

**BLACKWOOD'S**  
**Edinburgh**  
**MAGAZINE.**

**VOL. III.**

**APRIL—SEPTEMBER, 1818.**



**WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;**

**AND**

**JOHN MURRAY, LONDON.**

---

**1818.**

# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No XIII.

APRIL 1818.

VOL. III.

## TIME'S MAGIC LANTERN.

### No II.

#### *Galileo in the Inquisition.*

*Galileo.* So you are come to close the shutters of my window before night-fall. Surely these bars are strong enough. I would fain have the consolation of viewing the heavens after it is dark. My sleep is unquiet and short, for want of exercise; and when I lie awake, the roof of my prison presents nothing but a sable blank. Do not, I beseech you, conceal from me the blue vault, and those hosts of light, upon which I still love to gaze in spite of all my troubles.

*Monk.* You must not see the stars. It is the stars which have put you wrong. Poor man! to think the earth was turning round.

*Galileo.* Alas! alas! Is it for this that I have studied?

*Monk.* Do you suppose, that if the earth had been turning all this while, the sea would not have drowned every living soul? I put this to you, as a simple question, and level with the most ordinary capacity.

*Galileo.* My good friend, you know that I have recanted these things, and therefore it is needless for me to dispute farther upon the subject.

*Monk.* Your books were burnt at Rome, which, in my opinion, was an idle business. In a few years they would have turned to smoke of their own accord. 'Tis the way with all new discoveries, for I am an old Christian, and have seen the fashion of the world before now.

*Galileo.* Do you suppose that glass windows were used in the time of Adam?

*Monk.* No; for the Scripture mentions no such thing. But what then?

*Galileo.* Why then, you must admit that time teaches things which were unknown before.

*Monk.* That is possible enough. But now things are different; for my head is gray, and I have no faith in new discoveries.

*Galileo.* We know not what time may bring about. Perhaps the earth may yet be weighed.

*Monk.* Go on—you shall receive no interruption from me. You perceive that I only smile gently and good-naturedly when you talk in this manner.

*Galileo.* What is the matter? what makes you look so wise?

*Monk.* Never mind. Go on.

*Galileo.* What is the meaning of this extraordinary look of tenderness and benignity, which you are attempting to throw into your features.

*Monk.* When I consider what is your real condition, it moves my pity. For my part, when the Cardinals made so much ado about your writings, I always thought they were trifling with their office.

*Galileo.* I wish you would convince them of that; for all I desire is, to have the privilege of looking through my telescopes, and to live quietly without doing harm to any man. I pray you, allow the window to remain open; for darkness is gathering, and Jupiter already blazes yonder through the twilight. So pure a sky!—and to be debarred from my optical contrivances.

*Monk.* Study the Scriptures, my son, with care and diligence, and you will have no need of optical contrivances.

*Galileo.* I am well acquainted with the Scriptures; but as I do not suppose they were meant to instruct mankind in astronomy, I think there is no sacrilege in attempting to discover more of the nature of the universe than what is revealed in them.

*Monk.* So you believe yourself capable of succeeding in the attempt?

*Galileo.* Perhaps I do.

*Monk.* Would not your time be better employed, my son, in perusing some rational book of devotion? Do not allow yourself to be led away by the idle suggestions of self-conceit. What is there to be seen about you, which should enable you to penetrate farther into the secrets of the universe than me or the rest of mankind? I do not ask this question with a view to wound your pride, but with a sincere wish for your good.

*Galileo.* Upon my word, you are too kind to me. Pray, father, is there any book of devotion which you would recommend in particular?

*Monk.* Recommend in particular!—There is a book which it would not become me to—but no—recommend in particular!—Hum—I know not.

*Galileo.* Something trembles at your tongue's end. Have you yourself written any book of devotion?

*Monk.* Far be it from me to speak of my own writings. Of all books of devotion, my own was the remotest from my thoughts. But since you desire to see it—

*Galileo.* What are the subjects treated of in it?

*Monk.* Life, death, and immortality. There is also a treatise upon the habitations of good men after death, and the delights to be found there.

*Galileo.* Your notions concerning these subjects must be in a great measure fanciful.

*Monk.* By no means. Good reasons are given for every tittle that is advanced.

*Galileo.* And where do you suppose the habitations of good men to be?

*Monk.* Why, in heaven, to be sure.

