

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE

No. LXVI.

JULY, 1822.

Vol. XII.

Contents.

Letter from a Protestant Layman to Christopher North, Esq. on Mr Canning's Speech, and on the Letter of the Catholic Layman.	3	Metricum Symposium Ambrosianum, seu Propinatio Poetica Northland.	79
The Nocturnal Separation.	17	Green's Guide to the Lakes of England.	84
Milman's Belshazzar.	25	The Earl of Liverpool.	91
Thomson <i>versus</i> Brande.	40	Another Oxford Controversy.	93
Letter from Philomag.	43	The Quarterly Review. No. LIII.	94
Answer from C. North, Esq.	ib.	Noctes Ambrosianae. No. IV.	100
Postscript to the Public.	53		
Letter from a Gentleman of the Press, to Christopher North, Esq.	56	WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.	115
Dale's <i>Irak</i> and <i>Adah</i> .	61	MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.	117
First Notes of an Incipient Ballad-Metre-Monger.	67	MONTHLY REGISTER.	
Packing up after an English Country Ball.	69	Appointments, Promotions, &c.	126
Bowles's Grave of the Last Saxon.	71	Births, Marriages, and Deaths.	128
Farewell to my Friends.	78		

EDINBURGH:

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To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

JAMES BALLANTYNE & CO. PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

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LETTER FROM PHILOMAG.

DEAR NORTH,

London, July 3, 1822.

I. THE most remarkable feature of your Magazine is, the honest and fearless spirit which hesitates not to admit criticism on itself, as free and as pungent as that with which its justice visits other literary offenders. This admirable candour emboldens me to offer you some observations on your last Number.

II. I must begin by complaining, that you seem to be fast *degenerating* into PUFFERY and HUMBUG. That you should praise yourself, is quite natural and just; but you seem inclined to laud, beyond all toleration, every thing which Mr BLACKWOOD publishes, and we begin now to *smoke* your London correspondents, by noticing the scribblers whose mediocrity you endeavour to bolster into *notoriety*—*fame* is beyond your power or theirs.

III. I commence with your review of Pen Owen, of which, to those who have read it, I need say nothing, and those who have not read it, will probably not read my commentary. I therefore pass over details, to expose the false and mean insinuations by which, in the last sentences of his pleading, your reviewer affects to doubt who the author is, and pretends to suspect him to be a person "of great talents and great station." Now, Mr North, you and every reader have seen, with half an eye, that the writer of this trash—he does not deserve the name, humble as it is, of author—is not a man of talents, and you (or, at least, Ebony must) know well, that he is not a person of any station. In short, the thing is both dull and vulgar, and all your puffing and praises will never persuade even a milliner's apprentice to think otherwise of it; and you ought to have had too much re-

ANSWER FROM C. NORTH, ESQ.

DEAR PHILOMAG,

Edinburgh, July 6, 1822.

I. I agree almost entirely with the opinion you express in your first paragraph. Instead of saying, "The honest and fearless spirit," &c. is, "the most remarkable feature of your Magazine," you ought to have said, "one of the most remarkable," or, "not the least remarkable and praiseworthy," or, "of the innumerable merits of your Magazine, one of the noblest," &c.; with such slight correction, your opinion is mine.

II. You begin by complaining that we seem "to be fast *degenerating* into puffing and humbug." This implies that there was a time when there was neither puffing nor humbug about us. Pray, when was that?—To praise ourselves, you say, is natural and just—granted. But we have a better reason for so doing—it is most pleasant; and also, it would be bad manners not to join the universal Pagan in our praise.—If every thing that Mr Blackwood publishes is excellent, why not extol it to the skies? Here comes the rub; so, passing by your very original distinction between *notoriety* and *fame*, and your most powerful antithesis, "yours, or theirs," let us come to short grips, and try a fall.

