

BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIII.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1823.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;

AND

T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

1823.

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. VII.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
 ΗΛΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΑΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
 An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
 Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
 " NOT TO LET THE JUG FACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
 " BUT GALLY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
 An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
 And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]*

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

SEDERUNT—CHRISTOPHER NORTH, Esq. Chairman ; TIMOTHY TICKLER,
 Esq. Croupier ; MORGAN ODOHERTY, Esq., JAMES HOGG, Esq. &c. &c.

SCENE—*The Blue-Room—the Table crowded with Bottles, Pitchers, Devils,
 Books, Pamphlets, &c.*

TIME—*One in the Morning.*HOGG (*proloquitur.*)

It's just needless for you to deny 't, mon ; it was a real bad Number. An
 binna my ain bit paper on Captain Napier, there was naething worth speaking
 o' ? What ware ye a' about ?

ODOHERTY.

I was in quod—hang it, they say John Bunyan and Sir Walter Raleigh
 wrote books there, but my spirits always sink.

HOGG.

And wha brought ye out ?

TICKLER.

Poo ! poo ! he took the benefit of the *cessio* as usual.

NORTH.

I'm sure if he would but exert himself, he need never be in any such scrapes
 —but I'm weary of speaking. Confound—

HOGG (*Aside to the Adjutant.*)

Never heed—he'll mind you in his wull for a' that—his bark was aye waur
 than his bite.

ODOHERTY.

N'importe ! Here I am once more. I'll be cursed if I don't marry a dowager
 ere the next month is over. How well it will look—" At her Ladyship's
 house, by special licence, Morgan Odoherly, Esq. to Lady ——— !"

TICKLER.

" Do or die," is the word with you, it would appear.—Well, you had better
 get a Highland garb without delay. Nothing to be done *sans* kilt now, sir.
 Even " legs and impudence" won't go down unless *in paris*.

ODOHERTY.

Did you see Hogg the day of the Celtic cattle-show ? I am told he looked
 nobly.

TICKLER.

Yes, indeed. Hogg makes a very fine savage. He was all over in a bristle
 with dirk, claymore, eagle's feather, tooth, whisker, pistol and powder-horn.
 His ears were erect, his eye-brow indignant, his hands were hairy, his hurdies
 were horrible, his tread was terrific. I met him even where our merchants
 most do congregate, at the Cross, and truly he had the crown of the causeway
 all to himself.

ODOHERTY.

Had you your tail on, Clanhogg?

HOGG.

Ye ill-tongued dyvour!—But what's the use of argufying wi' the like o' you?—(Sings.)

Knees an' elbows, and a',
Elbows an' knees, and a';
Here's to Donald Macdonald,
Stanes an' bullets, an' a'!

NORTH.

Ay, ay, Jemmy, that's the way to take it—But I'm sorry you thought it a bad Number. I should have supposed that its containing a touch of your own would have been enough to save it with you, at least, and the rest of the Ettrick lads.

TICKLER.

You deceive yourself, editor.

NORTH.

Nay, Tickler, I know what you mean. Upon my word, I shall insert that thing of yours very soon—don't be so very impatient.

TICKLER.

What, you old quiz! do you suppose I was angry at your omitting my little production? You may kick it behind the fire for what I care, I assure you of that, sir.

NORTH.

Not so fast, Timotheus; but what was your chief objection?

TICKLER.

That shocking, that atrocious lie, about Brodie—or rather, I should say, that bundle of lies.

ODOHERTY.

I wrote it. 'Ware candlesticks.

HOGG.

Haud your haund there. Hoot, hoot, sirs; the present company are always excepted, ye ken.

OMNES.

Agreed! Agreed!

TICKLER.

I disdain all personality, but that paragraph was full of shocking mis-statements. The fact is, I saw Brodie hanged, and he had no silver tube in his windpipe, and no flowered waistcoat on. It is true that he sent for a doctor to ask if there was any probability of escaping with life, but Degravers told him at once, sir, that he would be "as dead as Julius Cæsar;" these were the words. But Brodie would hold his own opinion; and nobody e'er threw down the pocket handkerchief more assured of resuscitation. Poor devil! he just spun round a few times, and then hung as quiet as you please, with his pig-tail looking up to heaven.

ODOHERTY.

Alas! poor Brodie!—To tell you the truth, I wished to hum D'Israeli a little.

NORTH.

Pleasant, but wrong! For shame upon all humming!

ODOHERTY.

Farewell!—a long farewell to all our Noctes!

HOGG.

Ye mak mair trumpeting about a collector chiel, like D'Israeli, than mony a man of original genius and invention. Ye've never reviewed my "Three Perils of Man" yet.

NORTH.

The more shame to me, I confess; but wait till the "Three Perils of Woman" appear, and then we'll marry them together in one immortal article.

ODOHERTY.

What, then, are "The Three Perils of Woman?" I think, "The Three

Perils of Man" were, according to our kilted classic, "Women, War, and Witchcraft."

HOGG.

Ay ware they—but faith, guess for yoursell, my cock. I ance tald ane of you the name of a book I was on, and ye had ane wi' the same name out or I had won to my second volume.

NORTH.

Horrid usage for a man of original genius and invention. But, let's see—I think you should make them, "Man, Malmsey, and Methodism."

MR TICKLER.

Or, what say ye to "Ribbons, Rakes, and Ratafie?"

NORTH.

"Flattery, Flirting, and Philabegs?" Three F's, Hogg.

HOGG.

Weel, I thought of some o' thae very anes. I thought of "Kirns, Kirkings, and Christenings," too; and than I thought of "Dreams, Drams, and Drageons"—but I fixed at last on three L's.

ODOHERTY.

"Legs, Lace, and Lies?"

HOGG.

Na, na, you're a' out. "Love, Learning, and Laziness."

ODOHERTY.

