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Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. VIII.

XPH Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
 ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΑΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. *ep. 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 GAILY 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.*

PRESENT—ETTRICK SHEPHERD, Chairman; KEMPFERHAUSEN, Croupier ;
 TICKLER, ODOHERTY, DT MULLION, &c. &c. &c.

SCENE—*The Chaldee Chamber—Table as it should be.*TIME—*Ten, P. M.*

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

Ah, mein Gott! what for a barbarian! And you came to town on purpose?

HOGG.

Deed did I, lad. And what for no? I aye come in when there's ony thing
 o' the kind gaun forrit.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

O shocking! you really horrify me! You like to see such things? You
 really find a pleasure in them?

HOGG.

Pleasure here, pleasure there, I cannot bide away from a hangin'—I tell
 you plainly that I think its worth a' the Tragedy Plays that ever were acted
 —I like to be garred to grue.

ODOHERTY.

And of course a female exit is the more piquant—how did the old lady go
 off then?

HOGG.

Were you no there, Ensign? Odd, I thought I heard your cough in the
 crowd. You were there, you deceiver—you were there—you were not the
 length of a cart-tram ahint mysel.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

O, Mr Odoherty, you too!

TICKLER.

Pooh, pooh! Odoherty went to get materials for an article—he has promi-
 sed Ebony a series of *HORÆ PATIBULANÆ*, and they will be taking papers I be-
 lieve, after all.

HOGG.

I think I could contribute to that series mysel. Odd! I've seen a matter of
 fifty hangings in my time.

ODOHERTY.

Fifty! why Hogg, you're old enough to be my grandfather—and yet I've
 seen *three* times that number myself—besides plenty of shootings, and all man-
 ner of outlandish doings—guillotine—sword—axe—

HOGG.

I wad gang a lang gait to see a beheading. A beheading for my siller—it's
 clear afore ony other way.

ODOHERTY.

Genteeler, I confess—but otherwise so so; and as for the matter of cleanli-
 ness, your cord is certainly the very jewel of them all for that. Why, Hogg,
 I've seen half the breadth of a street smeared over with one fellow's claret;

and then the assistants trundling in a wheelbarrow of saw-dust, and all that sort of thing—is disgusting, and apt to spoil one's breakfast.

HOGG.

Weel, I never saw onybody gang aff easier than Lucky M'Kinnon—I keptit my ee upon her, and she never made ae single steer either wi' spot or hand. She was very easy, poor woman.

DR MULLION.

Just a stroke of apoplexy—nothing more.

ODOHERTY.

You are right, I believe, and that after all is the best way it can operate.

DR MULLION.

In former times, when the poor devil had to leap from a ladder, he might go up two or three steps higher, and make such a spring that he was sure of breaking his spine; but now-a-days the fall is so short and so perpendicular, that they all die of apoplexy or strangulation—which last is bad.

ODOHERTY.

What did your friend Brodie die of, Mr Tickler?

TICKLER.

Apoplexy, I suppose. His face was as black as my hat.

HOGG.

Lucky Mackinnon's bonny face was black too, they were saying.

DR MULLION.

Yes, "black, but comely." I saw her a day or two afterwards—very like the print.

TICKLER.

Those infernal ideots, the Phrenologists, have been kicking up a dust about her skull, too, it appears. Will those fellows take no hint?

ODOHERTY.

They take a hint! Why you might as well preach to the Jumpers, or the Harmonists, or any other set of stupid fanatics. Don't let me hear them mentioned again.

DR MULLION.

They have survived the turnip. What more can be said?

HOGG.

The turnip, Doctor?

DR MULLION.

You haven't heard of it then? I thought all the world had. You must know, however, that a certain ingenious person of this town lately met with a turnip of more than common foiness in his field—he made a cast of it, clapped it to the cast of somebody's face, and sent the composition to the Phrenological, with his compliments, as a *fac-simile* of the head of a celebrated Swede, by name Professor Tornhippon. They bit—a committee was appointed—a report was drawn up—and the whole character of the professor was soon made out as completely *secundum artem*, as Haggart's had been under the same happy auspices a little before. In a word, they found out that the illustrious Dr Tornhippon had been distinguished for his Inhabitiveness, Constructiveness, Philoprogenitiveness, &c.—nay, even for "Tune," "Ideality," and "Veneration."

ODOHERTY.

I fear they have heard of the hoax, and cancelled that sheet of their Transactions. What a pity!

HOGG.

Hoh! hoh! hoh! The organization of a fozey turnip! Hoh! hoh! hoh! hoh! the like o' that! The Swediah turnip—the celebrated Swede!

ODOHERTY.

Le Glorieux himself never carried through a better quizz. The whole thing is perfect—*Fait Illem!*—The worst of the whole was, that a couple of the leading members had been disputing rather keenly, which of their own two organizations bore the greater resemblance to that of the enlightened defunct.

TICKLER.

Name, name.

HOGG.

Wha were the twa saps? Name them, name them.

ODOHERTY.

No, I shall spare their names; for I hear your New Novel is to be a decent personal thing, and you would perhaps introduce them.

HOGG.

Here's my hand.

ODOHERTY.

Tush, tush. I'll tell you no more, but that the one of them belongs to the Stot's establishment, and the other jobs occasionally in the balamm line for the Crany Review. Really, they're not worth your libelling them, kind Shepherd.

HOGG.

We'll see—we'll see.

TICKLER.

And is it really to be a personal work, Hogg?

HOGG.

It sets you weel, hinney—but ha' done, ha' done. Ye'll a' read and judge for yourselves in the course of a week or twa; for, now that Quentin Durward's out o' his hands, Ballantyne will surely skelp on wi' me. His presses have been a' sae thrang this while, that I havens gotten aboon half the third volume set up. But I'll spur up the lad, noo. De'il mean him, I think he's no blate to keep me taiglin for ony Quentin Durward that ever cam eat o' Glenhoulakin.

TICKLER.

Come now, Hogg, confess that Quentin Durward is a fine, a noble, a glorious thing.

HOGG.

Wait a wee.

ODOHERTY.

As your work is still in *secretis*, of course we can't institute any comparisons—but I, for one, shall say honestly, that I look upon Quentin Durward as the very best thing that has come out since Old Mortality.

HOGG.

Ay, man——? and div ye really think sae in earnest? Weel, I cannot but confess it, I'm muckle of the same opinion mysell, between friends. It's clean afore Peveril—aye, and Needgil too—clean afore them.

TICKLER.

It has all the novelty of another Ivanhoe—and yet all the ease and lightness of another Guy Mannering—and by the way, Hogg, the author seems to be as fond of hanging-matches as yourself—what capital characters those two ladder boys are—and then their never stirring without rope and pulley, any more than a parson without a corkscrew!

HOGG.

Gleg child, faith. Ad! my flesh creepit whenever they cam on the boards—I just thought I saw the rape dangling in the wind before my very een. Ye tinkler Moograbbin—what a devil of a spurling you daur-the-mischief would mak! I think I see him flung aff.

