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WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;
AND
T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES, STRAND, LONDON.

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ments. Mr H——e with the same antithesis, and complying with the propensity to punning, which heraldic inscriptions often exhibit, may place under his achievement,

NEWGATE IS THE NEW GATE TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

The well-known Epigram of a noble Poet, on the same subject, affords one of the many instances of coincidence of thought, where there could be no communication between the writers:

Would you go to the House through the true gate,
Much quicker than ever Whig Charley went ;
Let Parliament send you to Newgate,
And Newgate will send you to Parliament !

But we must bring this rambling article to a conclusion. If we had more space, it would be easy to say much more in praise of this amusing volume, —and if we had a whole sheet before us, we should have nothing more to urge in the way of objection. The volume is evidently the work of a scholar and a gentleman, while the happy facility of his numbers as clearly shews that he was born a poet:—for, like La Fontaine, "*il joint a l'art de plaire*

celui de n'y penser pas." Whoever he be, we hope a second edition will soon enable this "*nameless man*" to step boldly forward ; and though we cannot promise that he will thereby secure to his descendants the same advantages which, it is said, were conferred upon those of the French Fabulist—a perpetual immunity from taxation ; yet he may fairly claim for himself that wreath, which he is so well entitled to wear, from the Tree of Apollo.

A SECOND LETTER FROM THE MAN IN THE MOON.

"*Petruchio*. How bright and goodly shines the moon !

Katharine. The moon ?—the sun ; it is not moonlight now.

Petr. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,

It shall be moon or star, or what I list,
Or e'er I journey to your father's house.—
Evermore cross'd and cross'd ! nothing but cross'd.

Kath. Forward, I pray.

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please ;
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me."

Taming of the Shrew.

In my last, respected Christopher, I gave vent to some of my spleen at the misconceptions and mal-practices of certain of the poetical tribe in your nether sphere. I have as much reason for waver of battle with another set of dabblers in fiction—I mean those prose writers, who compound Novels and Romances for the entertainment of subscribers to Circulating Libraries, and other gentry who are overburdened with time. What I have to complain of in these authors is, that they take strange liberties with the condition of the Moon—that is, they generally keep her at the full throughout their stories. Now, every body knows that the moon—"the inconstant moon"—applicable as this epithet is to her, is "constant in inconstancy"—like a lady of the old French court, she makes her changes very regularly—she waxes and wanes—increases and decreases, with all the precision of a time-piece. Is there not forsooth in every house in the land, a

pamphlet of predictions concerning her appearances throughout every night of every month in the year, yclept an Almanack ? Has not the cottager the stitched pages of hieroglyphic Moore, with a splashed red stamp in the dexter corner of the title-page ? Does not the schoolmaster possess White's Ephemeris, or the Gentleman's Diary, cramm'd to the colophon with crabb'd diagrams ? What old lady is unpossessed of Goldsmith, or else of that still more diminutive record of red-letter days, and lunar changes, with which the Company of Stationers indulge her, in a fairy quarto, about the size of the good matron's pin-cushion ? Do not the various counties of England and of Scotland too, belike, (although of that I am not so well aware, for when I made almanacks my study it was in England,) and eke the learned universities, send forth the same predictive notices in huge broad-side sheets, which make walls and doors, and wainscotting look glorious

where they are hung up? And do not all and every one of those tell more than a year beforehand; nay, and some of them picture to the eye, the very shape which any mistress the Moon will assume on any given night? Do they not mark down, with the accuracy of a prompter's play-book, the very times when she will make her "exits and her entrances," and declare as infallibly as any old tide-waiter, the periods of her influence upon the hour of high-water at our sea-ports? Although she never fails to do what these sapient oracles set down for her, yet is she taxed with mutability—mutable as she is then, it must be granted that she is so methodically, and that any one of tolerable prudence can foresee her mutations. Well, then, is it fair, doing, as she does, just what is prescribed to her, that novelists should so frequently make her stand stock still? Have not I, above all men, reason for incredulous hatred of what I read in their fabrications, when I find Henry and Lucy meeting a-nights, for three weeks together, under an oak tree, and having the round moon shining above them through the branches all the while? It is not, perhaps, requisite that writers of stories should be very minute chronologists, but in a case of this kind, it is obvious to all, that they must be talking of some miraculous appearance in the heavenly bodies, or at least they cannot be speaking of that Moon from which I take my prone descent, plump-down every fortnight. It would be invidious to point out any particular work of fiction; yet surely the multitude of them, in which no observance of the constant variation of the phases of the Moon is paid by the writers of them (the fair ones especially,) is so great, that it cannot have escaped thy keen eye, Christopher, or the observation of thy readers. In fact, our Romancers and Novelists play such vagaries with the moon's appearances and non-appearances, that I become as perplexed as poor Matharine was, and know not whether these tale-tellers, like Peterkin, are talking of the moon, the sun, or of a rush candle; for their description of her doings seems to suit one as little as the other. Canst thou not recal to thy recollection, that, in some delicate narratives, there is a moon visible every night, wherever she is wanted—(a most useful thing it would be, and the Postmasters-Gener-