O, most lame and impotent conclusion!—But, no doubt, you'll make it rich enough in the details. Your "Love" will no doubt end in the cutty-stool; your "Learning," in Constable's Magazine; and your "Laziness," in Black Stockings. Thus we shall have an imposing and instructive view of life and society.

HOGG.

If ye say another word, I'll dedicate the buik to you, Captain.

ODOHERTY.

Do. I always repay a dedication with a puff.

HOGG.

You D'Israeli chap dedicated to you, I'se warrant?

ODOHERTY.

In writing the tale of "Learning," (for, if I understand you rightly, there are to be three separate tales,) I beg of you to imitate, above all other novel writers, my illustrious friend, the Viscount D'Arlincourt.

HOGG.

Arlincoor, say ye? Wait till I get out my kielevine pen. Od! I never heard tell o' him afore.

ODOHERTY.

For shame! "Not to know him."—(*Shakespeare*.)—In a word, however, my worthy friend, he is the greatest genius of the age. If you doubt what I say, I refer you to Sir Richard Phillips. I think I see him lying there beside the head of North's crutch.

NORTH. (*Handing the Old Monthly to the Ensign.*)

There is the production.

ODOHERTY.

Ay, and here's the puff. "This is the work of a man of genius, and the translation has fallen into very competent hands." Need I read any more of Sir Pythagoras?

HOGG.

Oh, no. But what is't ye wad have me particularly to keep an ee upon? Troth, I wad be nane the waur of a hint or twa to help me on with the sklate.

ODOHERTY.

'Tis more especially in the tale "Learning," that I venture to solicit your attention to my noble friend's works. He is the most learned novelist of our era. Follow him, and you will please Macvey himself.

HOGG.

Weel, let's hear a wee bit screed o' him. I daresay Mr North will hae him yonder amang the lave, beside his stult. Sauf us! the very table's groaning wi' sae mony new authors.

NORTH.

You may say so, truly; and I groan as well as my table. Here's "The Renegade," however. Will that do, Odeherty?

ODOHERTY.

Yes, yes—any of them will do. You see, Hogg, the noble author plunges us at once into the deepest interest of his tale. An invading army of Saracens carries ruin and horror into the hills of the Cevennes. A Princess, the heroine of the book, is driven from her paternal halls—she flies with her vassals—the black flag of Agobar floats awful on the breeze—all alarm, terror, dismay, desolation—

HOGG.

That's real good. I'll begin my "Laziness," wi an invasion too.

ODOHERTY.

Certainly—and now attend to this illustrious author's style, for it is that I wish you to copy, my dear Hogg. Hear this passage, and thirst for geology. You understand that the description refers to a moment of the deepest and the most overwhelming emotion—our Princess is in full flight, the hall of her ancestors blazing behind her—

"While the Princess, borne on her gentle palfrey, abandoned herself to these sad thoughts, Lutevia, at a turn of the rock, again presented itself to her view. Lighted torches were seen to glance here and there upon the platforms of the castles. These moving lights, the signal of some new event, announced a tumultuous agitation among the soldiery. The fatal bell again was heard. Ezilda could doubt no longer that the Saracens had attacked the fortress. She immediately struck into the depths of the mountains. The bright stars directed her march, as she pursued an unfrequented road across untrod rocks, and by the edges of precipices. At every step, Nature presented inexplicable horrors, produced by the various revolutions which had acted upon this region. In one place were seen streams of basaltic lava, thick beds of red pouzzolanum, calcareous spars, and gilded pyrites, thrown out by the numerous volcanoes. In another, strange contrast! the ravages of water had succeeded to those of fire; transparent petrifications, marine shells, sonorous congelations, sparkling scorice, and crystallized prisms, were mixed accidentally with the confused works of different regions. A crater had become a lake; an ancient bed of flames, a cascade; the waves of the ocean had driven back the blazing volcanoes, had placed the peaks of mountains where their bases had been, and had rolled *pêle-mêle*, zeolites and silices, cinders and crystals, stactites and tripoli!!! From a reversed cone covered with snow, and which contained freezing springs, boiling waters spouted. In the dark ages, it would have seemed that the two terrific geni of devastation, fire and flood, had contended; and as the mysteries of Providence put to fault the reason of the philosopher, these mysteries of nature embarrassed all the systems of the learned.

"The heavens were covered with clouds, a small rain had begun to fall, and each step had become more perilous; the narrow road cut in the rock seemed to offer only a succession of precipices.

"After some hours' journey, the Princess approached a torrent, whose waters thundered between a double colonnade of basaltic pillars. At the bottom of a glen, which seemed almost inaccessible, the road enlarged. Upon a barren flat, surrounded by pointed rocks, and enormous calcareous stones, the virgin of Lutevia perceived a sort of wild camp, lighted by scattered fires. Terror was a stranger to her soul, and believing that she was covered by the buckler of the Lord, and that her path through life was to be marked by frightful events, Ezilda was resigned to her stormy destiny!!!"

HOGG.

Oh man, that's awfu' grand—thae lang words gie siccan an air to the delfination. I daresay some o' thae bonny words would suit vera weel in my "Learning." Will you lend me the buik, Mr North?

NORTH.

Say no more. The volumes are thine own.

HOGG.

Thank ye kindly, air. Od, I'll gut this chiel or lang be. I wonder what Gray will think of me? But I'll easily bam him, noo he's ower the water.

ODOHERTY.

Ay, here's another prime morceau. 'Tis the description, you are to suppose, of a grotto where a love adventure goes on.

"This celebrated grotto was sunk in the base of a mis-shapen and rugged rock. Its peak had been a volcano; its arid summit, scorched by its eruptions, covered with black

lava, green schori, metallic mollusci, with calcined and vitrified substances, bore in every part the destructive marks of fire; while the sunken earth, the schistous stones, the beds of mud, the irregular mixture of volcanic with marine productions, and the regular piles of basaltic prisms, were evidences of the operation of contending elements."

