











James Hall

NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ

BY THE LATE

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AND

WM. MAGINN, LL.D. J. G. LOCKHART, JAMES HOGG, &c.

WITH

MEMOIRS AND NOTES

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EDITOR OF SHEIL'S "SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR"

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L I F E
OF THE
ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

BY DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

JAMES HOGG, commonly called "The Ettrick Shepherd," was born on the 25th of January, 1772, in a cottage on the banks of the Ettrick, a tributary of the Tweed, in Selkirkshire, a mountainous and picturesque part of Scotland. He died on the 21st November, 1835, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. His family had long been settled in the district of Ettrick, as shepherds. Robert Hogg, his father, who lived to the age of ninety, had married Margaret Laidlaw, a woman of considerable common sense, familiar knowledge of the traditionary ballads of Scotland, and a clear judgment. Of this marriage four sons were born. James was the second, and greatly prided himself, in mature years, of having had the same birthday (all but the year) as Robert Burns.

At the time when Robert Hogg married, he had saved what, in those days, was considered sufficient to authorize his taking a farm. He took two; commenced dealing in cattle, gave credit, suffered from a great fall in the price of sheep and the dishonesty of his principal debtor,—and became a ruined man,—homeless, almost hopeless, before his son James was six years old. Robert Hogg then became shepherd on one of the farms which he had recently occupied.

James Hogg's mother, who literally had taught herself to read the Bible, which she then thoroughly understood, had a natural taste for poetry. The wandering minstrels, whose last "Lay" was sung by Scott, had not vanished in her youth. From their lips, she stored her quick memory with many thousand lines of the old Border ballads;—one of these wanderers, over whose head the changes of ninety years had rolled, communicated a great deal to her, which he alone knew. With Mrs. Hogg perished this, and much more that "the world would not willingly let die."

From such a mother, James Hogg unquestionably received his first

impulses towards Song. It was her habit daily to read from the Bible such passages as she thought likely to interest and improve her sons ; and, daily also, followed her recitations of the Border ballads, in a manner between chant and song. Sometimes she would tell them stories of romantic incidents in the world of action and passion, into which none of them yet had launched ; and she often would win them to tears by the simple relation of tales of sorrow and tenderness, in days not far remote and within their own locality.

When James Hogg was seven years old, he was compelled to go to service. His occupation was to herd a few cows for a neighboring farmer. His wages for the half year were a ewe lamb and a pair of new shoes. In the first winter he returned home, and had three months' schooling. He got into a class so far advanced that they could read the Bible. He tried writing, but each letter was nearly an inch in length. Nor, to his dying day, did he write well. His whole course of education was obtained in six months at this time. "After this," he says, "I was never another day at any school whatever." When the severity of the season abated, when gentle Spring felt the kiss of Summer on her roseate lips, James Hogg again became a cow-herd. So he continued for some years, under various masters, until he finally arrived at the dignity of shepherd's assistant. The care of large flocks of sheep requires probity, skill, and self-reliance. The character which Hogg obtained from his successive masters, (he had a dozen before he was fifteen,) placed him in this rank, where the wages and other pecuniary advantages are comparatively good, and the opportunities for those who wish to acquire knowledge are great. A man, who is in the open air by himself, for twelve hours a-day during many months, able to read, (as nearly every Scottish peasant is,) can scarcely help becoming contemplative, and more or less imaginative.

But, during the whole of Hogg's novitiate as a herdsman, he had no book to read except the Bible, and the version of the Psalms of David which is used by the Scottish Church. He had purchased an old violin out of his small earnings, and determinedly taught himself to play some favorite Scotch tunes. Afterwards, as we shall see, he became a very passable player.

Among the farmers who employed Hogg to attend their sheep-flocks, the kindest were the family of the Laidlaws, (probably some relations of his mother,) with whom he remained several years. It was while in the employ of one of these that, at the age of eighteen, he first got the perusal of a versified Life of Sir William Wallace, the great Scottish patriot, and of the pastoral comedy of "The Gentle Shepherd," by Allan Ramsay. Oddly enough, the future poet (as he has related) "deeply regretted that they were not in prose, that everybody might have understood them." He had got so much out of the habit of reading, that the Scottish dialect quite confounded him ! After this, Mrs. Laidlaw lent him some theological books, which he subsequently was glad he did not understand. A newspaper fell into his hands now and

then, "which I pored on with great earnestness," he says, "beginning at the date, and reading straight on, through advertisements of houses and lands, Balm of Gilead, and every thing; and, after all, was often no wiser than when I began." At this time he had to write a letter to his elder brother, and, not having used a pen for several years, some of the letters of the alphabet were so much forgotten, that he had to put them in a sort of print copied from books!

On Whitsunday, 1790, being then only eighteen, Hogg hired himself to Mr. Laidlaw, of Black House, whom he served, as shepherd, for ten years; of this gentleman's kindness—one of God's own nobility—Hogg's brief report is sufficient: "Indeed, it was much more like that of a father than a master."

In the spring of 1796, at the age of twenty-four, Hogg made his first regular attempt at verse-writing. (Long before that, however, while yet early in his teens, his mother would often say to him, "Jamie, my man, gang ben the house, and mak me a sang.") Mr. Laidlaw, his employer, had a good store of books, which he kindly allowed Hogg to read. Thus the early defects, or rather the almost total want of education, were in due course of being somewhat remedied. He read a great deal, and with considerable attention; but, (he says,) "no sooner did I begin to read so as to understand, than, rather prematurely, I began to write."

How he first became a POETER may best be told as related by himself in his various autobiographies. He says:—

"For several years my compositions consisted wholly of songs and ballads, made up for the lassies to sing in chorus; and a proud man I was when I first heard the rosy nymphs chanting my uncouth strains, and jeering me by the still dear appellation of 'Jamie the poeter.'

"I had no more difficulty in composing songs then than I have at present; and I was equally well pleased with them. But then the writing of them!—that was a job! I had no method of learning to write save by following the italic alphabet; and though I always stripped myself of coat and vest when I began to pen a song, yet my wrist took a cramp, so that I could rarely make above four or six lines at a sitting. Whether my manner of writing it out was new, I know not, but it was not without singularity. Having very little spare time from my flock, which was unruly enough, I folded and stitched a few sheets of paper, which I carried in my pocket. I had no inkhorn, but in place of it I borrowed a small phial, which I fixed in a hole in the breast of my waistcoat; and having a cork fastened by a piece of twine, it answered the purpose fully as well. Thus equipped, whenever a leisure minute or two offered, and I had nothing else to do, I sat down and wrote out my thoughts as I found them. This is still my invariable practice in writing prose. I cannot make out one sentence by study without the pen in my hand to catch the ideas as they arise, and I never write two copies of the same thing. My

manner of composing poetry is very different, and, I believe, much more singular. Let the piece be of what length it will, I compose and correct it wholly in my mind, or on a slate, ere ever I put pen to paper; and then I write it down as fast as the A B C. When once it is written, it remains in that state; it being with the utmost difficulty that I can be brought to alter one syllable, which I think is partly owing to the above practice.

“The first time I ever heard of Burns was in 1797, the year after he died. One day during that summer a half daft man, named John Scott, came to me on the hill, and, to amuse me, repeated Tam o’ Shanter. I was delighted. I was far more than delighted—I was ravished! I cannot describe my feelings; but, in short, before Jock Scott left me, I could recite the poem from beginning to end, and it has been my favorite poem ever since. He told me it was made by one Robert Burns, the sweetest poet that ever was born; but that he was now dead, and his place would never be supplied. He told me all about him: how he was born on the 25th of January, bred a ploughman, how many beautiful songs and poems he had composed, and that he had died last harvest, on the 21st of August. This formed a new epoch of my life. Every day I pondered on the genius and fate of Burns. I wept, and always thought with myself—what is to hinder me from succeeding Burns? I, too, was born on the 25th of January, and I have much more time to read and compose than any ploughman could have, and can sing more old songs than ever ploughman could in the world. But then I wept again because I could not write. However, I resolved to be a poet, and to follow in the steps of Burns.”

In 1812, before the appearance of “The Queen’s Wake,” the poem which made his reputation, he told a clergyman of his acquaintance, that he had an inward consciousness that he should yet live to be compared with Burns, and that though he might never equal him in some things, he thought he might excel him in others. This was repeated, and laughed at as a good jest; but time, which sets all things even, has made it a reality. Hogg certainly takes place next to, and very little below, Burns as a Scottish poet.

Not books alone, aiding and valuable as they were, constituted the advantages accruing to Hogg, at Mr. Laidlaw’s. One of that gentleman’s sons, William, was his friend and companion. Hogg says: “He was the only person who, for many years, ever pretended to discover the least merit in my essays, either in prose or verse; and, as he never failed to have plenty of them about him, he took the opportunity of showing them to every person, whose capacity he supposed adequate to judge of their merits, but all to no purpose; he could make no proselytes to his opinion of any note, save one, who, in a little time, apostatized and left us as we were.” A higher critical authority was fortunately at hand.

The first of Hogg’s published songs was called “Donald McDonald,” com-

posed, he says, "in 1800, on the threatened invasion by Bonaparte." He sang it to a party of social friends, one of whom got it set to music. It was published, and obtained great popularity. "Yet no one ever knew, or inquired who was the author." It was publicly sung at a grand Masonic Festival at Edinburgh, by Mr. Oliver of the publishing house of Oliver & Boyd. He was one of the best singers in Scotland, and was not only thrice encored, but the Earl of Moira (the Lord Rawdon of the War of Independence, and the Marquis of Hastings of a later day) made a long speech on the utility of such "loyal" songs at that period, thanked the singer, and proffered him his whole interest in Scotland. He never asked for, nor thought of the author of the words. There was then a General McDonald, commanding the army in Scotland, at whose regimental mess the song was part of the post-prandial service. This old gentleman believed that it had been written to glorify himself—but neither he nor any of his friends asked who was the author. I subjoin the opening verse of this song—to show how a popular subject, half a century since, elevated what we should now call common-place jingle :

My name is Donald McDonald,
 I live in the Highlands sae grand ;
 I hae followed our banner, and will do,
 Wherever my Maker has land.
 When rankit amang the blue bonnets,
 Nae danger can fear me ava ;
 I ken that my brethren around me
 Are either to conquer or fa'.
 Brogues an' brochin' an' a',
 Brochin' an' brogues an' a' ;
 And is nae she very well aff,
 Wi' her brogues an' brochin' an' a' ?

At this time, Walter Scott, who was Sheriff (*Scottice* Shirra) of Selkirk, the native county of Hogg, was collecting materials for *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. In this he was assisted by John Leyden, afterwards distinguished as a poet and Oriental scholar, whose early death (in 1811, in Java) was much lamented. In his ballad-questing excursions, Scott had fallen in with William Laidlaw, then very young, but with a vigorous, original, and cultivated mind. He introduced Hogg to "the Shirra," who was in great doubt at the time, whether part of a ballad called *Old Maitlan'* was not forged. Hogg's mother chanted this ballad for him, and, as her version agreed with his, he was much pleased. The old lady, alluding to part of the first and published volume of the *Minstrelsy*, said : "Except George Warton and James Steward, there never was ane o' my sangs prentit till ye prentit them yoursell, an' ye hae spoilt them a'thegither. They were made for sing-

ing, an' no for reading ; and they're nouth'r right spelled nor right setten down."

Some of Hogg's poetry was shown to Scott, who warmly praised it. From that time, Hogg steadily applied himself to composition. Naturally enough, he turned to the imitation of the Border ballads. Scott, after spending some hours in his company, declared that he had never met a man with more undoubted originality of genius. From that first meeting sprang a life-long friendship—darkened by only a few passing clouds. Hogg always acknowledged his obligations to Scott, and, in the dedication of "The Mountain Bard" to him, thus publicly declared it :

Bless'd be his generous heart for aye ;
 He told me where the relic lay,
 Pointed my way with ready will,
 Afar on Ettrick's wildest hill ;
 Watched my first notes with curious eye,
 And wondered at my minstrelsy :
 He little weened a parent's tongue
 Such strains had o'er my cradle sung.

In 1801, during a few days' interval of leisure in Edinburgh, Hogg determined to print a pamphlet containing some of his songs. He wrote down, not the best, but "Willie and Katie," and others, which he remembered best. He delivered the manuscript to a printer, and heard no more—until he received word that a thousand copies of "Poetical Trifles" had been thrown off. On examination, it was found (as might have been anticipated) that many of the stanzas were omitted, others misplaced, with countless "errors of the press." Still, the work had circulation and gained repute. Hogg confessed of these poems, in later days, "Indeed, all of them were sad stuff, although I judged them to be exceedingly good."

About this time, Hogg made an excursion into the Highlands, in hope of being employed as overseer of some large sheep farm. He failed in this object, but printed a prose account of his travels, (as *Letters in the Scots' Magazine*,) rugged and uncouth in diction, but gleaming with poetic feeling and natural shrewdness.

After a visit to England, in the summer of 1801, (probably as drover and vendor of sheep and cattle,) Hogg resumed the pen—or, strictly speaking, *the slate*,—chiefly encouraged by Scott, who introduced and strongly recommended him to Constable, then the greatest publisher in Edinburgh. Scott did more—he took him home to his own family, and had him to dinner, in company with William Laidlaw and others. Hogg had never before been in any dwelling grander than that of the country minister. He saw Mrs. Scott, who was ill, reclining on a sofa, and, fancying that he could scarcely

do wrong if he imitated the lady of the house, threw himself upon a sofa also. As the liquor began to operate, his familiarity increased. Lockhart says, he advanced from "Mr. Scott" to "Shirra," thence to "Scott"—"Walter"—and "Wattie,"—until, at supper, he fairly convulsed the whole party by addressing Mrs. Scott as "Charlotte."

When he again resolved to try what a new volume of poems would do for him, he had nothing by him except the songs of his youth. Constable (a sweet kernel in a bitter husk, imperious in manner and kind in heart) again gave him a chance. "The Forest Minstrel," now all but forgotten, was published, on the half-profit principle—which yielded nothing to Hogg. Two thirds of the songs were Hogg's own; the remainder furnished by correspondents. With his usual candor, Hogg thus speaks of the whole collection: "In general they are not good, but the worst of them are all mine, for I inserted every ranting rhyme that I had made in my youth, to please the circles about the firesides in the country; and all this time I had never been in any polished society—had read next to nothing—was now in the thirty-eighth year of my age, and knew no more of human life or manners than a child."

One of the gems in "The Forest Minstrel," was a poem by William Laidlaw, called "Lucy's Flitting," which was a great favorite with Scott. It is described by Lockhart as a simple and pathetic picture of a poor Ettrick maiden's feelings in leaving a service where she had been happy, and has long been, and must ever be a favorite, with all who understand the delicacies of the Scottish dialect, and the manners of the district in which the scene is laid. Some years after this, Laidlaw moved to Scott's land, at Abbotsford, there became his amanuensis and general supervisor, nor quitted that place until Scott's death, in September, 1832. Scott was greatly attached to him, and, on returning to Abbotsford from Italy, the first person whom he recognised was his friend. "Ha! Willie Laidlaw!" he exclaimed; "O man, how often have I thought of you!"

One advantage Hogg gained by his "Forest Minstrel." Scott sent a presentation copy of it to the Countess of Dalkeith, (afterwards Duchess of Buccleugh,) to whom Hogg had dedicated it, and that lady sent him, through Scott's hands, a present of one hundred guineas. This was the origin, also, of the interest she subsequently felt for him.

Hogg had imitated the old Border ballads, selecting traditionary stories for their subjects, and, by advice of Scott, who had seen several, he wrote some more. The collection, entitled "The Mountain Bard," was published by Constable, in the winter of 1803. He was in liberal hands, for this work realized for him nearly £300. He also had written a treatise "On Sheep," which had won the prize offered by the Highland Society, and sold this to Constable for £84:—not a bad bargain for the publisher, as it has turned

out, for "Hogg on Sheep" is considered indispensable in the rural districts of Scotland, and has a steady sale of several hundreds annually.

The possession of so much money, (early in 1804,) he confesses, drove him "perfectly mad." He plunged into the business of sheep-farming without sufficient capital, knowledge of the world, experience, or prudence. Years of ruinous perseverance found him, in the winter of 1809-10, almost homeless, nearly penniless, and actually kept out of the humblest employment, by the reputation of being a poet and a ruined farmer. In utter desperation, he went to Edinburgh, in February, 1810, where he hoped to make a living by his pen.

It was a vain hope. He could find insertion, but no payment, for whatever he chose to send to Magazines and Reviews. He had ceased to woo the Muse during his recent years of speculative farming, and Hogg's next experiment was to commence a weekly periodical, of literature and manners, which he called "The Spy." His incompetency for this, in one respect, (for up to this time he "never once had been in any polished society, and knew no more of human life or manners than a child,") was evident; but the attempt, by a man of genius, was far less absurd than living examples, now before the world, of inferior men who write what they call novels of every-day life, and have never yet mingled in the scenes which they ambitiously describe!

"The Spy," which continued for twelve months, gave Hogg little more than mere subsistence, but much increased his literary reputation. It was a mélange of prose and poetry. Whenever Hogg essayed to describe society, of which he knew nothing, he failed; but his sketches of rural life were delightful, because natural and true. Hogg had several voluntary contributors. Among these were Mr. James Gray (of the High School) and his wife; Professor T. Gillespie; John Black, afterwards Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, in London; and Robert Sym, maternal uncle to Professor Wilson, and, a few years later, the redoubted Timothy Tickler of *The Noctes*. But the greater part of "The Spy," consisting of 415 quarto pages, double-columned, was written by Hogg himself—certainly a large quantity of labor in one year.

In conjunction with other literary men, all of them greatly younger than himself, Hogg next established a debating society, called *The Forum*, of which he was solemnly appointed Secretary, with the magnificent salary of £20 a year—which, however, was never paid. With his usual energy, Hogg—contrary to the advice of his friends—plunged into the debates, and used to make a speech (sometimes two) every night. He says, "Though I sometimes incurred pointed disapprobation, I was in general a prodigious favorite." This debating society did not last long, but Hogg has very sensibly remarked, that all the speaking members greatly increased their general knowledge, at the weekly meetings of *The Forum*. Where proper subjects are selected for discussion, each speaker will naturally read, to increase his infor

mation, and the habit of putting the best words in the best places, which alike belongs to what is written for the press and spoken for the ear, has a natural tendency to improve the judgment. Hogg afterwards said that he might and could have written "The Queen's Wake," had The Forum never existed, but without the weekly lessons that he got there, he could not have succeeded as he did.

At this time, the poetry of Scott and Byron was making a noise in the land. Hogg had a friend in Edinburgh, himself of literary tastes and habits, who carried on the business of a hat-manufacturer. He thought so well of some of the poems in *The Spy*, that he strongly urged Hogg to attempt a regular poem. Mr. and Mrs. James Gray, whose taste and judgment were good, also urged him to do this. The result was that, in the spring of 1813, he produced "The Queen's Wake."

This consists of a series of ballads, purporting to be sung for the amusement of the young Mary Queen of Scots, on her arrival from France at the ancient palace of Holyrood. The design was a good one—the competitors for glory were Poets, the judges and spectators were a beautiful young Queen, and her proud Nobility. The introduced poems were as various in merit as in style, but the narrative part of the poem was flowing, pure, and graceful. None expected such from Hogg. There were some days of wonder,—of doubt how the poem should be estimated,—but it got well spoken of, and Hogg received, in no stinted measure, the meed of popular applause. From that time, "The Queen's Wake" has been very popular. In Scotland, as compared with other long poems, it ranks only below *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, and *The Lady of the Lake*.

One of the poems in "The Queen's Wake," the most popular of the collection, and that by which Hogg is best known out of Scotland, was called "KILMENY," and is founded on the tradition, common alike to Scotland and Ireland, of a child being stolen by the fairies. I cannot convey the entire poem, consisting of 300 lines, into these pages, but subjoin a few passages to show the peculiar beauty of the rhythm, the adroit use of the Scottish dialect, the musical flow of harmony, the extent of fancy which covers it like a visible atmosphere, and the remarkable purity of thought and expression which pervades the whole.

"Kilmeny" opens thus:—

KILMENY.

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
 But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
 Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
 For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
 It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
 And pu' the blue cress-flower round the spring;

The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
 And the nut that hang frae the hazel-tree;
 For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
 But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
 And lang may she seek in the greenwood shaw;
 Lang the laird of Duncira blame,
 And lang, lang greet, ere Kilmeny come hame!

When many a day had come and fled,
 When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
 When mess for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
 When the beadsman had prayed, and the dead-bell rung,
 Late, late in a gloamin', when a' was still,
 When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
 The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
 The reek of the cot hung o'er the plain
 Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
 When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,
 Late, late in the gloamin', Kilmeny cam' hame!

“Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
 Lang hae we sought baith holt and dean,
 By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree,
 Yet ye are halesome and fair to see.
 Where gat ye that joup o' the lily sheen?
 That bonny snood of the birk sae green?
 And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
 Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?”

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
 But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
 As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
 As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
 Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea;
 For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
 And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
 Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
 Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew.
 But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
 And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
 When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
 And a land where sin had never been—
 A land of love and a land of light,
 Withouten sun, or moon, or night;
 Where the river swa'd a living stream,

And the light a pure celestial beam ;
 The land of vision it would seem,
 A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon greenwood there is a waik,
 And in that waik there is a wene,
 And in that wene there is a maike
 That neither hath flesh, blood, nor bane ;
 And down in yon greenwood he walks his lane !

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
 Her bosom happed wi' the flow'rets gay ;
 But the air was soft, and the silence deep,
 And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep.
 She kend nae mair, nor opened her ee,
 Till waked by the hymns of a far country.

She has awakened in fairy-land, to which, at the age of twenty, (and here Hogg has deviated from the ordinary tradition of a mere child being taken away,) she had been conveyed, as being so stainless, in soul and body, where she never may know sin nor death : welcomed by the immortal spirits of "the better land," who desire her, should she again seek the mortal world, to tell of the signs which should be shown her,—portentous of the times that are and that shall be.

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
 And she walked in the light of a sunless day :
 The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
 The fountain of vision, and fountain of light ;
 The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
 And the flowers of everlasting blow.
 Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
 That her youth and beauty never might fade ;
 And they smiled on heaven when they saw her lie
 In the stream of life that wandered by.
 And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
 She kend not where, but so sweetly it rung,
 It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn :
 "Oh blest be the day Kilmeny was born !
 Now shall the land of the spirits see,
 Now shall it ken what a woman may be !
 The sun that shines on the world sae bright—
 A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light—
 And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
 Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,

Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,
 And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.
 But lang, lang after baith night and day,
 When the sun and the world have elyed away,
 When the sinner has gone to his waesome doom,
 Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!"

From the top of a mountain green, in "the land of thought," Kilmeny sees a succession of visions, chief among which are her own Scotland, with bonny Queen Mary, and her misfortunes; there, too, the foreshadowing of the Revolution which deluged France with blood, and other signs of the coming time. The conclusion is too beautiful to be abridged:

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
 The friends she had left in her own country,
 To tell of the place where she had been,
 And the glories that lay in the land unseen;
 To warn the living maidens fair—
 The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care—
 That all whose minds unmeled remain,
 Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,
 They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
 And when she wakened, she lay her lane,
 All happed with flowers in the greenwood wene.
 When seven lang years had come and fled,
 When grief was calm, and hope was dead,
 When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
 Late, late in the gloamin', Kilmeny cam hame!

And oh her beauty was fair to see,
 But still and steadfast was her ee;
 Her seymar was the lily flower,
 And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
 And her voice like the distant melody
 That floats along the twilight sea.
 But she loved to raik the lanely glen,
 And kept afar frae the haunts of men;
 Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
 To suck the flowers, and drink the spring.
 But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
 The wild beasts of the hill were cheered;
 The wolf played lithely round the field,
 The lordly bison lowed and kneeled,

The dun-deer wooed with manner bland,
 And cowered aneath her lily hand.
 And when at eve the woodlands rung,
 When hymns of other worlds she sung,
 In ecstacy of sweet devotion,
 Oh then the glen was all in motion!
 The wild beasts of the forest came,
 Broke frae their bughts and faulds the tame,
 And goved around, charmed and amazed;
 Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
 And murmured, and looked with anxious pain
 For something the mystery to explain.
 The buzzard came with the throstle-cock,
 The corby left her houf in the rock,
 The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew,
 The hind came tripping o'er the dew;
 The wolf and the kid their raik began,
 And the ted, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;
 The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
 And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young;
 And all in a peaceful ring were hurled—
 It was like an eve in a sinless world!

When a month and a day had come and gane,
 Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene;
 There laid her down on the leaves sae green;
 But Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
 But oh the words that fell from her mouth
 Were words of wonder and words of truth;
 But all the land were in fear and dread,
 For they knew not whether she was living or dead.
 It wasna her hame, she couldna remain;
 She left this world of sorrow and pain,
 And returned to the land of thought again.

Three editions of the Queen's Wake went off in a few months. Goldie, its publisher, failed, and Hogg's share of profits appeared likely to be small. But William Blackwood undertook the disposal of the work, treating Hogg so generously, that the poet actually received double what he was to have had from Goldie.

At this time (1813) John Wilson was in Edinburgh, personally known only to Scott and a few others. Hogg, who much admired his "Isle of Palms," wrote to him inviting him to dinner. He accepted the invitation, dined at Ambrose's, (a small tavern where Hogg lodged,) and, says Hogg,

"I found him so much a man according to my own heart, that for many years we were seldom twenty-four hours asunder, when in town." He afterwards visited Wilson, in Westmoreland, where he met Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge.

After vain efforts to obtain a commission in the militia, or an appointment as Excise-officer, Hogg wrote to the late Duchess of Buccleugh, entreating her to speak a word to the Duke's agent to take him (Hogg) as tenant for a small farm in Ettrick. It was considered impossible to grant this request, but the Duke and Duchess intimated an intention of bearing him in mind. The Duchess died very unexpectedly, in August, 1814, and shortly after, when Scott happened to mention the Ettrick Shepherd, the Duke said, "My friend, I must now consider this poor man's case as *her* legacy." Soon after, the Duke presented him with the rent-free life-occupancy of the farm of Altrive Lake, in his well-beloved Braes of Yarrow. That he might stock his farm properly, and start free of debt, a subscription copy of *The Queen's Wake*, in 4to, and with illustrations, was published for his benefit. After Hogg became his nominal tenant, he frequently dined with the Duke of Buccleugh, who appeared greatly to enjoy his society. By his death, in 1819, Hogg lost a powerful patron and friend.

The Queen's Wake was not written until the poet was past forty. In the next six years, between 1813 and 1819, Hogg wrote and published *The Pilgrims of the Sun*, *The Hunting of Badlewe*, *Mador of the Moor*, and the *Poetic Mirror*, *Dramatic Tales*, *The Brownie of Bodsbeck*, *Winter Evening Tales*, *Sacred Melodies*, *The Border Garland*, and the *Jacobite Relics of Scotland*. That is, fifteen volumes of poetry and prose, in little more than six years.

The Poetic Mirror, as published, was a curious travesty upon the mere idea of a book. Hogg conceived the idea of obtaining a poem from all the living authors of Britain, and publishing them in one volume. He made very general applications, and among the poets who actually contributed were Southey, Wilson, Wordsworth, Lloyd and others. Byron and Rogers promised, (the former intimating that "*Lara*" was written expressly for him,) but Scott refused to send one line. Hogg, who knew that the Collection, *minus* Scott, would be valueless, earnestly urged him to reconsider his refusal. Scott continued firm. Hogg thereupon sent him "a very abusive letter," (which, Lockhart tells us, commenced, "*Damned Sir*," and ended with, "Believe me, sir, yours with disgust,") and all intercourse between them ceased for some months, until it was renewed on Hogg's solicitation, never again to be broken.

The poems which Hogg had received did not possess such striking merit as to lead to any hope of their publication being profitable. Hogg had mainly relied on Byron and Scott; the first did not, the other would not, write for him. In this dilemma, Hogg, who did things like nobody else, fancied that he

could write "better poems than had been or would be sent, and this so completely in the style of each poet, that it should not be known but for his own production." Hence came *The Poetic Mirror, or Living Bards of Britain*. The imitation of Scott (an Epistle to Robert Southey) was written by Thomas Pringle. All the rest was dashed off by Hogg, in three weeks. The imitations of Byron and Wordsworth were capital, and so is Hogg's "Gude Greye Catte," an imitation of—himself!

The publication of "The Spy" had given Hogg such a taste for periodical literature, that he had long in view the commencement of a monthly magazine, in Edinburgh. Speaking to the late Mr. Thomas Pringle on the subject, he found that gentleman previously possessed with the same idea. They agreed to work together, with Mr. Gray as Editor—which would have been a good choice. But, on mentioning the matter to Blackwood, the publisher, they found that he, also, had a similar plan. What followed, more properly belongs to, and is related in my *History of Blackwood's Magazine*. When commenced, in April, 1817, Pringle and a Mr. Cleghorn were editors, and Blackwood soon quarrelled with them; they went over to Constable, carrying contributors and subscribers with them. Hogg, who had jocosely written *The Chaldee Manuscript*, offered it to Blackwood, who had also obtained the support of Wilson's pen. About two-thirds of the Chaldee MS., as published in *Blackwood*, for October, 1817, was written by Hogg; the rest, chiefly consisting of bitter personalities on the Edinburgh Whigs, was chiefly supplied by Lockhart. It raised a terrible outcry, was withdrawn, apologized for, and ultimately boasted of. But the idea, and most of the execution, was Hogg's, and always claimed by him.

In 1820 Hogg married Miss Margaret Phillips—a sensible, affectionate woman.* Of this marriage the now surviving fruits are three daughters. Upon the mother, after nearly twenty years of widowhood, in which poverty had ever been her companion, a pension of £50 a year has lately been settled, nominally by the Queen of England, but actually out of the public fund of £1200 a year upon which the government are allowed to draw to relieve suffering merit. It is out of *this* fund that Mademoiselle D'Este, daughter of the Queen's uncle (the Duke of Sussex) and now wife of Lord Truro, the ex-Chancellor of England, receives two annuities, each of £500, "in consideration of her just claims on royal beneficence,"—a payment of £1000 a year for life, which, if made at all, should have been from the Queen's own means, and not out of the source (already too limited for a great nation) whence distressed literary, artistic and scientific merit are to be cared for.

Soon after his marriage, Hogg became tenant of Mount Benger, a farm

* The newspaper announcement was as follows: "April 28, 1820, at Mouswald Mains, Anandale, James Hogg, Esq., author of 'The Queen's Wake,' &c., to Miss Margaret Phillips, third daughter of Mr. Peter Phillips, farmer there."

which adjoined his own. He had realized £1000 by his pen. He earned £750 in the next two years. His farm-management did not succeed, and when most industrious men are well off, he had to begin the world again, without a sixpence. He left Mount Benger with scarcely a sigh, and retired to his little farm of Altrive. He had contributed largely, in the mean time, to *Blackwood*, and when introduced as an interlocutor and actor in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, his name became a household word, wherever *Maga* was read. In one of his autobiographies, he complains, very bitterly, that words and sentiments have been put into his mouth of which he had been greatly ashamed, and which had much pained his friends and relations. On the other hand, however, he was somewhat proud of the position he was made to occupy; and, it may be noticed, though he figures as somewhat fond of plenteous eating and drinking, not one sentiment is attributed to him which a gentleman need hesitate to utter.

That Hogg was not so *very* indignant at being put into the *Noctes* may be judged from an anecdote related to me by one who knew him well, and loved him dearly as a brother. "One autumn," he says, "while Hogg lived at Mount Benger, I spent some days with him. One of said days was a rainy Saturday, during which we were put to our in-door resources. Having exhausted songs and stories, puns and punch, we went to the parlor-window, on the look-out for the Peebles carrier, who was expected to bring some bales of literary ware for the Shepherd. The man and his cart appeared in sight, slowly zig-zagging from side to side down the steep hill. After fifteen minutes' delay, which seemed fifty to us, the packages were landed and cut open, and we were deep in books, pamphlets, and newspapers;—but the *gleg* eye of the Shepherd singled out *Blackwood*, just issued for the month. The *Noctes* were laid open in a moment, and presently Hogg's mirth exploded in a loud guffaw, as he exclaimed, slapping his thigh, 'Gad, he's a droll bitch, that Wulson! an' as wonderfu' as he's droll!' He had alighted upon one of Wilson's raciest personifications of himself, and could not restrain his appreciation of its skill and genius."

In 1826, "Queen Hynde," a poem, on the plan of, but not quite equal in execution to, the *Queen's Wake*, followed *The Jacobite Relics*, of which it may be said that, when reviewed by Jeffrey, the one poem selected as original, while doubt was thrown upon others, was "Donald McGillavry," written by Hogg himself, who immediately spread the fact, far and near, to the discomfiture and horror of the Lord of the Blue and Yellow.

Hogg also wrote, at Mount Benger, a succession of rustic prose tales, under the titles of *Three Perils of Man*, and *Three Perils of Woman*, and a dark story of tragic interest, called *Confessions of a Justified Sinner*. To these followed *The Shepherd's Calendar*, from *Blackwood*—a *Selection of Songs*—*The Queer Book*, and *Tales of the Wars of Montrose*. He also wrote *The*

Royal Jubilee, a Masque, suggested by the visit of George IV. to Scotland, in 1822. The year before, when the King was crowned, Scott, who thought that the cause of loyalty and the Shepherd's worldly interests might gain by his attending and writing something for the popular ear of England, offered to take him to London. Lord Sidmouth, then Home Secretary, was written to. He promised select places at Westminster Abbey, during the Coronation, and in Westminster Hall, at the Banquet, (which ended in a scramble!) provided that Hogg and Scott would dine with him, on the following day, with "the Duke of York, [the King's next brother and heir-presumptive to the Throne,] and a few other Jacobites." It was expected that Hogg would be delighted at this chance. But the Coronation was fixed for July 19, while the St. Boswell's annual fair was on the 18th, and Hogg preferred the Fair to the Coronation. This, as much as any thing, throws light on the Shepherd's independent character. Scott was annoyed—as a man of the world might be—but did not abate his regard. At this time, and years later, he vainly endeavored to obtain for Hogg the £100 a year grant, from the Royal Society of Literature, to eminent but not wealthy men of mind.

At the close of 1829, *Fraser's Magazine* was commenced. To this, Hogg became a constant and well-paid contributor. For some years before and after this time, the Annuals were in full bloom. Hogg wrote for most of them, and must have received a large amount, yearly, from this source. I judge by myself,—I had eight to ten guineas (\$40 to \$50) for a single poem or prose tale, and suppose that Hogg would be paid higher. I know that, in one year, he wrote for a dozen of these beautiful but fleeting works.

In 1829, was commenced the publication of the first collective series of the Waverley Novels, illustrated by the first artists, and enriched with Scott's own autobiographical prefaces and notes. The sale was unexpectedly great,—in the first year it reached 35,000 a month. This success, no doubt, (indeed, he told me so himself,) induced Hogg to try whether a re-issue of his own prose tales, suitably corrected and well illustrated, might not be lucrative to himself also.

Accordingly, bearing in mind that neither prophet nor poet is respected in his own country, Hogg proceeded to London, to do business with publishers there. His reception in society was far beyond his expectation. To crown all, a public dinner was given to him, in January, 1832, Sir John Malcolm in the chair, at which the only trouble was that the provision of food made was only for half the number of guests. It is pleasant to record that, in the bibacious line, there was no scarcity; so that scores of gentlemen who had to dine on a roll, finished off with champagne—which is rather exciting, on an empty stomach. Soon after, Vol. I. of "The Altrive Tales" was published by Mr. Cochrane, with illustrations by George Cruikshank. Immediately after, the publisher failed.

Hogg bore the disappointment nobly. It disturbed not his serenity. In 1832 and 1833, no new book of his appeared, but he was a large contributor to Magazines and Annuals. In 1834, Mr. Fraser, of London, brought out a volume of his Lay Sermons, which sold largely. He determined then to collect his unpublished prose stories and publish them, in three volumes, as "The Montrose Tales." Cochrane, who had resumed business, was again his publisher. The work appeared in April, 1835, but Cochrane failed a second time.

In the autumn of 1835, James Hogg had an attack of jaundice, which ended in an affection of the liver, and, after a month's illness, he breathed his last, at Altrive, on November 21, 1835.

His last *pseudo* appearance in Noctes was in February, 1835, and his conversation, as there reported, is brilliant with wit and eloquence. His dream of pre-existence, as a Lion, is one of the finest pieces of modern composition.

Hogg has stated, in one of his many autobiographies, (in which he said, "I like to write about myself: in fact, there are few things which I like better; it is so delightful to call up old reminiscences,") that he had received *five* letters from Lord Byron, all of which had been lost, and were unpublished, of course. One of these is before me, announcing the birth of Byron's daughter, and is dated March 1st, 1816—only a few weeks before the writer's final retreat from England. As, however, I am writing the Life of Hogg, and not of Byron, it will be more german to my present purpose to give an original letter from Hogg, written only seven weeks before his death.

It is addressed to myself, in reply to a letter requesting him to contribute to one of the American Magazines in which I then interested myself.

ALTRIVE LAKE, September 5th, 1833.

My Dear Sir:

I find my literary correspondence with the United States so completely uncertain, that I have resolved to drop it altogether. I learned from many sources, that my brethren beyond the Atlantic were sincere friends and admirers of mine, and I tried to prop several of their infant periodicals; but I never yet could learn if any of my pieces reached their destination, and I am convinced the half of them never did. But, on the other hand, there are nine or ten vols. of mine, which have been out of print these twenty years. We have a new set of readers altogether, since that period. Why may not your friends copy a tale out of these, every month, and just say, "By The Ettrick Shepherd," without saying how acquired? Every one of them will pass for originals. I can only at this instant mention a few of those exploded works:—"Dramas," two vols., anon. "The Three Perils of Man," three vols. "The Three Perils of Woman," three vols. "The Confessions of a Justified Sinner," anon. I should think that these might be had from libraries, and many more, both of poetry and prose.

I am, dear sir, yours most respectfully,

JAMES HOGG.

TO DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

This letter bears a large seal which shows a harp encompassed with a laurel wreath, and surmounted with the words, "*Naturæ Donum.*"*

It was expected that Professor Wilson would have written the life of Hogg, whom he knew very intimately, and for whom he had the warmest regard. This expectation was never realized. Lockhart could have written a suitable biography of the Ettrick Shepherd, but has shown so much pique at certain Recollections of Sir Walter Scott, contributed by Hogg to *Fraser's Magazine*, that it was well for the poet's reputation, perhaps, that the task did not fall into the hands of him of the "Quarterly." There are a couple of notices written in 1819, (in Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk,) brief, indeed, but very characteristic, seemingly written *con amore* by Lockhart, which I shall introduce here. Describing a dinner at Mr. Gillies' cottage at Hawthornden, (near Edinburgh,) he says: "The effect of the champagne on the Ettrick Shepherd, in particular, was quite delightful: accustomed, for the most part, to the ruder stimulus of whisky-toddy, this ethereal inspiration seemed to shoot life with subtler energy through a thousand less explored meanderings of his body and his brain. Among other good things he contributed to our amusement, music was one. Before the ladies left the dining-room, he insisted upon having a violin put into his hands, and really produced a measure of sweet sounds, quite beyond what I should have expected from the workmanship of such horny fingers. It seems, however, he had long been accustomed to minister in this way at the fairs and penny-weddings in Ettrick, and we on the present occasion were well content to be no more fastidious than the Shepherd's old rustic admirers. He appears to be in very great favor among the ladies—and I thought some of the younger and more courtly poets in the company exhibited some symptoms of envying him a little of his copious compliment of smiles—and well they might."

Afterwards, speaking of the post-prandial amusements, Lockhart says: "In the conversation of this large party, and over the prime Chateau-Margout of Mr. Gillies, the time passed most agreeably till ten o'clock, at which hour we transferred ourselves to the drawing-room, and began dancing reels in a most clamorous and joyous manner, to the music sometimes of the Shepherd's fiddle—sometimes of the harpsichord. On these latter occasions the Shepherd himself mingled in the maze with the best of us, and indeed displayed no insignificant remains of that light-heeled vigor, which enabled him in his youth (ere yet he had found nobler means of distinction) to bear the bell on all occasions from the runners and leapers of Ettrick-dale. The great beauty of this man's deportment, to my mind, lies in the unaffected simplicity with which he retains, in many respects, the external manners and appearance of his original station—blending all, however, with a softness and manly courtesy, derived, perhaps, in the main, rather from the natural delicacy of

* Burns's seal bore the impress of a lark, and the legend, "Wood notes wild."—M.

his mind and temperament, than from the influence of any thing he has learned by mixing more largely in the world. He is truly a most interesting person—his conversation is quite picturesque and characteristic, both in its subjects and its expression—his good-humor is unalterable, and his discernment most acute—and he bears himself with a happy mixture of modesty and confidence, such as well becomes a man of genius, who has been born and bred in poverty, and who is still far from being rich, but who has forfeited, at no moment of his career, his claim to the noble consciousness of perfect independence.”

There is another little *bit* too good to be omitted. Lockhart says: “As for the Ettrick Shepherd, I am told that when Spurzheim was here, he never had his paws off him—and some cranioscopical young ladies of Edinburgh are said still to practise in the same way upon the good-humored owner of so many fine bumps. I hear Mathews has borrowed for his ‘*At Home*,’ a saying which originally belongs to the Ettrick Shepherd. When Dr. Spurzheim (or, as the Northern Reviewers very improperly christened him in the routs of Edinburgh, *Dousterswivel*)—when the Doctor first began to feel out the marks of genius in the cranium of the pastoral poet, it was with some little difficulty that Mr. Hogg could be made to understand the drift of his curiosity. After hearing the Doctor’s own story—‘My dear fellow,’ quoth the Shepherd, ‘if a few knots and swells make a skull of genius, I’ve seen mony a saft chield get a swapping organization in five minutes at Selkirk tryst.’”

In person Hogg was robust rather than stout. His stature was lofty, his carriage erect, his manners by no means polished, and

“Upon his speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue.”

His nature was kindly, and he was not deficient in natural courtesy. When first he met L. E. L., whose poetry he had somewhat ridiculed in a magazine article, he took her hand and apologetically said, “I did na think you had been sae bonny.” Never again breathed he word against her. When introduced to Wilkie, the painter, whose works he greatly admired, he said, very earnestly, “I thank God that ye are sae young a man.”

Doctes Ambrosianae.

No. XLIX.—MAY, 1830.

SCENE—*The Blue Parlour.* TIME—*Seven o'Clock.* PRESENT—
NORTH, ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER, SHEPHERD, and TICKLER, each with
a silver Coffee-Pot before him, and a plate of Muffins.

Shepherd. I'm sorry* to see you, sir, wi' crape on your hat, and weepers on your cuffs; but I hope it's nae dear frien'—only some common acquaintance, or distant relation?

North. A worthy man, James, for whom I had a sincere regard, though our separate pursuits in life kept us pretty much asunder for the last thirty years. Death renews the youth of friendship.

Shepherd. Maist miraculously.

North. You need not look so glum, James; for I purpose being becomingly cheerful over my coffee.

Tickler. *Æta!*?

North. The defunct was threescore and ten—died of a short and unpainful disease—has left his widow comfortable—and his sons rich—and to myself a hundred guineas for a mourning ring.

Shepherd. That's useless extravagance.

North. No, James, it is not. A man on his death-bed should not be shabby. My friend knew that I had a hereditary love of such baubles.

Shepherd. What kirkyard was he buried in?

North. Grayfriars.†

Shepherd. An impressive place. Huge, auld, red, gloomy church—a countless multitude o' grass-graves a' touchin' ane anither—a' roun' the kirkyard wa's marble and freestane monuments without end, o' a' shapes, and sizes, and ages—some quaint, some queer, some simple, some ornate; for genius likes to work upon grief—and these tombs are like towers and temples, partakin' not o' the noise o' the city, but staunin' aloof frae the stir o' life, aneath the sombre shadow o' the castle-cliff, that heaves its battlements far up into the sky. A

* It is the custom in Scotland, when in mourning for a near relation, to have the coat-cuffs covered with thin muslin, and such coverings are called *weepers*.—M.

† This church is situated in an obscure part of the Old Town of Edinburgh. It has had a succession of eminent preachers, one of the most illustrious of whom was Dr. Inglis.—M.

sublime cemetery—yet I su'dna like to be interr'd in't—it looks sae dank, clammy, cauld——

Tickler. And uncomfortable. A corpse would be apt to catch its death of cold.

Shepherd. Whisht. Whare did he leeve?

North. On the sea-shore.

Shepherd. I cou'dna thole to leeve on the sea-shore.

Tickler. And pray, why not, James?

Shepherd. That everlastin' thunner sae disturbs my imagination, that my soul has nae rest in its ain solitude, but becomes transfused as it were into the mighty ocean, a' its thochts as wild as the waves that keep foamin' awa' into naething, and then breaking back again into transitory life—for ever and ever and ever—as if neither in sunshine nor moonlight, that multitudinous tumultuousness, frae the first creation o' the world, had ever ance been stilled in the blessedness o' perfect sleep.

Opium-Eater. In the turmoil of this our mortal lot, the soul's deepest bliss assuredly is, O Shepherd! a tideless calm.

Shepherd. The vera thoct, sir—the vera feelin'—the very word. That moon ye see, sir—bonny as she is in heaven—and when a' the starry lift is blue, motionless ane believes as if nae planet were she, but the central soul o' the lovely lights round which the silent nicht thoct-like revolves dreamily—dreamily, far, far away—she will not even for ae single hour let the auld Ocean shut his weary een, that often in their sleeplessness seem longing, methinks, for the still silence o' the steadfast earth.

Opium-Eater. The majesty of power is in the gentleness of beauty. Cannot an eye—call it in its trembling light a blue-sphered tear—in one moment set countless human hearts a-beating, till love in ecstasy is sick as death, and life a spiritual swoon into Paradise?

Shepherd. Aye, aye, sir. Ance or twice in my life—hae I seen a smile, for sake o' which I would hae sacrificed my soul. But nae fiend—nae demon was she who sent it through a' my being, like a glimpse o' holiest moonlight through a dark wood, bathin' the ground-flowers in beauty as they look up to their sister-stars,—an angel she—yet she died, and underwent burial in the dust—forgetfulness and oblivion!

Opium-Eater. Say not oblivion. A poet's heart is the sanctuary of dim and tender memories—holy ground haunted by the ghosts of the beautiful—some of whom will be for long long years, as if they were not—sojourning in some world beyond the reach of thought—when, lo! all in a moment, like white sea-birds, gleaming inland from the misty main, there they are glide-gliding through the illumined darkness, and the entire region of the spirit is beatified by the heavenly visitants.

Shepherd. Nae delightfu' thocht ever utterly and eternally perishes.* A' the air is filled wi' their perpetual presence, invisible, inaudible—during life's common hours—but nae barrier is atween them and us—often do we feel they're near, when the hush o' moonlicht is on the hills—although a sweet vague consciousness is a' that stirs our souls,—and at times mair especially sacred—when virtue clears the inner eyesight, and fines the inner ear-touch, we know them as we knew them of yore, a divine restoration, mortality puts on immortality, and we feel there's no such thing as—death!

North. The exterior surface of the earth is a shield spread by God between the eyes of the living and the faces of the dead.

Shepherd. What if it were not so? Grief wad gang mad!

North. What pleasanter spot, James, than a country kirkyard!

Shepherd. I steek my een†—and I see ane the noo—in a green laigh loun spot amang the sheep-nibbled braes. A funeral! See that row o' schoolboy laddies and lassies drawn up sae orderly o' their ain still accord, half curious and half wae, some o' the lassies wi' lapfu's o' primroses, and gazin' wi' hushed faces as the wee coffin enters in on men's shouthers that never feel its wecht, wi' its doon-hangin' and gracefu' velvet pall, though she that is hidden therein was the poorest o' the poor! Twa three days ago the body in that coffin was dancin' like a sunbeam owre the verra sods that are noo about to be shovelled over it! The flowers she had been gatherin'—sweet innocent thochtless cretur—then moved up and doon on her bosom when she breathed—for she and nature were blest and beautifu' in their spring. An auld white-headed man, bent sairly doon at the head o' the grave, lettin' the white cord slip wi' a lingerin' reluctant tenderness through his withered hauns! It has reached the bottom. Was na that a dreadfu' groan, driven out o' his heart, as if a strong-haund man had smote it, by the first fa' o' the clayey thunder on the fast disappearing blackness o' the velvet—soon hidden in the bony mould! He's but her grandfather! for she was an orphan. *But* her grandfather! Wae's me! wha is't that writes in some silly blin' book that auld

* The Ettrick Shepherd, in this remark, rises [or sinks ?] out of the region of common sense into metaphysics. After all, if material atoms be indestructible, why not the immaterial?—M.

† “*I steek my een,*”—I shut my eyes.—I am reminded, by similarity of sound, perhaps, of a dialogue which I heard in Scotland. Two ladies, evidently belonging to the Upper Ten-dom of the place, alighted from a carriage in Union-street, Aberdeen, in order to enter the shop of Mr. Stewart, who was the principal silk-mercant of the city. The next shop to Stewart's was occupied by Mr. Rait, a jeweller, who made a rich and tasteful display, in his window, of various articles of *bijouterie* and plate. Attracted by the glitter (for

“Women, like moths, are always caught by glare”),

one of the ladies stayed her steps, and turned to look at Rait's window. Her companion, evidently one of the *nil admirari* school, exclaimed, “Minnie, come awa', an' dinna mak' sic wastry o' your time.” The other responded: “Dinna gang awa', but bide a wee bittie, till I hae a gleek of my een, at thae bonny speen.”—As this Doric Dialect may require a key, I shall add that, in the question, the fair Minnie was requested to come away and not waste her time, and the reply was, Do not go away, but wait a little bit, until I have a glance of my eyes at these handsome spoons!—M.

age is insensible—safe and secure frae sorrow—and that dim eyes are unapproachable to tears?

Tickler. Not till dotage drivels away into death. With hoariest eld* often is parental love a passion deeper than ever bowed the soul of bright-haired youth, watching by the first dawn of daylight the face of his sleeping bride.

Shepherd. What gars us a' fowre talk on such topics the nicht? Friendship! That when sincere, as ours is sincere—will sometimes saften wi' a strange sympathy merriest hearts into ae mood o' melancholy, and pitch a' their voices on ae key, and gie a' their faces ae expression, and mak them a' feel the mair profoundly because they a' feel thegither, the sadness and the sanctity—different words for the same meaning—o' this our mortal life;—I houp there's naething the matter wi' wee Jamie.

North. That there is not, indeed, my dearest Shepherd. At this very moment he is singing his little sister asleep.

Shepherd. God bless you, sir; the tone of your voice is like a silver trumpet. Mr. De Quinshy, hae you ever soom'd up the number o' your weans?†

Opium-Eater. Seven.

Shepherd. Stop there, sir, it's a mystical number,—and may they aye be lke sae mony planets in bliss and beauty circlin' roun' the sun.

Opium-Eater. It seemeth strange the time when as yet those seven spirits were not in the body—and the air which I breathed partook not of that blessedness which now to me is my life. Another sun—another moon—other stars—since the face of my first-born. Another earth—another heaven! I loved, methought—before that face smiled—the lights and the shadows, the flowers and the dews, the rivulets that sing to pilgrims in the wild,—the mountain wells, where all alone the “book-bosomed” pilgrim sitteth down—and lo! far below the many river'd vales sweeping each to its own lake—how dearly did I love ye all! Yet was that love fantastical—and verily not of the deeper soil. Imagination over this “visible diurnal sphere,” spread out her own spiritual qualities, and made the beauty that beamed back upon her dreams. Nor wanted tenderest touches of humanity—as my heart remembered some living flower by the door of far-up cottage, where the river is but a rill. But in my inner spirit, there was then a dearth which Providence hath since amply, and richly, and prodigally furnished with celestial food—which is also music to the ears, and light to the eyes, and the essence of silken softness to the touch—a family of immortal spirits, who but for me never had been brought into the mystery of accountable and responsible being! Of old I used to study the spring—but now its sweet sadness steals unawares into my heart—when among the joyous lambs I see my own

* *Eld*, old age.—M.

† *Weans*, children.—M.

children at play. The shallow nest of the cushat* seems now to me a more sacred thing in the obscurity of the pine-tree. The instincts of all the inferior creatures are now holy in my eyes—for, like reason's self, they have their origin in love. Affection for my own children has enabled me to sound the depths of gratitude. Gazing on them at their prayers, in their sleep, I have had revelations of the nature of peace, and trouble, and innocence, and sin, and sorrow, which, till they had smiled and wept, offended and been reconciled, I knew not, how could I?—to be within the range of the far-flying and far-fetching spirit of love, which is the life-of-life of all things beneath the sun, moon, and stars.

Shepherd. Do ye ken, sir, that I love to hear ye speak far best ava' when you lay aside your logic?† Grammar's aften a grievous and gallin' burden; but logic's a cruel constraint on thochts, and death o' feelin's, which ought ay to rin blandin' intil ane anither like the rainbow, or the pink, or the peacock's neck, a beautifu' confusion o' colors that's the mair admired the mair ignorant you are o' the science o' optics. I just perfectly abhor the word "therefore," it's sae pedantic and pragmatikal, and like a doctor. What's the use o' premisses? commend me to conclusions. As for inferences, put them in the form o' apothegms,‡ and never tell the world whence you draw them,—for then they look like inspiration. And diinna ye think, sir, that reasoning's far inferior to intuition?

Tickler. How are your transplanted trees, James?

Shepherd. A' dead.

Tickler. I can't endure the idea of a transplanted tree. Transplantation strikes at the very root of its character, as a stationary and steadfast being, flourishing where nature dropt it. You may remove a seedling; but 'tis sacrilege to hoist up a huge old oak by the power of machinery, and stick him into another soil, far aloof from his native spot, which for so many years he had sweetly or solemnly overshadowed.

Shepherd. Is na that feelin' no a wee owre imaginative?

Tickler. Perhaps it is—and none the worse of that either—for

* *Cushat*, wood pigeon.—M.

† The chief fault of De Quincy's writings is this—he overlays his thoughts with words. To be logical, metaphysical, transcendental, and poetical, is what no writer yet has been—to be understood. De Quincy seems like a man bound on a journey to a certain place, the way to which is straight, but who prefers wandering out of the road, to which he occasionally returns—and immediately deviates off in another direction. It is not difficult to see that a long time must pass before he reaches his journey's end, or that, when he does reach it, the purpose for which he started may be rendered unavailable by the delay. This is the more unpardonable in De Quincy, who, in the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, has produced one of the most charming books in the language, by making it simple in style and natural in expression. In like manner, into what barbarisms of language has Carlyle deviated—that Carlyle, whose early work, *The Life of Schiller*, is earnest, simple, and unambitious, with gleams of poetry and flashes of pathos, which wet the reader's eye with pleasant tears.—M.

‡ In his every-day converse, Hogg was fond of frequently using the word *apothegms*, and the various ways in which I have heard him apply it, always made me doubt whether he distinctly knew its exact meaning.—M.

there's a tincture of imagination in all feelings of any pith or moment—nor do we require that they should always be justified by reason. On looking on a tree with any emotion of grandeur or beauty, one always has a dim notion of its endurance—its growth and its decay. The place about it is felt to belong to it—or rather they mutually belong to each other, and death alone should dissolve the union.

Shepherd. I fin' mysell convincin'—that is being convinced—but no by your spoken words, but by my ain silent thochts. I felt a' you say, and mair too—the first time I tried to transplant a tree. It was a birk*—a weepin' birk—and I had loved and admired it for twenty years by its ain pool, far up ane o' the grains o' the Douglas water, where I beat Mr. North at the fishin'—

North. You never beat me at the fishing, sir, and never will beat me at the fishing, sir, while your name is Hogg. I killed that day—in half the time—double the number—

Shepherd. But wecht, sir—wecht, sir—wecht.† My k reel was mair nor dooble yours's wecht—and every wean kens that in fishin' for a wager, wecht wins—it's aye decided by wecht.

North. The weight of your basket was not nearly equal to mine, you—

Shepherd. Confound me gin, on an average, ane o' my troots did not conteen mair cubic inches than three o' yours—while, I had a ane to produce, that on his first showin' his snoot, I cou'd hae sworn was a sawmon;—he wou'd hae filled the creel his ain lane—sae I sent him hame wi' a callant I met gaun to the school. The feck‡ o' yours was mere fry—and some had a' the appearance o' bein' baggy-menons. You're a gran' par-fisher, sir; but you're nae Thorburn either at troots, morts, or fish.

North, (starting up in a fury.) I'll fish you for—

Shepherd. Mr. North! I'm ashamed to see you exposin' yoursell afore Mr. De Quinshy—besides, thae ragin' fits are dangerous—and, some time or ither'll bring on apoplexy. Oh! but your fearsome the noo—black in the face, or rather blue and purple—and a' because I said that you're nae Thorburn at the fishin'! Sit doon, sit doon, sir.

(MR. NORTH *sits down, and cools and calms himself.*)

Opium-Eater. Mr. Hogg, you were speaking a few minutes ago of transplanting—

Shepherd. Ou aye. There it stood, or rather hung, or rather floated, ower its ain pool, that on still days showed anither birk as bonny's itsell, inverted in a liquid warld. A bed o' fine broon mould had sunk down frae the brae abune, a' covered wi' richest moss-embroidery, and

* *Birk*,—the birch-tree. In some parts of Scotland, they tap this tree, and make a pleasant wine from the fluid which comes off.—M.

† *Wecht*,—weight.—M.

‡ *Feck*,—it means part of a thing, and is here used for *maist feck* or greatest part.—M.

there a' by itself, never wearyin' in the solitary place, grew up that bonniest o' a' bonny birks frae a seedlin—when first I saw't—like a bit wee myrtle plant—ilka year gracefu'er and mair gracefu' till a' full-grown tree—sic brae-born birks are never verra tall—it waved it's light masses o' delicate leaves, tress-like, in the wind, or let them hang doon, dependin' in the loun air as motionless as in a pictur. The earliest primroses aye peeped out a' round its silver stem—and whether 'twas their scent, or that o' the leaves of my sweet tree, I never cou'd tell—but oh! as I used to lie in my plaid aneath its shade—scarcely a shade, only a sort o' cool dimness—besides the dancin' linn—as Thumson says, the “air was balm,” indeed—and sae thocht the wee moorland birds that twittered—unalarmed at me—among the foliage. Like a fond but foolish lover, I said until mysell, ae day o' especial beautiffulness, as I was touchin' its silken bark—“I'll tak it doon to Mount Bengier, and plant it on the knowe afore the door, early some morning, to delight wee Jamie wi' astonishment.” Wae's me! for that infatuation! I did sae, and wi' as much tenderness as ever I took a bonny lassie in my arms—but never mair did the darling lift up its head—lifeless-lookin' frae the first were a' its locks o' green light—the pale silk bark soon was sairly ruffled—and ere mid-summer came—it was stane-dead! Aften—aften—in the drought—did wee Jamie gang wi' his watering-pan, and pour the freshness among its roots—but a' in vain—and wud ye believe't the lovin' cretur grat when he saw that a' the leaves were red, and that it had dee'd just as his pet-lamb had dune—for his affection had imbued it with a breathin' and a sentient life.

Tickler. Why, James, you are “poachin' for the pathetic.” Sir Henry Steuart's groves* are a living proof of skill and science—but they are not the haunts dear to my imagination. I love the ancient gloom of self-sown, unviolated woods. But these trees were not born here—they are strangers—aliens—or, worse—upstarts. I should wish to feel round my mansion the beauty of that deep line of Cowley's (I think)—

“And loves his old contemporary trees!”

But these—whatever their age—were carted hither—all their roots have been handled—

Shepherd. Nae mair about it. It's still usefu'—sic transplantation—and I esteem every man who, by ony sort o' genius, skill, or study,

* Sir Henry Steuart, of Allanton, devoted much attention and expenditure, to perfecting a plan of moving trees, for transplantation, with comparatively small expense, labor, and delay. He found his own park entirely treeless, and succeeded, in a few years, in giving it a good stock of ornamental timber. One of his principles was to let the transplanted tree stand in the same direction, as regarded the cardinal points, as that in which it had originally been placed. He published an interesting history of his proceedings, which excited much attention, and was very favorably noticed by Sir Walter Scott, in his *Essay on Landscape Gardening*, published in 1828, and now in his miscellaneous works.—M.

contributes to the adornment o' naked places, and, generally speakin', to the beautifyin' o' the earth. Sir Henry has dune that—in his degree—and may, therefore, in æe sense or licht, be ranked among the poets. Nae man loves trees as he does, without poetry in his soul—his skill in transplantin' is equal to his skill in translation; and I'm tauld he's a capital Latin scholar—witness his English Sawlust; and I wush he had been at Mount Benger when I carried aff that bonnie virgin birk frae her birthplace—in that case, she had been alive at this day, we' bees and burdies amang her branches.

Tickler. I should like to be at a bear-hunt. My friend Lloyd describes it capitally, in those most entertaining volumes, "Northern Sports,"—or what do you call them—published t'other day by Colburn.

Shepherd. It's a shame to kill a bear, except, indeed, for his creesh and skin. He's an affectionate creature amang his kith and kin—in the bosom o' his ain family, sagawcious and playsome—no sae rouch in his mind as in his manners—a good husband, a good son, and a good father.

Tickler. Did you receive Lardner's Pocket Encyclopædia, James?*

Shepherd. Aye—I did sae. Was't you that sent it out? Thank ye sir, it's chokefu' o' maist instructive and enterteenin' matter. Cheap?

Tickler. Very. And Bowring's Poetry of the Magyars?

Shepherd. Them too? Mr. Bowering is a benefactor, sir. National poetry shows a people's heart. History's aften cauldriife; † but sangs and ballants are aye warm wi' passion. Ilka national patriotism has its ain peculiar and characteristic feturs, just like ilka national face. A Hun's no a Scot, nor a Dutchman a Spaniard. Yet can they a' feel ane anither's national sangs, could they read ane anither's language. But that they canna do; and therefore a man wi' the gift o' tongues, like Mr. Bowering, ‡ extends, by his translations, knowledge o' the range o' the infinite varieties o' our common humanities, and enables us to break doon our prejudices and our bigotries, in the conviction that all the nations o' the earth hae the same sympathies as ourselves, racy as our own, and smellin' o' the soil in which they grow, be it water'd by the Rhine, the Ebro, the Maese, or ony ither outlandish river.

* This was one of the imitations (Murray's Family Library was another) of Constable's Miscellany—the first attempt at cheap literature in Great Britain. It was edited by Dr. Dionysius Lardner, the individual who is presented, in Warren's "Ten Thousand-a-Year," as Doctor Diabolus Gander. For this series, Scott, Moore, and Macintosh respectively wrote histories of Scotland, Ireland, and England. Among the contributors also were Sir John Herschell, Connop Thirlwall (now Bishop of St. David's), Southey, Montgomerie, Mrs. Shelley, the younger Roscoe, and many other writers of established reputation. The earlier volumes sold well, but the character of the series became deteriorated, cheaper publicatious arose, and the Cabinet Cyclopædia expired, of inanition, after lingering on for some years.—M.

† *Cauldriife*, chilly.—M.

‡ Bowring was merely a literary man until 1828, when the British Government sent him to the Low Countries, to examine into the manner of keeping the public accounts. In 1831, he

Tickler. What say ye, James, to the vote t'other day in Parliament about the Jews?

Shepherd. I hae nae objections to see a couple o' Jews in Parliament. Wull the members be made to shave, think ye, sir? Ould cloes! Ould cloes! A' that the Hoose'il want then, for picturesque as weel as political effeck, will be a few blacks—here and there a Negro.

North. Gentlemen, no politics.

Shepherd. Be't sae. Mr. North, what for do you never review books about religion?

North. Few good enough to deserve it. I purpose, however, articles very soon, on Dr. M'Crie's Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain, (also his History of similar events in Italy,) and Inglis's admirable View of the Evidences of Christianity; Mr. Douglas' of Cavers' delightful volume, the Truths of Religion—The Natural History of Enthusiasm, a very able disquisition—Le Bas' Sermons, eloquent, original, and powerful—Dr. Morehead's ingenious and philosophical Dialogues—

Shepherd. I love that man—

North. So do I, James, and so do all that know him personally—his talents—his genius—and better than both, his truly Christian character—mild and pure—

Shepherd. And also bricht.

North. Yes, bricht.

“In wit a man—simplicity a child.”

What sort o' volls, sir, are the Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry, published by Curry in Dublin?

North. Admirable. Truly, intensely, Irish. The whole book has the brogue—never were the outrageous whimsicalities of that strange, wild, imaginative people, so characteristically displayed; nor, in the midst of all the fun, frolic, and folly, is there any dearth of poetry, pathos, and passion. The author's a jewel, and he will be reviewed next number.*

went on a like mission to France. In 1831, he was employed to examine the tariff of England and France, with a view to their relaxation. From 1834 to 1838, he was in various foreign countries inculcating the principles of Free Trade. He sat in Parliament (after two unsuccessful efforts in 1832 and 1835), for a Scotch and finally for an English borough. He was an ultra-liberal in politics, and edited the Westminster Review under Jeremy Bentham, whose works he collected, writing his life also. He is best known by his translations from the poetry of various nations. He left school at 14, literally having “little Latin and less Greek,” but in two years from that time had mastered French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. He was continually acquiring foreign languages, and has taught himself (so as to speak and write them) the Slavonic dialects, in Russian, Servian, Polish, Bohemian, Bulgarian, Slovakian, and Illyrian; the Scandinavian, in Icelandic, Swedish, and Danish; Teutonic, Anglo-Saxon, High Dutch, Low Dutch, Frisian, and Allemannish; Esthonian, Lettish, and Finnish; Hungarian, Biscayan, French, Provencal, and Gascon; Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Catalonian, Valencian, and Gallician. He has written in favor of a Decimal Coinage in England. In 1849, he was appointed to a Consulate in Canton, and was afterwards promoted to Hong-Kong. Returning to England in 1853, he was made Governor of Hong-Kong, and (in February, 1854) was knighted, thereby becoming Sir John Bowring. He was born in 1792.—M.

* He was not reviewed. The author was William Carleton, born in 1798, son of an Irish peasant, educated as a “poor scholar,” intended for the Roman Catholic priesthood; becoming a

Shepherd. The Eerishers are marchin' in leterature, *pawri pashu*, wi' us and the Southrons. What's stirrin' in the Theatre?

North. T. P. Cooke, THE SEAMAN, is to take his benefit one of these nights—

Shepherd. Let's a' gang in a body, to show our pride and glory in the British navy, of which he is the best, the ony ideal representative,* that ever rolled with sea-born motion across the stage. Nae caricaturist he—but Jack himsel'. He intensifies to the heart and the imagination the word—TAR.

North. So, in a different style, does Baker of the Caledonian Theatre.

Shepherd. Bass is a speerited manager.

North. He is; and there I heard a few weeks ago, one of the strongest, and most scientific singers that now chants on the boards—Edmunds. His Black-Eyed Susan is delicious. He is but a lad—but promises to be a Braham.

Shepherd. Is it possible that Mr. Murray is gaun to alloo Miss Jarman to return to Covent Garden?†

North. Impossible! A fixed star. The sweet creature must remain in our Scottish sky—nor is there now on any stage a more delightful actress. Her genius on the stage is not greater than her worth in private life.

Tickler. An accomplished creature—simple and modest in mind and manners—yet lively—and awake to all harmless mirth and merriment—a temper which is the sure sign and constant accompaniment of purity and innocence. We must not lose the Jarman.

North. Nor her sister Louisa—a charming singer, and skilful teacher of singing—quite the lady—and in all respects most estimable.

Shepherd. Saw ye ever Miss Smithson?

North. Yes—in Jane Shore. She enacted that character finely and powerfully,—is an actress not only of great talent, but of genius—a very lovely woman—and, like Miss Jarman, altogether a lady in private life.‡

Shepherd. I'm glad to hear ye say sae—for you're the best judge o' actin' in a' Scotland.

Nor.h. Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh!

Protestant, and visiting Dublin with his "Traits and Stories," in which the Irish peasantry are described to the life. His success with these determined him to follow literature as a profession, and his works of fiction, always on Irish subjects, stand at the head of their class. He has a pension of £200 a-year from the country. Those who have seen Sir Walter Scott and William Carleton, will agree with me, that in stature, make, features, and (above all) the peculiar loftiness of brow, there is a strong personal resemblance.—M.

* T. P. Cooke has long been celebrated for his personation of seamen. His Long Tom Coffin was never equalled. Baker was a mere imitator. Edmunds did not fulfil his early promise. John Braham (who made his last appearance as vocalist, at the age of 74) made his *début* on the stage, in 1787, when he was only ten years old! Few, therefore, have had a longer professional reign.—M.

† Miss Jarman, an excellent actress in her youth, was an especial favourite at the Edinburgh Theatre.

‡ Miss Smithson, who was very successful at the English Theatre in Paris, shortly before the Revolution of 1830, married Hector Berlioz, the composer, and died early in 1854.

Shepherd. What's the maitter—my dear sir—what's the maitter?

North. Racking rheumatism.

Shepherd. It's a cruel complaint. I had it great pairt o' the wun-ter—first in my head—then in my—

North. Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!

Shepherd. I'll gie ye a simple and infallible receipt for't, sir, if you hae courage to ack on't. The morn's mornin' take a dose o' drogs,—then get Mr. Nibbs—Mr. Mapplestone's successor—to cup you atween the shouthers—he's maist expert wi' his box o' lancets; then tak the shoor-bath—no, that's an anachronism—tak it the first thing in the mornin' afore the drogs;—then get an auld woman—be sure she's an auld ane, sir—no Mrs. Gentle—to nip your arms, and legs, and back, wi' her finger and her thumb—to nip you severely, sir, and you mauna mind the sairness—for at least twa hours; then get in twa cawdies* and gar them beat a' the same pairts wi' swutches as if they were dustin' carpets—say for twenty minutes;—then get the above auld woman again to rub and scrub your naked body, frae head to heel, wi' ane o' the hard brushes that John polishes the tables wi'—say for half an hour; then a change o' instrument or weapon—for hard brush coarse towel—and ten minutes o' dichtin'; then—the receipt's drawin' to a close—gar the gardener flog you a' ower, and smairtly, wi' a succession o' fresh bunches o' nettles, that'll burn your skin as red's red currans—and mak ye dance, aiblins, up and doon the floor withouten mindin' the want o' music;—then cover your limbs and trunk wi' a peculiar pastey plaister that you can get at Duncan and Ogilvie's,—the princes o' apothecaries,—then on wi' your leathern and your flannel waistcoats, and your nicht-shirt, and in atween twa feather beds in a room wi' a roosin' fire; if the barometer out o' doors in the shade is at auchty sae muckle the better; and if your rheumatism stauns *that*, there's nae houp for you on this side o' the grave, and you maun e'en lay your account wi' bein' for life a lameter.†

North. To-morrow, James, I will assuredly try your receipt. Will you step down to the Lodge, and help to administer the medicine?

Shepherd. Wi' a' my heart. But I'm wearyin' to hear Mr. De Quinshy taukin'. Tak up some coffee, my dear sir. I wish you may na burst yoursel' wi' swallowin' sic coontless cups o' coffee. But what's this I was gaun to ask ye—ou aye—what's your idea o' education?

Opium-Eater. The over-anxiety of improvement, Mr. Hogg, introduces into education much perilous and injurious innovation. An anxiety for particular objects of minute regard often urges on the understanding of those who do not understand properly the single and great ends which alone make education important; and they are not

* *Cawdies*,—caddies; Edinburgh messengers, who are described in one of the notes to "The Tent" in Vol. 1.—M.

† *Lameter*,—a lame man or woman.—M.

aware that the prosecution of those pursuits injures and weakens the mind itself, diverting its powers from their proper aim, and disturbing their silent and spontaneous growth.

Shepherd. I like that weel—silent and spontawneous growth—like a bit blade o' grass, or a bit flower, or a bit buddie no the size o' my nail unfauldin' itsel' to the dew and sunshin' into a leaf as braid's my haun—or a bit burdie, the beginnin' o' ae week a blin' ba' o' puddock hair, at the beginnin' o' the neist a mottled and spangled urchin hotchin restlessly in the nest, and ere three weeks are ower, glintin' wi' short, uncertain, up-and-down flights in and out amang the pear-blossoms o' a glorious orchard—sic an orchard, for example, as in spring makes the bonny town o' Jeddart a pictur o' paradise in its prime. Silent and spontawneous growth—a wise expression!

Opium-Eater. The primary objects of education are few and great; nobleness of character, honourable and generous affections, a pure and high morality, a free, bold, and strong, yet a temperate and well-governed intellectual spirit.

Shepherd. Hoo many miss these great ends a'thegither! Perhaps frae bein' a' huddled thegither under a general system.

Opium-Eater. Just so, Mr. Hogg. The means which nature has provided for attaining the great ends of education are indefinitely various. To each she has assigned individual character. According to that character must be his virtue, his happiness, his knowledge. The feelings and affections, which are different to different minds; desires which reign powerfully in one heart and are unknown to another; faculties of intelligence infinitely diversified, springing up into glad activity, and by their unseen native impulses,—all these make to each, in his own mind, a various allotment of love, joy, and power,—a moral and intellectual being, individual and his own. In the work of education, then, we look on one who has not only a common nature which he shares with us, but a separate nature which divides him from us. Though we may understand an infancy—and that is not easy—which reflects to us the miniature of our own mind, it is difficult indeed to understand that of any mind which is unlike our own, which in intellect, in imagination, and love, has faculties and affections with which our own mind does not acquaint us. This is a circumstance which peculiarly exposes us to the danger of thwarting the providence and bounty of nature, and of overruling, in our rude, unskilful ignorance, the processes she is carrying on in her wisdom for the happiness, the virtue, and the power of the human soul she is rearing up for life.

Shepherd. Oh! but you're wise, sir, Mr. De Quinsly—oh! but you're unco wise!

Opium-Eater. Look at a child on its mother's breast.

Tickler. Hem!

Opium-Eater. The impulses, and movements, and quick impressions

of sense—or of a sentient being living in sense—are the first matter of understanding to a high intellectual nature.

Shepherd. Mr. Tickler, nae yawning—hearken till Mr. De Quinshy.

Opium-Eater. By these touches of pleasure and pain it is wakened from the sleep of its birth. By sounds that merely lull in it the sense of pain, or reach it with emotions of delight, it is called to listen in that ear which will one day divide with nicest apprehension all the words of human discourse, and receive in the impulses of articulated sound the communicated thoughts of intellectual natures resembling itself.

Shepherd. The bit prattler!

Opium-Eater. That eye which watches the approach or departure of some living object yet unknown, which traverses its little sphere of vision to look for some living toy, is exercising that vision which shall one day behold all beauty and read wisdom in the stars of heaven. And that hand, with its feeble and erring aim now so impotent and helpless, shall perhaps one day shape the wonderful fabrics of human intelligence—shall build the ship, or guide the pencil—or write down wisdom—or draw sounds like the harmonies of angels from the instruments its own skill has framed. And what are the words to which those lisped out murmurings shall change? Shall senates hang listening to the sound? Shall thronged and breathless men receive from them the sound of eternal life? Shall they utter song to which unknown ages shall listen with wonder and reverence? Or shall they only, in the humble privacy of quiet life, breathe delight with instruction to those who love their familiar sound—or the adoration of a spirit prostrate before its Creator in prayer?

Shepherd. That's real eloquence, sir. Fu' o' feelin'—and true to nature, as the lang lines o' glimmerin' licht—streamin' frae the moon shinin' through amang and outowre the taps o' the leafy trees.

Opium-Eater. Let us hear with scorn, O gifted Shepherd! of the mind of such a creature being a blank, a *Tabula Rasa*, a sheet of white paper.

Tickler. Like Courtenay's*.

Opium-Eater. On which are to be written by sense, characters which sense-born understanding is to decipher. If we must have an image, let it be rather that of a seed which contains a germ, ere long to be unfolded to the light, in the shape of some glorious tree, hung with leaves, blossoms, and fruit; and let it be “Immortal Amaranth, the tree that grows fast by the throne of God.”

Shepherd. Beautiful—philosophical—and religious!

Opium-Eater. How does it lift up our thoughts in reverent wonder

* The Right Honorable Thomas Peregrine Courtenay (author of several able works) had declared, on accepting the office of Vice President of the Board of Trade, that his “mind was like a blank sheet of paper,”—so utterly ignorant was he of the subject on which he was paid to act.—M.

to Him who framed this spirit and this its natural life; and through the intervention of sense, and from the face of a material world, discovered to that intelligent and adoring Spirit, the evidences of his own being, and the glory of his own infinite perfections!

Shepherd. Baith sound asleep! That's shameful'.

North. Broad awake, and delighted.

“That strain I heard was of a higher mood.”

Tickler. Let us two leave Mr. De Quincy and Mr. Hogg for a time to their metaphysics, and have a game at chess.

(NORTH and TICKLER retire to the chess-board niche.)

Shepherd. Pronounce in æ monosyllable—the power o' education. Praise?

Opium-Eater. LOVE.

Shepherd. How often fatally thocht to be—Fear!

Opium-Eater. LOVE! Look on the orphan, for whom no one cares—for whom no face ever brightens, no voice grows musical; who performs in slavish drudgery her solitary and thankless labours, and feels that, from morning to night, the scowl of tyranny is upon her—and see how nature pines and shivers, and gets stunted in the absence of the genial light of humanity.

Shepherd. Like a bit unlucky lily, chance-planted among the cauld clay on a bleak knowe to the north, where the morning sun never, and the evening sun seldom shines, and bleakness is the general character o' the ungenial day. It struggles at a smile—does the bit bonnie stranger white lily—but you see it's far frae happy, and that it'll be sune dead. The bee passes it by, for it's quite scentless; and though some draps o' dew do visit it—for the heavens are still gracious to the dying outcast—yet they canna freshen up its droopin' head, so weak at last that the stalk could hardly bear up a butterfly.

Opium-Eater. Even the buoyant—the elastic—the airy—the volatile spirit of childhood cannot sustain itself against the weight of self-degradation thus bearing it down with the consciousness of contumely and contempt. The heart seems to feel itself worthy of the scorn it so perpetually endures; and cruel humiliation destroys its virtue, by robbing it of its self-esteem.

Shepherd. God's truth.

Opium-Eater. Look on that picture—and on *this*. See the child of the poorest parents, who love it, perhaps the better for their poverty—

Shepherd. A thousan'—a million times the better—as Wordsworth nobly says—

“A virtuous household, though exceeding poor.”

Opium-Eater. With whom it has been early made a partaker in pleasure and in praise—and felt its common humanity, as it danced before its father's steps when he walked to his morning labour—or as it knelt beside him at morning and evening prayer; and what a contrast will there be, not in the happiness merely, but in the whole nature of these two beings!

Shepherd. A rose-tree full in bearing, balming and brightening the wilderness—a dead and withered wall-flower on a sunless cairn!

Opium-Eater. Change their lot, and you will soon change their nature. It will, indeed, be difficult to reduce the glad, and rejoicing, and self-exulting child to the level of her who was so miserably bowed down in something worse than despair; but it will be easy—a week's kindness will do it—to rekindle life, and joy, and self-satisfaction, in the heart of the orphan-slave of the workhouse—to lift her, by love, and sympathy, and praise, up to the glad consciousness of her moral being.

Shepherd. Aye—like a star in heaven set free frae the cruel clouds.

Opium-Eater. So essential is self-estimation, even to the happiness, the innocence, and the virtue of childhood; and so dependent are they on the sympathy of those to whom nature constrains it to look, and in whom it will forgive and forget many frowning days for one chance smiling hour of transient benignity!

Shepherd. I defy the universe to explain the clearness and the calmness, and the comprehensiveness, to see nothing o' the truth and tenderness o' your sentiments, sir, in spite o' metaphysics, opium, and lyin' in bed till sax o'clock o' the afternoon every mornin'. You're a truly unaccountable cretur.

Opium-Eater. I have read little metaphysics for many years—and I have reduced my daily dose of laudanum to five hundred drops.* My chief, almost my sole study, is of the laws of mind, as I behold them in operation in myself, and in the species.

Shepherd. And think ye, sir, that sic a study—pity me, but it's something fearsome—is usefu' to men o' creative genius, to poets, and the like, sic as me and——

Opium-Eater. The knowledge acquired by such study alone can furnish means to execute the enterprises of nobler art and spiritual genius.

Shepherd. I houp, sir, you're mistaen there—for I never, in a' my life, set mysel' doon seriously to human nature, and to commit ony on't to memory, as I hae often tried, always in vain, to do the multiplication table——

Opium-Eater.

“Impulses of deeper mood
Have come to you in solitude:”

* Mr. De Quincy used to call for “a tumbler of laudanum punch, hot and strong.”—M.

But they had all past you by, unless your heart, your imagination, and your reason, had all been made recipient by divining dreams, which, when genius dreams, are in verity processes, often long, dark, and intricate of thought, terminating finally in the open air and on the celestial soil of eternal truth.

Shepherd. Aiblins, I've been mair studious than I was sensible o' at the time, when lyin' by the silver springs amang the hills—for a shepherd's life is aften sedentary—and gin a body 'll just let his sowl alane, leeve it entirely to its ainsel, and no trammel't in its flights, its wonderfu' hoo, being an essence, it 'll keep hummin' awa' outowre far distant braes, gangin' and comin', just like that never-weary insect the unquarrelsome bee, that draps down instinctively on ilka honey flower that scents the wild, and wheels hame to its hive by air-ways never flown afore, yet every ane o' them the nearest and directest to the straw-roofed skep in the lown sunny neuk o' the garden, that a' day lang murmurs to the sunshine a swarming sang, and at night emits a laigh happy hum, as if a' the multitude were but ae bee unable to keep silence even in the hours o' sleep.

Opium-Eater. Yes—those high minds which, with creative genius, have given, in whatever form, a permanent being to the conceptions of sublime imagination; whether they have embodied their thoughts in colours, in marble, or in imperishable words, have all trained and enriched their genius in the same self-meditation. This is true of those whose arts seem to speak only to the eye:—the same derivation of its strength is yet more apparent in respect to the productions of those arts which use language as the vehicle of representation. That eloquence which, in the words of great historians, yet preserves to us, in living form, the character of men and nations—which, from the lips of great speakers of old or modern times, has swayed the passions, or enlightened the reason of multitudes—that poetry which, with a voice lifted up from age to age, has poured forth, in awful or dazzling shapes, imageries of the inmost passions and feelings of men, and made almost the soul itself a visible being—

Shepherd. That's capital—indeed wonderful—on coffee.

Opium-Eater. The very powers which Bacon imparted to the science of Nature, he drew from the science of Mind. It was in the study of the Mind itself, that he found the true principles which must guide Natural Philosophy.

Shepherd. Na—there you're beyond my depth altogether. If I gang in to dook wi' you in that pool, I'se be droon'd to a moral.

Opium-Eater. But the yet highest character of all high study, is when viewed in its reflection on the mind. The discoveries of Astronomy have perfected Navigation. But it was not the prospect of that augmentation of human power that was in the mind of Galileo when he watched the courses of the stars, and strove in thought to

explore the mechanism and motion of worlds. It satisfied him that he could *know*.

Shepherd. That's a fine thoct, sir. I'm no sleepy.

Opium-Eater. In the trance of long and profound meditation, the power that rose in his spirit, and the illumination that flowed in upon his mind, standing alone amidst surrounding darkness, were at once the requital of all his painful vigils of thought. These were the recompense that was with him, when the prisons of jealous and trembling power were closed upon the illustrious sage, as if the stone walls could have buried in their gloom his mind itself, and the truth which it enshrined.

Shepherd. Galileo and Milton met at Florence, or somewhere else in Tuscany. I wush I had been o' the party, and had got a keek through the Italian's telescope.

Opium-Eater. Are we under any necessity, Mr. Hogg——

Shepherd. Nane whatsomever.

Opium-Eater. —— of remembering the same fruits of astronomical knowledge, in order to venerate the name of Newton? Or, do we imagine that he himself saw in his sublime speculations, nothing more than the powers they would furnish to man? We never think of such advantages. We conceive of his mind as an intelligence satisfying its own nature in its contemplations, and our views of what he effected for mankind terminate, when we have said, that he assisted them to comprehend the sublimity of the universe.

Shepherd. Chalmers never spoke better—nor sae weel—in his *Astronomical Discourses**—yet in preaching he's a Paul.

Opium-Eater. A world as full of wonders—aye, far fuller—my dear Shepherd—is disclosed to the metaphysical eye—yours or mine—exploring the manifestations of spirit—and all its heavenly harmonies. All sorrow and all joy, the calamities which have shaken empires, the crimes which have hurried single souls into destruction, the grounds of stability, order, and power, in the government of man, the peace and happiness that have blossomed in the bosom of innocent life, the loves that have inwoven joy with grief, the hopes that no misery can overwhelm, the stern undaunted virtue of lofty minds,—if such thoughts have any power to produce tenderness, or elevation,—if awe, and pity, and reverence, are feelings which do not pass away, leaving the mind as unawakened and barren as before—if our capacities are dilated by the very images of solemn greatness of which they are made the repository—then is such study important, not merely by the works which may spring from it, when genius and science meet, but by its agency on the mind itself engaged in it, which is thereby enlarged and elevated.

* Among the most striking and popular productions of the late Dr. Chalmers, by far the greatest man in the Scottish Church in modern times, were "A Series of Discourses on the Christian Revelation viewed in connexion with Modern Astronomy."—M.

Shepherd. I would like to hear ye, sir, conversin wi' Coleridge and Wordsworth—three cataracts a' thunderin' at ance! When you drap your voice in speaking, it reminds me o' that line in Cammel,

“The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below.”

I never could understaun' distinctly the distinction between the Useful and the Fine Arts. I begin to suspeck there is nane in nature.

Opium-Eater. Distinction drawing is generally deceptive. Madame de Stael praises in monuments their noble inutility. Yet how can that which moves affection be useless? It is a means of happiness. Schools surely are useful, yet they tutor the mind only.

Shepherd. That's plain as a pike-staff.

Opium-Eater. Again, shall we call a language-master useful, and yet tae poem useless out of which he teaches his pupils?

Shepherd. There would assuredly be nae logic in that, sir.

Opium-Eater. What is a music-master? Why, his trade is useful to himself—he teaches one pupil a useful trade, and another, we shall say, a useless accomplishment. Yet he is not useless himself in teaching the useless accomplishment, because he gains thereby useful money.

Shepherd. Ane can never gang far wrang, I see, in ony doubtfu' discussion, to bring in the simile o' the rainbow.

Opium-Eater. What is a poet who indulges pleasure, and purposes pleasure merely to others; yet in the meantime sets printers and book-sellers in motion?

Shepherd. Dinna be angry wi' me, sir, for requestin' you, gin ye hae nae objections, to define Utility.

Opium-Eater. It can be nothing but production of enjoyment. Yet those things of which the essence and sole existence is enjoyment, though they do not end with the present enjoyment, but by their influence on the mind are causes of future enjoyment, are held useless!

Shepherd. I jalouse there maun be something at the bottom of the question which ye hae na yet expiscated. How stauns Poetry?

Opium-Eater. Utility, it may be said, regards the persons of mankind, Poetry their dreams.

Shepherd. That's rather antithetical—but very vague. It'll hardly do, sir.

Opium-Eater. Mr. Hogg, I beg your attention for a few minutes. There is a good root of utility—the bodily life. Whatever springs out of this is useful—agriculture, weaving, and brick-making, in the first degree. Secondly, things subservient and subordinate to these—the protection of property by laws, the king, and the army. Then, as it is impossible to eat, or live in peace in your house without public

morals, or to hold the State, the great and universal shield of men's bodies, together without them—Morality and Religion. This is one utility—that of the body. Some inquirers seem hardly to know one another. But man, James, has two natures, and his utility has two roots. The above is reversed, beginning from his immortal and ever-happy soul, resting upon, rooted in, deity. Proceed hence, and you derive at last the body, and earth, which, as we are constituted, are means to this soul, and necessary conditions to its fulfilling its own birth and destiny. But, begin from the body, which is to last from day to day—or from the soul, which is to last for ever—in either way you comprehend a totality, the whole being; arts for his body, science and morals for his soul. Inagination—poetry—seems to elapse—to elude grasp—between. It is neither the body nor the soul; but a light that plays about both.

Shepherd. Something sublime in a' that, sir; but rather unsatisfactory at the hinner end, when you come upon the preceese pint o' poetry.

Opium-Eater. Imagination of the arts seems separable, as a mimicry of reality—a play of mind borrowed from all real things—in itself unreal.

Shepherd. Be it sae—it soun's sensible.

Opium-Eater. Tell the difference between Homer and Greek history, between Shakspeare and English history.

Shepherd. Eh?

Opium-Eater. When I compare Homer with the Roman history, I am tempted to say, the difference is, that we trace down the series of causations in actual events (bodily events) from Cæsar to ourselves. But Troy, like Olympus, is a world between which and us clouds roll. Yet this avails not when Shakspeare writes Henry the Fifth. There is the very man—our king—more alive and himself than in history.* Are there clouds then, O Shepherd, between him and me—and do I, after all, see but his glorified shadow?

Shepherd. I suspeck but his glorified shadow.

Opium-Eater. This then is the power of poetry—it divides *from* the real world what it takes *in* the real world. Is not the Temple of Diana in a grove separate from this world, though built from the town quarry, and upon ground which is not only mere earth but made part of such a man's property, and paying rent? So poetry consecrates—and so—but higher far—doth religion.

Shepherd. Do you ever gang to the kirk, Mr. De Quinshy?

Opium-Eater. Religion consecrates that which was common by changing it to our feelings—that is, our feelings to it. But what

* The Duke of Marlborough, though a great general, was not well educated. Mentioning an historical fact in the House of Lords, one of his opponents asked him in what history of England he had found it? "History"—exclaimed Marlborough, "I found it in Shakspeare, which I suppose is competent authority for any English gentleman."—M.

change? Is it removed *from* use? No:—it is consecrated *to* use:—but to pure, high, unworldly use. In approaching, contemplating that which is holy, our spirit seems freed from many bonds. Fetters of this world fall off. Holy bonds are laid on us, and holy bonds, which the soul receives willingly, are, therefore, liberty and law.

Shepherd. I ay thoct liberty had been ae thing, and law anither—just like black and white.

Opium-Eater. I think that all feeling of pleasure is, or necessarily appears to be—spontaneous; and that, in consequence, all forms of thought and action, which are the natural produce of, and are produced by feelings of pleasure, appear to be free. They appear to be the spontaneous product of our minds, and spontaneity is freedom. Further, forms of thought and action, which are not the work of our mind, but are presented to it, provided that feeling which appears to us spontaneous flows into these forms, and is at home in them—then are those forms, Mr. Hogg, freely accepted, and we are still conscious of liberty.

Shepherd. That's gaen glimmery.

Opium-Eater. Now, my dear Shepherd, Poetry is an example of forms which are the produce of our feelings of pleasure. Religion and morality, when accepted with love, are examples of forms presented to us, and accepted with the consciousness of liberty retained. But in both religion and morality there is necessarily some invention of the loving and happy mind for itself; and of a verity, Christianity is free—for it engrafts a spirit, out of which forms arise freely—and that spirit is love.

Shepherd. Do ye understaun the great question of Liberty and Necessity, sir? It's desperate kittle.*

Opium-Eater. I call the will free—thereby expressing a feeling. Whether the present movement and the present determination of my will arise necessarily out of the predisposition of my mind, and is a necessary effect of existing causes, is a question of a fact wholly out of the domain of my consciousness. Our feeling of freedom is quite independent of and irrelevant to the fact of liberty or necessity. It is a feeling which throws no light, and possibly, in the nature of things, can throw none upon its own cause. A feeling springs up in us suddenly, seeming to us unperformed, the birth of the moment. A person has loved me, and done acts of love to me that have made me happy for these twenty years past. I love that person. I may say that I know the causes of my love; the course of means which have constrained my love—yet notwithstanding that known conviction and constraint, I feel my love to be free.

North, (flourishing his crutch, and marching from the niche.)
Hurra! Tickler's done brown.

* *Kittle*,—ticklish, in all its senses.—M.

Tickler, (agitatedly pulling up the waistband of his tights.) I'll play you a main of three for a thousand guineas.

Shepherd. A thousan' guineas! That's fearsome.

Tickler. Another jug! The Dolphin!

Shepherd. Mr. North!

North. Laws were made to be broken—so pull the bell-rope——

Shepherd. I hae mair sense than do that. I never gied a worsted rape a rug a' my days that it didna burst. I'll roar down the lug. Awmrose—Awmrose—the Dolphin! (*Enter MR. AMBROSE like Arion.*) Ready-made and reekin'! Mawgie!

Tickler. That's a poor, mean, degrading simile of Byron's, James, of the dying dolphin and the dying day.*

Shepherd. I never recollected a line o' poetry a' my days—but I dinna doot it's bad—for you hae a gleg ee for fautes, but a blunt ane for beauties, sir.

Tickler. Borrowed, too, from Butler's boiled lobster and the reddening dawn.†

Shepherd. Coffee's nae slokener—and I am unco thrusty. THE KING!

Omnes. God bless him!

Shepherd. Hunger's naething till thrust. Ance in the middle of the muir o' Rannoch I had neer deed o' thrust. I was crossing frae Loch Ericht fit to the heed o' Glenorchy, and got in amang the hags, that for leagues and leagues a' round that dismal region seem howked out o' the black moss by demons doomed to dreary days-dargs for their sins in the wilderness. There was naething for't but lowp‡—lowp loupin' out o' ae pit until anither—hour after hour—till, sair forfeuchen, I feenally gied mysell up for lost. Drought had sooked up the pools, and left their cracked bottoms barken'd in the heat. The heather was sliddery as ice, aneath that torrid zone. Sic a sun! No ae cloud on a' the sky glitterin' wi' wirewoven sultriness! The howe o' the lift§ was like a great cawdron pabblin' into the boil ower a slow fire. The element o' water seem'd dried up out o' natur', a' except the big draps o' sweat that plashed doon on my fever'd hauns that began to trummle like leaves o' aspen. My mouth was made o' cork cover'd wi' dust—lips, tongue, palate, and a' doon till my throat and stamach. I spak—and the arid sou'n' was as if a buried corpse had tried to mutter through the smothein' moul's. I thocht on the tongue of a parrot. The cen-

* "Parting day

Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues

With a new color as it gasps away,

The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is grey."—M

† The sun had long since, in the lap

Of Thetis, taken out his nap,

And like a lobster boiled, the morn

From black to red began to turn.—M.

‡ *Lowp, or loup, —to leap.—M.*

§ *Howe o' the lift, —whole of the sky.—M.*

tral lands o' Africa, where lions gang ragin' mad for water, when cheated out o' blood, canna be worse—dreamed I in a species o' delirium—than this dungeon'd desert. Oh! but a drap o' dew would hae seem'd then pregnant wi' salvation!—a shower out o' the windows o' heaven, like the direct gift o' God. Rain! rain! rain! what a world o' life in *that* sma' word! But the atmosphere look'd as if it would never melt mair, entrenched against a' liquidity by brazen barriers burnin' in the sun. Spittle I had nane—and when in desperation I sooked the heather, 'twas frush and fusionless, as if wither'd by lichtenin', and a' sap had left the vegetable creation. What'n a cursed fule was I—for in rage I fear I swore inwardly (heev'n forgie me,) that I didna at the last change-house put into my pouch a bottle o' whisky! I fan' my pulse—and it was thin—thin—thin—sma'—sma'—sma'—noo nane ava'—and then a flutter that tel't tales o' the exhausted heart. I grat.* Then shame came to my relief—shame even in that utter solitude. Somewhere or ither in the muir I knew there was a loch, and I took out my map. But the infernal idiwit that had planned it had na alloo'd a yellow circle o' aboon six inches square for a' Perthshire. What's become o' a' the birds—thocht I—and the bees—and the butterflees'—and the dragons?—a' waddin' their bills and their proboscises in far-off rills, and rivers, and lochs! O blessed wild-dyucks, plouterin' in the water, strieckin' theirsells up, and flappin' their flashin' plumage in the pearly freshness! A great big speeder, wi' a bag-belly, was runnin' up my leg, and I crushed it in my fierceness—the first inseck I ever wantonly murdered syne I was a wean. I kenna whether at last I swarfed or slept—but for certain sure I had a dream. I dreamt that I was at hame—and that a tub o' whey was staunin on the kitchen dresser. I dook'd my head intil't, and sooked it dry to the wood. Yet it slokened not my thrust, but aggravated a thousan' fauld the torment o' my greed. A thunder-plump or water spout brak among the hills—and in an instant a' the burns were on spate; † the Yarrow roarin' red, and foaming as it were mad,—and I thoct I cou'd hae drucken up a' its linns. 'Twas a brain fever ye see, sirs, that had stricken me—a sair stroke—and I was conscious again o' lyin' broad awake in the desert, wi' my face up to the cruel sky. I was the verra personification o' thrust! and felt that I was ane o' the damned dry, doom'd for his sins to leeve beyond the reign o' the element to a' eternity. Suddenly, like a man shot in battle, I bounded up into the air—and ran off in the convulsive energy o' dyin' natur—till doon I fell—and felt that I was about indeed to expire. A sweet saft celestial greenness cooled my cheek as I lay, and my burnin' een—and then a gleam o' something like a mighty diamond—a gleam that seemed to comprehend within itself the hail universe—shone in upon and through my being—I

* *Grat.*—cried; from the verb *to greet*.

† *Spate*,—flood.—M.

gazed upon't wi' a' my senses—mercifu' heaven! what was't but—a WELL in the wilderness,—water—water—water,—and as I drank—I prayed!

Omnes. Bravo—bravo—bravo! Hurra! hurra—hurra!

Shepherd. Anaeze that, Mr. De Quinshy.

Opium-Eater. Inspiration admits not of analysis—in itself an evolution of an infinite series—

Shepherd. Is na the Dolphin rather owre sweet, sirs? We maun mak haste and drain him—and neist brewst Mrs. Awmrose maun be less lavish o' her sugar—for her finest crystals are the verra concentrated essence o' saccharine sweetness, twa lumps to the mutchkin.†

Opium-Eater. Mr. Hogg, that wall-flower in your button hole is intensely beautiful, and its faint wild scent mingles delightfully with the fragrance of the coffee—

Shepherd. And o' the toddy—ae blended bawm. I pu'd it aff o' the auld towers o' Newark, this morning, frae a constellation o' starry blossoms, that a' nicht lang had been drinkin' the dews, and at the dawin' cu'd hardly haud up their heads, sae laden was the hail bright bunch wi' the pearlins o' heaven. And wud ye believe't, a bit robin-redbreast, had bigged it's nest in a cosy crannie, o' the moss-wa, ahint the wall-flower, a perfeck paradise to brood and breed in,—out flew the dear wee beastie wi' a flutter in my face, and every mouth open'd as I keek'd in—and then a' was hushed again—just like my ain bairnies in ae bed at hame—no up yet—for the hours were slawly intrudin' on the “innocent brichtness o' the new-born day;” and it was, guessin' by the shadowless light on the tower and trees, only about four o'clock in the mornin'.

Tickler. I was just then going to bed.

Shepherd. Teetus Vespasian used to say sometimes—“I have lost a day”—but the sluggard loses a' his life, and lets it slip through his hauns like a knotless thread.

Opium-Eater. I am no sluggard, Mr. Hogg—yet I—

Shepherd. Change nicht into day, and day into nicht, runnin' coonter to natur, insultin' the sun, and quarrellin wi' the equawtor. That's no richt. Nae man kens what beauty is that has na seen her a thoosan' and a thoosan' times, lyin' on the lap o' nature, asleep in the dawn—on an earthly bed a spirit maist divine.

Opium-Eater. The emotion of beauty—

Shepherd. Philosophers say there's nae sic a thing as beauty? and Burns, out o' civility to Dr. Dugald Stewart and Mr. Alison, confessed that it's a' association o' ideas. Mr. De Quinshy, I hope you dinna believe such havers!

Opium-Eater. Mr. Alison's work on Taste might convert the most

† *Mutchkin*,—an English pint.

sceptical, so winningly beautiful.* It has revealed, not merely the philosophy, but the religion of the Fine Arts. He does not deny adaptations of the world of matter to the world of mind—harmonies which—

Shepherd. But is there nae sic thing as beauty? Nor sublimity?

North. Don't be alarmed, my dear James. Beauty, wherever you go, "pitches her tents before you;" nor can it signify a straw, whether she be in the living queen of the green earth, blue sky, and purple ocean, or an apparition evolved from your own imaginative genius.

Opium-Eater. We seem to take beauty in two senses—for we sometimes oppose it to sublimity; and yet we have a feeling, that over sublimity there lies a thin transparent veil of beauty, which makes it not terror and pain, but delightful poetry. Methinks, too, that there is a beauty that lies out of imagination and poetry—merely or nearly sensible—without intellect, and without passion; for example, that of a colour,—of some soft, fair, inexpressive faces—

Shepherd. Often very bonny—but a body sune tires o' them—sae like babbies.

Opium-Eater. I think Dr. Brown clearly wrong, who says that there is no essential difference between beauty and sublimity, because a stream begins in simple loveliness, and ends in being the Mississippi or River of Amazons. Beauty begins to be high, when it is felt to affect intellect with a sense of expansion, with a tendency to the indefinite—the infinite. If it ever appears—which I have said it sometimes does—shut up in soft sense—and unimaginative, the reason is, that this expansive intellectual action is then stopped—stagnated in mere present pleasure. Such pleasure might appear, to our first reflection upon it, to be wholly of sense, even though, in metaphysical exactness, it were not so: but the difference in kind between beauty and sublimity, is, that the element of the first is pleasure, of the second pain.

Shepherd. Eh?

Opium-Eater. There are two obviously, or apparently distinct sublimities—one of desolate Alps, the other of the solar system and Socrates.

Shepherd. Whew!

Opium-Eater. In the one, the soul seems to struggle, and be in a sort conquered—or it may conquer. I don't know which—

Shepherd. Aiblins baith—alternately.

Opium-Eater. In the other, it sympathizes with calm great power, and is serenely elated.

* The Rev. Archibald Alison, who was a native of Edinburgh, where he resided for many years, in charge of an Episcopal congregation there, died in 1839, at the age of eighty-two. He was an eloquent preacher. His "Essay on the Nature and Principles of Taste," has been greatly commended for the soundness of its theory as well as the beauty of its language. His son, Sir Archibald Alison, is author of the well-known "History of Europe from the French Revolution," and was made a baronet by the Earl of Derby's Ministry in 1852.—M.

North. Burke's fear is in the first——

Shepherd. What! Burke—Hare—and Knox!*

North. Edmund Burke, James. But how, my dear sir, is there pain in the second?

Opium-Eater. In the case of moral sublimity, sir, it is evident that there is a triumph of the moral sense over some sort of pain: that is the essential condition of the moral sublimity. Even when the conquest is over pleasure, it is a conquest over the pain of relinquishing the pleasure.

Shepherd. Maist ingenious and intricate!

Opium-Eater. But in the sublimity of the order of the universe, there seems to be no pain—nothing but the subliming intellectual apprehension of infinitude.

North. That kind of sublimity, then, Mr. De Quincy, might less seem to have a distinction in kind from softest beauty, or any beauty from which imagination seems most to be withdrawn. For if in such beauty there is the feeling of indefiniteness, not of great extension, but of the mere obliteration and invisibility of limits, then that indefiniteness is the beginning—or the least degree of infiniteness,—and it would require very nice analysis indeed, to show that from low beauty, or from good beauty, up to this sublimity, there are new, not differently proportioned, elements.

Shepherd. Confound me, Mr. North, if you're no gettin' as unintelligible as Mr. De Quinsly himself. Hae ye been chewin opium?

Opium-Eater. This subliming infinite is mixed with pain in the

“ Good man struggling with the storms of fate.”

Shepherd. I understaun' that—for 'tis like a flash o' truth.

Opium-Eater. Pain and fear seem the proper elements of the natural sublimity of this world, considered as the domain and theatre of imagination; as in desolate Alps, on which I think the earth is considered as the seat of man, with reference to, and subordinate to him; at least as collected within itself and about him, and it is not considered in reference to all creation. The sun appears in *our* sky—lightening *us*—not as the centre of the solar system. Therefore, even if the Deity is felt in the earthly scenes of imagination, it is not with distinct intellectual acknowledgment or estimate of the laws of his government, or of his agency:—his power is felt as a power that bursts out occasionally and uncertainly—that is, it is seen as it is felt—that is, it is seen by feeling—and only what is felt is seen—the feeling is all the seeing—so that cessation of feeling is utter darkness—and there is intellectual death.

* Burke and Hare, the murderers, and Dr. Knox, the Edinburgh anatomist, for whom they supplied “subjects.” An account of this dreadful case will be found in Volume III., where, in the Forty-first of the *Noctes*, it is fully stated and discussed.—M.

Shepherd. Nae wonder, nae wonder—that under sic circumstances death shou'd ensue; but what is a' this about, and whare will it end—this world or the neist?

Opium-Eater. And as our feeling, Mr. Hogg, is by bursts, and uncertain, so the manifestations of power in such scenes are to us looking with imagination, by bursts and uncertain. When we view the universe intellectually, all is seen equably, steadily by intellect:—Power appears all-pervading and uniform, as it did to Sir Isaac Newton.

Shepherd. Mr. North, what for dinna you speak? What wi' Mr. De Quinshy's monotonous vice, and Mr. Tickler's monotonous snore, my een's beginnin' to steek.

North. When I read Lear, all my fleshly nature, in such sublimity, is smitten down by fear and pain, but my spirit survives, conquering and indestructible. As to beauty again, James, the most marked thing in it is the feeling of love towards the object made beautiful by that feeling of love. Love, if ye can, the sublime object which shivers and grinds to dust your earthly powers, and then you overspread sublimity with beauty—like a merciful smile breaking suddenly from the face of some dreadful giant.

Opium-Eater. A very large—or very small animal becomes imaginative—as—

Shepherd. What do you mean, sir? I insist on your tellin' me what you mean, Mr. De Quinshy.

Opium-Eater. As an eagle, or a humming-bird. In the first there is expansion—in the second contraction; but in both a going of intellect out of the accustomed habit-fixed measure. There is an intellectual tendency *from* or *out of*; namely, from or out of ourselves, but ourselves peculiarly conditioned—namely, as we exist in the world. For if ourself were high and fair, sublime and spiritual, there would be something gained, perhaps, by going out of the I or me. But we have accumulated a narrow, petty, deadly, earth-thickened self; and every departure from this may be gain.

Shepherd, (bawling down his ear.) Awmrose! a nightcap!

(*Enter MR. AMBROSE with a nightcap.*)

Thank you—ye needna tie the strings—now wheel in the sofa—and let's hae a nap. (*SHEPHERD lies down on the Tiroclinium.*)

North. Thou Brownie!

Shepherd. Noo—I can defy your havers—for I'm aff to the Land of Nod. Gude nicht. Wauken me at sax o'clock, in time for the Fly.

(*Sleeps.*)

Opium-Eater. In the brightest beauty there is perfect composure and calm.

Shepherd, (turning on his side.) Are you speakin' about me?

Opium-Eater. The understanding sees distinctly, and the heart

rests, and yet there is conscious imagination. And why doth the soul thus rejoice in a repose in which it has no participation!

Shepherd. You may participate, if you like. There's room aneuch on the sofa for twa.

Opium-Eater. Whence this sympathy with an unsouled, inanimate world! Because the human soul is perpetually making all things external and circumstant a mirror to itself of itself,—filling all existence with emblems, symbols,—every where seeing and reaching them, and in gazing outwardly, still wrapt in self-study,—or rather intuitive self-knowledge. The soul desires, loves, longs for peace in itself: it is almost its conception's deepest bliss. Wherever, therefore, it discovers it, it rejoices in the image whereof it seeks the reality. Thus, the calm human countenance, the wide waters sleeping in the moonlight, the stainless marble depth of the immeasurable heavens, reflect to it that tranquillity which it imagines within itself—represents that which it desires. The pictured shadow is grateful to it, wanting the substance. It loves to look on what it loves, though it cannot possess it:—and hence the feeling of the soul, in contemplating such a calm, is not of simple repose, but desire stirs in it, as if it would fain blend itself more deeply with the quiet which it beholds. All the while, it is Beauty that creates the desire: and never is there the feeling of Beauty—no, never—without the transfer on the object, or the transfusion, by the mind, of some quality or character not in the object. In most, and in all great instances, there is apprehension, dim and faint, or more distinct, of pervasion of a spirit throughout that which we conceive to be beautiful. Stars, the moon, the deep-bright ether, waters, the rainbow, a fair lovely flower,—none of them ever appear to us, or are believed by us, to be mere physical, unconscious, dead aggregate of atoms.

Shepherd. I'm only pretendin' to be sleepin', sir; and noo you're really speakin' like yoursell—at ance poet and philosopher. Do ye ken, sir, that I aye understaun' every thing best when I'm lyin' a' my length on my side—or my back—which I attribute to my early shepherd-life among the hills. Walkin' or stannin', or even sittin', I'm sometimes gaely stupid—but lyin', never! Thochts come croodin' like eemages, and feelings croonin' like music, and the hail mortal world swims in licht, or a soft vapoury haze, through which a' things appear divinely beautiful. I learnt the secret, without seekin' for't, just by lyin' upon the braes in my plaid among the sheep.

North. I remember translating a poem of Schiller's, in which is a verse to this effect—

All lived to me—the tree—the flower—
To me the murmuring fountain sung;
What feels not, felt, so strong a power
Of life, my life o'er all had flung.

Shepherd. A' us fowre, sirs, hae been made what we are—ower and aboon the happy, natural, constitutional temper o' our speerit—by ha'en been born and bred in a mountainous kintra. Some signal exceptions there are undoubtedly,—though I forget them just the noo—but folk in general are a' flat-souled as weel's flat-soled, in a flat kintra. God bless our ain native snaw-white-headed, emerald-breested native region o' the storms.

(*Starting up and seizing the Dolphin.*)

North. How purely imaginary the line that separates the two countries!* Yet love delights in the distinction, as it hovers over the Tweed—and to the ear of the native of each land,—what a mystery in the murmurs of the kingdom-cleaving river! Sweet bold music! worthy of distinguishing—without dividing—England from Scotland—a patriotic poetry flowing in the imaginations of their heart-united sons.

Shepherd. Aye—the great glory o' ould Scotland ance was, that she could fecht England without ever haen been ance totally subdued. Yet if that incarnate fiend the first Edward hadna been stricken deed, chains might hae been heard clinkin' through a' her forests. God swoopit him aff—his son fled affore the Bruce—and auld Scotland thenceforth was free. Now—we fecht England in ither guise;—peace hath “her victories as well as war,” and if we maun yield the pawm to England, wi' a gracefu' and majestic smile she returns it to her sister, as much as to say—“Let us wear it alternately on our foreheads.”

Opium-Eater. There are, as I imagine, Mr. Hogg, numerous and complicated associations with the natural sounds peculiar to any region of the world, that would have to be taken into account in estimating those many and often unapparent causes which concur, in the great simplicity of natural life, to form even the national spirit of a people.

Shepherd. Nae doot, nae doot, sir; nae doot ava.

North. Yes, James, in a mountainous country like our Highlands, for example, where the hearts of the people are strongly bound to their native soil, the many and wild characteristic sounds which are continually pouring on their ears, are like a language in which the spirit of their own wild region calls to them from the heart of the clouds or the hills. The torrent's continuous roar, the howling of blasts on the mountain-side, among the clefts of rocks, or over their cabins in lonely midnight, sounds issuing from caverns, the dashing roll of a heavy sea on the open or inland shore, wild birds screaming in the air—the eagle or the raven—the lowing of cattle on a thousand

* John Home had previously said, in his tragedy of “Douglas,”
A river here, there an ideal line,
Divides the sister countries.—M.

hills,—all these, and innumerable other sounds from living and inanimate things, which are around them evermore, mix in their heart with the very conception of the land in which they dwell, and blend with life itself.

Opium-Eater. An hour ago, Mr. Tickler, you challenged Mr. North to a main at chess. Will you suffer me to be your antagonist for a single game?

Tickler. For love and glory. (*They retire to the niche.*)

Shepherd. I want to hear your opinion, Mr. North, about this Lord and Leddy Byron bizziness?

North. I see no need of bad blood between such men as Moore and Campbell, about such a man as Byron. Time—that is, a month, must have soothed and sweetened the peccant humors——

Shepherd. Mr. Cammel, I'm thinkin', was the maist peccant—for after pattin' and pettin' Mr. Muir on the back, he suddenly up, I hear, with his fists, and tries to floor him afore he can say Jack Robinson.* Us poets are queer chiels—that's the only key to the mystery—and it'll open ony door.

North. As to Mr. Campbell's having admitted into the *New Monthly* a short critical notice of Mr. Moore's *Life of Byron*, without having read the volume, and as to his having scored out some objuratory sentence or two in the said critique about the biographer, it is silly or insincere to say a single syllable against that; for an editor would needs be in a condition most melancholy and forlorn, who, on the one hand, could not repose any confidence in any of his contributors, and on the other, did not hold possession of the natural right to expunge or modify, at his will and pleasure, whatever he feared might

* In Moore's *Life of Byron*, statements had appeared, in which openly, as well as by implication, Lady Byron was blamed for having picked a quarrel with her husband, at the instigation of her parents, leading to the unhappy breach which lost her a husband, and drove him from England to the enforced exile which ended in his early but not inglorious death. In the *New Monthly Magazine*, then edited by Thomas Campbell, there appeared a critique upon Moore's *Byron*, in which the book was praised. Lady Byron subsequently wrote a long letter, to defend her parents (she said), and Campbell, who published this in his magazine, became her Ladyship's warm champion, assailing Moore and his biography, and avowing that the previous favorable notice had not been written by himself, though he had corrected it—the perusal of the book itself not having been undertaken by him when he adopted the critique. Lady Byron's narrative need not be further referred to here, as it is familiar to the reading public, but it evidently does not justify the manner in which she deserted her husband. She quitted him apparently on good terms; on the road to her father's seat she wrote him a foolishly fond letter, commencing, "My dear Duck," and entreating him to rejoin her immediately; and the next letter Byron received was from his father-in-law, Sir Ralph Milbanke Noel, coldly requiring a formal separation from his wife! On what grounds? it may be asked. Lady Byron said, because she believed him mad. But, up to the time of reaching her father's, it is clear she had not expressed any fear, or opinion of the kind! The plain truth seems to be—Byron was in distressed circumstances; execution after execution came upon his property and into his house. Few women can bear up against annoyances of such a painful and degrading nature. Lady Byron was a cold-blooded, selfish woman—the deep passion, love, which suffers all things for the beloved, was not in her nature. She was glad to find a peaceful haven away from debts and creditors, in her childhood's home, and had little difficulty in finding or making an excuse to justify her before the world. Her published justification (*after* death had rendered a reply to it impossible) went to show that Byron was guilty of some monstrous, if not to be unnamed crime; and not the severest Puritan will now believe that of Byron. In the dialogue between North and the Shepherd, surely the latter, taking the humaner view, has the best of it.—M.

be painful to the feelings, or injurious to the reputation, of a friend. Truth is sacred—and being so, allows a latitude to her sincere worshippers, at which the false would stare in astonishment.

Shepherd. Nae need for an editor to be a Drawco. Neither does an editor become responsible—in *foro conscientiæ*—for ilka word his work may contain; if he did, there would soon be a period pitten till the periodicals, for sameness and stupidity are twa deadly sins, and on that principle o' conduct, Maga herself would be sune flattened doon into stale and stationary unsaleability—in cellars stinkin' o' stock.

North. God forbid I should wound the feelings of Lady Byron, of whose character—known to me but by the high estimation in which it is held by all who enjoy her friendship—I have always spoken with respect—as I have always shown my sympathy with her singular sufferings and sacrifices. But may I without harshness or indelicacy say, here among ourselves privately, my dear James, in this our own family circle, that by marrying Byron, she took upon her, with eyes wide open, and conscience clearly convinced, duties very different indeed from those of which, even in common cases, the presaging foresight shadows with a pensive but pleasant sadness—the light of the first nuptial moon?

Shepherd. She did that, sir. By ma troth, she did that.

North. Byron's character was a mystery then—as it is now—but its dark qualities were perhaps the most prominent—at least they were so to the public view, and in the public judgment. Miss Milbank knew that he was reckoned a rake and a roué; and although his genius wiped off, by impassioned eloquence in love-letters that were felt to be irresistible, or hid the worst stain of that reproach, still Miss Milbank must have believed it a perilous thing to be the wife of Lord Byron. Blinded, we can well believe her to have been in the blaze of his fame—and she is also entitled to the privilege of pride. But still, by joining her life to his in marriage, she pledged her troth, and her faith, and her love, under probabilities of severe, disturbing, perhaps fearful trials in the future, from which, during the few bright days of love, she must have felt that it would be her duty never, under any possible circumstances, to resile.

Shepherd. Weel, weel, sir. Puir things! they a' dream theirsells awa into a clear, dim, delightfu' delirium, that sae brightens up, and at the same time sae saftens doon, the grim precipices and black abysms o' danger in the light o' love and imagination, that a bairn, sae it seems, micht fa' asleep, or walk blindfauld along the edges o' the rocks, and even were it to fa', would sink doon doon on wings, and rest at the cliff-foot on a bed o' snaw, or say rather o' lilies and roses, and a' silken and scented flowerage!

North. I would not press this point hardly or harshly, so as to hurt her heart; but *now* that the debate, or rather the conjectural surmises

are about the truth, and the truth involving deep and dark blame of the dead, this much, I trust, may be said *here* ; and if I be in aught wrong or mistaken, James, I have at least spoken now in a mild, and not unchristian spirit.

Shepherd. Age has mellowed the strang into the wise man. In ither twenty years you will be perfect.

North. That Byron behaved badly—very badly to his wife, I believe, as firmly and as readily as Mr. Campbell does, on the word of that unfortunate, but I hope not unhappy lady.

Shepherd. She canna be unhappy—for she's good.

North. But I think Lady Byron ought not to have printed that Narrative. Death abrogates not the rights of a husband to his wife's silence, when speech is fatal—as in this case it seems to be—to his character as a man. Has she not flung suspicion over his bones interred,—that they are the bones of a—monster?

Shepherd. I hae na seen, and never wish to see, her Remarks ; but may she enjoy peace!

North. If Byron's sins or crimes—for we are driven to use terrible terms—were unendurable and unforgiveable—as if against the Holy Ghost—ought the wheel, the rack, or the stake, to have extorted that confession from his widow's breast?

Shepherd. Pain might hae chirted it out o' her tender frame.

North. But there was no such pain here, James ; the declaration was voluntary—and it was calm. Self-collected, and gathering up all her faculties and feelings into unshrinking strength, she denounced before all the world—and throughout all space and all time—for his name can never die—her husband as excommunicated by his vices from woman's bosom!

Shepherd. 'Twas a fearsome step—and the leddy maun hae a determined speerit—but I am sorry that her guardian angel didna tell her to draw back her foot afore she planted it resolutely over the line o' prudence and propriety, I fear indeed o' natur' and religion. Oh! that she had had some wise and tender being o' her ain sex by her side, aulder than hersell, and mair profoundly impressed, in the mournfu' licht o' declinin' years, wi' the peril o' takin' on ourselves the office o' retribution—mair especially when our ain sorrows hae sprung frae ithers' sins—when the heart that conceived evil against us had aften met our own in love or friendship—

North. When, as in this case, the head once suspected to have been insane, had lain in the bosom of the injured—was once beautiful and glorious in the lustre of genius—"the palace of the soul," indeed, though finally haunted and polluted by the flesh-phantasms of many evil passions.

Shepherd. Some day I'll write your Life and Conversation, sir, after the manner o' Xenophon's Memorabilia o' Socrates.

North. 'Twas to vindicate the character of her parents, that Lady Byron wrote—a holy purpose and devout—nor do I doubt, sincere. But filial affection and reverence, sacred as they are, may be blamelessly, nay, righteously subordinate to conjugal duties, which die not with the dead, are extinguished, not even by the sins of the dead, were they as foul as the grave's corruption. Misinterpret me not. I now accuse Lady Byron of no fault during her husband's life. I believe she did right in leaving him, though she was wrong in the mode of her desertion. But allowing that a painful and distressing collision between her filial and conjugal duties had occurred, ought she not, pure and high-minded woman as she is, to have balanced with a trembling hand, and a beating heart, what was due to her dead husband's reputation—stained and stripped as it had already been by his own evil deeds—against all that in the most reverential daughter's bosom could be due to the good name of her father and her mother, which, though breathed on rudely and unjustly, yet lay under no very heavy, no unsupportable weight of calumny, and was sure, in the tide of time, to be freed, almost or entirely, from all reproach; or, might she not have waited, meekly and trustingly, to a later day, when all good spirits would have listened to her solemn and sacred, pitying and forgiving voice—when it, like her lord's, was invested with the awfulness of death and the grave?

Shepherd. Something within me says, 'twould hae been better far.

North. To vindicate her mother from an unjust but no deadly charge, she has for ever sacrificed her husband. Such sacrifice I cannot but lament and condemn, though I know how difficult it is to judge aright of another's heart. I speak, therefore, not in anger, but in sorrow—and though in some moods I may soften the blame, in no moods am I able to lessen my regret. Then how calmly—how imperceptibly she approaches—with no friendly voice—the gloom of the grave! In widow's weeds—but with no widow's tears visible on her marble cheeks—beautiful, it is said—but methinks, stern and stoical, rather than meek and Christian—somewhat too lofty, when lowliness would have been lovely—and silent, enduring, misunderstood, and unappreciated forgiveness, angelical and divine!

Shepherd. In a' the great relations o' life, I suppose I may safely say, sittin' in the presence o' sic a man as Christopher North—for I dinna count thae twa creturs in the corner—that a' human beings are bound by the same ties, be their condition high or low, their lot cast in a hut or in a palace.

North. There the Shepherd speaketh like himself—and as none other speaks.

Shepherd. Now, only think, my dear sir, o' what has happened, is happening, and will happen to the end o' time, seein' human nature is altogether corrupt, and the heart o' man desperately wicked, a thooosan

and tens o' thoosans o' times in wedded life, a' ower the face o' this meeserable and sinfu' earth.

North. Bliss and Despair are the Lares of every house.

Shepherd. Oh! wae's me! and pity me the day! hoo many broken-hearted wives and widows are seen sichin' and sabbin' in poortith cauld, and wearin' awa' in consumptions, brought on them by the cruel sins o' their husbands!

North. When the spring-grove is ringing with rapture, we think not of the many wounded birds dying, emaciated of famine, in the darkness of the forests.

Shepherd. Not a few sic widows do I mysell ken, wham brutal, and profligate, and savage husbands hae brought to the brink o' the grave—as good, as bonny, as innocent—and oh! far, far mair forgivin' than Lady Byron! There they sit in their obscure and rarely-visited dwellings: for Sympathy—sweet spirit as she is—doth often keep aloof frae uncomplaining sorrow—merely because she is uncomplaining—though Sympathy, instructed by self-sufferin', kens weel that the deepest, the maist hopeless meesery is the least given to complaint.*

North. In speechless silence, long cherished, and unviolated as a holy possession, the passion of Grief feeds on materials ceaselessly applied by the ready hands of that officious minister—Memory,—till at last the heart in which it dwells, if deprived of such food, would verily die of inanition!

Shepherd. There sitteth Sorrow, sir—or keeps daunerin' about the braes a' roun' her mournfu' hamestead, dimly lichted, and cauldly warmed by a bit peat or wood fire—for fuel is often dear, dear—and to leeve, it's necessary first to hae food;—daunerin' about, ghaist-like, in the sunshine, unfelt by her desolate feet—faint and sick, aiblins, through verra hunger—and obliged, on her way to the well for a can o' water—her only drink—to sit doon on a knowe and say a prayer!

North. The Lord's Prayer!

Shepherd. Aye, the Lord's Prayer. Yet she's decently, yea tidily dressed, puir cretur, in sair-worn widow's claes—ae single suit for Saturday and Sabbath—her hair untimeously gray, is neatly braided aneath her crape-cap, across a forehead placid, although it wrinkled be;—and sometimes on the evening, when a' is still and solitary in the fields, and a' rural labor has disappeared awa' into houses, you may see her stealin' by hersell, or leadin' ae wee orphan in her haun, and wi' anither at her breast, to the corner o' the kirkyard, whare the lover o' her youth, and the husband o' her prime is buried. Nae ugly hemlock—nae ugly nettles there—but green grass and crimson flowers—a' peacefu' and beautifu' as if 'twere some holy martyr's grave!

North. A consolatory image even of the last stage of human suffering.

* "The silent martyrs whom the world ne'er knows."—M.

Shepherd. Yet was he—a brute—a ruffian—a monster. When drunk, hoo he raged, and cursed, and swore! Aften did she dread that in his fits o' unhuman passion, he wou'd hae murdered the babie at her breast; for she had seen him dash their only callant—a wean o' eight years auld—on the floor, till the bluid gushed frae his ears, and then the madman flung himself doon on the swarfed body o' his first-born, and howled out for the gallows. Limmers haunted his doors, and he theirs—and it was hers to lie—no to sleep—in a cauld forsaken bed—ance the bed o' peace, affection, and perfect happiness. Nane saw the deed—but it wouldna conceal, even frae averted een, for her face was owre delicate to hide the curse o' an unhallowed haun—aften had he struck her, and ance when she was pregnant wi' that verra orphan now smiling on her breast, too young yet to wonder at these tears, crowin' in the sun-shine, and reachin' out its wee fingers—aften, aften covered wi' kisses—to touch the gowans glowing gloriously upon its indistinct but delichtsome vision, owre its father's grave!

North. *Ut Pictura Poesis.*

Shepherd. Abuse his memory! Na—na, were it to save her frae sinkin' a' at ance overhead into a quagnire. She tries to smile among the neighbours, and speaks o' her callant's likeness to its father. Nor, when the conversation turns on bygane times, the days o' auld lang-syne, does she fear sometimes to let his name escape her white lips—“My Robert,”—“Sic a ane owed that service to my gudeman,”—“The bairn's no that ill-faured, but he'll never be like his father,”—and ither sic sayings, uttered in a calm, laigh, sweet voice, and a face free o' a' trouble—nay, I ance remember how her pale coontenance reddened on a sudden wi' a flash o' pride, when a silly auld gossiping crone alluded to their kirking, and the widow's een brightened through their tears, to hear tell again hoo the bridegroom, sittin' that Sabbath in his front seat in the laft beside his bonny bride, had na his marrow for strength, stature, and every quality that becomes the beauty o' a man, in a' the congregation, nor yet in a' the parishes o' the hail county. That, sir, I say, whether richt or wrang, was—forgiveness.

North. It was, James,

“Familiar matter of to-day,
What has been, and will be again;”

Quoth the Beadsman of Rydal.

Shepherd. Is a leddy o' quality, the widow o' a lord, mair to be pitied than a simple cottager, the widow o' a shepherd? Maun poets weep and wail—and denounce and prophesy, about the ane, wi' the glow o' richteous indignation round their laurelled brows, illuminin' the flow o' tears frae their een,

“Which sacred pity doth engender,”—

Calling heaven and earth to witness to her wrongs, and launchin' their anathemas on the heads o' a' that wou'd, however tenderly, doubt the perfectibility o' a' her motives, and swither about hymnin' her as an angel superior to all frailty and all error, while they leave the like o' me, a pair simple shepherd, to sing the sacred praises o' the sufferers in shielins, far, far, far awa' among the dim obscure hills, frae—Fashionable Life! For what cares Nature in her ain solitudes for—Fashion? What cares Grief? What cares Madness? What cares Sin? What cares Death? No ae straw o' the truckle-bed on which at last the broken—no, not the broken—but the heart-worn-out-and-wasted widow expires among her orphans.

North. Lady Byron deserves sympathy—and it will not be withholden from her—but freely, lavishly given. But there are other widows as woful in this world of woe, as you have so affectingly pictured them, James; and let not men of virtue and genius seem to sympathize with her sorrows, so passionately as to awaken suspicions of their sincerity, so exclusively as to force thoughtful people to think, against their will and their wishes, that they are either ignorant or forgetful of the lot of humanity, as it is seen and heard, weeping and wailing—in low as in high places—over all the earth.

Shepherd. I canna think, if a' the world overheard us, that a single person could fin' faut wi' our sentiments. But, being sincere, I'm easy.

North. Lord Byron sinned—Lady Byron suffered. But has her conduct—on its own showing—been in all respects defensible?—without a flaw? Grant that it was—still think how it must have appeared to Byron, whatever was his guilt. She thought him mad—and behaved to him, during his supposed insanity, advisedly, and from pity and fear of his disease, with apparent affection. “My dear Duck!” How was it possible for him to comprehend the sudden cessation of all such endearing epithets—and to believe that they were all deceptive—delusive—false—hollow—a mere medical prescription? The shock must have been hideous to a man of such violent passions—to any guilty man. No wonder he raged—and stormed—wonder rather that he became not mad—or more madly wicked. Yet very soon after that blow—say that it was not undeserved—we hear him vindicating Lady Byron from some mistaken but not unnatural notions of Mr. Moore, and not merely confessing his own sins, but earnestly declaring that she was a being altogether agreeable, innocent, and bright.

Shepherd. Poor fallow!—bad as I fear he was—thae words will aye come across the memory o' every Christian man or woman, when Christianity tells them at the same time to abhor and take warning by his vices.

North. Lady Byron did wisely in not making a full disclosure at

first to her parents of all her husband's sins. It would have been most painful—how painful we may not even be able to conjecture. But since duty demanded a disclosure, that disclosure ought, in spite of all repugnance, to have been complete to a single syllable. How weak—and worse than weak—at such a juncture—on which hung her whole fate—to ask legal advice on an imperfect document! Give the delicacy of a virtuous woman its due; but at such a crisis, when the question was, whether her conscience was to be free from the oath of oaths, delicacy should have died, and nature was privileged to show unashamed—if such there were—the records of uttermost pollution.

Shepherd. And what think ye, sir, that a' this pollution could hae been that sae electrified Dr. Lushington?*

North. Bad—bad—bad, James. Nameless, it is horrible,—named, it might leave Byron's memory yet within the range of pity and forgiveness—and where they are, their sister affections will not be far—though, like weeping seraphs, standing aloof, and veiling their wings.

Shepherd. She should indeed hae been silent—till the grave had closed on her sorrows as on his sins.

North. Even now she should speak—or some one else for her—say her father or her mother (are they alive?) and a few words will suffice. Worse the condition of the dead man's name cannot be—far, far better it might—I believe it would be—were all the truth, somehow or other, declared—and declared it must be, not for Byron's sake only, but for the sake of humanity itself—and then a mitigated sentence—or eternal silence.

Shepherd. And what think ye o' the twa Tummasses?

North. I love and admire them both—their character as well as their genius. I care not a straw for either. They are great poets—I am no poet at all—

Shepherd. That's a lee—you see. Your prose is as gude ony day, and better than a' their poetry.

North. Stuff. They are, to use Mr. Campbell's expressions about Mr. Moore, men of "popularity and importance." I possess but little of either—though the old man is willing to do his best, and sometimes—

Shepherd. Hits the richt nail on the head wi' a sledge-hammer, like auld Vulcan Burniwind fashionin' swords, spears, and helmits, for Achilles.

North. Mr. Moore's biographical book I admired—and I said so to my little world—in two somewhat lengthy articles, which many ap-

* Dr. Lushington, an eminent lawyer, now (1854) Judge of the Consistory and the Admiralty Courts of England, was consulted by Lady Byron, and, on her *ex parte* statement, declared it impossible for her to live with her husband again. What *her* shewing was is a secret, and therefore goes for nothing, as well as the opinion upon it.—M.

proved, and some, I am sorry to know, condemned. Obstinacy is no part of my character,—and should it be shown that my estimate of Byron, up to the fatal marriage, was, as one whom I greatly esteem thinks, antichristian,—forthcoming shall be my palinode. The petty, and paltry, and poisonous reptiles who crawl slimily over his bones, I kick not into their holes and crannies, out of respect to my shoes.

Shepherd. Sharp-pinted!

North. Mr. Moore thought better of Lord Byron than many—perhaps than most men do—but he had opportunities of judging which few men had—and I see no more reason for doubting his sincerity than his talents. These are unquestionable; and though I dissent entirely from some opinions advanced in his book, I will not suffer any outcry raised against it, either by people of power or weakness, to shake my belief in the general excellence of its spirit.

Shepherd. Nor me. It's an interesting and impressive quarto.

North. Mr. Moore spoke what he believed to be the truth. If he has drawn too favourable a character of Byron, time will correct it; but he has no reason to be ashamed of the portrait. The original sat to him often, and in many lights.* But a man's soul is not like his face—and may wear a veil of hypocrisy, so transparent as to be invisible to the unsuspecting eyes of friendship. Who will blame Mr. Moore bitterly, if he were indeed deceived?

Shepherd. No me, for aye. I like Muir. .

North. And he likes you, James, and admires you too, as all other men do whose liking and admiration are worth the Shepherd's regard. It is most unfair—unjust—unreasonable—and absurd—to test the truth of what he has said by Lady Byron's letter. That letter astounded the whole world—opened their eyes, but to dazzle and blind them; and even they who abuse his biographer, are as wise now about Byron as they were before—as much in the dark about facts—for which they go groping about with malign leer, like satyrs in a wood.

Shepherd. But Mr. Campbell's no o' that class.

North. No, indeed. But Mr. Campbell—one of the best of poets and of men—does not well to be so angry with his brother bard. He acknowledges frankly—and frankness is one of his delightful qualities—that before he saw Lady Byron's Remarks, he did not know that she was so perfectly blameless as he now knows she is—and, pray, how could Mr. Moore know it either? Nobody did or could know it—nor, had all the ingenuity alive been taxed to conjecture an explanation of "My dear Duck," could it have hit on the right one—a belief in Lady Byron's mind of her husband's insanity! Mr. Moore believed (erroneously we now know,) with all the rest of the world, that Lady Byron

* Moore threw in some of the shadows, too: read his account of Byron's amours at Venice.—M.

had been induced by her parents to change her sentiments and resolutions, and therefore he used—and at the time was warranted in using, the terms, “deserted husband.”

Shepherd. Completely sae.

North. As to applying for information to Lady Byron on such a subject, that was utterly impossible; nor do I see how, or even why—under the circumstances—he should have applied to Mrs. Leigh.* Thinking that some slight blame might possibly attach—or say, at once, did attach, to Lady Byron—and more to her parents—he said so—but he said so gently, and tenderly, and feelingly—so I think—with respect to Lady Byron herself; though it would have been better—even had the case not stood as we now know it stands—had he not printed any coarse expression of Byron’s about the old people.

Shepherd. You’re a queer-lookin’ auld man—and your manners, though polished up to the finest and glossiest pitch o’ the gran’ auld school—noo nearly obsolete—sometimes rather quaint and comical,—but for soun’ common sense, discretion, and wisdom, I kenna your equal; you can untie a Gordian knot wi’ ony man; the kittler a question is, the mair successful do you grapple wi’t; and it’s a sublime sicht—no without a tinge o’ the fearsome—to see you sittin’ on Stridin-Edge like a man on horseback on the turnpike road, and without usin’ your hanns, but haudin the crutch aloft, descendin’ alang that ridge, wi’ precipices and abysses on every side o’ you, in which, were you to lose your seat, you wad be dashed in pieces sma’ like a potter’s sherd,—from the cloud-and-mist region whare nae flower blooms, and nae bee bums, though a rainbow a’ the while overarches you, doon safely to the greenward round the shingly margin o’ Red-Tarn, and there sittin’ a’ by yoursell on a stane, like an eemage or a heron.

North. I do not think, that, under the circumstances, Mr. Campbell himself, had he written Byron’s Life, could have spoken—with the sentiments he tells us he then held—in a better, more manly, and more gentlemanly spirit, in so far as regards Lady Byron, than Mr. Moore did; and I am sorry that he has been deterred from swimming through Mr. Moore’s work, by the fear of “wading”—for the waters are clear and deep, nor is there any mud either at the bottom or round the margin.

Shepherd. Oh! but I like thae bit rural touches—in which you naturally excel, haen had the benefit—an incalculable ane—a sacred

* Augusta Byron, step-sister to the poet, became the wife of Colonel Leigh, and died a few years ago. Byron was much attached to her, and some of his most beautiful lyrics (including “The Castled Crag of Drachenfels,” in Childe Harold) were addressed to her. The Hon. Mrs. Leigh, who was older than Byron, bore no personal resemblance to him, being tall and thin in person, and angular in features. But I have seldom heard a more desirable voice,—which, like Cordelia’s,

“Was ever soft,
Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman.”

Her grand-daughter, Miss Trevanion, who resides at Ramsgate, in England, has written some very good poetry.—M.

blessing—o' leevin' in the kintra in boyhood and youth—and sae in auld age, glimpses o' the saft green o' natur' visit the een o' your imagination amidst the stour and reek o' the stane-city, and tinge your town-talk wi' the colouring o' the braes.

North. I am proud o' your praise, my dear James, prouder of your friendship, proudest of your fame.

Shepherd, (squeezing MR. NORTH'S hand.) Does Mr. Cammel say that he kens the cause o' the separation?

North. I really cannot make out whether he says so or not,—but I hope he does; for towards the close of his letter he acknowledges, I think, that we may still love and admire Byron, provided we look at all things in a true light. If so, then the conduct which was the cause cannot have been so black as the imagination left to itself, in the present mystery, will sometimes suggest.

Shepherd. That's consolatory.

North. Mr. Campbell and Mr. Moore—after so slight a quarrel—if quarrel it be—will be easily reconciled.* The poets of "Gertrude of Wyoming," and of "Paradise and the Peri," must be brothers. If Mr. Campbell has on this matter shown any failings—"they lean to virtue's side;" let ducks and geese nibble at each other in their quackery, but let amity be between the swans of Thames, whether they soar far off in flight through the ether, or glide down the pellucid waters, beautifully and majestically breasting the surges created by their own course, and bathing their white plumage in liquid diamonds.

Shepherd. Floorey and pearly!

North. I see a set of idle apprentices flinging stones at them both—but they all fall short with an idle splash, and the two royal birds sail away off amicably together to a fairy isle in the centre of the lake—where for the present I leave them,—and do you, my dear James, put across the toddy.

* The reconciliation soon took place, for, in the following year, Moore became one of the contributors to Campbell's Metropolitan Magazine. In some lines, on receiving a present of Crabbe's inkstand from his sons, written in May, 1832, Moore gracefully alludes to the quarrel, by referring to a day on which Rogers, Crabbe, and himself, were sole guests of Campbell, some years before;

"—All were guests of one, whose hand
Hath shed a new and deathless ray
Around the lyre of this great land.

In whose sea-odes—as in those shells
Where Ocean's voice of mystery
Seems still to sound—immortal dwells
Old Albion's Spirit of the Sea.

Such was our host; and though, since then
Slight clouds have risen 'twixt him and me,
Who would not grasp such hand again,
Stretched forth again in amity?

Who can, in this short life, afford
To let such mists a moment stay,
When thus one frank, atoning word—
Like sunshine melts them all away."

Shepherd. The toddy! You've been sip—sippin' awa' at it for the last hour, out o' the verra jug—and never observed that you had broken the shank o' your glass. Noo and then I took a taste, too, just to show you the absurdity of your conduct by reflection. But you was sae absorbed in your ain sentiments, that you would nae hae noticed it, gin for the Dolphin I had substituted the Tower o' Babel! Na! if you hae na been quaffin the pure speerit!

North. 'Twill do me no harm—but good. 'Tis M'Neill and Donovan's best, 6 Howard Street, Norfolk Street, Strand, London. They charm the Cockneys with the cretur pure from Islay,—and this is a presentation specimen full of long and strong life.

(*TICKLER and the ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER advance from the Niche.*)

Shepherd. What 'n a face! As lang's an ell wand. You've gotten yoursell drubbed again at the brodd, I jalouse, Mr. Tickler. A thousand guineas!

Tickler. Fortune forsook Napoleon—and I need not wonder at the fickleness of the jade. Our friend is a Phillidor.

Shepherd. I never heard afore that chess was a chance-ggemm.

Tickler. Neither was the game played at Waterloo—yet Fortune backed Wellington, and Bonaparte fled.

Shepherd. But was ye near makin' a drawn battle o't?

Tickler. Hem—hem.

Opium-Eater. Like Marmont at Salamanca, by excess of science, Southside outmanœuvred himself—and thence fall and flight. He is a great General.

Tickler. There is but one greater.

Shepherd. So said Scipio of Hannibal.

Tickler. And Hannibal of Scipio.

North. And Zanga of Alonzo—

“Great let me call him, for he conquer'd me.”

Shepherd. Let's hae, before we sit doon to soop, a ggemm at the pyramid.

Opium-Eater. Sir?

Shepherd. You maun be the awpex.

Opium-Eater. And the Shepherd the base. But I am in the dark. Pray?

Shepherd. Wull you promise to do as you're bidden, and to ax nae questions?

Opium-Eater. I swear, by Styx.

Shepherd. Weel done, Jupiter. Up wi' ye, then, on my back. Jump ontill that chair—then ontill the table—and then ontill my shouthers.

(*The ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER, with much alacrity, follows the SHEPHERD'S directions.*)

North. Now, crutch! bend, but break not. Tickler—up.

(*MR. NORTH takes up a formidable position with his centre leaning on the wood, and TICKLER in a moment is on the shoulders of old CHRISTOPHERUS.*)

Shepherd. Stick stedly, Mr. Dé Quinshy, ma dear man—for noo comes the maist diffeccult passage to execute in this concerto. It has to be played in what museciners ca'—Alt.

(*The SHEPHERD mounts the steps of the Green Flower Stand—and with admirable steadiness and precision places himself on the shoulders of SOUTHSIDE.*)

North. All up?

