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**WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;**

**AND**

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## Noctes Ambrosianæ.

## No. XV.

XPH Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΔΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ  
 ΗΛΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΑΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,  
 An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;  
 Meaning, "'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,  
 " NOT TO LET THE JUG FACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;  
 " BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."  
 An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—  
 And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

Present—TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ., ENSIGN ODOHERTY, THE ETRICK  
 SHEPHERD, AND MR JONATHAN SPIERS.

ODOHERTY.

Yes, Tickler, you are, after all, quite in the right—I took the other side merely for the sake of conversation.

TICKLER.

Aye, and if my young friend here had happened to be called away half-an-hour ago—aye, or if I had happened not to be in the exact humour for squabashing, and particularly for squabashing *you*—what would have been the consequence, Mr Morgan?—what would have been the consequence, you care-me-devil?

ODOHERTY.

Why, I suppose, I should have helped to

“ Give to the press one preux-chevalier more.”

as the old zigzag of Twickenham says, or ought to say. Pope was decidedly the Z of Queen Anne's time—his dunces were the progenitors of the present Cockneys.

HOGG.

Wheesht—wheesht—for heaven's sake dinna name thae creatures again—I'm sure they're doon enough at ony rate. But really, Mr Tickler, are ye no ower hasty?—Od, man, (*whispering Timothy,*) the lad might have turned out a genius.

TICKLER.

No whispering at Ambrose's, Hogg.—Here, Jonathan, boy—here's the Great Boar of the Forest grunting into my ear, that we may be spoiling a genius in your honourable person—What say you to this, my hearty?—Do you really now—but *sans phrase* now—do you really take yourself to be a genius?

HOGG, (*aside to O'Doherty.*)

He takes his toddy brawlies, at ony rate.

ODOHERTY.

Hogg remarks that our youthful friend is a promising punchifier—But this, even this, I fear, may still leave the matter a little dubious—*bibimus indocti doctique.*

HOGG.

Jeering at me, I daursay—but what signifies that?—Here, Mr Jonathan, you're a very fine douce lad—never ye heed what thae proud-nosed chieils tell you—put out the poem or the novell—Whilk of them said ye it was?

MR SPIERS.

A romantic tale, sir, interspersed with verses.

HOGG.

Is there a gay feck o' verses?

MR SPIERS.

A considerable number, sir—Several of the characters, sir, give vent to their feelings in a poetical form, sir.

HOGG.

Aye, that's a gude auld fashion—A real novell young leddy has ay her keelivine in her pouch, and some bit back of a letter, or auld mantuamaker's count, or something or other, to put down her bit sonnet on, just after she's been stolen, or robbed, or, what's waur, maybe—

TICKLER.

Hold your tongue, Hogg. Jonathan Spiers' book is a very pretty book, I assure you—and his verses are very well introduced—very well indeed.

ODOHERTY.

Why, Hogg himself, in one of his recent masterpieces, has given the finest example of the easy and unaffected introduction of the ornament of occasional verse, in a prose romance.

TICKLER, (*aside to O'Doherty.*)

I forget what you are alluding to. Is this in the "Confessions of the Justified Sinner," which I see advertised?

ODOHERTY.

No, 'tis in the "Three Perils of Man." One of the chief characters of that work is a *bona fide* poet, and this personage never opens his mouth, but out comes a *bona fide* regular psalm-measure stanza of four lines. In the Pirate, to be sure, old Norna spouts most unconscionably; but even she must knock under to the poet of Hogg.

TICKLER, (*rings—enter Ambrose.*)

Mr Ambrose, have you the Three Perils of Man in the house? If yea, bring them forthwith.

AMBROSE, (*indignantly.*)

Sir, Mr Hogg's works form part of the standing furniture of the tap-room.

ODOHERTY, (*aside.*)

Standing furniture, I will be sword.

AMBROSE.

I rather think, Mr Macmurdo, the great drover from Angus, has one of the volumes just now; but he seemed getting very drowsy, and I shall perhaps be able to extract it. (*Exit.*)

HOGG, (*aside.*)

Honest man!—he's surely been sair forfaughten the day at the market.

ODOHERTY.

Hogg has another character in the same book—a priest; and what think ye is his dialect? Why, pure Chaldee, to be sure.

TICKLER.

Chaldee manuscript you mean, I suppose. Well, I see no harm in this.

HOGG.

It's a' perfect nature. If I liked I could speak nothing but poetry—deil a bait of prose—fras month's end to month's end—It would come like butter.

ODOHERTY.

In a lordly dish, to be sure. Come, Hogg, I take you at your word. Stick to your psalm-tune then.

HOGG.

Now stedfastly adhere will I,  
Nor swerve from this again,  
But speak in measured melody  
For ever'more. Amen!

TICKLER.

Hurra! Hogg for ever! that's a thumping exordium, James. Could you match him there, Jonathan?

HOGG.

There is no poet, no not one,  
Nor yet no poetess,  
Whose ready rhymes like those can run,  
Which my lips do express.

Yea all the day continually  
 Out from my mouth they go,  
 Like river that not waxeth dry,  
 But his waves still do flow.  
 Sith it be so that Og, the King  
 Of Bashan——

TICKLER.

Come, Hogg—in virtue of the power which Christopher gave me when he took the gout, you are absolved, and hereby I do absolve you.—One rhyme more, you great pig, and I'll have you scalded on the spot.

HOGG.

The pitcher's getting cold, at ony rate. Ye had better ring, and bid Ambrose have on the big boiler at ance.—And as for you, Jonathan Spiers, they were deaving us wi' saying there was nae opening in the literary world.—Me away, that canna be said, my braw lad.

ODOHERTY.

Come, Hogg, a joke's a joke—we've had enough of this. There is no opening in the literary world.

HOGG.

Weel, Jonathan, if Byron and me canna make an opening between us, I'm thinking ye maun just ca' canny, and wait till ye see out O'Doherty and the Author of Waverley—I reckon them about the next to Byron and me.

TICKLER, (*aside.*)

Either of their little fingers well worth you both.—But, however—Come, Hogg, supposing Jonathan really to reject my poor advice, what would be your counsel? Come now, remember 'tis a serious concern:—so be for once the sagacious master of the sagacious Hector.

HOGG.

I would be for Jonathan trying a good, rowing, independent Tory paper. Deil a paper I see's worth lighting ony's pipe wi'. It would surely do.

TICKLER.

I daresay Jonathan's ambition aimed at rather higher concerns; but no matter, what have you to say against the papers, Jemmy?

HOGG.

Just that they're a' clean trash—the Scots anes, I mean. There's the Scotman—it was lang the only ane that had ony bit spice of the deevil in't, and it's noo turned as douce and as doited as the very warst of them, since that creature turned Ricardo Professor, or what ca' ye't. He was a real dour, ugly, sulky beast, but still he was a beast—now they're mere dirt the lave o' them—just the beast's leavings—perfect dirt.

ODOHERTY.

What say ye to the Weekly Journal, James?

HOGG.

Too—too—too—too—too! By'r Lady, good Master Lieutenant—too!—too!  
 —too!—too!—too!—pheugh!