III. Our London correspondents are, you think, authors whom we pay by praising their bad or indifferent works in *Maga*. And, first, the author of Pen Owen is one of them. To the best of our knowledge, (unless he be *Philomag* himself,) he is not. What Ebony may know on this subject lies hid in his mighty heart: nor has *Philomag* told us how he knows that *Ebony* must know that the author is not a man of great talents and great station. Our insinuation, therefore, may be silly and erroneous, but it is neither mean nor false; and if *Philomag* were not at so great a distance from us, (his letter has the London post-mark,) we should act in the usual magnanimous manner, and *haul back* (that, we think, is the ancient phrase) the insinuation in his teeth!!! which he seems fond of shewing. We have no wish to persuade any milliner's apprentice to think Pen Owen otherwise than

guard to your own character, to have implicated it in so dirty a job.

IV. I do not object to your review of the "Lights and Shadows," because, although I cannot but fear, from the general tone of the Number, that its chief object is to sell Blackwood's publications, this work has great intrinsic merit, and is deserving of praise, though hardly of all the praise you lavish upon it.

V. But what I most of all object to, is your article headed "Mathews, Dibdin, and Morgan." The writer is a dull dog—depend upon it. He has never sat in the *Tent*—never pledged the standard-bearer—he is, I fear not, even at this distance, to pronounce, a new-comer—an interloper—a neophyte, who has forgotten, if he ever knew, the old style of critical humbug, and has not acquired the vivacity and gaiety of the school of Christopher North, who, like his great namesake, has discovered a new world of criticism, and astounds the men of the old hemisphere of letters, by the wonders and the riches of his discoveries. "Mathews, Dibdin, and Lady Morgan!" he might as well have said, with honest *Lingo*, "Wat Tyler, Hellogabalas, and Jack the Painter." Why should *Mother Morgan*—*lucus à non lucendo*; no lady is publicly called mother, who really is one—why should *Mother Morgan* be mentioned as a traveller? I admit she is as weak and feeble as the "Invalid," and as great a pedant and plagiarist as the "Bib-homane," but she is no traveller at all—her book was made in Dublin, and smells of bogs, whisky, and sedition, like an Innishowen still. Yet your *hireling*—for none of the good old *Tent*—a pedant would have said school—can have done this wretched work—under a slight veil of dispraise, does still recommend to curiosity the

dull and vulgar. Some parts of it are dull, and we said so. Vulgarity, now and then, is amusing; and, although our experience of persons of great station is but limited, we cannot agree with *Philomag* in thinking the vulgarity (or indeed the dulness) of Pen Owen, even if ten times greater than they are, any proof whatever that the author is not Prime Minister.

IV. With respect to "Lights and Shadows," you stand in a predicament you are little aware of. For, although I like the volume, I cannot agree with all the praise you have lavished upon it—in thus excepting it from the sweeping condemnation you have passed on other excellent works. My chief object is to sell all the works you allude to, first, because they are good, and, secondly, because they are Blackwood's. Is not this a manly avowal of an honest purpose?

V. My dear *Philomag*, you are perfectly right "in fearing, not even at this distance, to pronounce a new-comer" the writer of the article headed, "Mathews, Dibdin, and Morgan." But you are perfectly wrong in saying, "he is a dull dog, depend upon it." We have no such dependence upon him. True, that the liveliest dog may be dull at a time; but, on the whole, the article is a good one. This paragraph of your epistle, however, is most excellent—so much so, that you must lay your account with the whole of it being attributed to ourselves,—just that we might shew off, as we are now doing, in making a clever reply to clever questioning. You resemble us only in being "a person of great talents and great station"—surely you will not put up your back and bristles at that. Immediately on reading this part of your letter, dear, we wrote off to the author of the article, and he assures us, on his word of honour, (evidently much affected,) that he had no intention of insidious praise against either the purse, person, or prate, of Mrs Morgan,—but that he subscribes to every thing you so truly, and so like "a person of great talents and great station," say about the haggard demoniac and her toothless grins. I hope you will now retract what you have so rashly said about his being a dull dog, as "a mean and false insinuation."—What the devil, dear, do

figure behind; but you and I know, dear North, that the figure behind, so far from deserving any notice whatever, is, in person, a spindle-shank'd old body, aping the airs of youth, and in mind, a biggared demoniac, who mistakes contortions for activity, rage for force, and the exhibition of the toothless gums, for the very act of biting.

