

Dr. Proseody arrives in the Vicinity of Edinburgh.

THE
T O U R
OF
DOCTOR PROSODY,

IN SEARCH OF

The Antique and Picturesque,

THROUGH

SCOTLAND, THE HEBRIDES, THE ORKNEY AND SHETLAND ISLES;

ILLUSTRATED BY TWENTY HUMOUROUS PLATES.

" Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
" Frae Maidenkirke to Johnny Groat's,
" If there's a hole in a' your coats
" Irede you tent it:
" A chield's amang you taking notes,
" And, faith, he'll prent it."

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THE
T O U R
OF
DOCTOR PROSODY.

The Antique and Eccentric

Author

SCOTLAND, THE HEBRIDES, THE ORKNEY AND SHETLAND ISLES;

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

"I have been of your school for years."
"Yes, I have been to your school."
"I have a hole in my coat."
"I told you so!"
"A child's name you told me."
"And I told you so!"

LONDON: MATHIAS HAY, BOURNE STREET.
LONDON: SHACKELL AND ARROWSMITH, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

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ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

NEXT to works of History, or real Travels, may be ranked those efforts of Invention, which, keeping within the bounds of probability and the incidents of human life, display with humour, eccentricity and genius, the supposed adventures of a fictitious hero, whose ideal misfortunes and successful struggles over all opposing obstacles, not only amuse, but instruct us how to make the best of similar occurrences in real life. Such has been the effort of the Author in the production now presented to the public, and, judging from the sale of the numbers as they successively issued from the Press, he has not been unsuccessful. The whole work is now presented with Twenty Elegant Embellishments of that most beautiful of all scenery, the Scottish Highlands; and as the greatest care has been taken that not a single passage should cause the slightest tinge on the cheek of female modesty, it is confidently assumed, that its elegance, eccentricity and inoffensive humour, will render it a favourite subject of amusement for readers of every class.

1st July, 1821.

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Edinburgh, 1831.

T O U R
OF
DOCTOR PROSODY.

CHAPTER I.

WE shall not journey to the shrine
Of Helicon ; or call the Nine,
To shed their influence on our brain,
Whilst we attempt in jocund strain
To sing th' adventures of a Sage,
Who, though advanced to goodly age,
Was but a perfect child ; in fact,
In point of worldly ken and tact,
Whose head with cloistered lore, 'tis true,
Was fill'd, and modern learning too ;
But, yet from all the ways of men
Who liv'd estrang'd in country glen ;
Nor shall we by an invocation,
So foreign to our lucubration,
Provoke the Classic Muse to shed
Bœotian poppies on our head,
But rather call the laughing God,
Who, with a single beck or nod,

Can metamorphose all the traces
Of wrinkled care, to smiles and graces.

Blithe Comus, then, propitious smile,
Inspiring this, our verse, the while
Our hero's merry pranks we sing,
Since from his home he first took wing.

Paul Prosody, D. D. we find,
Was from his infancy inclined
To studies, such as always were
To his compeers, a mere bugbear,
And when arrived at Alma Mater,
He mixed with bucks of the first water,
His oddities would never fail
To raise sardonic laugh or tale ;
His form and dress were mark'd and known
To all the folks of Oxford town,
Who often met him as he went
A-field the country air to scent,
Arm'd with a tome in either hand,
From one of which, with gestures grand,
He read aloud some favourite piece,
Which ow'd its birth to Rome or Greece ;
Full often did the wondering swain
Admire to meet him on the plain ;
Draw forth each graphic brush and tool
To sketch some stagnant mantling pool,
And oft the lonely owls he scared,
In some lone tower where they kept guard ;
Unconscious that the prying zeal,
Of any antiquarian snail,
Should ever prompt him to become
An inmate of their lonely dome ;

Or, with an ardour keen as vain
“ Molest their solitary reign.”

In course of rolling time, and tide,
Fair Fortune's smiles were not denied,
And Prosody, we find, set down,
Grac'd with a parson's reverend gown,
As Vicar of fair Flowerdale,
A fertile, rich, Northumbrian vale ;
Here he had liv'd for many years,
Nor knew the weight of worldly cares,
So far as they could reach himself—
His living yielded stores of pelf,
But then his tears would often flow,
As freely would his hand bestow,
On being told a piteous tale
By any native of the vale :
The orphan found in him a sire,
Whose son it was he'd ne'er enquire ;
To widowed dame, a second spouse
He often prov'd, though free from vows,
And still before a couple married,
The bride was to the Doctor carried,
That he might breathe his benediction
To hallow vows of fond affection ;
Thus did each week and year cement
The bonds of love and calm content,
Which bound him to his grateful flock ;
Nor did he ever seek to shock
The feelings of his congregation,
By flinching from his duty's station ;
Or travelling abroad to find
What only centres in the mind :

He probably had still remained
To Flowerdale and home enchained,
Had not the sounding trump of Fame,
Awoke in him a sense of shame,
On hearing what a brother¹ Priest
Accomplished, when inglorious rest
He spurn'd, to travel England o'er
And view it all from shore to shore ;
This Tourist was by blood related
To Prosody, as has been stated,
And we shall therefore here assert,
The self same current warm'd the heart
Of either sage ; the same desire
Of glory burned with equal fire
In either bosom, and our hero
Determined never to be *sero*,
In his endeavours to secure
A niche, within Fame's temple door ;
Conceived the daring great design
His reverend cousin to outshine,
By travelling to Scotia, where
The Picturesque is never rare,
And to his studies in this line,
To add the scarce less fertile mine
Of the Antique, which there is found
Above, as well as under ground ;
Resolving that he should not leave
A stone unturn'd, till he could give
The world a curious relation,
Of the *notitia* of this nation.

But Prosody in joy or pain,
Was ever held within the rein

Of wholesome counsel's will and pleasure,
And ere he ventured on this measure,
Called his advisers to his side ;
They had before been often tried :
These were Squire Marmaduke, the Lord
Of Flowerdale Manor, one whose word,
Each of the others plainly saw,
Bore the authority of law
With Prosody, for he, in sooth,
Had been the patron of his youth.
The next in influence and weight,
Was the Churchwarden Farmer Wright ;
The Doctor's curate Jacob Birch,
A hopeful scion of the church,
Completes the sage and puissant trio,
A cabinet in young embryo ;
These at the Vicarage convene,
And Prosody conducts them in:
Behold them rang'd in solemn state,
His Reverence opens the debate,
Casting a winning look around,
Like one who knows he's to propound
A matter that requires finesse
To put it in a pleasant dress.

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ Patron and counsellors, I've come
“ To a resolve to leave my home,
“ But shall not such an act achieve
“ 'Till I have first obtain'd your leave ;
“ Seeing that I, each one of you,
“ Count as a friend both staunch and true,

“ And look on you at the same rate as,
 “ A brother sworn, or Fides Achates ;
 “ My purpose is to travel North,
 “ And glean whatever may be worth
 “ The notice and the approbation
 “ Of all the sc̄avans of the nation.”

SQUIRE MARMADUKE.

“ My Reverend Friend, I need not say,
 “ That I shall never answer nay
 “ To any project that appears
 “ To promise success, but my fears
 “ That you may suffer in your fame,
 “ Suggest to me that I should name
 “ The many tales that malice may
 “ On such a small foundation lay ,
 “ For instance, some one may suggest,
 “ With envy boiling in his breast,
 “ That you have left your flock at large,
 “ Deserting thus your sacred charge,
 “ Whilst others will assert forsooth,
 “ That ’twas the ardent fire of youth
 “ Which sent you on this journey forth,
 “ To view the lasses of the North.”

FARMER WRIGHT.

“ For my part I should never credit,
 “ Such shameful tale whoever said it ;
 “ Nor will the parish e’er believe
 “ His Reverence could so deceive
 “ His fond confiding flock, so I
 “ Give my consent most willingly.”

JACOB BIRCH.

“ Mine honoured Sir, I hope your stay
 “ Will not be long: remember, pray,
 “ The heavy duty that devolves
 “ Upon my back, what with the wolves
 “ That may attempt to break the fold,
 “ By your long absence render'd bold,
 “ And the effect of Sunday preaching,
 “ Besides the weekly work of teaching;
 “ I fear 'tis more than I can stand,
 “ Unless I'm help'd with bounteous hand,
 “ Your Reverence knows that thirty pounds—”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ Silence, Friend Birch, no scandal, zounds!
 “ To recompense you for your trouble
 “ This year, your wages shall be double;
 “ And 'twill be time enough to cry,
 “ The “ wolf is come,” when he is nigh.”

JACOB BIRCH.

“ I'll keep him from my own house door,
 “ That's more than e'er I did before. (*aside.*)
 “ Well, Reverend Sir, my hearty leave,
 “ I then most willingly do give.”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ My council all, I've duly heard,
 “ What you have said with much regard;

" The shafts of envy I don't fear,
 " A spotless panoply I wear ;
 " I trust my life and conversation,
 " Will furnish ample refutation
 " Of any idly envious tale,
 " That may unluckily prevail,
 " Whilst I am absent from the Dale." }

The members of the sage Divan,
 Now loudly praise the Doctor's plan,
 And instantly it was agreed
 His Reverence should forthwith proceed.

CHAPTER II.

THE council rose, then bade adieu ;
 The Doctor, raptured at the view
 Of untried bliss that spread around,
 Felt too elate to tread the ground.
 “ Come, Giles,” said he, to an old helot,
 Who served him like a perfect zealot.
 “ I must to Morpeth fair to-day,
 “ To buy a horse well fed on hay ;
 “ An able proper beast that can,
 “ (If need be) bear a portly man ;
 “ For I intend a tour to make
 “ Of many a mile in length, so take
 “ The little shely Robin Rough,
 “ Let him be saddled in a jiff,
 “ And bring him to the Vic’rage gate,
 “ I’ll soon be in my saddle set.”

GILES.