ODOHERTY.

Your imagination is lively, good shepherd. Have you introduced any similar scenes in your own work?

HOGG.

Ha! lad—wait a wee, again—pumping, pumping!

ODOHERTY.

Ye seem to think every body is on the *qui vive* for your bundle of balamm.

HOGG.

Balamm?—Gude have mercy on us! he's ca'in't balamm or e'er it's out!

MULLION.

Well, that's not so bad after all, as calling it balamm after it is out; which, however, I am sure nobody will do; at least, nobody but the Standard-bearer.

HOGG.

And his tongue's nae scandal, Doctor—Od! every thing's balamm wi' him, amais. He ca'd the Brownie of Bodsbeck balamm, and yet it gaed through three editions.

ODOHERTY.

Three editions? Are you serious?

HOGG.

Dead serious—Od! does a new title-page not make a new edition?—If ye deny that, I'll has ye afore The Three, and see how you'll like sheelin out your gowd—but to be sure your brass is mair plenty, my man.

ODOHERTY.

Mr Hogg, you and the Author of Waverley are beginning to give yourselves a confounded deal of airs upon your cash. I don't see what he had to do with blowing such a trumpet about his beeves, and muttons, and so forth, in that introduction of his. As for his sneers about garrettees, and chops, and Grub-street, I hope the gentlemen of the press will take the illiberality as it deserves. Upon honour, I don't think it was worthy of the Great Unknown to take such a fling at the innocent misfortunes of a set of gentlemen, who have all of them done their best to please the public—which is more than I opine any body will venture to say for him.

HOGG.

Come, come, Captain Odoherly, what's your drift?—Do you mean to say that I am a gentleman of the press, sir?

ODOHERTY.

Much may be said on both sides—But, however, you have beeves and muttons enough, I suppose, as well as Peveril; and you don't live in Grub-street.

HOGG.

I live in as decent a place as yoursell, Captain. I put up at Mackay's noo, when I'm in town—'tis a very comfortable house, and I can gang into the traveller's room, and get pleasant company whenever my fingers are dinnled wi' driving the pen.—And I'm a' in the heart o' business too—Mr Constable's grand new shop's just forment my window—Mr Blackwood's no a hap-stap-and-lowp smaist farrer west—and Ballantyne's deevils, they can come jinking back and forrit in no time by the playhouse stairs—and Ambrose's here, I can skelp ower, if it were a perfect steep, without weeting my shoon.

ODOHERTY.

Your top-boots you mean—but I beg your pardon, you are as sore about the boots as old Philip of Argenton himself.—I beg your pardon, good Monsieur Bête-bottée.

HOGG.

You needna be moushying me.—I ken naething ava about your parleyvouzing system—that's my spothegm.

ODOHERTY.

Hogg, I think I have heard you say, that you sometimes find things take in the ratio of their unintelligibility.

HOGG.

What's that now?—

ODOHERTY.

I mean to say, that you think people are at times best pleased with what they can't make either head or tail of.

HOGG.

'Tis as true a word as ever came out of a fause loon's cheese-trap.—I aye thoct weel of the non-comprehensible system—and there's a lang-nebbit word for you too, my braw Captain.

ODOHERTY.

Well then, just to please Hogg, Gentlemen of the Press, I shall tip the company a French chanson—new—original—unpublished—fresch from the pen of my good friend Beranger—the very last thing Beranger has done.

TICKLER.

Ha! I've seen very little of his works,—they say he's the Tommy Moore of France.

ODOHERTY.

Why, he wants Tommy's delicacy and bright fancy; but then he perhaps has more spirit with him than Tommy. He has written some abominable things in the licentious way; but so, to be sure, has Tom Moore.

TICKLER.

Ah ! but has he repented, or at least refrained, like your antislavery countryman ?

ODOHERTY.

I don't wish to chatter about humbugs just now. I shall give you the chanson I spoke of, and you will see, that it—at least is as pure as if Hogg himself had indited the goodly matter.

TICKLER.

The Edinburgh Reviewers, I think, say, that Beranger is “the Poet of the People.”—Is he so very popular then ?

ODOHERTY.

Popular he is ; but not with *the People*, nor is he the least in their line. So far from that indeed, that he is far too deep in his allusions for the worshipful Reviewers themselves, seeing that they quoted as a specimen of a “Poet of the People,” a verse with a most *indecent* allusion, touching the Jesuits—the which, it is right manifest, neither the critic himself, nor the editor, could have understood.

HOGG.

You may be sure, the lads just acted upon my principle.—

ODOHERTY.

Well, I wish they would act upon *your principle* only concerning our own books, and not make us a laughingstock among the outlandish—but now for the chanson. (*Sings*)

L'OMBRE D'ANACREON.

Air : de la Sentinelle.

Un jeune Grec s'écrit à des tombeaux :
Victoire ! il dit ; l'écho redit : Victoire !
O demi-dieux, vous nos premiers flambeaux,
Trompez le Styx et voyez notre gloire.
Soudain sous un ciel enchanté
Une ombre apparaît et s'écrie :
Doux enfant de la liberté, (bis.)
Le plaisir veut une patrie,
Une patrie.

O peuple Grec, c'est moi dont les destins
Furent si doux chez tes ayeux si braves ;
Quand il échantait l'amour dans les festins
Anacreon en chassait les esclaves.
Jamais la tendre volupté
N'approcha d'une ame fétie.
Doux enfant de la liberté, (bis.)
Le plaisir veut une patrie,
Une patrie.

De l'aigle encore l'aile rase les cieux,
Du rossignol les chants sont toujours tendres ;
Toi, peuple Grec, tes arts, tes lois, tes dieux,
Qu'en as tu fait, qu'as-tu fait de nos cendres ?
T'es fêtes passent sans gaieté,
Sur une rive encore fleurie.
Doux enfant de la liberté,
Le plaisir veut une patrie,
Une patrie.

Déjà vainqueur, chante et vole au danger,
Brise tes fers, tu le peux si tu l'oses :
Sur nos debris, quoi ! le vil étranger
Dont enivré du parfum de tes roses !

Quoi ! payer avec la beauté
 Un tribut à la barbarie ;
 Doux enfant de la liberté,
 Le plaisir veut une patrie,
 Une patrie.

C'est trop rougir aux yeux du voyageur,
 Qui d'Olympie évoque la mémoire.
 Frappe, et ces bords, au gré d'un ciel vengeur,
 Reverdiront d'abondance et de gloire.

Des tyrans le sang détesté
 Réchauffe une terre appauvrie ;
 Doux enfant de la liberté,
 Le plaisir veut une patrie,
 Une patrie.

A tes voisins n'emprunte que du fer,
 Tout peuple esclave est allié perfide.
 Mars va t'armer des feux de Jupiter,
 Cher à Vénus son étoile te guide.