But, moreover, it cannot escape any reader, nor yourself upon reconsideration, that most of the sentences of this unhappy article, which have any meaning at all, are contradicted, in spirit and in terms, in half a dozen other passages of this very Magazine. Turn out, dear North, this intruder, and print my letter as your apology.

VI. I next object to your outrageous eulogy on one Mr Galt—a small author, with a small talent in one small way, but out of that small line, the longest, lankest, blindest, dullest haberdasher of prose, which even our prosing day can produce—his *Annals*, the *Scottish part of his Legacies*, the first pages of *Sir Andrews*, and the *Protest*, are all tolerable, and all alike; borrowed of one another, and exhibiting some power of local delineation, and of provincial idiom. As to his Earthquake, his *Tragedies*, his *Lives* and his *Deaths*, they are below notice, except so far as they prove the combined pruriency and sterility of his genius. No mind in Great Britain throws up such frequent and such plentiful crops of thisle and chickweed. But why, Mr North, add to the *side-wind falschood of puffing, a downright lie*? You say “the Quarterly Review ALWAYS attacks this gentleman.” The Quarterly Review, as far as I have seen it, and recollect its articles, has examined but two works of this gentleman. The one his *Tragedies*, which it laughs at, and which you *conscientiously* and untruly profess never to have read; and the *Annals*, which it praises even beyond your praise. So much for its *direct notice* of Mr Galt; in *indirect notice*, it has mentioned, as you do, the *Legacies* and the *Earthquake*—the former, again, it praises even beyond your own scale of eulogy, and the latter it does not reademphatically with as much emphasis as you employ. Now, Mr North, I summon you to answer how your desire of puffing off Galt, and selling Ebony's publications, could have induced you to assert so palpable an un-

I care whether the article that has excited your spleen be contradicted or not, in spirit and in terms, in half a dozen passages of this very magazine? I do not pretend to be a *perfected Sir James M'Intosh*, consistent at all times and seasons, and in all matters of subscription, letting not his right hand know the intention of his left. With your leave, therefore, my kind sir, we shall allow this dog to continue in the pack—for he is primum both in nose, tongue, and foot.

VI. Now, how to answer this infernal paragraph, confound me if I well know. Meanwhile, let us take another tumbler.—Oh, Ambrose! that was nectar indeed!—Now for it.—Mr Galt has written a great number of capital articles for *Maga*, and that is one plain, sound, substantial reason for what you call “our outrageous eulogy.” You admit also that the Quarterly Review has praised his *Annals* and *Legacies* even more highly than I have done. There I plant my foot—and you at least cannot well drive me from that position. If the Quarterly Review, for which Mr Galt does not write, praises works of his which Mr Murray did not publish, more highly than Ebony's *Maga*, for which he does write, praises works which the said Ebony doth publish—then, pray, what sort of a Fall all dall all, Fall all dall all, Fall all all all, Fall all dall liddy, are you, Mr Philomag, so wonder at the most outrageous eulogy which our pen can put to paper on Mr Galt? That is a blow on the jugular.—You next ask me, Christopher North, WHY I TELL A DOWNRIGHT LIE? Sir, I am not a clergyman, therefore, this language is out of character. I verily believe you are the first man that ever asked another why he told a downright lie. Many an honest man tells a downright lie, when it might puzzle him to give the reason for it. Besides, it is very simple in you to expect any gentleman of common capacity and ordinary endowments to give the true reason of his *telling a lie*. But, although we have, no doubt, told many lies in our days, (and whoever says he has not, convict^s

truth as to that sweet innocent, the Quarterly Review? The plain fact is, that the Quarterly is under influence too; and though it ought to have attacked Mr Galt, it did not do its duty, but under this sinister influence, praised as *admirable* what honest criticism could at most have admitted to be tolerable.

