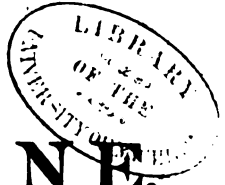


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WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH ;

AND

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1825.

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. XXIII.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΑΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
 ΗΛΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΑΟΝΤΑ 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.*

NORTH, SHEPHERD, TICKLER.

NORTH.

Thank heaven for winter! Would that it lasted all year long! Spring is pretty well in its way, with budding branches and carolling birds, and wimpling burnies, and fleecy skies, and dew-like showers softening and brightening the bosom of old mother earth. Summer is not much amiss, with umbrageous woods, glittering atmosphere, and awakening thunder-storms. Nor let me libal Autump in her gorgeous bounty, and her beautiful decays. But Winter, dear cold-handed, warm-hearted Winter, welcome thou to my fur-clad bosom! Thine are the sharp, short, bracing, invigorating days, that screw up muscle, fibre, and nerve, like the strings of an old Cremona discoursing excellent music—thine the long snow-silent or hail-rattling nights, with earthly firesides and heavenly luminaries, for home comforts, or travelling imaginations, for undisturbed imprisonment, or unbounded freedom, for the affections of the heart and the flights of the soul! Thine too——

SHEPHERD.

Thine too, skaitin', and curlin', and grewin', and a' sorts o' deevilry among lads and lasses at rockin's and kirms. Beef and greens! Beef and greens! O, Mr North, beef and greens!

NORTH.

Yes, James, I sympathize with your enthusiasm. Now, and now only, do carrots and turnips deserve the name. The season this of rumps and rounds. Now the whole nation sets in for serious eating—serious and substantial eating, James, half leisure, half labour—the table loaded with a lease of life, and each dish a year. In the presence of that Haggis, I feel myself immortal.

SHEPHERD.

Butcher meat, though, and coals, are likely, let me tell you, to sell at a perfect ransom frae Martinmas to Michaelmas.

NORTH.

Paltry thought. Let beeves and muttons look up, even to the stars, and fuel be precious as at the Pole. Another slice of the stot, James, another slice of the stot—and, Mr Ambrose, smash that half-ton lump of black diamond till the chimney roar and radiate like Mount Vesuvius.—Why so glum, Tickler?—why so glum?

TICKLER.

This outrageous merriment grates my spirits. I am not in the mood. 'Twill be a severe winter, and I think of the poor.

NORTH.

Why the devil think of the poor at this time of day? Are not wages good, and work plenty, and is not charity a British virtue?

SHEPHERD.

I never heard sic even-down nonsense, Mr Tickler, in a' my born days. I

met a puir woman ganging along the brigg, wi' a deevil's dizzen o' bairns, ilka ane wi' a daud o' breed in the tae han' and a whang o' cheese i' the tither, while their cheeks were a' blawn out like sæ mony Boreases, wi' something better than wun, and the mither hersell, a weel-faur'd hizzie, tearin' awa at the fleshy shank o' a marrow-bane, mad wi' hunger, but no wi' starvation, for these are twa different things, Mr Tickler. I can assure you that puir folks, mair especially gin they be beggars, are hungry four or five times a-day; but starvation is seen at night sitting by an empty aumry and a cauld hearth-stane. There's little or nae starvation the now, in Scotlan'!

NORTH.

The people are, on the whole, well off.—Take some pickles, Timothy, to your steak. Dickson's mustard is superb.

SHEPHERD.

I canna say that I a'thegither just properly understand the system o' the puir-laws; but I ken this, that puir folks there will be till the end o' *Blackwood's Magazine*, and, that granted, maun there no be some kind o' provision for them, though it may be kittle to calculate the precess amount?

NORTH.

Are the English people a dependent, ignorant, grovelling, mean, debased, and brutal people?

SHEPHERD.

Not they, indeed—they're a powerfu' population, second only to the Scotch. The English puir-laws had better be cut down some twa-three millions, but no abolished. Thae Political Economy creatures are a cruel set—greedier theirsells than gaberlunzies—yet grudging a handfu' o' meal to an auld wife's wallet. Charity is in the heart, not in the head, and the open haun should be stretched out o' the sudden, unasked and free, not held back wi' clutched fingers like a meeser, while the Wiseacre shakes his head in cauldribe calculation, and ties a knot on the purse o' him on principle.

NORTH.

Well said, James, although perhaps your tenets are scarcely tenable.

SHEPHERD.

Scarcely tenable? Wha'll take them frae me either by force or reason? Oh! we're fa'en into argument, and that's what I canna thole at meals. Mr Tickler, there's nae occasion, man, to look sæ down-in-the-mouth—everybody kens ye're a man o' genius, without your pretending to be melancholy.

TICKLER.

I have no appetite, James.

SHEPHERD.