HOGG.

"Evidences of the operations of contending elements!" It's perfectly sublime. It dings Kilmeny—na, it clean dings her!

NORTH.

Nil desperandum! Spout us a bit more, Odoherly.

HOGG.

Speak weel out, Captain—gie yourself breath.

ODOHERTY.

Read yourself, Hogg—there's a fine place.

HOGG.

Na, wha ever saw the like o't—Ze-ze-ze-oleet—Montlos—Girand—Salaberry—berry. Ay, it's just Salaberry. Od, this is worse than the Eleventh of Nehemiah.

ODOHERTY.

Poo! You're at the notes. Let me see the book again. Did you ever describe a handsome fellow, Hogg? Well, hear how this virgin Princess here describes one she saw sleeping in his own bed-room, to which she had penetrated. "His chest," says she—"his chest half-bared, white as the marble of Paros, was like that of the athletic Crotona. As vigorous as the Conqueror of the Minotaur, as colossal as the Grecian Ajax, as beautiful as the Antinous of the Romans——"

NORTH.

Stop, stop; fold up the bed-clothes again, if you please. Upon my word, this is worse than Sophy Western and Mrs Honour about Tom Jones's broken arm.

HOGG.

My gudeness! This is just the book I wanted.—Od, I'll come braw speed noo.

ODOHERTY.

To be sure you will. But a man of your stamp should not follow with any servile imitation. No—Admire D'Arlincourt, but cease not to be Hogg!

HOGG.

De'il a fears o' me!

ODOHERTY.

If your heroine is to be woo'd about St Leonards, be sure you turn up Pinkerton, or Jameson, and tip us the Latin or German names of all the different strata in that quarter. It will have a fine, and, in Scotland at least, a novel effect. If she climb Arthur's Seat, tell us how the thermometer stood when she was kissed at the top. If there is a shower on her wedding-night, take a note of the cubic inches that fell. If her petticoat be stained with green, tip us the Linnæan description of the grass. And if you are afraid of going wrong in your science, Mr Leslie will perhaps look over the MS. for you.

HOGG.

I'll send him a copy of the second edition; but I'll let nae Professors look at my manuscripts. Od! I mind ower weel what cam o' my Waterloo.

NORTH.

Your Waterloo!—God bless me. Did you help Mr Simpson, then?

HOGG.

Ye're a' to seek. It wasna Jamie Simpson's book I had aught to do wi', (although it was a very bonny bit bookie, too.) It was a Waterloo o' mine ain, a poem I had written, and I sent it in to Grieve; and a when o' them had a dinner at Bill Young's, to read it ower; forsooth. And od!—heard you ever the like o' sic tinkler loons?—they brunt it bodily, and sent me a round-robin that it was havers—mere havers.

ODOHERTY.

Paltry, envious souls! Insensate jealousy! Despicable spleen!

NORTH.

Καταλας δὲ
 Αλεξαντα γαρυμυς
 Διος προς οριθα βιος.
 HOGG.

Eh!—

NORTH.

Græcum est.

HOGG.

What's your wull?

ODOHERTY. (*Sings, accompanying himself on the trombone.*)

I.

Greek and Latin
 Will come pat in
 Our Chaldean Shepherd's page.
 With geology,
 And petrology,
 Sans apology,
 He, he alone is born to cram our age. (*bis.*)

II.

'Tis He will tickle ye
 With Molliculi,
 Pouzzolanum, Schorl, and Schist ;
 'Tis he will bristle,
 With cone and crystal,
 His shepherd's whistle
 Is now, in loathing and high scorn, dismiss. (*bis.*)

III.

Show your glory
 In shells and scoræ !
 Pour your lava, drop your spar!—
 With Stalactites,
 And Pyrites,
 And Zeolites,
 Hogg now will make thee stare, prodigious Parr ! (*bis.*)

IV.

When he prints it out,
 The French Institute
 Will enrol one Scotchman more ;—
 How we'll caper,
 When Supplement Napier,
 For a physical paper,
 Bows low, nor bows in vain, by Altrive's shore ! (*bis.*)

V.

Grasp your slate, sir,
 Scratch your pate, sir,
 You must speak—the world is dumb !
 Logic, Rhet'rick,
 Chemic, Metric,
 Fresh from Ettrick,
 With glorious roar, and deaf'ning deluge come ! (*bis.*)

HOGG (*much affected.*)

Gie me your hand, Captain.—Oh, dear ! Oh, dear me !

NORTH.

Enough of this, boys.—What new book have you been reading, Tickler ?

TICKLER.

From Hogg to Foscolo the transition is easy. I have been much gratified
 with the Essays on Petrarch.

ODOHERTY.

Fudgiolo's new affair ?

TICKLER.

He must now drop that title. 'Tis really a very elegant volume, full of facts, full of fancy, full of feeling,—a very delightful book, certainly.

NORTH.

I glanced over it. There seemed to be a cursed deal of Balaam, in the shape of Appendixes, and so forth.

TICKLER.

True enough—But there's sail enough to do even with that quantity of ballast.

NORTH.

Have you seen a little volume about the Spanish affair, by one Pecchio, a Carbonaro Count from Italy ?

TICKLER.

Not I, faith ; nor never will.

NORTH.

No, no, 'tis not worth your seeing.—It is full of Blaquiere. Edward Blaquiere, Esq. writes the preface, and puffs his excellency Count Pecchio, and Count Pecchio repays Edward Blaquiere, Esq. in the body of the book. It contains, however, and that's what brought it to my recollection just now, some most eulogistic pages about Ugo Foscolo. Here is the book, however, Read for yourself.—(*Handing Pecchio.*)

TICKLER (*as musing.*)

Ay, my Jacopo Ortis ! and so this is the way you go on, (*reads*) " His cottage is isolated, but well furnished. A canal is near it, that looks like the troubled Lethe. One might take our friend's abode for a hermitage, were it not for the TWO PRETTY CHAMBERMAIDS that one observes moving about the precincts." —Two !—Yes, by Jupiter, 'tis so in the bond. Two ! O, ye Gods !