himself of one thumper out of his own mouth,) this about the Quarterly Review, upon our honour, is not one of them. We have no distinct recollection of any thing we wrote last month, but we often have said “the Quarterly Review always attacks this gentleman.” If this be a lie at all, it is not a downright, but a sidelong one. The Quarterly Review (*vis fallor*) did most falsely accuse Mr Galt of being a Jacobin, or something bad and mysterious of that sort. It was, we think, but we are never dogmatical, though always firm, in an article about Cardinal Wolsey. Secondly, the Quarterly Review did, more than once, *i. e.* in more than one article and number, attack Mr Galt's *Tragedies*. That may have been all very right, we cannot tell; but it is not proof of a *downright falschood* on a gentleman of our denied veracity. Thirdly, the Quarterly Review wrote a very poor—indeed, a most miserable article, about the *Annals*, which, in our opinion, it tried to damn with faint praise, just as Mr Philomag is now trying to do—but which, to borrow his own irresistible antithesis “is beyond your power or theirs.” Fourthly, the Quarterly Review attacked, in our opinion, Mr Galt, (although insidiously,) in an article on *Memoirs of a Life spent in Pennsylvania*, edited by Mr Galt and published by Mr Blackwood;—Fifthly, it did the same to his *Travels*; and, sixthly, we undertake to shew other attacks besides these now alluded to upon Mr Galt in the Quarterly Review. The DOWNRIGHT LIE therefore is, in fact, an UPRIGHT TRUTH. But we are no enemies of the Quarterly Review, which we do from our souls admire in many things, just as we well know the editor of that excellent and fearless work does from his soul admire *Maga*. And, therefore, we cannot but give vent to our indignation, Mr Philomag, at your unhandsome insinuation against the integrity of the principles on which the Quarterly is conducted. You say the *plain fact* is, that “the Quarterly is under influence too.” What influence? Whose? Speak out, man, as we have done; and let the public—the world—the universe, judge between Christopher North and the Greatest of his Contemporaries.

article on Croly and his Catline—Catline was a great man and a fine fellow in his day, but so is not Croly in ours. I admit, however, if the tragedy had been written 200 years ago, we should all have admired it; but I am sorry to say, that I see in your praise of this work, strong proof that Croly is one of your contributors; you gave him, I think, a long panegyric last month—However, forgive me if I am uncharitable, but I suspect that you *scratched one another*. I use a nasty phrase for a nasty practice.

VIII. Now, Christopher, shew that you are a man—an honest one!—publish this letter,—answer it if you please and can; but publish it, to prove, at least, that though you may have a fellow-feeling for Ebony and his authors and devils, you have also honour and conscience enough to confess your frailty, and to supply that *grain of salt* with which the uninformed ought to season the viands which your Magazine spreads before them.—I am yours,
PHILOMAG.

Private.—If this meets the reception it ought, you shall hear from me again; if not, I must try my hand elsewhere.

I said so; I thought it in many respects a fine, bold, vigorous, and manly play. If by your sneer about "200 years ago," &c. you mean to say that the tragedy is on the model of our ancient drama, you expose your ignorance, for it is not. If Mr. Croly is a correspondent of ours, we have every reason to be proud of each other. What the devil, are you not a correspondent of ours yourself, and an incessant reader, and a subscriber, we suppose, for at least a dozen copies for aunts and so forth in the country? And were you to publish a tragedy, or a farce, or any thing of a similar character, which was *bona fide*, and without any humbug, a good thing as things go, must we be mum because it was Philomag's? By no manner of means. We shall extol you—perhaps have done so before now—*ad sidera*. As to scratching one another, the charge is a grave one; but you will have the candour to blush for having most unadvisedly made it against the members of the Magazine, when I assure you such a practice, however nasty, is unnecessary, one and all of us having long been contented with scratching himself.