TICKLER.

The Courant, Hogg?

HOGG.

An edificationing paper, I'll no deny. It has a' the farms and roup. I couldna do without the Courant.

TICKLER.

What sort of paper did you wish Jonathan to set up—A Beacon, perhaps?

HOGG.

A Beacon? Gude pity us, Timotheus,—are you gann dementit a'thegither? I thought ye said Jonathan was a prudent, quiet, respectable laddie—wishing to make his way in the world—and “your ain sense tells you,” as Meg Dods says about the lad remaining in the room with Miss Mowbray, that, though your Anti-jacobins, and John Bulls, and Twopenny Post-Bags, and sae on, do very weel in the great Babel of Lunnun, the like o' these things are quite heterogeneous in this small atmosphere of the Edinbro' meridian—the folk here canna thole't.

TICKLER.

Jonathan might try a good daily paper in London—that is much wanted at present. Indeed, a new one is wanted every three or four years; for the chaps that succeed soon get too rich and fat for their business. Stoddart is quite a Bourbon man now. The *Courier* is verging to conciliation.

ODOHERTY.

By the bye, some dandies always pronounce *Courier*, as if it were a French word, *courid*—Did you hear our friend Peter's joke upon this at Inverness?

TICKLER.

Not I—What was it?

ODOHERTY.

Why, a young Whig wit asked some witness before the venerable Jury Court, "Are you in the habit of taking in the *Courid*, sir?" Upon this, Patrick, in cross-examination, says, "Are you in the habit, sir, of taking in the *Morning Po—?*"

TICKLER.

Very well, Peter!—But enough of the papers. I wonder you, Odoherly, don't think of patching up the *Memoirs* of Byron—you could easily guess what sort of stuff they were; and, at any rate, an edition of 10,000 would sell ere the trick could be discovered.

ODOHERTY.

Why, I flatter myself, if it were discovered, the book would still be good enough to sell on its own bottom. But the booksellers are turning so deucedly squeamish now-a-days, there's really no opening for a little fair quizzification. There was Hooke went to Colburn about his *Footes*; Colburn remarked, it was a pity there was none of *Footes's* private correspondence to be got hold of.—"Pooh, pooh!" quoth Theodore, "I'll make a volume of it in three weeks." Colburn took fright at this, and the thing stopped. What a pity now! Would not the letters have been all the better for being not *Footes's*, but the Grand Master's?

TICKLER.

To be sure they would; and, after the *Memoirs* of Byron that Colburn did publish—old paste-and-scissors work—he need not have been quite so sensitive, I would have thought. But there's no saying as to these people. Colburn's getting deuced rich upon the *Literary Gazette*, *Lady Morgan*, *The Writer Tam*, and the rest of these great Guns of his, I have a notion.

ODOHERTY.

To be sure he is.—But, as for Byron's *Memoirs*, why, I can tell you I have read the book myself, twice over; and, what is more, you will read it yourself within a month or six weeks' time of this present.

TICKLER.

Aye?—how?—indeed?—Well, you surprise me!

ODOHERTY.

Why, the fact is, that the work had been copied, for the private reading of a great lady in Florence; and it is well known in London, that Galignani has bought the MS., and that it will be out in Paris forthwith.—But is this really news for you?

HOGG.

It's news—and blythe news too—to me, for aye. But, I say, Ensign, speak truth now—Am I mentioned?

ODOHERTY.

Frequently.

HOGG.

Dear me! what does he say of me?—nae ill, I'll be sworn—I ay took his part, I'm sure.

ODOHERTY.

Why, he takes your part, too, on the whole—He puffs your *Queen's Wake* and *Chaldee* most stentoriously; and on the whole does you justice—You are in the Dictionary.

HOGG.

The Dictionary!—was he at an English Dictionary too?—Od, I would like

to see myself quoted in the English Dictionary—A bit of Hogg in below a bit of Bacon, maybe—it would look very well.

ODOHERTY.

In the next Dictionary that appears, no question, you will be gratified with abundance of such compliments—but the dictionary of Byron is quite another sort of thing. One volume of his Memoirs, in short, consists of a dictionary of all his friends and acquaintances, alphabetically arranged, with proper definitions of their characters—criticisms on their works (when they had any)—and generally a few specimens of their correspondence. To me this volume seemed, on the whole, the most amusing of the three.

HOGG.

I dinna doubt it—Oh, the ne'er-do-weels, to gang awa and burn sic a book as this.

ODOHERTY.

Pooh! I tell you 'tis not burnt—you will see it in the course of the summer.

TICKLER.

After all, it could not well have been published by Murray—Galigiani, or some foreigner or other, was the only plan.

ODOHERTY.

Why, there may be two opinions as to this. It was at one time understood that Murray was to have employed my excellent friend Tegg to bring the thing forth—but perhaps Tom would have been overnice.

TICKLER.

O, as to that, you know Davidson's name could have stood alone, as in the case of the first canto of the Don.

ODOHERTY.

Hang it, you are forgetting that infernal narrow-minded old quiz of a Chancellor—his abominable punctilios about the injunctioning law, you know, have entirely done away with the temptation to publish improper books. There is an English judge and cabinet-man for you! Discourtenancing Don Juan—Strangling Byron's Memoirs, (so far as the English MS. was in question)—Fine doings—fine doings—we shall be a pretty nation soon, I calculate.

HOGG, (*sings.*)

My blessings on your auld pow,  
John Anderson, my joe, John.

And yet, I'm doom'd glad that the lady in Florence had had a copy of Byron's *M.S.* I have a gay hantle letters o' Byron's in my ain desk—I wonder what the trade would give a body for a sma' volume of his epistolary correspondence wi' his friends.

ODOHERTY.

Not one rap—His letters to John Murray will be quite a sufficient dose of themselves—but, to be sure, they mayn't be printed just immediately.

TICKLER.

Not in my day, I calculate—you young dogs may expect to outlive both me and John Murray—you will see the whole of it, Ensign—and you, Jonathan.—But I, long ere then, shall be enjoying the conversation of Byron himself.—

Εὐθα γὰρ Κιμμερίων ἀνδρῶν δημοστὶ πωλοῖσσι,  
Ἡεὶ καὶ νεφελῆ κεκαλυμμένοι, εὐδὲ ποτ' αὐτῶς  
Ἡελίος φαιθὼν ἐπιδερκείται, ἀκτίσι βροσὶ  
Οὐδ' ὄποι' αἰ στιχῆσαι πρὸς ἤρασι ἀγέροισιν  
Οὐδ' ὅταν ἀψ' ἔσσι γαίην ἄσπ' μελοθεὶς ἀροτραπῆται—

Helas! helas! φῶν, πῶσσοι, ἦ! och! och!

HOGG.

Hech, sirs! what's a' this rumbleterow?—what's ailing Mr Tickler?

ODOHERTY.

You upon pale Cocytus' shore!—you old piece of whip-cord!—I'll back you to ninety-five as readily as if you were a sinecurist.—And besides, to be

serious, I hope you don't mean to keep company with people down yonder, whom you've done nothing but abuse, while *our χθον ἄφρονος*.

