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WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;
AND
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EDINBURGH:

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ral octave of the human voice, with which the ascending middle octave of C major, in a piano-forte or organ, is tuned in unison; and that the second is that natural octave of the human voice, with which the *descending* middle octave of C minor is tuned in unison,—the key of A *natural* being so only in regard to the artificial arrangement of the tones and keys on the instrument.

It shews that all the doubts and difficulties, in regard to the minor key, are easily explicable on the principle of its being naturally a *descending* key, the flats and sharps in its ascent being merely artificial; and that the transposition of the last semitone in descent is nothing more than a natural modulation into a major key, after relieving the feelings by the utterance of sounds in a minor octave.

It advances the anatomical theory, that the major key is the natural consequence of a braced fibre, of a braced and contracted larynx; and that the minor key is the natural consequence

of a relaxed fibre, of a relaxed and a widened larynx; also, that the tympanum of the human ear is a series of musical fibres capable of being tuned to every possible key of each mood, whose vibrations, elicited by unisons and by concords, give bodily as well as mental pleasure; or if elicited by discords, or sounds out of tune, give bodily as well as mental pain; but, in both cases, pleasure and pain being interwoven, just as the point of a pen-knife applied to the sole of the foot may either tickle or lacerate.

It shews that the common phrase of being out of tune is literally true, and explanatory of various difficulties; and it reconciles the whole artificial arrangements and variations of different instruments to its own general principle.

I may close by observing, that almost every one of the *Musical Queries* is in itself a proof of the truth of this new theory.—Yours,

IGNOTUS.

ON THE COCKNEY SCHOOL OF POETRY.*

No VI.

THIS is a posthumous publication, and has been given to the world, we understand, by the author's executors, Mr John Keats, Mr Vincent Novello, and Mr Benjamin Haydon. Such, at least, is the town-talk. We wish that these gentlemen had given us a short life of their deceased friend; but that, to be sure, would have been a delicate task. We have heard it whispered, that they found among his papers a quire of hot-pressed wire-wove, gilt Autobiography. Why not publish select portions of that? Neither have they given us a Face. This was unkind, for no man admired his face more than poor Hunt; and many and oft is the time that we have stood by him, at pond and stream, when he tried to catch a reflected glimpse of his "perked-up mouth" and "crisp curls" in the liquid element. The blame of this omission lies entirely at Mr Haydon's door, and we call upon him to justify himself before the public. A great historical painter like

Haydon ought not to paint portraits of ordinary men—mere statesmen or warriors—your Cannings and your Wellingtons, and so forth; but poets belong to a higher order of beings, and the Raphael of the Cockneys need not to have blushed to paint the divine countenance of their Milton.

But we must put up the best way we can with the want of a Life and Face, and rest satisfied with the image of the mind. It is not easy to explain why Leigh Hunt, the most fierce democrat and demagogue of his day, and whose habits and courses of life were altogether so very vulgar, should have been so fond of dedications to great people. "My dear Byron," was quite a bright thought; and we have sometimes imagined what "confusion worse confounded" must have reigned in the box at Hampstead, when the maid-servant announced his lordship, more especially if it happened to be washing-day.

"Even in our ashes live their wonted fires,"

* Foliage; or Poems Original and Translated; by Leigh Hunt. London, C. and J. Olliv. 1818.

and accordingly we have now a posthumous dedication, beginning, "My dear Sir John." Oh! what a falling off is there! Why, had the Cockney lived a few years longer, he might have descended into a plain, paltry "My dear Sir;" and then there would have been an end of all his greatness. From "My dear Lord," the ascent would have been easy to "My dear Duke;" thence to "My dear Regent;" and when earthly potentate could not satisfy the bard's ambition, he might have dedicated a half-guinea volume to Pan or Apollo.

The main features of this posthumous volume are, we are told, "a love of sociality, of the country, and of the fine imagination of the Greeks;" and it is on that account dedicated to Sir John Swinburne, Bart. whom "a rational piety and a manly patriotism does not hinder from putting the Phidian Jupiter over his organ and flowers at the end of his room." This is a very mystical sentence. Rational piety and manly patriotism, as far as we can see, need no more hinder Sir John Swinburne from doing that, than from wearing buckskin-breeches and boots when he takes a morning ride, or from having a turkey-carpet in his drawing-room. But both rational piety and manly patriotism ought, in our opinion, to prevent Sir John Swinburne from admiring either the story of Rimini or the Examiner newspaper; for the first is an affected piece of immorality, and the second has for twelve years past been endeavouring to sap the foundations of all social institutions, and of the Christian religion. Sir John Swinburne is, we believe, a highly respectable person, and must hate and despise licentiousness, sedition, and impiety. A dedication to him, by a writer who so largely dealt in all of these as the late Leigh Hunt, is a gross public insult, not to himself alone, but to the country-gentlemen of England.