“ Zounds! please your honor, what’s the matter,
 “ To cause this woundy haste and clatter?”

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" Is it a midwife that's to ride
 " Behind you, or a rosy bride?
 " I hope 'tis her you mean to marry,
 " This able horse is meant to carry;
 " But as to building towers d'ye see,
 " That's not a task for you or me."

DOCTOR PROSODY.

" Go fetch the nag, I shall not say,
 " To these your queries, yea or nay."

Giles, finding he had not subdued,
 His master's hasty, testy mood,
 And that he'd not be question'd, though
 These matters much he wish'd to know;
 Went strait and saddled Robin Rough,
 Caparison'd with state enough,
 With saddle-bag upon his rump,
 And at his saddle-bow a hump,
 Form'd of the Doctor's black surtout,
 A bit of stuff both warm and stout;
 A chair was by the poney plac'd,
 His Reverence ascends in haste,
 And soon the parish bounds he clears,
 And soon old Morpeth town appears:
 The clouds of dust that rose between,
 Almost conceal'd the civic scene,
 And gave our Sage to understand,
 A cattle fair was close at hand.

Now had his Reverence been Quixotic,
 Or had his notions been exotic,

He might have deemed an army nigh,
And felt a little coy and shy ;
But as it was he 'gan to fear
Danger in front and in his rear :
Anon, he finds himself blockaded
By myriads of bestial jaded ;
A giant-bullock's horns behind,
Present some hazard to his mind ;
Whilst on each flank a fiery steed
Curvets his antics without heed ;
And troops of sheep before his nose,
Appear in endless files and rows ;
His Reverence was so beset,
That he began to fume and fret,
But finding that of no avail,
He lash'd the cattle on the tail,
Until he fairly fought his way
Beyond the ranks of their array.
The folks of Morpeth 'gan to stare
At seeing Doctor in the fair.
“ What,” said his Reverence, “ do you see,
“ Wonders about my horse, or me,
“ That thus ye come to gaze and gape,
“ As if I were a travelling ape ?”

The Doctor held his destined course,
Until he reach'd the mart for horse ;
And soon he fixed his longing eyes
On what he deem'd a perfect prize ;
An ancient charger mark'd G. R.
Which seem'd to have been bred to war,
But now his “ occupation's gone,”
With war's alarms for ever done ;

His colour was a lively grey,
 Which Prosody was heard to say
 Was that which he the most admir'd,
 In as much as it still inspir'd,
 The grave idea of the horse,
 On which stern Death without remorse,
 Is seen to urge his ruthless course. }
 The steed was mounted by a wight,
 Who seemed well train'd to ride or fight ;
 A bold and hardy Scot, we ween
 The rider was in garb and mien :
 Said Prosody, " my friend, I want
 " A horse to go a tedious jaunt,
 " As far as Scotland's utmost strand."
 " Here is a beast just to your hand,"
 The Scot replied, " for ye maun ken, }
 " That he was born in Scottish glen,
 " To which he'd see his way again,
 " If he was sent adrift, or blind.
 " 'Tis truth I speak as you shall find ;
 " Therefore a Scotchman he must be—"
 " His master is not one, I see,"
 Said Prosody, " for Irish bulls,
 " Seldom proceed from Scottish sculls."
 " Weel, weel," the Scot replied, " I meant
 " A Scottish horse, he's hard as flint,
 " And can as weel find out his way
 " To Scotland, as to rick of hay."
 " Perhaps much better than his master,"
 Said Prosody, " at least much faster."
 " To prove no rule's without exception,
 " Without employing a deception,
 " I would be blithe to gang wi' you
 " As groom, as guard, and valet too,

" For Archy Stuart, like his horse,
 " Has finished his warlike course,
 " And wad be fain, to fill a place,
 " Where he could end his days in peace.'
 " You shall, you will," said Prosody,
 " Partake this Scottish tour with me ;
 " You'll be factotum, guard and guide,
 " For you must have been prov'd and tried
 " Ere now, in many a field of blood,
 " And accidents by land and flood."

CHAPTER III

THE bargain, both for man and steed
 Was struck with amity and speed ;
 The Doctor paid the price demanded,
 And Archy to his Colonel handed
 The cash, then with a joyful smile,
 He bade adieu to martial toil,
 And mounted on his charger grey,
 Followed the Doctor blithe and gay.
 The Reverend Vicar joy'd to see,
 The country folks respectfully
 Doffing their hats and caps to hail,
 His first appearance in the vale,
 With servant riding at his tail :
 Some went so far as to predict,
 That he would not such state affect,
 Unless a mitre was in view,
 Perhaps a stall and prebend too.

Arriv'd at home, a parting feast
 Was spread for all the world ; at least,

For that small world call'd Flowerdale :
 Next morning ere the lark could hail
 The sun, bold Archy Stuart comes
 To Doctor's window, and exclaims,
 " To horse, to horse, the day has dawn'd,
 " And all is ready to your hand ;
 " So I have come to sound ²*Réveille*,
 " Which I ne'er did more blithe or gaily."
 The Doctor soon was dress'd and ready,
 As nicely as a beau or lady ;
 For he reflected, on his tour
 That he must study to allure
 The fair, by comeliness of dress,
 And good exterior, no less
 Than he must gain the world of letters,
 By seeming bound in Learning's fetters ;
 A huge portfolio he brought forth,
 And having look'd towards the North,
 Said he to Archy " now, my friend,
 " This is a load which you must bind
 " Upon your back, 'tis Atlas size,
 " And fill'd with Bristol-board, a prize ;
 " Such as, I fear, we might find rare
 " Midst Scottish glens, and mountains bare."

ARCHY.

" Your Reverence says its Atlas size,
 " So any one could tell who tries
 " Its weight, and Atlas only could
 " Support its pressure unsubdued ;
 " For my part, I would sooner bear
 " Three knapsacks on my back, I swear,

" But no man e'er saw Archy flinch
 " From duty for a single inch ;
 " So I am ready to receive it,
 " Though I protest I'd sooner leave it."

DOCTOR PROSODY.

" You know, my friend, subordination
 " Is necessary in your station ;
 " 'Tis the first duty of all soldiers,
 " So take the case upon your shoulders."

Archy obeyed, and soon we find
 Our tourists right before the wind ;
 The Doctor's short round figure plac'd
 Upon the charger, Archy graced
 The back of little Robin Rough,
 Whose stature scarce was tall enough
 To keep his lengthy limbs afloat,
 Like over loaded small cock-boat.
 The day was fine, the road was good,
 They jogged along in merry mood,
 And Prosody would oft beguile
 The tedium of a lonely mile,
 By sage remarks and observations,
 Which Archy with becoming patience,
 Would " seriously incline" to hear,
 With look as knowing, as 'twas queer.
 Then in the way of recompense
 Archy would shew his grateful sense,
 Of so much gracious condescension,
 By drawing on his own invention,
 And stopping Doctor's greedy ears
 With tales that drew his briny tears :

Of sad mishaps by land and flood,
 The hard bought fields of fire, and blood,
 In which he'd bravely borne his part,
 Against redoubted Buonaparte,
 Since valiant Abercrombie fell
 In Victory's arms, until the knell
 Of Tyranny's last dying groan,
 Was rung by famous Wellington,

No churlish pride was to be seen,
 The Doctor and his man between ;
 Although the rear was Archy's station,
 His master for his consolation,
 Would often call him to his side,
 Saying, " I will not be denied,
 " You are a soldier, who, I ween,
 " Was never in a battle seen
 " To skulk, like coward, in the rear,
 " Nor shall you have to do it here ;
 " We tread the Land ³Debateable,
 " Where many a man has had his fill
 " Of fighting, in the days of yore,
 " When, all the border dyed with gore,
 " Bore token of the deadly hate,
 " That rag'd between each rival state ;
 " But now a ⁴Southron and a Scot,
 " Thank Heaven may on the self same spot,
 " Jog on in friendly conversation,
 " Without the smallest perturbation."

ARCHY.

" Aye, aye, your Reverence, very true,
 " We have both peace and plenty now,

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" But these same wars, o' auld lang syne,
 " Ye speak o' in a strain sae fine,
 " Were only downright bairn's play,
 " Compared to those o' our ain day."

DOCTOR PROSODY.

" Friend Archy, I shall ne'er encourage
 " Presumptuous folly to disparage
 " The glories of Antiquity,
 " Which ever have and still shall be
 " The objects of my admiration ;
 " Nay almost of my adoration."

ARCHY.

" Weel, ye maun hae it your ain way,
 " But if your nag could only say,
 " What desperate service he has seen,
 " He'd prove most clearly to your een
 " That Waterloo, so fam'd in story,
 " Could not be match'd by ancient glory."

DOCTOR PROSODY.

" The beast is gentle, docile, tame,
 " As he in war, no doubt, is game ;
 " And, Archy, from this time henceforth,
 " As a reward for all his worth,
 " Let him be named Bucephalus ;
 " And may he ne'er be found to fail us."

CHAPTER IV.

The travellers now at Berwick Bridge
Arriv'd, and Doctor on its ridge
Made solemn halt, set straight his wig,
And looking wondrous high and big,
He cried, " I pass the Rubicon,
" By which I mean, this bridge of stone ;
" And now upon my great design,
" The sun of Fortune seems to shine ;
" Seeing I've safely cross'd the Border
" Without such fighting and disorder,
" As errant knights in days of yore ,
" Were wont to meet upon this shore."

The fiery zeal which urged our Sage,
In Travel's labours to engage,
By this time was so far subdued,
That he received in pleased mood,
The welcome Counsel of his squire,
That they should for the night retire
Into an inn, and by repose,
Their jaded limbs and minds compose.