VIII. Now, Philomag, I have shewn myself to be a man—and I think an honest one;—although I hope that this is not the first sheet in which I have proved both my virility and my veracity. It pains me to think that you should say this proof of either was necessary. Our dear public has no fault to find—they are the daily and nightly consolation of us both. Fellow-feeling we indeed have, not only for Ebony and his authors and devils, but for every other truly great and good Bibliophile, his authors and devils also, if not likewise; we have honour and conscience enough to confess our frailties, which are weighty and manifold, though, were they ten times bigger and blacker than they are, would they not all be more than ten times redeemed by such a complication of moral and intellectual excellencies, as never, perhaps, before fell to the lot of any mortal editor?

Come give us a shake of your hand.
I am yours,
CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Trinate.—I hope your letter has met with the reception it ought.—I shall be happy to hear from you again.—If not, do try your hand elsewhere.

AFTER reading the above unappreciable epistle, which we found lying, one morning, like a lid upon our coffee-cup, (with the London post-mark distinct) we forthwith sweetened our fragrant lymph with two supernumerary lumps of purest white—cracked a couple of our four eggs—battered a round of the loaf, and began to cram and cogitate.—Here is a modest, well-informed correspondent, with a vengeance, thought we: "He beards the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall." We did not think that there lived the man who dared thus address Christopher North. In came the Adjutant from an evening party, savage after soda. He had no sooner twisted the necks of half-a-dozen stone bottles of Jennings's best, and wiped the tears from his sparkling eye, than we handed over to him Philomag. The Ensign, it seems, had requested a young lady of his acquaintance, then residing in the Gorbals of Glasgow, to direct her letters to the care of Christopher North, Esq.; his own residence being, for certain good reasons, fluctuating; and never doubting for a moment, that this was an offer to capitulate—to surrender at discretion, he had the outside in, before we could put in any plea in arrest of judgment. Blinded by his passion, he never remarked that the seal had been broken, and whipped up the tail of the letter, just as the nymph, from whom he fondly dreamt it came, would whip up the tail of her petticoat, on crossing the Goose-Dubs on a plucky day. His greedy eye devoured the signature.—"PHILOMAG! PHILOMAG!" ejaculated the astonished Adjutant. "Is the girl mad? She might as well sign herself PHILIBEG! PHILIBEG!"—Hollo! I have it—She reads Mr. Cox Comb on Phrenology, and this is meant for an abbreviation of PHROGENTIVENESS. Sweet creature! She delicately hints that she is fond of children. Her wishes shall be gratified, all in good time." The Standard-bearer's black dismay may, perhaps, be dimly imagined by the brightest fanphrenogenitive Filly in the West country—not the Fair Stranger in the Gorbals—the white-necked Swan of the Goose-Dubs—but, in all probability, some outrageous Irishman like himself, ready for a row, and no shilly-shallyer with his shillela. "Must I answer it?" quoth we, mildly. "Answer it, and be damned!" retorted Odoherty; and flinging it, either by accident or design, into the silver coffee-pot, whose mouth we had just opened, to take a peep into the contents, now low as the funds during the mutiny at the Nore, he stalked majestically across our study in three strides—was heard swinging down, like a tiger, the spiral stair-case, past five different landing-places and stoors, each with its knocker and bell; and, on looking from the window of our pensive citadel, we saw him, with his hands behind his back, under the long flaps of his surtout, which were flying agitated in the strong east wind, streaming like meteors in the troubled air, boring his way down the intoned site of the additional High School, right onwards to the *Lozzel*, wherein he vanished.