Shepherd. I'm thinkin' there's nane missin'. But ca' the catalogue.

North. Christopher North! Here. Timothy Tickler

Tickler. Hic.

North. James Hogg!

Shepherd. Hæc—hoc.

North. Thomas De Quincey!

Opium-Eater. Adsum.

North. Perpendicular!

Shepherd. Stretch yoursell up, Mr. De Quinshy—and clap your haun to the roof. Isna Mr. North the Scottish Hercules? Noo, Mr. English Opium-Eater, a speech on the state o' the nation.

(*MR. GURNEY issues from the Ear of Dionysius—and the ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER is left speaking.*)

SCENE.—*The Arbour, Buchanan Lodge. Time, eight o'clock. Present, NORTH, ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER, SHEPHERD, and TICKLER. Table with light wines, oranges, biscuits, almonds, and raisins.*

Shepherd. Rain but no star-proof, this bonny bee-hummin', bird-nest-concealin' bower, that seems,—but for the trellice-wark peepin' out here and there where the later flowerin' shrubs are scarcely yet out o' the bud,—rather a production o' nature's sell, than o' the gardener's genius. Oh, sir, but in its bricht and balmy beauty 'tis even nae less than a perfeck poem!

North. Look, James, how she cowers within her couch—only the point of her bill, the tip of her tail, visible—so passionately cleaveth the loving creature to the nestlings beneath her mottled breast,—each morning beautifying from down to plumage, till next Sabbath-sun shall stir them out of their cradle, and scatter them, in their first weak wavering flight, up and down the dewy dawn of their native Paradise.

Shepherd. A bit mavis!* Hushed as a dream—and like a dream to be started aff intil ether, if you but touch the leaf-croon that o'er-canopies her head. What an ee! Shy, yet confidin'—as she sits there ready to flee awa' wi' a rustle in a moment, yet link'd within that rim by the chains o' love, motionless as if she were dead!

North. See—she stirs!

Shepherd. Dinna be disturbed. I cou'd glower at her for hours, musin on the mystery o' instinct, and at times forgettin' that my een were fixed but on a silly bird, for sae united are a' the affections o' sentient natur that you hae only to keek intill a bush o' broom, or a sweetbriar, or doon to the green braird aneath your feet, to behold in the lintie,† or the lark—or in that mavis—God bless her!—an emblem o' the young Christian mother fauldin' up in her nursin' bosom the beauty and the blessedness o' her ain first-born!

North. I am now threescore and ten, James, and I have suffered and enjoyed much—but I know not, if, during all the confusion of those many-coloured years, diviner delight ever possessed my heart and my imagination, than of old entranced me in solitude, when among the braes, and the moors, and the woods, I followed the verdant footsteps of the spring, unaccompanied but by my own shadow, and gave

* *Mavis*,—the thrush.—M.

† *Lintie*,—the linnet.—M.

names to every nook in nature, from the singing-birds of Scotland discovered, but disturbed not, in their most secret nests.

Tickler. Namy-pamy!

Shepherd. Nae sic thing. A shilfa's nest within the angle made by the slicht, silvery, satiny stem o' a bit birk-tree, and ane o' its young branches glitterin' and glimmerin' at aince wi' shade and sunshine and a dowery o' pearls, is a sicht that, when seen for the first time in this life, gars a boy's being loup out o' his vera bosom richt up until the boundless blue o' heaven!

Tickler. Poo!

Shepherd. Whisht—O whisht! For 'tis felt to be something far beyond the beauty o' the maist artfu' contrivances o' mortal man,—and gin he be a thochtfu' callant, which frae wanderin' and daunderin' by himsell, far awa' frae houses, and ayont the loneliest shielin' amang the hills, is surely nae unreasonable hypothesis, but the likeliest thing in natur, thinkna ye that though his mood micht be indistinck even as ony sleepin' dream, that nevertheless it maun be sensibly interfused, throughout and throughout, wi' the consciousness that that nest, wi' sic exquisite delicacy intertwined o' some substance seemingly mair beautifu' than ony moss that ever grew upon this earth, into a finest fabric growin' as it were out o' the verra bark o' the tree, and in the verra nook—the only nook where nae winds cou'd touch it let them blaw a' at aince frae a' the airts,—wadna, sirs, I say, that callant's heart beat wi' awe in its delicht, feelin' that that wee, cosy, beautifu', and lovely cradle, chirp-chirpin' wi' joyfu' life, was bigged there by the hand o' Him that hung the sun in our heaven, and studded with stars the boundless universe?

Tickler. James, forgive my folly—

Shepherd. That I do, Mr. Tickler—and that I wou'd do, if for every peck there was a firloot. Yet when a laddie, I was an awfu' herrier! Sic is the inconsistency, because o' the corruption, o' human natur. Ilka spring, I used to hae half-a-dozen strings o' eggs—

Tickler. “Orient pearls at random strung.”

Shepherd. Na—no at random—but a' accordin' to an innate sense o' the beauty o' the interminglin' and interfusin' variegation o' manifold colour, which, when a' gathered thegither on a yard o' twine, and dependin' frae the laigh roof o' our bit cottie, aneath the cheese-bank, and aiblins' atween a couple o' hangin' hams, seemed to ma een sae fu' o' a strange, wild woodland, wonderfu', and maist unwarldish loveliness, that the verra rainbow hersel' lauchin' on us laddies no to be feared at the thunner, looked nae mair celestial than thae eggshells? Ae string especially will I remember to my dying day. It taper'd awa' frae the middle, made o' the eggs' o' the blackbird—doon through a' possible vareeties—lark, lintie, yellow-yite, hedge-sparrow, shilfa, and goldfinch—aye, the verra goldfinch hersel', rare bird in the forest—to the twa

ends so dewdraplike, wi' the wee bit blue pearlins o' the kitty-wren. Damn Wullie Laidlaw for stealin' them ae Sabbath when we was a' at the kirk! Yet I'll try to forgie him for sake o' "Lucy's Flittin'," and because, notwithstanding that cruel crime, he's turned out a gude husband, a gude father, and a gude freen'.

Tickler. We used, at school, James, to boil and eat them.

Shepherd. Gin ye did, then wouldna I, for ony consideration, in a future state be your sowle.

Tickler. Where's the difference?

Shepherd. What! atween you and me? Yours was a base fleshly hunger, or hatred, or hard-heartedness, or scathe and scorn o' the quakin' griefs o' the bit bonny shriekin' burdies around the tuft o' moss, a' that was left o' their herried nests; but mine was the sacred hunger and thirst o' divine silver and gold gleamin' amang the diamonds drapt by mornin' on the hedgeraws, and rashes, and the broom, and the whins—love o' the lovely—desire conquerin' but no killin' pity—and joy o' blessed possession that left at times a tear on my cheek for the bereavement o' the heart-broken warblers o' the woods. Yet brak' I not mony o' their hearts, after a'; for if the nest had five eggs, I generally took but twa; though I confess that on going back again to brae, bank, bush, or tree, I was glad when the nest was deserted, the eggs cauld, and the birds awa' to some ither place. After a' I was never cruel, sirs; that's no a sin o' mine,—and whenever, either then or since, I hae gien pain to ony leevin' cretur, in nae lang time after, o' the twa parties, mine has been the maist achin' heart. As for pyets and hoody-craws, and the like, I used to herry them without compunction, and flingin' up stanes, to shoot them wi' a gun, as they were flasterin' out o' the nest.

Opium-Eater. Some one of my ancestors—for, even with the deepest sense of my own unworthiness, I cannot believe that my own sins—as a cause—have been adequate to the production of such an effect—must have perpetrated some enormous—some monstrous crime, punished in me, his descendant, by utter blindness to all bird's nests.

Shepherd. Maist likely. The De Quinshys came owre wi' the Conqueror, and were great criminals. But did you ever look for them, sir?

Opium-Eater. From the year 1811—the year in which the Marrs and Williamsons were murdered*—till the year 1821, in which Bonaparte the little—vulgarly called Napoleon the Great—died of a cancer in his stomach—

Shepherd. A hereditary disease—accordin' to the doctors.†

Opium-Eater. —did I exclusively occupy myself during the

* Mysterious murders in London, the guilty doers of which were never discovered.—M.

† Napoleon's death was caused by cancer of the stomach, the same complaint, it is said, which had been fatal to his father. His body was opened by the English physicians, in the presence of Antommarchi, (his own medical attendant, sent to him from Italy by his family), and the above was their report. No doubt his bodily ailments had been aggravated by the mental torments inflicted on him by the tyranny of Sir Hudson Lowe, his jailor.—M.

spring-months, from night till morning, in searching for the habitations of these interesting creatures.

Shepherd. Frae nicht till mornin'! That comes o' reversin' the order o' natur. You might see a rookery or a heronry by moonlight—but no a wren's nest aneath the portal o' some cave lookin' out upon a sleepless waterfa' diuin' to the stars. Mr. De Quinshy, you and me leeves in twa different warlds—and yet it's wonnerfu' hoo we understaun ane anither sae weel's we do—quite a phenomena. When I'm soopi' you're breakfastin—when I'm lycin' doon, after your coffee you're risin' up—as I'm coverin' my head wi' the blankets you're puttin' on your breeks—as my een are steekin' like sunflowers aneath the moon, yours are glowin' like twa gas-lamps, and while your mind is masterin' poleetical economy and metaphesics, in a desperate fecht wi' Ricawrdo and Kant,* I'm heard by the nicht-wanderin' fairies snorin' trumpet-nosed through the Land o' Nod.

Opium-Eater. Though the revolutions of the heavenly bodies have, I admit, a certain natural connexion with the ongoin'gs of—

Shepherd. Wait awee—nane o' your astrology till after sooper. It canna be true, sir, what folk say about the influence o' the moon on character. I never thocht ye the least mad. Indeed, the only fawte I hae to fin' wi' you is, that you're ower wise. Yet we speak what, in the lang run, wou'd appear to be ae common language—I sometimes understaun you no that verra indistinctly—and when we tackle in our talk to the great interests o' humanity, we're philosophers o' the same school, sir, and see the inner warld by the self-same central licht. We're incomprehensible creturs, are we men—that's beyond a doot;—and let

* It is somewhat amusing to find Ricardo and Kant thus coupled. David Ricardo (born a Jew, but becoming Christian on his marriage) had accumulated a large fortune, as a member of the London Stock-Exchange, before he commenced authorship. The perusal of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* made him a political economist, and his connexion with the Bank of England, of which he was a Director, drew his attention to the currency question, and led him to commence a series of letters in the *Morning Chronicle* (then the London organ of the Whigs) on the causes of the depreciated value of bank-notes as compared with the metallic currency. These letters, which appeared in 1810, were collected into a pamphlet and elicited much controversy, which ended in the appointment of a Parliamentary Bullion Committee, whose report confirmed his own views. He produced other works on currency and finance, and his *Principles of Political Economy and Taxation* placed him high among writers of a certain class. He held Malthus's views concerning population. He was some years in Parliament, rarely speaking except on questions of finance and commerce, and then listened to with attention as an authority. He died in 1823.—Immanuel Kant, a native of Prussia, became Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Konigsberg when he was 46 years old, but had published his *Universal Natural History and Theory of the Heavens*, fifteen years earlier—in this he is said to have anticipated several of the subsequent discoveries of Sir William Herschel, particularly the planet which bears his name. Not until 1781, when he was 57 years old, did he produce his *Critical Inquiry into the Nature of Pure Reason*. In 1783 appeared the second part, called *Prolegomena* for future *Metaphysics*. He died in 1804, having lived to see his critical philosophy popular in his native Germany. Nearly all his extensive writings are metaphysical, and his system as enounced by himself, has been described as “more remarkable for the obscurity of the phraseology and the subtlety of its reasoning, than for any practical good in morals.”—Kant had never been more than 7 German (32 ordinary) miles out of his native Konigsberg. In society he was chatty and anecdotal. In stature small; in features handsome. He was not merely lean, but dry. He was fond of the pleasures of the table—thinking, no doubt, with Johnson, that the good things of life were not intended for blockheads only.—Between Kant and Ricardo there is no similitude:—one was ever in the clouds, the other was content to rest upon the earth.—M.

us be born and bred as we may—black, white, red, or a deep bricht burnished copper—in spite o' the division o' tongues, there's nae division o' hearts, for it's the same bluid that gangs circulatin' through our mortal tenements, carrying along on its side the same freightage o' feelins and thochts, emotions, affections, and passions—though, like the ships o' different nations, they a' hoist their ain colours, and prood prood are they o' their leopards, or their crescent-moons, or their stars, or their stripes o' buntin;—but see! when it blaws great guns, hoo they a' fling owerboard their storm-anchors, and when their cables part, hoo they a' seek the shelterin' lee o' the same mighty break-water, a belief in the being and attributes of the One Living God. But was ye never out in the daytime, sir?

Opium-Eater. Frequently.

Shepherd. But then it's sae lang sin' syne, that in memory the sunlicht maun seem amaist like the moonlicht,—sic, indeed, even wi' us that rise wi' the laverock, and lie doon wi' the lintie, is the saftenin'—the shadin'—the darkenin' power o' the past, o' time the prime minister o' life, wha, in spite o' a' opposition, carries a' his measures by a silent vote, and aften, wi' a weary wecht o' taxes, bows a' the wide warld doon to the verra dust.

Opium-Eater. In the South my familiars have been, the nightingales, in the North the owls. Both are merry birds—the one singing, and the other shouting, in moods of midnight mirth:*—nor in my deepest, darkest fits of meditation or of melancholy, did the one or the other ever want my sympathies,—whether piping at the root of the hedgerow, or hooting from the trunk of the sycamore—else all still both on earth and in heaven.

Shepherd. Ye maun hae seen mony a beautifu' and mony a sublime sicht, sir, in the region, lost to folk like us, wha try to keep oursells awauk a' day, and asleep a' nicht—and your sowle, sir, maun hae acquired something o' the serene and solemn character o' the sunleft skies. And true it is, Mr. De Quinshy, that ye hae the voice o' a nicht-wanderin' man—laigh and loun—pitched on the key o' a wimplin' burn speakin' to itsell in the silence, aneath the moon and stars.

Tickler. 'Tis pleasant, James, to hear all us four talking at one time. Your bass, my counter, Mr. De Quincey's tenor, and North's treble—

North. Treble, indeed!

Tickler. Aye, childish treble—

Shepherd. Come, nae quarrellin' yet. That's a quotation frae Shakspeare, and there's nae insult in a mere quotation. I never cou'd admire Wullie's Seven Ages. They're puir, and professional.

* It is noticed in William Stewart Rose's Letters from the North of Italy, that nightingales sing by day in that part of the country which he describes. Formerly cages containing nightingales used to be hung outside the shops in the Merceria, at Venice, and old travellers relate how the birds used to sing in the day-time, so that, although in an island in the sea, the auditors might almost think they were far away, in a wood in the country.—M

Opium-Eater. Professional, but not poor, Mr. Hogg. Shakspeare intended not in those pictures to show the most secret spirit of the seasons of life. In one sense they are superficial,—but the sympathies touched thereby may be most profound—for the familiar, when given by a master's hand, awakens the unfamiliar—yea, the grotesque gives birth to the grand—the simple to the sublime—and plain and easy as are the steps of that stair, made of earth's common stone, without any balustrades of cunning or gorgeous carving—yet do they finally conduct us, as we ascend, to the portico, and then into the penetralia, of a solemn temple—even the temple of life. For is not that an oracular line,

“Sans eyes, sans nose, sans teeth, sans every thing!”

Shepherd. Faith, I believe it is. I was gaun to gie ye prose picturs o' the Seven Ages o' my ain pentin'—but I'll keep them for anither Noctes. And noo, sir, wull ye be sae gude as help yoursell to a glass o' Calcavalla—or is't Caracalla?—and then launch awa', as Allan Cunningham says, wi' “a wet sheet and a flowin' sail,” into the sea o' metapheesics.

Opium-Eater. It is incumbent on every human soul, Mr. Hogg, to bear within itself a fountain of will. This, Fichté called its *I*—the *ego* of each individual. This should be active and full of all power, endless in the production of desires—only coerced and ruled by knowledge and apprehensions of right and wrong, and sundry tendernesses.

Shepherd. I hear a response to that, sir, in my ain sowle—but no that very distinck.

Opium-Eater. To the forming mind which is yet uninstructed and blind, the discovery by sympathy of the judgments over it, is useful to instruct, to give it knowledge of itself, of them, and of the constitution of things.

Shepherd. Didna Adam Smith* say something like that, sir?

North. Yes, James, but not precisely so.

Opium-Eater. But when the mind is formed, then it ought to use that sympathy only as a means of tenderness—I mean that sympathy which discovers to it the operation of other minds. That sympathy ought to be in subjection to its self-moving principles and powers. Yes, Mr. Hogg, Adam Smith is right in thinking that a great part of actual morality is from this operation of sympathy. There are numbers of people to whom it is almost a recognised and stated law or truth, that the approbation and condemnation of society is the reason for doing and not doing. But hear me, sir. The tendency of the Christian

* In his Theory of Moral Sentiments, a work which has been so overshadowed by his Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations, as to be almost wholly unnoticed now. Adam Smith, who was Professor of Logic and Moral Philosophy in Glasgow University, was founder of the modern science of political economy. He died in 1790.

religion is to produce that *I*—the *ego*—and draw out of itself—that is, the individuality—all the rules of action. Therefore, it is the perfect law of liberty. In other words,—at the same time that it is perfect liberty it is perfect law. The Jewish law is wholly external—that is, not that it ends and is completed in things external, but its power is from without, and from without it binds. The other binds from within. Indeed, it does not so much bind as reign.

Shepherd. A fine and good distinction.

Opium-Eater. Now all people who are bound from without, are Jews of this earth. They are held, regulated, constricted, and constructed,—edified, that is, built up, of a quantity of intercatenated ideas given to them, which they had no part in making, in and by which they desire and trust to live. But life is not there, except that life is every where. The number of them was great among old-fashioned people, who lived, moved, breathed, and had their being among a set of hereditary rules, many of them good, many indifferent, and many ridiculous—but, on the whole, destroying the individuality, the *I*—and lying like a perpetual, although unfelt weight on the will.

Shepherd. Strictly speakin', no free-augents.

Opium-Eater. Now, my dear James, poetry is of the earth, a spirit analogous to Christianity. It is free, yet under full law, producing out of itself both action and guidance, both "law and impulse." Poetry is in willing harmony with the world, a vast law voluntarily embraced, hence, evermore and to the last, spontaneous. The essence of Christianity again, is, that the human being becomes without a will, and yet has the strongest will. It is self in the utmost degree triumphant, by means of the utter annihilation of self. For the Christian seeks absolute conformity of his will to the will of God, whatever that may be, and however promulgated. He desires, and is capable of, no other happiness. It would be misery to him to imagine himself divided from that will. The conforming to that will is, then, in the utmost degree, inmost utter spontaneity, perfect liberty, and yet absolute law. But in this state, his own will, which, towards God, is nothing but the resignation of all will, is towards all human beings utter and irresistible. He can speak and act; he can do whatever is to be done; he can rule the spirits of men; he can go conquering nations in the power of the Word, and the sword of the Spirit. Therefore, so he is at once self-triumphant and self-annihilated. He is self-annihilated, for he has given himself up; he feels himself not—is nothing—mere conformity—passiveness—manifestations of an agency. He feels only the presence, the spirit, the power in which he lives. He lives in God. At the same time he is self-triumphant. For what is self, but the innermost and very nature of the being, the "*intima et ipsissima essentia?*" All that is subsequent and accidental is not self; but this Christian love, as it advances, throws off, expels more and more, every thing that is sub-

sequent and accidental, bringing out into activity, consciousness, and power, that nature which was given with being to the soul. Moreover, this state of surrendered, happy love, searches that nature with pleasures nothing short of ecstasy. So that the ultimate extinction of self becomes its unspeakable happiness; and self, annihilated, exalted in glory, and bathed in bliss, is self-triumphant, and death is immortality.

Shepherd. O man! if them that's kickin' up sic a row the noo about the doctrine o' the Christian religion, had looked intill the depths o' their ain natur wi' your een, they had a' been as mum as mice keekin' roun' the end o' a pew, in place of scrauchin' like pyets on the leads, or a hoody wi' a sair throat.

Opium-Eater. I know not to what you allude, Mr. Hogg, for I live out of what is called the religious world.

Shepherd. A loud, noisy, vulgar, bawling, brawling, wranglin', branglin', routin' and roarin' warld—maist unfitin' indeed for the likes o' you, sir, wha, under the shalows o' woods and mountains, at mid-night, communes wi' your ain heart and is still.

Opium-Eater. No religious controversy in modern days, sir, ever seemed to me to reach back into those recesses in my spirit where the sources lie from which well out the bitter or the sweet waters—the sins and the miseries—the holinesses and the happinesses, of our incomprehensible being!

Shepherd. And if they ever do, hoo drumly the stream!

Opium-Eater. Better even a mere sentimental religion, which, though shallow, is pure, than those audacious doctrines broached by pride-in-humility, who, blind as the bat, essays the flight of the eagle, and ignorant of the lowest natures, yet claims acquaintance with the decrees of the Most High.

Shepherd. Aye—better far a sentimental, a poetical religion, as you say, sir—though that's far frae bein' the true thing either—for o' a' three blessings o' man, the last is the best—love, poetry, and religion. What'n a book might be written, I've aften thocht—and aiblins may hae said—on thae three words!

Opium-Eater. Yes, my dear James—Beauty, the soul of Poetry, is indeed divine—but there is that which is diviner still—and that is Duty.

Flowers laugh before her on their beds,
And fragrance in her footing treads;
She doth preserve the stars from wrong,
And the eternal heavens through her are fresh and strong.

Shepherd. Wha said that?

Opium-Eater. Who? Wordsworth. And the Edinburgh Review—laughed.

Shepherd. He has made it, sin syne, lauch out o' the wrang side o' its mouth. He soars.

North. Human life is always, in its highest moral exhibitions, sublime rather than beautiful—and the sublimity is not that of the imagination, but of the soul.

Shepherd. That's very fine, sir; I wish you would say it owre again—do.

North. The setting or the rising sun, being mere matter, are in themselves, James, nothing, unless they are clothed in light by the imagination, unless the east and the west are irradiated by poetry. But the spirit that is within us, is an existence, in itself vast and imperishable, and we see and know its nature—its essence then best, when we regard it with the steadiest, most solemn, and impassioned gaze—not veiling it in earthly imagery, and adorning it with the garments of sense, and then worshipping its imagined grandeur and beauty with such emotions as we creatures of the clay, children of the dust, have been wont to cherish towards transitory shadows—the fleeting phantoms of our own raising—but stripping it rather bare of all vain and idle, however bright and endearing colours, poured over it by the yearnings, and longings, and passions of an earthly love—and trying to behold it in its true form and lineaments, not afraid that even when it stands forth in its own proper lights and proportions, Virtue will ever seem less than angelical and divine—although her countenance may be somewhat sad, her eyes alternately raised to heaven in hope, and cast down in fear to the earth—her voice, it may be tremulous—or mute, as she stands before her Creator, her Saviour, and her Judge,—her beauty visible, perhaps, to the intelligences, to the bright ardours round the throne—but all unknown to herself, for she is humble, awestruck, and sore afraid. And so, too, were all the countless multitudes of human beings, who have in this life—so evanescent—put their trust perhaps too much in her—although her name was Virtue,—for still she was but human—and there is a strong taint—a dire corruption in all most bright and beautiful—that was once but an apparition of this earth.

Shepherd. Mr. De Quinshy, do na ye admire that?

Opium-Eater. I do.

North. It will, I believe, be found, that in the highest moral judgment of the characters of men, the feeling or emotion of beauty will not exist at all—but that it will have melted away and disappeared in a state of mind more suitable to the solemn, the sacred subject. A human being has done his duty, and gone to his reward. “God grant, in his infinite mercy, that I may do mine, and escape from darkness into eternal light!” That is, or ought to be—the first feeling, or thought of self—so suddenly interfused with the moral judgement on our dead brother, that is as one and the same feeling and thought—too awful—too dreadful to be beautiful,—for the soul is with gloom overshadowed—and the only light that breaks through it, is light straight from Heaven,—light ineffable, and that must not be profaned by an earthly

name, whose very meaning evanishes with the earth, and is merged into another state of being—when we can only say,

“Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.’

Opium-Eater. And so, sir, in like manner, many descriptions may be given, and ought to be given, of suffering virtue, in which the sense or feeling of beauty is strong—for the love of virtue is thus excited and encouraged by daylight. But carry on the representation of the trials of virtue to the last extremity—defeated or triumphant, failing or victorious—and then the moral mind—the conscience—will not be satisfied with the beautiful—nay, will be impatient of it—will turn from it austere away—and will be satisfied and elevated by the calm, clear perception, that the poor, frail, erring, and sinful creature, lying perhaps on its forsaken bed of straw, has striven, with all its heart and all its soul, to do the will of its heavenly Father—and dares to hope that, by the atonement, it may see the face of God. In such a scene as this, the spirit of the looker-on is gathered up into one thought—and that is a mystery—of its own origin and of its own destiny—and all other thoughts would be felt repugnant to that awestruck mood, nor would they coalesce with feelings breathed on it from the promised land lying in light unvisited beyond death and the grave.

North. You pause—and therefore, I say, that such states of mind as these cannot be of long endurance. For they belong only to the most awful hours and events of this life. They pass away, either entirely, to rise up again with renovated force, on occasions that demand them; or they blend with inferior states, solemnizing and sanctifying them; and then to such states the term beautiful may, I think, be correctly and well applied. For the mere human natural affections of love, and delight, and pity, and admiration,—these all blend with our moral judgments and emotions—and the picture of the entire state of mind, if naturally and truly drawn, may be, nay, ought to be, bright with the lights of poetry. To such pictures we apply the term beautiful;—they find their place among the moral literature of a people, and when studied, under the sanction and guidance of thoughts higher still, they cannot fail to be friendly to virtue.

Opium-Eater. May I speak, sir!—That the highest moral judgment, however, is something in itself, apart from all such emotions, excellent and useful as they are, and how amiable and endearing I need not say, is proved by this—that there are many men of such virtue as awes us, and seems to us beyond and above our reach, who have nevertheless seemed to have felt at all, or but very faintly, the emotion of the beauty of virtue. The Word of God they know must be obeyed—to obey it they set themselves with all their collected might. To avert the wrath—to gain the love of God, was all their aim, day and night—and that was to be done but by bringing their will into accordance

with, and subjection to, the will of God. The struggle was against sin—and for righteousness—shall a soul be saved or lost? And no other emotion could be permitted to blend with thoughts due to God alone, from his creature striving to obey his laws, and hearing ever and anon a “still small voice” whispering in his ear that the reward of obedience, the punishment of disobedience must be beyond all comprehension,—and necessarily (the soul itself being immortal) enduring through all eternity.

Shepherd. If you will allow a simple shepherd to speak on sic a theme—

North. Yes, my dearest James, you can, if you choose, speak on it better than either of us.

Shepherd. Weel, then, that is the view o’ virtue that seems maist consistent wi’ the revelation o’ its true nature by Christianity. Isna there, sirs, a perpetual struggle—a ceevil war—in ilka man’s heart? This we ken, whenever we have an opportunity o’ discerning what is gaun on in the hearts o’ ithers—this we ken, whenever we set ourselves to tak a steady gaze intill the secrets of our ain. We are, then, moved—aye, appalled, by much that we behold; and wherever there is sin, there, be assured, will be sorrow. But are na we aften cheered, and consoled, too, by much that we behold? And wherever there is goodness, our ain heart, as weel’s them o’ the spectators, burns within us! Aye—it burns within us. We feel—we see, that we or our brethren are partly as God would wish—as we must be afore we can hope to see his face in mercy. I’ve often thocht intill mysell that that feeling is ane that we may *desecrate* (is that the richt word?) by ranking it amang them that appertains to our senses and our imagination, rather than to the religious soul.

North. Mr. De Quincey?

Opium-Eater. Listen. An extraordinary man indeed, sir?

Shepherd. No me; there’s naething extraordinar’ about me, mair than about a thousand ither Scottish shepherds. But ca’ not, I say, the face o’ that father beautifu’, wha stands beside the bier o’ his only son, and wi’ his ain withered hands helps to let doon the body into the grave—though all its lines, deep as they are, are peacefu’ and untroubled, and the gray uncovered head maist reverend and affecting in the sunshine that falls at the same time on the coffin of him who was last week the sole stay o’ his auld age! But if you could venture in thocht to be wi’ that auld man when he is on his knees before God, in his lanely room, blessing him for a’ his mercies, even for having taken awa’ the licht o’ his eyes, extinguished it in a moment, and left a’ the house in darkness—you would not then, if you saw into his inner spirit, venture to ca’ the calm that slept there—beautifu’! Na, na, na! In it you would feel assurance o’ the immortality o’ the soul—o’ the transitoriness o’ mere human sorrows—o’ the vanity o’ a’ passion that clings

to the clay—o' the power which the spirit possesses in richt o' its origin to see God's eternal justice in the midst o' sic utter bereavement as might well shake its faith in the invisible—o' a life where there is nae decaying frame to weep over and to bewail; and sae thinkin'—and sae feeling—ye would behold in that old man kneelin' in your un kent presence, an eemage o' human nature by its intensesst sufferings raised and reconciled to that feenal state o' obedience, acquiescence, and resignation to the will o' the Supreme, which is virtue, morality, piety, in ae word—RELIGION. Aye, the feenal consummation o' mortality putting on immortality, o' the Soul shedding the slough o' its earthly affections, and reappearing amaist in its pristine innocence, nae unfit inhabitant o' heaven.

Opium-Eater. Say not that a thousand Scottish shepherds could so speak, my dear sir.

Shepherd. Aye, and far better, too. But hearken till me. When that state o' mind passed away fra us, and we becam willing to find relief, as it were, frae thochts so far aboon the level o' them that must be our daily thochts, then we nicht, and then probably we would, begin to speak, sir, o' the beauty o' the auld man's resignation, and in poetry or painting, the picture might be pronounced beautifu', for then our souls would hae subsided, and the deeper, the mair solemn, and the mair awfu' o' our emotions would o' themselves hae retired to rest within the recesses o' the heart, along wi' maist o' the maist mysterious o' our moral and religious convictions.—(*Dog barks.*)—Heavens! I cou'd hae thocht that was Bronte!

North. No bark like his, James, now belongs to the world of sound.

Shepherd. Purple black was he all over,—except the star on his breast—as the raven's wing. Strength and sagacity emboldened his bounding beauty, and a fierceness lay deep down within the quiet lustre o' his een that tauld ye, even when he laid his head upon your knees, and smiled up to your face like a verra intellectual and moral cretur,—as he was,—that had he been angered, he cou'd hae torn in pieces a lion.

North. Not a child of three years old and upwards, in the neighbourhood of the Lodge, that had not hung by his mane, and played with his fangs, and been affectionately worried by him on the flowery greensward.

Shepherd. Just like a stalwart father gambollin' wi' his lauchin' bairns! And yet there was a heart that cou'd bring itsell to pushion Bronte! When the atheist flung him the arsenic ba', the deevil was at his elbow.

North. And would that my fist were now at his jugular!

Shepherd. What a nieve* o' irn!—Unclinch't, sir, for it's fearsome.

North. Had the murder been perpetrated by ten detected Gilmerton carters, I would have smashed them like crockery!

* Nieve, a fist.—M.

Shepherd. *En masse* or *seriawtim*, till the cart-ruts ran wi' their felon bluid, and a race o' slit noses gaed staggerin' through the stoure, and then like a heap o' bashed and birzed paddocks walopped intill the ditch.

North. 'Twas a murder worthy of Hare, or Burke, or the bloodiest of their most cruel and cowardly abettors.

Shepherd. I agree wi' you, sir;—but dinna look so white, and sae black, and sae red in the face, and then sae mottled, as if you had the measles; for see, sir, how the evening sunshine is sleeping' on his grave!

North. No yew-tree, James, ever grew so fast before. Mrs. Gentle herself planted it at his head.* My own eyes were somewhat dim, but as for hers—God love them!—they streamed like April skies—and nowhere else in all the garden are the daisies so bright as on that small mound. That wreath, so curiously wrought into the very form of flowery letters, seems to fantasy, like a funeral inscription—his very name—Bronte.

Shepherd. Murder's' murder, whether the thing pushioned hae fowre legs or only twa—for the crime is curdled into crime in the blackness o' the sinner's heart, and the revengefu' shedder even of bestial blood would, were the same demon to mutter into his ears, and shut his eyes to the gallows, poison the well in which the cottage-girl dips the pitcher that breaks the reflection of her bonny face in that liquid heaven. But hark! wi' that knock on the table you hae frightened the mavis! Aften do I wonder whether or no birds, and beasts, and insecks, hae immortal sowles!

Opium-Eater. What God makes, why should he annihilate? Quench our own pride in the awful consciousness of our fall, and will any other response come from that oracle within us—Conscience—than that we have no claim on God for immortality, more than the beasts which want indeed “discourse of reason,” but which live in love, and by love, and breathe forth the manifestations of their being through the same corruptible clay which makes the whole earth one mysterious burial place, unfathomable to the deepest soundings of our souls!

Shepherd. True, Mr. De Quinshy—true, true. Pride's at the bottom o' a' our blindness, and a' our wickedness, and a' our madness; for if we did indeed and of verity, a' the nights and a' the days o' our life, sleepin' and waukin', in delight or in despair, aye remember, and never for a single moment forget, that we are a'—WORMS—Milton, and Spenser, and Newton—gods as they were on earth—and that they were gods, did not the flowers and the stars declare, and a' the twa blended warlds o' poetry and science, lyin' as it were like the skies o' heaven reflected in the waters o' the earth, in ane anither's arms?

* Mrs. Gentle was an *eidolon*; the supposed object of Christopher North's affection, partly platonic and partly of a warmer character!—M.

Aye, Shakspeare himself a WORM—and Imogen, and Desdemona, and Ophelia, a' but the eemages o' WORMS—and Macbeth, and Lear, and Hamlet! Where would be then our pride and the self-idolatry o' our pride, and all the vain-glorifications o' our imagined magificence? Dashed doon into the worm-holes o' our birthplace, among all crawlin' and slimy things—and afraid in our lurking places to face the divine purity o' the far far-aff and eternal heavens in their infinitude! Puir Bronte's dead, and buried—and sae in a few years will a' us fowre be! Had we naething but our boasted reason to trust in, the dusk would become the dark—and the dark the mirk, mirk, mirk ;—but we have the Bible, and lo! a golden lamp illumining the short midnight that blackens between the mortal twilight and the immortal dawn.

North, (blowing a boatswain's whistle.) Gentlemen—look here!
(*A noble young Newfoundlander comes bounding into the harbour.*)

Shepherd. Mercy me! mercy me! The verra dowg himsell! The dowg wi' the starlike breast!

North: Allow me, my friends, to introduce you to O'Bronte.

Shepherd. Aye—I'll shake paws wi' you, my gran' fallow; and though it's as true among dowgs as men, that he's a clever chiel that kens his ain father, yet as sure as wee Jamie's mine ain, are you auld Bronte's son. You've gotten the verra same identical shake o' the paw—the verra same identical wag o' the tail. (See, as Burns says, hoo it “hangs ower his hurdies wi' a swirl.”) Your chowks the same—like him too, as Shakspeare says, “dew-lapped like Thessawlian bills.” The same braid, smooth, triangular lugs, hanging doon aneath your chafts; and the same still, serene, smilin', and sagacious een. Bark! man—bark! let us hear you bark. Aye, that's the verra key that Bronte barked on whenever “his blood was up and heart beat high;” and I'se warrant that in anither year or less, in a street-row, like your sire you'll clear the causeway o' a clud o' curs, and carry the terror o' your name frae the Auld to the New Flesh-market; though, tak' my advice, ma dear O'Bronte, and, except when circumstances imperiously demand war, be thou—thou jewel of a Jowler—a lover of peace!

Opium-Eater. I am desirous, Mr. Hogg, of cultivating the acquaintance—nay, I hope of forming the friendship—of that noble animal. Will you permit him to—

Shepherd. Gaung your wa's, O'Bronte, and speak till the English Opium-Eater. Ma faith! You hae nae need o' droogs to raise your animal speerits, or hichten your imagination. What'n intensity o' life! But whare's he been syne he was puppied, Mr. North?

North. On board a whaler. No education like a trip to Davis's Straits.

Shepherd. He'll hae speeld, I'se warrant him, mony an iceberg—and worried mony a seal—ablin's a walrus, or sea-lion. But are ye no feared o' his rinnin' awa' to sea?

North. The spirit of his sire, James, has entered into him, and he would lie, till he was a skeleton, upon my gaave.

Shepherd. It canna be denied, sir, that you hae an unaccountable power o' attachin' to you, no only dowgs, but men, women, and children. I've never dooted but that you maun hae some magical poother, that you blaw in amang their hair—na, intill their verra lugs and een—imperceptible fine as the motes i' the sun—and then there's nae resistance, but the sternest Whig saftens afore you, the roots o' the Radical relax, and a' distinctions o' age, sex, and pairty—the last the stubbornest and dourest o' a'—fade awa' intill undistinguishable confusion—and them that's no, in the secret o' your glamoury, fears that the end o' the world's at haun', and that there'll sune be nae mair use for goods and chattels in the Millennium.

Tickler. As I am a Christian——

Shepherd. You a Christian!

Tickler. ——Mr. De Quincey has given O'Bronte a box of opium.

Shepherd. What? Has the dowg swallowed the spale-box o' pills? We maun gar him throw it up.

North. Just like that subscriber, who alone out of the present population of the globe, has thrown up—THE MAGAZINE.

Shepherd. Haw—haw—capital wut! Syne he cou'dna digeest it, he has reason to be thankfu' that the dooble nummer* didna stick in his weasen, and mak him a corp. What wou'd hae becum o' him, had they exploded like twa bomb-shells?

Opium-Eater. The most monstrous and ignominious igncrance reigns among all the physicians of Europe, respecting the powers and properties of the poppy.

Shepherd. I wush in this case, sir, that the poppy mayna pruve ower poorfu' for the puppy, and that the dowg's no a dead man. Wull ye take your Bible-oath that he bolted the box?

Opium-Eater. Mr. Hogg, I never could see any sufficient reason why, in a civilized and Christian country, an oath should be administered even to a witness in a court of justice. Without any formula, truth is felt to be sacred—nor will any words weigh——

Shepherd. You're for upsettin' the hail frame o' ceevil society, sir, and bringin' back on this kintra' a' the horrors of the French Revolution. The power o' an oath lies no in the reason, but in the imagination. Reason tells that simple affirmation or denial should be aneuch atween man and man. But reason canna bin', or, if she do, passion snaps the chain. For ilka passion, sir, even a passion for a bead or a button, is as strong as Sampson burstin the wythies. But imagination can bin', for she ca's on her flamin' ministers—the fears;—they palsy

* On three several occasions, there was issued a double number, or rather two distinct numbers of Blackwood. It is singular that, in each instance, the sale of the two numbers exceeded the usual demand for the ordinary single issue. In October, 1828, when there was this double issue, each *livraison* had a Noctes of its own!—M.

strike the arm that would disobey the pledged lips—and thus oaths are dreadful' as Erebus and the gates o' hell. But see what ye hae done, sir,—only look at O'Bronte.

(O'Bronte sallies from the Arbour—goes driving heels over head through among the flower-beds, tearing up pinks and carnations with his mouth and paws, and finally, makes repeated attempts to climb up a tree.)

Opium-Eater. No such case is recorded in the medical books—and very important conclusions may be drawn from an accurate observation of the phenomena now exhibited by a distinguished member of the canine species,* under such a dose of opium as would probably send Mr. Coleridge himself to——

Shepherd. —his lang hame—or Mr. De Quinshy either—though I should be loth to lose sic a poet as the ane, and sic a philosopher as the ither—or sic a dowg as O'Bronte. But look at his speelin' up the apple-tree like the auld serpent! He's thinkin' himsell, in the delusion o' the droog, a wull-cat or a bear, and has clean forgotten his origin. Deil tak me gin I ever saw the match o' that! He's gotten up; and 's lyin' a' his length on the branch, as if he were streekin' himsell out to sleep on the ledge o' a brigg! What thocht's gotten intill his head noo? He's for herryin' the goldfinch's nest among the verra tapmost blossoms! Aye, my lad! that was a thud!

(O'Bronte, who has fallen from the pippin, recovers his feet—storms the Arbour—upsets the table, with all the bottles, glasses, and plates, and then, dashing through the glass front-door of the Lodge, disappears, with a crash, into the interior.)

Opium-Eater. Miraculous!

Shepherd. A hairy hurricane! What think ye, sir, o' the SCOTTISH OPIUM EATER?

Opium-Eater. I hope it is not hydrophobia.

* Coleridge, from an early age, was a slave to opium. The evidence of this is ample, and so stated in Cottle's Reminiscences. At a moderate estimate, Coleridge expended £200 a year on this baneful drug. The result was that, however active his mind, his faculties were deficient in concentration, and, during the last five-and-twenty years, he did little more than talk. With his learning, genius, and high poetic powers, he might have been one of the Classics of his age. As it is, his prose and verse constitute little more than a great Book of Beginnings. His German translations, Biographical papers, Aids to Reflection, and some of his poems show what he might have done. The lyric called Genevieve is unsurpassed in delicate yet passionate emotional expression. He has himself stated, in a preface to his poems, that where they appear unintelligible, "the deficiency is in the reader." Yet, on his Ancient Mariner, he wrote this epigram, addressed to himself:—

Your poem must eternal be,
Dear Sir! it cannot fail;
For, 'tis incomprehensible,
And without head or tail.

It was pleasant to hear Coleridge recite one of his own poems. He used to sit with his eyes half-shut, his body gently waving to and fro, his hand humouring the verses, and his voice uttering them in a sort of sing-song, which, however, was not monotonous—the fault of Wordsworth's recitation, by the way. His conversation was a long and dreamy monologue, branching off into any quantity of subjects. Coleridge died in 1834, aged sixty-four.—M.

Tickler. He manifestly imagines himself at the whaling, and is off with the harpooners.

Shepherd. A vision o' blubber's in his sowle. Oh! that he cou'd gie the world his Confessions!

Opium-Eater. Mr. Hogg, how am I to understand that insinuation, sir?

Shepherd. Ony way you like. But, did ever ony body see a philosopher sae passionate? Be cool—be cool.

Tickler. See, see, see!

(*O'Bronte,*

Like a glory from afar,
Like a re-appearing star,

comes spanging back into the cool of the evening, with Cyprus, NORTH's unique male tortoise-shell cat, in his mouth, followed by John and Betty, broom-and-spit-armed, with other domestics in the distance.)

North. Drop Cyrus, you villain! Drop Cyrus, you villain! I say, you villain, drop Cyrus—or I will brain you with my crutch!

(*O'Bronte turns a deaf ear to all remonstrances, and continues his cat-carrying career through flower, fruit, and kitchen-gardens—the crutch having sped after him in vain, and upset a bee-hive.)*

Tickler. Demme—I'm off.

(*Makes himself scarce.*)

North. Was that thunder?

Shepherd. Bees—bees—bees! intil the arbour—intil the arbour—oh! that it had a door wi' a hinge, and a bolt in the inside! Hoo the swarm's ragin' wud! The hummin' heavens is ower het to haud them—and if ae leader chances to cast his ee hither, we are lost. For let but ane set the example, and in a moment there'll be a charge o' begnots.

Opium-Eater. In the second book of his Georgics, Virgil, at once poet and naturalist—and indeed the two characters are, I believe, uniformly united—beautifully treats of the economy of bees—and I remember one passage—

Shepherd. They're after Tickler—they're after Tickler—like a cloud o' Cossacks or Polish Lancers—a' them that's no settlin' on the crutch. And see—see a division—the left o' the army—is bearin' doon on O'Bronte. He'll soon liberate Ceeprus.

Tickler. (*sub tegmine fagi.*) Murder—murder—murder!

Shepherd. Aye, you may roar—that's nae flea-bitin'—nor midge-bitin' neither—na, it's waur than wasps—for wasps's stings hae nae barbs, but bees's hae—and when they strike tham in, they canna rug them out again withouten leavin' ahint their entrails—sae they curl theirsells up upon the wound, be it on haun, neck, or face, and, demon

like, spend their vitality in the sting, till the venom gangs dirlin' to your verra heart. But do ye ken I'm amais't sorry for Mr. Tickler—for he'll be murdered outright by the insecks—although he in a mainer deserved it for rinnin' awa', and no sharin' the common danger wi' the rest at the mouth of the harbour. If he escapes wi' his life, we maun ca' a court-martial, and hae him brock for coowardice. Safe us—he' comin here, wi' the hail bike about his head! Let us rin—let us rin! Let us rin for our lives!

(*The SHEPHERD is off and away.*)

North. What! and be broke for coowardice? Let us die at our post like men!

Opium-Eater. I have heard Mr. Wordsworth deliver an opinion, respecting the courage, or rather the coowardice, of poets, which at the time seemed to me to be unwarranted by any of the accredited phenomena of the poetical character. It was to this effect: that every passion of the poet being of "imagination all compact," fear would in all probability, on sudden and unforeseen emergencies, gain an undue ascendancy in his being over all the other unaroused active powers;—(and here suffer me to put you on your guard against believing, that by the use of such terms as active powers, I mean to class myself, as a metaphysical moralist, in the Scottish school,—that is, the school more especially of Reid and Stewart*—whose ignorance of the will—the sole province of moral philosophy—I hold to be equally shameful and conspicuous:) so that, except in cases where that fear was withstood by the force of sympathy, the poet so assailed would, ten to one, (such was the homely expression of the bard anxious to *clench it*,) take to almost immediate flight. This doctrine, as I have said, appeared to me, at that time, not to be founded on a sufficiently copious and comprehensive induction;—but I had very soon after its oral delivery by the illustrious author of the *Excursion*, an opportunity of subjecting it to the test act: for, as Mr. Wordsworth and myself were walking through a field of considerable—nay, great extent of acres—discussing the patriotism of the Spaniards,† and more particularly the heroic defence of

* Dr. Thomas Reid, born in 1709, succeeded Adam Smith as Professor of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow in 1764, and died in 1796. His principal works are *An Inquiry into the Human Mind and Essays on the Intellectual and Active Powers of Man*. He was the first writer in Scotland who attacked the scepticism of Hume, and endeavoured to refute the ideal theory which was then prevalent.—Dugald Stewart, one of the ablest of modern philosophical writers, became Professor of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh University in 1785, but did not appear as an author until 1792, when he published the first volume of his *Philosophy of the Human Mind*: the second appeared in 1813. Numerous other works followed, including *Outlines of Moral Philosophy and Philosophical Essays*. Among his pupils were the present Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Palmerston, Lord Dudley, and Lord Brougham. His great aim, in his writings, was to vindicate the principle of human knowledge against the attacks of modern sceptics, and to lay a solid foundation for a rational system of logic.—M.

† A subject in which Wordsworth might naturally feel interested, as his only prose work (published in 1809), intended to urge a vigorous prosecution of the war in Spain, was concerning the Relations of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal to each other.—M.

“Iberian burghers, when the sword they drew
 In Zaragoza, naked to the gales
 Of fiercely-breathing war.”

a bull—of a red colour (and that there must be something essentially and inherently vehement in red, or rather the natural idea of red, was interestingly proved by that answer of the blind man to an inquirer more distinguished probably for his curiosity than his acuteness—“that it was like the sound of a trumpet”) bore down suddenly upon our discourse, breaking, as you may well suppose, the thread thereof, and dissipating, for a while, the many high dreams (dreams indeed!) which we had been delighting to predict of the future fates and fortunes of the Peninsula. The bard’s words, immediately before the intrusion of Taurus, were, “that death was a bugbear,” and that the universal Spanish nation would “work out their own salvation.” One bellow—and we were both hatless on the other side of the ditch. “If they do,” said I, “I hope it will not be after our fashion, with fear and trembling.” But I rather suspect, Mr. North, that I am this moment stung by one of those insects, behind the ear, and in among the roots of the hair, nor do I think that the creature has yet disengaged—or rather disentangled itself from the nape—for I feel it struggling about the not—I trust—immedicable wound—the bee being scarcely distinguishable, while I place my finger on the spot, from the swelling round the puncture made by its sting, which, judging from the pain, must have been surcharged with—nay, steeped in venom. The pain is indeed most acute—and approaches to anguish—I had almost said, agony.

North. Bruise the bee “even on the wound himself has made.” ’Tis the only specific. Any alleviation of agony?

Opium-Eater. A shade. The analysis of such pain as I am now suffering—or say rather enduring—

(*TICKLER and the SHEPHERD, after having in vain sought shelter among the shrubs, come flying demented towards the arbour.*)

Tickler and Shepherd. Murder! murder! murder!

North.

“Arcades ambo,
 Et cantare pares, et respondere parati!

Opium-Eater. Each encircled, as to his forehead, with a living crown—a murmuring bee-diadem worthy of Aristæus.*

North. Gentlemen, if you mingle yourselves with us, I will shoot you both dead upon the spot with this fowling-piece.

* Aristæus, son of Apollo and Cyrene, who is said to have introduced the use of bees (hence he was called *Melissæus*), for which he was deified. In love with, and pursuing Eurydice, the young bride of Orpheus, along the side of a river, a snake bit her and caused her death. For this he was deprived of his bees; after nine days, however, new swarms were produced, in the bodies of some cattle which he had slain. He was son-in-law of Cadmus and father of Actæon.

Shepherd. What'n a foolin'-piece? Oh! sir, but you're cruel!

(*TICKLER lies down, rolls himself on a plat.*)

North. Destruction to a bed of onion-seed! James! into the tool-house.

Shepherd. I hae tried it thrice—but John and Betty hae barred themselves in against the swarm—oh! dear me—l'm exhowsted—sae let me lie down and dee beside Mr. Tickler!

(*The SHEPHERD lies down beside Mr. TICKLER.*)

Opium-Eater. If any proof were wanting that I am more near-sighted than ever, it would be that I do not see in all the air, or round the luminous temples of Messrs. Tickler and Hogg, one single bee in motion or at rest.

North. They have all deserted their stations, and made a simultaneous attack on O'Bronte. Now, Cyprus, run for your life!

Shepherd. (*raising his head.*) Hoo he's devoorin' them by hunders! Look, Tickler.

Tickler. My eyes, James, are bunged up—and I am flesh-blind.

Shepherd. Noo they're yokin' to Ceeprus! His tail's as thick wi' pain and rage as my arm. Hear till him caterwaulin like a hail roof-fu'! Ma stars, he'll gang mad, and O'Bronte 'll gang mad, and we'll a' gang mad thegither, and the garden 'll be ae great madhouse, and we'll tear ane anither to pieces, and eat ane anither up stoop and roop, and a' that'll be left o' us in the mornin' 'll be some bloody tramplin' up and doon the beds, and that'll be a catastrophe waur—if possible—than that o' Sir Walter's Ayrshire Tragedy*—and Mr. Murray 'll melodramateeze us in a piece ca'd the "Bluidy Battle o' the Bees;" and pit, boxes, and gallery 'll be crooded to suffocation for a hunder nights at hail price, to behold swoopin' along the stage, the LAST O' THE NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ!!!

Opium-Eater. Then indeed will the "gaiety of nations be eclipsed,"† sun, moon, and stars may resign their commission in the sky, and old Nox reascend, never more to be dislodged from the usurpation of the effaced, obliterated, and extinguished universe.

Shepherd. Nae need o' exaggeration. But sure eneuch, I wudna', for anither year, in that case, insure the life o' the Solar System. (*Rising up*) Where's a' the bees?

North. The hive is almost exterminated. You and Tickler have slain your dozens and your tens of dozens—O'Bronte has swallowed some scores—Cyprus made no bones of his allowance—and Mr. De Quincey put to death—one. So much for the killed. The wounded you may see crawling in all directions, dazed and dusty; knitting their hind legs together, and impotently attempting to unfurl their no longer

* Auchindrane, or the Ayrshire Tragedy, founded on circumstances which occurred in 1611, was one of Scott's most effective dramatic compositions, and was published early in 1830.—M.

† This is what Johnson said when Garrick left the stage.—M.

gauzy wings. As to the missing, driven by fear from house and home, they will continue for days to be picked up by the birds, while expiring on their backs on the tops of thistles and binweeds—and of the living, perhaps a couple of hundreds may be on the combs, conferring on state affairs, and—

Shepherd. Mournin' for their queen. Sit up, Tickler.

(TICKLER rises, and shakes himself.)

What'n a face!

North. 'Pon my soul, my dear Timothy, you must be bled forthwith—for in this hot weather inflammation and fever—

Shepherd. Wull soon end in Mortification—then Coma—and then Death. We maun lance and leech him, Mr. North, for we canna afford, wi' a' his failin's, to lose Southside.

Tickler. Lend me your arm, Kit—

North. Take my crutch, my poor dear fellow. How are you now?

Shepherd. Hoo are you noo? Hoo are you noo?

Opium-Eater. Mr. Tickler, I would fain hope, sir, that notwithstanding the assault of these infuriated insects, which in numbers without number numberless, on the upsetting—

Tickler. Oh! Oh!—Whoh! whoh!—Whuh! whuh!

Shepherd. That comes o' wearin' nankeen pantaloons without drawers, and thin French silk stockin's wi' open gushets, and nae neck-cloth, like Lord Byron. I fin' corduroys and tap-boots impervious to a' mainer o' insects, bees, wasps, hornets, ants, midges, clegs, and warst o' a'—the gad. By the time the bite reaches the skin, the venom's drawn oot by ever so mony plies o' leather, linen, and wurset—and the spat's ony kitley. But (*putting his hand to his face*) what's this? Am I wearin' a mask?—a fawse face wi' a muckle nose? Tell me, Mr. North, tell me, Mr. De Quinshy, on the honours o' twa gentlemen as you are, am I the noo as ugly as Mr. Tickler?

North. 'Twould be hard to decide, James, which face deserves the palm; yet—let me see—let me see—I think—I think, if there be indeed some slight shade of—what say you, Mr. De Quincey?

Opium-Eater. I beg leave, without meaning any disrespect to either party, to decline delivering any opinion on a subject of so much delicacy.

Tickler and Shepherd (*guffawing*.) What'n a face! what'n a face! O! what'n a face!

Opium-Eater. Gentlemen, here is a small pocket-mirror, which, ever since the year—

Shepherd. Dinna be sae chronological, sir, when a body's sufferin'. Gie's the glass, (*looks in*.) and that's ME? Blue, black, ochre, gambroshe, purple, pink, and—*green!* Bottle-nosed—wi' een like a piggie's! The owther o' the Queen's Wake! I maun hae my pictur ta'en by John Watson Gordon, set in diamonds, and presented to the Empress o' Russia, or some other croon'd head. I wunner what wee

Jamie wad think. It is a phenomena o' a fizzionamy. An' hoo sall I get out the stings?

North. We must apply a searching poultice.

Shepherd. O' raw veal?

Tickler, (taking the mirror out of the SHEPHERD'S hand.) Aye!

North. 'Twould be dangerous, Timothy, with that face, to sport Narcissus.

“Sure such a pair were never seen,
So aptly form'd to meet by nature!”

Ha! O'Bronte?

(*O'Bronte enters the Arbour, still under the influence of opium.*)

What is your opinion of these faces?

O'Bronte. Bow—wow—wow—wow—bow—wow—wow—wow!

Shepherd. He takes us for Eskymaws.

North. Say rather seals, or sea-lions.

O'Bronte. Bow—wow—wow—wow—bow—wow—wow—wow!

Shepherd. Laugh'd at by a dowg! Wha are ye?

(*JOHN and BETTY enter the Arbour with basins and towels, and a phial of leeches.*)

North. Let me manage the worms. Lively as fleas.

(*MR. NORTH, with tender dexterity, applies six leeches to the SHEPHERD'S face.*)

Shepherd. Preens—preens—preens—preens!*

North. Now, Tickler.

(*Attempts, unsuccessfully, to perform the same kind office to TICKLER.*)

Your sanguineous system, Timothy, is corrupt. They won't fasten.

Shepherd. Wunna they sook him? I fin' mine hangin' cauld frae temple to chaft, and swallin—there's ane o' them played plowp intill the baishin.

North. Betty—the salt.

Shepherd. Strip them, Leezy. There's anither.

North. Steady, my dear Timothy, steady; aye! there he does it, a prime worm, of himself a host. Sir John Leech.

Shepherd. You're no feared for bluid, Mr. De Quinshy?

Opium-Eater. A little so—of my own.

Shepherd. I wuss Mr. Wordsworth's auld leech-gatherer was here to gie us his opinion on thae worms. It's a gran' soobject for a poem—Leech-Gatherin'! I think I see the body gaun intill the pool, knee-deep in mud, and bringin' them out stickin' till his taes. There's whiles mair genius in the choice o' a soobject than in the execution. I wunner Mr. Wordsworth never thocht o' composin' a poem in the Spenserian stanza, or Miltonic blanks, on a “Begggar sitting on a stane by

* Preens,—pins.—M.

the roadside crackin' lice in the head o' her bairn?" What's in a name?

"A louse

By any other name would bite as sharp ;"

and he nicht ca't—for he's fond o' soundin' words,—see the *Excursion passim*—"The Plague o' Lice," and the mother o' the brat would personify the ministering angel. Poetry would shed a halo round its pow—consecrate the haunted hair, and beautify the very vermin.

Opium-Eater. I observe that a state of extreme languor has succeeded excitement, and that O'Bronte has now fallen asleep. Hark! a compressed whine, accompanied by a slight general convulsion of the whole muscular system, indicates that the creature is in the dream-world.

Shepherd. In dookin' ! or fechtin'—or makin' up to a—

North. Remove the apparatus.

(JOHN and BETTY carry away the basins, pitchers, phial, towels, &c., &c.)

Shepherd. Hoo's my face noo?

North. Quite captivating, James. That dim discoloration sets off the brilliancy of your eyes to great advantage; and I am not sure if the bridge of your nose as it now stands be not a great improvement.

Shepherd. Weel, weel, let's say nae mair about it. That's richt, Mr. Tickler, to hang your silk handkerchy ower your face, like a nun takin' the veil. Where were we at?

North. We were discussing the commercial spirit, James, which is nōw the ruling—the reigning spirit of our age and country.

Shepherd. The fable o' the bees was an episode.

North. Will you be so good, Tickler, as repeat to Mr. Hogg, who, I believe, was not attending to you at the time, what you said about—Credit.

Tickler. I conceive, Mr. Hogg, that within these last thirty years, the facilities of credit in all the transactions of trade have been carried to a ruinous extent. Credit has been granted from one house of trade to another upon a much less jealous estimate of their respectability than heretofore; and farther, it has been the general spirit of all houses to avail themselves to a far greater extent than formerly of their own power of commanding credit, so as greatly to enlarge the proportion of their actual transactions to their actual capital. It has been the effect of the same spirit, that numberless traders in those inferior departments of trade, in which the circulation of their own documents of debt as money was dreamt of, have extensively put them forth; and it has been the last excess of the system, that vouchers of transactions, which had never taken place, have been put into circulation, to no inconsiderable extent, as documents of real debt.

Opium-Eater. Ay, Mr. Tickler, and to crown the system, and consummate the work, those houses which are to the commercial world the especial managers of credit, and the organs, I may say, of circulation to the documents of credit, in part acting upon, and in part yielding to, the same spirit, have created, or carried to an extent before unknown, the creation of a species of documents of their own—namely, of debt created, either by the deposit in their hands of such vouchers as you have spoken of, (in which case it might be said they enlarge the operations of credit by substituting their own high responsibility for the doubtful or obscure credit of the vouchers made over to them;) or, though in their nature essentially vouchers of debt, they have been granted upon no debt whatever, but as money upon securities more or less scrupulously taken:—in which case, it may be said, that these houses, so far as they ascertained well their security, and were themselves responsible, availed themselves of a commercial form to give the utmost extent to legitimate credit:—but, as far as they acted upon insufficient security, or beyond their own responsibility, that they gave their names to authenticate to the public by false vouchers an unreal and illusory credit.

North. Here then, sir, is an indisputable instance of credit acting with injurious force in accelerating the operations of commerce. And methinks, Mr. De Quincey, I see in those violent extinctions of credit, and the ruinous consequences they spread around them, the symptoms of a general and fearful disease. I see in the application of such terms as avidity, vehemence of activity, passion—if they are just—to the commercial transactions of a great people, indications of some most disordered condition among them; and above all, I recognise in the change of habits, manners, and character, throughout all the people of the land, which these years have witnessed, an acceleration of commercial activity far beyond what the welfare of society demands—disordering and menacing disorders.

Tickler. It is all very bad, sir. See how the fluctuations of commerce, which carry life to one part of a country, and leave distress in another, will be more frequent and extreme, as the activity of commerce increases.

Opium-Eater. Yea: all the powers of nature proceed by change; that change includes destruction and production:—but in slow change, the destruction is silent decay; in rapid change, it is a desolation.

Shepherd. Said ye, sir, that the prosperity o' commerce includes in it a sort o' destruction?

Opium-Eater. I did. Its improvements are founded on injury; for the improvement is the raising of some above those over whom the improvement is made. Thus we know that many of the great improvements in our manufactures, though they have advanced the

prosperity of the country, have spread much injury where they were first introduced; in many places of old-established trade which have made great advancement, many of the old houses have quite sunk; and the outcry of the people, and the remonstrances of the wealthier classes to the authorities of the country against improvement in other places, are all evidence of the inherent tendency of commercial advancement to depress while it raises; and therefore furnish grounds for an opinion that rapid commercial prosperity will be at all times throwing down great numbers into utter indigence and misery, overwhelming by the suddenness of their calamity those who in slower change might have foreseen and escaped one after the other from impending poverty.

North. And then, sir, these parts of trade thus suspended, have themselves, perhaps, been rapidly increasing; so that it falls upon a portion of the people in a state of rapid increase, who meet it with a greater shock—on large families—and families, too, from long habits of indulgence, severer sufferers in distress, and less able to extricate themselves from it.

Tickler. Besides, in a country urging on like ours so impetuously in commercial enterprise, there is another consideration. Is there not a sort of sacrifice of the labouring people to the insatiable appetite for wealth of their employers? A most inordinate demand for labour has thus been created; for, observe, gents, that I consider not this present juncture of affairs at all—but what is the commercial spirit of the age and country? Thus sex and age have been swept into the work with no discrimination. Thus the wife and mother of the family has been called from her own place of duty, to be made an instrument of work,—girls of the tenderest age have been called into the manufactory, and grow up to the age of wives and mothers, with no knowledge of their duties, as instruments of work; and boys that should become the men of the community, immersed from their early years in anxious employments, and oppressed with interminable labour, rise up a deteriorated race—susceptible of the appetites of men, but bereft of that vigorous spirit which ought to mark the manhood of a people; and which, if it contains the violence of passion, contains also its generosity; contains too the principle of stubborn endurance, and of hardy contention with any severer fortune. And how hung upon that trade, and trembling with every breath that shakes it, is a family which only subsists, while father, and wife, and children, are all racked with employment? What sort of population will that country possess, to meet the vicissitudes of trade itself—and those far greater vicissitudes which the political changes of the world throw into it?

Opium-Eater. Say,—what is the bulwark of a people—the foundation of its greatness and the substance of its power? The virtue of the people; their courage, their independence, the severe fortitude

of their souls, their hearts filled with just and strong loves, the power of their happiness.* This is the conception we form of the people of this island from the north to south. This is the character which all tongues have spoken—which has been avouched from age to age—the traditionary faith received by our childhood; and now we look round, and tremble to discover that the dream has passed away from the land. The overflow of wealth has run through it, unsettling all ancient conditions—breaking up the bonds of life, casting, even upon the husbandman amidst the fields, the restless, ungoverned, aspiring spirit of commerce—dazzling and blinding the imaginations of the people, and scattering among them the vices of prosperity, if it has not brought them its enjoyments.

Shepherd. Dinna mak me dispond o' the kintra, Mr. De Quinshy. Hoo aften when a's black in natur, outbursts the sun, and the world's filled wi' licht! Oh, man! but there's a majestic meaning in thae twa words—GREAT BRITAIN! Think ye it'll ever hae a decline and fa' like the Roman Empire?

Opium-Eater. It seemeth alike to my reason and my imagination, immortal.

Shepherd. And then think, sir, o' the march o' intelleck. That strengthens a state.

Opium-Eater. It does. But not without the flow of feeling.

Shepherd. Capital! I was just gaun to hae said that, when you took the words out o' my mouth.

Opium-Eater. We want not, Mr. Hogg, a quantity of reasonable, contented, steady, sober, industrious inhabitants—mere Chinese, and nothing more; but we want men, who, if invaded, will spring up as one man—loving their ancestors, who cannot feel their gratitude—

Shepherd. It would be unreasonable to expeck it——

Opium-Eater. —and doing everything for their posterity, who have done and can do nothing for them——

* This idea had already been expressed by Alcæus, one of the greatest of the Greek lyric poets—judging by the fragments which have reached us. Sir William Jones, the celebrated Oriental and classic scholar, has translated, or rather expanded, one of these fragments thus,—

“What constitutes a state?

Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,

Thick wall or moated gate;

Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;

Not bays or broad armed ports,

Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;

Not starred and spangled courts,

Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No: men, high-minded men,

With powers as far above dull brutes endued,

In forest, brake, or den,

As brutes excel cold rocks and brambles rude:

Men, who their duties know,

But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain,

Prevent the long aimed blow,

And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:

These constitute a State.”—M.

Shepherd. Gie them first time to get intill existence—and then they'll——

Opium-Eater. —men among whom crime is restrained, not by a vigilant police, but by an awful sense of right and wrong—who love their soil, and not only see it to be rich, but feel it to be sacred—yea! to whom poverty and its scanty hard-wrung pittances are the gift of God——

Shepherd. That's roosin! You're an eloquent——

Opium-Eater. ——who are sustained and animated in this life, by the operation on their minds of their convictions of another—a people in whose vigorous spirit joy is strong, under all external pressure, and who, stooping out of the low doors of their huts—clay-built, perhaps, yet flower-covered—hold up smiling faces in the sunshine, and from their bold foreheads fling back the blue beauty of their native skies.

Shepherd. “Fling back the blue beauty o' their native skies!” I'll bring in that in my speech, the first time I return thanks for my health at a public dinner.

Opium-Eater. I have been speaking, sir, of Scotland—a country naturally poor.——

Shepherd. No sae naturally poor 's it looks like, sir. In the Kerss o' Gowrie the sile's fifty yards deep—a fine rich broon black moold, that shoots up wheat and beans twenty feet high; and even in the Forest, what wi' the decay o' great auld aik-trees, and what not, there's sic a deposit, that in diggin wells, you hae to gang doon amais't to the verra centre-pint o' the yerth, afore ye can get quit o' the loam, and jingle wi' your pick again the grevvel. The Heelans to be sure's geyan staney—perfectly mountawneous a'thegither—but there, sir, you hear the lowin' o'cattle on a thousan' hills—and the river-fed glens (naturally puir indeed!) arena they rich wi' the noblest o' a' craps—craps o' men, sir (to say naething the noo o' the snooded lasses), that

“Plaided and plumed in their tartan array,”

(ane o' the best lines, that, in a' poetry), hae frichtened the French out o' their senses time and place without number, and immemorial, frae Fontenoye to Waterloo?*

Opium-Eater. I do not disesteem your national enthusiasm, Mr. Hogg, but I must not suffer it to disturb the course of my observations;—and I was about to say, that in *richer* and merry England, there may be less of that dignity of which I spoke, because less is overcome;—the spirit may be less free even, perhaps in some respects,—because the body is better endowed;—yet hath not such a people great

* Napoleon particularly noticed the 42d, a kilted regiment of Scottish Highlanders, and when he saw the passive resistance followed by the fiery charge of one of the cavalry regiments, repeatedly exclaimed, “Oh! those terrible Scotch Greys.”—M.

conceptions? Yea, the people of England *feel* the greatness of their country—because they *know* that she has been always free and enlightened from Alfred—Magna Charta—the Reformation—the Armada—the SIXTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-EIGHT—that she has ever been awful in the sight of nations:—and since, sir, you speak of France, *our* Harry it was that like a lion ramped among the lilies—*our* Black Prince, that, in his tent with captive kings——

Shepherd. 'Twas lucky for them baith, that they never tried the fechtin on this side o' the Tweed, wi' Scotchmen, or aiblins, wi' bluidy noses, they would hae bitten the dust at Roslin or Bannockburn.

Opium-Eater. I forget the precise lines, sir, but Shakspeare makes some one in that noble drama, Henry the V., speak of the “weasel Scot,” who during his conquest of France, “Stole in, and sucked his princely eggs”——

Shepherd. And a great goose he was for layin' them in an unprotected nest among the nettles. Haw, haw, haw!

North. Gentlemen, gentlemen! But let me throw a little light upon the subject.

(Mr. NORTH touches a spring, and the chandelier pendant from the roof of the Arbour is set suddenly in stars.)*

Shepherd. My sowle burns and lowps within me—and I feel as if I could write upon the spat a glorious poem!

Tickler. On what subject?

Shepherd. On ony soobjeck, or on nae soobjeck. Oh! but it's a divine idea—the idea o' immortal fame!

Opium-Eater. There are two great sources of the energy of the human mind, Mr. Hogg;—one, delight in the works of God, from which the energy of genius springs—and one, pride in its own powers, from which springs the energy of ambition.

Shepherd. In ma opinion, baith thae twa sources o' energy are in a' minds whatsomever, sir.

Opium-Eater. Yes, Mr. Hogg, they are; but in different allotment. One, either by nature, or by the sources of life, will be predominant. If the delight in good, in natural and moral beauty, be the stronger principle, then all the energy that springs from the consciousness of strength and skill, and from the pleasure of activity, falls into subservience to the nobler power; and those men are produced, who, if their talents are great, and fall in with great occasions, receive the name of

* This had been probably suggested by one of the many expensive “fixins” at Abbotsford, and which lighted the entire mansion with oil-gas made on the premises. Lockhart says, “The effect of the new apparatus in the dining-room at Abbotsford, was at first superb. In sitting down to table in Autumn, no one observed that in each of the three chandeliers (one of them being of very great dimensions), there lurked a little tiny bead of red light. Dinner passed off, and the sun went down, and suddenly, at the turning of a screw, the room was filled with a flush of splendour worthy of the palace of Aladdin; but as in the case of Aladdin, the old lamp would have been better in the upshot. Jewelry sparkled, but cheeks and eyes looked cold and wan in this fierce illumination; and the eye was wearied, and the brow ached, if the sitting was at all protracted.”—M.

teachers, deliverers, fathers of their countries. But if imagination is weak—and the delight in contemplation of all that is great and beautiful in the world, has little sway in the mind, but the pride in its own powers is strong,—then spring up the afflictors of mankind, then comes that Love of Glory, which is not, as in nobler minds, a generous delight in the sympathy and approbation of their fellow-men; but an insatiable thirst for renown, that the voice of mankind, though it were of their groans, may bear witness to their transcendent might, and feed their own consciousness of it,—then come those disordered and tormenting passions, stung by rival glory, and maddened by opposition, which engender the malignant character of genius. For if there be genius in such a mind, it cannot maintain its nature against such evil influences, but lends itself to any the most accursed work.

North. Nor matters it what the power may be, sir, whether merely external, as from birth and place, which, without much native power, has made the common tyrants of the world—or whether it be the intensest power of an extraordinary mind. If it be intellectual glory and empire among men which it seeks, it will tear down Truth and set up Falsehood—

Shepherd. Aye, gin it can.

North. And it can, and often does, shaming morality and even religion out of the world. In all cases alike, there is the same subserviency of the energies of genius to the energy of ambition. But look, James, to their respective works. The spirit of genius is naturally creative; its works have in themselves a principle of duration—because it creates in conformity to the laws of nature—and therefore the laws of nature preserve its works. The arts which genius has invented, maintain themselves by their importance to mankind. Its beautiful productions are treasured up by their love, and delivered over from one generation to another,—the laws it has given blend themselves with the existence of society,—the empires it has established stand by the wisdom in which they were founded. But the spirit of ambitious power is naturally a destroyer; and when it attempts to create, it departs from its character and fails. It creates against nature, and therefore nature rejects its works, and the process of her laws shall overthrow them. It shall build up in the kingdom of mind, error, superstition, and illusion, which shall tyrannize for a time, and then pass away for ever. It shall build up military strength and political dominion—a fabric reaching to heaven, and overshadowing the earth. But it is built up, not in wisdom, but in folly; its principle of destruction is within itself, and when its hour is come, lo! it crumbles in to dust.

Tickler. Good, North; at least tolerable—not much amiss.

Shepherd. A hantle better nor ony thing ye'll say the night.

Tickler. Napoleon and Alfred! The one is already dead—the other

will live for ever. Alfred! the mighty Warrior, who quelled and drove afar from him the terrible enemy that had baffled the prowess of all his predecessors—the Father of his people, who listened to all complaints, and redressed all wrongs—the Philosopher, who raised up a barbarous age towards the height of his own mind, and founded the civilization of England—the Legislator, whose laws, after a thousand years, make part of the liberty of his country!

Shepherd. Better than I expected. Tak breath, and at it again, tooth and nail, lip and nostril.

Tickler. Our imagination cannot dream of a greater man than this, or of one happier in his greatness. Yet, we do not, I opine, Mr. De Quincy, think of Alfred as strongly possessed by a Love of Fame. We think of him as conscious of his own high thoughts, and living in the elevation of his nature. But he seems to us too profoundly affected by his great designs, to care for the applauses of the race for whose benefit his mighty mind was in constant meditation. He seems to us rather absorbed in the philosophic dream of the wide change which his wisdom was to produce on the character of his country; and in all that he did for man, to have desired the reflection, not of his own glory, but of their happiness. The thoughtful moral spirit of Alfred did not make him insensible to the sympathies of men; but it was self-satisfied, and therefore sought them not; and, accordingly, in our conception of his character, the Love of Glory makes no part, but would, I think, be felt at once to be inconsistent with its simple and sedate grandeur.

Shepherd. You've acquitted yourself weel, Mr. Tickler, and had better haud your tongue for the rest o' the nicht——

North. "Lest aught less great should stamp you mortal."

Shepherd. O man! Timothy, what for are you sae severe, and satirical, and sardonic, in your natur? A giin*—or a toss o' your head— or a grumph's a' you aften condescend to gie in answer to a remark made in the natural order o' discourse—but it's no richt o' you—for folk doesna like the superceelious in society—though it may pass current wi' a tall man on the streets. I'm thiukin' you've forgotten your face?

Tickler. I vote we change the Arbor for the Lodge. 'Tis cold—positively chill—curse the climate!

Opium-Eater. Our sensations are the sole——

Shepherd. If you're cauld, sir, you may gang and warm yoursell at the kitchen-fire. But we's no stir——

Tickler. Curse the climate!

Shepherd. Cleemat! Where's the cleemat like it, I wou'd wush to ken? Greece? Italy? Persia? Hindostan? Poo—poo—poo! Wha

* Giin,—to grin like an ill-natured dog.—M

cou'd thole months after months o' ae kind o' weather, were the sky a' the while lovely as an angel's ee? Commend me to the bold, bright, blue, black, boisterous, and blusterin' beauty o' the British heavens.

Tickler. But what think ye, James, of a tropic tornado, a hurricano?

Shepherd. I wou'dna gie a doit for a dizen. Swoopin' awa' a town o' wooden cages, wi' ane bigger than the lave, ca'd the governor's house, and aiblins a truly contemptible kirk, floatin' awa' into rottenness sae muckle colonial produce, rice, rum, or sugar, and frichtenin' a gang o' neegggers! It mayna roar sae loud nor sae lang, perhaps, our ain indigenous Scottish thunner; but it rairs loud and lang eneuch too, to satisfy ony reasonable Christian that has the least regard for his lugs. Nae patriot, Mr. Tickler, wou'd undervalue his native kintra's thunner. Hear it spangin'—hap, step, and loup—frae Cruachan to Ben Nevis! The red-deer—you micht think them a' dead—and that their antlers were rotten branches—sae stanelike do they couch atween the claps—without ae rustle in the heather. Black is the sky as pitch—but every here and there, shootin' up through the purple gloom,—for whan the lichtnin' darts out its fiery serpents it is purple,—lo! bricht pillars and pinnacles illuminated in the growlin' darkness, and then gone in a moment in all their glory, as the day-night descends denser doon upon the heart o' the glens, and you only *hear* the mountain-tap; for wha can see the thousand-year-auld cairn up by yonder, when a' the hail heaven is ae coal-cloud—takin' fire every noo and then as if it were a furnace—and the nindeed by that flash may you see the cairn like a giant's ghost. Up goes the sable veil—for an eddy has been churnin' the red river into spray, and noo is a whirlwind—and at that updriving see ye not a hundred snaw-white torrents tumblin' frae the tarns, and every cliff rejoicin' in its new-born cataract? There is the van o' anither cloud-army frae the sea. What'll become o' the puir ships! A dismal word to think on in a tempest—lee-shore! There's nae wund noo—only a sort o' sugh. Yet the cloud army comes on in the dead-march—and that is the muffled drum. Na—that flash gaed through my head, and I fear I'm stricken blin'! Rattle—rattle—rattle—as if great granite stanes were shot out o' the sky doon an invisible airn-roof, and plungin' sillenly intill the sea. The eagles daurna scream—but that demon the raven, croaks—croaks—croaks,—is it out o' the earth, or out o' the air, cave, or cloud? My being is cowed in the insane solitude. But pity me—bless me—is that a wee bit Hieland lassie sittin' in her plaid aneath a stane, a' by hersell, far frae hame, haein' been sent to look after the kids—for I declare there is ane lyin' on her bosom, and its mither maun be dead! Dinna be frichtened, my sweet Mbairi, for the lichtnin' shall na be allowed by God to touch the bonny blue riband round thy yellow hair!—There's a bit o' Scottish thunner and lichtnin' for you, Mr. Tickler, and gin it doesna satisfy you, aff to the tropics for a tornawdoe!

Opium-Eater. You paint in words, my admirable Shepherd, Nature in all her moods and aspects——

Shepherd. Few poets are fonder o' the face o' Natur than mysell, sirs; yet a man shouldna let ony thing like the chief pairt o' his happiness in this warld be at the mercy o' its Beauty—the slave o' the ear and ee—which that man must be wha habitually draws his veetal bliss frae the bonny colours or souns o' the mere earth. The human sowle ought to be at last totally independent o' the ooter creation, except for meat, drink, house, and claes. I say at last; for at first, and for a lang, lang time, we maun hang, like sookin' babbies, at the breast o' mother Natur, or gang stacherin' at her knees while she is actin' in the capacity and character o' a great big, muckle dry nurse.

Tickler. Skelping your doup, James, with storm, sleet, snow, and rain, and, by one and the same benign but severe process, invigorating at once head, heart, and hurdies.

Shepherd. Fie, fie—that's coorse! What I mean's this. A man, wha aiblins thinks himsell a poet, and wha we shall alloo has poetical propensities, has, by the goodness o' Providence, been set down in a house on a gentle eminence, commandin' a beautifu' bend o' the blue braided sky overhead, hills and mountains piling theirsells in regular gradation up, up, up—and far, far, far-aff and awa,' till you kenna whilk are their rosy summits, and whilk the rosy clouds—and, beyond a foreground o' woods, groves, halls, and cottages, exquisitely interspersed wi' fields and meadows, which, in the dimmest days, still seem spots of sunshine,—a loch! or, supposin' the scene in England, a lake, a day's journey round about, always blue or bricht, or if at ony time black, yet then streaked gloriously wi' bars o' sunburst, sae that in the midst o' the foamy gloom o' Purgatory are seen serenely rising the Isles o' Paradise——

North. Poussin!

Shepherd. ——Deil mean him to be cheerfu', and crouse, and talkative, and eloquent on the poetical and the picturesque—and, to croon a', proud as Lucifer! But only observe, sirs, the cross delusion into which the cretur has cowped over head and ears, sae lang syne that there's nae chance o' his recovery in this life. He absolutely, sirs, thinks that glorious scene—*H. msell*; Loch Lomond or Windermere—*H. msell*;—forgettin', that if either o' them were struck out o' being the beauty o' the earth would be shorn of its beams—or at least all England and all Scotland—Cockneydom excluded—be desolate; whereas you ken, sir, that were the bit triflin' cretur himsell killed by a cherry-stane stickin' in the throat o' him, or a sour-cider colic, in nine days he wou'd be nae mair missed in his ain parish—I had amaist said on his ain estate—than a defunck cock-sparrow.

Tickler. And what, pray, James, is your drift?

Shepherd. My drift! Truthwards on the sea of philosophy. The

delusion's the same wi' a kinds o' wealth—bonds, bills, bankstoc, or what not,—the man mistakes them for himsell; but the looker-on is free frae that delusion—and sees that in truth he is as poor as Lazarus. Therefore, rug the ane awa' frae Loch Lomond or Windermere, I say, and crib, cabin, and confine him in a back parlour in some dingy town, commanding a view o' a score o' smoky chumleys, and then look into his eyes, and listen unto his voice for his poetry. He is seen and heard to be a Sumph. Rug, in like manner, the man o' money frae his bags,—let the feet o' some great Panic trample out his Ploom, as you or me wou'd squas a sour Ploom-damass wi' the heel o' our shae, and in sowle as in body behold a—Powper! But bring the PoET frae his dwelling amang the licht o' risin' and settin' suns, and amang the darkness o' thunderous clouds, sae grim that they seem to threaten earthquake,—frae amang the pearlins, and jewels, and diamonds o' mornin', wha adorns the bleakest heath she loves wi' gossamery dew-draps, finer, and fairer, and richer far than all the gems that ever swarthy miners dug out o' the subterranean galleries o' Golconda or Peru,—frae amang the meridian magnificence o' lights and shadows, smiling like angels, or a-frown like demons, shiftin' or stationary on the many-coloured mountain's breast, till the earth seems the sea—frae amang the one-star-y-crowned gloaming pensive wi' the woodlark's sang, or mair than pensive, profoundly melancholy, wi' the far-aff croonin' o' the cushat hidden somewhere or ither in the heart o' some auld wood,—frae amang the moonlight that, after it has steeped a' the heavens, has a still serene flood o' lustre to pour down on the taps o' trees, and ancient ruins, and lakes that seem to burn wi' fire, and a' ower the dreamy slumber o' the toil-forgettin' Earth!

Opium-Eater. Exquisite!

Tickler. It beats cock-fighting.

North. Go on, James—keep moving.

Shepherd. Clap him in a garret in Grub Street, and yet shall he, like a fixed star, hang on the bosom o' infinitude, or like a planet pursue his flight, in music, round the Sun.

Omnes. Hurra—hurra—hurra! The Shepherd for ever! Hurra—hurra—hurra!

Shepherd. Sear his een wi' red-het plates o' irn, or pierce their iris wi' fire-tipped skewers, and soon as the agony has grown dull in his brain nerves, he will see the Panorama o' Natur still, Mont Blanc and his eagles, Palmyra in the desert, the river o' Amazons, and the sail-swept Ocean wi' all his isles!

Opium-Eater. Author of Kilmeny! that is IMAGINATION! To the sumph (an admirable word), every thing is nothing—to the man of genius, nothing is every thing.

Shepherd. Eh?

Opium-Eater. See how genius throws all that arises within itself,

out of itself, making that which in respect of the reality is subjective, in respect of the effect or apprehension, objective.

Shepherd. Eh?

Opium-Eater. The joy and the love spring in itself, and remain in itself; but it flings them forth into the object, scattering light as from the golden urn. That joy and that love, now poured upon the object, appears to genius as a property or nature residing therein, which property or nature, gloriously self-deceived by the divinity it bears, it thenceforth acknowledges as—Beauty. In the same way, or a similar, the mind has before given colour to the grass, and light to the sun. Only, that in the attribution of these merely physical properties, it appears to do no more than remove that which is present to it in the eye, to a greater distance from it, out of the eye. Whereas in beauty, you find a union of your soul with the object—that is Love. Develop love infinitely, and you develop beauty.

Shepherd. I believe that, sir, to be indeed God's truth.

Opium-Eater. Both beauty and sublimity—you may remember we touched on these subjects at the last Noctes, and indeed an hour ago—appear to be visible in visible objects. When we begin to think, we cannot believe that they are otherwise; and we abhor the metaphysical attempt to take the qualities out of the objects, to make them alien to the eye. Why! Because that attempt dissolves the world. It makes that wherein our love, our soul has rested as on rock-strung reality, unreal—mere figured air.

Shepherd. It would seem, indeed, my dear sir, that our verra life is ta'en frae us by sic speculations.

Opium-Eater. Be it so. The great question is, will we know, or will we have ignorant bliss? Know we must. We very soon become convinced by divers reflections, that our first natural and inevitable idea is not strictly true, that the Beauty and the Sublimity are not so imbedded and inherent in the objects as they once appeared to be. We must give up more and more, and shall find no rest till we recognise that they are totally of the mind. Then, indeed, we obtain a support—a life—of a different and more sufficient kind than that which was at first taken away, in the clear consciousness of the creative and illimitable power of the mind. We can rest well in either extreme—but between them rest is there none.

Shepherd. What for do you no write poetry, Mr. De Quishy—seein' that ye are a poet? But you're prouder o' bein' a pheelosopher.

Opium-Eater. There are two principal ways, Mr. Hogg, in which every object can be considered—two chief aspects under which they present themselves to us—the philosophical and the poetical—as they are to reason, as they seem to imagination.

Shepherd. Can you, sir, make that great distinction good?

Opium-Eater. Perhaps there is no absolute distinction in the world of nature, or in the human soul. But let me say, we may consider all things, either as intellect without feeling tends to consider them, or intellect with feeling, *i. e.* causatively and passionately. The great, the most earnestly desiring inquiry that pure reason makes, is of the causes of things. For this end it comes into the world. To intellect thus working, what it sees is nothing—for what it sees are signs only of what has preceded—and therefore such speculation dissolves the fabric to construct it over again. It builds out of destruction. But intellect working by feeling, *i. e.* imagination, does quite the reverse. What is, is everything to it. It beholds and loves. Imagination educes from its objects all the passion, all the delight that they are capable of yielding it. It desires, it cares for nothing more. Hence philosophy and poetry are at war with each other, but they are powers which may belong to the service of the same kingly mind. Imagination lives in the present—in the shown—in the apparent—in the *φαινομενον*. From the whole, as it is presented, springs some mighty passion. Disturb the actual presentment, and the passion is gone.

“If but a beam of sober reason play,
Then fancy’s fairy Frost-work melts away.”

That line, beautiful as it is, and true—is yet inadequate to express the demolition, when IS and SEEMS encounter, and the latter is overthrown.

Shepherd. Plawto pour’d out his pheelosophy in dialogues—and sae, sir, do you—and I’ll back ye again’ the auld Trojan—that is, Grecian—for a barrel o’ eisters. I never understood metafeezixs afore—but noo the distinction atween reason and imagination and their objects, is as plain as that atween the pike-staff o’ a sergeant o’ militia and the sceptre o’ Agamemnon.

North. You have been touching, my dear Opium-Eater, on abstruse matters indeed, but with a pencil of light. Certainly the effect of right metaphysical study is to dissolve the whole fabric of knowledge. Boscovich has metaphysicized matter, and shown that there need be none—that certain centres of attraction and repulsion are the only things needed. Others have metaphysicized vision. Now, two great bonds of our knowledge, are—habit, and the feeling we annex to forms; and we repugn the breaking up of either. How our idea of a house, a palace, a kingdom, a man, the sea, is infused with feeling! To all doctrines that dissolve feelings or habits, we are naturally averse. They are painful—as for example, that which denies that colour or beauty is in the objects—just like that further discovery of the world, which shows us that those whom we thought all perfect, have great faults. But this is a discipline we must go through—for we begin children, and end spirits. There is but One good. There is but One deserving of all love. The discipline forms love in us, and gradually

and successively breaks it off from all less objects, so that we remain with the affection, and Him the sole object fitted to it. He is to be all in all. The more you approach to total devotion, the more you unite high intellect and high feeling to stable and strong happiness.

Opium-Eater. Sometimes there seems, sir, to be a simplicity of love that is happy in mere calm, but it is rare; and generally there is no happiness that is not built on the rock, Religion. Every less happiness is broken, imperfect, low, inconsistent, self-contradictory, full of wounds and flaws, or it remains solid by a low measure of understanding and sensibility.

North. Did Mallebranche say that we see all things in God? It is not impossible that as our moral nature, to find itself entire, must rest in God, so our intellect must. We cannot be happy—we cannot be moral—we cannot know truth—except in him. Thus, it may be destined that our beginnings of life shall be on this earth, as if this earth were all. We love the parents that gave us birth, the spot on which we grow, all things living and lifeless about our cradle. We love this moist and opaque earth, which is our soil for our downward-striking roots—here we receive the sunshine and the dews—and we begin Terrene. Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own. The homely nurse doth all she can. There seem, indeed, immense powers exerted about us to bind us, to shut us up in earth and mortality, to make us love finite things, centre and limit our desire in them, and be ourselves finite. All our pleasures, all our senses, all habits and all customs, seem to close us in; strong passions spring up and embrace things finite; this is earth, and the strength of earth. This is natural man—the child—the *day-darger*—the Savage. Is it not singular to see what a fitting there has been, and what quantities of power employed, to make terrestrial man? Yet as if this were but a nursery or school, a place of preparation, lo! another end! For a power evolves, of which it seems the use to destroy and abolish what has been made with such pains, as if all that had been made were but fuel for this new fire to burn—a crop to be ploughed in for the true harvest. The fostered flesh has been strong. The spirit comes. If the spirit could have its force and course, the man should gradually tend towards heaven, as he wears from earth. He should mount continually. Morally, this is true; but is it not, my dear De Quincey, curious in metaphysics to see it true intellectually? To see the material world, that seemed so hard and ponderous, turned into a thought? To see intellect play with it, dallying between its existence and its non-existence? To see the intellect grow spiri-

* The theory of Nicholas Mallebranche, the French metaphysician, as asserted in his treatise *On the Search after Truth* (first printed in 1673), was, that there is a mysterious union between God and the soul of man, and that the human mind immediately perceives God, and sees all things in Him.—M.

tual, till it has rejected cumbrous matter, and only knows and sees spirit?

Opium-Eater. That ingenious man, John Fearn,* with whom Dugald Stewart would not enter into discussion on a metaphysical question involving the whole philosophy of the Professor, has demonstrated that there is no matter, and is quite satisfied about it. Kant thought that there was, but that we could know nothing of it; that it was nothing in the least like what it appeared to us to be; existing as a cause of certain affections of our minds, but in no sort revealed to them—and even Sir Isaac Newton thought that the most solid-looking matter was a most delicate and airy network, if network it may be called, of which the infinitesimally invisible atoms were a thousand or a million times their own diameter distant from one another, and that all the real matter of the universe, compacted, might be contained in a cubic inch!

North. Aye, thus it is, sir, that metaphysicians and physicians concur in overthrowing and absolving our sensible knowledge. They teach us we are fools! and that what we take to be solid is the fabric of a vision!

Opium-Eater. True. And is not philosophy, my dear Mr. North, the very undoer of what nature has been doing from the beginning? To nature, Mr. Hogg, the earth is flat—the sky a dome——

Shepherd. The ane green, the ither blue, and baith beautifu'——

Opium-Eater. The sun moves—and Galileo is imprisoned for thinking otherwise. But intellect sees through the coloured cloud of things. It is an alchemic fire which fuses the substance of nature, annihilating its customary and known form to disclose its essence, which, alas! is not by us to be found! But we must conceive this utter disdain and rejection of the admitted world, by intellect in its giant, consummated power, and that is the only true idea of philosophy. Intellect, therefore, can have no rest but in Deity—and we have seen how metaphysical intellect is driven to this, when it comes to believe that there is no matter—nothing but a continual agency of Deity upon mind.

North. Just so do we find it excessively difficult, from looking at the world, to find the true relation of religion to man. The looking at the world naturally lowers to us the estimate of this relation, because there is so little religion in the world—hardly any—and we can scarcely believe every body, here, too, to be utterly in the wrong. We think the world must have common sense, and end in thinking the high notion of religion contrary to common sense, and visionary. But do not mankind err—and do we not know it? For you see that the multitude miss the End of Life. Have they found the possession of their

* John Fearn was author of an Essay on Consciousness, and must not be mistaken for Charles Fearnie, the lawyer, who was also a metaphysician.—M.

highest faculties—innate in all? No—not one in a million. Have they found happiness? No—not generally. Look sublimely upon them, and you deplore them and their fate. What is human life then? Mixed. High affections mixed with low, religion with earth and sin, the finite with the infinite. Make an idea of man, and you inevitably take him at the highest, and exalt his life to be like him; but look at him existing, and you see bright fragments of this idea mixed with what you would fain reject from his life. But can this mixture be all that was intended, that is to be aimed at, to be required? Impossible. But we have not the invincible, burning, aspiring spark in our thoughts—it is stifled and smothered—and therefore we hope neither for ourselves nor others. But see how those judge of others who feel on their own shoulders untamed eagles-pinions. See how Christians judge, expect, require—the Saints, the Anchorites, the Holy Men who have walked on this world more present with another—for whom the veil of flesh has been lifted up or rent. Is it not strange that Brahmins, Christians, and Stoics, all come to one conclusion?

Opium-Eater. A low philosophy, tending more and more to the elevation of the external, is prevalent among us at this day in England. Jeremy Bentham is preferred to Jeremy Taylor—and Paley has triumphed over Plato.* All good and all evil is in the Will. The mind that can see the vulgar distinction between Faith and Works, must think that roots and fruits are not parts of the same tree—and expect to see the “golden balls” on a rotten stump.

Tickler. Jeremy Bentham and Paley are, nevertheless, both great writers.

Opium-Eater. I shall not contradict you, sir.

North. Yes! that doctrine, while it exacts the most scrupulous adherence to the moral law, is at the same time the most cheering and consolatory of any in a world constituted as this is—far more so than

* In spite of many eccentricities, and not a few hobbies which he nearly galloped off their legs, Jeremy Bentham (however sneered at, here or elsewhere) was a distinguished jurist and an able political economist. In the great cause of Law Reform he was an early and efficient champion. He was a close logician also. A lawyer by profession, he soon abandoned the wig and gown of the pleader, in disgust at the abuses which had muddied the fountain of the law. He published a great number of volumes, of which the general aim was the Utilitarian—or the greatest happiness of the greatest number. His greatest work, written in French, translated by Dumont, and largely circulated throughout Europe, was his “*Traité de Legislation Civile*,” and pronounced by Napoleon to be “*Une œuvre de génie*.” No man thought more clearly or expressed himself more obscurely. His collected works, edited by Sir John Bowring, fill 20 large volumes. He died in 1832, aged 78, and, by his own bequest, his body was publicly lectured on by Dr. Southwood Smith, who was his friend, and attended him in his last illness. It was Bentham’s desire, too, that his skeleton should be preserved after dissection. In Dr. Smith’s house (Finsbury Square, London), there is now a large mahogany case, with a glass front, in which sits Bentham, as if alive,—the face well supplied by an excellent mask of wax. The sage holds his veritable ash-stick in his hand, and is garmented in one of the suits he wore in life.—Mr. Powell, who had seen it, has stated these details,—their general accuracy has long been public. Paley’s “*Elements of Moral and Political Philosophy*,” “*Evidences of Christianity*,” and “*Natural Theology*” can certainly bear competition, as to present practical value, with what has come down to us of Plato’s writings.—M.

any laxer doctrines contrived to flatter human weakness, and thereby encouraging vice, and causing misery. For, according to this doctrine, virtue and its ineffable rewards may be in the spirits of all, be their lot what it may. The slave in bonds may be a glorious freeman. He that seems to sit in darkness and the shadow of death, may be soaring in light and in life eternal. The sphere of action varies from the theatre of a kingdom—the world—to some obscure and narrow nameless nook; and if the future doom of men were to be according to the magnitude of their deeds, what would become of that portion of that race that passes away silently and unknown into seeming oblivion! But once allow that as the Will of a man's spirit has been, so shall he be judged by Him who gave it into his keeping, and the gates of heaven are flung wide open to all the uprisen generations of mankind, and the beggar that sat by the waysides of the dreary earth, blind, paralytic, most destitute—but patient, unrepining, contented before the All-seeing eye with his lot of affliction, for him will the heavens lift up their everlasting gates that he may enter in, even like a king in glory,—because his will was good; while the conqueror, at whose name the world grew pale, may stand shivering far aloof, because while he had wielded the wills of others, he was most abject in his own, and, dazzled with outward pomp and shows, knew not that there was a kingdom in his own soul, in which it would have been far better to reign, because he who has been monarch there, exchanges an earthly for a spiritual crown, and when summoned from his throne on earth, awakens at the feet of a throne in heaven.

Shepherd. The coarse buffoonery—the indecent ribaldry, o' the Noctes Ambrosianæ!!

Opium-Eater. Spirit of Socrates, the smiling sage! whose life was love, I invoke thee to look down from heaven upon this blameless arbour, and bless “Edina's old man eloquent.” Unsphere thy spirit, O Plato! or let it even, like some large and lustrous star, hang over the bower where oft in musing “melancholy sits retired” the gray-haired Wisdom-Seeker whom all Britain's youth adore, or “discourseth most excellent music” with lips on which, as on thine own, in infancy had swarmed—

Shepherd. For heaven's sake, nae mention o' bees! That's a sair soobject wi' me and Mr. Tickler. Get on to some o' the lave.

Opium-Eater. Nor thou, stern Stagyrite! who nobly held'st that man's best happiness was “Virtuous Energy,” avert thy face severe from the high moral “Teacher of the Lodge,” of whom Truth declares that “he never lost a day.”

Shepherd. That's bonny.

Opium-Eater. From thy grove-gardens in the sky, O gracious and benign Epicurus! let drop upon that cheerful countenance the dews of thy gentle and trouble-soothing creed!

Shepherd. Od! I thocht Epicurus had been a great Epicure.

Opium-Eater. And thou! O matchless Merryman of the Frogs and the Clouds!—

Shepherd. Wha' the deevil's he? The Matchless Merryman o' the Frogs and the Clouds! That's opium. But hush your havers, Mr. De Qunshy; and tell me, Mr. North, what for ye didna come out to the Innerleithen and fish for the silver medal o' the St. Ronan's Border Club? * I'm thinkin' ye was feared.

North. I have won so many medals, James, that my ambition *αἰεὶ ἀριστεύειν* is dead,—and, besides, I could not think of beating the Major.

Shepherd. You beat the Major! † You nicht at baggy-mennons, but he cou'd gie ye a stane-wecht either at trouts or fish. He's just a warld's wunner wi' the sweevil, a warlock wi' the worm, and wi' the flee a finisher. It's a pure pleesur to see him playin' a pounder wi' a single hair. After the first twa three rushes are ower, he seems to wile them wi' a charm awa' into the side, ontill the gerss or the grevvel, whare they lie in the sunshine as if they were asleep. His tackle for bricht airless days, is o' gossamere; and at a wee distance aff, you think he's fishin' without ony line ava', till whirr gangs the pirn, and up springs the sea-trout, silver-bricht, twa yards out o' the water, by a delicate jerk o' the wrist, hyeucked inextricably by the tongue clean ower the barb of the Kirby-bend. Midge-flees!

North. I know the Major is a master in the art, James; but I will back the Professor against him for a rump-and-dozen. ‡

Shepherd. You would just then, sir, lose your rump. The Professor can fish nae better nor yoursell. You wou'd make a pretty pair in a punt at the perches; but as for the Tweed, at trouts or sawmon, I'll back wee Jamie again' ye baith, gin ye'll only let me fish for him the bushy pools.

North. I hear you, James. Sir Isaac Newton was no astronomer.

Shepherd. Wha's *Fluviatilis*?

North. I know not. But his Essays on Angling, in that excellent paper the Edinburgh Observer, are about the best I know out of THE MAGAZINE, and ought to be added to, and published in, a small pocket-volume.

* Scott's novel of St. Ronan's Well, published in December, 1826, was supposed by the dwellers in Innerleithen to represent their own localities. Hereupon, the name was changed to that of the novel, and a yearly festival was established for the St. Ronan's Border Games. A band of bowmen attired in Lincoln green, with Hogg as their captain, used to practise archery, leaping, racing, wrestling, stone-heaving, and hammer-throwing opposite the old Castle of Traquair, and Hogg, in full costume, was always master of the ceremonies. Even after he had passed his sixtieth year, Hogg used to contend for, and often win, some of the prizes, and the grandest evening of his year was, at the close of these games, when he used to preside at the dinner which closed the contests, with Sir Walter, Professor Wilson, Patrick Robertson, and Sir Adam Ferguson as his guests.—M.

† Major Mackay.—M.

‡ Wilson.—It was said he had angled in every trout-stream in Scotland, besides having thrown his flies in various parts of England and Wales.—M.

Shepherd. Mr. Boyd o' Innerleithen's issued proposals and prospectus o' a bit anglin' buicky to be ca'd "Tweed and its Tributary Streams." You maun gie't a lift, sir.

North. I will, James. A good title; and my old landlord is a good angler, and a good man.

Shepherd. That's towological, and an anticllemacks. For wha ever heard o' a gude angler being a bad or indifferent man? I hae nae objection, sir, noo that there's nee argument, to say that you're a good angler yoursell, and sae is the Professor.

North. James, these civilities touch. Your hand. In me the passion of the sport is dead—or say rather dull; yet have I gentle enjoyments still in the "Angler's silent trade." But heavens! my dear James! how in youth—and prime of manhood too—I used to gallop to the glens, like a deer, over a hundred heathery hills, to devour the dark-rolling river, or the blue breezy loch! How leaped my heart to hear the thunder of the nearing waterfall! and lo! yonder flows at last, the long dim shallow rippling hazel-banked line of music among the broomy braes, all astir with back-fins over its surface; and now, that the *feed is on*, teeming with swift-shooting, bright-bounding, and silver-shining scaly life, most beauteous to behold, at every soft alighting of the deceptive lure, captivating and irresistible even among a shower of leaf-born flies aswarm in the air from the mountain-woods!

Shepherd. Aye, sir, in your younger days you maun hae been a verra deevil.

North. No, James—

"Nae maiden lays her scathe to me."

Poetry purified my passions; and, worshipping the Ideal, my spirit triumphed over mere flesh and blood, and was preserved in innocence by the Beautiful.

Shepherd. That's your ain account o' yoursell, sir. But your enemies tell anither tale——

North. And what do my enemies, in their utter ignorance, know of me? But to my friends, my character lies outspread, visible from bound to bound, just like a stretch of Highland prospect on the Longest Day, when, from morning to night, the few marbled clouds have all lain steadfast on the sky, and the air is clear, as if mist were but a thought of Fancy's dream.

Shepherd. What creel-fu's you maun hae killed!

North. A hundred and thirty in one day in Loch-awe, James, as I hope to be saved—not one of them under——

Shepherd. A dizzen pun',—and twa thirds o' them abune't. Athegither a ton. If you are gaun to use the lang bow, sir, pu' the string

to your lug, never fear the yew crackin', and send the gray-guse-feathered arrow first wi' a lang whiz, and then wi' a short thud, right intill the bull's ee, at ten score, to the astonishment o' the ghost o' Robin Hood, Little John, Adam Bell, Clym o' the Clough, and William o' Cloudeslee.

North. My poor dear old friend M'Neil of Hayfield—God rest his soul—it is in heaven—at ninety as lifeful as a boy at nineteen—held up his hands in wonder as under a shady tree I laid the hundred and thirty yellow Shiners on the bank at his feet. Major Mackay,

“A lambkin in peace, and a lion in war,”

acknowledged me as a formidable rival now in angling as in leaping of yore. Auchlian, God bless him, the warm-hearted and the hospitable—long may he live and be happy, among the loving and beloved—from that day began to respect the Lowlanders. And poor Stevenson, mild and brave—a captain in the navy, James—now no more—with his own hands wreathed round my forehead a diadem of heather-bells, and called me King of the Anglers.

Shepherd. Poo! That was nae day's fishin' ava, man, in comparison to ane o' mine on St. Mary's Loch. To say naething about the countless sma' anes, twa hundred about half a pun, ae hundred about a hail pun, fifty about twa pun, five-and-twenty about fowre pun, and the lave rinnin' frae half a stane up to a stane and a half, except about half a dizzen, aboon a' wecht, that put Geordie Gudefallow and Huntly Gordon* to their mettle to carry them pechin' to Mount Benger on a haun barrow.

North. Well done, Ulysses.

Shepherd. Anither day, in the Megget, I caught a cart-fu'. As it gaed down the road, the kintra-folk thocht it was a cartfu' o' herrins—for they were a' preecesely o' ae size to an unce—and though we left twa dizzen at this house—and four dizzen at that house—and a gross at Henderland—on coontin' them at hame in the kitchen, Leezy made them out forty dizzen, and Girzzy forty-twa, aught; sae a dispute haen arisen, and of course a bet, we took the census ower again, and may these be the last words I sall ever speak, gin they didna turn out to be Fourty-Five!

North. The heaviest Fish I ever killed was in the river Awe—ninety pound neat. I hooked him on a Saturday afternoon—and had small

* George Huntley Gordon, son of Major Pryce Gordon, who had shown much civility to Scott, when he visited Waterloo in 1815, had been useful, as transcriber of the Waverley Novels from Scott's manuscripts (none of which ever went to the printing office), and had been educated for the Church. Deaf and timid, he was frightened at the idea of having to compose sermons to preach, on claim for admission to an incumbency. Scott wrote two sermons for him, in 1824, obtained him a government situation in London, and finally, to get him out of some money troubles, allowed him to sell the MS., for £250, and they were published as “Religious Discourses by a Layman,” but announced as written by Scott.—M.

hopes of killing him—as I never break the Sabbath. But I am convinced that, within the hour, he came to know that he was in the hands of Christopher North—and his courage died. I gave him the butt so cruelly, that within two hours he began to wallop; and at the end of three he lay dead at my feet, just as

“The star of Jove, so beautiful and large,”

tipped the crest of Cruachan.

Shepherd. Hoo lang?

North. So beautifully proportioned, that like that of St. Peter's or St. Paul's you did not feel his mighty magnitude till after long contemplation. Then, you indeed knew that he was a sublime fish, and could not choose but smile at the idea of any other salmon.

Tickler. Mr. De Quincey, now that these two old fools have got upon angling—

Shepherd. Twa auld fules! You great, starin, Saracen-headed Langshanks! If it werena for bringing Mr. North intill trouble, by haen a dead man fund within his premises, deel tak me gin I wudna fractur' your skull wi' ane o' the cut crystals!

[MR. NORTH touches the spring, and the bower is in darkness.]

Tickler. But such a chief I spy not through the host—
De Quincey, North, and Shepherd, all are lost
In general darkness. Lord of earth and air!
Oh, King! Oh, Father! hear my humble prayer:
Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore
Give me to see, and Tickler asks no more.
If I must perish—I thy will obey,
But let me perish in the light of day!

Shepherd. Haw! haw! haw! The speech of Ajax in Pop's Homer.

North. Gentlemen, let us go to supper in the Lodge.

(*Omnes surgunt.*)

Shepherd. What'n a sky!

North.

“Then glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires. Hesperus, who led
The starry host shone brightest till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty at length,
Apparent Queen! unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.”

NO. LI.—AUGUST, 1830.

SCENE—*Saloon of the new premises, 45 George Street.* Time—Eight o'clock. Present—*MESSRS. BLACKWOOD, NORTH, CRAIGELACHIE, SEWARD, SHEPHERD, JAMES BALLANTYNE, BULLER, SANDY BALLANTYNE, ROBERT HOWIE, ARCHITECT HAMILTON, ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER, MODERN PYTHAGOREAN, DELTA, MULLION, JOHN WATSON GORDON, LAWRENCE MACDONALD, TICKLER, ROBERT GIBB, JOHN GREENSHIELDS, *Assistant Chaplains*, REV. JOHN KNOX, and SAMUEL SOUTH, and “*the rest.*”

(PICARDY, MON. CADET, KING PEPIN, SIR DAVID GAM, TAPPIETOURIE, SQUINTUM, BANDY, and the PECH, in attendance, in the act of depositing the dessert.)

Shepherd, (holding up his hands.) What'n frutes!

North. Watson Gordon, my dear fellow, study the Shepherd. That's the FACE!

Gordon, (smiling.) I have it.

Tickler. In the attitude of prayer, like a Covenanter on a hill side.

Knox, (austerely.) Denouncing wrath against old sinners. Mr. Tickler, remember, sir, where you are, and no sneers, however slight, at the ordinances of religion.

Tickler. Poo—poo—Jack—times are changed since those of your old fierce Progenitor. You must learn, sir, to accommodate your zeal to the spirit of the age. No human ears, however long, ever heard Timothy Tickler sneer, however slightly, at any religious ordinance. When any bigot says so, “I tell him if a clergyman, he lies.”

Knox. Sir, your cloth protects you. Crack that nut.

Shepherd. Pity me the day, what's a' this? You twa fechtin' afore the frute! And sic a flush o' frute as never was set doon afore mortal man syne the Fa'! Thae prickly peeramids ye ca' pine-apples? O, sirs! but thae hea a sweet scent, just like that o' a lassie's breath, sittin' wi' her love-locks inside o' a bodie's plaid on the breezy brae.

North. A fragrant simile, James.

Shepherd. And what orangers! yellower nor bloom or whuns,

* Before the Magazine was commenced, Blackwood had a small book-shop in the ancient part of Edinburgh. He emigrated to 17 Princes street, in the New Town, amid numerous prophecies that he could there obtain no business. He succeeded, and fitted in the summer of 1830, to the capacious and handsome premises, 45 George Street, still occupied by his sons.—M.

gouden ba's indeed, dropped frae trees in the Hesperides. Grapes and grozets gloriously glowin', "in linked sweetness lang drawn out," a' round the oval, and tastily interspersed wi' what can be naething else but peaches and nectrins, wi' here and there a bonny basket o' plooms and cherries, alternatin' wi' blushin' banks o' strawberries—and as if spring and owturn had melted into ane, the entire table beautified wi' a boundless prodigality o' flowers! The hail Botanic and Experimental Gardens—baith—maun hae been roopit to furnish forth that unparalleled Yepergne. You micht dream that some augel had crushed the arc o' the rainbow thegither into a ba', and lettin't fa' doon, in the midst o' our festivities, frae the showery heavens!

Macdonald. Beautiful!

Shepherd. Chaplains—nae sic dessert was ever devoored in Paradise. Think you 'twas on the left or the richt bank o' the Euphrawtes?

North. Milton says,

“Southward through Eden ran a river large.”

Shepherd. And hoo got Adam and Eve across? There were nae briggs in thae days—but aiblins they cou'd baith swoom and flee. For licht, licht, sir, maun their bodies as weel as their sowles hae been, before they were clogged wi' sin. They needed neither fins nor wings then—their frames in specific gravity less dense nor the living elements. But the “taste o' that mortal frute brocht death into the warld, and a' our wo,”—although there's nae use in yawmmerin' about it noo—sae, Mr. De Qunshy, I'd thank ye, sir, to rax me ower an aipple.

Opium-Eater. In the juice of the apple, in rind equally with core, there is lodged, Mr. Hogg, a mysterious power of affecting the human tooth, so as to produce, if not a painful, yet an uneasy sensation, of a very peculiar and indescribable kind, vulgarly called—

Shepherd. Settin' your teeth on edge. It's no sae bad's keeping a body's mooth waterin'. Fling me ower the great big muckle red-cheeked ane, that seems hotchin' half a dizzen lesser anes aff its gawcey shouthers. Weel booled and weel keppit! You and me, sir, wou'd mak twa gran' cricketers. Noo, freens, crack awa—for I'm no gaun till speak—till I've sookit the seeds.

Blackwood (to NORTH). My dear sir, should we not have toasts?

North. No, Bailie, if you please, not till the timepiece chimes—ten. Meanwhile, gentlemen, this is Liberty Hall. Mr. Blackwood and I—President and Vice-President of the United States—

Shepherd. Sittin' in your arm-chairs, wi' red, stuffed, leather backs and bottoms, when a' the lave o' us hae our hurdies on the hard timmer, nae support ava' for our spines, and nane ither for our elbows but the edge o' the aik table! And that's leeberty and equality! But afore a's dune, pride may get a fa'. I hae an ee to Mr. North's chair

about cock-crow. There hae been some auld lines floatin' about the Forest—for some thoosan' years—that may be modarneezed thus—prophesying—gin my interpretation be richt—that I was born to be an usurper.

Tickler. Hogg's head brought to the block for having dethroned our Sovereign Lord the King!

Shepherd. The Seabellin' leaves daurkly hint sae,—an' I wou'd wish to hear my old cronie Edward Irving*—mony a jug hae we twa drained thegither, though a' in a douce sober way, and never aneuch to produce either an apocalypse or an apoplexy—try his haun' at its interpretation. The close o'ts no canny, like the wutches' warnin' to Macbeth.

“Much I long, yet fear to try,
The long-forgotten prophecy.”

North. Sing out, James.

Shepherd.

When Bawdrons, wi' her mousin paw,
Dechts her face, the rains wull fa'
As they wou'd ding down roof and wa',
Tour and turret, rocks and a',
In Yarrow droonin' Newark-ha'.
An' when the Hoggie frae his sty,
Sees hoo the wund blaws in the sky,
Snoking wi' his snout on high,
Grunts to man, “'tis all my eye,”
Foreseeing some strange destiny.
When the Big Bore rushes forth,
Like a man o' war and worth,
Bearin' doon upo' THE NORTH,
Where rules the king o' a' the earth,
Whom a' the natives serve wi' mirth.
Then that Sovran frae his chair,
Prooder than the Prince o' Air
Aneath the deas, wi' lady fair,
Ane Mawga, proudly seated there,
By men yeclyped—Christopher,
At the wee sma' hour will snore,
And by that Beast be coup'd ower,
Senseless on the holy floor.
Swinkum—Sanctum—Swiggamore!

* The Rev. Edward Irving was assistant to Dr. Chalmers, at St. John's Church, Glasgow, and thence went as preacher in the Caledonian Asylum, London, where his peculiar appearance, florid eloquence, violent gesticulation, and strong attacks upon all opposed to his own opinions, drew such large congregations that admission could be obtained only by tickets. “The meteor of a season,” he became minister of the Scotch Church in Hatton Garden, to which nobles, statesmen, lawyers, clergymen, fashionable ladies, and even Princes of the Blood-Royal went to hear him. A new and spacious church was erected for him in Regent Square. But his popularity dwindled away. He joined a sect called “the prophets,” was tried by the presbytery, deposed and ejected from the church where he had officiated, became a believer in “the unknown tongues,” and died, aged 42, in December 1834.—In person he was tall and slight, dark complexioned, wore his black locks divided on his head, and in long curls over his shoulders, and has a strong cast in his eyes, which made Theodore Hook lampoon him, in John Bull, as “Dr. Squintem,”—a name, by the way, which Hook had previously applied to the Rev. George Whitfield.

The Big Boar then his body busks
 Wi' bristles, and his snout wi' tusks.
 And scornin' mair to feed on husks
 Fearsomely his pig-tail whusks!
 Trummilin' to be torn lith and limb,
 The Leddy Mawga looks at him ;
 The Gracefu' gazin' on the Grim,
 Wi' dewy een in smiles that swim,
 On misty nights like starnies dim,
 And sings a sang that's like a hymn,
 Frae ane o' heaven's ain seraphim!
 Then a' at aince, the Big Boar grows
 Intil a man wi' bauld brent brows,
 A Shepherd singing sweet verse vows,
 Wha in his plaid the Leddy rows!
 People! sure 'tis strange to see
 The twa seated on that settee—
 Where the Cross-Bearer used to be,
 Conspicuous far owre land and sea,
 The steadfast pole-star o' the free!
 Set him up to rug him doon?
 What think ye o't, my bonny moon!
 Shinin' abune the heech Auld Toune,
 To see a lord in mortal swoon,
 Aneath a linmer and a loun?
 Set him up to rug him doon!
 But be it late or be it soon,
 The timmer turns to siller spoon,
 The leather brogue to velvet shoon.
 Sure sign the times are out o' tune,
 When an August dry as June,
 (Foretold by him who reads the lune,
 In seasons a', bricht, black or broon,
 That Gaelic seer, baith blythe and boon,
 Though deaf as ony auld deer-houn,)
 At Forty-Five, in gran' Saloon,
 Shall see a Shepherd wear a croon,
 Thus endeth the prophetic crune!

Tickler. Copies must be sent to Coleridge, Irving, Frere, Cuninghame, Faber, Stone, and all the other great interpreters of prophecy—that we may sleep in peace. Oh! North grows pale,

“Uneasy sit the brows that wear a crown.”

North. “Lights—lights—lights!”

J. Bullantyne. “You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting with most admired disorder?”

Opium-Eater. 'Tis a Saloon of singularly simple elegance—nay, grandeur. Except in some of Piranesi's dreamy designs, I remember to have seen nothing, in the whole range of architecture, within the same bounds, so magnificent. Said I the same bounds? Yet, I feel

how difficult—nay, impossible it would be—to pronounce its dimensions:—For so exquisite are the proportions, that it seems to grow upon the eye, the longer you gaze on walls and roof, still expanding around and above, till this table, though of no insignificant size (witness the perfect freedom afforded to the elbows of this multitudinous assemblage) finally seems in the centre, even like a gorgeous flower-plot in the green lawn of some fairy garden.—Of whose genius is it the creation?

Blackwood. The gentleman at your left hand, sir. Allow me to introduce you to ane another. Mr. Hamilton—Mr. De Quincey.

(*They bow and shake hands.*)

Opium-Eater. The names of Hamilton, Burn, and Playfair, have long been familiar to fame. No wonder Edinburgh is such a city. There is something sublime, Mr. North, to my imagination, in its midsummer solitude. Still almost as a city of the dead, yet serene as a city of the living. The great stream of human existence, one feels is not dried up, but only diverted into other channels. One hears a thousand rills, rivulets, and rivers, cheerfully flowing along rural valleys, and the heart is touched to think how, far remote though they be, they all owe their being to this matchless metropolis. In shade or sunshine alike, it seemeth to me, that the whole week is a Sabbath. Gentlemen, I envy the stranger within your gates. The dullest wight—as Coleridge says of commonplace people reading Shakspeare, or in dreams—must become a poet beneath your Castle Rock—sublimier, sir—believe me—than the Acropolis: though pardon me for hinting, that I am scarcely sensible of the propriety of the term—when self-applied to the ingenious and learned inhabitants—Modern Athenians.

Shepherd. Nor me either—my apple's dune—and its hanged nonsense. Whare's Pericles? No the Provost—perfek gentleman though in a' things he be—and I houp sune to return frae Lonnun a baronet. Whare's Eskluss, Yourippidays, and Suffoclaes? No surely Sir Walter himsell, wi' his Dooin o' Devorgoil, greatest o' a' Scotsmen though he be, that ever leev'd, or ever wull leeve—nor yet Wullison Glass, though he sings Prince Charlie, and some folk sillily swear he wrote it—but that's a' ma ee—nor yet—nane o' your lauchin', you cunnin' chiel wi' the mild een—no, nor you either, Mr. Triangular Delta, though for truth and tenderness o' natural feelin', and purity and brightness o' diction, when describin' the beauties o' natur either on sea or shore, but mair particularly the sweet sadness o' spring, when first she walks outower the braes wi' a garland o' primroses round her sunny hair, and is playing like a wean amang the lambs, I ken na amang our poets the match o' my freen Mr. Moir o' Musselburgh, surgeon though he be, and fearsome to think o'! in the way o' his profession, during his college days dootless a dissector o' dead bodies!

North. Yes, James. But not of him—“gentle lover of nature,”

—could it be said, as of some that shall now be nameless, in the language of Wordsworth,—

“We murder to dissect!”

Shepherd. Na, faith,—he wou'd na, gin he could help it, brush the gold or silver dust aff the wings o' a butterflee,—accep, maybe, gin it were an unco rare ane,—an unique in the red and broon mottledness o' its striped and starry beauty, sic as that Prince o' the Air, the Emperor o' Morocco. And then, aiblins, Delta might bring his heart to shy his beaver at it, for the sake o' sceence, Jamie Wulson,* and the College Museum. An' there's just sic another, the very likes o' him in genius and humanity, the Modern Pythagorean, owre by yonner—dinna blush, sirs—take a lesson frae me, and no be sae blate—wha wou'dna grudge gettin' out o' his warm bed at the mirkest hour o' a snaw-drivin' midnight—and thinkin' nae mair o' the fees than the flakes—to dive doon into the cellar, or munt up to the garret o' some lane wi' a laigh vulgar name, to prolong, if possible, the wee bit peepin' life o' a span-lang bairn, or that o' some auld bed-ridden granny, wi' a crinklin' cough, in the last stage o' natur's consumption. And mind ma words, sirs;—the doctors that's no deaf to the cry o' the puir, when wrastlin' wi' death in an auld clay biggin, will be amang the verra first to be ca'd in till the rich man's best bedrooms, in houses in fashionable squares, for does nae ae God reign over all, but whare's the difference in the heart's pulsations atween that o' any twa meeserable mortal creatures?—But the wine's stannin' wi' me—there—that's garrin't spin!—(*The Shepherd with great vehemence sends one of the cut-crystals off a spinning, and there is a smash, as if of icebergs clashing in the North Sea.*)—Mercy me! I'm dumbfounder'd—what a stramash!

Blackwood. Never mind, my dearest James, that sentiment was worth a shiver.

(*Enter PICARDY, in consternation, with his Tail, and the fragments are removed, the table swept, and decanters replaced, as if by magic.*)

Shepherd. I'm blin'. But what's this? Wasna there a split bombshell the noo blawn to fiinders on the table? I surely hae na been sleepin' already; sae it caunna hae been a dream.

North. You really ought, James, at your time of life, to keep a tighter rein on your imagination.

Shepherd. What? would you daur to tell me to my face, that there was nae broken bottles?

* James Wilson, the Professor's brother, author of *The Loch and the Moor*. &c. He is an excellent naturalist, and was one of the earliest contributors to *Blackwood*. One of his first papers, as far back as 1818, was an “Account of the Kraken, Colossal Cuttle-fish, and Great Sea-Serpent,” in all of which he affected to believe.—M.

North. Not so much as the taperest wine-glass wire-woven into almost invisible attenuity. That comes of being a poet! You are all subject to strange delusions.

Shepherd. Weel, weel, sir. Yet I thocht I baith saw and heard the battle o' the bottles, as distinctly as ever I saw and heard a flicht o' fairies alichtin' on a green knowe, aff their silver-ringing-reened horses, and a dauncin', haun an' haun, in a ring, roun' their statelier queen.

Howie. Mr. Jeems Hogg—for that's your name, I understan'—there's no sic a place in a' Scotland for fairies, as the Mearns Muir.

Shepherd. The Mearns Muir? Where's that, sir? and wha, may I speér, may ye be yoursell?

Howie. You may ask that at Mr. North. The Mearns Muir, gentlemen, lies half-way atween Glasgow and the Kingswells—and many's the time, Mr. North, there, and me has louped owre its hags, and soomed owre its lochs. I ance saved his life—I glory in tell'n't—when some cursed kelpie had bund his legs wi' the cords o' the water-lilies, and naething was to be seen o' him, but something yellow aneath the water, and a heap o' bells frae his gurglin' mooth, as his head was ance—twice—thrice—coming up to the surface. Faith I rugged the rapes asunder like wunnlestraes, and brought him to the side, by his lang yellow hair in my teeth, just as you may hae seen a Newfoundlander wi' a wild-swan. Had he been droon'd, there wou'd na hae been found a dry ee in a' the parish.

Shepherd. His lang yellow hair!! Lookin' at the bald pow o' him, beggin' your pardon, Mr. Robert Howie, that does seem an unca lee-like story.

Howie. These are hardly the manners, Mr. Swine, that we're accustomed to about the Mearns Kirk. But his hair *was* yellow,—and hoo lang it was, ye may guess, when I tell you, that Meg Whitlaw used to say it reminded her o' the Northern Streamers.

Shepherd. And wha was Meg Whitlaw?

North. Hush, James, hush! And beware how you quarrel with my old friend, Bob Howie.

Shepherd. Here's to you, sir; ma faith, you're a buirdly chiel yet—but gin I hae ony skeel in feeshionomy, you wou'd rather offer an open haun' than a close neif to the Etrick Shepherd.

Howie. I never feared to offer either to the face-o'-clay. But I've clean gien owre the fechtin', sine I settled the hash o' Black Carey, the King o' the Gipsies.

Shepherd. An' are ye the hero that did that gude job to the kintra? Here's to you again, sir—for Black King Carey was the terror, for years, o' a' the Borders, and gaed travellin' Scotland thorough, wi' his wives and cuddies, fastenin' quarrels on a' the strong men he met, even when on the way to the kirk on the Sabbath,—an unhappy man o'

blows and blood; and you ken yoursell there was mair nor a sugh o' murder.

North. In six rounds, James, on the high-road, no need of seconds or bottle-holders, or umpires, or referees, Bob smote him on the midriff, before all the Fair; and all his life after, King Carey was but a walking shadow.

Howie. Mr. North, you could always beat me at the loupin', and generally at the rinnin'—the fechtin' we never tried——

North. There, my dear Bob, I played second fiddle.

Howie (laughing). Ay, sir, that you did—and in mony a gey kittle concert. Do you mind the four Paisley Butchers?

Blackwood. Mr. Howie, perhaps ye will favour the company with a song.

Howie. I will do my best—if Mr. North wishes it.

North. Do, Bob. Give us Sandy Rodgers's masterpiece*—to the air of "Good morrow to your nightcap."

Howie (sings).

"Behave yoursell before folk,
Behave yoursell before folk
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk.

"It wadna gie me meikle pain,
Gin ye were seen and heard by nane,
To tak a kiss, or grant you ane;
But, gudesake! no before folk.
Behave yoursell before folk,
Behave yoursell before folk;
Whate'er you do, when out o' view,
Be cautious aye before folk.

"Consider, lad, how folk will eraek,
And what a great affair they'll mak'
O' naething but a simple smack,
That's gien or taen before folk.
Behave yoursell before folk,
Behave yoursell before folk;
Nor gie the tongue o' auld or young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

"It's no through hatred o' a kiss,
That I sae plainly tell you this,
But losh! I tak it sair amiss
To be so teas'd before folk,

* Alexander Rodgers was a mechanic, residing in Glasgow (originally from Paisley, I believe), who has written a number of very racy songs in the Scottish dialect. Most of them are to be found in a small, fat volume of lyrics, called "Whistle-binkie," edited by the late Robert Carrick, author of the *Life of Wallace*, in *Constable's Miscellany*.—Sandy Rodgers wrote a reply to this "Behave yoursell before folk," which was much inferior:—for second thoughts are *not* always best in poetry.—M.

Behave yourself before folk,
Behave yourself before folk;
When we're our lane ye may tak ane,
But fient a ane before folk.

"I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As ony modest lass should be;
But yet it doesna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yourself before folk,
Behave yourself before folk;
I'll ne'er submit again to it—
So mind you that—before folk.

"Ye'll tell me that my face is fair;
It may be sae—I dinna care—
But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
As ye hae done before folk.
Behave yourself before folk,
Behave yourself before folk;
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
But aye be douce before folk.

"Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit;
At ony rate, it's hardly meet
To prye their sweets before folk.
Behave yourself before folk,
Behave yourself before folk;
Gin that's the case, there's time and place,
But surely no before folk

"But, gin ye really do insist
That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
Gae, get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk.
Behave yourself before folk,
Behave yourself before folk;
And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten—before folk."

Shepherd. Faith, that's just a capital sang—and Mr. Howie, for sic a burly carle, has an extraordinary sweet vice. Wha's he, that Sandy Rodgers?

Howie. Just a workin' man, sir—a Glasgow mechanic, and nae mair. Judgin' frae my ain experience—a gey wide ane amang a' sorts o' lassies—it's no without a spice o' netur.

North. It is admirable—equal to anything of the kind in Burns. Yet it and others—some pieces, too, of no little merit, of a serious character—were written, Sandy has told us, not during hours of leisure, but amidst the bustle and turmoil, the din of the clanking

steam-engine, and the deafening rattle of machinery, while the operation of committing them to paper was generally performed amidst the squalling and clamour of children around the hearth, now in the pet of childish quarrel, and now surrounded with mirth, and fun, and frolic. And Sandy is a sober and industrious man. So, too, is my ingenious friend Dugald Moore of Glasgow,* whose poems—both volumes—are full of uncommon power—and frequently exhibit touches of true genius.

Shepherd. And, therefore, nae members, either o' them, o' ony Temperance Society.

Mullion. Temperance Society! There is the topmost pitch of human folly! A few folk with squeamish stomachs, to whom there would be a headache in a thimblefull—some sumpshs who, in their stupidity, are all body and no spirit—misers who would grudge a doit to save their mother's life, or for a calker of Glenlivet—hypocrites who, in public, would “*curse* the cup, *nor* pass it to the rest,” yet put the bottles to their heads in their own bedrooms, till they miss the couch and tumble on the carpet—and drunkards dreaming that they are reformed because palsy-stricken, bankrupt, and shamefully dismissed from a hundred services—to which, add some score of snivellers a-snoke after singularity, and a sensible man or two *mad* upon this particular point, and you have the constituents of the club which common-sense hunts with derision from among all honest Christians, and packs off, with a flea in their ear, to swig saloop among the Cockneys.

Omnes. Bravo, Mordecai! Well said, Mullion! Bravo—bravo—bravo!

North. It seems now as if nothing could be done in this world but by—societies: societies for propagating Christian knowledge among the Heathen, and societies for putting down the heathenish habit of gin-drinking among Christians. I know a gentleman, who, having got an indigestion at an eating-house, is now setting on foot “a Society for the Suppression of Kidneys.”

Shepherd. Haw—haw—haw!

North. I assure you, James, it is no laughing matter, when the treasurer comes for his subscription.

Shepherd. Which 'll a' gang—every plack o't—like maist ither religious subscriptions—for eatin' and drinkin' to the Boards. The richteous overmuch are awfu' guzzlers. For ma part, I think the maist effectual gate o' propagating Christianity is, in a lawfu' way, to propagate Christians.

Tickler. So many missionaries think, James; and the plan, I believe, has been very successful in the South Sea Islands.

* Dugald Moore was a compositor in a newspaper office in Glasgow, and published a volume of very passable verses, called “The African; and other Poems.”—M.

Knox. Of late years, sir, let me tell you, the abuses that had crept into that system have been in a great measure put an end to. There has been a reformation—and all our missionaries now take out wives. It now works well.

Shepherd. Ise warrant it. Hae the birkies got manses and steepins? Ou ay—nae doot—their bits o' bouries and their tythe o' yams.

Knox. The labourer is worthy of his hire. Our missionaries are not monks. Protestantism obeys, sanctions, and strengthens the laws of nature—and the missionaries she sends to the uttermost parts of the earth

“Do vindicate the ways of God to man,”

by cultivating and encouraging, both by precept and example, the MATRIMONIAL AFFECTIONS, inclusive, as you know, James, of all that is “wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best,” in poor fallen, yet not utterly forsaken, and yet to be restored, human nature. And thus, even in some of those very South Sea Islands, where Lust was wont to celebrate his foulest orgies, hath he been “driven among the bestial herds to dwell;” and nuptial love, christianized into chastity, there “waves his golden wings,” over sylvan huts, where from the simple Islanders, savage no more, is heard

“The voice of psalms, the evening-song of praise.”

Shepherd. Mr. John Knox, you're a fine fallow, a credit to your kin and your kintra. There—consider that we've sheuk hauns. Yon's really a maist magnificent moniment on the wooded hill aside St. Mungo's Cathedral, that Glasgow has erected to your great progenitor. “It shines weel where it stauns.” Mr. South, your Episcopawlian brither himsel', admires Scotland's root-and-branch Ecclesiastical Reformer. Dinna ye, sir?

South. I do, Shepherd. Reformation in Church and State, is always characterized by the character of the times, the people, and the prime agents whom Providence sends to consummate the work. A John Knox was needed—and a John Kñox was sent—from heaven, James, as all good and great men are, who perform God's behest on earth.

Shepherd. An' that's your creed? There—consider that we hae sheuck hauns. What's the meanin' o' this seelence? The weght o' the wee'st bool, truntled owre by a wean, 'll break the first invisible veil o' ice let drap on't frae the finger o' frost on the blue breest o' a bit lochie, but, ere lang, the surface, solid as a stane-floor, wull without ever gein a crack, support twa parishes at the curlin'. Let's hae a thaw.

Tickler. Nothing comes so near my imagination of the day of judgment, as a "sudden syncope and solemn pause" at an after-dinner table—when the company look as if they knew not whether they had lost or won—when the glib cannot even stammer—the stammerers become tongue-tied—and the tongue-tied stare as if they had been born dumb. The silence finally gets so intense, that it is absolutely louder than thunder.

Shepherd. That's a maist insane solecism, Mr. Tickler. That a negative quantity should hae the power o' the square rute o' an infinite series o' incalculable nummers!

Opium-Eater. I admire the rare intrepidity of the man, of whom, on such an awful occasion, the liberated and grateful company would say, with Coleridge, could they speak, "He is the first that dared to burst into that silent sea."

*Modern Pythagorean.** The idea that such silence is louder than thunder—so far from being, my beloved Shepherd, an insane solecism—(an expression, by the way, dark with the unintelligibility of true genius)—seems to me, Mr. Tickler, rather to fall short than to transcend the feeling of such a moment, in itself a century. The thunder which such silence resembles is too loud for the ear of man to hear it except in the faintest degree—and finally becomes, I humbly think, more like the breathless hush that precedes the earthquake—when man and beast seem all insensate as mute statues, and the soul scarce conscious of its existence is felt as Death-in-Life.

Opium-Eater. I believe, Doctor, that the use of opium is frequent among the working classes in manufacturing towns?

Modern Pythagorean. It is, sir.

Opium-Eater. Do you approve of it?

Modern Pythagorean. I should wish to speak with diffidence—with deference—in the presence of a man of distinguished genius, who is himself a living and an illustrious proof that opium, even when taken in quantities that, before the publication of the "Confessions," would have seemed, to physicians, in the country at least, incredible—of the effects of the distillation from the poppy. Yet, that these effects are always pernicious, and often fatal, when the use of opium has been carried to any excess, is—I speak humbly—in my opinion, the general rule, not weakened, perhaps, by one splendid exception. There are in the human constitution such extraordinary idiosyncrasies, that no physician will be

* Robert Macnish, M.D., and LL.D., affixed the signature "A Modern Pythagorean" to most of his articles in Blackwood's and Fraser's Magazines. He had found time, amid the business of an extensive practice, to write some clever prose works,—viz.: Anatomy of Drunkenness, Philosophy of Sleep, and Book of Aphorisms. His friend Moir [Δ] collected and edited his Magazine articles, adding a Biography, in which, with singular and simple complacency, he inserted all MacNish's letters to himself, filled with the most extravagant laudation of his (Moir's) poems in Blackwood.—When he visited London, he met Dr. Maginn, of whom he sent very warm eulogies to Scotland. Maginn afterwards said of him, "I was never in Macnish's company but once, and then he got blind drunk."—M.

so rash as to assert that some there may not be—and one such, sir, allow me to say, must be yours—with which opium takes kindly, and acts so as to induce over the mind, not weakness and obfuscation, but strength and brightness of all the intellectual powers. I should assuredly think so—reasoning either *a priori*—if, indeed, such reasoning can be applied pure in medical science—or from induction.

Opium-Eater. Allow me to say, sir, that the opinion you now express is entirely that which I should have expected from the author of the “Anatomy,” one of the most ingenious and philosophical Treatises which have, in our days, been contributed to medical science.

Modern Pythagorean. A mere trifle—in my estimation—I assure you, sir,—nothing but a humble thesis.

Opium-Eater. Will you be so good, sir, as to inform me, from your own experience, whether you think opium or spirituous liquors, taken for the same purpose,—we shall suppose at present, intoxication,—be the more hurtful? I put the question, sir, in connexion with the subject introduced a few minutes ago by Mr. North—and so very picturesquely painted by Mr. Mullion—on Temperance Societies.

Modern Pythagorean. Let me confine myself, sir, first to the moral question. Spirituous liquors irritate the blood and the brain, and excite to wrath—rage—fury—and the most mortal quarrels. Thence many—most of the violent crimes that bring miserable men to the gallows. But, sir, no instance has come within my knowledge of an opium-eater—at least in Great Britain or Ireland—having been hanged.

Shepherd. A capital argument—and quite unanswerable.

Modern Pythagorean. Again, opium, whether in pill or drop, is, I believe, in this country, almost always taken in secret, or in parties of two or three—at least I never knew or heard of any member of an Opium-Club. Drunkards congregate together—and thence by sympathy—intensify corruption. Thus disease and delinquency are brewed together—and what have you but a poisonous scum?

Opium-Eater. Sir, you speak well and wisely—and therefore I ask, would not, in your opinion, opium be a safer substitute to the poor, for spirituous liquors?

Modern Pythagorean. From the premises I have laid down, I leave a gentleman of your logical powers, for yourself to draw the conclusion. But I can have no hesitation in saying, that by the use of opium, such as it is, to my knowledge, and I confine myself to that, in this country, less evil—far less—nay, comparatively little—is done to the morals of those among the lower classes who are addicted to that drug, than among the lower classes by spirituous liquors to drunkards. This is to be kept in mind, that the number of those who take opium to excess is comparatively small indeed—nay, among the poor, I never knew one such case—whereas, drunkenness fatally is a national vice,—with us almost at once an Epidemical disease—a contagion—and an infection.

Opium-Eater. But, my dear sir, may it not be that the moderate use of opium among the working classes in manufacturing towns—and you seem to believe that there it is rarely immoderate—is, in a moral view, preferable to the use of spirituous liquors, which you rightly say is there so prevalently immoderate as to deserve the names you have now so eloquently inflicted upon it, and the fearful character you have drawn of its effects in your admirable little book?

Modern Pythagorean. This I will say, sir, that any means of making the wretched forget or endure their miseries, used in the shape of any other drug, must be better, and that none can be so bad as—spirituous liquors used to such an excess as to make men and women habitual drunkards. And this I say freely, without at all compromising my opinion, that, among the poor, the use of opium is an almost unmixed evil.

Opium-Eater. Pardon me, sir,—but in many cases—when taken medicinally—it may not be an evil at all; for mark my word—*medicinally*;—and who can say, when eighteen hours' toil out of four-and-twenty have bowed down both soul and body to the dust, a few drops of laudanum may not be, in the best term, a blessing? It may not be what physicians—what even you, sir, in your enlightened humanity—would prescribe; but still, in the destitution of other, and perhaps better, medicine,—in the destitution of sustaining and restoring food, it may act as a charm—and not as a baneful charm—on those whose heartstrings are as weary as their backs, loins, and reins, and who are thus lulled into endurance or oblivion.

Shepherd. You twa hae exhoused the subject. I never heard any question mair ably argued on baith sides,—wi' mair caution, and, at the same time, mair sagacity; and the consequence is, that, while you're baith in the richt, and hae acquitted yourselves till admiration, you hae baith left it preceesely where it was afore either o' you opened his mouth,—and, therefore, Mr. De Quinshy, as there are about twenty bottles a' staunin afore you, and some o' them may be wanted, will ye set them a-march like a squadron o' the East Lothian Yeomanry Cavalry, passing in single files on Portobello sands, under the inspection o' Col. Ross and the staff o' the Fourth Dragoons?

Buller. I never saw better mounted troops in my life. Blood and bone absolutely fit for Leicestershire.

Seward. 'Pon honour, they wheeled into the line like old uns. The Duke of Rutland's corps was reckoned, I believe, among the cracks, and I was not a little proud of my own troop, I assure you, gentlemen; yet in that last charge, I had my eye chiefly on the Edinburgh, and the Dalmahoy, I think ye call it—town and country—and, split my timbers, if I ever saw prettier lightning, or ever heard prettier thunder, since I knew a herd of cows from a squadron of cavalry. They were as compact as an electric cloud in a storm, and wheeled as

simultaneously as a cloud in a change of wind; yet my excellent friend, Cornet Horne, tells me that they had been but a week on duty. Why, gentlemen, judging from what I saw on Saturday, confound me if you are not a nation of Centaurs.

Buller. The Edinburgh's mess-parties were quite bang-up to the mark. Tuesday's mess, in particular, was a gem. Lord Elcho made the best chairman I ever heard in my life; and for my own single self, why I do not scruple, among friends, to acknowledge that I was carried so rapidly, yet so imperceptibly, down the stream, of wit, fun, and frolic, flowing from one end of the table to the other, that long ere midnight, I found myself on the shore of the sea of oblivion.

Shepherd. Ma faith, Mr. Buller, you and Mr. Shooard speak weel for Englishmen.

Buller. You flatter us, my good fellow, but we both labour under the disadvantage of having as yet but imperfectly acquired the Scotch accent. Had we but a slight smack of yours, my dear Shepherd, with a tinge of your truly Doric dialect, we might, on our return to tonguetied England, exhibit, if not a choice, a passable specimen of the unrivalled eloquence of Scotchmen.

Shepherd. That's cuttin'. You're twa queer deevils; and though baith married noo, like mysell, just as blythe's whan we took a shot together at Dr. Pawr's wig, when travellin' through the Higblans that memorable owtumn wi' the TENT.*

Seward. Aye, my dear bard, that wig is now out of frizzle—that skull is now emptied of all its Latin and all its Greek. The thousandth and one funeral inscription written by the Doctor was for the greatest scholar, in his eyes, he ever immortalized—himself—and all his erudition is now buried in the dust.

Shepherd. What? Pat he never oot ony byeuks?

Seward. Yes, James, his Remains are in seven large volumes.