Next morning by the dawn of day,
The Tourists were upon their way ;
And Doctor prick'd with eager speed,
The panting sides of his poor steed,
Counting each tedious step a mile,
Until he view'd the lordly pile
That crowns Edina's towering height,
A symbol of her ancient might :
Our sage howe'er could not refrain
From adding to his graphic train,
By sketching in a flying way,
The 'Bass Rock cloath'd in foamy spray ;
'Tantallon Tower where Douglas kept,
Surrounded by a daring sept,
His Sovereign and his powers at bay
Before its walls for many a day ;
And now they reach a rapid rill,
Descending from its parent hill,
With force impetuous, and a crest
Of sandy foam upon its breast ;
No bridge was to be seen in view,
For such a torrent here was new,
And only caused by sudden rains
Above the level of the plains.
Said Archy, " now, my honour'd master,
" We maun be just content to rest here
" Until the stream has spent its force ;
" Or we'll be drown'd both foot and horse,"
Said Prosody, " I shall not wait,
" Although it were the gulf of Fate ;
" So follow me with Robin Rough,
" We'll cross the river safe enough."
Then plung'd into the roaring flood ;
" My troth," cried Archy " y'ere clean wud."

Our Squire with caution rein'd his horse,
To watch the Doctor in his course ;
And see how he should speed, before
He ventured to quit the shore ;
Nor was it long before he saw
With hair on end and look of awe,
His Reverence and his gallant steed
O'erwhelm'd, and carried off with speed ;
The Doctor's powdered white peruke,
Discolour'd by the foaming brook ;
In rapid revolutions hurl'd,
He might have thus, perhaps, been whirl'd,
Into the bosom of the main,
Never to be disgorg'd again ;
Had not a shepherd, passing by,
Attracted by a piercing cry
Of Archy, hasten'd to the spot,
The tragic circumstance to note :
The stranger had a trusty cur,
Who ne'er required a master's spur
To leap into a stream or pond,
With a devotion keen and fond.
The shepherd shew'd the white peruke
Of Prosody ; no word he spoke,
When Cæsar, such was the dog's name,
With feeling that might mankind shame,
Plung'd strait into the roaring flood,
And dragg'd the Doctor from the mud ;
But not content to save the man,
As soon as Cæsar got to land
He quick return'd, and brought ashore
The hat and wig, which in the splore
Were sent adrift, and Prosody,
Returned thanks most fervently,

Both to the shepherd and his beast :—
Said he, “ my friend, the very least
“ That I can do to recompense
“ Your dog and you, is to dispense
“ My bounty in such way, as you
“ May well accept it as your due ;
“ I therefore purpose strait to buy
“ The cur, for though he shocks the eye,
“ His shaggy coat and dirty hide,
“ Are of more use than lapdogs pride.”
The bargain soon was duly struck,
And Prosody in stirrups stuck ;
In cheerless cold and muddy mood,
The cavalcade their route pursued
Until they reach'd a rustic bridge,
O'er which they soon in safety trudge.
At length a friendly inn appear'd,
Where Prosody his spirits cheer'd,
And by the help of brush and fire,
Recover'd his ill used attire ;
Then sallied forth with vigour new,
His tedious journey to pursue ;
At length by dint of ceaseless jading,
He spied the towers of high Dunedin ;
The sun his mellow radiance cast,
With splendour faded, pale, and chaste,
Upon each turret, crag and dome,
Seeming to light the sullen gloom,
That lower'd upon the castle's front,
And on the gray subjacent mount,
Like giant warrior through his mail,
Relaxing his stern brow to hail,
With chivalry's gay courtesy,
The maid to whom he bows the knee.

The Picturesque was here combin'd
 With the Antique, to charm the mind
 Of Doctor Prosody, and he,
 Felt all its influence instantly;
 Bucephalus was reined in,
 And Prosody with hand at chin,
 Contemplated with raptured smile,
 The beauties of the glorious pile,
 Which even by minds of common mould,
 Cannot be view'd with feelings cold;
 But then his Reverence call'd to mind
 What his historic lore could find,
 To form associations high,
 Enhancing what his piercing eye,
 Could by itself unaided spy,
 And calling Archy to his side,
 Said he, "it cannot be denied,
 " That this stern bulwark of the North
 " Is Antique, Picturesque, and worth
 " The labours of a tedious tour,
 " To view it for a single hour."

ARCHY.

" The place, 'tis true, looks unco weel,
 " And is admir'd by ilka chiel;
 " But yet a siege it could na bide,
 " For ony length o' time or tide;
 " Ye ken that since the use o' powder
 " Came to be known, the modern sodger
 " Can send his messengers before,
 " To make a breach and open door,
 " Where he himself would never venture,
 " Without such friendly help to enter."

DOCTOR PROSODY.

- "Come let us here no longer loiter,
 "I am resolv'd to reconnoitre
 "The fortress on its every side,
 "From turret small to buttress wide."

CHAPTER V.

The object of his admiration,
 Soon to his rapt imagination,
 Another point of view presented,
 With all the charms that change had lent it ;
 And instantly the graphic tool,
 Of Doctor by instinctive rule,
 Was set to work to sketch the place ;
 But ere he could its features trace,
 Two gentlemen appear'd in view,
 Who by their dress and features, too,
 Seem'd to be form'd upon the rule,
 Of the last century's old school ;
 And now with solemn measured walk,
 And seemingly enquiring talk,
 The strangers scan the Doctor through,
 At every point from top to toe ;
 At length the foremost tapt the other
 Upon the shoulder, " no more pother,"
 Said he, " this surely is our man,
 " For I can on his tablet scan

“ Initials, which prove that he
 “ Must be our brother Prosody,
 “ The letters are, P. P. D. D.”
 “ Which both the name and designation,
 “ Of Prosody to admiration,
 “ Will suit as pat as any legend,
 “ I e'er discovered or imagined ;
 “ Referred to antiquarian history,
 “ Without a shade of doubt or mystery,
 “ Or leaving aught to dark tradition ;
 “ So now the business of our mission,
 “ Let us proceed to instantly,
 “ For fear his Reverence should fly,
 “ And mounted on such fiery steed,
 “ We'd lose him straight without remead.”
 Our Sage now woke as from a dream,
 On which gay pleasure sheds a beam,
 Of fancy's brightest rainbow-hue,
 At once to charm and cheat the view ;
 He heard the doubts the stranger utter'd,
 Although they were but faintly mutter'd,
 And spurring up Bucephalus,
 Said he, “ my friends, I am quite callous,
 “ As to the doubts that you express'd,
 “ Conscious that honour rules my breast ;
 “ Although I own, I feel indignant,
 “ That sentiments so deeply pregnant
 “ With dark suspicion's odious fears,
 “ Should thus salute my stunned ears ;
 “ Since of this place, I'm not a native,
 “ Perhaps you take me for some caitiff,
 “ Who may have from the sister land,
 “ With cash purloin'd or bloody hand,

}

“ Fled to avoid the law’s behest ;
 “ But know, I am a peaceful priest,
 “ Sojourning in the Land of Cakes,
 “ To sketch its towns, its hills, and lakes,
 “ As also with intent to seek,
 “ Objects both curious and antique ;
 “ This is as true as ye are sinners,
 “ And if ye should be Bow-street runners ;
 “ Or what’s the same, Police-men, here,
 “ I tell ye that I do not fear
 “ The presence of a magistrate,
 “ Straight to decide upon my fate.”

The foremost stranger with a bow
 Replied, “ I’d have you, Sir, to know,
 “ Your own suspicion, that we are
 “ Police men, is removed as far
 “ From truth, as we are well convinc’d
 “ Our doubts would be, had we evinc’d
 “ A disposition to believe,
 “ You were a criminal or knave ;
 “ So pray your troubled mind compose,
 “ For ’stead of falling among foes,
 “ We who now do stand before you,
 “ Are men who almost could adore you,
 “ And who have come with friendly hand
 “ To give you welcome to our land.”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ Say who ye are, mysterious men ;
 “ Proclaim this instant, how and when,
 “ Ye knew my name and designation ;
 “ Ye seem to my imagination,

“ Like the weird sisters of your land,
 “ Who gave Macbeth to understand
 “ That they knew more of his affairs,
 “ Than he himself for all his airs.”
 “ You soon shall know,” the stranger said,
 With knowing wink, and shaking head,
 “ Whence this so strange intelligence
 “ We owe, and in our own defence ;
 “ Your Reverence will be pleas’d to hear,
 “ The matter with indulgent ear.”
 The stranger now with eager haste,
 Pull’d out a paper from his breast :
 An Antique seal the writing grac’d,
 A curious border too was trac’d
 Around its edges, and between
 Each line, a rare device was seen.
 The addresser then, with care began
 To read the matter, which thus ran :

“ At a full meeting of that Club,
 “ Which all the world agreed to dub,
 “ As the most sapient antiquaries,
 “ And most exempt from vain vagaries
 “ That ever solved doubtful queries ;
 (“ But you no doubt have heard their fame—
 “ The Antediluvians by name ;)
 “ It was resolved *nem. con.* that they,
 “ Having received advice to say,
 “ That he who was the polar star,
 “ On whom the scavans from afar,
 “ When they engaged in paper war,
 “ Were wont to fix their anxious eyes,
 “ As on a planet of the skies,

“ Or Delphic Oracle, who could,
 “ With truth decide, whose cause was good—
 “ Paul Prosody D. D. had deigned
 “ To visit Scotland, ’twas ordained
 “ A deputation should proceed,
 “ To welcome him benorth the Tweed.”
 “ And for this honoured office name,
 “ Your servant here, the Laird of Græme,
 “ Together with his learned friend,
 “ The famous Doctor Factobend,
 “ Who will be pleased to straight set out,
 “ To meet the Doctor on his route ;
 “ The club likewise suggest that they,
 “ Failing to meet him on the way,
 “ Should search each ruin’d tower and pile,
 “ That can be found for many a mile,
 “ For doubtless he will turn aside
 “ With many a circuit, far and wide,
 “ In course erratic, to explore
 “ Our relics, and increase his lore :
 “ When having found our Reverend Brother,
 “ They will conduct him straightway hither.”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ Renowned Factobend and you
 “ My Laird of Græme, are welcome too,
 “ To Prosody who cannot fail,
 “ To duly prize the glorious zeal,
 “ Displayed by your illustrious number,
 “ In clearing Antiquarian lumber,

