, the greater the spunk, as the Adjutant says,) and putting forth our gouty foot foremost to shew our magnanimity.

We are at this moment deeply engaged in a dispute, (we have in full perfection that female faculty of writing and speaking at the same time) about the superior intellectuality of the profession. Our opponent waxes angry, (a general trick of our opponents) and has flung at our head Burke's picture of Grenville, and his eulogium on bar-education. “Bar that!” exclaim we. This was too much;—the super-excellent pun upset him, like a Congreve rocket; and so pleased are we with the victory, and the instrument of it, that we intend shipping a cargo of our worst and most spareable puns on board the next whaler, that we may vie with Sir William, and “leap mast high” at contributing to the slaughter of the monsters of the deep.

But independent of this *rage*, we had the best of the argument. We maintained, that with respect to the subject matter of study, the professions could not be compared. As to heresies, what so contemptible as Whiggism? With many more sage proofs and vinous reasoning, till we came to issue upon wit and humour, and the tendency of the different modes of life to produce it. The advocate for the pre-eminence of medical wit overpowered us at first with a large catalogue of names we had never heard of—wicked wags of decayed magazines and provincial towns,

“Now breaking a jest, and now setting a bone.”

He was marvellously obstreperous—he heard him out—and turned him out; then fell to ourselves, tooth and nail—surplice against long robe. We came at last to something like a compromise, allowing supereminence to the law in stray jests and Joe Millerisms, while, in supporting a continuous and original vein of humour, we maintained the superiour *vis comica* of divinity, and clinched our proof by an overwhelming lot of names, for any of which we were not much indebted to the present age. Our divines, however learned, sage, and exemplary they may be, are

eadily deficient in fun, and have no longer the humour they used to have. This change may be for the better, we hope so, considering it was ourselves who had the chief hand in producing it. We have out-witted the whole world, and there is no use in attempting humour, if it be not equal to Blackwood, which is "a moral impossible." Therefore we are not surprised at the clerics having degenerated in this quality from their predecessors, and we fear there is no hope of seeing a humorous account of the coronation feast issue from the bench of Bishops. It was otherwise of old, as thou shalt know, my public, when you come to it.

We trust, that we have thus far satisfactorily illustrated the genius and writings of Bishop Corbet,—proved

the anachronisms of his biographers, the negligence of his editors, and the malice of his enemies; and thrown that light upon his real character, of which he has been so long and so unjustly deprived. Mr Octavius Gilchrist, who last edited this reverend poet—but we must not weigh down our buoyant publication with squabbles about editors and editions. To make a long story short, Dr Corbet, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, was present in Windsor, not at a coronation feast, but something very like it, seemingly an installation of the Garter, about two hundred years ago, and has left a humorous account of it in a poetic epistle to the Lord Mordsunt. Our readers may judge for themselves, what little alteration two centuries have made in royal feasts and beef-eaters.

" To this good sport rode I, as being allow'd  
To see the King, and cry him in the crowd,  
And at all solemn meetings have the grace  
To thrust, and to be trode on by my place."

The Bishop proceeds: he must have made a slight mistake of Windsor for Westminster, and of the 17th for the 19th century.

" Imagine now the scene lies in the Hall,  
(For at high noon we are recusants all,)  
The church is empty as the bellies were  
Of the spectators that had languish'd there;  
And now the favourites of the Clerk o' the Check,  
Who oft had grean'd, and stretch'd out many a neck,  
'Twixt morn and evening, the dull feeders on  
Patience and the Raysins of the Sun;  
They who lived in the Hall five hours at least,  
As if 'twere an arraignment, not a feast;  
And look so like the hangings they stand near,  
None could discern which the true pictures were;  
These now shall be refreshed; whiles the bold drum  
Strikes up his frolic, through the Hall they come," &c.

" So to the Hall made I, with little care  
To praise the dishes, or to taste the fare;  
Much less t'endanger the least tart or pye  
By any waiter there stolen and set by;  
But to compute the value of the meat,  
Which was for glory, not for hunger eat;  
Nor did I fear *Stand back!* who pass'd before  
The Presence, or the Privy-chamber door;  
But woe is me, the guard, (those men of war,  
But two weapons do use, beef and the bar.)  
Began to gripe me, knowing not in truth  
That I had sung *Joha Dory* in my youth,  
Or that I knew the day that I could chaunt  
*Chivis*, and *Arthur*, or the *Siege of Gaunt*;  
And though these be the virtues which must try  
Who is most worthy of their courtesy,  
They profit'd me nothing, or no notes  
*Will move them, now they're deaf in their new coats:*

Wherefore on run I, afresh they fall, and show  
 Themselves more active than before, as though  
 They had some wager laid, and did contend  
 Who should abuse me furthest at arms-end :  
 One I remember with a grised beard,  
 And better grown than any of the herd," &c.  
 " This Ironsides takes hold, and suddenly  
 Hurls me, by judgment of the standers by,  
 Some twelve foot by the square ; takes me again,  
 Out-throws half a bar ; and thus we twain  
 At this hot exercise an hour had spent,  
 He the fierce agent, I the instrument :  
 My man began to rage, but I cry'd, ' Peace,  
 When he is dry or hungry, he will cease ;  
 Peace for the Lord's sake, Nicholas, lest they take us,  
 And use as worse than Hercules did Cacus.'

And now I breathe, my lord, and have the time  
 To tell the causes, and confess the crime ;  
 I was in black—a scholar straight they guess'd :  
 Indeed I colour'd for it ; at the least,  
 I spake them fair, desired to see the Hall,  
 And gave 'em reasons for it, this was all :  
 By which I learn, it is a main offence,  
 So near the Clerk o' the Check to utter sense," &c.

" Much more good service was committed yet,  
 Which I in such a tumult must forget ;  
 But shall I smother that prodigious fit,  
 Which past in clear invention and pure wit ?  
 As thus, a nimble knave, though somewhat fat,  
 Strikes on my head, and fairly steals my hat.  
 Another breaks a jest, yet 'twas not much,  
 Although the clamour and applause were such,  
 As when Sir Archy, or Garrat, doth provoke 'em.  
 And with wide laughter and a cheat-loaf choak 'em.  
 What was the jest, d'ye ask ? I dare repeat it,  
 And put it home before ye shall entreat it ;  
 He call'd me *Bloxford-man* ; confess I must,  
 'Twas bitter ; and it grieved me in a thrust,  
 That most ingrateful word *Bloxford* to hear  
 From him whose breath yet stunk of Oxford beer.  
 But let it pass, for I have now pass'd through  
 Their halberds, (and worse weapons,) their teeth, too,  
 And of a worthy officer was invited  
 To dine, who all their rudness hath requited," &c.

" But as it stands, the persons and the cause  
 Consider'd all, my manners and their laws,  
 'Tis no affliction to me, for even thus  
 St Paul hath fought with beasts at Ephesus,  
 And I at Windsor ; let this comfort then  
 Rest with all able and deserving men :  
 He that will please the guard, and not provoke  
 Court-wits, must sell his learning, buy a cloak :  
 ' For at all feasts and masques the doom hath been,  
 A man thrust forth, and a gay cloak let in.'"

The author of " The Specimens of British Poets," has summarily given the merits of this author, saying merely, " that he has left some good strokes of humour against the Puritans." In our opinion, the only bad things he has left, are those little ballads against the Puritans ; the wittiest of his poems, his Journey to France, quoted by that author of the Specimen, is a satire on the

Roman Catholics, which, as it has appeared there, we need not give. The "*Iter Boreale*" abounds in humour. Inns, hosts, and hostess, have always been fruitful sources of merriment to travelling wits.

" To the inn we came, where our best cheer  
Was that his Grace of York had lodged there.  
He was objected to us when we call,  
Or dialike aught, my lord's grace answers all ;  
He was contented with this bed, this diet,  
This keeps our discontented stomachs quiet," &c.

" The shot was easy, and what concerns us more,  
The way was so, mine host did ride before ;  
Mine host was full of ale and history ;  
And on the morrow, when he brought us nigh  
Where the two \* Roes join'd, you would suppose,  
Chaucer ne'er writ the Romant of the Rose.  
Hear him—' See ye yond' woods ? there Richard lay  
With his whole army ; look the other way,  
And lo, where Richmond, in a bed of gorse,  
Incamp'd himself o'er night with all his force—  
Upon this hill they met.' Why, he could tell  
The inch where Richmond stood, where Richard fell ;  
Besides, what of his knowledge he could say,  
He had authentic notice from the play ;  
Which I might guess by's mustering up the ghosts,  
And policies, not incident to hosts ;  
But chiefly by that one perspicuous thing  
When he mistook a player for a king ;  
For when he would have said, King Richard died,  
And call'd a horse, a horse, he Burbage cried.  
Howe'er, his talk, his company pleas'd well,  
His mare went truer than his chronicle ;  
And even for conscience-sake, unspurr'd, uncaten,  
Brought us six miles, and turn'd tail to Nun-Eaton."

He proceeds to Warwick, apropos to which reverend place, we may make mention of sundry complaints received by us from thence, of some cockneys, who visited it about two months ago in a one-horse *chay*, and spoiled the trees in the greenery, by engraving on them Arry and Mariar, and plucking laurels, for what end we dare not conjecture. But to our Bishop.

" No other hindrance now, but we may pass  
Clear to our Inn ;—Oh ! there an hostess was,  
To whom the castle and the dun cow are  
Sights after dinner, she is morning ware ;  
Her whole behaviour borrow'd was and mixt,  
Half-fool, half-puppet, and her pace betwixt  
Measure and jigge ; her court'sie was an honour,  
Her gait as if her neighbours had out-gone her.  
She was barr'd up in whalebone, that did leese  
None of the whales' length, for they reach'd her knees ;  
Off with her head, and then she hath a middle,  
As her waste stands just like the new-found fiddle,  
The favourite Theorbo, truth to tell ye,  
Whose neck and throat are deeper than the belly.  
Have you seen monkeys chain'd about the loins,  
Or pottle-pots with rings ? just so she joins  
Herself together ; a dressing she doth love,  
In a small print below, and text above." &c.

\* Bosworth Field.



We shall quote but one more poem of the witty Bishop's; and this we recommend to the serious attention of that learned body, The Provost and Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, cock-a-hoop, as they must be, from the Royal visit. Indeed we know how much the slightest hint promulgated in these pages would influence them; and we feel particularly flattered by Dr Kyle's following our advice in discountenancing The Historical Society. The important piece we recommend, is entitled "A certain Poem, as it was presented in Latin by divines and others, before his Majesty in Cambridge, by way of interlude, styled *Liber Novus de Adventu Regis ad Cantabrigiam*, faithfully done into English, with some liberal additions."

"It is not yet a fortnight since  
*Lucretia* entertain'd our prince,  
 And vented hath a studied toy,  
 As long as was the siege of Troy,  
 And spent herself for full five days,  
 In speeches, exercise, and plays.

To trim the town, great care before  
 Was ta'en by the Lord Vice-Chancellor;  
 Both morn and even he clean'd the way;  
 The streets he gravell'd thrice a-day:  
 One strike of March dust for to see,  
 No proverb would give more than he.

Their colleges were new be-painted,—  
 Their founders eke were new be-sainted;  
 Nothing escaped, nor post, nor door,  
 Nor gate, nor rail, nor bawd, nor ———  
 You could not know (O strange mis-  
 hap!)  
 Whether you saw the town or map.

But the pure House of Emanuel  
 Would not be like proud *Jesabel*,  
 Nor shew herself before the King  
 An hypocrite or painted thing;  
 But that the ways might all prove fair,  
 Conceived a tedious mile of prayer.