Bacchus, dieu toujours indompté,
 Remplira la coupe tarie.
 Doux enfant de la liberté,
 Le plaisir veut une patrie,
 Une patrie.

Il se rendort, le sage de Thèbes
 La Grèce enfin suspend ses funérailles
 Thèbes, Corinthe, Athènes, Sparte, Argos,
 Ivres d'espoir, exhumes vos murailles ;
 Vos vierges même ont répété
 Ces mots d'une voix attendrie,
 Doux enfant de la liberté,
 Le plaisir veut une patrie,
 Une patrie.

HOGG.

A bonny tune, and, I daursay, a bonny sang too. What was't a' about, sirs ?

TICKLER.

Love and country, and so forth. The shade of—

HOGG.

I daursay it's just plunder't out o' my *Perils*.—Does it mention anything about a bonny lassie, and the flowers, and the gloaming ?

TICKLER.

These are all alluded to, Mr Hogg.

HOGG.

And the birds singing ?

TICKLER.

Yes, that too, I think.

ODONERTY, (*Singing*.)

"Du Rossignol les chants sont toujours tendres,
 Toi, peuple Grec !—"

HOGG.

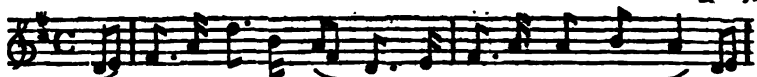
Na, na—time about's fair play, Captain. Ye've gien us the copy—I think I may be alloud to gie you the original ; for I'm sure the French thief has just been taking every idea I had frae me—I mean—

ODONERTY.

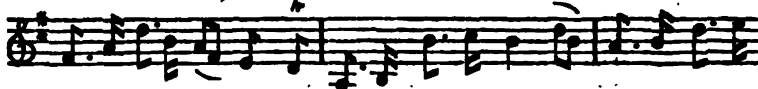
Ha ! a new light !—Beranger, too, robbing Hogg !—But begin, begin, dear Jamie.

HOGG.

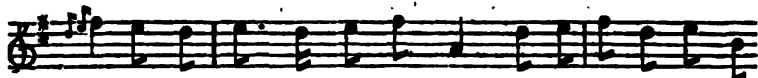
As mair round of the bottles ere I begin—(*Drinks a bumper of toddy*.)—
 Ay, now—my whistle will do now.—(*Sings*.)



Come all ye jol-ly shepherds that whistle thro' the glen, I'll



tell ye of a se-cret that courtiers din-na ken. What is the greatest



bliss that the tongue of man can name? 'Tis to woo a bon-ny

CHORUS.



las-sie when the kye come hame. When the kye come hame, when the



kye come hame, 'Tween the gloaming an' the mirk, when the kye come hame.

'Tis not beneath the burgonet, nor yet beneath the crown,

'Tis not on couch of velvet, nor yet in bed of down—

'Tis beneath the spreading birch, in the dell without the name,

Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie, when the kye come hame.

(Chorus, lads.) When the kye come hame, when the kye come hame,

'Tween the gloaming an' the mirk, when the kye come hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest for the mate he lo'es to see,

And up upon the topmost bough, oh, a happy bird is he!

There he pours his melting ditty, and love 'tis a' the theme,

And he'll woo his bonny lassie when the kye come hame.

When the kye come hame, &c.

When the bluart bears a pearl, and the daisy turns a pea,

And the bonny lucken gowan has fouldit up his ee,

Then the lavrock frae the blue lift drops down, and thinks nae shame

To woo his bonny lassie when the kye come hame.

When the kye come hame, &c.

Then the eye shines sae bright, the hale soul to beguile,

There's love in every whisper, and joy in every smile:

O wha wad choose a crown, wi' its perils and its fame,

And miss a bonny lassie when the kye come hame?

When the kye come hame, &c.

See yonder pawky shepherd, that lingers on the hill,

His ewes are in the fauld, and his lambs are lying still;

Yet he downs gang to bed, for his heart is in a flame,

To meet his bonny lassie when the kye come hame.

When the kye come hame, &c.

Away wi' fame and fortune, what comfort can they gie?

And a' the arts that prey on man's life and liberty:

Gie me the highest joy that the heart of man can frame,

My bonny, bonny lassie, when the kye come hame.

When the kye come hame, &c.

(Much applause.)

ODOHERTY.

Upon my honour 'tis admirable—why, when did you make this, Hogg?—
ou have doue nothing so sweet these three years.

HOGG.

An' ye never saw nor heard it afore?

ODOHERTY.

Not I—how should I?—

HOGG.

Ye invincible ne'er-do-weel! and yet you reviewed my Three Perils o' Man for two reviews, and three newspapers forby.

ODOHERTY.

Well, and what is that to the purpose?

HOGG.

Not much, I confess,—only the next time ye're for reviewing an author, ye might maybe come as braw speed if ye began wi' reading his book.—Tak' ye that hint, my noble Captain.

ODOHERTY, (a little confused.)

Why, is it possible? I really can scarce swallow you, Hogg.—Is that song in "The Three Perils of Man?"—You are thinking of "The Three Perils of Woman,"—an't ye?

HOGG.

Fient a bit o' me.—In the book of "The Three Perils of Man"—the third volume thereof, and the 19th page, you will find it written as I have sung unto you.

ODOHERTY, (aside to Tickler.)

I never saw the book—hang it!

TICKLER, (tipping the Adjutant the wink.)

Come Hogg, don't be too severe upon Odoherly. The song is a good deal altered since then, and much for the better. As it stands in the novel, if I recollect right, it begins with some trash about "Tarry woo," and "whistling at the plow."—The Standard-bearer might easily think the song a new one.

HOGG.

I'se no deny that,—for to tell you the plain fact, Christopher, I had clean forgotten't mysel'.—When the book was sent out a' printed to Yarrowside, od! I just read the maist feck on't as if I had never seen't afore; and as for that sang in particular, I'll gang before the Baillies the morn, and tak' my affidavit that I had no more mind o' when I wrote it, or how I wrote it, or onything whatever concerning it—no more than if it had been a screed of heathen Greek. I behoved to have written't sometime, and someway, since it was there—but that's a' I kent.—I maun surely hae flung't aff some night when I was a thought dazed, and just sent it in to the printer without looking at it in the morning. I declare I just had to learn the words or I could sing the sang, as if they had been Sootheys', Tam Muir's, or some other body's, and no my ain.

ODOHERTY.

Coleridge over again for all the world, and the Blackstone of Blarney,—“a psychological curiosity,” Hogg!—Take one hint however, and henceforth always write your songs when you are dazed, as you call it,—*Hibernice*, when you are in a state of civilation.

HOGG, (testily.)

Thank ye, Captain;—I need scarcely be after bidding you read the songs I write, when you find yourself in that same honourable and praise-worthy condition.—

ODOHERTY, (rings.)

Hallo,—Champagne there!—Cool this fellow with something that has been in the ice-pail.—This eternal hot toddy is setting his bristles on edge.—(Enter Ambrose.)—Champagne there, Ambrose!