TICKLER.

Come, O'Doherty—I know very well you and I can never agree as to this. But, now that Lord Byron is dead, you must really stint in your gab, Morgan O'Doherty.—We have lost a great man, sir—a truly great man—one of the very few really great men of might that our age has witnessed.

ODOHERTY.

Not at all, my dear youth—by no manner of means. Byron was a very clever man, and a very clever poet; but, as to his being either a truly great man, or a truly great poet, I must altogether differ from you.—Why, sir, he has left no truly great work behind him; and his character was not *great*.

TICKLER.

I don't admit all that.—But, taking the first thing you say to be so for a moment, what is the *great* work that we have of Alceus, of Sappho—even of Pindar, or of Sallust, or of Petronius?—and yet these, I take it, *were* great people, and are so even in your estimation.

HOGG.

I never heard tell of one of them afore since ever I was born—Did ye, Jonathan?

MR SPIERS.

O fie, Mr Hogg!—never heard of Sallust?

ODOHERTY.

Yes, Tickler, my good fellow, but you are not stating your case fairly.—These people have left glorious fragments—enough to make us believe what other great people say of the works that have perished: but, misery on that infernal engine the press!—the next worst thing after gunpowder—Byron's fragments never can exist.—Spite of fate, the whole mass of lumber exists, and will exist, and nobody, in modern times, will take the trouble to pick out the few fine bits Byron really may have produced, and place them before the eyes of the world, to the exclusion of his portentous balaam. This is the true devilry of your modern authorship.

TICKLER.

Has Candide, then, no separate existence of its own?—Does anybody, when they read that glorious thing, or the Princess of Babylon, or Zadig, trouble their heads with thinking of the existence of *Œdipe*, the Universal History, and all the rest of Voltaire's humbugging Tragedies and Histories?—Not at all, my hearty.—Or, when people read Manon Lescaut, does it diminish their delight that the Abbé wrote and published fifty volumes, or more, of *bad* novels, which no human creature above the calibre of a Turnipologist would now endure three pages of?—Or do I, in reading Goldsmith's *Essays*, bother myself with his *History of Animals*, or his *History of Rome*?—Or do any of us enjoy *Tam o' Shanter* the less, because Dr Currie's edition contains all that stuff of Burns's *Epistles to Mrs Dunlop, George Thomson, &c.*?—Or who the devil has ever even heard the name of the five-hundredth part of the trashy productions which flowed from the pens of Fielding and Smollett, or their great masters, Le Sage and Cervantes? The critiques of the Doctor, the plays of the Justice, the many bitter bad plays and novels of the Author of *Don Quixote*, and the myriads of bad plays, and bad books of all kinds, of the Author of the *Devil on Two Sticks*—these matters are all pretty well forgotten, I suppose; and what signifies this to the Student of *Sancho Panza, Asmodeus, Commodore Trunnion, or Parson Trulliber*?—Come, come—own yourself beat now, like a fair man.

ODOHERTY.

You spout nobly when your breath is once up; but, seriously then, what are the works of Byron that you think will be remembered in honour? and what is the sort of name altogether that you think he will bear,

“When we're all cold and musty,  
A hundred years hence?”

TICKLER.

I think Byron's *Childe Harold, Corsair, Lara, and Don Juan*, (in part,) will

be remembered in the year of grace 1924; and I think the name of Byron will then be ranked as the third name of one great era of the imaginative literature of England; and this I think is no trifle.

HOGG.

After Sir Walter and me?

TICKLER.

No, Hogg, to be honest, before you, my dear creature. Yes, before you. Before everybody else in the line, my dear James, except the author of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, and the author of *Ruth*. I name the two best and most pathetic works of the two best, and, to my feeling, most pathetic writers of our day—the only two—I speak with disparagement to no one—that have opened up absolutely new fields of their own: For, after all, I do not uphold Byron so much on the score of original invention, as on that of original energy.

HOGG.

Original energy! what means that, being interpreted?

TICKLER.

Why, I mean to say, that mere energy of thought and language may be carried so far as to make, I do not say a poet of the very highest class, but a poet of a very high one—and I say that Byron's energy was of this kind—and I say that his place is immediately behind the all but Homeric magician of the North, and the all but Miltonic prophet of the Lakes. There's my apophthegm—for that, I think, Jemmy, is your name for anything you don't understand.

HOGG.

Many thousand thanks to you, Mr Timothy Tickler of Southside.

ODOHERTY.

The fact is, that Byron was a deuced good rattling fellow; a chap that could do most things he had seen anybody else do before him, just as I could write five hundred first-rate songs, *a la* Tom Moore, or *a la* James Hogg, if I had a mind. The far greater part of his composition was decidedly of this class—his short narrative octosyllabic was as decidedly a copy of Walter Scott, as that of the *Queen's Wake*—his “deep feeling of nature,”—ha! ha! ha!—in the third canto of *Harold*, and other subsequent concerns, was the result of his having read them—and a hint that he had not, more shame to him, read before—the poetry of that old Pan of the woods, W. W.—His *Beppo* was the visible by-blow—a vigorous one, I admit—of *Whistlecraft*—his *Manfred* was a copy of Goethe, and his *Deformed Transformed* was at once a half-formed and a deformed transformation of the *Devil and Doctor Faustus*, of the same unintelligible, cloud-compelling, old *Meerchaumite*.—Shall I go on?

HOGG.

As lang as you like, my dear fellow—but you wanna make out Wordsworth to have written *Parasina* for a' that—no, nor *Frere* to have ever had one canto of *Don Juan* in his breeks. Pooh! pooh! O'Doherty, you might as weel tell me that Shakespeare was the copyist of the auld idiots that wrote the original *Henry Fifts*, *King Johns*, and so forth. Byron was the great man, sir.

ODOHERTY.

I'll give you this much—I do believe he might have been a great man, if he had cut verse fairly, and taken to prose. My humble opinion is, that verse will not thrive again in our tongue. Our tongue is, after all, not an over-melodious one. I doubt if even Shakespeare would not have done well to cut it—at least it always appears to me, that when he writes what the critics call prose, he is most poetical. What say you to Hamlet's talk with *Rosencrants* and *Gildenstern*?—“This overhanging vault, look ye, fretted with golden fires,” &c. &c. &c.—Is not that poetry, sir? At any rate, the fact is, that Byron never could versify, and that his *Memoirs* and his private letters are the only things of his, that I have ever seen, that gave me, in the least degree, the notion of a fine creature enjoying the full and unconstrained swing of his faculties. Hang it! if you had ever seen that attack of his on *Blackwood*—or, better still, that attack of his on *Jeffrey*, for puffing *Johnny Keats*—or, best of all perhaps, that letter on *Hobhouse*—or that glorious, now I think of it, that inimitable letter to *Tom Moore*, giving an account of the blow-up with



Murray about the Don Juan concern—Oh dear! if you had seen these, you would never have thought of mentioning any rhymed thing of Byron's—no, not even his epigrams on Sam Rogers, which are well worth five dozen of Parinasas and Prisoners of Chillon, and—

TICKLER.