*Galileo.* Is it not possible that their abode may be situated in some of the constellations? When gazing, as I was wont to do, at midnight, upon Arcurus, or the brilliant orbs of Orion, I have sometimes thought, that in the blue depths there might exist worlds

suitable for the habitation of an immortal spirit.

*Monk.* My son, my son, beware of futile conjectures! You know not upon what ground you are treading.

*Galileo.* Does not the galaxy shed forth a glorious light? How gorgeous is its throng of constellations!—To me it seems like a procession of innumerable worlds, passing in review before their Creator.

*Monk.* If the galaxy moves, why may not the sun?

*Galileo.* My judgment is, that they may both move, for aught I know, although at a very slow pace.

*Monk.* Now you speak sense. I knew I should bring you round; for, to say the truth (and I say it between you and me), if it had not been for my enemies, whom Heaven pardon, I should have been wearing a red hat before now. Good night: and I shall immediately bring the book, which will help to put your thoughts in a proper train again.

### No III.

#### Rembrandt's Work-shop.

*Rembrandt solus.* Too much light here still. I must deepen the shadows even more, until the figures begin to shine out as they ought. And now for Pharoah's Baker, whose dream is not yet interpreted; so that he looks up earnestly in the face of Joseph, and receives a strong gleam through the iron bars. So—and again—so. Now for the shadows again. To talk to me of Guido, with his shallow, gray, and trivial open-lights! Ah ha! tis I who am Rembrandt—and there is no other. (a knock at the door.) Heaven send a purchaser! Come in.

*Dutch Trader.* Good morrow, friend. I wish to have a picture of yours to leave to my wife, before I go to sail the salt seas again.

*Rem.* Would you have your own face painted?

*Trader.* My face has seen both fair and foul, in its time, and belike it may not do for a canvass, for I am no fresh water pippin-cheek.

*Rem.* Bear a good heart. Your face is of the kind I like. There is no room for tricks of the pencil upon too smooth a skin.

*Trader.* By this hand, I know no

thing of these things; but my wife shall have a picture.

*Rem.* A large hat would serve to shadow your eyes; and there should be no light till we come down to the point of your nose, which would be the only sharp in the picture. Nothing but brownness and darkness every where else. Pray you, sit down here, and try on this great hat.

*Trader.* Nay, by your leave, I will look at these pictures on the wall first. What is this?

*Rem.* It is a Turk whom I have seen in the streets of Amsterdam. I like to paint a good beard; and you see how angrily this man's beard is twisted.

*Trader.* A stout Pagan, and a good fighter, I warrant you. I feel as if I could fetch him a cut over the crown; for my ship was once near being run down by an Algerine.

*Rem.* Look at the next. 'Tis the inside of a farmer's kitchen.

*Trader.* Nay, I could have told you that myself; for these pails of milk might be drunk; and there is an old grandam twirling her spindle. When next I go to live at my brother Lucas's farm, I shall persuade him to buy this picture. It shews the fat and plentiful life which he lives, when I am sailing the salt seas.

*Rem.* Here is a sea-piece.

*Trader.* Why, that is good also; but this sail should have been lashed to the binnacle; for, d'ye see, when a vessel is spooning against a swell, she pitches, and it is necessary to —

*Rem.* You are right; I must have it altered. How does this landscape please you?

*Trader.* Why, it is a good flat country; but exhibits none of those great rocks which I have seen in foreign parts. I have seen burning mountains, which would have made the brush drop from your hand. I have sailed round the world, and seen the waves rising to the height of Haerlem steeple, and nothing but cannibals on shore to make signals to.

*Rem.* Well—and which of the pictures will you have? you shall have your choice of them for forty ducats.

*Trader.* Nay, now you are joking. Who will give you forty ducats? When at dinner with the burgo-master lately, I heard a collector putting prices on your works. He said, if we would wait, your market would cer-

tainly fall, for you had too many on hand.

*Rem.* My market shall not fall. I will see this collector at the bottom of the ocean first. But come now, let us be reasonable together. I will paint your portrait for thirty. Take your seat.

*Trader.* Not so fast. My wife must be conferred with, and, if she approves, perhaps I may come back. Meanwhile, good morning. (*Erit.*)

*Rem.* A curse on these picture-dealing babblers. How shall I be revenged on them? My pictures are as good as the oldest extant, and, if I were dead, every piece would sell for as much gold as would cover it. But I see what must be done. Come hither, wife, and receive a commission. Go straight to the joiners, and order him to prepare for my funeral.