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

Champagner! champagner for Hogg—ha! that's your sort! what for a cork!

HOGG.

Eh! siccan a clunk as that chiel's loupit awa wi'! there—there—hand yer hand, Mr Ambrose,—eh! siccan a ream! (drinks.)

ODOHERTY, (drinking.)

I pledge you, Mr Chaldean Shepherd—well, the wine is prime.—Ferguson for ever, say I!

HOGG.

Oh dear! I never fand onything sae gude since ever I was born,—heh, me!

there's another glassfu' there yet, Mr Ambrose.—This way, bring't this way, man,—oh dear!—what a 'wagang!—what may it come to the dozen now, Mr Ambrose?—(*Ambrose whispers the Shepherd.*)—Losh keep us a'!—Losh keep us!—heh me!

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

O, what for a groaning and sighing!—what is the wish to you, Herr Hegg?

HOGG.

Just that a body could get that same at three bawbees the bottle.

TICKLER.

I suppose you would never think of small beer with your porridge again?

HOGG.

Na, faith I,—nor tryacle neither—no, nor porter and sugar, which is better than tryacle ony day in the year.

ODOHERTY.

This fellow Champagne!—Come now, Hogg, tell me honestly what is your idea of a really luxurious dinner? describe—describe.

HOGG.

Come ye out our way i' the ha'ret, and I'll spare myself the fash of descriptions, Captain.—Let's see—let's see,—what suppose I set you down to a gancy tureenfu' o' hotch-potch, or haresoup—remove that wi' a sawson, just out o' Yarrow—a whacken fellow wi' his tail in his mouth—his flesh perfect curds,—and then a thumpin leg of blackface, maybe with gravy-juice enough in him to drown a peck o' mealy potatoes—or what wad ye say to a tap's head and trotters?—that's the way we live in Yarrow,—Match us in Cork or Kilkenny, if ye can.

ODOHERTY, (*solemnly.*)

“And is this Yarrow? this the stream
Of which my fancy cherished
So beautiful a waking dream,
A vision which hath perished.”

HOGG.

What says the lad?—

ODOHERTY.

Well, then I say with Mrs Wordsworth,—
“Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the braes of Yarrow.”—

HOGG.

That's a man.—I thought I could busk a fly that wou'd please your e'e, ye saucy ane,—but come, come, wha's ready wi' a stave?—Mr Kemperhausen, the call is for you.

KEMPFERHAUSEN. (*Sings.*)

Der wind geht durch die Baume;
Aus grünen Schatten schwebt
Die milde schaar der traume
Aus Luft und Lust gewebt.
“Was bringt ihr aus der ferne
Und locket mich zur Ruh?
Sprücht ihr von Leibgen, gerne
Drückt ich die Augen zu!”

HOGG.

Awfu' toothbreakers! wheesht, wheesht.—

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

Well, very well, mein Herr Hegg.—Ich sange nichts mehr—Potstausend!

ODOHERTY.

D—German!—Dr Mullion, what are you ruminating?—And you, Tickler, what book is that you are fumbling with?

TICKLER.

Only the last Edinburgh. I was thinking we should come the cat-o'-nines tails across some of these scamps.

ODOHERTY.

With pleasure, Mr Tickler—hand me the pamphlet if you are agreeable—Aye, here it is! what a deuced piece of humbug is this opening article.

TICKLER.

Of course it is—but why are you so particularly moved, Adjutant?

ODOHERTY.

Hibernicus sum; nihil Hibernici a me alienum puto.—

TICKLER.

O, you expected something about your dear countrymen, and the Marquis of Wellealey—did you?

ODOHERTY.

Your ears for a moment, Mr Croupier—and you, good Gentlemen of the Press, your ears.—

HOGG.

The Captain's going to make a speech—fill a' your glasses.

TICKLER.

Hush!—hush!—out with it, then, Odoherly.

ODOHERTY.

We are told that there are tricks in all trades, so well understood by the public, as to take off all moral imputation of falsehood. We are told, for instance, that it is intolerable to accuse of low mendacity a man of letters, even though no tradesman, for palming off, as a second edition, the heavy remainder of a first impression, garnished by an additional half-sheet of superfluous stuff. Be it so; but of all the tricks of trade with which I happen to be acquainted, the trickery of the announcement of this leading article of No. 75, of the Edinburgh Review, is the most barefaced. For weeks before its appearance, the newspapers were filled with interesting paragraphs, headed with "We are able to announce the contents of the forthcoming Number," &c.—Such, gentlemen, such are the Day-and-Martin manœuvres to which this once famed Journal is reduced; and, in due course of time, this demi-official information was ratified by the more regular announce by advertisement, penned, of course, by the same hand that gave the important intelligence in the former shape. In all these, this first article was placarded as "Art. I.—Reflections on the state of Ireland in the nineteenth century."

TICKLER.

I remember well, that all this was as you have been saying.—Such were the advertisements.

ODOHERTY.

And what title could just now be more taking? I speak for myself.—Vast visions of bottles and rattles floated before my mental optics—my mind yearned to hear the Whig Oracle's opinion of *ex-officio* informations, after the Grand Inquest of the country had ignored the bills—I longed to hear how the staunch advocates of the Revolution of 1688 would treat the memory of William III.—I expected savoury remarks on the Beef-steaks—and, in general, looked for somewhat ingenious and piquant on Forbes, Standwich, Graham, Daniel O'Connell, Mr Plunkett, Major-General Sir John Rock, K.C.B.—*cum multis aliis*.

TICKLER.

So did the public.

ODOHERTY.

And what did the purchaser, who sported his six shillings, or, to speak Hibernically, his six and sixpence, on the strength of being "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a bottle," as Pope remarks, get for his money?

HOGG.

I wonder what it could be?—

ODOHERTY.

You need not waste your time in guessing, for you would not hit it in a thousand years. In fact, nothing more or less, than the "History and Settlement of Tithes in Scotland!" which is the running title at the head of the pages in the Review; but which, if announced before hand, would have most effectually damaged the sale.

HOGG.

I'm no that sure—I wad like to see the article for ane.

ODOHERTY.

You would like—pooh! pooh! Who, beyond the parties concerned—the poorly paid minister, the financial elder, the griping heritor, and the blethering advocate—cares the end of a fig about the history or the details of such an

affair? The Kirk of Scotland is a most excellent church beyond doubt, but it is also beyond doubt, that all this prate about rescissory statutes, teind records, Lords of Erections, laicke patrons, &c. &c. is altogether balaam, of most unquestioned description. To be sure, the scribe endeavours to connect the lumber, by a kind of *a-propos des bottes*, with the fraudulent title advertised in the newspapers, by means of a head and tail-piece; which have, however, all the appearance of coming from another hand. It appears, by his account, that the people who have a design upon the revenues of the English and Irish churches, wish for as much information as possible, on the most approved practical method of doing the business. "Their expectation," quoth the Balaamite, "is reasonable, and we hope the information may not be altogether without advantage!!" Was there ever a more stupid piece of *make-believe* attempted to be played off? These worthy characters care little about the arrangements of the kirk, having a very pretty sweeping plan of their own already. Andrew Fairservice remarked long ago, that the Kirk of Scotland would not be the worse for it, if the dwellings of its clergy were made something more nearly equal to the dog-kennels of the fox-hunting squires of England. But the present radical church-reformers would take care to leave the parson no dwelling at all, which is a simplification of the system. In truth, as has been long ago observed by a better authority than mine, there are so many points of dissimilitude between the circumstances of the two countries, that analogies drawn between their Church Establishments stand on very insecure ground.