Nae appetee! how suld ye hae an appetee? a bowl o' Mollygo-tawny soup, wi' bread in proportion—twa codlins, (wi' maist part o' a labster in that sass,) the first gash o' the jiget—stakes—then I'm maist sure, pallets, and finally guse—no to count jeellies and coosturd, and bluemange, and many million mites in that Campsie Stilton—better than ony English—a pot o' Draught—twa lang shankers o' ale—noos and thans a sip o' the auld port, and just afore grace a caulker o' Glenlivet, that made your een glower and water in your head as if you had been lookin' at Mrs Siddons in the sleep-walking scene in Shakespeare's tragedy of Macbeth—gin ye had an appetee after a' that destruction o' animal and vegetable matter, your maw would be like that o' Death himsell, and your stomach insatiable as the grave.

TICKLER.

Mr Ambrose, no laughter, if you please, sir.

NORTH.

Come, come, Tickler—had Hogg and Heraclitus been contemporaries, it would have saved the shedding of a world of tears.

SHEPHERD.

Just laugh your fill, Mr Ambrose. A smile is aye becoming that honest face o' yours. But I'll no be sæ wutty again, gin I can help it.

(Exit Mr Ambrose with the epergne.)

TICKLER.

Mr Ambrose understands me. It does my heart good to know when his arm carefully extended over my shoulder, to put down or to remove. None of that

hurry-and-no-speed waiter-like hastiness about our Ambrose ! With an ever-observant eye he watches the goings-on of the board, like an astronomer watching the planetary system. He knows when a plate is emptied to be filled no more, and lo ! it is withdrawn as by an invisible hand. During some "syncope and solemn pause" you may lay down your knife and fork and wipe your brow, nor dread the evanishing of a half-devoured howtowdy ; the moment your eye has decided on a dish, there he stands plate in hand in a twinkling beside tongue or turkey ! No playing at cross-purposes—the sheep's head of Mullion usurping the place of the kidneys of O'Doherty. The most perfect confidence reigns round the board. The possibility of mistake is felt to be beyond the fear of the hungriest imagination ; and sooner shall one of Jupiter's satellites forsake his orbit, jostling the stars, and wheeling away into some remoter system, than our Ambrose run against any of the subordinates, or leave the room while North is in his chair.

NORTH.

Hear the Glenlivet !—hear the Glenlivet !

SHEPHERD.

No, Mr North, nane o' your envious attributions o' ae spirit for anither. It's the sowl within him—that breaks out, like lightning in the collied night, or in the dwawm-like silence o' a glen the sudden soun' o' a trumpet.

TICKLER.

Give me your hand, James.

SHEPHERD.

There noo—there noo. It's aye me that's said to be sae fond o' flattery ; and yet only see how by a single word o' my mouth I can add sax inches to your stature, Mr Tickler, and make ye girn like the spirit that saluted De Gama at the Cape o' Storms.

NORTH.

Hear the Glenlivet !—hear the Glenlivet !

SHEPHERD.

Hush, ye haveril. Give us a speech yoursell, Mr North, and then see who'll cry, "Hear the Glenlivet !—hear the Glenlivet !" then. But haud your tongues, baith o' you—dinna stir a foot. And as for you, Mr Tickler, howk the tow out o' your lug, and hear till a sang.

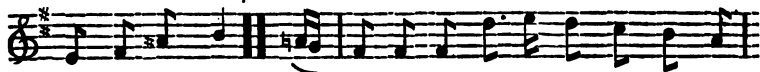
THE BRAKENS WI' ME.

Air—Driving the Steers.

I'll sing of yon glen o' red heather, An' a dear thing that ca's it her



hame, Wha's a' made o' love-life to - ge - ther, Frae the tie o' the



shoe to the kembe. Love beckons in ev' - ry sweet mo-tion, Com-



manding due homage to gi'e ; But the shrine of my dearest devotion Is the



bend o' her bonny e'e bree.

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TICKLER.

" I'm never merry wh

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o' the Cathedral, and now the sky o' heaven, and a light—I had maist said a murmuring licht, for there surely was a faint spirit-like soun' in the streams o' splendour that came through the high Gothic window, left shadows here and there throughout the temple, till a' at ance the organ sounded, and I could have fallen down on my knees.

NORTH.

Thank you kindly, James.

SHEPHERD.

I understand the hint, sir. Catch me harpin' ower lang on ae string. Yet music's a subject I could get ga'en tiresome upon.

TICKLER.

So is painting and poetry.

SHEPHERD.

Paintin'! na—that's the warst ava. Gang into an exhibition, and only look at a crowd o' Cockneys, some wi' specs, and some wi' quizzing-glasses, and faces without ae grain o' meaning in them o' ony kind whatsomever, a' glowering perhaps at a picture o' ane o' Nature's maist fearfu' or magnificent warks! Mowdiewarts! they micht as weel look at the new-harled gable-end o' a barn. Is't a picture o' a deep dungeon-den o' ruefu' rocks, and the waterfa' its ragin' prisoner, because nae wizard will with his key open but a wicket in the ancient gates of that lonesome penitentiary? Is't a picture o' a lang lang endless glén, wi' miles on miles o' dreary mosses, and hags, and lochs—thae wee black fearsome lochs that afttimes gurgle in their sullen sleep, as if they wanted to grup and drown ye as you gang by them, some lanely hour, takin' care to keep at safe distance along the benty knowes—mountain above mountain far and near, some o' them illuminated wi' a' their woods till the verra pine-trees seem made o' heaven's sunshine, and ithers, wi' a weight o' shadows that drown the sight o' a' their precipices, and gar the mighty mass o' earth gloom like thunder-clouds, wi' nae leevin thing in the solitude but your plaided self, and the eagle like a mote in the firmament—Siccan a scene as Tamson o' Duddingston wad trummel as he daured to paint it—What, I ask, could a Prince's Street maister or missy ken o' sic a wark mair than a red-deer wad ken o' the inside o' George's Street Assembly Rooms, gin he were to be at Gow's ball?