Let us see in what way the deceased Cockney exhibits his love of sociality—of the country—and of the fine imagination of the Greeks.

I. His love of sociality.

Few traits of this amiable disposition are discernible in the chief poem of this collection, the Nymphs. On the contrary, Mr Hunt seems desirous to have these fair ladies entirely to

himself, and figures away in the character of the Grand Signor. The following is a sketch of part of his *seraglio*.

Most exquisite it was indeed to see
How those blithe damsels guided variously,
Before, behind, beside. Some forward stood
As in well-managed chariots, or pursued
Their trusting way as in self-moving ones;
And some sat up, or as in tilted chair
With silver back seemed slumbering through
the air,
Or leaned their cheek against a pillow place
As if upon their smiling, sleepy face
They felt the air, or heard aerial tunes.
Some were like maids who sit to wash their
feet

On rounded banks beside a rivulet;
Some sat in shade beneath a curving jut
As at a small hill's foot;
And some behind upon a sunny mound
With twinkling eyes. Another only shewed
On the far side a foot and leg, that glowed
Under the cloud; a sweeping back another,
Turning her from us like a suckling mother;
She next, a side, lifting her arms to tie
Her locks into a flowing knot; and she
That followed her, a smooth down-arching
thigh
Tapering with tremulous mass internally.
Others lay partly sunk, as if in bed,
Shewing a white raised bosom and dark head,
And dropping out an arm.

Several scores more of King Leigh the
First's Beauties are described by the
pencil of his enamoured majesty—
and at the conclusion we are told by
him that

Every lady bowed
A little from its side without a word,
And swept my lids with breathless lips serene,
As Alan's mouth was stooped to by a Queen.

But we, "who are ignorant of all noble theories," must not presume to guess at the meaning of these free nymphs, or at the construction which Mr Hunt may have put on their condescensions.

The love of sociality, however, breaks out, at page 40, in a poem entitled *Fancy's Party*. Mr Hunt and a few choice spirits are sipping tea in his parlour—and "cherishing their knees" at the fire, as he elsewhere snugly says—when it would appear that the Harlequin of Sadler's Wells, who we believe was an intimate friend of Leigh's, strikes the chimney-piece with his sword,

And hey, what's this? the walls, look,
Are wrinkling as a skin does;
And now they are bent
To a silken tent,
And there are chrysal windows;

And look ! there's a balloon love !
Round and bright as the moon above.

Now we loosen—now—take care ;
What a spring from earth was there !
Like an angel mounting fierce,
We have shot the night with a pierce ;
And the moon, with slant-up beam,
Makes our starting faces gleam.
Lovers below will stare at the sight,
And talk of the double moon last night.

Mr Hunt's notions of sociality are very moderate ones indeed ; and we know not what will be thought of them by those whom he calls " the once cheerful gentry of this war and money-injured land." Reader, if thou art an honest, stout county squire, what thinkst thou of the following debauch of two Cockney's, Hunt and Hazlitt.

Then tea made by one, who although my wife she be,

If Jove were to drink it, would soon be his Hebe,

Then silence a little, a creeping twilight,
Then an egg for your supper with lettuces white,

And a moon and friend's arm to go home with at night.

In this passage we have " the love of sociality, of the country and of the fine imagination of the Greeks," all in one. What does Sir John Swinburne think of the Phidian Jove at his fourth cup of tea, putting his spoon across it, or fairly turning the cup upside down, in imitation of the custom of Cockaigne, to ensure himself against the fifth dilution ? Then, think of the delicacy of the compliment paid to the lady who pours out the gun-powder ! Jupiter drinking tea at Hampstead with Mr and Mrs Hunt, and Mr Hazlitt !