HOGG.

TWA hiszies !—Less might serve him, I fancy.

ODOHERTY.

Two ! Pretty well for the latitude of the Regent's Park.

TICKLER.

Well done, Mr Last Words ! But these are your Zante tricks.—" The isles of Greece ! the isles of Greece !"

NORTH.

Pooh, pooh ! Timothy, you're daft. I confess I regret that he should have been called Fudgiolo—for a man never finds it easy to lose a nick-name.

ODOHERTY.

Of my making.

NORTH.

Sorrow on your impudence !—You have cost many a worthy body a sore heart in your time, with your nicknames.

ODOHERTY.

True, O King !—O King, live for ever !

HOGG.

That's just what I say thought. If Mr North could get his ain gait, there would not be a better-natured book in a' the world—it's just that lang-legged Adjutant that pits the deevilries intill't.

ODOHERTY.

Hioicks ! Hioicks !—but, after all, isn't it odd that Reviews, &c., and all their wit, and all their malice, and all their hypocritical puffing, are not able to produce the smallest effect, good or bad, upon the permanent reputation of say writer. I confess I wonder that this should be the case.

NORTH.

I confess I should wonder if it were the case.

ODOHERTY.

Aha ! by this craft he hath his living !—but be honest for once, Kit North, and tell me the name of that author that has been permanently raised, or permanently depressed, beyond his merits by our periodicals ?

NORTH.

Permanently is a queer word—You think to get out by that loophole.

ODOHERTY.

Why, do but think of things as they are. Does Wordsworth stand a whit the lower, for having been a general laughing-stock during twenty long years?—Or does Jeffrey stand a whit the higher, for having been puffed during a period of about equal extent?

NORTH.

It was I that brought up the one, and put down the other of them.

ODOHERTY.

Huzza! A trumpeter wanted here! Why, big fellow as you think yourself, they would just have been where they are by this time, although you had staid in Barbadoes till this moment.

HOGG.

Barbaudoes! Was North in Barbaudoes?

ODOHERTY.

Yes, this man who now rules, and with no light rod, the empire of European literature, consumed many years of his life among the sugar plantations of the other hemisphere. He has been a Jack of all trades in his day.

NORTH.

Wait, man, he'll see it all in my autobiography—which, if so please the fates, shall see the light

“Ere twelve times more you star hath fill'd her horn.”

HOGG.

Meaning me?—Od, I'll no be lang about twal tumblers, if that's a' the matter.

ODOHERTY.

Ha! ha! honest Jemmy!—But, to be serious, old boy, who then is the man that hath been elevated?—who is he that hath in this sort been depressed?

NORTH.

Why, as I said before, you will creep out upon your “*permanently*.”

ODOHERTY.

And you may say that. The fact of the matter, or, *ut cum Josepho loquar*, “the tattle of the whole,” is, that all the criticism that has been written since the Flood, might just as well have remained in non-existence. For example, does any one really dream that there slumbers at this moment, on the shelves of the British Museum, any real fellow whose works are not known, and deserve to be known? Has my friend D'Israeli, or any of that tribe, ever been able to ferret out a long concealed author of *genius*?—No, no. Depend on't, my dear, there's no Swift, nor Pope, nor Gibbon, nor Smollett, nor Milton, nor Warburton, nor Dryden, nor anybody really worth being up to, but what all the world is up to.—The critical bowstring has been justly applied, or baffled—there is no third to these two ways of it.

TICKLER.

I side with the Adjutant. And the longer things go on, there will be but the more need for plying the cord tightly. No age ever possessed, nor does ours, for what I see, more than a very few great ones; and to smother the small ones is but doing justice to these and to the public.

ODOHERTY.

Well said, Timothy.—If one looks round among our periodicals, there is scarcely one of them that is not labouring away to hoist up some heavy bottom. The Quarterly and the British Critic tell us that Milman is a mighty poet. The New Monthly Magazine, and five or six inferior books, keep up a perpetual blast about Barry Cornwall—Waugh winds his sultry horn for the glory of Mrs Hemans—Taylor and Hessey pound the public with Barton and Allan Cunningham.

NORTH.

Well, and what do ye make of all this? Is it not true, that Mr Milman is a very elegant and accomplished man, and that he deserves to be lauded for his fine verses? Is it not true that Barry Cornwall's dramatic scenes formed a delightfullittle book? and ought they to be quite forgotten, merely because he has written three or four confounded trashy ones since? Is it not true that

Mrs Hemans is a woman of pretty feeling, and writes sweetly?—Is it not true that Bernard Barton and Allan Cunningham are both of them deserving of commendation?

HOGG.

Hear! hear!

ODOHERTY.

The question is not whether these people deserve some praise, but whether they deserve the highest praise—for that is what they get in the quarters I have indicated. And just to bring you up with the curb, my dear, do you really suppose that any of these names will exist *anno* eighteen hundred and forty-three?

HOGG.

The Forty-Three's a long look—heh, me! we may a' be aneath the moulds by that time.

TICKLER, (*dejectedly.*)

The wicked shall cease from troubling—

HOGG, (*ditto.*)

And their works shall follow them—

ODOHERTY.

Come, come: what's the fun of all this? (*Sings.*)

1.

Time and we should swiftly pass;
He the hour-glass, we the glass.—
Drink! yon beam which shines so bright
Soon will sink in starless night:

Tchorus, now, Tchorus—

Ere it sink, boys, ere it sink—
Drink it dim, boys! drink, drink, drink!—

2.