Shepherd. And a' buried i' the dust! That's ruefu'! But what else cou'd happen to a scholar great only in the deed tongues? Ony English I ever read o' his is sae like Latin, that I cou'd mak little way through't without Ainsworth's Dictionar. Yet I dinna ken hoo, the style seemed very gran,' and to sown in my lugs—for it seldom got farrer—like the famous Dr. Johnston's that wrot the Rammler.

Buller. Dr. Parr, sir, wrote English, and good English too; but he liked a long stride, and therefore took to the stilts. But though strong in original composition—witness his Spital Sermon, and that on Education—his chief strength lay in his learning—he was a great scholar.

Opium-Eater. A great Latin scholar, perhaps, Mr. Buller—but, pardon me, sir, not a great Greek one. His knowledge of the Latin language was indeed great—but what proof have we of his Grecian

* Vide Vol. I. of this Edition; article "CHRISTOPHER IN THE TENT."

lore? He who could speak sneeringly of Porson's "Metrical Conundrums" could not have been a finished Greek scholar—nor——

Shepherd. Oh, ma deer freen', Mr. De Quinshy—dinna be angry wi' me, sir—but I beseech ye no to spile a Noctes Ambrosianæ, on sic an occasion as this, wi' ony disputations about an auld pedant like Dr. Pawr. I ca' on Mr. Shooard for a sang; for I've gotten a sair throat mysell, and I'm no gaun to sing the nicht. Mr. Shooard, man, sing a sang, sir—and put an end to the dispute—for I see by Mr. Biller's een that he's castin' about in his mind for a rejinder, and o' Porson's Metrical Conundrums there'll be nae end, if the twa get intul gripps.

Seward. I was so much delighted with a stave sung by Sergeant Scott t'other night, at the mess of the Edinburgh, that I begged a copy from that incomparable yeoman, and shall attempt, though a Southron, to please the Shepherd.—(*Sings.*)

“Let others talk of Elcho,
Of brave Lieutenant Hay,
Of Donald Horne, our Cornet,
Or our Staff-Sergeant gay:
Much as I love these heroes,
Their fame a speck appears
To the row, row, row, row, row,
Of Aitcheson's Car'bineers.

“Our troop contains some spoonies,
That shame their bonny nags,
And bump upon their saddles
Like to a miller's bags;
But these, our pride and glory,
Sit firm upon their rears.
'Mid the row, row, row, row, row,
Of Aitcheson's Car'bineers.

“Sir John himself doth wonder
When they recover ranks,
They come like claps of thunder,
Descending on our flanks;
In fact, they're more like Centaurs
Than common cavaliers—
O the row, row, row, row, row,
Of Aitcheson's Car'bineers!

“Some people in the charging
Are sly about the squeeze;
But these dress by their Sergeant,
And never mind their knees.
And from the carriage-windows
Look out the pretty dears,
For the row, row, row, row, row,
Of Aitcheson's Car'bineers.

“They show their taste, I reckon—
 For slapping blades they be—
 And I'll lay gold upon it,
 Take captive many a she.
 Edina's lovely goddesses
 May well desert their spheres,
 To pull caps for the bear-skins
 Of Aitcheson's Car'bineers.

“Then sure to Sergeant Aitcheson
 A bumper now is due;
 He drill'd our noble skirmishers,
 He brought their worth to view,
 May we all ride together
 For many happy years,
 To the row, row, row, row, row,
 Of Aitcheson's Car'bineers!”

Shepherd, (after great applause.) Gude! What's your hicht, Mr. Shoard?

Seward. Six feet two.

Shepherd. You're a strapper! Oh, man! but you're wonnerfully filled up sin' we were in the Highlands. Then you look'd like the pole o' the Tent—now like the stem o' an aik tree. I was then really feared for consumption. At denner your appeteeet used to be brocht to a staun-still by a single grouse and a cut o' sawmont—but the day it wasna twa o' baith that wud hae slackened its pace; and I was as weel pleased as muckle astonished at the poor and vareety o' your stammack.

Seward. Pretty well for a Southron.

Shepherd. For a Southron, said ye, Mr. Shoard? Oh, man, I was but jokin' yon time! Englishers are the wale o' the yirth. I never shall ha dune lamentin' that I was na yedicated at Oxford.

Seward. A gentleman commoner of Christ Church. You would have been a darling with Cyril Jackson* and taken a first-class degree, to a dead certainty, in Lit. Hum.

Shepherd. Yet it micht hae deeden'd the sowle o' poetry within me—and I wud na hae lost the Queen's Wake for a mitre.

Buller. Why, my dear fellow, had you gone into our church, ere now you had been Archbishop of Canterbury. Howley is not your senior

Seward. And haply been—a rat.

Buller. Howley, Seward, was no rat.†

Seward. Yet he squeaked like one.

* Dr. Cyril Jackson was made Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, because he had been sub-receptor of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., and eventually became Dean of that College. An elegant, as well as a sound, scholar, he published nothing. He declined first a bishopric in England and then the Primacy of Ireland. He died in 1819, aged 73.—M.

† Dr. Howley,—consecrated Bishop of London in 1813; Archbishop of Canterbury in 1828; and died in 1848.—M.

Shepherd. It would hae made my father and my mother baith unco unhappy to hae seen me an English Yepiscopawlian Archbishop. They wou'd hae thocht o' Sharpe and Magus Muir. The change frae Presbyterian intil Yepiscopawlian would hae led me, perhaps, like the lave o' the bishops, or gae feck o' them, to become a Papish: and, in that case, I verily believe that either the faither that begat me, or the mither that bare me, would hae whatted a kail-gully on my heart.

Seward. Pray, Mr. Hogg, did you ever serve king and country in a military capacity?

Shepherd. I was trumpeter tull the Selkrig Troop.

Seward. And who, my bold bugle, taught you the points of war?

Shepherd. You see, sir, when I was a callant, it happened that the banes o' some big, muckle, enormous beast, that maist likely had perished in the flood, were dug up in a moss that the Dyeuck's folks were draining into awrable—a Yelk—and my faither happened to get ane o' the horns. It was as soon's a saplin'—for moss, ye ken, 's an antiseptic. For years, simmer and wunter, I used to gang routin' about the braes by sunset, wi' my lang horn, and whan I grew up, havin' rather an ingenious mechanical turn, I contrived keys till't; sae that, afore lang, I astonished the knowte wi' “God save the King,” and “Rule Britannia;” and by the time I left auld Mr. Laidlaw's,* I coud accompany the lassies on't at ony air amaist whatsomever, and a bonny accompaniment it was, sir, accept, aiblins, noo and then, rather a hue owre loud. When the Selkrig corp was raised, a' een turned to me for the trumpeter, and I obey'd the ca' of the kintra. After the great elk-horn, I made nae banes o' the sma' bugle, and burst about a dizzen o' them wi' strechtforrit blastin'—but the captain got ane cast on purpose for me o' the finest gold, and it's to the fore yet, to survive as an heirloom in the family, without a flaw.

Buller. The country is indebted to my friend Lansdowne for the disbanding of the most truly constitutional and national force that ever guarded the internal peace of a great kingdom.

Shepherd. Ay, and the cheapest too, sir. The verra horses in plough or harrow were indignant at that measure; and the meenister's cowte himsell, that used to carry the doctor as chaplain, though nane o' the skeightest, had your friend the Markee offered to munt him, after his unpatriotic dissolution o' the Soor-Mulks, wud hae funk'd the Secretary for Home Affairs outower the carter.

Buller. By what other means can the martial spirit of a people be invigorated, without, at the same time, being brutalized by any of that ferocity which almost always belongs perhaps to your regular troopers whose duty and delight is in foreign service?

* Mr. Laidlaw, to whom Hogg, when young, was shepherd for several years, was father of William Laidlaw, the attached and faithful friend of Walter Scott, and author of the touching ballad called “Lucy's Flittin.”—M.

Shepherd. Then, sir, think what an effek it had upon the women folk? The wife lookin' on "our John," wi' his formidable fur cap, and braw regimentals on, and wi' swurd by his side, and naething wantin' but mustashies to make him an even-doon reglar dragon, wou'd as sune hae taken their ain bill by the horns as hae dreamed o' hen-peekin' sic a fire-eater;—the lasses, whan they saw their sweethearts chargin' on the Hair-laugh Moss, as the leevin' whirl-wund passed by, felt, ilka ane o' them, that the nicht afore, her mou had been preed by a hero, wha' if the beacons bleezed, wou'd return to her arms, after havin' driven the French, wi' Bonaparte at their head, intil the sea. Love, sir, you ken, is aye "like a dizziness;" but in those days it was a dizziness in which a' the world, and a' human life, spun roun' gloriously to the sound o' trumpets. Mony's the time I hae seen us Selkraig troopers, gallopin' to drill or inspection, frae a' pairts o' the Forest, èlka ane wi' a hizzie ahint him, wi' her haun on his heart; while the hairy caps were aye turnin' roun' at every brae for some kissing, that seemed to put fresh mettle into their horses' heels, till we were a' at full speed, like a marriage pairty ridin' the double-brooz.

Seward. Drill-husbandry.

Shepherd. Come, Mr. Biller, follow Mr. Shooard's example, and gie us a sang.

Buller. I will chant my friend Lockhart's noble strain, "The Broadswords of old Scotland."

Omnes. Hear—hear—hear!

Buller (sings.)

"Now there's peace on the shore, now there's calm on the sea,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.
Oh! the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh! the old Scottish broadswords

"Old Sir Ralph Abercromby, the good and the brave!
Let him flee from our board, let him sleep with the slave,
Whose libation comes slow while we honour his grave.
Oh! the broadswords, &c.

"Though he died not like him amid victory's roar,
Though disaster and gloom wove his shroud on the shore,
Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore.
Oh! the broadswords, &c.

"Yea, a place with the fallen the living shall claim,
We'll entwine in one wreath every glorious name,
The Gordon, the Ramsay, the Hope, and the Grahame.
All the broadswords, &c.

"Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves of the Forth,
Count the stars in the clear cloudless heaven of the North,
Then go blazon their numbers, their names, and their worth.
All the broadswords, &c.

“The highest in splendour, and the humblest in place,
Stand united in glory as kindred in race,
For the private is brother in blood to his Grace.
Oh! the broadswords, &c.

“Then sacred to each, and to all let it be,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee,
Oh! the broadswords of old Scotland,
And oh! the old Scottish broadswords!”

Omnes. Bravo—bravo—bravo!

Shepherd. Lockhart's the best song-writer at this preceese moment in Britain. His Spanish Ballants!

Buller. He ought to write poetry. He has all the nerve of Dryden.

Shepherd. Ma faith—even his ain father-in-law nicht staun in fear o' him, was he to set himsel' to some great poem. But John's no ambitious in that line; and deil tak me gin I dinna think he lauchs in his sleeve at leeterature a'thegether, at the verra time that he's ane o' its brichtest ornaments. But did ye twa Oxonians ever see a Dowg?

Seward. Sir?

Buller. Sir?

Shepherd. Did ye twa Oxonians, I say, ever see a dowg? O'Bronte—O'Bronte—O'Bronte!

(O'BRONTE bursts open the door of the Sanctum, and placing his paws on NORTH's shoulders, looks towards the Epergne.)

There's a pictur! 'Twould be hard to say whilk fizzionomy's the mair sagawceous. It's a gude sign o' a dowg, sirs, when his face grows like his master's. It's a proof he's aye glowerin' up in his master's een, to discover what he's thinkin' on; and then, without the word or wave o' commaun', to be aff to execute the wull o' his silent thocht, whether it be to wear sheep or rug doon deer. Hector got sae like me, afore he deed, that I remember, when I was owre lazy to gang till the kirk, I used to send him to tak my place in the pew, and the minister never kent the difference. Indeed, he ance asked me neist day what I thocht o' the sermon; for he saw me wonnerfu' attentive amang a rather sleepy congregation. Hector and me gied ane anither sic a look, and I was feared Mr. Paton wud hae observed it; but he was a simple, primitive, unsuspectin' auld man—a very Nathaniel without guile, and jaloused naething; though baith Hector and me was like to split, and the dowg, after lauchin' in his sleeve for mair nor a hundred yards, could staun't nae langer, but was obliged to loup awa awre a hedge into a potawtoe field, pretending to hae scented partridges.

Howie. A dowg indeed! How he wou'd rug doon the tinklers! Oh! Mr. North—methinks I see our auld freen' FRO', (celebrated by

you in "Christopher in his Sporting Jacket"—the best thing you ever wrote,)* wha ance loupit doon in a mistak, after a hawk, frae the tap o' the Mearns Castle, and sa far from breaking any of his bones, on recoverin' his feet, broke away after a poossie that his fa' had started frae her seat on the brae, and in sax minutes flung her owre his shouther, like a moudiewart, without ever gie'in' her a turn! Only O'Bronte, as you ca' him,'s slae-black, and Fro was foam-white—but what difference does colour make, sir, atween either twa dowgs or twa men, when baith are cast by natur in the maist perfect mou' o' their specie, and are baith the world's wonder among worriers, and mair than a match for ony tinkler or ony tiger that ever infested the Mearns Muir or the deserts o' Africa?

J. Ballantyne. The noblest animal, in the shape of a dog, I ever beheld, perhaps with the single exception of Sir Walter's Maida—and he, you know, Mr. North, was a deer-hound, a gift from Glengarry—and a finer, a fleeter, or a fiercer, never swept, in the storm of chase, over the mountains of Badenoch or Lochaber.

Howie. Is he dead?

J. Ballantyne. He is, Mr. Howie. And his stone image stands, with a Latin inscription,† at the postern-gate of Abbotsford, which in life he guarded so well—

Howie. I'm sorry for't—for, by your account of him, the two would have made a gran' fecht.

J. Ballantyne. Pardon me, Mr. Howie—but they would—like you—and—pardon me, Mr. North—our venerable friend and instructor—have fought on the same side. Never, till this moment, felt I the full force of that most Shakspearean line—Mr. Howie—

"Dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls."

Opium-Eater. No poet since Homer has ever made such noble use of that noble creature in poetry as Scott.

* The Recreations of Christopher North.—M.

† Maida, a favourite dog of Scott's, was sketched by him as Bevis, Sir Henry Lee's dog in the romance of Woodstock. Maida's portrait had been so often taken that (Scott used to relate) he would get up and walk off with signs of loathing whenever he saw an artist unfurl his paper, and handle his brushes! Maida died in October, 1824, and Scott put, as monument over him, a leaping-on-stone, to which his master-mason had given the shape of Maida recumbent. He had engraved on this the following lines:

Maidæ Marmoreâ dormis sub imagine Maida,
Ad januam domini sit tibi terra levis,

of which his own extemporized translation was

Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore,
Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's door.

The Latin couplet was composed by Scott and Lockhart. It was seen by James Ballantyne, who printed it in his newspaper as Scott's, but, in addition to the original blunder, substituted *jaces* for *dormis*. Some one told Scot. of the false quantity of *januam*, and just as he was about substituting a better word, the newspaper arrived with the printed epitaph. Scott then resolved to stand by the lines, and they were engraved as I give them here. Meantime, some of the Edinburgh and London journals noticed the false quantity—but even the double blunder of Ballantyne's edition found defenders. At last, Scott published a letter in the London Morning Post, stating that he had written *dormis*, not *jaces*, and that the prosodial error of *ad januam*, was caused (like Dr. Johnson's on another occasion), by "ignorance—pure ignorance."—M.

J. Ballantyne. Never, sir.

Opium-Eater. Homer showed that his judgment was equal to his genius—and in all minds of the highest order—as in our favourite Shakspeare's, Mr. Ballantyne—these two faculties, in all their great achievements, march *pari passu* or rather *passibus equis*—not else omnipotent and resistless; and, therefore, Homer, in his *Odyssey*—(and that it is not *his* *Odessey* is a notion that could only have originated in the dunderhead of a German pedant)—it being, though myriad-minded, yet one Tale—he introduces but one dog, and that one dog, observe, sir, but on one occasion. But then, Mr. Ballantyne, is there in the whole range of real or fictitious history (the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament always excepted) an incident so simply and sublimely pathetic? When the sea-soul-sick Wanderer had reached home at last, with face and form, though both still majestic, so bedimmed by winds and waves as to escape even faintest recognition by those human eyes and human hearts that yet loved their Ulysses well—when the old household nurse, who had tended him as the bright boy bounded out of the palace-gates of old—and even She on whose virgin bosom he had laid his head on the bridal night, knew not that he who stood there in beggar's weeds was in truth the long-lost and long-longed-for deliverer—then the poor, old, worn-out, faithful, and unforgotten dumb creature remembered its glorious master, and in a passion of joy crawled towards him, and died at his feet!

Mac'lona'd. Most beautiful! That subject is still reserved for statuary—and if the humble individual who now expresses his admiration of your description, sir, should succeed in “stamping on the stone that triumph of the soul”—and who would deny to the dog that belonged to Ulysses, and was sung by Homer, a soul?—then yours, Mr. De Quincey, be the praise; for the merit, whatever it may be, assuredly will not be mine, so strong do I feel the inspiration of your breathing and burning words.

Shepherd. Weel said—my dear Lourie—faith you're the only statuary I ever ken't that can baith work in clay and in words. Dinna hurry ye—and you're, at times, nae less nor yeloquent in your discourse;—as for poetry, your verses, Mr. Lowrence, though they may aiblins be sometimes a wee hue monotonous, frae your bein' sae fond o the Spenserian stanza, hae aye a fine feelin' o' beauty about them—that's your ain darlin' word. Faith, Mr. Macdonald, ye haunle the pen amaist as weel's the mouldin'-stick—though, fortunately, no quite sae weel either, for wi' the ae muse you're only toyin', and flirtin', and playin', as it were, for an hour's amusement; whereas, wi' the ither, you're payin' your addresses till her, sir, wi' the maist serious and honorable intentions o' makin' her your wife—na,—you're married till her already,—and a' thae bonny statues, what are they but your bairns?

Your stanzas will mak' you respected while leavin', but your statues, my dear sir, will keep you immortal when you're dead?

Opium-Eater. Whereas, Sir Walter Scott—being, by a prolific power, almost miraculous, the unexhausted sire of a Family of Tales, each, in its own peculiar character, breathing of the common origin, to which all of them, by their strong kindred resemblance, may, even by the most unobservant or indiscriminate, easily be referred—was not only at liberty, but say rather constrained by the all-comprehensive humanities of his nature, from which the more interesting animals of the inferior creation are not only not excluded, but, on the contrary, by a thousand finest and strongest affinities and associations, necessarily and *in rerum natura*, or rather *ex necessitate*, as it were attracted, and when attracted, by a gentle violence for ever and a day retained; such a writer, I say, Mr. Ballantyne, had a perfect freedom, not only to elect one of those creatures concerning whom has arisen our present discourse, into an active agent, or I ought rather to say, a hero, in every one, without exception, of his most imaginative romances,—but he shewed no less his judgment and his genius in bringing each individual canine champion frequently before the eyes of the reader, in each story to play many parts, and those parts in general conducted to a successful issue,—though not unfrequently the final catastrophe be such as to purge the soul both by pity and terror,—according to the ordinance and legislation of the Stagyrite, whose poetics even yet are by far the most perfect model of philosophical criticism existing in any literature,—provided always every achievement of the animal be, as in Sir Walter's novels they always eminently are, not only conducive to the progress of the plot, but in itself true to the laws that govern irrational life, and (which is of equal necessity) increasing in interest, perhaps in wonder, by an arithmetical ratio,—each achievement not only sustaining, but elevating the emotion excited by the one immediately preceding, so that on the violent death of the dog, be he deer-hound or of a lower grade, we are satisfied with the naturalness of his whole procedure from first to last, and convinced, I had almost said *in foro conscientiæ*, that the catastrophe would in nowise have been brought about better by unassisted human agency operating hand in hand with Fate or Fortune, in the final disposition of great characters and events; and thus Sir Walter has created, Mr. Ballantyne, I verily believe, some dozen dogs, while each of them plays, on an average, a dozen parts; yet judging by my own feelings, not a single dog, nor yet a single act of an individual dog, could be sooner destroyed in the Fable, or from the beginning entirely left out, without great loss thereunto, possibly without diminution, or even demolition of all the tragic passion thereof, without which a Tale of Doing or of Suffering must be little better than a mere *caput mortuum*, unillustrative of any great principles either in human character or in human life.

Shepherd. Do ye understaun that, Mr. Jeems?

Ballantyne. If I do not, *James*—my non-understanding must be set down to my own score, and not to that of Mr. De Quincey;—for I have seldom—indeed I may say never—heard the philosophy of criticism so elaborately and felicitously applied, not to the elucidation, (for who would dream of intensifying the solar lustre?) of the character of Sir Walter's many imaginary *Maidas*—

Shepherd. That's gude. The expression collects the creturs a' intil a pack o' glorious houn's and jowlers; and we think we see them bearin' awa' ower the mountains to some great forest or chase, wi' tents pitched in a glen for the King and a' his nobles.

J. Ballantyne (*smiling graciously*).—but to the faculties appealed to by the pictures of our great national animal painter, and to the moods of mind, Mr. Hogg, in which those faculties thereby appealed to must work, before the perusers of the novels and romances can arrive at a perfect knowledge of the poetry of such pictures, which embody, along with the primal truths of the natural history of man's four-footed field and household friend—

Shepherd. The dowg—

J. Ballantyne.—also all the most interesting and impressive traits of his character and pursuits, which, unnoted by mere naturalists, are chronicled in the traditionary experiences of shepherds and huntsmen, and in the memory of our illustrious friend himself, before whose eyes no dog, of any originality, ever threw his shadow, without, at the same time, impressing on that master-mind a distinct and ineffaceable image of his individual being.

Shepherd. Mr. Jeems Bannatyne, you're a very clever man, and I like till hear ye speak—and aiblins better still to read your writin's, mair especially on the Drawma.* You're the only gude drawmatic censor noo, I mean the best, no only in Embro', but in a' Scotland.

North. You once said the same thing of me, *James*, to my face.

Shepherd. But now I see baith your faces, and I gie the preference to Jeems Bannatyne.

North. Right. I agree with you, *James*, in thinking Mr. Ballantyne an admirable dramatic critic. So much the larger and more

* James Ballantyne, who had been Sir Walter Scott's schoolfellow, was brought by him from the town of Kelso, and established as a printer and publisher in Edinburgh,—Scott advancing the capital, and becoming a sleeping partner. Ballantyne printed the whole of Scott's works, was in the secret of the Waverley Novels, and rendered essential service to them, as well as to Scott's poems, by exercising strict and searching criticism upon them, while passing through the press. When Constable's publishing house failed, in 1826, Ballantyne became involved in the catastrophe. He was editor of the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, then an excellent paper; and as he had particular appreciation for the drama, his theatrical criticism was thought highly of. When Fanny Kemble appeared, Ballantyne (who knew that she had been intended for the stage, even from childhood, had been educated with that view, and therefore was by no means the genius-inspired novice who was impelled by filial duty to appear as an actress) refused to recognise her as the successor of Mrs. Siddons, her aunt, and described her merely as "a clever girl, who might probably arrive at distinction when practice had worn away her mannerisms."—James Ballantyne was himself an admirable reader. He died in 1833, surviving Scott only a few months.—M.

feathery is the crow I have to pluck with him, about Miss Fanny Kemble.

Omnes. Miss Fanny Kemble—Miss Fanny Kemble—Miss Fanny Kemble!

North. A bumper, gentlemen, to the health, and happiness, and fame, of the promising young niece of glorious old Sarah!

(*It is drunk with enthusiasm.*)

Buller. The Paid Press in town placed the blushing girl on a pedestal from which her own native modesty (and when was youthful female genius ever unadorned by that charm?) would have been fain, with faltering steps, and confusion of face, to have hurriedly descended. She felt that such forced elevation was as unfeeling as it was unjust—coarsely cruel.

Shepherd. After an hour's sittin', a' men get yeloquent at a Noctes. Wha wad hae expectit "Bletherin' Buller"—as we used to ca' him in the Tent——

Buller. Blether and Buller! What is the meaning of that, thou Cherokee?—paid partly, I presume, in pounds, shillings, and pence; partly in victuals, and partly in free tickets——

Seward. To accept which, under any circumstances, is, I opine, beneath the dignity of a gentleman.

Shepherd. What! a free ticket?

Seward. Yes, sir, a free ticket—admission all your life to a place of public amusement, without putting your hand in your pocket, and paying your own way, like other gentlemen. Demme, if I would be on any manager's pauper-list! Were I so poor as not to be able to pay for the gratification of my passion for theatricals, for the indulgence of my "strong propensity for the dwama," as our matchless Mathews says, I should think it more honourable to steal than to beg, to pick a rich squire's pocket at the outside of the door, rather than a poor manager's within, and to run the chance of escaping the imputation of being a prig, rather than incur the certainty of being known to be a pauper.

Shepherd. You're just twa prood fules.

Seward. Mr. Hogg, there is a greater difference than merely of one syllable—between humility and humiliation. The receiver of such charitable donations, my dear Shepherd, as he struts into pit or boxes, can have no perception either of the *το καλον*, or the *το πραπον*. His proper place is—at half price—the one shilling gallery.

Shepherd. But he wudna see there, sir.

Seward. Let him smoke his cigar for supper in his garret in Grub Street.

Shepherd. But what wou'd become o' a newspaper without a theatrical critic?

Seward. Ha! I have Socratically brought you to the point, Jem.

Let them get critiques written by gentlemen. Nothing ungentlemanly in living by one's wits. All professional men do so—and why not critics? If a critique on Miss Fanny Kemble's Juliet be worth a guinea to the proprietor of a newspaper, out of his fob with it, into the fob of the gentleman that does the article.* And if a ticket to the boxes be worth a crown to gentlemen in general, let the said critic melt his guinea, and disburden his fob of a crown at the receipt of custom, like gentlemen in general; or, if not, then, that there may be no deception, let him, like a Blue-gown, wear a badge on his breast, inscribed, "Free admittance," and then, instead of being elbowed on a full night, by pauper-paper-puppies aping the airs of play and pay—we shall know the pensioners; and to prevent ourselves from being incommoded, show them, with all appropriate ceremony, to the door.

Shepherd. You're just baith o' you twa prood fules.

North. My dear Mr. Ballantyne, your Journal is a jewel. But has Miss Kemble, or has she not, in tragedy, *genius*? Her attitudes—her whole personal demeanour—are beautiful. They are uniformly appropriate to the character and to the situation—and in exquisite appropriateness lies—Beauty—the poetical word—in one sense—for it has many—for—adaptation. But the *power* of such adaptation cannot be without a fine and profound *feeling* of that to which it lends outward and visible form; and that feeling, since it regards the impersonations of the highest poetry, can exist only in a mind that has been inspired by the breath of imagination. Now, like affects like; and therefore the actress who sits, stands, looks, smiles, sighs, shrieks, swoons, and dies—like Juliet—is a girl of genius—and that girl, were there not another such in the world, is the daughter of that accomplished actor, perfect gentleman, and excellent man, my friend Charles Kemble.†

Omnes. Hurra—hurra—hurra!

North. But not only are Miss Kemble's attitudes—I use that term to express her entire action—her appearance, her apparition—beautiful; they are also classical,—that is to say, the spirit of Art breathes in and over the spirit of Nature,—for both are alike divine, since they have one common origin,—and thus she often stands before our eyes,

* Free admissions to theatres and other places of amusement should be abolished. Editors are as much entitled to free loaves and free legs-of-mutton, from bakers and butchers, as to free seats from managers. The free-admission, or dead-head system, is the fruitful parent of newspaper puffery. It prevails slightly in Paris, and is going out in England.—M

† Charles Kemble, now [1854] in his eightieth year, was not intended for the stage, but his brother and sister were such distinguished performers, that he quitted the government office to which he was appointed, and took to acting. He was many years on the stage (in the provinces and in London), before he became a favourite, and it is questionable whether, under any other management than that of John Kemble, his brother, he could have been allowed such a long probation as he had. From 1815, however, until age incapacitated him, Charles Kemble—albeit he ever whined and ranted too much—took the lead at Covent-garden Theatre, in tragedy lovers and genteel comedy. His best characters were Mercutio, Benedick, Cassio (his drunken scene showing what may be called gentlemanly intoxication), Falconbridge, Pierre, Marc Antony, Edgar, Mirabel, Doricourt, Captain Absolute, and Charles Surface. In Hamlet, Macbeth, and other lofty Shaksperian heroes, he was drawling and monotonous.—M.

with all the glowing warmth of a living woman, inspired by some strong passion of love or hate; and, at the same time, idealized into a speaking statue, in which the "divine rage" is tempered, and subdued down to the equable and permanent level of legitimate emotion; yes, of legitimate emotion, for the perfect truth of nature, as human nature is seen in this life enjoying or suffering, even in its loveliest or loftiest forms, would be bad painting, bad statuary, bad poetry, bad oratory, bad acting; in all these Arts, called, therefore, Fine, we must have shown us the concentrated essence of passion, rectified and refined—pure from baser matter—and mysteriously etherealized; and she who, in her nineteenth year,* and, however instructed by the best domestic tuition, a novice on the stage, *does that*, Mr. Ballantyne, if not throughout the whole continuous course of any one character—yet I believe Miss Kemble in some characters effects that achievement—is a girl of genius, and well entitled to stand—not, most assuredly, on that pedestal on which, as Mr. Buller rightly affirmed, the paid press had endeavoured to place her side by side with THE SIDDONS, with their heads at the same altitude, and shining in the same lustrous line of immortals—but on a humbler seat along with the inspired, from which no living actress may displace her, but which she herself will leave ere long, rising surely, and not slowly, from one place of honour to another, till, in the consummation of her skill, and the maturity of her powers, she shall place herself at last—listen all ye men to me, a prophet—I will not dare to say how near, or how far below THE SIDDONS; for SHE—be it known to all men—is unapproachable in her sphere—but, in the same constellation, consisting of not many stars, but those how bright! of which Sarah will for ever be the central light, round which all the rest will continue to revolve (forgive my astronomy), and from "her golden urn draw light."

Shepherd. How can them do that that never saw her?

North. That, James, is their look-out, and not mine. None of your hypercriticism. Then her voice, dear Mr. Ballantyne, her *voice*. Its intonations, in tragedy—and the tragic is the test of spoken music—are touching in the extreme—silver-sweet and naturally mournful; the simple sentences that Shakspeare, in their hour of agony, breathes from the lips of the Daughters of his brain, the Joys and the Griefs, flowing from her heart as if they were all native there,—in music re-married as it were to immortal verse,—never on my ear fell so simply as from Fanny Kemble.

Shepherd. I wush I had said that! You're aye stealing ma best thochts—ye auld sinner!

North. What the devil do the blockheads mean by telling us (vulgar hounds!) that her *organ* is not yet very strong—and that her figure is

* In August, 1830, Fanny Kemble was in her twenty-second year. In 1854, she is in her forty-eighth.—M.

not yet fully developed? Would they have a delicate girl of nineteen to “bawl for a boat across the ferry,” or to exhibit the proportions of a matron, the happy mother of ten children, all of whom she nursed, both on feeling and principle, at her own ample bosom, as is well seen upon her, to the horror of her husband and the astonishment of all the rest of mankind?

Shepherd. Haw! haw! haw!

North. Miss Kemble’s voice does not want volume—but then the volume of a young lady’s voice, I humbly submit to this society, ought not to be in folio. Miss Kemble’s figure is elegantly and gracefully moulded, and he who is not satisfied with her face, after having studied her eyes and forehead, but begins bothering you with vulgar and unintelligible stuff about her nose—as whether it be a little cocked or not a little cocked, or by what epithet you would finally, and, in “malice aforethought,” characterize it—or whether her mouth be shaped on this, that, or the t’other model—as if there were not millions of indescribable mouths in this populous world, shaped on no model whatever, and yet very kissable mouths too, and when they speak, flowing, like the land of Canaan, with milk and honey—why, such a nincompoop or ninnyhammer can excite in you no other idea of feeling save one of each—combined into a strong desire—to ascertain the shape of his own nose, not by observation, but experiment, and to set the much-agitated question respecting the amount of his own mouth for ever at rest, by tearing it with your two thumbs—somewhat after the fashion of an American gouger, with merely a change of feature—from ear to ear, which as it would be monstrous to elongate, you have a good mind to crop.

Shepherd. You auld savage!

North. ’Tis indeed at once ludicrous and loathsome to hear such critical homunculi delivering final judgment on a young lady’s mouth. They deliver it with a pompous trepidation, as if they had been sworn on a play-bill to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, to the best of their belief, as it shall *not* be asked of them, and as they shall answer to Mr. Manager Murray, on the last night of Miss Kemble’s performance—so help them, printer’s devil!

Mullion. Stop, stop, sir. Remember the Chaldee. You’re getting a little impious.

Shepherd. Remember the Chaldee? It was me that wrote the Chaldee.

Mullion. HEM!!!

North. Now, my dear Mr. James Ballantyne—

A. Ballantyne. James, I told you that you were wrong.

J. Ballantyne. Nay, brother! “that is the most unkindest cut of all.” You did not say so, Sandy, till you read Sir Walter’s letter.

A. Ballantyne. But I *thought* so, lad.

Shepherd. Brithers aye differ about a' matters baith o' taste and judgment—baith o' theory and practice—the affairs baith o' this world and the next. I ken that weel by my ain experience. A' my brithers are gude honest fallows, and we would do a' we could, in a reasonable way, for ane anither; but in maist matters o' opinion, frae the doctrine o' savin' grace doon to the best traps for mowdiwarts, we're at daggers-drawing; and it's impossible to drink a gill wi' the doucest o' them, without finding him as dour at an argument as a wuddy.

J. Ballantyne. It cannot but be disheartening to me, gentlemen—and what, in common parlance, is called a “damper”—to know that I have broached an opinion on the genius of Miss Fanny Kemble in THE JOURNAL—(necessity alone could compel me, at a Noctes Ambrosianæ, to name so very humble a periodical—yet, though humble, I hope honourable)—which I have since learned is at variance with that of Christopher North and Sir Walter Scott.* But though to such authorities I bow my head, here and thus—(*bowing urbanely to Mr. North*)—I cannot, *will not*—even to them—surrender my judgment. (*Hear, hear!*) You, sir, have been so kind as to express a favourable opinion generally of my taste and feeling in theatrical criticism—and though I dare not believe that I deserve your eulogium, yet knowing the honesty of my intentions, I confess that I heard it with pride. What heart, sir, could be insensible to the exquisite beauty of your most poetical and philosophical delineation of the genius of a true Tragic Actress? Assuredly not mine. But does that genius belong to Miss Fanny Kemble? I have said—No. Remembering her in her best character, I cannot recognise the Original in that Picture. That may be my misfortune—not that of the amiable and ingenuous girl, whom in comedy I ventured to call already more than good, and to predict that ere long she would not be less than great. I fear not that in that judgment I shall be found mistaken; I hope that in the other I may. And happy indeed, gentlemen, will I be, if the daughter of Charles Kemble and the niece of Sarah Siddons exhibit, what, perhaps, never yet has been exhibited on any stage, the union in one lady of the highest power, both in Tragedy and in Comedy; and that Miss Fanny Kemble will be hailed by admiring audiences, on the same night as Thalia and Melpomene.

Omnes. Hear, hear, hear!

A. Ballantyne (to Blackwood.) James has spoken well, and has more than redeemed his lost credit. Has he not, Mr. North?

* In June, 1830, when Fanny Kemble was performing at Edinburgh, Scott went to see her, and has recorded in his Diary what he thought of her Isabella;—“It was,” he says, “a most creditable performance. It has much of the genius of Mrs. Siddons, her aunt. She wants her beautiful countenance, her fine form, and her matchless dignity of step and manner. On the other hand, Miss Fanny Kemble has very expressive, though not very regular features, and what is worth it all, great energy mingled with and characterized by correct taste.”—M.

North. He has. My dear A. B., I am delighted to hear your voice. Believe me, when I say, that you do not sit below the salt in my esteem.

Shepherd. The human heart is shaped very like this table—a sort o' oval, and thus freens can be accommodated in the ane, and at the ither, without ony body pretendin' to ony precedence, and to the prevention o' a' quarrels, on that pint, atween love and pride.

North. When last, my dear friend, at the Trows?

A. Ballantyne. Let me see—do you know, sir, that I never remember—time.

North. Except, my dear Sandy, when your Cremona is at your heart, and then you never forget time. Ah! the tones of thy violin are indeed divine. They gradually steep the imagination in a dream of moonlight seas,—of the shadows of old glimmering forests,—and when they lend their aid to awaken to loftiest pitch some one of Handel's sacred harmonies, methinks, Sandy, that we then see into the very heart of heaven, and hear the instrumental anthems of angels.

Shepherd. Poo! I just perfectly hate and abhor a concert. It souns to my lugs as if ilka ane o' aiblins a dizzen chields, a' reckoned musicianers too, were tryin' to play louder and faster nor his neighbour, wha may be glowering thro' specs at the sam byeuck, and a' playin' too, on different instruments, and, there wou'd be sma' danger in swearin', no abune twa o' them the same tune. Mr. Alexander, for fifety roaratoryawes, I wou'd na gie a cheep—o' your “bit whussle.”

A. Ballantyne (*susurrans to the SHEPHERD.*) Um. My dear sir, the Trows, I am happy to say, are well—so is the Kerse. The fish?

North. Yes—yes—I received him, my dear Sandy, in a state of seraphic preservation—burnished silver without—and burnished gold within—for do you know, you salmon-striker, that his majesty the King of the Fins is never so royal—nor am I ever so loyal—as when the red runs into yellow, like the lustre of a comet—a colour to which language in its poverty has no name,—for that which house-painters show on bits of pasteboard as salmon-colour is more like that of the Shepherd's nose.

Shepherd. Ma nose is nae mair sawmon-colour nor your ain, sir; but indeed, it's no easy to ken what's the colour o' your neb, the hues o' your face are sae multifawrious. It wou'd require a proboscis as strong as a het poker to make anything like a successfu' staun' again' the spats o' lowe flamin' in ominous circles on your brass cheeks. But this I ken, that if ever you gang intill a field whare there is a bill, you had better walk back-foremost, for that face will enrage a beast that canna thole red mair than wou'd the hail body o' a mail-coach guard on the king's birth-day.

North. James, the well-known and much-admired paleness o' my face protects it from your sarcasms.

A. Ballantyne. We boiled one, sir, "in his ain broo," that is, *ye ken*, in Tweed water—in a "wife's great big muckle black pat," as said a bit callanty frae the cottage where we borrowed it,—not an hour having elapsed between that anxious moment, when the Kerse unhooked him for me on a sand-shoal between the rocks—after a set-to of some twenty minutes, and no more—for my gut is always triple at the Trows, and would pull out a whale if I had room to play him—and that moment free from all anxiety about any thing in heaven or on earth, when the first flake of crimson curdle—after, I fear, *no grace*—reposed between my tongue and palate—*melting in* a flavour, which in richness and delicacy—a rare union in either fish, flesh, or fowl—did, Mr. North, in truth and verity, I assure you, surpass that even of any salmon I ever swallowed in your society—in a dream.

North. Why dost thou never break the gloom of my solitude at the Lodge, by the light of thy countenance and cigar, nowadays, my dear Smoker?

A. Ballantyne. I understood, my good sir, that you were in Switzerland.

North. So I am. You are a tame trout-fisher, Sandy—with a small fly, a dreamer of dreams. Last time I came up to you on the greensward of Cardrona mains, I could not but imagine that you must have dropped your wedding-ring in the water, you looked so meditative and woebegone; but by a Fish at the tail of your line, you are suddenly transfigured into an impersonation of all that is most active, scientific, and intrepid in this sublunary world. Your styles are different—but you belong to the same class as "The Kerse."

A. Ballantyne. After such salmon as you have seen me kill, Mr. North, all trouts are pars.

Shepherd. Pawrs mennons—and mennons expelled iktheology. To a bit body that fishes but for pawrs, or wha at least never grupps naething else, like North there, sawmons, in his imagination, maun be like whawls,

"Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait."

A. Ballantyne. Mr. North, James, is the best trout-angler with the fly in Europe.

North. I have tried the sport, my dear boy, in the best and worst streams in every quarter of the globe, and never yet by mortal man was outnumbered.

Shepherd. But wecht, sir, wecht—what say ye till wecht? I have asked ye that a thoosan times, and never gotten ony satisfactory answer—naething but a haw, hoast, or a hum—what say ye till wecht?

A. Ballantyne (in a low voice to the SHEPHERD.) Every great man has his weaknesses, Mr. Hogg. Venerate that gray head—hush—

hush—hush!—Yes, Mr. North, for weight too I'll back you against the world.

North. And I you, Sandy, *at rod or bow.*

Shepherd. As I'm a Christian, there has that cretur been staunin on his hind legs, a' this time, ever syne he spanged out o' the Sanctum, wi' his forepaws on the back o' North's chair, wi' his head owre his left shouther, cheek by jowl wi' him, just a joint-yeditor! O'Bronte, ma man, let yoursel' down on a' fowres like ony other dowg—for in that posture you're gettin' fearsome, and ane thinks o' horrible stories o' Black Familiars.

North. Ambrose! (*Enter AMBROSE.*) A chair for O'Bronte.

(*MR. AMBROSE places a chair for "THE DOWG," which he instantly occupies, between NORTH and CRAIGELLACHIE.*)

Shepherd. I've changed ma min'—ma sair throat's gane—and I'll gie ye a bit sang.

Omnes. The Shepherd's song—the Shepherd's song—the Shepherd's song.

Shepherd (sings.)

Frae royal Wull that wears the crown*
To Yarrow's lowliest shepherd-clown,
Time wears unchancy mortals down,
I've marked it late and air.
The souplest knee at length will crack,
The lythest arm, the sturdiest back—
And little siller Sampson lack
For cuttin' o' his hair.

Mysell for speed had not my marrow,
Thro' Teviot, Ettrick, Tweed, and Yarrow
Strang, straight, and swift like winged arrow,
At market, tryst, or fair.
But now I'm turned a hirplin' carle,
My back its ta'en the cobbler's swirl
And deil a bodle I need birl
For cuttin' o' my hair

On Boswell's green was nane like me,
My hough was firm, my foot was free,
The locks that cluster'd owre my bree
Cost many a hizzie sair.
The days are come I'm no sae crouse—
An ingle cheek—a cogie douce,
An' fash nae shears about the house
Wi' cuttin' o' my hair.

* William Henry, Duke of Clarence, third son of George III, born in August, 1765, became King of England, on the 26th June, 1830, on the death of George IV., his brother. Parliamentary Reform and the abolition of Slavery in all parts of the British Empire, were the great public enactments during his reign. He died, June, 1837, having been seven years on the throne.

It was an awfu' head I trow,
 It waur'd baith young an auld to cow
 An burnin' red as heather-lowe,
 Gar'd neebors start and stare.
 The mair ye cut the mair it grew
 An' ay the fiercer flamed its hue—
 I in my time hae paid enew
 For cuttin' o' my hair.

But now there's scarce aneuch to grip—
 When last I brought it to the clip,
 It gied the shaver's skill the slip
 On haffets lank and bare.
 Henceforth to this resolve I'll cling,
 Whate'er its shape, to let it hing,
 And keep the cash for ither thing
 Than cuttin' o' my hair

(*The usual applause.*)

Seward. Admirable — incomparable — inimitable — my matchless Shepherd.

Shepherd. What's the use o' a' thae substantives, sir? I ken it's a gude sang—and weel sung too—say that—and ye say aneuch.

Seward. I beseech you for a copy—Jem, my jewel—

Shepherd. What! wou'd you offer for to gang to sing't in ony Christian company, wi' a great, rough, black, toozy head o' hair like that, man, that if thrawn intil the petrifyin' well at Barncluth, would, in future ages, be thocht by antyquawrians to be the stane head o' Nimrod, or o' ane o' the giants that melled wi' the dochters o' man afore the Flood? Hoots—toots—keep to the Caribineers. O'Bronte, gie's a sang.

O'Bronte. Bow—wow—wow—wow—bow—wow—wow—wow!

Shepherd. Faldy aldy niddle noddle—bow—wow—wow! Sandy, man, canna ye accompany us on the "bit whussle?"

O'Bronte. Whew—whew—whew—whew—whew—whew!

Shepherd. That's pawthetic. Thank ye for your sang, O'Bronte, Now, creesh your craig. That's richt, North.

(MR. NORTH gives O'BRONTE a glass of brandy. He bows—bolts it—and licks his chops.)

Shepherd. Like maister like dowg. But we were promised some politics. Let's have them noo—and I propose that nane speak but Mr. North, Mr. Tickler, Mr. Buller, Mr. Shooard, and me; and when we hae settled the affairs o' the nation, then let us a' begin speakin' at ance through ither, and a' as fast an' loud's we are able; no' confinin' ourselfs to ony partiklar soobject, but embracing the hail range o' the awnimal, vegetable, and stane creawtion. Mr. North, begin, and tell us something about the new king's sons.

North. Eh?

Shepherd. Say that I am ashamed to say, Mr. North, that though the evening's advancin', we hae yet had nae usefu' and impruvin' conversation, but hae a' been talkin' great havers. We are, this night, like an army twenty thousand strang—sae let's hae some poleetical information, sir, frae yoursell and Mr. Tickler, and Mr. Buller, and Mr. Shoard, wha maun hae brung plenty o't wi' them frae Lunnun, whare it's a' brew'd. What kind o' chaps are the new king's sons?

North. The Fitzclarences are all fine fellows. The Colonel is an accomplished scholar, a zealous Orientalist, and a very clever writer of the English tongue. His "Hussar's Letters," in the United Service Journal, are, I think, about the very best of the many sketches on military doings produced in our time—truth, vigour, liveliness, and a great deal of right good fun.*

Shepherd. It's a pity he's no Prince o' Wales—but his father maun mak a lord, if no a deuk, of him belyve; and if he comes doon wi' the rest o' them, od let's gie him a denner at Awmrose's. What for no?

North. He deserves both distinctions, and shall have them. The days of dukedoms, indeed, are past and gone; but he will be an honour to the peerage.

Buller. He could not be a greater honour to it than his cousin of Richmond.† There's the man that should be premier of England. I wish to God, Mr. North, I could agree with you in the view that I know you take of affairs! But I am sorry to say that I think it highly probable the Duke may succeed in what nobody can question to be his object—buying over, I mean, so many of the borough-mongering interests, both Whig and Tory (so called,) as to avoid the necessity of closing with either the Whig or Tory party. His purpose clearly is, to have a government of mere expediency: he is done the moment he is compelled to assert openly any one line of principle. There is as wide a difference between his system and that of Pitt as there ever was or

* Mrs. Jordan, the celebrated comedian, was mistress of the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.) for more than twenty-one years, during which time they had five sons and five daughters. When the Duke became King, his eldest son, Col. George Fitzclarence, was created Earl of Munster and Viscount Fitzclarence, and the rest of the family received precedence as if they had been the legitimate children of an Earl, whereby they became entitled, male and female respectively, to affix the title of Lord and Lady to his or her Christian name. The Earl of Munster had served with credit and distinction in the Peninsular War, and subsequently, in 1817, during the Mahratta War in India. In 1819, he published his *Overland Tour*, a work of some merit—though said to have been revised, if not re-written, by Mr. Jerdan, then of the *Literary Gazette*. In 1830, he was made a peer. In March, 1842, he committed suicide. He was an amiable man, rather well-meaning than able, and very proud (albeit illegitimate) of his descent. It is proper to add, that when his father parted with Mrs. Jordan, in 1811, in a capricious and even cruel manner, the Earl of Munster, then almost wholly depending on his pay as a subaltern in the army, hastened to his mother's aid—even at the risk of injuring his own situation and prospects.—M.

† The Duke of Richmond, born in 1791. He was in office, a member of the Grey Cabinet, from 1830 to 1834, and resigned, (in company with the present Earl of Derby and Sir James Graham), because the Ministry contemplated appropriating the surplus revenue of "the Church of England in Ireland," (as it is called,) to the secular purposes of education. Ever since, the Duke has been a Conservative, and is a strong Protectionist. He would have made a very indifferent Premier.—M.

will be between *tyranny* and *law* in the abstract. In short, I do not believe that we are so near the happy epoch of party and principle restored, as I know you sanguinely suppose.

Seward. I agree with my friend Buller, that the Duke's plan is to detach the great houses, one by one, from their hereditary principles and connexions, until he has chained to his chariot-wheels just as much vote-power as may suffice to drag the machine through. And upon my soul, sir, such have been the crawling baseness, the ineffable cowardice, the slimy selfishness, exhibited in high places within the last three years, that I consider it as far from impossible he may achieve this magnificent object of heroic ambition!

Shepherd. Capital!

North. Why, your sneer at the *hero*, Mr. Seward, appears to me rather misplaced. The Duke seems to be much of the same kidney with such of his predecessors in that line, as we know much about. At first sight, to be sure, one is melancholy contemplating the man whose great actions have filled the ear of Europe,—whose determined resolution, inexhaustible patience, and indomitable fire, were the appointed instruments of Providence for overthrowing a Napoleon,—one is vexed, and even feels a species of self-humiliation, in thinking of such a being as he is, spending what strength of mind and body may be left to him in the tracasseries of petticoat-politics, and the bargaining of boudoirs!

Shepherd. Mr. Jeems Scawrlett, where are you?

Tickler. In the lowest depths of degradation in which ever Whig dived down into the dirt.* There let him stick—and be bammed.

North. Faugh on the slave! Good God! can Wellington—he that has breathed the breath of a hundred battles—that has struggled with the demigods—can he stoop to chaffer over uncertain votes with a Billy Holmes?—to arrange *considerations* with George Dawson?†—to fawn on demireps?—to wheedle harridans? Faugh!—faugh!—faugh!

Shepherd. Reenge your mouth, sir, wi' some speerits—od, ye look as if ye were pushioned—

North. Not a whit—I was only mentioning what might, at first sight, or to a young man, be a not unnatural view of the subject. As for

* Sir James Scarlett, one of the ablest advocates who ever pleaded in an English Court of Law, had distinguished himself by the liberality of his political opinions. When Canning was made Premier, in 1827, he made Scarlett Solicitor-General. Early in 1828, when Wellington assumed the Premiership, certainly on anti-Canning principles, Scarlett, changing his politics, remained in office, greatly to the damage of his character as a public man. In 1829, he became Attorney-General, and, goaded into loss of temper by public opinion, brought actions against some of the London journals, for libels on the Government and "The Duke." The Whigs came into office in November, 1830. Had Scarlett been consistent, he must have been Lord Chancellor. Instead of him, however, Brougham was appointed. In 1834, on Peel's return to office, Scarlett was made Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and raised to the peerage, as Lord Abinger. He was irritable, as a judge, from ill-health, and showed a political bias on the bench. He died in 1844.—M.

† William Holmes was the ministerial "whipper-in" of the House of Commons, at this time. George R. Dawson, (who, as M.P. for Londonderry, had given the first intimation at a public dinner there, in 1828, that Wellington would probably grant "Catholic Emancipation,") was brother-in-law of Sir Robert Peel, and is now Deputy-Chairman of the English Board of Customs.—M.

myself, I have no need to learn at this time of day, that a hero is not necessarily either an Alexander or a Cæsar. Marlborough, the night before Blenheim, could blow out a candle to save twopence worth of wax—Frederick could spend the very morning after Rosbach in composing a lampoon upon Madame Pompadour—Bonaparte, most of us know how he occupied himself the evening the allies entered Paris—and all of us know that he, for some years of his life, made it his prime object to annoy Major-General Sir Hudson Lowe—and really, with these things in our recollection, I think we may spare our wonder on finding in the immortal Wellington, fifteen years after Waterloo—to speak civilly—rather more of the serpent than the eagle.

Seward. Most potent senior, I was not quite so raw as to merit all these *fusées de la rhétorique*. Nobody can have attached less of the schoolboy notion of the heroic to his grace than myself. I have always considered him as the coolest and clearest-headed of men,—a human being as devoid of nerves and feelings as his own Achilles,—and therefore understood easily enough why he should have baffled, one after another, a whole generation of bubble-brained Frenchmen. But I have also all along known something of his tricks—his choice of aides-de-camp, for example—and was prepared to hear quite as composedly as yourself, that he who conquered in the field simply by the unrivalled simplicity of his tactics, might take the other tack in the cabinet, or, if you will, in the boudoir.

Shepherd. Od, he's surely an unco pawky chield, that Dyeuck o' Wallinton. I'm sure, if he had either the Whigs or the Tories buckled to him, I think them baith sic gowks, that I have nae doubt he might gar them follow his fancy just amaist as easy as thae puir worthless craturs that he's obliged to lippen to yenow.

Buller. His genius, sir, backed by his reputation, might have, under ordinary circumstances, secured him authority, enough to satisfy even his ambition, in a cabinet composed of materials of another stamp. But I suppose Seward thinks it is too late to try the experiment now.

Tickler. I know not what either Seward or Buller thinks, but I know what I think myself; and it is this:—Had Castlereagh lived, he would at this moment have been the honoured chief of a Tory cabinet, with the Duke for his *alter ego*. But that precious head and heart once removed, Wellington was left among all the elements of discord—burning jealousies, petty spleens, timidity, arrogance, the obstinacy of old age, the petulance of youth, the audacity of a rival genius, the suppleness of a predestined sneaker, the restlessness of a quack here, the moroseness of a gin-horse there. It was obvious that Lord Liverpool's premiership was no more than a name—and that the battle must be decided between the Wellington of Waterloo and the Wellington of the House of Commons. The war commenced soon, and went on with steady bitterness in privacy, until an unlooked for event

brought things at once to a point *coram populo*. It was then seen what heavy arrears of dirty rancour had been mutually accumulated by those to whom the blind nation had so long been trusting, as champions arrayed side by side in equal and honourable zeal for its service.

Shepherd. Mr. Tickler, I dinna uuderstaun ye.

Tickler. How should you? Hold your tongue, James. Universal disgust ensued—and the rivals were left to jostle each other as they might, amidst the scornful indifference of the deceived.* From that fatal day, my hopes of seeing a cabinet worthy of the name were at an end. I perceived clearly that the charm of general confidence was broken—that the minor officials had for ever sacrificed themselves—and that, whichever of the contending chiefs should ultimately possess the reins, would hold them, not as a minister among ministers, but a despot among slaves.

Shepherd. The Dyeuck o' Wallinton, for a' that's a great favourite wi' the nation—misca' him as you wull, Tickler.

Tickler. Pshaw!—It is impossible, Mr. North, to deny that at this moment the Duke of Wellington is regarded with anything but kindly feelings by the nation, or by any one class of the nation. But this is nothing to the bare contempt with which his colleagues and most of those who have been his colleagues, are universally looked to. And, in short, considering the temper of the man, I am satisfied, that after the experience he has had of the sweets of sitting in such a cabinet as the present—*Præses unus et princeps*—he would prefer quitting Downing Street altogether, to any arrangement which would leave him only the first among a set of honourable hands—men of rank, influence, real talent, information, and principle,—men to whom the nation would as necessarily look up, as they look down upon the subalterns.

North. I dare say, Tickler, the Duke will witness the result of the election before he makes up his mind as to the *ulteriora*. But if that be such as I anticipate, I have no sort of doubt he, not being a fool, and being fond of place, and moreover having unquestionably not a little of that self-reliance to which the Shepherd adverted, will prefer alliance with the Tories, to the only alternatives then in his choice; to wit, alliance out and out, not with whiggery, but with *the Whigs*, or another campaign at the head of the Incapables, with the certainty of being kicked out head and croup along with them in the course thereof. And I confess, I, for one, think the Tories, after all that has come and gone, ought to close with the Duke, rather than by rejecting him, give the Whigs a grand chance of empire—for God knows how

* Sir Walter Scott's remark (in his diary, on hearing of Canning's death) was, "A High Tory Administration would be a great evil at this time. There are repairs in the structure of our constitution which ought to be made at this season, and without which the people will not long be silent. A pure Whig Administration would probably play the devil by attempting a thorough repair."—M.

many years,—in other words, give the country the grandest of all chances to be utterly ruined. That's my feeling on this subject. I should never advise the Tories to resolve all into the question of *Duke or no Duke?* If he can under no circumstances make up his stomach to sit in the same cabinet with such people as the Richmonds, the Mansfields, and so forth—let the world know where it sticks. Let it never be said that such men as these were unwilling, even at the eleventh hour, to make the experiment of sitting in the same cabinet with him. Carnot obtained honour with all the world by putting faith in Bonaparte's promises, and undertaking the defence of Antwerp; and I consider that we ought all to make many sacrifices rather than behold a regular invasion of the Whigs.

Tickler. On the contrary, North, it has long been my opinion, that the only chance the Tories have of reuniting into their old structure of steadfastness, lies in the natural consequences to be expected from a Whig reign of some decent duration. I have been praying for their incoming these seven years—not doubting that in due season the toe would be called into requisition.

North. Well, I am no friend to any such experiments. And if by your toe you mean your pen, Timotheus, why, I think it very possible that Sir James Scarlett might reconcile it to his conscience to remain Attorney even under a pure Whig administration.

Tickler. No question—but would such an administration suffer him to remain?

North. Why, I dare say they would. Colonel Moustapha Soleau, I take it, is not unlikely to continue in charge of the fortifications of Algiers. To say the truth, the notion of any thing like a political conscience or character being necessary or desirable among the law officers of the Crown, appears of late years to be getting considerably out of fashion.

Seward. And would it not be very indecorous, my dear sir, for the man not to dress by his master? A pretty figure would a Sir Charles Wetherell make in the pay of such a cabinet as the present—no, no—*nova tempora novos homines.*

North. Why, in more senses than one we have now-a-days enough of *novi homines*—but I still hope to see the Duke—*nolentem volentem*—at the head of a cabinet made up, to a fair extent, of persons of another cut. He might, after all, introduce half-a-dozen effectives, without displacing a single ounce either of character, or talent, or any sort of influence whatever. Suppose him to make Peel a peer, and, if he must remain in the cabinet—for a time at least—privy-seal. Suppose Sir George Murray to stick at the Colonies, where, indeed, every body speaks well of him*—and to assume the lead in the Com-

* When the Duke of Wellington became Premier in 1828, he gave a high office to such of his companions in arms as he thought equal to it. Thus, Lord Anglesea was made Viceroy, Sir

mons, which I have no doubt he could *now* do very well—and suppose Lord Lyndhurst to be a fixture also for the present—I should like to know in what possible point of view the Duke could be a loser by sweeping out every other article of furniture in his present cabinet, Lord Melville, a man of talents and integrity, excepted. Old Bathurst, since he ratted and cut off his pigtail, is of no more consequence than that decanter of port. Herries and Goulburn have both stultified themselves now beyond all redemption, and, at any rate, must be cashiered—and as for Edward Lord Ellenborough—but I want patience for that *carum caput*.*

Buller. Unless my old acquaintance, Ned Law, be much altered—I have not seen him for some years—he must be one of the best-looking fellows in the Duke's pay—a tall, well-built swapper of a carcass—a bright eye, regular features, hair like another Antinous, and a strut like a peacock. By Jupiter, what do you want in a tame elephant?

North. Oh! mercy! I never saw him till I was in town this time twelvemonths, and upon my soul I am half inclined to agree with Lady Holland, that the mere spectacle of such a thing riding down Whitehall, and known to be a minister of the Crown, might be almost enough to justify a revolution.

Buller. That's *un peu fort*; but truly, truly, it's enough to make one's heart sick to think that the Duke's only official speaker in the Lords is this peit, pompous puppy of a *parvenu*. But for his ready impudence of chattering imbecility, and good-natured Lord Goderich's occasional Samaritanism, the great chief would have absolutely been left, on some of the most important nights of this Session, to oppose the best speakers now in England—*tales quales*—with the quick, gruff growls of his own *imperatoria brevitatis*, and the awkward, uneasy, repulsive, hoarse hammerings of Lord Aberdeen.†

North. A man, however, of unquestioned accomplishments, and of talents very far above any other *non-combatant* in the Duke's clique. In fact, Mr. Buller, the foreign policy, on which alone our countrymen could be expected to come forth, has been all along, since my friend Canning's exit, in such a condition, that the devil himself could have made little on't. But we need not waste time about this. The “tra-

Henry Hardinge, Secretary for Ireland, and Sir George Murray became Colonial Secretary. He was an excellent official, and a good speaker, as well as a gallant soldier. He edited the Marlborough Despatches, and died in July, 1846, aged seventy-four.—M.

* Lyndhurst was then Lord Chancellor.—Lord Melville at the head of the Admiralty,—Herries, Master of the Mint,—Goulburn, Chancellor of the Exchequer,—and Lord Ellenborough, President of the Board of Control.—M.

† The Earl of Aberdeen, now [1854] at the head of the British Government, entered Parliament in 1814, as a British peer, and has always been a Tory. In 1826, he became Foreign-Secretary under Wellington; in 1834–25, under Peel, he was Colonial Minister; and from 1841 to 1846 was again at the Foreign Office. In December, 1852, he was appointed Premier. It is said, in extenuation, that the delays and shuffling which, in 1853–54, gave the Czar great advantages, by granting him time, were caused by Lord Aberdeen's having gone over the battle-field of Leipsig, in 1813, two days after the encounter, and being so much disgusted at the sight that he made a solemn vow never to assist in any transactions which could lead to such destruction of human life. In his early satire, Byron spoke of him as “the Travelled Thane, Athenian Aberdeen.”—M.

velled thane," I have always understood, owed his place in the cabinet to the personal friendship of George IV.; and, that being so, it needs no witch to foretell his fate now. I should not wonder to see Lord Dudley re-established.* He, at all events, must have seen enough, by this time, of the wisdom of going out as part of the tail of Squire Huskisson.

Buller. I long thought the Huskissons would have made it up with the commander-in-chief somehow or other; but of late there seems to have been such a display of bitterness, that of all possible methods of escape from the present dilemma, such a conjunction must be now the most unlikely. Charles Grant, William Huskisson *ipse*, and, above all, Palmerston, have thrown away the scabbard.

North. Ah! had some of these lads exerted themselves when in place as they have done out of it, we should have seen different doings in more cases than one. Why, Lord Palmerston was considered as a mere outworn fashionable voluptuary, cold, careless, *blasé* all over—behold the spur is clapt to him, and he turns out both a declaimer and a debater of the most laudable acerbity—a very thorn in poor Peel's withers.† As for Grant, every body knew his talents, but his indolence was beginning to be considered hopeless. Could he have got rid, some ten years ago, of lying abed in the mornings, he must have been at present the first, without a second, in every respect, in the House of Commons; but I fear he has allowed the golden opportunity to pass, and, in spite of these recent exertions, will find himself without even a place in the next Parliament. The Duke is backing M'Leod in Inverness-shire *totis viribus*—and they say Robert is also trembling for the boroughs.‡ His highness would very fair keep out people capable of such demonstrations,

* Earl Dudley and Ward, who was Foreign Secretary in 1827, was a man of considerable literary attainments, but remarkably absent and addicted to "thinking" aloud. When in office, he directed a letter intended for the French to the Russian Ambassador, shortly before the "untoward event" at Navarino; and, strange as it may seem, gained great credit thereby! Prince Lieven set it down as one of the cleverest *ruses* ever attempted to be played off, and gave himself immense credit for not falling into the trap laid for him by the sinister ingenuity of the English minister. He returned the letter in a polite note, declaring, of course, that he had not read a line of it, after ascertaining that it was intended for Prince Polignac; but could not help telling Lord Dudley at an evening party that he was "*trop fin*, but that diplomatists of his standing were not so easily caught."—M.

† Palmerston, universally admitted now to be one of the ablest of British statesmen, has been a member of the House of Commons since 1806,—he is an Irish Viscount, without a seat in the House of Lords, and eligible to represent any but an Irish constituency, in the Lower House. He has served under no fewer than ten prime ministers! He held office successively under the Duke of Portland (as Lord of the Admiralty), Mr. Percival, the Earl of Liverpool, Mr. Canning, Lord Goderich, the Duke of Wellington, Earl Grey, Melbourne's first and second Ministries, Lord John Russell, and the Earl of Aberdeen. He was for nineteen years (1809 to 1828) Secretary of War, and for fifteen years (1830 to 1834—1835 to 1841—1846 to 1851) Secretary for Foreign affairs. His lordship is Home Secretary [1854] in the Aberdeen Ministry. As a speaker, he rarely rises into eloquence, but has plain good sense, lively wit, and sarcastic badinage completely at his control. He is seventy years old.—M.

‡ Charles Grant, now Lord Glenelg, had been Irish Secretary under a Tory Ministry, although his political leaning was towards Liberalism. In 1830 he came into office with the Whigs, and in 1835, was called to the Upper House. His brother, Sir Robert Grant, was Judge Advocate-General under the Grey Ministry.—M.

‘And where he makes a desert, call it peace.’

But the plan cannot succeed in the general. In considering the fortunes of some of Wellington’s political contemporaries, I am often reminded of Benedict XIV.’s description of a certain French statesman, “un fou avec beaucoup de l’esprit.” Sir Walter Scott, in his *Life of Napoleon*, says, that neither he, nor his conqueror, owed any thing to genius—every thing to the possession of the every-day faculties in an extraordinary measure. I don’t agree with Scott as to Bonaparte, who, on the contrary, was a complete specimen of the soarings and sinkings of unbalanced genius, who was, as his military allocutions and bulletins show, an orator of the highest class, and who, I doubt not, had in him all the stuff of a Pindar as well;—but I quite coincide with him as to the Duke, who has no more genius than a forty-eight-pounder, and appears indeed to be cast of the same material—and think few things can be more instructive than to observe the style in which he has managed courts, and cabinets, and senates, by the sheer strength of homely shrewdness and imperturbable will, in opposition to all the efforts of all the “fous avec beaucoup de l’esprit.” It was not talent of any kind that could ever give him a check—that required genius; and it is my belief, that even Canning’s genius would, in the upshot, have sunk before him, had it been spared to try conclusions.

Tickler. Very like; but had Canning’s thread been spun out, the great Lord would have had pretty allies to lean on, compared to what either Canning had in his latter day, or he himself can boast of now. Had George Canning lived, the Duke would have fought him *mordicus*, at the head of the Protestant interest. Philpotts would have bottled off a score more sound anti-Catholic potions by this time;* and Copley decanted them. Copplestone would not have been re-re-re-converted. Peel would have kept his character; and Bathurst his pigtail.

Buller. Well, it makes one sorry to think of some things. For what purpose, now, was all this mighty, this immeasurable evil done? Merely that the Catholic question might be carried a year and a half sooner. The solid immediate difficulty was, it is avowed on all hands, the trembling conscience of George IV.; and sympathy with his inward struggles was at the bottom, I can well believe, of at least half the popular indignation.† How easily might all have been accom-

* Dr Henry Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter, appointed, later in 1830, in the room of Dr. Carey, translated to the See of St. Asaph’s.—M.

† This is quite true. It was publicly stated by Peel, in Parliament, and is confirmed in Twiss’s *Life of Lord Eldon*, that the Duke of Wellington had the utmost difficulty in persuading George IV. to consent to Catholic emancipation being brought in, as a Government measure, in 1829.—The Duke and Peel resigned office, when they found this difficulty, and then, with great reluctance and much perturbation of spirit, the King allowed them to do as they desired.—In 1829, as the Duke said, he had to choose between Catholic Emancipation and Civil War in Ireland, and he preferred the former.—M.

plished, had the Duke but waited till the accession of a prince who had always been known to take a different view of that difficult question! There would have been a strong disposition to think favourably of a measure of grace proposed, *bonâ-fide*, from the throne, at the commencement of a new reign. The fact of the monarch's being pro-catholically inclined, would have been an entirely new feature, giving a wholly new character, in the minds of many whole classes amongst us, of the matter in debate;—its occurrence would of itself have furnished a potent apology for the alteration of the minister's tactics. It was the universal feeling, indeed knowledge, that the Duke and his satellites were thrusting down their master's throat a pill which he, like many other people, fancied he could hardly swallow without a breach of the coronation oath; it was this feeling that gave the bitterness of personal resentment to political dissent; it was this that rallied the Tory magnates *for* the throne, against the contaminators of its steps; it was this that set the church in a flame too powerful to be poked out by croziers, or smothered down by mitrès and aprons; in a word, it was this that disgusted and disheartened the loyal and true men so deeply, that I speak rather my wishes than my hopes, when I differ from you as to the existing chances of seeing things re-established.

Tickler. It is all very well to put out some bungling law affecting only the interests of some particular class, or profession, or colonies, and then, on seeing things have been carried too far, growl out, *As you were!* This sort of management may do very well as to questions of financial or fiscal description,—a sugar bill, or a malt bill, or a stamp bill,—but it won't just do to apply it to national feelings and principles. The Duke may cry, *As you were!* till he is hoarse—the Tories won't fall into his ranks again.

Buller. Well, I don't despair to see the House fly from the usurper ere long. Only let us hear that the Tories and Lord Grey have signed their concordat, and my word for it, there will be a sore scattering both of the rats and the mice.

Shepherd. Eh! man! sic a coaleeshon as that would open the mouths o' the public.* I'm sure ye canna lay your hand on your breast and deny but what it wad be just as bad as Charley Fox's w' Lord North, or Geordie Canning's w' Lord Lansdowne. Na, na, I howp the true folk will never even themselves till sic a coaleeshon as you.

Tickler. And why not, Broonie? Lord Grey has been speaking as sound Toryism for some time past as any man in the Upper House

* There never was any probability of a coalition between Wellington and Grey: it was impossible, as each would have claimed the right of being *the* head of the Government. Because he was not made Premier, in 1827, Earl Grey not only refused to take office under Canning, but bitterly assailed him, in the House of Lords. *Aut Cæsar, aut nullus*, was Lord Grey's political motto.—M.

—and at any rate things are come to that pass, that what he and your folks used in former days to fight about, are mere trifles in the scale. The Duke of Wellington will have himself to thank, if he finds the high Tories and the high Whigs united solemnly to rescue the Sovereign from thralldom, the Legislature from contempt, and the body of the people from intolerable misery; and if they do so combine, a pretty chance he will have against them, with the apostates, the low Whigs, and his worthy papists and radicals! Come, North, what say you to this affair?

North. Why, I don't give up the Duke of Wellington personally even yet. I still hope to see him rally the Tories round him, and relying on their strength alone. I could not endure really to see him heading the Liberals in deliberate war against us. It would be unnatural—it is impossible.

Tickler. It is natural, and it will be, say I. No human being can doubt, that the King and Royal Family will jump at anything like a prospect of emancipation; and I venture to bet a pipe to a pint, that the Duke and all his crew tumble out within one fortnight after the next meeting of Parliament.

North. Everything depends on the people. If they really choose to do their duty to themselves now, all is safe. The Duke will be compelled either to abdicate or to modify—and once more, I should prefer the latter alternative.

Tickler. And once more, so would not I. I give up the Protector. To the rear face *quamprimum*, old soldier! Proud, heartless, stubborn Don Cossack, that it is—he has insulted the Tories, and shame on them, if they forgive him while the poker's in his back! By Jupiter, I should think myself justified in coalescing with Brougham or Beelzebub, for the mere pleasure of seeing him crawl out of Downing Street!

North. Come, Tickler, let's have your programme of a government.

Tickler. With all my heart. First Lord of the Treasury, Earl Grey or the Duke of Newcastle; Foreign Office, the other of them; Colonies, the Duke of Richmond; President, John Earl of Eldon; Privy Seal, Earl of Mansfield; Home Office, Sir Richard Vyvyan; Board of Control, Sir Robert Inglis; Admiralty, Sir George Fitzclarence—with Sidney or Wyndham for Sec.; Woods and Forests, Lord Lowther; Chancellor, Sir Charles Wetherell; Attorney, Brougham! Solicitor, Pollock; Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Sir James Graham;—for the Colonies, (Twiss being expelled,) Lord Chandos; and for the Home Office, Lord Howick; Board of Trade, Michael Thomas Sadler; Horse Guards, Duke of Gordon, and Ordnance, Marquis of Londonderry.* What say you, Buller?

* Out of the parties named here, the following actually came into office on the break-up of the Wellington Cabinet, in November, 1830. Earl Grey, First Lord of the Treasury; Duke of Richmond, Postmaster-General; Sir James Graham, First Lord of the Admiralty; Lord Howick, Colonial Under-Secretary; Henry Brougham, Lord Chancellor.—M.

Buller. That's not bad. Vyvyan to lead the Commons, and Grey, virtually, I presume, in the Lords. But if I were to trust Brougham at all, I would go further than you propose, and make him Chancellor at once;* and I must say, I should think it worth a vigorous effort to include Huskisson, who, supported by Sir Richard and Inglis, would manage the Commons better than it has been this many a day. Vyvyan has all the talent surely, but my old acquaintance has thirty years' experience; and, besides, he has been of late seeing through the worst of his errors. Take in Husky, pray.

Tickler. The first and foremost should be to *begin* Parliamentary reform—which if it be not done gradually, in which case it could do no harm, is sure to come like an armed man at midnight, slapdash, cap-a-pee, and put all the fat in the fire at a swoop. The most rotten part of all is Scotland—begin there, say I. Alter the law about our absurd paper votes—let the property be directly represented—let every man who has £50 or £100 a-year in land have a vote for his county member. Do this here, and give the franchise to Manchester—all the rest will come in due season. The Government by doing this much, or rather this little, would found itself broad and firm in the hearts of the people of Britain.† Give Ireland poor-laws, and you will see what a difference there is between the grant of a solid just right and the concession of an idle unconstitutional claim—alter Peel and Co.'s worse than ridiculous currency system—establish banks like our Scotch ones all over England, and let them circulate as much paper as they please—regain the confidence of the West Indians, by showing the sincere desire to give them the protection that is due to them on every principle of equity and honesty, (placing Chandos in the Colonial Office would of itself soften all the existing sores) REORGANIZE THE YEOMANRY ALL OVER THE LAND—(hear—hear—hear)—strike off the assessed taxes, and have a swapping property one instead—tax absentees to their very teeth—put an end to free trade in all cases where the freedom lies on one side only—do those things, and if Britain be not revived in every member before twelve months pass by, call me quack. I believe I have alluded to no one measure of which Lord Grey has not more or less plainly intimated his approbation within this year or so—and as to foreign affairs, which I don't profess to understand so much about, why I suppose it will be admitted generally, that they could not have been

* Brougham did become Lord Chancellor. Huskisson was accidentally killed at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, just a month before Lord Grey formed his government.—M.

† When Parliament assembled, in November, 1830, Wellington declared, most emphatically, that he never would consent to Parliamentary Reform, convinced that the representation of the people, as it stood, was the best possible that could be had. If he had only consented that Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, Birmingham, and a few more of the great and unrepresented towns should have members, that concession would have stopped the cry for Parliamentary Reform for at least ten years. The Duke was obstinate. The Whigs were strong, and forced him to resign, whereupon the Grey Ministry came in, with what was then thought to be a very comprehensive plan of Reform, which was carried after two years' contest in and out of the Legislature.—M.

managed worse than they have been ever since the death of Lord Castlereagh. The history of human bungling affords no specimens quite equal to the whole affairs of Portugal and Greece, in which, throughout, every possible phasis of dishonesty, imbecility, indecision, cowardice, meanness, crawling meanness, appears to have been exhibited, part under Canning, part under Goderich, and part under the powers that now be. I am persuaded, that to put all as far right again as is now in the nature of things, there needs nothing but half a handful of dispatches written by a man untrammelled to personal consequences among the outlanders, with a heart to feel for the honour of his own country, and a head not quite so muddled as to doubt that, give England any thing like fair play, she has resources equal to cast all that she has ever yet achieved, either in peace or in war, into the shade. It is this miserable ignorance of us and our concerns that has damaged—I mean damned—these people beyond all redemption; and I am persuaded, that if a set of honourable men, possessing character and confidence, had the concern in their hands for six months, we should look back on the fact, that a pigheaded dragoon, destitute of the simplest elements of any human science but his professional one, had been permitted to rule this nation for two or three mortal years, by means of a pack of brainless orderlies, picked up either in camps or in club-houses, as a grotesque invention of the father of dreams.

(*Long-continued tumultuous applause.*)

Shepherd. That thunner's driven out o' my head a' that's been driven intil't for the last twa hours. But, Biley Blackwood, it's surely ten o'clock noo—and are we no gaun to hae some toasts?

Tickler. Ten o'clock, you gowk! Why, it's two.

Shepherd. Twa!

Blackwood. Why, my dear Mr. Hogg, there has been no lack of conversation, and we have enjoyed the political discussions with which the peers have favoured us, with much keener zest, I am sure, without the formality of toasts, or of standing speeches, which, even when most felicitously extemporaneous, have still some slight seeming of being *set*, whereas in this “feast of reason and flow of soul,” we have been fed as with manna and dew direct from heaven.

Shepherd. I've lang been yawp for manna and dew o' a different description, Biley,—deevils and dracht porter.

Omnes. Devils and draught porter—devils and draught porter!

Blackwood. Mr. North? Sir?

North. O'Bront, bark on Picardy for the devil.

O'Bronte. Bow—wow—wow!—whew—whew—whew!—ho—ho—ho!—whroo—hooworoo!

(*Enter PICARDY and GABRIEL'S ROAD, with their respective Tails, with the Rounds, Rumps, Fillets, Briskets, Saddles, Haunches, Humps, Hams, Tongues, Neat and Reindeer,—Cold Turkeys*

and Towdies, and teams of Teals,—Veal, Beefsteak, and Pigeon Pies,—Salmon in many cuts, the pure and the pickled,—hot Herrings, Soles, Rizzards, Speldrins, and Perennial Oysters,—Cacra-bank seven-year-old Wether Hinner-houghs, Campsie Spareribs, and Altrive Grunter-groins, grilled,—Stots' Marrow-bones in broils,—Berwick's best, and Giles's and Black's out-and-out Ale bottled,—Meux's Entire, Draught in pots, from Offley's,—The Tower of Babel and Bergen-op-Zoom, with Milbank's Miraculous Mountain-dew up to the battlements,—the Ark, with Jamaica-Rum-Demerara-Lemons - and -Limes-and -Ann's - water-Glasgow-Punch, just arrived by the Canal in ice, &c.)

Shepherd. What a deevil! His name's Legion.

Buller. I may not imagine by "what conjuration, and what mighty magic," dinners and suppers come cherub-borne into the Saloon, or from what regions in heaven, air, sea, or earth!

Blackwood. There is a roomy kitchen, with all appurtenances—

J. Ballantyne. "And appliances to boot"—

Blackwood. —in the sunk story. We have a man-cook, once cook at Barry's, so he cannot but be skilful; and believe me, sir, that there is no extravagance in him—he comes in cheap—for he is likewise Ground Steward, and at a salary of £100 per annum, manages the department of the lower regions.

Shepherd. At a sellery o' £100 per awnnum! Mair nor that o' ony yeditor o' ony o' the new magazines lately set agaun, I'll swear.

Opium Eater. Mr. Ambrose, would you have the goodness to bring me a pot of strong coffee?

(PICARDY places a silver coffee-pot before the ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.)

Blackwood. I hope you will pardon me, Mr. De Quincey; but henceforth I trust you will consider that piece of plate your own. It is on a most ingenious principle, for which Mr. Redpath, working jeweller, has obtained a patent. Coffee cannot cool in it; and 'twould be hot and hot, were it to stand there till next Noctes.

Opium-Eater. A Patent Redpath! The intrinsic value of the gift, sir, is great; for the metal is massy, and much labour has been bestowed on the workmanship. But love, not labour, is the ground of all value, in the interchange of mutual good offices and affections between man and man. It were of great avail, indeed, to the progress of Politico-economical Science, were that distinction—certainly not a nice one—yet as certainly often undiscerned, to the miserable confusion of ideas polarly opposite—by future writers therein austere adhered to, as being in verity the foundation—or, at least, a foundation of the essential difference between Political Economy and Ethics,—or, perhaps, I should rather say Moral Philosophy. Pardon me, Mr. Blackwood, for what may appear, perhaps, to be a digression,

but which *is*, if not the main matter itself, at least german to it—inasmuch as that, in my eyes, this Patent Redpath would be valueless, as if it still lay unshaped and undug in the mine, mould-mixed and unfiltered ore, were it not stamped with a *worth*, above all value and above all price merely mercantile, by a die in the hand of friendship. Sir, you have my best thanks.

Shepherd. Mercy on us! what a moovin' o' mooths! and crunchin' o' teeth! and smacking o' tongues! and lickin' o' lips! and dechtin' o' gabs wi' the rim o' the table-claith! I'm no sure if that last manœuvre be athegether legitimate; but tooils aye drap aff a body's knees, and ane's apt, in lootin' for them, to break their head again' the table, as it's reascendin' intil the upper warld; whereas, the rim o' the table-claith's aye ready at haun, sae there's really nae excuse for ony gentleman wi' a creeshy chin at a Noctes. What are ye devoorin, Mr. John Knox?

Knox. Towdie.

Shepherd. And you, Mr. Samwel Sooth?

South. Turkey.

Shepherd. These are the twa best things ye hae uttered the nicht.

North. Is it a true bill, James, that you have had hydrophobia?

Shepherd. A fearsome fit o' it, sir, no o' the mere feegurative sort, sic as reigns at a Noctes, but *bonny feedy*, bodily, flesh and blude, bane and sinny convulsions.

North. I did not believe, my dear James, there ever could have existed a dog in all this world so mad as to bite the Shepherd.

Shepherd. A mad dog does na ken a Hogg frae a hoolet. The optic nerves o' his een are a' diseased,—as ye may weel see, gin ye hae courage to examine sic pupils,—and they dootless distrack the cretur's sowl within him wi' hideous apparitions o' his ain maister, in the shape o' the deevil, wi' a pitchfork gaun to pin him up again' the barn door.

Seward. Buller, how picturesque!

Buller. The great Poet of Hydrophobia!—(*Inspecting an empty pint-pot.*) These pint-pots are deceivers ever—they fill the hand, but they baulk the mouth. Offley must really be written to—they a'n't full measure.

Seward. If Offley's pots be pigmyfied—then there is no trust in man. An honest fellow breathes not vital air.

J. Ballantyne—(to BANDY, SQUINTUM, and PECH.)

“And be those juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.”

Shepherd. The verra bit weans that used to ride on his back, wi'

their arms roun' his neck, and sometimes kissin' the verra chowks o' him, seem then to the distracked dowg to be sae mony demons, a' glowerin' and girm' at him, wi' red-het pokers in their talons, threatenin' him wi' the death o' Edward the Second in Berkeley Castle. Wee Jamie himsel'—though certes a bit angel o' light—seemed to Hector's ain Oe, when he gaed mad, a verra imp o' hell. No wunner he tries to bite. But in the last stage o' the disease—he can only snap—snap—snap—for his unner jaw has amaist lost a' its poor,—his puir tongue's hingin' out,—his flew a' smeared wi' slaver,—his hide rouch and tawted, wi' a' the hair stannin' on end like the feathers o' a frieslan',—his lugs like sere leaves, owre feeble even to flap,—his tail nae mair “hingin' owre his hurdies wi' a' swirl,”—his unhappy hurdies—but mire-woven and a' draggled wi' dirt;—and there he gangs stoiterin' frae ae side o' the road to the tither,—and wae's me! aften stacherin' quite doited intil the ditch,—noo and then emitten' a sort o' short snoko o' a sneevil frae his rinnin' nose,—for to bark noo has lang been beyont his abeilities, puir fellow! let him try't as he may, though ance he could bark, walkin' about the house a' nicht on the watch trampers stravagin' through the kintra at untimeous hours, after nae gude,—aye, could ance bark, O'Bronte, like your verra sell; and never, oh! never be his doom yours! A rueful spectacle, Mr. North, to them that kent him when he was wice, and eneuch to break any Christian heart that kens hoo he used to lie during the evenings on the hearth, “beside the ingle blinkin' bonnily” in the midst o' the sma' household, hearkenin' and unnerstaunin' a' that was said,—and hoo he used, God pity him, as regular as clock-work, to loup up upon the coverlet on the wide chest-bed, and fa' into a watchfu' sleep at the bairn's feet!

James Ballantyne (much affected).

“And from mine eyelids wipe the tears
That sacred pity hath engendered.”

Shepherd. A' the parish wi' pitchforks are at his heels. In the haunted glimmer o' his blindness, the puir possessed colley misses the brig, and the rinnin stream seems to his red een a pool o' blude. He daurna—he canna—lowp in to soon for his life—for the Hydrophobia is stronger than his dim dread o' his fellow-creturs, and shiverin' and shudderin', and yowlin' as if he had fa'n intil a bon-fire or a biler o' bilin' water, he cowps owre, sticket and shotten wi' a hunder prongs and a thousan' bullets, in convulsions o' the dead-thraws. A' the while women and weans are seen tossin' their arms, and heard shriekin', frae hill-taps and wundows o' houses wi' steeket doors, and the boughs o' trees—till Luath lies still at last, covered wi' a rickle o' cruel stanes, only a bit o' his skin here and there seen through,—and then, to be sure, there is a wailin' o' weans, both callants and lassies, to think that

colley should hae been killed, wha used to gang wi' them to the verra kirk on the Sabbaths, and, till God had allowed him till gang mad, had never offered to bite onybody but neerdoweels, a' his born days! Grown-up folks are a' feared to bury him—but—I'm tellin' a true story—wee Jamie and his feres, in their grief, ware na sae cowardly, and, placing the dead body on a haun-barrow, they moved awa' wi' in funeral procession—heaven bless them—and haein howkit a hole, buried their beloved Luath aneath a green brae, and laid a flat stane on him frae the channel o' the Yarrow, just as if he had been a Christian interred in a kirkyard!

Mullion. Now, Jamie, yourself in hydrophobia.

Shepherd. Na. I shanna—for nae ither reason—just because--wi' that girnin' gab—you asked me—Moolyon. You've nae bizziness till be impedent. In a' Mr. North's banter—even when at the waurst—there's sic a visible and audible speerit o' amity and respect, that I can thole amaist ony nonsense frae him—though my face, at chance times, wull grow a wee red—at least a wee het; but hoo daur ye preshume to imagine that I will thole a thimmlefu' o' impertinence frae the likes o' you, wha I aften think, are sairly out o' your ain place in a Noctes, and would be seen to far mair advantage in your natural sphere, your ain provision-warehouse, ye bardy body, in the Lawnmarket! As Joe says, "Take your change out o' that!"

Mullion (*aside to his next-chair neighbour*). He's gettin' fou.

Shepherd. What's that you're sayin', sir? nane o' your whusperin'! The man that whuspers in company should be smothered, pitten intil a tea-chest, and sent aff to Doctor Knox.* The maist disgustfu'est trick about a whusperer is, that a' the while he's whusperin' intil anither's ear something about you, the coof, though cunnin' and crafty aneuch, for ordinar, forgets that ye may be observin' his mean motions, and senselessly keeps keekin' up at you, every noo and then, wi' the odious tail o' his ee, joggin' wi' his loathsome elbow him he's forcin' to commit a breech o' gude mainners in listenin' for ae single instant to his sickenin' insinuations—till he is recalled to a sense o' the awkwardness o' his situation, and the enormity o' his sin, by a jug o' water just aff the bile, sent wi' a bash intil his face, and a blatter again the wa' ahint him, and deevil tak him but he wou'd hae been cheep o't, had he been brained! Faith—I'm rather ruffled—come, my dear Delta—for you are aye the gentleman—by some plesant observation—as Milton, I think, says, or something like it—for I hate a correck quotation—

"Smooth the down o' my ravin darkness till it smile."

Delta. Let me feel your pulse, my dear sir.

* Mixed up in the horrible and murderous transactions of Burke and Hare, the resurrection men, as fully discussed in the preceding volume.—M.

(DELTA takes out his gold stop-watch, a keepsake from CHRISTOPHER—a memorial of friendship—and mark of gratitude to him, the Pain-reliever—presented to the Poet by NORTH at the termination of a fit of gout in the stomach, which, but for Mr. Moir, had certainly proved fatal.)

A hundred and ten—a hundred—ninety—eighty—seventy-five—sixty-eight. Now you will do—my dear James. The circulation is restored to its former currency.

Shepherd. Faith—I'm glad to hear't. For Peel's Bill has been the ruin o' the kintra. I kenna what would hae become o' Scotland had the government extended till it the expiration o' the sma' notes.

North. My dearest Delta, it has long delighted me to see you and our friend there, whom we have christened by the somewhat heathenish name of the Modern Pythagorean—strewing the paths, and adorning the pursuits of your profession—in the olden time often so strewed and adorned—witness Garth, Armstrong, Arbuthnot, Akenside, Glyn, and many other men of poetical powers, or otherwise fine genius—with the flowers of literature.

Delta. I have long since dismissed from my mind, my dear sir, any misgivings on that subject. Your judgment, and that of other enlightened men, have confirmed my own, that such occasional relaxation, as the study of elegant literature affords, from the not unsevere and rarely intermitting labours of a profession, of which I conscientiously endeavour to discharge the duties, to the best of my skill and knowledge, so far from either incapacitating or disinclining my mind for such labours and such duties, does greatly strengthen both its moral and intellectual energies; and I am happy—heaven forefend I should say I were proud—to believe that in my own circle those occasional relaxations, so far from being disapproved, or their fruits despised, have been thought to add to the respectability of my character. My name in literature I know is humble—but such as my reputation is, I am satisfied with it. My ambition lies elsewhere—it is in my profession.

North. Your name in literature is not humble—it is high; and all who have heads to know, and hearts to feel, what true poetry is, acknowledge Mr. Moir to be a poet. It is a delightful thought to me, sir, to think, that your fine native genius offered almost its first fruits to the work which I occasionally overlook, and in which I now take an almost fatherly interest. It is now enriched with many gems of your ripened and matured imagination,—and no Number can ever be unworthy of the name of Maga that is graced with the signature of Delta.

Shepherd. The Triangular Bard—though I houp the nicht, that "round as a neep he'll gang toddlin' hame."

North. Heavens! can any studies be idle in a physician—in a medical man—that inevitably lead to elevation of spirit, breathing into

it tenderness and humanity? Will he be a less thoughtful visitant at the sick or dying bed, who from such studies has gathered knowledge of all the beatings of the human heart, and all the workings of the human imagination, at such times so wild and so bewildering, aye, often even beyond the range of poetry, in those delirious dreams?

Shepherd. That's a truth. In the ancient warld, was na there but ae god for poetry, music, and medishin? and the ancients, tak ma word for't, saw far intill the mysterious connexions o' things in Natur. Owre mony folk noo-a-days, forgets that the alliance atween sowle and body's stricker—though no unlike it—than that atween church and state. Let doctors learn a' they can o' baith—and hoo they are to do that without leeterature, philosophy, and poetry, as weel's anatomy and mere medishin, surpasses my comprehenshun. Some doctors practeeze by a sort o' natural rumblegunshun, without ony knowledge either o' leeterature or ony thing else; and that accoots for some itherwise unaccoontable kirkyards.

North. No persons of the slightest sense will for a moment suffer themselves to be misled into such a gross delusion. Your mere professional man—in the narrowest sense of that much misused word—is a man utterly destitute of all knowledge that will not go into a pill-box. He is, in truth, little better than a practitioner on the purses of his patients. But such practitioners it is, and such patients, who would revile at literature as worse than idle or useless—as pernicious—in a follower of Galen, Hippocrates, or Esculapius. Are they, pray, the followers of these immortals? Much in the same way as a dung-cart drawn by a single horse, which might probably perform the distance from London to Edinburgh in a month, may be said to follow his Majesty's most gracious mail-coach, which now does it in about forty hours.

Shepherd. Mr. Blackwood, allow me to say, that I defy a' Scotland to hae produced another chairman as gude's yoursel'. You've lett'n the current o' conversation wind awa' intil a thoosan' channels, without ostentatiously direekin't—you hae had a pleasant and polite word to say to every body about ye—your wits hae never for ae meenit gane a wool-gatherin' out o' the Saloon—you hae been ready wi' your smile, your lauch, and your guffaw—and instead o' wushin' to show aff yoursell, hae been desirous to bring out ither, no dootin' that a' the kimpny would feel that you was in your delicht doin' your duty, and to say naethin' about the gled's ee and the deacon's haun' wi' which ye aye took care to push roun' the bottles, I'm sair mistaen if I hinna drawn the pictur, wi' a few bauld strokes, o' the best o' a' possible landlords.

Omnes. True—true—true—true—true—true!

Buller. (*Rising and turning to MR. NORTH, and then to MR. BLACKWOOD.*) Mr. North, Gentlemen,—I rise to propose, with all the

honours, the health of our worthy host, WILLIAM BLACKWOOD. (*Immense cheers.*) He, sir, it was—I know it from YOURSELF—that originally projected THE MAGAZINE. It was planted—it grew—and nations now are sheltered under its shade. (*Thunder.*) Let me call him—for there is magic in the name—OLD EBONY. (*A sound as of the sea.*) There was a time when all the bulls of Bashan—and some Stots—routed against him—(*laughter*)—but he took them by the horns, or by the tail, and flung them down the Nor-Loch into the slaughter-house. (*Loud guffaws—especially from the Shepherd*) There was a time when he was deserted—say rather, disavowed—insane desertion and infatuated disavowal!—by some to whom he had never deigned to extend the honour of his patronage—

“The weak—the vain—the vacillating *Good.*”

They imagined that they were rowing in the same boat—part of the crew—nay, some of them, you have told me, sir, would fain have taken the helm. They were but passengers, and some of them had forgotten to pay for their berths—that was a trifle; but when they became seasick and sore afraid, why, our host threw the live lumber overboard—to sink or swim—and such of them as had not provided themselves with cork-jackets went to the bottom. (*Great applause.*) Then prophets arose. The old men saw visions, and the Seven Young Men dreamt dreams. (*Much laughter.*) “Blackwood would be ruined!” Of his glorious success—SI MONUMENTUM REQUIRIS, CIRCUMSPICE!

(*The Noctes rise, and the Lustre trembles.*)

“Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote.”

Contributors! he unites in himself two—shall I say—three characters—such as were never before united in one man—PROPRIETOR—PUBLISHER—shall I add—North—(*North smiles—blushes, and covers his face with his hands*)—EDITOR of BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE! Sir, Gentlemen—far be it from me to seek initiation into the greater—the higher mysteries of the management of MAGA. It has ever been my sacred belief—and I declare it now—that the divine Spirit manages Herself;—(*tremendous applause*)—but William Blackwood's own hands—I seek to know no more—and to have done that is of itself sufficient for his fame—dug the grotto out of the living rock, in which Christopher North, like another Numa, receives the visits of his Egeria. (*The Soloon shakes to its foundation.*) But—as my glorious friend Wordsworth says on a similar occasion, let us

“Descend from these imaginative heights,”

and speak in a business-like way of this business-like world. The cir-

culuation of THE MAGAZINE is—how much owing to Mr. Blackwood's talents and integrity I need not say—greater than that of all the other Magazines in Britain united. (*Hear, hear!*) In a mercantile light this is much—in a philanthropical light—everything.

“Our dream by night, our prayer by day,”

is the happiness of our species—

“To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read our history in a nation's eyes.”

(*Applause.*)

Alas! ours is a smiling land no more!

“Scotland, *your* auld respected mither,”

is now too truly in the situation in which Burns, in his pleasant fancies, amused himself with imagining her—while these words—that to *our* ears once “went merry as a marriage-bell”—“merry England!” sound like the tolling at a funeral. But while there is life there is hope. While *Maga*, who indeed is the Majesty of the People, flourishes in high estate, there need be no fears for the Crown. Of the late demise I may not now speak—

“Some natural tears we shed,
But wiped them soon.”

Had our counsel been taken—and it was accordant with all the noblest thoughts and feelings of his noble heart—George the Fourth would have gone down to the tomb, and lived in history through all ages, the greatest of all Kings. But evil counsellors wearied out the ear of age and disease into one fatal measure, that at its close clouded the lustre of a glorious reign.* (*Silent expression of deep sympathy with the speaker.*) Sir—Gentlemen—I say no more. I am proud of being an Englishman; but greater pride in nothing honourable that ever has been my lot in life, have I ever felt, than the pride I now feel in being one of the contributors to the Work which is the glory of Scotland. I had the satisfaction, sir, of becoming, by a happy accident, a friend of Mr. Blackwood, before I became yours; to whom I owed the happiness of an introduction to Christopher North; and having spent one intellectual evening in the domestic circle at Newington with the Piso of Edina—(*cheers*)—I found myself on the next, with no little trepidation in my delight, I assure you, sir, in the Lodge, with the great Modern Philosopher of the Porch—(*great cheering.*) I feel deeply, gentlemen, how few and insignificant have been my contributions—(*no, no, no*)—to *MAGA*. But as I never presumptuously pes-

* Catholic Emancipation in 1829. George IV. died in June, 1830.—M.

tered her with my addresses, so, thank God, never have they been rejected—(*loud cheers*);—a passionate, but a reverent, suitor have I ever been,—

I wear her colours in my cap,
Her picture in my heart;
And he that bends not to her eye,
Shall rue it to his smart.

(*Loud cheers.*)

And now, sir, I sit down, or rather continue to stand up—(*laughter*)—while I propose, with all the honours, and long may he flourish, “The health of WILLIAM BLACKWOOD!” (*An earthquake.*)

Shepherd (in a low kind voice.) Dinna fent, sir, dinna fent—tak a drap o’ Glenlivet—you maunna fent, sir—Delta and Pythagoras, tell him no to fent.

BLACKWOOD (*rising in the midst of profound silence, under manifest emotion.*) This moment—this moment—I beg your pardon, Mr. North—gentlemen—my dear Mr. Buller—(*loud cheers of encouragement*)—this moment compensates a thousand times—it is indeed an “over-payment of delight”—all the toils, anxieties, terrors, agonies of years—(*expressions of the warmest sympathy.*) Noble, generous, glorious Contributors all! and you, my venerated friend—(*bowing, with much feeling, to Mr. North, who returns the salutation with infinite suavity*)—who,

“Like a reappearing star,
Like a glory from afar,
First did head the flock of war”—

(*Tremendous cheers—during which NORTH sinks gradually down till his face is hidden on the table.*)

Forgive, I beseech you, this my feeble expression of everlasting gratitude. Deserted? no, never! True, that in our first campaign, and it was one of long endurance—I was encircled by enemies,—by enemies who thirsted to destroy what was far dearer to me than life—yes, to murder my character. But all their poisoned arrows either fell short—or rebounded, blunt and pointless, from a breast mailed in conscious integrity;—(*loud cheers*)—and then indeed I felt that “thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just.” (*Cheers, especially from MR. JAMES BALLANTYNE.*) Gentlemen, I bore the brunt of the battle—did I not?—unflinchingly—and escaped without a wound, Scot free. (*Laughter.*) I am almost ashamed to say, that—veteran as I am—I have not a single scar to show for it—and am as sound in body and in limb—in soul, body, and estate—(*loud cheers*)—as if I had never stood any fire more formidable than the Seven Young Men’s pop-guns.* (*Im-*

* “The Seven Young Men,” who, at the commencement of Blackwood, were contributors to Constable’s Scots’ Magazine, were ridiculed by Maga, for years, on all occasions.—M.

mense laughter.) I am now—by your faithful adherence to the cause in the “worst of times”—independent of all my enemies. But suffer me to correct myself—they have ceased to exist. The few among them who, though deluded, were sincere in their hostility—in their enmity to me and THE MAGAZINE,—have either become friends of us both, or exhibit, like the Scotsman, in the general bearing of their opposition, the spirit of open and honourable antagonists. In the same spirit shall they be opposed by Maga, the Fair and Fearless—if with them there must be war;—but has she not proclaimed to the whole world, with a voice like a silver trumpet, that she is a lover of peace? (*Loud cries of “She has! she has! Queen of the Pacific!”*) The storm has long been over—the sea is now smooth—that is as smooth as the sea ever ought to be—(*cheers*)—and lo! Maga

“Is like a ship on some bright day,
In sunshine sailing far away,
Some noble ship that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain!”

Mutineers there could be none in our crew. Not a single man has been pressed into the service—(*cheers*)—and if a couple of tailors—ashamed of their sex—did once contrive to smuggle themselves on board, in the disguise of bumboat-women—(*roars of laughter*)—why, surely it was more humane to send them ashore, to the tune of the Rogue’s March, without that shameful exposure which must have attended the rigging of them out in breeches of their own handiwork—(*continued roars of laughter*)—with payment for past services—which were confined, I believe, to a vain attempt or two at removal of some stinking water-casks from the hold—(*continued laughter*)—payment, gentlemen, which, however ungratefully since complained of as penurious, was more than sufficient to have procured the quarter of a man and a fraction one meal a-day at least for a week, of nutritious parsnips. (*Peals.*) And thus was the good ship Maga saved the disgrace of seeing the poor miserable wretches, convicted of continual cabbaging, dangling at her yard-arm. (*Shouts.*) Gentlemen, once more, and for ever more, I beg you will accept these feeble expressions of my boundless gratitude. God bless you all!

(Mr. BLACKWOOD sits down in the hug of the Shepherd, and all for some minutes is glorious confusion and uproar—waving of handkerchiefs—smashing of glasses—and shivering of chairs—till the Saloon seems to reel like the cabin of a ship in a squall. At length, order being restored, Bruin, alias the Bronie, releases the Bailie from his embrace, and stands to his feet.)

Shepherd. North, I volunteer a sang. A’ the world ’ll no prevent me frae singin’ a sang. I kenna what it ’ll be! but I tak’ this verra Saloon for a soobject—these verra premises—MAGA AT No. 45.

Omnes. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !—Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !—
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

MAGA AT NO. XLV.

Forty-five, Forty-five,
For a blessing belyve,
I have set up my rest under you,
For aye, through this land,
With blood and with brand,
Thy name was engraven till now,
Forty-five,
Thy name was engraven till now.

The first time, I trow,
That I e'er heard of you,
It was long ere a Maga was born,
When the Border all rang
With war's terrible clang,
And the bugle at even and morn,
Forty-five, &c.

And though then Aneram Moor
Run red with the gore
Of the Southron's inveterate host ;
Yet war, waste, and death,
In vengeance and wrath,
Went on to our land's bitter cost,
Forty-five, &c.

The next time I heard
Of thy baleful award
To my country—how grievous the while,
When thousands of Scots
Cut each other's throats,
Under Baillie, Montrose, and Argyle,
Forty-five, &c.

Then in feud and in flame,
With Prince Charles you came,
Who like lightning the land overran ;
How fraught with despair,
To the brave and the fair,
To the Prince, each bold Chief, and his clan,
Forty-five, &c.

Brave Prince, o'er thy urn,
Royal Maga must mourn,
As the last of her old Stuart name ;
And to keep it alive,
Under the Forty-five,
My country's free standard shall flame,
Royal race, &c.

I have heard of thy number,
 'Mid bother and cumber,
 On the hill of old Ludgate confest;
 But our rights to revive,
 Under this Forty-five,
 Undaunted I set up my rest,
 Forty-five, &c.

And each statesman shall know it,
 Each critic and poet,
 And guess from the days that are gone,
 That at Forty-five,
 While Maga's alive,
 Respect of their persons is none,
 Forty-five, &c.

If in honour they fail,
 She will ring such a pea.
 Of reproach, that the world shall wonder
 And tremble and shrive,
 When New Forty-five
 Breaks out in her volleys of thunder,
 Kit North, &c.

For she's firm as the Bass,
 And her brow is of brass,
 And her rapier of flame is the pen;
 Yet more innocence has she
 O'er the land and the sea,
 Than a hundred and ten thousand men,
 Forty-five,
 Than a hundred and ten thousand men.

Then hail my new dwelling,
 All others excelling,
 Thou throne of the bold and the free;
 And here I proclaim,
 In Old Christopher's name,
 That my friends shall be welcome in thee,
 Forty-five;
 All my friends shall be welcome in thee.

(Enthusiastic chuckling and crowing.)

Mr. Blackwood. The SHEPHERD—with all the honours.

Mr. Robert Howie. Stop. I'll drink that toast—standin' on my head. Mr. North, we've baith o' us dune that trick in your youth—and mony a queer ane besides—haena we? NORTH bows.) Do tak the time frae me, sirs.

(MR. ROBERT HOWIE reverses the common order of nature—and at his special request MR. SEWARD places a brimming bumper on each of his soles, which stand there so steadily, that not a

drop is spilt. The Hero of the Mearns raises his "hip—hip—hip"—like a Stentor—and the statue of GEORGE BUCHANAN trembles on its pedestal.)

Shepherd (rising). I canna speak on my legs—a single grain. A' my ideas, the moment I get up, flee out o' my head, like doos frae a doocot. If a sentence happens to get about twa lines lang, I'm as entirely bewildered as if I were in the Cretan Labarenth,—and as sune's I fin' mysel' enclosed in ony thing like a paranthesis, I gie mysel' up for lost.—(*Cheers and laughter.*)—I'M NAETHING AFF THE SCLATE.—(*Here, during a pause in the Shepherd's oratory, MR. NORTH explains to MESSRS. BULLER and SEWARD, the Bard's uniform practice of poetizing on a slate, from which he transfers his inspiration to paper, in a fine Roman hand.*)—Let me recover the threed o' my discourse. Whare was I? Ou aye. I had written, sirs, twa sangs for this gran' occasion—but wee Jamie, God bless him, wushin' to amuse himsel' wi' makin' a pictur o' the Bonassus, wiped them awa yesterday forenoon into everlasting oblivion wi' the cuff o' his jacket.—(*Much lamentation.*)—But, Mr. North, and Mr. Blackwood, and gentlemen all, some thochts and feelings there are which I commit not to ony ither tablet but that o', I trust, an honest heart,—(*shouts and peals,*)—and, among these, I can solemnly say, if not first and foremost, (for I hae a wife and family), yet, I declare to heeven, in the van, are them o' gratitude, affection, and respect for the staunch freens by whom I am now proud to see mysel' surrounded, and wha hae lang been the cherm and the glory o' my life.—(*The most affectionate applause, from eye, voice, and hand.*)—Mawga's a queer deevil,—(*much laughter,*)—an' a set o' queer deevils she has got to deal wi'. Preserve me, if Mr. Hooie's no stannin' on his head yet—like ane o' the Antipodes!—(*MR. SEWARD dexterously removes the bumpers from MR. HOWIE'S soles—the hero of the Mearns springs to his feet—empties them both to the SHEPHERD'S health—and resumes his seat with his usual gravity.*) I dinna scruple to say that She's lang been as muckle obleeged to me—as ever I was to Her—and that's nae little; and I hae formed a very erroneous estimat o' Her heart, if She wou'd na be as sair pitten oot o' Her way by my death, as I wou'd be by Hers.—(*Solemn silence.*)—But why, indeed, speak o' deein'—if it be na, as Mr. Wudsworth profoundly indites,

“That pleasant thochts
Bring sad thochts to the mind.”

I ken weel—and sae does She—something tells it till me—here I ken (*laying one hand on his forehead and the other on his heart*)—that we are BAITH IMMORTAL. (“*Far flash the red artillery.*”) I was a puir shepherd twa score years ago,—and I'm a puir shepherd yet,—but, to use the language o' a bit herd lassie that I ance heard singin' to her—

sel' a fragment o' some auld sang that had a' faded awa but thae twa simple lines, I may say that natur

“Did gie to me her music pipes,
And the sweet trumpin' strains,”

and aften hae I felt, sir, and may feel it again, that come what might o' sorrow or sufferin', I never wad be an object o' peety either to mysel' or ithers, sae lang as nature continued to me the gift o' genie, and enabled me at mine ain wull, to awauken a voice o' music within the regions o' mine ain heart and mine ain imagination, that made the ears o' my sowl deaf to the loudest storms of fate and fortune.

(SHEPHERD *sits down amidst cries from all sides of* “Beautiful,” “Glorious,” “Most true.” *God bless you, JAMES—bless the SHEPHERD—THE ETRICK SHEPHERD for ever!*)

Shepherd. Bless us, whare's Mr. Shooard? If he's gane at sic an early hour, the lift'll fa' and smother the laverocks. Wull naebody tell me whare's Mr. Shooard? He maun hae been a ghaist to hae melted away through thae thick wa's.—O'Bronte, gang intil the Sanctum, and see for Mr. Shooard.

(O'BRONTE *trots away into the Sanctum, and returns, leading MR. SEWARD by the skirts.*)

Seward. I ought to make many apologies, Mr. Blackwood, for what must have seemed an unnecessarily long absence—but I felt myself inspired by Apollo—slightly indeed—but rather more so than by Bacchus, or even Mercury; and having jotted down a few lines, perhaps I may be permitted to chant them—to an old well-known air, which Mr. Manager Murray sings to a miracle. Would that to my own voice—not so much amiss, I believe—I could add but a tithe of that admirable fellow's taste and feeling!

Blackwood. We shall be delighted to hear you, sir.

Seward (sings).

A CHANT.

To the Tune of—“The Old Courtier and the New.”

How happy is the state that THE OLD MAN doth possess,
Whom fortune, fame, and friendship, have all combined to bless,
And whom the daughters of our land delight to caress,
So that he holds his head above his brethren of the press,
Like a fine old stately Gentleman
Of the good olden time.

Who, daring to be honest in the most degen'rate days,
The crowd of renegades around indignantly surveys,
And dealing out in truth severe his censure and his praise,
As yet has never come to see the error of his ways,
Like an obstinate old Gentleman
Of the good olden time.

Who though he oft is quite as grave as well befits his age,
 At other times he scruples not to lay aside the sage :
 And Wit in all her thousand moods then sparkles in his page,
 So that the hearts of old and young he thereby doth engage,
 Like a versatile old Gentleman
 Of the good olden time.

Whose manners are so bland, and whose smile it is so sweet—
 Yet as tough a customer as any man need meet—
 Whose bearing doth so well become the *cavalier* complete,
 Who ne'er abused a victory, nor ever fear'd defeat,
 Like a gallant brave old Gentleman
 Of the good olden time.

God bless the good old gentleman, and send him long to reign
 Over the empire which he rules, and ne'er has ruled in vain ;
 And peace to all the ghosts of those his gray goose quill has slain,
 And chiefly to the Cockney crew whom he's put out of pain,
 Like a good humane old Gentleman
 Of the good olden time.

North (rising amidst the subsiding applause). Gentlemen, I propose in one sentence—with all the honours—the health of THOMAS DE QUINCEY—a person of the highest Intellectual and Imaginative Powers—a Metaphysician, a Logician, and a Political Economist of the first Order—a profound and comprehensive Scholar—a perfect Gentleman—and one of the best of men.

(The ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER'S health is drunk with prodigious acclamation ; but, after a long pause, MR. DE QUINCEY still remains deeply rooted to his seat.)

Shepherd (aside to the company). He seems perfectly stunned. My dear sir, is it ane o' the idiosyncrasies o' your constitution—(that lang-nebbed word I committed to memory the nicht frae the recitation o' the Modern Pythagorean)—to get ill at thunner ? Whisht, weans—he's fistlin' on his seat—as aboot to rise. Whisht—I hae lang desired to hear the Opium-Eater mak a speech. Noo for't—it'll be gran' Logic, elegant Rhetoric, and soun' Felosophy ! Whisht, weans—whisht !

Opium-Eater. On this occasion, dear Sir Christopher—oldest, justest, most brilliant of friends!—let me unbosom to you my griefs. You know my position—an Englishman—domiciliated often in Scotland—always there in heart and affection. *You* I need not instruct that among Scotchmen (or, as for some unfathomable reason, they choose to be called, Scotsmen) are my earliest, dearest, and most honoured friends. Many of my countrymen *adopt*, as blindly as they do their religious faith, a reverence for Scotland ; and it is well if a just sentiment be held, on whatsoever footing. But still a “reasonable service” is better : and *my* veneration for the Scottish land rests, as you know, Sir Christopher, on personal knowledge. Judge, therefore, of the pain

I suffer in knowing, and being continually reminded, that amongst the majority even of well-educated Scotchmen *resident in Scotland*, the most humiliating (I will say—the most injurious) notions are current about us English. By the great body of the English, this is not so much as suspected. Running rapidly over Scotland in the summer and autumn as tourists, or as sportsmen, they see little of the population but those who are their inferiors and dependents; and at the half-dozen of dinner parties, which their Edinburgh introductions open to them, hospitality and politeness, of course, seal up the lips of the Scotch on that particular topic. Hence the ignorance of the English; and perhaps never before in this world was there such a body of hostile feeling so little known to its objects. The Scotch, resident in England, do not generally partake in those feelings; at least those of birth and station do not. But in Scotland, I believe that a feeling towards the English which may be called even malignity, a disposition to disparage them, and certain obstinate prejudices about their characteristic qualities, are, in *some* degree, universal. I readily grant that, regularly as you ascend in society, this state of feeling declines. In the lower classes, who know the English by little more than report, it exists rancorously. In the very highest, except as a feeling occasionally assumed for purposes of political influence, perhaps, not at all. The peerage every where is of no country :

— “*rarus enim sensus communis in illâ
Fortunâ.*”

For rarely are civic sympathies to be found in that rank. You know, Sir Christopher, real scholar as you are, that I here translate truly. But in the next class to *that*, the enlightened and accomplished society of Edinburgh—Advocates, &c.,—you will meet with it in some strength. The main distinctions here are, that in some it is a quiescent feeling, in others, powerfully active. And I need not say that, in this class, even where it is strongest, a thousand accidents of private connexions, polished manners, &c., arise to break or mitigate its expression. But it exists for all *that*, and is running below when you least suspect it. Here, dear Sir Kit, I think you smile—perhaps recalling that story of a government spy in 1795, who said—“ Ah! as to Coleridge, I think little of *him*; he’s a chattering fellow, that says more in an hour than he’ll stand to in a month. That Wordsworth is the traitor; for you’ll never hear *him* open his mouth on politics from year’s end to year’s end.” But stop—hear me out: I shall illustrate a little.

The first point on which the Scotch undervalue the English is by comparison so much of a trifle, and moreover, is so little brought forward in the sort of society that it can be worth adverting to, that I shall be satisfied to state it, and leave it. They claim to be a superior

nation *physically*. In particular, the claim, as it respects female beauty, is made in terms so extravagant by Mr. Galt, in one of his very clever novels, that for *his* credit I shall not repeat it. Superiority in the characteristic excellencies of the other sex is, I believe, much more generally an article of the national creed. Like other men, I have, perhaps an opinion in this matter, but am not very anxious to express it. Meantime, I recollect that you, Sir Christopher, not seldom, when honouring the Carlisle wrestling with your presence, have pronounced the men of Cumberland and Westmoreland the finest specimens of the human animal, for *all* the qualities which belong to an athlete. Upon this, as perhaps in part a courtesy, I do not insist: I willingly consent that a Scotchman shall believe his nation stronger—bigger—fleeter—*lisher* (as we say in Westmoreland,) than all the rest of Europe. But I mention it for this purpose: In a late History of the Rebellion of 1745, (a book in that class most amusingly written,) the English are not only so treated that a man must suppose the author to have persuaded himself that they are a nation of poltroons, but we are required to believe that, in the mere article of agility, so remarkably distinguishing the Cumbrian peasantry, awe-struck, hopeless admiration, or some such feeling, was the sentiment universally elicited by the Highland army. Now, upon that point at least, as it respects the Scotch *inter se*, I may express an opinion without offence: and I say, therefore, and it is notorious, and no Scotchman who is free to speak the truth ever hesitates to say so too, that excepting the Highland *gentlemen*, (for reasons too well known,) the Celtic part of the Scottish population, in bodily powers and appearance, are greatly and noticeably below the Lowlanders of Scotland: as respects these last and the English, meaning the peasantry in both, if I have an opinion, I mean to keep it to myself. But for the upper ranks, to talk of any prominent difference between them—is mere dotage. Walk up and down Prince's Street or the Parliament House, I defy any man to tell me, upon physical grounds, whether he looks upon a body of English gentlemen or Scotch gentlemen. Yet, but a few months ago, in an obscure paper in the first journal in the world, (*bowing to Sir Christopher North*,) the writer, (obviously a Highlander,) who otherwise treats us poor English *de haut en bas*, and finds out that the nation of Lord Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, Newton, &c. is constitutionally incapable of anything intellectual,—declares that every child in Edinburgh knows an Englishman at first glance by his personal appearance. The same writer, by the way, positively advances these two propositions; 1st, that the ingenuity of Manchester in the useful arts, is to be ascribed to its approach, in point of latitude, to the Scottish Highlands; and 2dly, that the English Poetry, except as a pretence, had no existence till the days of Lord Byron—who owed his supposed distinction of Founder, to his Highland mother;—

unfortunately Mrs. Byron's rank in life making it certain that she was *not* Highland (*i. e.* of Celtic blood) in the exclusive sense intended.

But of this enough: nor would I have noticed it at all, were it not as marking the strength of the feeling against us, which omits nothing; and that in this instance there is a peculiar contradiction to the generosity of the English,—who, if they assume on this point an ancient superiority to the French, (and really upon some warrant) do *not* towards others, but hold themselves open to the challenges of all nations, welcome them, and give them the most entire fair-play. Witness the case of Molyneux the black, though sent over expressly by the Yankees to humble our English pride.*

Next, let me notice that aspersion under which chiefly I do really groan with mortification and shame. The notion of English sensuality—and in the most abject shape, sensuality in eating—prevails universally in Scotland, and nowhere else. Of this also, the English generally are perfectly unaware. I presume that the notion arose from the high feeding of English servants, and in former times (but not in these) of the English peasantry. More especially this is true of Yorkshire, one of the counties happening to lie nearest to Scotland. And it must be conceded that a base notion prevail's amongst the lowest English, that poor living—so honourable morally, so beneficial intellectually—is a disgrace. With what execrable disdain do the luxurious populace of a great manufacturing town look down upon the oatmeal of Scotland (which, observe is no less the oatmeal of two millions in England.) So far I admit the reproach, and grieve over it. But that the gentry of England, nay, that the *bourgeoisie* of England—if *that* be the thing meant—are at all more luxurious than the same ranks in Scotland, I have neither heard nor seen any reason to believe. Civic corporations, I presume, are every where luxurious. A bailie I suppose to be the likest thing in the whole world to an alderman; the difference no more than (as Jekyll said to a lady asking the distinction between a solicitor and an attorney) very much like that between an alligator and a crocodile. I shall also not readily believe that one great trading town differs much in this matter from another; Glasgow, for example, from Manchester. The fact is, no nation is really distinguished in this disgraceful way, except the French at present, and the Romans formerly. The elaborate and extensive library of both on gastronomy, puts *that* beyond doubt. But I allow, that this hideous reproach is a just judgment upon the English of former ages, for their senseless scoffs at the Scottish diet. Would that it could strike the guilty, who, alas! are the only people insensible to it!

Next, upon our shares in the late wars: Had we English any share

* Not at all probable.—M.

at all? I protest, that I never could understand how the Scotch Lowlanders, sixteen hundred thousand, I believe, out of twenty, settle accounts with the Highlanders, or they again with the Irish. For never yet could I find, in the writers upon the Catholic Question, that the army was recruited any where but in Ireland; or, indeed, the navy. On the other hand, in tours innumerable of Scottish parentage, &c., &c., I have ascertained that no charge was ever made, no position captured, no fortress stormed, except by a Highland regiment—in most cases, the very same regiment. And yet I find, that whilst army and navy demanded half a million of men at one time, the entire body of fighting men in the Scotch Highlands are not above 100,000, had all been levied; and of these, I have understood that no more than 3,000 ever served at one time in the British army.

Sir Christopher, you will not suspect me of doing the very thing I complain of so bitterly in others; no man ever threw a doubt upon the behaviour of either Highlanders or Irish. But their exclusive pretensions are ridiculous in the eyes of all really brave men. Look, for example, at Colonel Napier's book.* He knows of no such distinctions, which would throw into the shade the great body of the united people, viz., English and Scotch Lowlanders. You and I remember a time when our Theatres were deafened with *bravuras* about "*British* honour," and "*British* courage," and "*British* spirit," (this last by the way, a dangerous experiment on our ears,) until cynics began to tell us that the earth was sick of our vanities, and mere shame, though taking perhaps its first impulse from hatred even to our just pretensions, drove us to a little modesty. Now, I would suggest to the *proneurs* of the Highland regiments, that the public mind is approaching to the same point on this case; and that a nation of gallant men are in the end almost as much injured in public feeling by such extravagancies *for* them, as if they came from themselves.

I might now come upon the ground of our Universities, and the obstinate prejudices about *them*; for instance, Mr. Dugald Stewart's determination that Locke should be expelled from the University of Oxford, and expelled for his philosophy; or Mr. Playfair's yet grosser misstatements about both Universities. Or I might undertake the same prejudice, as it applied still more broadly to our intellectual differences in general. But what I have said is enough as instances; and I come now to the main point I had in view, viz. that sort of appeal which the case itself makes to the justice of the Scotch, when one or two points are properly cleared up. There is a notion prevalent, that amongst the amiable characteristics of the English (for some I suppose they have), is generosity. I shall not allow myself to build too much on that assumption, merely because it is a Scotch writer who

* Napier's History of the Peninsular War.—M.

most frequently insists on it, viz. Sir Walter Scott. But certainly, the temper which grants fair play to an antagonist, does seem to me conspicuously exhibited in England. Grant *her* that benefit. Some time ago, I remember reading a book by a Frenchman, describing the circumstances of a visit to London. Knowing, as I did, the foundation which there really is for some of those feelings towards his countrymen, which he charged upon us as base prejudices, and although I saw in many cases that he mistook mere English reserve, or perhaps even *mauvaise honte*, for hauteur; yet, for the soul of me, I could not but sympathise with a man of honour, stung to the very heart by the caricatures and lampoons upon his nation, and make allowances even when a wounded-spirit prompted him to adopt as a rule of conduct, that he would, as sailors say, "*turn to*" on behalf of his injured country, that he would freeze those who froze him, would bow as slightly as the proud English bowed to him, that he would answer carelessness by carelessness, and retort scorn for scorn. In reality, can he be himself an estimable man, who is willing that his country should be lightly esteemed; or ought a man to accept a regard offered to him as an exception to his countrymen? Yet I must think that the Scotch have less weighty ground against us, than we against the French, not to mention that we are as much misrepresented in France, and meet with as much injustice as they with us. This brings me to the point. You will say, are not the Scotch liable to as deep injury from prejudice in England, and unfounded contempt, as the English, in the cases you have been stating? I say, No. *Fuit Ilium*. Such prejudices there were; at present they are banished to the vulgar. Those which now exist are all the other way. Sir Walter Scott has remarked (*Mal. Malagrowth*er,) that in this day every Scotchman has his peculiar talent, if anything *over-valued* in England. In fact there is a perfect superstition prevailing amongst the English in behalf of Scotch talent. But there are certain jokes outstanding against the Scotch? Doubtless; those, for example, of Dr. Johnson, Churchill, &c.—no jokes, I grant, with *them*, but in the general use no more than those upon the medical body, upon lawyers, upon husbands, as liable to frontal honours, &c., which no man is so thinskinned as to interpret gravely. At this moment I contend, that of all the prejudices ever started against the Scotch, one only keeps its ground in good society in England, viz.—that which ascribes to the Scotch, more than common "*discretion*" (that is the term in India.) *i. e.* too keen a regard to their own interest, and too close a cohesion amongst each other in foreign lands. I know not how true this may be; but, as nations go, I think any nation well off that hears no worse of itself. Sir Christopher, the Scotch pride, noble in many points, in one is not so; it is gloomy and ferocious. When an affront is seen or fancied, nothing can propitiate it. Let me therefore suggest one little truth, having already suggested that at this

moment the old affronts are obsolete, or have descended to the use of vulgar low-bred people. The little truth is this: You know, and I know, that a considerable number of worthy men, but for which of their merits neither of us knows, have been kicked out of Scotland. Now these people, one and all, betake themselves to the press, in various characters; in fact, three-fourths of the London newspaper press is in the hands of the Scotch. And these gentlemen it is—unnatural sons of Scotland—who chiefly sting her with insults. Yet, coming from London, they are all put down to us, generally speaking, innocent—English. Hence standing irritation in the public mind in Scotland, which, as occasions offer, is paid back on the wrong men.

Now, Sir Christopher, after stating my firm determination to abscond, if your reply promises to be on the same scale as my speech, I conclude for the present.

(This address is listened to with the most profound silence. At its close, many contributors, of all nations, spring to their feet.)

Shepherd. Let me answer 't.

Mullion. And me.

Tickler. And me.

Delta and Modern Pythagorean. And us.

Buller and Seward. Arcades ambo.

North. No—no—no! Gentlemen, be seated. I insist upon it. *(The insurrection is quelled.)* A very few words, my dear sir, so you need not—must not—abscond. First, There are many vulgar idiots in all nations—shove them aside—English and Scotch—and thus we get rid, in a moment, of much senseless insolence towards both countries. That score is wiped off—and their base guilt is held to be equal. Secondly, From senseless idiots take one step up to common blockheads in each of the two nations. The Scotch commonplace blockheads sneer at the people of England for being sensual in their feeding. The English commonplace blockheads sneer at the people of Scotland for being starved. True or false, or partly true and partly false, the charge, as it is made, in both cases alike, on imperfect knowledge, and in a bad spirit, is disgraceful to both peoples, and I think that the disgrace is about equal. Thirdly, Take another step up to sensible persons, and among them, I think, you will still find, in both countries alike, much prejudice and ignorance about the character of each other, and without particularizing them, I think they are about equal. Fourthly, Ascend now into the ranks of literary men and philosophers—of higher or lower degree—and there, methinks, it would not be difficult to prove the superior candour, and freedom from national prejudice, on the part of the Scotch. Mention, my dear friend, the names of such insolent calumniators of all that is English, among equally celebrated Scotchmen, as those of Junius, Johnson, Churchill, Wilkes—men who have spared no insolent sarcasms and calumnies on our

national character. I hope—I believe—you cannot. Fifthly, Have not, in later times, Gifford, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and YOURSELF, not unfrequently—and some of you bitterly—I will add foolishly—(not you, my excellent sir)—sneered in and out of their sleeves at almost all our national literature—at its most illustrious authors? They have. Mention the names of such men in Scotland—if any such there be—who have written in the same spirit of the great English authors. I do not believe you can. Lastly, You, my dear sir, are a man of very fine perceptions, and very delicate feelings, and of very courteous manners. You are, in the noblest sense of the term, a very sensitive person. For all that—and much more—I love and admire Mr. De Quincey. Many things, both in mind and manner, will occur here, in Edinburgh, and in every other part of Scotland, which to you, an enlightened, liberal, and philosophic Englishman, must seem harsh and grating—coarse, vulgar, and low. You do not use such words—but I use them for you: and I join in your reprobation and disgust at all such exhibitions. But might not such a Scotchman as you are an Englishman be subjected in England to much of the same annoyance? I am not such a man. I admit cheerfully that in much I am your inferior. But not in courtesy, I hope, not in the dealing of a gentleman. And I declare to you, upon my honour, that I have often been disgusted, and perhaps irritated, by the same sort of undervaluing, or misrepresenting, or misconceiving, of the real character of my countrymen, in England, that has justly excited your scorn, when you have met with it, directed against your countrymen, in Scotland. I have, indeed, my dear De Quincey, a thousand times. Therefore, agreeing with you in most things, not all, that you have said so eloquently, anent our national prejudices and bigotries, pardon me if I say, that most of it is applicable to yours,—I mean to those of your countrymen in the same rank of life with ourselves. And, to conclude, the whole subject, I opine, is yet to be discussed—by you and me, in separate essays—articles for *Maga*; in which there can be no doubt, that we shall utter truths most salutary to our compatriots.

Shepherd. Wha was that speakin' the noo? I'm thinkin' I was a wee sleepy—did ony o' ye see me noddin'—for I cou'd hae sworn I heard the castin' o' a hive o' bees! You're a' lookin' like sae mony statues.

North. (*rising with much animation.*) Statues! Yes, gentlemen, there is now present among us one of the first sculptors in Britain. Need I mention his name?—(*Hear, hear, hear!*)—LAWRENCE MACDONALD.* (*Immense applause.*) Poetry, Painting, Sculpture—all work in the same world—the ideal world of the Imagination. We have all seen a beautiful or sublime scene reflected in water. How

* A clever Scottish sculptor, who afterwards returned to Italy, where he died.—M.

transcendently soft—or how transcendently austere—then seem the lineaments of nature! So seem they all in the reflection of the Fine Arts—more divine than in their earthly originals. But, in the reflection of the Fine Arts, Nature herself is—*changed*—essentially etherealized—and in none of them, perhaps, so much so as in Sculpture. Its creations all speak, it is true, to human affections and sympathies; but the highest of them to human affections and sympathies how far elevated above ordinary life! Abstract ideas, carrying with them their kindred and congenial Emotions of Love, Power, Grace, Majesty, and Beauty—these are embodied, impersonated in the marble—and appeal to the loftiest, purest moods of the Reason, the Imagination, and the Heart. In the Head of the Phidian Jove, we see the Nod at which Olympus trembled; in the Form of the Medicean Venus, we feel the essence of Female Loveliness purified from all taint of earthly passion; in the Apollo Belvidere, we behold the godship of the Sun, as

“He walks th’ impalpable and burning sky,”

or, in celestial disdain, smites the monsters of this earth, without any disturbance of his celestial majesty; in the Laocoon, the soul is sublimed as it shudders at the everlasting Image of Parental and Filial Love, dreadly and mysteriously dismayed, yet not utterly overcome, by the hideous horrors sent by an insulted and avenging divinity, against the very Priest when ministering at the altar; in the Dying Gladiator, while the soul sickens in a dream

“Of pomps of guilt, and theatres of blood,”

it yet is elevated by the grand endurance of one, now a slave—once, perhaps, a Barbaric king,

“Struggling with death, and conquering agony.”

(*Loud exclamations of delight.*)

Our friend has studied nature in that School of Art whose works, dug out of the hidden gloom of earth, and the melancholy rubbish of fallen temples, have given us glorious glimpses of the divine spirit that floated of old over all the Grecian Clime. For their possession, kings and kingdoms have contended, and they have been included in treaties, by which peace was restored to a war-wearied world. Who has seen our friend’s Ajax, and his Achilles, and feels not that our native Sculptor has a Greek soul?—(*Loud cheers*)—that it is familiar, in sleeping and waking dreams, with the heroes, gods, and demi-gods of that sublime Mythology?—(*Hear, hear!*)—But, among the remains of Ancient Art, which time and the hands of worse destroyers have spared to us, there

are none, perhaps, that bear a more touching character, than the few, whether perfect or in fragments, on which the Sculptor has delighted to impress the soft grace of Youthful Beauty. On these our Beauty-worshipping Friend (*smiles—hear—hear—hear!*) has fed the Spirit of Beauty that abides within his imagination; and to what exquisite loveliness, arrayed in the sweet lustre of innocence and peace, has he moulded the pale, chaste, melancholy, and moonlight marble!—(*The most cordial cheers.*)

Omnes. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

Macdonald (rising). Yes, sir,—yes, gentlemen,—I glory in the name of Beauty-Worshipper.—(*Loud cheering.*)—I have studied those beautiful relics of the divine creative spirit of Grecian Genius to which our Illustrious Friend has so eloquently and philosophically alluded,

“In thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.”

Alas!

“’Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!”

Yet all is not dead, while these survive—for in the Acts of Mind, the Forms of the Body are immortal, and that immortality has been conferred by her sculptors on the ideal beauties of Greece’s divine daughters, while the feet of slaves and despots, blind to all beauty but the sensual, now profane their insensate dust.—(*Hear—hear—hear!*)—Yes, sir, all the high works of sculpture, where beautiful or sublime, appeal, as you have wisely hinted, to our instructed sympathies—instructed, sir, by the study of form, and by the study of the spirit enshrouded in form, which cannot be reproduced in marble without science in the sculptor, or understood, or felt, without knowledge in the spectator,—such knowledge, sir, as can only be acquired by those who are familiar with Beauty, while she “pitches her tent before them,” as Wordsworth says, and whose “quiet eye,” as the same great poet also says, “broods and sleeps on their own heart.” Sir, there reigns in the works of sculpture a high intellectual law. The sculpture of that people, among whom alone the art was perfect, bears on it, as you have so well said, the perpetual character of ideal beauty. We recognise in the works of the other arts, the ideal character; we recognise it in the sculpture of all other nations; and we recognise it in all that remains to us of Greece—in her Poetry for example—the working of their idealizing mind. But in their sculpture only—and only in theirs—is it a perpetual and overpowering character, which strikes in the first moment upon every eye, and holds every heart half-repelled by wonder mingling with its delight.—(*Applause.*)—My sole ambition in this life, is to gain from the feeling of beauty the power of expressing it; and as Sublimity and Beauty are kindred spirits, may I dare to hope—

which I do as humbly as devoutly—that some of my future works, like those, sir, of the forms of the Ajax and Achilles, which you, sir, have been pleased to admire, may not be altogether unimpressed by the character of the Ideal Heroic.

(MR. MACDONALD sits down amidst great applause; and a very extraordinary reverberating echo is here discovered in the north-east angle of the Saloon.)

North (arises). Gentlemen, fill a Tumbler-Bumper. We are to have a Double Number this month—now for a Double Toast—JOHN WATSON GORDON and ROBERT GIBB.—(A welcome to the welkin.)—John, my dear friend, hearken to the words of a friend,

“You have but one fault—but that is a thumper.”

In an age of pretension and puffery, you are too—*modest*. Yet, I love—I admire you—the more for that rare sin—not the sin, most assuredly, that in these days most easily besets men of merit. Perhaps, after all, gentlemen, our friend's genius shines the more conspicuously through the only mists that ever approach its lustre, the thin transparent cloud of his own mild and gentlemanly manners.—(Loud acclamations.)—I may be no great judge, perhaps, of the Fine Arts;—(You are—you are—from all quarters)—and I plead guilty, in this instance, gentlemen, to the partialities of personal affection for this distinguished artist. Be it so; yet I never, from my own experience, have found that friendship for the artist either blinds the judgment, or betrays the feeling, of his critic. The same pure, calm, bright, deep, untroubled, and most unostentatious, unglaring colouring, which belongs to Mr. Watson Gordon's own character in domestic life, hangs over one and all of his most admirable pictures.—(Loud cheers.)—I dislike the epithet *striking* likenesses; for, in the vocabulary of commonplace critics, it is synonymous with *staring*; but, “commend me” to the similitudes that steal serenely from the canvass, breathing momentarily into fresher and brighter life. Such are his portraits, which grow upon you, to a more and more perfect expression of individual character, the longer you gaze upon them, till you finally feel as if you heard the very voice of the original, and could almost believe that he was there with you in the room. But our friend's portraits have other and higher merits than even these. He is a master of all the principles of his art. That mastery enables him to embody his fine feeling of elegance and grace in faces and figures, which, without any impaired resemblance to the originals, are idealized in the true spirit of genius. With the highest opinion of the powers of those distinguished artists, Smith, Graham, and others, I do not hesitate to say, that we now drink to the health of the Best Portrait-Painter in Scotland—(General acquiescence unequivocally expressed.)—And now I call upon

—*that gentleman to hold up his head, while I proclaim his name with a loud voice—ROBERT GIBB!—(The crystals dance on the table.)—It is delightful, Mr. Blackwood, to see how true genius, in every department of the art, steals its way—slowly, perhaps, for a while—a long while, as it seems to its possessor—but surely as fate—into due estimation at last. His character as an artist has been stamped by the choice made of him along with the ingenious George, brother of the celebrated William Simpson, by the Directors of the prosperous Institution, Hill Street, who could not have selected two more effective masters. But I know the genius of Robert Gibb as an artist, and his worth as a man, better than all the directors of all academies in the world, with the Director-General—bless him—at their head.—(Much merriment.)—We have scaled together many a mountain-strata—his shoulder acting as another crutch;—(laughter)—and looking at his exquisite sketches which fill a large portfolio that lies constantly on the sofa of my brown study, how pleasant, my dear Mr. Gibb, to follow our own footsteps (none better, notwithstanding that unlucky sprain of your dexter ankle) across the fells—with our cheerful companions—and relive a week passed in that mountain paradise.—(The most cordial cheers.)*

(All the powers on earth fail to force either MR. WATSON GORDON, or MR. GIBB to his legs. But they return thanks by an expression of countenance that speaks volumes—and that adds to the applause.)

Howie. Did ye gang up to see the fecht, sir, atween Simon Byrne and Sandy Mackay?*

North. No—Bob—I could not get away. 'Twas a bad fight—and an unfortunate business—but I trust the luckless issue of the affair will not eventually injure the ring.

Howie. I am glad to hear ye say sae, sir—for I am told there has been an awfu' outcry against prize-fechtin' in the papers.

North. The whole argument, Bob, lies in a nutshell. The English are a pugilistic people. They decide their quarrels by the fist. It is the least dangerous—the least revengeful—the least rancorous mode of doing so that can exist among the common orders. It is manly, courageous, honest, and honourable—generally speaking—and therefore ought to be upheld by all men who esteem such qualities in national character. That cannot be done without professors of pugilism; and professors of pugilism can establish their claim to that title, only by fighting publicly in a ring. The ring, then, is essential to the existence of pugilism, as the national mode of deciding and extinguishing all quarrels among the people. In the ring, out of many hundred fights, one occasionally proves fatal—and the fatality, when it occurs,

* Mackay lost his life in this encounter.—M.

is a subject of regret—but not of great and wide lamentation, nor worthy of a general mourning or fast.

Howie. You speak weel, sir, on all subjects. What mair?

North. Prize-Fights are, notwithstanding, illegal. They cannot well be otherwise; but the Law has wisely winked at them—and some of the highest Judges in the Law have regarded them with no disfavour—but in the light of necessary and useful pastimes even, the support of Fair Play out of the Ring, and an encouragement given to all manliness in the sentiment of quarrels and the satisfaction of insults. Such is the feeling of the vast majority of the educated classes in England. On the other hand, many persons of much worth, and fine sensibilities, are shocked by what they have been taught, or have taught themselves, to think brutal, ferocious, and cruel—and confining their attention solely to the spectacle of bloody and bruised faces and figures, without any consideration of all the collateral circumstances, and all the consequences, results, and effects, look on all such exhibitions as disgraceful to a civilized age. They are ninnies, Bob. But being good sort of people enough in their own way, I content myself with merely saying that they know nothing of the character of Englishmen. Some people, again, try all things by religion. Pugilism will not stand that test—nor indeed will any kind of warfare, either private or public—and if they must weep over Moulsey Hurst, they ought to die at the bare idea of Waterloo. But thousands and tens of thousands who brutally abuse Prize-Fighting, are themselves worse blackguards than any that ever entered a ring. Every word they utter against the ring is a lie—and they know it. No punishment is too much for such miscreants. They assert that they can see no difference between the accidental death sometimes befalling in the ring—in fair fighting—and the cutting a man's throat at midnight in his bed, by a burglarious murderer. The law, say they, in a late case, ought to take its course—and Simon Byrne ought to be hanged? This is brutally wicked—and they who hold such language are not fit to live. Had they insults or injuries of their own to requite—how deadly would be their revenge! I think Simon will be acquitted.

Howie. I wou'd like to hear the man that wou'd try to answer that—he wou'd soon show himself a sumph.

North. It was ludicrous, Bob, to hear the national exultation—I can call it by no other name—with which the people of Scotland looked forward to the triumph of their champion at Hanslope. Not a doubt was entertained that in a few rounds he would soon smash Simon, and then, it seems, poor Sandy was to have been—Champion of England! There was a clapping of wings and a crowing, all over hill and dale, village, town, and city, Scotland through; not a single syllable spoken in any quarter about the barbarity, the brutality, or so forth, of a battle between these Big Ones. The Newspaper Editors and Correspondents

were all up in the stirrups; and take up what Scotch Journal you might, it was like reading Bell's Life in London. The fight came off—and the Scottish champion was beaten off hand—was obstinate—and most unfortunately lost his life. Then what a hullabaloo! The abettors of, and the betters on, the battle, all set up a cry for blood! Mackay was hounded! And murdered! And all present at the perpetration of the horrid crime—as accessories—richly deserved the gallows! Such is the consistency—honesty—humanity—decency—piety of the press-gang! As their previous exultations, Bob, were most ludicrous, were not their subsequent execrations most loathsome? One Glasgow vagabond wrote down all manner of lies from London to the respectable editor of a west-country newspaper, which that editor, though a gentleman, I understand, published; and George Cooper, as honest a fellow as lives, against whose character that scoundrel scrub of a scribe scrawled the most infamous and self-refuted falsehoods, since he scorns to prosecute the scamp, will, I hope, break a few of his bones, should the base sinner ever have the hardihood to avow himself the writer of those unprincipled calumnies.

Howie. I'll do that mysell, sir, he may depend on't, gif ever he happens to watter his back at Robert Young's o' the Mearns' Kirk.

North. Poor Mackay's mother was well used among the Fancy in London, and made a very pretty penny, one way and another, by her trip; and I am glad to hear the old woman is as gay as a lark. No ruffian of the ring, as the above blackguard had the insolence to call such men as Crib, Spring, and Tom Belcher, whose quarter-boots he is unworthy to wipe, used Madam Turnpenny so ill as he did himself; for he made her a mare to hang libels on, on as generous and just, as brave and humane a gentleman as is in all Scotland—Captain Barclay—who backed Sandy at his own eager request, out of pure compassion, for some twenty-five pounds, merely to help to make up the stakes—and who had none but the most trifling bets on the battle. But so it ever is with that pseudo-humanity, that in a hollow and hypocritical zeal for the upholding of the dignity of our nature, forsooth, scruples not to befoul its tongue with all stinking slanders. In a fair fight, a great, big, awkward, stupid, hulking fellow got pounded by a hard hitter, several stone under his weight, and unfortunately died of the beating; and up gets a base bagman to make that untoward event the occasion of vomiting unmeasured abuse on some of the best gentlemen in Britain. The slave ought to be choked with the foul sheets of his own slaving slander.

Howie. Let the leear alane for the noo. He shall get it yet, and ithers besides him, if they dinna keep a better tongue in their mouth.