" Cedite Romani Scriptorum Cedite Graii."
The affable arch-angel, supping with Adam and Eve in Paradise, is nothing to the Father of Gods and Men eating muffins with the Editor of a Sunday newspaper. There, Mr Benjamin Haydon, is a grand historical subject for your pencil. Shut yourself up again for seven years in sublime solitude, and Raphael and Michael Angelo are no more. One is at a loss to know if Jupiter staid supper. Short commons for a god who, in days of yore, went to sleep on Juno's bosom, full of nectar and ambrosia—

An egg for his supper with lettuces white !
Then think of letting Jove decamp,
without so much as once offering him a bed—leaning on the arm of Mr Wil-

liam Hazlitt—and perhaps obliged, after all, to put up for the night at Old Mother Red-Cap's ! Mr Hunt then exultingly exclaims, soon as he has got the Monarch of Olympus and the Lecturer at the Surrey Institution out of his house,

Now this I call passing a few devout hours,
Beseeching a world that has friendship and flowers,

That has lips also, made for still more than to chat to,

And if it has rain, has a rainbow for that too !

Who ever supposed that lips were made only to chat to ? Their ordinary use is to chat with—and really all their other little agreeable offices are too universally acknowledged to allow Leigh Hunt to claim the honour of discovery.

Under the head of " Love of Sociality " we now make room for only one passage more—from an epistle to Charles Lamb, who has for many years past been in the very reprehensible habit of allowing Mr Hunt and Mr Hazlitt to suck his brains, at tea-drinkings and select suppers, to steal from him his ingenious fancies, and to send them out into the world woefully bedizened in the Cockney uniform. Mr Coleridge, too, used to be plundered in this way—and one evening of his fine, rich, overflowing monologue would amply furnish out a lecture on poetry, or any thing else, at the Surrey Institution. Let that simple-minded man of genius, Charles Lamb, beware of such ungrateful plunderers—nor allow himself to be flattered by their magnificent compliments.

You'll guess why I can't see the snow-covered streets,

Without thinking of you and your visiting feats !

When you call to remembrance how you and one more,

When I wanted it most, used to knock at my door.

For when the sad winds told us rain would come down,

Or snow upon snow fairly clogged up the town,

And dun yellow fogs brooded over it's white,
So that scarcely a being was seen towards night,

Then, then said the lady *ye slept near and dear !*
" Now mind what I tell you,—the L.'s will be here."

So I poked up the flame, and she got out the tea !

And down we both sat, as prepared as could be !

And there, sure as fate, came the knock of
you two,
Then the lantern, the laugh, and the
"Well, how d'ye do?"
Then your palm towards the fire, and your
face turned to me,
And shawls and great-coats being—where
they should be,—
And due "never saw's" being paid to the
weather,
We cherished our knees, and sat sipping
together,
And leaving the world to the fogs and the
fighters,
Discussed the pretensions of all sorts of
writers.

There is too much reason to believe,
that this everlasting tea-drinking was
the chief cause of Leigh Hunt's death.
The truth is, that he had for many
years been sipping *imitation-tea*, a
pleasant but deleterious preparation—
more pernicious by far than the very
worst port; and there can be little
doubt, that if he had drunk about a
bottle of black-strap in the fortnight,
and forsworn thin potatoes altogether,
he might have been alive, and
perhaps writing a sonnet at this very
moment.

II. *His love of the Country.*

Mr Hunt informs us, that of all the
poets of the present day he was the
fondest of rural scenes.

O Spirit, O muse of mine,
Frank, and quick-dimpled to all social glee,
And yet most sylvan of the earnest Nine,
Who on the fountain-shedding hill,
Leaning about among the clumpy bays
Look at the clear Apollo while he plays;—
Take me, now, now, and let me stand
On some such lovely land,
Where I may feel me, as I please,
In dells among the trees,
Or on some outward slope, with ruffling hair,
Be level with the air;
For a new smiling sense has shot down
through me,
And from the clouds, like stars, bright eyes
are beckoning to me.

Having got into this situation, Mr
Hunt did not long for his wanted cup
of tea, but for "poetic women"
"To have their *all* of pipes and leafy play-
ing."

What vast ideas of tobacco does "fill
of pipes" awaken! and what a game
at romps is signified by "leafy play-
ing!" after this violent exertion the
poet and his nymphs lie down to sleep.
There lie they, lulled by little whistling tones
Of rills among the stones,
Or by the rounder murmur, glib and fresh,
Of the escaping gush,

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That laughs and tumbles, like a conscious
thing,

For joy of all its future travelling.
The lizard circuits them; and his grave will
The frog, with reckoning leap, enjoys apart,
Till now and then the woodcock frights his
heart

With brushing down to dip his dainty bill.
How beautifully he describes the
Hampstead clouds of heaven.
And lo, there issued from beside the trees,
Through the blue air, a most delicious sight,
A troop of clouds, rich, separate, three parts
white,

As beautiful as pigeons that one sees
Round a glad homestead reeling at their ease,
But large, and slowly; and what made the
sight

Such as I say, was not that piled white,
Nor their more rosy backs, nor forward pass
Like sails, nor yet their surfy massiveness
Light in it's plenitude, like racks of snow.