Drink, before it be too late—
Snatch the hour you may from fate;
Here alone true wisdom lies,
To be merry's to be wise.—
Ere ye sink, boys, ere ye sink—
Drink ye blind, boys! drink, drink, drink!

(*Much applause.*)

NORTH.

Odoherly, Odoherly! I say you are an absolute bar to business. Which of you will give me an article on the last Number of the Quarterly Review?

HOGG.

I write in The Quarterly myself now and then, see, if you please, I would rather it fell to the Captain's hand.

ODOHERTY.

Well, I like that notion—as if I had not written in every periodical under the sun, and would not do so if I pleased to-morrow again. Why, open your grey gleamers, you Pig—you should not be quite so obtuse at this time of day, I think—

HOGG.

Whatna warks do you really contribute till, Captain?

ODOHERTY.

I write politics in the Quarterly—Belles Lettres sometimes for the Edinburgh; ditto, for the Monthly Review, (particularly the Supplemental Numbers about foreign books.) Divinity for the British Critic—these are pretty regular jobs—but I also favour now and then the *Edinburgh*, *Constable*, *Waugh*, &c. in their Magazines. In point of fact, I write for this or that periodical, according to the state of my stomach or spirits, (which is the same thing,) when I sit down. Am I flat—I tip my Grandmother a bit of prose. Am I dunned into sourness—I cut up some deistical fellow for the Quarterly. Am I yellow about the chops—Do I sport what Crabbe calls

“ The cool contemptuous smile
Of clever persons overcharged with bile ;”

Why, then, there's nothing for it but stirring up the fire, drawing a cork, and Ebonizing—*ainsi va le monde !*

NORTH.

So, Principle, Mr Odoherly, is entirely to be laid out of view ?

ODOHERTY.

Not at all, not for the Bank of England, my dear fellow. But what has Principle to do here ?—no more than Principal Baird, I assure ye. Why, don't we all know that little Cruikshanks did the caricatures of the King for Hone, and those of the Queen for the other party, and who thought the less either of him or his caricatures ? Are a man's five fingers not his own property ?

NORTH.

Dans sa peau mourra le Reynard. No you seriously think yourself entitled to play Whig the one day and Tory the next.

ODOHERTY.

“ Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur ”—

NORTH.

You talk *en Suisse*.

ODOHERTY.

Ay, and as you know to your cost, old boy, *Point d'argent, point de Suisse !*

HOGG.

I dinna follow you vera weel, but I'm feared you're making a very shameful story of yourself, Captain Odoherly.

NORTH, (*aside to Hogg.*)

My dear Corydon—he's only bamming us, I believe.

HOGG.

Oh ! the neerdoweel ! to bam Mr North ! this beats a' !

ODOHERTY.

“ This beats York races, Doncaster fair, and Judges come down to hang folks. ”—

NORTH.

Enough ! enough !—But once more to business, my friends ; what say you as to the Quarterly ?

TICKLER.

'Tis certainly a first-rate Number ; the best they have had these three or four years : but I don't see why you should have an article upon it.

NORTH.

I do see it, though. Sir, the Quarterly has done itself immortal honour by that paper “ On the Opposition. ” I should willingly give something to know who wrote it.

TICKLER.

Why, 'tis well argued and well written ; but after all, your own work had said the same things before, and perhaps as well.

NORTH.

No, indeed, sir. We had uttered the same sentiments and opinions ; but neither so wisely nor so well : the clear, quiet, masterly exposure in that paper has not often been rivalled. We have had few things so good since Burke's pamphlets. Once more, I would like to know the author's name.

HOGG.

Can it be Mr Canning ?

NORTH.

No, no ; it has neither his rhetoric nor his oratory : nor has it the air of being written by so old or so high a statesman as Canning.

TICKLER.

Croker ?

NORTH.

Out again. It wants his rapidity and his *vidua vis*. Compare it with the *Thoughts on Ireland*. They, to be sure, were written when he was very young, and the style has the faults of youth, inexperience, and over imitation of Tacitus ; but still one may see the pace of the man's mind there ; and a very fiery pace it is.

ODOHERTY.

I do not think it can be Gifford's own handywork.

NORTH.

I would not swear that. It has much of the masculine determined energy of Gifford's mind; and if it has none of the bad jokes that used to figure in his diatribes, for bitter bad some of them were; why, such a man may very well be supposed to have discovered his own weak points by this time. Of late, more's the pity, his pen has not been very familiar to us, even in the Review.

TICKLER.

It will be a great loss to literature when he retires from his Review. I wonder who is to succeed him.

NORTH.

I wish, with all my heart, he had a successor worthy of himself: a man inspired, like him, in spite of all his defects, with a true and deep reverence for the old spirit of English loyalty and English religion; and, what will be even more difficult to match, imbued with a thorough knowledge of the old and genuine classics of our literature. I fear no young man will do; and I know of no old one likely to buckle to such a labour. Murray should look twice ere he leap; but perhaps Gifford himself may stand it out longer than seems to be generally expected.

TICKLER.

I hope so. After all, the Tories might find it almost as difficult to replace him, as the Whigs would find it to replace our friend Jeffrey.

NORTH.

Just so. The truth is, that both Gifford and Jeffrey have done many wrong things—the latter many hundreds, perhaps; but take them all in all, they are scholars and gentlemen, and literature must number them among the *bonæ meriti* of her republic. Compare them with the fry they have so long kept in the shade.

HOGG (*testily*.)

Neither the tane nor the tither has said a word about "The Three Perils."

ODOHERTY.

Come, that's shabby, however. But cheer up; I will do you in both, ere three months be over, or my name's not Morgan.

NORTH.

Lord keep us! Does an old stager like the shepherd feel sore upon such points as these? I profess I had no notion of it, or I should have buttered you with the thumb long ago myself.

HOGG.

Praise is praise, an it be but frae a butcher's calland.

NORTH.