North. Bob, more men lose their lives in "up-and-down" combats in Lancashire, to say nothing of the scores maimed for life, and ghastlily disfigured—in one year, than are killed in pitched battles, in

which the rules of pugilism are observed, in all the rest of England. The judges on the North Circuit have often declared, that they will carry the utmost rigour of the law into effect against the first combatant in a mortal struggle of that kind, convicted of what does certainly often seem to be very little better than absolute murder. Yet in the very worst cases, the details of which have been most sickening and revolting, juries have uniformly brought in verdicts of manslaughter; and the convicts have scarcely ever been doomed to any other punishment but imprisonment, and that, too, but for a few months. And is it to be borne, that the pugilist who unluckily kills his man, in a fair fight, which thousands of the most humane and enlightened men have been proud to witness—proud of the character of their countrymen as therein displayed—is to be branded by a cowardly liar with the name of murderer? Pugilism is the preserver of life. Extinguish its spirit in England, where it has long flourished in all the counties, but a few that have adopted a most detestable and savage practice,—and you will extinguish it by extinguishing the prize-ring,—and for one life that is now lost in fair fighting, you will soon have twenty foul and dastardly murders.

Howie. That's as plain as ma nieve. Luk at it, sir. Compare fists. (NORTH and BOB show mawleys.) Mine's the biggest—but ma faith, sir, yours is as bonny a bunch o' fives as ever was pitched into a bread-basket! Mr. North—oh! but I'm a proud man the nicht. And see, sir—the Noctes are a' asleep. We hae finished them aff haun—and are we twa no what we ever was, regular out-and-outers? Let me alane, sir, and I'll play a fine plisky.

(MR. ROBERT HOWIE takes out a brace of pocket-pistols—and fires one close at the sleeping SHEPHERD'S ear—and another at the lug of the somnolent Secretary MULLION. The Noctes start up in terror—and the Saloon is involved in the smoke and smell of sulphur.)

Mullion. Murder—murder—fire—fire!

Seward. What the deuce is to do now?

Shepherd. This is fearsome! I smell a gunpoother plot! Ca' the Grun-Stewart! Some Guy Fawkes has gotten intil the cellerage—and ettles to blaw up the Peers! Oot wi' a' the rest o' the barrels—for twa only hae exploded—intil the street!

North. “The danger is past as soon as you have read that letter”—James.

(Flinging over to the SHEPHERD an invitation to a grand dinner at the Lodge.)

Buller. I suspect a duel. Mr. Howie, have you and North been settling an affair of honour?

(Enter PICARDY with a bunch of newspapers which he deposits on the table.)

Ambrose. I have just been at the post-office, sir. The Croal Comet broke down a few miles on this side of Wooler—which accounts for the late arrival of the London post.

Shepherd. The late arrival o' the London post! Are ye dreamin', Awmrose?

Ambrose (consulting his chronometer.) It is precisely three o'clock.

Shepherd. In the afternoon o' next day! And we sat doon to dinner yestreen at sax!

North. Gentlemen—to your feet. Let us sing, God save the King! A full chorus!

1

Jehovah, King of Kings,
Spread thy protecting wings
O'er Britain's throne!
Crown'd with thy grace immense,
Long may King William thence
Justice in love dispense—
God save the King!

2

Throned in his people's hearts,
Despising faction's arts,
May William reign!
True son of George the Third
Who axe and block preferr'd
To forfeit of his holy word—
God save the King!

3

First Freeman of the Free,
It is his right to be
Like his blest sire,
Who over all the land
Did faith and love command,
With him to fall or stand—
God save the King!

4

Oak-hearted royal Tar,
Well tried in glorious war,
Great Nelson's friend—
He knows that British blood
Creeps not in lazy flood,
When peril girds the good—
God save the King!

5

God save our Sailor King—
Great be his flourishing
By land and sea—
Audacious craft recede!
From all base thralldom freed
May he be King indeed—
God save the King!

6

Manly, and frank, and brave,
This sinking land to save,
God save our King!
Be righteous judgment shown
In sinners overthrown;
EMANCIPATE THE THRONE—
God save the King!

(*The Noctes vanish in a flood of day.*)

No. LII.—NOVEMBER, 1830.

SCENE—*Blue Parlour ;—Time, eight o'clock.*

NORTH, SHEPHERD, and Jug.

Shepherd. Which o' us three, I wonner, looks best at the settin' in o' another wunter? I suspeck it's me—for to say naething o' the jug, wha has lost his nose, you're getting mair and mair spinnuleshankit, sir, ilka year—as for your hauns, ane may see through them—and a'the-gither you're an interesting atomy o' the auld school—I fear we're gaun to lose you, sir, during the season. But dinna mind, sir—ye sall hae a moniment erected to you by a grateful nation on the Calton Hill—and ships comin' up the Firth—steamers, smacks, and ithers—among them now and then a man-o'-war—will never notice the Parthenon, a' glowerin' through telescopes at the mausoleum o' Christopher North.

North. I desire no other monument, James, than a bound set of the Magazine in the library of every subscriber. Yes—my immortal ambition is to live in the libraries and liberties of my native land.

Shepherd. A noble sentiment, sir, beautifully expressed. Oh! but you're a curious cretur—a Great Man!

North. I KNOW MYSELF. I am neither a great man nor a small—but a middle-sized man—

Shepherd. What the deevil! dinna ye belang to the Sax Feet Club?

North. No. The fine fellows invite me to their Feasts and Festivals—and I am proud to be their guest. But my stature is deficient the eighth part of an inch; and I could not submit to sit at any board below either the Standard or the Salt.

Shepherd. A noble sentiment, sir, beautifully expressed. Oh! but you're a curious cretur—a Great Man!

North. I am not a curious creature, James, but a commonplace Christian. As to my intellectual stature—and of that I spoke when I said that I am but a middle-sized man—it is, I am satisfied, the stature best adapted for the enjoyment of tranquil happiness in this world. I look along the many levels of life—and lo! they seem to form one immense amphitheatre. Below me are rows; and rows, and rows of well-apparelled people—remember I speak figuratively of the mind—who sometimes look up—ungrudgingly and unenvyingly—to

where I am sitting—smiling on me as one belonging to their own order, though placed by Providence—august Master of these august Ceremonies—a little loftier in the range of seats in a half-moon circling the horizon, and crowded to overflowing with the whole human race.

Shepherd. A noble sentiment, sir, beautifully expressed. Oh! but you're a curious cretur—a Great Man!

North. I beg your pardon—but I did not hear you, James—will you repeat that again?

Shepherd. Na. I makes a pint o' never sayin' the same thing twice owre for ony man—except a deaf ane—and only to him gin he uses a lug-trumpet.

North. Then looking right and left, James, I behold an immense multitude sitting, seemingly on the same altitude with myself—some-what more richly robed than our brethren beneath—till, lifting up my eyes, lo! the Magnates, and Potentates, and Princes, and Kings of all the shadowy worlds of mind, magnificently arrayed, and belonging rather to the heavens than to the earth!

Shepherd. A noble sentiment, sir, beautifully expressed. Oh! but you're a curious cretur—a Great Man! (*Aside.*) I nicht din thae words intil his lug fifty times without his catchin' their meanin'—for when the auld doited body begins haverin' about hissell, he's deaf to a' things else in the creawtion.

North. Monuments! Some men have been so glorious, James, that to build up something in stone to perpetuate that glory, seems of all futile attempts the most futile, and either to betray a sinful distrust of their immortality, or a wretched ignorance of the

“Power divine of sacred memories,”

which will reign on earth, in eternal youth, ages and ages and ages after the elements have dissolved the brass or marble, on which were vainly engraven the consecrated and undying names!

Shepherd. A noble sentiment, beau—

North. A monument to Newton! a monument to Shakspeare! Look up to heaven—look into the Human Heart. Till the planets and the passions—the affections and the fixed stars are extinguished their names cannot die.

Shepherd, (starting up.) A monument to Sir William Wallace! a monument to William Tell! Look at the mountains of Scotland and Switzerland—listen to their cataracts—look to the light on the fore-heads—listen to the music on the lips of the free—

“Kings of the Desert, men whose stately tread
Brings from the dust the sound of Liberty!”

North. A noble sentiment, James, beautifully expressed! Oh! but you're a curious cretur—a Great Man!

Shepherd. What! you've been sookin' in my flattery a' the time, ye auld sinner—and noo turn until a banter on my-ell the compliment I paid you frae the verra bottom o' my heart? You're a queer deevil. Hoo hae ye stood the weather this season, sir?

North. Weather! it never deserved the name of weather, James, even during that muddy and mizzly misnomer—Summer; while the Autumn——

Shepherd. Weel, do ye ken, sir, that I never saw, in a' my born days, what I cou'd wi' a safe conscience, hae ca'd—bad weather? The warst has aye had some redeemin' quality about it that enabled me to thole it without yawmerin'. Though we may na be able to see, we can aye think o' the clear blue lift. Weather, sir, aiblins no to speak very scientifically in the way o' meteorological observation—but rather in a poetical, that is, religious spirit—may be defined, I jalouse, “the expression o' the fluctuations and modifications o' feeling in the heart o' the heevens, made audible, and visible, and tangible on their face and bosom.” That's weather.

North. Something very beautiful might be written about weather—climate.

Shepherd. But no by you—by me. Oh! heavens and earth! O God and man! what I—a shepherd—hae felt in a spring shower! The dry warld a' at ance made dewy—dewy—dewy as the light in the Angel o' Mercy's een, beheld by contrite sinner in a midnight dream!

North. James, your paw.

Shepherd. A saft, fresh, silent change has been wrocht a' ower the ootward creation—and a congenial change—as saft, as fresh, as silent, has likewise been wrocht within your ain heart. Music is maist harmonious—but not mair harmonious nor licht; for licht wears a coat o' many colours—and lo! yonder is the web from which it was cut—hung aloft in the skies.

North. There spake at once the Etrick Shepherd and the Tailor of Yarrow-Ford!

Shepherd. The Rainbow! Is she not the Lady o' Licht, the Queen o' Colour, the Princess of Prisms, the Heiress Apparent o' Air, and her Royal Highness of Heaven? O Thou! who bendest beauty like a bridge across the valley—on which imagination's eye may ken celestial shapes moving to and fro along the braided battlements—Sun-begotten, Cloud-born Angel! Emblem, sign, and symbol of mercy and of peace! Storm-seeker and storm-subduer! Pathway—so sacred Superstition sings—between Heaven and Earth? Alike beautiful is thy coming and thy going—and no soul so savage as not for a while to saften, as thy Apparition comes gradually breathing and blushing out of the sky! Immortal art thou in thy evanescence! The sole light, either in heaven or on earth, of which the soul may not sicken when overcome with the

agonies of grief or guilt! O that on my death-bed I may behold a Rainbow!

North. Nay, James, the jug is empty; and at that moment, with the sudden jerk of your arm, expecting a heavier load on the way to your mouth, you had nearly given yourself a bloody nose. Be more cautious in future—but replenish.

Shepherd. In a single instant, a' the earth is green as emerald, and covered wi' a glorious glitter o' its ain, sic as never shone—or cou'd shine, over the bricht but barren sea. A's joy: the knowes, the banks, the braes, the lawns, the hedges, the woods, the single trees, the saughs, the heather, the broom, the bit bushes, the whins, the fern, the gerss, the flowers, the weeds—sic as dockens, nettles, aye, the verra hemlock—are a' harmless and a' happy! They seem a' embued wi' a sort o' strange, serene spirit o' life, and nought in a' creawtion seems—dead!

North. Life-embued by a poet's soul!

Shepherd. Then look at the animal creturs. Isna that a bonny bit beastie, cavin' its large-e'd gracefu' head in the air, frae the elastic turf liftin' up and lettin' down again its lang thin legs sae elegantly, its tail a' the while a perfeck streamer—in many a winding ring it gallops round its dam—and then, half frolicsome half afraid, returns rapidly to her side, and keeps gazing on the stranger. Some day or ither that bit silly foal wull be winning a king's plate or a gold cup; for you see the Arab bluid in his fine fetlocks, and erelong that neck, like his sire's, will be clothed with thunder.

North. You must ride him yourself, James, next year at Musselburgh.

Shepherd. Fling your crutch, sir, intil a rose-bush, till a' the blossoms flee intil separate leaves, and a' the leaves gang careerin' in air out-ower the lea, and that would be an eemage o' the sudden flicht o' a heap o' snaw-white lambs, a' broken up in a moment as they lay amang the sunshine, and scattered far and wide o'er the greensward—sune to be regathered on the Starting-Knoll; but the eemage wull na haud, for rose-leaves ance dissipated die like love-kisses lavished in dreams.

North. Rose-leaves and rose-lips—lambs and lasses—and love-kisses lavished in dreams! And all these images suggested in a shepherd's recollection of a Spring-Shower! Prevailing pastoral Poet, complete thy picture.

Shepherd. See how the trooties are loupin' in the pools—for a shower o' insects hae come winnowing their way on the wings o' the western wind, frae the weel-watered wavings o' Elibank's whisperin' woods.

North. No such imitative melodies in Homer! The sentence is like a sigh.

Shepherd. 'Twas na fawte o' mine, sir, for ma mouth got fou o'

double-u's—and I had to whiff and whustle them oot. But hush and list, sir—list and hosh! For that finest, faintest, amaist evanescent music—merry, or mournful, just as ye may be disposed to think and feel it—but now it is merry—dear me! it's clean gane—there—there it is hear again—like the dying tone o' the sma'est chord o' the harp o' an angel happy in the heart o' the highest heavens—and what may it be—since our ears are too dull to hear seraphic string or strain—but the hymn, to us amaist hushed by the altitude—although ill poorin' and poorin' out like a torrent—o' the lyrical Laverock, wha, at the first patterin' o' the spring-shower upon the braird about his nest, had not, wi' short, fast-repeated soarings, a-singing up the sky, as if in the dirium o' his delicht he wou'd hae forsaken the earth for ever—but wha, noo that he has reached at last the pinnacle o' his aerial ambition, wull sune be heard descendin', as if he were naething but a sang—and then seem a musical speck in the sky—till again ring a' the lower regions wi' his still loud, but far tenderer strains—for soarin' he pours, but sinkin' he breathes his voice, till it ceases suddenly in a flutter and a murmur owre the head o' his brooding mate—lifted lovingly up wi' its large saft een to welcome her lover-husband to their blessed nest!

North. My dear James, you have illustrated your definition of weather by an exquisite example—

Shepherd. But I'm no half dune yet—

North. For the present, if you please, James.

Shepherd. But I dinna please—and I insist on being alloo'd to feenish my Spring-Shower.

North. Well, if it must be so, first tell me what you meant by averring that there is no such thing in nature as bad weather. I am rather disposed to believe that—whatever may have been the case once—now there is no such thing as good. Why, James, you might as well seek to prove by a definition that there is no such thing in nature as an ugly woman.

Shepherd. Neither there is, sir. There are different degrees o' beauty, Mr. North, frae the face that ootshines that o' an angel's een in a dream—doon—doon—doon—ever sae mony hunder thoosan' degrees doon, till you meet that o' the tinkler-randy, whose looks gar you ratherly incline to the ither side o' the road—but nae ugliness. Sometimes I've kent myself likely to fa' intil a sair mistak—na, a sair fricht—by stumblin' a' at ance on a lassie gaen far doon in the degrees, and wha did seem at first sight unco fearsome—but then, sir, the mistak arose frae the suddenness, and frae considerin' the face o' her by its ain individual sell, and no as ane o' many on the mysterious scale o' beauty. But then a man o' ony powers o' memory and reflection, and ony experience among the better half o' creation, soon corrects that error; and fin's, afore he has walked hardly a mile along-

side o' the hizzie, that she's verra weel-faured, and has an expression, mair especially about the een and mouth—

North. James! James!

Shepherd. The truth is, Mr. North, that you and the likes o' you, that hae been caved a' your days in toons, like pootry, hae seldom seen ony real weather—and ken but the twa distinctions o' wat and dry. Then, the instaut it begins to drap, up wi' the umbrella—and then vanishes the sky. Why, that's aften the verra best time to feel and understaun' the blessed union o' earth and heaven, when the beauty is indeed sae beauteous, that in the perfect joy o' the heart that beats within you, ye lauch in an atheist's face, and hae nae mair doubt o' the immortality o' the sowle, than o' the mountain-tap that, far up above the vapours, is waiting in its majestic serenity for the reappearance o' the Sun, seen brichtenin' and brichtenin' himsell during the shower, though behind a cloud that every moment seems mair and mair composed o' the radiance, till it has melted quite away,—and then, there indeed is the sun, rejoicing like a giant to run a race—

North. A race against time, James, which will terminate in a dead heat on the Last Day.

Shepherd. Time will be beat to a stand-still.

North. And the Sun at the Judge's stand swerve from the course into chaos.

Shepherd. That's queer tauk—though no withouten a wild dash o' the shooblime. But how do you account, sir, for the number o' mad dowgs this summer? And what's your belief about the Heedrofoby?

North. I have for many years, James, myself, laboured under a confirmed hydrophobia—

Shepherd. Tuts, nae nonsense—I want to hear you speak seriously on canine madness.

North. Dogs, James, are subject to some strange and severe disease which is popularly called madness; and the question is, can they inoculate the human body with that disease by their bite? Perhaps they can—and I confess I should not much like to try the experiment. But an acute writer in the Westminster Review has declared his conviction, that the disease called hydrophobia in the dog has nothing to do with the disease of the same name in the human species—and I am strongly disposed to agree with him—

Shepherd. What? Believe in a pairodowgs o' that outrageous natur'?

North. Yes, James, to use his own words, that the madness of the biter has no effect on the madness of the bitten, and that a man who has been bitten by a dog in perfect health, is just as likely to have all the symptoms of the hydrophobia as if he had been bitten by a mad dog.

Shepherd. A perfeck pairodowgs, sir—a perfeck pairodowgs!

North. He gives his reasons, James, and they are not easily set aside.

Shepherd. Let's hear them, sir.

North. He observes, in the first place,—if I remember rightly—and if I forget his words, I have his meaning—that the effects of all poisons, which we are acquainted with, are certain and determinate. Do you grant that, James?

Shepherd. Be it sae.

North. For example—suppose a thousand persons swallow each the same quantity of arsenic—sufficient to cause death—they either all die, or are all similarly affected, or nearly so, by the poison. No person can use arsenic in his tea instead of sugar—empty half-a-dozen of cups at breakfast, and that evening enjoy the wit and humour of a Noctes Ambrosianæ.

Shepherd. Hardly.

North. But many persons, hundreds, have been bitten by mad dogs, and well bitten, too, who have not been one whit the worse.

Shepherd. But then they have swallowed anecdotes.

North. Which is more than I have been able to do in such cases. But it is admitted on all hands, James, that there are no such antidotes. Can we believe, then, that the saliva of the rabid animal possesses the virulent property which occasions hydrophobia, when we know that so many persons have been inoculated with it without incurring the disease?

Shepherd. That's gaen puzzlin'!

North. Secondly, my ingenious friend in the Westminster observes, that even on those who have been supposed to have been affected by this saliva, the time at which the symptoms appear is altogether indeterminate—contrary to all that we know of the action of poisons. Why—it is believed, that it may be injected into a wound, and lie there harmless for months, nay, years—till all at once it breaks out, and you are more insane than Sirius. A strange sort of saliva indeed, this—so capricious and whimsical in its action—whereas all other poisons may be depended on, and do their work subject to certain general regular and acknowledged laws. What say you to all this, James?

Shepherd. Never having received a regular medical education, sir, I'm dumbfounder'd, and haena a word to throw to a dowg. But are a' thae fearsome accounts o' the heedro naething but lees?

North. Many of them most miserably true. But my friend believes that the horrible malady originates in the nature and shape of the wound, and not from any virulent matter injected into it; a nerve has been injured, and tetanus sometimes ensues—direful spasmodic affections terminating in death. Any deeply-punctured wound may produce the disease called hydrophobia in man.

Shepherd. Ae conclusion to be drawn frae the whole seems to be, that dowgs are mair dangerous animals than is usually suspected, since a dowg that bites you when he's in his perfect senses, is just as likely to gie ye the foby as when he snaps at ye in the hicht o' his delirium in tongue-lolling madness.

North. Accidents will happen—but no very great number of people are bitten by dogs in their perfect senses; and it is only some wounds that occasion tetanus by injuring a nerve. This is certain, that in some of the few authenticated cases of the disease called hydrophobia in man, occasioned by the bite of a dog, there was not the least reason in the world for supposing the dog to have been what is called mad. But fill your glass, James, to the memory of Bronte.

(It is drunk in solemn silence.)

Shepherd. Let us hae about half an hour's tauk o' politics—and then hae dune wi' them for the rest o' the nicht. What o' France?

North. James, all men who had visited France with their eyes and ears open since the accession of Charles—now Ex-King—knew that a struggle was going on—only to cease with the overthrow of one of the parties—between the Royalists and the Liberals. Each party strove to change the character given by Louis XVIII. into so many dead letters. But the Liberals—as they are called—were from the beginning far more unprincipled than the Royalists were even at the end—and had Charles and Polignac not acted as they did, in the matter of the ordonnances, the monarchy had been virtually destroyed by their enemies.

Shepherd. Do you really say sae, sir?

North. Two courses were open to Charles—to abdicate the throne rather than sit there a shadow—or to support the ordonnances by the sword. That would not have been easy, but it would have been possible; and had Charles been the tenth part of a Napoleon, it would have been done—and his enemies having been overawed by the army, the streets of Paris had not been stained with one drop of blood.

Shepherd. Oh! but he was a weak man!

North. I do not know that he is a weak man, James; but on this emergency—this crisis of his fate—he reckoned without his host—and thence his second visit to Holyrood.

Shepherd. I will ca' on him neist time I come to Embro'; and if he's no at hame, leave my caird.

North. Liberty, my dear Shepherd, is like the air we breathe—if we have it not, we die. You have heard these words before—and you and I have felt their meaning on the mountain top. Slavery is a living death.

Shepherd. That's a bull——

North. But of all slaveries the worst is that, which, dancing in chains, supposes itself Freedom.

Shepherd. But didna ye admire, sir, the behaviour o' the mob o' Paris?

North. An old man like me, James, is chary of his admiration. In my youth—some forty years ago—I was too prodigal of it—and the sun I worshipped, set in a shower of blood. The French—with many and great defects—are a gallant—a noble people; but the mob that fought—and they fought well—though victorious over but feeble opposition—during what I leave others to call the *Three Glorious Days*—were not the French People—and I should be ashamed of myself were I to waste any of my enthusiasm on such actors, prepared long beforehand to play their parts—yet, after all, little better than puppets—though the machinery worked well—and was triumphant.

Shepherd. I thocht you wou'dna attend the Meeting.

North. Had I been a republican, I would; and have declared my delight and exultation at the downfall of a great and ancient monarchy. Probably I should have thought it a despotism, and would have sung odes and hymns of thanksgiving when all its towers and temples toppled into dust. Some such men, I believe, were at the meeting here—and believing them to be conscientious and consistent, they have my respect.

Shepherd. And mine too—and I houp they'll be proud o't.

North. Other men, again, were at the meeting, James, who love what they call a limited monarchy—and limited the French Monarchy is now to their hearts' content! Till Louis-Philippe began to reign, (to reign!) eyes never saw a cipher.

Shepherd. I hae mair power in the Forest—under the Young Dyuck,* I verily believe—though I'm no his greave—than the son of Egalité now has in Paris, under old La Fayette and that sweet innocent invention for preserving freedom, the National Guard.

North. Good, James. They therefore lifted up their voices on high—like sounding harp and tinkling cymbal, and were applauded to the echo.

Shepherd. Sae far a' seems to hae been richt. Then what hae you to complain o', sir?

North. I complain of nothing—not I, James—I have left my gout at John-o'-Great's House—and my complacency and peace of mind are perfect. But oh! the superasinine stupidity of all those sumplis and sumphesses—those Jack and Jeanie donkeys—each row above row, rising up with ears of still increasing longitude, till those at the acme swept the spiders from the cornice, and crushed the undevoured flies asleep on the ceiling!

Shepherd. Haw! haw! haw! haw! haw! What do you mean?

North. Tories leaning on the bosom of Whigs, and encircled

* Of Buccleugh.—M.

in the arms of Radicals! Church-and-King men shouting their praises of altar-pullers-down, and throne-shatterers, and of all the fierce and ferocious foes of Old Establishments, with mattock and pickaxe razing them from their very foundations, and howling in each cloud of dust that went darkening up the heavens!

Shepherd. Pair infatuated fules! I'm owre angry to pity them—nor ought leal men and true to accept now the peace-offering o' their humiliation and their shame.

North. People there are, as you well know, James, who never can move one single step, either backwards or forwards, unless led by a finger and a thumb, gently or rudely pinching their nose. No will of their own have they—for will and reason go together—and only the intelligent are free. More abject slaves never trooped together in a gang before the whip of the overseer to the sugar-canes, than those slaves of both sexes, that sat in our Assembly-rooms, in chains flung over them by masters who despised them too thoroughly to honour them with any portion of their hatred, shouting and bellowing at the prospect of dominion and empire about to be given to them who would trample them into dust.

Shepherd. Oh! the ninnies!

North. Why—not even though the mob of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine had, as if by some seeming miracle, performed their parts like angels—angels of blood at best—and thereby set at defiance all our knowledge, all experience, all history of human mobs, which the Liberty-and-Equality men, and the old and young anarchists, have the audacity to ask us to believe—ought they who swear by the BRITISH CONSTITUTION to have uttered one word in eulogy of the "Three Glorious Days," till they knew something more of what was likely to be the upshot of it all—if indeed ignorance could be supposed so dense as to be impenetrable to the lurid lights already gleaming all round the horizon—

"With fear of change
Perplexing monarchs!"

Shepherd. What'n a face! Dinna fa' until a fit. Tak a swig. Na—I didna tell you to drink out o' the green bottle—that's spirits—but to kiss the jug. If you speak that way noo that you're sober—mercy on us, what a fury when you get fou!

North. Some there were—many—and certainly not the least silly of the set—who held that a demand was made upon their admiration, simply by the bravery and moderation of the Parisian mob—which demand they were bound to answer—without any reference whatever to the past or the future—and even were the Revolution afterwards to turn out the greatest of all evils. They pledged themselves, they said, to no political opinion on the subject—and begged that to be under-

stood clearly by both sides of the whole world. But nothing should prevent them from giving vent to their admiration. No doubt, James, if their admiration were of the nature of a wind-colic, they were right in giving vent to it—time and place duly considered—though roses and lilies forbid that I should have been there to hear! But admiration is not a vice of the stomach, bowels, and intestines, but a virtue of the heart and brain; and so far from seeking to evaporate itself in noisy explosions, it loves to breathe in long-continued and silent incense over the whole actions of a man's life. A stronger proof of a weak mind cannot be exhibited than an impatient, restless, and feverish anxiety to hail every coming or new-come event, action, or character that seems to be good, with instant applause. In private life they, whose admiration is perpetually bursting out, are always the most frivolous; the shallow rills of their sympathy soon run dry—and when you talk to them a few weeks—say a few days—even a few hours after the unmeasured expression of their enthusiasm, of the cause which excited it, they look at you with a face of blank forgetfulness of all their former feelings, and you discover that they are occupied with some new favourite event or incident, which in its turn is forgotten before next day's dinner.

Shepherd. Hoo that used to be the case wi' Sir Walter's *Novelles*! Strang minds read them with deep delight—said some sentences to that effect when the talk gaed roun' the table, and were silent; but they retained all the glorious things impressed unobliterably (that's a kittle word to pronounce) on the tablets o' their memories—that is their understandings—that is their hearts—that is their sowles—for they are a' ane in the lang run, and o' a composite character. But bits o' triflin' laddies and lasses, and auld women o' baith sexes, used to keep chatterin' and jabberin' about each new *novelle* as it came out, just as if it never had a predecessor, and was never to hae a successor—as if it had been the only *byeuk* in prent—when lo and behold, in less than sax months, out came anither in foure volumes, and then they clean forgot that the ane they had sae lang bothered you about, till you wished yoursell dead, had ever been in the press?

North. An apt illustration, James. The shallow persons of whom I was speaking had not the small sense to see that it was in the nature of things utterly impossible to pronounce an isolated panegyric on the personal conduct of the actors in a political revolution that should not include approbation of much, if not all, involved in that revolution. And even for a moment granting that such an isolated panegyric could have been pronounced, they had not the still smaller sense to see that all the opposite party would insist on either dragging them in among their ranks—though, heaven knows, they would be no acquisition to any party—or on representing them thenceforth as lukewarm or milk-and-water adherents to their own—or more probably—say certainly—

talking of them in all companies as noodles, and incapable, from sheer ignorance and folly, of forming any opinion at all on political questions of any pith or moment.

Shepherd. You hae treated the subject, sir, wi' your usual masterly discrimination. It's easy noo, on lookin' back at the newspapers, to ken the kind o' cattle that ca'd thae meetings.

North. Two or three eminent, and some half dozen able men attended the meeting here (which was got up by my friend John Bowring!) but otherwise it was a poor affair, and forgotten sooner than an ineffectual fancy ball. In England such meetings were all of one character. No distinguished or conscientious man of our side, James, attended them,—and even the great Whig leaders stood aloof,—nay, the bulk of the Whig gentlemen. True it is, as is said in the last number of the Quarterly Review, an admirable one,—that "the meetings and dinners, and subscriptions, set on foot by our old-established disturbers of the public peace, have been countenanced by hardly one person, which any human being will dare to call respectable."

Shepherd. Why, as to that, sir, there's nae sayin' what some human beings will daur to ca' respectable; and for my ain part, I am no just prepared to gang the length o' that apogthegm. I fear not a few respectable people have shown owre muckle favour to this new French revolution,—and you and me,—wise as we are, and wise as the world thinks us,—maunna exclude frae the ranks o' respectability' a' folk that are sae unfortunate as no to be o' our way o' thinkin'.

North. I sit corrected, my dear James. I am no bigot.

Shepherd. Arena ye?

North. Sir Walter's appeal to the people of Edinburgh, in behalf of the "grey discrowned head" of the old Ex-King was like himself, generous and gentlemanly, but methinks he must have but a poor opinion of "mine own romantic town," else he had never doubted that they would sympathise with Fallen Royalty seeking an asylum in Holyrood. Sir Walter reminds us that the highest authority "pronounced us to be a nation of gentlemen!" Let us then behave towards him who was once Charles X. of France, in a way worthy the character bestowed on us by him who was once George the Fourth of England.

Shepherd. Is that his argument? 'Tis but a puir ane.

North. But so so, no great shakes. But I say, James, that we are not, never were, and I hope never will be, a nation of Gentlemen. And you will allow, whatever Sir Walter may do, that I am a higher than "the highest authority" on the character of our countrymen, and that here, George Guelph must yield to Christopher North.

Shepherd. Oh! ye radical!

North. George the Fourth—heaven rest his soul!—was the "First Gentleman in Europe," nor do I know who is his successor, whether king or subject, commoner or peer. But——

Shepherd. I can understaun' a man's being the First Fiddle in Europe, but not the First Gentleman; for equality seems to me,—but to be sure I'm but a puir silly shepherd,—to be necessarily involved somehow or ither in our idea o' a Gentleman, whereas a' competition in accomplishments and manners is out o' the question between subject and king. It might aiblins be mair correct to say that he was the First Gentleman amang the Kings o' Europe.

North. Excellent, James; George the Fourth saw little either of Scotland or Scotchmen; William the Fourth, I hope, will see more; and as he, thank God, is not the First Gentleman in Europe, very far from it indeed, but I hope something many million times better, a Patriot King, he will be delighted to find that so far from being a Nation of Gentlemen, we are, take us on the whole, and on working week-days, for in our Sunday's best we do look very genteel, about as coarse, clownish, common-place, vulgar, and raw-boned a nation as ever in loyalty encompassed, as with a wall of brass, iron, and fire, a hereditary throne.

Shepherd. Auld Charley 'll be treated wi' pity and respeck—nae fear o' that—as lang's he sojourns amang us in Holyrood. There's something sacred in a' sorts o' sorrow—be it o' the great or the sma'—but imagination, unrebuked either by reason or the heart, is mair profoundly stooned by the misfortunes o' those who have fallen frae a high estate; and och! what nasty politics that could abuse Pity for openin' the door o' a Sanctuary, let his errors hae been what they may, to a fugitive and a suppliant King!

North. It was in the exaltation of victory, and indignation at crime, that the editor of the Sun newspaper, for example, James—a scholar and a gentleman—used language, too, too strong respecting the punishment due to Charles on his fall. A friend of ours rebuked him in Maga; but who always speaks wisely? Surely not I, any more than that worthy Editor; and I doubt not that when he hears that the old man is again in Holyrood, he will feel, that, without any compromise of principle, he may say, “Peace be with him in his retreat!”

Shepherd. And what wud ye think o' askin' him and his suit some nicht to a Noctes Ambrosianæ? I'm perfectly serious in sayin' that we maun ask him; and I'm as perfectly serious in saying that I'm sure that he'll come. Why no ask him as weel as——

North. Silence, James, silence—the time has not yet come for divulging that secret.

Shepherd. —Why no him as weel as his LATE MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY GEORGE THE FOURTH?

North (starting up). Gurney, expunge!

Shepherd (starting up). Gurney, restore! O North, I think I see him pechin' incog. up the brae o' Gabriel's Road, atween the oxters o'

us twa—Tickler acting as guide and pioneer—wi' that wee shachly body, the Marquis of Winchester, and that great big muckle John Bull, Sir William Curtis—and a bit anonymous cretur belongin' to the nobility, in the rear—a' sax o' us, such was the Royal plesure, in kilts—and hoo Awmrose took us for a deputation o' the Celtic Society, and persisted, 'a' the nicht through, in ca'in' the King, Francis Maximus Macnab, him that wrote the Universe! O but it was a gran' ploy! and may we soon see sic anither in the Saloon!

North. Well, well, James—let your daft nonsense go forth to the world. Nobody will credit it.

Shepherd. Mony a lee-lookin' tale's true, howsomever, and that amang the number. But let's change the soobject. When think ye, sir, is Mr. Mure's second volumn o' Lord Byron's Life comin' oot? You maun review it in a splendid style. What for didna ye notice the first volumn.

North. What the devil do you mean, you incubus? Did I not write two articles on it, each thirty pages long,—full of the——

Shepherd. If I read them at the time, I hae clean forgotten them—ane seldom remembers what he reads in a maggazin.

North. If he does not, then one seldom remembers what he reads any where else, James. True, that the wit and wisdom of one month succeeding the wit and wisdom of another in endless succession, mankind must often forget when and where, and from what source, they have derived such infinite amusement and instruction. But the amusement and instruction themselves do not perish on that account, but go into a million treasuries. People are manifestly growing wiser and better every day; and I humbly confess, that I think myself one of the great instruments, in the hands of Providence, of the amelioration of the human race. I am not dead to the voice of fame,—but believe me that my chief, if not sole object in writing for Maga, is the diffusion of knowledge, virtue, and happiness all over the world. What is it to me if the names of my articles are often forgotten, not by a thankless but a restless generation, too much agog after novelties, and too much enamoured of change? The contents of any one of my good articles cannot possibly be forgotten by all the thousands who have told me that they once delighted in them,—some fair or bright image—some tender or pure feeling—some high or solemn thought must survive,—and enough for me—James—if in hours of gay or serious memories, some mirthful or melancholy emanation from my mind be restored to being, even though the dreamer knows not that it was mine,—but believes it to have arisen then for the first time in his own imagination. Did I choose to write books, I believe they would find readers. But a book is a formal concern,—and to read it one must shut himself up for hours from society, and sit down to what may indeed be a pleasant task,—but still it is a task,—and in the most

interesting volume that ever was written, alas! there are many yawns. But a good article,—such as many of mine that shall be nameless,—may be read from beginning to end under the alternate influence of smiles and tears;—and what if it be laid aside, and perhaps never meets more the fair face that bedewed or illumined it?—yet methinks, James, that the maiden who walks along the spring-braes is the better and the happier of the sights, scents, and sounds she enjoys there, though in a month she remembers not the primrose bank, on which cheered by the skylark's song, she sat and smiled to see her long dishevelled tresses reflected in the fairy's pool.

Shepherd. That's no unbony.

North. I believe that all my words are not wasted, each succeeding month, on the idle air. Some simple melodies, at least, if no solemn harmonies, are sometimes heard, mayhap from my lyre, floating along the lonely valleys, and the cheerful villages, and even not undistinguishable amid the din of towns and cities. What if, once heard, they are heard no more? They may have touched a string, a chord, James, in some innocent, simple, but not unthoughtful heart; and that string, that chord, James, as well thou knowest, for thou art one of nature's own poets,—I but a proser—and an old gray-haired proser too—may thenceforth of itself “warble melody,” while, if untouched by me or you, or other lovers of their kind, it might have lain mute for ever! If so, verily I have had my reward.

Shepherd. What for do you never try to write verses, sir? Ca' and they'll come.

North. An old poet is an old fool, James.

Shepherd. But then you see, sir, you're sic a fule already in sae many things, that the world 'll no think ae grain the waur o' you gin you'll play the fule in that too—be a poet, sir, and fling yoursell for food to the hungry critics, for they're in a state o' starvation, and, for want o' something to devoor, wull sune a' dee o' hunger and thrust.

North. There, James, is an exceeding graceful, elegant, and pathetic little poem, “The Arrow and the Rose.”

Shepherd. What is't about, and wha's the owther?

North. Mr. William Kennedy,* and the subject is the story of the loves of Henry of Navarre, when Prince of Bearne, and Fleurette the gardener's daughter—a story traditional in Gascony, and preserved by M. De Jouy.

Shepherd. Wi' your leave, I'll put it in my pouch.

North. The Captive of Fez—James—is a powerful performance. The versification often reminds one of Dryden and Byron—strong passion pervades the tale—and the descriptions of scenery are at once

* Subsequently private secretary to the Earl of Durham in Canada. Wm Kennedy was in the United States for some years, as British Consul for Texas (he wrote a history of that State) and retired on a pension.—M.

poetical and picturesque. But I must review it one of these days—and a few magnificent extracts will show that Mr. Aird is a man of true genius.*

Shepherd. He is that, sir—and I ken few men that impresses you in conversation wi' a higher opinion o' their powers than Mr. Aird. Sometimes I hae considerable difficulty in followin' him—for he takes awfu' louns frae premise to conclusion, clearin' chasms dizzy to look down on—and aften announces as self-evident truths, positions that appear to me unco problematical. But he does, at times, flash fine fancies, half out o' his lips, and half out o' his een : and afore I kent he wrote verses, I saw he was a poet.

North. He's a man of strong intellect and strong imagination—and his mind dwells in a lofty sphere.

Shepherd. Hae you read Byron's Life o' Galt, sir †?

North. I have, James. His Lordship used John somewhat scurvily—on one or two occasions—but our friend pays him back in his own coin—and we have thus a couple of rather forbidding portraits.

Shepherd. Disagreeable likenesses—eh ?

North. Mr. Galt is a man of genius, and some of his happiest productions will live in the literature of his country. His humour is rich, rare, and racy, and peculiar withal, entitling him to the character of originality—a charm that never fadeth away—he has great power in the humble, the homely pathetic—and he is conversant, not only with many modes and manners of life, but with much of its hidden and more mysterious spirit.

Shepherd. He's aften unco coorse—

North. True, James, he is not so uniformly delicate and refined as you are in your prose compositions ; but lend me your ear, my beloved Shepherd—despise to degrade yourself, even for one moment, by seeming to join the whelps who have been lately snarling at his heels. Let the best of the puppy pack produce anything half as good as the worst of his Tales ‡—and then we shall listen to their barking with less disgust.

Shepherd. Wha do you mean, sir ?

North. Our inferior periodical literature is much infested by a set of pert puppies, conceited curs, and heavy hounds, on whose hides and

* Thomas Aird, Editor of the *Dumfries Herald*. His last work was a Memoir of D. M. Moir (the Delta of Blackwood), some of whose posthumous poetry he edited.—M.

† A hash from Moore's Life of Byron, the notes in Byron's poems, and sundry criticisms in sundry reviews and magazines.—M.

‡ Galt, who had once largely contributed to *Blackwood*, tried nearly every style of composition before he struck into the right vein. He commenced with a lumbering quarto of Travels ; passed on into Tragedies, unacted and unactable ; essayed minor poetics ; attempted biography ; was an indifferent critic ; failed as a newspaper editor ; made little impression with heavy prose romances ; but succeeded to a miracle, when he began to describe middle and lowly life in his native Scotland. Of the works so written, the best are Sir Andrew Wylie, The Entail, The Provost, Annals of the Parish, and the Ayrshire Legatees. One of his novels, which had much popularity when it appeared, was Laurie Todd, founded on the autobiography of Grant Thorburn—who is at the head of the school of *illiterate literati*. Galt died in 1839, aged sixty.—M

hurdies, James, it might not be amiss to try the application of whipcord. We know how they snarl, suppose they should be made to let us hear how they howl?

Shepherd. Tak care, sir, they dinna bite you and gie you the tetanus.

North. They are a set of mangy mongrels, James, and fit but to be flung into some old tan-pit. Their disease originates in the spleen, and in the gall-bladder. In other words, the envy of impotence consumes them, like a cancer in the stomach, or a liver-complaint. Their lean, lank, leathern jaws soon become of a loathsome and leprous yellow—they suffer hideously from the mumps, and the yaws, and the gun-scurvy—these, and several other kindred complaints, being all comprehended under the generic name of—the Criticals.

Shepherd. They maun be a bonny and a happy set?

North. To leave off metaphor—I must say, James, that these gentry have given me, lately, great disgust.

Shepherd. They are beneath your notice, sir. Scorn to kill them, and leave them to die a natural death.

North. The whole pack, as I said, are now yelping at the heels of Mr. Galt. The small, insignificant, snotty-nosed, tick-bitten, blear-eyed beagles, were the game they are pursuing so eagerly to turn round upon them, would flee like a frightened flock of sheep.

Shepherd. I agree with you, sir, Galt's genius is great.

North. But, for the life of me, I cannot see the drift of his *Life of Byron*. I have read it through, James—and the volume, which is far from being a dull one, throws much more light on the personal character of Mr. Galt himself than on that of the Noble Child. Somehow or other, I felt all along, sometimes a painful—sometimes a pleasant inclination to laughter, at the *bonhomie* of the author of the “*Annals of the Parish*.” It seems never for one moment to have occurred to him that he was in all things—mind, manner, body, and estate—immeasurably inferior to the mighty creature of whom he keeps scribbling away, sometimes with an approving smirk on his countenance, and sometimes with a condemning scowl—both alike ludicrous in a man so little distinguished either by moral or intellectual majesty as Mr. Galt.

Shepherd. You see, sir, Byron was a Lord, and our freen' Galt only a supercargo, a step below a skipper—and low-born and low-bred folk, especially in the mercantile line, are, for the maist part, unco upsetting when they chance, by ony accident, to forgather wi' nobility. It's no the case wi' me, for I was born, thank God, in the Forest, and was familiar frae my youth up wi' the faces o' three successive Dyucks. But our freen' Galt, when he first fand himself in the same ship wi' a Lord, maun either hae swarfed wi' fear, or keipit himself frae swarfin' by pure impidence—and wha can blame him for haen adopted the

latter expedient? Yet tak' my word for't, sir, he was no sae impident in the packet ship as in the pocket-volumm, and writes about Byron in a very different style, now that he is dead, than he ever daured till speak to him then when he was leevin', wi' that patrician scowl on his brow, that patrician curl on his lip, before which John Galt must have quailed, as bolder men did, to say nothing o' that transcendant genius which must have laid its commands on him, to be silent if not servile, just as a king does to his subjects, I will not say a master to his slaves.

North. Perhaps, James, you are stating the case somewhat too strongly; yet, as Byron's rank no doubt protected him, when living, from the possibility of any impertinence from Mr. Galt, it, if nothing else, should have been his safeguard also in the grave. People in the humble condition of Mr. Galt,—and when he first met Lord Byron, it was most humble,—are not, by the rules of society, permitted to approach nobility but in a deferential attitude, and within what is called a respectable distance. This is so universally understood, that no man of proper spirit ever dreams of becoming very familiar with “lords, and dukes, and mighty earls,” without possessing some peculiar privilege or title to do so, such as at that time does not seem to have belonged to our ingenious westcountryman. Now, he is Somebody—for his genius has distinguished him above the common herd—and genius in Britain, if it does not level all distinctions, elevates its possessor in the scale of society, and justifies cordial acquaintanceship, though it rarely fosters brotherly friendship, between a lout and a lord. But then—he was Nobody, or rather less than nobody; for it appears from his own statement that he had no profession—and therefore, James, you are mistaken in supposing him to have been a supercargo;—he had not been so fortunate as to receive a classical education, a want which, in Byron's eyes, must have seemed almost incompatible with the condition, if not the character, of a gentleman;—he possessed no personal accomplishments peculiarly calculated to win the regard of Childe Harold; but was, in short, merely a passenger in the same packet. Under such circumstances, the courtesy and affability with which Lord Byron seems to have behaved to Mr. Galt, showed the native kindness and goodness of his heart; and we are sorry now to know, that the condescension of the illustrious peer, so far from being properly appreciated by the obscure commoner——

Shepherd. Hoo?

North. Mr. Galt, in recording the slight incidents that accompanied the formation of their acquaintanceship, does not scruple, after the lapse of so many years, to speak haughtily of Byron's haughtiness, and of his unbecoming aristocratical airs in issuing orders about his luggage!

Shepherd. I'se warrant that John himsell was far fiercer and fussier

about his ain leather trunks and deal chests than his Lordship, and far mair domineerin' owre his inferiors, if any such there were on board the Gibraltar Packet.

North. No doubt. For Mr. Galt tells us that he was very hypochondriacal, and seems to say, that he was voyaging for no other purpose than to raise his spirits. Well for him that he could afford to do so—but whatever might have been the tone of his temper then, it says little in favour of it now, that he should have given such a colour to the trifling infirmities or caprices of temper exhibited, as he says, by an illustrious young nobleman, at the very time he was receiving from him the most amiable condescensions.

Shepherd. Was Galt, think ye, ever very intimate wi' Byron?

North. Never. Still he saw something of him; and it might not have been amiss to tell us what were his impressions. But—James—it was his sacred duty, before doing so, to sift his own soul, and see that no mean—or paltry feeling or motive was lurking there—that he was not wincing under the wound of mortified vanity——

Shepherd. Ay, sir, there's the rub. Vanity o' vanities! a' is vanity!

North. It seems that his lordship occasionally, in his letters, laughed at Mr. Galt; and that, on one occasion, he expressed himself somewhat contemptuously of our friend's literary achievements. One or two harmless gibes of this kind appear in Moore's Life of Byron; and though far from bitter, they seem to have enfixed themselves, "inextricable as the gored lion's bite." Mr. Galt tries to hide his deep and sincere mortification under a shallow and assumed magnanimity; but it will not do—no, James and John, it will not do—and the recollection of a single splenetic sentence throws a shadow over almost every page of the Biography, and induces Mr. Galt, sometimes, we dare say, unconsciously and unawares, to wind up almost every paragraph with some assertion or limitation severely injurious to the personal character of the Illustrious Unfortunate.

Shepherd. I wanna ca' that wicked—for that's a strang word—but it was weak—weak—weak—and will be seen through by the sunblin'.

North. I wish to set my friend Galt right upon this point. At the time Byron spoke of his being "the last person in the world on whom he could wish to commit plagiarism," not one of our excellent and ingenious friend's many admirable tales had ever been imagined—and the few attempts he had then made in literature—though bearing clear and even bright marks of genius, had been rather unfortunate. Mr. Galt stood, and deserved to stand, very low as an author. We can sympathize with Byron's horror at being charged with plagiarism from such tragedies.* But Galt came to know at last where

* Galt had a sort of monomania on the subject of his unfortunate tragedies, which have had a large circulation,—as the lining of trunks. He seemed to think that, in modern poetry, most of what appeared new and good had been "conveyed" from his comical-tragedies.—M.

his strength lay—and his genius has been crowned with fame. All his contemporaries now acknowledge his extraordinary powers, and though at no time can we imagine that the author of *Childe Harold* and *Manfred* would have stolen jewels for his crown from that of the author of the *Annals of the Parish*, the *Ayrshire Legatees*, the *Provost*, and the *Entail*; yet there can be no doubt that he must have recognised the rare, singular, and original genius conspicuously displayed throughout all these admirable productions. Why then should Mr. Galt's "fundamental features" have been thrown off their hinges by so slight a shock?

Shepherd. Isna the book clever?

North. It is. Some absurd expressions occur here and there, on which dolts and dunces have indulged in the most lugubrious merriment—and which one man of genius has whiled away an idle hour with cramming into a copy of no very amusing verses; and I am sorry to say, that there is much obscure, and more false criticism, obvious to the meanest capacities—and with the exception of Mr. Moore, none but the meanest capacities have been employed in ridiculing or vilifying the book.* But sins such as these could easily have been pardoned, had there been the redeeming spirit of the pure and high love of truth. "That amber immortalization," (the expression of a man of genius), is, alas! wanting—and therefore, there is much corrupt matter, and "instead of a sweet savour a stench."

Shepherd. I've some thochts, sir, o' writin' a life o' Lord Byron mysell—for though I ne'er saw him atween the een, I've had mony kind letters frae him—and I think there's as loud a ca' on me to produce ma contribution to his beeography as there was on Mr. Galt.

North. But you must wait, my dear James, till a year or two after the publication of Mr. Moore's *Life of Byron*. Any interference with him at present would be unkind and unhandsome—and would look like an attempt to hustle and jostle him out of the market.

Shepherd. What for no me as weel's Galt?

North. There ought to be as fine a sense of honour, James, between author and author, publisher and publisher—

* Galt's *Byron*, the language of which was very much open to criticism, drew a squib from Moore. He called it "Alarming Intelligence—Revolution in the Dictionary—one Galt at the head of it." Two stanzas, in which he introduced some of Galt's own diction, will suffice here:—

What his meaning exactly is, nobody knows,
As he talks (in a strain of intense admiration)
Of lyrical "ichor," "gelatinous prose,"
And a mixture called "amber immortalization."

Now, he raved of a bard he once happened to meet,
Seated high "among rattlings," and "churning a sonnet,"
Now talks of a mystery, wrapped in a sheet,
With a halo (by way of a night-cap) upon it.

This last was elicited by Galt's saying of *Byron* that "He was a mystery in a winding-sheet crowned with a halo."—M.

Shepherd. As among thieves.

North. Or other gentlemen, in the affairs and intercourse of life, Mr. Galt should have scorned to prepare, and Mr. Colburn to publish, a Life of Byron, till Moore's and Murray's had had its run. That's poz.

Shepherd. Poz eneugh.

North. But instead of having had its run, one half of it is yet unpublished—and the other half yet in quarto. Silver against gold—shillings against guineas—is hardly fair play.

Shepherd. But canna Mure's gold beat Galt's silver, or rather brass, sir?

North. You misunderstand me, James—Moore costs as many guineas as Galt shillings.

Shepherd. Galt and Colburn sou'd hae waited—as I sall do—if they wished the public to look on them—I will not say as honest—but as highly honourable men.

North. One half of Mr. Galt's volume may be said to be borrowed.

Shepherd. Say stow'n—

North. From Mr. Moore—

Shepherd. Too—hoo; or whare else cou'd he hae got the facks about his boyhood and youth—and mony o' them about his manhood?

North. Nowhere else—as well observed the Monthly Review.

Shepherd. Fair play's a jewel, foul's paste. But the l'ublic ee sune kens the difference; the jewel she fixes on her breast or forehead, the paste finds its way into the Jakes.

North. The volume is the first number of the NATIONAL Library.* But I trust that the spirit in which it has been hatched, and huddled to market, is not *National* on either side of the Tweed. Number second is—the BIBLE! The contents of the Bible, and not its history, as its senseless title would indicate. Now, James, what a bound from Byron to the Bible! Does the Rev. Mr. Gleig think it decorous for a divine to put into the one hand of a young Christian lady a book containing a pretty picture and panegyric of Lord Byron's kept-mistress,† and in the other the History of the Bible? He thinks so,—and that he may be able to do it, he plunders Stackhouse as prodigally as Mr. Galt plunders Moore. Messrs. Galt and Gleig are both Scotchmen,—so are we,—and we must again enter our protest against the *Nationality* of a library conducted on such principles.

Shepherd. Heaven preserve us, hoo mony Leebries are there gaun

* The National Library, commenced in 1830, did not succeed. All that was published, I think, was Galt's Life of Byron, Gleig's History of the Bible, Horace Smith's Games and Festivals, James's Chivalry and the Crusades, and Professor Thomson's History of Chemistry.—M.

† The first authentic likeness of the Countess Guiccioli (since married to the Marquis de Boissy, and living in Paris, "fat, fair, and fifty,") was published in Galt's Byron. It was engraved from the portrait painted by W. E. West, an American artist, not long before Byron went to Greece—to die.—M.

to be at this yepoch! The march o' Intellect will be stopped by stumb'lin' outoure so many bales o' prented paper thrawn in its way as stepping-stanes to expedite its approach to perfectibility! The people will be literaly *pressed* till death. Is that a pun?

North. I presume, since there is such a supply, that there is a demand. But as I cannot say that in the stillest night of a quick spring, I ever heard the grass growing, so——

Shepherd. What? never a bit thin, fine rustle, sound and nae sound, that tauld o' the gradual expansion of some sweet germ gainin' in licht about the thousand part o' a hair's breadth in ae dewy moment, and thus waxin' in the coorse o' March, April, May, and June, intill gerss that in wadin' thro't in the first week o' July, afore mawin', would reach up to the waistband o' your breeks?

North. The people appear to me to want bread rather than books.

Shepherd. Let them hae baith.

North. But bread first, James.

Shepherd. Surely—for wha can read to ony purpose on an empty stomach? For, suppose they were to swallow some pages o' paragraphs oot o' a byuck, hoo the deevil in that state could they deejeest it? They wou'd bock the best byuck that ever was bun'.

North. But the libraries I allude to are not for the poor, James, but the "well-off," the wealthy, or the rich.

Shepherd. That's a' richt enough. I'm for everything cheap. Yet, sir, observe hoo the human mind comes to despise everything cheap. There's port wine. A' at ance, some years sin syne, port wine tumml'd doon ever sae mony shillin's the bottle—and I drank some at the Harrow last night at half-a-croon, o' the famous veentage o' the year wan—and better blackstrap never touched a wizen. I remember hoo a' the middle classes—includin', in a genteel toun like Embro', nine-tenths o' the poppilation—at the first doonfa' o' the article, clapped their hauns, and swore to substitute port in place o' porter, and Cape-wine (a bad exchange) for sma' yill. Mony o' them did sae; and you saw citzens smellin' at corks, and heard them taukin' o' auld port, and crust, and the like, wha used to be content wi' their tippenny. But the passion for port was sune satiated—for the port itsell, however cheap, was vulgar—or even if no vulgar—it was common, and in the power o' the said multifawrious middle classes, baith in the New and the Auld Town. So the bodies tyeuck to the toddy again—wi' het water and broon sugar—which, though cheap too, was the drink that had been lang natural to their condition. There—ye hae baith argument and illustration.

North. A sort of imaginative reasoning that is apt to lead a weak or incautious mind astray. I am, however, far from entirely dissenting from your opinion; and therefore, a truce to philosophizing about the Spirit of the Age—and let me whisper in your ear, that the whole

is a Speculation of the Booksellers. Now the Spirit of the Age is one thing, and the Spirit of the Trade is another; and therefore the question is, are the Trade (the term is collective) ruining themselves—or, if not so, destroying their profits—by competition?

Shepherd. Just as wⁱ steamboats on the river Clyde—there being now some saxty, I understaun, a' plynin' 'tween Glasgow, Greenock, and the Isles.

North. Now, James, I hope all the Libraries will prosper. But I fear some will dwine and die. The best will endure, and enduring flourish; the worst will become bankrupt; and the various go-betweenes the best and worst will never enrich either the pockets of the publishers, or the pericraniums of their purchasers, and expire, one after another, like so many candles, some farthing, some half a dozen to the pound, and some “lang-twas.” Next Noctes I shall rip up the merits and demerits of them^all—meanwhile pass the jug.

Shepherd. You hae been rather ponderous on that point, sir. But to return to Galt—like the dog to his vo—

North. James—James—James!

Shepherd. They tell me that Mr. Mure has been quizzin' Galt in some sateerical lines. Are they just uncommon facetious, sir?

North. Why, but so so, James—not much amiss—the merest trifle—airy and ingenious enough—but without gall to Galt; and, since I love to be candid, fribbleish and feeble.* But oh, James! Heaven have mercy on my old bones! when I think on the cruel load laid upon them by what Mr. Galt, or some friend of Mr. Galt's, has supposed to be the Retort Courteous, or Quip Modest, to Mr. Thomas's jeu d'esprit! Poor as that jeu d'esprit is, it makes no pretensions, and no doubt was thrown off by Mr. Moore with the same ease as an answer to an invitation to dinner; but the answer of the anser is indeed like the gabbling of ever so many geese disturbed in their green-mantled pool by a few pebbles shied at them by some sportive passenger, who wishes not to hurt a hair of their head—I beg their pardon—a feather; and who, in spite of his previous knowledge of the character of the animal, is amazed at the multitudinous din of their protracted clamour, so utterly disproportionate to the original cause of offence—itself so slight and evanescent. In this case, there is an additional absurdity in the behaviour of the geese. For Mr. Galt, at whom Mr. Moore threw the small polished pebbles, harmless as peas out of a pop-gun, so far from being a goose, is a swan—though of late he has, contrary both to reason and instinct, associated with a flock of those noisy waddlers, and by people at some distance, who may not be very sharp or long-sighted, must lay his account with being taken—mistaken—for a prodigious gander—within a few stone-weight of that greatest of all ganders—the Glasgow gander—who ought to have his long neck broken for hissing at Sir Walter Scott. The geese in whose company he was walking

at the time of the assault, could not stomach in their mighty hearts the affront of being insulted in the person of him their sultaun—and instanter stretching themselves all up on their splay-feet that love the mud, and all at once flapping with their wings the oozy shallows, they gave vent to their heroic indignation in more ways than it would be pleasant or proper to describe—to the disturbed wonder of the neighborhood, and if the truth were known, to their own astonishment.

Shepherd. Do you ken, sir, that I admire guses—tame guses—far mair nor wild anes. A wild guse, to be sure, is no bad eatin', shot in season—oot o' season, and after a lang flicht, what is he but a rickle o' banes? But a tame guse, aff the stubble, sirs—(and what'n a hairst this'll be for guses, the stooks hae been sae sair shuchen!)—roasted afore a clear fire to the swirl o' a worsted string stuffed as fou's he can haud frae neck to doup wi' yerbs—and deevor'd wi' about equal proportions o' mashed potawties, and a clash o' aipple sass—the creeshy briest o' him shinniu' out owre a' its braid beautifu' rotundity, wi' a broonish and yellowish licht, seemin' to be the verra concentrated essence o' tastefu' sappiness, the bare idea o' which, at ony distance o' time and place, brings a gush o' water out o' the pallet—his theeghs slightly crisped by the smokeless fire to the preceese pint best fitted for crunchin'—and, in short, the toot-an-sammal o' the Bird, a perfeck specimen o' the beau-ideal o' the true Bird o' Paradise—for sic a guse, sir—(but ch! may I never be sae sairly tempted)—wad a man sell his kintra or his conscience—and neist day strive to stifle his remorse by gobblin' up the gible-pie.

North. To hear you speak, James, the world would take you for an epicure and glutton, who bowed down five times a day in fond idolatry before the belly-god. What a delusion!

Shepherd. What does the silly senseless world ken about the real character o' the puir Ettrick Shepherd, ony mair than about that o' puir Lord Byron. But you, sir, ken baith *his* by metafesical intuitions, that see intil a man's sowle through the works o' his inspired genie, and the acts o' his destrackit life—though fate and fortune, doom and destiny, keepit ye twa far asunder a' the time that the noble Childe was driven along existence like the rack flyin' overhead on the stormy skies—and *mine* by that intercommunin' o' a' high thochts and high feelings, sir, that far far apairt frae a' fun and frolic, and wut, and humour and glee—(yet they, too, are in their season suitable, and tell tales aften no safe to be repeated o' secrets slumberin' amang sorrows deep doon in that

“Strange tumultuous thing the human heart”)

hae aften given to the hollows o' the hills, where we twa hae walked thegither, far frae the ways o' man, frae the risin' to the settin' sun, the

consecration of some mighty temple. Yes, Mr. North, till all the visible region baith o' the earth and the heavens—the *ane* beautiful', with its gently undulating sea o' hills, greener than ony water-sea that ever rolled in sunshine, and aften, in glorious blinks, also purpler far, when the heather-heights, suddenly light-smitten, coloured all the day with the lustre beaming from their gorgeous mantle—and the *ither*, as we lay like sleepers on the sward—dreamers but no sleepers we—with half-shut eyes undrowsily watching the slow passing-by of the drowsy clouds, and drinkin' in, wi' nae impatient thirst, but wi' a tranquil appetite divine, the blue liquid beauty o' the stainless ether—the *ither*, North, seeming, indeed, to deserve the holy name of heaven, whither, had I had wings of a dove, I would have flown away and been at rest, for thou, my friend, knowest, even as I know, that except in those regions, rest is there none for us “poor sons of a day,” and *that* thocht, sir, that keeps ebbing and flowin' for ever in the silence and the solitude o' our sowles, gies a sanctity to the great sky-bow that bends over us, when it is strung in peacefu' beauty that changes a' creation into a vast Place o' Worship.

North. Mere painted air!

Shepherd. Weel do I ken, sir, that it's naething else! Yet holy in my eyes has ever been what in Scotland we ca' “the lift,” even as the Bible lyn' open, during the hour of service, on my father's knee! Nae senses have we to penetrate into infinitude and eternity. Frae such ideas do not our sowles recoil back on space and time, feeble and forlorn, and sore afraid! But God has given us imaginations, sir, wherewith to beauty and glorify into celestial and abiding tabernacles, terrestrial vapours, in their ain nature evanescent as dreams!

North. James, give me your hand, our friendship is strong and sacred.

Shepherd. The shows o' natur, sir, are a' mere types; but there's nae sin, sir—be assured there's nae sin, sir, in looking on the type even as if it were the thing—the thocht typified; for such seems to be the natur o' the human sowle, weak, weak, weak, sir, even in its greatest strength, and relyin' on the senses for support even in its maist spiritual communings, and maist holy worship o' Him that inhabiteth Eternity.

North. Poetry—Philosophy—Religion.

Shepherd. I canna conceive a mair sacred, a mair holy task, than that which a man taks upon himsell, when he sits doon to write the life and character of his brither man. Afore he begins to write the capital letter at the beginnin' o' the first word, he oecht to hae sat mony a lang hour, a' by himsell along the flowings of some river, (hoo lifelike!)—and to hae lain awake during mony a lang hour o' the night-watches, and especially then a' by himsell—meditating on the duty he has undertaken to perform, and comparin' or contrastin', as it may be,

what he *may conjecture* to hae been the character o' his brither, whom God has called to judgment, wi' what he *must ken* to be the character o' his ain sell, whom God next moment may call to his dread account. A' men hae mair nor an inklin' o' their warst evil propensities, and their ain warst sins. When religion and philosophy speak o' the diffeeculty o' kennin' ane's ain heart, they mean anither thing a'thegither; an' though an awfu' and a fearfu' thing, not to my present purpose, and to be haunted by me anither nicht, in anither discourse.

North. Why, you are giving us a sermon, James.

Shepherd. An' pray, sir, is there ony reason in the natur o' things why you should hae a' the preachin' to yoursell? Noo, sir, I say that the beeographer wha acts thus will never cease hearing a solemn whisper, as if direct frae Heaven—and it is frae Heaven, fillin', but no disturbin' his ear—"Do unto others that which thou wouldst they should do unto thee!" O, sir! hoo universal is the application—at a' times—at a' seasons—to a' the meeserable race o' man—o' thae divine words! Hoo are they forgotten! In the passion o' action, gin I may sae speak, there seems anaist some excuse, drawn frae the constitution o' our natur, for the sound o' that heavenly voice being droon'd amang the waves. But when a's cawm abune and aroun'—naething nor naebody troublin' us—and yet the sense o' our ain sins as prevalent in our privacy as our sense o' the mercy o' the Most High towards us sinners—by what mysterious agency comes it about, that even then, wi' the cawnle twinklin' peacefully afore us, like a bit starnie, through the glimmer o' our midnight chawmer, and

"The wee bit ingle blinkin' bonnily,"

and not a foot stirrin' in a' the house, but the four feet o' some hungry, yet no' unhappy moosie, gliding cannily alang the carpet in search o' some crumbs that may hae fa'n ahint a chair—O, sir! *whence* comes the thocht or the feelin' o' evil in the heart o' a man at sic an hour as this, when, if ever guardian angels may be permitted to leave their celestial bowers for homes of earth, weel micht we houp to lie aneath the shadow o' the wings o' sic holy visitants! Yet, nae door flies open—nae wa' sinks—nor enter in, in visible troops, the Fiends and the Furies. But what ca' ye Envy, and Jealousy, and Malice, and Anger, and a' the rest o' the Evil Passions, that, as if gifted wi' ubiquity and perpetual presence, clutch our verra conscience by the hair o' the head, and bendin' back its neck, break its verra spine, till it's murdered or maimed, in death or dwaum—and oh! mercy! what a hubbub noo amang a' the desperate Distractions! Sometimes they sit upon the sowle, tearin' out its een, like ravens or vultures—

North. James, enough! The truth shocks and sickens.

Shepherd. Weel, then, descend a' at ance frae thae maist fearsome hichts, commandin' a bird's-eye view o' the empyr o' Sin and Evil—

North. Miltonic.

Shepherd. And merely ask yoursell, what wunner it was that sic a man as our freen, John Galt, in general an excellent fellow, should hae been beguiled—betrayed—by some o' the meaner agencies, the lower spirits, to—

North. Compose No. I. of the National Library!

Shepherd. Just sae—and there's an anticlimax for you—wi' a vengeance and a thud! But when we first got on this topic, some hour or sae sin syne, at the commencement o' this jug—What's this I was intendin' to say? Ou aye. It was, that you ken ma character by havin' aften studied it in sic moods and seasons. Noo, I was a few minutes ago describin' a roasted guse—wi' a' the zest o' a glutton whose imagination was kindled by his palate. And at that moment as sincere was I as ever you beheld me when standin' by the side o' some great loch, and gazing on the sun sinking behind the mountains. But what care I, sir, for a' the guses that ever was roasted? No a single strae. Gie me a bit cheese and bread when I am hungry, and I will say grace oure't sittin' by some spring among the hills, wi' as gratefu' a heart as ever yearned in a puir sinner's breast towards the Giver o' a' mercies. Nae objections hae I—why sud I?—to a jug o' toddy, especially, sir, sittin' cheek by jowl wi' auld Christopher. But mony and mony a day o' drivin' rain and blashin' sleet and driftin' sna' hae I been out frae morn till nicht among the hills—aye, sir, frae nicht till morn—a' through the wild sughing hours o' the mirk nights o' winter, without ever thinkin' o' spirits in the shape o' whisky ony mair than if in this weary world there never had been ae single still! Sumphs—base insolent sumphs—say I, sir, that dare to insult the Shepherd at his Glenlivet with the King of Men. Has the aipple o' my eye, sir, tint ae hue o' its brichtness, or shows it one bloodshot streak or stain o' intemperance? Has the aipple o' my cheek, sir, tint ae hue o' its ruddiness, or shows it one blotch or pimple o' excess either in eatin' or drinkin'? Damn the Cockney coards and calumniawtors—

North. Unclench your hairy fist, my beloved Shepherd, and let me see thee smile again as sweetly as if singing a song to the Queen of the Fairies among the tohmans of her ancient woods.

Shepherd. Hatred o' hypocrisy sets my blood in a low, and converts it, for a space “brief as the lightning in a collied night,” into liquid fire. Here, sir, here, in this our dearly beloved and beautifu' Blue Parlour—and there, sir, there—through that wa'—in the fantastic French Hunting Chawmer—and yonner, sir, yonner in the shooperb—the shooblime Saloon—what whisper ever heard the walls—and walls, 'tis said, have ears—of envy, or jealousy, or calumny, or of any evil thocht towards any one, high or humble, of the great family of Man?

North. None, never!

Shepherd. Has a man great genius?—you, sir, trumpet-tongued, hail his advent when “far off his coming shines,” and the nations as yet know not what means the apparition on the weather-gleam, till you tell them ’tis a—poet.

North. Spare my blushes. Yet I feel in all humility that it is the truth.

Shepherd. Has a man sma’ genius, seeks Christopher to extinguish it? Na, na, na. He kens that the spark is frae Heaven, and sooner than tread it oot, would he put his foot on the adder-hole. Oh! weel ken you, sir, my auld wise freen, that genius yearns for glory mair passionately even than ever love yearned for beauty, and that to him disappointment is despair, and despair is death! A sneer, sir, on your face, micht drive some bright-hoped laddie mad, while he was seekin’, and findin’, and losin’ his flowery way in the wilderness o’ the imagination, day after day, and nicht after nicht, for years, and years, mistakin’ dreams for realities, and believin’ a’ things to be in natur’ verily as beautifu’ as his ain thochts!

North. Rather would I die, James.

Shepherd. Sir, ye ken, and I ken, but aiblins I better nor you, for I was born, as Burns says, in an “auld clay biggin’,” and had little or nae assistance and support to my sowle when it was beginnin’ to work like barm within me, or rather, if you’ll no think the eemage ower gran’ for the occasion, when it was beginnin’ to trummle, and crummle, and sigh, and groan, and heave, and hotch, like what ane reads about the earlier stages o’ the proceedings o’ some earthquack,—I say, sir, that I was left amaist entirely to my ain silly sell, wi’ naebody to tell me what a’ that disturbance within me micht mean, whether it was for gude or for evil, frae heaven or hell—ye maun pardon me, sir, for sic strong expressions, but aften and aften did I shudder to think that I had fa’n intil the power o’ Satan—sae black, sir, at times were the thochts that suddenly assailed me in solitude, till, wad ye believe me, they took the shape o’ great lang shadows lying threateningly on the sward afore me, when not a cloud was in heaven, and the sun shining like a god in his ain undivided sky. The neebours—nay, my verra faither and mither, and the lave o’ our ain bairns, feared, when I was about the size or sae o’ my wee Jamie—God bless him!—

North. Amen!

Shepherd. —that I was gettin’ mad—and sae for a while did I mysell—but I soon cam to ken that it was nae madness, but genie working in the dark, like a mole or a miner, till it fand its way up into the air, and then eagle-eyed beheld the beauty o’ the heavens and the earth, in a trance that passes away, sir, as ye ken, aneath the presence and the pressure o’ cares and anxieties, and duties—aften a weary wecht—

but ever and anon returns, a renewed revelation by natur, to them who keep holy the Covenant sworn at her altar among the mysteries that haunted the world of eye and ear in the morn of life. Nae yawning, if you please, sir. Better that at ance you should cowp owre in a dwawm o' sleep.

North. I could cut with a blunt knife the throat of any man who yawns while I am speaking to him—especially if he attempts to conceal his crime, by putting his hand to his mouth, yet, such a bundle of inconsistencies is man, that confound me if I could listen for five minutes to the angel Raphael himself—or Gabriel either—without experiencing that sensation about the jaws which precedes and produces that sin. The truth is, that admiration soon makes me yawn—and I fear that Sir Walter, and Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and Bowles, and others, may sometimes have felt queer at the frequent, if not incessant, opening and shutting of the folding doors of my mouth, during their most amusing or instructive, reasoning or imaginative harangues. I wish I could find some way of letting them know, that so far from any offence being meant, or weariness experienced by me, I was in fact repaying them for the delight they gave me, by the most sincere, if not the most delicate tribute of applause, which it was in my power to render, or rather out of my power to withhold from genius and wisdom.

Shepherd. I never in a' my born days, and I'm noo just the age o' Sir Walter, and, had he been leevin', o' Bonnypratt, met a perfectly pleasant—that is a'thegither enchantin' man in a party—and I have lang thoct there's nae sic thing in existence as poors o' conversation. There's Sir Walter wi' his everlastin' anecdotes, nine out o' ten meanin' naethin', and the tenth itsell as auld as the Eildon hills, but not, like them, cleft in three, which would be a great relief to the listener, and aiblins alloo a nap atween—yet hoo the coofs o' a' ages, sexes, and ranks, belabour your lugs with their lachter at every clause—and baser than ony slaves that ever swept the dust with their faces from the floors of Eastern despots, swallow his stales stories as if they were manna dropping fresh frae the heaven o' imagination! Yet you see the crust aften sticks in their throats—and they narrowly escape chokin'. Yet I love and venerate Sir Walter abune a' ither leevin' men except yourself, sir, and for that reason try to thole his discourse. As to his ever hearin' richt ae single syllable o' what ye may be sayin' to him, wi' the maist freendly intent o' enlichtenin' his weak mind, you maun never indulge ony howp o' that kind—for o' a' the absent men when anither's speakin' that ever glowered in a body's face, without seemin' to ken even wha he's lookin' at, Sir Walter is the foremost—and gin he behaves in that gate to a man o' original genius like me, you may conceive his treatment o' the sumphis and sumphesses that compose fashionable society.

North. James—be civil.

Shepherd. Yet tak up ony trash o' travels by ony outlandish foreigner through our kintra, and turn to the chapter, "Visit to Abbotsford," and be he frog-eatin' Frenchman, sneevin' through his nose——

North. Or gross guttural German, groaning about Goethe——

Shepherd. ——or girnin' and grimacin' Italian, wi' his music and his macaroni, fiddlin' and fumblin' his way aiblins into marriage wi' some deluded lassie o' condition wi' the best o' Scottish bluid in her veins——

North. Sarcastic dog!

Shepherd. ——and one and all alike——each with the peculiar loathsomeness belonging to the mode of adulation practised in his ain kintra——begin slabberin' and slimin' the illustrious baronet fra head to feet, till he is all over slaver. Hoo he maun scunner!

North. Perhaps not.

Shepherd. He maun. Then each Tramp begins to ring the same changes on his fool's bells about Sir Walter's poots o' conversation, his endless stores o' information, his inexhaustible mines o' intellectual treasures——

North. Stop, James—lay your hand on your heart—and tell me—we are quite alone, and you need not look at the screen, for there is nobody behind it—are you not jealous?

Shepherd. Me jealous! and o' Sir Walter! As I shall answer to God at the great day of judgment, I am not! I glory in my country for his sake. But say—sir—unseal your lips and speak—should he, who of all men I ever kent is the least o' a tyrant, be thus served by slaves?

North. No great man of any age, James, during his mortal lifetime, ever so lived, by the peaceful power of genius, in the world's eye, and in the world's minds, and the world's heart, as Sir Walter Scott.

Shepherd. None whatsoever.

North. Why? Because never before had genius such as his dealt with subjects of such universal and instant interest.

Shepherd. What! No Shakspeer?

North. No; not Shakspeare.

Shepherd. But wull he leeve as lang's Shakspeer?

North. Why the devil should he not? Why, you and I will live as long as Shakspeare—but it is not mere length of life, James, but intensity and universality of life, that constitutes the immortality of the soul.

Shepherd. Gude—gude. In ae sense, a' that's prented may live for ever; in anither sense, amais a' that's prented dies. Common owthers leeve but in their byeucks,—and every time ye shut his byeuck, it may be said that ye put a common owther to death, or imprison him in a cell. He is in oblivion. But aince in ages an

owther is born—Homer, Shakspeer, Scott—wha leeve na in their byeucks alone—though edition after edition keeps perpetually poorin' out o' the press—but omnipresent in the regions o' Thocht and Feeling, as sunshine fills the day.

North. Gude—gude. But when, James, was there ever religion without superstition? worship without idolatry?

Shepherd. Never in the history o' man. I see your drift, sir. Therefore it is—wou'd the auld cunning carle say—that while the wise, the good, and the free unveil their foreheads in manly admiration afore the genius o' Sir Walter, preserving a' the while the erect attitude o' that being, to whom alone the Latin poet said, God gave “a sublime face,” that he might behold the heavens and all their stars—the wiseacres, the fools, and the slaves, fall down brutishly before him, and lick the dust aff his feet.

North. James, a peg lower, if you please. Let Sir Walter produce any sort of stuff he chooses, and that set of worshippers swear it is beaten gold. There is his Demonology and Witchcraft—a poor book—

Shepherd. What sae ye? a pair byeuck on Demonology and Witchcraft by Sir Walter Scott?

North. Poor in matter and in manner—in substance and in style. And yet the paid paltry press are at this moment all pawing it with their praise. Two years ago I spake of—PUFFING. One year ago, the Edinburgh Review—following in my wake—did the same; but it scarified and seared the skin of the small sinners, and left that of the great sleek and without a seam. But “a braw time's comin'”—and not many months shall go by, James, till I flay the trade.

Shepherd, (rising from his seat.) Ha! Mr. Tickler, hoo are you—and hoo cam' you intil the room?

North. Tickler! James? I see no Tickler.

Shepherd, (somewhat agitated.) Mr. Tickler, speak—smile—lauch! O lauch—lauch—lauch, sir; I'll thank ye frae the bottom o' my sowle to lauch!

North. Nay—this is like midsummer madness at the end of October. Don't stare so, I beseech you, my dear Shepberd.

Shepherd. Luk—luk—luk! Fixed een—white cheeks—blue lips—drippin' hair—a ghastry countenance, an' a spectral shape. It's his wraith—his wraith—and e'er midnight, we shall be hearin' a sugh gaun through the city that our freen' has been droon'd!

North, (alarmed.) I see nothing.

Shepherd, (coming round to NORTH.) There—there—richt opposite to us on the wa'!

North. Shall I ring the bell?

Shepherd. What said ye? See, it lifts its corpse-like hauns? Oh! that it would but speak!

North, (recovering his self-possession.) Your stomach is out of order James—your bowels——

Shepherd. I wou'd fain houp sae—but I fear no! Mercy on us! it's liftin' itsel' up, and moving like a shadow—noo—noo—thank heaven, it has evaporated, and is gane!

Enter AMBROSE in violent agitation.

Ambrose. Oh! dear—Oh! dear—sirs, there's a rumour flying through the city that the body of Mr. Tickler has been found drowned in one of the Leith Docks!

North and Shepherd. Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!

(Exeunt omnes distracted.)

SCENE.—*The Snuggery.*—*Time, seven o'clock*—*Members present.*—
NORTH, SHEPHERD, O'BRONTE.

Shepherd. The wee bit cozzie octagon Snuggery metamorphosed, I declare, intil a perfeck paragon o' a leebrary, wi' glitterin' brass-wired rosewood shelves, through whilk the bricht-bunn' byeuckies glint splendid as sunbeams, yet saftened and subdued somehow or ither, doun to a specie o' moonlicht, sic as lonely shepherd on the hill lifts up his hauns to admire along the fringed edges o' a fleecy mass o' clouds, when the orb is just upon the verra comin' out again intil the blue, and the entire nicht beautifies itsell up, like a leevin' being, to rehaul the stainless apparition!

North. Homeric!

Shepherd. Ay, Homer was a shepherd like mysell, I'se warrant him, afore he lost his een, in lieu o' whilk, Apollo, the Great Shepherd o' a' the Flocks o' the Sky, gied him—and wasna't a glorious recompense, sir?—for a' the rest o' his days, the gift o' immortal sang.

North. 'Tis fitted up, James, after a fancy-plan of our poor, dear, old, facete, feeling, ingenious, and most original friend—Johnny Ballantyne.

Shepherd. Johnny Ballantyne!

North. Methinks I see him—his slight slender figure restless with a spirit that knew no rest—his face so suddenly changeful in its expression from what a stranger might have thought habitual gravity, into what his friends knew to be native there—glee irrepressible and irresistible—the very madness of mirth, James, in which the fine ether of animal spirits seemed to respire the breath of genius, and to shed through the room, or the open air, a contagion of cheerfulness, against which no heat was proof, however sullen, and no features could stand, however grim, but still all the company, Canters and Covenanters inclusive, relaxed and thawed into murmurs of merriment, even as the strong spring sunshine sends a-singing the bleak frozen moor-streams, till all the wilderness is alive with music.

Shepherd. He was indeed a canty cretur—a delichtfu' companion.

North. I hear his voice this moment within my imagination, as distinct as if it were speaking. 'Twas exceedingly pleasant.

Shepherd. It was that. Verra like Sandy's—only a hue merrier,

and a few beats in the minute faster. Oh, sir! hoo he wou'd hae enjoyed the Noctes, and hoo the Noctes would hae enjoyed him!

North. In the midst of our merriment, James, often has that thought come over me like a cloud.

Shepherd. What'n a laugh!

North. Soul-and-heart-felt!

Shepherd. Mony a strange story fell down stane-dead when his tongue grew mute. Thoosands o' curious, na, unaccountable anecdotes, ceased to be, the day his een were closed; for he tel't them, sir, as ye ken, wi' his een mair than his lips; and his verra hawns spak, when he snapped his forefinger and his thoomb, or wi' the hail five spread out—and he had what I ca' an elegant hawn o' fine fingers, as maist wutty men hae—manually illustrated his soobjeck, till the words gaed aff, murmuring like bees frae the tips, and then Johnny was quate again for a minute or sae, till some ither freak o' a fancy came athwart his genie, and instantly loupt intil look, lauch, or speech—or rather a' the three thegither in ane, while Sir Walter himsel' keckled on his chair, and leanin' wi' thae extraordinar' chowks o' his, that aften seem to me amaist as expressive as his pile o' forehead, hoo wou'd he fix the grey illumination o' his een on his freen Johnny, and ca' him by that familiar name, and by the sympathy o' that maist capawcious o' a' sowles, set him clean mad—richt doon wudd a'thegither—till really, sir, he got untholeably divertin', and folk compleen'd o' pains in their sides, and sat wi' the tears rinnin' doon their cheeks, praying him for gudeness to haud his tongue, for that gin he didna, somebody or ither wou'd be fa'in doon in a fit, and be carried out dead.

North. A truce, my dear James, to all such dreams. Yet pleasant, though mournful to the soul, is the memory of joys that are past! And never, methinks, do we feel the truth of that beautiful sentiment more tenderly, than when dimly passeth before our eyes, along the mirror of imagination,—for I agree with thee, thou sagest of Shepherds, that when the heart is finely touched by some emotion from the past, the mirror of imagination and of memory is one and the same, held up as if in moonlight by the hands of Love or Friendship,—never feel we the truth of that beautiful sentiment more tenderly, I repeat, James, than when we suddenly rebehold there the image—the shadow of some face that when alive wore a smile of perpetual sunshine—somewhat saddened now, though cheerful still, in the momentary vision—and then, as we continue to gaze upon it, undergoing sad obscuration, and soon disappearing in total eclipse.

(*Enter MR. AMBROSE, MONS. CADET, KING PEPIN, SIR DAVID GAM, TAPPIETOURIE, and the PECH, with tea, coffee, toast, muffins, &c.*)

Shepherd. When a body has had an early dinner, what a glorious meal's the FOUREOORS! Hooly—hooly, lads. Aye—that's richt,

Tappy—just set doon the muffins there close to ma nieve; oh! but they seem sappy! Sir Dawvit, be ye baronet or be ye knight, you've a fine ee for the balancin' o' a table, or ye had never clashed doon on that spat thae creeshy crampets. Pippin, you're a dexterous cretur, wi' your ashets o' wat and dry toast. And oh! my man Pechy! but you've a stoot back and a strong arm to deposit wi' sic an air o' majesty that twa-quartern loaf fresh frae the baker's, and steamin' as sweet's a bank o' vi'lets after a shower. Mr. Awmrose, ye needna bile ony mair eggs—for though they're no verra big anes, yet whatever the size, sax is ma number—thae bit chickens maun hae belanged to a late cleckin'. But whare's the Roond? Aye—aye—Prince o' Picardy! I see ye bearin' him frae the bit sideboardie. Noo attend to Mr. North, Mr. Awmrose, and dinna mind me—tak tent o' Mr. North, sir—and see that he wants for naething—for I discern by the glegness o' the een o' him, that he's yaup—yaup—yaup—and 's sharpenin' his teeth wi' the fork, till you hear them raspin' like a mower whettin' his seythe.

North. Ambrose, bring yon.

Ambrose. Here they are, sir. (*Placing them before MR. HOGG.*)

Shepherd. Angels and miuisters o' grace defend us—what the deevil's thae?

North. What think ye, James?

Shepherd. Hauns! Human hauns! Preserved human hauns! Pickled human hauns! The preserved and pickled human hauns o' a Christian!

North. Well—what although?

Shepherd. Weel! what altho'? Are they a present frae Dr. Knox, or his freen Hare? Aiblins the verra hauns o' Burke himsell! What throttlers!

North. Why, they are throttlers, James—but they never belonged in life to any of the gang.

Shepherd. That's a great relief. But excuse me, sir, for haudin' ma nose—for I fear they're stinkin'.

North. Sweet, I assure you, James, as the downy fist of a virgin, yet warm from her own bosom. Bear-paws from Scandinavia—a Christmas present from my intrepid friend Lloyd, now Schall-king of the Frozen Forests.

Shepherd. Let's pree them.

(*The SHEPHERD takes one paw, and NORTH another, and they both begin to masticate.*)

Ambo. Exquisite?

Shepherd. Are ye at the taes, sir?

North. I am.

Shepherd. Mine is picket as clean's an ivory kaim for the tapknot o' a bit bonnie lassie. Noo for the pawms.

North. The mustard?

Shepherd. Eh?

North. The mustard?

Shepherd. Eh? Oh! but the pawms is prime. The ile of pawms! Far better nor the ignorant warld suspekks. Nae wunner the beasts sooks them in their wunter-caves.

North. Try your paw with chicken, James.

Shepherd. I'm doin' sae, sir. Frae this time, henceforit and forever-mair, hoo wersh the race o' hams! What's pig-face to bear-paw!

North. Hyperion to a Satyr.

Shepherd. Say Satyr to Hyperion, Sir. Mine's anatameezed—and lo! the skeleton! O the wonnerfu' warks o' natur?

North. There!

Shepherd. What'n a *what!* I'm hungrier than if I had ate a hale solan guse. What'n a *what!*

North. Let us now set in to serious eating, James.

Shepherd. Be't sae. Seelence!

(There is silence in the Snuggery from half-past seven till half-past eight; or, rather, a sound like the whutter of wild-fowl on the feed along a mud-bank, by night, in Poole Harbour, at low-water, as described by Colonel Hawker.)

North. James?

Shepherd. What's your wull, sir?

North. A caulker?

Shepherd. Wi' a' my heart and sowle. Here's to Mr. Lloyd's health and happiness—and when he's dune huggin' the bears, may he get a wife!

North. Amen!

Shepherd. Noo, sir, let's hae some leeterary conversation.

North. I was just going to propose it, James. Suppose we have a little poetry.

Shepherd. What a cauld squash o' poetry's this we've had blawn intil our faces o' late, like sae mony blashy shoors o' sleet? But Stoddart has genius.*

North. He has. Let us speak now of the great masters. Lean back, James—hand over head—and pull out the volume it chances to light on—one or other of the works of the Immortals.

Shepherd. (*obeying the mandate.*) Muir's Life o' Byron—First volum! Whan are we to hae the second?

North. I know not. Probably ere next Noctes.

Shepherd. I'm wearyin' unco sair for the second vollum. But our carrier, when he's gotten a heavy load o' the necessaries o' life, sic as vivers, and pots and pans, and ither household utensils, aye leaves

* Stoddart was a minor Scottish poet.—M.

ahint him at Selkirk a' pairshels that he jalouses may conteen byeuks, "Especialy," quo' he, "thae great muckle clumsy square anes ye ca' quartos."

North. Not so with Maga?

Shepherd. Na, na! A bale o' Blackwood's as light as a feather, and he swears that his beast never reests on the steyist brae gin Maga's aboard. The buyancy o' the bale, sir, gars his cart dance along a' the ups and downs i' the road through the Forest, like a bit pleasure yott tilting outowre the waves at Windermere Regatta.

North. Poetry!

Shepherd. I can tell you a curious tale about this quarto. It lay for the best part o' a moon among some cheeses, at Selkirk, afore it was discovered by some weans to be a byeuck, by means o' the broon paper and the direction, and was forwarded at last to Mount Benger in a return cart loaded wi' strae. But Gudefallow clean forgot that his lordship was there, and sae by some queer mischance he got bundled up intil the laft, and mair nor a month afterwards, you may guess the surprise o' ane o' the hizzies that had gaen up for fodder, when a great big broon square paper pairshel bounced out o' her lap in the byre——

North. Poor Girzzy!

Shepherd. —— to the sair disappointment o' Crummie, wha' after smellin' an' snortin' at it for a while, began cavin' her head like a dementit cretur, and then ettlin' to toss't out o' the door, gettin't entangled by the twine on the point o' ane o' her horns, she brak oot o' the byre, as if stung by a gadflee, or some divine œstrum——

North. Classical!

Shepherd. —— and then doon the knowe, across the holm, owre the Yarrow, up the brae, and oot o' sicht ahint the hill, richt awa like a red-deer, clean out the region o' Yarrow a'thegither, and far awa ayont the head o' Etrick into the verra heart o' Eskdalemuir, whar she was fun', days after, sair forfeuchan, ye may weel suppose, wi' the Beeography across her een, just as if she had been a bill gien to stickin', wi' a brodd on his griesly forehead. A' the shepherds, ye ken, sir, are gude scholars in our region—and him that first fand her was the President o' the Eskdalemuir Spootin', Theological, and Philosophical Club. Puttin' on his specs—for he's a gae auld cretur—he sune made oot the inscription in capitals on the forehead o' the beast—JAMES HOGG, ESQ., MOUNT BENDER, YARROW, BY SELKIRK," and then in cetalics aneath—"To be forwarded by the first opportunity."

North. That must have been a poser to the President.

Shepherd: It was that, sir. Nor was his perplexity diminished by the twa sma' words in ane o' the corners—"Per mail." The mail hasna begun yet to rin that road, ye ken, sir, in the shape o' a cotch, and the President himsell confessed to me, on tellin' the tale, that among the multitude o' oot'-o-the-way thochts that crooded intil his

brain, to account for the faynomenon,—ane o' them was, that in this age o' inventions, when some newfangled notion or ither, oot o' some ingenious noddle, is pitten daily intil practice for expeditin' human intercourse, the coo was an express—

North. Hee—hee—hee! James, you tickle my fancy, and I get slightly convulsed about the midriff.

Shepherd. Yes, sir—that the coo was an express sent by Mr. Elliot o' Selkirk.

North. Instead of a carrier-pigeon.

Shepherd. Just sae, sir. And that the coo, haen been bred in Eskdalemuir, had returned to the spat o' her nativity, eager to browse the pasturage on which she had fed when a young and happy quey. Howsomever, to make a long story short, our freen contrived to get the quarto aff Crummie's horns, and brocht it doon neist day himsell to Mount Benger, when, by layin a' our heads thegither, we cam to see intill the heart o' the mystery, which, like maist others, when severely scrutineezed, degenerated intil an accountable though somewhat uncommon fack.

North. Open the volume, James, at haphazard—and let the first page that meets your eyes be the text of our discursive dialogue.

Shepherd. Shall I read it up, sir?

North. Do, *ore rotundo*, like a Grecian. What seems it about?

Shepherd. The marriages of men o' genius—if I dinna mistak—

North. Hark! and lo!

(The time-piece strikes nine, and enter PICARDY and Tail, with the material. They sweep away the "Reliquias Danaum," and deposit all things needful in their place.)

Shepherd. Clever chieils, thae, sir.

North. I hope, James, that Mr. Moore will strike out of the volume, before it becomes an octavo, that misbegotten, misconceived, misdelivered, misplaced, and mistimed abortion—

Shepherd. What'n a skrow o' misses, like a verra boardin'-school let'n lowse; puir bit things, I pity them—a' walkin' by themsells, rank and file, twa deep, the feck o' them gae'n sickly, and greenin' for hame. But no to purshue the eemage—what was you beginnin' till abuse, sir, when I interrupperit you about the misses?

North. Mr. Moore's Homily on Husbands.

Shepherd. He says—"The truth is, I fear, that rarely, if ever, have men of the higher order of genius shown themselves fitted for the calm affections and comforts that form the cement of domestic life." Hoots—hoots! Toots—hoots! Hoots—hoots! Toots—hoots!

North. You are severe, James, but your strictures are just.

Shepherd. The warst apothegm that ever was kittled in the shape o' a paradox; and then, sir, the expression's as puir's the thocht. The cawm affections—if by them Mr. Muir means a' the great natural

affections, and he can mean naething else—are no the “cement” merely o’ domestic life, but they are its Sowle, its Essence, its Being, Itsell! Cement’s a sort o’ lime or slime——

North. I should not quarrel with the words, James, if their meaning——

Shepherd. But I do quarrel wi’ the words, sir, and they deserve to hae their noses pou’d for leears. I recollect the passage perfectly weel, and it’s as easy to rend it intil flinders, as to tear to rags a rotten blanket left by some gipsy on a nyeuck by the road-side. Tak’ you the byeuck, sir—for your amaist as gude an elocutionist as Mr. Knowles himsell. You’re twa natural readers—wi’ a’ your art—therein you’re aboot equal—but in action and gesture, sir, he beats you sair.

North. “However delightful may be the spectacle of a man of genius, tamed and domesticated in society, taking docilely upon him the yoke of the social ties, and enlightening, without disturbing, the sphere in which he moves, we must, nevertheless, in the midst of our admiration, bear in mind that it is not thus smoothly or amiably immortality has been ever struggled for, or won. The poet thus circumstanced, may be popular, be loved; for the happiness of himself, and those linked with him, he is in the right road—but not for greatness. The marks by which Fame has always separated her great martyrs from the rest of mankind, are not upon him, and the crown cannot be his. He may dazzle, may captivate the circle, and even the times in which he lives, but he is not for hereafter!”

Shepherd. What infernal folly’s that ye’re taukin’, sir? I wuss ye mayna hae been drinkin’ in the forenoon owre mony o’ thae wicked wee glasses o’ noyau, or sherry-brandy, or ither leecures in confectionary chops, and that’s the effects o’t breakin’ out upon you the noo, sae sune after the paws, in a heap o’ havers, just like a verra rash on the face o’ a patient in the measles. Eh?

North. The words are Mr. Moore’s. My memory, James, is far from being tenacious, yet sentences of extreme absurdity will stick to it——

Shepherd. Like plaguy burrs to the tails o’ a body’s coat walkin’ through a spring wood, alive wi’ sweet-singing birds, and sweet-smelling flowers, whase balm and beauty’s amaist a’ forgotten as sune’s he comes out again into the open every-day warld, and appear faint and far off, like an unassured dream, while thae confounded realities, the burrs, are stickin’ as if they had been shued on by the tailor, or rather incorporated by the wicked weaver wi’ the verra original wab o’ the claeth, sae that ye canna get rid o’ the inextricable cleggs, without clipping the bit oot wi’ the shears, or ruggin’ them aff angrily wi’ baith hauns, as if they were sae mony waur than useless buttons.

North. An apt and a picturesque illustration. When Mr. Moore

speaks of the spectacle of a man of genius "tamed and domesticated in society," he must have been thinking——

Shepherd. O' the lauchin' hyena.

North. No, James, not the laughing hyena, for he adds, "taking docilely upon him the yoke of the social ties;" and, I believe, neither the laughing nor the weeping hyena—neither the Democritus nor the Heraclitus of the tribe—has ever been made to submit his shoulders to the yoke—nor, indeed, have I ever heard of any attempt having been made to put him into harness.

Shepherd. Mr. Muir's been thinkin' o' the zebra, or the quagga, sir.

North. But then, James, he goes on to say forthwith, "and enlightening, without disturbing, the sphere in which he moves."

Shepherd. Ay, there Mr. Muir forgets the kind o' animal he sets oot wi', and whether he was a lauching hyena, as I first surmeesed, or a zebra, or quagga, why, by a slip o' the memory or the imagination, he's transmogrified either intil a star or a watchman, "enlightening, without disturbing, the sphere in which he moves,"—maist probably a star; for a watchman does disturb "the sphere in which he moves," by ever and anon crawin' oot something about the hour—at least folk hae telt me that it's about the hour, and the divisions o' the hour, that the unhappy somnambulists are scrauching;—whereas, as to enlightening the sphere which he disturbs, what can you expeck, sir, frae a fawrthing cawnle? It maun be a star, sir, that Mr. Muir means. Tak ma word for't, sir, it's a star.

North. But, James, Mr. Moore adds, "that it is not thus smoothly or amiably immortality has been ever struggled for or won."

Shepherd. There again, sir, you see the same sort o' slip o' the memory or the imagination; sae that, no to be severe, the hail sentence is mair like the maunderin' o' an auld wife sittin' half asleep and half paraleetic, and aiblins rather a bit wee fou frae a chance drappie, at the ingle-cheek, lecturin' the weans how to behave theirsells, and mair especially that nae gude's ever likely to come either frae reading or writing ungodly ballants, like them o' Bobby Burns——

North. Or Jamie Hogg——

Shepherd. Just sae, sir,—for that, as she hersell cam to ken by cruel experience, it a' "ends in houghmagandy!"

North. I fear, James, the star won't do either. For Mr. Moore inditeth, that "for the happiness of himself (the poet aforesaid) and those linked with him, he is on the right road," which is not the language men use in speaking of a star or even a constellation. And in the sentence that follows, he is again a good Christian; but not one of "the great martyrs separated by Fame from the rest of mankind," as may be known from her "marks not being to be found upon him," (he is no witch, James), and from the want of a crown on his temples. Still, whether a laughing hyena, a zebra, a quagga, a star, or a watch-

man, he “may dazzle,” Mr. Moore tells us, “may captivate the circle, and even *The Times* in which he lives (Mr. Moore himself, I believe, does so), but he is not for hereafter;” and this, James, is a specimen of fine writing in the philosophy of human life!

Shepherd. O hoch! hoch! hoch! O høch! høch!

North. You are not ill, my dear James?

Shepherd. Just rather a wee squeamish, sir. I can stammach as strang nonsense as maist men; but then there’s a peculiar sort o’ wersh fuzionless nonsense that’s gotten a sweaty sweetishness about it, no unlike the taste o’ the puirrest imaginable frost-bitten parsnip eaten along wi’ yesterday’s sowens, to some dregs dribbled oot o’ an auld treacle bottle that has been staunin’ a’ the season on the window-sole catchin’ flees,—that I confess does mak me fin’ as gin I was gaun to bock. That sentence is a sample o’t—sae here’s to you, you Prince o’ Jugglers. Oh! but that’s the best you hae brew’d these fifty years, and drinks like something no made by the skill o’ man, but by the instinck o’ an animal, like hinny by bees. We maun hain this jug, sir; for there’ll never be the marrow o’t on this earth, were you to leeve till the age o’ Methuslah, and mak a jug every hour, till you become a Defunk.

North. Tolerable tipple. Besides, James, how can Mr. Moore pretend to lay down an essential distinction between the character of those men of genius, who are born to delight the circle in which they move, and to be at once good authors and good men, delightful poets and admirable husbands, and those who are born to win a crown of immortality as bards, and as Benedicts to go to the devil?

Shepherd. Na. You may ask that wi’ a pig’s tail in your cheek.

North. With a pig’s tail in my cheek! What is the meaning and origin, pray, of this expression?

Shepherd. A pig’s tail’s a quod of tobacco.

North. Oh! According to this creed, Poets born to delight their circles must always be trembling on the brink of marriage misery.

Shepherd. And mony o’ them tumble ower, even according to Mr. Muir’s ain theorem. For the difference—if there be ony—can only be a difference o’ degree. Sae wha’s safe?

North. Pope, it seems, once said, that to follow poetry, as one ought, “one must forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone.” This was not very reverent in Pope, perhaps a little impious or so—at all events not a little self-conceited; but while it might be permitted to pass without blame, or even notice, among the many clever things so assiduously set down in Pope’s letter, it must be treated otherwise when brought forward formally by a brother bard to corroborate a weak and worthless argument on the nature of genius and virtue, by which he would endeavour to prove that they are hostile and repugnant.

Shepherd. I aye pity Pop.

North. In these few words is pointed out, says Mr. Moore, "the sole path that leads genius to greatness. On such terms alone are the high places of fame to be won—nothing less than the sacrifice of the entire man can achieve them!"

Shepherd. Sae to be a great poet, a man maun forget—bonny feedy forget—mind, no in the Scriptural sense, for o' that neither Pop nor Muir seem to hae had ony recollection, or aiblins they wou'd hae qualified the observe, or omitted it—father and mother, sisters and brothers, freens and sweethearts, wife and weans, and then, after havin' obleeterated their verra names frae the tablets o' his memory, he is to set down and write a poem worthy an immortal crown. Oh the sinner! the puir, paltry, pitifu', contemptible, weak, worthless, shamefu', shameless, sowless, heartless, unprincipled, and impious atheist o' a sinner, for to pretend, for the length o' time necessar to the mendin' the slit in the neb o' his pen, to forget a' that—and be a—POET.

North. James—James—James—be moderate—

Shepherd. I'll no be moderate, sir. A' sorts o' moderation hae lang been ma abhorrence. I hate the verra word—and, for the year being, I aye dislike the menister that's the Moderator o' the General Assembly.

North. But be merciful on Mr. Moore, James. Do not extinguish altogether the author of Lalla Rookh.

Shepherd. I wadna extinguish, sir, the maist minute cretur in the shape o' a poet, that ever twinkled, like a wee bit tiny inseck, in the summer sun. I wad rather put ma haun' intil the fire, sir, than to claught a single ane o' the creturs in ma neeve, as ane might a butterfly wi' its beautiful wings expanded, wavering or steadfast in the air or on a flower, and crush his mealy mottledness intil annihilation. Na—na—let the bit variegated ephemeral dance his day—his hour—shining in his ain colours sae multifarious and so bonny blent, as if he had dropped doon wi' the laverock frae the rainbow.

North. What! Thomas Moore!

Shepherd. I'm no speakin' the noo o' Tammas Muir—except by anither kind o' implication. Sin I wudna harm a hair on the gaudy wings o' an ephemeral, surely I wudna pu' a feather frae them o' ane o' the Immortals.

North. Beautiful—James.

Shepherd. Mr. Muir's a true poet, sir. But true poet though he be, he maunna be alloo'd to publish pernicious nonsense in prose about poets and poetry, without gittin't across the knuckles till baith his twa hauns be as numb as lead. Let you and me convict him o' nonsense by the Socratic method. Begin the Sorites, sir.

North. The Sorites, James! A good Poet must be a good man—a great Poet must be a great man.

Shepherd. Is the law universal in nature?

North. It is, and without exception. But sin steals or storms its way into all human hearts—and then farewell to the grander achievements either of genius or virtue.

Shepherd. A man canna imagine a' the highest and holiest affections o' the heart, without having felt them in the core—can he, sir?

North. No.

Shepherd. A man, therefore, maun hae felt a' that man ought to feel, afore he—

North. Yes.

Shepherd. Can what?

North. Can be enrolled among the

“Phæbo digna locuti!”

Shepherd. But can a man who has ance enjoyed the holiest affections o' natur, in his ain heart, ever cease to cherish them in its inmost recesses?

North. Never.

Shepherd. But is it possible to cherish them far apart, and aloof frae their natural objects?

North. Impossible.

Shepherd. But can they be cherished, even among their natural objects, without being brocht into active movement towards them, without cleaving to them, as you may see bees cleaving to the flowers as they keep sook, sookin intil their verra hearts?

North. They cannot.

Shepherd. Then Mr. Muir's dished. For colleck a' thae premises, inferences, conclusions, admissions, axioms, propositions, corollaries, maxims, and apogthegms intil æ GREAT TRUTH, and in it, besides a thousan' ithers, will be found this ane—

North. “The sacrifice o' the entire man is the sacrifice o' the entire poet.”

Shepherd. Or, in other words, the man withouten a human heart, humanely warmed by the human affections, may as weel think o' becoming a poet, as a docken a sun-flower. Mr. Muir's dished.

North. Mr. Moore forgets, that without the practice of virtue, virtue

“Languishes, grows dim, and dies;”

and that, without the indulgence of action, so do the highest and holiest feelings; so that the Poet who neglects, disregards, shuns, or violates the duties of life, is forsaken of inspiration, and dies a suicide.

Shepherd. Ony mair nonsense o' Mr. Muir's?

North. Lots.

Shepherd. But what's that paper-ba' that you're aye keepin' rowin' atween your forefinger and your thoom?

North. Let me unroll it, and see—why, it's something quizzical.

Shepherd. Fling't owre. Let's receet it.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL, IN HONOR OF MAGA.

Sung by the Contributors.

Noo—harken till me—and I'll beat Matthews or Yates a' to sticks wi' my impersonations.

TICKLER.

When Kit North is dead,
What will Maga do, sir?
She must go to bed,
And like him die too, sir!
Fal de ral, de ral,
Iram coram dago;
Fal de ral, de ral,
Here's success to Maga!

Timothy depicteth
the consequences
of North's death
to Maga.

Chorus, in which
the whole compa-
ny joineth.

SHEPHERD.

When death has them flat,
I'll stich on my weepers,
Put crape around my hat,
And a napkin to my peepers!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

The Shepherd wax-
eth melancholy and
wipeth his sky-
lights.

NORTH.

Your words go to my heart,
I hear the death-owl flying,
I feel death's fatal dart—
By jingo, I am dying!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

North apprehend-
eth death, and fall-
eth down in a
swoon.

COLONEL O'SHAUGHNESSY.

See him, how he lies
Flat as any flounder!
Blow me! smoke his eyes—
Death ne'er closed eyes sounder!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

The Colonel de-
scribeth the ap-
pearance of Kit.

DELTA.

Yet he can't be dead,
For he is immortal,
And to receive his head
Earth would not ope its portal!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

Delta declareth
him immortal.

ODOHERTY.

Kit will never die;
That I take for *sartain!*
Death "is all my eye"—
An't it, Betty Martin?
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

Odoherthy declar-
eth death to be all
in his eye.

MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

Suppose we feel his arm—
Zounds! I never felt a
Human pulse more firm;
What's your opinion, Delta?
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

The Pythagorean
feeleth his pulse,
and giveth a fa-
vourable prognos-
is.

CHARLES LAME.

Kit, I hope you're well,
Up, and join our ditty;
To lose such a fine old fel-
Low would be a pity!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

Charles hopeth Kit
is well, and advis-
eth him to get up
and sing.

NORTH.

Let's resume our booze,
And tippie while we're able;
I've had a bit of a snooze,
And feel quite comfortable!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

North awaketh
from his swoon,
and singeth.

MULLION.

Be he who he may,
Sultan, Czar, or Aga,
Let him soak his clay
To the health of Kit and Maga!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

Mullion adviseth
all men to drink to
Kit and Maga.

OPIUM-EATER.

Search all the world around,
From Greenland to Malaga,
And nowhere will be found
A magazine like Maga!
Fal de ral, de ral,
Iram coram dago;
Fal de ral, de ral,
Here's success to Maga!

The Opium-Eater
declareth Maga to
be matchless.

North. Admirable impersonations! The faculty of imitation always belongs, in excess, to original minds.

Shepherd. Does't?

North. Mimicry is the farthest thing in the wide world from imitation.

Shepherd. Na. No the farthest thing in the wide warld, sir; but I cheerfully grant that a man may be a mere mime and nae imitawtor. I'm baith.

North. And besides, an original.

Shepherd. At Mister Muir again, sir, tooth and nail!

North. "The very habits of abstraction and self-study, to which the occupations men of genius lead, are in themselves necessarily of

an unsocial and detaching tendency, and require a large portion of allowance and tolerance not to be set down as unamiable." So argueth Mr. Moore, and that is another reason why men of genius are not "fitted for the calm affections and comforts that form the cement of domestic life."

Shepherd. I houp, sir, there's no muckle truth in that, although it souns like a sort o' vague pheelosophy. Demolish't.

North. The habits of abstraction and self-study, of which Mr. Moore here speaks, are those of the poet. Now, so far from being, in themselves, necessarily of an unsocial and detaching tendency, they are pervaded with sympathy with all that breathes, and were that sympathy to die, so would the abstraction and self-study of the poet. True, that they seek and need seclusion from cark and care; and sometimes—say often—even from the common ongoings of domestic life. But what then? Do not all professions and pursuits in this life do the same?

Shepherd. Aye, ye may weel ask that! A lawyer routin' hours every day at the bar, and then dictatin' papers or opinions a' afternoon, evenin' and nicht, on to past his natural bed-time—are his habits, pray, "better fitted for the cawm affections and comforts that form the cement of domestic life," than them that's natural to the poet?

North. I should think not, James. They are very different from those of the poet—but much more disagreeable, and requiring, again to use Mr. Moore's words, a large "portion of allowance and tolerance not to be set down as unamiable."

Shepherd. Yet, amais't a' the lawyers I ken in the Parliament House are excellent domestic characters,—that is to say, far frae being the dour deevils you wad suppose aforehaun' frae hearin' them gullorin' at the bar, and flitin' on ane anither, like sae mony randies. Gin they can fling aff the growl wi' the gown, and frae lawyers become men, mayna poets far mair easily and successfully do the same?

North. Undoubtedly, James. You might instance, in like manner, physicians and clergymen—

Shepherd. Aye, the classes that profess to tak especial care o' our twa pairts, the body and the sowle. Hoo profoun', sir, oucht to be their self-study, and their study o' ither folk! Physicians, ane nicht think, seein' folk dyin' nicht and day, in a' manner o' agonies, and being accustomed to pocket fees by the deathbed-side, would become, in the core o' their hearts, as callous as custocks; and I shall na say that some o' them do not—

North. Most eminent physicians are good men; and, what is better, pleasant men—

Shepherd. What? Is't better to be pleasant than good?

North. Yes, James, for our present argument. According to Mr. Moore, they, too, oucht "to require a larger portion of allowance and tolerance, not to be set down as unamiable."

Shepherd. Then the clergy, again, were they to devote theirsells, tooth and nail, to their manifold duties, ane might argue that they wou'd hae time neither to sleep nor eat, nor attend to the ither common comforts and affections that form the cement of domestic life. Yet the clergy are far frae being a very immoral, irreligious, or home-hating class of people; and manses are amazingly crowded wi' weans, sir, on the verra sma'est steepens—

North. Why, certainly, according to Mr. Moore's argument, a deep divine, engaged on some great theological work, would make but an indifferent husband. But look at him, James—yes, look at our Dr. Wodrow—

Shepherd. And look, I beseech you, at his pew o' weans.

North. All the most distinguished poets of the age in Britain, are either middle-aged, or elderly, or old gentlemen. They are, therefore, not at all dangerous, personally, to the fair sex. Cupid sneers at them—Venus jeers—and Hymen weeps, like a crocodile, with his hands in his breeches-pockets.

Shepherd. Haw! haw! haw!

North. Breathe the tender passion as they may, not a young lady in the land who would not prefer to the best of them, any undeformed ensign in a marching regiment, either of the foot or the dragoons.

Shepherd. The sex has aye been desperate fond o' the army.

North. It is fortunate for some of the old bards that they have wives. Crabbe, Bowles, Wordsworth, Southey, Moore, and others—fourscore—threescore-and-ten—and threescore—have long been happily provided with that leading article. So are Milman and Barry Cornwall, and most of "the rest" between forty and fifty; two or three are widowers—and the remainder likely to remain bachelors for life. Not a female bosom beats, with a pulsation worthy the name of beating, at this moment, for any British bard.

Shepherd. I'm no sure o' that, sir. But prate awa'.

North. The sex regard all the bachelors as so many old fogies—as so many uncles; and the idea would be too much for the gravity of any of the dear creatures, of the celebration of her marriage rites with the prettiest and most popular poet, seeing that he is aged, either by a bishop or a blacksmith.

Shepherd. Prate awa', sir—prate awa'.

North. The truth is, that, in modern times at least, poets, whatever their time of life, have been held rather cheap by the fair sex. I suspect it was the same in the ancient world—and in the days of chivalry and romance, singing certainly was less esteemed by young ladies than fighting, and a poet with his pen had no chance whatever against a knight with his lance.

Shepherd. Prate awa' sir—prate awa'.

North. There are reasons for all this lying deep in human nature.

Shepherd. Lying deep in human nature! Doon wi' the bucket, and then roun' wi' the windlass, and up wi't again fu' o' the clear waters frae the well o' truth.

North. Making love, and making love-verses, are two of the most different things in the world; and I doubt if both accomplishments were ever found highly united in the same gifted individual. Few Irishmen, in the first, excel Tom Moore; in the second, millions. Lord Byron, in lyrical measures, was a formidable wooer; but in plain matter-of-fact courtship, he had to stoop his anointed head to Corporal Casey.

Shepherd. Who was he?

North. Apollo himself, god though he was of light, and music, and medicine, setting aside two or three trivial amours, was a harmless sort of a body; while there were other deities who could not have tagged together two rhymes, before whom goddesses and nymphs fell flat as flounders.

Shepherd. Prate awa', sir—prate awa'.

North. Inspiration, in short, is of little avail either to gods or men, in the most interesting affairs of life—those of the heart. To push your way in them, there is nothing, in the long run, like a good plain prose. Now, though it must be granted, that, in much that passes for poetry, there is no inconsiderable mixture of that useful commodity, yet it is so diluted as no longer to be strong drink; and repeated doses of it administered to a maiden in the shade, fail to produce the desired effect—the intoxication of love. The pretty dear seems to sip the philtre kindly; and the poet doubts not that she is about to fall into his arms. But she merely

“Kisses the cup, and passes it to the rest,”

and next morning, perhaps, is off before breakfast in a chaise-and-four to Gretna Green, with an aide-de-camp of Wellington, as destitute of imagination as his master.

Shepherd. Prate away', sir—prate awa'.

North. If such have been often the fate even of young bards—and Sir Walter, with his usual knowledge of human nature, has charmingly illustrated it in the story of Wilford*—how much more to be pitied must they be, who have served the Muses, till the crow-feet are blackening below their eyes, and who are labouring under symptoms, not to be concealed, of incipient pot-bellies!

Shepherd. Let's return to the smashin' o' Muir.

North. There is no need to knock the nail on the head any longer with our sledge-hammers, James. Yet I cannot help expressing my

* In the poem of “Rokeby.”—M

wonder at the confusion of Mr. Moore's ideas, as well as at the weakness of his argument. He wishes to prove that "men of the higher order of genius" are seldom good domestic characters;* and yet he huddles and jumbles them altogether,—poets, philosophers, and so forth,—making his reasonings the most miscellaneous and heterogeneous hotch-potch that ever was set down on a table.

Shepherd. Are you dune wi' cuttin him up, or only gaun to begin?

North. I am somewhere about the middle, James.

Shepherd. Ony mair bear-paws in the house, think ye, sir?

North. To prove that men of the higher order of genius—no matter what kind—are unfitted for the calm affections and comforts that form the cement of domestic life, Mr. Moore observes, that "one of the chief causes of sympathy and society between ordinary mortals being their dependence on each other's intellectual resources, the operation of this social principle must naturally be weakened in those whose own mental stores are most abundant and self-sufficing, and who, rich in such materials for thinking within themselves, are rendered so far independent of the external world."

Shepherd. Would you repeat that again, sir, for it souns sae sonorous, that the words drown the ideas? 'Tis like the murmur o' a bit waterfa', or a hive o' bees, which the indolent mind loves to listen to, and at times amaist deludes itself intil the belief that there's a meanin' in the murmur—as if the stream soleeloqueezed and the insects deialogueezed wisdom in the desert. Would you repeat that again, sir?

North. Be shot if I do. Why, James, all that is——

Shepherd. Drivel. Dungeons o' learning there are—leevin' dungeons o' dead learning—in wham the operation o' the social principle is weak indeed—less than the life that's in a mussel. The servant lass has to gang in upon him in his study, and rug him aff his chair by the cuff o' the neck, when the kail's on the table, and the family has gien the first preliminary flourish o' the horn-spoons.

North. Picture drawn from life.

Shepherd. Aiblins. But "men o' the higher order o' genius," sir, I manteen, are in general impatient o' solitude, though dearly do they love it; and sae far frae their mental stores being abundant and self-sufficing, why, the mair abundant they are, the less are they self-sufficing; for the owners, "rich in such materials for thinking within them-

* The particularly singular fact that Moore himself was a genius, and also a good domestic character, may be taken as a set-off to his peculiar theory. Numerous other examples might be given—foremost among them that of Sir Walter Scott, whose *Life* by Lockhart exhibits him to us in all his home relations, so favourably yet so truly, that we know not whether his head or heart is most to be respected and beloved. There was Campbell, also, an admirable domestic character. Peel, O'Connell, and Brougham; Southey, Wordsworth, and Wilson; Crabbe, Dickens, and Talfourd, certainly were "men of the higher order of genius," yet each and all of these (not to multiply instances) were attached to their home, and to the dear ones around their hearth.—Mr. Thomas Moore's assertion is not borne out by the facts. He could answer as was done by another person in a case not much dissimilar, "So much the worse for the facts!"—M.

sells, would think and feel that they were in a worse condition than that o' the maist abjeck poverty and powperism, gin they werena driven by a sense and an instinct, fierce and furious aften as a fiver, to pour their pearls, and their jewels, and their diamonds, and their gold and silver, oot in great glitterin' heaps afore the astonished, startled, and dazed een o' their fellow-creatures, less prodigally endowed by nature, and then wi' a strange mixture o' pride and humbleness, to mark the sudden effect on the gazers—inwardly exclaiming—“I did it!”

North. Did what?

Shepherd. Why, by inspiring them with a sense of beauty, elevated their hail moral and intellectual being, and enabled their fellow-creatures to see farther into their ain hearts, and into the heart o' the hail creation!

North. Good, James, good. But to pitch our conversation on a lower key, allow me to say, that “thinking within themselves,” when too long pursued, is of all employments the most wearisome and barren to which men can have recourse—and that “men of the higher order of genius,” knowing that well, so far from feeling that they “are independent of the external world,” draw thence their daily bread and their daily water, without which their souls would speedily perish of inanition.

Shepherd. Ca' ye that pitchin' your tawk on a laigh key? It's at the top o' the gawmut.

North. The materials for thinking within ourselves are gathered from without; in the gathering, we have enjoyed all varieties of delight; and is it to be thought that the gardens where these flowers grew and still are growing, are to be forsaken by us, after we have, during a certain number of seasons, culled garlands wherewith to adorn our foreheads, or plucked fruit wherewith to sustain and refresh our souls?

Shepherd. Ca' ye that pitchin' your tawk on a laigh key, sir? It's at the tap o' the gawmut.

North. No, James. Men of the higher order of genius never long forsake the Life-Region, and is not its great Central Shrine, James, the Hearth? The soul that worships not there, my dear Shepherd—and true worship cannot be unfrequent, but it is perennial, because from a source that the dews of heaven will not let run dry—will falter, fail, and faint, in the midst of its song, and will know, ere that truth invades, one after another, its many chambers, that the wing that soareth highest in the sun, must have slowly waxed in the shade—

Shepherd. Ca' ye that pitchin' your tawk on a laigh key? It's at the tap o' the gawmut.

North. That the Bird of Jove, sun-starer and cloud-cleaver though he be—

Shepherd. Storm-lover——

North. Glorying in the storm, and enamoured of the tempest——

Shepherd. Yet is happy to sink down frae heaven, and fauld up his magnificent wings at the edge o' his eyry, fond, o' the twa unfledged cannibals sleepin' wi' fu' stammachs there, cozy in the middle o' a mighty nest, twenty feet in circumference, and covering the hail platform o' the tap o' the cliff, aye, as fond, sir, though I alloo a hantle fiercer, as ony cushy-doo on her slight and slender "procreant cradle,"—you can see through't, ye ken, sir, frae below, and discern whether she hae eggs or young anes,—in the green gloom o' some auld pine central in the forest.

North. Yes, James, all great poets are great talkers*——

Shepherd. Tiresome aften to a degree—though sometimes, I grant to Mr. Muir, that they are a sulky set, and as gruffly and grimly silent as if they had the toothache, or something the matter wi' their inside. Far be it frae me to deny, that "men o' the higher order o' genius" are aften disagreeable deevils. They maun aften be a sair fash to their wives and their weans—and calm as the poet's cottage looks, upon the hill or in the dell, mony a rippet is there, sir, beyond the power o' the imagination o' ony mere proser to conceive. Oh, aye, sir! mony a fearfu' rippet, in which, whether appellaut or respondent, defender or pursuer, the "man o' the higher order o' genius" wishes, wi' tears in the red een o' him, no that his wife and weans were a' dead and buried—for nae provocation in their power can drive the distrackit fallow to that—but that he himself had never been kittled, or, if kittled, instead o' hae'n been laid in the cradle by Apollo, and tended on by the Muses—nine nurses, and nae less—which o' them wat and which o' them dry it's no easy for me at this distance o' time to remember—he had been soockled like ither honest men's bairns, at the breast o' his nain mither, had shown nae precocious genius in his leading strings,—but, blessed lot! had died booby o' the lowest form, and been buried amang the sabs o' a' that ever saw him, a wee senseless sumph, as stupid as a piggie, yet as happy as a lamb!

North. Hee! hee! hee! James!

Shepherd. But what then?

North. Yes, James, what then?

Shepherd. Eh?

North. Hem!

Shepherd. Aye, clear your throttle. You've gotten a vile crinklin' cough, sir,—a short, kirkyard cough, sir—a wheezy host, sir—an asthmatic——

* They generally are. Yet Thomas Hood was a great poet, and very silent in society—even in that with which he was most familiar. To me, he ever appeared as if afraid to waste in conversation ideas which he could put into writing. Even at the time when he was making all the world smile, at his multitudinous poems (on paper), he rarely attempted the slightest play upon words, but would sit, a silent and apparently a meditative listener.—M.

North. Poo! It has teased me a little for these last fifty years

Shepherd. What? Hae ye carried a spale-box o' lozenges since the aughty? Recover your wund, sir—while I chant a stave.

KING WILLIE.

O, Willie was a wanton wag,
The blithest lad that e'er I saw;
He 'mang the lasses bure the brag,
An' carried aye the gree awa',
An' was nae Willie weel worth goud?
When seas did rowe an' winds did blaw,
An' battle's deadly stoure was blent,
He fought the foremost o' them a'.

Wha has nae heard o' Willie's fame,
The rose o' Britain's topmost bough,
Wha' never stain'd his gallant name,
Nor turn'd his back on friend or foe.
An' he could tak a rantin' glass,
An' he could chant a cheery strain,
An' he could kiss a bonny lass,
An' aye be welcome back again.

Though now he wears the British crown—
For whilk he never cared a flee—
Yet still the downright honest tar,
The same kind-hearted chield is he.
An' every night I fill my glass—
An' fill it reaming to the brim,
An' drink it in a glowing health
To Adie Laidlaw an' to him.

I've ae advice to gie my King,
An' that I'll gie wi' right good-will,
Stick by the auld friends o' the crown,
Wha bore it up through good an' ill:
For new-made friends, an' new-made laws,
They suit nae honest hearts ava;
And Royal Willie's worth I'll sing
As lang as I hae breath to draw.

North. Spirited. Who is Adie Laidlaw?

Shepherd. Queen Adelaide—a familiar title o' endearment the Queen enjoys in the Forest.

North. But what say you to the last stanza—*now*,* James?

* In January, 1831, the date of this conversation, England was politically convulsed. The Duke of Clarence, a professed liberal, had become King in the preceding June, and few monarchs were more popular. He had never been extravagant; he was not difficult of access; his manners were familiar; his tastes were simple; he did not keep aloof from the people, as George IV.

Shepherd. Wait a while—sir.

North. I am delighted to hear that Mr. Blackwood is about to publish a volume of your inimitable Songs. 'Twill be universally popular, my dear James—and must be followed up by a second in spring. The wing of your lyrical muse never flags, whether she skim the gowans or brush the clouds. The shade of Burns himself might say to the Shepherd, "Then gie's your haund, my trusty feer," for, of all the song-writers of Scotland, you two are the best—though Allan Cunningham treads close upon your heels—and often is privileged to form a trio—such a trio of peasant bards as may challenge the whole world.

Shepherd. Your haun, sir. I cou'd amaist greet.

North. But it is the "cultivation and exercise of the imaginative faculty," quoth Mr. Moore, "that, more than any thing else, tends to wean the man of genius from actual life, and by substituting the sensibilities of the imagination for those of the heart, to render, at last, the medium through which he feels no less unreal than that through which he thinks. Those images of ideal good and beauty that surround him in his musings, soon accustom him to consider all that is beneath this high standard unworthy of his care; till, at length, the heart becoming chilled, in proportion as he has refined and elevated his theory of all the social affections, he has unfitted himself for the practice of them." Such are the *ipsissima verba* of Mr. Moore, James.

Shepherd. I'm nae great reader o' byeucks, sir, as you weel ken, and,

had done; he was fond of sharing in their amusements. In a very short time after he became King, he had attained a popularity beyond all precedent in England. He had scarcely been a month on the throne, when the French revolution of 1830 took place. The British nation rejoiced in the change which deposed an Absolute Imbecile. The British Ministry, recollecting at what fruitless waste of blood and treasure the Bourbons had been forced upon the French people, determined to allow France to select its own ruler without intervention or dictation from England. Soon after, Belgium followed the example of France, its neighbour, revolted, and obtained nationality and independence. Brunswick deposed its Sovereign. Saxony compelled her King to resign in favour of his nephew. The Electorate of Hesse obtained a Constitutional Charter. Poland expelled its Russian tyrant, proclaimed herself a nation once more, and rose in arms against the Czar. Great Britain and Ireland, doubtlessly influenced by such examples, grew discontented. Parliamentary reform came to be looked for, as a matter of paramount necessity. There was a faint hope that the Wellington Administration, which, although Tory by profession, had repealed the Test and Corporation Acts in 1828, and granted Catholic Emancipation in 1829, might yield to the pressing exigency and consent to legislative reform. But the Duke of Wellington opened the parliamentary session, in November, by a positive declaration that, not only was he unprepared to bring in any measure of Parliamentary reform, but would strenuously resist such if proposed by others. This was throwing down the gauntlet. The Whigs and Radicals in the Legislature, who had of late years rarely acted in combination, laid aside their differences and formed a compact phalanx, which not even "the Iron Duke" could break down. The battle came off on the question of the Civil List, proposed by the Ministry. The Opposition moved a resolution that the Government did not possess the confidence of the House of Commons. A debate ensued, distinguished by calmness and moderation, and the result was that, in a full house, the hostile motion was carried by a majority of 29 votes. The Duke immediately resigned. Earl Grey (who had unsuccessfully proposed a measure for Parliamentary Reform, as far back as the year 1797) was commissioned to reconstruct the Cabinet, which he did, by giving office to the leaders of the old Whig party and the friends of the late Mr. Canning, with the addition of Mr. Brougham, then the most popular man in the empire, as Lord Chancellor. The new Ministry announced that their intended rule of action would embrace economy and retrenchment at home, non-interference in the affairs of foreign states, and reform in the Commons' House of Parliament. Such was the political position and prospect of the country at the close of 1830. On the following first day of March, the promised measure of Reform was brought forward. In the remaining Noctes, politics are so largely discussed, that I have thought it requisite thus to state, clearly and concisely, the data upon which the arguments are based.—M.

I believe, dinna disapprove, yet mony's the time and aft that I've lauched to peruse that apogthegm.

North. If not a "wise saw," perhaps 'tis a "modern instance."

Shepherd. Mr. North, if Mr. Muir was sittin' on that empty chair there, wi' the laddie kissin' the lassie embroidered on the inside o' the back o't—Patie and Roger, I jaloose—I would just say till him, wi' a pleasant vice, and kind een, and a lauch about my mouth,—Mister Muir, you're under a great mistak. Nae man o' a high order o' mind, either thinks or feels through "an unreal medium." But I'll tell you, sir, what he does—he thinks and feels through a *fine* medium. He breathes the *pure* air o' the mountain-tap—and he sees through the *clear* air a' the dwallins o' man—and richt through their roofs intil their hearths and their hearts. Did Burns feel and think through an unreal medium, Mister Muir, when,

"In glory and in joy,
Following his plough upon the mountain-side,"

his soul saw the Cottar's Saturday Night, and in words gave the vision imperishable life?

North. James—

"You are attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired."

Shepherd. Na, na—'tis but the glow o' the fire on ma face. Yet ma heart's a' on a low*—for as sure as God is in heaven, and that he has gi'en us his word on earth, that Picture is a Picture of the Truth, and Burns, in drawing it, saw, felt, and thocht through that *real* medium, in which alone all that is fairest, loveliest, brichtest, best, in creation, is made apparent to the eyes o' genius, or permanent in its immortal works.

North. Ca' ye that pitchin' your tawk on a laigh key? 'Tis at the tap o' the gawmut.

Shepherd. Hoo can you, Mister Muir, sit there and tell me that men o' a high order o' mind sune get sae enamoured o' the eemages o' ideal good and beauty, that they consider all that is beneath that standard unworthy o' their care? Let me come owre and sit beside you for a few minutes. There, dinna be feared—I'm no a grain angry—and I'm sittin', you see, my dear sir, wi' my airm owre the back o' your chair.

North. Don't press so close upon Mr. Moore, James—

Shepherd. Mister Muir's makin' nae compliments, sir. It is "men o' a *laigh* order o' genius," ma freen, that is subject to sic degeneracy and adulteration. A puny, sickly sensibility there is, which is averse

* *Low*,—a flame —M

frae all the realities of life; and Byron or somebody else spoke well when he said that Sterne preferred whining owre a dead ass to relieving a living mother! But wha was Sterne? As shallow a sentimentalist as ever grat*—or rather tried to greet.† O, sir! but it's a degrowdin' sicht to humanity, yon—to see the shufflin' sinner tryin' to bring the tears intill his een, by rubbin' the lids wi' the pint o' his pen, or wi' the feathers on the shank, and when it a' winna do, takin' refuge in a blank, sae——, or hidin' his head amang a set o' asterisks, sae * * *; or boltin' aff the printed page a'thegither, and disappearin' in ae black blotch!

North. Sterne had genius, James.

Shepherd. No ae grain, sir.

North. Some—not a little——

Shepherd. Weel, weel—be it sae—a' that I mean to aver, is, that had he been “o' the first order o' minds,” he would not hae preferred whining owre a dead ass to relieving a living mother; but if news had been suddenly brocht to him that his mother was ill, he wad hae hired a livin' horse, and aff to her house like a flash o' lichtnin', flingin' himself out o' the saddle to the danger o' his neck, up stairs to her bedside, and doon upon his knees, beseeching God for her recovery, and willing to die for her sake, so that she who gave him birth might yet live, nor be taken from the licht o' day and buried amang the tombs!

North. Don't press, my dear James, so heavily on Mr. Moore's shoulder.

Shepherd. Mister Muir's makin' nae compliments. There's masell, sirs—I sha'na pretend to say whether I'm a man o' the higher order o' genius or no; but——

* *Grat* or *greet*,—to weep.—M.

† Never did Hogg utter (to use his own favourite phrase) a truer “apopthegm.” Sterne is one of the men, with world-famous reputation, of whom his native Ireland has small cause to be proud. He was five-and-forty before he commenced *Tristram Shandy*—the wit and pathos of which took the town by storm. Bishop Warburton (author of the *Divine Legation of Moses*), publicly declaring that it was the English Rabelais, while he privately warned the author that its “violations of decency and good manners” were numerous and blamable. Soon after, Warburton pronounced him to be “an irrecoverable scoundrel.” Sterne expected even a mitre, but the accession of George III., a moral man, deprived him of all hope of rising in the church, where he already had several benefices. Continuing *Tristram Shandy*, making it more and more indecent—reading chapter after chapter, as composed, to his wife,—making his only child, a girl of fourteen, copy it for the press, he produced further volumes, the success of which naturally encouraged him to write more; to put the jester's cap and bells upon the head of the divine. So infamous was his private character, that when he entered the pulpit to preach in York Minster, of which he was a prebend, many of the congregation rose from their seats and left the cathedral. His conduct and temper so much provoked his wife, a loving and patient woman, that she was compelled to live away from him. With health so broken that his continued existence appeared almost miraculous, he entered into an intrigue with a married woman, and, at the age of 54, openly speculating on the prospect of marrying her, when his own wife as well as the lady's husband should die! The only redeeming feeling in his life, was his devoted love for his daughter, for whom, however, he made not the slightest provision. He died, in lodgings in London, and his attendants robbed him of his gold shirt-buttons as he lay helpless in bed. His letters, which fully expose his profligacy, were published, seven years after his death, by his daughter—so reduced to poverty by his extravagance that she was compelled to barter his reputation for bread. It is almost inexplicable how such a man as Sterne could have lived so loosely and produced such a pure-minded original as *My Uncle Toby*, and such a faithful serving man as Corporal Trim, maternal grandfather to Sam Weller, in all probability.—M.

North. Yes, James, you are; for you wrote Kilmeny.

Shepherd. But if I haena ten thousand times the quantity o' genius that ever Sterne had, may this be the last jug, sirs, that ever we three drink thegither—

North. Shades of my Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim!

Shepherd. Fantastic phantoms!

North. Why, James, your voice trembles with emotion. You are not the man, my boy, to whine over a dead ass; but you are the man, my boy, to be pensive over the very fear, however unfounded, of an empty jug—so I may replenish?

Shepherd. Do sae. I am surrounded in my musings—to use your ain words, Mister Muir—wi' images o' ideal good and beauty; and, at times, when lyin' on the greensward in the heart o' the Forest, a sweet strange perplexity has it been to the Shepherd, sirs, to determine within the consciousness o' his ain sowle, whether the bonny creturs that seemed to come to him in solitude, were creturs o' this earth or no—and if o' this earth, then whether they were all but fancy's phantoms, or beings that had their abiding-place in heaven, and cam o' their ain accord; or were sent to wave peace into my wearied spirit frae the white motions o' their arms celestial in their whiteness as the blue lights of love and pity, that bathed in ineffable beautifulness the steadfast expression of their angelic eyes!

North. My dear James!

Shepherd. But did these visitations accustom me, sir,—I'm speakin' to you, Mister Muir,—to consider a' else unworthy o' my care? Na, na, na. I appeal to you, Mr. North, for you hae seen me and the auld man thegither there, gin I didna return back to my ain hut, anxious as ever about my father, wha used then to sit warmin' himsel' at the bit ingle, stricken in years, though far frae frail yet, and aften glowerin' at me wi' that *gash* kind o' face that somehoo or ither in verra auld folk carries ane's thochts at ance to their coffin and their grave—as anxious about him as if the breathins o' genie had never visited the Shepherd on the hill, and I had been only a mere common ordinar prose-hash o' a chiel, whase heichest explite in leeteratur had been a rejected agricultural report to the Kelso Mail, on the fly in turnips, or the smut in wheat.

North. You tended the old man most filially, James, till the last sugh—

Shepherd. Nor did I forget ma mither either, sir; though, thank God, she never needed but sma' assistance frae me, for “poortith cauld” was never her lot, sir, though the necessaries o' life were a' she ever had,—and as for its luxuries—gin you except a dish o' strang tea, and noo and then a whiff o' bacca—for she was nae regular smoker—she had a speerit abune them a', sir; and had the deevil tempted her even in a dream, when sometimes ane's sowle seems to lose its nature, wi'

the shadows o' a' the eatables and drinkables that his wild warlockry cou'd a conjured up, hoo she wou'd hae strauchened hersell up to her haill hicht, and wi' a smile far prooder and sterner than his ain froom, hae sent Satan and a' his visionary viands awa' back to the regions o' everlastin' dolour and despair.*

North. She was a stately old lady.

Shepherd. Wha was?

North. Your mother.

Shepherd. Wha was speakin' about ma mither?

North. Why, yourself, James.

Shepherd. Ou ay, sae I was. But my imagination, sir, a' at ance wafted me awa' intil the laneliest spat amang a' the hills where my childhood played—and amang the broom-bushes and the brackens there, I was beginnin', when you reca'd me by that rap on the table, to sink awa' back again intil the dream o' dreams!

North. The dream o' dreams?

Shepherd. Ay, sir. The dream, sir, in which I saw Kilmeny! For though I wrott doon the poem on the slate in the prime o' manhood, anither being than mysell did in verity compose or creawte it, sir, ae day when I was lying by mysell in that laneliest spat, wi' but twa-three sheep aside me, ae linty and nae mair; but oh! how sweetly the glad cretur sang! and after *that some other cretur nor me* had composed or creawted it, she keepit whisper, whisperin' the words far within my ears, till memory learned them a' off by heart as easy as the names o' christian creturs that we meet wi' on Sabbaths at the kirk; and frae that genie-haunted hour, known now through a' braid Scotland is the Ettrick Shepherd—

North. Britain and America—

Shepherd. But for many obscure years a nameless man, or kent but by the name of Jamie amang my simple compeers, I carried bonny Kilmeny for ever in the arms o' my heart, kissin' her shut een when she sleepit, and her lips as cawm as the lips o' death, but as sweet as them o' an undying angel!

North. And such was the origin of the finest Pastoral Lyric in our tongue!

Shepherd. Sic indeed, sir, was its origin. For my sowle, ye see, sir, had fa'n into a kind o' inspired dwawm—and the Green Leddy o' the Forest, nae less than the Fairy Queen hersell, had stown out frae the land o' peace on my slumber; and she it was that stooped down, and wi' her ain lily-haun shedding frae my forehead the yellow hair, left a

* Hogg, like nearly all Scotchmen in lowly life, was an excellent son. His mother, a woman of no ordinary elevation of mind, early recited to him the local ballads of the olden time, with which her memory was crowded, and thus, no doubt, early drew his thoughts into Poetry. When he commenced composing verses, it was she who acted as critic upon them, and encouraged him to proceed.—M.

kiss upon my temples, just where the organ o' imagination or ideality lies; and at the touch arose the vision in which

“Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen,”

and frae which you, sir, in your freendship say, that I becam ane o' the immortals.

North. The moral of the tale?

Shepherd. The moral o' the tale is this—that never was I sae happy in my parent's hoose as I was that nicht—that Saturday nicht. Thae images o' ideal goodness and beauty had saftened a' my heart—and sae far frae my heart becoming chilled as my fancy warmed, as you, Mr. Muir, aver is the case, I sat as mute as the mouse by the ingle, thinkin' on my father and mither, and brithers and sisters, and on the possible force o' affection in filial and parental hearts, till I cou'd hae dee'd for ony o' them; but since there was nae need o' that, I took a solemn oath that I wou'd behave mysell weel in life, that the hearts o' ma twa parents might sing aloud for joy, and that I wou'd work hard at ony mainer o' work my maister chose to set me—auld Mr. Laidlaw—that I might in time make up a sma' pose again' the day o' their auld age, and see that nae itlier snaws than what Time draps frae his frosty fingers shou'd ever let a single flake fa' on their unsheltered heads.

North. And that oath you devoutly kept, James.

Shepherd. Ma “theory, at least, o' the social affections, was never sae refined and elevated as to unfit me for the practice o' them;” and yet I should be doing injustice to the spirit within me, to the spirit that breathed in the bosoms of Thomson, and Ramsay, and Burns,—to the spirit that reigns a' owre Scotland, and hath its holy altars at this day in ilka hut and ilka shieling, did I fear to say, I—even I—have refined and elevated my theory of all the social affections far beyond the reach o' sic a meeserable deevil as Lowry Sterne; and that if people will whine owre dead asses, and neglect living mothers, the blame maun be attributed no to a refined and elevated theory o' the social affections; for I defy ony theory beneath the skies to be mair refined and elevated than is the practice o' the Christian, or imagination to conceive thochts or feelings half as beautifu' or shooblime as thousans that the real agonies of life, be they agonies o' wo or bliss, send into men's hearts, driving like hurricanes, or breathe they like the hush o' some lown place. Think o' the speerit o' a son or a father ca'd upon by nature to do his duty on some great emergency—think, sir, on his haen done it—and done it because he knew it was well-pleasing to God—and then show me, sir, any theory o' the social affections so high and so refined, that the mind wou'd feel a fall frae it, if required to ack in the light and glow o' common humanity?

North. Mr. Moore seems, by his mild-looking silence, James, to acquiesce——

Shepherd. Do you acquiesce, Mr. Muir? Weel, a nod's eneuch.

North. But Mr. Moore, James, says, "that not only is the necessity of commerce with other minds less felt by such persons—(the men of a higher order of genius)—but, from that fastidiousness which the opulence of their own resources generates, the society of those less gifted with intellectual means than themselves, becomes often a restraint and burden, to which not all the charms of friendship, or even love, can reconcile them."

Shepherd. What! He wou'd indeed be a pretty fellow, who, in opulence o' his ain resources, fand a fastidiousness generated within him towards his sweetheart!—because, forsooth, the bonnie lassie was less "gifted wi' intellectual means." That would be rather philosophical, or rather pragmatikal or pedantic, than poetical; and a girl would need to be a great gawpus indeed, provided she was modest, and loving, and handsome, and weel-faured—and a poet's mistress must be endowed wi' sic qualities—afore a man o' the higher order o' genius wou'd feel fastidious to Fanny. Dinna you think sae, sir?

North. I do. Nay, I believe that, were a true poet to marry an idiot, 'tis a thousand to one he would never find it out.

Shepherd. Just as wi' a dowdy.

North. Precisely..

Shepherd. The idiot would, in his eyes, be a Minerva, fresh frae the brain o' Jove.

North. Lempriere!

Shepherd. ——and the dowdy, a Vanus attired by the Graces.

North. "Men of a high order of genius" are not unfrequently fastidious in the formation of their friendships. They are privileged to be so; but their friendships, when once formed with congenial spirits, though perhaps less gifted, are imperishable—and they are sacred, far beyond the conception of vulgar souls.