TICKLER.

Or in the vegetable market. North, have you seen that worthy original Martin since he came to town?

NORTH.

I have—and I have seen his collection too at No. 44, North Hanover Street; rare, choice, splendid. What a Paul Potter! What a John Both! What a Rembrandt! What a Corregio! It is a proud thing to know that such pictures find purchasers in Scotland; for we are not rich.

TICKLER.

Neither are we poor. We say that Edinburgh is a city of palaces. This is a somewhat exaggerated spirit of vain talk; but certainly it contains no small number of large commodious houses, in which five, ten, twenty thousand a-year may be spent with consistency and decorum; and of the furniture of each shall no part be pictures? Bare walls in the houses of wealthy men betray a poorness of spirit. Let them go to my friend Martin.

TICKLER.

The Burgo-Master—Rembrandt's of course—I remember to have seen years ago. It is from the collection of Vandergucht. What a solemn and stern expression over forehead and eyes! You do not say the picture speaks; for the old Burgo-Master is plainly a man of few words—but it thinks, and you see embodied there a world of intellect. What did these fellows do with all that powerful mind? One and all of them ought to have left behind them—systems.

NORTH.

They were better employed—fathers, heads of houses, civic rulers. But I see yet before me that Virgin and Child—a study, I believe, for Corregio's famous picture in the Louvre, "the Marriage of St Catharine." What meek maternal love mingled with a reverential awe of her own divine babe! How beautifully has Mary braided, scarcely braided, folded up as with a single touch, ere yet her child had awoke, that soft silken shining hair—tresses rich

in youthful luxuriance, yet tamed down to a matron simplicity, in sweet accordance with that devout forehead and bliss-breathing eyes!

TICKLER.

Such pictures scarcely bear to be spoken of at all. Let them hang in their silent holiness upon the wall of our most secret room, to be gazed on at times when we feel the emptiness and vanity of all things in this life, and when our imagination, coming to the relief of our hearts, willingly wafts us to the heaven which inspired such creations of genius. Those great painters, North, were great divines.

NORTH.

A mere landscape of this earth is better fitted for ordinary hours. In that Paul Potter, did you ever breathe anything like the transparency of the atmosphere—ever feel such warmth of meridian sunshine! Two quiet human figures, I think, and a couple of cows, that's all; and yet that little bit of canvass is a picture—a poem of the pastoral life.

TICKLER.

Here's Martin's health—a bumper.

SHEPHERD.

Pray, what is this New Military Academy? Is it a gude institution, Mr North?

NORTH.

I think it is. It will not only give young soldiers some useful knowledge, but put spirit and spunk into them before they enter upon service.

TICKLER.

Most happy was I to see Signor Francalanza appointed fencing-master to the Institution. He is a perfect teacher.

NORTH.

And a man of probity.

TICKLER.

And of accomplishments. Could I touch the guitar like the Signor, I would set out for Venice to-morrow, and serenade myself into the love of the fairest dames in Italy.

SHEPHERD.

Fie shame, Mr Tickler! fie shame, and you a married man!

TICKLER.

I had forgot it, James.

SHEPHERD.

That's no true. Nae man ever forgot he was married. As for the gittarre, I wadna niffer the fiddle for that triflin' bit chirpin' tam-thoom o' an instrument. Yet I allow that Mr Frank Alonzo fingers't wi' mickle taste and spirit; and his singing o' outlandish airs makes ane maist think that he understahds French and Italian himsell.

NORTH.

What think you, James, of the projected Fish Company?

SHEPHERD.

Just everything that's gude. I never look at the sea without lamenting the backward state of its agriculture. Were every eatable land animal extinc', the human race could dine and soup out o' the ocean till a' eternity.

TICKLER.

No fish-sauce equal to the following: Ketchup—mustard—cayenne-pepper—butter amalgamated on your plate *proprio manu*, each man according to his own proportions. Yetholm ketchup—made by the gipsies. Mushrooms for ever—damn walnuts.

NORTH.

I care little about what I eat or drink.

SHEPHERD.

Lord have mercy on us—what a lee! There does not, at this blessed moment, breathe on the earth's surface ae human being that does na prefer eating and drinking to all ither pleasures o' body or sowl. This is the rule: Never think about either the ane or the ither, but when you are at the board. Then, eat and drink wi' a your powers—moral, intellectual, and physical.