“ Though ne'er so dubious, dark, and musty ;
“ Moth-eaten, faded, rotten, dusty ;
“ And proving to the world at large,
“ How foolish is the serious charge,
“ Which has against old Father Time
“ Been urged, and shewing that the crime
“ Of swift decay in Arts and Letters,
“ With other Antiquarian matters,
“ Should seldom be ascribed to him,
“ But rather to the stupid phlegm
“ Of those, who cannot in the dark,
“ Spy out an Antiquarian mark ;
“ Who cannot in a tall grey stone,
“ Perceive a Runic tomb or throne ;
“ And who, though Grose himself should rise
“ From out the grave, to help their eyes
“ In making out an old inscription,
“ Would treat it as a perfect fiction :
“ I need not say how much I honour,
“ What your society has done here ;
“ These vulgar doubtings to remove,
“ And how I long myself to prove,
“ By some congenial kindred actions,
“ Worthy a place in your Transactions ;
“ A work that makes the learned stare
“ And all the world to prick their ear,
“ When they peruse the bold theories,
“ The hardy though ingenious stories,
“ That there are fearlessly put forth,
“ Astonishing the South and North,
“ Nor do I in a less degree,
“ Admire your hospitality,

" In this your genial kind reception,
 " Of one, who formed no conception,
 " That it should ever be his fate,
 " To enter thus in gorgeous state
 " The Athens of the North, or be
 " The object of such courtesy."

CHAPTER VI

A hall entered, our sage received
 His sketch, on which the Laird presumed
 To hint, that they had better enter
 The city, for although a painter,
 The Doctor should not waste his time,
 Till he had heard the civic rhyme
 Of Old St. Giles' renowned spire.
 Said Prosody, "I must desire,
 " That you will please to pay attention,
 " To what I am about to mention;
 " Though I profess myself to pay
 " A most devoted homage,
 " To poor Amphipny, yet I
 " Have always had a mortal eye
 " To Picturaphic and Graphic objects,
 " Scarce less than to these charming subjects,
 " I therefore cannot now, resist
 " To finish this my view, and must
 " Intrude upon your patience, while
 " I sketch our yonder massy pile."

“ In this your general kind reception
 “ Of one, who formed no conception
 “ That it should ever be his fate,
 “ To enter thus in gorgeous state
 “ The Athens of the North, or be
 “ The object of such courtesy.”

CHAPTER. VI.

A halt ensued, our Sage resumed
 His sketch, on which the Laird presumed
 To hint, that they had better enter
 The city, for although a painter,
 The Doctor should not waste his time,
 Till he had heard the civic chime
 Of Old St. Giles' renowned spire.
 Said Prosody, “ I must desire,
 “ That you will please to pay attention,
 “ To what I am about to mention ;
 “ Though I profess myself to be,
 “ A most decided devotee
 “ To hoar Antiquity, yet I,
 “ Have always had a partial eye
 “ To Picturesque and Graphic objects,
 “ Scarce less than to these charming subjects,
 “ I therefore cannot now, resist
 “ To finish this my view, and must
 “ Intrude upon your patience, while,
 “ I sketch out yonder massy pile.”

The sketch is finished; Archy places,
 The gem with many grinning faces,
 Within his case of Atlas size;
 Exclaiming, "what a precious prize:"
 And now the party all set out
 Anew, upon their town-ward route;
 The Laird and Doctor Factobend,
 Their learned friend on foot attend;
 Whilst Prosody inclines his ear
 On either side, well pleased to hear
 The comments of the sapient pair. }
 Said Factobend, "yon towering height,
 " Which so enchants your Reverence's sight,
 " Had, doubtless, been a warlike station
 " Before old Noah's inundation;
 " Standing so high we may suppose,
 " It proved a refuge long for those
 " Who fled the rising of the water,
 " And placed aloft, prolonged their fate here."

DOCTOR PROSODY.

" Though it may seem presumptuous folly
 " In me to contradict you wholly,
 " Yet I am bound to vindicate
 " The cause of truth at any rate,
 " And without fear of contradiction,
 " I say it must be downright fiction,
 " To hold that town or castle stood
 " Where they are now, before the flood;
 " Nay I'll go farther, for I ween,
 " That only christian times have seen
 " The city on its present scite,
 " With all its walls and towers bedight:

LAIRD OF GREME.

" 'Tis almost treason to aver
 " Such scandal of that ancient pair :
 " Auld Reekie Town and Castle may
 " Challenge in point of honours grey,
 " The oldest city in the empire,
 " And I would only beg to enquire
 " What reason is there now to fear a
 " Proof that in old Noah's era,
 " They did not stand, where now they are,
 " Emblems of Science and of War."

DOCTOR PROSODY.

" I've heard you patiently, and now
 " If ye will liberally allow,
 " That my authority is good,
 " I think ye must be soon subdued :
 " Know then since ye are so tenacious
 " Of your own notions, ^sold Boëtius
 " In the first mention which he makes,
 " Of any fortress here, he stakes
 " His credit to support the fact
 " Which I assert, with all his tact,
 " For there I find this rock was call'd,
 " The Hill of Agnes, when 'twas wall'd ;
 " Now Agnes was a Christian saint,
 " The proof is neither weak or faint ;
 " And all this proves that not a stone,
 " Was built before the year one."

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

" This point shall be discussed elsewhere,
 " If you have nerve enough to dare,
 " A public, studied dissertation
 " With me in face of all the nation ;
 " Meantime I here make bold to say,
 " What I shall prove another day :
 " The ancient name the castle bore
 " In Pictish times, and days of yore,
 " Was that of ⁹Virgins, for I find,
 " The Pictish ladies were confined
 " Within its walls, that they might prove
 " Inaccessible to the rude love
 " Of barbarous chieftains, who might be
 " Inclined to act uncourteously :
 " The Winged Castle, from its height,
 " It has been named too ; well it might."

DOCTOR PROSODY.

" No Pict had ever plac'd his nose
 " Within the castle, I suppose,
 " What time it bore the sacred name
 " Of Agnes Hill by common fame.
 " And for the truth of my position
 " You'll find an ample exposition
 " In ¹⁰Fordun, that must set at rest,
 " The scruples which affect your breast ;
 " But as my object is to gain
 " Intelligence, and not in vain
 " Or useless problems, hypothesis,
 " In which (its never known whose case is,

“ Right or whose is wrong,) t’engage,
 “ I’ll quit the subject at this stage,
 “ And should be glad to know the facts,
 “ With which you can your memory tax ;
 “ To throw a light upon the page
 “ Of this old pile’s historic age.
 “ Sage Factobend, with pride dilates,
 “ As he its ancient story states ;
 “ Recounting how by ¹¹Donald Bane,
 “ It was besieged with many a Thane,
 “ And how fair England’s ¹²Ermengarde,
 “ Released from durance long and hard,
 “ William the Scottish Lion ; chain’d
 “ His manly limbs ; his rage restrain’d
 “ In silken toils of Cupid’s weaving,
 “ (His breast with mingled passions heaving)
 “ Instead of fetters, and restor’d,
 “ The castle to its rightful lord :
 “ And how the Douglas in disguise
 “ In after times, by quick surprise
 “ Retook from Edward’s iron hand,
 “ This key and bulwark of the land.”

The shades of night came quickly down,
 Before the party entered town ;
 And Doctor Factobend implores,
 That Prosody, whom he adores,
 May make his house a domicile,
 Nor seek another all the while,
 He may sojourn in the “ guid toon.”
 Said Prosody, “ that is a boon,
 “ Which I must frankly own to you,
 “ Will prove of use and pleasant too,

“ To me who am a stranger here,
“ And want a kindred soul to cheer
“ My lonely moments, I’ll avail
“ Myself of this your friendly zeal.”

Behold the party then set down
At Factobend’s, whilst half the town,
Though dusky twilight had set in,
Assembled round with noisy din,
To gaze upon the grotesque group :
And Prosody with buoyant hope
Exclaims, “ of such a grand reception,
“ Who could have form’d the least conception ?
“ It truly seems unto my mind,
“ As if, upon the viewless wind,
“ My great designs and future fame
“ Were driven north; my very name
“ A perfect talisman, I find,
“ To rouse and stir the dullest mind,
“ And it shall prove so in the end ;
“ I find myself with pride distend,
“ As Horace when with prescience bold,
“ His posthumous renown he told,
“ In numbers full of genuine fire.”
Then turning to his faithful squire ;
“ Archy,” said he, “ go find a stable,
“ To lodge our cavalry ; a hay-bill
“ Must not be run up at the cost,
“ Of our polite and friendly host.”
Sage Factobend, a select few
From the Antediluvian crew,
Invites, a supper to partake,
With Prosody in Antique state .

CHAPTER VI.

Full soon the summons was obey'd,
And supper on the table laid ;
Each article was served up,
Whether 'twas solid meat or soup,
In ancient urns and bronzed vases,
Which called forth the warmest praises
Of Prosody and all the rest,
Who made such descants on the taste
Of Factobend, that ere they thought
Of setting to, or eating ought,
The viands had become as cool
As ice on winter's cheerless pool.
At length when after much discussion
About the true old Roman fashion
Of supping, in which Doctor shone
Resplendent, for 'twas he alone,
Who could particulars adduce,
Of all the customs found in use,
When Herculaneum was entombed ;
And these the company presumed,

Might be adopted as a sample,
 Of what was practis'd on more ample,
 And much more brilliant scale at Rome,
 When it became the morbid home
 Of baleful luxury, and when
 It had been chang'd into a den
 Of most voracious gourmands,
 With more effective mouths than hands.
 The Doctor's squire attended table,
 And, soon as Factobend was able
 To disengage himself so far
 From knife and fork, he cried " 'twill jar
 " With all this noble Antique state ;
 " (It somehow comes into my pate,)
 " If we're attended by a helot
 " In such a dress ; the learned would rail at
 " This flagrant striking incongruity ;
 " Now as we are serv'd to superfluity
 " With edibles, I beg to call,
 " Your sage attention one and all ;
 " To find a remedy, which shall
 " Transform this man into a Roman ;
 " This measure, I should hope, by no man,
 " Will be oppos'd, for his own sake,
 " For all your credit's now at stake."