Shepherd. What do you mean by vulgar souls, sir?

North. Not the souls of shepherds, James, but of Bagmen.

Shepherd. Aneuch.

North. And what more common than friendships between men of transcendent genius, and men of no genius at all!

"Worth (not wit) makes the man—the want of it the fellow;"

and before the power of Virtue, Genius loves to stand, not rebuked, for haply there was no occasion for rebuke, but in abasement of spirit, and reverence of her who is a seraph.

Shepherd. A' orders o' minds mingle naturally, and o' their ain accord; and life woudna possess that delightfully variegated character that

is noo sae charmin', gin ilka class keepit aloof by itsell, and trusted to itsell for a' its enjoyment o' this warld.

North. Proceed to paint the inevitable results of any opposite system.

Shepherd. Suppose poets, for example, and o' poets we're speakin', a' flocked thegither——

North. On pretence of being birds of the same feather.

Shepherd. ——For a while they would a' luk unco bonny in the sunshine, sitting thegither on "some heaven-kissing hill," and assistin' ane anither to sort their plumage, till it purpled wi' many-shiftin' colours in the eye o' day, and seemed to set their necks and their wings on fire.

North. "But ere the second Sunday came"——

Shepherd. ——The knowe would be a' covered wi' bluidy feathers, as if there had been foughten there a Welsh main o' cocks! Some o' the poets would be seen sittin' on their douns, wi' their een picket oot, and yet, like true ggemm, dartin' their nebs roun' aboot on a' sides, in houps o' finnin' a foe. Ithers o' them wou'd be aff and awa, whurr, ower the back o' beyont, and there venturin' to raise an occasional craw on their new domain. And ane, obnoxious to a' the rest, wou'd be lyin' battered to bits, stane-dead. So much, sir, for birds o' a feather flockin' thegither——when thae birds happened to be poets.

North. Whereas, by the economy of nature, "poets and all other men of the higher order of genius" are sprinkled over society, and all their ongoings intermingled with those of the children of the common clay. And thus "poets and men of the higher order of genius" are made to submit or to conform to the usages of this world, and its ordinary laws, or, if they do not, they soon are made to feel that they are ridiculous, and that genius is never less respected than when it chooses to wear a cap and bells.

Shepherd. Anither skreed.

North. Mr. Moore, towards the close of his disquisition, says, "that if the portrait he has attempted of those gifted with high genius, be allowed to bear, in any of its features, a resemblance to the originals, it can no longer be matter of question whether a class, so set apart from the track of ordinary life, so removed, by their very elevation, out of the influences of our common atmosphere, are at all likely to furnish tractable subjects for that most trying of all social experiments——matrimony."

Shepherd. I dinna like the soun' o' that sentence.

North. Nor I, James. In the first place, the portrait may bear, "in some of the features, a resemblance to the originals," and yet the question started by Mr. Moore, by no means be put to sleep.

Shepherd. His logic's oot at the elbows.

North. Secondly, Mr. Moore has utterly failed in showing that the

class he speaks of, are set apart from the track of ordinary life, and removed, by their very elevation, out of the influences of our common atmosphere.

Shepherd. And you, sir, have utterly succeeded in pruvin' the very contrar.

North. Thirdly, there is a Cockneyish and Bagman-like vulgarity in the would-be fashionable slang-whangishness of the terms, "at all likely to furnish subjects for that most trying of all social experiments—matrimony."

Shepherd. Hoo the deevil, Mr. Muir, can ye, wi' ony semblance o' sense ava, man, ca' that the maist tryin' o' a' "social experiments," which has been, and will be, performing by all men and women in the "varsal world," with the exception of a few fools or unfortunates, called bachelors and old maids, frae the beginning till the end o' time—frae Milton's First Man, to Campbell's Last?

North. Why, really, James, Mr. Moore here speaks of matrimony in the style of a sentimental farce-writer for the Coburg Theatre. Observe what a silly look the word "matrimony" wears, and how like ninnies the "men of the higher order of genius" *kythe* on being brought forward by Hymen, in a string, and kicking and flinging out unlike "tractable subjects."

Shepherd. The hail discussion grows ludicrous on reflection, and an air o' insincerity, almost o' banter, Mr. Muir, at last plays owre you're features, as if you were bammin' the public;—but the public's no sae easy bammed, sir, and imperiously demands "wise and learned spirit" in him who takes it upon him to prove that the holiest o' a' God and Natur's ordinances, is no suited to men o' the higher order o' genius, wha sou'd be a' monks and celibates, sae fastidious necessarily are they alike in friendship and love! Ony mair havers?

North. A few.

Shepherd. Say awa', for ony thing's better nor politiks—and I'm gratefu' to you for keepin' aff them the nicht.

North. Politics! I had forgotten there was sic a thing in all the wide world. But here is a bit of poetical politics, by a young friend of mine, James—a promising youth, of the right kidney—and who, I doubt not, will one day or other do honour to an honourable name. My young friend informs me that the lines are written by one, who, without positively condemning the late French Revolution, cannot bestow upon it that unqualified approbation which many wish it to receive, much less can justify those in our own country, who, while they profess themselves friendly to the constitution, take advantage of the late transactions in France for the purpose of inflaming the minds of an ignorant populace, and actually wear the Tricolor—the acknowledged badge of revolution.

THE TRICOLOR.

Again o'er the vine-cover'd regions of France,*
 "See the day-star of Liberty rise!"
 The plaudits of nations shall hail its advance
 To its own native place in the skies.
 O'er her patriot legions behold—as of yore—
 The Tricolor banner unfurled;
 'Tis the banner whose glory Napoleon bore
 To the uttermost ends of the world.

The Red is the flush on the cheek of the brave,
 As they tell of the deeds they have done;
 And the Blue is the soft eye of Pity—to save,
 When the battle of Freedom is won.
 The White is the robe virgin Innocence wears,
 France's triumphs are innocent now,
 For unnurtured by blood, and unwater'd by tears,
 Is the wreath that encircles her brow.

But though freshly and fairly the laurel may bloom
 For France in this hour of her pride,
 And the voice of her martyrs proclaim from the tomb,
 " 'Twas in Liberty's cause that we died ;"
 Shame to those! who, unconscious of Liberty's worth,
 Sound the tocsin of groundless alarm,
 Nor know, that, when brought from the land of its birth,
 The Tricolor loses its charm.

For the Red is Rebellion's appropriate hue,
 The Blue, livid Envy's foul stain;
 And the White is pale Terror, that trembles to do
 The deeds the base heart can contain;
 But the red rose of England, and Scotland's brown heath,
 Twined with Ireland's green shamrock we see,
 Then let's bind them the closer with Loyalty's wreath,—
 That's the Tricolor, Britain, for thee!

Shepherd. Capital—sir—capital!

North. In looking back through the lives of the most illustrious, we shall find, says Mr. Moore, "that with scarcely one exception, from Homer down to Lord Byron, they have been, in their several degrees, restless and solitary spirits"——

Shepherd. That's a lee.

North. ——"with minds," he continues, "wrapped up like silkworms in their own tasks"——

Shepherd. Oh! Mister Muir, but that's a desperate bad eemage. Homer and Byron—twa silkworms! But wull ye answer me this, sir,

* This is evidently a set-off to Roscoe's song "The Vine-covered Hills," written in praise of the first French Revolution.—M.

linna silkworms marry? Linnæus says they do—and James Wulson showed me a box o' them a' enjoyin' their hinney-moon. If sae, why soudna poets marry too, as wée'l's thae bit "restless and solitary spirits" the silkworms, wham they, in their ither warks, it seems, sae nearly resemble?

North. Mr. Moore may know more of Homer's life than I do, James; but I for one will never believe that he was a restless and solitary spirit——

Shepherd. Wrapped up like a silkworm. Nor me.

North. "A stranger and rebel," Mr. Moore insanely adds, "to domestic ties, and bearing about with him a deposit for posterity in his soul, to the jealous watching and enriching of which almost all other thoughts and consideration have been sacrificed."

Shepherd. Says he that o' the ever-rejoicing Homer, wha was equally at hame on the battle-field, the plane o' ocean, the tent-palace o' the king o' men, the sky dwelling o' the immortal gods?

North. Mr. Henry Nelson Coleridge says well, in his Introduction to the Study of the Classics, Part First, "that Homer always seems to write in good spirits, and he rarely fails to put his readers in good spirits also. To do this is a prerogative of genius in all times; but it is especially so of the genius of primitive or heroic poetry. In Homer head and heart speak, and are spoken to, together. Morbid peculiarities of thought and temper have no place in him. He is as wide and general as the air we breathe, and the earth upon which we tread; and his vivacious spirit animates, like a Proteus, a thousand different forms of intellectual production—the life-preserving principle in them all. He is the mighty strength of his own deep-flowing ocean,

'Whence all the rivers, all the seas have birth,
And every fountain, every well on earth.'

Shepherd. Oh, sir, what a wonderful memory is yours! You're the only man I ever kent that can repeat off by heart great screeds o' prose composition on a' manner o' soobjects, just as if they were extemporaneous effusions o' his ain, thrown aff in the heat o' discourse. Mr. Henry Nelson Coleridge maun be a clever fallow.

North. A scholar and a gentleman—though I intend taking him to task for a few trifles one of these days.

Shepherd. What's Hartley about?

North. Dreaming in the leafless woods! Many an article he promises to send me*—but I ask, "Where are they?" and echo answers, "Where are they?"

Shepherd. Send him to boord wi' me in the Forest.

* Hartley, son of S. T. Coleridge, was himself a poet. He wrote a great deal for *Blackwood*. His best prose work is "Biographies of Northern Worthies." He died in 1849, aged fifty-two.

North. But to return to Mr. Moore—he picks out the names of some great *philosophers* who died bachelors, and having observed that they all “silently admitted their own unfitness for the marriage tie by remaining in celibacy”——

Shepherd. Hoot, toot. That’s nae reasonin’——

North. ——he observes, that the fate of *poets* in matrimony has but justified the caution of the philosophers. “While the latter,” he says, “have given warning to genius by keeping free of the yoke, the others have still more effectually done so by their misery under it, the annals of this sensitive race having, at all times, abounded with proofs, that genius ranks but low among the elements of social happiness—that, in general, the brighter the gift, the more disturbing its influence—and that, in the married life particularly, its effects have been too often like that of the ‘wormwood star,’ whose light filled the waters on which it fell with bitterness.”

Shepherd. Screeds o’ prose composition again, I declare? Oh! what’n a storehouse!

North. And then he boldly avers at once, that “on the list of married poets who have been unhappy in their homes, are the four illustrious names of Dante, Milton, Shakspeare, and Dryden—to which we must now add, as a partner in their destiny, a name worthy of being placed beside the greatest of them—Lord Byron.”

Shepherd. I never read a word o’ Dante’s Comedy o’ Hell, sae I sall say nae mair anent it, than that the soobjeck seems better adapted for tragedy—and as for Dryden, I’m no sae familiar ’s I sou’d be wi’ “Glorious John”——sae Byron may be equal, inferior, or superior to baith them twa—but I hae read Shakspeare and Milton mony thousand’ times, and Maister Muir, ye had nae richt, sir, by your ipse-dixie, to place Byron by the side o’ them twa, the greatest o’ a’ the children o’ man—he maun sit, in a’ his glory, far doon aneath their feet.

North. He must. But Mr. Moore had no right to place Shakspeare and Milton on the list of miserable men. Milton’s character and conduct as a husband appear to have been noble and sublime. Of Shakspeare’s married life we know nothing—or, rather less than nothing—a few dim and contradictory-seeming expressions, almost unintelligible, on the strength of which Mr. Moore has not scrupled to place him as a partner in destiny along with Byron, the most miserable of the miserable, and at last a profligate. The destiny of Dante lay not in his marriage, however unhappy it might have been, and ’tis a sorry way of dealing with the truth to slur and slobber over all its principal features.

Shepherd. It is that, sir.

North. The idiosyncracies——

Shepherd. What a lang-nebbed polysyllable!

North. ——of all the Philosophers—and Poets—and men of the

higher order of genius—whom Mr. Moore adduces as examples of unfitness for marriage, were different, through all the possible degrees of difference—and yet he seeks to subject them all to one general law of life!

Shepherd. Maist illogical, and maist unphilosophic. I was just gaun to say—maist irrational—but that micht be ower strang a word. He was bound to hae taken them ane by ane, and to hae aneleezed their specific characters, and to hae illustrated their fortunes and their fates, and their position in the times and places they flourished in, and then to hae applied the upshot o' the hail inquiry to the pint in haun—were they, or were they not—and why and wherefore—likely or unlikely to hae been wicked or meeserable married men? Having failed to do a' that, and twice as muckle's a' that, why, Mister Muir, let me tell you to your face, ma canty chiel, that you hae dune naething ava,' and that your argument's about as strang's a spider's wab, that keeps flaffin' in the wind beside a broken lozen, feckless even to catch flees—for by comes a great bummer, like Mr. North or me, and carries it aff on his doup intil the open sunshine.

North. The subject of Mr. Moore's elaborate failure, James, deserves discussion——

Shepherd. And it's had it.

North. But a few hints——

Shepherd. Sparks struck out by your steel and ma flint, which hae only to fa' intil the gunpooter o' the thochtfu' reader's mind, in order to set the heaven o' his imagination in a bleeze, and show him a' the Life-region illuminated far and wide roun' the hail horizon.

North. Heaven and earth, my dear Shepherd, what a libel on the Living Illustrious of our own land! Great men are now among us——

Shepherd. Ay, Great Poets—born for a' time, sir—and a' married—a' wi' wives and weans—that is, the maist feck o' them—an' first-rate husbands and fathers, croose as ggem-cocks on their walks, wi' fierce een, sharp nebs, lang claws, and rainbow tails, crawin' till the welkin rings wi' their shrill clarions, and then doon wi' ane o' their wings——

North. Stop, James. I suspect Mr. Moore, with all his palaver, has been fishing for a compliment——

Shepherd. And he shall catch ane—or rather I'll fasten ane on his hyeuck—and he may whup it owre his head. A better husband and a better father than Mr. Muir—excepp, aiblins, it be masell—canna be pictur'd; and yet, whatever may be the fate o' Lalla Rookh, his sangs 'll last to a' eternity—that is, as lang's the Eerish nation—and afore it be extinguished, there'll be bluidy wark, for they're deevils for fechtin', and whaever prevails owre them to their utter extermination, wull hae little to brag on—but the twa nations 'll be fund lyin' stane-dead by ane anither's sides and the dead 'll hae to bury the dead.

North. One word more, James, and I have done.

Shepherd. Where's Mister Muir? This moment he was sittin at my elbow—and lo and behold he has vanished!

North. A phantom of your imagination, James—would it were a reality, for Mr. Moore is a delightful person, and his genius glances in conversation bright as the diamond-ring on his little finger.

Shepherd. Weel, I cou'd hae ta'en ma Bible-oath that he was sittin' in this chair, nod, noddin' noo at me, and then at you, wi' a sort o' sardonic smile about the silent but expressive mouth o' him, amaist as much as to say that “what is writ is writ,” and maun e'en remain *in secula seculorum*.

North. I hope better things. But if the passages now gently criticised be retained in the octavo edition, I shall tackle to Mr. Moore in a different trim, and, nathless my admiration of his genius, his character, and himself, his sconce shall feel the crutch.

Shepherd. What gin he pu't out o' your haun, and gie ye a clour on the side o' the head wi' your ain weapon? Grasp it firm, sir.

North. No—James. He that is cunning of fence—and I have taken lessons from Francalanza—has a fine, easy, seemingly almost loose hold of the hilt—but out of that hold, sleight or strength has never yet beat or twitched my timber.

Shepherd. But you maunna hurt Mister Muir's head owre sair, although he has libelled us married men “o' the higher order o' genius.”

North. Married men? By St. Benedict, I am but a bachelor of hearts. Had I been double—instead of single—I might have sung small——

Shepherd. Sung sma'? Hae I sung sma' on this theorem? Why, sir, it's in the power o' ony ae man o' the higher order o' genius—say poetical genius—to lavish in the prodigality o' his sowl, mair love on his wife, during ony ae day—aye, ony ae hour, than it's in the capacity o' a coof to bestow on his during fifty years, beginnin' wi' the first blink o' the hinney-moon, and endin' wi' the last lower o' the nicht that fa's upon her coffin. O! what a fearfu' heap o' passion can the poet cram intil ae embrace—ae kiss—ae smile—ae look—ae whisper—ae word—towards the partner o' his life—the mither o' his weans—the——

North. “You speak to me who never had a wife.”

Shepherd. Puir chiel, I pity you. What although the poet's marriage-life be sometimes stormy—what though sometimes

“Blackness comes across it like a squall,
Darkening the sea?”

Yet wha can pent the glory and the brightness o' the celestial cawm, when the world o' them twa—o' him and his wife—may be likened till the ocean and a' her isles, in the breezy sunshine, and them twa themsells till consort-ships steering along wi' a' their sails and a' their streamers—

nae fear o' shoals or lee-shore rocks—on, on, on thegither towards the haven o' everlastin' rest, among the regions o' the settin' sun! Or when it may be likened—that is, the world o' them twa—o' him and his wife till the blue lift, a' alilt wi' laverocks—

North. Beautiful, James.

Shepherd. Is't? Weel, I'll sing't again—till the blue lift, a' alilt wi' laverocks—and themsells twa, like consort-clouds—noo a wee way apairt—and noo meltin' intil ane anither—purshued by een lookin' up frae below—alang their sky course—o' which the goal is set by God's ain haun far in among the stars o' heaven!

North. More than beautiful, James—sublime.

Shepherd. And maun a' the divine days and nichts be left out o' the estimate made o' the poet's married life? As weel micht a man libel a beautifu' and glorious summer, by taukin' o' naething else but a few mountain spates, or twa-three dreadful glooms o' thunner and lichtuin'.

North. I give in. I am beat all to sticks. I am but Pan——

Shepherd. And I Apollo. Hurraw — hurraw — hurraw! Your neive, sir.

North. The misery of marriage lies among the common herd.

Shepherd. There you have it, sir—among the mean, the vile, the coorse, the brutal—where Hymen may be almost said, in the language o' Milton, “among the bestial herds to range;” for what are men and women, mutually “feeding on garbage,” as Shakspeare says, but the bestial? But wi' a' their sins and sorrows, and sometimes baith are sair, “men o' the higher order o' genius” still partake o' an almost divine natur,—the women that marries them are to “radiant angels link'd”—Shakspeare again, sir;—nor do they “sate themselves in celestial beds”—Wullie ance mair—for, on leavin' the eider-down o' the nuptial couch, out walks the poet among the dew-drops o' the mornin' and as he sings his hymns at the shrine o' natur, he feels that, lang as he is true to that religion, there is a perpetual “bridal o' the earth and sky,” (auld Herbert) reminding him, as by a divine emblem, o' his ain union wi' her whom he has left in bliss, wi' a loving blossom in her bosom, aiblins the last-born o' the flock, wi' a look o' baith its pawrents mysteriously blended in its sleeping smiles.

North. I am mute.

Shepherd. I wush it wou'd only chap twal—for I'm gettin' desperate hungry. Ha! there's the warnin—in three minutes we sall see the gawcie face o' Awmrose wi' the oysters.

North. “From such celestial colloquy sublime,” how can we descend to shell-fish?

Shepherd. Wait a wee, and I'll show you that, sir. But wha sall we abuse neist?

North. Sir Walter Scott.

Shepherd. Sir Walter! Oh! but that wou'd be wicket. Howsom-

ever, he's but mortal—sae begin the abuse—and though I wullna just say that I'll join in't, yet—

North. You'll enjoy it.

Shepherd. Aiblins, sic is human natur. You're fleein' at high ggemm the nicht, sir.

North. Reach me over his Demonology.

Shepherd. Where? Ou aye, on the brace-piece.

North. I told you, you may remember, at our last meeting, that—

Shepherd. I dinna remember ae single syllable o' what was said, either by you or me, at the last Noctes—nor, indeed, at any o' the half hunder Nocteses celebrated in Gabriel's Road and Picardy since the Great Year o' the Chaldee.* I never remembers naething—but a' that ever occurs to my mind has the appearance o' bein' imagination. A' thae Fifty-Two Nocteses—what are they noo but dreams about dreams! Sometimes when I read the record o' ane o' them in the Maggazin, I wonner wha's that Shepherd that speaks about the Forest—till a' at ance I begin to jaloose that he's my verra ain sell, and that I really maun hae been carrying on the war bravely that nicht at Ambrose's, though in what year—I'm sure aneuch o' the century—it passed by like a sugh, naething is there in the wild words to tell—nor in the guffaws that a' luk sae silent, sir, in prent yellowed by time, aye melancholy and mournful amaist as the smilin face o' a dear freen in a pictur, when ane luks at it, wi' a sigh, years after the original is dead! But let's cut up Sir Walter. Hark.

(The timepiece strikes twelve, and enter PICARDY and his tail, with "The Treasures of the Deep.")

North. Let me read aloud to you, my dear James, with suitable emphasis, a few paragraphs from the beginning, and tell me what you think of the composition.

Shepherd. Read awa, sir—read awa. I'm a freen' till the deveesion o' labour. Readin's ae department, and eatin's another, o' the great biz-ziness o' social life. I'm nae great haun at the first—sae I relinquish it to ane wha's a master in the art; but as to the ither, I'll play second knife and fork till nae man o' woman born—settin' aside unnatural monsters o' gabiators. Dinna mummle.

North. "You have asked of me, my dear friend, that I should assist the Family Library with *the history of a dark chapter in human nature* which the *increasing civilization of all well-instructed countries* has now almost blotted out, though the *subject attracted no ordinary degree of consideration* in the olden times of their *history*."

Shepherd. What's your wull?

North. The "history of a chapter" is not a very happy expression, James, neither is "a chapter in human nature." "The increasing civi-

* The Chaldee manuscript was published (and suppressed), in October, 1817—M.

lization of all well-instructed countries," is very bad indeed, James; and it is not true that it has now almost blotted out "that dark chapter in human nature," for that dark chapter may be read now in the Book of Nature as plainly as before, provided we seek for it in the right place.

Shepherd. In Dahomey, Coomassie, Gondar. Oh! sic eisters!

North. "Though the *subject*"—what subject?—"attracted no ordinary degree of consideration" is poor writing; and then mark the cacophonous repetition, James, of the word *history* at the close of the sentence.

Shepherd. I canna defend it. Whar's the vinegar cruet?

North. "Among much reading of my *early days*, it is no doubt true that I travelled a good deal in the twilight regions of superstitious disquisition. Many *hours have I lost*. 'I would their debt were less.'"

Shepherd. He didna lose them, sir. He carried them to a gude market.

North. "In examining old, as well as more *recent* narratives of this character, and *even in looking into some of the criminal trials* so frequent in *early days* upon a *subject* which our fathers considered as matter of the last importance; and of late years the very curious extracts published by Mr. Pitcairn, from the Criminal Records of Scotland, are, besides their historical value, of a nature so much calculated to illustrate the credulity of our ancestors *on such subjects*, that by perusing them, I have been induced *more recently* to recall what I had read and thought upon *the subject* at a former period." "As, however, my information is only miscellaneous, and I make no pretensions, either to combat the systems of those by whom I am anticipated in the *consideration of the subject*," &c., &c. "A few general remarks on the *nature* of demonology, and the original cause of the almost universal belief in communication betwixt mortals and beings of a power superior to themselves, and *of a nature* not to be comprehended by human organs, are a necessary introduction to the *subject*." Here we have "early days" twice within the compass of two sentences—"a subject which our fathers considered of the last importance," is a clumsy repetition of "the subject attracted no ordinary degree of consideration"—the word *subject* occurs *six* times, so as by its jingle "to attract no ordinary degree of consideration,"—and "nature" *four* times—while several other words are repeated with equal poverty of language—and not one sentence I have read, James, that is not cramped, clumsy, awkward, or inaccurate.

Shepherd. That's mortal bad writing, sir. The pepper.

North. I shall not set you asleep, James, by reciting the two next paragraphs.

Shepherd. Nae fears. Look at the brodd.

North. "The conviction that such an indestructible essence *exists*,

the belief expressed by the poet in a different sense, *non omnis moriar*, must infer the *existence* of," &c. "Some ideas of the *existence* of a deity," and "these spirits, in a state of *separate existence*, being admitted to exist!" "To the multitude, the indubitable fact that so many millions of spirits *exist*," "the most numerous part of mankind cannot form in their mind the idea of the spirit of the deceased *existing*," and "spectres which only *exist* in the mind," &c.

Shepherd. Ma faith! gin I was to write in that gate, hoo the critics would be on ma tap!

North. "More than one learned physician, who have given *their attestation to the existence* of this most distressing complaint, have agreed that it actually occurs"—

Shepherd. Stap—stap—stap—, sir, nae forgery—that canna be it—sic towological repetition o' ane and the same fack.

North. 'Tis odd—but let me get on to a specimen of Sir Walter's philosophy.

Shepherd. Do. Here's a mouthfu'!

North. Sir Walter tells us that "unfortunately, as is now universally known and admitted, there certainly *exists* more than one disorder known to professional men, of which one important symptom is a disposition to see apparitions. This frightful disorder is not properly insanity, although it is somewhat allied to that most horrible of maladies, and may, in many constitutions, be the means of bringing it on, and all such hallucinations are proper to both. The difference I conceive to be, that in cases of insanity the mind of the patient is principally affected, while the senses, or organic system, offer in vain to the lunatic their decided testimony against the fantasy of a deranged imagination."

Shepherd. I'll try this ane wi' moostard.

North. Sir Walter must have read little indeed on insanity, or he never could have written so. No doubt that in all cases of insanity the mind of the patient is *principally* affected; but in none is the organic system sound—in few, have we reason to know that the senses do not deceive—and in many—indeed in by far the greater number—we have reason to know that they do deceive, and are wofully disordered. The difference, therefore, which Sir Walter points out, is rarely indeed the real difference. *That* lies always wholly in the mind.

Shepherd. I'm inclined to gang alang wi' you, sir.

North. You *must* go along with me, James.

Shepherd. Na—no unless I like.

North. However, suppose that Sir Walter had stated the real difference, how does he illustrate it?

Shepherd. Hoo can I tell?

North. By the story of an insane patient in the Infirmary of Edinburgh, who, though all his meals consisted of porridge, believed that he

had every day a dinner of three regular courses and a dessert—and yet confessed, that somehow or other every thing he ate tasted of porridge! The case, says Sir Walter, is obvious—the disease lay in the extreme vivacity of the patient's imagination, deluded in other instances, but not absolutely powerful enough to contend with the honest evidence of his stomach and palate. Here, therefore, Sir Walter adds, “is one instance of actual insanity, in which the sense of taste *controlled and attempted to restrain the ideal hypothesis* adopted by a deranged imagination.” But who knows that all this insane patient's senses were not diseased. He acted as if they were so—though his palate was still sensible to the porridge taste. They might, or they might not be diseased—but Sir Walter's conclusion is most illogical. The “sense of taste controlling and attempting to restrain an ideal hypothesis,” is language altogether new in mental philosophy.

Shepherd. Sae muckle the better.

North. No—so much the worse.

Shepherd. Oh, sir! but ye're dictatorial the nicht

North. Hitherto Sir Walter, though not happy in his illustrations, is yet intelligible, and not absolutely self-inconsistent. But by and by he falls into sad self-contradiction.

Shepherd. It's wonnerful', sir, hoo common that is. I really maun publish ma “Logic.” Do you think the brods o' eisters pushionush?

North. “The disorder to which I previously alluded is *entirely of a bodily character*, and consists principally, in a disease of the visual organs, which present to the patient a set of spectres, or appearances, which have no actual existence. It is a disease of the same nature which renders many men incapable of distinguishing colours, only *the patients go a step farther*, and pervert the external form of objects. In this case, therefore, contrary to that of the maniac, *it is not the mind*, or rather the imagination, which imposes upon, and overpowers the evidence of the senses, but the sense of seeing or hearing, which betrays its duty, and conveys false ideas to a *sane* intellect.”

Shepherd. Weel then, isna a' that intelligible aneuch?

North. Perfectly so—but wait, James, for the illustrations.

Shepherd. I'm quite wullun' to wait for illustrations, sir, as lang's there's a Pandoor on the brodd.

North. Meanwhile, how could Sir Walter say that the disease of the visual organs, which presents to the patient a set of spectres or appearances which have no existence, is a disease of the same nature with that which renders many men incapable of distinguishing colours? The latter is but a *defect*—the other is indeed a *disease*; but I suppose Sir Walter merely means that they both belong to the eye.

Shepherd. Aiblins.

North. There is something to my mind not a little ludicrous in Sir

Walter's simplicity, when he says, "only the patients go a step farther, and pervert the external form of objects."

Shepherd. An' a patient gangs yet anither step farther when he dees—that is his last step—for after it, he's carried.

North. The two cases, James, which Sir Walter proposes, are essentially distinct and different.

Shepherd. They are sae—but noo for your objections to Sir Walter's illustrations.

North. Sir Walter has been at great pains to tell us, that "this disease is entirely of a bodily character"—"it is not the mind, or rather the imagination, which imposes"—

Shepherd. I ken a' that—gang on.

North. You may ken a' that, James, but Sir Walter, in the very next page, has forgotten it, and with difficulty could I believe my eyes, James, when in the paragraph immediately following I read—"The most frequent source of the malady is in the dissipated and intemperate habits of those who, by a continued series of intoxication, become subject to what is popularly called the Blue Devils, instances of which mental disorder (!) may be known to most who have lived in society where hard drinking was a common vice." Here Sir Walter not only loses sight of his own distinction, which he had so pompously laid down, but he dishes it at one blow. This disease, which he told us before was "entirely of a bodily character," is now, it seems, a "mental disorder."

Shepherd. It's a pity to see folk writin' on subjects they hae na considered, and therefore canna understaun. It's a cut-throat o' a contradiction.

North. Sir Walter then goes on to illustrate "this disease, which is entirely of a bodily character," and thereby distinguishable from insanity, and yet is at the same time "a mental disorder," by the case of a young gentleman, one of whose principal complaints was the frequent presence of a set of apparitions resembling a band of figures dressed in green. Sir Walter then tells us, with astounding forgetfulness of his own theory, that the whole "*corps de ballet* existed only in the patient's imagination." If they did, then the disease was of the imagination, and not of the sense, but the story is told to show that the disease was one of the sense, and not of the imagination!

Shepherd. Eh? eh? That is really stoopit in Sir Walter.

North. Sir Walter again speaks of the patient's depraved imagination—and adds a word or two about association, which, if they have any meaning at all, must likewise refer to a mental, and not to a bodily disease. But it was of a bodily disease, and not of a mental disorder, that he formally announced his ambition to speak, and to illustrate it by a tale!

Shepherd. The Baronet has wrott that before he had been fairly

wauken'd oot o' a soon sleep, and had got a' his wanderin' wuts colleckit.

North. Just so. I beg leave to recommend the shower-bath.

Shepherd. Or the plunge.

North. One other sample of confusion of ideas, James, and I have done with Demonology. Sir Walter wishes to explain and illustrate the effect sometimes produced on the mind in sleep, by the dreamer touching with his hand some other part of his own person.

Shepherd. I ken aboot that. He's right there.

North. No. He is wrong. The dreamer, says Sir Walter, is clearly in this case "both the actor and patient, both the proprietor of the member touching, and of that which is touched! while to increase the complication, the hand is both toucher of the limb on which it rests, and receives an impression of touch from it; and the same is the case with the limb, which at one and the same time receives an impression from the hand, and conveys to the mind a report respecting the size, substance, and the like, of the member touching."

Shepherd. That's gaen kittle.

North. It is so only because badly expressed—and indeed the last part of the sentence does not contain the meaning which the Baronet supposes or intends—but let that pass——

Shepherd. You're no lett'n't pass, you savage.

North. But hark what follows. "Now, as during sleep the patient is unconscious," quoth Sir Walter, "that both limbs are his own identical property, his mind is apt to be much disturbed by the complication of sensations arising from two parts of his person being at once acted upon, and from their reciprocal action; and false impressions are thus received, which, accurately inquired into, would afford a clew to many puzzling phenomena in the theory of dreams."

Shepherd. What! is a patient in sleep unconscious that baith limbs are his ain identical property?—I canna swallow that.

North. But suppose we do swallow it, James, and then consequences the very reverse of those Sir Walter mentions must ensue. For by this unconsciousness, all the complication of sensations which Sir Walter so clumsily explains the cause of, is prevented from taking place. It becomes impossible.

Shepherd. Sae it does, sir. I never observed that afore, till you pointed it oot. 'Tis anither cut-throat contradiction.

North. But, countryman, lend me your ears. As an illustration of the effect of this complication of sensations that may be produced in a dream, Sir Walter tells us a story of a nobleman who once awoke in horror, still feeling the cold dead grasp of a corpse's hand on his right wrist. It was a minute before he discovered that his own left hand was in a state of numbness, and with it he had accidentally encircled his right arm. Now, James, this story, which Sir Walter tells to illus-

trate how the "patient's mind was disturbed by the complication of sensations arising from two parts of his person," illustrates the very reverse, namely, how the patient's mind was disturbed, but by one simple sensation, that of a corpse's hand, his own hand being perfectly numb, that is, without sensation at all, and acting therefore precisely as a corpse's hand, or a piece of lead. So much for Sir Walter's metaphysics.

Shepherd. Hurraw—hurraw—hurraw!—hollo! Gurney!

(The timepiece strikes Twelve—and enter St. Ambrose and his Monks with a roasted goose, son of the celebrated prize-goose who won the stubble-sweepstakes in 1829; and ditto here, the identical animal killed by Lord Eglinton's goshawk, by which he won the cup at the last meeting of the Ardrrossan Coursing-Club. GURNEY emerges from the Ear of Dionysius, and the Noctes close.

SCENE—*The Snuggery.*—*Time, Nine.*—*Present, NORTH, SHEPHERD, and TICKLER.*

Tickler. Centaur! No more like a Centaur, James, than he is like a whale. Ducrow is not “demi-corpsed”—as Shakspeare said of Laertes—with what he bestrides; how could he, with half a dozen horses at a time? If the blockheads will but look at a centaur, they will see that he is not six horses and one man, but one manhorse or horseman, galloping on four feet, with one tail, and one face much more humane than either of ours—

Shepherd. Confine yourself to your ain face, Mr. Tickler. A centaur wou’d hae sma’ diffeeculty in ha’in’ a face mair humane nor yours, sir—for it’s mair like the face o’ Notus or Eurus nor a Christian’s; but as for ma face, sir, it’s meeker and milder than that o’ Charon himsell—

North. Chiron, James.

Shepherd. Weel then, Cheeron be’t—when he was instillin’ wisdom, music, and heroism until the sowle o’ Achilles, him that afterwards grew up the maist beautifu’ and dreadfu’ o’ a’ the sons o’ men.

Tickler. The glory of Ducrow lies in his poetical impersonations. Why, the horse is but the air, as it were, on which he flies? What godlike grace in that volant motion, fresh from Olympus, e’er yet “new-lighted on some heaven-kissing hill!” What seems “the feather’d Mercury” to care for the horse, whose side his toe but touches, as if it were a cloud in the ether? As the flight accelerates, the animal absolutely disappears, if not from the sight of our bodily eye, certainly from that of our imagination, and we behold but the messenger of Jove, worthy to be joined in marriage with Iris.

Shepherd. I’m no just sae poetical’s you, Mr. Tickler, when I’m at the Circus; and ma bodily een, as ye ca’ them, that’s to say, the een, ane on ilka side o’ ma nose, are far owre gleg ever to lose sicht o’ yon bonny din meere.

North. A dun mare, worthy indeed to waft Green Turban,

“Far descended of the Prophet line,”

across the sands of the Desert.

Shepherd. Ma verra thocht! As she flew round like lichtnin,’ the

saw-dust o' the amphitheatre becam the sand-dust o' Arawbia—the heaven-doomed region, for ever and aye, o' the sons o' Ishmael.

Tickler. Gentlemen, you are forgetting Ducrow.

Shepherd. Na. It's only you that's forgettin' the din meere. His Mercury's beautifu' ; but his Glawdiator's shoooblime.

Tickler. Roman soldier, you mean, James.

Shepherd. Haud your tongue, Tickler. Isna a Roman sodger a Glawdiator? Does na the verra word, Glawdiawtor, come frae the Latin for swurd? Nae wunner the Romans conquered a' the warld, gin a' their sodgers foucht like yon! Sune as Ducraw tyeuck his attetud, as steadfast on the steed as on a stane, there ye beheld, staunin' afore you, wi' helmet, swurd, and buckler, the eemage o' a warriour-king. The hero looked as gin he were about to engage in single combat wi' some hero o' the tither side—some giant Gaul—perhaps himsell a king—in sicht o' baith armies—and by the eagle-crest cou'd ye hae sworn, that sune wou'd the barbaric host be in panic-flight. What ithier man o' woman born cou'd sustain sic strokes, deliver'd wi' sovereign micht and sovereign majesty, as if Mars himsell had descended in mortal guise, to be the champion o' his ain eternal city!

North. Ma verra thocht!

Shepherd. Your thocht! you bit puir, useless, triflin' cretur! Ax your pardon, sir—for really, in the enthusiasm o' the moment, I had forgotten wha's vice it was, and thocht it was Mr. Tickler's.

Tickler. Whose?

Shepherd. Sit still, sir. I wunner gin the Romans, in battle, used, like our sodgers, to cry, “Huzzaw, huzzaw, huzzaw!”

North. We learned it from them, James. And ere all was done, we became their masters in that martial vociferation. Its echoes frightened them at last among the Grampians; and they set sail from unconquered Caledon.

Shepherd. What a bluidy beatin' Galgacus gied Agricola!

North. He did so, indeed, James—yet see how that fellow his son-in-law, Tacitus, lies like a bulletin. He swears the Britons lost the battle.

Shepherd. Haw, haw, haw! What? I've been at the verra spat—and the tradition's as fresh as if it had been but the verra day after the battle, that the Romans were cut aff till a man.

North. Not one escaped?

Shepherd. Deevil the ane—the hills, whare the chief carnage rotted, are greener nor the lave till this hour. Nae white clover grows there—nae white daisies—wud you believe me, sir, they're a' red. The life-drap seepit through the grun'—and were a body to dig doun far eneuch, wha kens but he wou'dna come to coagulated gore, strengthening the soil aneath, till it sends up showers o' thae sanguinary gowans and clover, the product o' inextinguishable Roman bluid?

Tickler. The Living Statues!

North. Perfect. The very Prometheus of Æschylus. Oh! James! what high and profound Poetry was the Poetry of the world of old! To steal fire from heaven—what a glorious conception of the soul in its consciousness of immortality!

Shepherd. And what a glorious conception o' the sowle, in its consciousness o' immortality, o' Divine Justice! O the mercy o' Almighty Jove! To punish the Fire-stealer by fastenin' him down to a rock, and sendin' a vulture to prey on his liver—perpetually to keep prey—preyin' on his puir liver—sirs—waur even nor the worm that never dees—or if no waur, at least as ill—rug—ruggin', gnaw—gnawin', tear—tearin', howk—howkin', at his meeserable liver aye wantin' and aye waxin' aneath that unpacified beak—that beak noo cuttin' like a knife, noo clippin' like scissors, noo chirtin' like pinchers, noo hagglin' like a cleaver! A' the while the body of the glorious sinner bun' needlessly till a rock-block—needlessly bun', I say, sir, for stirless is Prometheus in his endurance o' the doom he drees, as if he were but a Stane-eeimage, or ane o' the unsufferin' dead!

North. A troubled mystery!

Shepherd. Ane amaist fears to pity him, lest he wrang fortitude sae majestical. Yet see, it stirs! Ha! 'twas but the vultur. Prometheus himself is still—in the nicht, think ye, sir, o' curse or prayer? Oh! yonner's just ae single slight shudder—as the demon, to get a stronger purchase at his food, takes up new grun wi' his tawlons, and gies a fluff and flap wi' his huge wings again' the ribs o' his victim, utterin'—was't horrid fancy?—a gurglin' throat-croak choked savagely in bluid!

North. The Spirit's triumph over Pain, that reaches. but cannot pierce its core—

“In Pangs sublime, magnificent in Death!”

Tickler. Life in Death! Exultation in Agony! Earth victorious over Heaven! Prometheus bound in manglings on a sea-cliff, more godlike than Jove himself, when

“Nutu tremefecit Olympum!”

Shepherd. Natur victorious owre the verra Fate her ain imagination has creawted! And in the dread confusion o' her superstitious dreams, glorifying the passive magnanimity o' man, far ayont the active vengeance o' the highest o' her gods! A wild bewilderment, sirs, that ought to convince us, that nae licht can ever be thrown on the moral government that reigns owre the region o' human life—nae licht that's mair astoundin' than the blackness o' darkness—but that o' Revelation that ae day or ither shall illumine the uttermost parts o' the earth.

North. Noble. These impersonations by Ducrow, James, prove that he is a man of genius.

Shepherd. Are they a' his ain inventions, sir?

North. Few or none. Why, if they were, he would be the greatest of sculptors. But thus to convert his frame into such forms—shapes—attitude—postures—as the Greek imagination moulded into perfect expression of the highest states of the soul—that, James, shows that Ducrow has a spirit kindred to those who in marble made their mythology immortal.*

Shepherd. That's bonny—na, that's gran'. It gars a body grue—just like ane o' thae lines in poetry that suddenly dirls through you—just like ae smite on a single string by a master's haun' that gars shiver the haill harp.

Tickler. Ducrow was not so successful in his Apollo.

North. 'Twas the Apollo of the painters, Tickler; not of the sculptors.

Tickler. True. But why not give us the Belvidere?

North. I doubt if that be in the power of mortal man. But even were Ducrow to show us that statue with the same perfection that crowns all his other impersonations, unless he were to stand for hours before us, we should not feel, to the full, its divine majesty; for in the marble it grows and grows upon us as our own spirits dilate, till the Sun-god at last almost commands our belief in his radiant being, and we hear ever the fabled Python groan!

Tickler. Yes, North, our emotion is progressive—just as the worshipper, who seeks the inner shrine, feels his adoration rising higher and higher at every step he takes up the magnificent flight in front of the temple.

Shepherd. Na, na, na—this 'll never do. It's manifest that you twa hae entered intil a combination again' me, and are comin' ower me wi' your set speeches, a' written doon, and gotten aff the nicht afore, to dumbfounner the Shepherd. What bit o' paper's that, Mr. Tickler, keekin' out o' the pocket o' your vest? Notts. Notts in short haun'—and a' the time you was pretendin' to be crunklin't up to licht the tip o' your segawr, hae you been cleekin' haud o' the catch-word—and that's the gate you deceive the Snuggery intil admiration o' your extemporaneous eloquence! The secret's out noo—an' I wunner it was never blawn afore; for, noo that ma een are opened, they set till richts ma lugs; and on considerin' hoo matters used to staun' in the past, I really canna charge ma memory wi' a' mair feckless cetur than yoursell at a reply.

North. You do me cruel injustice, James—were I to prepare a single paragraph, I should stick——

* Ducrow, who was much more than a mere equestrian (though he was unrivalled as such), used to personate the statues of antiquity, so as to shew, as it were, the Poetry of Posture—M.

Shepherd. Oh! man, hoo I wou'd enjoy to see you stick! stickin' a set speech in a ha' fu' o' admirin', that is, wunnerin' hunders o' your fellow-citizens, on Parliamentary Reform, for instance, or Slavery in the West Indies, or——

North. The supposition, sir, is odious; I——

Shepherd. No in the least degree odious, sir—but superlatively absurd, and ludicrous far ayont the boun's o' lauchter—except that lauchter that torments a' the inside o' a listener and a looker-on, an internal earthquake that convulses a body frae the pow till the paw, frae the fingers till the feet, till a' the pent-up power o' risibility bursts out through the mouth, like the lang-smouldering fire vomited out o' the crater o' a volcawno, and then the astonished warld hears, for the first time, what heaven and earth acknowledge by their echoes to be indeed—a Guffaw!

North. James, you are getting extremely impertinent.

Shepherd. Nae personality, sir; nae personality shall be allō'd, in ma presence at least, at a Noctes. That's to say, nae personality towards the persons present—for as to a' the rest o' the warld, men, women, and children, I care na though you personally insult, ane after anither, a' the human race.

North. I insult?

Shepherd. Yes—you insult. Haena ye made the hail civileezed warld your enemy by that tongue and that pen o' yours, that spares neither age nor sect?

North. I???

Shepherd. You!!!

Tickler. Come, come, gentlemen, remember where you are, and in whose presence you are sitting; but look here—here is the APOLLO BELVIDERE. (*TICKLER is transformed into Apollo Belvidere.*)

Shepherd. That's no canny.

North. In his lip “what beautiful disdain!”

Shepherd. As if he were smellin' at a rotten egg.

North. There “the Heavenly Archer stands.”

Shepherd. I wadna counsel him to shoot for the Guse Medal. Henry Watson wou'd ding him till sticks.

North. I remember, James, once hearing an outrageous dispute between two impassioned connoisseurs, amateurs, men of *vertu*, *cognoscenti*, *dilettanti*, about this very Apollo Belvidere.

Shepherd. Confoun' me, gin he's no monstrous like marble! His verra claes seem to ha drapped aff him—and I'se no pit on my specs, for fear he should pruve to be naked. What was the natur' o' the dispoot?

North. Simply whether Apollo advanced his right or left foot——

Shepherd. Ane o' the disputants maun hae been a great fule. Shou'dna Apollo pit his best fit foremost, that is the right ane, on such

an occasion as shootin' a Peethon? Hut-tut—Stop a wee—let's consider. Na, it maun be the left fit foremost—unless he was kerr-haun'd. Lets try't.

(The SHEPHERD rises, and puts himself into the attitude of the Apollo Belvidere—insensibly transforming himself into another TICKLER of a shorter and stouter size.)

North. I could believe myself in the Louvre, before Mrs. Hemans wrote her beautiful poem on the Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy. Were the two brought to the hammer, an auctioneer might knock them down for ten thousand pounds each.

Shepherd. Whilk of us is the maist Appollonic, sir?

North. Why, James, you have the advantage of Tickler, in being, as it were, in the prime of youth—for though by the parish register you have passed the sixtieth year-stone on the road of life, you look as fresh as if you had not finished the first stage.

Shepherd. Do you hear that, Mr. Tickler?

North. You have also most conspicuously the better of Mr. Tickler in the article of hair. Yours are locks—his leeks.

Shepherd. Mr. Tickler, are you as deaf and dumb's a statue, as weel's as stiff?

North. As to features, the bridge of Mr. Tickler's nose—begging his pardon—is of too prominent a build. The arch reminds me of the old bridge across the Esk, at Musselburgh.

Shepherd. What say you to that, Mr. Tickler?

North. " 'Tis more an antique Roman than a "——

Shepherd. Mr. Tickler?

North. But neither is the nose of the gentle Shepherd pure Grecian.

Tickler. Pure Peebles?

Shepherd. Oho! You've fun' the use o' your tongue.

North. Of noses so extremely——

Shepherd. Mine's, I ken, 's a cockit one. Oor mooths?

North. Why, there, I must say, gentlemen, there' a wide opening for——

Tickler. Don't blink the buck teeth.

Shepherd. Better than nane ava'.

North. Of Tickler's attitude I should say generally—that is——

(Here TICKLER reassumes SOUTHSIDE, and taking the Snuggery at a stride, usurps THE CHAIR, and outstretches himself to his extremest length, with head leaning on the ridge, and his feet some yards off on the fender.)

Shepherd (leaping about). Huzzaw—huzzaw—huzzaw! I've beaten him at Apollo! Noo for Pan.

(The SHEPHERD performs Pan in a style that would have seduced Pomona.)

Tickler. Aye—that's more in character.

North. Sufficient, certainly, to frighten an army.

Tickler. The very picture of our Popular Devil.

North. Say, rather with Wordsworth—

“Pan himself,
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god.”

Shepherd. Keep your een on me—keep your een on me—and you'll soon see a change that will strike you wi' astonishment. But rax me owre the poker, Mr. North—rax me owre the poker.

(NORTH puts the poker into Pan's paws and instanter he is Hercules.)

Tickler (clapping his hands). Bravo! Bravissimo!

North. I had better remove the crystal. (*Wheels the circular closer to the hearth.*) James, remember the mirror.

Tickler. At that blow dies the Nemean lion.

(THE SHEPHERD flinging down the poker-club, seems to drag up the carcass of the Monster with a prodigious display of muscularity, and then stooping his neck, heaves it over his head as into some profound abyss.)

North. Ducrow's Double!

Shepherd (proudly). Say rather the Dooble, that's Twa, o' Ducraw. Ducraw's nae mair fit to ack Hercules wi' me, than he is to ack Sampson.

Tickler. I believe it.

Shepherd. I cou'd tell ye a droll story about me and Mr. Ducraw. Ae nicht I got intil an argument wi' him at the Caffée, about the true scriptral gate o' ackin' the Fear o' the Philistines, and I was pressin' him gaen hard aboot his method o' puin doon the pillars, when he turns aboot upon me—and bein' putten o' his metal—says, “Mr. Hogg, why did not you object to my representing in one scene—and at one time—Sampson carrying away the gates of Gaza, and also pullin' down the pillars?”

North. There he had you on the hip, James.

Shepherd. I hadna a word to say for't—but confessed at aince that it's just the way o' a' critics wha stumble ower molehills, and yet mak naething o' mountains. The truth is, that a' us that are maisters in the fine arts, kens ilka ane respectively about his ain art a thoosan' times mair nor ony possible body else—and I thocht on the pedant lecturin' Hannibal on war, or ony ither pedant me on poetry, or St. Cecilia on music, or Christopher North on literatur, or Sir Isaac Newton on the stars, or——

North. Now, James, that you may not say that I ever sulkily or sullenly refuse to contribute my quota of “weel-timed daffin” to the Noctes—behold me in HERCULES FURENS.

(NORTH *off with coat and waistcoat in a jiffy, and goes to work.*)

Shepherd. That's fearsome! Dinna tear your shirt to rags—dinna tear your shirt to rags, sir!

Tickler. The poison searches his marrow-bones now!

Shepherd. His bluid's liquid fire!

Tickler. Lava.

Shepherd. Linens is cheap the noo, to be sure—dinna tear your shirt, sir—dinna tear your shirt. What pains maun a' that shuin' on the breast and collar hae cost Mrs. Gentle!

Tickler. O Denjanira! Denjanira! Denjanira!

Shepherd. That out-hercules's Hercules! Foamin' at the mooth like a mad dowg! The Epilepsy! The quiverin' o' his hauns! The whites o' his een, noo flickerin' and noo fixed! Oh! dire mishapen lauchter, drawin' his mooth awa up alang the tae side o' his face, out-owre till ane o' his lugs! Puir Son o' Alknomook!

Tickler. Alcmena, James.

Shepherd. A' his labours are near an end noo! A' the fifty, if crooded and crammed intil ane, no sae terrible as the last! Loup—loup—loup—tumble—tumble—tumble—sprawl—sprawl—sprawl—row—row—row—roun' aboot—roun' aboot—roun' aboot—like an axletree—then ae sudden streak out until a' his length, and there lies he straught, stiff, and stark, after the dead-throws, like a gnarled oak-trunk that had kept knottin' for a thoosan' years.

Tickler. But for an awkward club-foot too much, would I exclaim,

“Cedite Romani *imitatores!* Cedite Graii.”

Shepherd (*raising NORTH from the floor*). Do you ken, sir, you fairly tyeuck me in—and I'm in a trummle. It's like Boaz frichtenin' Ingleby wi' his ain ba's.

North. Rather hot work, my dear James. I'm beginning to perspire.

Shepherd (*feeling NORTH's forehead*). Beginnin' till perspire!! Never afore, in this weary warld, was a man in sic an even-doon poor o' sweat! A perspiration-fa'! The same wi' your breast! What? You cou'dna hae been watter had you stood after a thunder-plump for an hoor unner a roan.

North. Say spout, James, roan is vulgar—it is Scotch—and your English is so pure now, that a word like that grates harshly on the ear, so that were you in England, you would undeceive and alarm the natives. But let us recur to the subject under spirited discussion immediately before Raphael's Dream—I mean the Jug.

Shepherd. Let us come our wa's intil the fire.

(*The three are again at “the wee bit ingle blinking bonnily.”*)

North. Where were we?

Shepherd. Ou aye. I was beginnin' to pent a pictur o' you, sir, stickin' a speech on Slavery or Reform. Slowly you rise—and at the uprisin' "o' the auld man eeloquent" hushed is that assemblage as sleep. But wide awake are a' een—a' fixed on Christopher North, the orator o' the human race.

Tickler. As is usual to say on such occasions—you might hear a pin fall—say a needle, which having no head, falls lighter.

Shepherd. He begins laigh, and wi' a dimness in and around his een—a kind o' halo, sic as obscures the moon afore a storm. But sune his vice gets louder and louder, musical at its tapmost hicht, as the breath o' a silver trumpet. Action he has little or nane—noo and then the richt haun' on his heart, and the left arm at richt angles till the body—just sae—like Mr. Pitt's—only this far no like Mr. Pitt's—for there's nae sense in that—no up and doon like the haunle o' a well-pump. What reasin! What imagination! Fancy free and fertile as an auld green flowery lea! Pathos pure as dew—and wit bricht as the rinnin' waters, translucent

“At touch ethereal o' heaven's fiery rod!”

Tickler. Spare his blushes, Shepherd, spare his blushes.

Shepherd. Wae's me—pity on him—but I canna spare his blushes.—sae, sir, just hang down your head a wee, till I conclude. In the verra middle o' a lang train o' ratiocination—(I'm gratefu' for havin' gotten through that word)—surrounded, ahint and afore, and on a' sides, wi' countless series o' syllogisms—in the very central heart o' a forest o' feegurs, containin' many a garden o' flowers o' speech—within sicht, nay amaist within touch, o' the feenal climax, at which the assemblage o' livin' sowles were a' waitin' to break oot intil thunder, like the waves of the sea impatient for the first smiting o' a storm seen afar on the main—at the verra crisis and agony o' his fame, Christopher is seized with a sudden stupification o' the head and a' its faculties, his brain whirls dizzily roun', as if he were a' at aince waukenin' out o' a dream, at the edge o' a precipice, or on a “coign o' disadvantage,” outside the battlements o' a cloud-capt tower; his eyes get bewildered, his cheeks wax white, struck seems his tongue wi' palsy, he stutters—stutters—stutters—and “of his stutterin' finds no end” till—HE STICKS!

Tickler. Fast as a wagon mired up to the axletree, while Roger, with the loosened team, steers his course back to the farm-steading, with arms akimbo on old Smiler's rump.

Shepherd. He fents! a cry for cauld spring-water—

North (frowning). Hark ye—when devoid of all probability—nay, at war with possibility—fiction is falsehood, fun folly, mirth mere

maundering, humour forsooth! idiotcy, would-be wit “wersh as parritch without saut,” James a merry-Andrew, and the Shepherd—sad and sorry am I to say it—a Buffoon!

Shepherd. Haw! haw! haw! O man, but you're angry. It's aye the way o't. Them that's aye tryin' ineffectwally to make a fule o' ithers, when the tables are turned on them, gang red-wuk-stark-staring mad a'thegither, and scarcely leave theirsells the likeness o' a dowg. But forgie me, sir—forgie me. I concur wi' you that the description was nothing but a tissue—as you hae sae ceevily and coortusly said—o' falsehood, folly, maunderin' idiotcy, and wersh parritch—

Tickler. James a merry-Andrew, and the Shepherd a Buffoon.

Shepherd. Dinna “loose your tinkler jaw, sir,” as Burns said o' Charlie Fox, on me, Mr. Tickler—for I'll no thole frae you a tithe, Timothy, o' what I'll enjoy frae Mr. North—an' it's no twice in the towmount I ventur to ca' him Kit. Oh! my dear freen, Mr. North, do you ken, sir, that in lookin' owre some six year auld accounts—

Tickler. Paid?

Shepherd. No by you at least—for a bill o' butter for smearin', what shou'd come till haun but a sort o' droll attempt at a sang by that dead facetious fallow, the late Bishop o' Bristol.*

Tickler. Scotty!

Shepherd. Doctor Scott;

Tickler. The Doctor!

North. The Odontist!

Shepherd. Puir Pultusky!

North. A simple soul!

Shepherd. Amaist an innocent! Yet what wut. Here it is—for his sake I'll chant it affetuosy—amaist lakrimoso—for I see the doctor sitting afore me as distinct in his drollness, as if in the flesh.

THE FIVE CHAMPIONS OF MAGA.

A SONG BY THE LATE DR. SCOTT.

(As sung by the *Ettrick Shepherd*, at the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, with the usual applause.)

1.

There once was an Irishman, and he was very fat;
 He wore a wig upon his head, and on his wig a hat;
 The Cockneys, in his presence, ceased to gibe at North and Hogg, sir,
Bekaise he gave them blarney, and bothered them with brogue, sir.
 Och! by my *sowl*, this Irishman most sturdily attack would,
 Whoever dared to sport his *chaff*, or run a-muck at Blackwood.

* Vide “Christopher in His Tent” where Scott, the dentist, is passed off as the Bishop of Bristol.—M.

2.

There once was a Scotchman, and he was very lean :
 A prettier man in philibegs was nowhere to be seen :
 For fighting in the cause of Kit, he was a perfect satyr ;
 Upon the Whiggish ranks he rush'd, and spilt their blood like water ;
 Though wanting "*inexpressibles*," he constantly attack would,
 With fury *inexpressible*, the enemies of Blackwood.

3

There once was an Englishman, and he was very short,
 For every mutton-chop he ate, he swigg'd a quart of port.
 Of Tickler, Mullion, North, and Hogg, he did nought but dream all night, sir,
 And in the daytime, for their cause, he nothing did but fight, sir.
 Whigs, Cockneys, Revolutionists, he furiously attack would,
 And floor them with his *bunch of fives*—this champion stout of Blackwood.

4.

There once was a Welshman, and he was very tall,
 When North's opponents heard his voice, they look'd out for a squall :
 In Maga's cause he was as fierce as General Napper-Tandy :
 All foemen were alike to him—the bully or the dandy ;
 He thrash'd them right, he thrash'd them left, their hurdies he attack would,
 With Christopher's own potent knout—in honour all of Blackwood.

5

There once was a Yankee, and he was very sage,
 Who 'gainst the foes of Christopher a bloody war did wage,
 Those who his rifle to escape were so exceeding lucky,
 Ran off, I guess, and hid themselves in Erie and Kentucky.
 The Cherokees and Chickasaws he furiously attack would,
 And shoot their chiefs and kiss their squays, if they spoke ill of Blackwood.*

North. Next time you pay me a visit, James, at No. 99—I'll show you THE PICTURE.

Shepherd. I understand you, sir—Titian's Venus—or is't his Danaw yielding to her yellow Jupiter victorious in a shower o' gold ! O the selfish hizzie !

North. James, such subjects—

Shepherd. You had better, sir, no say anither syllable about them—it may answer verra weel for an auld bachelor like you, sir, to keep that sort o' a serawlio, naked limmers in iles, a shame to ony honest cauvass, whatever may hae been the genius o' the Penter that sent them sprawling here ; but as for me, I'm a married man, and—

North. My dear James, you are under a gross delusion—

Shepherd. It's nae delusion. Nae pictur o' the sort, na no e'en altho' ane o' the greatest of the auld Maisters, sall ever hang on ma wa's—I

* If indeed any particular individuals were actually referred to here. I would say that the Irishman was O'Doherty ; the Scotchman was Tickler ; the Englishman, Buller, of Brazennose ; the Welshman, Dr. Peter Morris ; and the Yankee, John Neal, who at one time had written a great deal, political, personal, and literary, for *Blackwood*.—M.

should be ashamed to look the servant lasses in the face when they come in to soop the floor or ripe the ribs—

North (rising with dignity). No picture, sir, shall ever hang on my walls, on which *her* eye might not dwell—

Shepherd. Mrs. Gentle! a bit dainty body—wi' a' the modesty, and without ony o' the demureness, o' the Quaker leddie; and as for yon pictur o' her aboon the brace-piece o' your Sanctum, by Sir Thomas Lawrence—

North. Watson Gordon, if you please, my dear James.

Shepherd. It has the face o' an angel.

North (sitting down with dignity). I was about to ask you, James, to come and see my last work—my master-piece—my chef-d'œuvre—

Shepherd. The soobjeck?

North. The Defence of Socrates.

Shepherd. A noble soobjeck indeed, sir, and weel adapted for your high intellectual and moral genie.

North. My chief object, James, has been to represent the character of Socrates. I have conceived of that character, as one in which unshaken strength of high and clear Intellect—and a moral Will fortified against all earthly trials—sublime and pure—were both subordinate to the principle of Love.*

Shepherd. Gude, sir—gude. He was the Freen o' Man.

North. I felt a great difficulty in my art, James—from the circumstances purely historical—that neither the figure nor the countenance of Socrates were naturally commanding—

Shepherd. An' hae ye conquered it to your satisfaction, sir?

North. I have. Another difficulty met me too, James, in this—that in his mind there was a cast of intellect—a play of comic wit—inseparable from his discourse—and which must not be forgotten in any representation of it.

Shepherd. Profoond as true.

North. To give dignity and beauty to the expression of features, and a figure of which the form was neither dignified nor beautiful, was indeed a severe trial for the power of art.

Shepherd. An' hae ye conquered it too, sir?

North. Most successfully. In the countenance, therefore, my dear James, to answer what I have assigned as the highest principle in the character, love, there is a prevailing character of gentleness—the calm of that unalterable mind has taken the appearance of a celestial serenity—an expression caught, methinks, from the peaceful heart of the unclouded sky brooding in love over rejoicing nature.

Shepherd. That's right, sir.

* Beautifully did Curran give a correct idea of the great philosopher of Antiquity, when he spoke of "the anticipated Christianity of Socrates." Xenophon's description of his death is almost sublime in its affecting simplicity.—M.

North. Such expression I have breathed over the forehead, the lips, and the eyes ; yet there is not wanting either the grandeur, nor the fire, nor the power of intellect, nor the boldness of conscious innocence.

Shepherd. I'll come and see't, sir, the morn's mornin', afore breakfast. Fowre eggs.

North. That one purpose I have pursued and fulfilled by the expression of all the Groups in the piece.

Shepherd. Naething in pentin' kitler than groopin'.

North. You behold a prevalent expression of Love in the countenances of his friends and followers—of love greater than even reverence, admiration, sorrow, anxiety, and fear !

Shepherd. Though dootless a' thae emotions, too, will be expressed—and familiar hae thae been to you, sir, through the coorse o' a strangely chequered though not unhappy life.

North. Then, too, James, have I had to express—and I have expressed it—the habitual character belonging to many there—besides the expression of the moment ; countenances of generous, loving, open-souled youth ; middle-aged men of calm benign aspect, but not without earnest thought ; and not unobtrusive, one aged man, James, almost the counterpart of Socrates himself, only without his high intellectual power, a face composed, I may almost say, of peace, the only one of all perfectly untroubled.

Shepherd. That's an expressive thocht, sir—and it's original—that's to say, it never occurred to me afore you mentioned it.

North. He, like Socrates, reconciled to that certain death, familiar with the looks of the near term of life, and not without hopes beyond it.

Shepherd. Believed thae sages, think ye, sir, in the immortality o' the sowle ?

North. I think, James, that they did—assuredly Socrates.*

Shepherd. I'm glad o't for their sakes, though they hae a' been dead for thoosans o' years.

North. Then, James, how have I managed his Judges ?

Shepherd. Hoo ?

North. In all their faces, with many expressions, there is one expression—answering to the predominant disposition assigned to the character of Socrates—the expression of Maliginity towards Love.

Shepherd. You've hit it, sir ; you've hit it. Here's your health.

North. An expression of maliginity in some almost lost on a face of timidity, fear, or awe, in others blended almost brutally with impenetrable ignorance.

Shepherd. That comes o' studyin' the Passions. I think but little noo o' Collins's Odd.

* Socrates maintained not only the existenee of one Supreme Intelligence, whose providence is over all his works, but also, the existence of a future state.—M.

North. Then, James, I have given the countenances of the people.

Shepherd. A fickle people—ever ready to strike doon offensive Virtue—and ever as ready to shed tears o' overactin' remorse on her ashes!

North. In the countenances of the people, James, I have laboured long, but succeeded methinks at last, in personifying as it were the Vices which drove them on to sacrifice the father of the city—to dim the eye and silence the tongue of Athens, who was herself the soul of Greece.

Shepherd. A gran' idea, sir,—and natural as gran'—ane that could only visit the sowle o' a great Maister.

North. There you see anger, wrath, rage, hatred, spite, envy, jealousy, exemplified in many different natures. That Figure, prominent in the hardened pride of intellect, with his evil nature scowling through, eyeing Socrates with malignant, stern, and deadly revenge—is the King of the Sophists.

Shepherd. About to re-erect his throne, as he hopes, on the ruins o' that Natural Theology which Socrates taught the heathens.

North. You see then, James,—you feel that the purpose of the painter on the whole picture, has been to express, as I said, his conceptions of the character of Socrates—a various and manifold reflection of one image; but the image itself, giving the same due proportion,—where Love sits on the height of moral and intellectual power, and Intellect in their triple union, though strong in its own character, is yet subordinate to Both.

Shepherd. What a pictur it maun be, if the execution be equal to the design!

North. Many conceptions, my dear James, troubled my imagination, before, in the steadfastness of my delight in love, I finally fixed upon this—which I humbly hope the world “will not willingly let die.”

Shepherd. It's the same wi' poems. They aye turn oot at last something seemingly quite different frae the origination form—but it's no sae—for a spirit o' the same divine sameness breathes throughout, though ye nae langer ken the bit bonny bud in “the bricht consummate flower.”

North. In one sketch—I will make you a present of it, my dear James——

Shepherd. Thank ye, sir—thank ye;—you're really owre kind—owre good to your Shepherd—but dinna forget, sir—see that you dinna forget—for you ll pardon me for hintin' that sometimes promises o' that sort slip your memory——

North. In one sketch, James, I have represented Socrates speaking—and I found it more difficult to give the character of the principal figure—because the fire of discourse, of necessity, gave a disproportionate force to the intellectual expression—while again, I found it easier to give the character of all the rest, who looked upon Socrates,

under the power of his eloquence, simply commanding, with almost an undivided expression, in which individual character was either lost or subdued.

Shepherd. Never mind—send me the sketch.

North. I will—and another. For, again, I choose that moment, when having closed his defence, Socrates stands looking upon the consulting judges, and awaiting their decision.

Shepherd. Oh! sir! and that was a time when his ain character, methinks, might wi' mair ease be most beautifully expressed!

North. Most true. But then, the divided and conflicting expression of all other figures, some turned on the judges, with scrutinizing eagerness, to read the decision before it was on their lips—some certain of the result—looking on Socrates—or on the judges—with what different states of soul! These, James, I found difficult indeed to manage, and to bring them all under the one expression, which in that sketch too, as in my large picture, it was my aim to breathe over the canvass.

Shepherd. You maun try, sir, to mak a feenish'd pictur frae that sketch, sir—you maun indeed, sir. I'll lend it to you for that purpose—and no grudge't though ye keep it in your ain possession till next year.

North. I have not only made a sketch of another design, James, but worked in some of the colours.

Shepherd. The dead colours?

North. No—colours already instinct with life. I have chosen that calmer time, when after the pronouncing of the sentence, Socrates resumes his discourse—you may read it, James, in that divine dialogue of Plato——

Shepherd. But I'm no great haun' at the Greek.

North. Use Floyer Sydenham's translation, or—let me see—has he done that dialogue? Take then that noble old man's, Taylor of Norwich.* Socrates resumes his discourse, and declares his satisfaction in death, and his trust in immortality. A moment, indeed, for the sublime in art; but affording to the painter an opportunity for a different purpose from that which was mine in my great picture. For

* William Taylor of Norwich, was earlier on the wide field of German literature, than any other Englishman. A vigorous translation of Bürger's "Lenore" first made him known. In 1795, before it was published, Mrs. Barbauld, who was on a visit to Edinburgh, read it to a party at Dugald Stewart's. A friend, who was present, repeated his recollections of it to Scott, and these, although necessarily imperfect, led Scott to seek out the original German poem, and impelled him to make a rymed translation of it, which he executed in one sitting, and showed to Miss Cranstoun, an intelligent friend, who admired it so much, that she had a few copies of it printed. This was the commencement of Scott's literary career, and I do not think the anecdote out of place in a notice of William Taylor. After the appearance of "Lenore," Taylor made other German translations, which appeared in Magazines and Periodicals, introduced him to the friendship of Southey, and obtained him an engagement on the Monthly Review, as critic upon Foreign literature. The articles he so wrote were collected in 1830, with notes, and published as a "Survey of German Poetry." He wrote a work also on English Synonymes. He died, 1836 and a memoir of his Life and Writings was published by Mr. Robberts, in 1843,—the year in which his friend Southey died.—M.

in this sketch, instead of intending, as my principal and paramount object, the representation of individual historical character—I have designed to express—rather—the Power among men of the sublime Spirit of their being—exemplified among a people dark with idolatry—using the historical subject as subservient to this my purpose—inasmuch as it shows a single mind raised up by the force of this feeling above nature—yea, shows the power of that feeling within that one mind, resting in awe upon a great multitude of men. For, surely, my dear James, it is not to be believed that at that moment, one countenance would preserve unchanged its bitter hostility, when revenge was in part defeated by seeing triumph arise out of doom—when malignant hate had got its victim—and when murder, that had struck its blow, might begin to feel its heart open to the terror of remorse.

Shepherd. My dear Mr. North, gie me baith your twa hauns. That's richt. Noo that I hae shucken, and noo that I hae squozen them in ma ain twa neives no unlike a vice, though you're no the king upon the throne, wi' a golden croon on his head, and a sceptre in his haund—that's King William the IVth, God bless him—yet you are a king; and, as a loyal subject, loyal but no servile, for never was a slave born i' the Forest, here do I, James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, kneel down on ae knee—thus—and kiss the richt haun o' King Kit.

(The SHEPHERD drops on his knee—does as he says, in spite of NORTH'S struggles to hinder him—rises—wipes the dust from his pans—and resumes his seat.)

North. “How many of my poorest subjects,” James, “are now asleep!” Look at Tickler.

Tickler. Asleep! Broad awake as the Baltic in a blast. But when under the power of eloquence, I always sit with my eyes shut.

Shepherd. But what for snore? Hae ye nae mercy on the sick man through the partition.

North. After Painting, let us have some Politics.

Shepherd. Na—na—na—na—na! Come, Mr. Tickler, gie's a sang—to the fiddle. See hoo your Cremona is smilin' on you to haunle her frae her peg.

(The SHEPHERD takes down the celebrated Cremona from the wall, and, after tuning it, gives it to TICKLER.)

Tickler (attempting a prelude). Shade of Stabilini! heard'st thou ever grated such harsh discord as this? 'Tis like a litter o' pigs.

(TICKLER tunes his instrument.)

Shepherd. Oh, for Geordie Cruckshank! “TICKLER AT THE TUNING!” What for, Mr. North, dinna ye get Geordie to invent a Series o' Illustrations o' the Noctes, and pooblish a Selection in four vollums octawvo?

North. Wait, James, till “one with moderate haste might count a HUNDRED.”

Shepherd. What if we're a' dead?

North. The world will go on without us.

Shepherd. Aye—but never sae weel again. The verra Earth will feel a dirl at her heart, and pause for a moment pensively on her ain axis.

Tickler (sings to an accompaniment of his own composition for the Cremona.)

DEMOS.

My song is of *Demos*, and our well-meaning friend,
 Who lately was leading a peaceable life,
 But now is so changed, that there's really no end
 To his love of commotion, disturbance, and strife:
 He's got such strange fancies and whims in his head,
 And shows them so strangely wherever he goes,
 That I fear he requires to be physick'd and bled,
 For the more he is humour'd, the wilder he grows.

Thus *abroad* he again has insanely begun
 The career that once led him to sorrow and shame:
 And madly exulting in what he has done,
 He thinks his own echo the trumpet of Fame:
 He blusters, and bullies, and brags of it so,
 Yet mimics so strangely the land of the free,
 That you'd almost suppose he intended to show
 How truly absurd even *Freedom* can be!

There in heavy Holland, where a sceptre of lead,
 By nature should hold its Bœotian reign,
 He vows he must have the French bayonet instead,
 Just to keep his own pond'rous posteriors in pain!
 He sets fire to his house—he abandons his trade—
 He perplexes his person with warlike array,
 And fearlessly tells us he is not afraid,
 And will never submit to *legitimate* sway!

Then at home he despises the old-fashion'd air
 Of the vessel that's weather'd so many a storm,
 And tells all the crew that they now must prepare
 For a work of destruction, which he calls *Reform*:
 And much do I fear that the crew must submit,
 And yield to a blast that so fiercely prevails,
 For the Devil himself at the helm seems to sit,
 While Beelzebub's busy in filling the sails.

Oh, *Demos*! thy madness is madness indeed,
 As all will admit, in that ill-omen'd hour,
 When, from Princes, from Priests, and from Principles freed,
 You become the first victim of this your own power!
 For, trust me, my friend, you have merely to taste
 The sweets of your own *Il-legitimate* sway,
 To mourn o'er the path that can ne'er be retraced.
 And curse the false friends that have led you astray.

Shepherd. Sou'n doctrine weel sung. Mr. North, when ma lug's in for music, I aye like to hear't flowin', if no in a continuous strain, yet just, as a body might say, wi' nae langer interruption than ane might toddle owre a bit green knowe, and come down on anither murmur in the hollow, as sweet and clear as that he has left.

North. After such an image, James, how can I refuse?

Shepherd. Here's your herp, sir.

(NORTH receives from the hand of the SHEPHERD perhaps the finest-toned Welsh harp in the world—the gift of Owen Evans of Penmanmawr.)

North. The air, you know, is my own, James. I shall sing it to-night to some beautiful words by my friend Robert Folkestone Williams*—written, he tells me, expressly for the Noctes.

Oh! fill the wine-cup high,
The sparkling liquor pour;
For we will care and grief defy,
They ne'er shall plague us more,
And ere the snowy foam
From off the wine departs,
The precious draught shall find a
home,
A dwelling in our hearts.

Though bright may be the beams
That woman's eyes display:
They are not like the ruby gleams
That in our goblets play.
For though surpassing bright
Their brilliancy may be,
Age dims the lustre of their light
But adds more worth to thee.

Give me another draught,
The sparkling, and the strong;
He who would learn the poet craft—
He who would shine in song—
Should pledge the flowing bowl
With warm and generous wine;
'Twas wine that warm'd Anacreon's
soul,
And made his songs divine.†

And e'en in tragedy,
Who lives that never knew
The honey of the Attic Bee
Was gathered from thy dew?

He of the tragic muse,
Whose praises bards rehearse;
What power but thine could e'er dif-
fuse
Such sweetness o'er his verse?

Oh! would that I could raise
The magic of that tongue;
The spirit of those deathless lays,
The Swan of Teios sung!
Each song the bard has given
Its beauty and its worth,
Sounds sweet as if a voice from heaven
Was echoed upon earth.

How mighty—how divine,
Thy spirit seemeth when
The rich draught of the purple vine
Dwelt in these godlike men.
It made each glowing page,
Its eloquence, and truth,
In the glory of their golden age,
Outshine the fire of youth.

Joy to the lone heart—joy
To the desolate—oppressed;
For wine can every grief destroy
That gathers in the breast.
The sorrows and the care,
That in our hearts abide,
'Twill chase them from their dwell-
ings there,
To drown them in its tide.

* Robert Folkestone Williams, author of the *Youth of Shakspeare* *Shakspeare and his Friends*, and other works of romantic fiction.—M.

† Don Juan, Canto III—

Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine."—M.

And now the heart grows warm
 With feelings undefined,
 Throwing their deep diffusive charm
 O'er all the realms of mind.
 The loveliness of truth
 Flings out its brightest rays,
 Clothed in the songs of early youth,
 Or joys of other days.

We think of her, the young,
 The beautiful, the bright,
 We hear the music of her tongue,
 Breathing its deep delight.
 We see again each glance,
 Each bright and dazzling beam,
 We feel our throbbing hearts still
 dance,
 We live but in a dream.

From darkness, and from wo,
 A power like lightning darts;
 A glory cometh down to throw
 Its shadows o'er our hearts.
 And dimm'd by falling tears,
 A spirit seems to rise,
 That shows the friend of other years
 Is mirror'd in our eyes.

But sorrow, grief, and care,
 Had dimm'd his setting star;
 And we think with tears of those that
were,
 To smile on those that *are.*
 Yet though the grassy mound
 Sits lightly on his head,
 We'll pledge, in solemn silence round,
 THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD!

The sparkling juice now pour,
 With fond and liberal hand;
 Oh! raise the laughing rim once more,
 Here's to our FATHER LAND!
 Up, every soul that hears,
 Hurrah! with three times three;
 And shout aloud, with deafening
 cheers,
 The "ISLAND OF THE FREE."

Then fill the wine-cup high,
 The sparkling liquor pour;
 For we will care and grief defy,
 They ne'er shall plague us more,
 And ere the snowy foam
 From off the wine departs,
 The precious draught shall find a
 home—
 A dwelling in our hearts.

Shepherd. Very gude—excellent—beautifu'! I thocht at ae time it was gaun to be owre lang—and aiblins it micht be sae—at least for a sang—unner ither circumstances—but *here—noo'—wi' your vice an' herp*, it was owre sune owre—and here's to the health o' your freen, Robert Folkestone Williams—and may he be here to sing't himsell some nicht. Ken ye ony thing about American Poetry, Mr. North?

North. Not so much as I could wish. Would all the living best American bards send me over copies of their works, I should do them justice. I respect—nay I admire that people, James; though perhaps they don't know it. Yet I know less of their Poetry than their Politics, and of them not much——

Tickler. How Jonathan Jeremy Diddlers our Ministries! "Have you got such a thing as a half-crown about you?" And B flat, obedient to A sharp, shells out the ready rhino from his own impoverished exchequer, into that of his "Transatlantic brother," overflowing with dollars.

Shepherd. But the little you do ken o' their poetry, let's hear't.

North. I have lately looked over—in three volumes—Specimens of American poetry, with Critical and Biographical Notices, and have

met with many most interesting little poems, and passages of poems. The editor has been desirous of showing what had been achieved under the inspiration of the American Muses before the days of Irving and Cooper, Pierpont and Percival, and thinks, rightly, that the lays of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England, the poets of the Western World, are as likely to bear some characteristic traits of national or individual character, as those of the Minnesingers and Trouveurs—or the “Gongorism of the Castilian rhymesters of old.”

Shepherd. Gongorism! What's that?

North. Accordingly, he goes as far back as 1612, and gives us a pretty long poem, called “Contemplations,” by Anne Bradstreet, daughter of one Governor of Massachusetts Colony, and wife of another, who seems to have been a fine spirit.

Shepherd. Was she, sir?

North. She is said to have been “a woman honoured and esteemed, where she lived, for her gracious demeanour, her eminent parts, her pious conversation, her virtuous disposition, her exact diligence in her place, and discreet managing of her family occasions; and more so, these poems are the fruits but of some few hours curtailed from her sleep, and other refreshments.”

Shepherd. Then Anne Bradstreet, sir, *was* a fine spirit! Just like a' our ain poetesses—in England and Scotland—married or no married *yet*—and och! och! och! hoo unlike to her and them the literary limmers o' France, rougin' and leerin' on their spinnle-shauked lovers, that maun hae loathed the sight and the smell o' them, starin' and stinkin' their way to the grave!

Tickler. James!

North. The celebrated Cotton Mather—

Shepherd. Aye, I ken about him—born about fifty years after that date—the great mover in the mysterious matter o' the Salem witchcraft.

North. He says that “her poems, eleven times printed, have afforded a plentiful entertainment unto the ingenious, and a monument for her memory beyond the stateliest marbles.” And the learned and excellent Norton of Ipswich—

Shepherd. I kenna him—

North. — calls her “The mirror of her age, and glory of her sex.”

Shepherd. Recolleck ye ony verses o' her Contemplations?

North. Anne is walking in her contemplations through a wood—and she saith,*

* Anne, daughter of Governor Dudley, married Governor Bradstreet, of Massachusetts. Her volume of poetry was printed, at Cambridge, in 1640, when she was twenty-six years old. She died in 1672. The “Contemplations” from which North quotes, forms one of her minor poems; and thirteen stanzas, quoted by Dr. Griswold in his “Poets and Poetry of America,” show that it merits the high praise given to it by North.—M.

While musing thus with contemplation fed,
 And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
 The sweet-tongued Philomel percht o'er my head
 And chanted forth a most melodious strain,
 Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,
 I judg'd my hearing better than my sight,
 And wish'd me wings with her a while to take my flight.

“O Merry Bird!” said I, “that fears no snares,
 That neither toils, nor hoards up in thy barns,
 Feels no sad thought, nor cruciating cares
 To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm;
 Thy clothes ne'er wear, thy meat is every where,
 Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water clear,
 Remind'st not what has past, nor what's to come dost fear.

“The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,
 Set'st hundred notes unto thy feather'd crew,
 So each one tunes his pretty instrument,
 And warbling out the old, begins anew;
 And thus they pass their youth in summer season,
 Then follow thee into a better region,
 Where winter's never felt by that sweet airy legion!”

Shepherd. Oh! man, but they're bonny, incorrect, sweet, simple lines thae—and after sic a life as Anne Bradstreet led, can there be ony doubt that she is in heaven?

North. In my mind none. Nearly a hundred years after the birth—and nearly forty after the death of Anne Bradstreet—was born in Boston, Jane Colman, daughter of a clergyman, who was a school companion of Cotton Mather. At eleven, she used to correspond with her worthy father in verse—on entering her nineteenth year, she married a Mr. Turel, of Medford.*

Shepherd. Hoo can ye remember names in that wonnerfu' way, sir? And yet you say ye hae nae memory? You forget naething.

North. — and died, James, in 1735, at the age of twenty-seven, “having faithfully fulfilled those duties which shed the brightest lustre on woman's name—the duties of the friend, the daughter, the mother, and the wife.”

Shepherd. Hae ye ony o' her verses by heart, sir?

North. A paraphrase of a Psalm you know well—

Shepherd. I ken weel a' the Psalms.

North. The following flows plaintively.

“From hearts oppress'd with grief, did they require
 A sacred anthem on the sounding lyre:

* Jane, only daughter of the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Colman, and married to this Mr. Turel, died in 1735. Her father was a poet, of whom Dr. Griswold says “though his diction was more elegant than that of most of his contemporaries, he had less originality.”—M.

Come now, they cry, regale us with a song—
 Music and mirth the fleeting hours prolong.
 Shall Babel's daughter hear that blessed sound?
 Shall songs divine be sung in heathen ground?
 No! Heaven forbid that we should tune our voice,
 Or touch the lyre, while—slaves—we can't rejoice!
 O Palestine! our once so dear abode!
 Thou once wert blest with peace, and loved of God;
 But now art desolate! a barren waste!
 Thy fruitful fields by thorns and weeds disgraced.
 If I forget Judea's mournful land,
 May nothing prosper that I take in hand!
 Or if I string my lyre, or tune my voice,
 Till thy deliverance call me to rejoice;
 O may my tongue forget the art to move,
 And may I never more my speech improve!
 Return, O Lord! avenge us of our foes,
 Destroy the men that up against us rose!
 Let Edom's sons thy just displeasure know,
 And let them serve, like us, some foreign foe,
 In distant realms—far from their native home,
 To which dear seat, O! never let them come!"

Shepherd. I daursay, gin I cou'd get the soun' o' our ain mournfu' auld version out o' ma heart, that I sou'd like the lines unco weel—she mun hae been a gentle creatur.

North. I mentioned, James, that she and her father used to correspond—

Shepherd. After her marriage?

North. Before and after—and in one of his letters—which I think must have been addressed to her *before*—before living with her husband at Medford—alluding to her having, in her paraphrase said,

“No helper in the waste and barren ground,
 Only a mournful willow wither'd there.”

her father writes to her thus—Strange, is it not, that part of his letter should be read at a Noctes!

Shepherd. I think I see him mendin' his pen in his study at Boston, New England, America, ae forenoon about twal o'clock, on the 21st January o' 1731—preceesely a hunder years!

North. The affectionate father says, “This serious melancholy Psalm is well turned by you in most parts of it, considering your years and advantages for such a performance. You speak of a single withered willow which they hung their harps on; but Euphrates was covered with willows along the banks of it, so that it has been called the river of willows. I hope, my dear, your lyre will not be hung on such a sorrowful shrub. Go on in sacred songs, and we'll hang it on the stately cedars of Lebanon, or let the pleasant elm before the door where you are suffice for you.”

Shepherd. The pious pride o' paternal affection.

North. Jane Colman, during her eight years of wedded life, was no doubt happy—and in a calm spirit of happiness must have indited the soft, sweet, and simple close of an imitation of Horace.

Shepherd. O' Horace! Cou'd she read Latin?

North. Why not? Daughter—wife—of a clergyman?

No stately beds my humble roof adorn,
 No costly purple, by carved panthers borne;
 Nor can I boast Arabia's rich perfumes,
 Diffusing odours through our stately rooms;
 For me no fair Egyptian plies the loom,
 But my fine linen all is made at home.
 Though I no down or tapestry should spread,
 A clean soft pillow shall support your head,
 Fill'd with the wool from off my tender sheep
 On which with ease and safety you may sleep.
 The nightingale shall lull you to your rest,
 And all be calm and still as is your breast!

Shepherd. Far mair simplicity o' language seem to hae had the young leddies o' New England in thae days, sir, than them o' Auld England o' the present age. Come doon some half a century still nearer us, and fin' you ony virgin or wife o' poetical genie at that pint o' time?

North. I come down to 1752, and find Ann Eliza Schuyler, the daughter of Mr. Brandt Schuyler, New York. At seventeen, she was married to Mr. Blecker of New Rochelle, and removed with him to Tomhannock, a beautiful solitary village, eighteen miles above Albany. There they passed several years, we are told, in the unbroken quiet of the wilderness; but then, were driven from the repose of that beautiful and romantic spot by the savages in alliance with Burgoyne. On their way from Albany, down the Hudson, they were forced to go ashore by the illness of their youngest daughter, where the poor creature died. Soon after, the capture of Burgoyne—(an unfortunate soldier, but an accomplished man—witness his celebrated comedy, *The Heiress*)—allowed them to return to their retreat in the country; but the loss of her daughter made so deep an impression on her mind, that the mother never recovered her former happiness. A few years afterwards, her husband, when assisting his men in taking in the harvest, was surprised by a party of the enemy from Canada, and carried off prisoner. The shock which she received was so great, that her health was gone for ever; and though her husband was soon rescued from thralldom, and they, after a visit to their friends in New York, returned to Tomhannock, there she shortly died, in the thirty-first year of her age.

Shepherd. And is her poetry as interesting as her life?

North. I have seen but little of it, and wish the editor of the *Specimens* had given us more; for he well observes, that a female cultivating the elegant arts of refined society at the *Ultima Thule* of civilized life, in regions of savage wildness, and among scenes of alarm, desolation, and blood, is a striking spectacle.

Tickler, (as the timepiece smites twelve.) A striking spectacle indeed!

(Enter PICARDY and Tail, with all the substantialities of the season.)

Shepherd. I maun hear mair frae you, sir, anither time, about these American poetesses. Ony flourishing at this day? Eh! Eh! What'n a guse!

North. Several, James.

Shepherd. What? Several. Mr. Awmrose—dinna bring in a single ither guse, till we hae despatched our freen' at the head o' the table. Mr. Tickler, whare'll ye sit? and what'll ye eat? and what'll ye drink? and what'll ye want to hear? and what'll ye want to say? For, oh, sir! you've been pleasant the nicht—in ane o' your loun, but no seelent humours.

Tickler. The legs.

Shepherd. Baith?

Tickler. Do you mean to insult me? Certainly—both.

Shepherd. I've sprained ma thooms. Sae tak him to yoursell, and

(SHEPHERD shoves over the goose to TICKLER.)

North. Help yourself first, James.

Shepherd. Be easy, sir, on ma accoont. Alloo me to gie you some slices o' the breest aff ma ain plate, Mr. North, I've never touched them—

North. Do, James.

Shepherd. Na, niffer plates at ence—though yours is clean, and mine swoomin' wi' sappy shavin's aff the bonny bosom o' the best bird that ever waddled among stubble.

(SHEPHERD insists on NORTH exchanging trenchers.)

North. You know the way, James, to the old man's heart?

Shepherd. It's like the grave. What for? 'Cause the "paths o' glory lead" till it! Thank ye, Tickler, far the twa spawls.

(SHEPHERD, with infinite alacrity and address, forks both legs with the same instrument, and leaves TICKLER desolate.)

Tickler

Fill high the sparkling bowl,

The rich repast prepare!

Robb'd of a guse, I yet may share the feast.

Close by the regal chair,

Fell Thirst and Famine scowl

A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.

Ambrose.—a goose!—a goose!—my kingdom for a goose,—and Tappie! pot o' pota!

Shepherd. Gurney! Gurney! Guse, man, guse, ane's gane and anither's comin'—guse, man—Gurney—guse, guse, guse!

(GURNEY *appears and the Noctes vanish.*)

No. LV.—MARCH, 1831.

SCENE—*The Snuggery—Time—Nine o'clock—Present—*
NORTH, the SHEPHERD, and TICKLER.

Shepherd. The Snuggery, sir, has a power o' contraction an' expansion, that never belonged afore to ony room in this sublunary world. Let the pairty be three or thretty, it accommodates its dimensions to the gatherin'—still the Snuggery, though the Saloon.

North. I hope you approve of the Busts, James? among the finest of Macdonald's. *

Shepherd. Life-in-death Eemages? A' busts, methinks, are solemn—as for thae, they are shooblime. Wha's that aboon your head, sir?

North. Socrates.

Shepherd. The Christopher North o' the ancient, as you are the Socrates o' the modern Athens. Baith o' you by natur, as may be read in your fiznomies, wi' a strang bias to animal—to sensual indulgences; an' baith o' you, by means o' self-study and self-government, pure in conduct, in heart, and in haun', as ony philosopher that ever strengthened, by his practice, his theory o' truth. Oh! sir, but the Sophists hate you wi' a malignant hatred—and fain wou'd they condemn you to drink the hemlock, ay, out o' that verra punch-bowl, the Dolphin himsell—

North. I have an antidote against all poison, James—

Shepherd. What is't?

North. Hush. An herb of sovereign virtue, gathered on the Sacred Mountains.

Shepherd. Wha's the eemage atowre ma pow?

North. Wordsworth—the Plato of poetry.

Shepherd. Bee't sae. I seldom read Plawto.

Tickler. Here we are, once more, James—the Knights of St. Ambrose—

Shepherd. An admirable, but an indescribable set o'—

Tickler. Satirists, caricaturists, madcaps, harebrains, bec-in-the-bonnets, scape-goats, scape-graces, idlers, dreamers, loungers, rambler, spectators, tattlers, amateurs, cognoscenti, artists, poets, painters, sculptors, novelists, critics, politicians, physicians, theologians, metaphysicians, statesmen, saints, sinners, heroes, patriots, martyrs—

Shepherd. Mankind's Epitome.

* Lawrence Macdonald, a Scottish sculptor. He also wrote good verses, at this time.—M.

North. Our orgies, James, have thrown their share of light on human life.

Tickler. That motley masquerade called human life!

North. In which, here and elsewhere, we have contived, not discredibly, to support our characters. I hope, my dear James, that you sometimes think of Ambrose's, when going out to meditate at eventide by the shores of St. Mary's Loch, or up away yonder to the Loch of the Lowes where, when stillness steeps the solitude, you even hear the Gray Mare's Tail—

Shepherd. Whuskin' through the wild, wi' an eerie sugh, till again a' is hushed as death—ay, as the verra grave.

Tickler. Think you sometimes of us, then, James?

Shepherd. I ha'e startled to hear that Timepiece smiting the hour in the wilderness; and a' at aince hae believed mysell in the heart o' Embro'—here in the Snuggery—wi' your twa endless legs, Mr. Tickler, emblems o' infinitude and eternity, stretched awa' intil the regions ahint the grate, far ayont the bounds o' this "visible diurnal sphere," and creawtin' superstitious terrors in the inhabitants o' Sawturn.

North. Tickler?

Shepherd. Oh, sir! how many tailors are for how many years, night and day employed, without respect to Sabbaths, in gettin' up for you ae pair o' leggins?

Tickler. You are pleased to be facetious, sir.

Shepherd. Maist facetious—but it's no in the poor o' the wut o' mortal man to do justice to the soobjeck,

North. You do, however, my dear Shepherd, sometimes think of us in the Forest?

Shepherd. Hoo thochts and feelings, sir, do arise, and follow ane anither in the sowle, like flocks o' birds frae distant regions, and disappearing ahint the lift intil distant regions, flocks after flocks, withouten end, sometimes in wintry weather, when flakes are visibly augmenting the snaw-wreaths, and sometimes in autumn, when the leaves are rustlin' to the bit robin-breast—

North. What imagery!

Shepherd. —preparin', ere lang, to flit down the glen, and tak' up his domicile amang the dwellins o' us Christian creturs, that never grudge our crumbs to the birdie, safe in his scarlet shield frae the verra cats, wha, for fear o' the weans, daurna touch a feather, by love and pity consecrated ever syne the burial o' the Babes in the Wood—

North. A story, that in its touching simplicity, would almost seem to have been written, prophetically, for Blackwood's Magazine.

Shepherd. It's an out-o'-the-way place, the Forest, sirs, though a great road rins through't; for it's no easy to break the charm o' the seelence and the solitariness o' natur'. A great road rins through't; but aften ha'e I sat on a knowe commanding miles o't, and no ae single speck

astir, far as the ee cou'd reach—no a single speck, but aiblins a sheep crossin', or a craw alichtin', or an old croushin' beggar-woman, that ye thoct was leanin' motionless on her stick, till, by and by, ye discerned the colour o' her red cloak, and a gae while afterwards, saw, rather than heard her, prayin' for an awmous, wi' shrivelled hauns faulded on her breast, or in their palsy held up heavenwards, sae beseechingly as to awauken charity in a meeser's heart!

North. But no miser, James, art thou—though but a poor man, thou hast a hand “open as day to melting charity.”

Shepherd. What Heaven has been pleased to give me o' this life's needments, o' that I never grudged a share to ony son or dochter o' affliction.

North. True as holy writ.

Shepherd. And holy writ it was that taucht me—for our natur', sir, is selfish, and it's my belief that mony and mony a time wud the best o' us neglect the commonest duties o' humanity, if it werena for religion. We hae a', at times, hard cauld hearts; and I dinna scruple to confess, that I've felt my anger risin' at beggars—even at auld bowed-down widow-beggars—when three or fowre o' them in the course of a lang simmer day hae come creepin' in succession, at a snail's pace, in at the yett, and then takin their station at the verra parlour-window, wi' a sort o' meek obstinacy and wae-begone dourness that wou'd na understan' the repulse o' neglect, or even o' a waff o' the haun to be awa' wi' their-sells—when suddenly some holy text has been revived in my heart, perhaps that ane tellin' o' the widow and her mite, and a' at aince, as if an angel had jogged my elbow, I hae ca'd the puir auld body in; and then to be sure the wife hersel' wasna slaw, without waitin' for a word frae me, to come wi' her ain twa comely hauns fu' o' meal, and empty them tidily intil the wallet, no unobserved, sir, by Him wha taught us to say, “Give us this day our daily bread.”

Tickler. Yes, my dear James, the blessing of many a wayfaring man and woman—

Shepherd. Wi' troops o' weans—

Tickler. —has been on Mount Benger.

Shepherd. It needed them a', for it's a gae cauld place staunin' yowner on a knowe in a funnel, in the thoroughfare o' a perpetual sugh. Yet 'twas cheerful' in the sun-glints, and hallowed be the chawmer in which my bairns were born! Howsomever, we're fully as comfortable noo at Altrive Lake—a far louner spat—and yon nyeuck o' the garden, wi' the bit bourtree-bower, oh, sir! but it's an inspirin' retreat fae the din and daffin' o' the weans, for the inditin' o' a bit cheerfu' or pensie sang! Sometimes, indeed, wee Jamie fin's me out, and thrusts the sweet laughin' face o' him through the thornless branches, to frichten me, as he thinks—God bless the bonnie bogle!—but I scauld him aff wi' a pretended anger, and a froon fu' o' luvè, and awa' veers he thro' amang

the flowers like a butterfly, while out o' my heart gushes the sang like a shower-swollen stream.

Tickler. Childless Eld feels as if he were a father, James, at such a picture.

Shepherd. You and Mr. North should baith marry yet. Indeed Mrs. Gentle maun be——

North. James! (*putting his finger to his lips.*)

Shepherd. Forgie me, sir.

North. Have you read the last number of the Quarterly Review, James!

Shepherd. Na. It hasna come our length yet.

North. 'Tis therein said, James, that in these our Noctes you are absurdly represented as a "boozing buffoon."

Shepherd. What? In the Quarterly? Na—na—sir. I can swallow a gude deal frae you—but that's bacon I canna bolt.* The yeditor kens better—for——

North. But, like other editors, James, he sometimes naps when he should only be nodding, and sometimes nods when he should be broad awake as a full northwest moon.

Shepherd. Eh?

North. Some hypocritical humbug has had the audacity, however, to palm that falsehood upon our dozing friend, and, through him on the pensive public;—some brainless big-wig, who believes that the Baltic has been drunk half dry by a whale.

Shepherd. Haw! haw! haw! haw!

North. At this moment, James, that "budge doctor of the Stoic Fur" fears that the world thinks you are a ten-gallon-man, that you have a sma'-still in your bedroom, and that you have bribed the gauger by making him a parlour-boarder.

Shepherd. Haw! haw! haw! haw!

North. Every thing the Cockney reads he takes for gospel.

Shepherd. Except, aiblins, the Bible.

Tickler. Good, James—good.

North. That the rhinoceros drinks a river every morning before breakfast——

Tickler. And the war-horse literally devours the ground between him and his enemies—swallowing at lunch five acres, four roods, and three perches.

Shepherd. Haw! haw! haw! haw!

North. So, being a man of the strictest veracity, and of the highest authority in the moral world, the mandarin shakes his head at our Noc-

* At this time, evidently from a friendly feeling towards Hogg, for whom one of the pensions of the Royal Society of Literature was solicited, there was a note in the *Quarterly* to the effect that he was a steady, industrious, sober man, and not the boozing buffoon he was exhibited as, in the Noctes.—M.

tes, and gives not only the lie circumstantial, but the lie direct to a fact unfortunately established, I fear, in the conviction of the Pensive Public, that we three have frequently demolished at a sitting the Tower of Babel.

Tickler. Were the worthy gentleman here now, why he would be under the table in a state of civilization superior to any thing seen since the last debauch of Sardanapalus.

North. 'Tis a sad dog—and, to my knowledge—with a wife and a dozen children—keeps a——

Shepherd. O fie, sir, nae personalities. We maun pity and forgie stupidity when it begins to maunder—even though it maunder malice.

Tickler. I presume he has made a pilgrimage to the grave of Sir Roger de Coverley.

North. Sleeping in the sunshine side by side with Will Wimble.

Tickler. He believes devoutly, no doubt, that the Spectator had a short nose—

North. And got boozy thrice a-week at Button's.

Tickler. The world is well stocked just now, James, with matter-of-fact men—

Shepherd. What? Ca' ye't a matter-o'-fact that a boozin' buffoon ever Glenlivetized at the Noctes?

Tickler. It is a matter-of-fact lie, James—and that the Cockney knoweth right well; but he wished to do you a kindness, without in his dotage clearly comprehending how to set about it, and with the best intentions in the world, has accordingly committed one of the usual calumnies of the Cockneys, manifestly priding himself all the while in the idea of having essentially served the Ettrick Shepherd, and given him a shove up the hill of preferment.

North. Somewhat of the latest—a feeble fumble of falsehood at the eleventh hour.

Shepherd. I'm sure I ought to be muckle obleeged to the weak, but weel-meanin' man for his vindication o' my character. But I houp the wark o' supererogation may na be ill for his constitution; and it's the first time I ever heard o' ony body's pityin' Atlas for supportin' on his back and shouthers the starry heavens.

North. He then tells the Pensive Public, that at our Noctes the entire talk is of "Party Politics."

Shepherd. Na! that's an even-doon lee—and gin a writer wull indulge in trash, he should spice 't wi' at least ae grain o' truth, or he'll be in danger, in a fit o' coughing, to choke on his ain slaver.

Tickler. Don't be coarse, James.

Shepherd. Coorse! Wha's fine but fules? Muckle nonsense ye do speak at the Noctes—but pairty-politics we leave to the twa Houses o' Parliament—an' discuss, when we hae discussion, the universal and eternal interests o' mankind.

Tickler. The truth is, gents, that the jackass must have had his long ears pulled, and his tawty hide knouted by Maga, and Joannes has with his well-known good nature indulged him in a quarterly bray—

Shepherd. A jackass brayin' at the moon! a comical eemage.

North. But still he must be cudgelled off the premises, and "taught never to come there no more,"—if it were only for the sake of the poor echoes.

Shepherd. Do you ken, sirs, that it's a curious fack in natur that the bray o' an ass has nae echo? Gin it had an echo, sic is the disposition o' the cretur, that it would keep brayin' till it drapped doon dead, forgetfu' o' its thustles: whereas, by the present constitution o' the breed, nae lang-continued brayin' can take place accept where there are a multitude o' asses by some strange chance colleckit thegither; and then, indeed, ilka ane imagines that a' the rest are but his echoes, and thus, in pride o' heart, the gang do astonish the heavens. But in the Quarterly Review, the ass aforesaid maun find himsell a solitary beast, and will sune loot doon his lang leather and lanthorn jaws in seelence amang the dockens.

Tickler. I only hope he won't cross the breed, James, else, instead of the ethereal coursers of the sun that run in that chariot, ere long we shall see a team of mules that, in their native obstinacy, will *reest* when they meet with any up-hill work, or bolt obliquely into the sea.

Shepherd. Nae fears.

Tickler. I am delighted to see that the Quarterly—like some other periodicals—has the spunk to imitate Maga in her Double Numbers.* The last was, in general, admirable, and is to be followed immediately—next time I hope the two will appear simultaneously—by another, which I doubt not will be worthy of its predecessor, now justly making a distinguished figure in the world.

North. The Quarterly Review is a great national work, and may it live for ever. Notwithstanding his not unfrequent oversights, not a man alive could edit it in such a style as Mr. Lockhart.

Shepherd. No ane. But wha's he this?

North. The wisacre, James, has been pleased to inform the Royal Society of Literature, that, in spite of the Noctes, the Ettrick Shepherd is a sober man, and a loyal subject.

Shepherd. Hoo kens he that?

North. He also says, James, that Altrive is as melancholy a solitude as can be imagined—

Shepherd. What? and wee Jamie there!

North. And speaks of you as a fit object, not only of patronage, but of pity.

* This occurred only once. The publication of the Review had been delayed, owing to the doubt, in the early part of Lord Grey's official course, as to what turn matters would take, and then the overdue number was followed, very quickly, by another, a little earlier than usual.—M.

Shepherd. Pity I spurn—patronage I never asked—but for the patronage of enlightened men, if it ever be bestowed upon me, I hope that I shall hae deserved it.

North. James, let us, for a moment, be serious on this subject. All Britain—and many other lands besides—have delighted in the Noctes Ambrosianæ, of which you are the Life and the Soul. Ours has been ever “weel-timed daffin;” our mirth

“On the wan cheek of sorrow has waken’d a smile,
And illumined the eye that was dim with a tear!”

Shepherd. Aften, sir—I ken aften—

North. In our higher moods, we have opened our hearts to one another, nor concealed one secret there that ought to be divulged in the sacred intercourse of friendship between man and man.

Shepherd. Aften, sir, aften.

North. We have unburdened to one another our hearts of cares and sorrows, which we share in common with all our brethren of mankind;

“All our secret hoards of unsunn’d griefs”

have—as far as might and ought to be—been laid out in the light of confident affection, and been aired by the gracious gales of heaven.

Shepherd. Now and then sic has indeed been the case.

North. We have looked over the fields of human life, and we have made our reflections on the on-goings there, sometimes, perhaps, in no unlearned spirit, not seldom in a spirit which I do not fear to call religious, and almost always in a spirit of humanity—blaming none but the worthless—honouring the good—and celebrating the great—whatever tongues they speak, whatever climes they inhabit.

Shepherd. We hae dune that, sir, to the best o’ our abeelity—and our abeelity’s no sma’, unless the warld be a leear.

North. Seldom do we talk about politics at all, here, James; but when we do, assuredly not about party politics, as I said a moment ago; but about such measures of the Ministry or Government as affect the well-being of the State. Occasionally we have taken a glance at the Continent, where revolutions are brewing, or have burst, and where the deafest ear may hear, like subterranean music, a hubbub foretelling war. Now and then, when excursively disposed, we

“Survey mankind from China to Peru;”

and more than once, embarking in our Ship of Heaven, with Imagination at the helm, we have doubled Cape Horn.

Shepherd. Circumnavigawtors!

North. Nor have we feared, James, at times

— “to pierce
The caves obscure of old Philosophy.

Tickler. And to bring up in a bucket Truth from the bottom of her well.

North. In short, James, there is no subject which, at our Noctes, we have not touched; and none have we touched that we did not adorn;—making

“Beauty still more beauteous.’

Shepherd. And ugliness mair ugsome, till the stammach o’ the universe scunner’d at vice.

North. And of such Dialogues, diviner than those of Plato—yea, even than his Banquet—our friend presumes to say that the staple is boozing buffoonery, and party-politics!

Shepherd. He’s wrang there.

North. Now, James, *what* were the politics of the Quarterly Review—I speak of a period previous to its present management—during, perhaps, the most perilous crisis in which this country had ever been placed? I ought rather to say *where* were its politics? Why, according to a tardy confession in the last number, they were kept sealed up by Mr. Canning, with his official impress, in the conscience of Mr. Gifford.

Shepherd. Eh? What? Hoo?

North. While we, James,—while Maga, James,—while the Noctes, James, were defending the principles of the British constitution, bearding its enemies, and administering to them the knout, the Quarterly Review was mute and mum as a mouse—

Tickler. Afraid to lose the countenance and occasional assistance of Mr. Canning!

North. There indeed, James, was a beautiful exhibition of party-politics—a dignified exhibition of personal independence—

Tickler. Of Tory-truckling enough to make the Collector of the Jacobite Relics a Whig.

North. The old gentleman informs the Royal Society of Literature, that they must not suffer themselves to be deluded by the Noctes into a belief that the Ettrick Shepherd is not a “loyal subject!” Do traitors compose new King’s anthems? Set loyal songs to their own music? Rout and root out Radicals? Baste the Blue-and-Yellow till it is black in the back? And, while the lips of hirelings are locked, chant hymns

“To the pilot that weathered the storm?”

Shepherd. Ma poem on Pitt’s prime.

Tickler. Maga has been the mouthpiece of constitutional monarchy—

Shepherd. Ever syne the Chaldee.

North. Methinks that, with respect to politics, either party or national, the Quarterly Review, of bygone days at least, ought not thus to take such high ground above Maga, seeing that it has, by its own voluntary acknowledgment, hitherto occupied the lowest ever assigned to servility; and that the mutes of Mr. Canning's mute should remain mute still about Maga, who never suffered Prime Minister or Foreign Secretary to shut her mouth, although Christopher North loved and admired George Canning as well as ever William Gifford did, they being, I do not fear to say it, far more congenial spirits; though, to be sure, there was no debtor and creditor account between them, except such as may be kept open between independent men, and closed by either party at pleasure.

Tickler. He was a fine—a noble spirit.

North. He was. But though his smiles charmed, his frowns quailed not Maga; and can it be questioned by the gentlemen of England, that the Quarterly should have deserted Canning rather than the country, at a time that seemed to be alike the crisis of either, and that gratitude to a friend, had he been a bosom-brother, should have yielded to love of one's father-land?

Shepherd. I'm in the dark, like Moses when the candle went out, about this, my boy. What are ye tawkin about?

Tickler. Change the subject, Kit. Yet one word, if you please, on the Quarterly's benefactions to the Etrick Shepherd. Has she all along shown the same fiery zeal in defence, support, and exculpation of our friend, now exhibited in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" by this Curious Antique?

North. James, nearly twenty years have elapsed since the publication of the Queen's Wake. The Edinburgh Review did justice to the genius that shines in that poem. But because you turned out to be a loyal Tory, instead of a disloyal Whig, never again did Mr. Jeffrey do honour to the Shepherd's plaid. Nay, a poor creature attacked you personally in an article on your Jacobite relics—and as a proof of your total want of taste, and your utter unfitness for the task, quoted as the best of all these old ballads, Donald M'Gillivray, not one of the worst of your own; his ignorance neutralizing his malice, and his stupidity paying unconsciously the highest tribute to your genius.

Shepherd. I had the blockhead on the hip, there, sir, and in Maga I gi'ed him his licks till his hips were like indigo.

North. You did. But during all these twenty years, when you were nobly struggling on, swimming against the stream, with bold heart and sinewy arms giving buffet for buffet, and though sometimes losing way, yet recovering it by your own energies, and like a water-

dragon, cresting the spate, pray what assistance or encouragement gave the Quarterly to the bard, seemingly about, at times, to be carried down into the waters of oblivion? None.

Shepherd. Nane, indeed, or a sma' share waur than nane.

North. A sneering article on your Poetic Mirror, "damning with faint praise," was all her generosity could afford, all her justice could grant; and I hope you were thankful for the largess.

Shepherd. I remember naething about it.

North. Seeing that you were known to be such a loyal subject, why was not the Ettrick Shepherd cheered in the Forest by the voice of praise, which would have at least soothed if it could not relieve his virtuous poverty?

Shepherd. I surely deserved better at their hauns, for I'm willing to pitch the Queen's Wake again' ony Oxford poem that ever was wrott by ony Oxford Professor.

Tickler. No sneers at Milman—the most imaginative of all our poets of the classical school.

Shepherd. Is't a sneer at the Fa' o' Jerusalem to offer to compare we't in pint o' genie—for I gie up the polish o' the feenishin' o' the execution—wi' the Queen's Wake? Ma certes!

North. Each successive poem of that beautiful writer was highly—not too highly—praised in the Quarterly Review, to which he has been one of the most powerful contributors. On every account he deserved such eulogies. But why were you forgotten, James? First, because a Scotchman—and, secondly, because you were a shepherd.

Shepherd. And a shepherd's as gude ony day as a shoemaker—though Bloomfield was ane,*—as for Gifford, I jalouse he was never mair nor a cobbler.†

North. James, in this age, genius often lives the life, and dies the death of a slave. True devotion is lost in idol worship, a shepherd has no chance against a lord—his sweet solitary pipe is drowned in the clangour of many trumpets.

Shepherd. I'm easy. Mine 'll aye continue to be heard at intervals, like the sang o' the linty amang the broom in the season o' spring,—and them that loves to listen to Allan Ramsay, and Robie Burns, and

* Robert Bloomfield was not long engaged upon a farm,—his actual occupation being that of a shoemaker,—but must have been exceedingly observant, for his "Farmer's Boy" not only ably but closely depicts the charms of rural life,—more fully, indeed, scarcely less ably, than Thomson in his "Seasons."—M.

† Gifford was an apprentice to the trade of a shoemaker, until his 20th year, when a subscription was raised to buy him out and send him to Oxford, where he met the father of Lord Belgrave. He accompanied his Lordship in his travels over the Continent, as tutor, and on his return settled in London as a writer. In 1791, he published *The Baviad*, lashing the verse-makers of the day, and the *Mæviad*, a satire on the degraded state of the drama in 1794. He subsequently became editor of the *Anti-Jacobin*, a weekly paper established by Mr. Canning. His translation of *Uvénal* appeared in 1802, and his edition of Massinger's plays in 1805,—followed by the works of Ben Jonson, Ford, and Shirley. From the commencement of the *Quarterly Review* (in February 1809), until 1824, when he relinquished it from ill-health, Gifford was the editor. On his death in 1826, he was honored with a grave in Westminster Abbey.—M.

Allan Kinninghame, 'll never forget a'thegether the Ettrick Shepherd. That thocht's aneuch for me—an I'm content wi' my fame, sic as it is, amang my native braes.

North. Right. Your name will never die.

Shepherd. Thank you, sir, here's your health. You've been sufferin' under a sair hoast, I hear; but thae lozenges maun be Crichton's best, for though last week as hoarse as a crow, your vice is noo musical as that o' the nightingale.

North. Now, James, look on this picture, and then on this,—from the Quarterly turn to Maga, and exclaim with Wordsworth's lover—

“Oh!
The difference to me!”

From the Chaldee to the Winter Rhapsody, she never has been weary of singing your praise. She scorned to flatter—to butter you, James, though well she knew that never yet was flattery lost on poet's ear, nor butter lost on poet's cheek; but she gained and kept for you a clear field and no favour, on which you had elbow-room, James, to contend with all your rivals, and on which you had perpetual opportunities of appearing, with your best foot foremost, before the Pensive Public. Her pages were always open to your genius; and how often, by your genius, have they been illuminated! What if, since the 1817, when Maga first effulged on a benighted world, she had treated you as the Quarterly did, who now, somewhat late in life, has assured the Royal Society of Literature, that in spite of these wicked Noctes Ambrosianæ which have “frighted the isle from her propriety,” the Ettrick Shepherd is a loyal subject? Why, let me not hesitate to say, James, that bright as your genius is, the shades of obscurity or of oblivion would long ere now have fallen over it in the Forest.

Shepherd. May be. Burns himsell was little thocht o' in Embro' when he was leevin' in Dumfries.

North. After your death, my dear James, your fame would have revived, for genius is imperishable; but Maga, and Christopher North, and yourself, my incomparable Shepherd, by our united power, strong in steadiest friendship, kept the flame of your genius, and the fame of your name, alive during your life, which is better far than that it should have been left, after flickering or going out while its possessor was above ground, to be rekindled on your grave.

Shepherd. Posthumous fame's a wersh thocht without a preenin' o' the present! for oh, sir! what a difference atween the quick and the dead!

Tickler. Did this Censor—

Shepherd. Hear tell Mr. Tickler—dinna interrupt Mr. Tickler. Mr. Tickler, what was ye ettlin to say when Mr. North took the word out o' your mouth?

Tickler. Did the old gentleman who drawls about the boozing buffoonery of the Noctes, ever hear of a celebrated lawyer, one Pleydell,* who, in his leisure hours, was strenuously addicted to High Jinks?

Shepherd. I daursay never—he'll prove to be the individual that never heard o' Sir Walter Scott. My freen, Mr. Cadell, ance tell't me o' either himsell or an acquaintance fargathering on the tap o' cotch wi' a weel informed man, in black claes, wha had never heard o' Sir Walter, o' Abbotsford, or the Scotch Novels. *He* maun be the contributor.

North. How he came not only to hear of you, James, but to be among the number, if we believe him, of your familiars, is as puzzling as his ignorance of the existence of the greatest man alive; yet, in his simplicity, he supposes the Royal Society of Literature to stand in need of some recondite information from his pen, about the life and character and genius of a Bard, whose name—the Etrick Shepherd—has long been a household word all over Britain.

Tickler. In what unknown cave do these seers abide, supposed to be thus unacquainted with all the ongoings of the upper world?

North. They live in London——

Shepherd. And me in the Forest. Fowre hunder miles, aften o' mist and snaw, intrudes between them and me—and I'm muckle obliged, after a', to the honest gentleman, for remindin' them o' my existance, and for clearin' my character, aboon a' things, frae the stain o' disloyalty contracted frae the traitors wha hae sae lang been plottin' against Church and King at the Noctes Ambrosianæ. I thank him also for telling their worships that I'm a sober man—though I canna quite agree wi' him in conceevin't to be ony proof to the contrar, that some sax times a-year I indulge in a gaudeamus in the Snuggery. Thank him, too, for assuring the Society, that our meetings here are no purely imaginary, as some coofs jalouse—and that this Glenlivet—oh! but it outdoes itsell the night—is no mere pented air, sic as ane endeavours unavailingly to drink in his dreams. He has removed the Noctes frae the shadowy and unsubstantial realms o' Faery, intil the solid world o' reality, established for perpetuity “their local habitation and their name” in the minds of all the people of Britain and elsewhere—yea, embalmed their remembrance in the more than Egyptian wisdom o' his ain genius—

Tickler. A pair of mummies, that, when countless generations have passed away, and left no memorial of their being, will be preserved in the museums of the curious and scientific, and poetry penned upon them by the wonder of bards flourishing during the Millennium.

North. I should be sorry, my dear James, to let the world believe,

* In the novel of Guy Mannering.—M.

with the lachrymose eulogist of your sobriety and loyalty—virtues as native to your orb as light and heat to that of the sun,—a luminary, by the by, which he ought forthwith to vindicate from the generally credited calumny, that he seldom goes to bed, or rises from it, without drinking an unconscionable draught of the sea,—I should be sorry, I say, James, to let the world believe that you are a melancholy man, living in a melancholy place, the victim of unmerited misfortunes, and the misunderstood and misrepresented interlocutor in these our Dialogues, at once the disgrace and the delight of the age—countenanced though they be by Kings on their thrones, Bishops and Judges on their benches, Peers and Peasants in hall and hut, Ladies in silk, and Lasses in program—

Tickler. By “Laughter holding both his sides.”

North. And by Il Penseroso, “under the shade of melancholy boughs,” feeling himself gradually growing into L’Allegro—

Tickler. Or coming out of the Cave of Trophonius, with “nods and becks and wreathed smiles,” so potent the magic of Maga, folded in a Double Number across his fortified heart.

North. Most musical thou art, O Shepherd, but not most melancholy; nor hast thou cause, any more than the nightingale, to be other than a merry Bird of Song. True, that with all thy skill and science—witness Hogg on Sheep—thy pastoral farm has not been more prosperous than those of thy compeers; but during all thy struggles, thou didst preserve an unspotted name, nor was there wanting one staunch friend to stand by thee in thy difficulties, whether a new edition of the Wake was deemed advisable, or the publication of Queen Hynde, or a collection of thy matchless Songs, many of them first chanted in this Snuggery, James—and how vocal its roof!—or if thy racy articles, beloved by Maga, were sent in from the Forest to brave the Balaam-Box—that tomb of so many Capulets—one staunch friend, James, whom none but the base abuse—

Shepherd. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD. The Bailie has aye been a gude freen to me—but let me, say, sir, that I aye gied as gude’s I got—and that we staun on the same level o’ mutual obligation.

North. He is your debtor, James—and is proud to be so—

Shepherd. Na—he’s no. But in a’ his dealings wi’ me, he’s been the gentleman, which is something mair nor I can say o’ some that ance held their head sae high, and far mair than I can say o’ ithers, who while they trumpet their payment, are as penurious in their poverty as the blusterin’ wund that, amidst a glint o’ seeming sunshine, brings naething but a cauld blash o’ sleet.*

* In his Autobiography, however, Hogg rather accuses Blackwood of not wholly having done him justice—but what author has ever existed who could own the soft impeachment of being entirely satisfied with his publisher? when such a man be found, let him be Barnumized, in a glass case, together with that *lusus naturæ*—a lover who has never felt a thought of discontent or dissatisfaction with his mistress!—M.

North. Your works, my dear James, in prose and verse, most of them full of the inspiration of true genius, and none of them without its breath, have been, with few months' intermission, appearing before the world, often in Maga, for upwards of twenty years—and during all that time, your character has been known to thousands of your admiring and affectionate countrymen. Should any Society, whose noble object it is to reward genius and virtue by solid pudding, and not by empty praise, befriend you in the calm and bright afternoon of your life—for 'tis not yet the gloaming, the evening is still far off, and long, long may it be ere cometh to thee the night in which no man can work—there will be a blessing in their bounty—not on you only, but on themselves.*

Shepherd. Whisht, sir, whisht. Poor as I am—I'm independent—at least I'm no idle—and conscious o' my integrity, I'm as happy as a bird, though often, you ken, sir, the happiest bird wull sit mute and pensive on the bough, aside its nest, when its loving mate is cowerin' owre their young anes, as if it was thinkin' within itsell what wud become o' them, if it fell aneath the fowler, and the grun' were to be a' covered wi' spring snaw!

North. God bless you, my dear James, such melancholy moments but serve to brighten sunshine and gladden song.

Shepherd. Oh! but I was cheerfu' at the curlin'!

Tickler. The beef and greens.

North. We have put, I think, this matter is the proper light—re-

* The Royal Society of Literature was founded in London, in the year 1821, at the suggestion and under the special patronage of George IV., who authorized its being incorporated by a charter from the Crown; and contributed a thousand guineas annually to it, and two hundred guineas more, for two medals to be awarded every year for distinguished literary merit. It was suggested, no doubt, by the "Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres" of Louis XIV., and was to do for general Literature what other Societies were doing for National Antiquities, the Fine Arts, and general science. The immediate object was to reward literary merit and excite literary talent. Sir Walter Scott, who was consulted on the project, before it was fully completed, decidedly objected to it, thinking that men of letters got on best by themselves. George IV., who knew Scott intimately, shrewdly said that where he did not lead, he was not disposed to aid, far less to follow, and the Society was formed. In 1827, notwithstanding his former antagonism, the Society did Scott and itself justice by voting him one of its gold medals. Washington Irving, subsequently, was the recipient of another. The original purpose was to give £100 life-pensions to thirty deserving, but not worldly-prosperous men of letters. Want of means limited these pensions to ten, and the £1000 annually subscribed by the King was the source whence these payments were made. The Royal Associates (as these pensioners were denominated) had relied upon this bounty as permanent. But, some time after William IV. had become King, it was intimated that the Royal purse could not afford such a drain upon it. (He had a numerous family of illegitimates, who were to be provided for.) The persons thus suddenly deprived of their principal source of income were S. T. Coleridge; Rev. E. Davies, author of *Celtic Researches*, &c.; Dr. John Jamieson, of Edinburgh, author of the *Dictionary of Scottish dialect*; T. R. Malthus (who had no claim on the plea of necessity, being the well-paid Professor of History and Political Economy, in the East India Company's College at Haileybury); T. J. Mathias, author of *Pursuits of Literature*; J. Millingen; Sir William Ouseley, the Oriental scholar; William Roscoe, the historian of the Medici; Todd, Editor of *Johnson's Dictionary*; and Sharon Turner, historian of the Anglo-Saxons.—As the withdrawal of the royal bounty had not taken place until the Whig Ministry took office, this ungracious act was affiliated upon them—but, indeed, appears more likely to have been done by the King himself. It was so much condemned that, after some delay, the greater number of the pensions were restored—the burden of payment being shifted, however, from the royal privy purse, and taken from the national revenue.—M.

moved from it all misapprehension—and courteously and kindly reminded the Quarterly, that should the genius and virtues of the author of the Queen's Wake and the Ettrick Shepherd receive their due and dignified reward from any enlightened patronage, whether of an individual or a society, no praise can, in that case, by possibility, be deserved by that rich but rather stingy periodical; because that, whatever merit may belong to any one besides the poet himself and those who may prove his benefactors, it most assuredly does belong to William Blackwood, Christopher North, and Maga—to whom——

Shepherd. I beg leave to add, wi' a heart fu' o' everlastin' gratitude, John Gibson Lockhart, and Sir Walter Scott.*

North. On whom, now and ever, be all blessings poured from heaven—and may the light of their hearths burn bright as that of their fame!

Shepherd. Amen,—hurraw! hurraw! hurraw! Noo I'll sing you a bit sang, out o' the colleckshun.

O, weel befa' the maiden gay,
 In cottage, bught, or penn,
 An' weel befa' the bonny May
 That wons in yonder glen;
 Wha loes the modest truth sae weel,
 Wha's aye sae kind, an' aye sae leal,
 An' pure as blooming asphodel
 Amang sae mony men.
 O, weel befa' the bonny thing
 That wons in yonder glen!

O, had it no' been for the blush
 O' maiden's virgin flame.
 Dear beauty never had been known,
 An' never had a name;
 But aye sin' that dear thing o' blame
 Was modell'd by an angel's frame,
 The power o' beauty reigns supreme
 O'er a' the sons o' men;
 But deadliest far the sacred flame
 Burns in a lonely glen

'Tis sweet to hear the music float
 Along the gloaming lea;
 'Tis sweet to hear the blackbird's note
 Come pealing frae the tree;
 To see the lambkin's lightsome race—
 The speckled kid in wanton chase—
 The young deer cower in lonely place,
 Deep in her flowing den;
 But sweeter far the bonny face
 That smiles in yonder glen!

There's beauty in the violet's vest—
 There's hinny in the haw—
 There's dew within the rose's breast,
 The sweetest o' them a'.
 The sun will raise and set again,
 An' lace wi' burning goud the main—
 The rainbow bend outow'r the plain,
 Sae lovely to the ken;
 But lovelier far the bonny thing
 That wons in yonder glen

Tickler. Clearly and croosely crawled, my cock.

North. Sweetly and silvery sung, my nightingale.

Shepherd. It's a gran' thing, sirs, to be the cock o' the company, occasionally; at other times, pensie as a pullet.

Tickler. Any thing but a hen.

Shepherd. At leeterary soopers, I like to see a blue-stocking playin' the how-towddie.

North. How?

* Sir Walter Scott had strongly recommended Hogg as a proper person to be nominated one of the pensioned Associates. The application was fruitless.—M.

Shepherd. Chucklin' intil hersell, when a spruce young cockie is lettin' his wing drap close aside hers, and half-receivin' half-declinin' his advances, like ony ither Christian lassie wha may na hae the gift o' writin' verses ayont a Valentine. Far better sic undertoned and underhaund natural dealins', maist innocenta', than cacklin' about Coleridge, or blooterin' about Byron, or cheepin, as if she had the pip, o' Barry Cornwall.

North. Some maidens I know, James, bright as the muses, whose souls, as well as frames, are made of the finest clay, who before the eyes of the uninitiated pass for commonplace characters, because unpresumptuous in their genius, and retiring in their sensibility, oft "the house affairs do call them thence;" because, to their lips none so familiar as household words; and because to their hearts dearer are the tender humanities of life, than bright to their imaginations the poetic visions, that yet "swarm on every bough," when they walk in their beautiful happiness by Windermere or Loch Lomond.

Tickler. I, too, like occasionally to play the first fiddle.

Shepherd. An' you're entitled to do sae; for you've a fine finger; and a bauld bow-haun'.

North. I love best of all to sit sympathetically mute among my friends, and by a benign countenance to encourage the artless fluency of young lips, overflowing with the music of untamed delight in life, "a stranger yet to pain."

Shepherd. A benign countenance!

North. Few words have been more perverted from their true meaning, by being narrowed, than the words one so frequently hears, now-a-days, from not unvulgar lips—"Good Society"—"The Best Society."

Tickler. "The highest circles."

North. In my opinion, James, a man may commit a worse mistake, in aspiring to association with persons above his own rank, than in descending somewhat, perhaps, below it, in the intercourse of private and domestic life.

Shepherd. Many sumphs o' baith sexes do. There may be pride in ilka case; but the pride o' the first maun aften gnaw its thoomb. The pride of the second aftner wats its thoomb to join't to that o' a brither, though born in laigh degree, probably as gude or a better man than himsell; and whan that's foun' out, pride dees, and in its place there grows up a richtfu' affection.

North. All men of sense know their natural position in society—whether it has been allotted to them by birth, by wealth, by profession, by virtue, by talent, by learning, or by genius.

Shepherd. Happy he—and fortunate—to whom have been given all these gifts.

North. Yet some, my dear James, to whom they all have been given, have abused them—aye, even genius and virtue—and their friends have been speechless of them ever after their funerals.

Tickler. Some use the terms "good society," as if they thought all society but that which they have in their eye, bad; and they superciliously shun all other, as not only *infra dig.*, but in itself absolutely low, and such as they could not even casually enter without loss of honour—without degradation.

North. Yet, when one asks himself, Tim, "who are *they?*" it is not, at least, of their pedigree they have to be proud, for, perhaps,

"Their ignoble blood
Has crept though scoundrels ever since the flood;"

but by means of some showy accomplishment, or some acquired elegance, perhaps of demeanour, or some *suave* subservience that sits so naturally upon them, that they—all unlike though it be—mistake it for the easy manner of the higher class to which they have been permitted to become an appendage—they believe, at last, that they belong to the privileged orders, and look down on people who would not have shaken hands with their father, had he given them half the gold his itching palm had purloined.

Tickler. Such aspirants generally sink as they had soared; and after their dangling days are done, you may chance to meet them shabby-genteel, in streets not only unfashionable, but unfrequented, somewhat old-looking and ready to return your unexpected nod with an obsequious bow.

Shepherd. Puir chie!s!

North. We all fall—if we be wise—of our own accord—and according to the operation of laws plain and unperplexing—into our proper place in the intercommunion of life. Thence we can gaze pleasantly, and cheerfully, and socially, around, above, and below us—unimpatient of peer, and unashamed of peasant—but most at home at firesides most like our own—a modest mansion—half-way, perchance, between hall and hut—that golden mean which all sages have prayed for, and which religion herself has called blest!

Shepherd. A' doors alike are open to you, sir, and every heart lous wi' welcomin' at the clank o' your crutch on the marble—the stane—the slate—the wooden, or the earthen stair.

North. I am no flatterer of the great, James; but—

Shepherd. The Freen' o' the sma'.

North. Small? Who is—or need sing small, who bears within his bosom an honest heart?

Shepherd. But why look sae fearsome in uttering sic a sentiment?

North. Because I thought of "the proud man's contumely," the oppressor's—

Shepherd. There's less oppression in this land than in any ither that

ever basked in sunshine, or was swept by storm; sae lay by the crutch, sir, and let that face subside, for

“Blackness comes across it like a squall
Darkening the sea;”

ay, ay, thank ye, sir, thank ye, sir, 'tis again like the sky in the mornin' licht.

Tickler. Not quite so blue, I hope.

Shepherd. Nae sarcasm, Tickler; better blue nor yellow. May I ask hae ye gotten the jaundice?

Tickler. Merely the reflection of that bright yellow vest o' yours, James, which, I fear, won't stand the washing.

Shepherd. It'll scoor.

North. Yet, delightful indeed, James, as you know, are the manners of high birth. There is a mighty power in manners, James, connected with the imagination.

Shepherd. What's your wull?

North. Why, in societies highly cultivated, some of the lightest and most exquisite motions of imagination exercise acknowledged authority over the framework of life.

Shepherd. Eh, sir?

North. As it might have been said at Paris, for example, James, in its height of civilization, that among its highest circles, even the delicate play of Fancy, in lightest conversation, cultivated as it was as an accomplishment, and worn as the titular ornament of those among whom life was polished to its most sparkling lustre, even that grace of courtly wit, and playing fancy, had force in binding together the minds of men, and in maintaining at the summit of life, the peace and union of society. How strongly the quick clear sense of the slight shades of manners marked out to them those who belonged, and those who did not belong to their order! In that delicate perception of manners, they held a criterion of rank by which they bound together as strongly their own society, as they separated it from all others. And thus the punctilios of manners, which appear so insignificant to ordinary observers, are, as they more finely discriminate the relations of men, of absolute power in the essential regulation and subordination of ranks.

Shepherd. Fine philosophy, I daursay, but rather owre fine for the fingers o' my apprehension, clumsy at the uptak o' silk threeds, but strang when clasped roun' a rape or a cable.

North. Now, James, passing from France under the old *régime*, when it was acknowledged all over Europe that the French were the politest people in the world, and their nobility the exemplars, in manners, of all nobilities, allow me to say that in all countries, where there is a hereditary peerage, theirs is a life under the finest influences; and

that in the delicate faculties of the mind, in its subtlest workings, in its gentlest pleasures, in even its morbid sensibilities, we are to look for the principles which govern with power their social condition. Why, the literature of this country is a bulwark of its political peace; not by the wisdom of knowledge thus imparted, but the character it has impressed on the life of great classes of its inhabitants, drawing the pleasures of their ordinary life into the sphere of intellect.

Shepherd. But arena you rinnin' awa' frae the soobjeck?

North. No, James—if you will allow me to proceed.

Shepherd. Ou ay, I alloo you—proceed.

North. By a control, then, of whatever kind, exercised upon the most finely sensitive faculties of the mind, the higher classes of civilized nations are bound together in the union of society. But the cultivation of this sensibility is a work that is continually going on among themselves, and is carried to greater perfection, as they are less disturbed by intermixture of those who are strangers to their own refinement. It goes on from one age to another; it is transmitted in families; it is an exclusive and hereditary privilege and distinction of the privileged orders of the community.

Shepherd. I see your drift now.

North. Now, this cultivated sensibility—of whatever importance, of which I now say nothing—which characterizes, governs, and guards the highest classes of a long civilized society, which war broke up and confounded in France by a political revolution, has been disturbed in our country by the changes which the excess of commercial prosperity has above all things brought on in the social relations of the people.

Shepherd. Mr. Tickler, what for do you no join in?

Tickler. Thank heaven for that cough. Observe, James, how commerce, which is continually raising up multitudes of men high above the condition of their birth, has thrown up such numbers into a high condition of political importance, so that they have begun to fill what were once the exclusively privileged orders with sometimes—rude enough and raw recruits. The consequence is, and will farther be, that distinction of ancient birth, which even fifty years ago was still kept very pure, is very fast blotting out from the nation.

Shepherd. Weel continued and carried on, Mr. Tickler, in the same spirit wi' North's original and originating remarks. But nae great matter if the distinctions should be mingled thegither, though no just blotted oot—I cu'd na thole that—we maun hae “our Lords and Dukes and mighty Earls.”

North. I do not mean to justify, James, the severity with which this distinction is in some countries maintained; but I have no idea that such a distinction, of such ancient importance, can be rapidly done away with impunity.

Tickler. Assuredly, sir, it cannot. The sensibilities and principles,

whatever they are, which are become hereditary with birth, are abolished with the distinction. However low their own worth may be—but they are not low—they are of vast political importance by the distinctive character they give, by the ostensible and fastidious separation with which they hedge in the highest political order in the state—

North. And seldom indeed, Mr. Tickler, are they without their own high worth. In none of the great states of modern Europe have they been so. In this country, the principles of opinion, and the characteristic feelings which were avowed, cherished, and upheld by the Aristocracy and Noblesse, were of great dignity and importance.

Shepherd. Only look at their picturs on the galleries o' auld castles! What beautiful and brave faces! What loveliness and majesty! Though noo and then, to be sure, a dowdy or a droich.

North. The character can no longer maintain itself, James, when any cause, as commerce, throws into the class of the gentry, numbers who were not born to their rank. For the character is maintained by exclusion; in part by education within their own houses, where it may be said to be of hereditary transmission; in part by the power of opinion acting from one to another throughout their order. With the new members, it is evident, that as far as they compose the class, one cause cannot be in force; but more than this, they defeat by their admission the force of opinion among the others; for opinion holds its force solely by its sameness, and soon as that is violated, its force is gone.

Shepherd. Is the change, then, sir, on the whole, think ye, for good or evil?

North. I cannot say, James. But this I will say, that now aristocracy of rank must be supported by aristocracy of talent and virtue, or it, in another century at latest, will fall.

Shepherd. And is't not.

North. It is. And therefore, for that, as for a hundred other reasons, I abhor the radicals—and go forth fearlessly to battle against them with—

Shepherd. The crutch.

North. The changes which the commercial system is working, may ultimately be for good; at any rate, they will proceed while that system endures. But the designs of low-minded, low-hearted, base and brutal Jacobins must be resisted, not by law—for it must not be stretched to reach them—but by literature; not by the gibbet—for that is barbarous—but by the—Press.

Shepherd. Noble sentiments, sir. Let the devils ply their hollow engines, but let the angels overwhelm them with solid hills. But as ye say, sir, let there be no a hole in a' the claes o' the nobility themselves—nae stain on their skutcheons—and then they'll indure to the end o' time.

North. I believe, indeed I know, that unfortunately among the higher

ranks of society, there prevails a great ignorance of the character of the lower ranks—their enjoyments, their pursuits, their manners, their morals, and their minds. They think of them too often almost as an inferior race. From their birth many of them have been trained and taught to do so; and in the condescension of the most enlightened, there is a mixture of pride repulsive to its object, and not to be accepted without some sacrifice of independence.

Shepherd. I aye thocht ye had been freendly to the distinction of ranks.

North. So I am, James—to a harmonious blending of distinct ranks—

Shepherd. Frae the king till the beggar.

North. Just so—from the King to the Beggar.

Shepherd. I wud rather be the King o' the Beggars, wi' a croon o' strae and coort-duds, than some ither kings I cou'd mention—

Tickler. No politics, James.

North. What strength could be in that State where each order knew the peculiar and appropriate virtues of all the rest—knew, loved, respected and honoured them; and what a spirit of preservation!

Tickler. The worst enemy of his country, and of his kind, is he who seeks to set one order against the other, by false aspersions on their prevalent character—the poor against the rich, the rich against the poor,—so with the high the humble born—

Shepherd. And aboon a', the flocks again their shepherds—the shepherds o' their sowles. I never was wrang yet, in settin' down the fallow for a knave wha jeeringly pronounced the word “parson.”

North. 'Tis become a slang-word with many who pretend to be the friends of the people, and anxious, above all things, to promote their education. What would mighty England be without her Church?

Tickler. Her mind had not been “a thing so majestic,” but for her glorious army of martyrs and apostles—in long array, the succession of her philosophic divines.

Shepherd. Oh! dear me! what wad I no gie thee noo for a *whatt!*

(*Enter MR. AMBROSE with a Board of Oysters—the Council of Five Hundred—and TAPPYTOURIE with Ale and Porter, bottled and draught.*)

Tickler. Clear decks.

North. The Circular!

(*The Whatt is deposited with all its Paraphernalia on the Circular.*)

Shepherd. Awmrose, ma man, I'm thrusty—yill.

Tickler. Ditto—Ambrose.

North. Mr. Ambrose—ditto.

Shepherd (after a long draught). That is yill.

Tickler (after a longer). Consummate!

North (at last). Superb!

Omnes. Giles, or Berwick?

Ambrose. Neither, gentlemen. 'Tis a sample sent me, in free gift, by Messrs. Maitland and Davison—

Tickler. Of St. Anne's Brewery, Croftangry?

Ambrose. Yes, Southside.

Shepherd. Croftangry? Is na that a name in the Chronicles o' the Canongate? Our freen's Brewery's quite classical.

North. Nothing in this world can beat Berwick.

Tickler. Nor bang Giles—

Shepherd. I cud hae ta'en my Bible-oath it was Berwick.

Tickler. And I could have sworn upon that old almanack, history, that it was Giles.

North. I had my suspicions. There is in Berwick a ripe, a racy, and a reamy richness, unknown to any other malt that ever felt the power of barm, whose influence, gradual as the genial growth of spring, laps the soul in Elysium, till the coruscations of fancy play far and wide over a Noctes, like the Aurora Borealis—while in Giles there is a pure spirit of unadulterated strength, that, as it raises the soul to the height of heroic emotion, breathing deliberate colour, so beneath its power has many a cit and soldier

“Bow'd his anointed head as low as death.”

Maitland and Davison—again—has inspired my being with a *new* feeling, for which no language I am acquainted with can supply an adequate name. That feeling impels me to say these simple words on behalf of the spirit of ale in general—speaking through me its organ—*Ale loquitur*—“If not suffered by Fate to fix my abode in barrels of Berwick or Giles, where I have long reigned alternate years, in all my glory, scarcely should I feel myself privileged to blame my stars, were I ordered for a while to sojourn in one of Maitland—and Davison!”

Shepherd. What poor it has gi'en the pallet ower the inmost flavour o' the eisters.

Tickler. Shrimps.

Shepherd. Nae such shrimps, sir; but they melt like snaw-flakes,

“A moment white, then gone for ever!”

North. Already are they decimated.

Shepherd. Weelnigh decimated, indeed—for out o' the Coonsel o' Five Hundred, there's no fowrscore noo on the brodd.

Tickler. “With speedy gleams the darkness swallowed.”

North. From my labours I thus fall back in dignified repose.

Shepherd. I never was sae sune stawed wi' eisters in a' my life.

Tickler. What! Have you pulled up already, James.

Shepherd. That's the *manners ane*. She's a sair temptation, wi' that bonny plump bosom o' hers; but I'm ower muckle o' a gentleman to tak advantage of her unprotected singleness, sae we'll let her be.

North. Affecting subject for an elegy—The last Oyster!

Shepherd. I canna thole to look at it. Tickler, pu' the bell.

(*Enter AMBROSE and KING PEPIN to remove the Board.*)

Shepherd (*in continuation*). Pippy—she's yours.

(*KING PEPIN, with a bunch of empty Pots in each hand—stoops his Mouth to the Board, and sucks the lonely Damsel into his vortex.*)

Tickler. Let us resume our philosophical conversation.

Shepherd. Wi' a' my heart. My stamach's no fu'er the noo o' eisters than my head is o' ideas. Opium! what's opium to yill? Opium dazes—yill dazzles—opium carries a man intil the cluds—yill raises him to the sky.

Tickler. We were speaking, sir, of education.