Say little, but look freendly—tak care chiefly o' yoursell, but no, if you can help it, to the utter oblivion o' a' ithers. This may soun' queer, but it's gude manners, and worth a' Chesterfield. Them at the twa ends o' the table maun just reverse that rule—till ilka body has been twice served—and then aff at a haun-gallop.

NORTH.

What think ye of luncheons?

SHEPHERD.

That they are the disturbers o' a' earthly happiness. I dawrna trust mysell wi' a luncheon. In my hauns it becomes an untimous denner—for after a hantle o' cauld meat, muirfowl-pies, or even butter and bread, what reasonable cretur can be ready afore gloamin' for a het denner? So, whene'er I'm betrayed into a luncheon, I mak it a luncheon wi' a vengeance; and then order in the kettle, and finish aff wi' a jug or twa, just the same as gin it had been a regular denner wi' a table-cloth. Bewaur the tray.

NORTH.

A few anchovies, such as I used to enjoy with my dear Davy at the corner, act as a whet, I confess, and nothing more.

SHEPHERD.

I never can eat a few o' anything, even ingans. Ance I begin, I maun proceed; and I devoor them—ilka ane being the last—till my e'en are sae watery that I think it is raining. Break not in upon the integrity o' time atween breakfast and the blessed hour o' denner.

NORTH.

The mid-day hour is always, to my imagination, the most delightful hour of the whole Alphabet.

SHEPHERD.

I understaun. During that hour—and there is nae occasion to allow difference for clocks, for in nature every object is a dial—how many thousand groups are collected a' ower Scotland, and a' ower the face o' the earth—for in every clime wondrously the same are the great leading laws o' man's necessities—under bits o' bonny buddin' or leaf-fu' hedgeraws, some bit fragrant and flutterin' birk-tree, aneath some owerhangin' rock in the desert, or by some diamond well in its mossy cave—breakin' their bread wi' thanksgiving and eaten't with the clear blood o' health meandering in the heaven-blue veins o' the sweet lasses, while the cool airs are playing amang their haffins-covered bosoms—wi' many a jeist and sang atween, and aiblins kisses too, at ance dew and sunshine to the peasant's or shepherd's soul—then up again wi' lauchter to their wark amang the tedded grass, or the corn rigs sae bonny, scenes that Robbie Burns lo'ed sae weel and sang sae gloriously—and the whilk, need I fear to say't, your ain Ettrick Shepherd, my dear fellows, has sung on his auld border harp, a sang or twa that may be remembered when the bard that wauk'd them is i' the mools, and “at his feet the green-grass turf, and at his head a stane.”

TICKLER.

Come, come, James, none of your pathos—none of your pathos, my dear James. (*Looking red about the eyes.*)

NORTH.

We were talking of codlins.

SHEPHERD.

True, Mr North, but folk canna be aye talkin o' codlins, ony mair than aye eatin' them; and the great charm o' conversation is being aff on ony wind that blows. Pleasant conversation between friends is just like walking through a mountainous kintra—at every glen-mouth the wun blows frae a different airt—the bit bairnies come tripping alang in opposite directions—noo a harebell scents the air—noo sweat-briar—noo heather bank—here is a gruesome quagmire, there a plat o' sheep-nibbled grass smooth as silk, and green as emeralds—here a stony region of cinders and lava—there groves o' the lady-fern embowering the sleeping roe—here the hillside in its own various dyes resplendent as the rainbow, and there woods that the Druids would have worshipped—hark, sound sounding in the awfu' sweetness o' evening wi' the cushat's sang, and the deadened roar o' some great waterfa' far aff in the very centre o' the

untrodden forest. A' the warks o' ootward natur are symbolical o' our ain immortal souls. Mr Tickler, is't not just even sae?

TICKLER.

Sheridan—Sheridan—what was Sheridan's talk to our own Shepherd's, North?

NORTH.

A few quirks and cranks studied at a looking-glass—puns painfully elaborated with pen and ink for extemporaneous reply—bon mots generated in *malice prepense*—witticisms jotted down in short-hand to be extended when he had put on the spur of the occasion—the drudgeries of memory to be palmed off for the ebullitions of imagination—the coinage of the counter passed for currency hot from the mint of fancy—squibs and crackers ignited and exploded by a Merry-Andrew, instead of the lightnings of the soul darting out forked or sheeted from the electrical atmosphere of an inspired genius.

SHEPHERD.

I wish that you but saw my monkey, Mr North. He would make you hop the twig in a guffaw. I hae got a pole erected for him, o' about some 150 feet high, on a kpowe ahint Mount Bengier; and the way the cretur rins up to the knob, lookin' over the shouther o' him, and twisting his tail roun' the pole for fear o' playin' thud on the grun' is comical past a' endurance.

NORTH.

Think you, James, that he is a link?

SHEPHERD.

A link in creation? Not he, indeed. He is merely a monkey. Only to see him on his observatory, beholding the sunrise! or weeping, like a Laker, at the beauty o' the moon and stars!