We dined at Ambrose's alone; and the hodge-podge, or hotch-potch, as Ebony calls it, being peculiarly invigorating, our spirits began to rise at every plateful. "You had better be persuaded, sir, to take a little of the mutton," whispered Mr. Ambrose, standing, in a friendly attitude, close on our right. "A little bit, Mr. Ambrose;" and somewhere about a pound rising up from the Bog of Peas, plumped into our deep-bosomed china. "Who is this Philomag, think you, Ambrose, who writes in this cavalier style?" "I beg your pardon, sir, I am not acquainted with his writings; but you will give him a Rowland for his Oliver. Shall I bring your pen, sir?" "Dinner and dessert were over and gone—one filbert survived." "I will crack thee, Philomag, just as I crack this nut;" and, stripping off the husk in which the rogue lay imbedded, with his long, taper, yellow, wasp-like bottom, I applied the torturing-irons to him, bolted him, maggot and all, I then took my pen, and replied to Philomag, as above.

We have no wish to triumph over Philomag, who is evidently an extremely clever and cutting person. Our answer is, like his letter, direct and straight-

forward. It may not be satisfactory to all our readers; and some may think that we come off second best. We cannot always be in the right; although we hesitate not to say, with all possible humility, that we believe ourselves to be in the wrong as seldom as can be expected from the acknowledged infirmity of human nature. We have no ambition to be "a faultless monster which the world ne'er saw," quite the contrary; we are, in good truth, a faulty monster, seen by the whole world, read by all who can read, and read to all whose education has been neglected.

But to the point. Our last number was a REVIEW, and, we say, an impartial one. We wished to shew the world a specimen of what a Review ought to be. Its three chief qualities being, in our opinion, spirit, variety, and justice. We took the latest lists of new publications, and selecting a number of books which we either knew to be good or bad, or whose titles seemed to be promising, we wrote to some of our prime contributors, scattered all over the country at this season, assigning to each man his work. Some of them took no notice of our letters—others returned flat denials—a few sent hasty and superficial articles, got up on the spur of the moment—and two or three staunch dogs transmitted critiques which did our editorial heart and eyes good to grasp them. We then threw off a few first-rate articles of our own—run-maged out a brace or two that were beginning to get musty—and, as they all lay on the table before us, we ordered our housekeeper (be hushed, my dark spirit, for wisdom condemns, when the faint and the feeble deplore.—*Campbell*), to bring to us "those papers yonder." We numbered them just as she placed them on our knee—tied them all up with a bit of sky-blue ribbon, for the Devil, who made his appearance at his usual hour, and carried off the whole concern under his brimstone arm-pit, to his sovereign lord and master, that great Dictator of Devils—Mr James Ballantyne.

Now, was there ever greater impartiality than this? We selected from the lists a number of books published by all the best booksellers, and a few published by the very worst; and pray just look at the result as it stands in No. LXV. Will Philomag put his hand on his heart, and say that undue favour is shewn to any man, woman, or child, in that austere Mimos-like and Rhadamantian number? Two of Blackwood's books are reviewed—Pen Owen, and Lights and Shadows;—two of Hurst, Robinson, and Company's—New Edition of Don Quixote, and Croly's Catiline;—three of Mr Murray's—Bracebridge Hall,—Diary of an Invalid,—and Lord Aberdeen on Grecian Architecture;—one of Longman & Co.'s—the Magic Lantern;—one of Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy's—Bloomfield's May-Day with the Muses;—three of Colburn's—Lady Morgan's Travels, the Mohawks, and Graham Hamilton;—one of Constable's—Fortunes of Nigel; and so on. We challenge all the editors of Reviews, Magazines, Albums, and Councils of Ten in this world, to exhibit any such fair, fearless, do-right-and-shame-the-devil conduct as this, in their Editorial capacities.

Because Mr Blackwood is becoming a great and good Publisher, are we not to review his books? a pretty joke truly. Does the Quarterly Review, never on any occasion whatever, take notice of a single work emanating from Albemarle Street? Does the Edinburgh Review blink every heavy volume from the Mount of Proclamation? Does the New Monthly keep all Mr Colburn's Cockneys strutting in the shade? And if Taylor and Hessey published books, would their editor make it a point of honour to conceal the fact? Humbbug. Let any blockhead prevail upon Mr Blackwood to publish a book for him, and he will know what a flogging means. We advise him as friends, for, in a certain sense, we ought all to be friends, to provide a tin-plate for his posteriors.