Stuff! stuff! stuff!—But I take it you're quizzing within the club—which you know is entirely *contra bonos mores*. Drop this, Ensign.

ODOHERTY.

I am dead serious. I tell you, Byron's prose works, when they are printed, will decidedly fling his verse into total oblivion. You, sir, that have merely read his hide-bound, dry, barking, absurd, ungrammatical cantos of Don Juan, and judge from them of Byron's powers as a satirist, are in the most pitiable position imaginable. One thumping paragraph of a good honest thorough-going letter of his to Douglas Kinnaird, or Murray in the olden time, is worth five ton of that material. I tell you once again, he never wrote in verse with perfect ease and effect—verse never was his natural language, as it was with Horace or Boileau, or Pope or Spenser, or any of those lads that could not write prose at all. When he wrote verses, he was always translating—that is to say, beastifying—the prose that already existed in his pericranium. There was nothing of that rush and flow that speaks the man rhyming in spite of himself, as in the *Battle of Marston*, or *Hamilton's Bawn*, or any other first-rate poem. No, no—he counted his feet, depend upon it—and, what is less excusable, he did not always count them very accurately. Of late, by Jupiter, he produced tooth-breakers of the most awful virulence. I take it the Odontists had bribed him.

TICKLER.

Why, whom *do* you call a good versifier, then?

ODOHERTY.

We have not many of them. Frere and Coleridge are, I think, the most perfect, being at once more scientific in their ideas of the matter than any others now alive, and also more easy and delightful in the melody which they themselves produce. We have no better things in our language, looking merely to versification, than the psychological curiosity—

“A damsel, with a dulcimer,  
In a vision once I saw,  
It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on a dulcimer she play'd,  
Singing of Mount Abora,” &c.

Or Frere's translation of the *Frogs*, printed long ago in *Ebony*. Do you remember the verses, in particular, which old North used to read, with a few literal alterations, as a fine cut at Joseph Hume, Peter Moore, and the other grand leaders of the Whig party now?

“Foreign stamp and vulgar mettle raise them to command and place,  
Brazen, counterfeit pretenders, flunkies of a flunky race;  
Whom the Whigs of former ages scarce would have allowed to stand,  
At the sacrifice of outcasts, as the scape-goats of their band.”

Byron seldom or never made verses equal, merely *quâ* verses, to the like of these. When he did, it was by a strict imitation of something his ear had caught in the versification of some preceding poet. As for the Spenserian, you well know that whenever his sweep of stanza did not vividly recall Thomson or old Edmund himself, the stanza was execrably hard, husky, and unswallowable.

TICKLER, (*solemnly*.)

“Tambourgi, tambourgi, thy larum afar  
Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war!”

ODOHERTY.

Come, come, Timotheus, don't throw your chair back in that abominable Yankee-doodle fashion—Stick to the argument, sir—don't lounge and spout.

## TICKLER.

"It is the hour, when, from the boughs,  
The nightingale's high note is heard ;  
It is the hour when lover's vows  
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word ;—  
And gentle winds and waters near  
Make music to the lonely ear ;—  
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,  
And in the sky the stars are met ;  
And on the waves a deeper blue,  
And on the leaf a browner hue,  
And in the heavens that clear obscure,  
So softly dark, and darkly pure,  
Which follows the decline of day,  
As twilight melts beneath the moon, away."

## ROGG.

Ay, ay, man, these are verses. (*Aside to Spiers.*) Do you think they're as good as Kilmeny ?

## TICKLER.

Listen to me one moment more, O'Doherty. The fact, sir, stands simply thus :—It is obvious to any one who is capable of casting a comprehensive eye over things, that there are three different great veins of thought and sentiment prevalent in this age of the world ; and I hold it to be equally clear, that England has furnished at least one great poetical expositor and interpreter for each of the three. This, sir, is the Age of Revolution. It is an age in which earth rocks to and fro upon its foundations—in which recourse is had to the elements of all things—in which thrones, and dominations, and principles, and powers, and opinions, and creeds, are all alike subjected to the sifting of the winds of Intellect, and the tossing and lashing of the waves of Passion.—Now, there are three ways in which the mind of poetic power may look at all this—there are three parts among which it may choose. First, there is the spirit of scorn of that which is old—of universal distrust and derision, mingled up with a certain phrenzy of indignation and innovating fury—Here is Byron—Then there is the high heroic spirit of veneration for that which has been—that still deeper, that infinitely more philosophical distrust, which has for its object this very rage and storm of coxcombical innovation which I have been describing—This is Scott—the noble bard of the noble—the prop of the venerable towers and temples, beneath which our fathers worshipped and did homage in the days of a higher, a purer, a more chivalric race.—This is the voice that cries—*In defence!*

"Faster come, faster come,  
Faster and faster,—  
Page, vassal, squire, and groom,  
Tenant and master :  
Come as the winds come,  
When forests are rending ;  
Come as the waves come,  
When navies are stranding !"

And there is yet a third spirit—the spirit of lonely, meditative, high-souled, and yet calm-souled men—of him who takes no part in sounding or obeying the war-pipe of either array—the far-off, philosophic contemplator, who, turning from the turmoil, out of which he sees no escape, and penetrated with a profound loathing of all this mighty clamour, about things, at the best, but fleeting and terrestrial, plunges, as it were, into the quiet, serene ocean-depths of solitary wisdom, there to forget the waves that boil upon the surface—there to brood over the images of eternal and undisturbed truth and beauty.—This is Wordsworth ;—hear how *he* describes a poet's tomb.—

"A convent—even a hermit's cell—  
Would break the silence of this dell.

It is not quiet—is not ease,  
 But something deeper far than these.  
 The separation that is here  
 Is of the grave—and of *austere*  
*And happy feelings of the dead* :  
 And therefore was it rightly said,  
 That Ossian, last of all his race,  
 Lies buried in this lonely place."

HOGG.

Hech me !—I'll be buried beside Yarrow mysell !

ODOHERTY.

And dug up, no doubt, quite fresh and lovely, like this new hero of yours, one hundred summers hence. I hope you will take care to be buried in the top-boots, by the by—they will gratify the speculators of the year two thousand and two.

TICKLER.

So Byron is, after all, to be buried in Greece—Quite right. His inspiration was originally from thence—his muse always spread a broader pinion whenever she hovered over the blue Ægean. Proudly let him lie on Sunium ! loftily let his spirit gaze at midnight upon the rocks of Salamis !

ODOHERTY.

So be it. But I have still one word to say to you *enent* his Lordship of Byron. Byron was by no means, Mr Timothy, the Jacobin Bard that you seem to hold him. I'll be shot if he ever penned one stanza without feeling the coronet.—Ay, ay, sir, he was indeed "Byron my Baron," and that to the backbone.

TICKLER.