NORTH.

Is he a bit of a poet?

SHEPHERD.

Gin he could but speak and write, there can be nae manner o' doubt that he would be a gran' poet. Safe us! what een in the head o' him! Wee, clear, red, fiery, watery, malignant-lookin' een, fu' o' inspiration.

TICKLER.

You should have him stuffed.

SHEPHERD.

Stuffed, man! say, rather, embalmed. But he's no likely to dee for years to come—indeed, the cretur's engaged to be married; although he's no in the secret himsell yet. The bawns are published.

TICKLER.

Why, really, James, marriage, I think, ought to be simply a civil contract.

SHEPHERD.

A civil contract! I wus it was. But oh! Mr Tickler, to see the cretur sittin' wi' a pen in's hand, and pipe in's mouth, jotting down a sonnet, or odd, or lyrical ballad! Sometimes I put that black velvet cap ye gie'd me on his head, and ane o' the bairns's auld big-coats on his back; and then, sure aneugh, when he takes his stroll in the avenue, he is a heathenish christian.

NORTH.

Why, James, by this time, he must be quite like one of the family?

SHEPHERD.

He's a capital flee-fisher. I never saw a monkey throw a lighter line in my life. But he's greedy o' the gude linns, and canna thole to see onybody else gruppin' great anes but himsell. He accompanied me for twa three days in the season to the Trows, up aboon Kelso yonner; and Kerse allowed that he worked a salmon to a miracle. Then, for rowing a boat!

TICKLER.

Why don't you bring him to Ambrose's?

SHEPHERD.

He's sae bashfu'. He never shines in company; and the least thing in the world will mak him blush.

TICKLER.

Have you seen the Sheffield Iris, containing an account of the feast given to Montgomery the poet, his long-winded speech, and his valedictory address to the world as abdicating editor of a provincial newspaper?

SHEPHERD.

I have the Iris—that means Rainbow—in my pocket, and it made me proud to see sic honours conferred on genius. Lang-wunded speech, Mr Tickler! What, would you have had Montgomery mumble twa-three sentences, and sit down again, before an assemblage o' a hundred o' the most respectable o' his fellow-townsmen, with Lord Milton at their head, a' gathered thegither to honour with heart and hand One of the Sons of Song?

NORTH.

Right, James, right. I love to hear one poet praise another. There is too little of that now-a-days. *Tantæne animis celestibus iræ?*

SHEPHERD.

His speech is full of heart and soul—among the best I hae read; and to them that heard and saw it, it must have been just perfectly delightful.

TICKLER.

Perhaps he spoiled it in the delivery; probably he is no orator.

SHEPHERD.

Gude faith, Mr Tickler, I suspec you're really no very weel the nicht, for you're desperate stupid. Nae orator, aiblins! But think you it was naething to see the man in his glory, and to hear him in his happiness? Yes, glory, sir, for what do poets live for but the sympathy of God's rational creatures? Too often we know not that that sympathy is ours—nor in what degree, nor how widely we have awakened it. But here Montgomery had it flashed back upon his heart by old familiar faces, and a hundred firesides sent their representatives to bless the man whose genius had cheered their light for thirty winters.

TICKLER.

Hear, hear! Forgive me, my dear Shepherd, I merely wished to bring you out, to strike a chord, to kindle a spark, to spring a mine

SHEPHERD.

Hooly and fairly. There's no need o' exaggeration. But my opinion—my feeling o' Montgomery is just that which he himself, in this speech—there's the paper—but dinna tear't—has boldly and modestly expressed. "Success upon success in a few years crowned my labours—not, indeed, with fame and fortune, as these were lavished on my greater contemporaries, in comparison of whose magnificent possessions on the British Parnassus, my little plot of ground is as Naboth's vineyard to Ahab's kingdom; but it is my own: it is no copyhold; I borrowed it, I leased it from none. Every foot of it I enclosed from the common myself; and I can say, that not an inch which I had once gained here have I ever lost."

NORTH.

On such an occasion, Montgomery was not only entitled, but bound to speak of himself—and by so doing, he "has graced his cause." His poetry will live, for he has *heart and imagination*. The religious spirit of his poetry is affecting and profound. But you know who has promised to give me an "Article on Montgomery;" so meanwhile let us drink his health in a bumper.

SHEPHERD.

Stop, stop, my jug's done. But never mind, I'll drink't in pure speerit. (*Bibunt omnes.*)

TICKLER.

Did we include his politics?

SHEPHERD.

Faith, I believe no. Let's tak anither bumper to his politics.

NORTH.

James, do you know what you're saying—The man is a Whig. If we do drink his politics, let it be in empty glasses.

SHEPHERD.

Na, na. I'll drink no man's health, nor yet ony ither thing, out o' an empty glass. My political principles are so well known, that my consistency would not suffer were I to drink the health o' the great Whig-leader, Satan himsell; besides, James Montgomery is, I verily believe, a true patriot. Gin he thinks himsell a Whig, he has nae understanding whatever o' his ain character. I'll undertak to bring out the Toryism that's in him in the course o' a single Noctes. Toryism is an innate principle o' human nature—Whiggism but an evil habit. O, sirs, this is a gran' jug.