*Rembrandt's Wife.* What is the meaning of this? Are your wits turned?

*Rem.* My wits are turned towards money-making. I must counterfeit myself dead, to raise the price of my works, which will be valued as jewels, when there is no expectation of any more.

*Wife.* Now I perceive your drift. Was there ever such a contrivance! You mean to conceal yourself, and have a mock funeral?\*

*Rem.* Yes; and when my walls are unloaded I shall appear again. So that after the picture dealers have been brought to canonise me for a dead-painter, and when they have fairly ventured out their praise and their money, they shall see me come and lay my hands upon both.

*Wife.* How will it be possible for me to cry sufficiently, when there is no real death?

*Rem.* Make good use of the present occasion to perfect yourself in your part, for you may one day have to repeat it.

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS  
CHARLOTTE.

"A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament."  
MILTON.

1.

MARKED yet the mingling of the City's throng,  
Each mien, each glance, with expectation  
bright?—

\* This was a fact. See Rembrandt's Life.

In pangs my child expiring lay :—

The limb's last writhe—the cold eye's  
stare—

The black blood gushing fast away—

Worse than his pangs was my despair.

Hark !—'tis the jailor's heavy tread !

Hush !—'tis the stirring of my heart !

Oh, how I long to join the dead,

Then will this agony depart !

False man !—may God forgive thy sin !

Thy fellow-sinner pardons thee ;

My wrongs shall rest the grave within,—

Oh that thy crime might die with me !

Oh that our crimes might pass away !

Might perish like this burning scroll,

That spoke of bias and beauty's way,

Most dear, most deadly to the soul !

Oh, sisters, trust not Pleasure's dream !

Oh, trust not all that man may swear !

Louisa heard a lover's theme,

Louisa still is young and fair !

What !—Tears ?—I thought the headsman's  
eye

Without a tear on Death could dwell—

Haste—o'er my face thy fillets tie—

Haste with thy blow—farewell ! farewell !

N. R.

#### TIME'S MAGIC LANTERN.

##### No VII.

ADAM SMITH and HIGHLAND LAIRD.

*Adam Smith.* And what is the name of your estate, Mr Macrurah ? Is it an extensive one ?

*Macrurah.* The name is Coilanach-goilach, which means the roaring of the wind upon a hill. It is supposed to contain from twelve to nineteen hundred acres ; but we do not know, for that is not our way of measuring.

*Smith.* What then is your way of measuring ? for I thought there had been only one.

*Mac.* Why, our method is grand and ingenious. It is thus : Every Highland gentleman maintains a large band of pipers. When he wishes to measure his estate, a piper is placed at the northern boundary, who plays as loud as he is able, and the rest having left him, march southward as far as they can hear the sound of the pipes. There they stop ; and another piper is left, who plays as loud as the first. In the meantime, the rest march forward again, till the sound of the second pipes is barely heard, and at this station a third piper is left,—and so on till there is a chain of pipers extending from the northern to the southern boundary of the estate. The same thing is done from east to west,—and the dimensions are ascertained by the number of pipers employed.

*Smith.* Upon my word, Mr Macrurah, this method is a noble and ingenious one. It is quite feudal. But how do you manage with the pipers, when they come home to dinner after their walk ? Is not their maintenance expensive ?

*Mac.* Not at all. We make them play during the whole time of dinner.

*Smith.* The bag-pipe is a species of music I never could relish,—and therefore, if I were dining at the house of a chieftain, it would not cost me much regret, to find they were employed in measuring his territories.

*Mac.* Well, it is otherwise with me. The exploits of Fingal Mac-coul are meat and drink to me. But when the schoolmaster comes to dine with me, he looks as if he were sitting upon thorns, for he cannot hear himself speak. 'Tis a noble recreation.

*Smith.* You are of an old family, Mr Macrurah ; I am quite a plebeian, and do not understand these things.

*Mac.* Faith, Dr Smith, it is not every one who is able to follow our sennachie, when he goes far into antiquity ; but he is always sure of his cup of ale at the conclusion. If we hear the name of Macrurah introduced now and then, we are sure every thing is going on well. " The blue ghosts flitted round Gormal. The torrent shrieked on the mountain ; and the red-haired Macrurah reposed in the hall of shields ;" and so on he goes.