ral would get a parliamentary reward for the discoverer if he would bring his invention to perfection)—while in others the nights are as invariably dark and moonless? In the romances, I believe, most pranks are played with the "silver deity of the silent hours," for most novels are conducted, if not with "truth," yet by "daylight." But in a romance, where, for instance, the scene is laid on the shores of the Mediterranean, the moon is pressed into the writer's service, and made to bear "sans intermission"—she is made to walk through the sky, and to show the whole of her face without a veil, night after night—for otherwise, how could Paolo and Ninetta dance upon the sands in her golden radiance? But presto, it is all sable gloom again, if a cut-throat is hired to murder the heroine, or even if the heroine is to pry about the Castle in which she is immured, shading a lamp with her taper fingers, though we know very well it must be blown out before she gets back to her chamber again. The moon, in this case, if not altogether obliged to make herself scarce, is at the utmost only allowed to give a sullen gleam, and then shroud herself in tenfold darkness—and poor Angelina, or Celestina, or Rosalbin (or whatever the forlorn virgin's name may be—only there is a special necessity for its ending in a) staggers onward in murky obscurity. There is one thing, however, worth notice, and this is, let the place be ever so ruinous, and full of flights of steps, and crowded with pillars, and dilapidated by very suspicious looking chasms in the side-walls—yet never did I read of one of these young ladies tumbling down stairs, or making her nose bleed by hitting it against an obtrusive pillar, or pitching head over heels down any of the lateral passages, or yawning rents in the mason-work—every one of them an accident most likely to misbetide a damsel who paces about darkling, her lamp out and the moon set. The utmost misfortune which befalls, is that she wanders astray a little, and finds herself in a prohibited part of the dwelling perhaps, and possibly she may chance to pick up a rusty dagger by the way, which (the fountain of her heart meanwhile curdling with horror) she perceives to be incrustated with blood long since shed. But thou wilt say—"Marry, how does she perceive all this in the dark?"—ay, that's a problem,

which, from default of intellect on my part, must wait without its solution, and a joyful Q. E. D. at its tail. Not content, however, with making the moon come and go, out of all reasonable calculation, they will not do her justice, when they allow that she is present. Hast thou not in thy multifarious reading, Christopher, met with passages of the same kidney as this?

"Matilda rushed towards the Castle, whose sculptured portal was illuminated by the lucid rays of the full orb'd moon. Suddenly, to her terror, she saw a muffled figure issuing from the archway, when at once a multitudinous mass of clouds spread over the luminary, and the shuddering Matilda was involved in solid darkness. It became impossible for her to determine on which side to direct her steps—all was black, bewildering, indistinguishable shade—she paused, and listened." Now although, when the moon is "full orb'd," I am in it, yet from confidential and credible friends, I am too well aware that a cloudy night upon earth, at the time of the month above indicated, is nothing like a perfectly dark one; and when only broken clouds pass over the moon, there remains a very tolerable degree of glimmer to direct one's steps by, or to discern the objects immediately around one.

This instantaneous, and impenetrable darkness, so often conjured up by romance writers, strongly reminds me of the *dark scenes* on the stage, where although the interlocutors of the drama deplore their being "sand blind" with it, or even "high gravel-blind," (as Lancelot Gobbo hath it) yet do box, pit, and gallery, very plainly distinguish every thing that is going on; and while the actors creep about with faltering foot, that they may not stumble, and with hands disspread, that they may not dash their brains out by jostling against an obstacle haply harder than their skulls—the great wonder would be, if any of the blundering awkwardness which so often happens in the dark were to take place; for no spectator, however simple, can help believing that the "harlotry players" see one another perfectly. I remember seeing a play (for I sometimes go to the theatre when my sovereign lady is "hid in her vacant interlunar cave") which was called, *The Wife of Two Husbands*, though I fear that both wife and husbands twain are now all laid