LAIRD OF GRÆME.

" My learned brother, it would seem,
 " To me, a most fantastic dream,
 " To think we could metamorphose
 " This rough spun Squire with Tartan hose,
 " Into the semblance of the lords,
 " Who ruled creation by their swords ;

" At least I'm sure he would appear,
 " To every antiquarian here,
 " The last of all the Romans, and
 " I should be glad to understand
 " How it would please our learned host,
 " That Archy Stuart at his post
 " Appear attir'd in suit of mail,
 " With broadsword dangling at his tail.
 " Bosnet on head and cap-a-pee
 " With shield on arm right gallantly."

FACTOBEND.

" 'Tis well conceiv'd, my Laird of Græme,
 " And I confess no little shame,
 " That such a thought should not occur
 " To my own mind, without the spur
 " Of your most classical acumen,
 " My own dull humour to illumine;
 " You're worthy of that sturdy tyke,
 " Who fought the Romans of the Dyke;
 " Your far fam'd ancestor and I,
 " Shall not be backward found, or shy
 " In putting into execution,
 " This noble and Antique illusion;
 " You know my Gothic Hall can boast,
 " Of arms enough to serve a host;
 " Each article is there to view,
 " That Saracen or Christian knew;
 " Whether as weapons of defence
 " Or daring chivalrous offence;
 " As Legsplent, Bosnet, Dirk and Pesane¹³
 " With two edged sword to cut the wesand;

“ Rear and Wambrassers, Iron Hat,
 “ Targets and Maces, and all that ;
 “ Here some stern Celt from out his mail,
 “ A distant kinsman seems to hail,
 “ Whilst fancy conjures to the mind,
 “ That yields itself in bondage blind,
 “ The long departed shades of those,
 “ Who combatted their country’s foes.”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ I cordially approve the plan,
 “ And I am proud, to say my man
 “ Will fill the armour of a knight,
 “ As well as the first owner might ;
 “ For he has been inured to war,
 “ In which he shone a perfect star,
 “ (As he informs me,) and besides,
 “ His present tatter’d garment hides,
 “ A person both well made and tall,
 “ Hardy and stout, and tough withal ;
 “ He’s of the true old Celtic race,
 “ And when we look upon his face,
 “ We may indeed with truth believe
 “ Nor yet our own sane minds deceive ;
 “ That we behold a Celtic knight
 “ Accoutred for some desperate fight :
 “ Whilst we may think with equal truth,
 “ Though some of us are but uncouth ;
 “ That we ourselves are Roman lords,
 “ Who by the dint of our good swords,
 “ Mean to oppose in hardy fight,
 “ This sturdy Caledonian wight.

" Now let us to the Hall adjourn,
 " I feel my bosom inly yearn
 " To view its venerable store,
 " Of what belongs to days of yore."

The company in haste arise,
 And Archy struck with mute surprise,
 Is forthwith led into the Hall;
 When having view'd its steel cas'd wall;
 He suddenly exclaimed, " I trow,
 " This calls to mind braw Waterloo,
 " But bless your Honours, all this steel,
 " Is of no use to a brave chiel;
 " For ye maun ken, the Cuirassiers
 " Though lapp'd in steel up to the ears,
 " We crush'd like lobsters in the shell,
 " By riding over them pell-mell."

DOCTOR PROSODY.

" Say nothing against ancient armour,
 " Or you'll provoke me to grow warmer,
 " But set to work and get accoutered,
 " Let not a single word be utter'd,
 " Till thou art arm'd in proof and we
 " Pronounce thee so, and cap-a-pee:
 " When thou must wait on us at table,
 " And serve as well as thou art able."

ARCHY.

" I shall not make the best of waiters,
 " Encumber'd by these iron fetters,

“ But I shall do my best to please,
“ Though I must be but ill at ease.”

And now the Antiquarian band,
All warmly strove to lend a hand,
In decking Archy to their mind :
Here one with ardour strives to bind
Some rotten strap that snaps in twain,
Another with a zeal as vain,
Endeavours next to shew his skill,
By fixing broken clasps of steel :
By dint of the united lore,
Of all the members of the corps,
Archy at length from head to foot,
Is clad in steel with sword to boot,
And moves with military gait,
In solemn, awful, Gothic state ;
But had not gone six yards, before
He fell upon the chamber floor
With horrid crash and wild uproar,
The members of the club with care,
Assist him, and a serious air
Pervades their faces as they cheer,
The sorrows of the fallen squire ;
Consoling him with such remarks,
As in the ring by boxing sparks
Are made to raise the fallen chops
Of the fond object of their hopes ;
A mighty dram of Usquebaugh,
Administered both pure and raw,
At length enables him to rise,
But by experience rendered wise,
He move along with cautious pace,
And pain expressed in his face, .

When seeing him so ill at ease,
 Sage Factobend with laughter says,
 " He treads like cat shut in a sack,
 " Or shod with nutshells by some black."
 Whilst Prosody for his own sake,
 Contends that Archy truly might,
 Be deemed the model of a knight.

The company once more composed
 When solemn silence was imposed :
 Archy by supercilious sign
 Received command to bring some wine,
 Served in a vase of which the host,
 Had oft been heard to greatly boast,
 That it was formed upon the model
 Of Hamilton's, but to the noddle
 Of Prosody it seemed as though,
 Its size could never justly shew
 The great designs that are displayed,
 In comely groups so well arrayed,
 Upon that matchless piece of art,
 To please the eye and taste impart.
 The Squire approached with rattling din :
 With martial stalk he staggers in :
 And whilst the antique coterie,
 Alternately with pride survey,
 The ancient glories of the vase
 And Archy in his iron case ;
 The latter was about to place,
 His burden on the jovial board,
 With air and manner like a lord ;
 When down his iron vizor came,
 And overwhelmed with grief and shame,



Drawn & Engraved by C. Williams.

DOCTOR PROSODY

ENTERTAINED AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ANCIENTS

Published by M. Hyl, 1, Somerset Str., Portman Square.

He grop'd about to find a place,
Whereon to lay the precious vase,
But he was destined now to prove
Misfortunes never singly move ;
For at this instant, his long sword,
Entangled its unhappy lord,
And crash against the board he fell,
Upsetting all the guests pell-mell :
Nor did he stop till on the ground
Was heard his armour's hollow sound :
Each guest with an hysteric yell,
As if he'd heard his own death-knell,
And ghastly, horror-stricken face
Exclaims, " alas ! the vase, the vase !"
But when they came to look around,
And saw the table on the ground,
With all its precious load bestrewn,
And into little fragments hewn :
Each hair upon each antique head,
Stood on its end for very dread ;
Sage Prosody was in the act,
Of shewing forth his graphic tact,
By holding up his evening sketch,
Of which he had begun to preach :
" Exclaiming " that great Claude Loraine,
" (Though the assertion might seem vain)
" Could not such masterly production
" Exhibit in his whole collection."
When to his grief and consternation,
A most o'erwhelming inundation
Of Port from out the broken vases,
Its very line and trace defaces.
" You sacrilegious dog," he cries,
But Archy stunn'd, and senseless lies

Only at intervals he sighs,
 And in delirium wild exclaims,
 " O do not set the place in flames,
 " The town's surrendered and I lie,
 " Without the power to fight or fly,"
 Anon he calls with thundering voice,
 " I shall be better in a trice,
 " And though I lie among the dead,
 " O do not gallop o'er my head."

The wanderings of Archy's mind,
 Would Prosody's attention bind,
 At any other time, but now
 The common loss affects him so,
 As well as his compeers that they,
 To Archy's moans no heeding pay ;
 But mourn in silent sorrow o'er,
 The relics of the days of yore.
 The feast breaks up, each guest departs
 With aching heads and heavy hearts.
 The hapless Squire at length relieved
 From out his load of iron, heaved
 A sign to shew that life was still,
 Within his frame tenant at will,
 And being swath'd in blankets warm,
 Was thus preserved from further harm ;
 Whilst Prosody and Factobend,
 Retire to rest, their griefs to end.

CHAPTER VII.

NEXT morning Prosody arose,
By break of day and softly goes,
Into the banquet room to mourn
Over each broken vase and urn,
And though unused to conduct rough,
He wished his Squire were far enough ;
Nay oft consigned him to old Nick,
Ere he had by his clownish trick,
Such antiquarian treasure spoil'd,
And what was worse his drawing soil'd ;
He had not thus been long engaged,
Ere Factobend with grief enraged
The chamber entered, when the two
Began to mingle tears anew :
At length they wept their sorrows dry ;
Said Factobend " none can deny
" That this calamity is one
" Which well might cause the firmest man,
" To set him down and never more,
" Trouble his head with things of yore.

" But both of us are of a stamp,
 " Whose ardour no mischance can damp ;
 " Therefore let us our sorrows bear,
 " As men who lose a treasure dear,
 " But though they feel the loss like men
 " They bravely bear the galling pain.
 " Now I propose whilst you reside
 " In our good town, to be your guide :
 " As well as host, my learned croney,
 " I should have said your Cicerone.
 " And when the dawn of morning gray,
 " Tips our stern crags with orient ray,
 " I move that we do sally forth,
 " To view this Athens of the North.
 " The morning is the time for me
 " My searches to pursue with glee.
 " For then no quizzers are abroad,
 " To smoke one with a smile or nod"

DOCTOR PROSODY.