Upon the look'd-for seventh of March,  
 Out went the townsmen all in starch,  
 Both band and beard, into the field,  
 Where one a speech could hardly wield;  
 For needs he would begin his style,  
 The King being from him half a mile.

They gave the King a piece of plate,  
 Which they hoped never came too late;  
 But cry'd, Oh! look not in, Great King,  
 For there is in it just nothing;  
 And so preferr'd with tune and gait,  
 A speech as empty as their plate.

Now as the King came near the town,  
 Each one ran crying up and down,  
 Alas, poor Oxford! thou'rt undone,  
 For now the King's past Trompington,  
 And rides upon his braw gray dapple,  
 Seeing the top of King's College  
 Chappel.

Next rode his lordship on a nag,  
 Whose coat was blue, whose ruff was ahag,  
 And then began his reverence  
 To speak most eloquent nonsense:  
 See how, (quoth he,) most mighty  
 Prince,  
 For very joy my horse doth wince.

What cries the town? what we? (said he,  
 What cries the University?  
 What cry the boys? what, every thing?  
 Behold, behold, yond' comes the King!  
 And every period he bedecks  
 With *Eas et Ecce venit Rex*.

Of't have I warn'd (quoth he) our dirt,  
 That no silk stockings should be hurt;  
 But we in vain strive to be fine,  
 Unless your Grace's sun doth shine,  
 And with the beams of your bright eye,  
 You will be pleased our streets to dry.

Now come we to the wonderment  
 Of Christendom, and eke of Kent,  
 The Trinity, which to surpass,  
 Doth deck her spokesman by a glass,  
 Who, clad in gay and silken weeds,  
 Thus opes his mouth, hark, how he  
 speeds!

I wonder what your Grace doth here,  
 Who have expected been twelve year,  
 And this your son, fair *Carolus*,  
 Who is so *Jacobissimus*:  
 Here's none, of all, your Gracerefuses,  
 You are most welcome to the Muses.

Although we have no bells to jangle,  
 Yet we can show a fair quadrangle,  
 Which, though it ne'er was graced with  
 King,  
 Yet sure it was a goodly thing;  
 My warning's short, no more I'll say,  
 Soon you shall see a gallant play.

But nothing was so much admired  
 As were their plays so well attired;  
 Nothing did win more praise of mine,  
 Than did their acting most divine;  
 So did they drink their healths di-  
 vinely,  
 So did they dance and skip so finely.

Their plays had sundry grave wise factors,  
 A perfect diocess of actors  
 Upon the stage; for I am sure that  
 There were both bishop, pastor, curate;  
 Nor was their labour light or small,  
 The charge of some was *pastoral*.

Our plays were certainly much worse,  
 For they had a brave hobby-horse,  
 Which did present unto his grace,  
 A wond'rous witty ambling pace.  
 But we were chiefly spoil'd by that  
 Which was six hours of, *God knows*  
 what.

Now pass we to the Civil Law,  
And eke the Doctors of the Spaw;  
Who all perform'd their parts so well,  
Sir Edward Ratcliff bore the bell,  
Who was, by the King's own ap-  
pointment,  
To speak of spells and magic oym-  
ment.

The Doctors of the Civil Law  
Urged ne'er a reason worth a straw;  
And though they went in silk and sattin,  
They, Thomson-like, skip'd the King's  
Latine;  
But yet his Grace did pardon them  
All treasons against Prician.

Here no man spake ought to the point,  
But all they said was out of joint;  
Just like the chappel ominous,  
I'the College called *God with us*,  
Which truly doth stand much awry,  
Just north and south, yes verily.

Philosophers did well their parts,  
Which proved them masters of their arts;  
Their Moderator was no fool,  
He far from Cambridge kept a school;  
The country did such store afford,  
The Proctors might not speak a word.

To this Cantab felicitation we subjoin two effusions from Limerick and Cork, the harbingers of a joyous series, expressive of the loyal commotion which agitates the Green Isle.

ODE ON THE KING'S LANDING IN IRELAND,

TWELFTH AUGUST, MDCCCKXI.

By John Howley, Esq. of Garry Owen.

Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the town,  
And leave your wonted labours for this day;  
This day is holy; do you write it down,  
That ye for ever it remember may.

SPENSER. *Epithalamion*.

PROCEMIUM.

1.

The poet flat-  
bergeted by  
one strange  
apparition.

As I was sitting on the Shannon side,  
Lull'd by the sound of that majestic flood,  
A horseman on a sudden I espied,  
Gallop'ing by as quickly as he could;  
I hail'd him, but he slacken'd not his pace,  
Still urging on his steed, a gallant grey,  
Until he past me, then he turn'd his face  
Back towards his horse's tail, and thus did say,—  
“ I ride express with news to strike you dumb,  
“ Our monarch has arrived at last—King George the Fourth is  
come!”

## 2.

He scarce had spoken, ere away he pass'd  
 Out of my sight as rapid as a bird,  
 And left me there in much amazement cast,  
 Looking, perhaps, in some degree absurd ;  
 The noble river rolling calmly by,  
 The horse, the hasty rider, all did seem,  
 Even to the vision of my outward eye,  
 Like the thin shadowy figments of a dream ;  
 I felt, in short, as Wordsworth did, when he  
 Chanced the leech gatherer on the moor all by himself to see.

Which leaveth him in  
 ane awkward  
 doldrum, af-  
 ter the man-  
 ner of W.  
 Wordsworth,  
 Esq.

## 3.

By the exertion of judicious thought,  
 At last I from this mental trance awoke,  
 Marvelling much how in that lonely spot,  
 Upon my eyes so strange a vision broke ;  
 From the green bank immediately I went,  
 And into Limerick's ancient city sped ;  
 During my walk, with puzzled wonderment  
 I thought on what the rapid horseman said ;  
 And, as is commonly the case, when I  
 Feel any way oppress'd in thought, it made me very dry.

Shaketh it  
 off, and  
 marcheth  
 homewards.

## 4.

When I arrived in brick-built George's Street,  
 Instinctively I there put forth my hand  
 To where a bottle, stored with liquid sweet,  
 Did all upon an oaken table stand ;  
 Then turning up my little finger strait,  
 I gazed like \*Docter Brinkley on the sky,  
 Whence heavenly thought I caught—pure and elate  
 Of holy harpings of deep poesy ;  
 And, ere a moment its brief flight could wing,  
 I threw the empty bottle down, to chaunt about the King.

Turneth star-  
 gazer.

## ODE.

## 1.

A very glorious day this is indeed !  
 This is indeed a very glorious day !  
 For now our gracious monarch will proceed  
 On Irish ground his royal foot to lay.  
 Rejoice then, O my country, in a tide  
 Of buoyant, foaming, overflowing glee ;  
 As swells the porter o'er the gallon's side,  
 So let your joy swell up as jovially ;  
 Shout, great and little people, all and some,  
 Our monarch has arrived at last—King George the Fourth has  
 come !

He calleth  
 upon Ireland  
 to rejoice in  
 the fashion of  
 a pot of port-  
 ler.

## 2.

Come down, ye mountains, bend your numbsculls low,  
 Ye little hills run capering to the shore,  
 Now on your marrow bones, all in a row,  
 From all your caves a royal welcome roar.

Inviteth the  
 mountains to  
 ane saraband.

\* Professor of Astronomy, in T. C. D.

Howth is already at the water-side,  
 Such is that loyal mountain's duteous haste ;  
 Come then to join him, come with giant stride,  
 Come, I repeat, there's little time to waste ;  
 In your best suits of green depart from home,  
 For now our monarch has arrived—King George the Fourth has  
 come !

3.

Maketh of  
 them ane  
 catalogue most  
 musical.

Down should dispatch Morn's snowy-vested peaks,  
 And Tipperary, \*Knocksheogowna's hill,  
 Kerry, the great Macgillicuddys reeks,  
 Cork, the Galtecs, studded with many a still,  
 Gallop from Wicklow, Sugarloaf the sweet !  
 From Wexford, bloody Vinegar† the sour !  
 Croagh‡ must be there, from whose conspicuous seat  
 St Patrick made the snakes from Ireland scour,—  
 All, all should march, tramp off to beat of drum,  
 For now our monarch has arrived—King George the Fourth has  
 come !

4.

A word of  
 advice to the  
 rivers, in the  
 style of Mas-  
 ter Edmund  
 Spenser, late  
 of Kilkoolman.

Rivers, dear rivers, in meandering roll,  
 Move to your Sovereign merrily along ;  
 Ye whom the mighty minstrel of old Mole §  
 Has all embalmed in his enchanting song ;  
 Liffey shall be your spokesman, roaring forth  
 A very neat Address from either Bull,||  
 While all the rest of you, from south to north,  
 Shall flow around in currents deep and full,  
 Murmuring¶ beneath your periwigs of foam—  
 "Our Monarch has arrived at last—King George the Fourth has  
 come !"

5.

Aneent lakes.

Killarney sulkily remains behind,  
 Thinking the King should come to wait on her ;  
 And if he wont, she swears with sturdy mind,  
 That not one step to visit him she'll stir.  
 But all the other loughs, where'er they be,  
 From mighty Neagh,\*\* the stone-begetting lake,  
 To Corrib, Swilly, Gara, Dearg, or Rea,  
 Or Googaun-Barra,†† when the Lee doth take

\* Which being interpreted, signifies, the hill of the fairy calf ; there is many a story about it.

† Vinegar Hill, where a decisive battle was fought in 1798, with the rebels, who were totally defeated.

‡ Croagh-Patrick, in Mayo.

§ Spenser, who dwelt beneath old father Mole,

(Mole hight that mountain gray  
 That walls the north side of Armulla vale.)

*Coillín Cluain's come home again.*

He has catalogued our rivers in the Fairy Queen, B. 4. Cant. 2. St. 40-44.

|| In Dublin Bay are two sand banks, called the North and South Bulls. Not far from them is a village called Ring's-End, which gives occasion to the facete to say, that you enter Dublin between two bulls and a blunder.

¶ Something Homeric—

απει δὲ βόας Ὀμηρεῖο  
 Ἀπὸν μαργαρίτων ἕρπυ.—K. Z.

\*\* Est aliud stagnum quod facit ligna dunrescere in lapides ; homines autem findunt ligna, et postquam formaverunt in eo usque ad caput anni, et in capite anni lapis invenitur, et vocatur Loch-Each, ac (Lough Neagh.) See Mirab. Hib.

†† i. e. The hermitage of St Finbar, who lived there as a recluse. He was first Bishop of Cork. It is a most beautiful and romantic lake, containing a pretty island. It is a great place of pilgrimage.

Its lovely course, join in the general hum—  
 "Our monarch has arrived at last—King George the Fourth has  
 come!"

6.

O ye blest bogs,\* true sons of Irish soil,  
 How can I e'er your loyal zeal express?  
 You have already risen, despising toil,  
 And travell'd up, your Sovereign to address.  
 Clara has led the way, immortal bog,  
 Now Kilkhalady follows in his train;  
 Allen himself must soon to join them jog  
 From Geashil barony, with might and main,  
 In turfy thunders, shouting as they roam,  
 "Our Sovereign has arrived at last—King George the Fourth has  
 come!"

Loyalty of the  
 bogs.

7.

Ha! what's this woeful thumping that I hear?  
 Oh! 'tis the Giant's Causeway moving on,  
 Heavily pacing, with a solemn cheer,  
 On chamy boofs of basalt octagon.  
 (Gigantic wanderer! lighter be your tramp,  
 Or you may press our luckless cities down:  
 'Twould be a pity, if a single stamp  
 Smash'd bright Belfast—sweet linen-vending town.)  
 Why have you travelled from your sea-beat dome?  
 "Because our monarch has arrived—King George the Fourth has  
 come!"