upon the sheff. In this, some catastrophe was to be brought about by a murder in the dark—the gentleman-villain is to walk on first, and the person who goes second in the line is to be dispatched by a blow from a hired assassin—some one, however, who knows the arrangement, pops in before the leader, and so this worthy gets the blow on his mazzard which he intended for his neighbour at his back. Now, unluckily when I saw it, the stage was so imperfectly darkened, indeed so light was it all the while, that not only the persons of the actors, but even the most trifling distinctions in their dresses were more than merely perceptible, so that the cunning contriver of the plot seemed to us as if he could not possibly fail to see, and even to know the very person who stepped forward, and made him play second fiddle, when he did not intend it.

Now, this make-believe theatrical sort of darkness is what I cannot help thinking of, when romancers suddenly wrap up their moon in the mantle of a fleecy cloud, and tell us that not a twinkling of light remains—but despite their asseverations that the blackness is pitchy, palpable, portentous, I am certain there is still a glimmering sufficient to warn Matilda from stepping into a puddle, if she dislikes to wet her white satin slippers, which are, no doubt, prettily edged with silver tinsel, and graced with a spangled rosette in front. She may pause—she may listen—but I will be bound for it, she walks straight to the Castle, if it is needful that she should do so. Even if she wanders, it will only be into some deserted cloister, or ruinous oratory—for sure I am, it is not so dark as to let her go astray into the moat, or through the horse-pond, or among the piggeries, or through a brew-house, a wash-house, or a scullery—all which were actual appendages, although vulgar ones, to the most romantic castles in baronial days of yore. Now, if future constructors of novels and romances will take my advice, (though I am half afraid they will give no heed to it) I should recommend to them, when they have fixed that such or such a fact shall happen at the time of full moon, to remember, that at about three pages onward, (or as many more as will occupy about fourteen days, by a rough guess) it must be a night without a moon—convenient as it may be for Orlando to go home by moonlight, he must be

content to guide his steps by a lantern ; and if Charlotte indites a love epistle, when, like the rest of the house, she ought to be in bed, and asleep, she positively must not indulge in a simile, drawn from any pretended peep-out at the moon, and from affecting to see her image twinkling in the water—for moon there assuredly can be none visible. Again, the dealers in the sublimer style, the romance-inditers, ought, when they have once fixed upon a perfectly moonless night, to allow the moon to be journeying up in the sky after a couple of weeks have elapsed in their narrative. Wish ever so, that it may be as black as thunder, it cannot be allowed them—the current of events must conform to the changes of nature, and they must postpone their dark deeds for a fortnight further on in the work. At this particular period, *Mastivisagio* cannot be allowed to mutter to his Com-rogue *Ugglifizio*—“ Ha, by St Dominic, as murky a night as we could wish for !” No, “ the blanket of the dark” will have some holes in it, and through them some lunar rays will penetrate ; it is an equal chance too, that the said blanket may be removed altogether.

But enough—you may be sure, connected as I am with the moon, that I cannot read fictitious works, containing these discrepancies, with all the coolness of an unconcerned person. No, I get puzzled—my wits turn topsyturvy—and I shut up the book in despair. Not, indeed, that all these light troops of the literary squad are guilty of these faults—but since I have been so scrupulous as not to mention those “ who are transgressors in this sort,” I, on the other hand, shall not call up the blush of modesty on the cheeks of those who either have steered clear of their fellow-fiction-mongers’ errors, or else have so dextrously embroiled all

marks and notes of time, that the reader finds it impossible to say whether they have adapted their story to the nature of things in this particular or not.

Now I am on the score of novel-reading, and that I may not seem to be altogether morose, (for I must own that my communications to you have almost all been of the find-fault kind,) I will pay a little debt of gratitude for a favour received from one of the novel-writing tribe. In a little tale called “ Duty,” by the late Margaret Roberts, (of whom it is worth while to read her friend Mrs Opie’s account, in which her delightfully feminine character is admirably drawn—a character in which intellect, gentleness, and firmness of principle seem to have been most happily blended)—in this tale, there is a delicate compliment to me, *me*—the Man in the Moon ! I said before (although my modesty would not suffer me to expatiate upon it) that I do not so often get any mention made of me, as, upon reasonable consideration of the superabundant panegyric lavished upon the moon, may seem to be natural and right. But in the posthumous *noveau* of Mrs Roberts I have a whole ode inscribed to me, and, partial as I am aware my judgment must necessarily be in the matter, I still do think that thou, Christopher, wilt allow that many of the stanzas have great merit. I suppose I am to understand that the sentiments are intended to come from the heroine of the tale, rather than the authoress. Be it so. I subjoin most of the poem, allowing myself the benefit of making a running gloss upon it, for the lady is sometimes a little out of her reckoning ; but, on the whole, it is exceedingly grateful and flattering to me to have been so noticed. The ode opens thus.