" Your offer is extremely civil,
 " And though I am not used to snivel,
 " I must declare that such attention,
 " Shall have most honourable mention,
 " When I my standard have unfurl'd
 " As Tourist to the letter'd world.
 " For gratitude I hold to be
 " A virtue of the first degree,
 " And as to starting early when
 " You would the busy haunts of men
 " Examine with the curious eye,
 " Of studious antiquary, I

“ Most cordially agree with you,
 “ For I have been annoyed too,
 “ When struck with some most striking feature,
 “ In works of human art or Nature :
 “ I have been jeer’d by some rude creature,
 “ Whose Goth-like ignorance could not
 “ Appreciate my feelings hot.
 “ It has become too much the fashion,
 “ As well with mine as your own nation,
 “ To ridicule the deeds sublime
 “ That must in the good olden time
 “ Be look’d for only, and I find,
 “ That bad examples fix the mind
 “ Of the dull crowd with greater ease,
 “ Than those which should excite our praise.
 “ *Nos populo damus* is a rule,
 “ Transmitted from Seneca’s school,
 “ And to its influence I trace,
 “ The scorn that grins in every face,
 “ Whenever I have gone to ply
 “ My pencil, or with curious eye
 “ The ruins of lone piles survey.
 “ Nay, Doctor, would you give belief,
 “ I have been followed like a thief,
 “ And when within some castle wall,
 “ I have been held in grievous thrall,
 “ By crowds of rustics drawn together,
 “ As if by some amazing pother ;
 “ Until, my patience tir’d at length,
 “ I have been fain to burst by strength,
 “ Through their besieging force, and make
 “ A passage through their ranks opaque.
 “ But let us lose no further time,
 “ For, ere we hear a church-bell chime,

" We should have made our observations
 " And finished our delineations.
 " Now I have got my Bristol board
 " And pencil prompt, if aught afford
 " An object worthy of attention,
 " Or in my tour deserving mention."

Our antiquaries sally forth—
 They smell the breezes of the Forth,
 And in a meditative mood
 They hie to ancient Holyrood.
 From whence the Doctor casts his eyes
 On Arthur's craggy cliffs which rise
 Towering in grandeur to the skies. }
 Said Prosody, " This is sublime,
 " And it would really be a crime,
 " If I should lose another minute
 " In sketching it, for there is in it
 " All that can charm the eye of taste,
 " It is most picturesque at least."

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

" My learned friend, I wonder how
 " Your Reverence can thus allow,
 " Those beauties that are far above you,
 " With such strong transports thus to move you ;
 " Whilst you o'erlook the antique store,
 " That may be seen upon the floor ;
 " I mean the ground, but I can see,
 " Your worship, in as high degree,
 " Esteem a crag, a hill or tree,
 " As objects of antiquity ; }

" For which I fear you may incur
 " Some censure, or at least a slur,
 " From our august society,
 " If they should learn this contrariety ;
 " As neither they nor yet myself,
 " Would give a bodle of our pelf,
 " For Nature's most *outrè* production,
 " Unless we could a close connection
 " Between it and the olden time,
 " Trace by a Runic legend, rhyme,
 " Or any other striking mark,
 " To prove it of the ages dark.
 " Now I must beg that you will lower
 " Your vision to the pile below here ;
 " The Abbey of the Holyrood,
 " Erected for the common good ;
 " ¹⁴Of St. Augustine's canons, while
 " The first King David deign'd to smile
 " Upon these fathers of the church ;
 " But not content with this snug perch,
 " They soon contriv'd to lay their claws
 " By virtue of the canon laws,
 " Upon the rich and wide domains
 " Which were acquir'd with ceaseless pains,
 " By various poor and needy brothers,
 " Of Corstorphine and many others ;
 " Whilst priories by good round dozens,
 " Were cramm'd down their greedy wesands."

DOCTOR PROSODY.

" I've no objection to the granting,
 " Of objects that are truly wanting,

“ To render Priests and Friars fat,
 “ As lands and money, and all that :
 “ But if my learning don't mislead,
 “ The sober notions of my head,
 “ It strikes me I have somewhere read
 “ The King, no doubt with meaning good,
 “ Had given to this Holyrood,
 “ In mood as pious as 'twas cordial,
 “ The right of Trial by the Ordeal ;
 “ But not content he added fuel,
 “ To that of fire by that of duel :
 “ Now though I am a staunch upholder
 “ Of church supremacy, none bolder,
 “ I would not arm the peaceful priest
 “ With Cæsar's sword and purple vest,
 “ I mean the ¹⁵Imperial purple, though
 “ I do not doubt but you well know,
 “ Two sorts of purple were in vogue,
 “ And both were worn by many a rogue.
 “ The Imperial and the Ecclesiastical,
 “ Which, if the thought seem not fantastical,
 “ Is such a subject as might be,
 “ A theme for learned controversy :
 “ For it has never, to my mind,
 “ Been prov'd, though I have tried to find
 “ The truth, how many shades of colour
 “ Distinguished priest from lordly ruler.”

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ My Reverend Sir, I do admire
 “ Your liberal mind, and you inspire

" Additional respect, by giving
 " Such noble proof that though your living,
 " Had been at stake, you'd speak your mind,
 " Give worldly interest to the wind,
 " Nor for the sake of filthy gain,
 " The lustre of your merit stain."

CHAPTER VIII

Assuring a more certain look,
 Sage Pateford produced a book,
 A curious tome in antique binding,
 With massy wraths of copper winding
 Their folds round to keep it fast,
 Said he, " my friends this is the last
 " Of the Transactions of our Club,
 " And that old time may never top
 " Its leaves, with rude repairing hand,
 " I've bound it round with many a band,
 " So that 'Woe' e'er, I exclaim,
 " Alloys retuses and our fame,
 " Shall thus be handed down to them
 " Who, doubtless, will perpetuate
 " Our Institution to a date,
 " Such as would leave my sanguine mind,
 " In following after, far behind.
 " Now, here you'll find a curious paper,
 " Which I am sure, will make you caper."

CHAPTER VIII.

ASSUMING a more serious look,
 Sage Factobend produced a book,
 A curious tome in antique binding,
 With massy wreathes of copper winding
 Their folds around to keep it fast,
 Said he, "my friends this is the last
 " Of the Transactions of our Club,
 " And that old time may never rub
 " Its leaves, with rude unsparing hand,
 " I've bound it round with many a band,
 " So that *Non edax*, I exclaim,
 " *Abolere vetustas* and our fame,
 " Shall thus be handed down to them
 " Who, doubtless, will perpetuate
 " Our Institution to a date,
 " Such as would leave my sanguine mind,
 " In following after, far behind.
 " Now here you'll find a curious paper,
 " Which I am sure, will make you caper.

“ With perfect joy—a full solution
 “ Of your ingenious, striking notion,
 “ It cost me many years of study,
 “ And many hypothesis muddy,
 “ Ere I could come to a conclusion
 “ And put an end to the delusion,
 “ That on this subject chiefly gains;
 “ And he who only takes the pains
 “ To read it, soon must be convinc’d
 “ That I have not the matter minc’d;
 “ But have with labour, and at length
 “ Put forth my antiquarian strength,
 “ And prov’d th’ Imperial purple was
 “ A scarlet colour, by the laws,
 “ Of logic and of ancient lore,
 “ A thing that never man before
 “ Had dar’d to essay or to prove,
 “ Till I had first thrown down the glove.”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ I shall peruse with due attention,
 “ The weighty subject that you mention;
 “ Meantime I’d vastly like to see
 “ An object of antiquity;
 “ A brazen font I understood,
 “ Belonged to ancient Holyrood.”

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ Alas! alas! that precious treasure,
 “ Which I’d have valued beyond measure,
 “ Was by your countrymen abstracted;
 “ In your Eighth Harry’s time they sack’d it,

“ And sent it off to England strait,
 “ Where it has since been sold by weight :
 “ But these marauders only came
 “ As enemies ; a greater blame
 “ Attaches to the natives, who
 “ The ¹⁷chapel’s graceful pile laid low,
 “ To celebrate the revolution,
 “ Mingling in one pell-mell confusion,
 “ The relics of their ancient kings,
 “ O’er which old Time with dusky wings,
 “ Had flung a consecrated halo,
 “ Which barbarous ages even allow—
 “ The giant limbs of Darnley here,
 “ Lay strew’d about, in ruin drear :
 “ Still even beautiful in death,
 “ Though centuries enclosed in sheath
 “ The head of Magdalen was seen,
 “ Fair France’s daughter, Scotland’s queen ;
 “ Whilst the fifth James and many more,
 “ Of Scotland’s monarchs on the floor,
 “ Were thrown with sacrilegious hands,
 “ By furious and rapacious bands,
 “ As if to shew how vain the care
 “ Of Kings and Princes to deter,
 “ The inroads of that swift decay,
 “ That decomposes mortal clay.
 “ But let us now proceed to view,
 “ The Northern Gallery, which you
 “ Will, I am sure, pronounce to be
 “ A treasure of antiquity.”

The antiquarian’s well known face,
 Prov’d quite a passport to the place ;
 And soon they reach’d the Gallery
 Where Doctor rapt in ecstasy,

Beheld depicted bright or grim,
 As it had pleas'd the artist's whim;
 The far-descended, ancient race
¹⁸Of Scottish kings; in every face
 Sage Prosody can clearly trace
 The passions which his lore suggests,
 Had held their empire in their breasts;
 "But pray take heed, my learned friend,"
 Exclaimed Doctor Factobend,
 "Or you may soon yourself commit,
 "And be exposed by some young wit,
 "Who does not feel with equal zeal,
 "The beauty of each old detail;
 "For you must know, Imagination
 "Alone has call'd into creation,
 "The greater part of these same pictures,
 "On which you have deliver'd strictures,
 "As if each old original
 "Had duly sat in this same hall.
 "Our Seventh James from Holland brought,
 "De Witt, and many a year he wrought,
 "Till he had with a pencil rough,
 "Adorned this place with heads enough;
 "But though their execution's bad
 "And though they have begun to fade,
 "Their discipline and taste were worse,
 "(In fact they were not worth a curse.)
 "Who, in th' eventful *forty-five*
 "Could with barbaric hatred strive,
 "These old mementos to efface,
 "Of which we see too many a trace."