Are caution  
 to the Giant's  
 Causeway not  
 to tread upon  
 the learned  
 wavers of  
 Belfast.

8.

Last alopes in, sailing from the extremest south,  
 Gallant Cape Clear, a most tempestuous isle;  
 Certain am I, that when she opens her mouth,  
 She will harangue in oratoric style.  
 So North, and South, and East, and West combine,  
 † Ulster, and Connaught, Leinster, Munster, Meath,  
 To hail the King, who, first of all his line,  
 Was ever seen old Ireland's sky beneath.  
 All shall exclaim, for none shall there be mute;  
 "Our monarch has arrived at last—King George the Fourth has  
 come!"

Showing how  
 Cape Clear  
 becometh one  
 Marcus Tul-  
 lian.

### L'Envoi.

1.

How living people joy, I shall not tell,  
 Else I should make my song a mile in length;  
 Flebeian bards that theme may answer well,  
 Chaunting their lays with pertinacious strength:  
 They may describe how all, both man and beast,  
 Have in the general glee respective shares;  
 How equal merriment pervades the breast.  
 Of sharks and lawyers—asses and Lord Mayors—  
 Of whelps and dandies—orators and goose—  
 In short, of every living thing, all in their own degrees.

Mock's satir-  
 ical mention on  
 various folk.

\* Every body has heard of the movements of the Irish bogs;  
 † The five ancient kingdoms of Ireland.

Wherein it is earnestly requested of the poets of Dublin, not to slay the King after the fashion of Ankerstroem or Ravillee.

2.  
 But ye remorseless rhymesters, spare the King!  
 Have some compassion on your own liege Lord!  
 Oh! it would be a most terrific thing  
 Were he to death by Dublin poets bored.  
 See three sweet singers out of College bray,  
 And all the aldermen have hired a bard,  
 The Castle, too, its ode, I ween, will pay,  
 And the newspapers have their pens prepared.  
 Be silent, then, and mute, ye unpaid fry!  
 Let none attempt to greet the King, save such great bards as I.

---

A WELCOME TO

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE FOURTH,  
 ON HIS ARRIVAL IN IRELAND,

MDCCCXXL.

MY DEAR SIR,—As I lifted up my voice, and wept over the great national calamity which overspread my native land last year, (I need not say the death of Sir Daniel,) I think it right to rejoice now in the general joy of Ireland at the arrival of the King. I choose the same metre as that which I used in the *Luctus*, it being, as Beattie well observes of the Spenserian stanza, equally adapted to the grave and the gay. Of course, as before, I recommend it to be sung by my old friend Terry Magrath. The Director at the corner will be saying every where that it was he who wrote this song, or at least that he connived at it, but don't believe him, it being all excoagitated by

My dear sir,

Your's till death us do part,

R. D. R.

CORK INSTITUTION, Aug. 1, 1821.

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A WELCOME TO HIS MAJESTY.

[Tune—Groves of Blarney.]

*Synoptical Analysis for the Benefit of Young Persons studying this Song.*

Stanza I. Welcome in general; in the following verses the specific excellencies of Ireland are stated. Stanza II. 1. National meat and drink and valour. Stanza III. 2. National riot in a superior style. Stanza IV. 3. National music. Stanza V. 4. National oratory. Stanza VI. 5. National gallantry. Stanzas VII. and VIII. National uproariousness. All these offered for the diversion of the King.

You'RE welcome o'er, my royal rover,  
 Coming in clover to Irish ground,  
 You'll never spy land, like this our island,  
 Lowland or Highland, up or down!  
 Our hills and mountains, our streams and fountains,  
 Our towns and cities all so bright,  
 Our salt-sea harbours, our grass-green harbours,  
 Our greasy larders will glad your sight.

2.

'Tis here you'll eat, too, the gay potato,  
 Being a root to feed a king;  
 And you'll get frisky upon our whisky,  
 Which, were you dumb, would make you sing;

And you'll see dashers, and tearing slashers,  
 Ready to face ould Beelzebub,  
 Or the devil's mother, or any other  
 Person whom you'd desire to drub.

## 3.

Just say the word, and you'll see a riot  
 Got up so quiet, and polite,  
 At any minute you'd please to wish it,  
 Morning or evening, noon or night.  
 I'll lay a wager, no other nation  
 Such recreation to you could show,  
 As us all fighting with great good manners,  
 Laying one another down so low.

## 4.

And as for music, 'tis you'll be suited  
 With harp or bagpipe, which you please ;  
 With woeful melting, or merry liltin',  
 Or jovial quilting your heart to raise.  
 Sweet Catalani won't entertain you  
 With so much neatness of warbling tone,  
 As those gay swipers, our bold bagpipers,  
 Chaunting in splendour over their drone.

## 5.

Then there's our speaking, and bright speech-making,  
 Which, when you hear, 'twill make you jump ;  
 When in its glory it comes before you,  
 'Twould melt the heart of a cabbage stump.  
 'Tis so met'phoric, and paregoric,  
 As fine as Dovic or Attic Greek,  
 'Twould make Mark Tully look very dully,  
 Without a word left in his cheek.

## 6.

If any ladies, they should invade us,  
 The darling creatures, in your <sup>o</sup>suite,  
 We'll so amuse them, and kindly use them,  
 That in ould Ireland they'll take root.  
 Our amorous glances, modest advances,  
 And smiling fancies, and all that,  
 Will so delight them, that they'll be crying,  
 Were you to part them away from Pat.

## 7.

The mayors and sheriffs, in paunchy order,  
 And the recorders will go down  
 To gay Dunleary, all for to cheer ye,  
 And give you welcome to the town ;  
 But though their speeching it may be pleasing,  
 All written out in comely paw,  
 'Twaunt be so hearty, as when all parties,  
 With million voices, roar † Huzza !

\* To be pronounced Hibernically—shoot.  
 † Hib. Huzzaw.

## B.

God bless your heart, Sir, 'tis you will start, Sir,  
 At that conspicuous thundering shout,  
 When Ireland's nation, with acclamation,  
 To hail their Sovereign will turn out.  
 England shall hear us, though 'tis not near us,  
 And the Scotch coast shall echo ring,  
 When we, uproarious, joining in chorus,  
 Shout to the winds, **GOD SAVE THE KING!**

These effusions of Hibernian joy may induce some of our readers to inquire how it has happened that we have given them no account of the grand dinner at which, with our contributors, we celebrated the great event of the 19th of July. The fact is, that we had prepared a very full account of it, but, as the devil in the chest had no selecting power over the papers, he only stumbled on the two following songs.

## EXCELLENT NEW SONG,

*Composed by JAMES SCOTT, Esq. M. D. and Sung by him, with great Applause, on the Evening of Thursday, 19th July.*

THERE are flowers in every window, and garlands round each door,  
 And whiten'd is the poor man's wall, and sanded is his floor.  
 From the cottage, to the castle, in unison all sing,—  
 Hail to Great George the Fourth!—God save the King!!!

The man on this suspicious day one moment that would linger  
 To whip off his glass, and turn up his little finger,  
 The rascal disloyal, in a halter may he swing.  
 Hail to Great George the Fourth!—God save the King!!!

Long brooded o'er this nation the thunder-cloud of war,  
 But the trumpet's voice is hush'd, and the battle's bloody jar.  
 The triumph of our warriors and statesmen we will sing,—  
 Hail to Great George the Fourth!—God save the King!!!

Though blindness fell upon the aged father of his realm,  
 All steady was the hand that was station'd at the helm;  
 The advisers of his Father to the Regent's side did cling,—  
 Hail to Great George the Fourth!—God save the King!!!

Well may the dealers in wine and spirits say,  
 The happiest of all days is a Coronation day,—  
 For thousands on thousands drain their bumpers, as they sing,  
 Hail to Great George the Fourth!—God save the King!!!

The nobles of the land to the Monarch all have gone,  
 The warlike and the wise form a circle round the throne;  
 The Champion, armed cap-a-pee, hath challenged all the ring—  
 Hail to Great George the Fourth!—God save the King!!!

Oh, when I look around me, it makes my bosom swell,  
 On those whose pens have written all so loyally and well,  
 The Radical and Whig, to their hunkers they will bring—  
 Hail to Great George the Fourth!—God save the King!!!



## EXTEMPORE EFFUSION,

*Sung with great Effect by MORGAN ODOHERTY, Esq. on the Evening of  
19th July.*

My landlady enter'd my parlour, and said,—  
“ Bless my stars, gallant Captain, not yet to your bed?  
The kettle is drain'd, and the spirits are low,  
Then creep to your hammock, Oh go, my love, go!  
Derry down, &c.

“ Do look at your watch, sir, 'tis in your small pocket,  
'Tis three, and the candles are all burn'd to the socket;  
Come move, my dear Captain, do take my advice,  
Here's Jenny will pull off your boots in a trice.  
Derry down,” &c.

Jenny pull'd off my boots, and I turn'd into bed,  
But scarce had I yawn'd twice, and pillow'd my head,  
When I dream'd a strange dream, and what to me befel,  
I'll wager a crown you can't guess ere I tell.  
Derry down, &c.

Methought that to London, with sword at my side,  
On my steed Salasmanca in haste I did ride,  
That I enter'd the Hall, 'mid a great trepidation,  
And saw the whole fuss of the grand Coronation.  
Derry down, &c.

Our Monarch, the King, he was placed on the throne,  
'Mid brilliants and gold that most splendidly shone;  
And around were the brave and the wise of his court,  
In peace to advise, and in war to support.  
Derry down, &c.

First Liverpool moved at his Sovereign's command;  
Next Sidmouth stepp'd forth with his hat in his hand;  
Then Canning peep'd round with the archness of Munden;  
And last, but not least, came the Marquis of London—  
derry down, &c.

Then Wellington, hero of heroes, stepp'd forth;  
Then brave Graham of Lynedoch, the cock of the north;  
Then Hopetoun he fellow'd, but came not alone,  
For Anglesca's leg likewise knelt at the throne.  
Derry down, &c.

But the King look'd around him, as fain to survey,  
When the warlike departed, the wise of the day,  
And he whisper'd the herald to summon in then  
The legion of Blackwood, the brightest of men!  
Derry down, &c.

Oh noble the sight was, and noble should be  
The strain, that proclaims, mighty legion, of thee!  
The tongue of an angel the theme would require,  
A standish of sunbeams, a goose quill of fire.  
Derry down, &c.

Like old Agamemnon resplendent came forth,  
In garment embroider'd, great Christopher North;  
He knelt at the throne, and then turning his head,—  
“ These worthies are at the King's service,” he said.  
Derry down, &c.

" Oh, Sire ! though your will were as hard to attain,  
As Gibraltar of old to the efforts of Spain,  
The men who surround you will stand, and have stood,  
To the last dearest drop of their ink and their blood.  
Derry down, &c.

" From the Land's End to far Johnny Groat's, if a man  
From Cornwall's rude boors to MacAllister's clan,  
Dare raise up his voice 'gainst the church or the state,  
We have blisters by dozens to tickle his pate.  
Derry down, &c.

" We have Morris, the potent physician of Wales,  
And Tickler, whose right-handed blow never fails,  
And him, who from loyalty's path never wander'd,  
Himself, *swate* Odoherly, knight of the standard.  
Derry down, &c.

" We have sage Kempferhausen, the grave and serene ;  
And Eremus Marischall from far Aberdeen ;  
Hugh Mullion, the Grass-market merchant so sly,  
With his brethern Malachi and Mordecai.  
Derry down, &c.

" We have also James Hogg, the great shepherd Chaldean,  
As sweetly who sings as Anacreon the Teian ;  
We have Delta, whose verses as smooth are as silk ;  
With bold William Wastle, the laird of that ilk.  
Derry down, &c.