1.

Man of the Moon ! enthroned on high,
Bright regent of the midnight sky,
Receive an Earthite’s suppliant sigh,

Man of the Moon !

Here, then, my humility makes me confess, that the second line contains the title of my liege mistress the Moon herself, and not an appellation of mine.

2.

Whate’er thy form and nature be,
Long have I loved and worshipped thee,
And been thy humble votary,

Man of the Moon !

3.

For in thy broad and shining face,
Eyes, nose, and mouth, and chin I trace,
With many a soft and smiling grace,
Man of the Moon!

4.

'Tis true, thy head is round and bare,
And seems to mourn the loss of hair,—
A wig, for love of fashion, wear,
Man of the Moon!

In the stanzas above, there is some confusion concerning my looks—in-
deed, in the last of them, I am fearful that the writer mistakes the moon it-
self for my head; otherwise I know of no particular deficiency in the outside
honors of my brain-pan—but let it pass, the next verse makes up for it all.

5.

But I will love thee as thou art,
And give to thee my truant heart,
And never from my vows depart,
Man of the Moon!

I skip on now over four verses; and here I must beg leave to say, that the
inquiry in the 10th and 11th is of too delicate a nature to admit of a public
answer.

10.

When Venus in her silver vest,
Nearer thy orb appears to rest,
Does not one sigh escape thy breast,
Man of the Moon!

11.

Dost thou not feel some soft alarms,
And long, whene'er thou view'st her charms,
To stop her *transit* in thy arms,
Man of the Moon?

O, staid and semnolous Christopher! my heart goes pit-a-pat even at the
mere transcribing of these exquisitely expressed and bosom-searching queries
—but I must not betray myself.

12.

And tell me, dost thou never peep,
When mortals sleep (or *seem* to sleep)
And from thy chamber slyly creep,
Man of the Moon,

13.

To watch this busy world below,
To see how joy is mixt with woe,
How often cares from pleasures flow,
Man of the Moon;

14.

And then return unto thy sphere,
Thy eyes bedew'd with pity's tear
For all that thou hast witnessed here,
Man of the Moon?

15.

Oh if thou wert to gossip given,
How many a tale of Earth and Heaven
Thou 'dst tell from rosy morn to even,
Man of the Moon!

To much of this my present and previous letter is a sufficient answer.

18.

Ah who can stop a woman's tongue?
Or, who like her a theme prolong?
One question more then, right or wrong,
Man of the Moon!

19.

Say, hast thou ever yet explored,
Or dost thou guard the sacred hoard,
Where human wits 'tis said are stored,
Man of the Moon?

20.

If such thy office, deign, O deign,
To give me back my wits again,
For long I've search'd for them in vain,
Man of the Moon!

To the lines cited above, the fair poetess annexes an explanatory note.—“It may, perhaps, be unnecessary to remind the reader of the story of Astolpho (as related by Ariosto) who kindly undertook a voyage to the Moon to recover his friend's wits; and when he was there, was surprised to find a phial in which were his own.”—It would be entering into too long a disquisition to elucidate the economy of our sphere; but if I ever write to thee, Christopher, on the subject of our *visitors*, I may, perhaps, afford the intelligence here requested. In a verse I shall now quote, the lively lady makes merry in guessing at my proceedings during an eclipse.

22.

When the cold earth shall intervene
Thine and the solar orb between,
Dost thou not squint behind the screen,
Man of the Moon?

And in the concluding lines, she expresses a wish, which was not realized, and I am sure that I have most to deplore that it was not.

23.

With thee to roam through liquid skies,
Where love, 'tis whisper'd, never dies,
How blest, as Cynthia, would I rise,
Man of the Moon!

24.

But if, in love and friendship sweet,
On earth congenial spirits meet,
Soon may I see thee at my feet,
Man of the Moon!