Elegant, Hogg! How you would squeal if I put the knife in your hide! No jokes on me, my *formose puer*.

HOGG.

Dianna gloom that gait. Od! I was na meaning ony offence—

TICKLER.

Kiss and be friends. But, North, don't you wonder at the Quarterly's taking no notice of the Spanish affairs? I confess I expected a paper on that subject, full of real information; which, indeed, we need not look for in any other quarter.

NORTH.

Wait a little. I suppose it will keep cool for a little, like that dishing of O'Meara.

ODOHERTY.

I give up my brother bog-trotter. He is indeed dished.

TICKLER.

Ay, and yet I am not sure whether it be not Cobbet that has given him the *coup-de-grace*.—Did you see the Statesman's article? No?—Well, then, Cobbet just says the truth smack out. O'Meara may bother away with paragraphs till Doomsday.—He is a gone man, until he denies the letters printed in the Quarterly.

NORTH.

"Elegant O'Meara," indeed!—But if it be true that he's turned out of the menagerie, I suppose no more need be said of him. I'll tell you what is my opinion.—The puff on that fellow in the last Edinburgh Review must now be making my friend Jeffrey feel as sore as Dr Phillipotts' letter itself.—Oh! sir, these are the sort of rubs that make a man bite the blood out of his nails.—Phillipotts' calm, dignified, unanswerable smashing has done them more harm than any thing they had met with these many days, and then on the back of that comes this vile *exposée*.

ODOHERTY.

My private opinion is, that O'Meara's book was got up in a great measure as a puff on the Edinburgh Review. The art of puffing has made great progress of late. Devil a book comes out without some dirty buttering in it, either of you, North, or the Edinburgh, or the Quarterly, or of some other periodical the Author wants to conciliate. Witness D'Israeli buttering Gifford.—Lord John Russel buttering Tom Campbell.—O'Meara buttering John Allen;—and last, not least, Billy Hazlitt buttering you in the Liberal.

NORTH.

Call you that buttering your friends? A shame on such butter!

ODOHERTY.

What would you have?—The boys can't write three pages without mentioning you. If that is not butter enough for you, you must be ill to please.

HOGG.

The Captain's in the right. An author's eye commended when he's kept before the public. That's what gars me pit up with the jokes of some of you shields.

ODOHERTY.

Ditto.—But the fact is, that the Cockneys are mad—they can tell a hawk from a handsaw on other occasions; but whenever the wind is *North*, due *North*, 'tis all up with them—out it comes, the absolute slayer of insanity. You have much to answer for. We shall hear of some tragedy among them one of these days.

NORTH.

Any thing but another Mirandola—say I.

HOGG.

Hoot, hoot, ye're ower severe now, Mr North. The poor lads had aye enough to do to gar the twa ends meet, and now ye've rooked them clean out. If they were stout, braid-backed chields like the Captain and me, it wad be less matter, they could yoke to some other thing; but thae pair whitefaced tea-drinking billies, what's to come o' them?—I'm wae when I think o't.

TICKLER.

The parishes of Wapping and Clerkenwell have good actions against North—he must have raised their poor-rates confoundedly.

ODOHERTY.

Oh, dear!—Slops won't come to so much.—I would contract to corn and water them at sixpence a-head *per diem*.

HOGG.

Wull ye put me in the schedule?—Here's my thumb!

ODOHERTY.

You, you monster, you Cyclops, you Polyphemus! why, you would swallow porridge enough to ruin me in a fortnight: but if you'll part with three grinders to the Odontist's museum, I may give you, as Mrs Walkinshaw says, another interlocutor of the Lord Ordinary.

NORTH.

Come, come, Hogg, take your revenge in your novel.—I have seen some of the proof sheets, and I assure you I think it will take to a hair. Indeed, my dear fellow, you cannot, if you would, launch any thing that will not have talent enough to swim it out. For my part, I liked the *Perils of Man* extremely well—rough, coarse pieces, no doubt—but, on the whole, a free rapid narrative, some eminently picturesque descriptions, a great deal of good blunt humour, and one or two scenes, which I wonder the play-wrights have not laid paw upon long ere now. Indeed, I think the Devil, the eating Ploughman, the two Princesses, &c. &c. would all do capitally on the stage. You

should send a copy to Terry or Murray. Murray, by the way, deserves much credit for his dramatization of Nigel.

HOGG.

He's a clever lad, Murray. I like him better than any play-actor they have.—He never gangs beyond Nature, and he never buckles to ought but what he's up to.

ODOHERTY.

Would all actors and all authors had wit to follow that example!—There is really an immensity of quiet comic humour about Murray—how good is his Jerry Hawthorn! but he did wrong to leave out Almacks in the East, and the Tread-mill—these were absurd sacrifices to the squeamishness of the modern Athens—they were, in fact, the best things in the original piece.

NORTH.

I hobbled out one night to see the thing, but, although the acting was excellent, with the single exception of the row, the affair struck me as a confoundedly dull one—no incident, no story, no character,—a precious heap of trash assuredly.

TICKLER.

Well, good acting is a jewel—Murray, with his bluff humour, Calcraft, with his true gentlemanlike lightness, and Jones, with his inimitable knowing grin, made it go down with me sweetly.—What do ye think of Mr Vandenhoff?

ODOHERTY.

No Vandal—but Young has been here!

NORTH.

Come, come, nobody starts with being a Young. Rome was not built in a day—link by link the mail is made—we must all creep before we walk.

ODOHERTY.

You're as great in proverbs as Sancho himself, I swear.—Why don't you write a rational book on them? Nothing worth twopence in that way, since Erasmus's Adagia—all our English books contemptible—poor—imperfect—dull—stupid—and devoid of all arrangement. As for D'Israeli, he, as I said in my review of him, knows nothing whatever of the subject; for he quotes, for great rarities, a few of the most hackneyed ones in existence—old Plutarchs, Joe Millers, and the like.