" We have Dr Pendragon, the D. D. from York,  
Who sports in our ring his huge canvas of cork ;  
And General Izzard, the strong and the gruff,  
Who despatches his foes with a kick and a cuff.  
Derry down, &c.

" We have Seward of Christchurch, with cap and with gown,  
A prizeman, a wrangler, and clerk of renown ;  
And Buller of Brazen-nose, potent to seek  
A blinker for fools, from the mines of the Greek.  
Derry down, &c.

" Nicol Jarvie from Glasgow, the last, and the best  
Of the race, who have worn a gold chain at their breast ;  
And Scott, Jamie Scott, Dr Scott, a true blue,  
Like the steel of his forceps as tough and as true.  
Derry down, &c.

" We have Ciccro Dowden, who sports by the hour,  
Of all the tongue-waggers the pink and the flower ;  
And Jennings the bold, who has challenged so long  
All the nation for brisk soda-water, and song.  
Derry down, &c.

Methought that the King look'd around him, and smiled ;  
Every phantom of fear from his breast was exiled,  
For he saw those whose might would the demagogue chain,  
And would shield from disturbance the peace of his reign.  
Derry down, &c.

But the best came the last, for with duke and with lord,  
Methought that we feasted, and drank at the board,  
Till a something the bliss of my sweet vision broke—  
'Twas the watchman a-bawling, " 'Tis past ten o'clock."  
Derry down, &c.

But before I conclude, may each man at this board  
 Be as glad as a king, and as drunk as a lord ;  
 There is nothing so decent, and nothing so neat,  
 As, when rising is past, to sit still on our seat.  
 Derry down, &c.

SYLVANUS URBAN AND CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

GENTLE READER,

TIME makes a few changes, not only in kingdoms and manners, but also in periodicals. We have now got before us the lucubrations of Sylvanus Urban, Gent. for the year 1761, and have much amused ourselves with contrasting them with the magazine labours of the present day, and more especially with our own. What an alteration has the interval between two coronations produced!—Sylvanus Urban and Christopher North. The one is an antithesis of the other. The latter is all life, buoyancy, and fire, while the former is the personification of homeliness and heaviness. The tendency of the one is continually upwards, while the other is carried downwards by supernatural force of gravitation. We never say or write a dull or stupid thing, while our worthy predecessor prosed and dozed to eternity. We are, however, mindful of the ties of relationship which subsist between us, and therefore do not scorn the humbler, but equally necessary pages, of that ancient pattern of urbanity. He was to us what the frugal shopkeeper, the founder of his family, is to the dashing young heir his grandson, who inherits the accumulated products of his industry. The one, mindful of pounds, shillings, and pence, keeps to his dirty shop in Threadneedle Street, or Mincing Alley, and jogs along the "even tenor of his way," without ever emerging into the airy regions of gaiety and fashion. To him all the world is contained within the limits of his daily occupation; he has no idea of further extending his researches. Bond Street and Berkeley Square are no more to him than the Giants' Causeway or the Orkney Islands—he is satisfied in his own sphere. His successor, on the other hand, looks not to the east, but to the west. Full of the spirit of youth and life, he scatters around him his income with generous prodigality of

soul, and the very Antipodes of narrowness and regularity, he breaks through all humdrum restraints, and follows wherever the irrepressible and inexhaustible elasticity of his mind impels him.

We have often smiled within ourselves at the thought of the consternation which a Number of our Work would have caused about sixty years since, were it possible for one to have appeared, even but in a vision, to our forefathers. The venerable Sylvanus would instantaneously have been petrified with surprise, and, like old Eli, would have fallen down in his chair at the news and broke his back. The whole tribe of allegory and essay writers would have been compelled to use the exclamation of Othello, and mourn over their departed vocation. After one smack of the high-flavoured and exciting viands of our table, the public taste would have become too fastidious to relish the homeliness of their ordinary repasts. Nothing plain or unseasoned would have served; our literary cookery would have tickled them too much to allow them to bear with less skilful and scientific provisions. What a pity that "My Grandmother,"\* respectable old woman as she is, did not take to writing in those days! then, undoubtedly, was her time. Why she would have been considered as a very prodigy amongst her kind for clever writing. Even her lumbering heaviness, which renders her rather a dangerous article on shipboard, might in those happy days have been considered as volatility itself. Such is the misfortune of not paying sufficient attention to times and seasons in our enterprises, and of being born either too soon or too late. But we were speaking of ourselves. We can picture the astonishment which would have pervaded the world of literature had one of our Numbers, for instance the present, been able to anticipate its

\* See Don Juan.

existence by about sixty years, and to figure away at the coronation of George the Third, instead of that of his worthy successor, whom God long preserve. Oasian himself, that apocryphal personage, and the Boy of Bristol, would have created less controversy and contention. It would have given a kind of St Vitus's dance to every limb of the mighty body of letters, and would have operated like an electrical shock. In short, good reader, you may probably have observed, if you are in the habit of making use of soda powders, the effect which is produced by the infusion of cold water on the particles as they lie scattered at the bottom of the glass. The cold and translucent lymph, late so calm and motionless, effervesces instantaneously, and boils upwards in foaming agitation, moved as if by a spirit. Such and so potent would have been the effect of one Number of our astonishing Miscellany.

The names of O'Doherty, Kempferhausen, Wastle, Timothy Tickler, and Lauerwinckel, must certainly ever preclude imitators; yet there were unquestionably many men of that period to which we have alluded, whom we think we could have made something of in the way of contributors. There was Johnson, for instance. To be sure his style is not of the fittest for our airy and ethereal pages, and his wit is rather too clumsy for us, who delight more to use the razor than the hatchet. Properly trained, however, we think the old fellow might have been made to do great things. We have a notion he could have written a very forcible letter, though a Cockney himself, on Cockneys and Cockneyism, and occasionally we might have suffered him to take up, in conjunction with our friend, Timothy Tickler, the reviewing department of our work; provided the subject was not poetry; his *Rasselas*, after being entirely rewritten by ourselves, we might probably have inserted, but his *Ramblers* we should have taken the liberty of declining. As for Goldsmith, he would have just done for us. All our readers, we dare say, remember his account of the Common Council-man's visit to see the coronation of George the Third. In what an admirable spirit is it written! We should actually not have been ashamed of inserting it in our Magazine. Hear but Mr Grogams consultations with his wife,—

"Grizzle," said I to her, "Grizzle, my dear, consider that you are but weakly, always ailing, and will never bear sitting out all night upon the scaffold. You remember what a cold you caught the last fast day, by rising but half an before your time to go to church, and how I was scolded as the cause of it. Besides, my dear, our daughter, Anna Amelia Wilhelmina Carolina will look like a perfect fright if she sits up, and you know the girl's face is something, at her time of life, considering her fortune is but small. 'Mr Grogams,' replied my wife, 'Mr Grogams, this is always the case when you find me in spirits. I don't want to go out, I own, I don't care whether I go at all; it is seldom that I am in spirits, but this is always the case.' In short, sir, what will you have on't? —to the coronation we went." Poor Goldy, he would have written an excellent series for our Magazine, and we would have paid him handsomely. What a pity he did not live in the days of Blackwood. Burke, too, would have been of some use to us in any political department. To be sure he was rather whiggish at his outset, but we could have fully satisfied him, we think, as to this point. A letter or two of his to certain noble lords, whom we have in view, would have suited us exactly. Churchill, it must be acknowledged, was a sad fellow—relentlessly indiscriminate in abusive satire; his only excuse is, that he did not live within the period of our publication. He was, however, an engine of power, though improperly directed, and we could have turned him, we think, to very considerable use. What a fine character he would have drawn of the amiable Scotaman! How minutely would he have marked the different features of this *Ursa Major*, and how glowingly he would have coloured the whole. He would have transfixed him in the very act of shedding the venom of his spleen over the brightest characters of his country. Gray would have done very well for the *Dilettante Society*, and very well for our Magazine. He was a man of taste, and of habits of thinking and writing something like our own, and, in spite of his whims and his delicacies, we are confident we should have agreed to a tittle. As for the rest, they would all have had their posts, some in the higher and some in the lower chambers of our temple of immortality.

ty, as our old friend Jeremy very properly denominates it. Sylvanus should have superintended our obituaries. Horace Walpole might have arranged our necks; and Voltaire, who would have been delighted at the idea of writing in our Magazine, might have officiated as our jack of all trades. Our readers will observe we say nothing of the author of Junius. We are above mysteries, but there is a delicacy in this case which restrains us. In fact, to tell the truth, we wrote the book *ourselves*, when our politics and our principles were not properly fixed. We must, however, observe, as a kind of corollary to the preceding, that there is yet another instance in which our modesty has prevented us from coming openly forward, and receiving in our own person the acclamations and plaudits of the world. There is yet another instance in which our possession of Gyges's Ring has procured us the immunities of invisibility. This excusable instance—but no—we will not anticipate, or withdraw the veil—we will leave it to fatality to determine what is this third and greatest claim of Christopher North to pre-eminence in letters.

But we are, in the mean time, digressing entirely from the subject; a mode of writing, to use the phrase of that eminent satirist Mr Smirk, "pleasant, but wrong." We began with Sylvanus, and we have ended with ourselves, a topic certainly inexhaustible. In short, good reader, what champagne is to homely black strap, we when compared with our worthy predecessor. Nevertheless, there are times and seasons when plain dishes are grateful to the palate, and, after the flesh and glare of our pages, it may not be unamusing to look back at the sober and serious miscellany of Sylvanus, who, good man! takes care that his guests shall never injure their health by interdicted spiceries. We will, therefore, with thy permission, our gentle friend, just tumble over his coronation volume for the year 1761. And first of all, we must observe, that the poetry is sad stuff. It is all of that particular sort which neither gods nor men are said to permit. *Tales*, *Acrostics*, *Verse* to Miss A. Miss B. and all the *Muses* in the alphabet.—*Odes* to *Narcissa*, *Nera*, *Olga*, and other names of classical notoriety.—*Stanzas* on the *Four Seasons*,

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appearing as periodically as the seasons themselves.—*Epigrams* which look as dismal as epitaphs, and songs which seem elegies miscalled, are the ordinary stuff of which the venerable Sylvanus weaves his monthly chaplet of poetical flowers. It must certainly have been a most comfortable and so-  
lacing reflection to the young manufacturers of these useful articles, the ingenious youths of sixty years ago, who now, alas! having lost the fire of their younger days, write for the *Edinburgh Review*, and "My Grandmother," to think that such a good-natured repository was extant, which, like the poor's box in a church, was continually open for the contributions of the well-disposed. But now, indeed, *Tempora mutantur et nos mutantur in illis*. Editors are grown hard hearted, and constant readers, as well as constant writers, plead in vain. We will not number the hosts of young men, "smit with the love of poetry and prate," whose hearts we have broken by our repeated refusals, sometimes, indeed, embittered with the shafts of our wit, yet really the number is quite alarming. We are not without our fears of awaking some night, like King Richard the Third, to see our victims pass in review before us, avenging us with our cruelty. We wish, too, we had not similar cruelties to the fair sex to charge ourselves with; yet such is the melancholy case. It is an ascertained fact, that two sempstresses died within the last month of a decline, into which our neglect of the *Odes* of the one and the *Stanzas* of the other had precipitated them. We are accused of being severe; but we assure our readers, that no sooner were we made acquainted with their melancholy situation, than we hobbled out as fast as our gouty limbs allowed us, to be the messenger of glad tidings to them, and offer them, if necessary for their recovery, the long-desired admission. We were, however, too late. "Mr North," said one of them, "your kind attention is unavailing; we are now going fast to the bourne, from which, to use the expression of Shakspeare, no traveller returns; yet, why should we deny it, it would be some consolation to us before we die, to see ourselves in Blackwood's Magazine. We should then have finished our concerns on this side of the grave." Our good readers will believe that we could not refuse

them a request under such circumstances. Even we, albeit unused to the melting mood, were dissolved into tears, when we took leave of these two interesting young creatures. Their parting request it was not in our power to perform. They died, alas! before the 30th of the month, without having that felicity to which they so anxiously looked. All this is very melancholy, we wish we could say it was not very true. We should certainly have immortalized their memory, as we have done that of Sir Daniel O'Connell, by a *Luctus* expressly for the occasion; but the coronation intervening, we thought the expression of sorrow at such a period would have been indecorous and disloyal, and have therefore abandoned the idea. We feel yet the remembrance of this sad event casts a damp upon our spirits, and we will accordingly drop the subject.