You are quite right, ODoherly, and I would have said the same thing if Hogg had not interrupted me. The fact is, that Byron took the walk I mentioned, but he did not take it in that singleness of heart and soul with which the two other gentlemen took to theirs. No, sir, he was too good by nature for what he wished to be—he could not drain the blood of the cavaliers out of his veins—he could not cover the coronet all over with the red night-cap—he could not forget that he was born a lord, a gentleman, an English gentleman, and an English lord ;—and hence the contradictoriness which has done so much to weaken the effect of his strains—hence that self-reproaching melancholy which was eternally crossing and unnerving him—hence the impossibility of his hearing, without a quivering pulse, ay, even after all his thundering trumpets about Washington, America, Republics, and fiddle-de-dees, the least echo of what he in his very last poem so sweetly alludes to—

——"The home

Heart ballads of green Erin or grey Highlands,  
 That bring Lochaber back to eyes that roam  
 O'er far Atlantic Continents or Islands—  
 The calentures of music that o'ercome  
 All mountaineers with dreams that they are nigh lands  
 No more to be beheld but in such visions"—

Hence the dark heaving of soul with which he must have written, in his Italian villeggiatura, that description of his own lost, forfeited, ancestral seat—I can repeat the glorious verses.

"It stood embosom'd in a happy valley,  
 Crown'd by high woodlands, where the Druid oak  
 Stood like Caractacus in act to rally  
 His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunder-stroke ;  
 And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally  
 The dappled foresters—as day awoke,  
 The branching stag swept down with all his herd,  
 To quaff a brook which murmur'd like a bird.

“ Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,  
 Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed  
 By a river, which its soften'd way did take  
 In currents through the calmer water spread  
 Around : the wild fowl nestled in the brake  
 And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed ;  
 The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood  
 With their green faces fix'd upon the flood.

“ Its outlet dash'd into a deep cascade,  
 Sparkling with foam, until, again subsiding,  
 Its shriller echoes—like an infant male  
 Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding  
 Into a rivulet ; and thus allay'd,  
 Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding  
 Its windings through the woods ; now clear, now blue,  
 According as the skies their shadows threw.

“ A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile,  
 (While yet the church was Rome's) stood half apart  
 In a grand arch, which once screened many an aisle.  
 These last had disappear'd—a loss to art :  
 The first yet frown'd superbly o'er the soil,  
 And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,  
 Which mourn'd the power of time's or tempest's march,  
 In gazing on that venerable arch.

“ Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,  
 Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone ;  
 But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,  
 But in the war which struck Charles from his throne,  
 When each house was a fortalice—as tell  
 The annals of full many a line undone,  
 The gallant cavaliers, who fought in vain  
 For those who knew not to resign or reign.

“ But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd,  
 The Virgin Mother of the God-born child,  
 With her son in her blessed arms, look'd round,  
 Spared by some chance when all beside was spoil'd ;  
 She made the earth below seem holy ground.  
 This may be superstition, weak or wild,  
 But even the faintest relics of a shrine  
 Of any worship, wake some thoughts divine.

“ A mighty window, hollow in the centre,  
 Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,  
 Through which the deepen'd glories once could enter,  
 Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings,  
 Now yawns all desolate : now loud, now fainter,  
 The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings  
 The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire  
 Lie with their hallelujahs quench'd like fire.

“ But in the noontide of the moon, and when  
 The wind is winged from one point of heaven,  
 There moans a strange unearthly sound, which then  
 Is musical—a dying accent driven  
 Through the huge arch, which soars and sinks again.  
 Some deem it but the distant echo given  
 Back to the night wind by the waterfall,  
 And harmonized by the old choral wall.

“ Others, that some original shape, or form  
 Shaped by decay perchance, hath given the power  
 (Though less than that of Memnon's statue, warm  
 In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fix'd hour)  
 To this grey ruin with a voice to charm.  
 Sad, but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or tower :  
 The cause I know not, nor can solve ; but such  
 The fact :—I've heard it,—once perhaps too much.

“ Amidst the court a Gothic fountain play’d,  
 Symmetrical, but deck’d with carvings quaint—  
 Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,  
 And here perhaps a monster, there a Saint :  
 The spring gush’d through grim mouths, of granite made,  
 And sparkled into basins, where it spent  
 Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,  
 Like man’s vain glory, and his vainer troubles.”

HOGG.

It is there—it is nowhere but there, that Byron’s ghost will linger. Ye may speak about Greece, and Rome, and America ; but his heart was, after all, among the auld mouldering arches and oaks of his forefathers. I would not, for something, stand an hour of black night below the shadow of that awful auld Abbey. Ghosts indeed !—I could face the spectres of auld priests and monks enow, I daursay—but od, man, what a ghost of ghosts will Byron’s be !

TICKLER.

Well said, James Hogg—Go on.

HOGG, (*having drunk off a tumbler.*)

I canna express what my feelings are as to some things—but I have them, for a’ that. I ken naething about your grand divisions and sub-divisions, about old things and new things, and contemplative spirits and revolutionary spirits, and what not—but this I ken, sirs, that I canna bide to think that Byron’s dead. There’s a wonderful mind swallowed up somewhere—Gone ! and gone so young !—and maybe on the very threshold of his truest glory, baith as a man and as a poet—It makes me wae, wae, to think o’t. Ye’ll laugh at me, Captain O’Doherty ; but it’s as true as I’m telling ye, I shall never see a grand blue sky fu’ of stars, nor look out upon the Forest, when all the winds of winter are howling over the wilderness of dry crashing branches, nor stand beside the sea to hear the waves roaring upon the rocks, without thinking that the spirit of Byron is near me. In the hour of awe—in the hour of gloom—in the hour of sorrow, and in the hour of death, I shall remember Byron !

TICKLER.

Euge ! Let no more evil be said of him. *Με τὸς ἐν Μαραθῶν τορμαχουάρτας*—Peace be to the illustrious dead !

ODOHERTY.

By all means, gentlemen—by all manner of means. Here, then, fill your glasses to the brim—and rise up—To the Memory of Byron !

OMNES (*rising.*)

THE MEMORY OF BYRON !

*Air—The Last Rose of Summer.*ODOHERTY, (*Sings.*)

1.  
 LAMENT for Lord Byron,  
 In full flow of grief,  
 As a sept of Milesians  
 Would mourn o’er their chief !  
 With the loud voice of weeping,  
 With sorrow’s deep tone,  
 We shall keen o’er our poet,  
 “ All faded and gone.”

2.  
 Though far in Missolunghi  
 His body is laid ;  
 Though the hands of the stranger  
 His lone grave have made ;  
 Though no foot from Old England  
 Its surface will tread,  
 Nor the sun of Old England  
 Shine over its head ;

3.  
 Yet, bard of the Corsair,  
 High spirited Child ;  
 Thou who sang’st of Lord Manfred  
 The destiny wild ;  
 Thou star, whose bright radiance  
 Illumined our verse,  
 Our souls cross the blue seas,  
 To mourn o’er thy hearse.

4.  
 Thy faults and thy follies,  
 Whatever they were,  
 Be their memory dispersed  
 As the winds of the air ;  
 No reproaches from me  
 On thy corse shall be thrown,  
 Let the man who is senseless  
 Uplift the first stone,

5.  
 In thy vigour of manhood  
 Small praise from my tongue  
 Had thy fame, or thy talents,  
 Or merriment wrung ;  
 For that church, and that state, and  
 That monarch I loved,  
 Which too oft thy hot censure  
 Or rash laughter moved.