NORTH.

I admire no proverbs more than those Dean Swift used to *make*, (not to repeat.)

ODOHERTY.

It would be a good thing to revive the manufacture, and apply it to literary topics.

NORTH.

We shall see—what would you think of reviving Cowper's rhyming prose in the mean time? I think you might do that easily, Hogg, or you, Odoherly; either of you have rhymes, God knows, *quantum suff.*

HOGG.

I fear 'twill be stuff—but let's try our hand—

ODOHERTY.

On Peveril of the Peak—

HOGG.

The story's ill plann'd, and the foundation very weak; yet, begin where you please, I rather think you'll not stop—Great authors like these may jump or hop, they may leap over years, in one chapter a score, or more, yet no gap appears, one reads on as before; but if I or any other should follow after that great brother, skipping and hiping, notching and botching, I rather apprehend my very best friend would vote me a Bore.

ODOHERTY.

You need not feel sore although that should be the case; I make bold, my dear Jamie, to tell ye the truth to your face, there's something so sweet, and so mellow, and so little of the air of being got up, about the style of that right fellow, that whatever he touches pleases every body, male and female, from Grizby to the Duchees, from the porter to the peer; and, this is what's so queer, all's one whether he describe King Charles, or King Charles's little pet pup, or beer foaming in a night cellar's barrels, or muscat wine sparkling in a

jewell'd cup—high or low, with him we go; no affectation, no botheration, sound sense, a high feeling for honour and arms, a heart that the black eye of a pretty girl warms, gently and gaily, but never ungentaly, a pawky glance into everything mean, yet somehow or other a loftiness of spirit that never ceases to be felt and seen; these are the qualities by which he contrives to make all the rest of your tribe look like nullities, and by which—no offence, for you must not be disappointed of your rhyme, though it comes a little disjointed—he contrives, thanks to his long nob, to draw into his own fob such a noble shower of pounds, shillings, and pence.

HOGG.

I wish out of his next book, for which I suppose we may soon begin to look, he would be so kind as to pay down what I owe to the Duke, and also to the crown, for rents and taxes and so forth;—or you, why won't you do the same good turn for me, Mr North?

NORTH.

If I were you, Dear Jem, when money became due to them, I would instantly take my pen, and compose an ode; they would never dun you again, if your verses flowed, as I think they would, easy and good, and sweet and pleasant, as your prose does at present;—but as for me, my dear honey—as for me paying down money, for you or any other pastoral poet, I must have ye to know it, the idea's quite absurd—I won't do it, upon my word—I am not so green.—In point of fact, I have entered into a compact, (with myself I mean) to keep all my cash, making no sort of dash, buying neither pictures nor plate, nor a Poyais estate; eating nothing better than plain veals and muttons, and drinking nothing better than simple claret and champagne; dressing up my old coats with new collars and buttons; and, in a word, cutting all expences that are foolish and vain, and driving on with the old phaeton the old horses and the old postilion; in short, maintaining the most rigid economy, until it be universally known o' me, that I am fairly worth my cool million—When that is done, there will be something new seen under the sun; for I'll let nobody then call me a niggard, but mount every thing in the grandest style, that was ever seen in this part of the isle, shewing off, whoever may scoff, like a second Sir Gregor Macgregor.

HOGG.

I suppose you speak, of his highness the Cazique: but, after all, what could he have expected, if he had but recollected, that ever since the reign of Canmore was ended, the clan of might and main from which that Potentate is descended, have condescended to patronize as their favourite air, that fine old pi-broch, "Pacckhundsaidd gu bair."

(Sings.)

O ne'er such a race was, as there in that place was,
And there ne'er such a chase was at a', man;
From ilk other they run, all without tuck o' drum—
Deil a body made use of a paw, man;

And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
But wha was't ran fastest of a', man?

Whether they ran, or we ran, or we wan, or they wan,
Or if there was winning at a', man,
There's no man can tell, save our brave general,
Wha first began running of a', man;
And we ran, &c.

NORTH.

When I am a king, which, after all, is a sort of a thing, (to speak with civility,) that, in these days of pudding and praise, nobody will call a mere impossibility—Well, when I am a king, like his Majesty Gregor, lesser or bigger, the very first thing that I will do, will be to send home a ship, inviting you, I mean James Hogg, you comical dog, to take a trip, and you also, Sir Ensign, you rip—all the way out to my realms, you shall sip, you two schelms,

grog and flip; and whenever you arrive, as sure as I'm alive, I'll come down to the shore, with my princes and peers, and the cannon shall roar, and we'll give you three cheers. But as for you, Morgan, ere you're well in the bay, you will hear the church organ sounding away, and we'll lead you at once, all rigged out for the nonce, to the highest altar, to be noosed in Hymen's halter; for so great is my regard, my richest prettiest little ward, whether Duchess or Caziquess, you need look for nothing less, as sure as my name's King Christopher, it is you shall have the fist of her. But for you, Jamie Hogg, don't think to come *incog*.—you shall have a butt of sherry, to make your heart merry—a grand golden chain, to wear over your maud—and the lords of my train will shout and applaud, crying Christopher *foreat, et sus sus Laureate!*—With Odohertry for my Field-Marshal, and Tickler for my premier, I think, but I may be partial, things will go on airier and jemmier—and Blackwood will come out to be my bookseller, no doubt; he shall have the completest of monopolies in my metropolis, for we'll suffer nobody to squint at any thing that's in print, unless it drop from his transatlantic shop; and the Magazine will in lieu of a Queen amuse the leisure hours of me and my powers; and with all these alliances, aids, and appliances, I don't think I need speak either modester or meeker, why, if Macgregor's Cazique, I shall rank as Caziquer.

HOGG.

Will you be a despot, though?

NORTH.