We were speaking of Sylvanus and his poetry. It would really have done him good to look into our repository for rejected verse, a heap which has been gradually and prodigiously accumulating for the last four years, and now shews a bulk "like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved." There would have been matter enough to supply his poetical corner for twenty years, and such matter, too, as the old gentleman would have jumped at. We cannot help observing by the way, that, notwithstanding the great number of Magazines and periodical works, there is yet one desideratum, and that is,—a Repository expressly for dull or middling poetry. We are confident it would have a prodigious sale, and we should certainly recommend it as a good speculation to Mr Colburn, or Messrs Taylor and Hessey. It is a thing much wanted. The mighty pent up mass of dullness, to adopt the phrase of that well known resolution of the House of Commons, "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." We, of course, never admit any portion of it into our pages. The London Magazine, and the New Monthly, take off a great deal, and the other periodicals still more; yet the part taken has but a very small proportion to the part left. It is like paying off the interest of the national debt, and even those who contribute to its reduction feel it as a tax. We therefore think it absolutely necessary that some public channel should be

devised, through which, as through a common sewer, these bad humours of young and old may meet with an unobstructed passage. Thus shall we see many walk lighter along the streets, who now seem as if pressed and weighed to the earth by some unaccountable internal force of heaviness acting upon them like the night-mare, and, in short, the spirit of cheerfulness, ease, freedom, and self-enjoyment will be diffused through his Majesty's dominions. As an inducement to the happy person who first seizes upon this bright idea which we have here thrown out for the benefit of the world of literature, we hereby promise to set him up with two MSS. poems of Leigh Hunt, some unpublished verses by Lord Byron, and several ditto by our excellent friend the Patriarch Jeremy, who has taken to the writing of poetry in a most extraordinary manner of late, and who now sends us regularly contributions of this description, the postage of which, we are sorry to say, he does not as regularly discharge. Nevertheless, this is excusable enough in an old man like him, whose memory was never of the best.

But let us now see what the good Sylvanus has got in the way of prose. It is but homely stuff, but it is unquestionably better than his poetry. Yet, "Interesting Queries concerning the Dutch," "New Project for inclosing the Common Land," "Account of a Cure for a Cold," "Some Proceedings in the last Session of Parliament," "Narrative of the Attempt on Belleisle," and "Description of a terrible Shipwreck," are amongst some of the most attracting contents of his Miscellany. These, we have a notion, would look rather curious by the side of "An Hour's Tête-a-tête with the Public," or the intrepid Standard-bearer's Boxiana. The story of Almorán and Hamet would hardly pair well either with the "Ayrshire Legatees," or the "Steam-Boat." People now-a-days grow sick at the names of Omar, and Abdallah, and Caled, and feel no great desire to traverse the plains of Circassia, even with a Genius at hand to instruct them. Mountains and forests now rather pall the stomach, and "Son of man" inevitably gives us the vapours. The time is past when the old men saw visions, and the young men dreamed dreams. Visions now only make us shut our eyes, and dreams,

set us instantly a-sleeping. That useful class of the community who would dream you a dream of six columns as regularly as the week came on, is now, like the tribe of scribes, extinct, though, in both cases, the same thing is revived under another denomination. The writers on politics have taken up the falling mantle; and he who wishes to see how the old sect of dreamers are

now employed, need only to look into the Edinburgh Review.

But, after all, Sylvanus must be considered as one of the sages of literature; and we shall be quite satisfied if we are enabled to continue our career as long as he has done, and, throughout the whole period, be regarded with as much uniform respect and esteem by the Gentlemen of England.

## CONTINUATION OF DON JUAN.\*

MY DEAR NORTH,

As I know you have a confounded moral ill will at Byron, and lately threw yourself into a devil of a passion at his racketting boy, Don Juan, I have determined, before you can get the three new Cantos, to put it out of your power, for a month at least, to say one uncivil word on the subject—For you will not venture to reject any communication of mine; and two articles on the same topic, is what you will never permit in the same number. This afternoon, as I was at dinner, an unknown porter brought me a copy of the book—what bookseller sent it he either would not or could not tell, but I have no doubt, when I get my bill from Murray, I shall find it there. At the sight of Don Juan, I need not say that the dissection of joint and fowl was instantly abandoned, even had I not been seized with the determination to anticipate the severity of your strictures, by immediately sitting down to try if I could get this sketchy critique off by the post.

In the first place, then, Christopher, I take leave to insist that these three cantos are like all Byron's poems, and, by the way, like every thing else in this world, partly good, and partly bad. In the particular descriptions, they are not quite so naughty as their predecessors; indeed his Lordship has been so pretty and well behaved on the present occasion, that I should not be surprised to hear of the work being detected among the thread-cases, flower-pots, and cheap tracts, that litter the drawing-room tables of some of the best regulated families. But to the work itself.—The third canto opens with a reference to the condition in which the hero and Haidée were left at the conclusion of the second.

“Hail, Muse! *et cetera*. We left Juan sleeping,

Pillow'd upon a fair and happy breast,  
And watch'd by eyes that never yet knew weeping,

And loved by a young heart, too deeply blest

To feel the poison through her spirit creeping,

Or know who rested there; a foe to rest  
Had soild the current of her sinless years,  
And tarn'd her pure heart's purest blood to tears.

“Oh, Love! what is it in this world of ours  
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah, why

With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,

And made thy best interpreter a sigh?

As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,

And place them on their breast—but place to die—

Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish

Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.”

This, you must allow, is pretty enough, and not at all objectionable in a moral point of view. I fear, however, that I cannot say so much for what follows; marriage is no joke, and therefore not a fit subject to joke about; besides, for a married man to be merry on that score, is very like trying to overcome the pangs of the toothache by affecting to laugh.

“Men grow ashamed of being so very fond;  
They sometimes also get a little tired,

(But that, of course, is rare,) and then despond:

The same things cannot always be admired;

Yet 'tis “so nominated in the bond.”

That both are tied till one shall have expired.

Sad thought! to lose the spouse that was adorning

Our days, and put one's servants into mourning.

\* Don Juan; Cantos III, IV, and V. Whitefriars. 1831.

London: Printed by Thomas Davison,

" Their's doubtless something in domestic doings,  
Which forms, in fact, true love's enthesis;  
Roses paint at full length people's wooings,  
But only give a bust of marriages;  
For no one cares for matrimonial couplings,  
There's nothing wrong in a connubial kiss;  
Think you, if *Leona* had been *Petarch's* wife,  
He would have written sonnets all his life?"

" *Haidée* and *Juan* were not married, but  
The fault was theirs, not mine: it is not fair,

*Chaste reader*, then, in any way to put  
The blame on me, unless you wish they were;  
Then if you'd have them wedded, please to shut

The book which treats of this erroneous pair,  
Before the consequences grow too awful;  
"The dangerous to read of loves unlawful."

The piratical father of *Haidée*,

"detained

"By winds and waves, and some important captures,"

having remained long at sea, it was supposed he had perished, and she, in consequence, took possession of all his treasures, and surrendered herself to the full enjoyment of her lover. The old gentleman, however, returns, and landing on a distant part of the island, walks leisurely towards his home, while *Juan* and his daughter are giving a public breakfast to their friends and acquaintance. The description of the fête is executed with equal felicity and spirit; we think it would be difficult to match the life and gaiety of the picture by any thing of the kind in English poetry—perhaps in any other poetry.

"And further on a group of Grecian girls,  
The first and tallest her white kerchief waving,

Were strung together like a row of pearls;  
Link'd hand in hand, and dancing; each too, having

Down her white neck long floating Auburn curls—

(The least of which would set ten poets raving;)

Their leader sang—and bounded to her song,

With choral step and voice, the virgin throng.

"And here, assembled cross-legg'd round their trays,

Small social parties just began to dine;  
Pilaws and meats of all sorts met the gaze,

And banks of furrins and of *Chian* wine,  
And sherbet cooling in the porous vase;  
Above them their dessert grew on its vine,  
The orange and pomegranates nodding o'er,  
Dropp'd in their laps, scarce pluck'd, their mellow store.

"A band of children, round a snow-white vase,

These wreath his venerable horns with flowers;

While, peaceful, as if stiff an unwean'd lamb,

The patriarch of the flock all gently cowers

His sober head, majestically tame,  
Or eats from out the palm, or playful lowers

His brow, as if in act to butt, and then,  
Yielding to their small hands, draws back again.

Their classical profiles, and glittering dresses,

Their large black eyes, and soft scrupulous cheeks,

Known as cleft pomegranates, their long tresses,

The gesture which enchants, the eye that speaks,

The innocence which happy childhood blesses,

Made quite a picture of these little Greeks;

So that the philosophical beholder

Sigh'd for their sakes—that they should e'er grow older."

The father is not at all pleased to see such fatal doings in his absence.

"Perhaps you think in stumbling on this feast,

He flew into a passion; and in fact,

There was no mighty reason to be pleased;  
Perhaps you prophesy some sudden act.

"You're wrong. He was the mildest-manner'd man

That ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat;  
With such true breeding of a gentleman,

You never could divine his real thought.

"Advancing to the nearest dinner tray,  
Tapping the shoulder of the nearest guest

With a peculiar smile, which, by the way,  
Boded no good, whatever it express'd,

He ask'd the meaning of this holiday;  
The vinous Greek to whom he had address'd

His question, much too merry to divine  
The questioner, fill'd up a glass of wine."

And facetiously looking over his shoulder, said,

"Talking's dry work, and our old master's dead."

This certainly was not very pleasant



information to the pirates, who, as well as other passants, would have liked to have heard his memory more solemnly respected, but he suppressed his anger as well as he could, and inquired the name of the new master who had turned Haidée into a matron. To this, however, he received but a very so-so answer.

“ He ask’d no further questions, and proceeded

On to the house.

“ He entered in the house—no more his home,

A thing to human feelings the most trying,  
And harder for the heart to overcome,  
Perhaps, than even the mental pangs of dying :

To find our hearthstone turn’d into a tomb,  
And round its once warm precincts, palely lying

The sabes of our hopes, is a deep grief,  
Beyond a single gentleman’s belief.

“ He entered in the house—his home no more ;

For without hearts there is no home—and felt

The solitude of passing his own door  
Without a welcome. *There he long had dwelt,*

There his few peaceful days Time had swept o’er ;

There his worn bosom and keen eye would melt

Over the innocence of that sweet child,  
His only shrine of feeling undefiled.”

The portrait of this man is one of the best, if not the very best, of all Byron’s gloomy portraits. It may be the Cossack grown into an elderly character and a father, but it is equal to the finest heads that ever Michael Angelo, Carrivaglio, painted with black and amber.