TICKLER.

The *true* history of the article is this,—Jeffrey had picked up a dull paper on Scotch tithes from some hum-drum contributor——

ODOHERTY.

Whom he should immediately present with a £5 note, a good character for sobriety, and his discharge.

TICKLER.

— And Jeffrey thought he could make the young idiot go down by giving his effusion a catching name. That's all, Odoherly.

ODOHERTY.

Even so, Timotheus—nor is the trick a new one. We are often baulked in the same way in the newspapers, where you are seduced into reading a paragraph by the attracting heading of "A Great Personage not long ago remarked," or "It is strange that when Mr Canning so pointedly told Mr Brougham that his assertion was false," or "SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH and Mr GERALD," &c. and find, after all, that its scope and tendency is to recommend Prince's Russian Oil, or Tom Bish's tickets and shares.

TICKLER.

What think you of the article on the two poems about the angels?

ODOHERTY.

This I beg leave to skip altogether. Jeffrey has certain reasons to be civil to both Moore and Byron; and here we have a little small criticism, puffing their last poems. It is the production of a fourth-rater. I have read critiques as deep in Ackermann's Repository.

TICKLER.

You won't say that of Brougham's article on Grattan?

ODOHERTY.

No, no—the article is full of talent—of such talent as Mr Brougham possesses—and, to say truth, I loved old Grattan, and I like very well to see him puffed, even by such a man as Brougham; for Brougham, though a Whig, is not a goose.

TICKLER.

How shabby is the notice of Croly!

ODOHERTY.

Right shabby certainly, and right shallow at the same time, as I shall show you. Brougham, if you observe, sets out with abusing my good friend young Grattan for publishing panegyrics on his father, written by men of various abilities, but particularly for giving to the world that by "a certain Rev. Mr Croly, whoever he be." This little impertinence is in the same taste as the "Ricardus quidam Bentleius" of Alsop, a forgotten prig; but in his day, just as conceited as the pertest reviewer in the pack. It is with no pride I say it,

but it is undeniable that such will be the fate of the reviewing tribe in general; and in particular, when it will be altogether forgotten that such an article as this review of Grattan's speeches had ever existence, the genius and talents of this "certain Rev. Mr Croly, whoever he be," will have secured him an honourable place among the great names of English literature. But, lookye, the mock ignorance of the reviewer is rendered quite comical by the naiveté of the avowal in the next page. He was induced, he says, to cut up Mr Croly, not because he is an obscure and unknown scribbler, but because "there has been shown such a disposition to PUFF him in certain quarters." As it so happens that these "certain quarters" have ten times more circulation, and twenty times more weight among the literary world than the vehicle which contains the opinions of this sage critic, there is something irresistibly droll in his pretending not to know who the object of their panegyric, or puff—no matter about a word—can possibly be. As to his abuse of Croly's splendid character of Grattan, as it merely consists in tearing a brilliant sentence or two from their context, and, after garbling them, then venting some little absurdities at their expence—there is no more to be said on the occasion.

HOGG.

Croly need never fash his thumb about what the like o' them says. Will any of them ever write a "Paris in 1815," or a "Catiline?"

ODOHERTY.

Some of them might be more likely to act a Paris in 1792, or to act a Catiline. But to proceed—"Even-handed justice returns the poisoned chalice to our own lips." According to Brougham, one of the chief excellencies of Grattan is, his tremendous power of invective: He is not less enraptured with the unsparring use he made of this foulmouthed faculty. Now I shall confess, that I, for one, rank fish-wife oratory somewhat low, but yet I do not object to other people's criticising according to their propensities. He quotes with delight Mr Grattan's celebrated reply to Mr Corry in 1800, and, in truth, it must be allowed to be most classical, and well turned Billingsgate. Corry, on the authority of a sworn evidence, before the Irish House of Lords, had stigmatized Grattan as being in some degree connected with the bloody rebellion of 1798, to which Grattan replied in a torrent of abuse, in which this sentence occurs,

"HE HAS CHARGED ME WITH BEING CONNECTED WITH THE REBELS,—THE CHARGE IS UTTERLY, TOTALLY, AND MEANLY FALSE."

For saying this, Mr Grattan is praised by Mr Brougham—I suppose so—but at least by one of Mr Brougham's coadjutors in preaching Whiggery through this review. Well, the book was scarcely in London before Mr Brougham made an attack on Mr Canning, for *truckling*, as he elegantly termed it, to the Lord Chancellor, from so mean a motive as desire of place; to which Mr Canning in reply, did not foam or rant like Grattan, but simply and quietly uttered the following brief sentence:

"I SAY THAT THAT IS FALSE!"

For my part, looking at the mere taste of the thing, I cannot help saying, that I think Canning's reply far superior. It goes straight forward to the point at once, and as a contradiction was all that either had to give, so every word that did not convey one was waste.

TICKLER.

I can't help thinking that both retorts were highly unparliamentary—shockingly so—quite wrong—But perhaps the reporters are alone to blame.

ODOHERTY.

It may be so—it may be that this last affair is newspaper fudge. But grant Grattan and Canning to have, both of them, really made these retorts—and grant both of them to have been highly unparliamentary retorts, still there is this marked and characteristic difference between the cases. No tumult was made about the circumstance in the Irish Parliament; the speech is reported in a regular edition of the orator's works; the Whig reviewer extols the eloquence of the retort coolly three-and-twenty years after it was given. There is, in short, no Tory angry, and no Whig undelighted.—In the other case, there is a row, the Whigs are indignant, their newspapers uproarious, and nothing can be more horrible in their eyes than Mr Canning's indecoram,

quite forgetting the panegyric pronounced on Grattan, for doing precisely the same thing, by their principal organ.

TICKLER.

You may just reverse your second last sentence—there is no Whig void of wrath, and no Tory—we mean of that base set among us, who are our greatest disgrace, the Pluckless—not in mourning.

HOGG.

Hoch! hoch! hoch! heegh! heegh! hogh! hoch! hoch!

ODOHERTY.

One word more—I, of course, know nothing of the facts of the case, nor pretend to pronounce an opinion which party was right. I am merely criticising the oratorical power displayed by Grattan and Canning. I know not whether Corry or Brougham was justifiable in the charge originally made.