6.  
 But I hoped in my bosom  
 That moment would come,  
 When thy feelings would wander  
 Again to their home.  
 For that soul, O lost Byron !  
 In brillianter hours,  
 Must have turn'd to its country—  
 Must still have been ours.

7.  
 Now slumber, bright spirit !  
 Thy body, in peace,  
 Sleeps with heroes and sages,  
 And poets of Greece ;  
 While thy soul in the tongue of  
 Even greater than they,  
 Is embalm'd till the mountains  
 And seas pass away.

TICKLER.

Very well, indeed, O'Doherty ; I am glad to see that you really have some feeling about you still. Oh yes, man, that is what everybody must feel.

ODOHERTY.

Feel what?—why, what a proper old humbug you are, after all!—(Sings.)

1.  
 Oh ! when I am departed and passed away,  
 Let's have no lamentations nor sounds of dismay—  
 Meet together, kind lads, o'er a three-gallon bowl,  
 And so toast the repose of O'Doherty's soul.

Down, derry down.

2.  
 If my darling girl pass, gently bid her come in,  
 To join the libation she'll think it no sin ;  
 Though she choose a new sweetheart, and doff the black gown,  
 She'll remember me kindly when down—down—down—

Down, derry down.

Were you deep in for it about the battle, Tickler?—I won five ponies on Spring—that was all I had done.

TICKLER.

I have cut the pugilistic mania ever since the Thurtell business—it quite disgusted me with the ring.

ODOHERTY.

"Pooh ! stuff of stuffs ;—you're getting crazy, I believe. I suppose you shut Redgauntlet, whenever you came to that capital murder of Nanty Ewart and Master Nixon—the best thing in the book, in my humble opinion.

HOGG.

An awfu' gruesome business, in truth. Weel, I think it's a very gude book, now, Redgauntlet. I consider it as a very decent novel. I read him through without stopping ; and it was after supper, too, ere I got haud o' the chiel.

TICKLER.

Why, that's not the worst way of judging of such affairs, James. My case was pretty much the same. 'Tis a very excellent book, a spirit-stirring one, and a spirit-sustaining one. It never flags.

ODOHERTY.

I wish to God it had been written on in one even strain, no matter whether in the first or in the third person ; but I hate all that botheration of Mr Lattimer's narrative, Mr Fairford's narrative, and the Author of Waverley's narrative. Indeed it is obvious he had got sick of that stuff himself ere he reached the belly of the second volume, and had the sheets not gone to press, no doubt he would have altered it.

HOGG.

I really never noticed that there was anything out of the ordinary in this particular. I read it clean on, till I got baith sair een and a sair heart.

TICKLER.

Yes, yes—these are mere trifles. Give me such a stream of narrative, and give me one such glorious fellow as Auld Willie, and I'm pretty well off, I calculate. What a most terrific piece of diablerie that is, the story of the old Baron and his Baboon. By Jupiter, they may talk of their Sintrams and their Devil's Elixirs as long as they please. That's the best ghost story ever I read. I speak for myself—and how gloriously the Fiddler tells it, which, by the way, is, all things considered, not the smallest part of the feat. To make a cat-witted, old, blind creature like that tell such a tale, without for a moment using an expression out of his own character, and yet tell it with such portentous, thrilling energy, and even sublimity of effect—this, sirs, is the perfection, not of genius merely, but of taste and consummate art.

ODOHERTY.

Nanty Ewart for my money! Why, Byron might have written for fifty years without digging the fiftieth part so deep into the human heart—ay, even the blackguard human heart he is so fond of. The attempt to laugh—and the stammered "*Poor Jess!*"—and then that fearful sarcasm, "he is killing me—and I am only sorry he is so long about it."—These, sirs, are the undying *qu'il mouruts* that will keep this lad afloat, although he should write books enough to fill the James Watt steam-boat.

HOGG.

I kent Peter Peebles brawlies—I've seen the doited body gaun gaping about the Parliament-House five hundred times—I forget his real name though. Peter's really a weel-drawn character—he's a very natural delineation, to my fancy.

TICKLER.

Natural delineation! Well-drawn character, indeed!—Come, come, Jamie, he's a prince, a king, an emperor of characters. Give us one such a character, sirs, and we will hoist you up till old Stodhard's ridiculous caricature be realized, and the top-boots of the Ettrick Shepherd are seen plaited in the most intimate and endearing familiarity with the point-hose of Will Shakespeare. He's quite as good, sirs, as any Malvolio, or Slender, that was ever painted by the hand of man. I build, in the true Catholic phrase, *super hunc Petrum*.

ODOHERTY.

Nothing is so disgusting to me as the chat of these Cockneyfied critics about those books. Prating, prating about fallings off, want of respect for the public, absurd haste, repetitions of Meg Merrilees, &c. &c. &c.—I trouble them to shew me the man that can give us a Meg Dods, or a Clara Mowbray, or one of these characters we have just been discussing. Till then, I spurn their balaam with my heels.—The only person I really was sorry to see joining in the beastly stuff was Tom Campbell—but, to be sure, his dotage is sufficiently evident, from many things besides that.

TICKLER.

Ay, ay, poor Ritter Bann! He has gone down hill with a vengeance, to be sure.

ODOHERTY.

Spurn we with our heels the Balaamites!—North, I suppose, will be squabashing them in the shape of a Review of Redgauntlet.

TICKLER.

Not he, i' faith. He was in a deuced rage with Ebony, for wanting him to have a review of it. He said he supposed the next thing would be to review Homer's Iliad, and the Psalms of David. And after all, Kit is so far right—everybody has read a book of that sort as soon as yourself, and there being nothing new in the *kind* of talent it displays, most people are just as able as any of us to make a decent judgment. When another Ivanhoe, or anything ranking as the commencement of another flight altogether, makes its appearance, then, no doubt, the old lad will touch the trumpet again—not I think, till then.

ODOHERTY.

He is getting crustier and crustier every day.—One can scarcely get him to put in the least puff now, merely to oblige a friend. Ebony does not like to speak to him on the subject, particularly when his gout is flying about in this horrid way; but *entre nous*, he is by no means satisfied with old Christopher. He seldom or never mentions any of Blackwood's books, which to me, I must own, seems deuced unfair. But he's so capricious, the old cock—There is Gilbert Earle, now, a really clever thing too—but that ought to have been nothing, either here or there, when I asked him so small a favour. I sent him one of the handiest little articles on Master Gilbert you ever saw, and, by Jupiter, back it came by return of the caddie, with just this scrawled on the top in red ink, or beet-root sauce, I rather think. "Out upon Novels"—these were the words of the Carmudgeon.

HOGG.

Out upon Novels! keep us a'!

TICKLER.

Gad! I almost sympathize with Christopherus—there positively is too great a crop—but *sans phrase*, now, what sort of a concern is this same Gilbert Earle?

ODOHERTY.