“ He was a man of a strange temperament,  
Of mild demeanour, though of savage mood,

Modest in all his habits, and content  
With temperance in pleasure as in food ;  
Quick to perceive, and strong to bear, and mean

For something better, if not wholly good ;

His enemy’s wrongs, and his despair to save her,

Had stung him from a slave to an enslaver.

“ The love of power, and rapid gain of gold,

The hardness by long habitude produced,  
The dangerous life in which he had grown old,

The mercy he had granted oft abused,  
The sights he was accusom’d to behold,

The wild seas, and wild men, with whom he cruised,

Had cost his enemies a long repentance,  
And made him a good friend, but bad acquaintance.

“ But something of the spirit of old Greece  
Flash’d o’er his soul a few heroic rays,  
Such as lit onward to the Golden Fleece  
His predecessors in the Colchian days.

“Tis true he had no ardent love for peace—  
Alas ! his country show’d no path to praise ;

Hate to the world and war with every nation

He waged, in vengeance of her degradation.

“ Still o’er his mind the influence of the climate

Shed its Ionian elegance, which show’d  
Its power unconsciously full many a time,—

A taste seen in the choice of his abode,  
A love of music and of scenes sublime,  
A pleasure in the gentle stream that flow’d

Past him in crystal, and a joy in flowers,  
Bedew’d his spirit in his calmer hour.”

Lambro, for so it seems he was called, passed, unseen, a private gate, and stood within the hall where his daughter and her lover were at table. This affords the noble poet an opportunity to show his knowledge of a Greek gentleman’s house and an Ottoman feast. But the merits of this still life, splendid and true as they are in delineation and colouring, are far inferior to the description of Haidée.

“ Round her she made an atmosphere of life,

The very air seem’d lighter from her eyes,

They were so soft and beautiful, and rife  
With all we can imagine of the skies,  
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—

Too pure even for the purest human ties ;

Her overpowering presence made you feel  
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

“ Her eyelashes, though dark as night,  
were tinged,

(It is the country’s custom,) but in vain ;  
For those large black eyes were so blackly fringed,

The glossy rebels mock’d the jenny stain,  
And in their native beauty stood avenged ;  
Her nails were touch’d with henna ; but again

The power of art was turn’d to nothing, for  
They could not look more rosy than before.

“ The henna should be deeply dyed to make

The skin relieved appear more fairly fair ;

She had no need of this, day ne’er will break

On mountain tops more heavenly white than her :

The eye might doubt if it were well awake,  
She was so like a vision; I might err,  
But Shakspeare also says 'tis very silly  
'To gild refined gold, or paint the lily.'

Haidée and Juan are amused, while  
at table, by dwarfs and dancing-girls,  
black eunuchs, and a poet, of whom I  
shall say nothing, Christopher, because  
I do not think the account is very  
good, but his song, I am persuaded,  
you will think is the very loftiest  
bachanalian ever penned—You will,  
indeed, although with a grumble, I  
know, allow this as if you were suffer-  
ing a jerk of your rheumatism.

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,  
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—  
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!  
Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
But all, except their sun, is set.

"The Scian and the Teian muse,  
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
Have found the fame your shores refuse;  
Their place of birth alone is mute  
To sounds which echo further west  
Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest.'

"The mountains look on Marathon—  
And Marathon looks on the sea;  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;  
For, standing on the Persians' grave,  
I could not deem myself a slave.

"A king sate on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
And men in nations;—all were his!  
He counted them at break of day—  
And when the sun set where were they?

"And where are they? and where art thou,  
My country? On thy voiceless shore  
The heroic lay is tuneless now—  
The heroic bosom beats no more!  
And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
Degenerate into hands like mine?

"'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,  
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,  
To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;  
For what is left the poet here?  
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

"Must we but weep o'er days more blest?  
Must we but blush?—Our fathers' blood  
Earth! render back from out thy breast  
A remnant of our Spartan dead!  
Of the three hundred grant but three,  
To make a new Thermopylæ!

"What, silent still? and silent all?  
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead  
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
And answer, "Let one living head,

But one arise,—we come, we come!"  
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

"In vain—in vain: strike other chords;  
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!  
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!  
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—  
How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?  
Of two such lessons, why forget  
The nobler and the manlier one?  
You have the letters Cadmus gave—  
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

"Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
We will not think of themes like these!  
It made Anacreon's song divine:  
He served—but served Polycrates—  
A tyrant; but our masters then  
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

"The tyrant of the Chersonese  
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;  
That tyrant was Miltiades!  
Oh! that the present hour would lend  
Another despot of the kind!  
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

"Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,  
Exists the remnant of a line  
Such as the Doric mothers bore;  
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,  
The Heracleidan blood might own.

"Trust not for freedom to the Franks—  
They have a king who buys and sells;  
In native swords, and native ranks,  
The only hope of courage dwells;  
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,  
Would break your shield, however broad.

"Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—  
I see their glorious black eyes shine;  
But gazing on each glowing maid,  
My own the burning tear-drop leaves,  
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

"Place me on Samium's marbled steep—  
Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;  
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:  
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—  
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!"

There is a little confusion in the  
narrative; or perhaps it is the hurry  
in which I am going over it, that makes  
me not able to trace it so clearly as I  
might do, through digressions. Lam-  
bro arrived while the lovers were at  
dinner, and we are led to suppose  
that he witnesses their dalliance and  
revelling; but it would seem that this  
was not the case, for we find Haidée  
and Juan left alone after the banquet,

admiring the rosy twilight of the evening sky.

"T' our tale.—The feast was over, the slaves gone,  
The dwarfs and dancing girls had all retired ;

The Arab lore and poet's song were done,  
And every sound of revelry expired ;  
The lady and her lover, left alone,  
The rosy flood of twilight sky admired ;—

Ave Maria ! o'er the earth and sea,  
That heavenliest hour of Heaven is worthiest thee !

"Ave Maria ! blessed be the hour,  
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft

Have felt that moment in its fullest power  
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,  
Whils swung the deep bell in the distant tower,

Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,  
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,

And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd  
with prayer.

"Ave Maria ! 'tis the hour of prayer !  
Ave Maria ! 'tis the hour of love !  
Ave Maria ! may our spirits dare  
Look up to thine, and to thy Son's above !  
Ave Maria ! oh that face so fair !

Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove—

What though 'tis but a pictured image  
strike—

That painting is no idol, 'tis too like.

Now, Christopher, after this, take thy crutch, and, with the help of Blackwood's porter, John Lesley, crawl up the new road along the Salisbury Craigs, on the first fine Sabbath evening, when all the west is still one broad glow of heavenly ruby ; and the castle, in the middle of the view, appears like the crowned head of some great being, resting on his elbow in contemplation ; repeat these verses, and I will venture to bet a plack to a bawbee, that from that hour all animosity against the wayward and unfortunate Byron will be for ever hushed in thy bosom. Even John himself will, by the mere sound of thy solemn voice of prayer, thenceforth forego the grudge that he has long borne his lordship for the many burdens he has made him bear, and, melting into tears of tenderness, dry the big drops from his eyes with a corner of the same handkerchief which thou wilt apply to wipe the Ave Maria dew from thine own.

While Haidée and Juan were contemplating the glorious stillness of a

Greidan evening, a presentiment of sorrow passes over their hearts.

"I know not why, but in that hour to-night,  
Even as they gazed, a sudden tremor came,

And swept, as 'twere, across their heart's delight,

Like the wind o'er a harp-string, or a flame,

When one is shook in sound, and one in sight ;

And thus some boding flash'd through either frame,

And call'd from Juan's breast a faint low sigh,

While one new tear arose in Haidée's eye."

Having retired to their couch, they are still haunted by the same unpleasant something.

"Now pillow'd cheek to cheek, in loving sleep,

Haidée and Juan their siesta took,  
A gentle alumber, but it was not deep,

For ever and anon a something shook ;  
Juan, and shuddering o'er his frame would creep ;

And Haidée's sweet lips murmur'd like a brook

A wordless music, and her face so fair  
Stirr'd with her dream as rose-leaves with the air ;

"Or as the stirring of a deep clear stream,  
Within the Alpine hollow, when the wind

Walks over it, was she shaken by the dream,

The mystical usurper of the mind—  
O'erpowering us to be whate'er may seem

Good to the soul which we no more can bind ;

Strange state of being ! (for 'tis still to be)  
Senseless to feel, and with seal'd eyes to see."

In this state, the ominous fancies of Haidée take at last the definite form of a regular dream, in which she sees Juan dead in a cavern. As she gazes on him, he seems to change into the resemblance of her father. Startled by the apparition, she awakes, and the first object that her eyes meet are those of the pirate sternly fixed upon her—Juan is in the same moment roused by the shriek she gave.

"Up Juan sprung to Haidée's bitter shriek,  
And caught her falling, and from off the wall

Snatch'd down his sabre, in hot haste to wreak

Vengeance on him who was the cause of all :

Then Lambro, who till now forbore to speak,

Smiled scornfully, and said, ' Within my call,

A thousand witnesses await the word ;  
Put up, young man, put up your silly  
sword.'

"And Haidée clung around him ; ' Juan,  
tis—

'Tis Lambro—'tis my father ! Kneel  
with me—  
He will forgive us—yes—it must be—  
yes.

Oh ! dearest father, in this agony  
Of pleasure and of pain—even while I kiss  
Thy garment's hem with transport, can  
it be

That doubt should mingle with my filial  
joy ?

Deal with me as thou wilt, but spare this  
boy.'

"High and inscrutable the old man stood,  
Calm in his voice, and calm within his  
eye—

Not always signs with him of calmest mood ;  
He look'd upon her, but gave no reply ;  
Then turn'd to Juan, in whose cheek the  
blood

Of came and went, as there resolved to  
die ;

In arms, at least, he stood, in act to spring  
On the first foe whom Lambro's call might  
bring.

" ' Young man, your sword ; ' so Lambro  
once more said :

Juan replied, ' Not while this arm is  
free.'

The old man's cheek grew pale, but not  
with dread,

And drawing from his belt a pistol, he  
Replied, ' Your blood be then on your  
own head.'

Then look'd elsew' at the flint, as if to see  
'Twas fresh, for he had lately used the lock,  
And next proceeded quietly to cock.

"It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,  
That cocking of a pistol, when you know  
A moment more will bring the sight to  
bear

Upon your person, twelve yards off, or  
so ;

A gentlemanly distance, not too near,  
If you have got a former friend for foe ;  
But after being fired at once or twice,  
The ear becomes more Irish, and less nice.

• • • • •  
"He gazed on her, and she on him ; 'twas  
strange

How like they look'd ! the expression  
was the same ;

Serenely savage, with a little change  
In the large dark eye's mutual darted  
flame ;

For she too was as one who could avenge,  
If cause should be—a lioness, though  
tame :

Her father's blood before her father's face  
Boil'd up, and proved her truly of his race.

"I said they were alike, their features and  
Their stature differing but in sex and  
years ;

Even to the delicacy of their hands  
There was resemblance, such as true  
blood wears ;

And now to see them, thus divided, stand  
In fix'd ferocity, when joyous tears,  
And sweet sensations, should have wel-  
comed both,

Show what the passions are in their full  
growth."

This, Christopher, you must allow,  
is spirited, and you will observe a  
curious mark of propinquity which the  
poet notices with respect to the hands  
of the father and daughter. The poet,  
I suspect, is indebted for the first hint  
of this to Ali Pashaw, who, by the bye,  
is the original of Lambro ; for when his  
Lordship was introduced, with his  
squat friend, Cam, to that agreeable-  
mannered tyrant, the vizier said that  
he knew he was the Magotos Anthropos  
by the smallness of his ears and hands.

Don Juan is dangerously wounded,  
and being seized by some of the pi-  
rate's sailors, is carried from the scene.  
The effect on poor Haidée is deplo-  
rable.