TICKLER.

Perhaps the whole is an invention of the Gentlemen of the Press.

ODOHERTY.

Hogg, have you had any thing to do with this?

HOGG.

I'll tell you what it is, Hogg kens naething about the Edinburgh Review, nor Mr Brougham neither—I have not seen a paper this month—and as for the Review, that Number's the first I've seen of the blue and yellow these two years, I believe.

ODOHERTY.

No great loss.—But choose your subject, Chairman; what have you seen of late?

HOGG.

There's for ae thing The Sextuple Alliance. Deevil o' siccan a poem ever I saw; but the dedication is capital.

ODOHERTY.

What is it?

HOGG.

See there, man.

TO

A MAN OF LETTERS,

A MERCHANT, POLITICIAN, AND ECONOMIST;

A GENTLEMAN

WHO MIGHT BE NAMED TO FOREIGNERS, AS A MODEL OF AN ENLIGHTENED
AND LIBERAL

BRITISH TRADER;

A JUST AND ZEALOUS MAGISTRATE,

AN ESTIMABLE PRIVATE CITIZEN,

AN ABLE WRITER,

AND ORIGINAL THINKER;

TO THE ROSCOE AND RICARDO OF GLASGOW,

JAMES EWING, ESQ.

THESE VERSES ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

THEIR AUTHORS.

ODOHERTY.

Very elegant, and most appropriate. Have you any thing else new?

HOGG.

Let me think—ay, there's, for ae thing, Miss Joanna Baillie's Collection of Poems.

TICKLER.

Ha! I had not heard of her being in the press.—Tragic, I hope.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

You will find the book on the side-table, I believe, Tickler. Yes—that's it—that octavo in greenish—you will see that 'tis only edited by Miss Baillie, although there are several pieces of her's included.

HOGG.

And some very bonny picces among them—rax me the volume, Mr Tickler.

TICKLER.

With your leave, Mr Hogg—just let me look over the index—ha! “Macduff’s Cross, a drama, by Sir Walter Scott.” What’s this, Hogg?

HOGG.

Oo, just a bit hasty sketch—but some grand bits in’t, man. Od! ony body else could have kept the story for a three volume job at the least—rax me the book—thank ye, Tickler—now, listen to this,—the twa priests are watching at the sanctuary of the Macduff’s Cross, when twa horsemen are seen advancing—listen.

“ See how they strain adown the opposing hill!
Yon grey steed bounding on the headlong path
As on the level meadow—and the black
Urged by the rider with his naked sword,
Stoops on his prey, as I have seen the falcon
Dashing upon the heron.—Thou dost frown,
And clench thy hand as if it grasped a weapon.

’Tis but for shame to see one man fly thus,
While only one pursues him! Coward! turn.

ODOHERTY.

Well spouted, Shepherd—and admirable lines indeed—but I’ll read it for myself: what more is there?

HOGG.

Whoay, there’s almost every name that’s a name ava here, an be not mine ain and Byron’s. There’s Wordsworth—twa sair teugh sonnets o’ his—and Soothey, Lord keep us a’! they’re the maist daft like havers I ever met wi’, the lines of his about a Linn.

ODOHERTY.

Pass the Laureate—does Coleridge figure?

HOGG.

No—no wi’ his name at ony rate, (I had clean forgotten Coleridge.)—But there’s Crabbe and Milman, and Mrs Grant, and General Dirom, and Miss Holford, and John Richardson.

TICKLER.

Ah! “Otho?”

HOGG.

And ane Sir George Beaumont, that Wordsworth dedicates ane of his poems to—the White Doe if I mind right—and Rogers, and Hooke.

ODOHERTY.

What! Theodore? let’s hear his chaunt.

HOGG.

This Hooke’s a minister—the Reverend—

ODOHERTY.

Ah! then pass him over, for I’m sure Theodore is not in orders.

HOGG.

And Bowles, and Lady Dacre, and Miss Anna Maria Porter, and Mrs Barbauld, and Mr Merivale.

TICKLER.

Let’s hear Merivale’s contribution.

HOGG.

It’s ane o’ the very best in the book—’tis really a most elegant poem, but rather ower lang may be for receetin just now. Take this for a specimen, now:—You are to know that the poem’s all about the scenery on a water called the Axe, somewhere in England. Are not these equal to Smollett’s Leven Water itself?

“ Hail, modest streamlet, on whose bank
No willows grow, nor ozers dank;
Whose waters form no stagnant pool,
But ever sparkling, pure and cool,

Their snaky channel keep between
Soft swelling hills of tender green,
That freshens still as they descend,
In gradual slope of graceful bend,
And in the living emerald end.—
On whose soft turf, supinely laid,
Beneath the spreading beechen shade,
I trace, in Fancy's waking dream,
The current of thine infant stream."

And wi' that he's awa wi't at ance—celebrating a' the guld monasteries and castles.—Od! it maun be a bonny classical water. I could just have thought I was reading about Yarrow, and Newark, and Bowhill, and a' the lave o't.

ODOHERTY.

They seem to be graceful verses—I, however, should rather have likened them to the flow of Dyer, or Milton's Penseoso, than to Smollett's charming ode.—

HOGG.

Na, I'm nae critic. I only *feel* that Merivale has the soul of a poet, and that his verse is delicious music to my ear. I meant nae close comparisons.

ODOHERTY.

You read so nobly when the passage suits your taste, that you would make any thing appear beautiful.

HOGG.

Nane o' your quizzes, Captain,—but I'll tell ye what, I'm no gaun to read any mair o't; but if ye like, I'ae try to sing you a famous good song that's in this book—a real good song of Mr Marriott's—and though it's about a Devonshire Lane, it would just do as weel for an Ettrick Forest "Green Loaning."

OWNES.

Do—do—Sing away.—

HOGG. (*Sings to the tune of Derry down.*)

THE DEVONSHIRE LANE.

In a Devonshire lane, as I trotted along,
T'other day, much in want of a subject for song;
Thinks I to myself, I have hit on a strain,—
Sure marriage is much like a Devonshire lane.
In the first place, 'tis long, and when once you are in it,
It holds you as fast as the cage holds a lianet;
For how'er rough and dirty the road may be found,
Drive forward you must, since there's no turning round.
But though 'tis so long, it is not very wide,
For two are the most that together can ride;
And even there 'tis a chance but they get in a pothole,
And jostle and cross, and run foul of each other.
Oft Poverty greets them with mendicant looks,
And Care pushes by them o'erladen with crooks,
And Strife's grating wheels try between them to pass,
Or Stubbornness blocks up the way on her ass.
Then the banks are so high, both to left hand and right,
That they shut up the beauties around from the sight;
And hence you'll allow, 'tis an inference plain,
That Marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.
But thinks I too, these banks within which we are pent,
With bud, blossom, and berry, are richly besprent;
And the conjugal fence which forbids us to roam,
Looks lovely, when deck'd with the comforts of home.
In the rock's gloomy crevice the bright holly grows,
The ivy waves fresh o'er the withering rose,
And the ever-green love of a virtuous wife
Smooths the roughness of care—cheers the winter of life,

Then long be the journey, and narrow the way ;
 I'll rejoice that I've seldom a turnpike to pay ;
 And whate'er others think, be the last to complain,
 Though Marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

ODOHERTY.