These are singing clouds, and ought
to be introduced on the stage.

As they stooped them near,

Lo, I could hear

How the smooth silver clouds, lapsing with
care,

Make a bland music to the fawning air,
Filling with such a roundly-slipping tune
The hollow of the great attentive noon,
That the tall sky seemed touched; and all
the trees

Thrilled with the coming harmonies;
And the fair waters looked as if they lay
Their cheek against the sound, and so went
kissed away.

But it is needless to enter at greater
length into Mr Hunt's "love of the
country," for it all hangs on one great
principle—*every grove has its nymph*,
and that is enough for the author of
the story of Rimini.

You finer people of the earth,

Nymphs of all names, and woodland Geni-
uses,

I see you, here and there, among the trees,
Shrouded in noon-day respite of your mirth:
This hum in air, which the still ear perceives,
Is your unquarrelling voice among the leaves;
And now I find, whose are the laughs and
stirrings

That make the delicate birds dart so in
whisks and whirrings.

It is much to be regretted, that the
deceased bard's rural life was so limited
and local. He had no other notion
of that sublime expression, "sub Dio,"
than merely "out of doors." One al-
ways thinks of Leigh Hunt, on his
rural excursions to and from Hamp-
stead, in a great-coat or spencer, clogs
over his shoes, and with an umbrella
in his hand. He is always talking of
lanes, and styles, and hedgerows, and
clumps of trees, and cows with large

udders. He is the most suburban of poets. He died, as might have been prophesied, within a few hours saunter of the spot where he was born, and without having been once beyond the well-fenced meadows of his microcosm. Suppose for a moment, Leigh Hunt at sea—or on the summit of Mount Blanc! It is impossible. No. Hanpstead was the only place for him. "With farmy fields in front and sloping green."

Only hear how he revels in the morning before breakfast, when out on an adventurous constitutional stroll.

Then northward what a range,—with heath and pond,
Nature's own ground; woods that let mansions through,
And cottaged vales with pillowy fields beyond,
And clump of darkening pines, and prospects blue,
And that clear path through all, where daily meet
Coal cheeks, and brilliant eyes, and morn-elastic feet.

Mr Hunt is the only poet who has considered the external world simply as the "country," in contradiction to the town—fields in place of squares, lanes *vice* streets, and trees as lieutenants of houses. That fine line of Campbell's,

"And look on nature with a poet's eye,"
must, to be applicable to him, be changed into,
"Look on the country with a cockney's eye."

It is true, that on one occasion Mr Hunt (see a former quotation) talks of having gone up in a balloon—but there is something Cockneyish even in that object with all its beauty—and one thinks of the Aeronaut after his flight, returning to town in a post-chaise, with the shrivelled globe bundled on the roof.

III. *His love of the fine imagination of the Greeks.*

A man who could ask Jupiter if his tea was sweetened to his mind, must have a truly Greekish imagination of his own no doubt—and pray, where did Mr Hunt find that Hebe was a married lady with six children? What does that great orthographist, Lindley Murray, think of spelling Apollo with a final *r*, which Mr Hunt is in duty bound to do when he pronounces him Apollar? But Mr Hunt used to read Homer, and to translate choice passages

from the Iliad, on which Pope and Cowper had wrought in vain.

Thrice did great Hector drag him by the feet
Backward, and loudly shouted to the Trojans;

And thrice did the Ajaxes, springy-strength'd,
Thrust him away; yet still he kept the ground,

Sure of his strength; and now and then
rushed on

Into the thick, and now and then stood still,
Shouting great shouts; and not an inch gave he.

When Iris invites Achilles to go to the rescue of the body of Patrocles, the son of Thetis replies to her, as if he were speaking to our old friend Mr Rees, in Paternoster-row, with a MS. for publication in his pocket.

"But how am I to go into the press?"

In another place, Hunt makes Homer call a fountain "clear and crisp," which had he ever done, Apollo would have shot him instantly dead. There is something to us quite shocking in the idea of Hunt translating Homer—and his executors have much to answer for in having made the fact public.