TICKLER.

I am beginning to feel rather hungry.

SHEPHERD.

I ha'e been rather sharp-set ever sin' Mr Ambrose took awa' the cheese.

NORTH.

'Tis the night of the 21st of October—The battle of Trafalgar—Nelson's death—the greatest of all England's heroes—

His march was o'er the mountain-wave,
His home was on the deep.

Nelson not only destroyed the naval power of all the enemies of England, but he made our naval power immortal. Thank God, he died at sea.

TICKLER.

A noble creature ; his very failings were ocean-born.

SHEPHERD.

Yes—a cairn to his memory would not be out of place even at the head of the most inland glen. Not a sea-mew floats up into our green solitudes that tells not of Nelson.

NORTH.

His name makes me proud that I am an islander. No continent has such a glory.

SHEPHERD.

Look out o' the window—What a fleet o' stars in Heaven ! Yon is the Victory—a hundred gunship—I see the standard of England flying at the main. The brightest luminary o' nicht says in that halo, " England expects every man to do his duty."

NORTH.

Why might not the battle of Trafalgar be the subject of a great poem ? It was a consummation of national prowess. Such a poem need not be a narrative one, for that at once becomes a Gazette, yet still it might be graphic. The purport of it would be, England on the Ocean ; and it would be a Song of Glory. In such a poem, the character and feelings of British seamen would have agency ; and very minute expression of the passions with which they fight, would be in place. Indeed, the life of such a poem would be wanting, if it did not contain a record of the nature of the Children of the Ocean—the strugglers in war and storm. The character of sailors, severed from all other life, is poetical.

TICKLER.

Yes—it would be more difficult to ground a poem under the auspices of the Duke of York.

NORTH.

The fleet, too, borne on the ocean, human existence resting immediately on great Elementary Nature ; and connected immediately with her great powers ; and ever to the eye single in the ocean-solitudes.

TICKLER.

True. But military war is much harder to conceive in poetry. Our army is not an independent existence, having for ages a peculiar life of its own. It is merely an arm of the nation, which it stretches forth when need requires. Thus though there are the highest qualities in our soldiery, there is scarcely the individual life which fits a body of men to belong to poetry.

NORTH.

In Schiller's Camp of Wallenstein, there is individual life given to soldiers, and with fine effect. But I do not see that the army of Lord Wellington, all through the war of the Peninsula, though the most like a continued separate life of anything we have had in the military way, comes up to poetry.

TICKLER.

Scarcely, North. I think that if an army can be viewed poetically, it must be merely considering it as the courage of the nation, clothed in shape and acting in visible energy ; and to that tune there might be warlike strains for the late war. But then it could have nothing of peculiar military life, but would merge in the general life of the nation. There could be no camp-life:

SHEPHERD.

I don't know, gentlemen, that I follow you, for I am no great scholar. But allow me to say, in better English than I generally speak, for that beautiful star—Venus, I suspec, or perhaps Mars—in ancient times they shone together—

that if any poet, breathing the spirit of battle, knew intimately the Peninsular war, it would rest entirely with himself to derive poetry from it or not. Every passion that is intense may be made the ground-work of poetry; and the passion with which the British charge the French is sufficiently intense, I suspect, to ground poetry upon. Not a critic of the French school would deny it.

NORTH.

Nothing can be better, or better expressed, my dear James. That war would furnish some battle-chaunts—but the introduction of our land-fighting into any great poetry would, I conjecture, require the intermingling of interests not warlike.

SHEPHERD.

I think so too. What think you of the Iliad, Mr North?

NORTH.

The great occupation of the power of man, James, in early society, is to make war. Of course, his great poetry will be that which celebrates war. The mighty races of men, and their mightiest deeds, are represented in such poetry. It contains "the glory of the world" in some of its noblest ages. Such is Homer. The whole poem of Homer (the Iliad) is war, yet not much of the whole Iliad is fighting; and that, with some exceptions, not the most interesting. If we consider warlike poetry purely as breathing the spirit of fighting, the fierce ardour of combat, we fall to a much lower measure of human conception. Homer's poem is intellectual, and full of affections; it would go as near to make a philosopher as a soldier. I should say that war appears as the business of Homer's heroes, not often a matter of pure enjoyment. One would conceive, that if there could be found anywhere, in language, the real breathing spirit of lust for fight, which is in some nations, there would be conceptions, and passion of blood-thirst, which are not in Homer. There are flashes of it in Æschylus.

SHEPHERD.

I wish to heaven I could read Greek. I'll begin to-morrow.

TICKLER.

The songs of Tyrtæus goading into battle are of that kind, and their class is evidently not a high one. Far above them must have been those poems of the ancient German nations, which were chaunted in the front of battle, reciting the acts of old heroes to exalt their courage. These being breathed out of the heart of passion of a people, must have been good. The spirit of fighting was there involved with all their most ennobling conceptions, and yet was merely pugnacious.