*Smith.* Do you believe in the second-sight, Mr Macrurah ?

*Mac.* Why, faith, Dr Smith, the second-sight has puzzled many a one. Witness Dr Johnson. Last winter there was no grass nor hay to be found within several miles of the Castle of Coilanach-goilach,—and an old mare of ours grew very ill. Our sennachie, dosing one night by the fireside, said he saw the dogs at her, which accordingly took place a week after.

*Smith.* These things are very strange, Pray, what may your lands rent at ?

*Mac.* Two shillings an acre, overhead, or thereabouts. We send forth droves of the finest little black bullocks you ever saw ; and when they come down through Northumberland, it shews the English knaves what noble cheer we have at Coilanach-goilach.

*Smith.* You are obliged to send some of them away, to make other things come back in their stead.

*Mac.* No, faith ! no, Dr Smith.

Nothing comes back to me; it goes all to a scoundrel of a trustee. I have been very ill-used, Dr Smith,—very ill, indeed.

*Smith.* That is a common case. You should send away some of your retainers, the pipers for instance, who, to use a proverbial expression, give more cry than wool.

*Mac.* Send away my retainers!—Dr Smith, will it please you to recollect whom you are addressing.

*Smith.* I beg your pardon. Upon my word, I meant no offence.

*Mac.* My eldest son, Fergus, has been very expensive to me. He is worse than a dozen of retainers who don't play at billiards.

*Smith.* Young men must have their swing for a time.

*Mac.* He never looks near me, but in the shooting season, and then it is with a fifty guinea fowling-piece over his shoulders. When he pats his dogs on the head, I tell him not to be so kind to them, for they will one day tear the coat off his father's back.

*Smith.* These young heirs are very apt to forget their arithmetic, when they come down to the metropolis.

*Mac.* I have repeatedly spoken to Mrs Macrurah about drawing him in, but she says we must support the credit of the family. His principal associates, after all, are nothing but young barrister things, without either cash or connexions; and who think themselves bucks, if they can foist off a guinea's worth of their balderdash, once in the twelvemonth. None of my sons are lawyers,—I have put them all into the army. Fergus goes arm in arm even with young attorneys, who, having shuffled over their business in the forenoon, and washed off the dust they gathered among their d—d parchments, think themselves as good as any Highland gentleman.

*Smith.* 'Tis very hard, Mr Macrurah of Coilanach-goilach.

---

#### OUTLINES OF PHILOSOPHICAL EDUCATION.\*

THE author of this Work is universally known throughout Scotland as

\* Outlines of Philosophical Education, illustrated by the Method of Teaching Logic, or First Class of Philosophy, in the University of Glasgow. By George Jardine, A. M. F. R. S. E. Professor of Logic

a most zealous, unwearied, and enlightened teacher of youth. Perhaps no man ever did more service in his generation, to those who were willing to receive instruction, and, at the same time, to follow out an active course of study, than Professor Jardine. Many of the most distinguished characters in the literature, the law, and the politics of Scotland, have been his pupils, and not one of them all, however brilliant his career in after life, would hesitate to ascribe the cultivation of those talents and powers, that led unto wealth and fame, to the admirable system of education, so admirably exemplified in the logic class of the university of Glasgow. The worthy Professor retains the affectionate gratitude of a host of pupils, and his name is uttered with respect, we might safely say with veneration, throughout the most distant parts of our land of knowledge, whither it has been carried by those who owe to him so much of their credit, and usefulness, and happiness in life. There must be something truly delightful—truly ennobling, in the calm consciousness of having bestowed such benefactions. The talents of Professor Jardine are sound and excellent. His acquaintance with the different systems of philosophy is intimate and extensive; and his character, considered merely in a literary view, is justly entitled to great respect. But it is also true, that in talents, and in learning, and in eloquence, he has been greatly surpassed by many who have filled chairs in our Scottish universities. This, however, is little to the purpose. He possesses, in perfection, all the intellectual powers most essential to the character of a teacher of youth; while, in the moral love of his calling,—his affectionate solicitude for the well-doing and improvement of his pupils,—his skillful adaptation of means to an end,—and in his profound, though simple, view of the rationale of education, he probably has been seldom equalled, and certainly never excelled.

The Professor has at last given to the public at large, the means of judging for themselves how well merited those eulogiums have been, which, for these forty years past, have been so