The following description, though very conceited and passionless, seems to us the best thing the late Mr Hunt ever did "in the poetical line." But instead of breathing "of the fine imagination of the Greeks," it is nothing more than a copy in words of a picture in oil. Mr Hunt used to be a great lounger in picture-dealer's shops, and was a sad bore among the artists, —who must feel much relieved by his death. Whenever you meet with a vivid image in his verses, you are sure that it is taken from a picture. He is speaking of Polyphemus descending by night,

To walk in his anguish about the green places,
And see where his mistress lay dreaming of
Acis.

I fancy him now, coming just where she
sleeps;

He parts the close hawthorns, and hushes,
and creeps;—

The moon slips from under the dark clouds,
and throws

A light, through the leaves, on her smiling
repose.

There, there she lies, bower'd;—a slope for
her bed;

One branch, like a hand, reaches over her
head;

Half naked, half shrinking, with side-swelling
grace,

A crook's twixt her bosom, and crosses her
face,—

The crook of her shepherd; and close to her
 Lies the Pan-pipe he blows, which in sleep-
 ing she sips;—
 The giant's knees totter, with passions di-
 vense;
 Ah, how can he bear it! Ah! what could
 be worse!
 He's ready to cry out, for anguish of heart;
 And tears himself off, lest she wake with a
 start.

So much for our deceased friend's
 "love of sociality, the country, and
 the fine imagination of the Greeks."—
 May we add a few specimens of

IV. *His love of himself.*

He gets Mrs L. H. to model a bust
 of him, and during the operation, he
 talks of becoming

"Worthier of Apollo's bough."

What is to be thought of a man
 writing a triumphal sonnet on his own
 bust, and publishing it—and what
 if that man be, at the best, but a small
 poetaster and news-monger. Then fol-
 lows a sonnet to John Keats,

'Tis well you think me truly one of those
 Whose sense discerns the loveliness of
 things, &c.

And then again comes another son-
 net on "receiving a crown of ivy from
 the same."

A crown of ivy!—I submit my head
 To the young hand that gives it—young, 'tis
 true,
 But with a right, for 'tis a poet's too.
 How pleasant the leaves feel!! and how
 they spread
 With their broad angles, like a nodding
 shed
 Over both eyes!! and how complete and
 new,
 As on my hand I lean, to feel them strew
 My sense with freshness, Fancy's rustling
 bed!

This sonnet presents to us a very
 laughable picture, which, spite of Mr
 Hunt's decease, we hope there can be
 no great harm in enjoying. Mr John
 Keats was, we believe, at this time, a
 young apothecary, and if, instead of
 crowning poor Mr Hunt with ivy, he
 had clapped a blister upon his head, he
 would have acted in a way more suit-
 able to his profession. Such an opportu-
 nity probably never occurred again.
 Well—behold the Cockney—strutting
 about the room, for we hope there was
 no "out of doors" exposure, with his
 ivy-crown, dressing gown, yellow
 breeches, and red slippers—followed,
 in all his movements by young Escula-

pius, and ever and anon coquetting
 with himself in the magic mirror.
 No doubt, he rung the bell for the la-
 dies, and the children, and the serv-
 ants, and probably sent out for his
 favourite "washerwoman." When
 he dressed for dinner, did the ivy
 wreath still continue to deck his regal
 temples? Did he sip tea in it? Play
 a rubber at whist? And finally, did
 he go to bed in it—and, if so, did he
 shroud its glories in a night-cap, or
 did he lay his head on the pillow like
 Bacchus by the side of Ariadne? All
 these little interesting circumstances
 are, no doubt, mentioned in his
 autobiography.

But one sonnet—two sonnets to
 John Keats, do not suffice—and we
 have a third "on the same."

It is a lofty feeling, yet a kind,
 Thus to be topped with leaves; to have a
 sense

Of honour-shaded thought—an influence
 As from great nature's flagers, and be-
 twined

With her old, sacred, verdurous ivy-bird,
 As though she hallowed with that sylvan
 fence,

A head that bows to her benevolence,
 Midst pomp of fancied trumpets in the
 wind!!!!

'Tis what's within us crowned.

There is a pair of blockheads for
 you! John Keats had no more right
 to dress up Leigh Hunt in this absurd
 fashion, than he had to tar and feather
 him—and we do not doubt, that if
 Leigh Hunt had ever had the misfor-
 tune to have been tarred and feathered,
 he would have written a sonnet on his
 plumification, and described himself as
 a Bird of Paradise.