Those who are not much in the way of receiving favours put a great (perhaps an undue) value on them, when they are kindly offered. I hope, however, that the intrinsic value of the style in which the one above, so prettily bestowed on me, is conveyed, will induce thy admirers, most popular Christopher, to look upon it with an eye of benignity;—and if the poem should have the effect of giving a hint that I am a personage, though rather gone out of

fashion to be sure, yet not altogether deserving of the slights I have experienced, I cannot say I shall be sorry for it. My modesty will not be shocked, if I should see myself alluded to more frequently, either in prose or in verse. But I am arrived at the end of my paper—and, perchance, Christopher, of thy patience too—be this so or not, I subscribe myself thine,

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Profaned the holiest place? Then woe to them!
 Such crime meets no forgiveness. Ay, he is full'n!
 Close, Laura, then his eyes. Be calm,—and now
 Let him in peace repose. He has indeed
 Encounter'd his last earthly strife,—and triumph'd.
 Listen! He charg'd me, when we parted last,
 With benedictions for thee,—and for *him*
 I shall not fail in every solemn rite.
 What crimes soe'er in madness he committed,
 Against him are not reckon'd. Peace be with thee,
 Thou greatest man of Naples!—Heaven's avenger!
 Still let the people for whom thou hast fought
 Ungrateful, rage against thee, even in death.
 Yet thou hast won a glorious wreath, whose light
 Will shine in future ages, nor decay
 Long as the heart of man holds Freedom dear—
 And when her last faint traces we behold,
 Masaniello's loss shall be deplored.

(*The curtain falls.*)

Thus ends the Tragedy of Masaniello. We cannot expect that the admirers of our "*Höræ Germanica*" will in a like degree approve the productions of the *Danish School*. There is a wide difference indeed in the style and taste of the two nations. Yet from the meagre story of Masaniello, *Ingenius* has originated a work to which it is impossible to deny the praise of high inventive powers; and it is probable that, like Oehlenschläger, he has, in this instance, written too rapidly to allow time for the development of imagination. Of his poetical romance the "*Black Knights*," or the Tragedy of "*Blanca*," we shall perhaps give an abstract in some future number.

LETTER FROM * * * * *

Inclosing Hymn to Christopher North, Esq.

SIR,

I LOOK upon it to be the duty of every liege poet of these realms, such as I flatter myself I am, to follow in the eternal campaign of poetry his anointed King, with as much devotion as in old times the feudal retainers followed their barons bold to the wars. He must be obtuse indeed, who does not perceive that the poetical monarch of merry England is the Poet Laureate, and to him our allegiance is due. Now, Sir, Dr Southey has lately made an incursion into the ancient territory of the hexameter, and in so doing, has quitted himself as a man. It, therefore, is manifest that we, who are his subjects, should instantly march after him, to show our obedience. The instant I read his "*Vision of Judgment*," I was determined to do so; and, after long pondering on a subject fit for my muse, I decided on one, which, whatever may be thought of the execution, must be allowed to be one of the fittest subjects for poetry. I prepared myself for my task, in the manner narrated in the hymn (l. 19-47.) Until I got warm, I had no notion I could go on so well, but by the time I came to the conclusion, I waxed so valiant as to throw out the challenge (l. 161.) to the Laureate himself. I do not repent it, bold as it may seem, but I hope it will not appear a kind of petty treason: I wish you would lay the case before Mr Jeffrey before you print the poem. I shall not detain you any longer, but remain,

SIR,

Your humble Servant.

HYMN TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQUIRE.

Contents. Exordium.—Immense merits of the hero.—An ocean and continent not to be found in Pinkerton, or Malte Brun.—Agreement with Miss Holford with respect to the Muses.—Agreement also with an ancient Comic.—Source of inspiration.—Allusion to Lord Byron, and a learned Theban.—Beautiful picture of a murmuring streamlet.—Mr Wordsworth.—Picturesque description of a grove on the banks of the Tagus.—Benefit derived from the Slave Trade in Jamaica.—Cheering account of the internal state of France.