Let me see—No—no—no—too much trouble—but no sedition within the bounds of *my* bubble. Instant perdition shall fall on Joseph Hume, if he dares to come out Disaffection to illume, to move for any papers, or stir up any rows, about tith-pigs or sealing-wax or my Magazinish spouse, whom, though she be spotless as unsunned snow, I would have you, and all the Bubblish Nation to know, I will discard whenever I please, sirs, cutting your heads off if you sneeze, sirs.

ODOHERTRY.

I envy not your pomp, I envy Hogg!

(Sings.)

How happy a state will two Poets possess,
When Hogg has his wreath, I my rich Caziquess;
On the wife and the Muse we'll depend for support,
And cringe, without shame, at great Christopher's court.
What though Hogg in a maud and grey breeches does go,
He will soon be bepowdered and strut like a beau;
On a laureate like him, 'twont be going too far,
To bestow, mighty Monarch, St Christopher's Star.

NORTH.

On the wings of imagination, I now overfly time and space; behold me exercising the kingly vocation among the mighty Bubblish race—In my mind's eye, here am I, this is my court, and you the potent nobles that resort to do me *honneur* and *hommage* in the hopes of *fricassee* and *frommage*, wherein if I disappoint you *grande dommage*!—Great shepherd, kneel—thy shoulder-blade shall feel, ere long, the weight of my cold steel, in reward for thy song!

ODOHERTRY.

Come, Hogg,—mind your eye, tip us something à la PRÉ.

NORTH.

I forgot to observe, that from customary modesty not to swerve, and preferring to imitate your old Bourbon or Guelf, to any Macgregor or Iturbide that may be laid ere a week's over on the shelf, I shall christen the chief of knightly orders established within my borders, by the name of a worthy that is now dead, whose good-looking old-fashioned head has served me in good stead, being always displayed on my Magazines' backs, to the horror of all Whiggish clamjampfrey, Jeremybenthamites, and Cockney hacks.

(Odohertry whispers for some time to Hogg, and then, rising, picks out a volume of the works of the Right Hon. the Lord Byron.)

TICKLER.

What's all this mummery? Let your proceedings be more summary—I'm tired of such flummery.

ODOHERTY (*Reads*)Hess (*Estemporizes*)ON THE STAR OF "THE LEGION OF
HONOUR."

ON THE HEAD OF GEORGE BUCHANAN.

*(From the French.)**(From the Chaldeæ.)*STAR of the brave!—whose beam hath
shedHEAD OF THE SAGE! whose mug has
shedSuch glory o'er the quick and dead—
Thou radiant and adored deceit,
Which millions rush'd in arms to greet!
Wild meteor of immortal birth,
Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth?Such jollity o'er quick and dead—
O'er that bright tome preading high,
Which MILLIONS rush each month to buy,
That meteor of immortal birth!
Read rather more than "Heaven and
Earth."*Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays;
Eternity flash'd through thy blaze;
The music of thy martial sphere
Was fame on high and honour here;
And thy light broke on human eyes,
Like a volcano of the skies.Limbs of torn authors form its rays;
Eternity attends its praise;
The music of its partial puff
Gives fame and honour *quantum suff.*
And its fist darkens hostile eyes,
Like Randal hammering for a prize.Like lava roll'd thy stream of flood,
And swept down empires with its blood;
Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base,
As thou didst lighten through all space;
And the shorn sun grew dim in air,
And set while thou wert dwelling there.Like lava, it in wrathful mood
Swept down Hunt's kingdoms with its
flood;
Leigh bow'd before it, looking base,
And wiped the spittle from his face;
And Hazlitt's nose burnt dim for care,
Spite of the purple dwelling there.Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
A rainbow of the loveliest hue,
Of three bright colours, † each divine,
And fit for that celestial sign;
For freedom's hand had blended them
Like tints in an immortal gem.Behind thee rose, behind thee grew,
A rainbow of the loveliest hue,
Of three bright fellows, each divine,
And fit at Ambrose's to dine:
For HUMBURG's hand had blended them,
Much like three posies on a stem.One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes,
One, the blue depth of seraph's eyes,
One, the pure spirit's veil of white
Had robed in radiance of its light;
The three so mingled, did bescem
The texture of a heavenly dream.One loves to sport the rose of red, ‡
One, the rough thistle's burly head,
One—his of Ireland's modest mien—
Is deck'd out with the shamrock green;
The three, so mingled, do bescem
The texture of a heavenly dream.Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,
And darkness must again prevail!
But, oh! thou rainbow of the free!
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
When thy bright promise fades away,
Our life is but a load of clay.Head of the Sage! thy own old bones §
Lie snug beneath Greyfriars' stones.
But, oh! thou rainbow of the three!
North—Tickler—and Odoherly!
Were thy bright look to fade away,
Our life were but a load of hay.And freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead;
For beautiful in death are they
Who proudly fall in her array—
And soon, oh, goddess! may we be
For evermore with them or thee!Scorn hallows with a hearty kick,
The dumb posteriors of Sir Dick;
And beautiful, but dead, we deem
Tom Campbell's mess of curds and cream;
And soon, O, Taylor! will it be
A match in Balaam ev'n for THREE!*(Hogg kneels, a solemn air is heard from Odoherly's trombone, Tickler, with dignity, hands the poker to Mr North; while it is descending slowly towards the Shepherd's shoulder, the curtain is dropt down very gradually upon the dramatis personæ, who form a perfect picture.)*

* A poem, by the Right Hon. the Lord Byron.

† The tri-colour.

‡ It is not, perhaps, generally known, that Tickler's family was originally English. It is supposed that they lived at the Southside in the days of Edward I., who was himself a Tinkler.

§ To the disgrace of the city of Edinburgh, and, indeed, of all Scotland, no stone marks where the mortal remains of her greatest scholar—the wit, the poet, the historian, the son, of whom she, perhaps, has most reason to be proud, are deposited. Should not this be corrected? It certainly should.