North. Education! what manner of man is he whom we wish to have produced? Who in civil and private life will be “the happy warrior?” Must he not be high-mindedly courageous—generous in his intercourse with all his fellow-creatures—full of deep and tender affections, which are the support and happiness of those nearest and dearest to him—capable of sympathy with all joy and all suffering—with an imagination, not only the source of enjoyment to himself, but aiding to make all the aspects of things, serious, solemn, religious, to his spirit,—

Shepherd. Nae grandeur o' national character, sir, you say weel, without imagination. But, noo-a-days, a' her records are accoonted auld wives' tales, and the speerit o' Poetry is driven out o' edication, sought to be imposed on the people, as if it were the plague. The verra claes o' a callant noo that has been found porin' ower an auld ballad, maun be fumigated afore he is suffered to re-enter the school,—he maun perform quaranteen, sir, like a ship frae Constantinople or Smyrna, afore the passengers are alloo'd to land on our untainted shores. Is this an impruvement, think ye, sirs, on the wusdom o' our forefathers? If this plan be persisted in, after twa or three generations, what will be the Spirit o' the Age? A barren spirit, and a' aneath it bare as broon bent in summer-drought, without ony drappin' o' the sweet heaven-dews. Milton weel says, that in the sowle are many lesser faculties—Reason the chief—but what sort o' a chief will Reason be without his tail? Without his clan, noo a' sickly or extinck, ance poorfu' alike in peace and in war, to preserve or destroy, to build up and to pu' doon, beautifyin' wi' perpetual renouation and decay the hail face o' the earth. O, sirs! in anither century or less, 'twill be a maist monstrous warld, fit only for your Utilitawrians—and in less nor a second century, no fit even for them.

North. Intellectual all-in-alls, who will perish of hunger and thirst, destitute of the bread of life, and of its living waters.

Shepherd. I really believe, sirs, that were I lang to habituate myself to this Glasgow rum, it wou'd drive out the Glenlivet—accept for caulkers. Only pree this het tumler o' toddy.

North (sipping). A Christmas-box, James, from my valued friend, the Modern Pythagorean. Quite a nosegay.

Shepherd. Ma smell's gane—and sae maun yours, wi' a' that snuffin, man; Prince's mixtar, Prinee's mixtar, unce after unce, I wunner ye dinna snivel; but what for do ye aye keep thoomb thoombin in it in the shell—it's an ugly custom. What's this I was gaun to say? Hae ye read the Modern Pythagorean's wark on Sleep?

North. Several times entirely—and often by snatches. It is admirable.

Tickler. Come, I must keep you, Kit, to the subject in hand. That treatise deserves a separate article from your own pen.

North. And—sooner or later—it shall have it. Keep, then, to the subject in hand. What was it?

Tickler. A thousand powers, each bringing its own blessing, spring up by feeling, and in feeling have their own justification—which such an education never can give, but which it will deaden or destroy.

Shepherd. Eh?

Tickler. They are justified, James, by the idea which they themselves bring of themselves, in the mind which produces and harbours them; they bear witness for themselves; the man has felt them good—*sua bona novit*—and he clings to them unto death. Who taught you patriotism?

Shepherd. Mysel'.

Tickler. Not the Schoolmaster, who is now abroad—at Botany Bay, perhaps, for forgery—but the Schoolmaster at home—your own heart, James—teaching itself the task it conned on the side of the sunny brae, or the ingle of your father's hut—

Shepherd. What ken you about my edication, sir! Yet the lang-legged chiel's no far wrang after a'.

Tickler. What kind of a nation, my dear Shepherd, does your heart rejoice in?

Shepherd. In the British—especially the Scotch.

Tickler. Are they better now, in any one sense whatever, than of old?

Shepherd. In a few things, better—in a hantle, waur.

Tickler. What do we want in a nation? Not a quantity of reasonable—contented—steady—sober—industrious inhabitants—mere Chineses—

Shepherd. Chineses?

Tickler. And nothing more—but you want men, who, if they are

invaded, will spring up as one man—loving their ancestors, who cannot do any thing for them——

Shepherd. That's truth—but wha hae dune for them incalculable and inappreciable things——

Tickler. And doing everything for their posterity, who have done and can do nothing for them——

Shepherd. True again.

Tickler. Men among whom crime is restrained, not by a vigilant police, but by an awful sense of wright and wrong.

Shepherd. Existing naewhere but in minds deeply imbued wi' religion.

Tickler. Who love their soil, though unable to analyse it——

Shepherd. Gude!

Tickler. To whom poverty and its scanty hard-wrung pittances are the gift of God—who are sustained and animated in this life by the operation on their minds of their belief in another—a people in whose vigorous spirit joy is strong under all sorts of external pressure and difficulty——

Shepherd. That's no easy—neither is't impossible.

Tickler. I speak, James, of a country naturally poor—such as Scotland——

Shepherd. Scotland's no pair—she's rich—if no in the sile o' the yearth, in the sile o' the sowle——

Tickler. Were I to speak of England——

Shepherd. Shut his mouth, Mr. North, on England, for he's England-mad——

Tickler. Well, then, James, I sink England, and say, that Honesty depends also upon Feeling, as a principle of action opposed to mere Intellect—and that this is not known to many of our popular, and preaching, and itinerant educationists. True, that “Honesty is the best Policy;” but Policy without Honesty does not find that out. Honesty, both pecuniary and immaterial, to wit, that will not wrong another in any way, by word, or deed, or thought, as a national trait, rests upon kindly, generous feeling. Courage, frank and fearless, and kind-heartedness, by the very terms, rest on the same foundation.

Shepherd. And what then?

North. What then, James? Why, that all this present fume and fuss about intellectual education will never produce the desired result, but in all probability, impede the growth of true national virtue.

Shepherd. You've aften heard me say that, sir.

North. So much the likelier is it to be true, James. Intellect walks in *certain* evidences of things—treating objects of positive knowledge—fixed relations—mathematical axioms—and truths drawn from itself—facts given by the senses.

Shepherd. A' verra true and very important. Say awa', sir.

North. The character of intellect is, that it is satisfied when it can refer what is now presented to it, to what it already knows; then, and then only, it seems to understand. But when Feeling springs up *upon* occasion, it springs up *for* the occasion, new, original, peculiar, not to be referred. The man does not say to himself, "I recollect that I felt so on such an occasion, acted upon it, and found it to answer;" but the feeling, even if he has so felt and done, comes up as if he had never felt it before—sees only the actual circumstances, the case, the person, the moment of opportunity, and imperatively wills the action.

Shepherd. That's the sort o' state o' the sowle I like—say awa', sir.

North. It is the unretrospection for authority, or precedent, as the unprospction of consequences, that makes the purity and essential character of feeling. We may reason and chastise our hearts, afterwards and before, in the time of reflection and meditation; but not then when the moment of feeling has arisen, and we are to act by the strength which we know very well is to be had from it.

Shepherd. Profoond, yet clear like a pool i' the Yarrow.

North. Now, James, the mind that relies habitually on intellect, and does not rely on feeling, will bring the estimate of consequences to the time when it should only feel.

Shepherd. A fatal error in chronology, indeed.

North. Such a mind, James, is disposed to distrust, nay, to discredit and resist, everything that offers itself, *per se*, and is irreducible to the experienced past. It resists, therefore, miracles, and sneers at Christianity.

Shepherd. That's sad.

North. Then see how stone-blind it is to much in which you and I rejoice. The common understanding forms a low estimate of the great facts of Imagination and Sensibility. They are to it unintelligible—and it will not even believe that they ever have been felt, except by imbecile enthusiasts.

Shepherd. They laugh at the Queen's Wake——

North. Aye, at the Paradise Lost. The deeper, the bolder, the more peculiar the feeling, of course the more it puzzles, estranges, repels such understanding. I do not well know myself, James, what feelings are the most deep, bold, and peculiar; but near to the most must be, I think, the purest and highest moral, the purest and highest religious feelings. For compare with them imagination, and surely they are deeper far.

Shepherd. Far, far, far!

North. There is reason enough, then, James, in Nature, why Understanding, cultivated without a corresponding culture of feeling, should be adverse to it, for their causative conditions are opposite. Either cultivated alone becomes adverse to the other. Cultivated together—

which is not the mode of popular education now—they are friendly, mutually supporting, helping, guiding, and making joint strength.

Shepherd. Excellent, sir. But said ye never a' this to me afore?

North. Never at a Noctes, that I recollect. If feeling do exist, how must it “languish, grow dim, and die,” under the distrust, or contempt, or ignorance of the understanding that ought to cherish it!

Shepherd. There's Tickler sleepin'.

North. James—such minds undertake, we shall suppose, the express examination of great moral and religious tenets, with a view to ascertain their credulity; and because they have been trained to modes of reasoning, and to rules of evidence, with which these have little or nothing to do, and to which they are not amenable, why, what follows? Their utter rejection.

Shepherd. Deism—aiblins atheism.

North. A mind less trained, might have continued to believe from habit, from authority, which is far better, surely than not to believe at all, and the inevitable lot of many good and not unenlightened persons; but the pride of intellect in such mind disdains to submit to anything but conviction, which it is disqualified for obtaining.

Shepherd. I hae seldom heard you mair sage.—(*Aside.*) Yet I'm sleepy.

North. Now, James, the same express scepticism^o or disbelief, which is thus engendered in the highly taught, is in the lower; and more surely, and worse. For high intellect may see so much as to suspect itself; but intellect, lowly taught, (and how many such are there now?) never does. Moreover, my man, it is infinitely helpless; for it falls upon the difficulties obvious and gross to sight,—boggles at them,—and recoils into disbelief. Then, James, only think on the conceit of knowledge in half-taught people! Is it not often desperate and invincible?

Shepherd. I could knock them doon.

North. An imperfect, ill-founded moral and religious belief, is often still beneficial to the conduct and feelings; but a low, gross, self-conceited unbelief, is more hardening and debasing than one that is more subtle.

Shepherd. Look at Tickler sleepin'; as for me, I'm only beginnin' to yawn.

North. James, hear me——

Shepherd. I'm doin' ma best.

North. The ground-error, but which it needs courage to combat, is the proposition, that as Truth must be beneficial, so error and illusion must be injurious. Granted,—that perfect truth is the best thing in the world; but while truth and error are excessively mixed, it is impossible to say, *a priori*, that the removal of a particular illusion, in a given case shall be beneficial. That is, it is not true to say abso-

lutely, that there is not a single illusion in one mind, of which the extirpation must not, in all possible circumstances, be better than the continuance. Perhaps the peace, perhaps the virtue, of the mind, is stayed upon it. We must not knowingly teach error, that is clear; but it is not equally clear that we are bound to destroy every error, much less to communicate to everybody every truth. There are truths without number that are no concern of theirs. Thus a belief in ghosts—

Shepherd (starting from sleep). Ghosts! Mercy on us! What was you sayin' o' ghosts?

North (frowning). Bad manners—James—bad manners—to fall asleep during —

Shepherd. Sermon or lecture, either in Kirk or Snuggery—but you see I devoored rather a heavy denner the day, at Watson's; and then there's something sae sedative in the silver tones o' your vice, sir, that by degrees it lulls a listener into a dreamy dwawm, sic as fa's on a body stretched a' his length on a burn-brae, no far frae a waterfa', till his een see nae mair the bit flittin' and doukin white-breasted water-pyets, and his sowe sinks awa' wi' the wimplin murmur in his ears, into Fairy-Land.

North. I pardon you, my dear Shepherd, for your most poetical apology.

Shepherd. And I promise to do a' I can to keep mysel' frae fa'in' into the "pleasant land o' drowsyhead." Spoot awa.

North. We may suppose, James, that a constant progress is making towards truth, and this is for happiness. But any one who looks at the world, and its history, may satisfy himself that, for some reason or another, this truth is not intended to come all at once.

Shepherd (stretching himself). Oh! dear!

North. Either in the human understanding, or the state of the human will, there is some ground wherefore this should not be. It is not possible, then, nor meant to push mankind forward at once into the possession of this inheritance. There are degrees and stages, a progress. Seeing this, a wise man is patient, temperate. He desires to do everything for his kind; but according to the possibilities and the plans of nature. Seeing this, he does not fall into the error, into which men are misled by an uncalculating impatience, to bring on at once the reign of truth. Thinking that end possible which is impossible, too many now-a-days think means will be effectual which are most ineffectual; and they imagine that small portions of truth communicated, which are in their power to communicate, are the reign of truth begun on earth. The truth which is in their power, is that which regards definite relations, as mathematics, and the science of matter. Their hasty imagination seizes on parcels of this truth, and upon plans for communicating them, and foresees, to judge from their manner of

speaking, consequences of a magnitude and excellence, conceivable only if all truth had dominion of the human heart. Let us aid the progress, if possible, as ways open to us; but not imagine that the turn of *our* hand will transform the universe.

Shepherd (*brightening up*). I'm no the least sleepy noo, for that fa' owre the edge o' a precipice has wakened up my seven senses. But this is shamefu' behaviour in Tickler. (*Hollows in Tickler's ear.*) Fire! fire! fire!

Tickler (*staring*). Who are you?

Shepherd. The Archbishop of Canterbury.

Tickler. What Howley? How are you, my old buck? and how is Blomfield?

Shepherd. We are both well, sir, but a good deal troubled about these tithes. That auld deevil, Lord King*—

Tickler (*recognising the SHEPHERD*). Why, that is language barely decorous in your grace—but ha! North, my old boy, what have you and James been prating about during my visit to the land of Nod? Come—a caulker—and I'm your man.

Shepherd. I have been instructing Mr. North in some of my philosophical views on the soobjeck of national education.

Tickler. National education! James, there are two periods of human society—the first, of nature ruling in man, and the second of man ruling nature.

Shepherd. Bright as sunrise! sleep catches nae haud on him—but he flings it aff like a garment.

Tickler. During the first period, man is wisely governed by errors. During the second, he tends wisely to govern himself by truth. The transition from one period to the other is a time of crisis, and may be of convulsions. Much responsibility rests, North, on those who lead the change; for, though the laws of nature will work out the change, individuals may hasten it.

North. I remember saying something like that to you, years ago, Tickler: and an acute writer, in some papers of the Examiner, entitled the Spirit of the Age, expatiates well on this topic, though I know no reason why he should have said that I live, any more than himself, in the strife of party politics. The Sanctum in Buchanan Lodge—and the Snuggery here—are philosophical retirements not unvisited by the muses, who are lovers of contemplation and peace.

Tickler. We should judge aright the period which is gone by, and that period which is coming on—so rightly may we act during the present. In judging the past, we are not to condemn errors simply because they were errors. They were—many of them—the necessary guidance of man. Neither ought we to judge the total effect of the error by the effect of the excess of the error.

* Father of the Earl of Lovelace, who married Lord Byron's daughter. She died, Dec. 1852.—M.

Shepherd. I wuss you wad repeat that apothegm.

Tickler. For example, James, we are not to judge the total effect of monastic orders by the worst pictures of sloth and vice which monasteries have afforded—not the total effect of Aristotle's Dialectics, if erroneous, or erroneously used, by the most frivolous and vain of the scholastic subtleties—not the total effect of the Roman Catholic religion at a Spanish or English Auto-da-fê.

Shepherd. You're a true liberal, Mr. Tickler. Sae are you, Mr. North; and sae am I; and sae are the Noctes. Nae snorin' noo.

Tickler. To judge thus, gentlemen, is to introduce into our minds an asperity of feeling which will infallibly disturb our judgment, will prevent our understanding the world as it is, and our proceeding with the calmness and temper necessary for doing well what we have got to do. Our business is not to hunt error out of the world, but to invite and induce truth.

Shepherd. A mild and majestic sentiment, sir. I can scarcely believe my een and my lugs when they inform me that the speaker is Southside—Tickler the——

North. Hush, James. Hear the sage.

Tickler. It is a work not of enmity but of love.

Shepherd. Beautifu'!

Tickler. We see the line of human progress, Kit: and the opposite character of the two extremities; but know not whereabouts we stand in it. We see errors gone and going; we see truths come and coming; but we are not to conclude that every error which is left has outstaid its time, and is now no longer anything but pernicious—nor that every truth that will ever be wanted is now wanted—and, least of all, that any little morsel of truth which *we* happen to hold, is of such wondrous efficacy that a prodigious effort is to be made to impart it.

Shepherd. You've overheard Mr. North in your sleep, Mr. Tickler, sae congenial are your thoughts wi' his ain—twun-bruthers.

Tickler. Eh, North?

North. O, for a full and perfect union in man of Will and Intellect! In the first period to which you alluded, Will is provided, Tickler; in it you see indeed all the energetic Wills;—the Homeric Greeks, the Spartans, the earlier Romans, the Arabs, the Germans, the Vykingis, the American Indians—you see it everywhere, from north to south; then all the youth of the world was on fire. But, in the second period, man has naturally to provide will, for in it he comes to be deficient; and what there is, is comparatively cold. In the first period Will, and in the second Intellect, is over-preponderate.

Shepherd. In the third, let us howp that the twa will be sae nicely balanced, that a grain o' sense or a drap o' feelin' will either way turn the beam.

North. James, my dear boy, you are well qualified, both by nature and education, to judge on this question.

Shepherd. What question, sir?

North. In early society, mark how the Will is made strong by the passionate and hard-contending condition of ordinary physical life. Also *then*, James, the different ranks of society being by the simplicity of life more nearly united, common feelings pervade all. A deep, broad sympathy imbues sentiments and opinions. Superstitions, tenets, faiths of all sorts, hold unquestioned dominion. Men believe by sympathy; for what none has disputed, that is faith. What half dispute, perhaps none cordially believe.

Shepherd. I ken that, by experience o' what is noo gaun on amang the shepherds o' the Forest, wi' their debating clubs, and what not—few noo believe even in the Brownie o' Bodsbeck.

North. Now, my dear friends, pardon the anxiety of an old man for the children growing up round his feet.

Shepherd. The rising generation, about to shoot up into saints or sinners!

Tickler. Wheesht, James!

Shepherd. Wheesht yoursel'!

North. Education must now form the two—Will and Intellect—one with and by the other—or Education is lame, with one hand only, and, I fear, that the left.

Shepherd. Whulk!

Tickler. Wheesht!

North. Intellect does everything, or nearly, for Will, and Will everything for Intellect. But which is the ultimate object? Will, certainly. The Will is the man.

Shepherd. Hear it—a' ye nations—the Will is the Man!

North. Our idea of education is too frequently one of schools and colleges, drawn thence, and formed upon them; but how small a part!

Shepherd. Sma' pairt indeed!

North. The roots of the Will are in the body—and the roots of Intellect in the will.

Shepherd. In the body!

North. Yes, James, in the body. See how the state of the affections—which are Will—nourish even imagination, and how imagination acts into the purely intellectual faculties—and what vivacity mere health and joy will give to the memory, who, you know, in the olden time was called the mother of the Muses.

Shepherd. Sae, indeed, she was—Mymoshuny.

North. What, I ask you, James, can a listless child learn, an unwilling child understand?

Shepherd. Naething.

North. Will not a boy, whose heart is full of poetry, learn Greek in Homer, by the force of poetry, though he has a bad talent for languages?

Shepherd. Nae doot—nae doot. I sune learnt Erse in Ossian.

North. Will not thought and feeling make him a good speaker nad writer at last, though he could never understand his grammar?

Shepherd. Confoon grammar!

North. The first thing is that the understanding grows in the Will, and the Will up through the heart of the understanding, and an Intellect ten or twelve years old, may, so far, have been powerfully educated without a single lesson.

Shepherd. Mine was yedicated sae—whether poorfully or no, it's no for me to be tellin'.

(Timepiece strikes Twelve—and enter AMBROSE, bending under his load, with his Tail and Supper.)

North. Timothy—James—run to the support of mine host—or he faints and falls.

(The ARCADIAN and SOUTHSIDE reach AMBROSE just in time to prevent his sinking to the floor.)

Ambrose. Thank ye, gentlemen; this burden is beyond my strength.

North. What is it?

Ambrose. The GLASGOW GANDER, sir.

North. The great prize Glasgow gander! Rash man! even for one moment to have dreamt of bearing him in single-handed.

Shepherd. Mair strength! mair strength! Tappy, King Pips, Sir Dawvit!

The Pech. Coming, sir.

North. Let me give a lift.

(By the united exertions of the Knights of the Household, the great Glasgow Gander is at last deposited, with some loss of gravy, on the table.)

Tickler. How it groans!

Shepherd. What! the gander?

Tickler. No, the quadruped under him—the table.

Shepherd. Props, Awmrose—props!

Ambrose. The timbers are all sound, gentlemen, and now that they have stood the first shock of the pressure—

Shepherd. Is'e uphaud them for a croon.

Tickler. It is not the legs of the table that I tremble for, but the joists of the floor.

Shepherd. Wha's aneath?

Ambrose. The coffee-room, sir.

North. Why, Mr. Ambrose, in case of any accident, it might be a serious business; for to say nothing of the deaths of so many unoffending, yet I fear, unprepared individuals, actions of damages, at the

instance of the relatives of the deceased, might be brought against us, the survivors——

Shepherd. Na, na—only again the relatives o' the gander, and wha ever heard o' legal proceedings against a flock o' geese?

North. Hush! did no one hear something creaking?

Tickler. Only a coach rattling down Leith-Walk. Let us be seated.

North. Well, I had heard from several persons of credit, who had seen him on his walk, that he was like the cow that swallowed Tom Thumb, "larger than the largest size?" but he out-Herods Herod—I should rather say, out-Goliaths Goliath.

Tickler. I am surprised his owner, instead of selling him, did not put him into a show. 'T would have made his fortune.

Shepherd. Wha'll cut him up?

North. If you please—I.

Shepherd. Awmrose, you shou'd hae sent an order to Brummagem for a knife on purpose.

North. Perhaps the usual instrument will do. How hot he is!

Shepherd. Let him cool, while we help ourselves to caulkers.

(They help themselves to caulkers till the gander cools.)

North. A Gander is an amiable bird. You know, that while his wife, the Goose, whose duty it is to sit in general, on any particular occasion takes to her waddlers, her husband, the Gander, drops down with his dowp on the eggs, and broods over them in the most maternal manner imaginable, looking fully as like a lady as a gentleman.

Tickler. He is apt, however, by the inferior heat resident in his dolp, to addle the eggs, or to vivify them into goslings that bear little analogy to the parent pair.

Shepherd. A feather-bed nicht hae been made—I howp has been made—frae the fleece o' the feathered fule—though I suspek the smell may prove anything but soporific. The plookins o' toon geese bring naething like the pund-wecht, compared to them that's bred in the kintra. They're sae coorse—ye see—and seldom or never sweet.

North. Our friend on the table is tame—but of wild geese I have heard many well authenticated anecdotes, that denote prudence apparently beyond the reach of mere instinct. They are sensible that a disposition to gabble is one of their weak points; and, on taking a flight through the air infested by eagles, or other birds of prey, they all provide themselves, each with a chucky-stane in his mouth, to hinder the proprietor thereof from betraying their transit to the enemy. Could our poor fat friend, think ye, have been up to that stratagem, to silence and save himself in extremity?

Shepherd. No he. He wou'd hae lettin' the chucky drap frae his bill, preferring being gutted to nae gabble.

Tickler. A gander walking by a pond wi' a chucky-stane in his bill, reminds the classical scholar of Demosthenes on the seashore.

Shepherd. Haw—haw—haw!—curin' himself o' an impediment in his quack.

North. How is he now? Still, like Tailor's goose, hot and hissing.

Tickler. Let us put him into ice. Where's the basket?

Shepherd. Dinna disturb again the hail household.

North. I once knew a gander, James, that, regularly every sabbath, for several years, conducted an old blind woman to the kirk.

Tickler. Hypocrite, to be remembered in her will.

North. Residuary legatee.

Tickler. Our fat friend on the table, I fear, was no church-goer.

Shepherd. I've ken't ganders make capital watch-dowgs, after a lang prenticeship.

Tickler. The most unaccountable fowl at first sight I remember ever to have witnessed, had the reputation in the parish of being the joint production of a gander and a duck.

Shepherd. What a squatter!

North. A gander, in the sporting circles, would be backed at odds, in pedestrianism, against a bubbly. For half a mile, the bubbly, being longer in the spald, would outstep the gander, and probably reach the goal before him by half an hour. But let them travel from morn till dewy eve, and the bubbly at sunset, uniformly goes to roost, while the gander, being of a more wakeful genius, waddles on, and by moonlight laughs to behold his competitor sound asleep in a tree.

Tickler. Our gander could not have done at last six yards an hour; for, like Hamlet, he was "fat and scant of breath."

Shepherd. Like Hamlet!

North. The gander, noble bird as he is, and stately, lives and dies without ever having taken to himself, either scientifically or empirically, his own altitude; so that, high as he holds his head in reality, 'tis not so high, by an immeasurable difference, as his own towering imagination.

Tickler. I admire him most when, with bill hissing earthwards, and hinder-end affronting heaven, he expresses his scorn of the whole human race, like Timon of Athens.

North. In that posture he is, I grant, impressive; but surely sublimer far is the gander majestically stooping his forehead, as he walks under a gateway, some thirty feet high, considerate of the crown of the arch. What an union of dignity and condescension!

Tickler. Aye, every inch a king.

North. I remember seeing a gander on the morning of the day our late gracious King visited Dalkeith Palace, eyeing the triumphant arch, which loyalty had erected at the entrance of those beautiful grounds and gardens, all greenly garlanded for the sovereign approach. He

never doubted for a single moment that the pomp was all in honour of him—that to see him was gathered together that great multitude. The rushing of chariots was heard, the tramp of cavalry, and the blare of trumpets—and ten thousand voices cried “The King! The King!” The gander—prouder far than George the Fourth—whom he despised—at that instant waddled under the arch—down went the head, and up went the dowp of the despot—

“While unextinguished laughter shook the skies.”

Tickler. A few years ago, North, you will remember, that a luminous arch—probably electrical—spanned the starry heavens. A gander of my acquaintance, sleepless, mayhap, in unrequited love, I met on a common, in the moonlight seeming a swan—and, indeed, in their own estimation, all geese are swans. The heavenly apparition attracted his eye “in a fine frenzy rolling,” and from the enthusiasm that characterized his whole manner, it was manifest that he opined erroneously, I should suppose, that the wonder whose span and altitude at that moment philosophers were computing, had been flung across the sky, simply for the sake of him who “was stepping westwards,” the victim of a hopeless passion. I believe the arch was about fifteen miles high—but the gander was afraid he might break it did he advance—

“In godlike majesty, erect and tall;”

and, accordingly, down head and up dowp, after the fashion aforesaid, and so, till he faded in the distance,

“Through Eden took his solitary way!”

North. What a grand figure the gander must have made on descending from the Ark! On the first dawning of the rainbow on the showry sky, down head and up dowp of the waddling worshipper.

Shepherd. Will you twa never be dune glorifyin’ ganders?—Forgettin’ that noo is the time for deeds, not words—not for description, but execution. Is he no cool yet?

North. Now let me cut him up.

Tickler. Not yet. Let him cool a little longer.

North. I shall never cease to regret that I did not see him alive; for if I had, I should unquestionably have had him skinned, and stuffed for the Museum in the Andersonian Institution.*

Tickler. Do you remember the learned gander, North?

North. No. You don’t mean to say *he* was so?

Tickler. Not at all. The learned gander I allude to was brought

forward to put down the learned pig. Each had his admirers; but while it seemed to be pretty generally admitted, that the pig was the quicker, the gander was thought to be more profound.

Shepherd. I dinna ken hoo it is, but I'm far frae likin' his appearance. It's no wholesome. There's either a dead rat ahint the wainscoat, or he's stinkin'.

North. Poo—poo—poo! stinking; he was gabbling this day week.

Shepherd. He may have been gabblin', and hiss'in', and squatterin' too this day week; but if he's no stinkin' noo, I've no olfactory nerves in my nostrils.

North. I begin to believe that I do scent something——

Shepherd. Foumartish.*

Tickler. He's in bad odour.

Shepherd. In smell as weel's in size, he beats ony Solan.

North. Gentlemen, I am ready at the slightest signal to cut him up; yet prudence seems to suggest the propriety of first puncturing him with the prongs of this fork, to let out any foul air that may have collected within his breast.

Shepherd. Stop, sir. What if a' that mass o' appawrent flesh be naething but a foul congregation o' vapours, pent by teuch skin within the deceitfu' and absurd rotundity o' the gander? Prick it wi' the prang, and oot they'll fizz—fizz—fizz—as fra a crack in a steam-engine; and the consequences may be fatal, sir, not only to us Three and the other occupiers of this house, but to the inhabitants o' the hail lan', nay, o' the city—let me not scruple to say, the kingdom at large; nor, should the evil extend so widely, is it likely that it will be contented to confine its ravages within the limits of our sea-beat shores, but in all human probability will pass the straits from Dover to Calais, and infeck France, and, through her Spain, and the Netherlands, &c., till a pestilence prevail over unhappy Europe—ere long of course to take possession of Asia—nor, for my ain part, do I see how America and Africa can reasonably expeck to escape the general visitation;—and a' this frae just puttin' a prang intil the braid blawn-up breest o' the great Glasgow gander! Well nicht Pope say,

“What dire events frae trivial causes spring!”

North. The picture you have drawn, James, of the probable effects of such an eruption, is at once natural and alarming; yet I am disposed to believe, that though much foul air there no doubt must be in the animal, swollen out as we see him, much of it must have escaped in opposite directions, when, under the hands of a gang of Girzzies, he gave up the ghost.

* *Foumart*, or *foumart*,—a pole-cat.—M.

Shepherd. Dootless—dootless. Then we shou'd consider his wecht. Mere foul air could never have had yon wecht—no it—so gie him the pint o' the prang.

Tickler. May I be allowed humbly to suggest a proposal, in which, however selfish it may seem, I can lay my hand on my heart, and with a safe conscience declare, that I have nothing so much in view as the lives of his gracious Majesty's most loyal subjects.

Shepherd. Haud your han', Mr. North. Tickler, what is't;

Tickler. That we all—*plug.*

Shepherd. That we a' plug! What's that?

Tickler. To plug, James, being interpreted, means to stuff both nostrils tightly, closely, and firmly with tobacco quiddities—and thus is the nasal promontory prevented from absorbing the infection—and the whole man gander-proof.

Shepherd. Then let us a' plug.

(Enter the PECH with a coil of tobacco, and they plug.)

North. Now to business.

Tickler. Stop, sir—

North, (impatiently.) Tickler, I wont be interrupted—

Tickler. Steel, if you please, sir. There is no occasion to run into needless expense—and as the same instrument can never be used again, except indeed for a similar purpose, which, in the ordinary and due course of nature, is not likely to recur—why a silver fork?

North. Well, steel be it. But no more interruption—

Shepherd. Stop, sir, stop just for a moment. Had na we better send for some o' Sir Humphry Davy's Safety Lamps?

North. Nonsense, James. You don't understand the principle of that admirable invention.

Tickler. Let us veil our faces with our bandanas.

North. Safer bare. Now.

(NORTH plunges the fork into the gander, and the Snuggery is insupportably afflicted with a strange stench, strong as the Jakes.)

Shepherd. Fa' a' doon on your faces, or we'll be smooed.

North, (holding his nose.) Please, Tickler, to open the windows.

Tickler. How can I, when you see how my hands are occupied?

North. How?

Tickler. Like your own.

(Enter PICARDY and tail—all nose in hand.)

Ambrose. Beg pardon, gentlemen, for the intrusion; but some ladies have fainted in the blue parlour.

Shepherd, (recovering from a swoon.) Said ye the common shewer had burst under the foundations o' Picardy Place, or hae I been dreamin', and am noo waukened to the reality o' that unsupportable goose, the Great Glasgow Gander?

Ambrose. The Great Glasgow Gander he assuredly is, gentlemen; and I have kept as a curiosity the certificate that was round his neck—a certificate signed by two witnesses besides his original owner, that he was the self-same animal aforesaid, and no counterfeit.

North. Having gone thus far, we must not recede. He must be cut up.

(*NORTH dexterously cuts a circular hole in the apron, off with the dolp, and scores the breast with scientific scarification.*)

Corrupt as a rotten borough!

Tickler. Cholera morbus?

Shepherd. Na—that wae pu'd him doon. No cholera morbus.

North. The disease is in the liver—

Tickler. And lights.

Shepherd. Hoo cou'd he possibly hae been eyeuckt?

Tickler. A mystery—like Byron's Cain.

North. The fire has kindled the original sin—the bile with which his whole system was embued by nature—and smell the result!

Shepherd. O, sirs! O, sirs! what think ye hae they dune wi' his inside? Hoo disposed o' the entrails?

Ambrose, (coughing, and in a faint voice.) The sewer runs to the sea.

Tickler. Then I, for one, eat no fish for a twelvemonth.

Shepherd. Oh! the puir harmless haddies!

North. Why stand ye staring there, Picardy, with your long useless tail! Away with the Pest—and let it be

“In the deep bosom of the ocean—buried.”

(*PICARDY and his Tail, after much severe suffering, with which we are sure all Christian souls must sympathize, bear away the gander.*)

Shepherd. This is dreadfu'. It gets waur and waur.

Tickler. “Deeper and deeper still!”

North. We must have the Snuggery incensed and fumigated. Here, James, burn this lavender—Tickler, sprinkle this musk—

Shepherd. Oh! that bawdrons there—bockin' within the fender—were but a civet!

Tickler. I always carry in my bosom a camphor-bag to allay my passions—there it kindles into a flame.

North. How providential Shepherd's Ambrosial Fumigating Pastiles!

Shepherd. Alas! alas! a' won't do! The dead sea o' smell neither ebbs nor flows—but keeps thickening in stagnant stench.

(*ENTER AMBROSE, MON, CADET, KING PEPIN, SIR DAVID GAM, TAPPIETOURIE, and the PECH, with pitch-pine torches.*)

North. The smell subsides.

Shepherd. Slaw's the ebb.

Tickler. I seem to breathe, already, in a purer atmosphere.

Shepherd. Unplug. *(The General Assembly unplugs.)*

North. Bring in a couple of casks of Glenlivet—knock in the heads—and in few minutes the snuggery will be as sweet as a Still—

Shepherd. Among the bonnie bloomin' heather!

(The casks are brought in—and the purification is magical.)

Tickler. Now, North—a song. Theodore Hook himself is not a more brilliant *improvisatore* than Christopher North. I give the theme—The Glasgow Gander.

North. Tune and measure?

Tickler. Take Lockhart's noble song, "O the broadswords of old Scotland—and the old Scottish broadswords!"

(NORTH rises—and leaning on the crutch—after clearing his throat with a caulker—is thus inspired.)

THE GANDER OF GLASGOW.

I sing of the Gander we've got from the West,
 Who alive was each peaceable passenger's pest,
 And who now is so loathsome and rank when he's dress'd—
 Oh! the great Gander of Glasgow—
 Oh! the great Goose of the West!

In what bed of nettles he first saw the light,
 Is a point that is hid in the darkness of night,
 And we'll leave it to those who such Chronicles write,
 As that of the Gander of Glasgow,
 The great gabbling Goose of the West.

Of this I know nothing:—nor can I surmise
 How or where he grew up to such hideous size,—
 For I ne'er heard his name till he first got the prize
 As the wonderful Gander of Glasgow,
 The king of the Geese of the West.

But henceforth behold him in Glasgow's fair town,
 Full fraught with the thoughts of his well-fed renown,—
 His head held on high, and his rump drooping down,
 The great prize Gander of Glasgow—
 The pride of the Geese of the West.

The old Roman Gander that guarded the state,
 Was not more absurdly majestic in gait,
 Than once was the gander that lies on that plate,—
 The great hirpling Gander of Glasgow,
 The great cackling Goose of the West.

There was surely in Nature no sight so absurd
 As the aspect of this most preposterous bird:
 And surely no gabble was ever yet heard
 Like that of the Gander of Glasgow,
 The great gabbling Goose of the West.

With pinions half-folded his course see him steer!
 Oh! if any one sight more grotesque could appear
 Than the Gander in front, twas the Gander in rear—
 The rear of the Gander of Glasgow,
 The rump of the Goose of the West!

This ponderous creature of mud and of mire,
 Always look'd as he set the Guse-dubs upon fire;
 So absurd in his pride, and so fierce in his ire,
 Was the great hissing Gander of Glasgow,
 The preposterous Goose of the West!

Full many a bout had the BUBBLY and he,
 For their trades were so like they could never agree,
 And their gabbling and gobbling 'twas fearful to see,
 Alarming the Gorbals of Glasgow,
 The peace of the Queen of the West.

The Damsels of Glasgow were stricken with fear,
 And fled in dismay when the Gander was near,—
 And his LEDA herself must have hated the leer
 Of the odious Gander of Glasgow,
 The ill-favoured Goose of the West!

Then, vain as he was, how he show'd his poor spite
 To each bird of a nobler and loftier flight,
 Whose region of glory lay far out of sight
 Of the blear-eyed Gander of Glasgow —
 The great gaping Goose of the West.

Have you e'er seen a dunce whose unfortunate lot
 Is to rail at the laurels of Southey or Scott?
 You almost might swear that a hint he had got
 From the envious Gander of Glasgow,—
 The pitiful Goose of the West!

And whenever you hear such a dunce's abuse,
 The cause is the same, and the same the excuse;
 "He's only a Gander, the son of a Goose,
 Like him of the Gorbals of Glasgow,—
 The foul-feeding Goose of the West."

Thus liv'd the great Gander;—but this could not last,
 And a gloom o'er the Guse-dubs at length there was cast,
 For his days they were number'd—the sentence was pass'd,
 That silenc'd the Gander of Glasgow,
 The ill-fated Goose of the West!

For the Agent of AMBROSE, who liv'd in the place,
 Had his eye on the bird, as the chief of his race,—
 And resolv'd that his carcass THE NOCTES should grace,
 For the glory of Geese and of Glasgow,
 The much-boasted Queen of the West!

'Twould offend against taste, and might shock the humane,
 To tell how the Gander was put out of pain;
 And the plucking and basting we need not explain,
 Of the ribs of the Gander of Glasgow—
 The great greasy Goose of the West.

He had not been placed on the spit very long,
 When Ambrose suspected that something was wrong,—
 For he ne'er smelt a Goose so confoundedly strong
 As the nauseous Gander of Glasgow,
 The rank-smelling Goose of the West?

And now he's cut up, and his breast is laid bare,
 Oh! what foulness, and rankness, and rottenness there
 'Twould sicken the patron of Burke and of Hare
 To look on the Gander of Glasgow,
 The hideous Goose of the West.

Now with conduct and carcass so much of a piece,
 What are we to think of this foulest of Geese,
 But that some Glasgow Whig must have taken a lease
 Of the name of "The Gander of Glasgow,"
 The King of the Geese of the West!

'Tis hard to believe in this sceptical age,
 In migration of souls, like the Samian sage;
 But the soul of some Whig in corruption's last stage,
 Must have dwelt in the Gander of Glasgow,
 The unfortunate Goose of the West!

Shepherd. Haw! haw! haw! was that really, sir, an extemporaneous imprompty?

North. Sung on the spur of the instant, I assure you, James. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? For Ambrose had provided for me an after-piece, which he thought would be "The Agreeable Surprise"—

Tickler. To follow "The Cock of the North," a mellow dram in three caulkers—

Shepherd. No that unwutty, Tickler.

North. Nor could my prophetic soul anticipate the Gander. But next Noctes, I promise you a more regular and finished performance.

Tickler. Some epigrams.

North. And epitaphs, Tickler; epithalamia and epicedia—different kinds of composition—though old Pyrie of the Morning Chronicle thought them one and the same—

Tickler. And sung commonly at christenings.

North. But now, gentlemen, we must be toddling—

Shepherd. "Roun' as a neep we'll gang toddlin' hame." Hoo sweet the Snuggery! Nae noxious air can lang pollute its pure privacy, ventilated, at a' seasons, wi' the breath o' humanest merriment.

North. Yes, James, again "the air smells wooingly."

Shepherd. As in a heather dell!

North. Lo, a red-deer!

(NORTH bounds over the circular like a Stag-of-Ten.)

Shepherd, (holding up his hands.) Wonnerfu' auld man!

(TICKLER leaps upon the SHEPHERD'S shoulders, and the scene shifts to the street.)

No. LVI.—APRIL, 1831.

SCENE—*The Snuggery.*—*Time, Nine o'clock*—*Present*—NORTH, TICKLER, and SHEPHERD—*Tea, Coffee, Caulkers, &c. &c. &c. &c.*

Shepherd. Receet the passage, again, sir—for oh! but it's beautifu', and I couldna hae believed that it was Milton's.*

Tickler. Milton is worth all your modern poets in a lump, were you to multiply them by——

Shepherd. But we shanna put them a' into a lump, Mr. Tickler—nor multiply their multiplicand by any multiplicawtor whatsomever; for I hae nae notion o' slumpin' inspiration in that gate, a sair injustice to a' individual Genie. Let ilka poet, great and sma', staun' on his ain feet, and no be afeard o' the taken' o' his altitude, by quadrants in the hauns o' geometrical critics—eceptt them that sits on one anither's knees, and they may just keep sittin' there; and them that tries to overtap their betters, by getting themsells hoisted up upon stools or tables—to say little or naething o' twa three mair wha shall be nameless, that speels up the backs o' the brither bards, and look proudly along the heads o' the crood, seemingly higher by head and shouthers than their supporters and elevators, but wha are sure to get a fa' at last—and then, wae's me! they are trampled aneath hoofs, and never mair recover either their hats or their laurels. But receet the passage again, Mr. North.

North, (recites.)

“Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad.
Silence accompanied—for bird and beast,
These to their grassy couch, these to their lair,
Had slunk—all but the wakeful nightingale—
She all night long her amorous descant sang.

* Cobbett, who never pretended to care about poetry,—though many passages in his own political writings, describing rural scenery and life, are highly poetical—had, or affected to have, a supreme contempt for Milton. His commentary on *Paradise Lost* was short and sharp. I do not recollect the exact words, but the argument went to say that Milton conveyed any thing but a sublime idea of the Creator,—inasmuch as, representing him Omnipotent, the poet makes him bring mortal arms of warfare, and even artillery (“powder and shot,” as Cobbett called it), to effect the defeat and destruction of Satan and his hosts of Rebel Angels. For, if the hero of the poem really had the Omnipotence attributed to him, it would have been only necessary for him to *will* the downfall of Satan and his legions, and, rapid as the volition, the thing must have been done.—M.

Silence was pleased. Then glow'd the firmament
 With living sapphires. Hesperus, who led
 The starry host, shone brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

Shepherd. How beautifully progressive, sir, up to the tapmost pitch o' nocturnal beauty!

North. Seemingly most simple, James, yet, believe me, steeped, every syllable and sentence, in imagination. Had it not been so, be assured, the "divine Milton" had never introduced so long a description into *Paradise Lost*. Natural it might have been, without being imaginative; but, in that case, it would have disfigured instead of improving the poem.

Shepherd. It may be sae. I ken naething, for my ain part, about imagination—that's to say, the secret o' its power. For I'm a poet, and nae metaphysician; whereas the late Dr. Thomas Brown—wha, by the by, was aye unco kind to me—was a metaphysician, but nae poet.

North. Coleridge is both—so is Wordsworth—so is Bowles—and so was Byron. For my own part, James, I am neither—

Shepherd. That's true.

North. What's true, sir? Do you dare to say that I am not sup—

Shepherd. I'm wullin', Mr. North, to alloo ye the possession o' a' the powers that ever glorified humanity, gin you would but gie ower layin traps for compliments to your genius and tawlons—fishin' for flat-teries, no only frae the likes o' me—for that I can understaun' and sympathees wi'—but fra fules and sumphs o' a' ages and sexes—sometimes wi' the flee, and sometimes wi' the worm—and sometimes wi' the baggy-mennon—and sometimes wi' the sawmon-rae—and when nae bait 'll catch them, wi' the verra naked hyeuck, or a girn!

North. I acknowledge—I confess—I glory in that impeachment. Without sympathy, James, there is

"A craving void left aching at my heart."

'Tis like the air I breathe—without it I die. That's the secret of my seeming love of—

Shepherd. Weel, weel—I believe you—judging by mysell—but what o' the passage?

North. The imagination, therein, my dear Shepherd, is conceivable to be, either in the successive objects or portions of descriptions, that is, severally, in each; or not in each singly, but in the conjunction of them in the whole.

Shepherd. Or baith ways at ance.

North. True. What then, may be the imagination of the successive members of the whole? Rather, is there any, and what is it, in them, in this example? For it may be whatever it is in real objects.

Shepherd. I'm perplexed already—what's your will?

North. There appears to be much of that kind of imagination which consists in infused animation and undefined incipient impersonation. "Now came still evening on," and "Twilight gray had in her sober livery all things clad." "Silence accompanied."

Shepherd. You say right, sir—three impersonifications.

North. If I could suppose that here were meant to be introduced three distinct figured personages, taken out of Italian poetry, and all sorts of poetical writing, for some hundreds of years, I should be sorry. I hope and confide that Milton meant no more than that degree of alteration of things from their reality which forces itself irresistibly upon us, in certain proper moods of contemplating them.

Shepherd. Imaginative moods.

North. Try to consider each expression as literally as you can, and suppose that Milton meant to represent the objects as nearly what they are, to the simple understanding, as poetical feeling, predominant, would suffer him. Try how much the word Evening is forced from meaning the mere season or hour. "Came on" seems to mean more than that the Evening succeeded to the day. In the first place, it severs the hour, as having a unity in itself; in the next, it attributes to the season a power of advancing, an energy of progress of its own.

Tickler. Come, be clear, North—no mysticism.

North. What! are you listening? *Detur*, that the proper idea of Evening to the understanding, is of a certain state of internal affairs, then coexistent with a particular portion of diurnal rotation:—*Detur*, that the *natural* idea of Evening superadds to this something of positiveness in the season of existence, of unity, a distinct entity in it.

Tickler. Begin then, my metaphysical master, with an explanation of the *natural* idea of Evening, and then show us what of Poetry or Imagination—if any—Milton has added, out of his divine mind, to that Idea.

Shepherd. That's the right method o' procedure, sure aneuch, Mr. North. Mr. Tickler's a clear-headed tyke.

North. You will observe that the accustomed idea of evening has in it a degree of work of imagination, since in it that darkness, or less light, which is merely the state, or fact, of certain objects being less illuminated than for some time past they have been, is conceived by us, in the first place, as a positive existing dusk; and in the second, as brought on by a certain hour or season, which hour or season being in effect nothing but a portion of the admeasurement of time, appears to us to be made up, and consist of, in part, those appearances in nature which are merely its accompaniments,—amongst others, for

instance, of that very darkness which at the same time it appears to bring ;—the hour, properly considered, can bring nothing ; it can only coexist with other things, or become existent along with them. And in all ideas of day, night, seasons, &c., there is such illusion.

Tickler. As the old schoolmen used to say,

“In omnem sensus actum influit Imaginatio.”

North. Correctly quoted, Tim ! Nevertheless, there must be an idea of Evening, which being the universal idea, and as necessarily conceived by the human understanding as that the Sun sets, though mixed in part of illusory conception, is not, for the purposes of poetry, to be accounted imagination.

Tickler. Granted.

North. Let us take, then, this accustomed, simple, necessary idea, and see how far the expressions of the passage in question go beyond it. It shall then appear, that in Milton's expressions there is conceived something more, namely, of the motion of that which has no motion ; and, as I think, of an energy, and almost a will of motion in itself. In some way, the words are lifted out of prose, and but a little way. The epithet “still,” though as ordinary an epithet to Evening as you can find, enhances the effect, the separation of Evening, from being nothing but a state, with time, of external existence.

Tickler. But you must make out more distinctly, sir, the division between the natural imagination which is in our usual idea of Evening, and the heightened imagination that is in Milton's expressions.

North. I will. If you go through the description, you find, as to each object of thought, some heightening of the same sort. “Twilight had *clad*,”—an energy of action. Even “Silence *accompanied*,”—is an act,—and an act of that which is so far from being something, that it is not even the negation of an entity, but the negation of certain actions of entities. Besides, whatever it is, it is included in the state of external things. It does not “accompany.” “Hesperus *that led*,”—“*host*,”—“*rode brightest*,”—“*clouded majesty*,”—“*queen*,”—“*unveiled her light*,”—observe here is, at every point almost, a heightening from the inanimate reality. The only part of the description which is without alteration from reality, is *bird and beast*, they being already animate. What is to be remarked in respect to them, is merely the generalizing way in which they are disposed of, and perhaps the word “slunk.” Now, supposing the description to be a tolerably good one, we may say that every step of it falls under imagination, severally. The objects being either such as naturally affect imagination without any heightening from the peculiar and strong feelings of the poet, or being brought under imagination, or their natural imagination enhanced by such heightenings. The nightingale singing sole, is in herself an

object to imagination. I do not take "*living sapphires*" to have the sense of that infused animation which belongs to impersonation, but merely the effect to the eye. The firmament "*glowed*," may have a slight degree of imagination. There is something in the conception beyond what the cold understanding gives.

Tickler. You have explained your meaning well, sir.

Shepherd. Middlin'.

North. Is there, then, I ask, gentlemen, besides this imagination in the parts, any imaginative effect in the whole, that is, an effect resulting from the combination of all the parts? I am inclined to think there is, and that the impression which is left from the whole is that of a LIVING CALM.

Shepherd. A Leevin' Cawm!

North. If so, the contribution of every part to the effect of the whole is intelligible. The stillness throughout—the song that does not disturb silence—the lights so serene and yet pregnant with life—the infused animation of every object that has not—and the sufficiency of animation in those that have it—have all a perfect propriety. It may not belong exactly to the question I am considering—

Shepherd. What question?

North. —though it does to the poetical analysis of the passage, to show the skilful progress of impressiveness.

Shepherd. Ah, ah! ma man! You're borrowin' frae me noo—for that's the verra first observe I made on your selectin' the passage.

North. So much the better, James. Observe then, on the whole, each object rising in this respect above another—and yet not by a scale. For instance, when real living creatures are introduced, it is done in gradation, first, those that sleep, then the night-singer, in whom the feeling of animal natural life is raised to its height, by the line, "*She all night long her amorous descant sung.*" And immediately a great tranquillization follows, and that animal vitality is blotted out by insensate things, and no pulse or breathing is more, save those which circulate in space, and in the bosom of universal nature.

Shepherd. Still following out ma original idea!

North. *Detur*, that all I have said is right—here is then shown by an instance what is properly meant by a poetical description—that is to say, of many ways believed, one way is shown in which a description is placed under the reign of imagination.

Shepherd. Aneuch. Be dune, sir.

North. This is the preparatory part of the inquiry. Then ensues this other question. What is in this instance the character, quality, nature of the affection of imagination? It is plain, in the first place, that it is essentially *feeling*. Secondly, that it is feeling of a singular, remote, and rather mysterious kind. Thirdly, the feeling is that which

accompanies and enters into the lower degrees of impersonation. If the impression resulting from the whole, is that which I have endeavoured to render by the expression, a LIVING CALM, this belongs to the same mode of imagination. It is as if the vast and deep tranquillity, the very rest and peace, were self-conscious.

Tickler. You 're a clever lad, Kit, Perge Puer.

North. It may be proper here to repeat, that in this particular act or mode of imagination, the analysis of imagination gives this form, which always appears to me to be the essential and proper form of imagination, viz., that an object being given to the understanding, by a new and further intellectual act, a feeling not proper to the object (that is, not proper to it in its truth, as conceived by the understanding) is superinduced upon it. Try this in one or two instances. "Silence was pleased." What is given to the understanding? The noiselessness and hush of night—and song delighting the ear, and not disturbing to the heart, but rather quickening and deepening the affection, produced by the general hush and repose. But herein moved imagination perceives a listening spirit of silence—and that pleasure which is felt by the bodily imagined witness, the poet, or any other, and that non-disturbance and rather vivifying and intensifying of his affection of stillness and peace, is, by a turn of imagination, transferred to that spirit which is conceived to be pleased with, and, instead of being annihilated, to exist in more animation by virtue of those sounds. There is here both a production and a variation of thought, beyond or after, or from what is given, proper to the understanding. Is there, by means of these further intellectual acts, any new different feeling induced towards the object of the understanding? Undoubtedly there is, though the difference may be difficult to define. For it is quite impossible that we should look with the same affection of feeling on objects materially different, though it is often difficult to ascertain what our feeling is, especially towards objects which do not affect us with strong emotion; as indeed very many of the feelings of imagination are of so slight, delicate, fine a kind, that we hardly know how to speak of them, or to call them feeling, they are so infinitely remote from the vehement and possessing power of ordinary passion. Our feeling, or the affection of our mind, the disposition to feel, cannot be the same towards objects so different as the actual silence of nature, and that vivified Silence having a soul into which song is instilled. The affection with which we consider silence itself, including in it the idea of tranquillity, is that of tranquillity mixed with something of solemnity, and from its vacancy of fear. But if Silence is considered as "LIVING," the sense of solemnity is taken off in some degree, that of fear altogether.

Shepherd. Weel, thank Heaven, this metafeesical inquiry, for it was nae less, into the natur o' imagination, is owre, and that I hae survived

it, though rather a wee fentish—sae let 's drap in a thummlefu' o' cogniac until this—is 't a seventh or aught cup, think ye, sir, o' coffee—and fortified by the speerit; I wad fain trust that sae I shall be able to endure the severest conversation it is in the power o' man to inflick. Mr. Tickler, spoot you, in your turn, a screed o' Milton.

Tickler.

The other Shape,

If Shape it might be called that shape had none,
Distinguishable in member, joint or limb;
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seemed,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd its head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on
Satan was now at hand—

Shepherd, (looking round.) What said ye? Sawtan at haun'!

North. Speak of the Devil and he'll appear, is a general rule, my dear James, subject to an occasional exception. Regain your composure.

Shepherd. It's a fearsome passage.

Tickler, (taking NORTH's crutch under his arm and imitating the voice, gesture and manner of the "old man eloquent.") In this sublime passage, the power of imagination is at its height. This being, who, at the gates of hell, offers combat to Satan, has not even yet been named, as if the poet were so lost in the emotion accompanying the sight of the phantom he had himself conjured up, that even a very name had not risen yet for what was so unsubstantial. He scarcely dares to call it by the vague term "Shape;" but as soon as he does so, qualifies even that approach to substantiality, by saying, "if Shape it might be called, which shape had none distinguishable," or "substance might be called that shadow seemed." Then he adds that still farther feeling of unreality—"each seemed either," that is, substance seemed shadow, shadow seemed substance. Thus uncertain in its horror to his eyes, "black it seemed as night;" not utter darkness, but something black and grim, "darkness visible"—fierce—not as a Fury—for that would be something too definite, since the image of a Fury is of something conceived to exist—but fierce as ten furies, an expression in which all individuality is lost, and nothing conveyed to the mind but an idea of aggregated and accumulated fierceness. "Terrible as hell" is still more vague, and purposely so, or rather so under the power of the emotion; yet in all this obscurity, unsubstantiality and shadowiness, *it* shook a dreadful dart, (observe how much effect is in that word, *it*,) something not described by any quality, as of size or shape, but merely "dreadful"—how, why, or in what dreadful, we know not; while this motion of its weapon directs the mind to look on the Shape that brandishes it, and lo! that which seemed

its head—not its head, but that which in that fury-haunted and infernal darkness seemed its head—the likeness—not the reality—but the likeness of a kingly crown had on! Poetry alone could give such an imagination as this—for painting would at once of necessity give outlines, features, realities, which, however enveloped in obscurity, would be fatal to the fearful effect, and embody too sensibly the here almost unembodied attributes of this seeming, shadowy, threatening, scarcely-existing, yet most terrific Impersonation!

Shepherd. Had ma twa een been shut the noo, like them o' a Methodist minister sayin' grace, I could hae sworn that you was Mr. North, Mr. Tickler. His verra vice! And then, as to the matter, the same licht o' truth fitfully brightening through the glimmer or gloom o' a mair or less perfect incomprehensibility. An' that's what you twa chiels ca' pheelosophical creetyschism?

Tickler. Pray recite, James, a passage from the Excursion, that I may make it undergo a similar process of investigation into the principles of composition.

Shepherd. Me recet a passage frae the Excursion?

North. What is your opinion of that poem, Tickler?

Tickler. The Excursion is full of fine poetry, but it is not what the author intended it to be, and believes that it is—a Great Poem. Mr. Wordsworth cannot conceive a mighty plan. His imagination is of the first order; but his intellect does not seem to me, who belong, you know, North, to the old school, commanding and comprehensive. His mind has many noble visions, but they come and go, each in its own glory; a phantasmagorical procession, beautiful, splendid, sublime, but not anywhere forming a whole, on which the spectator can gaze, entranced by the power of unity!

Shepherd. Entranced by the power o' Unity! Havers—clavers!

Tickler. Considered as a work that is to hand down his name to future ages, among those of our great English poets, our Spensers, and our Miltons, I must think it a failure, and that it will for ever exclude him from that band of immortals. But you have taught me, sir, to see that it contains passages of such surpassing excellence, in the description of external nature, and in the delineation of feeling, passion and thought, that I think they may be set by the side of the best passages of a similar kind to be found within the whole range of poetry.

Shepherd. That's praise aneuch to satisfy ony reasonable man.

North. We are not now speaking for the satisfaction of Mr. Wordsworth, but of ourselves—

Shepherd. And the warld.

North. My admiration of Mr. Wordsworth's genius is well known to the universe, and has often been expressed with more enthusiasm than had been accompanied by the sympathies even of the wisest. I

hope it is nevertheless judicious; and I have always given reasons for my delight in his works. But the admiration of some of his critics has, of late years, been anything but judicious; and the language in which it has been expressed, so outrageous, as to do greater injury to his just and fair fame, than all the attacks of his mightiest or meanest enemies. The Excursion has been often compared by the Cockneys with *Paradise Lost*; and that portion of the Reading Public who know something of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, but not much, have become indignant and disgusted at such foolery; and transferred unconsciously, to the bard himself, some of those ungenial feelings with which it was inevitable and right that they should regard the idiots who had set him up as their idol. His genius is indeed worthy of far other worship.

Tickler. With Milton! Shakspeare! forsooth! Why, *Paradise Lost* is, by the consent of all the civilized world, declared to be the grandest and most sublime poem that ever emanated from the mind of man, equally so in conception and in execution. It embraces all that human beings can feel or comprehend of themselves, their origin and their destiny. The Excursion is an eloquent and poetical journal of a few days' walk among the mountains of the north of England, kept by one of the party, in which every syllable, good, bad and indifferent, that was uttered by the three friends, was carefully recorded, and many connecting descriptions introduced by the journalist himself, who was the only one of the trio who had "the accomplishment of verse." I have said enough already to expose the frantic folly of those who speak in the same breath of *Paradise Lost* and the Excursion.

Shepherd. Quite aneuch.

North. I am delighted to find you so reasonable, Tickler.

Tickler. Nay, I am even an enthusiastic Wordsworthian.

North. Although the Plan of the Excursion is altogether inartificial, and far from felicitous in any respect, yet it affords room for the display of Mr. Wordsworth's very original genius, which delights in description of all that is grand and beautiful on the earth, and in the heavens above the earth, and which is, on all such occasions, truly creative. The Three Friends wander wherever the wind wafts them, poetizing and philosophizing in the solitudes. Sometimes the objects before them awaken their spirits—the rocks, or the houses, or the clouds—and not unfrequently they forget "the visible diurnal sphere," and, in fine flights of imagination, visit the uttermost parts of the earth. The "impulses of deeper kind that come to them in solitude," they delightfully obey; and soon as these impulses cease, they are all equally willing, according to the finest feelings of humanity, to cross the thresholds of "huts where poor men lie," and to converse of, or with them, cheerfully and benignantly; or when more solemn thoughts again arise, to walk into the Churchyard among the Mountains, and

muse and meditate among the stoneless turfs above the humble dead, or among the pillars of the sacred pile, on which hang the escutcheons, or are painted the armorial bearings of the high-born ancestry of hall and castle.

Shepherd. Ay, sir, these Books are delichtfu'—divine.

North. I love to hear you say so, my dear James. They are divine.

Tickler. Would that all those exquisite pictures had been by themselves, without the cumbrous machinery of the clumsy plan—if plan it may be called.

North. It is obvious that a parallel might be drawn, though I have no intention now of doing so, between the Excursion and the Task. Wordsworth, if not by nature, certainly by the influences of this life, has far higher enthusiasm of soul than Cowper. He has seen far more of the glories of creation than it was given that other great poet to see; and hence, when he speaks of external nature, his strains are generally of a loftier mood. But Cowper was not ambitious—and Wordsworth's chief fault is ambition. The author of *The Task* loved nature for her own sake—the author of *The Excursion* loves her chiefly for the sake of the power which she inspires within him—for the sake of the poetry that his gifted spirit flings over all her cliffs, and infuses into all her torrents. It often requires great effort to follow Wordsworth in his hymns—nor can any reader do so who has not enjoyed some of the same privileges in youth that have all his life long been open to that poet—above all, the privileges of freedom from this world's carking cares, enjoyed to the uttermost among the steadfast spectacles, or sudden apparitions of nature. But almost all persons alike, who have ever lived in the country at all, can go along with Cowper. Fields, hedge-rows, groves, gardens, all common rural sights and sounds, and those too of all the seasons, are realized in *The Task* so easily and naturally, that we see and hear as we read, with minds seldom, perhaps, greatly elevated above the every-day mood, but touched with gentle and purest pleasure, and filled with a thousand delightful memories. Wordsworth's finest strains can be felt or understood only when our imagination is ready to ascend to its highest sphere—and to the uninitiated they must be unintelligible, and that is indeed their very highest praise. But the finest things in *The Task* may be enjoyed at all times, and almost by every cultivated mind. That too is their highest praise. To which of the two kinds of poetry the palm should be given, it would be hard to say; but it is easy to know which of the two must be the more popular. Were it for nothing else than its rural descriptions, *The Task* would still be a favourite poem with almost all classes of readers. Noble as they are, and, in our opinion, frequently equal, if not superior to any thing of the kind in poetry, the rural descriptions of Wordsworth (rural is but a poor word here) can never be sympathized with by

the million, for not ten in a thousand are, by constitution or custom, capable to understand their transcendent excellence.

Tickler. There must, I fear, be some wrong-headedness in the poet, who, from the whole range of human life, deliberately selected a pedlar for his highest philosophical character in a philosophical poem.

Shepherd. Dinna abuse pedlars, Mr. Tickler. In Scotland they're aye murder'd.

Tickler. Mr. Jeffrey murder'd the pedlar in the Excursion.

Shepherd. Na. Mr. Wordsworth.

North. No impertinence, gents.

Shepherd. Nae wut without a portion o' impertinence.

North. Therefore I am never witty.

Shepherd. But then, you see, you may be impertinent, as you was the noo, notwithstanding.

North. The first twenty pages of the Excursion enable the reader to know on what grounds, and for what reasons Mr. Wordsworth has chosen, in a moral work of the highest pretensions, to make his chief and most authoritative interlocutor, a pedlar. Much small wit has been sported on the subject, about pieces of tape and riband, thimbles, penknives, knee-buckles, pincushions, and other pedlar-ware; and perhaps such associations, and others, essentially mean or paltry, must, to a certain extent, connect themselves in most, or all minds, with the idea of such a calling. There is neither difficulty nor absurdity, however, in believing that an individual, richly endowed with natural gifts, may be a pedlar—and certainly that mode of life not only furnishes, but offers the best opportunity to a man of a thoughtful and a feeling mind, of becoming intimately and thoroughly acquainted with all the ongoings of humble life. Robert Burns was an exciseman. Yet it does not follow from this, that there is wisdom in the choice of such a small retired merchant for the chief spokesman in a series of dialogues, in which one of the greatest poets of England is to take a part. Of many things spoken of in these dialogues, such a pedlar, in virtue of his profession, was an excellent judge; but of many more the knowledge is not only not peculiarly appropriate to a pedlar, but such knowledge as could only, I conceive, have been accumulated and mastered by a man of finished classical education. We fear, therefore, that there is something absurd in his language about Thebes, and “Palmyra central in the desert,” nor less so in the profound attention with which he listens to the “Poet’s” still more eloquent, most poetical, and philosophical disquisition on the origin of the heathen mythology. But admitting this, none but the shallowest and weakest minds will allow themselves to be overcome by a word. Blot out the word pedlar from the poem, substitute, as Charles Lamb well remarked, the word palmer, and the poem is then relieved from this puny and futile objection. Let his previous history be unknown—his birth and parentage—and let him be

merely said to be A MAN of natural genius, great powers of reflection, a humane spirit, and understanding chiefly cultivated by self-education, though not unenlightened by knowledge of history, and especially of long and intimate experience of the habits, and occupations, and character of the poor, and we have a person before us, entitled to walk and talk even with Mr. Wordsworth, and if so, before all the world.

Tickler. My dear Shepherd, will you have the goodness to help me to wheel round yonder sofa-bed towards the right flank of the fire!

Shepherd. Surely, sir—but you're no gaun to sleep?

Tickler. Why, James, I waltzed from eleven last night till three this morning—

Shepherd. You what?

Tickler. Waltzed, and gallopaded, and mazourka'd.

Shepherd. The man's mad.

(*TICKLER lies down on the sofa-bed, and the SHEPHERD covers him cosily with cloaks.*)

Tickler. Pastor Fido!

Shepherd. I wunner what Procusty wou'd hae thoct o' you, sir? Noo—dinna snore nane. Though I snore mysell, I canna thole't in ithers—that's a gude callant—say your prayers—shut your een—and gang to sleep. Hushaby—hushaby—hushaby—hushaby! Remember, me, sir, to a' your freens in the Land o' Nod—a strange shadowy set, an unaccountable generation—leevin' unner laws that hae subsisted syne the Fa', and enjoyin' sic a perfeck system o' misrepresentation, that nae desire hae they o' Parliamentary Reform.

Tickler. (*indistinctly.*) "A plague on both your houses."

Shepherd. His een's fast glazin'—there's a bit snorie—and noo I think that may be safely ca'd sleep. (*Starting up.*) Mr. North, haud ma hauns!

North. Hold your hands! What do you mean, James?

Shepherd. I was seized just then wi' a spudderin' impetus to murder Mr. Tickler—and hod there been a knife on the table, I do devoutly believe I would hae nicked his craig.

North, (*taking his crutch from its corner.*) I cannot just exactly say, James, that I altogether like the expression in these eyes of yours at present. Burke indeed is dead—but his accomplices are yet alive—

Shepherd. Oh, man! but you're easily frightened—you're a great cooart—

North, (*cautiously restoring the crutch to its corner, while he still eyes the SHEPHERD.*) Well then—well—James.

Shepherd. Wheesht, sir—wheesht. Speak loun, and ring the bell saftly—for eisters, and we'll cheat Tickler oot o' the brodd.

(*Enter the establishment with the oyster board—the Council of Five Hundred.*)

North. Now, my dear James, let us suck them up silently—not to disturb Timothy's dreams.

Shepherd. Excessive sappy?

North. Very.

Shepherd. Young though lusty—their beards are no grown yet—ay, here's ane wi' a pair o' whuskers——

North. The natural history of the oyster——

Shepherd. Oh sir! but I'm fonder and fonder every day o' the study o' natural history.

North. You have Bewick, I know, James, at your finger ends——

Shepherd. Na—you ken nae sic thing. I hae little or no knowledge at my finger ends, or ma tongue-tip either—it lies a' in my brain and in my heart. When, at times, the ideas come flashing out, my een are filled wi' fire—and when the emotions come flowin' up, wi' water; at least in the ae case there's brightness, and in the ither a haze. Aften the twa unite, like a cloud, veilin', but no hidin', the sun—like radiance on dew, showin' it mair translucent ere it melt awa' on the spring buds or the simmer flowers—an evanescence o' liquid lustre, out o' whose bosom the happy thochts flee awa' to ither regions o' delight, like bees obeyin' their instincts, that lead them, without chart or compass, to every nook in the wilderness where blows a family o' heather-bells.

North. I know you have the *Journal of a Naturalist*, published by Mr. Murray—a delightful volume—perhaps the most so—nor less instructive than delightful—given to natural history since White's Selborne.*

Shepherd. You gied me't, and I never lend byeucks you gied me—for to lend a byeuck is to lose it—and borrowin's but a hypocritical pretence for stealin' and shou'd be punished wi' death——

Tickler. Without benefit of clergy.

Shepherd. True, indeed, sir: a clergyman cou'd be o' nae benefit to sic an unjustified sinner.

North. But there is another work, James, called "*The British Naturalist*," published by Whittaker, Treacher, and Arnott, Ave-Maria-Lane, which I must send out to you by the carrier——

Shepherd. What for no gie't to me the noo, and I'll put in my pouch?

North. 'Tis not in the Snuggery. Indeed, at present, both volumes are with Mrs. Gentle. The author is not only well versed in natural science, but he is a close observer of nature. He has a keen eye and a fine ear, and writes, not only with perspicuity, but like almost all good naturalists, with eloquence. He views his subjects in those masses in which we find them grouped in nature; and the plant or the animal

* The Rev. Gilbert White was born at Selborne, in Hampshire, and spent his life on his paternal estate adjacent to that village. He devoted his leisure to literature, and the study of nature, and the fruit of his researches appeared in his "*Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne*"—a delightful book, as popular at this day, as on its publication more than half a century ago. Mr. White died in 1793, aged seventy-three.—M.

has been taken in conjunction with the scenery, and the general and particular use—and when that arose easily, the lesson of morality or natural religion.

Shepherd. A plan, I jalouse, at aince natural and feelosofical.

North. The woodcuts of the various animals and insects are designed and executed by Mr. W. H. Brooke—and those of the Lake and the Brook by Mr. Bonner, from drawings by Harry Wilson, Esq., who, by the way, has recently published some interesting Views of Foreign Cities.

Shepherd. What mean ye, sir, by the Lake and the Brook?

North. Why, the first volume of the British Naturalists consists of parts, entitled the Mountain, the Lake, the River, the Sea, the Moor, and the Brook.

Shepherd. Be sure to remember not to forget to keep it in your mind, sir, to attend to drappin' a hint to Mrs. Gentle, that ye hae promised to send out the two volumms o' the British Naturalist to Altrive—and shou'd they only be in boards, you had as weel get them bun', plainly but strangly, for wee Jamie's mad about a' crawlin', creepin', soomin', and flein' things, and I think o' getting him made an Honorary Member of the Wernerian Society.

North. I will send you out, at the same time, my dear James, "Menageries," written, I am told, by my most able and ingenious philosophic friend, Charles Knight, Editor (?) of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge. The "Tower Menagerie," containing the natural history of the animals contained in that establishment, with anecdotes of their character and history—

Shepherd. That wull be a feast to my darling.

North. —illustrated by portraits, taken from life, by that admirable artist, William Harvey, and engraved on wood by Branston and Wright, who stand in the first rank of their profession.

Shepherd. He'll wear his dear een out—God bless him—on the lions, teegggers, and leopards—for though a lamb in gentleness of disposition, the fiercer the animal, the deeper drauchts o' delight drinks his imagination frae the rings o' their een, and the spats on their hide, sae wild-like wi' the speerit o' the sandy deserts, yet mair beautiful' than ony tame creatures that walk peaceably aroun' the dwellin's o' men.

North. The literary department has been superintended by E. T. Bennet, Esq., F. L. S., an active member of the Zoological Society—and much valuable assistance afforded by N. A. Vigors, the Secretary—

Shepherd. Erudite, I doot not, on a' manner o' monsters—

North. Zoologists, James, of the first order. To the same gentlemen we owe a similar work, equally beautiful—"The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society, Vol. 1, Quadrupeds"—

Shepherd. Pit it intil the parshel. But dinna tak the trouble o' payin' the carriage—for I'll no grudge it, nor a couple o' caulkers to

the carrier, wha's a steady man, and never sleeps in his cart, nor, when she's heavily laden, even up-hill, louns on to ease himsell on the tram—a dangerous practice, that has made many an honest woman a widow, and many weans orphans.

North. Your head, my dear James, is now touching Howitt's "Book of the Seasons." Prig and pocket it. 'Tis a jewel.

(The Shepherd seizes it from the shelf, and acts per order.)

Shepherd. Is Nottingham far intil England, sir? For I wou'd really like to pay the Hooitts a visit this simmer. Thae Quakers are, what ane might scarcely opine frae first principles, a maist poetical Christian seck. There was Scott o' Amwell, wha wro't some simplish things in a perseverin' speerit o' earnestness; there is Wilkinson, yonner, wha wouns on a beautifu' banked river, no far off Peerith, (is't the Eamont, think ye?) the owther o' no a few poems delichtfu' in their domesticity—auld bachelor though he be—nae warld-sick hermit, but an enlightened labourer o' love, baith in the kitchen and flower garden o' natur';—lang by letter has me and Bernard Bartoon been acquent, and verily he is ane o' the mildest and modestest o' the Muses' sons, nor wanting a thochtfu' genie, that aften gies birth to verses that treasure themselves in folk's hearts;—the best scholar amang a' the Quakers is Friend Wiffen, a capital translator, Sir Walter tells me, o' poets wi' foreign tongues, sic as Tawso, and wi' an original vein too, sir, which has produced, as I opine, some verra pure ore;—and feenally, the Hooitts, the three Hooitts,—na, there may be mair o' them for aught I ken, but I'se answer for William and Mary, husband and wife, and oh! but they're weel met; and eke for Richard, (can he be their brither?) and wha's this was tellin' me about anither brither o' Wullie's, a Dr. Godfrey Hooitt,* ane o' the best botanists in a' England, and a desperate beetle-hunter?

North. Entomologist, James. A man of science.

Shepherd. The twa married Hooitts I love just excessively, sir. What they write canna fail o' being poetry, even the maist middlin' o't, for it's aye wi' them the ebullition o' their ain feeling, and their ain

* John Scott, a Quaker poet, resided, during the greater part of his life, at Amwell; and wrote a poem called after that village. He died in 1783. Bernard Barton, also a Quaker, resided at Woodbridge, in Suffolk, from 1810 to 1849 (when he died), as clerk in a bank. He published several volumes of poetry,—much of it very good. Wiffen, whose original poems are called "Aonian Hours," was librarian to the Duke of Bedford, at Woburn Abbey, where he composed his prose History of the Russell Family, and translated Tasso and De la Vega into English verse. He died in 1836. William and Mary Howitt (man and wife) published their first work in 1823. It was called The Forest Minstrel, and bore their joint names on the title-page. The Book of the Seasons was principally written by William Howitt, and it is a singular circumstance, that it was offered to six of the leading publishers of London, and by them refused. Mr. Howitt was so disgusted with them and it, that he desperately told the person in whose hands it was, to tie a stone to the manuscript, throw it over London Bridge, and let him hear of it no more. At last, Colburn & Bentley (then in partnership) brought it out, in 1831, and it has been a great hit, having run through seven editions, some of them very large. The Howitts have contributed largely and successfully, in prose and verse, to English literature, and have been very busy as translators from the German and Danish. Their eldest daughter is an artist and author of much promise. Richard Howitt has written some poems—chiefly sonnets. Dr. Howitt, a good botanist, practises as a physician in Nottingham. Both are brothers to William.—M.

fancy, and whenever that's the case, a bonny word or twa will drap itsell intil ilka stanza, and a sweet stanza or twa intil ilka poem, and sae they touch, and sae they sune win a body's heart; and frae readin' their byeuckies ane washes to ken theirsells, and indeed do ken theirsells, for their personal characters are revealed in their volumes, and methinks I see Wully and Mary——

North. Strolling quietly at eve or morn by the silver Trent——

Shepherd. No sae silver, sir, surely as the Tweed?

North. One of the sincerest streams in all England, James.

Shepherd. Sincere—as an English sowle that caresna wha looks' intil't, and flaws bauldly alang whether reflectin' cluds or sunshine.

North. Richard, too, has a true poetical feeling, and no small poetical power. His unpretending volume of verses well deserves a place in the library along with those of his enlightened relatives—for he loves nature truly as they do, and nature has returned his affection.

Shepherd. But what's this Byeuck o' the Seasons?

North. In it the Howitts have wished to present us with all their poetic and picturesque features—a Calendar of Nature, comprehensive and complete in itself—which, on being taken up by the lover of nature at the opening of each month, should lay before him in prospect all the objects and appearances which the month would present, in the garden, in the field, and the waters—yet confining itself solely to those objects. Such, in their own words, is said to be their aim.

Shepherd. And nae insignificant aim either, sir. Hae they hit it?

North. They have. The scenery they describe is the scenery they have seen.

Shepherd. That circling Nottingham.

North. Just so, James. Their pictures are all English.

Shepherd. They show their sense in stickin' to their native land—for unless the heart has brooded, and the een brooded too, on a' the aspecks o' the ooter warld till the edge o' ilka familiar leaf recalls the name o' the flower, shrub, or tree frae which it has been blawn by the wund, or drapped into the cawm, the poet's haun' 'ill waver, and his picture be but a haze. In a' our warks, baith great an' sma', let us be national; an' thus the true speerit o' æ kintra 'ill be breathed intil anither, an' the haill warld encompassed an' pervaded wi' poetry and love.

North. As a proof, James, of their devotedness to merry England——

Shepherd. No a whit less merry that it contains a gude mony Quakers.

North. ——our Friends have described the year, without once alluding—as far as I have observed—to the existence of Thomson!

Shepherd. Na—that is queer an' comical aneuch; nor can I just a'thegither approve o' that forgetfulness, ignorance, or omission.

North. It shows their sincerity. They quote, indeed, scarcely any poetry but Wordsworth's—for in it, above all other, their quiet, and contemplative, and meditative spirits seem to repose in delight.

Shepherd. I canna understaun' why it should be sae, but wi' the exception o' yoursell, sir, I never ken't man or woman wha loved and admired Wordsworth up to the pitch, or near till't, o' idolatrous worship, wha seemed to care a doit for ony ither poet, leevin' or dead. He's a sectawrian, you see, sir, in the religion o' natur'—

North. Her High Priest.

Shepherd. Weel—weel—sir; e'en be't sae. But is that ony reason why a' ither priests shou'd be despised or disregarded, when tryin' in a religious speerit to expound or illustrate the same byeuck o' natur' which God has given us, wi' the haly leaves lyin' open, sae that he wha rins may read, though it's only them that walks slowly, or sits down aneath the shadow o' a rock or a tree, that can understaun' sufficient to privilege them to breathe forth their knowledge an' their feelings in poetry, which is aye as a prayer or a thanksgiving?

North. The Book of the Seasons is a delightful book—and I recommend it to all lovers of nature.

(Enter the Household in their stocking-soles, and remove the relics of the Feast of Shells.)

Shepherd. Noo we may wauken Tickler. He whuspered intil my lug, as I was makin' him cozy wi' the cloaks, no to let him sleep ayont eleven.

(The Shepherd "blows mimic hootings to the silent owl," who, opening his large eyes, cries "toowhit toowhoo!" and sits up on his perch.)

Tickler. Let us have oysters.

Shepherd. Eisters! The eisters 'll no be ready, sir, for an hour yet. For my ain part, I'm no hungry the nicht—and dinna think I'll eat ony eisters. Mr. North, will you?

North. No.

Shepherd. Dinna fash wi' eisters the nicht, Mr. Tickler.—for this has been a stormy day, and they're no caller. Was ye dreamin', sir? For you seemed unco restless.

Tickler. I was, James.

Shepherd. What o'?

Tickler. A battle of cats.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon the slates!"

Miss Tabitha having made an assignation with Tom Tortoiseshell, the feline phenomenon, they two sit curmurring, forgetful of mice and milk, of all but love! How meekly mews the Demure, relapsing into that sweet under-song—the Purr! And how curls Tom's whiskers

like those of a Pashaw! The point of his tail—and the point only is alive—insidiously turning itself, with serpent-like seduction, towards that of Tabitha, pensive as a Nun. His eyes are rubies, hers emeralds—as they should be—his lightning, hers lustre—for in her sight he is the lord, and in his, she is the lady of Creation.

North. “O happy love! when love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I’ve paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
If earth a draft of heavenly pleasure share,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
’Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other’s arms breathe out the tender tale”—

Shepherd. The last line wanna answer—

“Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale!”

Tickler. Woman or cat—she who hesitates is lost. But Diana, shining in heaven, the Goddess of the Silver Bow, sees the peril of poor pussy—and interposes her celestial aid to save the vestal. An enormous grimalkin, almost a wild cat, comes rattling along the roof, down from the chimney-top, and Tom Tortoiseshell, leaping from love to war, tackles to the Red Rover in single combat. Sniff—snuff—splutter—squeak—squall—caterwaul, and throttle!

North. Where are the following lines?

“From the soft music of the spinning purr,
When no stiff hair disturbs the glossy fur,
The whining wail, so piteous and so faint,
When through the house Puss moves with long complaint,
To that unearthly throttling caterwaul,
When feline legions storm the midnight wall,
And chant, with short snuff and alternate hiss,
The dismal song of hymeneal bliss”—

Shepherd. Wheesht, North—wheesht!

Tickler. Over the eaves sweeps the hairy hurricane. Two cats in one—like a prodigious monster with eight legs and a brace of heads and tails—and through among the lines on which clothes are hanging in the back-green, and which break the fall, the dual number plays squelch on the miry herbage.

Shepherd. A pictur’ o’ the back-green in fowre words. I see it and them.

Tickler. Tha four-story fall has given them fresh fury and more fiery life. What tails! Each as thick as my arm, and rustling with electricity like the northern streamers. The Red Rover is generally

uppermost—but not always—for Tom has him by the jugular like a very bulldog—and his small, sharp, tiger-teeth, entangled in the fur, pierce deeper and deeper into the flesh—while Tommy keeps tearing away at his rival, as if he would eat his way into his windpipe. Heavier than Tom Tortoiseshell is the Red Rover by a good many pounds; but what is weight to elasticity—what is body to soul? In the long tussle, the hero ever vanquishes the ruffian—as the Cock of the North the Gander.

North (bowing). Proceed.

Tickler. Cats' heads are seen peering over the tops of walls, and then their lengthening bodies, running crouching along the copestones, with pricked-up ears and glaring eyes, all attracted towards one common centre—the back-green of the inextinguishable battle. Some dropping, and some leaping down, from all altitudes, lo! a general *melée*! For Tabitha having through a skylight forced her way down stairs, and out of the kitchen-window, into the back-area, is sitting pensively on the steps,

“And like another Helen fires another Troy.”

Detachments come wheeling into the field of battle from all imaginable and unimaginable quarters—and you see before you all the cats in Edinburgh, Stockbridge, and the suburbs, about as many, I should suppose, as the proposed constituents of our next city member.

Shepherd. The town-council are naething to them in nummers. The back-green's absolutely composed o' cats.

Tickler. Up fly a thousand windows from ground-flat to attic, and what an exhibition of nightcaps! Here elderly gentlemen, apparently in their shirts, with head night-gear from Kilmarnock, worthy of Tapitoury's self—behind them their wives—grandmothers at the least—poking their white faces, like those of sheeted corpses, over the shoulders of the fathers of their numerous progeny—there chariest maids, prodigal enough to unveil their beauties to the moon, yet, in their alarm, folding the frills of their chemises across their bosoms—and lo! yonder the Captain of the Six Feet Club, with his gigantic shadow frightening that pretty damsel back to her couch, and till morning haunting her troubled dreams! “Fire! Fire!” “Murder! Murder!” is the cry—and there is wrath and wonderment at the absence of the police-officers and engines. A most multitudinous murder is in process of perpetration there—but as yet fire there is none; when lo! and hark! the flash and peal of musketry—and then the music of the singing slugs slaughtering the Catti, while bouncing up into the air, with Tommy Tortoise clinging to his carcass, the Red Rover yowls wolfishly to the moon, and then descending like lead into the stone-area, gives up nine ghosts, never to chew cheese more and dead as a herring. In mid-air the

Phenomenon had to let go his hold, and seeing it in vain to oppose the yeomanry, pursues Tabitha, the innocent cause of all this woe, into the coal-cellar, and there, like Paris and Helen,

“When first entranced, in Cranae’s Isle they lay,
Lip pressed to lip, and breathed their souls away,”

entitled but not tempted to look at a king, the peerless pair begin to purr and play in that subterranean paradise, forgetful of the pile of cat-corpses that in that catastrophe was heaped half-way up the currant-bushes on the walls, so indiscriminate had been the Strages. All undreamed of by them the beauty of the rounded moon, now hanging over the city, once more steeped in stillness and in sleep!

Shepherd. Capital! Talkin’ o’ cats reminds ane o’ mice—and mice reminds ane o’ toasted cheese. Suppose, Mr. Tickler, we hae a Tin-Trencher?

Tickler. A Welsh Rabbit? Ring the bell.

(*Enter SIR DAVID GAM and TAPPITOURIE with Welsh Rabbits.*)

Shepherd. Noo, sirs, indulge me, if you please, wi’ some feelosofical conversation.

Tickler. Moral or physical?

Shepherd. Let me consider, Fizzical.

North. Nay—nay—James—remember there are three of us—and that it is share and share alike—remember, too, that Tickler had no oys—

Shepherd. Wheesht!

Tickler. Physical philosophy, gentlemen, is the most rigorous investigation of truth that the human mind has ever pursued. More than history—more than the legal examination of evidence—more than moral and metaphysical philosophy—more than religion. In it the matter of inquiry is more under command, the spirit of inquiry more just and sincere. It would seem that the discipline of truth which the human mind has undergone in its last hundred, one hundred and fifty, two hundred years—since Lord Bacon—of physical study, is the greatest, truest, most effectually fruitful that it has ever proved. Do we not feel the effects in the study of moral science, of history, philosophy? Do we not now look upon them with the purged eyes of Baconian pupils, with habits of thought, lights of examination, canons of judgment, a criticism of truth learnt in the school of physical philosophy? Do we not require other evidence, judge with another sobriety, look for another solidity in knowledge than we did? There were bolder, greater, more capable thinkers, not a stricter rule of thought. The great intellectual feature of the last age has been its success in physical science; not merely among the leaders, but among the multitude, so that every one could contribute, and has done. Let

us say this is not the end, but a step. Now it is time that the higher thinkers take another step. They do in Germany. The next step is that they cease to view man's physical as his greatest conquests, and recognize, as they used to do, a mightier field.

North. Yes. Let them become again moralists, not physicians.

Shepherd. Ay—let them become again moralists, no physicians. A savoury Welsh rabbit I never preed.

Tickler. The character of the physical philosophy of the last century is, that it is without hypotheses (comparatively) a kingdom of facts. Let moral philosophy be so. But first let us recognize the field, its extent, might, fruitfulness; that it is not less than the physical—that it has been lost sight of—that it must be seen after again; and this understood, things will resume their natural proportionate place. And now a change commences, which see. Physical philosophy having exerted its own rectifying, strengthening influence on the higher order of minds, will begin to leave them, to give way to more needed science, and to decline to an under rank of minds—and shall, according to a wonted and known law of society, pass gradually down to the lowest, producing in each rank as it descends, by its temporary activity, a salutary permanent influence—till it reaches the bottom, and at last gives way even from the lowest rank. But it will not, in truth, give way from and leave any rank; but from predominant will become subordinate, and take its due proportioned place in each.

North. I suppose, then, that we may bestir ourselves to advance the moral studies of the higher, and need not so much guide the intellectual of the lower.

Tickler. But meanwhile, Mr. North, the moral studies of the lower classes ought to be wholly involved in religion—as the moral studies of the higher may be safely enough distinct from it, without forgetting it.

Shepherd. Eh?

North. What is physical study? Consider the difference in the knowledge of the world since the Greek thought the sun a chariot, and the earth a flat circle or oblong, with Hyperboreans, Cyclops, Acephali, &c., a south uninhabited from heat, &c., as in Herodotus, with Ælian's natural history, &c., and its present state—geographical voyages, &c.

Shepherd. Et cetera.

Tickler. That was a dream of the world—this is knowledge. That was the age of imagination—this of understanding or reason, or an approach to it. What is the good of physical knowledge? Many. One is, that it helps to make man feel strong in his powers: justly. Reading the universe rightly, he is exalted by understanding in it the wisdom that made it. It is one case of "magnanimous to correspond with heaven." Further, he feels, by his power both to understand and

to control nature, how much his destiny is given into his own hands. He is excited similarly to search government, education, happiness—to investigate the internal world, and endeavour to control and mould it. Only, he must not think himself higher, or more self-dependent, than he is. But to know fully the true extent of his powers, is the way not to think falsely, or have an interest in doing so. His intellectual dominion is now so great, that it may satisfy his ambition; and he may be content to know where it stops, where he becomes finite and dependent. If he is ennobled by his just contemplation of the structure and design of the universe, shall not the whole race participate in his ennobling? Shall not the common man be raised by it—by knowing the results, without the process of deduction, without the science? Thus, I can well suppose that mechanics' lectures on Geography, Natural History, Astronomy, and some other branches, scientifically true in all their matter, but popular in their exposition—that is, made intelligible to a very moderately constructed understanding, and affecting to the imagination and feelings, might be very interesting and very useful indeed; therefore, let Dr. Birkbeck, spite of his politics, which are bad, flourish, and all Institutions.*

Shepherd. That's leeberal and illeeberal in ae breath. Never heard I mortal man sae voluble during a Welsh rabbit.

North. Listen to me, gentlemen.

Shepherd. Listen to you, sir,—what else hae we been doin'—and I fear to little purpose—a' this lang interminable night?

North. The spirit which draws men individually towards knowledge, is not the same which invests it with reverence to the eyes of the world. The sages of rude times have been held in mysterious veneration; and their wisdom has been thought to proceed from beings of a higher nature, or even to command them. Imagination, ever seeking Deity, apprehends its presence not only in the powers that move in the natural world, but in human power, when much surpassing all that appears within the range of familiar knowledge. Thus it makes prophets, enchanters, and the favoured that have intercourse with spirits.

Shepherd. Michael Scott, in the olden day.† But times are changed, sir; and even Christopher North himsell is by few reckoned a magician.

North. But this reverence for knowledge is imaginative and generous, and of the same birth with the love of knowledge, which is itself an inquisition after Deity. But in these times of ours, when imagi-

* Dr. George Birkbeck, a native of Yorkshire, was so precocious in the acquisition of knowledge, that, at the age of twenty-one, he was appointed professor of natural history in the Andersonian Institution of Glasgow. He established a Mechanics' Institution in Glasgow, and removed to London in 1822, where he founded the celebrated London Mechanics' Institution, from which nearly all the establishments of that nature throughout England were constituted. He lent the Society £3000, for erecting a museum, lecture-room, &c., and was their president. He died in 1841, aged sixty-five.—M.

† Sir Michael Scott, who died in 1293, and figures as a wizard in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, was so learned in the occult sciences that the unlettered considered him a magician.—M.

nation is almost expelled from the processes and counsels of human life, what then makes worship around knowledge? Truly, she that worshippeth Power. She that liveth in the eyes of men, and is ruled under their influences as her stars.

Shepherd. What's her name?

North. She sees that knowledge is great and strong in the world—that it commands power and fame; that it gets wealth; that it sways even in the great motions of the world; that it is set in honour, in places of old authority,—therefore it is for her reverence—therefore she will set her children to learn it—therefore she will give it her favour and her help, and will to some degree bow herself before it.

Tickler. Yes, North, that principle will govern even opinion of knowledge, among every society, wherever great causes act to produce a general contention of spirit for it beyond the pure love of it for its own sake. Or, to make clear sense at once, what are the principles that excite labour after knowledge, besides the pure delight in it?

North. There are two great original powers, Tickler, that drive onwards the human spirit in quest of knowledge; the necessity of life, and the delight of the soul. From the rudest to the most civilized state of society, the acquisition of knowledge that arises to men, from their contention with nature, to make her yield them life, is very great—immense. Suppose in our own country, James, one mind to possess all the knowledge by which, in ten thousand thousand hands, bread is earned.

Shepherd. What a Solomon he would be—a livin' Library o' Usefu' and Entertainin' Knowledge.

North. Setting aside, for a moment, the multiform application of simple principles by which the instruments of human art are produced—heavens! only think on the knowledge of Nature, James, which in every minute division is distributed throughout those various arts!

Shepherd. The thocht's overwhelmin'.

North. Suppose that all the facts as to the nature and properties of the different substances which are employed as materials or agents in various arts in Birmingham and Sheffield, were known to one mind as they are known to those who without higher knowledge practise them for their bread! Suppose an intelligent mind to possess the knowledge only which it might acquire in a course of workshops, from the conversation of those who worked in them—would it not, without study, without books—be most extensive—most——

Shepherd. The knowledge o' many a' gathered thegither in ae mastermind—yet aiblins withouten sceence.

North. But if you will look at those forms of life in which *each man*, James, is required to possess the whole of that knowledge of nature, which is necessary for obtaining from her the greater part of the means of his subsistence——

Shepherd. Am' nae I sic a man mysell, sir?

North. You are, my dear James. Think, Tickler, how any man who is much acquainted with labouring people, where they are generally neither depressed by poverty nor degraded by vicious habits prevailing among them, must have been surprised at times to find the extent of knowledge, which native intelligence, exerting itself upon those objects and facts which the plain necessities of life only made important, had amassed—without books—husbandmen—shepherds—mechanics—artificers!

Shepherd. Pour oot upon him, Tickler—deluge him, Timothy.

Tickler. If you would see the most extensive acquisition of knowledge enforced by the necessities of life, you must know what is the life of a savage, in those tribes where there is full power of mind, for in some the mind is extraordinarily degraded. For example, many of the tribes of the North American Indians, before they were visited with the curse of an intercourse with Europeans, possessed a high character of mind, both for heroic and intellectual qualities. Now, conceive one of these Indians cast amidst the boundlessness of nature—with a mind strong and ardent—not beginning life as we do—surrounded with a thousand helps to guard it from all sufferings and necessities, to spare it all use of its faculties—but cast upon the bosom of nature—to win from her the means of the preservation of his existence. From the moment he begins to understand and know—he sees what the course of his life is to be. He is to be a hunter and an inhabitant of the woods. Now, imagine all the multitude of natural facts, on the knowledge of which, for safety and sustenance, his mind is made to rest. He is a hunter—that is to say, that from the day he can use his hands at his will, he will begin his warfare against the animal race. What does that mean? That of every bird and animal of which his power can compass the destruction, he must begin to know the signs, the haunts, and the ways. He is already engaged as an observer in natural history. You may be sure he has very soon as exact a knowledge of the figure, colours, cries, &c., of many of them, and of the place and construction of the habitations of those which find, or make themselves habitations—of their young, or eggs—their number, their seasons, and precautions of breeding, &c., as any naturalist from Linnæus to Cuvier. Now, every thing he has to do to ensnare, entice, waylay them, is drawn entirely from observation of the various particulars of their modes of life. This knowledge, as he grows, he goes on extending to numbers of the birds and animals that people his dominion,—and when the savage has, by keen and extensive observation, (you have read Hearne, North!) acquired all the knowledge that affects his own well-being—of the appearance, the nature, the seasons, the modes of life of as many of these creatures as will come under the necessity or the wantonness of his art as a hunter, I ask, is it not plain that he must possess, very intimately and exactly, much of that knowledge which, when possessed by a naturalist, is raised to the rank of science?

Shepherd. Ask Audubon.

Tickler. Combine with this the knowledge of the natural world that surrounds him, as implied by his dependence for sustenance on its vegetable productions—and all the various knowledge of the earth itself, and of the skies, which become important to him who is to make his way by recollection or conjecture through untracked wildernesses, forests, swamps, and precipices. How in an unknown wilderness so made up, even after he has chosen his course, by the stars, shall he know to trace a path through the dangers and immensity of nature, which human feet may tread? By observing, studying all his life long, the nature of mountains, torrents, marshes, vegetation. Then add to this—his observation of the air and the skies, from his dependence on their changes, and I think, my lads, if you have imagination to represent to yourselves one-twentieth part of the knowledge which a savage will thus be driven to possess by his mere physical necessities, you will be astonished to find how much liker a learned man he is than you be.

Shepherd. Maist yeloquent!

Tickler. Will this seem fanciful? I will give you a single instance. There is scarcely one point in natural history more celebrated and interesting than the beaver's building his house. Do you wish to be correctly informed upon this subject? Read all our naturalists from Buffon downwards, and you will be incorrectly instructed on the mind of these mysterious animals. Then go and read the account given by a man who had nothing to do with beavers, except that he was an agent in the fur trade, and who tells you what the Indian hunters told and showed him, and you will find much the most interesting, and the only exact account we possess of these builders.

Shepherd. Wha?

North. It is in Hearne's Travels in the northern parts of America.* Here then I establish that a great part of that knowledge of external living nature which we hoard up among our treasures of science, is, through necessity, possessed, and I will say—much more accurately—by men in those rude forms of life, in which they are perpetually contending with nature for the supply of all their wants.

(Silver Time-Piece chimes Twelve, and enter the Six Supper-Supporters, with Roasted Turkey, Lamb, Fillet of Veal, Salmon, Turbot, Cod, &c., &c., &c. &c. &c., &c.)

Shepherd. I canna charge my memory wi' ever havin' been sae lang afore without breakin' my fast. It's bad for the health sittin' hour after hour on an empty stammach, mair especially when the mind as weel's the body's exhowsted wi' the wear and tear o' rational and irrational conversation. Tickler, tackle you to the turkey—North, lay

* Samuel Hearne was a traveller who, from 1769 to 1792, was employed by the Hudson Bay Company, to explore the Northwest Coast of America, and was the first European who succeeded in reaching the Arctic Ocean. His travels were published.—M.

yoursel out on the lamb—and as for me, I shall hae some flirtation wi' the fillet.

North. Make ready!

Tickler. Present!

Shepherd. Fire!

(*A sort of snuzzling silence in the Snuggery for an hour or thereabouts. Timepiece smites One, and the Apparition of Picardy and his Tail comes and goes like the rainbow.*)

North. THE KING! (*With all the honours.*)

Tickler. Of whom recording history will say—"not that he found London of brick and left it of marble*—but that he found his people in bondage, and left them free!"

North. Base Helot who first voided, and baser Helot still who ate up that loathsome lie, and splattered it out again undigested in his own poisonous slaver!

Tickler. Pitiful and paltry press!

North. Most wretched in its street-walking prostitution?

Tickler. "O tyrant swollen with insolence and pride!"

North. "Thou dog in forehead—but in heart a deer!"

Shepherd. Is there to be a revolution, sirs?

North. If there be, 'twill be a bloody one.

Tickler. Come—come—gents—let us talk over that matter at next Noctes.

Shepherd. The verra first thing the Radicals will do—will be to extinguish the Noctes Ambrosianæ.

North. The very last they shall be allowed to do—James—*Ecce Signum!* (*Shoulders the crutch.*)

Tickler. Since you insist upon it, why then I will sing a new song—in the character of a Radical!

THE JACOBIN BILL.

Tune—Nottingham Ale.

1.

Now the reign of the tyrant for ever is past,
And the day-star of freedom is beaming on high—

* In his great speech upon Law Reform, in the spring of 1828, which enchained the attention of the House of Commons for nearly seven hours, Brougham had a beautiful allusion to what was said of Augustus, as regarded Rome. It occurs in the peroration—which, in its serious eloquence, equals, if it does not surpass, the most effective efforts of Burke, Sheridan, and Canning. Urging the necessity of reforming the administration of the law (which was costly, dilatory, and cumbrous), he said: "The praise which fawning courtiers feigned for our Edwards and Harries, the Justinians of their day, will be the just tribute of the wise and good, to that monarch under whose sway so mighty a work shall be accomplished. It was the boast of Augustus—it formed part of the lustre in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost—that he found Rome of brick, and left it of marble; a praise not unworthy a great prince, and to which the present reign [of George IV.] is not without claims. But how much nobler will be our Sovereign's boast, when he shall have it to say, that he found the law dear, and left it cheap—found it a sealed book, left it a living letter—found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor—found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence."—M.

When truth is now heard in the Senate at last,
 And the shout of the million in grateful reply—
 Let us sing and rejoice,
 With heart and with voice,
 And each man his bumper triumphantly fill—
 For in this Age of Reason,
 We know of no treason,
 But refusing to drink to the Jacobin Bill!*

2.

For many a hopeless and heart-breaking day,
 The conflict unequal we strove to maintain—
 But still, as the slaves of "legitimate" sway,
 We demanded redress—but demanded in vain—
 Debased and degraded—
 Our birthrights invaded—
 We fruitlessly sought the great truth to instil,
 That our ruthless oppressor,
 The present possessor,
 Must taste all the sweets of a Jacobin Bill!

3.

But the debt of the people, so long in arrear,
 By the Jacobin Bill will be speedily paid,—
 And the step of the peasant will press on the peer,
 And prove of what metal his "order" is made—
 With Hunt at the steerage,
 We'll pitch the whole Peerage,
 Like the Prophet of old, the vex'd waters to still,—
 And many a martyr
 Of star and of garter,
 Must now read his fate in the Jacobin Bill!

4.

And as for those righteous rulers in lawn,
 Who pillage the poor with palaver of peace—
 Those Shepherds, whose reverend minds are withdrawn
 From the care of the flock, by the thoughts of the fleece,—
 How odd the grimaces
 Of many smug faces,
 On finding they're nothing but tenants at will
 When first we shall dish up
 Some rosy Archbishop,
 Who voted, perhaps, for the Jacobin Bill!

5.

The lawyer no longer need bother his brain
 With the quibbles and quirks of his straw-splitting trade,
 For the Law of our Bill is abundantly plain,
 And needs not a hired *mis*interpreter's aid :
 And as for the Judges,
 There's nobody grudges

* The Reform Bill, brought into the House of Commons for a first reading, on March 1, 1831, by Lord John Russell.—M.

To give them a touch of their friend the tread-mill—
 If 'twere but to show them,
 We feel what we owe them,
 For days when none dreamt of a Jacobin Bill!

6.

Thus peer, priest and lawyer, each civilly sent
 His bread in an honest calling to win,
 And hearing no more of tithes, taxes, or rent,
 The work of reform may be said to begin!
 The great revolution
 Of just distribution,
 Its blessings unmeasured will thenceforth distil,
 And cutting and carving,
 For thousands now starving,
 At once will be found in the Jacobin Bill!

7.

The mechanic who toils for his shilling a day,
 May then get as drunk as the prince or the peer,—
 And citizen Russell, and citizen Grey,
 Will see the true use of their thousands a-year;
 In Whig and in Tory-House,
 Happy and glorious,
 Day after day the parch'd people may swill—
 And how pleasant to revel
 On "the fat Bedford level,"
 For love of our friend of the Jacobin Bill!*

8.

Oh! England, the land of the tyrant and slave!
 How happily changed will thy destinies be,
 When the harlequin banner shall gallantly wave
 O'er the patriot deeds of the brave and the free!
 With streets barricaded,
 And pikemen paraded,
 What generous ardour each bosom will thrill
 When in civil defiance
 Of martial science,
 We stand in defence of the Jacobin Bill!

9.

And when every man's hand is at every man's throat—
 Oh! then what a pleasant Parisian Scene!
 With our own *ça ira*, and our own *sans culottes*,
 And perhaps, Heaven bless us! our own *guillotine*.
 We've been too slow in learning—
 Too dull in discerning,

* What was called "the Bedford level" was a vast tract of land, which had once been a profitless swamp, but is now reclaimed, and forms part of the Duke of Bedford's estates.—The extensive property of this nobleman, in Bedfordshire and Devonshire, was Church plunder, confiscated by Henry VIII., and bestowed by him upon one of his creatures, a man named Russell.—M.

These radical cures for each deep-seated ill—
 But truly our neighbour
 Has not lost her labour,
 When at length she has taught us our Jacobin Bill!

North. Thank ye, Tickler. You write and sing a song as well, if not better, than any man in Scotland.

Shepherd. It cuts to the quick.

North. There is one public man in England, Tickler, over whose apostacy from one sacred cause—more in sorrow than in anger—I and thousands—yea millions—groaned.* Yet from his eloquent lips lately fell words of warning wisdom; nor shall my praise of his patriotism be mingled at this moment with any unavailing lamentation or reproach—Sir Robert Peel. The conclusion of his admirable speech on Lord John Russell's motion for Reform in Parliament, has committed itself to my memory—

Tickler. Hear! hear! hear!

North. "We are arrived at 1831, and reform is again proposed, whilst the events of the last year in Paris and Brussels are bewildering the judgment of many, and provoking a restless, unquiet disposition, unfit for the calm consideration of such a question. I, too, refer to the condition of France, and I hold up the late Revolution in France, not as an example, but as a warning to this country. Granted that the resistance to authority was just; but look at the effects,—on the national prosperity, on industry, on individual happiness,—even of just resistance. Let us never be tempted to resign the well tempered freedom which we enjoy, in the ridiculous pursuit of the wild liberty which France has established. What avails that liberty which has neither justice nor wisdom for its companions—which neither brings peace nor prosperity in its train? It was the duty of the King's Government to abstain from agitating this question at such a period as the present—to abstain from the excitement throughout this land of that conflict—(God grant it may be only a moral conflict!) which must arise between the possessors of existing privileges, and those to whom they are to be transferred. It was the duty of the Government to calm, not to stimulate, the fever of popular excitement. They have adopted a different course—they have sent through the land the firebrand of agitation, and no one can now recall it. Let us hope that there are limits to their powers of mischief. They have, like the giant enemy of the Philistines, lighted three hundred brands, and scattered through the country discord and dismay; but God forbid that they should, like him, have the power to concentrate in death all the energies that belong to life, and to signalize

* The Tories were many years before they forgave Sir Robert Peel for what they called his treachery and apostacy, in granting Catholic Emancipation, in 1829, after having spoken and voted against it for the preceding twenty years.—M.

their own destruction by bowing to the earth the pillars of that sacred edifice, which contains within its walls, according even to their own admission 'the noblest society of freemen in the world.'

Tickler. Much indeed might be forgiven in the past conduct of a statesman, who has courage so to speak at such a crisis.

North. May Reform come from such a statesman as spoke in that pregnant passage, and the country will at once be satisfied and strengthened.

Tickler. Amen.

Shepherd. Ax your pardon, sir, for puttin' rather an abrupt question; but does neither o' you twa smell ony thing out o' the common?

Tickler. I hâve no nose.

Shepherd. Nae nose? In that case, neither has an elephant.

Tickler. I mean no sense of smell.

Shepherd. Then I pity you, sir, in spring, up i' the mornin' early, in the Forest, when the sun is sae tenderly woin' the dawn, and a shower o' bees is perpetually drapin' doon frae the bawmy bosom o' the southwest wind, on the bawmy bosom of the Earth, that is indeed flowin', as the Scriptur's says, wi' milk and honey, and a hotchin' wi' dew-reekin' sun-seekin' flowers, as if through a' her open pores were breathin' the irrepressible delight o' our great mother's heart.

North. How spiritual the scent of violets!

Shepherd, (snuffing and smoking.) Can it be Guse?

North. Poo, poo, James. 'Tis but "the strong imagination of a feast."

Shepherd. A feast? Fuilzie!

Tickler. "So scented the Grim Feature, and upturned
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from afar."

Shepherd. That quotation's no pat, sir; I'm no smelling a dead horse in a far awa' quarry, but the memory o' a roasted Guse in this verra room. THE GLASGOW GANDER'S NO YET EXTINK.

North. James, you are too metaphysical. The memory of a smell is a most abstract idea.

Tickler. I remember it in the Concrete.

Shepherd. It aften haunts me, sirs, at meals, till I lay doon the spoon wi' a scunner, and bock at the rummlete thumps. The family canna sympathees wi' me—for it's the same wi' the scent as wi' the sight—twa folk never yet, at ae time, either smelt or saw a ghost—and it's even sae wi' the stink o' the Gander.

North. Peace to his manes!

Tickler. Methinks I see him moulting. "In my mind's eye, Horatio."

Shepherd. Mooltin'! Puir fallow! in the pens! The Gander's in

a piteous condition then, sirs; a' ragged and raw, dowp red-bare, as if nettle-stung, and the sprootin' quullies blushin' wi' bluid. Oh! but at that season he's sensitive—sensitive; and he drags along his meeserable existence in ae dolefu' hiss—a fent and feeble hiss—less like an ordinary Gander's than a bat's——

Tickler. I know it—a mixture of a bat's, a cat's, and an adder's, which, in the darkness and silence of nature, would be not unalarming, did not your knowledge of ornithology come instantly to your aid, and scientifically refer it to the enormous moult.

North. As Goldsmith pathetically says,

“To stop too fearful, and too faint to go!”

Shepherd. If you but pint your finger at him, then, “he gangs distracted mad”——

Tickler. And gives vent at all points to such a gabble, that you look up to the lift, James, expecting a cloud of wild-geese from Norway——

Shepherd. But the sky is calm——

North. And so would be the common, but for the picturesque impersonation of pain, impertinence, and poltroonery——

Tickler. Who

“Plays such fantastic tricks beneath high heaven
As make the angels weep.”

Shepherd. What an eemage! An angel weepin' at a guse! That's no orthodox. It wou'd be ayont the power o' the angel Gabriel himself, or Michael, or Raphael either, ony mair than us Three, to gaze down on the Gander without fa'in intil guffaws.

North. In Lincolnshire—in the Fens—these unfortunate animals are plucked perennially in cavies——

Shepherd. What? A' the year through!

North. Ay, James, all the year through—from June to January—and from January to June.

Shepherd. Without bein' alloo'd ae single holiday, sir? I cou'dna carry on sic a system o' persecutions as that again' ony Guse or Gander that ever gabbled—for it borders on inhumanity; and sometimes, methinks, about the close o' the month, as I was hauldin' the noiseless tenor o' my way towards his cavey, to gie him his accustom'd plookin', my heart wou'd relent, seein' the pimples and pustules pabblin' a' ower him, just as parritch pabbles in the pat—the countless holes, sir, out of which the quills had been rugged,—and then, in place o' administerin' the usual discipline to his dowp, or what, wi' his tale, he thinks wings, ten to ane I would gie him a handfu' o' corn, mixed wi' cauld potawtoes, say somethin' kind and consolin' to the *sans culottes* citizens

o' the cavey, and aiblins openin' the door, let him out to tak a waddle on thae absurd splay-feet o' his, beneath whose soles you canna, however, help pitying the poor grass, and heavin' a sigh for the inevitable brusin' o' much beetle.

North. I am not—either by nature or education—superstitious; yet I cannot help attaching some credit to the strange rumour——

Shepherd. What strange rumour? Let me hear't, sir; for there's naething I like sae weel's a strange rumour.

North. Why, that the great Glasgow Gander has been seen since the last Noctes.

Shepherd. Whaur?

North. At divers times and in sundry places.

Shepherd. But no in the flesh, sir—no in the flesh.

Tickler. THE GHOST OF THE GANDER!!!

North. “Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night,
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in his days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away.”

Tickler. “But that it is forbid
To tell the secrets of his prison-house,
He could a tale unfold.”

North. That “eternal blazon,” Tickler, must be reserved for another Noctes. A description of his Purgatory by the Ghost of the Glasgow Gander will eclipse Dante's.

Shepherd. Wha saw't?

North. People in general.

Shepherd. Ay, that's the way wi' a' supernatural apparitions. I defy you to trace ony ane amang the best accredited o' them a' up to its first gloom or glimmer afore individual een—but it's neither the less true nor the less fearsome on that account—and that you'll alloo even to your ain lowpin heart, the first time you foregather wi' a ghaist—in a wood, or on a muir, or glowerin' out upon you frae the embrasure o' an auld castle, or risin' up as silent as the mist, in the verra heart o' the thunner o' some lanesome waterfa'.

North. Some, 'tis said, have seen it, as if escaped from the spit—trussed, yet endowed with locomotive power——

Tickler. Hissing like a steam-engine.

North. Others gashed with a thousand wounds, and dripping with gore and gravy——

Tickler. “In somnos ecce! ante oculos mæstissimus ANSER,
Visus adesse mihi, largosque effundere fletus!
Raptatus Tapitouro ut quondam, aterque cruento
Pulvere, perque pedes trajectus loro tumentes.”

North. "Hei mihi! qualis erat! Quantum mutatus ab illo ANSEREI!"

Tickler. "O Lux Dardaniæ! Spes O Fidissima Teucrum
Quæ tantæ tenuere moræ? Quibus ANSER ab oris
Expectate venis?"

North. "Ut te, post multa tuorum
Funera—
Defessi adspicimus!"

Tickler. "Quæ caussa indigna serenos
Fœdavit voltus? aut cur hæc volnera cerno?"

North. "Ille nihil; nec me querentem vana, moratur,
Sed, graviter gemitus imo de pectore ducens"—

Tickler. "Heu! fuge, NATE DEA!"

Shepherd. What! Does the Ghost of the Gander gabble Greek?

Tickler. The story runs, James, that

"Even in his ashes lives his wonted fire,"

and that he has been seen by the watchman, as he "walks his lonely round," impotently pursuing, up and down the Guse-dubs, some dingy dulcinea desired of yore, who, with loud shrieks, shuns his embraces, and finally, in desperation, plunges for shelter in among a drove of ducks, merry in the moonlight on the Peat-Bog, into whose sullen depths is afraid to plunge the hot and hissing Tarquin, who bitterly knows that fat cannot float without feathers—

North. He sticks to Terra Firma—"larding the lean earth as he moves along."

Shepherd. What seems he noo in the een o' the Bubbley?

North. The Bubbley sees through him—and wages warfare on the Gander's Ghost. But you may imagine the Bubbley's astonishment on finding the Gander evaporate beneath his tread as he leaps upon him, after having chased him three times round Nelson's Pillar.

Tickler. Methinks I see the Ghost of the Gander,

"At the close of the day, when the city is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove."

waddling along that noble square, on the summit of Blythwood Hill, and moralizing to himself on the destinies of his species—

Shepherd. Wishin', a' in vain, that they wad but tak' a lesson frae his fate! A' in vain, sirs; for even let a spectre come frae the sewer to forewarn them o' their doom, yet wunna they keep their tongue

within their bills, but wull keep gapin', and hissin', and gablin' on till the end o' the chapter, which, aiblins, consists o' sic a catastrophe at Ambrose's, sir, as will be remembered to the latest posterity, and, translated intil a thousand languages, be perused by all people that on earth do dwell, lang after the Anglo-Scotch, and the Scoto-English, have been baith dead tongues. Example's lost on a' Fules—feathered and unfeathered—and that's aye been an argumen wi' me—accep in cases o' verra rare culprits—again' capital punishments.

North. 'Tis said the Gawpus of the Ghost—

Shepherd. You mean the Ghost o' the Gawpus—

North. —has been seen in Edinburgh. The Black Cook of this establishment, James, is afraid to sleep by herself—

Shepherd. Canna she get Tappitoury, or the Pech—

Tickler. Hush—hush—James.

North. You know all feathers are among her perquisites—and she told King Pepin, that, t'other night, on lifting up the lid of the chest where that golden fleece reposed, among the plumage of inferior fowls, lo! the Ghost of the Gander, spurred on by instinctive passion, abhorrent of his nudity, insanely struggling to replume himself—

Shepherd. Haw—haw—haw!—and hopping about in the chest, amaist as roomy as a Minister's Garnel, like a chiel risin' half-drunk in the mornin', and wha havin' gotten ane o' his legs intil the breeks, fin's it a'thegether ayont his capacity to get in the ither, but keeps stoiterin' and stacherin', and tumblin', outowre the floor frae wa' to wa', for a long while, doure on an impossible achievement, and feenally fa'in' backarts on a sack, wi' nae mair howp o' maisterin' his velveteens in this world, than in the next o' insurin' his salvation.

Tickler. O thou Visionary!

North. Poor soul! in her situation, such an adventure—

Shepherd. Her situation! You're no serious, sir?

North. Too true, James. In her fright she let fall the lid—nor has she since had courage, his majesty informs me, to uplift it.

Tickler. The Ghost of the Gander will be smothered. He had better have kept in the sewer.

North. In future ages, James, generations of men seeing the Ghost of the Glasgow Gander, will vainly believe that in the nineteenth century all Ganders were of his size—

Shepherd. Aye—that there were giants in our days.

Tickler. He will cause great disturbance in Ornithology.

Shepherd. Among the tribe Anseres. Compared wi' him, the geese o' the three thousandth'll dwinnle down to dyeucks.

North. In some future Demonology, the philosopher will endeavour to reduce him to ordinary dimensions, nay, even to prove him—all in vain—to be a mere phantom of the imagination.

Shepherd. Yet, sirs, mithers and nourices wull hush the babbies on

their breasts wi' the cry o' "the Ganner!" "the Ganner!" "gin you wanna lie quate, ye vile yanmerin' imp, I'll gie ye to the Ghost o' the great Glasgow Ganner!" Na—tunes 'll be made to eemage forth his gabble, by the Webers o' unborn time—and Theatres be thick wi' folk, as trees wi' craws, to hear, on the hundredth nicht o' its performance, a maist unearthly piece o' music frae a multitudinous orchestra, ca'd the "Ganner's Chorus!"

Tickler. I am sorry he was slaughtered. He would have been an incomparable chimney-sweep.

Shepherd. To have admitted him, whatna flue!

Tickler. Come, North, cut the subject short with a song. Give us the Ghost of the Gander—a Tale of Terror—after the fashion of Mat Lewis.* Poor Mat! he was a man of genius—now how forgotten!

North. I'm a little hoarse—

Shepherd. A little horse?

Tickler. That's always the affectation of you great singers.

North. Pray, Tickler, which, to your ear, is the more musical of the two, the gabble of a Gander, or the braying of a Jackass?

Shepherd. Dinna answer him, Mr. Tickler, for he's only wushin' to get aff the sang.

Tickler. 'Twould be bad, boorish manners, James, not to give an answer to a civil question. I prefer the Gander by sunrise from the sea—the jackass, when that luminary is setting behind the mountains.

Shepherd. What luminary?

Tickler. Neither the Gander nor the Jackass, James, but the Sun. Elated by the glowing charms of the rosy morn, my soul delights in the gabble of geese on a common—but as I wander pensive at to-fall of the day, then, then for love or money, your jackass, with ears, legs, lungs, and jaws, all "stepping westwards," and enacting, in a solo, for his own enjoyment, the Vicar of Bray, worthy to be a Bishop.

Shepherd. What say ye to a Mool?

North. The young American, in his most amusing volumes, "A Year in Spain," has exhausted the subject.*

Shepherd. What's your wull, sir?

North. "I hate a mule," quoth he, "most thoroughly, for there is something abortive in every thing it does, even to its very bray. An

* Matthew Gregory Lewis, a distinguished author in his own day, is chiefly remembered now through his romance called "The Monk," and a play, sometimes acted, entitled "The Castle Spectre." He was wealthy, and sat in Parliament for the borough of Hindon. "The Monk" was published in 1795 (it is founded on the story of Santon Barsisa, in The Guardian), exhibits some talent, but its details are so licentious that it is said a prosecution was threatened by the government. Lewis's "Tales of Wonder" contained several of Sir Walter Scott's earliest ballads,—such as William and Ellen, The Fire-King, The Chase, &c. Lewis died at sea, in 1818, on his return from the West Indies, where he had large estates, and it was believed that he was poisoned, for the sake of the valuables he had with him, by a negro attendant to whom he had given his freedom. When Scott was budding into authorship, Lewis was a good deal in Scotland.—M.

† "A Year in Spain," which was successfully republished in England, was written by the late Alexander Slidell (afterwards Mackenzie) of the U. S. Navy.—M.

ass, on the contrary, has something hearty and whole-souled about it. Jack begins his bray with a modest whistle, rising gradually to the top of his powers, like the progressive eloquence of a well-adjusted oration, and then, as gradually declining to a natural conclusion ; but the mule commences with a voice like thunder, and then, as if sorry for what he has done, he stops like a bully when throttled in the midst of a threat, or a clown who has begun a fine speech, and has not courage to finish it."

Shepherd. Haw ! haw ! haw ! That's capital, man.

North. As Alexander of Macedon said of old, that had he not been Alexander, he would have wished to be Diogenes, so, we may presume, had the hero of Glasgow not been a Gander, he would have chosen to be a——

Tickler. A Mule or Jackass ?

Shepherd. Aye—that is the question. Each——

North. Alternately——

Shepherd. Day about.

North. On Tuesday, beginning his bray with a modest whistle, and throughout his performance just such an original as the lively American has drawn the animated picture of—on Friday, like a bully throttled in the midst of a threat——

Tickler. And cudgelled along the Trongate——

North. Till his back was like the Edinburgh Review.

Tickler. The Blue and Yellow.

North. Or Blackwood's Magazine.

Tickler. A lively green.

Shepherd. Needing nae certificat'.

Tickler. But no more nonsense. Now for your song.

North. (*Clearing his pipes with a caulker.*)

THE GHOST OF THE GANDER.

Oh ! what is that figure, and what can it mean,
That comes forth in the stillness of night—
That near the Guse-Dubs like a phantom is seen—
That haunts the Salt-Market, the Gorbals, the Green,*
And avoids the approach of the light ?

'Tis the Ghost of the Gander—the unavenged Ghost
The spirit disturb'd and distress'd
Of him who erewhile of his tribe was the boast,
Whom 'twas shocking to slay, and inhuman to roast
The unfortunate Goose of the West ?

* These localities almost deserve being called "the back slums" (vide Dickens) of Glasgow, the City of the West.—M,

We all must remember—we never can cease
 To think of his proudest display,
 When first in the grand competition of Geese,
 He appear'd like an over-fed Hero of Grease,
 And triumphantly carried the day

And oh! had he made but a different use
 Of his triumph of shape and of size,
 He still might have lived—a respectable Goose—
 And the nettles might still have been proud to produce
 The Gander that carried the prize!

But, flushed with his conquest, elated with fame,
 And sweln with preposterous pride,
 With gabble unheard-of in wild-geese or tame,
 The Gander in person and conduct became
 The Pest of the Queen of the Clyde.

We do not insist on his manner and mien—
 For these we might find an excuse—
 But his gabble was gross, and his conduct obscene,
 And he openly dwelt among creatures unclean—
 A shameless and scandalous Goose!

And, hating the blessings he never could share,
 How loudly his anger arose
 'Gainst the great, and the good, and the brave, and the fair,
 Whom, in the true spirit of spiteful despair,
 He accounted his natural foes!

But the life of the Gander we need not relate,
 Nor describe how he flourished and fell—
 We all know his folly—and as for his fate,
 Remembrance must long be oppress'd with the weight
 Of that "strange insupportable smell!"

And now that his carcass at length is at rest,
 And rankles in rotten repose—
 When the regent of day has gone down in the West,
 His spirit thus wanders, unpitied, unblest,
 And noxious still to the nose!

The Ghost of a Goose is a curious sight—
 A strange enough phantom at best;
 But far may you travel before you shall light
 On such a preposterous spirit of night
 As the Ghost of the Goose of the West

His figure, his gesture, his aspect, his air,
 His waddle—they still are the same—
 But his ill-fated carcass is naked and bare,
 Displaying the marks of a recent affair,
 That his friends are unwilling to name.

And a spirit like this, in a garb of Goose-skin,
 Where plumage refuses to grow,
 Is doubly absurd, when there hangs at his chin,
 The shadowy shape of a Trophy of Tin,
 The Medal he gain'd at the show.

Thus nightly he waddles around and around
 Each loved and familiar scene—
 The Goose-Dubs, of course, are his favourite ground—
 But sometimes the spectre may even be found
 Near the door of the very Tontine! *

And there when the usual party are met,
 "Just thinking" of oysters and ale,
 The plan of the ev'ning is quite upset,—
 For the Ghost of a Goose is a very bad whet,—
 And the Knights of the Shell turn tail!

By the church of Saint Mungo he often has sat,
 On a tombstone, awaiting the day,
 When the rest of the ghosts, and the owl, and the bat,
 Alarm'd at a phantom so fetid and fat,
 Have fled with a shriek of dismay

And oh! but to hear him when making his moan
 In that region remote and recluse—
 It is not a gabble—it is not a groan—
 Description despairs in describing the tone
 Of the ill-fated Ghost of the Goose!

And although 'twas a rule among spirits of old
 To speak not, except in reply,—
 With the Ghost of the Gander this rule doesn't hold,
 For he always is ready his "tale to unfold,"
 With a sad and a sulphurous sigh!

With accent unearthly, and piteous look,
 He curses the day he was dress'd—
 He calls for revenge on the scullion, the cook—
 But chief upon him who the task undertook
 Of dissecting the Goose of the West!

But long may he wander alarming the night,
 And vengeance invoking in vain—
 For no one in Glasgow e'er pitied his plight,
 And many there are who would even delight
 If he could be dissected again!

There are Masses for many a spirit's repose,
 And spells that can lay them at rest;
 But who would e'er dream of assuaging the woes
 Of one so offensive to eyes, ears, and nose,
 As the Ghost of the Goose of the West!

* A principal hotel at Glasgow, in 1831. I believe it has lately been converted into offices.—M.

Tickler. Bravissimo! Bravissimo

Shepherd. Anchor! Anchor!

North. I have done so, James. I have brought my verse to an anchor.

Tickler. Encore! Encore—encore—Kit—encore—

Shepherd. That's what I mean, sir. Hangeur! Hangeur? Hangeur!

North. No—gentlemen. Pardon me. But feeling myself in voice, I have no objection to compound with a parody on Tom Bowling. After that, let us set in to serious thinking. You must suppose the Gander buried in a dunghill.

Tickler. No violent supposition, certainly, sir.

North. (*sings.*)

Air—Tom Bowling.

1.

Here a foul hulk lies Glasgow's Gander,
The vilest of his race,—
Alike unfit for spit or brander,
This is his proper place!
His aspect was the most ungainly,
And those who knew him well,
Say that you might discover plainly
His presence by the smell!

2.

This bird of mud was still reviling
Each of the Birds of Air,
His columns still of filth compiling,—
The splutter of despair!
And toiling thus in his vocation,
His Chronicle will tell
How you might prove to demonstration
His labours from the Smell!

3.

And when by this rash hand dissected
On that unhappy Night,
He proved, as might have been expected
Indeed "a Sorry Sight!"
The fainting-fits—the fumigation—
On these my song would dwell,
But it concludes in Suffocation
From memory of that Smell!

Tickler. Faugh! faugh! faugh!

Shepherd. Feuch! feuch! feuch!

North. Steuch! steuch! steuch!

Shepherd. 'Tis gane. Do you ken, sirs, that I'm waxin' unco hungry, and think I cou'd eat some half-dizzen or sae o' hard-biled eggs?

North. I will join you, James, with the utmost alacrity.

Tickler. And so will I—*mordicus*.

Shepherd. We had as weel order twa dizzen, and that'll leave a few to come and gang on.

*Bell is rung—the PECH appears, disappears, and re-appears with the aforesaid. GURNEY makes a bolt from the Ear of Dionysius, and sic transeunt Noctes.**

Since the note upon page 301 was written, I have recovered the *ipsissima verba* used by Cobbett respecting "Paradise Lost." They run thus:—(the Italics are *his*, also:)—"God, *almighty* and *all-foreseeing*, first permitting his chief angel to be disposed to sin against him; his permitting him to enlist whole squadrons of angels under his banner; his permitting this host to come and dispute with him the throne of heaven; his permitting the contest to be long and, at one time, doubtful; his permitting the devils to bring cannon into this battle in the clouds; his permitting one devil, or angel, I forget which, to be split down the middle, from crown to notch, as we split a pig; his permitting the two halves, intestines and all, to go slap up together again, and become a perfect body; his then causing all the devil host to be tumbled headlong down into a place called Hell, of the local situation of which no man can have an idea; his causing gates, (iron gates, too,) to be erected to keep the devil in; his permitting him to get out, nevertheless, and to come and destroy the peace and happiness of his new creation; his causing his son to take a pair of compasses out of a drawer, to trace the form of the earth; all this, and, indeed, the whole of Milton's poem, is such barbarous trash, so outrageously offensive to reason and to common sense, that one is naturally led to wonder how it can have been tolerated by a people, amongst whom astronomy, navigation, and chemistry are understood. But it is *the fashion* to turn up the eyes when Paradise Lost is mentioned; and if you fail herein you want *taste*; you want judgment if you do not admire this absurd and ridiculous stuff, when, *if one of your relations were to write a letter in the same strain, you would send him to a madhouse, and take his estate. It is the sacrificing reason to fashion.* As to the other 'Divine Bard,' the case is still more provoking."—And he treats Shakspeare not a whit better than he had treated Milton!—M.

Tickler. In my opinion, the circumstances you speak of with such abhorrence are the very things that alone render the whole concern in any sort tolerable. My good fellow, do but look round this room. You'll allow it contains about as many cubic feet as the *City of Athens*, and it is near planted by a river, and all about it are trees of lordly stature.

North. "And branches grow thereon."

Tickler. Well, dear, only conceive of this room being partitioned into some score of sections answering in shape and dimensions to the cabin, lady's cabin, state-rooms, steerage, &c. &c. &c. of a crack-steamer, and people these *domiciliuncula* with such an omnigatherum of human mortals as Captain Macraw or Captain Maclaver is in the habit of transporting from Leith to London, or *vice versa*.

North. God forbid!—the half payers, milliners' apprentices, and all;

Tickler. Yes—every soul of them—shut them all up here together for three days and nights, more or less, to eat, drink, sleep, snore, walk, strut, hop, swagger, lounge, shave, brush, wash, comb, cough, hiccup, gargle, dispute, prose, declaim, sneer, laugh, whisper, sing, growl, smile, smirk, flirt, fondle, preach, lie, swear, snuff, chew, smoke, read, play, gasconize, gallivant, etcetera, etceterorum.

North. Stop, for God's sake——

Tickler. Not I—cage your Christians securely, give them at discretion great big greasy legs of Leicestershire mutton; red enormous rounds of Bedford beef; vast cold thick inexpugnable pies of Essex veal; broad, deep, yellow, fragrant Cheshire cheeses; smart, sharp, white, acidulous ginger beer,—strong, heavy, black, double X—new rough hot port in pint bottles; the very élite of Cape sherry "of the earth earthy;" basketfuls of cracked biscuits; slices of fat ham piled inch thick on two feet long blue and white *ashets*; beautiful round dumpy glazed jugs of tepid Thames water, charming whitey-brown porringers of nutty-brown soft sugar, corpulent bloated seedy lemons, with green-handled saw-edged steel knives to bisect them; gills of real malt whiskey, the most genuine Cognac brandy, the very grandest of old antique veritable Jamaica rum, and Schiedam Hollands—tall, thin, glaring, tallow candles in dim brazen candlesticks, planted few and far between on deal tables covered with frieze tablecloths, once green and nappy, now bare, tawny, and speckled with spots of gravy, vinegar, punch, toddy, beer, oil, tea, treacle, honey, jam, jelly, marmalade,

catsup, coffee, capillaire, soda-water, seidlitz draughts, cocoa, gin twist, Bell's ale, heavy wet, blue ruin, max, cider, rhubarb, Eau de Cologne, chocolate, onion sauce, tobacco, lavender, peppermint, sneeze, slop, barley-sugar, soy, liquorice, oranges, peaches, plums, apricots, cherries, beans, apples, pears, grossets, currants, turnips, lozenges, electuaries, abstersives, diuretics, eau-medicinale, egg, bacon, milk punch, herring, sausage, fried tripe, toasted Dunlop, livers, lights, soap, caudle, cauliflower, tamarinds, potted char, champagne, lunelle, claret, hock, purl, perry, saloop, tokay, ginger-bread, scalloped oysters, milk, ink, butter, jalap, pease-pudding, blood——

North. Oh! horrible—most horrible—enough, enough.

Shepherd. Hae dune, hae dune, man—od ye're enough to gar a sow scunner——

Tickler. You agree, then, with my original position. The only circumstances that render the concern in any shape or sort tolerable, are the very things you set out with abusing. The locomotion, the sea blast, the rocking of the waves, the creaking and hissing of the machinery—in short, whatever has a direct and constant tendency to remind us that our misery is but for a certain given number of hours—in other words, that you are not in hell, but only in purgatory. And I have said nothing as to the night-work—the Kilmarnocks—the flannels, the sights and the sounds——

North. I shall sconce you a bumper for every disgusting image you please yourself with cooking—stop at once—let us suppose your voyage over, and the immortal traveller treads once more the solid earth of Augusta Trinobantum. How long was it since you had been in town, Timothy?

Tickler. I never go up except when the Whigs are in power—ergo, I had seen nothing of the great city since the year of grace 1805. I confess I was curious to behold once more the dome of St. Paul's, and snuff yet again the air of Westminster, to walk down Regent Street, and hear a debate in St. Stephen's, and above all, to take by the hand some half-dozen good fellows of my own standing, who still keep up the fashions and customs, as well as principles of the better time—Sidmouth, for example, Eldon, Sir William Grant, and one or two more that have stuck to Pitt and Port through evil report and good. These, lads, are the salt of the earth!

North. And you found them all in good savour?—How does Old Bags* look? And the worthy Doctor? I hope years sit light on that lofty fabric? And Grant, my own dear crony, can he still take his two bottles as in the days of yore?

* Lord Eldon had been Lord Chancellor for about twenty-five years. The great Seal of England, of which he is custodian, is supposed to be kept in an embroidered bag, which is always borne before him on State occasions. Hence, in Hone's political satires, he was usually spoken of as "Old Bags," and the use of the *sobriquet* became pretty frequent.—M.

Tickler. Aye, or three, on due occasion.* 'Faith we had some rare doings, I promise ye. One evening we were at The Thatched House, seven in number, not one of us under seventy-six, Eldon in the chair, and Tom Hill croupier—and how many bottles, think ye, shed the blood of old Oporto? sixteen, by Jupiter! over and above the Madeira, during dinner, and perhaps some three or four flasks of your light French stuff, which no man regardeth.

North. Bravely done, of a truth. But tell me how they all look? At least you must have seen a considerable change, my old friend?

Tickler. Why—yes—some. But that's a sore subject. However, I knew them all again at first sight; and, I am sorry to say, that's more than they did for me. Who do you think the Ex-Chancellor took me for when we first forgathered on the shady side of sweet Pall Mall? You may guess for a twelvemonth—even Sir Francis Burdett—and, I must confess, when the baronet was pointed out to me, a night or two after in the House of Commons, I did see something monstrous like what stares me in the face every morning at shaving time. But indeed there were more people that fell into the same mistake—Ha! ha! ha! Will you believe it? The lackeys at Lord Hill's *fête champêtre*, thundered out, "Sir Francis Burdett, Sir Francis Burdett!" whenever I put my head out of the carriage window; and, in spite of all my reclamations, I was ushered, under these colours, into the very presence of William the Fourth!

Shepherd. Sir Francis must be a grand-looking auld carle, I can tell him. Does *he* stand sax feet four in his stockings, at this time o' day, after a' *his* doings?

Tickler. Not quite—but at a little distance the mistake might be excusable. I flatter myself, in my new archer's coat and epaulets, I looked toll-loll for an octogenarian, and my *double ganger* set his Windsor uniform deuced well too. The fact is, we are, as to the outward man, two uncommon respectable-looking specimens of the last age—but *entre nous*, I should not be much delighted to think the resemblance went farther. He's quite gone, poor creature—never was a more miserable break down than his attempt to answer Peel. It's all off with him in that way—mere drivels, my dears—never witnessed anything more humbling—voice cracked—gesture fretfully impotent—words a hodge-podge of the bald and the tumid—sentences without head or tail—the whole *oratio* a very whine of rant—equally remote from the simplicity of youth, the vigour of manhood, and the gravity of age.† Let me tell you, a man at my time of life, in possession of

* Sir William Grant, Master of the Rolls, for many years, died in 1832, aged seventy-eight. He was of rather humble parentage, but emerged from obscurity, by the vigour of his own mind, without any adventitious aids from patronage. He was one of the best English equity judges of modern times.—M.

† A few years after this, Burdett apostatized from the liberal principles of which he had been the champion for forty years, and joined the Conservative party, then led by Peel.—M.

such faculties as it pleased God to give him, would gladly walk ten miles in a sleet, rather than find himself obliged to sit out such an ominous exhibition "as you."

North. Poor Sir Francis! The last time I heard him speak it was a different story. And by the by, he spoke in Latin. It was at a meeting of the Oxford Convocation about an Anti-Catholic petition, some twenty years ago, I suppose. I happened to be spending a few days with Tatham, and he carried me with him, and I shall never forget the stupor and horror which the Radical M.A.'s fluent, elegant, harangue created among some of the Glostershire parsons who had come up with their little dozy speeches, stuck full of *porro*, and *mehercle*, and *esse videtur*, all cut and dry in the crowns of their caps—but this is an old story, and he was then as fine-looking a Jacobin of fifty or so, as ever I clapt eyes on. *Sic transit.*

Tickler. We'll let that flie stick to the wa'. Well, he was the only man I heard speak on this great occasion that I had ever heard before, and I might be excused when I looked round among so many new faces, and wished some others of the elder day had been spared in place of this gentleman, who, in his best time was egregiously over-rated, and who certainly cannot be underrated *now*. Well might Lord Mahon* quote—

O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skilled Bruce to rule the fight!

and express the sad regret with which, having the same morning conversed with Pitt's elder brother, entire in all his powers,† he considered the untimely blow that had deprived this second and darker crisis of Jacobinism of the great leader that conducted us through the first!

* Lord Mahon, eldest son of the Earl of Stanhope, was a moderate Tory, when in Parliament, and was one of Peel's under-secretaries of State in 1834—5. He has devoted his literary powers, which are considerable, to the composition of biographical and historical works. Of these the most important (of which seven volumes had appeared, up to Midsummer, 1854) is a History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. His first work was, the Life of Belisarius. He is one of the literary executors of the late Sir Robert Peel.—M.

† The Earl of Chatham, eldest son of the first William Pitt, was military commander of the unfortunate expedition against Walcheren. The fortress of Flushing and the Isle of Walcheren were taken. Antwerp, then occupied by the French, should have been the point of attack, and might have been captured, as the British force consisted of 45,000 men, while the garrison at Antwerp was only 3000. Lord Chatham, deficient in energy, left Antwerp for the last. Sir Richard Strachan (pronounced Straun) was at the head of the naval armament. Neither appeared particularly eager to fight,—each attributed the delay to his colleague. Hence the rhymes—

The Earl of Chatham, with his sword drawn,
Was waiting for Sir Richard Strachan.
Sir Richard, eager to be at 'em,
Was waiting for the Earl of Chatham."

Time was given, by the delay, to throw reinforcements into Antwerp. The French fleet in the Scheldt escaped, and after some months' occupation of Walcheren, the British troops returned home, the local malaria distemper, commonly called the Walcheren fever, having killed 7000 men, and so much invalidated 13,000 more as to render them unfit for future service.—There is something ludicrous in the idea of Lord Mahon's speaking of the weak and unsuccessful Walcheren veteran of 1809, as being "entire in all his powers" in 1831.—M

Pitt would have been only seventy-four had he lived to this time—Canning but sixty! Well, both—or with either—things could never have come to this pass.

North. Well, I'm never for losing heart *de republicá*, and I own nothing gives me more comfort, "under existing circumstances," as the phrase is, than the blaze of young talent on the right side which these whig doings have been the means of bringing to light and action. You mentioned Lord Mahon, Timothy—I have read his Belisarius, and all his speeches, and hang me if I don't think he's a man—and there's Lord Porchester, and Baring Wall, and I know not how many more of them.* What did you think of these youths? What like are they? Come, describe fairly and honestly, and in the meantime, here, James, fill a bumper to *the rising Tories*. Nil desperandum.

Shepherd. Here's to them, then, wi' right good will—and may they ay keep in mind that Willie Pitt was as young as the youngest o' them when he saved his country—and that in spite of rather abler chields, I reckon, than either Lord Durham or this Lord John Russell, that I mind a bit sniffing pregmadainty chattering laddie aboot auld John Playfair's, only yesterday as it was.†

North. Come, Shepherd, speak respectfully of the powers that be.

Tickler. The *powers!* God help them! May this glass be my last if every harsher feeling was not melted into gentle pity every time I cast an eye along the Treasury Bench—the bench where I remember—but what signifies remembering. There they are, and once more say I, God help *them!*

North. An unintellectual-looking set on the whole, eh!—and yet they have got some fairish heads among them too—there's Graham,‡ a handsome fellow I thought him, when he came here at the time of the King's visit in 1822—and Denman—he certainly struck me as a fine-looking person on the Queen's trial—and then there's our own good little friend, the Advocate.§ Come, it can't be so very poor a show after all, Timotheus.

Tickler. *De gustibus*—I tell you honestly, if I were a barrister and saw before me a jury-box furnished with a baker's dozen of such phy-

* Lord Porchester, who succeeded to the Earldom of Carnarvon, in 1833, made *one* good speech in Parliament. He was something of a poet.—Charles Baring Wall, who was in Parliament, from February, 1819, until October, 1853 (when he died) did not distinguish himself, in any way, as politician or orator.—M.

† Lord John Russell was not at any English University, but studied at Edinburgh, under Professor Playfair, Professor of Mathematics in the University there.—M.

‡ Sir James Graham, First Lord of the Admiralty in 1830-4 and 1852-4, and Home Secretary (of letter-opening notoriety),—in 1841-6. A man of marked ability, but very inconsistent in politics.—M

§ Denman was then Attorney-General to the Grey Ministry—from 1830 to 1832, when he was made Lord Chief Justice of England, receiving a peerage in 1834. He was almost compelled to resign, in 1850, on the pretext of his age (71), to allow of the appointment of Lord Campbell, his junior by two years. Denman was a tall, erect, handsome man, with a voice at once sonorous and flexible.—¶ Our own good little friend" was Francis Jeffrey, then Lord Advocate for Scotland. The difference between his sharp features, diminutive size, and weak voice, and those of Denman was very marked.—M.

siognomies, I should consider it my duty to my client, to pitch my argument on anything but a high key.

North. Has Lord Althorp nothing of the fine old Spencer face about him?

Tickler. A good deal. The lines are there. The resemblance to some even of the ablest of the race is striking. But so much the worse. I know few things more painful than, in visiting some man of great intellectual rank, to see his son carving the mutton at the foot of his table, so like him that you would have detected the connexion, had you met the youth at Cairo, and yet so visibly a fool, that your eye is relieved by turning to a dish of turnips. Lord Althorp has handsome features, but oh! how heavily they are carved. His eye is well set, and the colour is beautiful, but not one spark of fire is there to bring it out of the category of heads. The lips too are prettily enough defined, but no play of meaning, good or bad, beyond a mere booby simper, ever ripples across them. His forehead is villainous low, and eke narrow—the hair coarse, wiry, and growing down into his eyes—the whiskers gross, bushy, grazier-like—the cheeks mere patches of pudding—the chops chubby and chaw-baconish, the neck short, the figure obese; the whole aspect that of a stout but decidedly stupid farmer of seven-and-forty.*

North. You should have advised George Cruikshank to make a study of him for Parson Trullibar in the new edition of Joseph Andrews.