Why, it is a work of real talent—I assure you—'pon honour it is—a very clever work indeed—and besides, it is published by Knight, a lad for whom I have a particular regard—'Tis a most melancholy tale—both the subject and the style are after Adam Blair, but that does not prevent the author's exhibiting great and original talent in many of the descriptions.—By the by, he would suit you exactly in one thing, Hogg. Such a hand for describing a pretty woman, has not often fallen in your way, I calculate. Upon my soul, I'm not very inflammable you know, and yet some of his pieces of this kind almost took away my breath—But read the book, lads, for yourselves—ask for "Some account of the late Gilbert Earle, Esq.," written by himself, and published by Mr Knight. You will find the author to be one of these true fellows who blend true pathos with true luxury. Some of his bits, by the by, may have caught your eye already, for he published one or two specimens of the affair in the Album.

TICKLER.

A clever and gentlemanlike periodical, which I am truly sorry to find stopped—at least I suppose it is so, for I have not lately heard the name. There were some capital contributors to that concern.

ODOHERTY.

I believe North has now enlisted some of the best of them; but not the author of the said Gilbert Earle, he being a Whig. He is a devilish nice lad, however, for all that.

TICKLER.

I perceive, O'Doherty, that you have no notion of impartial criticism. You always sit down with a fixed resolution to abuse a fellow up hill and down dale, or else to laud him to the Empyrean. I suspect you are capricious as to these matters.

ODOHERTY.

Not at all. I always abuse my enemies, and puff my friends. So do all the rest of the lads "of the we," if they had the candour to confess things—but that they have not, wherefore let perdition be their portion. I, for my part, have no hesitation in avowing that I consider Burns's best, truest, and most touching line to be,

"They had been fu' for weeks together."

How could one hesitate about puffing him whose cigar-case has never been closed upon his fingers? Do you know why Jeffrey has been so severe of late upon Doctor Southey?

TICKLER.

Impertinence, that's all—though I admit there is a pretty considerable d—d deal of humbug about him (*ut gankice loquar.*)

ODOHERTY.

The reason of Jeffrey's spleen is obvious. The laureate invited him to tea!—invite a literary character of rank to a dish of catlap, and a thin, scraggy,



dry, *butter-broth*, as the Germans call it, in their superb and now popularish dialect. Why, there's no saying what might have happened, had he set down the little man to a plate of hot kipper, or some nice fried trouts, and then a bowl of cold punch, or a bottle of sauterne or markebrunner. That is the way to treat an editor of that magnitude, when he calls on you in your country house in the evening of a fine summer's day—more particularly when, as I believe Jeffrey's case really was, the said editor has dined at an earlier hour than he is accustomed to, and when, as I also understand to have been the fact on this occasion, the lad is evidently quite sober. In such circumstances the notion of the tea was a real *betise*. Southey was always a spoon; but I wonder Coleridge could sit by without recollecting what sort of an appearance it would have, and tipping Betty a hint to bring in the broth.

HOGG.

The broth! Het kail to the four hours, Captain?

ODOHERTY.

Was *Broth* the word I used. I have been in Glasgow lately, you know. It has the same meaning there with punch—cold lime and rum punch, I mean—the best liquifier, perhaps, that has yet been invented for this season of the year. I prefer it, I confess, both to Sangaree and Brandy Panny. These are morning tipples decidedly.

TICKLER.

Come, you're getting into your Maxim vein, I think. You are becoming a perfect Solomon of Soakers, Ensigh. You should have called it the Code ODoherly, sir, and produced it at once in a handy, little, juridical-looking, punchy double duodecimo. The work would be much referred to.

ODOHERTY.

I am great in my legislative capacity, I admit. Nothing equal to me in my own department. As Byron has expressed it, I am at present

The Grand Napoleon of the realm of punch,

or, rather, it should be of *paunch*, for of late I've been patronizing both sides of the victualling office.

TICKLER.

Yes, you've been poaching in every corner of Kitchener's preserve. By the way, how does the Doctor take up with your interference?

ODOHERTY.

Oh! admirably—We understand each other thoroughly. Kitchener—his name, by the by, settles all disputes about the doctrine of predestination—Kitchener is a prime little fellow—an excellent creature as earth contains. Why, here's a man that has written three or four of the very best books our age hath witnessed, as the puff-maker says; and what's far better, my hearties, he gives one of the very best feeds going—quite the dandy—such sauces! By jingo, I admire a man of this stamp.

HOGG.

Deil doubts you—Wha doesna admire them that can give ye baith a gude book and a gude dinner? For my part, I admire a man that gives me the bare bit dinner, just itsell, without ony books.

ODOHERTY.

The bare bit dinner! Oh, you savage! You have no more right, sir, to open that cod's-mouth of yours, for the purpose of uttering one syllable on any subject connected with eating or drinking, than Macvey Napier has to mention Bacon, or Professor Leslie to stand for the Hebrew chair, or a Negro or a Phrenologist to be classed among the genus *rationalæ*.—The bare dinner! Oh, ye beast!

HOGG.

Some folk have a braw notion of themselfs, Captain.

ODOHERTY.

If I could choose now—if I had Fortunatus's cap in good earnest—I'll tell you how I would do—By Jericho, I would breakfast with Lord Fife at Marr Lodge—Such pasties! such cakes! what a glorious set out, to be sure!—I should then keep stepping southwards—take my basin of mulligatawny and glass of cherry-brandy at Mrs Montgomery's here *en passant*—get on to Belvoir, or Burleigh, or some of these grand places on the road, in time for dinner,

and tap just about twelve at the door of the Blue Posts—Prime whiskey-punch there, sirs. If you were here, I might probably trace back a bit so as to drop in upon your third bowl.

HOGG.

Hear to the craving ne'er-do-weel!—You'll not be a lang liver, I can tell you, Captain, if you go on at this rate. You ought to marry a wife, sir, and sit down for a decent, respectable head of a family—you've had your braw spell of devilry now. Marry some bit bonny body of an heiress, man, and turn ower a new leaf.

ODOHERTY.

With a gilt edge, you purpose. Well, I have some thoughts of the thing—the worst of it is, that I am getting oldish now, and deucedly nice—and I really distrust myself too. I have serious apprehensions that I might turn out rather a quisquis sort of a Benedict. Hang it! I've been too long on the hill—they could never break me new—But I'll try some day—that's obvious.

HOGG.

You'll easily get an heiress, man, wi' that grand lang nose o' yours, and that bonny, bonny legs, and that fine yellow curly head of hair.

ODOHERTY, (*aside*.)

Bond Street growth—but no matter.

HOGG.

And, aboon a', your leeterary name—Od, man, I ken twa leddies in the Cowgate that wad fain, fain have me to bring ye some night to your tea—Bonny birds, Captain—Will ye gang?

ODOHERTY.

You be skinned!

TICKLER.

I'll tell you what my real views are, ODoherty.—Hang it, I don't see why you should not take up a Scots Baronetcy as well as the Bishop of Winchester, or, as Johnny Murtagh called him, Mr Winton. I suppose this sort of concern don't stand one much higher than an Aberdeen degree. I really would have you think of it. Sir Morgan and Lady ODoherty request the honour—Lady ODoherty's carriage stops the way!—Sir Morgan ODoherty's cabriolet!!—By Jove, the thing is arranged!—You *must* be a baronet, my dear Signifer.