An operation of high moment detains the auditory.—Chemistry.—Sir Humphry Davy.—Ulysses.—Polyphemus.—Homer.—Inishowen.—Hymn resumed.—Hero applauded to the disparagement of other persons.—Consternation of Baldwin and Co.—Vain attempt of Sir Pythagoras to rally Buonaparte.—Small value of the beasts of a certain ancient concern.—High compliment to Mr Campbell.—Small do. to Dr Polidori.—General massacre of the other Magazines.—Mr Nichols saved and applauded.—Compared with the hero.—Catalogue of heroes in the manner of Homer.—[In catalogue a compliment to the Times.]—Hero compared to Agamemnon.—Preferred to the son of Atreus for his more complete manner of doing business.—King of Dahomey.—A we-stricken man.—Woe to the Whigs.—Reform of the toddy-drinkers.—What work now patronized by very old women.—A Knight of the Hogstye makes his appearance.—Amadis of Gaul.—Don Belianis of Greece.—Hector of Troy.—Tom Crib of England.

Cause of speed.—Various panegyrics on the Hero.—Geographical description of England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, United States, Upper and Lower Canada, West Indies, Hindostan, Australasia.—Patriotic behaviour of the friends of the Scotman Newspaper.—Catalogue of Rivers, in imitation of the Fairy Queen.—Luff up for land.—End as beginning.

L'Envoy. Appeal to the Universe.—Difference between the God of Homer, and the God of Cockaigne.—A Challenge to Dr Southey.—Bet of a rump and dosen.—Conclusion.

HAIL TO THEE, PRIDE OF THE NORTH, HAIL, CHRISTOPHER, STAR OF EDINA!

Who from thy hill-seated throne, in thine own most romantic of cities,
 Show'ring, with liberal hand, spread'st jollity all through the nations.
 How shall I speak thy renown? how utter the half of thy praises?
 Had I an ocean of ink, and a continent made into paper,
 Yet would the ocean be drained, and the continent scribbled all over,
 Ere I had told thy fame, thou wonderful worthy of Scotland!

I'll not invoke you for help, fair maids of Parnassian mountain;
 No, I despise ye, my girls, in the manner of pretty Miss Holford; (1)
 For I agree with the thought of that comical worthy Cratinus, (2)
 Who swore none ever throve on the wish-washy draughts of the Muses.
 Ho! my boy, step to the corner and fetch me a sneaker of brandy;
 Drinkers of water avaunt! I care not a fig for your preaching:
 I shall get drunk as a lord, and then follow on with my poem,
 Drunk as a lord I shall get, as drunk as his lordship of Byron, (3)
 When he sat boozing in Thebes with the sixbottle Solyman Pacha.

Where is the water to mix? The water that once in the streamlet,
 Murmuring sung o'er the pebbles, now sings its low song in the kettle,
 (Which Mr Wordsworth and I hold in supreme veneration). (4)
 Here are the lemons at hand, which all on the banks of the Tagus,
 Grew in a beautiful grove, shedding round it their delicate perfume;
 There by the light of the moon a poetical lover might wander,
 Chanting a sweet canzonet to the honour of Donna Maria.
 (Little he thought that the fruit, which there was hanging above him,
 Would be sent over the sea to inspire so famous a poet.)
 Here is the sugar beside, which the hands of the sooterkin negro
 Reared for the sake of my punch in the island of sweetly Jamaica.
 Then there's the stingo itself sweet-smelling, balmy, delicious,

Drink that is fit for the gods, or the heavenly writers of Blackwood !
 Gay were the Frenchmen who made it in Nantz, an illustrious city,
 Merry they sung at their work, when they gathered the grapes in the vineyard,
 Merry they sung at their work, when they trampled them down in the wine-vat,
 Merry they sang at their work, when forth came the brandy distilling ;
 Merrily I too shall sing when I swallow the fruit of their labour.

Stop for a moment, ye crowds, who list to my hymn in amazement,
 First till I mingle my punch, and then for a while till I drink it.

Now that I've tempered the stuff in a most scientific manner,
 Shewing a chemical skill, that even Sir Humphry might envy,
 I shall proceed with the task of diseasing a dozen of tumblers.
 Glorious, sublime is the draught ! The wine that the crafty Ulysses (5)
 Gave with a deadly intent to monoptical Squire Polyphemus,
 Though it belonged to a priest, and priests know the smack of good liquor,
 Though it is praised as divine by that honest old wine-bibber Homer, (6)
 Though it sent forth such a scent as fairly perfumed the apartment, (7)
 Though it required to be mixt with almost two dozen of waters,
 Never was better than this, which I at this moment am drinking.
 Once on a time, it is true, I came across liquor superior,
 Swallowing a lot of potaheen in the hills about far Inishowen. (8)