Tickler. A good hint—and then his speaking, it is neither more nor less than a painful medley of grunt, stutter, gasp, and squeak. Every moment you expect him to break through outright—he hums and haws for three minutes, and then hawks up the very worst of all possible words, and then flounders on for a little, boggling and hammering, and choking, till he comes to another apparently full stop—then another grand husky blunder, some superlative *belise*, to tug him out of the rut—and then another short rumble of agonizing dulness—and then having explained nothing but his own hopeless incapacity, down the unhappy lump at last settles, and pulls his hat over the bridge of his nose, and puffing and panting as if he had been delivered of a very large piece of dough—while *hear! hear! hear!* bursts in symphonous cadence from the manly bass of Graham, and the dignified tenor of Lord-Advocate Jeffrey, and the angelic treble of the noble Paymaster of his Majesty's Forces*—and Peel smiles—one little benignant dimple—and Holmes is troubled with his old cough—

* This description of Lord Althorp is to the life. He was a heavy-featured, round-shouldered, stout, grazier-like man. He was one of the worst public speakers of his day, apparently laboring under a deficiency or obscurity of ideas, with a husky voice and *no* manner.—M.

* Graham, who is a large, stout man, has not a voice to correspond with his bulk. Instead of the "manly bass" spoken of by Tickler, it is rather weak, though clear. Jeffrey's voice was small, thin, and shrill. Lord John Russell (then Paymaster of the Forces) was, and is, as impressive as a man with a decided stutter could or can be.—M.

and Mackintosh casts upwards a large gray melancholy eye, as if there were something wrong in the ventilator—and O'Connell folds his brawny arms, and shows his teeth like a sportive mastiff—and the honorable member for Preston thrusts his clean hands into his pockets, and his cleaner tongue into his cheek.

Shepherd. What a pictur! But tell us mair about the Preston Cock, as Cobbett ca's him—hoo does he look amang the Gentles?

Tickler. Why, I can suppose he looked oddly enough when he first took his seat—but in the present House I am sorry to say I should have been much at a loss to pick out the blacking man. There they sit, a regular Mountain, Alp on Alp, up to the window—at least sixty or seventy strong—he of the Van in front of course, immediately behind him the Agitator—about half-way up Joseph Hume and Alderman Wood—and as yet nameless ragamuffins piled thick and high to the rearward.* I surveyed with wonder and admiration the future lords of England.

North.

“Auspicium melioris auræ,
Et specimen venientis ævi!”—*Eheu!*

Shepherd. Are the pictures like O'Connell?—but stop, ye have not said a word about Hunt.

Tickler. Hunt is a comely, rosy, tall, white-headed, mean-looking, well-gaitered tradesman, of, I take it, sixty—nothing about him that could detain any eye for a second, if one did not know who he was. His only merits are his impudence—and his voice—the former certainly first-rate—the latter, as far as power goes, unique. In vain do all sides of the House unite, cough, and shuffle, and groan, and “*door! door!*” and “*bar! bar!*” to drown him—in vain—“*Spoke! Spoke! Mr. Speaker!—Order there! I rise—Spoke—Question!—Question!—Chair!—Chair!—Chair!*”—in vain is it all—he pauses for a moment until the unanimous clamour of disgust is at its height, and then repitching his note, apparently without an effort, lifts his halloo as clear and distinct above the storm, as ever ye heard a minster bell tolling over the racket of a village wake.

Shepherd. Aye—he has had great advantages o' edycation. It takes time afore your practised street-singer is able to bring hersell doon till the paurlor.

* Henry Hunt, once the popular leader of the Radicals in England, (in assertion of whose principles he had repeatedly suffered imprisonment,) was elected for the borough of Preston, in 1830, beating Mr. Stanley, now Earl of Derby. Hunt made a triumphal entry into London, on returning from Preston, and used one of his own vans (he was a manufacturer of blacking) as his vehicle on that occasion. Hume, stolid and heavy in aspect and figure, has always looked like a country shopkeeper. Alderman Wood, who had the unusual honor of twice being Lord Mayor of London, was one of the members for that city. He attached himself, in 1820-1, to the cause of Queen Caroline. Shortly after Queen Victoria's accession, she created him a Baronet—in acknowledgment, it was said, of his liberality in making large money-advances to her father, the late Duke of Kent, when greatly distressed by debts and hunted by creditors.—M.

Tickler. Something in that—but the organ of the animal is really a superb one—and his language, though with no pretensions to grammar, is copious, voluble, average blackguardism enough—and he is never put out, not he.* I wish you had seen how he smashed Colonel Evans, when that gallant-looking Radical, who, I don't well know why, chooses to sit on the Ministerial benches, insinuated something about Hunt being *bribed* by the Tories. "The honourable member of Rye," sings out Blacking, "as paid me a helegant compliment. I thanks him for my eart, and in return I beg leave to hassure him that vensummever he brings forward that there motion against the wile law of primogeniture, he said so much about down at Preston, he may count on my vawmest support." The Colonel is one of the handsomest fellows in the House, tall, swarthy, and with the mien of a Murat; but on this occasion he was fain to grin a ghastly smile, and gulp down his confusion in a very feeble attempt at a chuckle. Hunt has great self-possession. Indeed I have not heard of any symptoms to the contrary, except twice—once when the lofty Speaker surprised him by the cordiality with which he gave him his *ungloved* hand, at his original introduction; and again, when he heard Peel for the first time. They told me on this occasion he sat gaping and staring as if he had been suddenly endowed with a new sense, and burst out, when the Baronet sat down with an involuntary exclamation, half-delight, half-torture, of, "My eye! when a gemman can speak, it is sommat!" He added, recovering himself with a nod to the Treasury Bench, "Them there be'ant his ninepins—be's they?" All this quite audible. †

Shepherd. Weel, bribe or na bribe, the chield has dune a gude darg to the cause—an' if I was Peel, I wad inveete him till his denner. Od', there's nae smeddum in being ower skeigh and dainty in times like thir. I wad e'en gie him his skinfu' o' Burdux and him in right humour to gie a skelp nows and thans on bits that a body wadna maybe like to file his ain fingers wi'. Od! He's a useful chield that Hunt. I'se hae a pat o' his blackin' or I gang hame—it I wull.

Tickler. It is satisfactory to see the Radicalism of the three united nations so brilliantly embodied, all within the space of a few square feet, in this hero of Preston—O'Connell, and our own dearly beloved brother Joseph. Hunt is a mere brawling animal, after all,—a good-natured brazen-faced blockhead, who has waxed fat and surly, ‡ on unmerited success, and imaginary evils. He is, I warrant him, one o' your

* This description is accurate. Hunt, with his mild look and very neat attire, had very little the appearance of a "Man of the people." His voice was very good. He made no figure in Parliament.—M.

† Tickler wholly misreports Hunt's dialect which was not Cockney, but Somersetshire. The Colonel Evans here mentioned is now General Sir DeLucy Evans, member for Westminster, ex-commander of the Anti-Carlist British Auxiliary Legion in Spain, in 1833, and a general of division, in the British army, sent to Turkey in 1854.—M.

‡ As I knew Hunt very well, and Tickler evidently did not, I beg to say, in correction, that he was neither fat nor surly,—his face was worn and pale, and his good temper admirable.—M.

sleek-headed men that sleep o' nights, and, were a real tussle a-coming, would be heard of no more. He is, besides, on the wane as to the *physique*; but not so either of his worthy compeers. Oh no! They are men of another mould—but you have seen Hume.

Shepherd. No, I never did; but somehow or ither I've aye had a notion that he was just sic anither as the Stot.

Tickler. By no means. Hume is a short, broad, stiff-built, square-headed, copper-faced fellow, as unlike your friend as possible in feature, complexion, gesture, and dialect—a sheer Aberdonian*—cold, callous, contemptibly ignorant and ludicrously conceited, I admit—but all this in a style purely and entirely *northawa'*, to which nothing *simile aut secundum* was ever generated on this side of the Friths. I should suppose it would be easy to muster a hundred such like among the bailies of Dundee, the cashiers of the Banff and Forfar Banks—the men-midwives, if such exist, of Montrose and Elgin—and the skippers and lodging-house keepers of Arbroath and Peterhead. Joseph is the only representative that Scotland has sent up, in our time at least, of that particular section and phasis of the national character of which the English farce-makers have all along made their prize. He exhibits all our uncomely parts in brave relief—not one iota of the redeeming points—and when, under the coming “dynasty of the hucksters,” the petty, griping, long-cowled, dingy-faced denizens of the ten-pound tenements in our third-rate towns shall have the affairs in their own hands, verily there will be no lack of Josephs on the benches of St. Stephen's.

North. The long-cowled, dingy-faced denizens of such third-rate towns as I am acquainted with, would have more sense than you give them credit for. Your notions, Timothy, are as bigotedly aristocratic as ever. Confound you! “Were there nothing but gentlemen in the glorious first regiment?”—for shame! for shame!

Tickler. Peccavi. But all I meant to say was, that the first Parliament chosen under the new system would be sure to abound in cattle of that low-browed breed. I know our countrymen of all classes too well to have any fears that such could be the case permanently—aye, or even on the second general election—but the chances as to the first brush appear to me to be undoubtedly as I stated them; and will any Christian be pleased to calculate the probable effects of one House of Commons of average longevity containing only a couple of dozens of Joseph Humes?

Shepherd. Wad it no be something like as if there war to be a couple o' dizzens o' men-midwives in Montrose or Elgin? Wadna they just cut ilk ither's throats as to the matter o' buzzness?

North. Why, that would depend on the rate at which the procre-

* Hume was not from Aberdeen, but Montrose, which is more southern. His dialect is so peculiar as to baffle description—it had all the unpleasant qualities of the worst kinds of Scotch *brogue*, which are barbarous exceedingly.—M.

ation of iniquities and absurdities might happen to go on under the benign influence of the ministerial *Æstrum*. But I confess I am more afraid of the O'Connells than the Humes.

Tickler. I don't agree with you there. O'Connell looks, and is, a thousand times a cleverer fellow than our countryman; and in Ireland, I can well believe, one such agitator may be more dangerous than a score of *tottling* Josephs would ever be here in Scotland. But in England, I should anticipate different things. There is a great gulf fixed between all English feeling and the only feelings to which O'Connell has accustomed himself to appeal; but there has been for at least two hundred years, a close sympathy between certain great orders of the English population, and that meaner nature of the Scotch which now stands before them condensed and typified in the express image of Joseph Hume. O'Connell wishes to hew down the Church, *quâ* a papist—that won't pass; but the other is a hamstringing Mar-Prelate, and hundreds of thousands of English dissenters say, in good faith, *God speed him!*

North. O'Connell, I take it for granted, has the appearance of belonging to a different order of society from Hunt and Hume.

Tickler. It is natural to suppose so of a man at the head of the Dublin bar; and, perhaps, it may be affectation in part, that renders the fact apparently so much otherwise. O'Connell is, however, cast in a clownish mould. Indeed, if I wished to let you see the difference between an Irish gentleman and an Irish raff, I don't know that I could do better than place him alongside of the Knight of Kerry. It would be about as complete in its way as a juxtaposition of Joseph Hume and Sir George Murray; or of Colonel Anson and the Blacking-Man. For the very type of a mob-mystifier, however give me nobody but Dan. He is a tall braggadocio, but so broad set that he does not seem above the middle stature. His chest is enormous—his arms are a blacksmith's—his legs a chairman's, and he bears himself, sitting, standing, or walking, with the air of a butcher. The head is a vast round mass of the true Paddy organization, as if hewn out on purpose for Donnybrook; and the countenance all over—broad ruddy cheek, scowling unsettled brow, small wild gray eye, bland oily lips, and huge tusks of teeth—presents a *mêlangé* of physical vigour, animal hilarity, ferocity, craft, and fun, as, wherever you encountered it, no human being could for a moment hesitate to pronounce Milesian. He has a fine rich manly voice, and a brogue worthy of the organ; and of course he possesses all the skill of a practised barrister in handling such topics as his nature is tempted to grapple with.* The ascendancy he has gained over the poor tremblers of the Treasury bench is such as might have been expected after a crowd of puny whipsters should have experienced the

* The description of O'Connell's voice and skill is correct—that of his face and person a caricature. His manner of speaking was *popular*, not *forensic*.—M.

pushes and digs of a veritable *athlète* in a row of their own tempting. The circumstances, however, have done much to disgrace them. *O'Connell, Gregson, Cobbett*,—these words, being interpreted, signify, *Mene Tekel Upharsin*. See the book of Daniel, James.

North. The fine gold would certainly seem to have been dimmed a little in certain quarters. The whole of that transaction about Mr. Gregson appeared to me to come out as shabby as possible—low, cunning, cowardly, and at the same time so infernally stupid! What could be the hope or purpose of such conduct?

Tickler. The *rationale* of it can only be discovered in the casual co-operation of such qualities as the malignity of a Lambton,* the dullness of an Althorpe, and the pertness of a Russell.

North. Why, since Northampton, you seem to me to give folk credit for rather too entire a defalcation of all the other demagogical elements, except the mere asinine one. But, indeed, I wonder, you should have lived so many years in the world without discovering that your donkey himself has occasionally a fair enough spice of cunning in his composition—clumsy, coarse, easily detected, and not hard to be baffled, I allow—but still genuine quadrupedal cunning. What says the poet?

“Fiction from *us* the public still must gull,
They think we're honest for they know we're dull.”

And for the noble Paymaster, after making away with all his own speeches, and essays, and histories, with so ready a display of suivorousness one can hardly be expected to wonder at any occasional specimen of verbal obliviousness in that quarter—or, indeed, of an exhibition of impudence in any fashion whatever.

Tickler. Pass the bottle. It will be a pretty story for posterity if we really go down this bout, that old Mother Constitution had her quietus from such hands—a bitter, bilious, coxcomb—a bluff, boorish, dunderpate—and a shrill, dapper, poetaster, four feet ten inches high!

Shepherd. That will be Lord John. I never read ony of his poms for my part—'faith I hate pom-reading—but I mind him weel when he was at the Speculative, and if I was to say what I thought at the time, od he seemed to me rather a smart bit body.† Playfair aye ca'd him a wonder for cleverness; but a' Whigs swans, as we a' ken, are aften aneugh geese.

Tickler. Aye even on the Thames. I confess I never read all Lord John's poetical works either; but I have read quite as much of them,

* The Earl of Durham was Mr. Lambton before he was called to the House of the Lords. He was nearly as dark as a Cuban creole, with handsome features, a good figure, and a manner, which, even in his most genial moments, was tinged with *hauteur*. By the side of Althorpe and Russe.l—one looking farmer-like, and the other with insignificant features and stature—Lord Durham appeared to much advantage. His was such a face as Vandyke would have done justice to.—M.

† Lord John Russell's first essays at oratory were made in the Speculative Society of Edinburgh. At that time he had a much greater hesitation of speech than at present.—M.

I will be bound, as any person, not a professed reviewer, ever had patience for. Blood from a turnip! This is a queer world. Several great men have been very little ones; but is it not a strange fact that all very little men appear to have a notion that they are born for greatness?

North. You never forget your own six feet four.

Tickler. It is easy to say that; but it won't answer my question. I ask you if you ever met a very little man that had not an egregious conceit of himself?

Shepherd. They a' marry strappers o' women—that's a fact.

Tickler. Exactly—and it is the same with them throughout. Here, now, is a young gentleman of the highest quality, and endowed, I suppose, with *quantum suff.* of the other gifts of fortune—why could he not permit his small mind to inhabit quietly its well-matched tenement? Poetry, Tragedy, History, Oratory!—to be at once a Byron, a Baillie, a Hallam, and a Canning! And now to be a Pericles, too, or a Gracchus, or a Brissot—or God knows what! Well, we can't help laughing, notwithstanding all that has been, and is like to be!

“Ah! Corydon, Corydon! quæ te dementia cepit!”

North. Your laugh is wild enough; but I confess I see as yet no symptoms of your “severest woe.”

Tickler. Pooh! 'tis not come to that yet. These lads have a sore tussle before them yet ere they gain their ends. (*Sings.*)

“To the Lords of Convention 'twas Clavers that spoke,
Ere the king's crown goes down there be crowns to be broke.”

North. Say nothing about either kings or crowns, but tell us honestly, how does Lord John perform? I must have seen him, I suppose, and heard him, too, but my memory is treacherous.

Tickler. Why, he's a very small concern of a mannikin, no doubt; but John Bull was quite wrong in likening him to an apothecary's boy. No, no, he has, notwithstanding his inches, perfectly the air of high birth and high breeding. His appearance is petty—not mean—and such I fancy to be the case intellectual as well. The features are rather good than otherwise. Baldness gives something of the show of a forehead—sharp nose—figure neatish—a springy step. The voice is clear, though feeble—the words are smooth, decorous words, arranged in trim deftly-balanced sentences—the sense, however atrocious, is obvious to the lowest capacity—and he gets on as easily in expounding a New Constitution for Old England as our dear friend Johnny Ballantyne, (of whom, by the by, his outward man put me strongly in mind,) as dear jocund Johnny, poor fellow, used to do in opening up to the gaze of the curious, in former days, a fresh importation of knicknackereries from the Palais Royal, or riband-boxes from Brussels. Alas! poor Yorick!

North. "And if I die this day near Illium's wall,
At least by Hellas' noblest hand I fall—
Beneath volcanic steel this breast shall bleed,
These limbs be trampled by Pelides' steed!"

Tickler. I should rather have likened Lord Johnny to the Ajax Oileus, O'Connell being the Ajax Telamonius, of Reform, Burdett its Nestor, Jeffrey its Ulysses, and our friend of the blacking-van the Ther-sites. The Pelides of the occasion, such as he is, must be recognised in Stanley. He is the only one of the crew that brings any thing like "arms divine" into the field. But it won't do to follow out the joke—for he is no match for Hector.

North. Judging from the debates, I should say Stanley showed more of what they call *Parliamentary* talent than any one of his party. The reporters are such queer rogues, that it is impossible almost to know whether any *given* speech was or was not in the reality an eloquent one; but one can't be mistaken as to the readiness of his replies—his off-hand side-hits—his complete possession of himself, his business, and the house. Well, 'tis a pity—but we can't help it. Alas! for Latham house! Does his aspect, now, recall any of the old Ferdinandos?

Tickler. He is a pale, middle-sized, light-haired, at first sight rather ordinary-looking lad—of perhaps five-and-thirty—but the eye is brilliant, the forehead compact, and the mouth full of decision and vigour. He speaks unaffectedly, with perfect ease and coolness, is afraid of nobody, has repartee at command, and occasionally rises into spunky declamation. I never saw either his father or the old earl; and not being rich enough to possess a Lodge,* have not had the means of comparing his corporeal presence with any of the ancestral shadows. But come what may, there can be little doubt this youth is destined to play a considerable part, and leave a name marked *in eternum*, whether for good or evil. I must say he was almost the only one of them that impressed me with any thing like kindly feelings. He has the air of a man of blood, honesty, temper, spirit, and intelligence—and not one atom of conceit that I could discover. But that want, indeed, was to be expected from the quality of his brains.†

North. Yes, yes—men of real talent in general underrate themselves—by the by, I might safely say so of *all* men of genius.

Tickler. May be—but so does not either Charles Grant, or Robert

* Lodge's Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain.—M.

† Stanley (now Lord Derby) is one of the best speakers in the British Parliament—certainly the most ready debater. To those who *read* the reported discussions in the British Senate, it may appear as if Disraeli or Gladstone were more effective speakers, but those who have *heard* them know that a certain coldness in Disraeli's delivery and a degree of pedantry in that of Gladstone, are drawbacks on their efforts. Stanley had a very quick temper, which he has latterly succeeded in getting into something like control, but he still merits the designation given to him, when in the House of Commons, of being the Hotspur of Debate.—M.

Grant, or Lord Palmerston, or any other that I forgathered with of that by-all-but-themselves-compassionated junto, who having spent their lives in worshipping Canning, are now, before he is well cold in his grave, staking honour, and even existence on the doctrines and principles, of which, young and old, and with his dying breath, he was the bitterest in hatred, and the most eloquent in denunciation. These, gentlemen, I am concerned to say, appeared to me to look about them, one and all, with an air not only not of contrition, shamefacedness, and humble mind, but of considerable satisfaction—as who should say: the experience of three years and a half that have passed since the death of George Canning, *anno ætatis 57*, has been more than sufficient to place us not only on a level, with, but ten miles above HIM—OUR chief, OUR philosopher, OUR creed-maker and creed-expounder, OUR only faith, hope, salvation, *presidium et dulce decus*. Here WE are—behold and reverence in us the candid, consistent, above all, the conscientious disciples and followers, but now despisers and insulters of the ANTIJACOBIN! This is pretty well.* “My foot mine officer,” quoth poor King Lear.

North. Many are the degrees of human hatred—but the highest, by far and long away, is that with which the really small man hates the really great man, that, from circumstances, he is obliged to obey. Welcome, sweet, and blessed to the long-suffering spirit is the hour when that generous feeling may at length show itself in manly openness and majestic safety.

Tickler. It must, however, be admitted, that croose as they all look, they have as yet been confoundedly shy of the gab on this grand occasion. As far as I recollect, one speech from Robert Grant is all the *clique* has yet produced; and surely that was not a very splendid bit of Claphamism.

North. Splendid mud. Tell it not in Gath. Well, Jeffrey, at all events keep up our credit—

Tickler. He certainly kept up any thing rather than the credit of Whiggery, Blue and Yellow, and the Right Honourable Francis. I never was more surprised than when, having heard at Bellamy's that he was on his legs, I ran down and became witness ocular and auricular, of the style and method in which he had thought fit to present himself to the House. I have not frequented the Jury Court of late years, it is true—but I certainly should hardly have recognised any thing whatever of my old acquaintance. First of all, he looked smaller and grayer than I could have anticipated—then his surtout and black stock did in nowise set him—then his attitude was at once jaunty and awkward, spruce and feckless. Instead of the quick, voluble, fiery disclaimer of other days or scenes, I heard a cold thin voice doling out little, quaint, metaphysical sentences, with the air of a provincial lecturer on logic and belles letters. The House were confounded—they

* Canning was one of the principal writers in *The Anti-Jacobin*—M.

listened for half an hour with great attention, waiting always for the real burst that should reveal the redoubtable Jeffrey—but it came not—he took out his orange, sucked it coolly and composedly—smelt to a bottle of something—and sucked again—and back to his freezing jargon with the same nonchalance. At last he took to proving to an assembly of six hundred gentlemen, of whom I take it at least five hundred were 'squires, that property is really a thing deserving of protection. "This will never do," passed round in a whisper. Old Maule tipped the wink to a few good Whigs of the old school, and they adjourned up stairs—the Tories began to converse *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*—the Radicals were either snoring or grinning—and the great gun of the north ceased firing amidst such a hubbub of inattention, that even I was not aware of the fact for several minutes. After all, however, the concern read well enough in the newspapers. The truth is, he had delivered a very tolerable *article*; but as to the House of Commons, a more complete failure there never was nor will be.*

North. Aye, aye, no man on the borders of sixty should dream of taking the field in a new region—least of all in *that*; and if he has achieved a considerable reputation of another sort elsewhere, so much the worse for him still. Jeffrey should have let Cockburn be Advocate. His loud, but mellow brogue, his plausible, homely, easy, singsong, would, I suspect, have had a better chance up yonder. And I'm sure his clever, decided, man-of-the-world tact in actual business, would have been found far more serviceable than all Jeffrey's elegant qualities put together *here*. Cockburn would never have got into all these ludicrous scrapes—Forfar, Edinburgh, Haddington, Stirling. Why our friend has already dabbled in more hot water, and all of his own boiling too, than ever troubled the honest Major during the ten long years of the tufted gown.

Tickler. Here's a bumper, and a full one, to good Sir William†—and may we soon see him in that gown again, or in a warmer one! Fill your glass, James. You can't do it to a worthier or a worse used man—but bygones are bygones: and I venture to say, if ever we see a Tory government again, we shall see one above such doings as the Abercromby job—‡

North. Utinam. The Duke, at least, has seen enough of such manoeuvres. But since Jeffrey is Advocate, I heartily wish he may secure something worthy of his reputation and standing before his office fails him.§

* Jeffrey made a comparative failure in Parliament, which he entered late in life. At the Scottish bar he was extremely eloquent and successful.—M.

† Sir William Rae had been Lord Advocate under the Wellington Government.—M.

‡ Of raising James Abercromby, a poor lawyer, to the office of Chief Baron of Scotland, where he had £4000 a year for doing nothing; and finally retired on £2000 a year for life,—to compensate for the abolition of his sinecure!—M.

§ In 1834, Jeffrey was raised to the Scottish Bench, and retained that position until his death 1850. He made a very good judge.—M

Tickler. With all my heart. You will laugh when I say it; but do you know it is a plain simple fact, that this Tom Macaulay put me much more in mind of the Jeffrey of ten years ago, than did the Jeffrey *ipsissimus* of hodie.

North. You pay Mr. Macaulay a high compliment—the highest, I think, he has ever met with.

Tickler. Not quite—for it is the fashion, among a certain small coterie, at least, to talk of him as “the Burke of our age.” However, he is certainly a very clever fellow, the cleverest declaimer by far on that side of the House, and had he happened to be a *somebody*, we should, no doubt, have seen Tom in high places ere now.

North. A son of old Zachary, I believe? Is he like the papa?

Tickler. So I have heard—but I never saw the senior, of whom some poetical planter has so unjustifiably sung—

“How smooth, persuasive, plausible, and glib,
From holy lips is dropped the specious fib.”

The son is an ugly, cross-made, splay-footed, shapeless little dumpling of a fellow, with a featureless face too—except indeed a good expansive forehead—sleek puritanical sandy hair—large glimmering eyes—and a mouth from ear to ear. He has a lipse and a burr, moreover, and speaks thickly and huskily for several minutes before he gets into the swing of his discourse: but after that nothing can be more dazzling than his whole execution. What he says, is substantially of course, mere stuff and nonsense; but it is so well worded, and so volubly and forcibly delivered—there is such an endless string of epigram and antithesis—such a flashing of epithets—such an accumulation of images—and the voice is so trumpetlike and the action so grotesquely emphatic, that you might hear a pin drop in the House. Manners Sutton himself listens. It is obvious that he has got the main parts at least by heart—but for this I give him the more praise and glory. Altogether, the impression on my mind was very much beyond what I had been prepared for—so much so that I can honestly and sincerely say I felt for his situation most deeply, when Peel was skinning him alive the next evening, and the sweat of agony kept pouring down his well-bronzed cheeks under the merciless infliction.*

North. The feeling does credit to your heart. Have you read his article on Byron in the *Edinburgh*?

Tickler. Not I. I wonder how many articles on Byron we are expected to read. Is there to be no end of this jabber—this brainless

† Macaulay has never been an effective, because he is not a ready debater. But his prepared speeches (which, *as spoken*, have appeared in a complete form, not in England but in America) are noble compositions—sometimes nearly as brilliant as his criticisms in the *Edinburgh Review*. His article on Byron is republished in his *Miscellanies*.—M.

botheration about a case as plain as a pikestaff, and that lies too in a nutshell?

North. Macaulay's paper, however, is an exceedingly clever thing, and you ought to glance your eye over it. The Edinburgh has had nothing so good these several years past. In fact, it reads very like a paper in one of their early numbers—much the same sort of excellencies—the smart, rapid, popgun impertinence—the brisk, airy, new-set truisms, mingled with cold, shallow, heartless sophistries—the conceited phlegm, the affected abruptness, the unconscious audacity of impudence—the whole lively, and amusing, and much commended among the dowagers—

Tickler. Especially the smut. Well, I shall read it by and by.

North. You said he was the best declaimer on that side. Did you hear Sheil?

Tickler. I did—and he is a very clever one too—but not so effective as Macaulay. I dare say he may be the abler man, take him all in all, of the two; but his oratory is in worse taste, and, at any rate, too Irish to be quite the thing *yonder*. The House, however, gave him a most gracious hearing, and I for one was much edified.

North. The thing looked very well in the Report. How does he look himself?

Tickler. He's another of your little fellows—but not in the least like either Lord Johnny, or Jeffrey, or Macaulay. A more insignificant person as to the bodily organ I never set spectacles on. Small of the smallest in stature, shabby of the shabbiest in attire, fidgety and tailor-like in gesture, in gait shambling and jerking—with an invisible nose, huge nostrils, a cheesy complexion, and a Jewish chin. You would say it was impossible that any thing worth hearing could come from such an abortion. Nor do the first notes redeem him. His voice is as hoarse as a deal board, except when it is as piercing as the rasp of a gimlet; and of all the brogues I have heard, his is the most abominable—quite of the sunk area school. But never mind—wait a little—and this vile machinery will do wonders.

North. We can wait. Fill your glass.

Tickler. To make some amends for her carelessness to all other external affairs, nature has given him as fine a pair of eyes as ever graced human head—large, deeply set, dark, liquid, flashing like gems; and these fix you presently like a basilisk, so that you forget every thing else about him; and though it would be impossible to conceive any thing more absurdly ungraceful than his action—sharp, sudden jolts and shuffles, and right-about twists and leaps—all set to a running discord of grunts and screams—yet before he has spoken ten minutes you forget all this too, and give yourself up to what I have always considered a pleasant sensation—the feeling, I mean, that you are in the presence of a man of genius.

North. Even his poetry showed something of the real fire.

Tickler. Some atrocious bad taste, in the way of egotistical allusion, spoiled the tail-piece; but had he known when to stop—I really think he might have established himself as one of their first-rates.* As it was, he did fifty times better than either Robert Grant, or Denman (he, indeed, was bitter bad), or Sir James Graham (whom I thought cold and pompous, and somehow not in earnest), or Hobhouse (who, however, is far above the common pitch), or even O'Connell, or indeed any of them, but Macaulay. I am not of course comparing such folk seriously with Jeffrey or Mackintosh—they belong to another sort of calibre; but on this occasion, so chilled and hampered were they at every turn with their own recorded opinions, reviews, lectures, speeches, and histories, that they cut but indifferent figures—and the *novi homunculi* had the Whig garland among them—

North. The Tory evergreens being divided between—

Tickler. Let me see. I need not say any thing of Peel; for since the Chancellor's departure, he is more entirely and completely the lord and master of that queer place than any man has been since the death of Pitt.† Even Pitt had his Fox to grapple with, and Canning had his Brougham; but now there was no competition—not even the semblance of rivalry. Neither need I be talking about Croker to you—you well know, that nothing but his position *in* the government, and yet *out* of the Cabinet, could have prevented him from being the first speaker of his time long ere this time of day. His dealing with Jeffrey was like a wolf dandling the kid. He tore him to pieces with the ease—I wish I could help adding, with the visible joy—of a demon. The effect was such, that after ten minutes, the Whigs *could not bear it*. They trooped out file after file, black, grim, scowling, grinding their teeth, in sheer imbecile desperation. A great lord of the party, who sat just before me under the gallery, whispered to his neighbour, “*God—damn—him,*” with a gallows croak, and strode out of the place, as if he had been stung by a rattlesnake.

North. I have heard Croker in days past, and can easily conceive what he must be now that the fetters of office no longer cramp him.‡ His action struck me as somewhat *brusque*—but his voice is a capital one, and he is not likely to be at a loss for words or ideas. What a blasted disgrace to the party that they kept him *out* of the Cabinet, and set over his head, among others, so many, comparatively speaking, sheer blockheads—some of whom, moreover, have deserted us ἐνι προσηγορίαι!

* Sheil *did* establish himself as one of the first-favourites among the Parliamentary speakers. His orations, however, smelt of the lamp, and were not so efficient, from that circumstance, as if they had been extemporaneously created from and to the occasion.—M.

† The Chancellor here mentioned was Brougham. Peel was a fine speaker, no doubt, but his manner was never so well hit off as when somebody called him “Sir Robert *Plausible*.”—M

‡ The most effective debater, against the Reform Bill, in 1831-2, was John Wilson Croker, ex-Secretary to the Admiralty. He did not aspire to a seat in Parliament after the bill had passed.—M.

Tickler. Aye, aye, that's but one leaf out of the black volume, that may now, I fear, be safely christened their Doomsday Book. Only to think of such blind, base, self-murdering iniquity! *heigho!*

North. Mr. William Bankes was extolled in the Quarterly, I saw. But that, perhaps, might be accounted for.

Tickler. I assure you he deserved a deuced deal more than they said of him, nevertheless. I own I had taken up a prejudice against him, considering him as a mere dandy-traveller, sketcher, reviewer, diner-out, &c.; but, to my infinite astonishment, I saw a plain, unaffected, gentlemanlike, but utterly undandylike person, rise on the second bench, and heard him deal out with equal ease, in the same clear manly tone, delicate banter, grinding sarcasm, lucid narrative, pathetic excursus, and splendid peroration. The effect was, I presume, almost as unexpected by others as by me—for he has spoken very seldom—but it was great and decided; and why William Bankes was not Irish Secretary, or something of the sort, ten years back, if it was not prevented by his own indolence or shyness,* I am at a loss to account for in any manner at all creditable to our *quondam* high and mighty masters—now our humble brethren in the—to them—new calamities of independence.

North. Why I think the practice of our present rulers ought to be considered before we speak too harshly of the late ones. When out of place, they are always held up to us, as well as others, as a set of persons who really did behave well to their own followers, and therein afforded a marked contrast to the Tories. And to be sure they did so. Praise and pudding they grudged not, neither did they spare. Their reviews were encomiastic, their houses were open, their *fêtes* were brilliant, their private patronage unwearied and thoroughgoing—their adversaries, as in dignity bound, adopting in all these particulars the diametrically opposite line. But now that they are really *in*, now that the real loaves and fishes are in their disposal—what, after all, do we perceive in their doings, that ought to think with *new* regret of the obtuse shabbiness of their predecessors? In so far as I can gather, they have condensed the good things within as narrow, as aristocratic, nay, almost as *familiar* a circle, as could well have been chalked out for their adoption by the worst enemy of their sway. Is it not so—how did it strike you on the spot?

Tickler. Very agreeably. When I heard such a tallowfaced cheese-paring of 'a beardless, bucktoothed ninny as Lord Howick† yelping down the law, God help him! for the Colonial Empire of Great Britain,

* Neither shyness nor indolence kept Bankes out of office, but the suspicion of a certain taint on his moral conduct, of which—the least said the better.—M.

† Lord Howick, whose father was Prime Minister in 1830–4, is better known by his present title of Earl Grey. He has held several offices, the most important being that of Colonial Secretary in the Russell Administration. In this last capacity he discovered a great genius—for settling the Colonies at loggerheads with the Government.—M.

and found, on inquiry, that he was not generally considered as greatly more idiotic than most others of the new Under-Secretaries, junior Lords of the Treasury, &c. &c., my spirit rejoiced within me, and I snuffed the air six inches farther above the surface of the terraqueous globe.

North. I sincerely, hope when the right folks get back, we shall see
—You smile, I perceive—

Tickler. They get back! My dear Christopher, how can you talk such nonsense! No—no—no—no—*Ante leves ergo*—

Sooner the ass in fields of air shall graze,
Or Russell's tragedy claim Shakespeare's bays;
Sooner shall mack'rel on Pall Mall disport,
Or Jeffrey's hearers think his speech too short;
Sooner shall wisdom flow in Howick's strain,
Or modesty invest Macaulay's brain,
Than Tories rule on British soil again.

North. I bet you a riddle of claret they are in power again in two months.* Of that I have very little doubt; would to God I could be as sure of their behaving themselves as they ought to do after the thing is done!

Tickler. Upon what, in the name of Jupiter, do you build your hopes? I met with nobody in London who even hinted at the possibility of such things; and since I left it you see what majorities!

North. Never mind. I put not my faith in princes—for that would be forgetting the words of Holy Writ; but, begging your pardon, I still put my faith in Peers. The Committee will cut the Bill well down yet before it goes to the Lords, and the Lords will do the rest of the business, and Lord Grey will resign next morning, and William the Fourth, *volens volens*, will send for Sir Robert Peel, and Sir Robert Peel will make up the Cabinet within eight-and-forty hours, and deliver a plain, perspicuous oration, detailing what reform *he* is willing to patronise, and dissolve the Parliament—

Tickler. And what then?

North. Why nothing uncommon. The majority of the House of Commons are *not*—not being *fools*, mere fools they cannot possibly be—sincere; and they will be delighted to find their Bill destroyed, and they will vapour and palaver, and do nothing. By that time, moreover, the horrible stagnation in every branch of internal trade, for which the nation has to thank Lord Grey, and of which people even in lofty places are already beginning to feel the effects, will have come to

* North would have lost his wager. With the exception of five months (from November, 1834, to April, 1835, during which Peel attempted to govern the country), the Whigs were in office for eleven years, i. e., until September, 1841, when Peel formed his second cabinet.

such a pass as to command attention in all quarters to something much more interesting, as well as important, than *any* reform. By that time, again, there will be no Peers in France, and the Duke of Orleans will be safely housed in his old villa at Twickenham, (which, like a sensible man, he has, I am told, always refused to let)—and there will be war by land, and war by sea—and there will be a bit of a dust at Manchester or elsewhere, and it will be laid in blood, and the new Parliament will be chosen in peace and jollity, and consist, with few exceptions, of gentlemen—and Peel's Reform—bad enough, probably, but still something bearable as compared with this iniquity—will be introduced, and we shall jog on pretty much in the old way again*—that is, conquer right and left as long as a body dares to keep the field before us, be too grand not to sacrifice all we have gained at the cost of our own gold and blood whenever a peace is to be made, and then, Europe being once more settled, buckle ourselves once more to the glorious task of unsettling England—that is to say, adopt Whig measures—on, and on, until the national appetite is at last so depraved that it calls out for some radical bolus, and nothing can save us, or our children rather, from bolting the murderous crudity, except, at the distance perhaps of twenty years, just such another series of sayings and doings as, please God, will for ever illustrate, in Tory annals, the memory of the autumn of 1831.

Tickler. Ha! ha! ha!—Well, I wished to hear what your unbiased opinion might be—and, forgive me, told a little bit of a fib by way of eliciting it in its full splendour. The fact is, you have just adopted the view I found most common among people of all parties in the capital—Whigs, Tories, Radicals, all alike. The only chance, every one seemed to think, of any serious disturbance, was connected with one great man. (*Here the Honourable member became inaudible.*)

North.

Tickler.

Shepherd.

North.

(N. B. The changes of voice were not to be mistaken but the substance escaped.)

Tickler. If he does, it will be against the grain. It does very well to talk about certain things—but we all know what life he leads, what company he keeps, what tastes he cultivates, and I tell you he is no more the man to be up and doing in such a business than you or I, or any other old hero of the Flatfoots—Corporal Casey himself included.—(*Sings.*)

* Most of these political prophecies were *not* fulfilled. Grey, not Peel, carried the Reform Bill. The Duke of Orleans *did* return to England, a disrowned man. There was much angry comment, at the time, upon North's anticipating "a bit of a dust at Manchester, or elsewhere," which would be "laid in blood!" But, before the year was over, there was a riot, with bloodshed, in the town of Derby; at Nottingham, the Castle was burnt by the mob; and the city of Bristol was in possession of an infuriated and intoxicated multitude for some days, with immense destruction of public and private property, not without serious loss of life also.—M.

SONG.

Tune—Dearest Helen, I'll love thee no more.

In the summer, when flowers in the woodlands were springing,
 And the strawberry pints met our eyes by the score,
 And our only town blackbird in Queen Street was singing,
 Word came that the Flatfoots were a regiment no more
 A regiment no more—a regiment no more ;
 And our only town blackbird in Queen Street was singing,
 Word came that the Flatfoots were a regiment no more.

O then, what despair was thy lot, *Captain L' Amy*,
 As the sergeant march'd pensively up to thy door,
 And demanded thy sword, and thy sword-belt of shamois,
 How dreadful and deep were the oaths that ye swore,
 The oaths that ye swore—the oaths that ye swore !
 And demanded thy sword, and thy sword-belt of shamois
 How dreadful and deep were the oaths that ye swore.

Stap my vitals, adzooks ! burn my gown, blast my wig, now
 This news will put all the Good Town in uproar ;
 This is done by some d——d economical Whig, now
 Great Mars ! my career in thy service is o'er ;
 In thy service is o'er—in thy service is o'er ;
 This is done by some d——d economical Whig, now,
 Great Mars ! my career in thy service is o'er.

And you, my dear lads, none will ever surpass ye,
 Together we've served in the hottest warfare ;
 We have gather'd our laurels upon the Crosscausey,
 We have dyed with our best blood the Fishmarket Stair ;
 The Fishmarket Stair—the Fishmarket Stair ;
 We have gather'd our laurels upon the Crosscausey,
 We have dyed with our best blood the Fishmarket Stair

Shepherd. Weel enough, sirs. But hear till me—dinna hinner me frae singing. I'll sing you a sang, an auld ane frae my Jacobite Relics ; an' though the folks are now beginnin' to surmeese that I made the feck o' the auld Jacobite sangs mysell, ye're no to gie a shadow o' insinuation that I made this ane, else, should the King chance to be introduced to me when he comes to Scotland, he might cast it up to me :

Would you know what a Whig is, and always was,
 I'll show you his face, as it were in a glass :
 He's a rebel at heart, with a villainous face,
 A saint by profession, who never had grace.
 Cheating and lying are puny things,
 Rapine and plunder but venial sins ;
 His dear occupations are ruin of nations,
 Subverting of crowns, and deceiving of kings.

To show that he came from a home of worth
 'Twas bloody Barbarity gave him birth—
 Ambition the midwife that brought him forth—
 And Lucifer's bride that call'd him to earth—
 Judas his tutor was till he grew big—
 Hypocrisy taught him to care not a fig
 For all that was sacred: so thus was created
 And brought to this world what we call a Whig.

Spew'd up amang mortals from hellish jaws,
 He suddenly strikes at religion and laws,
 With civil dissensions and bloody inventions,
 He tries to push through with his beggarly cause
 Still cheating and lying, he plays his game,
 Always dissembling—yet still the same,
 Till he fills the creation with crimes of damnation,
 Then goes to the devil, from whence he came.

He is the sourest of sumpsh, and the dourist of tikes,
 Whom nobody trusts to and nobody likes;
 He will fawn on your face with a leer on his snout,
 And snap at your heels when your back's turn'd about;
 Whene'er he's kick'd out, then he raises a rout,
 With howling and growling, and biting about;
 But when he gets in, O! there is such a fleer
 Of flattery and flummery, 'tis shameful to hear.

If you give him a ladle or rough parritch-stick,
 Or the fat fouthy scum of a soudy to lick,
 You'll see how the cur up his birses will fling,
 With his mouth to the meat, and his tail to the king;
 He'll lick the cook's hand, and the scullion's wrang side,
 But masters and misses his heart downa bide.
 Kick him out, cuff him out—mind not his din,
 For he'll funk us to death if you let him bide in.

North. In the meantime there can be no sort of doubt that, considering that they have been in office only eight months, they have done about as much to disgrace themselves as any preceding set, the Talents excepted,* ever were able to accomplish within as many years. This is consolatory.

Tickler. The unvarnishing of Whig reputations, under but so brief an exposure to the biting air of Downing Street, has, indeed, been proceeding at a fine pace;—let them make out the twelve months, in God's name!

North. No man more cordially wished to see them *in* than I did; and, but that I now see in their endurance the eminent ruin of old England, God knows no man would less wish to see them *out*. But

* The Whigs of a former day said that *they* comprised "All the Talents" of the State. They were in office in 1806-7, and failed.—M

their proceedings have changed things more important than my little private wishes as to the *locum tenencies* of Whitehall; and, to be honest, I now almost begin to blame myself for the hand I had in turning out their predecessors.

Tickler. Never repent of that. They neglected their duty, and you did yours. Not being either a Rowite or a Secondsighter, you could not foretell the consequences of the Wellingtonian downfall—and in personal respect to the immortal Duke himself, I am sure the worst of your enemies can never pretend to say you were deficient. The cursed Currency concern of 1819 was, after all, the father of the national distress—the national distress was the parent of the national Discontent—Discontent has in all ages been the progenitor of Delusion—and Delusion alone could ever have given breath and being to such a monster as the Durham Bill. Do you watch the turn of the tide, and do your duty when the Tories come in, as steadily as you did before they went out. It is to be hoped they have got a lesson—and that neither by the patronage of Whigs, nor the adoption of Whig measures, will Tories again, at least in our time, undermine at once their own power, and, what is of rather more importance, the constitution of their country. But whether the lesson be or not taken at head-quarters, my dear North, never do shrink from your old rules—“*stare super antiquas vias*”—“*nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*”—“*respect the landmarks*”—and “*let weel bide!*”

North. Fear God and honour the king!—*quand même.*

Tickler. *Quand même! Quand même! Quand même! Ah! North!*

“Hence spring these tears—this Ilium of our foes:
Cold wax his friends, whose faith is in his woes!”

So says Dryden—and such, I fear, is the case at present in too many quarters; but it will never be so with us. We know our duty better—and we understand, I venture to say, the facts of the case better. In spite of Sir James Scarlett’s *law* we pity, but at the same time, in spite of Lord Grey’s bill, we honour; and the time will come for us to vindicate, defend, liberate, and uphold. I confess I witnessed certain scenes—Ascot—Drury Lane—even the Painted Chamber—even the House of Lords itself—with feelings of deeper pain than I could have believed any things of that nature could have had power to stir up, now-a-days, in these old tough heartstrings.

North. “A deathlike silence, and a drear repose?”

Tickler. An unanimous, bellowing, blustering, hallooing mob, a divided, distrustful gentry, an insulted but unshaken peerage, a doomed but determined prelacy—these are strange signs, and sorrowful.

North. A vulgarized Court, a despairing Family, and a trembling Crown!

Tickler. England has unquestionably seen no such danger since the meeting of the Long Parliament; but *this*, I still hope, will be known in history as the Short one.

North. A charitable hope. Well, if the Peers be made of such stuff as I believe they are, it is like to be more short than merry, at all events. How do the Bishops look?

Tickler. Quite firm; but I never doubted as to them. What did me the real good was to have all my little qualms about the lay Lords laid—which they were by a single glance round the House, while the King was reading his Ministers' long-winded and very single-minded Speech.* That satisfied me; and I own I am much deceived if the effect was not quite as decided, although not, peradventure, so consolatory, in a certain quarter. His Majesty looked, to my eye, any thing but comfortable; but, I am sorry to say, he is evidently in very feeble bodily health, and it was a hot day, and the crowd was pestiferous, and an *unconsecrated* crown is perhaps heavier than usual, so that the circumstance might be otherwise accounted for. Can't say—merely give you my impressions of the moment—looked, I thought, flustered and unhappy—boggled several times in the reading, and changed colour oddly.

North. 'Tis odd enough; but his Majesty is the only one of his father's sons I never happened to behold in the flesh. Which of the family does he most resemble? If one could trust Lawrence's picture, I should say the old King himself.

Tickler. I rather think it is so;—but by far the best likenesses are those of H. B., whoever may answer to those immortal initials; and of all his admirable ones, the best by far is that in the print of the Old Wicked Gray running off with John Gilpin, while Lord Brougham cries, "Go it! go it!—never mind the Ducks and the Geese," (meaning the Peers and Parsons, who are typified as huge waddlers of the South, and great Ganders of Lambeth, with coronets and mitres on their heads,) and Mrs. Gilpin appears above on the balcony with her *half-crown*, screaming to the bystanders. The face of the headlong Captain of the Train-bands is perfect in every lineament—and I think the anonymous genius of our day,† who has already beat Gilray to sticks, must have been in the House of Lords upon the recent grand occasion I have been alluding to.

North. Remember to bid the Bailie order it down. Are we never to see these things in Auld Reekie until they be out of Date? The "Never mind the Ducks and Geese" would be a fair motto for a new edition of the "Friendly Advice."

Tickler. The Ducks and Geese, however, will be found quite capa-

* On the opening of the new Parliament, 1831.—M.

† This was John Doyle, whose son Richard was long the best illustrator of *Punch*.—M.

ble of holding their own, and suffer neither Rats nor Weasels to disturb the Wash of Edmonton with impunity.

North. They had as well. If they don't, they are done. Do any of the "ORDER"* I wonder, sincerely and seriously believe that we of the inferior classes, who have always stood by them, in opposition to the folks who, after daubing them with dirt all their lives, are now trying to half-bully, half-cajole them into an abandonment of their highest and most sacred duties,—do any of these high and mighty personages seriously believe that we poor Tory gentlemen have been actuated in our feelings and conduct regarding them by mere vulgar admiration and humble worship of the pomps and vanities of long pedigrees, magnificent chateaus, and resplendent equipages? Do any of them believe that it is, *per se*, simply, and of itself, a matter of joy, and satisfaction, and exultation to us, to behold a certain number of individuals, most of them neither wiser, nor cleverer, nor more active, nor even better-looking than ourselves—many of them, indeed, neither better born nor better bred than the ordinary run of the gentry;—do they fancy it is a pure unmixed essential delight to us, I say, to behold them in the possession of honours and eminences, and wealth, luxury, and grandeur of all possible sorts, to which we ourselves make no pretensions—to share in which we have neither hope nor wish? If so, I can assure them they have the misfortune to labour under a grievous mistake. I, Christopher North, am not a bit more incapable than any radical in the land of appreciating the conveniences, excellences, comfort, glory, and triumph of having nobody above me. You and I have not lived in the world (some seventy years, Timothy, eh?) without having mixed a good deal with people of all classes;—we have not passed through "this visible diurnal sphere" without having experienced occasionally, quite as feelingly as others, "the proud man's contumely," more especially in its most offensive form of *condescension*. We have all had our eyes and ears about us, my friend, and our brains and our hearts too,—and our support of the British Aristocracy has been, and is, bottomed on principles entirely unconnected with the selfish part of our own natures. That institution has never presented any thing at all likely to gratify either the personal vanity or the personal pride of individuals in our situation. We have stuck by it as a great bulwark of the Constitution—a great safeguard of the rights and privileges of our fellow-subjects of all classes—a mighty barrier, reared originally perhaps between the Crown and the people, to protect them from each other's violence, but chiefly valuable in our eyes, *hodie* and *de facto*, as a barrier between *numbers* on the one side and *property* on the other. If the Prince is so unfortunate

* In 1827, in a speech violently assailing Canning, Lord Grey emphatically told the Peers that he would stand by his Order. In 1831, he threatened to swamp the same peers opposing the Reform Bill, by creating eighty peerages, all in one batch!—M.

as to have a set of Revolutionists for his Ministers, and if, following too literally (as, under supposable circumstances of more kinds than one, a very well-meaning Prince might do) the letter of the Constitutional doctrine, he allows them to do wrong in his name, according to the measure and modesty of their own discretion, the Prince himself becomes for the moment merged in the mob—and it is the business of the Peerage to defeat the mob, for the express purpose, not only of protecting US, but of rescuing and emancipating HIM. Let them be found false and faithless on *one* such occasion—let them convince the loyal gentry that they have been all along buttressing the predominance of a set of functionaries, who, when the great moment for discharging the essential function arrives, want either honesty to recognize, or courage to fulfil, at whatever hazard, the demands of the critical hour; let them practically bring home *this* conviction to our bosoms, and they may depend upon the fact—that thenceforth, even from that moment, they have not one conscientious adherent below the immediate connexions of their own small, and then isolated, circle. Oh! ho! we must have something for our *booin'*!

Tickler. What an honest fellow is “The Examiner!” He, I see, tells the Lords very plainly that their lease is nearly out, whatever course they may pursue on this occasion. Assuming as an undeniable fact, that a decided, a vast majority of them are against the Revolutionary robbery, he says—“You will either act according to your own absurd opinion, or you will not. If you do, the nation will cashier you for your presumption. If you do not,—if you, by your conduct on this occasion, manifest a becoming sense of your own incapacity to oppose the popular feeling when strongly pronounced on a momentous question, the conclusion will of course force itself on the dullest understanding, that you are *of no use*—that the order had as well *cease to exist.*” I won’t swear to the words, but that, I am sure, is this clever and candid republican’s sense—and I perceive you agree with him.

North. To be sure I do. Indeed, all through this battle, The Examiner, and The Examiner alone of the Ministerial prints, has met the case fairly and directly.

Tickler. He has—and I give him credit for so doing. But you need be under no apprehensions of the second horn of this dilemma. Never was such a contrast as the bold, uncompromising attitude of the Opposition in the Lords, and the crouching, craven, convict-like bearing of the deluders and deluded who occupy the right-hand side of the Woolsack. The Bishops were the only people on that side of the House who looked anything like men—and it is now no secret that whenever *the Bill* is tabled there, they are to walk across the floor in a body (all but old doited Norwich)—a thing unexampled since the days of THE IMMORTAL SEVEN!—I wish you could see our muster in that quarter—Wellington, Eldon, Mansfield, Carnarvon, Northumberland,

Wharnccliffe, Tenterden—and a dozen more of them—confronting such things as the old Jacobin,* trembling in his blue ribbon, and his poor, silly *socii criminis*—his Holland, bloated with vanity and impotence, unwieldy as the monument, fat and feebleness in every inch—Lansdowne, wasted, worn, enervate Lansdowne—Swag Sefton—but why should we bother ourselves with such nonentities? The most pitiable, however, are the Canningite Lords—and I own I was vexed, on more accounts than either one, two, or three, when I saw such people as Goderich and Melbourne mixed up with Ulick, Marquess of Clanricarde! Simon Peter! Simon Peter!

North. 'Tis well. By the by, it always strikes me as something more comfortable in itself, than exactly intelligible according to the received theory of actual feeling in certain quarters, that the heiress of England should all this while be entrusted to the care and keeping of a noble Tory lady†—the good and graceful Duchess of Northumberland!

Tickler. I must leave that puzzle to Lord Prudhoe's friend, the Magician of Cairo.

North. Who? Magician of Cairo? Are you coming Magraubin over us?

Tickler. You have not heard the story, then! I thought it must have found its way ere now into the newspapers.

North. Not a bit of it. Come, we've had enough of King, Lords, Commons, and newspapers—by all means, supper, and tip us your *diablerie*.
(*Rings and orders lobsters and cold punch.*)

Tickler. I know you will laugh at what I am about to tell you—but I can only say I heard it *at second-hand*—no more—from one of the two gentlemen who are responsible for having made this concern the table-talk of all London. They are both men of the very highest character, and they are about, it is said, to publish, jointly, a volume of travels in Africa, including, among other marvels, this same apparently unaccountable narration.

North. Name—name.

Tickler. Lord Prudhoe, brother to the Duke of Northumberland,‡ and his friend and companion, Major Felix. They have just returned from Egypt, and except Reform and Cholera, and Lady ———, their story was, I think I may safely say, the only thing I heard spoken about at any of the Clubs I frequented.

North. Which were——

Tickler. White's—the Cocoa—the Alfred—the Travellers'—the Athenæum—and the Senior United Service.

North. How the devil are you a member of the last?

Tickler. *Multis nominibus.* As Ex-fugleman of the Flatfoots—as

* Lord Grey.—M.

† The noble Tory lady, however, did not succeed in instilling her own politics into the mind of the Princess Victoria, her pupil.—M.

‡ In 1847, on his brother's death, Lord Prudhoe succeeded him as Duke.—M.

Brigadier-General in the Scotch Body Guard—and as Deputy-Lieutenant in the counties of Mid-Lothian, Lanark, Renfrew, Dumbarton, Ayr, Argyle, Perth, Fife, and Banff.

North. And how of the Traveller ?

Tickler. As having accompanied Baxter in "Garrison for ever," in the Kremlin, August 15th, 1821. As having eat eighteen inches on end, unbroken, of macaroni, out of the basket of the late King of Naples, the King's Own, in his own market-place, 12th September, 1823. As having smoked fifteen cigars at one sitting with old Matthias, among the ruins of Agrigentum, in Autumn 1824. As having got dead drunk on new rum within the spray of Niagara, with the Teeger,* in the dog-days of 1827. And finally, as having ridden the Spring Circuit of last year—only 7,000 miles—in doeskin jacket, dogskin breeches, bullskin boots, and whalebone broadbrim, with the Honourable Mr. Justice Menzies of the Cape of Good Hope.

North. The Athenæum ?

Tickler. An original member—proposed by William Spenser—seconded by William Sotheby.

North. The Alfred ?

Tickler. Proposed in 1785 by Lord Thurlow—seconded by Bishop Watson—admitted unanimously.

North. Cocoa ?

Tickler. Got in through Sheridan about the time of the mutiny of the Nore.

North. White's ?

Tickler. Proposed by Canning—seconded by Castlereagh, just before their split.

North. Very well. Now fill your glass and tell your story. †

Tickler. Lord Prudhoe and Major Felix being at Cairo last autumn, on their return from Abyssinia, where they picked up much of that information which has been worked up so well by Captain Bond Head in his life of Bruce, found the town in a state of extraordinary excitement, in consequence of the recent arrival in those parts of a celebrated Magician from the centre of Africa, somewhere in the vicinity of the Mountains of the Moon. It was universally said, and generally believ-

* The late Dr. Dunlop, of Canada.—M.

† Incredible as the narrative which follows may appear, there is evidence in its favour. A very particular account of Sheik Abd el Kader, the Magician of Cairo, was published in Mr. Lane's "Modern Egyptians." But in "Modern Egypt and Thebes," of later date, Sir Gardner Wilkinson narrates what he himself had seen, in 1841, in the presence of nine persons, four of whom spoke Arabic so well that they had no occasion to employ an interpreter, and throws discredit upon it, thinking that leading questions are put, and "that whenever the deceptions succeed in any part, the success is owing to accident, or to unintentional prompting in the mode of questioning the boys." Sir Gardner adds, "Dr. Abbott, who has seen this magician frequently during the last six or seven years, assured me that he never knew one more properly described." This Dr. Abbott, who has passed his life in Egypt, practising as a physician, is the gentleman who collected the unique museum of Egyptian Antiquities, now in New York; a collection, the value of which is enhanced by the fact that the Pacha has issued an order, now very rigidly enforced, prohibiting any antiquity from being taken out of Egypt.—M.

ed, that this character possessed and exercised the power of showing to any visitor who chose to comply with his terms, any person, dead or living, whom the said visitor pleased to name. The English travellers, after abundant inquiries and some scruples, repaired to his residence, paid their fees, and were admitted to his *Sanctum*.

North. Anno Domini millesimo octogentesimo trigesimo ?

Tickler. 1mo. They found themselves in the presence of a very handsome young Moor, with a very long black beard, a crimson caftan, a snow-white turban, eighteen inches high, blue trowsers, and yellow slippers, sitting cross-legged on a Turkey carpet, three feet square, with a cherry stalk in his mouth, a cup of coffee at his left elbow, a diamond-hafted dagger in his girdle, and in his right hand a large volume, clasped with brazen clasps—

North. The *Supellex* is irreproachable.

Tickler. Laugh as you please—but let me tell my story. On hearing their errand, he arose and kindled some spices on a sort of small altar in the middle of the room. He then walked round and round the altar for half an hour or so, muttering words to them unintelligible ; and having at length drawn three lines of chalk about the altar, and placed himself upright beside the flame, desired them to go seek a *Seer*, and he was ready to gratify them in all their desires.

North. Was he not a *Seer* himself.

Tickler. Not at all—but you mistake the business. Did you ever read the History of Cagliostro ?

North. Not I.

Tickler. If you had, you would have known that there were in the old days, whole schools of magicians here in Europe, who could do nothing in this line without the intervention of a *pure Seer*—to wit—a Maiden's eye. This African belongs to the same fraternity—he made them understand that nothing could be done until a virgin eye was placed at his disposal.*

North. Had he never a niece in the house ?

Tickler. Pooh ! pooh !—Don't jeer. I tell you he bade them go out into the streets of Cairo, and fetch up any child they fancied, under ten years of age. They did so ; and after walking about for half an hour, selected an Arab boy, not apparently above eight, whom they found playing at marbles.

North. What was he ?

Tickler. I can't tell you—nor could they—but he was a *child*, and they bribed him with a few halfpence, and took him with them to the studio of the African Roger Bacon.

* Count Cagliostro (*alias* Joseph Balsamo) who was mixed up in the famous Necklace fraud, of which Cardinal de Rohan was the dupe, and Marie Antoinette the victim, is the hero of Dumas' Memoirs of a Physician. The marvels of *clairvoyance*, as related in that romance, are effected through the medium of a virgin. Sir Gardner Wilkinson states, of the Magician of Cairo, " though he confines his power to boys and girls below the age of puberty, he allows that a black woman of any age, married or no, and a pregnant woman, may see the same appearances."—M.

North. Go on—I attend—fill your glass. Was all this after dinner, by the by?

Tickler. The gentlemen were *impransi*—and a d—d deal more sober than you ever were even before breakfast.

North. Perge, puer!

Tickler. Now listen, like a sensible man, for five minutes. The child was much frightened with the smoke, and the smell, and the chatter, and the muttering—but by and by he sucked his sugar candy, and recovered his tranquillity, and the magician made him seat himself under a window—the only one that had not been darkened, and poured about a table-spoonful of some black liquid into the hollow of the boy's right hand, and bade him hold the hand steady, and keep his eye fixed upon the surface of the liquid; and then, resuming his old station by the brazier, sung out for several minutes on end—What do you see? Allah bismilla! What do you see? Illalla Resoul Allah! What do you see? All the while the smoke curled up faster and faster—

North. Of course—of course.

Tickler. Presently the lad said: "*Bismillah!* I see a horse—a horseman—I see two horsemen—I see three—I see four—five—six—I see seven horsemen, and the seventh is a *Sultan*."—"Has he a flag?" cries the magician.—"He has three," answered the boy.—"'Tis well," says the other, "now halt!" and with that he laid his stick right across the fire, and, standing up, addressed the travellers in these words.—"Name your name—be it of those that are upon the earth, or of those that are beneath it; be it Frank, Moor, Turk, or Indian, prince or beggar, living or breathing, or resolved in the dust of Adam, three thousand years ago—speak, and this boy shall behold and describe him!"

North. Very good—now be so good as to bring on Lord Prudhoe.

Tickler. I can't say whether he or Mr. Felix named the first name—but it was WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. The magician made three reverences towards the window, waved his wand nine times, sung out something beyond their interpretation, and at length called out, "Boy, what do you behold?"—"The Sultan alone remains," said the child—"and beside him I see a pale-faced Frank—but not dressed like these Franks—with large eyes, a pointed beard, a tall hat, roses on his shoes, and a short mantle!" You laugh—shall I proceed?

North. Certé—what next?

Tickler. The other asked for *Francis Arouet de Voltaire*, and the boy immediately described a lean, old, yellow-faced Frank with a huge brown wig, a nutmeg-grater profile, spindle shanks, buckled shoes, and a gold snuff-box!

North. My dear Tickler, don't you see that any print-book must have made this scoundrel familiar with such phizzes as these?

Tickler. Listen. Lord Prudhoe now named *Archdeacon Wrangham*,

and the Arab boy made answer, and said, "I perceive a tall gray-haired Frank, with a black silk petticoat, walking in a garden, with a little book in his hand. He is reading on the book—his eyes are bright and gleaming—his teeth are white—he is the happiest looking Frank I ever beheld.

North. Go on.

Tickler. I am only culling out three or four specimens out of fifty. Major Felix now named a brother of his, who is in the cavalry of the East India Company, in the Presidency of Madras. The magician signed, and the boy again answered, "I see a red-haired Frank, with a short red jacket and white trowsers. He is standing by the sea-shore, and behind him there is a black man, in a turban, holding a beautiful horse richly caparisoned."—"God in heaven!" cried Felix.—"Nay," the boy resumed, "this is an odd Frank—he has turned round while you are speaking, and, by Allah! he has but one arm!" Upon this the Major swooned away. His brother lost his left arm in the campaign of Ava! *Verbum non amplius.* Seeing is believing.

North. Why the devil did they not bring Maugraby with them to England?*

Tickler. Perhaps the devil's power only lingers in Africa!

North. Tell that to the mariues.

Shepherd. I'll tell ye a ten thoosan' times mair extraorniar story than that o' Lord Proud-O's—gin I had only something till eat. But I wad defy Shakspeare himsell to be trawgic on an empty stammack. Oh! when wull thae dear guttural months be comin' in again—the months wi' the RRR's! Without eisters this is a weary world. The want o' them's a sair drawback on the simmer. (*Enter Supper.*) What! Groose afore the Tault? That's a great shame. Gie's the auld Cock. (*They sup.*)

* Dr. Abbott informs me that the present Pacha of Egypt has forbidden the practice of this Magic. He is very superstitious, and fears some evil may be predicted about himself, which would happen!—M.

No. LVIII.—SEPT. 1831.

SCENE—*Buchanan Lodge.* TIME—*Seven o'clock.*

Claret—*The Standard, Post, Albion, Bull, Age, Alfred, &c., and various New Books on the Table.*

Tickler. As for Mr. Bulwer, laying the most hackneyed common-places out of view, the majestic features, elegant mien, intense loves, and indomitable nerves which *his* heroes share with ten thousand Belvilles and Delvilles—these air-drawn personages are nothing, if not coxcombical. Who can think, with common patience, of his endless chatter about their tapering fingers, their “feet small to a fault,” their velvet robes-de-chambre, and the violet damask curtains of their dressing-rooms?

North. Horrid puppyism!—These books, however, all contain detached scenes of interest and power, both serious and comic—they are all written with ease and vigour, and abound in sentences and expressions which speak the man of observation and reflection—they convey the impressions of an ardent, ambitious, energetic mind, and of an elegant taste in letters. It is very true, that these things are not enough to constitute a good novelist; I will even admit that the good parts of what he has as yet written would have been more acceptable if presented piecemeal, in the shape of magazine articles; but still I can see no reason to doubt, that if Mr. Bulwer will give himself fair play—if he will condescend to bestow more thought, before he begins his book, on what it is to be—to consider that the materials which might do well for a single volume may all but evaporate into thin air when diffused over the surface of three—to write more slowly than he has hitherto done—and to correct (which hitherto he does not seem to have done at all) before he publishes—he may win a permanent place——

Tickler. His politics——

North. His politics I care nothing about; politics, truly!—The general tone of his morality is of a cast rather above what has of late been common among writers of his order—many beautiful and generous sentiments are unaffectedly introduced in his pages, and it would afford me very sincere gratification to find him doing more justice to himself.*

* In less than twenty years from this time Bulwer was by far the most effective and popular writer in *Blackwood*, both in prose and verse.—M.

Tickler. God knows, there are warning examples enough. Had gash John Galt, now, instead of spinning out one hasty trio after another, until "panting *Puff*" toils after him in vain," proceeded as he began, leisurely condensing, in brief, compact tales, "the harvest of a quiet eye," who can doubt that by this time the Ayrshire Legatees, the Annals of the Parish, and the Provost, would have been considered as the mere proflusions and inceptive experiments of his fancy, instead of remaining, after the lapse of ten years, the only ones among his novels that can be regarded with any approach to satisfaction by those who estimate his capacity as it deserves? His historical romances in the higher vein are already as dead as if no Waverleys and Old Mortalities had ever called them into the mockery of life; and of his comic novels, in three volumes, although each contains obviously the elements of a capital single volume, there is probably not one that has ever been read through a second time.

North. Considered as a novel, perhaps the last that I have seen, Lawrie Todd, is the least worthy of him; yet it would be impossible to praise too highly the exquisitely quaint humour of various conceptions, the gems of shrewd sarcastic philosophy which here and there shine out in its narrative, or the dramatic beauty of various fragments of its dialogue. To see such things so thrown away is to me melancholy. No doubt that particular book will have very extensive success in the market, because of the valuable practical suggestions to persons emigrating to America; but I certainly must regret that such materials should have been, comparatively speaking, sacrificed.

Tickler. Confound haste and hurry! What else can account for Theodore Hook's position? Who that has read his "Sayings and Doings," and, above all, his "Maxwell," can doubt, that had he given himself time for consideration and correction, we should have been hailing him, ere now, *nem. con.*, as another Smollett if not another Le Sage? Had he, instead of embroidering his humour upon textures of fable, as weakly transparent as ever issued from the loom of Minerva Lane, taken the trouble to elaborate the warp ere he set about weaving the woof—which last could never have been any trouble to him at all—upon what principle can any man doubt that he might have produced at least one novel entitled to be ranked with the highest? Surely sheer headlong haste alone—the desire, cost what it may, to fill a certain number of pages within a given time—could ever have tempted such a writer, one whose perceptions of the ludicrous have such lightning quickness, into tampering with such materials as make up, without exception, his serious, and above all, his pathetic scenes. Those solemn commonplaces produce the same painful sense of incongruous absurdity which attends the admixture of melo-dramatic sentimentalities in a broad farce at the Haymarket. Loves and tears, and grand passions and midnight hags, and German suicides, alongside—*parieti-*

bus nullis—of his excellency the Governor-General, and Mr. Godfrey Moss! What would one say to Julia de Roubigné, spun thread about in the same web with Humphrey Clinker?

North. I agree with you, and I sincerely hope this novel-improvisatore will pause ere it is too late, and attempt something really worthy of his imagination. But as it is, such is the richness of the *vis comica* showered over these careless extravaganzas, that unless he himself throws them into the shade by subsequent performances, I venture to say they have a better chance of being remembered a hundred years hence than any contemporary productions of their class—except only those of the two great lights of Scotland and Ireland—“*jamdudum adscripta Camœnis.*”

Tickler. I would also except Miss Susan Ferrier.* Her novels, no doubt, have many defects—their plots are poor—their episodes disproportionate—and the characters too often caricatures: but they are all thick set with such specimens of sagacity, such happy traits of nature, such flashes of genuine satire, such easy humour, sterling good sense, and, above all—God only knows where she picked it up—mature and perfect knowledge of the world, that I think we may safely anticipate for them a different fate from what awaits even the cleverest of *juvenile* novels.

North. They are the works of a very clever woman, sir, and they have one feature of true and very melancholy interest, quite peculiar to themselves. It is in them alone that the ultimate breaking down and debasement of the Highland character has been depicted. Sir Walter Scott had fixed the enamel of genius over the last fitful gleams of their half savage chivalry; but a humbler and sadder scene—the age of lucre-banished clans—of chieftains dwindled into imitation-squires—and of chiefs contented to barter the recollections of a thousand years for a few gaudy seasons of Almack’s and Crockford’s—the euthanasia of kilted aldermen and steamboat *pibrochs* was reserved for Miss Ferrier.

Tickler. She, in general, fails almost as egregiously as Hook does, in the pathetic; but in her last piece there is one scene of this description worthy of either Sterne or Goldsmith. I mean where the young man, supposed to have been lost at sea, revisits after a lapse of time, the precincts of his home, watching, unseen, in the twilight, the occupations and bearings of the different members of the family, and resolving, under the influence of most generous feeling, to keep the secret of his preservation.

North. I remember it well; and you might bestow the same kind of praise on the whole character of *Molly Macauley*. It is a picture of humble, kind-hearted, thorough-going devotion, and long-suffering,

* Author of “Marriage” and “The Inheritance.”—M.

indefatigable gentleness, of which, perhaps, no sinner of our gender could have adequately filled up the outline. Miss Ferrier appears habitually in the light of a somewhat hard satirist; but there is always a fund of romance at the bottom of every true woman's heart. Who has tried to stifle and suppress that element more carefully and pertinaciously—and yet who has drawn, in spite of herself, more genuine tears than the authoress of *Simple Susan*?

Tickler. Aye, who indeed! But *she's* up to any thing.

North. It is, perhaps a safe general rule to seek, elsewhere than in the pathetic, the main sustaining texture of the fictitious narrative of large dimensions. Even *Clarissa Harlowe* has sunk under the weight of her eight volumes. But it is not the less true, that no skill has ever succeeded—perhaps genius, using the word in its higher sense, has never tried—to fix prevailing interest in the novel, any more than in the drama, on any character destitute of some touches of the softer kind.

Tickler. This spark, *Bulwer*, and the other lads we have been talking over, appear all to have been of that way of thinking. They have all made the substratum worldly, and endeavoured to inlay it with fragments of the pathetic.

North. Yes—and they have failed, in my humble opinion, in producing the desired effect—not from want of talent, but from want of previous meditation. You must prepare some depth of soil before you plant noble seeds. If one or two shoot up amidst a vegetation, the general character of which bespeaks them uncongenial, the idea of artifice is at once suggested, and not a whit less painfully than when gaudy patches of colour, such as would be at home in a conservatory, are met with “under the shade of venerable boughs.”

Tickler. Witness *Theodore Hook's* blarney pathetics on the one hand, and the muddy merriment of the German novelists of the present time and their English imitators, on the other.

North. The true master is he who pitches his main key neither on mirth nor on sadness, but on the calm contemplativeness of good sense; from that he may descend, on occasion, without degradation, and rise without the appearance of painful effort, to say nothing of rash presumption. But is not this, in all cases, πολλῆς πειρασ τελευταιον επιγνηνημα;

Tickler. Aye—and is it not here that the secret of the proverbial ill success of juvenile novelists lies? Their own minds are as yet too much under the sway of their emotions, whether grave or gay, to have had leisure for analysing them to their roots, and observing in what relations, as well as forms, nature means them to be developed.

North. It asks a short apprenticeship to imitate the most brilliant parterre; but half a lifetime of herbalism to be able to produce a tolerable fac-simile of a single square yard of mountain turf.

Tickler. That's well said, Christopher.

North. Why, I'm no Johnson, I allow, but I can now and then turn out a tolerably rounded pebble. Thank God, I have never had a Boswell.

Tickler. You seem to have bestowed much consideration on novel-writing. Why have you never tried it?

North. Wait a little. You shall see what you shall see.

Tickler. Yours, I presume, will be a ten years' job—a real elaborate master-piece.

North. Why, sir, I consider it as a cursedly difficult line. In fact, it has often struck me that something like what has been said of the Italian language, that there is none of which a passable command may be attained so easily, and none in which real mastery asks more unwearied application, might be applied to this same craft of novel-writing. I have my doubts if even the drama demands on the whole, either greater natural talents, or more deliberate study of the world, or more systematic investigation of the principles of art, than this form of composition, in which every unfledged stripling pours out, now-a-days, the rawnesses of his petulance, in such haste and levity, and with such pitiable ignorance or contemptible neglect of its objects and rules.

Tickler. I am happy to observe you so rarely meddle with the stuff in old Maga—certainly to notice the thousand-and-one abortions of this class, which are ushered into the world every season with “puffs preliminary,” unparalleled in any preceding period for impudence and mendacity, would be an unpardonable waste of time and paper.

North. Yes, truly. If any adult creature believe, on the authority of a newspaper paragraph, that a “wholly new view of fashionable life, in some of its most guarded circles,” is about to burst on the eyes of mankind from the pages of “Almack's,” or “The Exclusives,” or “The Spring in Town,” or “A Week on the Steyne,” or “Wedded Life in the Upper Ranks,” or “Mothers and Daughters, a Tale of 1830,” or “The Premier,” or “The King's Secret,” what the deuce can I or any other compassionate Christian do to help them out of their delusion? If they know any thing at all about novel-publishers and newspaper columns, they are well aware that the latter are open to whatever the former choose to indite of and concerning the wares in which they deal, upon terms precisely similar to those on which professed advertisements are admitted; and if, Mr. Tickler, not ignorant of this undisputed fact, they will still persist in putting a whit more credence in the editorial “we,” so prostituted, than in an auctioneer's blazon about his Titians and Corregios, why what remedy can be looked for?

Tickler. Only one—the ruin of the circulating libraries—a consummation which, I am told, a very few more seasons of perseverance in the existing system as to these matters must produce.

North. Explain yourself, and pass the decanters.

Tickler. To buy all or most of the gaudy duodecimos of the season is what not the wildest devourer of such fare ever dreams of—few private individuals think of buying any of them. But there are hundreds and thousands who lend to the “paid paragraphs” such a measure of credence as renders them impatient to see each successive abomination as soon as it quits the manufactory; and the keeper of the library is in fact obliged to procure, at the first moment, dozens and scores, in some cases even hundreds, of copies of a book, which announced, forsooth, as containing the quintessence of a distinguished life’s experience, illuminated by the brilliant touches of a masterly pen, has every chance, ere three weeks elapse, to be condemned on all hands as the equally ignorant and stupid galimatias of some malevolent schoolboy—or, perhaps, the sickly trash of some half-forgotten anecdote, served up with a sauce meant to be *piquante*, of vicious sentimentality, by some worn-out *divorcée*. Another production of the same order, trumpeted with equal effrontery, and for the moment with equal success, has next its run, and then, like the former, sinks into mere lumber on the unhappy non-circulator’s shelves, and so on.

North. Uno avulso non deficit alter *Aeneus*—

Tickler. The number of establishments thus impoverished within these few years would, I was assured, if one could procure an accurate estimate, astound even persons conversant with the details of the book-selling business in its more respectable branches; and the proprietors of those which have as yet stood the drain, and hold out, from obvious motives, no public ensign of displeasure or alarm, do not hesitate, I was also assured, to confess in private that, if the system goes on much longer, the best of them must yield in their turn. Already they have made some rather vigorous efforts to emancipate themselves from the wheel to which profligate cunning has bound them; and on one recent occasion an exposure, which at least ought to have been decisive, was very narrowly escaped.

North. What was this?

Tickler. The story will amuse you. Not contented with the usual machinery of the newspapers, the publisher of a certain forthcoming “fashionable novel” of last season, ventured to send round his clerk to the different circulating libraries, with a distinct intimation from himself, that it was the work of—her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester! The number of copies ordered was, of course, altogether unusual. The first ten pages satisfied every one—they were exquisitely vulgar in diction, and the substance something even worse. The parties taken in plucked up spirit, and the result had like to have been serious.

North. What brass!

Tickler. I believe it turned out that the real author of the filth was an Unitarian teacher somewhere in Lancashire.*

North. I am afraid you are quite right, that the chief blame in this mystery of iniquity lies at the door of the publishers; but it is only fair to remember the candid admission of Le Sage, that “un libraire et un auteur sont deux espèces de filoux qui ne peuvent l’un sans l’autre attraper l’argent du public.” I have been reading the “*Valise Trouvée*,” this morning, and was amused with Le Sage’s account of a trick exactly like those of our own time in this line, and superior, in his opinion, “aux tours les plus ingénieux de Guzman d’Alfarache.”

Tickler. The world is the same, and will continue to be so. Several persons well connected, and one or two of considerable standing personally in society, have unquestionably permitted themselves to wink at and share in the lucre of these recent deceptions—and “*Cui prodest damnun, fecit.*”

North. Why, that such transactions have left a stain upon names which the world had been accustomed to respect, is, I fear, notorious. I for a while listened to certain humiliating rumours with incredulous contempt—but time passed on—disclosure succeeded disclosure.

Tickler. One can’t, however, doubt that the public have been eager, and therefore culpable dupes. But for the wide prevalence of more than one base feeling in the general mind, such deceptions most assuredly could never have been found enlisting in their train some, at least, of these gentlemen. Does this vile hankering after the fruits of real or supposed *espionage* among the circles of what is called fashionable life—this dirty curiosity for minute details of what passes in the interior of “exclusive” saloons—this prurient appetite for malicious anecdotes and voluptuous descriptions, mixed up with thinly veiled corruptions and travesties of noble and distinguished names—does this overgorged and yet insatiable appetite merit no epithet worse than *vulgar*? It unquestionably coexists with a more open arraignment of all aristocratical privileges and pretensions than ever before formed a marking feature in the habitual language and conversation of any considerable portion of English society—and, I must say, I think it very possible, that, in other days, the two things may be laid together very little to the credit of contemporary good faith.

North. Peut-être.

Tickler. Peut-être?—Fivolous and flimsy as these works are, sir, they will be pointed to hereafter, as indicating a prevalent tone of thought and feeling not more mean than malignant,—a slave-like admiration of external distinctions, miserably inconsistent with a rational appreciation either of the blessings which all orders of society owe to the establishment of lawful gradations of ranks, or of the beautiful arrange-

* The Rev. Mr. Scargill, author of “The Puritan’s Daughter.”—M.

ment by which our own forefathers secured to genius and virtue, in whatever walk of life developed, the possibility of attaining to the highest—but consistent enough with shortsighted jealousy and impatient envy, a crouching rancour, and all the craft of venom.

North. Your opinion is mine. And surely, surely, nothing but the extravagance with which this gross public appetite enabled booksellers to pay for “Tales of Fashionable Life,” written by denizens of Grub Street, could ever have tempted persons, really familiar in any sort with the habits and manners of the people whose movements illustrate the columns of the Morning Post, to enter upon this particular species of novel.

Tickler. Certainly not,—but, though a few such persons have recently done so, the staple supply of the market continues to come from the original manufacturers, on whose department they have intruded. So completely, indeed, had the *Siröists* taken possession of the public ear, that the others found themselves obliged to give in to an established taste, and to limit their ambition to doing better than their predecessors, what, but for such predecessors, they would never have dreamt of doing at all.

North. It is impossible to account otherwise for the eternally recurring elaborate descriptions of fine dresses, fine furniture, fine dinners, and fine equipages, which burden every chapter even of such of these fashionable novels as intrinsic evidence of a better sort traces to the pens of persons of distinction. When a man is continually reminding you that he eats his mess with a silver spoon, one may be tolerably sure that he was born to a wooden one; and the crawling vulgarity that could alone have set up details of this order, as a necessary, nay, a primary feature—that speaks for itself.

Tickler. It is as if butlers and fiddlers had taken in hand to depict what it was their business to serve.

North. The eye is essentially incompetent, and the *point de vue* hopelessly false. These are precisely the last circumstances on which it would have occurred naturally to even the silliest of the *porphyrogeniti* to dilate.

Tickler. Exactly so;—but how are foreigners to see through all this? These same novels have been most widely circulated, not only in this country, but on the continent of Europe—indeed, our literature is now almost universally studied there—and every book that acquires any degree of popularity here is sure to be translated forthwith into at least the two most extensive languages—and, in the United States, editions on editions even of the worst of them appear to have been called for. They are thus read by thousands and tens of thousands who have no chance whatever of comparing the manners which they represent with those actually prevailing in England; and are criticised in innumerable journals, more especially in America, as furnishing *data*

of undoubted authenticity whereon to form a grave estimate of the moral and social condition of our upper classes. I really can't help suspecting that in this way, far more than in any other, the vogue of these lucubrations has been productive of serious evil. In short, I do and must ascribe, in no slight degree, to this circumstance, the almost universal zeal with which foreign journalists, even of the highest class, have of late been echoing those false and fiendish libels of our Utilitarian *doctrinaires*, which, until of late, had moved among ourselves hardly any deeper feeling than a contemptuous ridicule—those long scorned and neglected diatribes, which uniformly and systematically describe the British nation as oppressed and ground to the dust by the tyranny and exactions of a small, compact *caste* of rapacious *aristocrats*—animated by feelings and principles entirely selfish and peculiar—in their personal habits as effeminately profligate as the old courtiers of the *Domus Aurea* or the *Œil-de-bœuf*—and but adding insult to injury controlling every branch of government and legislation for the purposes of their own gratification, through an impudent mock-machinery of free institutions.

North. Perhaps one might also trace a considerable reaction of the foreign opinions, thus fraudulently influenced, in the general tone of our own periodical miscellanies. There can be no doubt that that tone has undergone a most remarkable change, in reference to many of the most important subjects that fall within their province, within these few years. Unquestionably, with a scanty handful of exceptions, even the *soi-disant* Tory press of recent times has been advocating, at least by inuendo and insinuation, political doctrines which, but four or five years ago, were hardly avowed except by the most audacious of the mob-worshippers.

Tickler. There may have been something of this too—but, after all, it must be owned, that such consequences could never have flowed from the circulation of pictures of manners altogether false and unfounded. No, sir, in the very worst of these delineations there has, unhappily, been a *substratum* of truth; perhaps the very darkest of them have failed in rendering complete justice to the moral and political profligacy of one circle of the British aristocracy. But the mischief and the misery is, that principles, feelings, and manners, the prevalence of which in that particular circle could never be denied, have been passed on the easy credence of ignorant foreigners and multitudes equally unobservant as unreflective at home, as common to the upper classes in this country as a body—whence, in great measure, at least according to the best of my belief and conviction, that widespread prejudice against the aristocracy, that real and rooted hostility to the established distinctions of ranks among us, which I see around me.

North. And in which the shortsighted ambition of an English party

has found, and has not feared to employ, a too efficient lever of revengeful ambition.

Tickler. The heads of that party are themselves aristocrats—nay, “Pharisees of the Pharisees;” they belong, most of them, to the very highest and haughtiest houses in the empire. How then to reconcile their personal position, their habitual prejudices and connexions, and modes of life and conversation, with their deliberate instrumentality in helping on that principle against which, if further strengthened, their own boasted “order” could no more stand than could a Chinese pagoda against an American hurricane!

North. Here, indeed, is a difficulty which, were history silent, unassisted reason might confess it impossible to solve. But history is not silent. In how dense and impenetrable a shallowness of mist vanity can cover the precipice towards which overreaching ambition spurns its victim!—that, sir, is an old tale, that may very likely be new again. Have you read that masterly sketch of the downfall of Athens and Rome in the last Quarterly? It is a splendid performance, and every word of it God’s truth.

Tickler. Yes, indeed.

North. Gospel, every line, sir. Never yet was any ancient government overthrown from within, otherwise than through the exertions of persons who, upon all rational principles of action, should have been among the steadiest of its upholders. A party of Roman nobility enabled the lower orders to weaken and degrade the upper, until, after a brief interval of anarchy, all orders were happy to take refuge from each other’s violence in a despotism—“mutuo metu odioque cuncta turbata et fessa in unum cessere.” Let Segur tell how it was in France—let him explain the delusion under which so many of the glittering grand seigneurs of his day walked merrily to their doom—the mad conceit which prevented them from perceiving that they were in a false position when they at once echoed the “liberalism” of their enemies, and hoped to retain, nay, to improve, the luxurious eminence to which they had been born. “Gracchi ante Syllam;”—there were Mirabeaus before there were Dantons—and of all the French nobility can we name more than one—if indeed *one*—that ultimately profited by the Revolution, to which so many hundreds of them contributed—and which, had they understood their interests, and acted as a body, could never have been?

Tickler. Thus it is, you see, whatever we begin with, we are sure to end in politics. But it’s the same with every body, and every thing. The bottle’s out.

North, (rings.) Another bottle of the same. Well, well, let’s come back to your London budget.

Tickler. Why, I think I gave you quite enough of that last time—of the House of Commons at any rate.

North. I was much amused with your sketches; when inspired by the Genius of Disgust, you are rather a dab at that sort of *scraping*—but on the whole, 'tis pretty clear you came away with quite a different sort of feeling from Lord Byron's, when he said he could not conceive of himself as being a bit more frightened to speak *there*, than before any other possible synod of five hundred human souls—Methodists in a barn, Mussulmen in a mosque—or Jack-tars and their Dollys in the pit at Portsmouth.

Tickler. And a pretty judge he was of all, or any one of these questions—I like the coolness of his notion, that it was quite certain he could have spoken to purpose either in barn or mosque, or the other place of worship you alluded to. His attempts in the House of Lords were wretched pieces of puerile puppyism, one and all of them, by every account; and I take it the audience there are a deuced deal more like the congregations he chatters about than any St. Stephen's is in the custom of producing.

North. More distinguished for Christianity, for gravity, or for bravery?—for which? or for all?

Tickler. For of all these things, my dear, and for tolerance too, which must have been more for Lord Byron's behoof when he uttered that glib smart oratiuncle, which Tommy Moore is evidently ashamed to insert in his *Omnigatherum*. No, no, Christopher—laugh who will at the *Collective Wisdom*,* but let no man, who has never tried the trick make light of the *Collective Taste*.

Nescis, heu, nescis dominæ fastidia Romæ:
 Crede mihi, nimium Martia turba sapit.
 Majores nusquam ronchi, juvenesque senesque
 Et pueri nasum Rhinocerotis habent.

North. Please to interpret your Hebrew.

Tickler. Depend upon't, Don Juan was quite out,
 When at the Commons he turn'd up his snout;
 I never heard such marrow-freezing mirth,
 As they have ready for a *Blunder's* birth—
 And there's more mercy in your sea-wolf's horn,
 Than when a bit of *Blackguard* wakes their scorn.

North. And M. P. on the whole's a brute more knowing
 Than Turk, or Whitfieldite, or Jack-cum-blowing.

Tickler. Ay—but still, how to account for the absolute effect of the compound, that, I confess, is quite beyond me. I look round and perceive, certainly, a rather shabby, and perhaps, on the whole, dull-look-

* Parliament was often called "The Collective Wisdom of the Nation."—M.

ing congregation of the children of Adam. Here and there one catches a dancing eyeball, no doubt, but the general aspect is, if any thing inert. Whence, then, the unquestioned result—that never yet was so sharp, so delicate, so exquisite a critic, as the Amalgam? Whence, above all, comes it that in no age have there been above half-a-dozen even tolerable performers, out of an assembly thus imbued to an almost miraculous extent with the sense of what performance rhetorical ought to be?

North. Why, I can't understand the puzzle. If you come to this, I should like to know in what age there have been more than half-a-dozen great hands in any one given department of human exertion. I should like to know upon what principle you see nothing wonderful in the fact that there should be, at this moment, in Great Britain at the very utmost six poets (and only two in the rest of the world, Goethe and Beranger)—certainly not above six philosophers—certainly not six physicians worthy of the name—certainly nothing like six preachers whom any human creature would wish to hear twice—most assuredly not six lawyers whom either of us would fee—nor six painters to whose productions a sane man would give house-room—probably not three sculptors to whom either you or I would sit for our busts, or in case of untimely death, wish a grateful nation to intrust our monumental statues—nay, to come lower down, not six tailors whose coats we could wear—not six shoemakers to whose tender mercies we would submit our corns—not six cutlers capable of turning out a really sweet razor—I say, I am at a loss to understand upon what principle you sit undisturbed amidst all this prevalence of paucity in the various departments of poetry, science, predication, law, physic, painting, sculpture, sneidericks, sabligaculicks, and tonsoricks—and yet stare, and of your staring find no end, because the orators of St. Stephen's are seldom more numerous than the sages of Greece, or the wonders of the world.

Tickler. How, then, do you account for the practical acumen of the congregated blunts?

North. Just as I do for many other queer things in this world of men, women, and consequently children—upon the principle of animal magnetism. When a multitude of human beings are gathered together in one place, the effluvia of the more energetic two or three dozen gives tone to the atmosphere—and your Coal-heaver or Caddie in the gallery appreciates a Kemble in Cato because there is a Ballantyne in the side-box—and Grizzy, puir lassie, whose head on Saturday at e'en was much on a par with her mopstick's, has on Sunday at noon a soul not unworthy of the ministrations of a Chalmers, simply because the pew before her holds my dear Adelaide —, and in the same field with a L'Amny hardly shall even a Sir Fizzle Pumpkin be a coward—or a Lord Nugent be a ponderous, while he has to

inhale ever and anon, *volens volens*, the vital air that has passed the minute before through the lungs of a Canning.

Tickler. At this rate, if we had a House of Commons consisting of six hundred clever fellows, interspersed with only some fifty fools, the fifty might really be converted into very rational animals. Nay, in a House altogether made up of Peels, Crokers, Hardinges, Inglises, Holmeses, Vyvyans, Mahons, Porchesters, Dawsons, Jeffreys, Mackintoshes, Sheils, Macaulays, and dotted with one single stray Booby, the solitary dunderhead might, ere long, undergo so essential a modification, that your Althorp should be capable, not only of understanding a speech, but of making one.

North. Quite possible. But you are too fond of extreme cases.

Tickler. You open a curious view of more things than one. If you are right, it must certainly be true, as the Apostle Paul says, that evil communications corrupt good manners.

North. I know of no author whose observations display more talent and sagacity than that Apostle's, and I heartily wish preachers of the Gospel in general would endeavour to make themselves as well acquainted with men and women, over and above Greek and Hebrew, as he seems to have been. This text, however, is Menander's, not St. Paul's—and by the by, I wonder how the Presbytery of Glasgow, with St. Paul quoting that quizzical writer before them, could entertain that overture of Lapslie's against our friend John Galt's novels—But there can be no doubt of the fact—you may depend on it that neither character nor intellect can ever be proof against an atmosphere vilely compounded. I have my doubts whether Lucretia would have come forth with a title of her mental purity from a midnight ball-room stuck full of Messalinas; or whether Lord Bacon himself could have penned the worst page either of his Organon or his Essays, after attending a sederunt of his Majesty's present cabinet. I feel the thing myself—I have done so, indeed, through life. What a pair of twaddlers we should both of us have been by this time, had we dined this blessed day in company with a committee of Geordie Brodie's Union?—and yet it's but nine hours, man, by the clock—and behold, we have barely drawn our third cork! Here's to you.

Tickler. Well done, Albertus Magnus!* This is really a first-rate bin. Heaven! what would I have given for a cool long-necker of this stuff now and then during some of these *sudorific* speeches of late, as Alderman Wood calls them! Nothing surprises me so much as the physical endurance of modern British senators.

North. Why, I've always been of old Sheridan's opinion, that cold punch ought to be allowed in the House of Commons. The Speaker and the Clerks, and perhaps the Sergeant-at-Arms, had as well stick to

* Albert Cay, wine merchant in Edinburgh.—M.

lemonade ; but surely, surely, the actual gladiators should have where-withal to stimulate as well as moisten the clay. And then what good humour—what truly Christian charity—what inoffensive fun—what calm discourse of reason ! How easily and pleasantly would the evenings pass in—as Unimore hath it,—

“In the perpetual absence of all storms!”

Why, the sittings of St. Stephen’s would, in fact, be sublimed into so many *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

Tickler. Long corks are certainly no friends to long speeches—and perhaps we might ourselves accept of seats in the House, if it were thus really and truly made a Reformed one. Hitherto I have always considered that no independent gentleman, destitute of sinister views, could submit to the concern, without bringing some suspicion on his intellects.

North. It never was anything better than a purgatory of a place—and but for Bellamy’s, it must have been a perfect hell upon earth. In my day, to tell the truth, I seldom left the kitchen except when I knew some crack chiel was on his legs. The beefsteaks and mutton-chops there used to be prime ;—and certainly a cool bottle of claret never tasted better than when interposed between two hot jammings in the conventicle below. Does not all this go on as it used to do ?

Tickler. Ah ! the high and palmy state of wine-bibbery is now among the *fuits*—there—elsewhere—indeed everywhere, I think, except *here*. My dear North, as poor Hermand used to say in his latter days, “I believe we shall be left alone in the world, drinking claret !” Bellamy’s is, I grieve to say, a deserted place now-a-days. The members all dine before they go down at some of their clubs in St. James’s Street or Pall Mall, where, it must be owned, they have airier apartments, and shorter bills. The young hands are mostly milk-sops, and when they go up stairs at all, call for tea or soda-water ; nothing redeems them except their occasional halt in the smoking room. As for the dear old kitchen, I did not observe a single pretty face among the handmaidens, and the only man that appeared to be decently regular in his attentions to the cold round on the side-table, and the tumbler thereafter, was our trusty crony of the days of yore, honest Maule of Panmure.* I hope they will make an earl of him for his pains at the approaching recoronation—I say *re*—for, you know, William the Fourth has already, after the fashion of Napoleon the First, placed the diadem on his own head.

North. A mere oversight—and alluded to in the Quarterly in a spirit and style which, all things considered, I do not hesitate to pronounce hellish.

* In 1831, Mr. Fox Maule, a large Scottish Proprietor, was created Lord Panmure.—M.

Tickler. My dear Christopher, if everybody had your temper, this would after all be but a milk-and-water world. A congregation of Norths would, according to your own theory, have magnetically molified a Swift into a Fénelon.

North. I have often heard that I am too good-natured for this state of existence. But these things can't be helped. I fancied a dose of you might do something for me—but you see how it is—

“The elements were gently mingled.”

Tickler. And this is the ruling spirit of the Ebonian !

“Tis He who thus endowed as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To innocent delights and gentle scenes.
This is the ruthless Christopher—this is he
Whom of every man in ink would wish to be.”

North. Don't murder Wordsworth. Here's his head on my new snuff-box.

“Can I forget what charms did once adorn
My garden, stored with pease, and mint, and thyme,
And rose and lily for the Sabbath morn ;
The Sabbath bells, and their delightful chime
The gambols and wild freaks at shearing time ;
My hen's rich nest through long grass scarce espied ;
The cowslip-gathering in June's dewy prime ;
The swans that, when I sought the water-side,
From far to meet me came, spreading their snowy pride?”

Tickler. I know of no match for you, but one—good, old, simple, worthy, straightforward, unsuspecting, single-hearted, heavenly-minded, Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Perigord.* You two should be driven in a curricule——

North. By WHOM.

Tickler. “Oh no ! we never mention him.”

North. Name—Name.

Tickler. ——He above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower.

North. Thank ye. Well, I don't doubt Talleyrand among the Whigs has been almost as much at home as Kit North among the Cockneys.

* In 1831, Prince de Talleyrand, was Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to London, from France. He was 77 years old at that time, and died in 1838. He had served each successive Government in France from Louis XVI. to Louis Philippe.—His Autobiography, to be published in 1868,—half a century after his death—will be very curious, if he tell any thing like the truth.—M.

Tickler. I can suppose it. You have met?

North. Not since 1786—the Abbé de Périgord was then a fascinating young gentleman.* I supped with him two or three times at Madame de Sillery's. He was very fond of Pamela,† and very agreeable to every body. How was he borne the tear and wear of years, and oaths, and protocols.

Tickler. Why, I saw little change, all things considered, since I was in Paris during the days of Le Citoyen Bonaparte, Premier Consul de la Republique une et indivisible. The coat he came to the levee with was, indeed, I could almost swear, the identical one I saw him in at Bony's grand military *fête* in honour of the death of Washington—an old blue *habit gallonné*, to wit, with the hip buttons about a foot lower down than is the fashion in these degenerate days, and wide enough to have embraced another devout ex-bishop of equal girth, without pinching. His lameness has, of course, become more troublesome and apparent; he stoops somewhat—considerably indeed—and his hair, which he still wears in the ancient cut, grand redundant flowing curls gathered half-way down the backbone in a black ribbon à la Riche-lieu, has turned as white as driven snow, or even as Queen Caroline's reputation; but otherwise the man remains much *in statu quo*—the brow smooth and unwrinkled as in the first candid dawn of its juvenile innocence—the eye—the large, open, clear, blue eye, not a whit less calm, gentle, serene, and apostolic—the original, mild, soft, paternal smile on the good Father in God's pale lips—the complexion of the same cold, fixed, colourless, passionless purity—the whole air now, as then, that of a human being refined and exalted by the unvaried exercise of faith, hope, charity, mercy, forgiveness, long suffering, meekness, and all evangelical virtues, into a frame and mind so entirely seraphic, that one can hardly look at him without feeling as if some delicious old melancholy *miserere* were in progress, and this saint upon earth were waiting for the last note of the organ, to fold his thin transparent ivory fingers, and say, "Let us pray!"

North. "Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;
Remote from men, with God he passed his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise."

* As early as 1780, the ready art, insinuating manners, and quick penetration into character, exhibited by Talleyrand, then a priest, caused him to be named agent-general for ecclesiastical affairs in France.—M.

† Pamela, who married Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Irish patriot, was believed to a daughter of Madame de Genlis by *Egalité*. After the death of Lord Edward, Pamela married Mr. Pitcairn, an American, and consul at Hamburgh, from whom she was subsequently divorced. She then resumed the name of Fitzgerald, and lived in great retirement in a rural part of France, until the revolution of 1830 placed her putative brother on the throne. On visiting Paris, she received little attention from him, and died, in poverty, in November 1831.—M.

Tickler. The best possible inscription for the next print of St. Charles Maurice. I shall suggest it to my friend Dr. Dibdin, with a view to—"The Sunday Library."

North. By all means. But surely it is impossible not to agree with Buckingham, in Richard III.

"When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence:
So sweet is zealous contemplation."

What a pity that your Falcks, and Palmerstons, and Wessenbergs, and such like lewd cattle, should ever be suffered to interrupt and bother this "Christian prince"—

"When in no worldly suit he would be moved
To draw him from his pious exercise !

Tickler. If the cogitations of so venerable a "palmer gray" were to be interrupted at all, I have occasionally been tempted to wish, that, in place of Lord Palmerston, the ingracious instruction had fallen to the lot of some such person as that elegant nobleman's ancestor, Sir William Temple.

North. Why, Sir William seems to have regarded many subjects, France and Holland among others, with rather different optics; but the world is making progress, and we have the happiness to belong to an exceeding enlightened and far-sighted generation, one of whose most precious luminaries is, I understand, the Viscount Palmerston.

Tickler. Undoubtly—and a very handsome luminary, moreover, I assure you. I have not often met with a dandy of fifty worthy holding the candle to him.

North. Physically? or intellectually? or both?

Tickler. The *Physique* taking the *lustra* of the *chandelle* (*qui vaut bien son jeu*) into account, appears blameless. He is a wellmade, light-limbed, middle-sized man, with the spring of thirty in him, *hodie*, and a headpiece which, but for some considerable thinning of locks, and a certain frostification in progress among most elaborately tended whiskers of almost Berghamesque dimensions, might still, being copperplated, wake soft sighs in the fair reader of the *Forget-me-not*, "when the days of the years of her virginity are expired." As to the rest, I did not hear him speak; but from all I have read and heard, I am inclined to look on him as the ablest man in the cabinet after Brougham and Stanley. Great, no doubt, is the space between the two I have named, and very considerable may be the space between even the latter and lower of *them* and this Viscount; but I should be sorry, indeed to have to measure the interval between him and any others of the cabinet, those of them at least that have their seats in the House of Commons.

North. I remember the last time I met with poor Canning, where he and I have spent so many happy days together, on the Queen of the Lakes,* he spoke of Lord Palmerston in terms of considerable warmth. I think the expression was, "If I could only shake this puppy's luxurious habits, he might make a fair second-rater." George was always fond of nautical allusions. I shall never forget the bitterness with which, talking of Brougham on the same occasion, he called him "that damned four-decker of theirs."

Tickler. How little did he think in those days that that four-decker should ever call himself Admiral!

North. Ay, or live to see so many of the old fleet following *her*, with the tricolour at the mast head.

Tickler (sings.)

"O little did my mither think,
The day she cradled me
What band I was to travel in—
Or the death that I should dee."

North (sings.)

"My mither she was a gude auld wife,
Though ance she gaed astray,
And if she had seen what I should come to,
Her heart it had been wae."

Tickler (sings.)

"At the auld ingle side, her hand on the wheel,
The wee laddie at her knee,
That he e'er should gang rovin' wi' tinkler loons,
The thought would hae blinded her ee."

North (sings.)

"The thought would hae blinded her ee,
For her heart it was in the right place,
And she took mickle tent o' me,
An' ca'd me a bairn o' grace."

Tickler (sings.)

"She ca'd me a bairn o' grace—
But I've turned out a ne'er-doweel,
Oh! but this is an awfu' *place*,
And my master's the horned Deil."

* Professor Wilson was usually called "Admiral of the Lake" of Windermere. In 1825, after Scott's Irish tour, he returned by the Lakes, visiting Wilson at Ellerray. He went thence to Storrs, the seat of Mr. Bolton, to meet Canning; and Lockhart gives a brilliant description of a splendid regatta on Windermere, where there were not fewer than fifty barks following in the Professor's radiant procession, when it paused at the point of Storrs to admit into the place of honor the vessel that carried kind and happy Mr. Bolton and his guests.—M.

North. I agree with Robert Burns that that's one of the most pathetic of all our old Scotch ditties—and really you have done your part well. Your opinion, on the whole, then, is that Lord Palmerston has been Benevented,* or Circumvented, or something of the sort, on some recent occasions.

Tickler. Me!—I could never have thoughts of insinuating any thing of the kind. The Lord forbid! If Palmerston heard you, he would think nothing of eating you up. I assure you he is a nobleman who entertains just and adequate notions of his own talents and importance in the world—Benevented indeed!

North. Heigho! When I was in Muscovy, Mr. Tickler, in the days of my youth, I saw a great deal of Count Alexis Orloff, (who indeed has mentioned me in one of his letters to that illustrious man, Sir John Sinclair, in terms so laudatory, that I almost blushed to read them,) and among other wonderful exhibitions of his gigantic strength that I witnessed, one was this: at the beginning of a field day, he would walk up to the right-hand company of the Grenadier Guards, and selecting two of the most swaggering-looking of the Philistines, seize them simultaneously, each by the waistband of the breeches, and forthwith bring their two beautifully-powdered headpieces together, a foot or so above his own, with a gentle rat-tat-tat. He would then set the Adonises down again, to readjust their strut according to their fancy. The Empress, good soul, took a sort of pleasure in this now.

Tickler. That was Chesmenski?—so called for some battle—?

North. For his sea victory over the enemy at *Chesme*. By the way, what capital titles of this kind the Russians make—Sabalcanski—Sadounaski—and so forth. Your friend, the Imperturbable, has had honourable additions enough in his time, to be sure—but what would you say to Soapgreyski, or Palmerstoncoffski, eh?

Tickler. Or Lambtonbamski?—but between ourselves, Christopher, the folk up yonder give the Premier himself very little either of the credit or the discredit of this cabinet's proceedings. Lord Grey, is, in fact, off the books.

North. In my private opinion he was always a humbug;—but it can't be age that has altered him for the worse, if he really has undergone such a mutation.

Tickler. I don't know. Years are like miles in walking, or glasses in drinking. What would be nothing to you, or old Circumvento, or Captain Barclay,† might knock up another performer. It is certain

* Talleyrand was Prince de Benevento, under Napoleon.—M.

† Captain Barclay Allardyce of Ury, in the north east of Scotland, died in May, 1854, in his seventy fifth year.—He was a delicate boy when he left Scotland; but if so, he must have improved rapidly on the English pasture, for at the early age of fifteen, he gained a match for 100 guineas for walking six miles within an hour, 'fair toe and heel.' His predecessors had all been gifted with great muscular strength, and his father, who walked from Ury to London in ten days (nearly 500 miles), and accomplished seventy miles a day for three days running, took as his ordinary pace six miles an hour. Still, it was a good feat for the lad of fifteen, and he showed

that Lord Grey is no longer any thing like the man he was. Even the beautiful print, a flattering one of course, which adorns one of the cleverest, and most captivating numbers of our excellent friend Jerdan's admirable Portrait Gallery, confesses something of the fact. He has a worn-out, wasted look, somehow; indeed a more melancholy physiognomy I have not often seen on human shoulders—a truly pitiable mixture of the arrogant and the fretful, the peevish and the pompous.*

North. I have had my eye on him, less or more, these five-and-forty years, and I know no public man whose conduct, throughout that long period, one must trace so much to temper, so very little to principle. Considering that he has all along had his self-love at the helm, and how very seldom he has had the wind with him, it can surely be no great wonder that his aspect should by this time o' day have acquired a touch or two of the subacerb.

Tickler. I gave him credit for more talent than you ever did; but, on the whole, I agree with you as to the moral branch of the question.

“Dimidium donare Lino, quam credere totum,
Qui mavult—mavult perdere dimidium.”

North. Lord Grey has been a public man for near fifty years. Will you have the goodness to say in *what* he has ever shown any thing worthy of being talked of as talent? You don't surely reckon such speaking as his for much?

Tickler. Why, nobody has a higher respect for really good speaking than I have, or a baser contempt for all speaking below the first-rate. In his earlier day he may have had many betters; but, as it is, he is now reckoned the first in that house, at least after the Chancellor, and I presume we must not say, even across a round table, that that can be *nothing*.

North. *Reckoned* indeed? What do you think yourself?

Tickler. As to that—pass the bottle—I am a poor, bigoted, old, provincial ultra-Tory in a pigtail, and my sentiments on such a subject must of course be unworthy of your attention. But if I were to be so very audacious as to speak the truth, I should say, that in figure, in

soon afterwards that it was but the beginning of a career which made him the most famous pedestrian of the early part of the century, and which, we believe, has never yet, in some points, been equalled. His matches were numerous and almost all successfully performed; but his ordinary walks on matters of business or for recreation or fun were equally surprising. He thought nothing of walking from Ury to Ellon (thirty-two miles) to breakfast, and home again, within twelve hours; more than once he went eighty miles to the top of Don, and returned without sleeping, in an almost incredibly short period; and when he had a day's hunting before him at a distance of thirty or forty miles, it was quite usual with him to walk to the place of meeting in the morning, and walk home again in the evening. But his grand feat, of course, was his celebrated walk of 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours. The captain could lift half a ton from the ground, set an eighteen stone man on the table with one hand, and knock down an insolent bully as easily as a butcher fells an ox.—M.

* Earl Grey, with all his democratic professions, was a haughty aristocrat. When Premier, he quartered his own immediate family on the public purse, (in the way of appointments) to the tune of £170,000 a year. This was the famous “Grey List,” published by Cobbett, which at once ruined the Premier's popularity.—M.

countenance, in attitude, in gesture, in dignity of presence, in compass of voice, in energy of language, in every thing that goes to make up the outward form and shape of oratory, Lord Grey is surpassed far beyond the measurement of inches—yea, not a whit less conspicuously, to my mind, than he is in other particulars of a still higher order, I mean extent of knowledge, breadth of views, power of reasoning, soundness of principle, and honesty of purpose—by your own excellent friend, the Earl of Mansfield. By their fruits shall ye know them; read their last speeches;—or compare Lord Howick with Lord Stormont.

North. I think you said you were present the night of the Dissolution.

Tickler. I was, and Lord Mansfield, in his robes, thundering *aperto ore*, while this precious Premier and his colleagues sat quaking before him, presented, to my mind, a spectacle than which *Quousque tandem* could never have been more grand, imposing, sublime. The triumph of sincerity over craft, of patriotism over self-seeking, of pride over presumption, and, I will add, of genius over charlatanerie, was never more complete. The hand that drew Paul preaching at Athens, might have found a study in that scene.

North. How did Brougham look?

Tickler. As pale as death, and as sulky as the devil, to be sure. But we must not mix him up with the Shallows. Well it did me good to hear his voice again—'tis at this hour the same that we remember—Auld Edimbrae in every tone, as perfect as “Caller had-dies!” But, my eye! he makes a rum-looking Lord Chancellor!

North. Did ye forgather in private?

Tickler. Several times—once at Lord Eldon's, and another day, a regular jollification, at the Beefsteaks,* besides sundry routs and *soirees* of all sorts. He was always delightful, quite the old man, full of mirth, and good-humour, quizzing Reform and Useful Knowledge, and Jeremy and Lord Johnny, and all the rest of the stuff of the day, and filling his glass to the brim, like an honest fellow—just as in the days of yore, man, with the Knight of Hawthornden, and Sandy Finlay.

North. Aye, aye. I always said he would come to something. Lord! It seems but yesterday that I was first introduced to him at old Davie Willison's, when he was trotting about the printing-office, with the first proof-sheets of the Edinburgh Review!

Tickler. Clever fellows had much reason to complain of the old system, no question.

North. We shall see what he makes of it—'tis a pretty mess; and if somehow or other he do not help us after all, I don't very well see how we are ever to get out of it. God only knows what his real views and feelings may be.

Tickler. Aye—but that he has either love, or affection, or respect for

* Brougham was a member of the Beefsteak Club.—M.

any of his present accomplices, is what I shall not be in a hurry to believe. He always disliked and despised Lambton—and Grey, down to the last hour of extremest unavoidable necessity, did every thing he could to merit his abhorrence—he must have known as well as I, how the pokerly old impostor talked of his speeches in Yorkshire only this time twelvemonth—but, indeed, the whole affair, first and last was transparent. Lord “Silver Po” has been his butt these twenty years. Goderich, Palmerston, Grant, and Melbourne, were the old enemies of one who has too much sense to be of a forgiving disposition. Graham is a blown bladder—Althorp a dolt unredeemed—and I don’t suppose the scribe of Don Carlos* can be considered with very reverential feelings by the reviewer of *The Excursion*.

North. He is playing, no doubt, his own game, and we shall see how it turns up.

Tickler. For my part, if we were to choose a President, he should have my vote sooner than any of the bunch.

North. The Lord Harry has more brains, I admit, than all the others put together.

Tickler. Yes, and he has watered them with more toddy, and latterly claret, than would float the whole kit to perdition. And then he is the only one in the set that has none of the damned, stiff, idiotic trash of official dignity about him. I can tolerate any thing rather than that sort of gammon, for my part—but ’tis one of the old vices of the Whigs—and perhaps not the least of them.

North. Other people besides you are beginning to find this out. I think that’s the last number of the *New Monthly*† at your elbow—please reach it over. Aye, aye, here is the passage—now listen, Timothy, to this oracle of Liberalism—(*reads*)—“Lord Grey perhaps is not aware that the stateliness of his official manner alienates and offends many of those who support his Government in the House of Commons, Lord Grey seems to think that the Reform Bill is all-sufficient; that the framing of it is a merit which supersedes those conciliatory deferences without which no minister can or ought to rule a free people and their representatives. The Reform Bill is certainly his sheet-anchor, and without it his Administration would have been wrecked by this time. But it is not enough for him to say, ‘I am the Reform Minister, therefore your voices;’ he should, if the word be admissible, *popularise* both himself and his Administration.”

Tickler. There it is. Ha! ha! ha!

North. Hear the dog out—“The composition and character of Lord Grey’s Ministry are no earnest of its endurance. The chief members of it, without the excuses which may be made for the Premier, are charged with the same haughty negligence and reserve. This is a

* Lord John Russell.—M.

† Then edited by Bulwer—M

characteristic vice of the Whigs. It would appear as if, in making their party professions of identity with the people, they were afraid of being taken by the people at their word. They may with advantage take a lesson in this respect from the Tories, who, to do them justice, are more agreeable and unpretending in their intercourse and manners." So says the *New Monthly Magazine*, (according to the *Edinburgh Review*, "the very flower of periodical literature.") No. cxxviii. August 1, 1831, p. 160. What say you?

Tickler. I say the passage does credit to the flower periodical—and consider what he says about the agreeableness and unpretendingness of the Tories, as not a bit less applicable to us in all other branches of our literary conduct and demeanour, than in our official capacities. We are, in fact, delightful fellows—even the Radicals like us, to say nothing of respecting us, five hundred per cent. above any of our rivals. None of your prim, prigmadainty, "thank God I am not as this publican" airs, among us! Aristocratical superfinery, Exclusiveness, Pelhamism, Almackism, all that species of abomination, whether in life private, in politics, in punchification, in love, or in letters, we leave entirely to the "friends of the people." Our motto, in fact, ought to be those two capital lines of the old Bilbilité—

"Bellus homo, et magnus, vis idem, Cotta videri;
Sed qui bellus homo est, Cotta, pusillus homo est."

Of all horrible monsters defend me from your democrat-dandy.

North. I think I can repeat a better thing of Mr. Martial's on the same subject—'tis really quite wonderful how little the world has changed. What signifies talking of Le Sage and a century ago? Might not every word of this, now have been written in Mayfair, anno domini 1831, just as well as in the *Suburra* regnante Divo Vespasiano?

Cotile, bellus homo es: dicunt hoc, Cotile, multi.

Audio: sed quid sit, dic mihi, bellus homo?

Bellus homo est flexos qui digerit ordine crines,

Balsama qui semper, cinnama semper olet:

Cautica qui Nili, qui Gaditana susurrat;

Qui movet in varios brachia volsa modos;

Inter fœmineas tota qui luce cathedras

Desidet, atque aliqua semper in aure sonat;

Qui legit hinc illinc missas, scribitque tabellas;

Pallia vicini qui refugit cubiti:

Qui scit quam quis amet, qui per convivia currit.

Hirpini veteres qui bene novit avos.

Quid naras? hoc est homo, Cotile, bellus:

Res prætricensa est, Cotile, bellus homo."

Tickler. How perfect—every thing down to National Melodies, and

three-cornered billets, and the Colonel's grandam, and the genuine liberal's horror of coming in contact with a fellow-creature whose coat was not cut by Baron Stultz—"Pallia vicini qui refugit cubiti!"—the picture of the Whig philanthropist is complete. Thank heaven! we never had many of this order of cattle among us, and most of them have taken this opportunity of leaving us.

North. Dandy brither, part in peace!

Tickler. I wish to God Lord "Bluster" * could hear you.

North. Undoubtedly, if he and Lord King could be prevailed on to pair off *sine die* into the shades of private enjoyment, the two great parties would be delivered of their two most annoying excrescences. But how long, after all, will Brougham's new style of Jobation be tolerated among these good-natured nobles of ours? Surely, surely, the blacking-man in the Commons is a mere flea-bite to the effect of *him* in that china shop!

Tickler. No question of that. Plunket did something to break the ice; but he has indeed introduced to their lordships' personal consideration, in the most ample manner, the scope and capacity of a system of rhetoric as unlike what they had ever been used to before, as the boundings of the bolero are to the skimmifications of the quadrille. The worst of it is, that after all, neither talent nor pluck of the very first order are requisite to enable a man to make a pretty fairish display in that line, if he can but once bring himself to try it—an example is catching, and some day or other the joke may really be taken up in earnest—and as my noble and *ci-devant* learned comptator on the woolsack may perhaps be aware, his past life, and even some parts of his conduct and procedure in his present high capacity, might be turned to tolerable account, in hands neither quite so nervous as his own, nor quite so nimble as poor Canning's.

North. I agree with you in entertaining a sincere admiration for Brougham's abilities; and though I have never had much intercourse with him in private life, can well understand your having a sort of liking for him too, but somehow, "it does so happen," as Canning used to say,—it does so happen, that I never think of his history and position, without feeling a sort of cloud come over my mind's eye. Depend upon it, that's not a man destined to end smoothly. He can't stop where he is, and whether he's to soar or to sink the deponent knoweth not.

Tickler. Castlereagh went mad, and died miserably. Canning touched the verge of madness, and the cord snapt. He is tasking both intellect and temper to a pitch far beyond either of them.

North. It were time he should reflect!

Tickler. Yes, truly. Here he is administering, at an hour's notice, the highest judicial office in the world, with just as much knowledge

* Lord Holland.—M.

of equity law as a very clever man may be expected to have picked up insensibly, fortuitously, indistinctly, and in short worthlessly, of the proper business of a most difficult profession *toto cælo* different from his own.

North. As much, for example, as John Hope may know of lithotomy, or Dr. Abercromby of Craig *De teudis*.

Tickler. Even so, and this in the presence of a bar grown gray at the feet of time-honoured John of Newcastle.*

North. Why, when one reflects on the hundred and forty millions of property actually depending on the knowledge, judgment, diligence, and patience of the Chancellor of England, several things that have happened in our day are almost enough to make a poor simple body start.

Tickler. Then there is the cockpit, where the decisions of all the courts of Hindoo law, and Persian law, and Cingalese, and Malay, and Dutch, and Spanish law, and the old French law, and Code Napoleon law, and the Danish law, established throughout our Eastern empire, the Cape, the Mauritius, the Canadas, the West Indian Islands, and Demerara, have to be overhauled. Then there is the overhauling of English, Irish, and Scotch appeals in the Lords—the latter part, however, being of all his business what he is most up to.

North. Aye, and then we have what few Chancellors, even of those that had not their own proper business to learn, were ever much used to dabble in—the actual tear and wear of party politics—the stroke-oar of vituperation—the near-wheel of sarcasm—the burden intolerable of bolstering up his own blockheads at all times and seasons with one shoulder, while he has to show the other a cold one rather, with equal promptitude and alacrity, whenever it is desirable to squabash their antagonists.

Tickler. If we add to this the severe duty of dining out and giving dinners to Ministers and diplomats; likewise, the imperious necessity of being visible at every levee, and drawing-room, and at every dancing disjune, ball, hop, rout, or assembly given or held by a great lord or lady of the right side—moreover, of being audible at every meeting about the abolishment of chimney-sweeps, and the emancipation of Blacky, and the persecution of Professor Pattison—*necnon*, the simplification of common law, and the rectification of equity procedure—*necnon*, the keeping of the Chancery lunatics—*necnon*, the keeping of the conscience of King William the Fourth—*necnon*, the newspapers—*necnon*, the editing of Paley's Natural Theology in company with Charles Bell—furthermore, the writing of Friendly Advice to the Peers in pamphlets, and eke the reviewing of the said pamphlets in the Edinburgh Review; and finally, the building of a back-jam to Brougham Hall—to say nothing of receiving and bamming all the deputations of

all the congregations of confusion-mongers, and reading and answering all the communications of all the quacks that think they have hit upon inventions of momentous importance, whether in law or literature, or pneumatology, or geology, or astronomy, or gastronomy, or riband-weaving, or timber-cleaving, or brass, or gas, or codification, or church-reformation—when one takes all these concerns in at one comprehensive glance through space and matter, I think it must be obvious to the meanest capacity, that Henry Lord Brougham and Vaux, God bless him, *satagit rerum suarum*—in fact that he has a deuced deal more to do than ever bothered the brains of the immortal Walter Shandy.

North. Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E tuto alterius sevum spectare laborem.

I don't say that we are likely to look on quite *e tuto*—but at all events we may hope to see the upshot.

Tickler. Some accursed blow up?—some hideous irresistible, irremediable smash?—some fierce, horrid, simultaneous rush of a thousand insulted, trampled principles and practices, all bursting with volcanic violence into a sudden roar of ruin and destruction?—fear, indignation, anger, hatred, scorn, pride, contempt, terror, all concentrated into one awful avenging Niagara?—

North. Or what do you say to something in the opposite way? The hot galloping pulse of diseased excitement suddenly, somehow, subsides to a walk—a piece of clear cold ice is clapped by some invisible hand upon the burning temples—the mist disperses—the open serene light of day falls on the landscape—the crazy heights—the fearful chasms—the wide black abysses yawning here, there, and every where, are revealed in their nakedness—the bewildered somnambulist comes to himself—he pauses, trembles, and kneels—

Tickler. 'Tis all, perhaps, on the cards.

North. It is my fixed opinion, that unless Brougham, in some way or other, calls a halt, and Peel and he somehow or other come together, no human power can avert a revolution from Old England. I don't allude particularly to this Reform Bill—that's but one link in the chain—and by revolution I mean nothing short of a complete upset, not merely of bishops, and lords, and kings, but of all law, and all social order—a chaos of dirt and blood—aye, and a more fearful one than even the French have waded through, if, indeed, their wading can be talked of as over.

Tickler. You look too gloomingly at every thing to-night. Pray, take three grains of blue pill at bedtime, and a Seidlitz in the morning. Do, that's a good fellow.

North. Gloomingly at every thing? Not a bit. I see things in as clear a daylight as ever blessed mortal vision; and I see them with un-

shrinking organs, and I consider them with unshaken mind. 'Tis as well to be prepared.

Tickler. What say you to the American funds?

North. I die in the last ditch, sir.

Tickler. By all means—but, *inter nos*, I have already put aside £10,000 there, my cock, and, moreover, I have made conquest, as we Parliament-house lads say, of a small croft of some fifty thousand acres, about forty of them cleared, towards the Alleghany region. *Omne fori solum patria*—that is to say, if you knock my old friend John Bull on the head, I mean to take up with Brother Jonathan—who, after all is a very decent fellow, and, in my opinion, more likely to have peace and quiet under his own fig-tree, by and by, than any other gentleman of our acquaintance.

North. A prudent hedge—but somehow I can't bring myself to have any serious apprehensions as to my acres.

Tickler. You think they will stick for your time; and having no particular family that I am aware of, you probably look no farther. One cheerer more?

North. With all my heart, most upright and conscientious Laird of Southside!

Tickler. Come, don't let us quarrel, my dear; you shall, if the worst comes to the worst, have a chamber (not the prophet's one, however) in my transatlantic mansion. I have already consulted Willie Burn about the plan, and we purpose astonishing the natives with the *façade* of "Mount What-then,"—whereof the lord and master desires little better than to say with the wise man of old—

"Hoc petit—esse sui nec magni ruris arator,
Sordidaque in parvis otia rebus amat,
Quisquam picta colit Spartani frigora saxi,
Et matutinum portat ineptus *ave*;
Cui licet exuviis nemoris rurisque beato,
Ante focum plenas explicuisse plagas?
Et piscem tremulâ salientem ducere setâ
Flavaque de rubro promere mella cado?
Pinguis inequales onerat cui villicæ mensas,
Et sua non emptus præparat ova cinis?
Non amet hanc vitam, quisquis me non amet, opto;
Vivat, et urbanis albus in officiis."

North. Being still a country gentleman, I may be permitted to solicit an interpretation, in the dialect of the Chaldee.

Tickler. What, off-hand? Hang it, I wish we had Rabbi Theodore Ben-Hook at our elbow—but let's try—

Be mine, in Yankeyland, some fair domain,
Snug house, trim garden, and decorous train,
A stream where trout and salmon may be found,
Pond stock'd with carp, and hills whose grouse abound.

'Gainst rainy days a library, and in't
 A sofa, and Gil Blas, in large black print;
 At six, two courses, exquisite though plain,
 Dark nutty sherry, dry well-iced champagne;
 A flask of sound Bourdeaux to clear my head,
 Coffee, broil'd bone, hot punch—and so to bed.
 Such, and so sad, were Exile's dreary scene—
 Yet better, trust me, than the guillotine.

North. Very well indeed—pass the Bourdeaux.

Tickler. “Non amet hanc vitam, quisquis *me* non amet, aio;
 Hæreat—et collum det, Torycida, tibi!”

Chaldaicé—

Stay if you will, and cut some airy jigs.
 One morning to the plaudits of the Whigs;
 Who, three weeks after, (witness Greece, Rome, France!)
 Will try their genius at the selfsame dance.

Why, I could go on at this rate as easily as ever Dr. Johnson did with his quizzifications of the Percy Reliques—

“I put my hat upon my head,
 And walk'd into the Strand,
 And there I met another man
 With his hat in his hand.”

North. Probatum est. And yours is the nobler metre, too—the true English heroic, in spite of William Wordsworth and all the Lakers. The landlord's bottle, Tickler.

Tickler. The hen, of course—the old fifteen?

North, (rings.) Sir David, a magnum bonum of the green seal X. Y. Z. (*Enter Tappit Hen.*)—Come, Timothy, you seem in wind to-night—tip us a song, old fellow.

Tickler. To be sure, dearest—here goes.

Air—Not Far from Town.

Who dares to say
 That Albert Cay
 Is not the king of wine?—
 Whose bins inspire
 Such generous fire,
 When cordial Tories dine?

When soup and fish,
 In lordly dish,
 The opening banquet crown,

With curious lip
 They slowly sip
 His Sherry richly brown;

But when ragouts,
 And savoury stews,
 In central splendour reign,
 His care unlocks
 The Hock of Hocks,
 And glory of Champagne.

To float their grouse,
 One copious rouse
 Of soft Burgundian dew
 He next commends
 To Virtue's friends—
 Or, if they're thirsty, two.

Whate'er's their plan,
 With Parmesan,
 North—Wiltshire or Gruyere—
 They call for Port?
 Why, that's his *forte* :—
 Yet *fortius* foams his Beer.

Admitting this
 Sounds not amiss,
 Yet still I must declare,
 To me no treat
 Seems quite complete,
 Unless the *Quaigh* be there.

And sure I am,
 Whatever Dram
 Your bowels judge the best,
 Bid Dantzie flow,
 Or Curaçoa,
 His caulker stands the test ;—

Whose drops discuss'd,
 I hope and trust,
 With Apostolic zeal,
 Your kiss will greet
 The old Lafitte,
 That's stamp't with Albert's seal.

Till morning glows
 Make that your dose
 And toast the King of Wine,
 Whose bins inspire
 Celestial fire
 When cordial Tories dine.

North. Thank ye *terque quaterque* your debtor. Here's to your Bacchus!

Tickler. Here's to the great Inspirer—Evoe! Evoe! Evoe!

North. Having thus got rid of our maidenhead, I crave a *bond fide* bumper to the worst used man in Europe, the King of the Netherlands!

Tickler. Libenter. God bless his Majesty, and may the worthy Dutch nation believe any thing, rather than that the real British nation consider the heroes of the protocols with a whit less contempt and indignation than themselves!

North. Amen! They are, of all the nations of Europe, the one most like ourselves in almost everything that goes to make up the substance of a national character. Their language is the likest ours,—so are their manners, their pursuits, their morals, their religion, their political institutions, and their personal cleanliness. When we have been true to ourselves, we have always been true to them; and whenever we have deserted them, it has been amongst the worst symptoms of our rulers, preferring either French gold, or French flattery, to the interest of old England, and the respect of mankind. I cared little, comparatively, which course we might steer between the asinine bigots and the monkeyish liberals of Portugal, or even between the Turk and the Greek, (though the former, I opine, has been a right shabbily entreated gentleman in these days,) or between the Russian and the Polack, though I had always a *tendre* for the latter—but I own it does make my blood approach the boil to think that British statesmen of 1831, have been capable of desiring, or incapable enough to be humbugged into assisting in, the humiliation of the House of Orange, before the united tricolours of French and Belgian Jacobinism.

Tickler. You have heard Talleyrand's last!

North. Not I.

Tickler. "Nos troupes resteront dans la Belgique—ou ils ne resteront pas. S'ils ne restent pas, bon soir, M. Perier!—S'ils restent, au diable, Milor Grey!"

North. Well said, old sneek drawer!

Tickler. By the by, did I tell you that good thing of Croker's the other night? Lord Palmerston has scarcely been visible in the House of late—he came in on this occasion with the usual listless superfine air, and sitting down, and pulling his hat over his brows, began fumbling among the leaves of The Bill with some indications of curiosity. Our friend the ex-secretary tosses him a slip of paper across the table, with these words: "Dear P. If you be looking for Holland, you will find it in Schedule A.*

"Yours, affectionately, J. W. C."

North. Very good indeed—Croker all over.

Tickler. The fine Roman hand to a T.

North. Well, I don't know how long Lord Grey and Lord Palmerston, and that excellent consistent enemy of French ambition, my Lord Holland, may be able to parry off the thrusts rhetorical of the Aberdeens, and Orfords, and Valletorts, and Vyvyans—that may last a long while—but this I know, that every sound-hearted and clear-headed Englishman has an intimate conviction that, cloak it, wrap it, disguise it, deny it, forswear it as they may, the present government here is tarred with the same stick as the movement-faction in France, in Belgium, in Portugal, in Spain, in Germany, in Italy—the holy cause of insurrection all over the world is their hobby. They have a dirty sympathy, and all their friends that have courage to speak out exult and glory in the fact, with the anti-ecclesiastical and antimonarchical principle, wherever, and under whatever form or shape developed; and we shall see the upshot ere long, nearer home than Mr. Stanley anticipates.

Tickler. Holland House has but transferred its allegiance from Longwood to the Palais-Royal—but Palmerston was an *élève* of Percival.

North. Pooh! 'tis all pet and puppyery with him. Some are old, pig-headed, and sulky—some middle-aged and stupid—some young, rash, and perhaps desperate from sheer excess of vanity—but no matter what the variety of motives—they appear to go on merrily together in the *magnum opus geminum* of revolutionizing Europe, and dissolving the British empire. Stanley will, however, be the first to find out what they are all really working to; and if he should bid them good by† they have not a leg to stand upon.

* Into which all the disfranchised boroughs were put.—M.

† He left the Grey ministry in July 1834.—M.

Tickler. Seeing all this so clearly, I am astonished that you continue to be so much in the mulligrubs anent the General Question. Why, man, we are, after all, a sensible, shrewd, sagacious sort of nation, and no conjurer that ever shifted a sovereign could succeed in persuading us long that even a red cap is a sufficient apology for total absence of brain. Let them go on. They are nearing the end of their tether, and may not improbably find it terminate in a loop.

North. I am not thinking about *them*. Who comes next?

Tickler. Deil-may-care—any change must be for the better; and, thank God! were their Bill passed to-morrow, they have, in the course of this Committee, and their protocols together, established the general sense of their own folly, imbecility, pert stupidity, smart ignorance, dull insolence, mean, shabby, quirky selfishness, booby duplicity, blustering cunning, grasping, cowardly greediness,—they have, I say, established the universal national perception, penetration, pity, and contempt of their true character and capacity as Parliamentmen and as statesmen, in word and action, in omission and commission, on so broad a bottom of disgust, that were their Bill passed to-morrow, and the House dissolved, as it of course must immediately be, there can be no doubt, whatever other pledges the new candidates might be called on to give, nine out of ten of them would be obliged to promise to concur in an address to the king, to dismiss the most dishonest of bunglers, the most blundering of tricksters.

North. You talk as if you suspected the Peers of having profited by the FIENDLY ADVICE, and really got rid of their old mulish repugnance to the idea of cutting their own throats.

Tickler. Not at all. I was only putting the worst possible, or, I should rather say, imaginable case. A dissolution, produced by the passing of the Bill, would, whatever else it might do, unship these fellows. The dissolution that *will* come—the dissolution consequent on their being unshipt by the Lords, must be a more agreeable prospect to people of your kidney.

North. The Times and so forth still talk lustily of new creations on a large scale. *Nous verrons.*

Tickler. Ay, and some of the Whig Don's of the third and fourth orders here are, I observe, cocking their ears very prettily on the occasion. There has even been some chaffing about a couple of coronets among my old brethren the W. S.'s. This would be pleasant.

North. Won't you have the magic initials restored on the door-plate?

Tickler. I shall consider; but to be serious, this plan is not the thing. As Brougham said of the White Doe of Rylstone, "This will never do." The Peerage has already been extended very considerably beyond the due limits—and the Peers themselves are abundantly aware of the fact—and, from all I can understand, significant enough hints

have recently reached the proper quarter, that for every new peer created for such a purpose, the revolutionary cabinet might depend on losing at least two of the votes they were otherwise to count on among the old ones. Even Lord Radnor, I hear, has spoken out on this head—and both Lord Tavistock and Lord Titchfield* have refused *point-blank* to go up. Nobody dreams that less than a clear addition of fifty would have the least chance of turning the scale in their favour; so you may set your heart at ease on this part of the play. The idea of that method of solving the knot is as dead as Julius Cæsar. As for the story about the neutrality of the Bishops, that was mere gammon. Neutrality indeed!—(*Sings.*)

“The squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seem'd not in great haste that the show should begin,
“Derry down, down, down.”

Howley neutral! Blomfield neutral! Van-Mildert neutral! Philpotts neutral!—I like that.

North. If some of these gentlemen of the shovel-hat, particularly the last and ablest would speak as well as vote, my Lord of Brougham might chance to meet his match, I calculate.

Tickler. Bide a wee. There's a braw time comin'. He's get his fairin' belyve. Here's to the new Bishop of Derry†—the *Comte's Eveque!* Why the deuce don't they find some Archbishopric for Sidney Smith.

North. That would be rather strong—but if I were Lord Anglesea, I am free to say, he should on the first opportunity be Dean of St. Patrick's. That would carry a moral fitness on the face of it.

Tickler. And of course we should have the charges in rhyme—*exempli gratiâ.* (*Sings.*)

“Reverend brethren, fish not, shoot not,
Reel not, quadrille not, fiddle not, flute not,
But of all things, it is my devoutest desire, sirs,
That the parson on Sunday should dine with the squire, sirs.”

But I fear there's little chance of any very good thing for our ton of priest.‡ Blue and Yellow won't make up, to that extent, for the want of a little squeeze of the *sangre azul.*

North. Would to God we had no worse things to speculate on, than the giving of Dr. Jonathan Swift's deanery to the most humorous of extant Divines! Sidney's a jewel in his way.

Tickler. To be serious—I agree with you, that it is time to be looking a little forward in good earnest. I have a respect, without baming, for your sagacity; indeed I have long suspected you of not being

* The first is now Duke of Bedford, and the other Duke of Portland, by succession.—M

† The Hon. Richard Ponsonby, appointed Bishop of Derry and Raphoe in 1831.—M.

‡ He was made a Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.—M.

quite canny in the article of foresight, and you would do me a special kindness if you would untwist your legs, and sit up, and tell, *paucis verbis*, what you really do expect to come upon us.

North. I am no witch, but I hold to the opinion I have all along expressed, that this nonsense will either blow over entirely in the course of the next two or three months, or this nation will find itself in the full career of a worse than French revolution. My hope of the milder issue is daily strengthening—I am not sanguine as to the concern, by no means; but I think I do see considerable symptoms of a reaction. The excellent arguments in the Quarterly, and I may add, in *the Magazine*, and the many really valuable pamphlets put forth on the same side, more especially Sir John Walsh's, Colonel Stewart's, and the anonymous "Observations" on Brougham's Advice, have not been in vain. The subject has been tossed about and twisted in every possible shape in these publications—the blood and marrow of every limb of the Whig abortion have been sucked out and analysed, all its bones have been broken, and its inherent rottenness has been thoroughly exposed. As for the Ministers themselves, they have been entirely and hopelessly beaten, mauled, jellified, annihilated—by John Wilson Croker and his co-operatives; so much so, that wherever I go, in whatever company I mix, I can honestly say I never do now hear from Whig, Radical, or any other person, even a syllable in their defence. *They* are given up. Their food is the bread of contempt, and their drink is the waters of scorn. A feeling of mingled wonder and disgust is prevalent, even where but a few weeks ago they were worshipped as demigods.

Tickler. Of the five hundred at Sir Edward Knatchbull's dinner, t'other day, 500 were *Kentish Yeomen*;—and that's but one fact out of fifty I could fling ye.

North. General discredit having thus, to all appearance, settled on their understandings and motives, I presume no one would be much surprised at any judgments that might fall on them. The better orders are indeed well prepared for some such catastrophe—and I *think* it is coming, and that speedily. But it is needless to disguise from ourselves the melancholy truth, that men who act upon no principle except that of self-interest, have, even under the most dreary of apparent circumstances, considerable advantages and resources; and if they do not go down at once, I am prepared to see them avoid, or rather procrastinate their doom, only in one way—I mean by hazarding some new appeal to the passions of the mob—in short, outheroing Herod, and tabling some bill, or doing some deed, so extravagantly atrocious, as to throw all that has been into the shade, and rousing anew the full tide of folly, frenzy, and ferocity, in their blasted favour.

Tickler. In which case the *descensus in avernum* would proceed at a locomotive rate.

North. Yes. We should see a constitutional assembly next winter—the Bishops unfrocked, the Peers unermind, the three per cents struck down to two (to begin with), the pensions abolished, and the corn law scattered to chaff—all within the course of the spring—and then, most probably, according to the old chant of Mother Skipton's doggerel—

“A bloody summer, and no king.”

Tickler. I doubt as to the blood. Who is enough in earnest to fight for anything but property? And if a general attack upon property should really take place, where are the materials for any thing like defence?

North. Why, I can easily suppose that—the present concern being got rid of—the agricultural population at large—excepting, of course, those counties in which the *illegal* system of the poor laws has had time to work its proper consequences on the mind of man, woman, and child—might very probably be stimulated to take the side of the conservators. In fact, there can be no doubt that such would be the case in Scotland and Wales universally; and I can't well question it would be about as generally so in the north of England, where the gentry, as a class, have all along done their duty, and are liked and respected accordingly. We should have, then, the manufacturing mob on the one side, the farmers and peasantry, as a body, on the other. So far the match might perhaps be not unequal—the accumulation of the former in particular places making up, considerably at least, for their absolute inferiority of numbers. If so, the question would really be a simple one—which side would the army take? And how they would be, depends of course mainly on the, in my opinion, altogether open point, whether the movement had, or had not, government patronage on its side. I don't of course, mean the patronage of this government—that would be long over ere then.

Tickler. In so far as I know the *British* army, it might be counted on with great security.

North. We need not bother ourselves about the Irish—that affair would be in other hands before then.

Tickler. What if the army should be as disunited as the rest?

North. Possibly. And in that case we should indeed see campaigning. There never was such an army as ours is at this moment since the battle of Pharsalia; and I see no reason to anticipate that, if it were divided, the upshot should be reached in less than the five long years it cost Cæsar and Pompey to decide their quarrel. There are probably, among the regimental officers abundance of the old Peninsulars, who would have no great objections to play for such stakes as they have read or heard of elsewhere. The worst of all is, that we should want now-a-days that strong, fervid feeling of religious obliga-

tion which did prevail among us in the days of Charles the First, and which, even in the midst of horrors, did continually operate as a check on all sides. Read the Memoirs of a Cavalier, or Mrs. Hutchinson's, or Lady Fanshawe's, and consider for a moment what a dismal contrast, as to *details*, a seven years' term of modern civil war would be likely to present. I abhor the thought.

Tickler. It must be some comfort to you, that, according to your theory, Scotland here would escape.

North. We must not be too sure of that neither. I suspect we should have a fierce tussle even here, though comparatively a very brief one. Most probably our yeomanry—the finest fellows I do believe that ever were embodied in military corps since the world began, the most steady, honest, trustworthy, and kindhearted good men, I venture to say, that ever wore uniform—Our yeomanry would most probably put down any insurrection in this quarter in a month—but granting that, good God, what a month! It would be a horrid time, indeed, for old cocks like us, that could not mount and take a hand in the game. Only think of Glasgow, or dear Paisley, in the power of the rascals for a week—yea, for a day!