NORTH.

The Iliad is remarkable among military poems in this, that being all about war, it instils no passion for war. None of the high inspiring motives to war are made to kindle the heart. In fact, the cause of war is false on both sides. But there is a glory of war, like the splendour of sunshine, resting upon and enveloping all.

SHEPHERD.

I'm beginning to get a little clearer in the upper story. That last jug was a poser. How feel you, gentlemen—do you think you're baith quite sober? Our conversation is rather beginning to get a little heavy. Tak a mouthfu'. (NORTH *quaffs*.)

TICKLER.

North, you look as if you were taking an observation. Have you discovered any new comet?

NORTH.

Do you think, Shepherd, as much building has been going on within these dozen years in the moon as in the New Town of Edinburgh?

SHEPHERD.

Nae doubt, in proportion to the size of the moon's metropolis. Surely a' the chimneys devoor their ain smoke yonder, sae pure are a' the purlieus o' the planet. Think you there is ony AMBROSE in the orb? or ony editors?

NORTH.

Why, James, speaking of editors, I had a strange dream t'other night. I dreamed I saw the editor of the Imaginary Magazine.

SHEPHERD.

Faith, that was comical. But what was't?

NORTH.

The moment I saw him, I knew that he was the editor of the Imaginary Magazine—the non-existing Christopher North of a non-existing Maga; and what amused me much, was, that I saw from the expression of his countenance that he was under prosecution for a libel.

SHEPHERD.

Had he advised any man to commit murder?

NORTH.

He entered into a long detail of his Magazine, and all the leading-articles were on subjects I had never before heard of; yet I knew the libellous article instinctively. Indeed, he showed me his last Number; and I thought, that after perusing a few pages, I had put it into my pocket. "In an unknown tongue, he warbled melody."

SHEPHERD.

The stuff that dreams are made of!—What did he offer you per sheet?

NORTH.

Kinga men kulish abatto. These were his very words.

SHEPHERD.

Dang it, you're bamming me.

NORTH.

No; he seemed in a great fright about his January Number, and looked up in my face with such an inexplicable face of his own, that I awoke.

SHEPHERD.

I recollect once dreaming o' an unearthly Hallow-Fair. It was held on a great plain, and it seemed as if a' the sheep in the universe were there in ae flock. Shepherds, too, frae every planet in space. Yet wherever I walked, each nation kent me; and chiefs frae China, apparently, and the lands ayont the Pole, jogged ane anither's shouthers, and said, "That's the Ettrick Shepherd." I gaed into the tent o' a Tartar, and selt him a score o' gimmers for a jewel he had stown frae the turban of a Turk that was gettin' fu' wi' Prester John. Sic dancin'!

"It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on a dulcimer she play'd,
Singing of Mount Abora!"

Then what a drove o' camels, and dromedaries, and elephants, "indorsed with towers!" Lions, and tigers, and panthers, and hunting-leopards, in cages like cottages, sold and purchased by kings! And, in anither region o' the boundless Bazaar, eagles, vultures, condors, rocs, that nodded their heads far aboon the quadrup quadrillions, and flapped the sultry air into a monsoon with their wings.

TICKLER.

Sleeping or waking, North, the Shepherd is your match.

SHEPHERD.

Ye ken I once thought o' writing a book of dreams. Some o' murders, that would hae made Thurtell appear a man of the utmost tenderness o' disposition—horrible natural events, that were catastrophes frae beginning to end—
o' night-meers—

TICKLER.

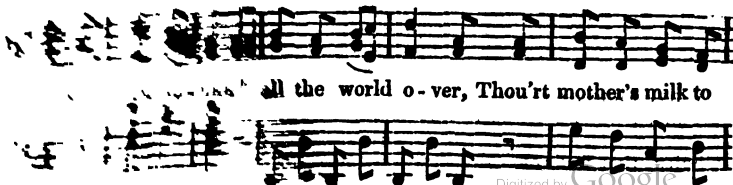
North's falling asleep—stir him up with a long pole.

NORTH, (rubbing his eyes.)

Why do you insist upon it, here it goes.

SONG.

Air,—“Crambambulee.”



The musical score consists of five systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are written below the treble staff of each system. The music is in 2/4 time and features a lively, rhythmic melody with frequent syncopation and a strong bass line. The lyrics are: "Germans true, tra li ra. No cure like thee can sage dis-co-ver For co-lic, love, or de-vils blue, tra li ra. Blow hot or cold, from morn to night, My dram is still my soul's de-light. Cram-bam-bim-bam-bu-lee! Cram-bam-bu-lee!"

Germans true, tra li ra. No cure like thee can sage dis-co-ver For
co-lic, love, or de-vils blue, tra li ra. Blow hot or cold, from
morn to night, My dram is still my soul's de-light. Cram-bam-bim-
bam-bu-lee! Cram-bam-bu-lee!