Upon my word, Devonshire is up just now.—Is there much humour in the collection.

HOGG.

Some capital jesting bits.—Particularly some riddles and the like.—What think you of this on a PILLION ?

A RIDDLE.

Inscribed on many a learned page,
 In mystic characters and sage,
 Long time my *first* has stood :
 And though its golden age be past,
 In wooden walls it yet may last
 Till clothed with flesh and blood.

My *second* is a glorious prize
 For all who love their wondering eyes
 With curious sights to pamper ;
 But 'tis a sight—which should they meet
 All improvise in the street,
 Ye gods ! how they would scamper !

My *third* is a sort of wandering throne,
 To woman limited alone,
 The Salique law reversing ;
 But while th' imaginary queen
 Prepares to act this novel scene,
 Her royal part rehearsing,
 O'erturning her presumptuous plan,
 Up climbs the old usurper—man,
 And she jogs after as she can.

ODOHERTY.

PILLION !" Well that's truly excellent.—Well, we're all much obliged to Mrs Baillie. Toss back old Kit's octavo, dear. I shall buy one of them for myself, to-morrow.

HOGG.

There, it's just lighted on the bunker !—

ODOHERTY.

Not among the Liberals, I hope.—Ah ! tis safe. Have you seen the last Pisan, Hogg ?

HOGG.

Peezan !—Pushion, say rather—It's a' dirt now. Lord Byron, I aye said, wad-na put up wi' sic company lang—and ye laughed at me ; but ye see I'm right after a'.

ODOHERTY.

Me laugh at you ? I only wonder what the deuce it can have been, that made him countenance them even for the little time he did. His articles were libellous sometimes, (these fellows, by the way, can no more libel, than a tailor can ride) but they had no connection with, or resemblance to the sort of trash the Cockneys stuffed them in the heart of—The last Number contains *not one line* of Byron's.—Thank God ! he has seen his error, and kicked them out.

HOGG.

I canna gie him up. I canna thole't. I aye think he'll turn ower a new leaf, and be himself ere lang.

ODOHERTY.

Quod felix faustumque !—But as to these drivellers, they are all in their old mire again.—Just Rimini Hunt, and three or four more —

HOGG.

" Lewd fellows of the baser sort,"—to use scriptural language, touching a most unscriptural crew.

TICKLER.

And whether you take "lewd" in the old or the new sense, you could not have hit on a fitter epithet for the authors of some of these disgusting far-ragos. The fellow that reviews Apuleius would look at home upon the treadmill.—Filthy, dirty creature! Latin, forsooth!—and what think ye of King Leigh comparing Pope's face to a FAWN'S?

HOGG.

Which rhymes of course to THOANS OF SCORNS.

TICKLER.

Of course, of course.—Have you seen the LIBER AMORIS?

ODOHERTY.

Not I,—what is it?—a Cockneyism?

TICKLER.

Ay, and a most profligate Cockneyism too. But wait a little, wait a little. I can a tale unfold. You shall hear the whole story in due time,—“the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;” and well know I at least ONE COCKNEY that would shake in his shoes if he heard what I am saying.

HOGG.

Ye gar me shake mysel', when ye speak with that groaning key, and lay out your leg that way.—O, Mr Tickler, ye're an awfu' auld carle when your birr's up. Sic an ee too! ye put me in mind, no offence, sir, of Galt's Archbishop.

TICKLER.

Hah! hah! the Archbishop of St Andrews? Old Hamilton?

HOGG.

Ay, just him.—I have Ringan in my maud here.—I coft him for our bit Yarrow Subscription LeebRARY.

ODOHERTY.

Read the description of Timotheus.—

HOGG. (*Reading from Ringan Gilhaize.*)

“He used to depict him as a hale black-a-vised carl, of an o'ersea look, with a long dark beard inclining to grey: his abundant hair flowing down from his cowl, was also clouded and streaked with the kithings of the cranreuch of age—there was, however,” (here's for you, Timothy!)—“there was, however, a youthy and luscious twinkling in his eyes, that shewed how little the passage of three and sixty winters had cooled the rampant—

TICKLER.

Stop, you old Boar.—

HOGG.

A devilish weel sketched portrait in its style—very picturesque, 'faith—and I dare say, very like.

TICKLER.

Why, I profess to be tolerably read in the history of that period, and much as I detest the Covenanters, I must allow that Galt has authority for every fact he introduces.

HOGG.

There wad nane o' you believe me, when I said I had authority for the mis-usage of that priest o' mine, in the Brownie.

TICKLER.

It did not signify, whether you had or not—but here the case is altered, quoth Plowden—This book is really something of a history.

ODOHERTY.

Faith I read it as a novel, and, though not quite so laughable as the Entail, I thought it a devilish good novel.

TICKLER.

And so it is—but mark my words, the Book will live when most Novels we see just now are forgotten, as a history.—'Tis really a very skilful, natural, easy, and amusing History of the Establishment of the Reformed and Presbyterian Religion in this kingdom—Very great art in the management, I assure you.

HOGG.

Oh, it's a braw book—it's a real book—I aye liked Galt, and I like him better than ever now. He has completely entered into the spirit of the Covenanters—

far better than The Unknown—clean aboon him—head and showthers—the real truth of the character—

ODOHERTY.

Who the devil cares about the Covenanters?—Confound the old bigotted idiots, say I! Have you seen Murray in Claverhouse?

TICKLER.

I have; and he plays it and looks it nobly. The drama is one of the best from those Novels. Mackay's Cuddie Headrigg, Mrs. Nicol's Mause, and Mason's old Milnwood, are particularly excellent.

HOGG.

What for have they no had the sense to keep the one table with the salt-foot, as in the Novel? They've clean missed a fine point by that silly altraction.

TICKLER.

They have. Tell them of it, and they'll mend it.

HOGG.

I had a letter from an Ettrick lad that's settled in America, the other day, and he says they've made a play there out of my THREE PERILS already, and it takes prodigiously,—they've mair sense owerby there than here at hame, in some particulara. They turn a' my novells into plays;—Od! I cannot but say it makes me prood to think that I'm acting just now, at this very moment, in New York, maybe, and Boston, and half a dozen mair of their towns intill the bargain; and then, how they translate me in Germany; but Kempferhausen can tell you better about those things.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

Pooch! they translate every thing in Germany; you need not take that as any very great compliment.—And in France too, faith I believe they translate any thing in Paris that's written in England.

HOGG.

I wad like to see mysell moushified. If ye have the French Brownie of Bodebeck, let me hae a lend o't;—od! I would not wonder, if it garred me take to learning their lingo.