DOCTOR PROSODY.

"My antiquarian *acumen*,
 "As yet, has been blown on by no one,

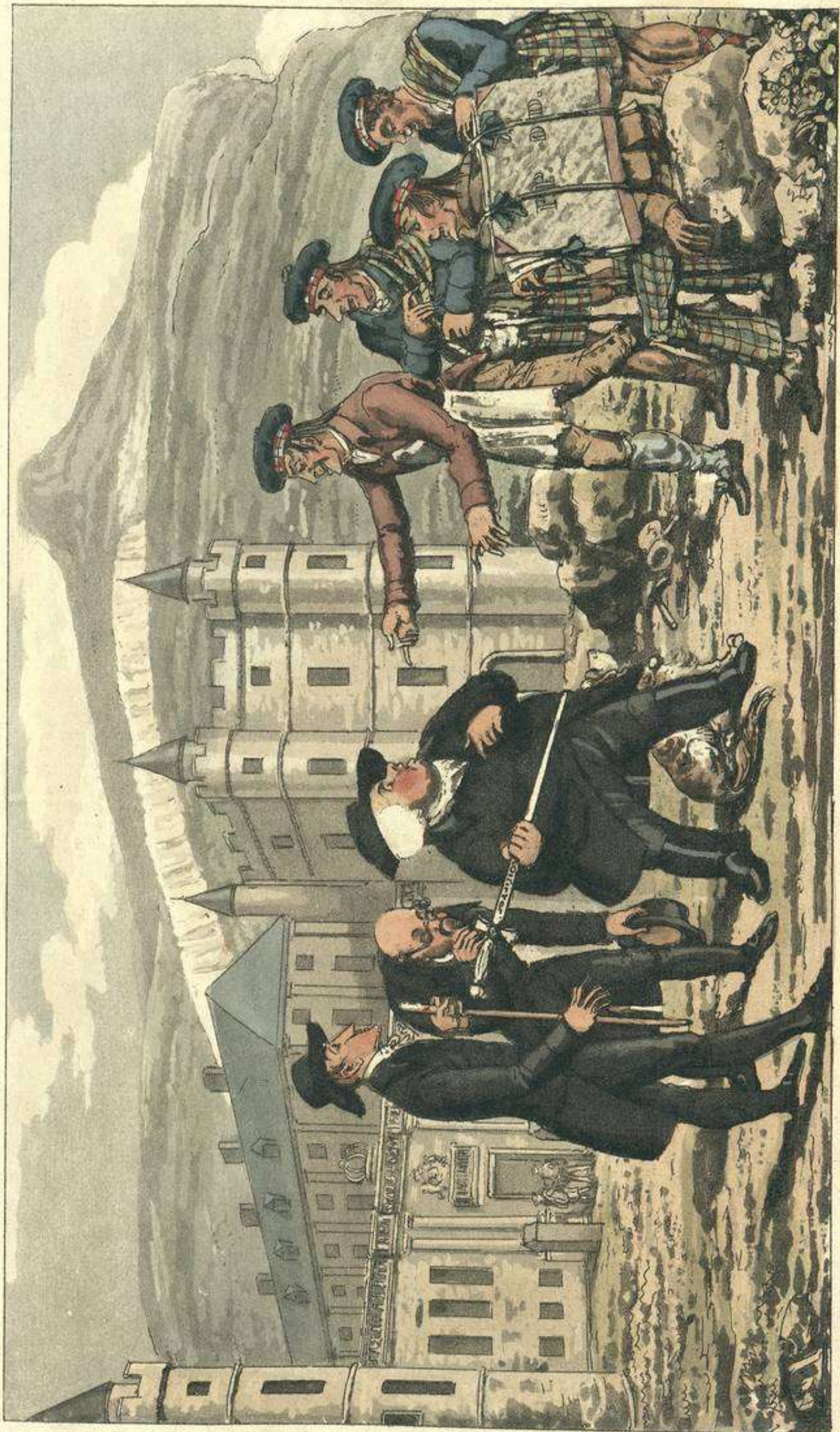
" And though I thank you for th' advice,
 " I'd prove my words in half a trice,
 " Since you yourself in truth admit,
 " The pictures of this Dutch De Witt
 " Express the passions I have stated,
 " Although you have my notion rated."

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

" As, doubtless you must sketches take,
 " And many observations make,
 " On the exterior of this pile,
 " It scarcely will be worth the while,
 " To view the chamber where our queen,
 " Fair Mary, ¹⁹saw such bloody scene.
 " It is a closet small and square,
 " With quite as little light as air."

DOCTOR PROSODY.

" I most undoubtedly intend,
 " To sketch this pile, my learned friend,
 " And since I must not make it late,
 " We shall not here much longer wait,
 " At present we shall only find,
 " The early mechanic or hind
 " To quiz us in our operations,
 " Or plague us by their observations."
 Our antiquarians took a stand,
 Where they could best a view command.
 And, when the Doctor made an end
 Of his first drawing, Factobend
 Advanc'd towards him with a smile,
 That seemed to say their morning's toil,



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DOCTOR PROSODY

discovers a certain article of anatomy

Was well rewarded, and he made,
A flourish with the antique blade,
Of rusty falchion which he bore,
A relic of the days of yore.
“ See what a treasure I have found,”
Cried he, “ neglected on the ground ;
“ Its very rust bespeaks its age.”
“ Let me inspect it,” said our Sage,
“ And in a trice I will engage,
“ To say how many years have pass’d,
“ Since it received black Vulcan’s blast :
“ The thing is plain” continued he,
“ To vulgar eye as it can be,
“ For here we have a legend fair ;
“ It charms me quite I do declare,
“ Already have I solved the mystery,
“ Of this most ancient falchion’s history,
“ In such a way, as, I suggest,
“ Must set the thing for aye at rest :
“ The writing runs you clearly see,”
He added most triumphantly,
“ As follows: ‘ A——D——I FERR AR,’
“ And surely ’t will not seem fetch’d far,
“ If we suppose’t a Roman legend,
“ For such I had at first imagined
“ The sword to be, and this once granted,
“ The only thing that then is wanted,
“ Is to break through all vulgar fetters,
“ And to believe the three first letters
“ Are meant t’express the year one;
“ I am convinced ’tis that alone,
“ Whilst *Ferr*, and *ar*, no doubt convey,
“ The meaning, clear and bright as day,

“That this good blade in battle hard,
“The altar and the hearth to guard;
“Had once been drawn from out its sheath,
“To shine a meteor of death.”

A peal of laughter from behind,
Recall'd the Doctor's wandering mind;
When turning round to see from whence
He had received the rude offence,
Perceived a mason who had been,
Unknown, a witness of the scene;

The latter cried “I'll tell ye what
“Your learning never would get at,
“I found this gully 'mongst the stones,
“And mixt wi' many mouldering bones,
“And then the writing was complete,
“Though it has since with damage met:
“When, stead o' Latin I could see,
“As plainly wrote as A, B, C,
“The maker's name upon the blade,
“Which many a man besides has read;
“²⁰Andrea Ferrara was the name;
“Ye are but Antiquaries lame,
“Or ye might guess that far fam'd chiel,
“Had been the forger of this steel.”

The man departed, laughing loud
To join his brethren in the crowd;
And left our Sages in chagrin,
To find their gross mistake was seen;
And that their boasted antique lore
Had been eclipsed by a boor.

CHAPTER IX.

'Tis curious to remark the ease,
 With which you may a Sage displease,
 We mean those Sages who have spent,
 Their lives in bookish closet pent,
 Or in the precincts of a college,
 Without the aid of worldly knowledge :
 To prove the truth of our position,
 We might recur with quick transition,
 Back to the olden, time and show,
 By many high examples, how
 The dictates of Philosophy,
 Were set at nought indignantly
 By her Professors, when a trifle
 Their equanimity could stifle ;
 Suffice it that we here adduce,
 The unprovok'd and fierce abuse,
 Which sage Diogenes once pour'd
 Upon Creation's proudest Lord ;
 No other cause to rouse his spleen,
 That could by Reason's eye be seen,

But that the Macedonian had,
 His owlish tub thrown into shade.
 And now in Prosody's example,
 We may behold a striking sample,
 Of what the Sages of our day,
 On slight occasions do and say.
 Soon as the mason could retire,
 And leave the Doctor to his ire,
 His Rev'rence turning to his friend,
 The learn'd Professor Factobend,
 Exclaim'd in tone both loud and high,
 Whilst on the blade he fix'd his eye,
 " May never antiquarian lore,
 " Those mystic legends try t'explore,
 " Which might from dark tradition's shade,
 " Rescue this luckless, doubtful blade ;
 " For ne'er before was Prosody,
 " So much deceiv'd in mind and eye,
 " Now Archy, pack it up with speed,
 " For it shall go across the Tweed,
 " Never to breed disturbance more,
 " 'Twixt clowns and men of classic lore ;
 " And you I hope, my learned friend,
 " Will to my solemn pray'r attend,
 " When I request that you will say,
 " As little of this foolish fray
 " As need be, for I know the story
 " Would soon destroy my hard earn'd glory."

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

" Both for my own and for your sake,
 " I shall conceal this dire mistake,
 " Which if it once abroad were blown,
 " Would be the talk of half the town ;

“ Besides, our Club, I sadly fear,
 “ Would from their glorious annals tear
 “ The name of one who made such blunder—
 “ A thing at which I could not wonder.”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ Well then, ’tis understood we’re mum
 “ Upon the subject, here’s my thumb,
 “ And as I’ve had a charming view
 “ Of the Old Town, let’s see the New.”