Tickler. Let's have a bowl, my dear Kit. (*Rings—enter Punch.*) Ay, this will do. Only think of the barricades of the Saltmarket—the *à la lanternes* of the Trongate—the Candleriggs—Balaam's Passage—Gibson's Wynd—the Dean's Brae—the dragonnades of the Drygate—the noyades of the Peat-Bog—the gallopades of the Green—the storm of the Stockwell—the *chevaux-de-frise* of Shettlestone—the bombarding of the Broomielaw—the gauberts, the steamboats, the deacons—and the bailies, honest men—the provost—the ministers, and the professors, and the principal—and the Western Club, and the Maitland Club—and the elders' o' the Ooter Kirk—and Colonel Hunter and the volunteers encamped out somewhere about Castlemilk, waiting for Sir Michael Stewart and Blythswood, and the Ayrshire yeomanry, and Captain Lockhart and the Douglas troop, and Sir John Hope, and Donald Horne, and the souters o' Selkirk, and so forth, to hazard an attack on the *tête-du-pont* of the Gorbals—bells tolling—mills blazing—drums beating—blackguards hurraing—women bawling—bairns squealing—West India merchants' heads on the rails o' George's square—the Arnswell running red wi' the blood of Bogles, and Stirlings, and Oswalds, and Dennistouns, and Dunwuddies, and Corbetts, and Monteiths, and all our dear old friends that we have taken so many comfortable bowls with in our time!

North. The poor Odontist! he was weel awa frae the evil to come?

Tickler. He lies snug beneath Dr. Mitchell's Meeting House, and the more shame that they did not lay him beside Captain Paton* in the Ramshorn!

* Commemorated in "The Tent," volume 1.—M.

North. He was aye ower gude for them. Have they given him an epitaph, by the by?

Tickler. Yes, and I think I can repeat it, though it is some time since I won his £5, poor fellow, by inditing it. Little did we think—it was one evening at Nelson's monument. The inimitable *Nasus Aduncus*, Cyril Thornton, was my competitor, with something about

“ As clever a dentist
As ever was 'prenticed,
Till death's cunning claw
Extracted his jaw”—

but I, alas! as the executors agreed, took a more proper tone—*voilà.*

SAPPY AND JOLLY, YET NOR SUMP NOR SOT,
MILD, MIRTHFUL, MUSICAL, SHREWD, QUAIN'T, AND QUEER,
THE ODONTIST BARD OF MILLER STREET, JAMES SCOTT,
ABSURD AND GENEROUS, QUIZZED AND WEPT, LIES HERE.

North. As Lord Erskine said to Dr. Parr—“ Sir, among many better reasons for wishing I may die before you, I have a selfish one—that you may write my Epitaph.”

Tickler. *Requiescat Odontistes!* I obey the tingle of thy ladle. Shan't we have out the old Shandrydan, now, and make a run to see the rescue of Ruglen? “ Third Bulletin—Army of the West—Headquarters, Carmunnock, eh?”

North. Don't be too sure that we shall have nothing to heat our fingers nearer home. What say you to a *sortie* before the yeomanry can be assembled, and a rush upon Auld Reekie, to carry off the President and the Justice Clerk?

Tickler. What would Mr. Waddell say? Tell it not in the Bill-chamber—let not this thing be heard among the Macers.

North. Jeffrey must take the command—Cockburn, Ivory, Cunningham, and the rest, for lieutenants.

Tickler, (sings.)

Air—British Grenadiers.

Our troop contains some spoonies,
That shame their bonny nags,
And bump upon their saddles
Like to a miller's bags;
But these our pride and glory,
Sit firm upon their rears;
In fact, they're more like Centaurs,
Than common cavaliers.
Oh, the trot, trot, tramp, tramp, tramp,
Of Jeffrey's cavaliers.”

North. That's too bad of you. Well—what next?
Tickler (*sings.*)

Air—Bonny Dundee.

“He spurred to the foot of the high Castle rock,
 And to the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke,
 Let Mons Meg and her Maidens three volleys gar flee,
 For the love o' the bonnet o' Bonny Dundee.”

Come, *perge.*

North (*sings.*)

“The Gordon he asks of him whither he goes—
 Whereso'er shall guide me the Sprite of Montrose,
 Your grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
 Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.”

'Tis with you, sir.

Tickler (*sings.*)

“The kettle drums clash'd, and the trumpets were blown,
 He waved his proud arm, and the horsemen rode on,
 Till o'er Ravelstone crags and on Clermiston lee,
 Died away the war note o' Jeffrey the wee!”

North. This boy will be the death of me. Oh! hoh! hoh!

Tickler. Is Christopher gone?—is the great North no more?

“Oh! when the volleying Weaver play'd
 Against the bloody Depute's blade,
 Why was not I beside him laid?
 Enough—he fell in glory's rank.
 Enough—he died with conquering Frank.”

North. No subject is too sacred for your ridicule. Your spirit is intensely, incurably, and irredeemably diabolical. But I forget ye are but a Crosscauseway soldier—ye never saw a real battle—

Tickler. Me! Lord forbid!

North. Old as ye are, and laugh as you may, I think you are like to see such things ere you die. Sir, I have seen them. Godlike in form and attitude, and almost in intellect—clear-sighted, rational, contemplative, eloquent—voluptuous, courteous, gentle, brave, upright, gallant, romantic—a prince among mortal things, but a little lower than the angels—once let his blood boil beneath the hot breath of trumpets, and man is but the fiercest of the *feræ*.

Tickler. So I have heard—much the same in a fox chase.

North. War is the game, sir—life, honour, glory, are a grand stake. The air above is mad, and the earth staggers and reels, when the old

original savage of the woods bursts splendidly horrible from amidst the snapt fetters of custom, and the pretty flimsy veils and mantlings of your civilization are beat and trodden into mud and Lethe, and the beautiful wild beast burns and pants for brotherly blood.

Tickler. "La Victorie marchera au pas de charge! L'aigle et les couleurs nationaux voleront du clocher en clocher jusqu'aux tours de Notre Dame!"

North. You have repeated one of the finest sentences that ever came from the lips or the pen of the greatest orator of modern ages—Napoleon Bonaparte! What a flame of glory kindled him on such occasions—"Quarante siècles vous regardent du haut de ces Pyramides!"—"Qu'il soit dit de chacun—Il étoit dans cette grande bataille sous les murs de Moscow!" I wonder at nothing that these men did.

Tickler. "Up, Guards, and at them"—served the turn.

North. Yes, truly—what a fine story is that Sir Walter tells us in some of his notes about the grim old Douglas at Ancrum Moor! He was just about to charge, when a heron sprung up between and the English van. "Aha!" he cried, "would to God my gude gray hawk were here, *that we might a' yoke thegither!*"

Tickler. Well said, old Bell-the-Cat! Ay, ay, 'tis that kind of *allo-cutio* that will always do the trick with us. None of your flowers of flummery here!

North. I trust our own old Plain Speaker* has a campaign or two in him yet.

Tickler. Ay, barring accidents, a round dozen of them, if need be. He had been pulled down a little with the *grippe*—when I saw him first; but before I left town, his cheeks had plumped out again, and he looked fit for any thing. His eye has lost nothing of its eagle brightness; he walks to this hour as straight as a ramrod; and his leg is as perfect as it could have been at thirty. He is to the fore yet, thank God—heart, soul, bone, and blood—but if it were otherwise, we have pretty cards in the pack.

North. Combermere—Hill—Kempe—all fine fellows, and in full vigour.

Tickler. Ay, and Murray and Hardinge, either of them well worth your three.

North. What a beautiful picture of the old cavalier is Sir George Murray. I know nothing like it in that style.

Tickler. Nor I, and Pickersgill's portrait, in this year's exhibition, does him as much justice, by Jupiter, as either Lawrence, or Vandyke, or Velasquez could have done. But somehow, Sir George appears to me to carry a certain tinge of languor about him—his eye is so gentle, calm, melancholy, pensive—I should doubt of there being quite enough stimulus.

* Wellington.—M.

North. No fears,—the first “clarion—clarion wild and shrill” would send the blood tumbling through him like another Garry. We have always had Platoffs and Bluchers among us enow, I warrant ye—but we have sometimes felt the want of a Gneisenau—and this soft-eyed hero appears to stand second to Wellington in the opinion of most of his compeers.

Ticklers. He is a cock of the right feather to be sure, and speaks, by the by, as well as if he had never had another trade.

North. Peradventure better.

Tickler. However—I am no judge of such concerns, of course—but I strongly suspect if there were a war either at home or abroad, the army would expect to see Hardinge as far forward as any body but the Duke.*

North. We shall have work for Murray here among ourselves. Scotland will look to *him* in the first instance.

“There are hills beyond Pentland and streams beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the Lowlands there's chiefs in the North.
There are wild Dunniewassels three thousand times three,
Will cry, ‘*Hoich!* for the bonnet of bonny Dundee!”

What a grand ballad that is! It haunts me like a spirit.

Tickler. 'Tis a clever thing.

North. You heard Sir Henry Hardinge too?

Tickler. Several times; but never a set speech. He may not, perhaps, be exactly an orator, which, among other and better things, Nature certainly meant Murray to be; but he has complete command of clear, terse, nervous language—is quick as lightning at retort—has a full, masculine, sonorous voice—considerable dignity of action, too—and, above all, carries with him such an air of upright, manly single-mindedness, high noble feeling, and unaffected modesty, that judging from the little I saw, I am not sure if any body in the House produces altogether a more powerful effect. His defence of Phillpotts was a first rate thing, and did that job as well as any Cicero could have come up to.

North. Why that could not have been a difficult job—for the Bishop's justification of facts was clear as day. Sir Henry lost an arm, didn't he, at Waterloo?

Tickler. I don't know where it happened, but that, you know, is a mutilation which takes grace from no man. He is then the perfect model of a soldier—a short, compact, firm and handsome figure, all buttoned up to the chin in blue and black, and a countenance which, though without the statuesque elegance of Bonaparte's, reminded me more of that in the extraordinary mass of brow, the large deep-cut,

* Hardinge won his peerage in India, and succeeded Wellington as Commander in Chief in 1852. Lord Hill and Sir George Murray are dead.—M.

gray, fiery eye, the solid contour of the jaw, the fall of the hair, and the whole style of complexion, than any other head I remember to have met with. This is one of our very first cards. If things go well, he must be a Secretary of State in the next Cabinet—if darkly, he must come down and raise the standard in Yorkshire—for that, I believe, is his calf-country.

North. A fine fellow you describe. Come, the bowl's near out—God save the King, and let's to bed.

Tickler. God save the King, say ye? Well, I'll try my hand.

Air—National Anthem.

Whate'er thy creed may be,
Party, or pedigree,
I ask not what—
So heart and blood be free,
Each pulse confirms to thee
High honour's first decree,
THOU SHALT NOT RAT.

Perish the caitiff base,
Who dares desert the place
Whereon he sat.

Why was't the old serpent fell,
But that he did rebel
'Gainst this grand oracle—
THOU SHALT NOT RAT?

Calcraft's mean soul also,
Shall hiss and stink below
Be sure of that—
Wherefore the FIEND defy!
Turn not a walking lie!
Commit no Whiggery!
THOU SHALT NOT RAT.

North. Not bad.—Come, Timotheus, 'tis well on to one o'clock, and this is a decent house, and we must e'en turn in. Tip me just one touch of the fiddle ere we go—you have never yet even attempted to give me a notion of this murderous Paganini.

Tickler. To hear is to obey. The violin is behind you there, in the corner.

GRAND OVERTURE—(*with the Pizzicato Movement.*)

SONATA MAESTOSA SENTIMENTALE.

North. Wonderful, incredible, sublime! Worth twenty uxorcides!

Tickler. Now for a stave of the old order, with an accompaniment on the fourth string. Fill my glass with brandy. Here's to Douglas Cheape, George Joseph Bell, George Brodie, and all good fellows—Tory, Whig, and Radical! Attend—(*sings.*)

Air—George Dempster.

Pray for the soul
Of Timothy Tickler,
For the church and the bowl
A determinate stickler!

Born and bred in the land
Where Fyne herrings they munch,
And a capital hand
At concocting of punch;

From that great bumper-school
To Auld Reekie he came,
And drew in his stool
To a desk in the same;

But though W. S.,
And ambitious to thrive,
Even his foes must confess,
Cheated no man alive;

Neither harried poor gentry
Of house or of land,
Nor bolted the country
With cash "in his hand;"

But by early rising,
And working late,
With smeddum surprising
Improved his estate;

Which to guard from the crew
Of the Robespierres,
He was fogleman to
Charlie Hope's volunteers;

And, not fancying hell,
Spite of infidel jeers,
Had a pew to himsell
In the Old Grey-Freres.

Thus our friend did advance
Past the middle of life,
Spurning Sautan and France,
And eschewing a wife;

Till he of the stuff,
In a pair of old hose,
Had put by Quantum Suff,
As we may suppose.

When halt and give o'er,
Let the single-roll drop,
Took the plate frae the door,
And shut up the shop.

After which, at full leisure,
With cool cutting digs,
He consulted his pleasure
In whanging the Whigs,

Whom considering as puts
Ever bent on what's ill,
He so poked in the guts
With the point of his quill,

That their whole generation,
With trembling and fear,
And most rueful vexation,
Eyed this Volunteer,

Where tall as a Steeple,
And thin as a Shadow,
He towered o'er the people
On the Links or The Meadow.

Yet among Tory lads
Of the God-fearing breed,
Though as gray as their dads,
He was welcome indeed;

Still maund'ring and hav'ring
And refreshing the body
At Ambrose's Tavern
With tumblers o' toddy

Frae June to December,
Frae December to June,
A more regular Member
Was not in the toun;

For his powers peristaltic
Were sure as a gun,
And though full as the Baltic,
He headache had none.

This respectable course
Did our Elder pursue,
Till the Raffe rose in force
In the year thirty-two;

When, just after the King
And his innocent Queen,
I'm assured the next thing
For their damn'd Guillotine

Was the neckbone to smite
Of this sober old sage,
Putting out the first light
Of that scoundrelly age;

But, his years by that time
Being eighty and three,
He, though still in the prime
O' his punch-bibbing glee,

Not a word exlamavit,
At so hasty a call,
But off wi' his gravat,
Long pigtail, and all—

And calmly submitting,
Awaited the thud,
Which his occiput splitting,
Brain, marrow, and blood,

Furnished ocular nuts,
And moreover auricular,
To those sons of Whig-sluts
Who thus tickled the Tickler;

But left every good Tory
 To pray that his soul
 May be seated in glory,
 By the side of a bowl—

In sæcla sæclorum,
 Every night of the week,
 With a goblet before him,
 And a pipe in his cheek!

Chorus.

With a pipe in his cheek,
 And a goblet before him,
 Every night of the week,
In sæcla sæclorum!

AMEN!

Well, now, I'm wound up for once. Good landlord, you may desire your old woman up stairs, like Miladi Macbeth—

— to ring upon the bell,
 When that my drink is ready.

North. That's true—I had forgot the egg-wine; and, by the by, 'tis a pity I forgot to order Gurney this evening, for old Ebony is constantly bothering me about that confounded Monthly of his, and half his talk for the last three days might be summed up in the words of your fat favourite of Bilboa—

———— “HI LIBELLI,
 TANQUAM CONJUGIBUS SUIS MARITI,
 NON POSSUNT SINE NOCTIBUS PLACERE.”

(*Curtain drops.*)

SCENE.—*The Snuggery.—Time, Five o'clock—Actors, NORTH, TICKLER, and the SHEPHERD—Occupation, Dinner.*

Shepherd. What'n a bill o' fare! As lang's ma airm was the slip o' paper endorsed wi' the vawrious eatems, and I was feared there nicht be delusion in the promise; but here, far ayont a' hope, and aboon the wildest flights o' fancy, the realization o' the Feast!

North. Mine host has absolutely outdone to-day all his former outdoings. You have indeed, sir.

Ambrose. You make me too happy, sir.

Shepherd. Say owre prood, Picardy.

Ambrose. Pride was not made for man, Mr. Hogg. Mr. North, I trust, will forgive me, if I have been too bold.

Shepherd. Nor woman neither. Never mind him; I forgie you, and that's aneuch. You've made a maist excellent observe.

Tickler. Outambrosed Ambrose, by this regal regale!

Shepherd. I ken nae mair impressive situation for a human being to find himsell placed in, than in juxtaposition wi' a mony-dished denner afore the covers hae been removed. The sowle sets itsell at wark, wi' a' its faculties, to form definite conceptions o' the infinite vareeities o' veeands on the eve o' being brought to light. Can this, it asks itself in a laigh vice, can this dish, in the immediate vicinity, be, do ye think, a roasted fillet o' veal, sae broon and buttery on the ootside, wi' its crisp faulds o' fat, and sae white and sappy wi' its firm breadth o' lean, in the in? Frae its position, I jalouse that ashet can conteen nothing less than a turkey—and I cou'd risk my salvation on't, that while yon's Westphally ham on the tae side, yon's twa howtowdies on the ither. Can you—

Tickler. No man should speak with his mouth full.

Shepherd. Nor his head empty. But you're mistaken if you meant me, Mr. Tickler, for ma mouth was, at no period of my late discourse, abune half fu', as I was carefu' aye to keep swallowing as I went alang, and I dinna believe you cou'd discern ony difference in my utterance. But, besides, I even down deny the propriety, as weel's the applicability, o' the apophthegm. To enact that nae man shall speak during denner wi' his mouth fu', is about as reasonable as to pass a law that nae man, afore or after denner, shall speak wi' his mouth empty. Some feeble folk, I ken, hae a horror o' doin' twa things at ance; but

I like to do a score, provided they be in natur no only compatible but congenial.

Tickler. And who, pray, is to be the judge of that?

Shepherd. Mysell! Every man in this warld maun judge for himsell; and on nae account whatsomever suffer ony ither loon to judge for him, itherwise he'll gang to the deevil at a haun-canter.

North. Nobody follows that rule more inviolably than Tickler.

Shepherd. In tne body, frae the tie o' his crawvat a' the way doon to that o' his shoon—in the sowle, frae the lightest surmise about a passing cloud on a showery day, to his maist awfu' thochts about a future state, when "his extravagant and erring spirit hies" intil the verra bosom o' eternity.

Tickler. James, a caulker.

Shepherd. Thank ye, sir, wi' a' my wull. That's prime. Pure speerit. Unchristened. Sma' stell. Gran' worm. Peetreek. Glenlivet. Ferintosh. It wud argue that a man's heart wasna in the richt place, were he no, by pronouncin' some bit affectionate epithet, to pay his debt o' gratitude to sic a caulker.

North. James, resume.

Shepherd. Suppose me, sir, surveying the scene, like Moses frae the tap o' Pisgah the Promised Land. There was a morning mist, and Moses stood awhile in imagination. But soon, sun-smitten, burst upon his vision through the translucent ether the region that flowed with milk and honey—while sighed nae mair the children o' Israel for the flesh-pats o' Egypt. Just sae, sirs, at the uplifting o' the covers, flashed the noo on our een the sudden revelation o' this lang-expected denner. How simultawneous the movement! As if they had been a' but ae man, a Briareus; like a waff o' lichtnin' gaed the hauns o' Picardy and Mons. Cadet, and King Pepin, and Sir Dawvid Gam, and Tappitourie, and the Pech, and the Hoi Polloi; and, lo and behold! towerin' tureens and forest-like epergnes, overshadowing the humbler warld o' ashets! Let nae man pretend after this to tell me the difference atween the Beautifu' and the Shooblime.

North. To him who should asseert the distinction I would simply say, "Look at that Round!"

Shepherd. Aye, he wou'd fin' some diffeeculty in swallowin' that, sir. The fack is, that the mawgic o' that Buttock o' Beef, considered as an object o' intellectual and moral Taste, lies in Harmony. It reminds you o' that fine line in Byron, which beyond a' doubt was originally inspired by sic anither object, though afterwards differently applied,

"The soul, the music breathing from that face!"

Tickler. Profanation!

Shepherd. What! is there ony profanation in the application o' the

principles and practice o' poetry to the common purposes o' life? Fancy and imagination, sirs, can add an inch o' fat to roon or sirloin, while at the same time they sae etherealeeze its substance, that you can indulge to the supposable utmost in greediness, without subjectin' yourself, in your ain conscience, to the charge o' grossness—ony mair than did Adam or Eve when dining upon aipples wi' the angel Raphael in the bowers o' Paradise. And Heaven be praised that has bestowed on us three the gracious gift o' a sound, steady, but not unappeasable appeteeet.

Tickler. North and I are Epicures—but you, James, I fear are a—

Shepherd. Glutton. Be't sae. There's at least this comfort in ma case, that I look like ma meat—

Tickler. Which at present appears to be cod's head and shoulders.

Shepherd. Whereas, to look at you, a body wou'd imagine you leev'd exclusively on sheep's head and trotters. As for you, Mr. North, I never could faddom the philosophy o' your fondness for soops. For hotch-potch and cocky-leeky the wisest o' men may hae a ruling passion; but to keep plowterin', platefu' after platefu' amang broon soop, is surely no verra consistent wi' your character. It's little better than moss-water. Speakin' o' cocky-leeky, the man was an atheist that first polluted it wi' prunes.

North. At least no Christian.

Shepherd. Prunes gie't a sickenin' sweetness, till it tastes like a mouthfu' o' a Cockney poem; and scunnerin', you splutter out the fruit, afraid that the loathsome lobe is a stinkin' snail.

Tickler. Hogg, you have spoiled my dinner.

Shepherd. Then maun ye be the slave o' the senses, sir; and your verra imagination at the mercy o' your palat—or rather, veece versa, the roof o' your mouth maun hauld the tenure o' its taste frae another man's fancy—a pitiable condition—for a single word may change luxuries intil necessaries, and necessaries intil something no eatable, even during a siege.

North. 'Tis all affectation in Tickler this extreme fastidiousness and delicacy.

Shepherd. I defy the utmost power o' language to disgust me wi' a gude denner. My stammach wou'd soar superior—

Tickler. Mine, too, would rise.

Shepherd. O, sir, you're wutty! But I hate puns.—*Tickler,* is that mock?

Tickler. I believe it is; but the imitation excels the original, even as Byron's Beppo is preferable to Frere's Giants.*

* John Hookham Frere, born in 1769, (the year which counts Napoleon and Wellington as among its sons,) was educated at Eton, where he early distinguished himself, and, in conjunction with Canning and others, appeared as one of the writers in *The Microcosm*. In 1796, he

Shepherd. A' but the green fat.

North. Deep must be the foundation and strong the superstructure of that friendship, which can sustain the shock of seeing its object eating mock-turtle soup from a plate of imitation silver——

Shepherd. Meaner than pewter, as is the soop than sowens. An invaluable apophthegm!

North. Not that I belong, James, to the Silver-fork School.*

Shepherd. The flunkies—as ye weel ca'd them, sir—a contumelious nickname, which that unco doure and somewhat stupit radical in the Westminster would try to make himsell believe he invented owre again, when the impident plagiary changed it—as he did t'ither day—into “Lackey.”

North. I merely mean, James, that at bed or board I abhor all deception.

Shepherd. Sae, sir, duve I. A plated spoon is a pitiful imposition; recommend me to horn; and then nane o' your egg-spoons, or pap-spoons for weans, but ane about the diameter o' my luf, that when you put it weel ben into your mouth, gars your cheeks swell, and your ee'n shut wi' satisfaction.

Tickler. I should like to have your picture, my dear James, taken in that gesture.

North. Finely done in miniature, by MacLeay.

Tickler. No. By some savage Rosa.

Shepherd. A' I mean, sirs, is sincerity and plain dealing. “One man,” says the auld proverb, “is born wi' a silver spoon in his mouth, and another wi' a wooden ladle.” Noo, what wou'd be the feelings o' the first, were he to find that fortune had clapt intil his mooth, as nature was gien him to the warld, what to a' appearance was a silver spoon, and by the howdie and a' the kimmers sae denominated accordingly, but when shown to Mr. Morton the jeweller, or Messrs. Mackay and Cunninghame, was pronounced plated? He would sigh sair for the wooden ladle. Indeed, gents, I'm no sure but it's better nor even the real siller metal. In the first place, it's no sae apt to be stown—in the second, maist things taste weel oot o' wud—thirdly, there's nae expense in keepin't clean, whereas siller requires constant pipeclay, leather, or flannen—fourthly, I've seen them wi' a maist beautiful

entered Parliament, in 1799 succeeded Canning as Foreign under-secretary, and subsequently filled various diplomatic missions in Spain, Portugal, and Prussia. His writings have not yet been collected, but include a variety of subjects. Byron's “Beppo” and “Don Juan” are written in their peculiar stanza, after a grave burlesque, “The Monks and the Giants,” a specimen of a National poem, by one Whistlecraft, a shoemaker, which Frere published about 1817. John Frere died at Malta in 1846. Some fine translations by Frere (Romances of the Cid) were given in the appendix to Southey's Chronicles of the Cid, and, when Scott met Frere, at Malta, in 1831, he spoke with much animation (as a bystander recorded) of his remarkable success, when quite a school-boy at Eton, in writing what no one could imagine not to be a veritable ancient ballad:—this was the War Song upon the Victory at Brunnanburgh, purporting to be translated from the Anglo-Saxon into the Anglo-Norman. It is to be found in the first volume of Ellis's *Specimens of Ancient English Poetry*.—M.

* Founded by Theodore Hook and John Wilson Croker, who denounced, as next to monsters, all who could eat their dinners without using silver-forks!—M.

polish, acquired in coorse o' time by the simple process o' sookin' the horn as it gaed in and out the mouth—fifthly, there's ten thousand times mair vareety in the colours—sixthly——

Tickler. Enough in praise of the Wooden Spoon. Poor fellow! I always pity that unfortunate annual.

Shepherd. Unfortunate annual! You canna weel be fou already; yet, certes, you're beginnin' to haver—and indeed I have observed, no without pain, that a single caulker somehoo or other superannuates ye, Mr. Tickler.

North. James, you have spoken like yourself on the subject of wooden spoons. "Twas a simple but sapient homily. "*Seems, madam! nay it is.*" Be that my rule of life.

Shepherd. The general rule admits but o' ae exception—Vermicelli? What that sort o' soop's composed o' I never hae been able to form ony feasible conjecture. Aneuch for me to ken, on your authority, Mr. North, that it's no worms.

North. I have no recollection of having ever given you such assurance, James.

Shepherd. Your memory, my dear sir, you'll excuse me for mentionin' 't, it is no just what it used to be——

North. You are exceedingly im——

Shepherd. Pertinent. Pardon me for takin' the word out o' your mouth, sir—but as for your judgment——

North. I believe you are right, my dear James. The memory is but a poor power after all—well enough for the mind in youth, when its business is to collect a store of ideas.

Shepherd. But altogether useless in auld age, sir, when the intellect——

North. Is Lord Paramount—and all his subjects come flocking of their own accord to lay themselves in loyalty at his feet.

Shepherd. There he sits on his throne, on his head a croon, and in his hawn a sceptre. Cawm is his face as the sea—and his brow like a snaw-white mountain. By divine right a king!

North. Spare my blushes.

Shepherd. I was no speakin' o' you, sir—sae you needna blush. I was speakin' o' the Abstrack Power o' Intellect personified in an Eemage, "whose stature reached the sky," and whose countenance, serenely fu' o' thocht, partook o' the majestic stillness o' the region that is glorified by the setting sun.

North. My dear boy, spare my blushes.

Shepherd. Hem. (His face can nae mair blush than the belly o' a hen redbreast.) What philosopher, like an adjutant-general, may order out on parawde the thochts and feelings, and, strick though he be as a disciplinawrian, be obeyed by that irregular and aften mutinous Macedonian phalanx?

North. The Philosophy of the Human Mind, I am credibly informed, James, is in its infancy—

Shepherd. Aiblins, sir, in its second childhood—witness Phrenology.

North. You have a very fine forehead, James.

Shepherd. Mind, sir, that I was no sayin' that Phrenology was fause. On the contrar, I think there's a great deal o' truth in what they say about the shape and size o' the head—but——

Tickler. That with the exception of some half dozen or so, such as Combe and the Scotts, the Edinburgh Phrenologists are the Flower of our Scottish Fools.

North. See their Journal—*passim*.

Shepherd. That wou'dna be fair, sir—to judge o' a periodical wark, by merely passin' the shop wundow where it may be lyin' exposed like a dead ool, wi' wings extended on a barn door.

North. *Passim* and *en passant* have not the same meaning, James, though I could mention one ingenious modern Athenian who appears to think so.

Shepherd. Words that have the same soun' ought to have the same sense—though, I admit, that's no aye the case—for itherwise language misleads. For example, only yestreen at a party, a pert, prim, pompous prater, wi' a peerie-weerie expression about the een, asked me what I thoct, in this stormy state of the atmosphere, would become of the Peers? I answered, simply aneuch, that if wrapped up in fresh straw, and laid in a dry place, safe frae the damp, they would keep till Christmas. The cretur, after haen said something, he supposed, insupportably severe on me for the use o' feegurative language on sic a terrible topic, began to what he ca'd “impune ma opinion,” and to grow unco foul-mouthed on the Duke of Wellington. I thought o' Saughton Ha'; but that painfu' suspicion was soon removed from ma mind, for I fand that he was speakin' o' the Peers in Parliament, and me o' jargonells.

North. Timothy, is not James very pleasant.

Tickler. Very.

Shepherd. There's the doctrine o' the association o' Ideas. Thomas Broon, who kent as muckle about poetry as that poker, and wrote it about as weel as that shovel, and criticeesed it about as weel as thae tangs, pretended to inform mankind at large hoo ae idea took place o' anither, for he was what is ca'd a great metaphysician. The mind, he said—for I hae read his lecture—had nae power—frae which I concluded that, according to him, it's aye passive—a doctrin' I beg leave maist positively to contradick, as contrar to the hail tenor o' my ain experience. The human mind is never, by any chance, ae single moment passive—but at a' times, day and nicht—

North. “Sleep hath her separate world, as wide as dreams!”

Shepherd. Tuts. What for are you aye quottin' that conceited cretur Wudsworth? Canna ye follow his example, and quott yoursel?

North. I should despise doing that, James—I leave it to my brethren of mankind.

Shepherd. Day and nicht is the mind active; and indeed sleep is but the intensest state o' wakefu'ness.

Tickler. Especially when through the whole house is heard a snore that might waken the dead.

Shepherd. Just sae. It's a lee to say there can be sic a state as sleep without a snore. In a dwawm or fent man nor woman snores none—for that is temporary death. But sleep is not death—nor yet death's brither, though it has been ca'd sae by ane who shou'd hae kent better—but it is the activity o' spiritual life.

Tickler. Come, James, let us hear you on dreams.

Shepherd. No, till after sooper—whan we shall discuss Dreams and Ghosts. Suffice it for the present to confine mysell to a sentence, and to ask you baith this question—what pheelosopher has ever yet explained the behaviour o' ideas, even in their soberest condition, much less when they are at their wildest, and wi' a birr and a bum break through a' established laws, like “burnished flees in pride o' May,” as Thomson says, through sae many speeders' wabs, carryin' them awa' wi' them an their tails up alaft into the empyrean in amang the motes o' the sun.

North. None.

Shepherd. The Sowle has nae power!!! Has na't??? Hae Ideas, then nae power either? And what are Ideas, sirs? Just the Sowle herself, and naething but the Sowle. Or, if you wou'd rather hae't sae, the Evolutions, the Revolutions, and Transpositions, and Transfigurations, and Transmigrations, and Transmogrifications o' the Sowle, the only primal and perpetual mobile in creation.

North and Tickler. Hear! Hear! Hear!

Shepherd. What gies ae idea the lead o' a' the rest? And what inspires a' the rest to let him tak the lead—whether like a great big ram loupin' through a gap in the hedge, and followed by scores o' silly sheep—or like a mighty coal-black stallion, wi' lang fleein' mane and tail, galloping in front o' a thousand bonny meers, a' thundrin' after the desert born—or like the despot red-deer, carryin' his antlers up the mountain afore sae many hundred handsome hinds, bellin' sae fiercely that the very far-off echoes are frightened to answer him, and dee fentiy away amang the cliffs o' Ben-y-Glo?

North. Tickler!

Tickler. North!

Shepherd. Or like the Sovereign Stork, that lead “high overhead the airy caravan”—

Tickler. Or like the great Glasgow Gander, waddling before his bevy along the Goose-dubs—

Shepherd. Haw ! haw ! haw ! What plausible explanation, you may weel ask, cou'd ever be gien o' sic an idea as him—were you to be alloo'd to confine yoursell even to his dowp, an enormity alike ayont adequate comprehension and punishment ! But the discussion's gettin' owre deep, sir, for Mr. Tickler—let's adapt ourselves to the capacities o' our hearers—for o' a' conversation that is, if not the sole, the sovereign charm.

Tickler. An old saying, Hogg—throw not pearls before swine.

Shepherd. It aye strikes a cauld damp through me, Mr. North, to hear a man for whom ane entertains ony sort o' regard, wi' an air o' pomposity gien vent to an auncient adage that had served its time afore the Flood, just as if it were an apophthegm kittled by himsell on the verra spot. And the case is warst ava, when the perpetrator, as the noo, happens to be in his ain way an original. Southside, you sometimes speak, sir, like a Sumph.

Tickler. James, what is a Sumph ?

Shepherd. A Sumph, Timothy, is a chiel to whom Natur has denied ony considerable share o' understaunin', without hae'n chose to mak him altogether an indisputable idiot.

North. Hem ! I've got a nasty cold.

Shepherd. His puir pawrents hae'na the comfort o' being able, without frequent misgivings, to consider him a natural-born fule, for you see he can be taucht the letters o' the alphabet, and even to read wee bits o' short words, no in write but in prent, sae that he may in a limited sense be even something o' a scholar.

North. A booby of promise.

Shepherd. Just sae, sir—I've kent sumphs no that ill spellers. But then, you see, sir, about some sax or seven years auld, the mind of the sumphie is seen to be stationary, and generally about twal it begins slawly to retrograwd—sae that at about twenty, and at that age, if you please, sir, we shall consider him, he has verra little mair sense nor a sookin' baby.

North. Tickler, eyes right—attend to the Shepherd.

Shepherd. Nevertheless, he is in possession o' knowledge ayont the reach o' Betty Foy's son and heir, so rationally celebrated by Mr. Wudsworth in his Excursion——

North. Lyrical ballads.

Shepherd. I mean Bauldy Foy's excursion for the doctor.

North. Ah ! Well ?

Shepherd. Kens sun frae moon, cock frae hen, and richt weel man frae woman ; for it is a curious fact, that your sumph is as amatory as Solomon himsell, and ye generally find him married and standin' at the door of his house like a schoolmaster.

North. Like a schoolmaster—How ?

Shepherd. The green before his house ovrflows wi' weans, a' his ain progeny ; and his wife, comely body, wi' twins on her breast, is aiblins, with a pleased face, seen smiling over his shoulder.

North. O fortunati nimium! sua si bona norint
Sumphieuli!

Shepherd. I doubt, sir, if you hae ony authority for the formation o' that diminutive. Let's hae gude Latin, or nane.

North. Mine is always good—but in Maga often miserably marred by the printing, to the horror of Priscian's ghost.

Shepherd. Sumphs are aye fattish—wi' roon legs like women—generally wi' red and white complexions—though I've kent them black-aviced, and no ill-lookin', were it no for a want o' something you canna at first sicht weel tell what, till you find by degrees that it's a want o' everything—a want o' expression, a want o' air, a want o' manner, a want o' smeddum, a want o' vigour, a want o' sense, a want o' feelin'—in short, a want o' sowle—a deficit which nae painstakin' in education can ever supply—and then oholoos ! but they're doure, doure, doure—obstinater than either pigs or cuddies, and waur to drive along the high road o' life. For, by tyin' a string to the hint leg o' a grumphy, and keepin' jerk jerkin' him back, you can wile him forrits by fits and starts, and the maist contumacious cuddy you can transplant at last, by pour, pourin' upon his hurdies the oil o' hazel ; but neither by priggin' nor prayin', by reason nor by rung, when the fit's on him, frae his position may mortal man howp to move a sumph.

North. Too true. I can answer for the animal.

Shepherd. Sometimes he'll staun for hours in the rain, though he has gotten the rheumatics, rather than come into the house, but because his wife has sent out ane o' the weans to ca' in its father at a sulky juncture—and in the tantrums he'll pretend no to hear the dinner-bell, though ever so hungry ; and if a country squire, which he often is, hides himsell somewhere among the shrubs in the policy.

North. Covering himself with laurel.

Shepherd. Then, oh ! but the sumph is selfish—selfish. What a rage he flees intil at beggars ! His charity never gangs farther than sayin' he's sorry he happens no to hae a bawbee in his pocket. When ane o' his weans at tea-time asks for a lump o' sugar, he either refuses it, or selects the weelist bit in the bowl—but takes care to steal a gey big piece for himsel', for he is awfu' fond o' sweet things, and dooks his butter and bread deep into the carvey. He is often in the press——

North. What ! an author ?

Shepherd. In the dining-room press, stealin' jam, and aften lickin' wi' his tongue the thin paper on the taps o' jeely cans—and sometimes

observed by the lad or lass comin' in to mend the fire, in a great hurry secretin' tarts in the pooches o' his breeks, or leavin' them in his alarm o' detection half-eaten on the shelve, and ready to accuse the mice o' the rubbery.

North. What are his politics?

Shepherd. You surely needna ask that, sir. He belongs to the Cheese-paring and Candle-end Saveall School—is a follower o' Josey Hume—and's aye ready to vote for retrenchment.

North. His religion?

Shepherd. Consists solely in fear o' the deevil, whom in childhood the sumph saw in a woodcut—and never since went to bed without sayin' his prayers, to escape a charge o' hornin'.

North. Is all this, James, a description of an individual, or of a genus?

Shepherd. A genus, I jalouse, is but a generic name for a number o' individuals having in common certain characteristics; so that, describe the genus and you hae before you the individual—describe the individual and behold the genus. True that there's nae genus consisting but o' ae individual—but the reason o' that is that there never was an individual stannin' in nature exclusively by himsel'—if there was, then he would undoubtedly be likewise his ain genus. And pray, why not?

Tickler. What is the meaning of all this botheration about sumphs?

Shepherd. Botheration about sumphs! In answer to some stuff of Southside's, I said, he spoke like a sumph! Mr. Tickler then asked me to describe a sumph—and this sketch is at his service. 'Tis the merest outline; but I have pented him to the life in a novelle. Soon as the Reform Bill is feenally settled, Mr. Blackwood is to publish, in three volumes, "The Sumph; by the Shepherd." He'll hae a prodigious rin.

North. Cut out Clifford.*

Shepherd. Na, Bullmer's a clever chiel—and, in ma opinion, describes fashionable life the best o' a' the Lunnuners.

North. Except the author of Granby.*

Shepherd. I hae never read the Marquis o' Granby. Sen' him oot to the Forest.

Tickler. In *your* opinion!

Shepherd. Aye—in ma opinion. What's to prevent him that wons in huts frae judgin' o' the life in ha's, ony mair than him that wons in ha's frae judgin' o' the life in huts? Na—I'm no verra sure gif the lord's no the best critic on the lucubrations o' the lout, and the lout on the lord's. For whatever's truly good, and emanates brightly frae the

* Paul Clifford was published early in 1830.—M.

† Mr. Lister.—M.

shrine o' natur, will strike wi' a sudden charm on the heart o' him that is made acquainted wi't frae a distance, as if it were a revelation o' the same law pervadin' a' spheris o' being alike, though vainly thocht to be separate pairts o' ae great and vawrious system. Canna a King, if worthy to wear a croon, contemplate wi' delight Burns's Cotter's Saturday Nicht, and canna a peasant admire the pictur o' piety in a palace?

Tickler. James—good.

Shepherd. Think ye that Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd had to learn muckle either in the way o' mind or manners, when discovered to be by birth a baronet?

North. I verily believe not much.

Shepherd. Strip a kintra lad or lass o' their claes——

Tickler. No, no, James.

Shepherd. But I say aye, aye. Strip a kintra lass, o' laigh degree, perfectly skuddy, and set her aside a toon belle o' noble bluid, equally naked, on a pedestal, like twa sister statues by Chauntrey or Macdonald, wi' their arms leanin' wi' affectionate elegance on each ither's snawy showther, or twined roun' their lily necks, and wha micht be able to tell the ewe-milker frae the duchess?

Tickler. Not I—without my specs.

Shepherd. Or watch first the ane and then the ither doin' some duty to a pawrent, suppose leadin' a blin' father out intil the sun, and sittin' aside him, aiblins at his feet, wi' ae ivory arm hangin owre his knees, and the ither haun' haudin' a book—best o' a', if the Bible—while her tearfu' een can yet weel discern the words o' comfort that her smilin' lips do musically receet—and will ony Christian man tell me, that they are na baith angels, and however far apart they may leeve on earth, wilna dwell thegither in heaven?

North. I confess it does surprise me, to hear you, James, express yourself so beautifully over haggis.

Shepherd. What for? What's a wee haggis but a big raggoo? An' a big raggoo, but a wee haggis? But, will you believe me, Mr. Tickler, I was sae ta'en up wi' the natural sentiment, that I kent na what was on my plate.

Tickler. And probably have no recollection of having, within the last ten minutes, eat a howtowdie.

Shepherd. What the devil are you twa about? Circumnavigating the table in arm-chairs! What! Am I on wheels too?

(*The SHEPHERD follows NORTH and TICKLER round the genial bar!*)

North. How do you like this fancy, my dear James?

Shepherd. Just excessively, sir. It gies us a perfeck command o' the entire table, east and wast, north and south; and, at present, I calculate that I am cuttin' the equawtor.

North. It relieves Mr. Ambrose and his young gentlemen from unnecessary attendance—and, besides, the exercise is most salutary to persons of our age, who are apt to get fat and indolent.

Shepherd. Fozey. So ye contrive to rin upon horrals, halting before a darling dish, and then away on a voyage of new discovery. This explains the itherwise unaccoontable size o' this immense circle o' a table. Safe us! It would sit forty! And yet, by this ingenious contrivance, it is just about sufficient for us Three. Hae ye ta'en oot a pawtent?

North. No. I hate monopolies.

Shepherd. What! You, the famous foe o' free tredd!

North. With our national debt—

Shepherd. Dinna tempt me, sir, to lose a' patience under a treatise on taxes—

North. Well—I won't. But you admire these curricles?

Shepherd. Movable at the touch o' the wee finger. Whase invention?

North. My own.

Shepherd. You Dædalus!

North. The principle, James, I believe is perfect—but I have not yet been able to get the construction of the vehicle exactly to my mind.

Shepherd. I dinna ken what mair you cou'd houp for, unless it were to move at a thocht. Farewell, sirs, I'm aff across the line to yon pie—nae sma' bulk even at this distance. Can it be pigeons?

(SHEPHERD wheels away southeast.)

North. Take your trumpet.

Shepherd. That beats a'. For ilka man a silver speakin' trumpet! Let's try mine. (SHEPHERD puts his trumpet to his mouth.) Ship, ahoy! Ship, ahoy!

North. (trumpet-tongued.) The Endeavour—bound for—

Shepherd. Whisht—whisht—sir—I beseech you whisht. Nae drums can staun siccan a trumpet, blawn by siccan lungs. (Laying down his trumpet.) This is, indeed, the Pie o' Pies. I houp Mr. Tickler 'll no think o' wheelin' roun to this quarter o' the globe.

Tickler. (on the trumpet.) What sort of picking have you got at the Antipodes, James?

Shepherd. Roar a little louder—for I'm dull o' hearin'. Is he speakin' o' the Bench o' Bishops?

Tickler. (as before, but louder.) What pie?

Shepherd. Ay—ay.

Tickler. (largetto.) What pie?

Shepherd. Ay—ay. What'n a gran' echo up in yon corner!

(TICKLER wheels away in search of the northwest passage—and on his approach, the SHEPHERD weighs anchor with the pie, and

keeps beating up to windward—close hauled—at the rate of eight knots, chased by SOUTHSIDE, who is seen dropping fast to leeward.)

North. He'll not weather the point of Firkin.

Shepherd. (*putting about under NORTH's stern.*) I'll rin for protection frae the Pirrat, under the guns o' the Old Admiral—and, being on the same station, I suppose he's entitled to his ain share o' the prize. Here, my jolly veteran, here's the Pie. Begin wi' a couple o' cushats, and we'll divide atween us the croon o' paste in the middle, about as big's the ane the King—God bless him—wore at the coronation.

(*TICKLER wheels his chair into the nook, on the right of the chimney-piece.*)

Southside, hae you deserted the diet? O, man! you're surely no sulky? Come back—come back, I beseech you—and let us shake hauns. It'll never do for us true Tories to quarrel amang oursells at this creesis. What'n a triumph to the Whigs, when they hear o' this schism? Let's a' hae a finger in the pie, and as the Lord Chancellor said, and I presume did, in the House o' Lords*—"on my bended knees, I implore you to pass this bill!"

(*The SHEPHERD kneels before TICKLER, and presents to him a plateful of the pie.*)

Tickler. (*returning to the administration.*) James, you have conquered, and we are reconciled.

North. Trumpets! (*Three trumpet cheers.*)

Gurney. (*Rushing in alarm from the Ear of Dionysius.*) Gentlemen, the house is surrounded by a mob of at least fifty thousand Reformers, who with dreadful hurrahs are shouting for blood.

Shepherd. Fifty thousan'! Wha counted the radical rascals?

Gurney. I conjecture their numbers from their noise. For heaven's sake, Mr. North, do not attempt to address the mob——

North. Trumpets! (*Three trumpet cheers.*)

Gurney. (*Retiring much abashed into his Ear.*) Miraculous!

Ambrose. (*Entering with much emotion.*) Mr. North, I fear the house is surrounded by the enemies of the constitution, demanding the person of the Protector——

Shepherd. Trumpets! (*Three trumpet cheers. Exit AMBROSE in astonishment.*)

North. Judging from appearances, I presume dinner is over.

Shepherd. A'm staw'd.

North. There is hardly any subject which we have not touched, and not one have we touched which we did not adorn.

Shepherd. By soobjects do you mean dishes! Certes, we have dis-

* Brougham entreated the Lords, even for their own sakes, to pass the Reform Bill, and as his knee rested on the wool-sack said, "Yea, even upon bended knee, I do implore you."—M.

cussed a hantle o' them—some pairtly and ithers totally; but there's food on the brodd yet sufficient for a score o' ordinar men—

Tickler. And we shall have it served up, James, to supper.

Shepherd. Soun' doctrine. What's faith without warks?

North. Now, gentlemen, a fair start. Draw up on my right, James—
elbow to elbow. Tickler, your place is on the *extrême gauche*. You both know the course. The hearth-rug of the Snuggery's the goal. All ready? Away!

(*The start is the most beautiful thing ever seen—and all three at once make play.*)

SCENE II.—*The Snuggery—Enter NORTH on his Flying Chair, at the rate of the Derby, beating, by several lengths, TICKLER and the SHEPHERD, now neck and neck.*

North. (*Pulling up as soon as he has passed the Judges' stand.*) Our nags are pretty much on a par, I believe, in point of condition, but much depends, in a short race, on a good start, and there the old man showed his jockeyship.

Shepherd. 'Twas a fause start, sir—'twas a fause start—I'll swear it was a fause start, sir, till ma deein' day—for I had na gotten mysell settled in the saddle, till ye was aff like a shot, and afore I could get intil a gallop, you was half way across the flat o' the saloon.

North. James, there could be no mistake. The signal to start was given by Saturn himself; and—

Shepherd. And then Tickler, afore me and him got to the fauldin'-doors, after some desperate crossin' and jostlin', I alloo, on baith sides, ran me clean aff the coorse, and I had to make a complete circle in the bow-window or I cou'd get the head o' my horse pinte'd again in a right direction for winnin' the race. Ca' ye that fair? I shall refer the haill business to the decision o' the Jockey Club.

North. What have you to say, Tickler, in answer to this very serious charge?

Tickler. Out of his own mouth, sir, I convict him of conduct that must have the effect of debarring the Shepherd from ever again competing for these stakes.

Shepherd. For what steaks! Do you mean to manteen, you brazen-faced ne'er-do-weel, that I am never to be alloo'd again to rin Mr. North frae the saloon to the snuggery for ony steaks we choose, or chops either? Things 'll hae come to a pretty pass, when it sall be necessar to ask your leave to start—you blacklegs.

Tick'er. He's confessed the crossing and jostling.

Shepherd. You lee. Wha' began't? We started sidey by sidey, you see, sir, frae the rug afore the fire, where we was a' three drawn up, and just as you was gaun out o' sight atween the pillars, Tickler and

me ran foul o' ane anither at the nor'east end o' the circular. There was nae fawte on either side there, and am no blamin' him, except for ackwardness, which was aiblins mutual. As sune's we had gotten disentangled, we entered by look o' ee, if no word o' mouth, intil a social compact to rin roun' opposite sides o' the table—which we did—and in proof that neither o' us had gain'd an inch on the ither, no sooner had we rounded the southwest cape, than together came we wi' sic a clash, that I thocht we had been baith killed on the spat. There was nae fawte on either side there, ony mair than there had been at the nor'east; but then began his violation o' a' honour; for havin' succeeded in shovin' mysell aff, I was makin' for the fauldin' doors—due west—ettlin' for the inside, to get a short turn—when whuppin' and spurin' like mad, what does he do, but charge me right on the flank, and drive me, as I said afore, several yards aff the coorse towards the bow-window, where I was necessitated to fetch a circumbendibus, that wou'd hae lost me the race had I ridden Eclipse. Ca' ye that fair? But it was agreed that we were to be guided by the law of Newmarket, sae I'll refer the hail affair to the Jockey Club.

Tickler. Hear me for a moment, sir. True, we got entangled at the nor'west—most true at the sou'west came we together with a clash. But what means the Shepherd by shoving off? Why, sir, he caught hold of my right arm as in a vice, so that I could make no use of that member, while, at the same time, he locked me into his own rear, and then away he went like a two-year-old, having, as he vainly dreamt, the race in hand by that manœuvre, so disgraceful to the character of the carpet.

North. If you please—turf.

Tickler. Under such circumstances, was I to consider myself bound by laws which he himself had broken and reduced to a dead letter? No. My subsequent conduct he has accurately described—off the course—for we have a bit of speed in us—I drove him; but as for the circumbendibus in the bow-window, we must believe that on his own word.

Shepherd. And daur you, sir, or ony man breathin', to doubt ma word—

North. Be calm, gentlemen. The dispute need not be referred to the Club; for, consider *you were nowhere*.

Shepherd. Eh?

North. You were both distanced.

Shepherd. Baith distanced! Hoo? Where's the post?

North. The door-post of the Snuggery.

Shepherd. Baith our noses were through afore you had reached the rug. I'll tak my Bible-oath on't. Warena they, Tickler?

Tickler. Both.

North. Not a soul of you entered this room for several seconds after I had dismounted—

Shepherd. After he had dismounted? Haw! haw! haw! Tickler! North confesses he had dismounted afore he was weighed—and has thereby lost the race! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Noo, oors was a dead heat—so let us divide the stakes—

Tickler. With all my heart; but we ran for the Gold Cup.

Shepherd. Eh! sae we did, man; and yonner it's on the side-board—a bonny bit o' bullion. Let's keep it year about; and, to prevent ony hargle-barglin' about it, let the first turn be mine; oh! but it'll do wee Jamie's heart gude to glower on't stannin' aside the siller punch-bowl I got frae my friend Mr.—What's the matter wi' ye, Mr. North? What for sae doon i' the mouth? Why fret sae at a trifle?

North. No honour can accrue from a conquest achieved by a quirk.

Shepherd. Nor dishonour frae defeat;—then “prithee why so pale, wan lover? prithee why so pale?”

Tickler. I can hardly credit my senses when I hear an old sportsman call that a quirk, which is in fact one of the foundation-stones of the law of Racing.

Shepherd. I maun gang back for my shoon.

North. Your shoon?

Shepherd. Aye, ma shoon—I flung them baith in Mr. Tickler's face—for which I noo ask his pardon—when he ran me aff the coorse—

Tickler. No offence, my dear James, for I returned the compliment with both snuff-boxes—

North. Oh! oh! So you who urge against me the objection of having dismounted before going to scale, both confess that you flung away weight during the race?

Shepherd. Eh? Mr. Tickler, answer him—

Tickler. Do James.

Shepherd. (*scratching his head with one hand, and stroking his chin with the other.*) We've a' three won, and we've a' three lost. That's the short and the lang o't—sae the Cup maun staun owre till anither trial.

North. Let it be decided now. From Snuggery to Saloon.

Shepherd. What? after frae Saloon to Snuggery? That wou'd be reversin' the order o' nature. Besides, we maun a' three be unco dry—sae let's turn to till the table—and see what's to be had in the way o' drink. What'n frutes!

North. These are ribstons, James—a pleasant apple—

Shepherd. And what's thir?

North. Golden pippins.

Shepherd. Sic jargonels! shaped like peeries—and yon ahuns (can they be ripe?) like taps. And what ca' ye thae, like great big fir-cones wi' outlandish lookin' palm-tree leaves archin' frae them wi' an elegance o' their ain, rough though they seem in the rhinn, and aiblins prickly? What ca' ye them?

North. Pine-apples.

Shepherd. I've often heard tell o' them—but never clapp'd een on them afore—and these are pines! Oh! but the scent is sweet, sweet—and wild as sweet—and as wild restorative. I'se tak some jargonels afterwards—but I'll join you noo, sir, in a pair o' pines. *NORTH gives the SHEPHERD a pine-apple.*) Hoo are they eaten?

Tickler. With pepper, mustard, and vinegar, like oysters, James.

Shepherd. I'm thinkin' you maun be leein'.

Tickler. Some people prefer catsup.

Shepherd. Haud your blethers. Catchup's gran kitchen for a' kinds o' flesh, fish, and fule, but for frutes the rule is "sugar or naething,"—and if this pine keep the taste o' promise to the palat, made by the scent he sends through the nose, nae extrawneous sweetness will he need, self-sufficient in his ain sappiness, rich as the colour o' pinks, in which it is sae savourily enshrined—I never pree'd ony taste half sae delicious as that in a' ma' born days! Ribstanes, pippins, jargonels, peaches, nectrins, currans, and strawberries, grapes, and grozets, a' in ane! The concentrated essence o' a' ither frutes, harmoneezed by a peculiar tone o' its ain—till it melts in the mouth like material music!

North. (*Pouring out for the SHEPHERD a glass of sparkling champagne.*) Quick, James—quick—ere the ethereal particles escape to heaven.

Shepherd. You're no passin' aff soddy upon me! Soddy's ma abhorrence—it's sae like thin soap-suds.

North. Fair play's a jewel, my dear Shepherd.

"From the vine-cover'd hills and gay regions of France"—

Shepherd. "See the day-star o' liberty rise."

That beats ony gooseberry—and drinks prime wi' pine. Anither glass. And anither.* Noo put aside the Langshanks—and after a' this daffin' let's set in for serious drinkin', thinkin', lookin', and speakin', like three philosophers as we are—and still let our theme be—Human Life.

North. James, I am sick of life. With me the "wine of life is on the lees."

Shepherd. Then drink the dregs, and be thankfu'. As lang's there's anither drap, however drumly, in the bottom of the bottle, dinna despair. But what for are you sick o' life? You're no a verra auld man yet—and although ye was, why mayna an auld man be gaen happy? That's a' ye can expeck noo—but wha's happy—think ye—perfekly happy—on this side o' the grave? No ane. I left yestreen wee Jamie—God bless him—greetin' as his heart wou'd break for the death o' a

* It was said that, when in London, Hogg was asked if he liked champagne. "I like it fine," said he, "it's sae like ginger beer."—M.

bit wee doggie that he used to keep playin' wi' on the knowe mony an hour when he ought to hae been at his byeuck—and when he lited up his bonny blue een a' fu' o' tears to the skies, after he had seen me bury the puir tyke in the garden, I'se warrant he thocht there was a sair change for the waur in the afternoon licht—for never did callant lo'e colley has he lo'ed Luath—and to be surè he on his side was no ungratefu'—for Luath—keepit lickin' his haun' till the verra last gasp, though he dee'd of that cruel distemper. Fill your glass, sir.

North. I have been subject to blackest melancholy since I was a child, James.

Shepherd. An' think ye, sir, that naebody has been subject to fits of blackest melancholy since they were a bairn, but yoursell? Wi' some it's constitutional, and that's a hopeless case; for it rins, or rather stagnates in the bluid, and meesery has been bequeathed from father to son, doon mony dismal generations—nor has ceased till some childless suicide, by a maist ruefu' catastrophe, has closed the cleemax, by the unblessed extinction o' the race. But you, my dear sir, are come o' a cheerfu' kind, and mirth laughed in the ha's o' your ancestors. Cheer up, sir—cheer up—fill your glass wi' Madeiry—an' nae mair folly about fits—for you're gettin' fatter and fatter every year, and what you ca' despair's but the dumps.

North. O, si præteritos referat mihi Jupiter annos!

Shepherd. Ay—passion gies vent to mony an impious prayer! The mair I meditat on ony season o' my life, the mair fearfu' grows the thochts o' leevin't owr again, and my sowle recoils alike frae the bliss, and frae the meesery, as if baith alike had been sae intense that it were impossible they could be re-endured!

North. James, I regard you with much affection.

Shepherd. I ken you do, sir—and I repay't threefauld; but I canna thole to hear you talkin' nonsense. What for are ye no drinkin' your Madeiry.

North. How pregnant with pathos to an aged man are those two short lines of Wordsworth—about poor Ruth!

“Ere she had wept, ere she had mourn'd,
A young and happy child,”

Shepherd. They are beautifu' where they staun', and true; but fawse in the abstrack, for the youngest and happiest child has often wept and mourned, even wi en it's mither has been tryin' to rock it asleep in its cradle. Think o' the teethin' sir, and a' the colic-pains incident to babyhood!

North. “You speak to me who never had a child.”

Shepherd. I'm no sae sure o' that, sir. Few men hae leev'd till threescore and ten without being fathers; but that's no the pint; the

pint is the pleasures and pains o' childhood, and hoo nicely are they balaced to us poor sons of a day! I ken naething o' your childhood, sir, nor o' Mr. Ticklers, except that in very early life you maun hae been twa stirrin' gentlemen——

Tickler. I have heard my mother say that I was a remarkably mild child till about——

Shepherd. Six—when it cost your father an income for taws to skelp out o' you the innate ferocity that began to break upon you like a rash along wi' the measles——

Tickler. It is somewhat singular, James, that I never have had measles—nor small pox—nor hooping-cough—nor scarlet-fever—nor——

Shepherd. There's a braw time comin', for these are complements nane escape; and I shouldna be surprised to see you at the next Noctes wi' them a' fowre—a' spotted and blotched, as red as an Indian, or a tile-roof, and crawin' like a cock, in a fearsome manner—to which add the Asiatic cholera, and then, ma man, I wouldna be in your shoon, for the free gift o' the best o' the Duke's store farms, wi' a' the plenishin'—for the fifth comin' on the other fowre, lang as you are, would cut you aff like a cucumber.

North.

Ah, happy hills! ah pleasing shade!

Ah, fields beloved in vain!

Where once my careless childhood stray'd,

A stranger yet to pain!

Shepherd. That's Gray*—and Gray was the best poet that ever belonged to a college—but——

North. All great (except one) and most good poets have belonged to colleges.

Shepherd. Humph. But a line comes soon after that is the key to that stanza——

“My weary soul they seem to soothe!”

Gray was na an auld man—far frae it—when he wrott that beautiful Odd—but he was fu' o' sensibility and genius—and after a lapse o' years, when he beheld again the bits o' bright and bauld leeving images glancin' athwart the green—a' the Eton College callants in full cry—his heart amaist dee'd within him at the sight and the soun'—for his pulse, as he pat his finger to his wrist, beat fent and intermittent, in comparison, and nae wunner that he shou'd fa' until a dooble delusion about their happiness and his ain meesery. And sae the poem's coloured throughout wi' a pensive spirit o' regret, in some places wi' the gloom o' melancholy, and in ane or two amaist black wi' despair. It's a fine picture o' passion, sir, and true to nature in every touch. Yet

* Ode on a distant view of Eton College.—M.

frae beginnin' to end, in the eye o' reason and faith, and religion, it's a' ae lee. Fawse, surely, a' thae forebodings o' a fatal futurity! For love, joy, and bliss are not banished frae this life; and in writing that verra poem, maunna the state o' Gray's sowle hae been itself divine?

North. Tickler?

Tickler. Good.

Shepherd. What are mony o' the pleasures o' memory, sirs, but the pains o' the past spiritualeezed?

North. Tickler?

Tickler. True.

Shepherd. A' human feelin's seem somehow or ither to partake o' the same character, when the objects that awake them have withdrawn far far awa' intil the dim distance, or disappeared for ever in the dust.

Tickler. North?

North. The philosophy of Nature.

Shepherd. And that Tam Cammel maun hae felt, when he wrote that glorious line,

“And teach impassion'd souls the joy of grief.”

North. The joy of grief! That is a joy known but to the happy, James. The soul that can dream of past sorrows till they touch it with a pensive delight can be suffering under no severe trouble—

Shepherd. Perhaps no, sir. But may that no aften happen too, when the heart is amaist dead to a' pleasure in the present, and loves but to converse wi' phantoms? I've seen pale still faces o' widow-women, ane sic is afore me the noo, whase husband was killed in the wars lang lang ago in a forgotten battle—she leeves on a sma' pension in a laigh and lonely house—that bespeak constant communion wi' the dead, and yet nae want either o' a meek and mournfu' sympathy wi' the leevin', provided only ye shaw them, by the considerate gentleness o' your manner, when you chance to ca' on them on a week-day, or meet them at the kirk on Sabbath, that you ken something o' their history, and hae a Christian feelin' for their uncomplainin' affliction. Surely, sir, at times, whan some tender gleam o' memory glides like moonlight across their path, and reveals in the hush some ineffable eemage o' what was lovely and beloved o' yore, when they were, as they thocht, perfectly happy, although the heart kens weel that 'tis but an eemage, and nae mair—yet still it maun be blest, and let the tears drap as they will on the faded cheek, I shou'd say the poor desolate cretur did in that strange fit o' passion suffer the joy o' grief.

North. You will forgive me, James, when I confess, that though I enjoyed just now the sound o' your voice, which seemed to me more than usually pleasant, with a trembling tone of the pathetic, I did not catch the sense of your speech.

Shepherd. I was no makin' a speech, sir—only utterin' a sort o' sentiment that has already evaporated clean out o' my mind, or passed awa' like an uncertain shadow.

North. Misery is selfish, James—and I have lost almost all sympathy with my fellow-creatures, alike in their joys and their sorrows.

Shepherd. Come, come, sir—cheer up, cheer up. Its naething but the blue devils.

North. All dead—one after another—the friends in whom lay the light and might of my life—and memory's self is faithless now to the "old familiar faces." Eyes—brows—lips—smiles—voices—all—all forgotten! Pitiably, indeed, is old age, when love itself grows feeble in the heart, and yet the dotard is still conscious that he is day by day letting some sacred remembrance slip for ever from him that he once cherished devoutly in his heart's core, and feels that mental decay alone is fast delivering them all up to oblivion!

Shepherd. Sittin' wi' rheumy een, mumblin' wi' his mouth on his breast, and no kennin' frae ither weans his ain grandchildren who have come to visit him him wi' their mother, his ain bricht and beautifu' daughter, wha seems to him a stranger passin' along the street.

North. What said you, James?

Shepherd. Naething, sir, naething. I was no speaking o' you—but o' anither man.

North. They who knew me—and loved me—and honoured me—and admired me—for why fear to use that word, now to me charmless?—all dust! What are a thousand kind acquaintances, James, to him who has buried all the few friends of his soul—*all the few*—one—two—three—but powerful as a whole army to guard the holiest recesses of life!

Shepherd. An' am I accounted but a kind acquaintance and nae mair! I wha—

North. What have I said to hurt you, my dear James?

Shepherd. Never mind, sir,—never mind. I'll try to forget it—but—

North. Stir the fire, James—and give a slight touch to that lamp.

Shepherd. There's a bleeze, sir, at ae blast. An' there's the Orrery, bright as the night in Homer's Iliad, about which you wrott sic elegant havers. An' there's your bumper-glass. Noo, sir, be candid and tell me, gif you dinna think you've been a verra great fule?

North. I believe I have, my dear James. But by all that is ludicrous here below, look at Tickler!

Shepherd. O for Cruckshank! You see what he's dreaming about in his sleep, sir, lying on the ae side, with that big black sofa pillow in his arms! He's evidently on his marriage jaunt to the Lakes, and passin' the hinneymoon amang the mountains. She's indeed a fearsome dear, the bride. She has gotten nae feturs—and as for feegar, she's

the same thickness a' the way doon, as if she was stuffed. But there's nae accountin' for taste; and mony a queer cretur gets a husband. Sleep on—sleep on—ye bonny pair! for noo you're leadin' your lives in Elysium.

North. I hope, James, neither you nor I have such open countenances in our sleep, as our friend before us.

Shepherd. I canna charge ma memory wi' sic a mouth. What's the matter? What's the matter? Lo! Mrs. Tickler has either fa'en or loupn out o' the bed, an's tumblin' along the floor! What'n an exposé! In decency, sir, we twa should retire.

North. The blushing bride has actually hidden herself under the table.

Shepherd. Oh! but this is gran' sport. Let's blacken his eebrees, and gie him mistashes.

(The Shepherd, with burnt cork, dexterously makes Tickler a Hussar.)

There—you're noo ane o' the Third, at Jock's Lodge. Gie Mrs. Tickler, sir, a touch wi' the crutch, under the table, and send her owre this way, that I may restore her to the bridegroom's longing arms. It's a shame to see her sleepin' at the stock—the wife should aye lie neist the wa'. Sae I'll tak the leeberty to place her atween her husband's back and that o' the settee. When he waukens he'll hae mony apologies to mak for his bad manners. But the twa'll sune mak it up, and naethin' in this life's half so sweet as the reconciliation o' lovers' quarrels.

North. By the by, James, who won the salmon medal this season on the Tweed?

Shepherd. Wha, think ye, could it be, you coof, but masel'? I beat them a' by twa stane wecht. Oh, Mr. North, but it wou'd hae done your heart gude to hae daunder'd along the banks wi' me on the 25th, and seen the slaughter. At the third thraw the snoot o' a famous fish sookit in ma flee—and for some seconds keepit steadfast in a sort o' eddy that gaed sullenly swirlin' at the tail o' yon pool—I needna name't—for the river had risen just to the proper pint, and was black as ink, accept when noo and then the sun struggled out frae atween the clud-chinks, and then the water was purple as heather-moss, in the season o' blaeberreries. But that verra instant the flee begun to bite him on the tongue, for by a jerk o' the wrist I had strictly gi'en him the butt—and sunbeam never swifter shot frae heaven, than shot that saumon-beam doon intil and oot o' the pool below, and along the sauch shallows or you come to Juniper Bank. Clap—clap—clap—at the same instant played a couple o' cushats frae an aik aboon my head, at the purr o' the pirl, that let oot, in a twinklin' a hunner yards o' Mr. Phin's best, strang aneuch to haud a bill or a rhinoceros.

North. Incomparable tackle!

Shepherd. Far, far awa' doon the flood, see till him, sir—see till him

—loup—loup—loupin' intil the air, describin' in the spray the rinnin' rainbows! Scarcely cou'd I believe, at sic a distance, that he was the same fish. He seemed a saumon divertin' himsell, without ony connection in this world wi' the Shepherd. But we were linked thegither, sir, by the inviesible gut o' destiny—and I chasteesed him in his pastime wi' the rod o' affliction. Windin' up—windin' up, faster then ever ye grunded coffee—I keepit closin' it upon him, till the whalebone was amaiest perpendicular outowre him, as he stapped to take breath in a deep plum. You see the savage had gotten sulky, and you nicht as weel hae rugged at a rock. Hoo I leuch! Easin' the line ever so little, till it just mued slightly like gossamer in a breath o' wun'—I half persuaded him that he had gotten aff; but na, na, ma man, ye ken little about the Kirby-bends, gin ye think the peacock's harl and the tinsy hae slipped frae your jaws! Snuin up the stream he goes, hither and thither, but still keepin' weel in the middle—and noo strecht and stedly as a bridegroom ridin' to the kirk.

North. An original image.

Shepherd. Say rather application! Maist majestic, sir, you'll alloo, is that flicht o' a fish, when the line cuts the surface without commotion, and you nicht immagine that he was sailin' unseen below in the style o' an eagle about to fauld his wings on the cliff.

North. Tak tent, James. Be wary, or he will escape.

Shepherd. Never fear, sir. He'll no pit me aff my guard by keepin' the croon o' the causey in that gate. I ken what he's ettlin' at—and it's naething mair nor less nor yon island. Thinks he to himself, wi' his tail, "gin I get abreist o' the broom, I'll roun' the rocks, doon the rapids, and break the Shepherd." And nae sooner thocht than done—but bauld in my cork-jacket—

North. That's a new appurtenance to your person, James; I thought you had always angled in bladders.

Shepherd. Sae I used—but last season they fell doon to my heels, and had nearly droon'd me—say I trust noo to my body-guard.

North. I prefer the air life-preserver.

Shepherd. If it bursts you're gone. Bauld in my cork jacket I took till the soomin' haudin' the rod abune my head—

North. Like Cæsar his Commentaries.

Shepherd. And gettin' footin' on the bit island—there's no a shrub on't, you ken, aboon the waistband o' my breeks—I was just in time to let him easy owre the fa', and Heaven safe us! he turned up, as he played wallop, a side like a house! He fand noo that he was in the hauns o' his maister, and began to lose heart; for nathin' caws the better part o' man, brute, fule, or fish, like a sense of inferiority. Sometimes in a large party it suddenly strikes me dumb—

North. But never in the Snuggery, James—never in the Sanctum—

Shepherd. Na—na—na—never i' the Snuggery, never i' the Sanctum,

my dear auld man! For there we're a' brithers, and keep bletherin' withouten ony sense o' propriety—I ax pardon—o' inferiority—bein' a' on a level, and that lichtsome, like the paralled roads in Glenroy, when the sunshine pours upon them frae the tap o' Benevis.

North. But we forget the fish.

Shepherd. No me. I'll remember him on my deathbed. In body the same, he was entirely anither fish in sowle. He had set his life on the hazard o' a die, and it had turned up blanks. I began first to pity—and then to despise him—for frae a fish o' his appearance, I expeckit that nae act o' his life wou'd hae sae graced him as the closin' ane—and I was pairtly wae and pairtly wrathfu' to see him *dee saft!* Yet, to do him justice, it's no impossible but that he may hae druv his snoot again a stane, and got dazed—and we a' ken by experience that there's naething mair likely to cawm courage than a brainin' knock on the head. His organ o' locality had gotten a cilour, for he lost a' judgment atween wat and dry, and came floatin', belly upmost, in among the bit snail-bucky-shells on the san' aroond my feet, and lay there as still as if he had been gutted on the kitchen dresser—an enormous fish.

North. A sumph.

Shepherd. No sic a sumph as he looked like—and that you'll think when you hear tell o' the lave o' the adventur. Bein' rather out o' wun, I sits doon on a stane, and was wipin' ma broos, wi' ma een fixed upon the prey, when a' on a sudden, as if he had been galvaneezed, he stotted up intil the lift, and wi' ae squash played plunge into the pool, and awa' doon the eddies like a porpus. I thoct I sou'd hae gane mad, Heaven forgie me—and I fear I swore like a trooper. Loupin' wi' a spang frae the stane, I missed ma feet, and gaed head owre heels intil the water—while among the rushin' o' the element I heard roars o' lauchter as if frae the kelpie himsell, but what afterwards turned out to be guffaws frae your frien's Boyd and Juniper Bank, wha had been wutnessin' the drama frae commencement to catastrophe.

North. Ha! ha! ha! James! it must have been excessively droll.

Shepherd. Risin' to the surface with a guller, I shook ma nieve at the ne'er-do-weels, and then doon the river after the sumph o' a saumon, like a verra otter. Followin' noo the sight and noo the scent, I was na lang in comin' up wi' him—for he was as deed as Dawvid—and lyin' on his back, I protest, just like a man restin' himsel' at the soomin'. I had forgotten the gaff—so I fasten'd my theeth intil the shouther o' him, and like a Newfoundlan' savin' a chiel frae droonin', I bare him to the shore, while, to do Boyd and Juniper justice, the lift rang wi' acclamations.

North. What may have been his calibre?

Shepherd. On puttin' him intil the scales at nicht he just turned three stane trone.

Tickler. (*Stretching himself out to an incredible extent.*) Alas! 'twas but a dream!

Shepherd. Was ye dreamin', sir, o' bein' hanged?

Tickler. (*Recovering his first position.*) Eh!

North. "So started up in his own shape The Fiend." We have been talking, Timothy, of Shakspeare's Seven Ages.

Tickler. Shakspeare's Seven Ages!

Shepherd. No Seven Ages—but rather seven characters, Ye dinna mean to manteen, that every man, afore he dees, maun be a sodger and a justice o' the peace?

Tickler. Shepherd versus Shakspeare—Yarrow versus Avon.

Shepherd. I see no reason why me, or ony ither man o' genius, nichtna write just as weel's Shakspeare. Arena we a' mortal? Mony glorious glints he has, and surpassin' sunbursts—but oh! sirs, his plays are desperate fu' o' trash—like some o' ma earlier poems—

Tickler. The Queen's Wake is a faultless production.

Shepherd. It's nae sic thing. But it's nearly about as perfeck as ony work o' human genius; whereas Shakspeare's best plays, sic as Hamlet, Lear, and Othello, are but strang daubs—

Tickler. James—

Shepherd. Arena they no, Mr. North?

North. Rather so, my dear Shepherd, But what of his Seven Ages?

Shepherd. Nothing—accept that they're very poor. What's the first?

North.

"At the first the infant,
Muling and puking in its nurse's arms!"

Shepherd. An' that's a' that Shakspeare had to say about man an infant! I prefer the pictur o' young Hector, frichten'd at his father's crest—though, I dinna doot that Asteeanax was gi'en to mewlin and pukin' in his nurse's arms too, like ither weans afore they're speaned, for milk certainly curdles and gets sour on their stammachs—

North. Why, James, in the Ninth Book of the Iliad, old Phœnix, who was private tutor to Achilles when a younker, reminds that hero how he used to disgorge the wine on his vest.

Shepherd. Wha's vest? Phœnix's, or that o' the callant Achilles himsell?

North. Phœnix's.

Shepherd. I hae naething to say about that—for the propriety or impropriety o' the allusion 'll depend altogether on the place and time it is introduced, although I must just say, that there's nae settin' boun's to the natural drivell o' dotage in a fond auld man. But Shakspeare, frae a' the attributes, and character, and conduct o' infants, had to chose them he thocht best suited for a general picture o' that age, and the nasty coof chose mewlin' and pukin'—

Tickler. I remember once seein' a natural actor in a barn, who personified the melancholy Jacques to admiration, suiting the action to the words, and at "puking"—

Shepherd. Throwin' up on the stage! It's a lee-like story.

Tickler. He merely made a face and a gulp, as if disordered in his stomach.

Shepherd. That was a' richt;—sae did John Kemble.

North. What would Mr. James Ballantyne say were he to hear that assertion?

Shepherd. I dinna care what he wou'd say, though I grant he's a capital theatrical critic, and writes a hantle better on a play-bill than on the Bill o' Reform.*

North. Unsay these words this instant, James, for there was a tacit agreement that we were to have no politics.

Shepherd. "What's writ is writ," quoth Byron. "What's said is said," quoth Hogg. I'll eat in my words for nae man—but back again to John Kemble actin' the babby. He pronounced the word "mewlin", wi' a sort o' mew like that o' a wean or a kitlin, shuein' his arms up and doon as if nursin'; and if that was richt, than I manteen that it was incumbent on him, in common consistency, to have gien us the "pukin" too, or, at a' events, the sort o' face and gulp the play-actor made in the barn—for what reason in the nature of things, or the art o' actin', cou'd there possibly be for stoppin' short at the "mewin'?"

North. But, my dear James, the question is not about John Kemble, but William Shakspeare.

Shepherd. Weel then, the verra first squeak or skirl o' a new born wean in the house, that, though little louder nor that o' a ratten, fills the entire tenement frae grun'-work to diggin', was far better for the purposes o' poetry than the mewlin' and pukin'—for besides being ony thing but disgustfu', though sometimes, I alloo, as alarmin' as unexpected, it is the sound the young Roscius utters on his first appearance on any stage; and on that latter account, if on no ither, shou'd hae been selected by Shakspeare.

North. Ingenious, James.

Shepherd. Or the moment when it is first pitten', trig as a bit burdie, intil its father's arms.

Tickler. A man child—the imp.

Shepherd. Though noo sax feet fowre, you were then, yourself, Tickler, but a span lang—little mair nor the length o' your present nose.

Tickler. 'Twas a snub.

Shepherd. As weel tell me that a pawrot, when it chips the shell, has a strecht neb.

* James Ballantyne was a good theatrical critic. He offended Scott, and his other Tory friends, by devoting his paper (*The Edinburgh Weekly Journal*) to the advocacy of The Reform Bill.—M

Tickler. Or that a hog does not show the cloven foot till he has learnt to grunt.

Shepherd. Neither he does—for he grunts the instant he's farrow'd—like ony Christian—sae you're out again, there, and that evenomed shaft o' satire fa's to the grun'.

North. No bad blood, gents!

Shepherd. Weel then—or, when yet unchristened, it lies awake in the creddle—and as its wee dim een meets yours, as you're lookin' doon to kiss't, there comes strangely over its bit fair face a something joyfu', that love construes until a smile.

Tickler. "Beautiful exceedingly." Hem.

Shepherd. Or, for the first time o' its life in lang claes, held up in the hush o' the kirk, to be bapteezed—while——

Tickler. The moment the water touches its face, it falls into a fit of fear and rage——

Shepherd. Sune stilled, ye callous carle, in the bosom o' ane o' the bonny lasses sittin' on a furm in the trance, a' dressed in white, wha' wi' mony a silent hushaby, lulls the lamb, noo ane o' the flock, into haly sleep.

Tickler. Your hand, my dear James.

Shepherd. There. Tak a gude grupp, sir, for in spite o' that sneering, you've a real gude heart.

North. This is the second or third time, my dear James, that we have been cheated by some chance or other out of your Seven Ages. But hark! the timepiece strikes nine—and we must away to the Library. Two hours for dinner in the Saloon—two for wine and walnuts in the Snuggery—then two for tea-tea, and coffee-tea in the Library—and finally, two in the blue-parlour for supper. Such was the arrangement for the evening. So lend me your support, my dear boys—we shall leave our curricles behind us—and start pedestrians. I am the lad to show a toe. (Exeunt.)

SCENE III.—*The Library. Tea, coffee, chocolate, &c. Enter the Trio on foot—NORTH in medio tutissimus. SHEPHERD President of the Pots.*

Shepherd. Wha drinks tea, wha drinks coffee, and wha drinks chocklat?

Tickler. I care na with which I commence—so that I end with a cup of congou and therein a caulker.

North. I feel the influence of the Genius Loci, and long for some literary conversation. How quickly, James, is the character of a book known to——

Shepherd. Veterans like us in the fields o' literature. It's just the same to the experienced wi' the character o' a man or a woman. In

five minutes the likes o' you and me see through their faces intil their hearts. Twa, three words, if they shou'd be but about the weather, the sound o' the vice itsel', a certain look about the een, their way o' walkin', the mainner they draw in a chair, ony the meereest trifle in short, maks us acquainted wi' the inner man, in ilka sex alike, as weel as if we had kent them for a thousan' years. An' is't no preecesely ane and the same thing wi' byeuks? Open a poem at ony pairt, and let the ee rin doon the line o' prent atween the margins, and you hae na glanced along a page till ye ken whether or no the owther be a free and accepted mason amang the Muses. No that you may hae seen ony verra uncommon eemage, or extraordinary thocht, for the lad in that particular passage may hae been haudin' the even tenor o' his way along an easy level; but still you fin' as if your feet werena on the beaten road, but on the bonny greensward, wi' here and there a pretty unpresuming wild-flower, primrose, daisy, or violet, and that you're gettin' in amang the mazes o' the pleesant sheep-paths on the braes.

North. Or the sumph is seen in a single sentence——

Shepherd. And the amiable man o' mediocrity is apparent at the full pint o' the first paragraph.

Tickler. A compendious canon in criticism.

Shepherd. And ane that I never kent err. No but that ye may hate a man or woman at first sicht, and afterwards come to regard *him* wi' muckle amity, and gang mad for *her* in verra infatuation—but then in a' sic cases they hae been inconsistent and contradictory characters; fierce fallows ae day, sulky chiels anither—on a third, to your astonishment, free and familiar—on a fourth flatterin'—freenly on a fifth—comical and wutty beyond a' endurance on a sixth—on the seventh, for that's the Sabbath, serious and solemn, as is fittin a' mortal beings to be on the haly day o' rest—and on Monday nicht, they break and burst out on ye, diamonds o' the first water, some rouch, and some polished, as ye get glorious thegither in the feast o' reason and the flow o' sowle, owre a barrel o' eisters and a gallon o' Glenlivet.

North. Heads of chapters for the Natural History of Friendship.

Shepherd. Sic too is sometimes the origin and growth o' Love. The first time ye saw her, cockettin' perhaps wi' some insignificant puppy, and either seemin' no to ken that you're in the room, or giein' you occasionally a supercilious glance frae the curled tail o' her ee, as if she thocht you had mistaken the parlour for the servants'-ha', ye pairtly pity, pairtly despise, and rather hate, and think her mair nor ordinary ugly; neist time ye foregather, she's sittin' on a bunker by her lane, and droppin' doon aside her, you attempt to talk, but she luks strecht-forrit, as if expectin' the door to open, and seems stane deaf, at least on ae side o' the head, only she's no sulky, and about her mouth ye see a sort o' a struggle to haud in a smile, that makes her look, though

—somewhat prim, certainly—rather bonnie; on the third meetin', at a freen's house, you sit aside her at denner, and try to fin' out the things she likes best, nor mind a rebuff or twa, till ye get first a sole on her plate, and syne a veal cutlet, and after that the breist o' a chicken, and feenally, an appletart wi' coostard; and sae muckle the better, if afore that a jeely and a bit blumange, takin' tent to ask her to drink wine wi' you, and even facetiously pretennin' to gie her a caulker, wi' an expression that shows your thinkin' o' far ither dew atween the openin' o' her lips, that noo, for the first time, can be fairly said to lauch along wi' the licht that seems safter and safter in her heaven-blue een; the mornin' after, of coorse you gie her a ca', and you fin' her at the work-table, in a gauze gown, and braided hair, wi' her wee foot on a stool, peepin' out like a moose—tak her on the whole, as she sits, as lovely-lookin' a lassie as a shepherd may see on a summer's-day—and what's your delicht, when layin' aside her work, a purple silk purse interwoven wi' gold, she rises a' at ance like some bricht bird frae the grun', and comes floatin' towards ye with an out-stretched arm, terminating in a haun' o' which the back and the fingers are white as the driven snaw! And as for the pawm—if a sweet shock o' electricity na gangs to your heart as you touch it, then either are your nerves non-conductors, or you're a chiel chisel'd out o' the whinstane rock. Your fifth meetin', we shall say, is a' by chance, though in a lane a mile ayont the sooburbs, that was ance the avenue to a ha' noo dilapidated, and that is shaded in its solitariness wi' a hummin' arch o' umbrawgeous auld limetrees. Hoo sweet the unexpected recognition! For there was nae tryst—for, believe me, there was nae tryst—I was takin' a poetical dauner awa' from the smoky city's stir, and she, like an angel o' charity, was returnin' frae a poor widow's hovel where she had been drappin', as if frae heaven, her weekly alms. The sixth time you see her—for you hae keepit count o' every ane, and they're a' written on your heart—is on the Saturday night in the house o' her ain parents, nane at hame but themsells—a family party—and the front-door locked again' a' intruders, that may ring the bell as they like; for entrance is there nane, except through the key-hole to the domestic fairies. What'n a wife, thinks your heart, would be sic a dochter! What'n a mother to the weans! The sweet thocht, but half suppress, accompanies her, as she moves about through the room, in footsteps Fine-ear himsell could hardly hear; and showerin' aroun' her the cheerfu' beauty o' her innocence,

“Sic as virtue ever wears
When gay good-nature dresses her in smiles!”

Hark! at a look frae her father the virgin sings! An auld Scottish sang—and then a hymn—but whilk is the maist haly it wou'd be hard to tell, for if the hymn be fu' o' a humble and a contrite heart, sae is

the sang o' a heart overflowing wi' truth and pity, and in its ain happiness tenderly alive to a' human grief! The seventh meetin's at the kirk on the Sabbath—and we sit thegither in the same pew, havin' walked a' by our lanes across the silent braes; and never never in this warld can love be love, until the twa mortal creatures, wha' may hae pledged their troth in voiceless promises, hae assurance gi'en them, as they join in prayer within the House o' God, that it is hallowed by Religion.

North. My dear James! happy for ever be your hearth.

Shepherd. Bless you, sir. But let's be crouse as weel's canty. That's rich chocklat.

North. “And thus I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride!”

Tickler. And call you that, James, literary conversation!

Shepherd. Hoots. I'm no sure, gentlemen, if an age is the better o' bein' especially caractereesed by an inclination for literatur.

North. Nor am I. Among the pleasures and pursuits of our ordinary life, there are none which take stronger hold on minds of intelligence and sensibility than those of literature; nor is it possible to look without pleasure and approbation upon the application of a young ingenuous mind to such avocations. Yet a suspicion will often steal in among such reflections, that there is some secret peril lurking in this path of flowers, which may make it necessary for the mind in the midst of its delights, to be jealous of its safety.

Shepherd. You're nae gaun to thraw cauld water, sir, on Poetry?

North. Hear me out, my dear James. Literature brings back to the mind, in a kind of softened reflection, those emotions which belong in nature to the agitating scenes of reality. From the storms of society—from the agony of forlorn hope—from the might of heroism,—from the transport of all passions—there is brought to us in our own still seclusion the image of life; our intelligence and sensibility are awakened, and with delight and admiration, with a shadowy representation to ourselves of that which has been absolutely acted, we consider the imaginary world.

Shepherd. Nae harm sure in that, sir.

North. Love, and hope, and fear, and sorrow, shadowy resemblances of great passions, pass through our hearts; and in the secret haunts of imagination we indulge in contemplating for our mere pleasure that which has consumed the strength and the whole being of our kind. We sever ourselves for a moment from the world to become sympathizing and applauding spectators of that very drama in which our own part awaits us. We turn the dread reality of existence into a show for indolent delight.

Shepherd. That's beautifu' language, sir.

North. Indeed we can scarcely describe, James, the pleasures which our imagination seeks in works of literature, without indicating the twofold and various tendency of its pleasures. As the image of our condition warms our heart towards our kind, as it enlarges our conception of our own or their nature, it tends, by raising our minds, to fit us more nobly for the discharge of its duties. But as it gives us without reality the emotions we need,—as it indulges the sensibility which it is flattering to ourselves to feel,—as it separates for our gratification the grandeur of heroic strength from its endurance,—and gives us the consciousness of all that is good in our own nature, without the pain or peril which puts its strength to the proof,—it tends to soothe and beguile us with illusory complacency in our own virtue,—to sever our spirits from that hard and fearful strife, in which alone we ought to think that we can rightly know ourselves—and therewithal it tends in the effect to sever us from our kind, to whom it seems, nevertheless, to unite us in our dreams and visions.

Shepherd. Listenin' to you, sir, is like lookin' into a well: at first ye think it clear, but no verra deep; but ye let drop in a pebble, and what a length o' time ere the air-bells come up to the surface frae the profoond!

North. To the young mind, therefore, James, the indulgence in the pleasures which imagination finds in the silent companionship of books, may be regarded as often very dangerous. It is unconsciously training itself to a separation from men during the very years which should train it to the performance of the work in which it must mingle with them. It is learning to withdraw itself from men, to retire into itself, to love and prefer itself, to be its own delight and its own world. And yet a course meanwhile awaits it, in which the greater part of time, strength, thought, desire, must be given up to avocations which demand it from itself to others; in which it must forego its own delight, or rather must find its delight in service which abstracts it from itself wholly, and chains it to this weary world.

Shepherd. True as holy writ.

North. Life allows only lowly virtue. Its discipline requires of us the humblest pleasures and the humblest service; and only from these by degrees does it permit us to ascend to great emotions and high duties. It is a perpetual denial to ambition, and requital of humility.

Shepherd. For mony a lang year did I feel that, sir. An' I'll continue to feel't to the hour I close my een on sun, moon, and stars.

North. But imagination is ambitious, and not humble. It leaps at once to the highest, and forms us to overlook the humble possibilities, and to scorn the lowly service of earth. Not measuring ourselves with reality, we grow giants in imagination; but the dreamed giant has vanished with the first sun-ray that strikes on our eyes and awakes us.

Shepherd. Yet wha will say that the pleasures o' imagination are to be withheld frae youth?

North. They cannot be withheld, James, for the spirit is full of imagination, and has power within itself for its own delusion. But bad education may withhold from imagination the nobler objects of its delight, and leave it fettered to life, a spirit of power, struggling and consuming itself in vain efforts.

Shepherd. What, then, in plain words, is the bona-feedy truth o' the soobjeck?

North. I conceive that it is the habitual indulgence that is injurious, and not the knowledge by imagination of its greatest objects; and I should conceive that if we are to do any thing with reference to imagination, it should be, as the years of youth rise upon the mind, to connect its pleasure with the severest action of intellect, by never offering to the mind in books the unrestrained wild delight of imagination; but indulging to it the consciousness of that faculty only in the midst of true and philosophical knowledge.

Shepherd. In science, art, history, men, and nature. Eh?

North. The pleasures of literature are thought to make the mind effeminate, which they do, inasmuch as the cultivation of letters is at variance with the service of life. The service of life strengthens the mind, by calling upon it always to labour for a present or definite purpose,—to submit its desires, its pleasures, rigidly to an object. It does not deny pleasure—it yields it; but only in subordination or subservience to a purpose. It requires and teaches it to frame its whole action by its will, and to become master of itself. And whether the purposes of life are good and honourable, or debasing, it has the effect of strengthening the mind for action. It is the part of imagination to raise the mind, and to nourish its sensibility; but it must not be allowed to unnerve and disorder its force of action.

Shepherd. You're beginnin' to tawk like the Pedlar in the Excursion.

North. I do not know that you could pay me a higher compliment, James.

Shepherd. Darkenin' counsel wi' the multiplication o' vain words. A' the great moral philosophical writers that I hae read, baith in prose and in verse, are in expression simple, and say, in fact, far mair than they seem to do; whereas Wordsworth amaist aye, and no unfrequently yoursell, are ower gorgeous in your apparel, and say, in fact, less than you seem to do, though it's but seldom you dinna baith utter, even amang your vapidest verbosity, a gey hantle o' invaluable truth.

Tickler. Let us exchange such indefinite generalities for a few pointed particulars, if you please; else, depend on't, fancy will be falling asleep. What is your opinion, North, of Croker's Edition of Boswell's Johnson?

North. The same—generally—as that of the Westminster Reviewer.

Tickler. Aye! And pray what is that?

North. That it is the best variorum edition since the revival of letters.

Tickler. Croker is certainly one of the cleverest and acutest of living men.*

Shepherd. No unlike yourself, sir, I jalouse.

North. He is—and much more—He is a man of great abilities, and an admirable scholar. But he is much more than that—he is a political writer of the highest order, as many of his essays in the Quarterly Review prove—which are full of the Philosophy of History.

Tickler. Pray, what have you got to say of the charges brought against him, in the last number of the Blue and Yellow, of pitiable imbecility and scandalous ignorance?

North. James, have the goodness to hand me over the seven volumes lying yonder on the small table.

Shepherd. Yon in the east nyeuck? There. And here's the Blue and Yellow sittin' on the top o' them like an Incubus.

North. Having paid some little attention to the literary history of the period to which they refer, perhaps I may be able to amuse you for half an hour by an exposure of some of the *betises* of this prick-mad dainty Reviewer.

Shepherd. Prick-my-denty—that's ane o' ma words. I've been alloo'd the length o' my tether, the nicht on ither topics—and shall be glad noo to listen to you and Mr. Tickler.

North. Of course I cannot now go over the whole of the Reviewer's ten pages of conceited and calumnious cavilling, but must restrict myself to specimens.

Shepherd. Aye—on wi' the specs. Oh! Tickler! does na he look awfu' gleg?

North. The Reviewer says:—"In one place we are told that Allan Ramsay the painter was born in 1709, and died in 1784; in another, that he died in 1784, in the 71st year of his age. If the latter statement be correct, he must have been born in or about 1713."

Shepherd. Hoo's that, sir? That maun be a blunner o' Crocker's.

North. No, James; it is but a dishonest trick of his Reviewer. The age is stated differently in the two notes; but one note is Mr. Croker's, and one is Mr. Boswell's. Mr. Boswell states colloquially that "Allan Ramsay died in 1784, in his 71st year;" Mr. Croker states, with more precision, that "he was born in 1709; and died in 1784," and Mr. Croker is right—see, if you choose, Biographical Dictionary, voce

* John Wilson Croker, ex-secretary of the Admiralty, one of the principal writers in the *Quarterly Review*, and editor of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. The hostile critique in the *Edinburgh*, commented upon at the *Noctes*, was written by Macaulay.—M.

Ramsay—and thus, because Mr. Croker corrects an error, the Reviewer accuses him of making one.

Shepherd. Puppy!

North. Tickler, lend me your ears. The Reviewer says, “Mr. Croker says, that at the commencement of the *INTIMACY* between Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, IN 1765, the lady was twenty-five years old.”

Shepherd. Wha the deevil cares hoo auld she was?

Tickler. Well, North, what then?

North. Why, Mr. Croker says no such thing. He says, “Mrs. Thrale was twenty-five years of age when the *acquaintance* commenced,” but *he* does not say *when* it commenced, nor when it became *intimacy*. It is *Mr. Boswell* who states, that in 1765 Mr. Johnson was introduced into the family of Mrs. Thrale; but in the very next page, we find Mrs. Thrale herself stating that the *acquaintance* began in 1764, and the more strict intimacy might be dated from 1766. So that the discrepancy of two or three years which, by a *double falsification* of Mr. Croker’s words the Reviewer attributes to him, belongs really to Mr. Boswell and Mrs. Thrale themselves!

Tickler. Proceed. I was prepared for misrepresentation.

North. The Reviewer adds—“In another place he says that Mrs. Thrale’s 35th year coincided with Johnson’s 70th. Johnson was born in 1709; if, therefore, Mrs. Thrale’s 35th coincided with Johnson’s 70th, she could have been but twenty-one years old in 1765.” Now, I find, James—

Shepherd. Address yoursell to Tickler.

North. I find, Tickler, that Mr. Croker states, that from a passage in one of Johnson’s letters, “*he suspects*” and “it may be *surmised*,” that Mrs. Thrale’s 35th and Johnson’s 70th years coincided. The Reviewer says, that “the reasons given by Mr. Croker for this notion are utterly frivolous.” I shall look to *that* instantly; but is it not an absolute misrepresentation to call an opinion, advanced in the cautious terms of *surmise* and *suspicion*, as a *statement* of a fact?

Tickler. Gross.

North. The creature continues—“But this is not all: Mr. Croker in another place assigns the year 1777 as the date of the complimentary lines which Johnson made on Mrs. Thrale’s 35th birthday. If this date be correct, Mrs. Thrale must have been born in 1742, and could have been only twenty-three when her acquaintance with Johnson commenced.”

Shepherd. What the deevil can be the meanin’ o’ a’ this bairnly botheration about the gae of Mrs. Thrawl, that is, Peeosy?

Tickler. Literary history, James.

North. Exposure of a small malignant, James. I observe, my dear Timothy, that Mr. Croker does no such thing. He inserted, I presume,

the lines under the year 1777, because he must needs place them somewhere; and, in the doubt of two or three years, which, as I have already shown, may exist between Mr. Boswell's account and Mrs. Thrale's own, he placed them under 1777; but, so far from positively assigning them to that particular year, he cautiously premises, "*It was about this time* that these verses were written;" and he distinctly states, in two other notes, that he *doubts* whether that was the precise date. Here again, therefore, his Reviewer is dishonest.

Shepherd. The man that'll tell ae lee will tell twunty.

North. The critic adds, "Two of Mr. Croker's three statements must be false." But I add, Mr. Croker has made but *one statement*, and *that is not impugned*; the two discrepancies belong to Mr. Boswell and Mrs. Thrale, and the falsehood to the Reviewer.

Shepherd. Sherp words.

North. The critic then claps his wings and crows. "We will not decide between them; we will only say, that the reasons he gives for thinking that Mrs. Thrale was exactly 35 years old when Johnson was 70, appear to us utterly frivolous."

Tickler. What are they?

North. Mr. Croker's reason is this: Mrs. Thrale had offended Johnson, by supposing him to be 72 when he was only 70. Of this Johnson complains, at first, somewhat seriously, but he then gaily adds, "If you try to plague me (*on the subject of age*,) I shall tell you that life begins to decline at 35." Mr. Croker's note upon this passage, which the Reviewer has misrepresented as an *assertion*, is, "It may be *surmised*, that Mrs. Thrale, at her last birthday, was 35." *Surmise* appears to me too dubious an expression. The meaning seems indisputable.

Tickler. Why, if Mr. Croker has not hit the point of Johnson's retort, what is it?

North. The deponent sayeth not.

Tickler. Any more of these same sort of peevish impotence?

North. Lots. Thus—"Mr. Croker informs his readers, that Lord Mansfield survived Johnson full ten years. Lord Mansfield survived Dr. Johnson just eight years and a quarter."

Shepherd. What a wonnerfu' clever fallow, to be able to mak siccan a correction o' a date! Does ony thing depend on't?

North. Nothing. But the Reviewer is right. Doctor Johnson died in 1784, and Lord Mansfield in 1793. But the occasion on which Mr. Croker used the inaccurate colloquial phrase of *full ten years*, makes the inaccuracy of no consequence at all. He is noticing an anecdote of a gentleman's having stated that he called on Dr. Johnson soon after Lord Mansfield's death, and that Johnson said, "Ah, sir, *there* was little learning, and less virtue." This cruel anecdote Mr. Croker's natural indignation refutes from his general recollection, and, without waiting to consult the printed obituaries, he exclaims, "It

cannot be true, for Lord Mansfield survived Johnson *full ten years!*" whereas he ought to have said, "It cannot be true, because Lord Mansfield survived Johnson 'eight years and three months!' or, what would have been still more accurate, "eight years, three months, and seven days!"

Shepherd. What a bairn!

Tickler. A sumph, James.

Shepherd. A sumph, indeed, Timothy.

North. And something worse. Listen. "Mr. Croker tells us that the great Marquis of Montrose was beheaded at Edinburgh in 1650. There is not a forward boy at any school in England, who does not know that the Marquis was *hanged*. The account of the execution is one of the finest passages in Lord Clarendon's history. We can scarcely suppose that Mr. Croker has never read the passage, and yet we can scarcely suppose that any one who has ever perused so noble and pathetic a story, can have utterly forgotten all its most striking circumstances."

Shepherd. I never read Clarendon; but for a' that, I ken weel the details o' the dismal story; they're weel gien by my frien' Robert Chambers.*

North. Beg your pardon, James, for a moment. I really almost suspect that the Reviewer has not read the passage to which he refers, or he could hardly have accused Mr. Croker of showing—by having said that Montrose was *beheaded*, when the Reviewer thinks he should have said *hanged*—that he had forgotten the most "*striking passage*" of Clarendon's noble "account of the execution." It is not on the *execution* itself that Lord Clarendon dwells with the most pathos and effect, but on the previous indignities at and after his trial, which Montrose so magnanimously endured. Clarendon, with scrupulous delicacy, avoids all mention of the peculiar mode of death, and is wholly silent as to any of the horrible circumstances that attended it, leaving the reader's imagination to supply, from the terms of the sentence, the odious details; but the Reviewer, if he had really known or felt the true pathos of the story, would have remembered that the sentence was, that the Marquis should be *hanged and beheaded*, and that his head should "be stuck on the Tolbooth of Edinburgh;" and it was this very circumstance of the *beheading*, which excited in Montrose that burst of eloquence which is the *most striking* beauty of the whole of the "noble and pathetic story." "I am prouder," said he to his persecutors, "to have *my head* set upon the place it is appointed to be, than I should be to have my picture hung in the King's bedchamber!" And this was the incident which the Reviewer imagines that Mr. Croker may have forgotten, because he does not tell us drily that Montrose was *hanged*.

* In his History of the Rebellions in Scotland.—M.

Shepherd. Sma' sma' spite! Mr. Croker would scorn to crawl ower sic an impident bantam.

North. You know well the story of Byng,* Tickler?

Tickler. I do.

North. So does Mr. Croker; but the Reviewer thinks not, as you shall now hear. "Nothing," says Mr. Croker, "can be more unfounded than the assertion that Byng fell a martyr to political party. By a strange coincidence of circumstances, it happened that there was a total change of administration between his condemnation and death, so that one party presided at his trial, and another at his execution. There can be no stronger proof that he was not a political martyr." On this passage, the Reviewer says,—“Now, what will our readers think of this writer, when we assure them that this statement, so confidently made respecting events so notorious, is absolutely untrue? One and the same administration was in office when the court-martial on Byng commenced its sittings, through the whole trial, at the condemnation, and at the execution. In the month of November, 1756, the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke resigned; the Duke of Devonshire became First Lord of the Treasury, and Mr. Pitt Secretary of State. This administration lasted till the month of April, 1757. Byng's court-martial began to sit on the 28th of December, 1756. He was shot on the 14th of March, 1757. There is something at once diverting and provoking in the cool and authoritative manner in which Mr. Croker makes these random assertions.”

Tickler. Enlighten my weak mind, sir, on these conflicting statements.

Shepherd. Confoun' a' questions o' dates!

North. Now, what do you think, sir, when I assure you, that this contradiction to Mr. Croker, “so confidently made with respect to events so notorious,” is absolutely untrue! But so it is. The Reviewer catches at what may be a verbal inaccuracy, (I doubt whether it be one, but at worst it is no more,) and is himself guilty of the most direct and substantial falsehood. Of all the audacities of which this Reviewer has been guilty, this is the greatest, not merely because it is the most important as an historical question, but because it is an instance of—to use his own expression—“the most *scandalous inaccuracy.*”

Shepherd. Ma head's confused. What's the question?

North. The question between Mr. Croker and the Reviewer is this—whether *one* Ministry did not *prosecute* Byng, and a *succeeding* Mi-

* Admiral John Byng, fourth son of Viscount Torrington, had repeatedly distinguished himself, but having been dispatched to the relief of Minorca, at that time blockaded by a French fleet, he hesitated to engage an enemy of superior force, (as to men, but not as to metal) when Admiral West had broken the French line on another point, and the enemy escaped, and the relief of Minorca was impossible. Byng was tried for cowardice, convicted of an error of judgment, recommended to mercy, and shot—sacrificed, it has always been thought, by a feeble ministry as a scape-goat to draw attention from their own imbecility.—M.

nistry *execute* him. — Mr. Croker says aye—the Reviewer says no. I declare that the ayes have it.

Tickler. As how!

North. Byng's action was in May, 1756, at which time the Duke of Newcastle was Minister, and Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple in violent opposition; and when the account of the action arrived in England, "the Ministers," (I quote from Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals*—here it is)—"the *Ministers* determined to turn, if possible, the popular clamour and indignation from *themselves*, upon the Admiral." And again, "the hired writers in the pay of the *Ministry*, were set to work to censure his conduct in the most violent and inflammatory manner;" and it is then called, "a nefarious business." And again, "The popular clamour and indignation were so extremely violent that *Ministers* were under the necessity of making known *their intention to try Byng*, in a singular, unprecedented, and not very decorous or fair manner. Orders were sent to all the out-ports to put him, on his arrival, into close arrest. The facts seem to have been, that *Ministers* had roused the public to such a state of irritation that it would be directed against themselves, unless *they proceeded against Byng in the most rigorous manner.*"

Shepherd. I like to hear the readin' o' dockiments.

North. On the 26th July, Byng arrived at Portsmouth, and was committed to *close custody*, and removed thence "to Greenwich, where he was to remain till his trial, and where he was guarded, as if he had been guilty of the most heinous crimes. The part of the hospital in which he was confined was most scrupulously and carefully fortified; and what marked most decidedly the feeling of the *Ministers*, they took care that all these precautions should be made known."

Tickler. In short, if we are to believe the writers of the day, and above all, Byng's own friends and advocates, the *Ministers had already condemned him*, and had predestined him to execution to save themselves.

North. Just so. "The Ministers," says Charnock, (*Naval Biog.* vol. iv. p. 159,) "treated him like a criminal *already condemned.*" The resolution to *try* Byng was, as I have shown you, taken at least as early as July; but the absence of witnesses, and other formalities, delayed the actual assembling of the court-martial for some months, during which the controversy between the partisans of Byng, and those of the Ministry, was maintained with the greatest rancour and animosity. In these circumstances, and while Byng was on the brink of his trial, about the 20th November 1756, his inveterate enemies, the Ministers, resigned, and a total change of administration took place. The new administration, however, resolved to execute the instructions of the former—the proceedings instituted against Byng by the Duke of Newcastle's administration, were followed up by Mr. Pitt's; and the

imprisonment of Byng, which was ordered by Lord Anson, was terminated by his execution, the warrant for which was signed by Lord Semples, six months after!

Tickler. Poz.

North. Aye, poz. Now, if Mr. Croker had been writing history, or even a review, he probably might not have said that "the change of Ministers took place between the *condemnation* and death," if by *condemnation* the actual *sentence* of the court were to be understood. Certainly the actual trial happened to be held a few days after the accession of the new ministry, but the prosecution, and alleged persecution, the *official condemnation* of Byng, and the indictment, if I may borrow the common law expression, and the collection of the evidence in support of it, and every step preparatory to the actual swearing of the court, were all perpetrated under the auspices of the old Ministry. The new Ministry had no real share nor responsibility in the transaction, till after the sentence was pronounced, and then (without, as it would seem, any hesitation on their part, though delays from other causes arose,) *they* executed the sentence.

Tickler. Thank you, sir. After that, nobody can have any doubt in deciding which speaks the historic truth—he, to be sure, who says that one set of Ministers conducted the prosecution, and the *other* ordered the execution.

North. Is the editor of the Life of Johnson, or the Edinburgh Reviewer, "*scandalously inaccurate?*"

Tickler. The prig.

North. The truth seems to be, that the Reviewer knows nothing more of the history of the transaction, than its *dates*—the *skeleton of history*;—and because he saw in some chronological work that Mr. Pitt became Minister some days before the court-martial upon Byng was opened, he imagined that Mr. Pitt's Ministry were the responsible prosecutors in that court-martial. Mr. Croker on this occasion, as on many others, has looked to the *spirit* of the proceeding, as well as the *letter*—to the *design* as well as the *date*—and has contributed to trace historic truth by the motives and causes of events, rather than by the day of the month on which the event happens to explode.

Tickler. The rectification and refutation are complete.

Shepherd. At him again, sir.

North. Don't be impatient, James. The critic says chucklingly, "but we must proceed. These volumes contain mistakes more gross, if possible, than any that we have yet mentioned. Boswell has recorded some observations made by Johnson on the changes which took place in Gibbon's religious opinions. 'It is said,' cried the Doctor, laughing, 'that he has been a Mahometan.' 'This sarcasm,' says the editor 'probably alludes to the tenderness with which Gibbon's malevolence to Christianity induced him to treat Mahometanism in his his-

tory.' Now the sarcasm was uttered in 1776; and that part of the history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire which relates to Mahomedanism, was not published till 1788, twelve years after the date of this conversation, and nearly four years after the death of Johnson."

Tickler. What, does the Reviewer doubt that Mr. Croker is right, and that Gibbon was the person intended?

North. Certainly not. He adopts, without acknowledgement, Mr. Croker's interpretation, but then turns round and says, "you have given a bad reason for a just conclusion." Then why does the Reviewer not give a better, and state why he adopts Mr. Croker's opinion, if he is not satisfied with Mr. Croker's reason? The fact is, the poor creature is at his *skeleton* work again. He found that the origin of Mahometanism, which sprung up about the year 600, could not be chronologically included in the first volume of Gibbon, which ends about the year 300. And he kindly informs Mr. Croker, that Gibbon's account of Mahometanism was not published till after Johnson's death; but he chooses to forget, that in every page of his *first* volume, as of his last, Gibbon takes or makes opportunities of sneering at, and depreciating Christianity; while, on the other hand, he shows every where remarkable "tenderness" for Paganism and Mahometanism.

Tickler. These insinuations and innuendos are to be found all through the work, and are indeed the great peculiarity of his style.

North. It is evident, too, from the concluding part of Mr. Croker's note, *which the Reviewer has suppressed*, that this was his meaning; for Mr. Croker adds, "*something of this sort* must have been in Johnson's mind on this occasion."

Tickler. He says so—does he?

North. Yes. If Mr. Croker had meant to allude to the *professed* history of Mahometanism, published in Gibbon's latter volumes—he could not have spoken dubiously about it, as "*something of this sort*," for *there* the bias is clear and certain. It is therefore evident that Mr. Croker meant to allude to Gibbon's numerous insinuations against Christianity in the first volumes, and if Johnson did not mean "*something of this sort*," I wish the Reviewer would tell us what he meant.

Tickler. Convicted.

Shepherd. It's sometimes no unpleasant to listen to discussion and but verra imperfectly understaun's—especially owre sic tippie. Somebody's gettin' his licks.

North. James—read aloud, in your best manner, that passage.

Shepherd. Tak awa' your thomb. (*Reads.*) "'It was in the year 1761,' says Mr. Croker, 'that Goldsmith published his Vicar of Wakefield. This leads the editor to observe a more serious inaccuracy of Mrs. Piozzi than Mr. Boswell notices, when he says Johnson left her table to go and sell the Vicar of Wakefield for Goldsmith. Now Dr.

Johnson was not acquainted with the *Thrales* till 1765, four years after the book had been published.' Mr. Croker, in reprehending the fancied inaccuracy of Mrs. Thrale, has himself shown a degree of inaccuracy, or to speak more properly, a degree of ignorance, hardly credible. The *Traveller* was not published till 1765; and it is a fact as notorious as any in literary history, that the *Vicar of Wakefield*, though written before the *Traveller*, was published after it. It is a fact which Mr. Croker may find in any common *Life of Goldsmith*; in that written by Mr. Chalmers, for example. It is a fact which, as Boswell tells us, was distinctly stated by Johnson, in a conversation with Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is therefore quite possible and probable, that the celebrated scene of the landlady, the sheriff's-officer, and the bottle of Madeira, may have taken place in 1765. Now Mrs. Thrale expressly says that it was near the beginning of her acquaintance with Johnson, in 1765, or, at all events, not later than 1766, that he left her table to succour his friend. Her accuracy is therefore completely vindicated."

North. Thank ye, James.

Shepherd. You canna do less—for sic a peck o' trashy havers never, I sincerely hope, na devoutly believe, never left ma lips afore. I think it mention'd a bottle o' Madeira. Here's ane. Sir, your health.

North. Here again the Reviewer, in attempting to correct a verbal inaccuracy, displays "the error or the ignorance" of which he unjustly accuses Mr. Croker. It would, indeed, have been more accurate if Mr. Croker had said that Goldsmith had, in 1761, "*sold the work to the publisher*," for it was not actually published to the world till after the *Traveller*; but this fact has nothing to do with the point in question, which is the time when Goldsmith *sold* the work, and whether Johnson could have left Thrale's table to sell it for him. In other words, whether the sale took place prior to 1765. Mr. Croker says aye—the Reviewer says no—and the Reviewer is decidedly in the wrong, and Mr. Croker is clearly right, according to the very authority to which the Reviewer refers us. Chalmers tell us, indeed, that the novel was published after the poem—but he also tell us, to the utter discomfiture of the Reviewer, that, "the novel was sold, and the *money paid for it, some time before!*" So that the sale took place, even according to the Reviewer's own admission, *before* 1765.

Tickler. Q. E. D.

North. But this is not all. The Reviewer states that the *Traveller* was published in 1765, but even in this fact he is wrong. The *Traveller* was published in 1764, and if he will open the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1764, he will find extracts in it from that poem. This fact corroborates Mr. Croker's inference. Mrs. Piozzi had said that Johnson was called away from her table, *either in 1765 or 1766*, to sell the novel. Mr. Croker says this must be inaccurate, because the book was sold long before that date. Now it is proved that it was sold before the

publication of the Traveller, and it is also proved that the Traveller was published in 1764; and finally, the Reviewer's *assertion*, that, "it is quite *possible* and *probable* that the sale took place in 1765," is thus shown to be a "*monstrous blunder*."

Shepherd. O, sir! but you're a terrible tyke, when you lay your mouth on a messin to gie him a bit worryin' for your ain amusement!

North. Read on, James.

Shepherd. Ae paragraph, and nae mair. If you ask me again, I'll rebel. "The very page which contains this monstrous blunder, contains another blunder, if possible, more monstrous still. Sir Joseph Mawbey, a foolish member of Parliament, at whose speeches and whose pig-styes the wits of Brookes's were, fifty years ago, in the habit of laughing most unmercifully, stated, on the authority of Garrick, that Johnson, while sitting in a coffee-house at Oxford, about the time of his doctor's degree, used some contemptuous expressions respecting Home's play and Macpherson's Ossian. 'Many men,' he said, 'many women, and many children, might have writen Douglas.' Mr. Croker conceives that he has detected an inaccuracy, and glories over poor Sir Joseph, in a most characteristic manner. 'I have quoted this anecdote solely with the view of showing to how little credit hearsay anecdotes are in general entitled. Here is a story published by Sir Joseph Mawbey, a member of the House of Commons, and a person every way worthy of credit, who says he had it from Garrick. Now mark:—Johnson's visit to Oxford, about the time of his doctor's degree, was in 1754, the first time he had been there since he left the university. But Douglas was not acted till 1756, and Ossian not published till 1760. All, therefore, that is new in Sir Joseph Mawbey's story is false.' Assuredly we need not go far to find ample proof that a member of the House of Commons may commit a very gross error. Now mark, say we, in the language of Mr. Croker. The fact is, that Johnson took his *master's* degree in 1754, and his *doctor's* degree in 1775. In the spring of 1776, he paid a visit to Oxford, and at this visit a conversation respecting the Works of Home and Macpherson might have taken place, and, in all probability did take place. The only real objection to the story Mr. Croker has missed Boswell states, apparently on the best authority, that as early at least as the year 1763, Johnson, in conversation with Blair, used the same expressions respecting Ossian, which Sir Joseph represents him as having used respecting Douglas. Sir Joseph, or Garrick, confounded, we suspect, the two stories. But their error is venial, compared with that of Mr. Croker."

North. Now, this is a tissue of misrepresentation. The words "*about the time of his doctor's degree*," which the Reviewer attributes to Mr. Croker, are Sir Joseph Mawbey's own, and distinguished by Mr. Croker with marks of quotations (omitted by the Reviewer) to call the reader's attention to the mistake, which Mr. Croker supposes Sir Joseph

to have made as to the date of the anecdote. But, says the Reviewer, "Mr. Croker has *missed* the only real objection to the story, namely, that Johnson had used, as early as 1763, respecting Ossian, the same expressions which Sir Joseph represents him as having used respecting Douglas." This is really too bad. The Reviewer says, Mr. Croker has *missed*, because he himself has chosen to *suppress*! Mr. Croker's note distinctly states the very fact which he is accused of *missing*! "Every one knows," says Mr. Croker, "that Dr. Johnson said of Ossian that 'many men, many women, and many children, might have written it;'" and Mr. Croker concludes by inferring exactly what the Reviewer does, that Sir Joseph Mawbey was inaccurate in thus applying to *Douglas* what had been really said of *Ossian*! But the Reviewer, in addition to suppressing Mr. Croker's statement, blunders his own facts; for he tells us, that Johnson's visit to Oxford, about the time of his doctor's degree, was "in the spring of 1776." I beg to inform him it was in the latter end of May, 1775. (Let him see Boswell, viii. p. 254.) The matter is of no moment at all, but shows, that the Reviewer falls into the same inaccuracies, for which he arraigns Mr. Croker, and which he politely calls in this very instance "*scandalous*."

Shepherd. I'll be hang'd gin I read out anither word. There's the Blue and Yellow. Read it yourself. Sir, your health again I wus.

North, (reads.) "Boswell has preserved a poor epigram by Johnson, inscribed 'ad Lauram parituram.' Mr. Croker censures the poet for applying the word *puella* to a lady in Laura's situation, and for talking of the beauty of Lucina. 'Lucina,' he says, 'was never famed for her beauty.' If Sir Robert Peel had seen his note, he possibly would again have refuted Mr. Croker's criticism by an appeal to Horace. In the secular ode, Lucina is used as one of the names of Diana, and the beauty of Diana is extolled by all the most orthodox doctors of ancient mythology, from Homer, in his *Odyssey*, to Claudian, in his *Rape of Proserpine*. In another ode, Horace describes Diana as the goddess who assists the 'laborantes utero *puellas*.'

Shepherd. It's the same in the Forest.

North. Euge! by this rule, the Reviewer would prove that *HECATE* was famed for her *beauty*, for "Hecate is one of the names of Diana; and the beauty of Diana," and *consequently*, of *Hecate*,—"is extolled by all the most orthodox doctors of heathen mythology."

Shepherd. Hecate a beauty! I aye thoct she had been a furious fricht—black-a-vised, pockey-ort, wi' a great stool o' a beard.

North. Mr. Croker does not, as the Reviewer says he does, *censure* the poet for the application of the word *puella* to a lady in Laura's situation; but he says, that the designation in the first line, which was proposed as a *thesis* of the lady as *pulcherrima puella*, would lead us to expect any thing rather than the turn which the latter lines of the epigram take, of representing her as about to lie in. It needs not the

authority either of Horace or the Shepherd to prove that "*puellæ*" will sometimes be found "*laborantes utero.*" But it will take more than the authority of the Reviewer to persuade me, that Mr. Croker was wrong in saying that it seems a very strange mode of complimenting an English beauty.

Shepherd. And has the cretur failed in pintin' out ony inaccuracies ava in Mr. Crocker?

North. I have shown, my boy, that he has charged Mr. Croker, in some instances ignorantly, and in others falsely, of ignorance and falsehood; and such being the Reviewer's own sins in the course of half a sheet of the Blue and Yellow, manifestly got up with much assiduity, for he quotes, I perceive, from all the five volumes, is it not contemptible to hear his chuckle over Mr. Croker, who, in the course of between two and three thousand additions to Boswell, has been shown to have fallen, perhaps, into some half dozen errors or inaccuracies, one of them evidently a misprint—one an expression apparently incorrect, because elliptical—and the others——

Shepherd. Mere trifles if like the alleged lave o' them ye hae quoted.

North. Mr. Croker has been convicted of the "gross and scandalous" inaccuracy of having assigned wrong dates to the deaths of Derrick, Sir Herbert Croft, and the amiable Sir William Forbes, biographer of Beattie.

Shepherd. What'n enormities! He maun drie penance by a pilgrimage to Loch Derg. What other crimes has Mr. Croker committed.

North. He has, moreover, attributed to Henry Bate Dudley, the Fighting Parson, the editorship of the old Morning Herald, instead of the old Morning Post.

Shepherd. What a sinner?

North. And he has erroneously said, that Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga took place in March 1778 instead of October 1777. He is mistaken, too, in saying that Lord Townshend was not Secretary of State till 1720.

Shepherd. In short, the seven deadly sins!

North. The perpetration of which has so incensed the immaculate and infallible Reviewer, that he has not scrupled to assert that the whole of Mr. Croker's part of the work is ill compiled, ill arranged, ill expressed, and ill printed.

Shepherd. Fee! faw! fum! I smell the blood o' a pairty man.

North. Fetid in faction.

Tickler. Can this be the same Pseudo-Sampson who supposes he slew Southey and Sadler—and that he has now smitten Croker under the fifth rib?

North. The same; and I lament to see a young man of his endow-

ments a prey to such pitiful impulses of malice, which, impotent as are the fumbings they excite, cannot fail to weaken the intellect they degrade down to such paltry work, and will make one who is now not unjustly the object of partial admiration, ere long that of general contempt.

Shepherd. Thank heaven, sir, that I'm out o' the stoure o' pairty in the Forest! In cities, towns, and villages, frae Lunnon down to Pettycur, it keeps drivin' in your face, till in angry blin'ness you stoitter again' your fellow-creturs borin' along in the opposite direction, or rin yoursel' wi' a dunsh again the wa'. But a's sweet and serene oot by youner, sir, and natur follows her ain way in obedience to the everlastin' laws that bring ae season in beauty oot o' the bosom o' the ither, the shady simmer broonin' awa' by imperceptible gradations o' colour intil the gorgeous autumn—the autumn fadin' awa' in fire intil the silent snaws o' winter—and the winter in gude time layin' aside her white mantle, and in green symar changin' afore the gratefu' gaze intil the warld worshipped spring.

North. No Reform needed there, James.

Shepherd. Weel said, sir—nae Reform—accept in oor ain hearts—and there it'll be needed as lang's St. Mary's rows the silver waters o' the Yarrow, wi' a' their eemaged clouds, hills, and trees, to join her Sister Ettrick, ere the twa melt their name and natur in the sea-seeking Tweed.

Tickler. In spite of all that has been said, Mr. North, James, is the only critic of the age, that in his judgments on literature is unbiassed by his political predilections.

Shepherd. I canna gang just that length along wi' ye, Mr. Tickler; for noo and then the tae o' the Tory wull peep oot frae aneath the robes o' Rhadamanthus. In soomin' up the evidence again the prisoner at the bar (and every author's a panel), his eloquence I've sometimes thocht has had rather a little leanin' towards the culprit that had the gude fortun' no to be a Whig, although there cou'd be nae doot o' his guilt. An' sure I am, that in cases I cou'd mention, he has induced the jury to acquit the criminal, wi' a verdict o' "no proven," when everybody in the court, includin' those in the box and on the bench, kent that there was a thief afore them, as certainly as if they had grupp'd the plagiary wi' his haun' in the man's breeks.

Tickler. Every judge should lean to the side of mercy.

Shepherd. That's true. But then again, sir, on the ither haun', when the accused has happened to be a Whig, and the evidence, though strong again' him, admittin' o' some doot, I've thocht that I've sometimes seen a deevil darkenin' in his een, and heard a deevil thunderin' frae his lips, death to the sinner wha itherwise micht hae been allow'd to get aff wi' banishment to Botany Bay for the term o' his natural life. This is scarcely justice.

Tickler. Yet, granting all that to be true, what does it prove but that our friend is human?

Shepherd. Say rather inhuman.

North. Let me be impeached. But pray particularize.

Shepherd. No—I won't—for I've nae wish to be personal. Suffeece it to say, that twa three leeterary Tories are trottin' up and doon baith toon and kintra the noo unca croose, wha, if the High Court o' Justiciary had dune their duty, o' which you are the Lord Justice Clerk, wou'd hae been knappin stanes across the water, and that a when Whigs are, awin' to you, established in sma' shops in Hoobart's Toon, wha nicht hae been tryin to pick up a no very dishonest livelihood in their ain kintra o' Cockayne, say by sellin' saloop.

North. This much I must say in my own vindication, James, that I have never known an instance of one such delinquent, on his return from transportation, after expiry of his term, conducting himself in such a way as to leave any doubt on my mind that he should originally have been hanged.

Shepherd. Safe us! What do you mean by being hanged originally? You haena invented, I howp, a mair savage style o' strangulation? You'r no for layin' aside the rape, and for garrin' the executioner do his duty wi' the finger and thoom?

North. I have now my eye on some delinquents, who, if tried before me—

Shepherd. Wull be convicket—

North. And if convicted, put to death in the way you mention—

Shepherd. But for that purpose ye maun bring in a new Bill.

North. My Lord Melbourne* has promised to do so immediately after the prorogation—provided it appears, that during the dark nights spring-guns have worked well—

Shepherd. And that Swing has been gruppit in a man-trap.

North. Look, James, at the Lord Chancellor—

Shepherd. I do. An' in that mane o' his, he looks like a lion-ape—

* William Lamb (Viscount Melbourne) was educated for and called to the bar, but, on the death of his elder brother in 1805, he became the representative of his family, and entered Parliament, advocating liberal or whig principles. In 1827, he was made Secretary of Ireland, and resigned that office in 1828, when the Wellington Administration was formed. In the same year, he succeeded to his father's title, and seat in the House of Lords. In 1830, he became Home Secretary, on the formation of Lord Grey's Government, and held this office (during all the Reform Bill excitement), until 1834, when he became Premier on Lord Grey's retirement. In the November following he was dismissed, to be succeeded by Peel, but returned to office in April, 1835. He was a sort of *pocourante* statesman, able and easy, gifted and lazy, and however popular personally, wanted energy. His government was fast sinking in public opinion, when the accession of Queen Victoria, in June, 1837, strengthened him, for he attached himself, in capacity of daily diner at the royal table, to the Queen, and exercised much influence on her mind. In 1839, beaten in the Commons by a small majority, he resigned office, and was succeeded by Peel, who objected, very properly, to the Queen's female household being exclusively composed of the wives and daughters of his political opponents. On Melbourne's advice, the Queen insisted on not changing her daily companions, the Ladies of the Bedchamber. Peel then retired, and Melbourne resumed office, from which he was finally driven in 1841, by the hostile majority in Parliament. He died in 1848. His wife, Lady Caroline Lamb, notorious for her *liaison* with and strong passion for, Byron wrote "Glenarvon," and other novels, and died in 1828.—M.

at ance ludicrous and fearsome—a strange mixture o' the meanest and the mightiest o' a' beasts. Hairy Broom—

Tickler. The Besom of Destruction—

Shepherd. Soopin' the Court o' Chancery like a strang wun the chaff frae a barn-floor. See that he does na' scatter in the air the wheat that o' richt belongs to the suitors. Auld Eldon used to lay't up carefully in heaps, that it might be carried awa' afterwards by the richt owners, aften difficult to be determined—

Tickler. In the decision of a judge, James, what the world demands now—is despatch.

Shepherd. The idea o' the balance tremblin' to a hair, is noo obsolete! Yet it was an idea, sir, o' the finest grandeur, and I've gazed on't personified in a pictur, till I hae sworn a seelent oath in a' cases o' diffeeculty to ca' on my conscience wi' the same nicest adjustment to look along the beam ere she decided that it had settled until the unwaverin' and everlastin' richt.

North. Brougham is a great orator, as orators go, James, sober or—

Shepherd. What?

North. And some of his speeches in the House of Commons, in favour of the mitigation of our penal code, were noble in eloquence and in argument. He boldly denounced the doctrine of the justice of capital punishments in cases of forgery, the doctrine of its expediency even in a country that had grown great and glorious by commerce.

Shepherd. I hae nae doots on baith.

Tickler. And I have none either. Fauntleroy performed an appropriate part in the character of Swing. Yet, so cheap is pity, that the most vulgar pauper can afford to pipe his eye for the fate of the unfeeling forger, who has wasted on unsatiable prostitutes the pittances of widows and orphans, forgetting their faces and their hands held up to Heaven in resignation by their cold hearths, in the mournful sight, forsooth, of the white cheeks and closed eyes of a cowardly and hypocritical convict quivering, not in remorse for his crime, but in terror of its punishment, on the scaffold that has shook to the tread of many a wretch, unpitied, because poor—and unpetitioned for, because no—banker.*

North. Let us, at another time, argue this great question. But hark! the thunderous voice of the great Commoner subdued down to the timid tone of the Lord Chancellor, who, on the very same petition being presented by the Duke of Sussex, which, in former times, called for Henry Brougham's indignant denunciations of cruelty and injustice,

* Henry Fauntleroy, a banker in Berner's street, London, was executed for forgeries to a vast amount, stretching over nearly the fourth of a century.—M.

lately opened his mouth and emitted nothing but wind, like a barn-door fowl agape in the pip!

Shepherd. What lang, thin folios are thae you're lookin' at, Mr. Tickler? Do they conteen picturs?

Tickler. The Beauties of the Court of King Charles the Second, a series of portraits illustrating the Memoirs of De Grammont, Pepys, Evelyn, Clarendon, and other contemporary writers; with Memoirs Critical and Biographical, by Mrs. Jameson, authoress of Memoirs of the Loves of the Poets, and the Diary of an Ennuyee.

North. One of the most eloquent of our female writers—full of feeling and fancy—a true enthusiast with a glowing soul.

Shepherd. Mrs. Jameson's prose aye reminds me o' Miss Landon's poetry—and though baith hae their fawtes, I wou'd characterese baith alike by the same epithet—rich. I hate a simple style, for that's only anither word for pair. What I mean is, that when you can say nae better o' a style than it's simple, you maun be at a great loss for eulogium. There's naething simpler nor water, and, at times, a body drinks't greedily frae the rim o' his hat made intil a scoop; but for a that, in the lang rin, I prefer porter.

Tickler. Much.

North. In calling water the best of elements, Pindar was considering it as the groundwork of Glenlivet.

Shepherd. Nae doubt, Glenlivet's pure speerit, and in ae sense simple; but then it's an essence—an ethereal essence o' the extract o' mawte—and water's but the medium in which it's conveyed. But o' a' the liquids, no ane's simple except water. Even milk and water's a wee composite, and has its admirers—though no here. But let me look at the Beauties.

Tickler. Avast hauling.

Shepherd. That's richt—every man has his ain nummer. And what's fa'en to my share, but her wham Mrs. Jameson weel ca's "the pretty, witty, merry, open-hearted Nelly"—that jewel o' a cretur, Nell Gwynn! Gie me a kiss, ma lassie! Better for thee had'st thou been born in the Forest!

North. La Belle Hamilton! La Belle Stewart! Superb Sultana with voluptuous bust! Divine Diana, dreaming of delight and Endymion!

Shepherd. What's that you're sayin', sir? Her bosom's no worth lookin' at, I'm sure, in comparison wi' wee Nelly's that reminds ane o' the Sang o' Solomon. I wunner hoo Sir Peter cou'd controol himsell, sae as to be able to draw't. Surely King Charlie keepit watch on the penter a' the time he was shapin' and colourin' thae buddin', budded, full-blawn blossoms o' the bower o' Paradise!

Tickler. James!

Shepherd. The penter, in ae sense, has the advantage owre the poet,

when dealin' wi' female charms ; in anither, the poet ower the penter. He has the material objeck afore his material ee, and the brush maun obey the breast in a' its swellin's, and that's the definition o' a portrait. But we, sir, set an immaterial shadow afore our spiritual een, an' in words which are but air—in verse, which is o' a' air the finest, we breathe intil being the beauty we idealeeze, and the vision o' Bonny Kilmeny gangs up the glen, floatin' awa' in poetry !

North. La Belle Hamilton !—She who was “grande et gracieuse dans le moindre de ses mouvements !” “Le petit nez delicat”——

Shepherd. Snivelin' French ! La bonny Gwynn ! quelle fut sae fu' de feu d'amour sur les yeux——

Tickler. What's that ?

Shepherd. French.

North. Among her luxurious tresses, a few pearls negligently thrown——

“Tresses that wear

Jewels, but to declare

How much themselves more precious are.

Each ruby there,

Or pearl, that dares appear,

Be its own blush—be its own tear.”

Shepherd. Nae pearlins amang ma Nelly's hair, curlin and clusterin' roun' her lauchin' cheeks, and ae ringlet lettin' itsel' doon alang her neck, amaist till her bonny breist, wi' sic a natural swirl, ane thinks it micht be removed by the haun'—sae—or blawn awa'—sae—by a breath. Wha's she you're glowerin' at, Mr. Tickler ?

Tickler. Castlemain—Cleveland. Voluptuous vixen. Insatiate harpy.

Shepherd. An' by what depraved instinct, sir, select ye and fasten upon her. It speaks vollums.

Tickler. Coarse, cruel, insolent, and savage—yet by some witch-like art, the fair fury could wind round her finger all the heart-strings of the laughter-loving King.

Shepherd. Yet, believe me, sir, that strange as micht hae been his passion for sic a limmer, he wou'd hae been glad, on awakenin' some mornin', to find her lyin' aside him stiff-and-stark-stane-dead. Infatuation is fed by warm leevin' flesh and bluid, and ae cauld touch o' the unbreathin' clay breaks the pernicious spell ; but true love outlives the breath that sichts itsell away frae the breist even o' a faithfu' leman, and weeps in distraction owre the frail and her frailties when they have dropped into the dust.

North. Let us close the fair folios, for the present, my boys. I do not deny that many worthy people may have serious objections to the whole book. But not I. 'Tis a splendid publication, and will, ere long, be gracing the tables of a thousand drawing-rooms. The most

eminent engravers have been employed, and they have done their best; nor do I know another lady who could have executed her task, it must be allowed a ticklish one, with greater delicacy than Mrs. Jameson. "She has naught extenuated, nor set down aught in malice," when speaking of the frail or vicious; and her own clear spirit kindles over the record of their lives, who, in the political air of that court, spite of all trials and temptations, preserved without flaw or stain the jewel of their souls, their virtue.

Shepherd. That's richt. Mony a moral may be drawn by leddies in life *yet frae sic a wark*. "Dinna let *puir Nelly starve !!*!"

North. When from the picture of Castlemaine, in her triumphant beauty, we turn, says Mrs. Jameson, to her last years and her death, there lies in that transition—a deeper moral than in twenty sermons. Let woman lay it to her heart!

Shepherd. Amen.

North. Come, my dear James—before going to supper—give us a song.

Shepherd. I'm no in vice, sir. But I'll recet you some verses I made ae gloomy afternoon last week—ca'd "The Monitors."

North. Better than any song, I venture to predict, from the very title.

Shepherd, (recites.)

THE MONITORS.

The lift looks cauld rife i' the west,
The wan leaf wavers frae the tree,
The wind touts on the mountain's brest
A dirge o' waesome note to me.
It tells me that the days o' glee,
When summer's thrilling sweets entwined,
An' love was blinkin' in the ee,
Are a' gane by an' far behind;

That winter wi' his joyless air,
An' grizzly hue is hasting nigh,
An' that auld age, an' carkin' care
In my last stage afore me lie.
Yon chill and cheerless winter sky,
Troth but 'tis eereisome to see,
For ah! it points me to descry
The downfa's o' futurity.

I daurna look unto the east,
For there my morning shone sae sweet;
An' when I turn me to the west,
The gloaming's like to gar me greet;
The deadly hues o' snaw and sleet
Tell of a dreary onward path;
Yon new moon on her cradle sheet
Looks like the Hainault scythe of death.

Kind Monitors! ye tell a tale
 That oft has been my daily thought,
 Yet, when it came, could naught avail,
 For sad experience, dearly bought,
 Tells me it was not what I ought,
 But what was in my power to do,
 That me behoved. An' I hae fought
 Against a world wi' courage true.

Yes—I hae fought an' won the day,
 Come weal, come woe, I carena by,
 I am a king! My regal sway
 Stretches o'er Scotia's mountains high,
 And o'er the fairy vales that lie
 Beneath the glimpses o' the moon,
 Or round the ledges of the sky,
 In twilight's everlasting noon.

Who would not choose the high renown,
 'Mang Scotia's swains the chief to be,
 Than be a king, and wear a crown,
 'Mid perils, pain, and treachery?
 Hurra! The day's my own—I'm free
 Of statesmen's guile, an' flattery's train;
 I'll blaw my reed of game an' glee,
 The Shepherd is himself again!

“But, Bard—ye dinna mind your life
 Is waning down to winter snell—
 That round your hearth young sprouts are rife,
 An' mae to care for than yoursell.”
 Yes, that I do—that hearth could tell
 How aft the tear-drap binds my ee;
 What can I do, by spur or spell,
 An' by my faith it done shall be.

And think—through poortith's eiry breach,
 Should Want approach wi' threatening brand,
 I'll leave them canty sangs will reach
 From John o' Groats to Solway strand.
 Then what are houses, goud, or land,
 To sic an heirship left in fee?
 An' I think mair o' auld Scotland,
 Than to be fear'd for mine or me.

True, she has been a stepdame dour,
 Grudging the hard-earn'd sma' propine,
 On a' my efforts looking sour,
 An' seem'd in secret to repine.
 Blest be Buccleuch an' a' his line,
 For ever blessed may they be;
 A little hame I can ca' mine
 He rear'd amid the wild for me.

Goodwife—without a' sturt or strife,
 Bring ben the siller bowl wi' care;
 Ye are the best an' bonniest wife,
 That ever fell to poet's share;
 An' I'll send o'er for Frank—a pair
 O' right good hearted chieles are we—
 We'll drink your health—and what is mair,
 We'll drink our Laird's wi' three times three.

To the young shepherd, too, we'll take
 A rousing glass wi' right good will;
 An' the young ladies o' the Lake,
 We'll drink in ane—an awfu' swill!
 Then a' the tints o' this warld's ill
 Will vanish like the morning dew,
 An' we'll be blithe an' blither still—
 Kind winter Monitors, adieu!

This warld has mony ups an' downs
 Atween the cradle an' the grave,
 O' blithsome haun's an' broken crowns,
 An' douks in chill misfortune's wave;
 All these determined to outbrave,
 O'er fancy's wilds I'll wing anew,
 As lang as I can lilt a stave,—
 Kind winter Monitors, adieu!

North. Yes—it makes a man proud of his country, my dear James, to hear from living lips such noble strains as these—as full of piety as of poetry—and flowing fresh from the holiest fount of inspiration—gratitude to the Giver of all Mercies.

Tickler. That's the kind of composition I like, my dear Shepherd, rich and racy, bold, vigorous, and free, at once high and humble—such a strain as, under other circumstances, might have been sung by some high-souled Covenanter on the mountain side.

“Warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires.”

North. James, do you love me?

Shepherd. That I do, mine honoured Christopher—for your ain sake—for the sake o' Geordy Buchanan*—and for the sake o' auld Scotland.

North. And do you forgive me all my—

Shepherd. What? Gie me the lend o' the crutch till Christmas, and if I dinna floor a' the fules that ever said a single syllable again your public character—as for your preevate, there detraction self's a dumber—may I be droon'd neist time I tak Yarrow Ford!

* Whose head figures on the cover and title-page of *Blackwood*.—M.

North. I should feel, my dearest James, defenceless, and what is perhaps worse, offenceless, without—

Shepherd. What? And me brandishin't roun' about my head like a flail, till it becam' invisible to the naked ee, and its existence was kent but by the crood o' Cockneys sprawlin' afore my path.

North. It shall be yours, James, during the recess.

Shepherd. An' for fear o' its breakin' in my hauns, I shall ha'et whupt wi' twine—

North. 'Tis a bit of tough timber—and when it snaps, you may be expecting to hear that the Caledonia has sprung her mainmast and flung all her guns overboard.

Shepherd. I fear, sir, we're likely to hae troubled times.

North. My mind is naturally hopeful—

Shepherd. I dinna think it, sir. Your frame o' body's sanguine enuch, and you've still a red spat on ilka cheek, like an unwithered rose, but your sowle's far ower sage to be sanguine. You're o' a melancholy temperament, my deer fren', like maist ither men o' genius—and there's aye a still sad look, bricht though their flashes may be, in the een o' an auld prophet. You're a seer, Mr. North, and the second sicht seldom shows ony other vision than o' bluid or tears.

North. The spirit of the land will have settled down into tranquillity by about Candlemas—and then we shall see carried a salutary and satisfactory measure of reform, the principle, if not the details of which I shall lay before you, James, at our next Noctes.

Tickler. Think of a Prime Minister of England browbeaten and bearded in his own house by a deputation of pawnbrokers headed by a tailor!

North. And think of a Chancellor of the Exchequer exulting in the honour conferred upon him in a vote of thanks by a ragged rabble of radicals, collected to swear by all the filth on their fingers, that unless government did as they desired, they would pay no more taxes!

Shepherd. And anither wee bit cretur o' a lordie, that can hardly speak abune his breath, tellin' the same seditious scrow o' scoonrels, that their cause and his would soon triumph owre “the whusper o' a faction.” That's ae way o' strengthenin' the peerage.

North. All will be right again, James, I repeat it, about Candlemas. What pure delight and strong, James, in the study of Literature, Poetry, and Philosophy! And with what a sense of hollowness at the heart of other things do we turn from such meditations to the stir and noise of the passing politics of the day!

Shepherd. It's like fa'in frae heaven to earth—frae a throne in the blue sky, amang the braided clouds, doon upon a heap o' glaur—frae the empyrean on a midden.”

North. And why? Because selfish interests, often most mistaken, prevail over the principles of eternal truth, which are shoved aside, or

despised, or forgotten, or perverted, or desecrated, while people, possessed by the paltriest passions, proclaim themselves patriots, and liberty loathes to hear her name shouted by the basest of slaves.

Shepherd. Dinna froon sae fiercely, sir. I canna thole that face.

North. Now it is Parga—Parga—Parga! Now the Poles—the Poles—the Poles!

Shepherd. Noo daft about the glorious Three Days—and noo routin' like a field o' disturbed stirks for Reform.

North. Speak to them about their hobby of the year before, and they have no recollection of ever having bestridden his back.

Shepherd. They're superficial shallow brawlers, sir, just like thae commonplace burns without ony character, that hae nae banks and nae scenery, and, as it wou'd seem, nae soorce, but that every wat day contrive to get up a desperate brattle amang the loose stanes, carryin' awa perhaps some wee wooden brig, and neist mornin' sae entirely dried up that you mistak the disconsolate channel for an unco coorse road, and pity the puir cattle.

North. But Poetry, which is the light of passion and imagination, and Philosophy, which is the resolution of the Prismatic colours—

Shepherd. Stap that eemage lest you spoil't—are holy and eternal—and only in holiness and in truth can they be worshipped.

Tickler. Hark!

Shepherd. The Timepiece! The Timepiece! I heard it gie warnin', but said naething. Noo it has dune chappin'. Let's aff to the Blue Parlour—sooper—sooper—hurraw—hurraw—hurraw!

(*They vanish.*)







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