ODOHERTY.

And then, perhaps, we shall have you writing a book in French yourself, like a second Sir Wm. Jones, or Mr Beckford. By the way, was there ever such a failure as this new imitation of Beckford's Vathek, ADA REIS?

TICKLER.

I could not get through with it for one; wild and dull together won't do. Lady Caroline is a very clever person certainly, but she should really take a little time and thought. Graham Hamilton was bad, and this is worse. I wonder Murray took the trouble to publish it.

ODOHERTY.

Nevertheless, Tickler, there are some fine passages—some noble things after all. But to imitate Vathek and to fail, were very nearly the same thing. Vathek, sir, is one of the most original works that our age has seen. It will live when Fonthill is in ruins—*ære perennis*.

HOGG.

I wish you would tell me your notion of some more of the *new* books, sirs; for I've gotten some of the Ettrick lads' siller yet, and I'm resolved to carry them out every thing that I can coff. Blackwood says, "The Monks of Leadenhall" is a good novel.

TICKLER.

It is very fair; the author has spirit and imagination, and knowledge too,—he will be a rising man yet, you will see—if he takes a little more time and consideration. By all means, export The Monks of Leadenhall to St Mary's. 'Tis a very promising work.

HOGG.

Thank ye,—I'll e'en buy't, then,—and "The Pioneers," that's a book of Murray's—I suppose it will be worth its price, since it comes out of his shop,—for John's no that keen o' novells now-a-days.

TICKLER.

Why, the author has very considerable talents—but "The Spy" was far bet-

ter. This is rather a heavy book ;—but, however, it will go down on Yarrow and elsewhere ;—any thing is valuable in so far that paints new manners,—and American manners are a rich mine—and this writer bids fair to dig to purpose in it.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

Washington Irving is, I hear, busy with German manners now.—He has taken up his residence there,—and is determined to give us a German Sketch-book in the first place.—(What a present this will be !)—and then a series of works, all founded on German stories, and illustrative of the characters and customs of German life.

ODOHERTY.

Come, this is good news, Kempferhausen—I am truly happy to hear Geofrey Crayon has got hold of so fine a field. In the meantime, do you stick to your tackle, and devil-a-fear but there's enough for you both.

HOGG.

I've bought D'Israeli's book, and Butler's Reminiscences.

TICKLER.

Right in both—Butler is a delightful writer—so calm, so sensible, so judicious, so thoroughly the scholar and the gentleman. I love Butler, and wish his Reminiscences had been five times as large. I read the book through at a sitting—and delightful reading it was.

ODOHERTY.

There's another new book has just come out, something between D'Israeli's manner and Butler's ; but I don't know whether it will be in Hogg's way, the "Heraldic Anomalies."

TICKLER.

O, a very clever book—I mean to give North a review of it one of these days, and then Hogg will judge for himself. It is really quite full of information and amusement too.

ODOHERTY.

Who wrote it ?

TICKLER.

God knows ! some old pawky barrister—some venerable quizzer among the benchers, I should guess. There is a vast bunch of good legal jokes ; and a sort of learning that nobody but a lawyer could have acquired. He is a good-natured, polite, and genuinely aristocratic writer—I wish we had more such. May'nt it be Butler himself ?

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

I should have thought it possible, but he quotes and praises Butler's books, and of course Butler is above all that sort of trick. Somebody mentioned Dr Nares.

TICKLER.

Ah ! a good guess too—Why, the man that can write both that Glossary of the Old English Tongue, and that admirable Novel of "Thinks I to Myself," may do any thing he pleases.—The Archdeacon is a first-rate man, or at least might be so if he chose to give himself the trouble.

ODOHERTY.

Well, I hope we shall have more both of him and of Butler. I shall be happy to see the review, Timothy ; but you know you promised to do Allan's picture, and yet where is it ? The article I mean.

TICKLER.

Upon my soul, I had quite forgot. I hope the picture is sold ere now.

ODOHERTY.

I see it is considerably lauded in the Literary Gasette and elsewhere. Racburn and he always keep up our art at the exhibition.

TICKLER.

And Wilkie—but I shall say nothing of him, for I observe Hazlitt abuses us for being so proud of him.

ODOHERTY.

I think he might take to abuse of you for being so proud of Allan too—Really Allan rises every day.

TICKLER.

Yes, sir—that figure of John Knox is the finest effect his pencil has made. Heavens ! to think of these rich people buying Tenierses and Gerard Dows

at such prices, when they could get something so infinitely better—with all their merit, and something fifty times beyond them into the bargain, for, comparatively speaking, a mere trifle.

ODOHERTY.

Come, I don't know what you mean by trifles—and as for Allan, he can't complain, for devil a piece of his own handiwork has he upon his hands.

TICKLER.

That's right—so much genius united with so much industry always must command success. I am glad to hear he gets on so well, however.

ODOHERTY.

You'll see him in his chariot ere he is three years older.

HOGG.

Set him up wi' chariots! Deil mean him! I think if yon auld clattering rickety of a gig does for a poet like me, a sheltie may serve ony brushman amang them. Chariots!

ODOHERTY.

Pooh! I mean to sport a coach and six myself one of these days. What do you think I have been offered for my new work?

TICKLER.

“THE WEST COUNTRY, A NOVEL?”

ODOHERTY.

The same. Guess, Timothy.

HOGG.

Five hundred?

TICKLER.

A cool thousand?

ODOHERTY.

Fifteen hundred guineas, by the holy poker! What think ye of that, Jamie Hogg?

HOGG.

Fifteen hundred guineas! hoh, sirs! What will this world come to! These booksellers are turned princes! It will be an awfu' book for selling though; Captain. Is it all about Glasgow?

ODOHERTY.

Glasgow, Paisley, and Greenock—these classical haunts are all included under this most rural title. It is to be my *chef-d'œuvre*. I intend to take Galt, and annihilate him—I mean his “West Country,” the old “West Country,” the “Entail.”

HOGG.

Do that, and you'll do something.

TICKLER.

Depict a living idiot equal to Wattie, and *eris mihi Magnus Apollo!*

ODOHERTY.

No want of idiots; but, as Hogg says, “wait a wee.”—Have any of you seen the concluding Cantos of Don Juan?

TICKLER.

Oh! we have all seen them. North has had a copy of them these six weeks. I wonder if they're ever to get a publisher.

HOGG.

They're extraordinary clever—they're better even than the twa first; but that mischievous Constitutional Association will not let ony body daur to print them. And, after all, it's maybe as weel sae, for they're gay wicked, I must allow; and yet, it's amaisht a pity.

ODOHERTY.

I have a great mind to turn bookseller myself, just on purpose to put an end to all this nonsense. A pretty story, truly, that two Cantos of Byron's best poetry should be going a-begging for a midwife! Horrible barbarism!

TICKLER.

Just retribution——! How are the mighty fallen! “CREDE BYRON!!”

ODOHERTY.

Crede humbug!