Well then, the business is done. A glorious poetical fury
 Seizes my soul on the spot ; I'll keep you no longer a-waiting :

Hail to thee, pride of the North, hail, Christopher, star of Edina !
 Thou art the lad of the lads, who handle the pen of the writer : (9)
 None dare withstand thy award ; none dare dispute thy dominion.
 Sweet is the smile in thy joy, and dread is thy frown when in anger.
 Whom shall I equal to thee, thou chief of all Magazines ?
 Look round, merry men all, and see the rest are but asses,
 If they be named in a day with thee, DESTROYER OF DUNCES !
 Joyless is poor Mr Joy, confounded are Baldwin and Cradock,
 When they reflect on thy strength, and think of their own petty yelpers,
 Janus can't shew any face, and Lamb is led off to the slaughter.
 Sad is the sapient heart of Sir Dick, the devourer of cabbage,
 Vainly he calls to the fight old Capel Loft, and Napoleon. (10)
 Constable trembles in soul, when he finds he has none to oppose thee
 Save a collection of beasts, not worth a penny a dozen.
 Campbell himself, the sweet, the beautiful poet of Gertrude,
 Shrinks at the sound of thy name, and turning away from H. Colburn,
 Wishes he'd left the concern to Jack Polidori the Vampire.
 Why should I mention the rest ? unheard of perish the cattle !
 But as I go along, I gladly pay thee a tribute,
 Eldest of all Magazines, the Gentleman's, properly so called.
 Pleasant art thou to read, ay, pleasant even in quaintness ;
 Long may thy Editor live, long live, and scatter around him
 Tales of the days of old, and sentiments honest and loyal.
 (Christopher's nearly as old, he being sexagenarian ;
 Never arise there a row 'twixt these two worshipful elders.)

Hail to thee, pride of the North ! Hail, Christopher, star of Edina !
 Great is thy strength, O Kit, and valiant thy men are in battle.
 Wattle, the laird of that ilk, who wrote of the crazy-pate banker,
 Delta, triangular bard, both Hugh and Malachi Mullion,

Scott—Jamie Scott—Doctor Scott, the poetic uprepper of Grinders ;
 Timothy Fickler so brave, and the couple of grave-looking Germans,
 He that's as great as a host, O'Doherty, knight of the standard,
 Seward and Buller from Isis, and Hogg the Shepherd of Ettrick,
 Cicero Dewden from Cork, Tom Jennings the poet of Soda, (12)
 Petre of Trinity, Dublin,—O'Fegarty, dwelling in Blarney ;
 Gruff-looking Z. is there, wet with the blood of the Cockneys,
 So is the ancient Sage, whom the men of Chaldea delight in.
 How can I sum them all? Go count the sands of the ocean,
 Number the lies of the Times, or reckon the motes of the sunbeam,
 Num'rous as they are the bands, who draw the goose-quill for Maga.
 Over them all is North, as great as King Agamemnon,
 When he led forward his Greeks to the sacred city of Priam.
 Surely as Pergamus fell by Pelagian valour and fury,
 So shall his enemies fall, if once they do battle against him.
 Only the hosts of the king were ten years doing the business,
 While he in slaughtering his foes scarce spends ten minutes about it.

Hail to thee, pride of the North ! Hail, Christopher, star of Edina !
 Many a man has been slain by thy trenchant and transcendent falchion.
 Thou, if thou wouldst, could build a hall like the kings of Dabonney,
 All of the skulls of the dead, on whom thy sword has descended ;
 Wonder not then if thy name is heard by many with terror.
 Pale is the cheek of Leigh Hunt, and pale is the Anti-Malthusian ;
 Hazlitt I own is not pale, because of his rabie and swandrops,
 But he is sick in his soul at the visage of Georgy Buchanan ; (13)
 Webb is a trifle afraid, the heavy-horse Lieutenant shaketh,
 Grim is the sage-looking phiz of the bacon-fly Macvey Neperus ;
 Joy does not reign in the soul of sweet Missy Spence, and the Bagman,
 Nor of some hundred beside, whose names 'twould tire me to mention,
 When they are told ev'ry month, lo ! terrible Christopher cometh !
 Thou hast for ever put down the rascally Whig population ;
 Muzzled by thee is the mouth of Jeffrey's oracular journal ;
 Onion and onionet there have suffered a vast degradation. (14)
 Nobody minds them now, not even the drinkers of toddy, (15)
 Who in the days of old, in garrets loftily seated,
 Thought it a wonderful feat to be able to read through its pages :
 Nobody minds them now, save awfully ancient old women.
 But I should never be done, did I tell even half of thy slaughters.
 Amadis, hero of Gaul, nor the Grecian Don Belianis,
 Hector the champion of Troy, or Cribb the champion of England,
 Floor'd never have such a lot as thou in the days of thine anger.