But there is another view of the subject. It so happens, that nine-tenths of the men of talents in Britain are Contributors to our Magazine, and are we, on that account, never to praise any of their writings? It is very easy for Philomag or Misonag, to exclaim, "Oh! ho! he is a Contributor. See how they are scratching one another!" How can we help it? If every good author will become a Contributor, and often, whether we will or not, sometimes after the most urgent entreaties to desist, are none the less to be praised but blockheads? We have really, it must be confessed, if this mode of argument against us be legal, got into a pretty hobble. If we praise one of Black-

wood's books, it is because he publishes it. If we praise one of Murray's, it is because the author is one of our Contributors. If we praise one of Constables, it is because we wrote it ourself. If we damn a dunce, or flea a fool, or *lance* a knave, or pin a puppy, or kick a cur, or muzzle a Morgan, or root out a Radical, or whip a Whig, or crucify a Cockney,—the reason assigned is, we presume, "because he is not a Contributor."—Admitted.

The whole Periodical Press is bought and sold—except Blackwood's Magazine. The moment one single dunce—even a dubious one, drivelling on debatable ground—is praised in this Work—"may skill part from our right hand." The moment we are conscious of basely and abjectly denying his due to a man of genius, may our heart wither. We have our fits—our moods—our measures. Our spirits are very unequal. We look on this world with many thousand eyes. On Monday, a man seems to us to shew some talent—on Tuesday, we find him feeble—and on Wednesday, weep to acknowledge him a Macvey. Thus are we sometimes led into inconsistencies. But all who have studied our character with a truly philosophic eye, know how to correct our mendacity;—we do not fear to let ourselves down by lifting up others to our own level; or if it so happen that they deserve it, to take our place at their feet. We know who are our equals, and seat them by our sides;—we know who are our superiors, and we ask to sit on their right hands;—we know who are immeasurably, eternally our inferiors, and we either shove them aside without cruelty; or if they turn against us with tooth or tail, we scorch, scotch, and scarily them, as meet is, and tread them into invisibility among the ashes of oblivion.

And now we are brought four-in-hand bang-up to the gate of Truth. THE MIGHTY ARMY OF THE BLOCKHEADS ARE SET IN ARRAY AGAINST US. THEIR WOODEN TRUMPETS CLATTER—AND THEIR TIMBER BAYONETS ARE FIXED TO THEIR PASTERBOARD BLUNDERBUSES. See how they wheel back in miserable prostration. What recrimination among their heels and their toes! What suicide is going on among that swinish multitude! We are not moving from our position. Yet they fancy we are pursuing them, and giving no quarter. They are crying out for mercy—and instinctively skulking to the rear, begin plundering the baggage, and abusing in drunken infatuation the clemency of their unconscious and unintending conquerors.

This, gentle Reader, is a flight. But to be a little more intelligible;—the simple truth is, that a Periodical Work that shuts its gates against all blockheads, or now and then drags one in, and sends him out tarred and feathered, or like a rat with his mouth stitched together with strong pack-thread, to frighten his brotherhood of vermin, must be assailed every hour of the day with the mud-missiles of malice. Blockheads too are breezy, and double themselves every ten years. Fat carries off thousands annually no doubt, but they marry early, and often beget twins. Well do we know the round, fat, oily procreative abusers of Blackwood. Nor are they all so. The small, spiteful, wizened, spawntless, dry-haddock of a hater, may be seen shedding the salt rheum of his bleak eyes against us—that stains our page as lemon juice does velvetreen breeches. To the current stupidity, and the current malignity of the Times,—in other words, to the Fools join the Knaves; and not an enemy to our work will be omitted, or a friend taken in. *Cetera desunt.* C. N.