Hungry and chill'd with bivouacking,
We rise ere song of earliest bird—Tra li ra.
Cannon and drums our ears are cracking,
And saddle, boot, and blade's the word—Tra li ra.
"Vite en l'avant," our bugle blows,
A flying gulp and off it goes,
Cram-bam-bim-bam-bu-lee!—Crambambulee!

Victory's ours, off speed dispatches,
Hourra! The luck for once is mine—Tra li ra.
Food comes by morsels, sleep by snatches,
No time, by Jove, to wash or dine—Tra li ra.
From post to post my pipe I cram,
Full gallop smoke, and suck my dram.
Cram-bam-bim-bam-bu-lee!—Crambambulee!

When I'm the peer of kings and kaisers,
An order of my own I'll found—Tra li ra.
Down goes our gage to all despisers,
Our motto through the world shall sound—Tra li ra.
"Toujours fidele et sans souci,
C'est l'ordre de Crambambulee!"
Cram-bam-bim-bam-bu-lee! Crambambulee!

TICKLER.

Bravo! One good turn deserves another.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT. A NEW SONG.

Tune, "Through all the Employments of Life."

Oh! Learning's a very fine thing,
 As also is wisdom and knowledge,
 For a man is as great as a king,
 If he has but the airs of a college.
 And now-a-days all must admit,
 In LEARNING we're wondrously favour'd,
 For you scarce o'er your window can spit,
 But some learned man is beslaver'd!
 Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

We'll all of us shortly be doom'd
 To part with our plain understanding,
 For INTELLECT now has assumed
 An attitude truly commanding!
 All ranks are so dreadfully wise,
 Common sense is set quite at defiance,
 And the child for its porridge that cries,
 Must cry in the language of SCIENCE.
 Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

The WEAVER it surely becomes,
 To talk of his web's involution,
 For doubtless the hero of thrums
 Is a member of some institution;
 He speaks of supply and demand,
 With the airs of a great legislator,
 And almost can tell you off-hand,
 That the smaller is less than the greater!
 Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

The TAILOR, in cutting his cloth,
 Will speak of the true conic section,
 And no tailor is now such a Goth
 But he talks of his trade's genuflection!
 If you laugh at his bandy-legg'd clan,
 He calls it unhandsome detraction,
 And cocks up his chin like a man,
 Though we know that he's only a fraction!
 Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

The BLACKSMITH 'midst cinders and smoke,
 Whose visage is one of the dimmest,
 His furnace profoundly will poke,
 With the air of a practical chemist;
 Poor Vulcan has recently got
 A lingo that's almost historic,
 And can tell you that iron is hot,
 Because it is fill'd with caloric!
 Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

The MASON, in book-learned tone,
 Describes in the very best grammar
 The resistance that dwells in the stoue,
 And the power that resides in the hammer;
 For the son of the trowel and hod
 Looks as big as the Frog in the Fable,
 While he talks in a jargon as odd
 As his brethren the builders of Babel!
 Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

The COBBLER who sits at your gate
 Now pensively points his hog's bristle,
 Though the very same cobbler of late
 O'er his work used to sing and to whistle ;
 But cobbling's a paltry pursuit
 For a man of polite education—
 His works may be trod under foot,
 Yet he's one of the Lords of Creation !
 Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

Oh ! learning's a very fine thing !
 It almost is treason to doubt it—
 Yet many of whom I could sing,
 Perhaps might be as well without it !
 And without it my days I will pass,
 For to me it was ne'er worth a dollar,
 And I don't wish to look like an Ass
 By trying to talk like a SCHOLAR !
 Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

Let schoolmasters bother their brains
 In their dry and their musty vocation ;
 But what can the rest of us gain
 By meddling with such botheration ?
 We cannot be very far wrong,
 If we live like our fathers before us,
 Whose LEARNING went round in the song,
 And whose cares were dispelled in the CHORUS.
 Singing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

NORTH (*standing up.*)

Friends—countrymen—and Romans—lend me your ears. You say, James, that that's a gran' jug ; well then, out with the ladle, and push about the jorum. No speech—no speech—for my heart is big. This may be our last meeting in the Blue-Parlour. Our next meeting in

AMBROSE'S HOTEL, PICARDY PLACE !

(NORTH *suddenly sits down*, TICKLER and the SHEPHERD in a moment are at his side.)

TICKLER.

My beloved Christopher, here is my smelling-bottle.—(*Puts the vinegarette to his aquiline nose.*)

SHEPHERD.

My beloved Christopher, here is my smelling-bottle.—(*Puts the stately oblong Glenlivet crystal to his lips.*)

NORTH (*opening his eyes.*)

What flowers are those ? Roses—mignonette, bathed in aromatic dew !

SHEPHERD.

Yes ; in romantic dew—mountain dew, my respected sir, that could give scent to a sibo.

TICKLER.

James let us support him into the open air.

NORTH.

Somewhat too much of this. It is beautiful moon-light. Let us take an arm-in-arm stroll round the ramparts of the Calton-Hill.

(*Enter MR AMBROSE much affected, with NORTH's dreadnought ; NORTH whispers in his ear, Subridens olli ; MR AMBROSE looks cheerful, et exeunt omnes.*)