Though I have much to say, I shall soon bring my song to an ending,
 Almost out is my candle, my punch is out altogether.

Hail to thee, pride of the North ! hail, Christopher, star of Edina !
 Joyous am I, when I read thy soul-enlivening pages,
 Cramm'd with delicious prose, and verses full as delicious ;
 Whether thy theme be grave, sublime, abstruse, or pathetic,
 Merry, jocosé, or slang, quiz, humbug, gay or satiric,
 Equally thou in all soar'st over the rest of creation.
 Still are thy efforts devote to the honour and glory of Britain ;
 Then be thou read where'er the language of Britain is heard of,

Through merry England herself, the much-honour'd land of the mighty,
 Over the kingdom of Scotland, north and south, highland and lowland,
 Over the hills and dales of Cambria, region delightful,
 And in the green-mantled island of Erin, the land of potato.
 Then thou shalt cross the sea to the Yankee dominion of Mouree, (16)
 On to the regions of Canada, snow-covered, upper and lower.
 Southward away to the islands discover'd by Christopher Colon,
 Which the blundering name of the Western Indies delight in.
 Off to the East, thou fliest to the realms of the Marquis of Hastings, (17)
 Where the wild natives of Ind regard thee with much veneration,
 Placing thee there with the gods, next after Brahma and Seeva.
 Thence to the Austral land, where fly the friends of the Scotsman,
 Leaving their native soil, at the nod of judge or recorder,
 Like patriotical folks, all for the good of their country.
 There thou art somewhat read by the honest Botany Bayers,
 Who at the ends of the earth live under the sway of Macquarie; (18)
 Severn, and Trent, and Thames, Forth, Tweed, and Teviot, and Leven,
 Dovey, and Towey, and Neath, Lee, Liffy, Slaney, and Shannon,
 Lawrence, Petowmac, Missouri, Indus, and Ganges, and Oxley,
 Wander through countries possess'd by jolly-faced readers of Blackwood.
 Thus have I sail'd round the earth, like Captain Cook or Vancouver,
 Here then I luff to the land, and haul in my bellying canvas,
 Ending my elegant hymn with the self-same line that began it,
 HAIL TO THEE, PRIDE OF THE NORTH, HAIL, CHRISTOPHER, STAR OF EDINA!

L'Envoi.

NATIONS OF EARTH! who have heard my hymn so gloriously chaunted,
 Answer, as honest men, did you ever hear any thing like it?
 Never! I swear, by the God, whom Homer calls Argyrotoxos,
 And whom the bards of Cockaigne address by the name of Apollor!
 Come, and contend, if you dare, great laurel-crown'd Bard of Kehama!
 Come, and contend if you dare, in the metre of dactyle and spondée!
 That I should beat you in song, I bet you a rump and a dozen,
 A rump and a dozen I bet,—and there is an end of the matter.

(1.) "Wake not for me, ye maids of Helicon," quoth Miss Holford. I am more polite; for I call them "*fair maids*."—(2.) *Rideo si credis*, &c.—(3.) Lord Byron commemorates this adventure in a note on one of his poems, Childe Harold, I believe.—(4.) "The kettle singing its low undersong," W. W. also, "A fig for your languages, German and Norse, &c. (5.) Od. IX. l. 231. &c. I give Cowper's translation as the most literal I can find, though it does not do any thing like justice to the raciness of the original.

"I went; but not without a goatakin filled
 With richest wine, from Maron erst received;
 The offspring of Evanthos, and the priest
 Of Phœbus, whom in Ismarus I saved,
 And with himself, his children, and his wife,
 Through reverence of Apollo; for he dwelt
 Amid the laurel sacred to his God,
 He gave me, therefore, noble gifts; from him
 Seven talents I received of beaten gold;
 A beaker, urgent all, and after these,
 No fewer than twelve jars, with wine replete,
 Rich, unadulterate, drink for gods; nor knew
 One servant, male or female, of that wine.
 In all his house, none knew it, save himself,
 His wife, and the intendant of his stores;