ODOHERTY.

Hum!—Well, to oblige you, I shan't much object to such a trifle. How shall I set about it, then, Timothy?

TICKLER.

Poo!—Find out that there was some ODoherty, of course there were many, —but no matter for that—in the army of M'Fadyen, the lad that flung his own head after Lieutenant-General Sir William Wallace, Baronet, K.T. and C.G.B.—or in the armies of Montrose—which, by the by, were almost all of them Irish armies; *secundo*, Find out that this glorious fellow—being, of course, (as all gentlemen in those days were,) a Knight-Bachelor—had been *once*—no matter from what beastly ignorance, or from what low, fawning vulgarity, *addressed* as a Baronet. Then, *tertio*, have a few of us assembled at Ambrose's some day at five o'clock, and the job is done.—I myself have frequently acted as Chancellor.—I am quite *au fait*.

ODOHERTY.

Why, as to the first of these points, I have no doubt there must have been some ODoherties here in Montrose's time.—As to the second, it obviously *must* be so; and, as to the third, by Jupiter, name your day!

TICKLER.

This day three weeks—six o'clock sharp. I stipulate for a green goose, and a glass of your own genuine usquebaugh.

ODOHERTY.

Thou hast said it!—stinginess would ill besecm a man of my rank. I trust his Majesty the King of the Sandwich Islands will be here in time to join us. I am told he is a hearty cock.

TICKLER.

To be serious—I was really amazed to see John Bull, honest lad, going into the Prettyman Humbug. It is very likely, indeed, that the worthy Bishop himself is by no means aware of the absurdity of the system under which he supposes himself to have acquired the orange ribbon of Nova Scotia. He has probably been led—but no matter, as to one particular case. The fact is, that, if they wished to give us a real boon, they ought to look to this subject—the people above stairs, I mean.—They ought to bring in a bill, requiring that the man who wishes to assume any title of honour in Scotland ought to do the same thing which the House of Lords demands when a man wishes to take up a peerage of Scotland. If that were done, the public would be satisfied, and the individual would be safe from that annoyance, to which he must be subjected so long as matters are managed in the present ridiculous and most un-lawyer-like method. Why, only consider what it is that the jury (Heaven bless the name!) does in such a case. The claimant appears, and demands to be recognised as the heir of such a man, who died two, three, or four centuries ago. Well, he proves himself to have *some blood relation* to the defunct. The *factio juris* is, that when a man makes such a claim, those, if there be any, that have a better title—a nearer propinquity—will, of course, appear and shew fight; and, in the absence of any such appearance, the work of the said noble jury is at once finished. Now, in the case of a man making a claim, which, if allowed, will give him a certain number of acres, no doubt the chances are infinitesimally small, that any person, concerned from his own interests in the redarguing of the said claim, will fail to come forth to give battle. Nay, even in the case of a Scotchman, of a Scotch family well-known in the history, or at least in the records of the country, coming forward with a claim, the object of which is a mere honorary matter, such as a title of baronet, the chances are not very great, that, in a small nation, where everybody knows everybody, and where all are very much taken up about titular trifles,—the chances are not great, that even a claimant of this order will be allowed to walk the course: But in the case of an Englishman, of whose family nobody in Scotland ever heard a word, coming down, and wanting a title, to which nobody in Scotland can of course have any claim—in this case, no doubt, the most perfect apathy must prevail. The Bishop *may* be in the right; but I, and all the world besides, must continue to regard with suspicion the assumption of a title, the patent for which is *not* produced, unless the clearest evidence as to the tenor of the patent be produced.

ODOHERTY.

Then what is the Bishop's way to get out of the scrape?

TICKLER.

Why, in the present state of matters, I see but one. He ought to bring an action before the Court of Session against some friend of his, no matter about what, assuming the style of baronet in his "summons," as we call it—that is, in his original writ. The friend may put in his objection to the style under which the Bishop sues, and then the Court will be open to hear him defend his right to use the said style. In this way the whole matter may be cleared up.

HOGG.

There's naebody cares ae boddle about sic matters—they're a' just clean havers. I own I do like to hear of a real grand auld name like the house of MARR being restored to their ain. That is a thing to please a Scottish heart. The Earl of Marr! There's not a nobler sound in Britain.

TICKLER.

Quite so, Hogg. But was ever such beastliness as Brougham's? Why, in seconding Peel's motion for dispensing with the personal appearance of an old gentleman of near ninety in London, what topic, think ye, does this glorious fellow dare to make the ground on which he (Brougham) solicits the indulgence of Parliament? Why, this—that Mr Erskine of Marr is distinguished for his *liberal opinions*!!! Egregious puppy! what had old Marr's politics to do with the matter? They are Whig, and so much the worse for him; but conceive only the bad taste—the abominable taste—of this fellow's lugging in the old man's whiggery as a recommendation of him to the House of Commons, at the very moment when the House was about to pass a bill conferring

high honours on the old man—a bill originating, no doubt, in the high personal feelings of the King, but still owing its existence there to the support of the King's Tory ministers. Such insolence is really below all contempt. I wonder Peel did not give him a wipe or two in return.

ODOHERTY.

The sulky insolent —— !

HOGG.

The born gowk !

TICKLER.

For cool, rancorous, deliberate impudence, give me, among all Whigs, Brougham ! Only think of *his* daring, after all that has happened, to say one word in the House of Commons, when the topic before them referred, in any degree, however remote, to an act of generous and magnanimous condescension of that monarch, whom, on the Queen's trial, he and his friend Denman dared to speak of as, we can never forget, they did !

ODOHERTY.

I confess Brougham is a fine specimen.—By the way, what is all this piece of work about changes in your Scots Courts of Law ?

TICKLER.

It is a piece of work originating in the by no manner of means unnatural aversion of the Chancellor, to a law of which he is ignorant, and carried on by the base and fawning flattery (which he should have seen through) of certain low Scotch Whigs, who, nourishing the vile hope that, change once introduced, changes may be multiplied, are too happy to find, in the best Tory of England, their ally in a plan, which has for its real object the destruction of all that is most dear and valuable to Scotland, and of course held and prized as such by the Tories of Scotland. But the low arts by which the whole affair has been got up and got on—the absurdity of the proposed innovations, and, in particular, the pitiable imbecility with which the whole real concerns of the Jury Court—that *job*—are blinked—all these things shall ere long be exposed in a full, and, I hope, a satisfactory manner. I shall demolish them in ten pages—down—down—down shall they lie—never to rise again—or my name is not Timothy.

ODOHERTY.

A letter to Jeffrey, I suppose ?

TICKLER.

Even so let it be. My word, I'll give him a dose.

HOGG.

It's ay a pleasure to you to be paiking at him—I wonder you're not wearied o't.

TICKLER.

I am wearied of it—but duty, Hogg, duty !

HOGG.

It's my duty to tell you, that the bottom of the bowl has been visible this quarter of an hour.  
(Rings.)

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