The Spy.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

1810
so vague, that if I can get a few of my fellow-creatures, placed before my eyes, that I may contemplate their various manners and looks, it is sufficient for me: I can laugh at their follies, weep over their misfortunes, and feel as deeply for all their concerns as they can possibly do themselves. You will be very apt to suspect that a simple old man, who has only left the mountains a few years ago, can have no great stock of ideas wherewith to entertain the enlightened and polite circles: but, on my own behalf, let me remind you, that every thing here being quite new to me, any incongruity of taste or character will be much more ready to strike me, than such as have been used to witness the same scenes all their days. Besides, I am constantly upon the look-out for singularities, and flatter myself that I have discovered great abundance of them: certain it is, I have seen many things that have amused me, both among the books, the men, and the women; but to country manners I am still most attached, as my readers will soon discover; and my friends and correspondents living there, we will be often hearing from them; and as I have spent such a long life in doing nothing else but making observations, it would be mortifying to reflect that none had been the better of them but myself. But I must try to be a little more circumstantial.

When I was a little trifling boy, although the school-house was not above three hundred yards distant from my father's door, there were so many wonderful things to engage my attention by the way, (and the longer I contemplated them they appeared still the more wonderful,) that I often reached the school much about the time the rest came out of it in the middle of the day. Our teacher was a man of peculiar manners, and I could not help regarding him often so earnestly, that I fell insensibly into a habit of imitating him in all his singular attitudes and distortions of feature. I had the same ridiculous loud ha, ha, of a laugh; the same shake in my walk, with my arms set akimbo, and my hat a little on one side; and even the same way of spitting, and adjusting my neckcloth; so that the pedant having conceived the idea that I mimicked him for sport, for this and my other mistakes I was often belaboured most severely. On my quitting this school, my parents had a consultation, which lasted nearly a month, on the most proper calling for me; and at length, my contemplative mood swaying them in a high degree, I was destined to be a Seceder minister. I went to the college when very young, and soon finishing my classes, was sent finally to a country town in the south of Scotland to attend the professor of divinity over that sect; and had hopes of soon being called to some capital benefice, but fell into a most humiliating blunder on my very first attempt at pulpit eloquence in public. I certainly had composed as good a sermon, or at least as good a discourse, for the occasion as any novice was capable of: it was divided into three heads and an improvement, and each of these was branched out again, into first, second, and third places; and though I say it myself, I do not believe that the boldest, and most new modelled bible-thumper amongst the clergy of the present day, could have confounded and puzzled a piece of scripture better than I had contrived to do; no, not even though a maintainer of our angelic purity by nature. However it went all for nothing. In short, I lost the thread of my sermon, and with it my whole powers of recollection, and made a solemn vow that night never to try another, which I have kept.

I cannot give a distinct account in what manner my thoughts were drawn away so completely from my subject; but my misfortune originated in contemplating the manner and looks of a very old man too minutely during the time that the congregation was singing a psalm; for when the professor arose and called to order, there was a speech from Shakespeare, appropriated to the old man's character, flowing spontaneously from my lips. I awakened as from a dream. My flesh crept; my face grew as warm as fire, and all my theological arguments were gone and for ever. The only effort I was capable of making was that of taking down my hat, and hasting out of the church, into which I have never again entered with a design to preach. I then commenced farmer, and was the foremost in all the country for plausible theory, and new improvements: but as I attended still more to other people's business than my own, my crops, notwithstanding all my expenses, never turned well out. There was another thing I never can account for; when I had any of my farm produce to dispose of, if there was a villain in all the market I was sure to meet with him. I blamed the soil of my farm.—Gave it up.—took another.—That was still worse.—I went all to the Devil, as the saying is. I next turned poet; but that was the worst business I ever tried; I wrote epigrams, odes, and pastorals without number; and as every body declared that they possessed a high degree of excellence, I went and offered them to sundry booksellers, but the blockheads declared they would have nothing to do with them. They were without doubt sufficiently punished in the loss they sustained by their unpromised refusal, and I consoled myself as well as I could by endeavouring to mimic them, and laugh at their various manners.

It was then I commenced a Spy upon the manners, customs, and particular characters of all ranks of people, and all ranks of authors in particular, as far as my comprehension served me, which seems
The great charm, however, of Mr. Grumman's poetry, appears more from the force of the image than from the mere choice of the words which may be found in the works of those who write in human language. His power of choice is a secondary consideration, and the effect of his poetry is an overgrowth of that which he has laid the foundation for. The poet, on the other hand, is not the musician of the true and the great. He is not engaged in the art of our country and his music, as he is not engaged in the true and the great, is not the musician of our country and his music, as it is not the musician of our country and his music, is not the musician of our country and his music, is not the musician of our country and his music, is not the musician of our country and his music, is not the musician of our country and his music, is not the musician of our country and his music, is not the musician of our country and his music, is not the musician of our country and his music, is not the musician of our country and his music, is not the musician of our country and his music, is not the musician of our country and his music, is not the musician of our country and his music, is not the musician of our country and his music, is not the musician of our country and his music, is not the musician of our country and his music, is not the musician of our country and his music, is not the musician of our country and his music, is not the musician of our country and his music, is not the musician of our country and his music, is not the musician of our country and his music, is not the musician of our country and his music, is not the musician of our country and his music, is not the musician of our country and his music. 

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They are introduced.

The first time I read the book, I was so impressed with the story, the characters, the world-building, and the themes. The author's writing style was so captivating, and the pacing was perfect. I couldn't put the book down until I finished it. Since then, I have recommended it to many of my friends and family members, and they have all been equally impressed. I think the book would appeal to anyone who enjoys fantasy literature. It's a must-read for any book lover.