From John Keats the transition is
 not difficult to John Hamilton Rey-
 nolds—for he too had written lines on
 the story of Rimini—though by na-
 ture fit for far other occupation—and
 accordingly Mr Hunt returns him
 sonnet for sonnet. In it, Mr Rey-
 nolds, clever man as he is, is made to
 look very like a ninny.

TO JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS,
 On his Lines upon the Story of Rimini.
 Reynolds, whose Muse, from out thy gentle
 embraces,

Holding a little crisp and dewy flower,
 Came to me in my close-entwined bower,
 Where many fine-eyed Friendships and glad
 Graces,

Parting the boughs, have looked in with
 like faces,

And thanked the song which had sufficient
 power

With Phoebus to bring back a warmer hour,
And turn his southern eye to our green
places.

But the most insane of all the Idol-
ators is at hand, in the shape of a cer-
tain Doctor, whose name, lest it should
injure his practice, we shall not men-
tion, and who (upon his knees, we
presume,) makes an offering to the
Idol of Cockaigne OF A LOCK OF MIL-
TON'S HAIR!!!!

To ———, M. D.

On his giving me a Lock of Milton's Hair.
I felt my spirit leap, and look at thee
Through my changed colour with glad
grateful stare.

When after shewing us this glorious hair,
Thou didst turn short, and bending plea-
santly

With gracious hand gav'st the great lock to
ME!!!

An honouring gift indeed! which I will
wear

About me, while I breathe this strenuous
air,

That nursed his Apollonian tresses free.

See what it is to be a favourite of
Apollo! Apothecaries and physicians
flock in upon you from every side.—
And well might it be said of ———
———, M. D., in reference to Keats
and Reynolds,

"The force of nature could no further go—
To make one Fool, she joined the other
two."

Two more sonnets follow on the
same subject, and Mr Hunt, we are
told, a short time before his death,
had the lock of Milton's hair put into
a brooch, in the figure of a naked Eve,
and wore it, and the Mother of Man-
kind, on the frill of his shirt.

This fashion of firing off sonnets at
each other was prevalent in the me-
tropolis a short time since among the
bardlings, and was even more annoying
than the detonating balls. We have
heard them cracking off in the lobbies
of the Theatres, and several exploded
close to our ear one morning in Sir
John Leicester's gallery. Like other
nuisances of the kind, they are now
laughed down; and, indeed, after
Leigh Hunt's death, who was at the
top of the fashion, it dwindled quite
away, though sometimes even yet a
stray sonneteer is to be found can-
tering along on his velocipede.

In our next we hope to publish
"Luctus" on the death of Mr Hunt,
by Webb, Keats, and Co.—and also a
funeral oration, by Mr Haslitt. We
ourselves intend to write his epitaph.
Z.

DECORATIONS OF EDINBURGH.

MR EDITOR,

I HAVE read with some sorrow, and
more shame, your correspondent's pro-
posal to adorn Edinburgh with a
Greek Temple. Is he serious? or does
he write it as a satire upon Scottish
invention? and is it true, that no
living man is capable of conceiving a
suitable structure to commemorate the
glories of Scotland? That your cor-
respondent shews good taste in ad-
miring the Parthenon, who would
deny—but he is unwise in recommend-
ing its restoration by his countrymen.
The use to be made of ancient works,
of the majestic remains of Grecian
greatness, is not to transfer them in
the gross into marble or stone, to carry
them off, pillar and rafter, like the
fabled church of Loretto,—but to con-
template and admire them, to elevate
the mind and kindle a fire which may
excite an emulation of their glories.
But your correspondent thinks the
sun of Scottish invention has sunk or
has never risen; therefore, says he, let
us not seek to create the new, but re-

store the old; let us make works which
exercise the memory in recollections
of Athens or Rome, rather than
aspire after an hazardous reputation
for originality. So thought the pruden-
t—the calculating—the painstaking
people of America, and what have
they done, and what are they daily
doing? Your correspondent knows
this—you cannot climb an eminence
in the United States but you see
Spartas, Thebes's, and Athens's on
all sides, hills abound with classic
names—here is Ethos—there is Athos,
Parnassus is near, and beyond it arises
mount Pelion, the very hill you have
climbed is the "Calicolone on the
Simio's side."

"And what was Goose Creek once, is Tyber
now."

Now all this is harmless enough,
but what does it shew—all but an ori-
ginal spirit. In the same taste people
may—and many people do baptize
their children. I have seen Lucius
Junius O'Flanagan, which is a so-