For several days she lay insensible,  
and, when she awoke from her trance,  
she was in such a state as Mlle. Nel-  
let is seen in the ballet of Nina. The  
first time you see your venison friend,  
the Thane of Fife, ask him if there is  
not some reason to suspect that Byron  
had her in his eye when he wrote the  
following description :

"Afric is all the sun's, and as her count  
Her human clay is kindled ; full of  
power

For good or evil, burning from its birth,  
The Moorish blood partakes the planet's  
hour,

And like the soil beneath it will bring  
forth :

Beauty and love were Haidée's mother's  
dower ;

But her large dark eye show'd deep Pas-  
sion's fires,

Though sleeping like a lion near a cannon.

"Her daughter, temper'd with a militar  
ray,

Like summer clouds all silvery, smooth,  
and fair,

Yet slowly changed with thunder they dis-  
play

Taxer to earth, and tempest to the air,  
Had held till now her soft and milky way ;

But overwrought with passion and de-  
spair,

The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,  
Even as the Simoom sweeps the blasted plains."

"She woke at length, but not as sleepers wake,

Rather the dead, for life seem'd something new,

A strange sensation which she must partake  
Perforce, since whatsoever met her view  
Struck noton memory, though a heavy ache  
Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat  
still true

Brought back the sense of pain without the cause,

For, for a while, the furies made a pause.

"She look'd on many a face with vacant eye,  
On many a token without knowing what;  
She saw them watch her without asking why,  
And rock'd not who around her pillow sat;  
Not speechless though she spoke not; not  
a sigh

Relieved her thoughts; dull silence and  
quick chat

Were tried in vain by those who served;  
she gave

No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.

"Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not;

Her father watch'd, she turn'd her eyes  
away;

She recognised no being, and no spot

However dear or cherish'd in their day;  
They changed from room to room, but all  
forgot,

Gentle, but without memory she lay;

And yet those eyes, which they would fain  
be weaning

Back to old thoughts, seem'd full of fearful  
meaning.

"At last a slave bethought her of a harp;  
The harper came, and tuned his instrument;

At the first notes, irregular and sharp,

On him her flashing eyes a moment bent,  
Then to the wall she turn'd, as if to warp

Her thoughts from sorrow through her  
heart re-ent,

And he begun a long low island song

Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong.

"Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall  
In time to his old tune; he changed the  
theme,

And sung of love; the fierce name struck  
through all

Her recollection; on her flash'd the dream  
Of what she was, and is, if you could call

To be so, being; in a gushing stream  
The tears rush'd forth from her o'erclouded  
brain,

Like mountain mists at length dissolved in  
rain.

"Short solace, vain relief I—thought came  
too quick,

And whirl'd her brain to madness; she  
arose

As one who ne'er had dwelt among the sick,  
And flew at all she met, as on her foes;  
But no one ever heard her speak or shriek,  
Although her paroxysm drew towards  
its close:

Her's was a phrensy which disdain'd to rave,  
Even when they smote her, in the hope to  
save.

"Yet she betray'd at times a gleam of sense;  
Nothing could make her meet her father's  
face,

Though on all other things with looks intense  
She gazed, but none she ever could re-  
trace;

Food she refused, and raiment; no pretence  
Availed for either; neither change of  
place,

Nor time, nor skill, nor remedy, could  
give her

Senses to sleep—the power seem'd gone  
for ever.

"Twelve days and nights she wither'd  
thus; at last,

Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to  
show

A parting pang, the spirit from her past;  
And they who watch'd her nearest could  
not know

The very instant, till the change that cast  
Hersweet face into shadow, dull and slow,  
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the  
black—

Oh! to possess such lustre—and then lack!"

Don Juan in the meantime is carried aboard one of Lambro's vessels, where he is placed among a cargo of singers, who had been taken in going on from Leghorn to Sicily on a professional trip. The pirate destined them for the Constantinople slave-market, where in due time they arrive, and Don Juan is purchased for the favourite Sultana. Baba, the eunuch who made the bargain, carries him to the palace where she resided.

"Baba led Juan onward room by room

Through glittering galleries, and o'er  
marble floors,

Till a gigantic portal through the gloom,  
Haughty and huge, along the distance  
towers;

And wafted far arose a rich perfume:

It seem'd as though they came upon a  
shrine,

For all was vast, still, fragrant, and divine.

"The giant door was broad, and bright,  
and high,

Of gilded bronze, and carved in curious  
guise;

Warriors thereon were battling furiously ;  
Here stalks the victor, there the van-  
quish'd lies ;  
There captives led in triumph droop the  
eye,

And in perspective many a squadron flies ;  
It seems the work of times before the line  
Of Rome transplanted fell with Constantine.

" This massy portal stood at the wide close  
Of a huge hall, and on its either side  
Two little dwarfs, the least you could sup-  
pose,

Were sate, like ugly imps, as if allied  
In mockery to the enormous gate which rose  
O'er them in almost pyramidal pride :  
The gate so splendid was in all its features,  
You never thought about those little crea-  
tures,

" Until you nearly trod on them, and then  
You started back in horror to survey  
The wond'rous hideousness of those small  
men,

Whose colour was not black, nor white,  
nor gray,  
But an extraneous mixture, which no pen  
Can trace, although perhaps the pencil  
may ;

They were misshapen pigmies, deaf and  
dumb—  
Monsters, who cost a no less monstrous sum.

" Their duty was—for they were strong,  
and though

They look'd so little, did strong things at  
times—

To ope this door, which they could really do,  
The hinges being as smooth as Rogers'  
rhymes ;

And now and then with tough strings of the  
bow,

As is the custom of those eastern climes,  
To give some rebel Pacha a cravat ;  
For mutes are generally used for that.

" They spoke by signs—that is, not spoke  
at all ;

And looking like two incubi, they glared  
As Baba with his fingers made them fall  
To heaving back the portal folds : it scared  
Juan a moment, as this pair so small  
With shrinking serpent optics on him  
stared ;

It was as if their little looks could poison  
Or fascinate whome'er they fix'd their eyes  
on."

Baba having opened the door, Juan  
is introduced into a magnificent room,  
where wealth had done wonders, taste  
not much.

" In this imperial hall, at distance lay  
Under a canopy, and there reclined  
Quite in a confidential queenly way,  
A lady ; Baba stopp'd, and kneeling sign'd  
To Juan, who though not much used to pray,  
Knelt down by instinct, wondering in his  
mind

What all this meant : while Baba bow'd  
and bended

His head, until the ceremony ended.

" The lady rising up with such an air  
As Venus rose with from the wave, on  
them

Bent like an antelope a Paphian pair  
Of eyes, which put out each surrounding  
gem ;

And raising up an arm as moonlight fair,  
She sign'd to Baba, who first kiss'd the  
hem

Of her deep-purple robe, and speaking low  
Pointed to Juan, who remain'd below.

Her presence was as lofty as her state ;  
Her beauty of that overpowering kind,  
Whose force description only would abate :  
I'd rather leave it much to your own mind,  
Than lessen it by what I could relate  
Of forms and features ; it would strike  
you blind

Could I do justice to the full detail ;  
So, luckily for both, my phrases fail."

\* \* \* \* \*

" Something imperial, or imperious, threw  
A chain o'er all she did ; that is, a chain  
Was thrown as 'twere about the neck of  
you—

And rapture's self will seem almost a pain  
With aught which looks like despotism in  
view ;

Our souls at least are free, and 'tis in vain  
We would against them make the flesh  
obey—

The spirit in the end will have its way.

" Her very smile was haughty, though so  
sweet ;

Her very nod was not an inclination ;  
These was a self-will even in her small feet,  
As though they were quite conscious of  
her station—

They trode as upon necks ; and to complete  
Her state, (it is the custom of her nation,)  
A poniard deck'd her girdle, as a sign  
She was a sultan's bride, (thank Heaven,  
not mine.)"

She had seen Juan in the market,  
and had ordered him to be bought for  
her. The description of a seraglian  
love-making is touched with the au-  
thor's gayest satire, but Juan, still qui-  
vering at the heart with the remem-  
brance of Haidée, is very coy to the Sul-  
tana, and actually bursts into tears when  
she says to him,

" Christian, can'st thou love."

" She was a good deal shock'd ; not shock'd  
at tears,

For women shed and use them at their  
liking ;

But there is something when man's eye  
appears

Wet, still more disagreeable and striking :

A woman's tear-drop melts, a man's half  
scars,

Like molten lead, as if you thrust a pike  
in

His heart to force it out, for (to be shorter)  
To them 'tis a relief, to us a torture.

“ And she would have consoled, but knew  
not how ;

Having no equals, nothing which had e'er  
infected her with sympathy till now,

And never having dreamt what 'twas to  
bear

Aught of a serious sorrowing kind, although  
There might arise some pouting petty care

To cross her brow, she wonder'd how so  
near

Her eyes another's eye could shed a tear.

“ But nature teaches more than power can  
spoil,

And, when a *strong* although a strange  
sensation,

Moves—female hearts are such a genial soil  
For kinder feelings, whatsoe'er their  
nation,

They naturally pour the ‘ wine and oil,’

Samaritans in every situation ;

And thus Gulleymas, though she knew not  
why,

Felt an odd glistening moisture in her eye.”

What ensued I have not time at present to tell, I must refer you to the book itself, for I hear the postman's bell passing the end of the street, and he will be here before I can say half of what I would. I have, however, given enough from the poem to convince you that Byron's powers are in no degree abated, and that there is some tendency to an improvement of manners, in the manner, of this, in so many respects, felicitous work. It will certainly help to redeem his poetical reputation from the effects of that lumbering mass of waggon-wheeled blank verse, “The Doge.” But to those who suspect him of “ a strange design,

Against the creed and morals of the land,

And trace it in this poem every line.”

it will be found as bad as ever ; indeed, with all my own partiality, Christopher, for this singularly gifted nobleman, I dare not venture to approve of some of his allusions in these cantos. He shows his knowledge of the world too openly ; and it is no extenuation of this freedom that he does it playfully. Only infants can be

shown naked in company, but his Lordship pulls the very robe de chambre from both men and women, and goes on with his exposure as smirkingly as a barrister cross-questioning a chamber maid in a case of *crim. con.* This, as nobody can approve, I must confess, is very bad, and I give you full liberty, Christopher, to drub him well for it in your next. You may also introduce a few parenthetical notices respecting the three hundred and fifty ricketty stanzas, of which he ought, as a versemaker, to feel as much ashamed as any carpenter ever did of a slovenly piece of work. But in your flagellation, be not so peremptory as you sometimes are.—Lord Byron may have his faults,—you may have your own, my good friend, but there is some difference between constitutional errors, and evil intentions, and propensities,—it is harsh to ascribe to wicked motives what may be owing to the temptations of circumstances, or the headlong impulse of passion. Even the worst habits should be charitably considered, for they are often the result of the slow, but irresistible force of nature, over the artificial manners and discipline of society,—the flowing stream that wastes away its embankments. We know not what sins the worst men have mastered, when we condemn them for the crime that subjects them to punishment. Man towards his fellow-man, should be at least compassionate, for he can be no judge of the instincts and the impulses of action, he can only see effects.

“ Tremble thou wretch  
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,  
Unwhipped of justice: Hide thee, thou  
bloody hand ;

Thou perjured, and thou simular mar of  
virtue

That art incestuous : Catiff, to pieces shake,  
Who, under covert and convenient seeming,  
Hath practised on man's life ! Close  
pent-up guilts

Rive your concealing continents, and cry  
These dreadful summoners grace.”

In short, Christopher, look to thyself, and believe me truly yours,

HARRY FRANKLIN.

Berkley Square, Thursday.

## AN EXPOSTULATORY ROUND-ROBIN FROM FOURTEEN CONTRIBUTORS.

BELOVED CHRISTOPHER,  
 Certain individuals, not acting in concert, having betaken themselves, according to your prescription, to the seaside, it was found, by an indescribable sort of freemasonry, that each was labouring under the same distressing symptoms of one species of the love of fame, aggravated to an intermittent fever by a constipation or improper secretion of their several productions in your *escritoire*. We therefore form a little knot of fellow-sufferers in the same way, although indeed we are but a mere *frustum* from that "immense body of mankind which forms the *mass* of your contributors"—a mere block or two of the stately pile which is growing under your architectonic skill. Having been all disappointed of relief from the short statement you made in your July Number, when there was a chance that you would be explicit, we have at last determined to lay our complaints before you. We have conferred with one another, and each has submitted to all the rest the compositions of his or her's, which are lying in your hands, and they have been taken into impartial consideration. We trust we have herein acted ingenuously, honestly, and honourably. Each author laid down a copy of such articles as are candidates for entrance in your Magazine, and it was made a *sine qua non* that the writer should be absent while the rest heard the work read, and then discussed it, and passed sentence on it; each of us in succession thereby becoming examiner and examinee. A perpetual board of green cloth, with interchangeable claimants and referees, thus sat for more than a month; and as many of the articles were of great length, and each member too fearful that his own progeny might be over-

hastily dealt with, if he grudged his time and attendance, by decreeing a summary rejection of any thing, so it was rather a tedious business. We have got through all the compositions of the party written and transmitted previously to the 15th July, subsequent ones being pronounced inadmissible at our sittings, lest they might never terminate; for we found that many of us, while our elder-born were *coram judice*, helped off the weary time by another literary parturition. An end was made of the committee at last—essay, tale, and letter, song, sonnet, canto, and pastoral, vanished one by one, with our painstaking mark of approbation or condemnation affixed to it. Persons not well acquainted with the circumstances may think us partial, and so we may be individually, each to his or her own performance, but that solemn *quorum*, from which the immediate author was excluded, scanned with severer eyes the labours of their absent competitor, in which condition every one by turns was placed. Where we commend we have done it from a sense of justice; and where we found reason to reject, those compositions are entirely passed over in the present statement. Having thus explained ourselves, we trust that the aggregate commendation of so impartial a body will induce you, if not to introduce the articles, discriminated beneath, into your Magazine, yet at least to give them the preference of a decision.

(Signed)

DOMESTICUS.	H. TWITCH.
X.	P. P.
M. M'NIP.	ALICE FILD.
M. O. M.	V. D. B.
P. Q. R.	OMICRON.
PHILOLIMNESTES.	LAURA.
VIATOR.	CRUX.(1.)

(1.) As Mr Ballantyne would find it difficult to get into our page a circle of sufficient diameter to contain the address with the names of our fourteen well-beloved contributors, sticking on the outer edge like the monsters of the zodiac about a globe, we have given orders that it be printed in the ordinary manner; and though we must of necessity put some signatures before, and some after others, yet to all and singular the *circumscriptors*, the rights and immunities enjoyed in the round-robin shape of address are hereby guaranteed without let or gainsay; wherefore the public is warned, that Mr Domesticus, the foremost man, is not more of a ring-leader in this business than Mr and Mrs Crux, the lattermost, nor are Messrs Viator and Twitch, though now holding a middle station, less worthy of being the anterior, or posterior, in the array, than the gentry aforesaid. For this Note, and for the others following, we announce, according to editorial usage, that we hold ourselves responsible; since we differ in some measure from the autocritical junto who are willing to dictate to us, hitherto held to be autocratorical in this department. C. N.



"Hearth-Rug and Fender Promptings," Nos. 1. II. III. by Domesticus.—Although Shakespeare said, "home-keeping youths have ever homely wits," these essays bear no marks of it; they seem to us to possess strong claims to your regard, for they surpass Mr Leigh Hunt's celebrated "Day by the Fireside." (2.)

"Future Times of Yore,"—X. By no ordinary hand." (3.)

"On the moral and intellectual tendency of pincushion-making," by Minimus M'Nip, Fell. Phil. Soc. Ups. Downs, Cork, Lead, &c. &c. A curious but somewhat subordinate question in Political Economy, ably and luminously investigated and demonstratively settled.

"The Imperturbable Patten-maker," "The Polyandrian Marriage," and "The Demon of the Salt-box," translated from the German, by M. O. M.—Spirited versions of interesting tales.

"Lament over the laziness of Dr Scott, Timothy Tickler, Esq. William Wastle of that ilk, Esq. and others of paramount prowess in wit and warfare," signed P. Q. R.—Risibly severe, and which we should hope would prove as expurgificent as a sternutatory to the parties addressed. (4.)

"Dirty Nat, the Pig-boy," a lyrical ballad, to be classed among "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection," although,

by an easy transfer or commutation, it may be included among those of "Imagination;" signed Philolimnestes.—A gem of the first water. (5.)

"Sonnet on seeing some dead frogs galvanized; with a Supplementary Half-Sonnet, being the overflow of the images and feelings which it was found impossible to compress within fourteen lines," by Hortentius Twitch.—Deep-thoughted, nervous, and imaginative. (6.)

"Specimens of Euclid's Elements in Madrigals," like *Ovide en Rondeaux*, signed P. P.—Ingenious, perhaps useful. (7.)

"SHILLING FARES; or the sights seen, characters observed, conversations heard, pleasures enjoyed, and accidents undergone, in the stages plying about the environs of the metropolis; by Alice Field, formerly of Durham, afterwards, Sempstress in Chancery-lane, and now retired from business, in a series of parts." We fear that these journies have been stopped by the Steam-Boat; but surely Mr Duffie would be sorry to find himself an obstacle to a lady's telling her story. Mrs Field begs us to say, that she is not "the wearyful woman." (8.)

"The Three-legged Stool," a dramatic scene. Of overpowering tenderness; and "Decapitation," another gracefully sportive, both by V. D. B. (9.)  
"The Poet's Celestial Tour," by

(2.) Although our invalidated toe holdeth sweet accord with the hearth rug, and there hath been dalliance of an intimate nature betwixt it and the fender, yet Master Domesticus's promptings mislike us grievously. We print not from the prompter's book—it may be a merit in farces, but not in magazines.

(3.) Most true,—we recommend that he be forthwith elected Poet *Extraordinary* to any hospital for incurables which wants such an appendage.

(4.) P. Q. R. must favour us with his address, or come and hear our reasons in *propria persona*. In his cruet-stand, the vinegar-bottle of sarcasm is not dulcified by the neighbourhood of the oil-flask of courtesy. The omission may be supplied.

(5.) We wash our hands of it.

(6.) Deep thoughted with a vengeance! *Eccè signum*,—

Threads sensitive, which form a thrilling warp  
From distaff physiologic finely twined, &c.

(7.) We beg the ingenious author will send them to the Gentleman's Diary; they very happily combine matter now spread over two distinct departments of that publication,—the poetical rebuses and the prose mathematical demonstrations. Thus by P. P.'s device will hard-headed students be enticed into the primrose path of poesy, and spinsters, who used to puzzle themselves to no purpose, will now unwittingly become dexterous geometresses.

(8.) We shall bring them out, if Mrs F. has but moderate patience. Indeed we have had our eye on Mrs Field ever since her first journey, when "her cloak was twisted betwixt nave and spoke,"—being much struck with her sensibility, evinced by her grief at the loss of the old one and joy at the new, which, we are glad to assure our readers, "the Hoax" (we forget of which house in Durham) was honest enough to buy, "of duffil grey, and as warm a cloak as man could sell." She paid no "Shilling Fare" there, so the history of that journey does not come within her present work.

(9.) We could be well content to lay aside our gravity, and see Mr V. D. B. slip off

Omicron.—Fervid sublimity, and a dithyrambic abandonment to the impetus of his genius, characterize this aspirant to your patronage. A great evil has, however, already resulted from your procrastination. Had the poem had an early insertion, the revival, or rather re-modelling of the English hexameter, would have been assigned to him, rather than to the Laureate or the author of the Hymn. But Omicron's case is too like that of Coleridge, whose *Cristabel* came out fifteen years too late for his reputation, since

the bays of ballad-romance had then taken root at Sir Walter Scott's door, and would not budge an inch in favour of him, who avers that he first introduced them to the soil. Omicron's poem, we fear, can no longer expect the factitious support of being a novelty in an original style; but to prove to you that the invention was anticipated by him, allow us to quote the opening; for in a case of this kind, every added day renders it more difficult to do him justice.

“Ready am I to ascend hence the loftiest heaven of invention;  
Ready, aye ready; but what are the means I employ to arrive there?  
For my shoe-scraper I use the notable Teneriffe Pico;—  
Clouds are steps which I mount to get up to the door I am seeking,  
And the blue firmament's breadth is this very door to be entered. (10.)  
First, though I rap to give notice, a thunderbolt being my knocker,  
Lest on Apollo I pop, undressed in his slippers and night-gown;—  
Double's the rap which results from the discipline brisk of my fingers,  
Which you, and others who grovel, imagine the rattling of thunder.” &c.

“Letters between Herbert Ludlow and Camilla Conway,” by Laura.—The simple dictates of unsophisticated sentiment. (11.)

“Impenetrability; or the Effects of Misapprehended Reciprocity;” signed Crux.—Not entirely new in its leading plan; for, as “The Pleasures of Hope” sprang from “The Pleasures of Memory;” so was the hint for this subtly didactic poem given by one styled “Individuality, or the Causes of Re-

ciprocal Misapprehension, by Martha Ann Sellon.” Nevertheless we think it would fall in with the taste of your more studious poetico-metaphysical readers.

These pieces are what we somewhat confidently submit to your better judgment, not mentioning such as we have suppressed, and seldom having noticed more than a single one of our respective productions, now awaiting your fiat to be printed. (12.)

his stool; and if some part (not his head) came with a very smart impact against the ground, it would be a due recompense for making us read such wooden, brainless stuff.

(10.) Omicron beats M. Garnerin, who entrusted himself to a parachute, which swung him backwards and forwards till his brains were addled, and then banged him against the stones, to see what sort of osteology he was possessed of. We received the hymn a week, two days, and some hours before little o's six-footed lines crept in. We must be just.

(11.) We hasten to persuade Mr H. L. with all the earnestness for his good which we can show, to apply *instantly* for the situation advertised last week of Junior Usher to the lowest form at Mr M.'s academy, Leith; apprehending from the old motto “docendo disco,” that it comes within the scope of the possibles, that he may, by teaching scholars not yet imbued with any great quantity of erudition, (being mostly quinquennarians, or at most sexennarians,) himself learn to *spell*; and as to Miss Camilla, she talks of cookery being a vulgar science,—she hallucinates,—the wisest course she can pursue is to put herself for a month or two under the flowery-fisted dominion of the house-keeper of her friend Mrs Thirdecourse, in the capacity of kitchen-maid, (if indeed so much capacity be hers; but, N. B. she must, meanwhile, be called Molly, Betty, Sally, or the like, as a *nom-de-guerre* or rather *de-cuisine*, for Camilla at the frying-pan, or working away with the flour-dredger, hath some incongruity to the ear. Should she listen to this advice, she will return to a sounder way of judging on the subject. Shall Mrs Rundel have written in vain? Smoke-jacks and cradle spits, forbid!

(12.) In fine, we give no encouragement to our Contributors to question our tact and judgment. Write away merry men all; but Farnè hath deputed us sole umpire,—indisputable, and till now undisputed.

C. N.