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ With all my heart, and proud am I,
 “ To think how it must please your eye.”
 The Doctors soon took up their station,
 Upon the North Bridge; Admiration,
 So strongly pictur’d in the face
 Of Prosody, that you might trace
 Each strong drawn lineament and feature,
 Which, with a pencil true to nature,
 Has been by great Lebrun depicted,
 What time his taste and skill perfected
 The bold and well conceived expression,
 Of that same gaping staring passion.
 A passenger in college gown,
 Was crossing to the modern town;
 Who seeing Prosody thus rapt
 In admiration, gently tapt
 His shoulder, “ Reverend Sir,” said he,
 “ You, doubtless must exult to see,
 “ The vast improvements we have made,
 “ In perfecting the mason’s trade,

" Since yonder rusty town was built,
 " That monument of feudal guilt."
 Instant the Doctor's admiration,
 Was chang'd to fiercest indignation.
 " What modern Goth art thou," he said,
 " Who thus wouldst throw into the shade,
 " The glories of the ancient town,
 " With hoar antiquity o'ergrown."

STUDENT.

" My only aim in what I said,
 " Was that I might your studies aid,
 " By showing how far modern art,
 " Of barbarism has got the start ;
 " Now I need scarcely here remark,
 " How much old times were in the dark,
 " By having windows, so constructed,
 " That light of day was quite obstructed ;
 " How they were kept in constant fear,
 " Whilst toiling up a break-neck stair :
 " And when they clambered to the top,
 " By help of friendly, pendant rope ;
 " How dark and narrow was each room,
 " Involved in deep Tartarian gloom ;
 " So much for the internal part
 " Of ancient houses—Modern Art
 " Has proudly triumph'd o'er the rules,
 " Of ancient Architecture's schools ;
 " Not less in building useful domes,
 " Fitted for comfort's cheerful homes ;
 " Than by the taste and elegance,
 " With which those pleasures we enhance.

" For it has been allowed by all,
 " Both old and young, the great and small,
 " That fair proportion in each part,
 " Is that wherein consists the art
 " Of pleasing both the eye and mind,
 " As symmetry in art we find,
 " A charm that must the attention bind."

The disputants now waxing warm,
 Menac'd each other with some harm :
 The passengers, a gaping crowd,
 With eagerness around them stood,
 All anxious to behold the end
 Of what seemed fairly to portend
 A desperate and hardy fight,
 Between each angry threat'ning wight :
 Some betted on the Doctor's head,
 As seeming strong and better fed,
 Than did the Student, whose tall figure,
 Was grim and gaunt, as well as meagre ;
 Whilst some with confidence predict,
 The Doctor must be sorely lick'd,
 If he should venture to oppose
 In fight, a man whose very nose
 He could not reach to plant a blow,
 Or make the claret stream to flow ;
 And one amongst the crowd declared,
 As on our hero's form he stared,
 " That it was such another one,
 " As great ²¹Boileau had pitched upon,
 " When in his *Lutrin* he pourtray'd
 " A prelate rich, and highly fed."
 Some members of the town police
 Had now arrived, and in a trice

Parted the combatants in time,
 Perhaps to save them from the crime
 Of double homicide, and spare
 The lives of a most gallant pair.

CHAPTER X.

THE Doctor turning round to see,
Where Factobend, his friend, could be,
Was much concerned and grieved withal,
To find that he had turned tail ;
And fearful of the coming fight,
Had now got fairly out of sight :
His Reverence fell into a strain,
Of feeling such as well might train
A man to be a misanthrope,
Without a spark of love or hope,
And whilst the human herd despising,
He thus began soliloquising.

“ Ah ! Factobend, thy foul defection
“ Has quite dispell'd my fond affection ;
“ Though thou wert one in whom I trusted,
“ As friend whose love could ne'er be rusted ;
“ Henceforth let never man depend,
“ Upon his fellow to defend

“ His cause, if it to arbitration,
“ Should come by blows or declamation.”

The Doctor in a sullen mood,
Considering how matters stood,
Had half resolved to cut connection
With Factobend, but on reflection,
He chang'd his mind, and that he might
Gain time to make the grievance light,
Set out to climb the Calton hill,
With paces solemn, grave and still.
That stately bridge attracts his eye,
'Yclept the Regent's—notions high,
Now crowd his mind, as 'rapt in pleasure,
He seems its every part to measure ;
Triumphant arches seem to say,
How Britain's prowess won the day ;
What time she fought a world in arms,
The very thought his bosom warms,
Whilst to his eye the classic tomb,
That marks the ²²memory of Hume,
The British Tacitus, appears,
Our Sage exclaims with flowing tears,
“ What monument canst thou require,
“ Beside thy writings, to inspire,
“ In future ages veneration,
“ Both for thy name and for thy nation !”

But chief the Doctor's patriot pride,
(To virtuous deeds so near allied,)
Was roused as he approach'd the pile,
Sacred to ²³Nelson of the Nile.
Immortal hero, England's glory,
Whose name must ever live in story,

His country's shield and Gallia's fear :
The name of Englishman more dear
Than ever to our Sage's ear ;
Sounds as he views the noble column,
With feelings high as they are solemn :
Unrivalled prospects now expand,
Before his eye on every hand,
Towns, villas, spires and towers are seen,
To stud the surface of the scene ;
The Doctor's pencil, ever ready,
Is set to work with fingers steady,
And soon the outlines of the view
Are sketch'd with a resemblance true.
His Reverence then descends in haste,
Along the mountain's steepy breast,
When treading near the pathway's edge,
A sad mischance befel our sage ;
Who heeding rather what his eye,
Could of the Picturesque descry,
Than minding how he trod the ground,
Fell down the surface of a mound ;
His hat and wig took different ways,
Like two diverging errant rays,
And Prosody in sad condition,
Prov'd all the woes of dire contrition,
That he should tempt the dangerous road,
Which led to glory's high abode.
Some passing ²⁴Cadies saw his plight,
And mov'd by pity, well they might,
Descended to where Doctor lay,
An almost lifeless lump of clay ;
With 'kerchief tight, they bound his head,
For he had got contusions dread,
And taking him upon their shoulders,
To the amaze of all beholders,

They bore his Reverence straightway down,
 Into the precincts of the town ;
 To Factobend's they next proceed,
 Who seeing Doctor's wounded head,
 Exclaimed, to aggravate his woes,
 " Such ever is the fate of those,
 " Who are so apt to come to blows ;
 " And I perhaps had shar'd your fate,
 " Had I not made a quick retreat,
 " But let us hope this bitter pill
 " Will prove a lesson to you still,
 " Whenever you may feel inclined
 " To give decorum to the wind,
 " By thus engaging in a brawl,
 " Or what our seamen term a squall."

These keen reproaches brought our Sage
 To feel the sharpness of their edge,
 And to a quick resuscitation—
 Without the smallest hesitation ;
 Said he, " I here declare and vow,
 " Thou'rt neither staunch, sincere, or true ;
 " Nor yet courageous ; for a friend,
 " I tell, thee Brother Factobend,
 " Should stick as close as any blister,
 " When he imagines some disaster
 " May happen to his fellow, and
 " I'd have thee too, to understand,
 " That it behoves an Antiquary,
 " To be more circumspect and wary,
 " Or he may forfeit fair renown,
 " And be to future times sent down,
 " As one who rather chose t'admire
 " The valor of his great grandsire,

" Than to obey its high behests,
 " Except at learned clubs and feasts :
 " Now if you call such sham support,
 " Backing your friend, I here retort,
 " Using the words of our great bard,
 " To make my meaning strong and hard :
 " A plague of all such neuter backing,
 " And may such friends be sent a packing
 " It has been well and truly said,
 " The coward 's oftentimes afraid,
 " When no man follows, so you'll find,
 " The terrors of your timid mind,
 " Were quite uncall'd for, since I parted,
 " (Soon after you had homewards started)
 " With my antagonist unfought,
 " As peaceful parson always ought,
 " Unless he's more a wolf than pastor—
 " I only met with my disaster,
 " When to the rapid steep descent,
 " Of Calton Hill my steps I bent."

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

" My courage never yet was doubted."

DOCTOR PROSODY.

" Since all are brave until they're routed."

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

" Nor have I ever taken flight,
 " From any well contested fight,

" Either in words or hardy blows,
 " Though oft engaged with hardy foes ;
 " Now as to this, my late defection,
 " It purely sprung from my affection,
 " For you, my friend, whose high renown,
 " Might have been injured with my own,
 " If it were published through the town,
 " That we had been engaged in squabble,
 " Fit only for the vilest rabble."

DOCTOR PROSODY.

" Well, let us in oblivion bury
 " All thoughts of dark revengeful fury,
 " Only I hope that I may prove,
 " More of your courage and your love,
 " In time to come, if aught require,
 " Your lore and wit or martial fire."

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

" Where honour we may truly find,
 " I never shall be found behind,
 " In giving proof that I possess,
 " Both courage and a quick address ;
 " Now let us both regain good humour,
 " Since we are free of wound or tumour.

A sumptuous breakfast soon is spread,
 Composed of tea, of eggs, and bread,
 Rich marmalade, hung beef, and butter,
 Said Doctor, " nothing could be fitter,
 " To put us both into a mood
 " Of pleasure, than such noble food,

“ And truth to say the morning air,
“ Has rendered this, your Scottish fare,
“ Not less delightful to my palate,
“ Than you yourself are pleased to call it ;
“ With Doctor Johnson I agree ;
“ What time he says a man should be,
“ A guest of Scotia’s breakfast-table,
“ As often as he may be able.”

 Their meal despatch’d, with “ meickle glee,”
Our Sages took a turn to see,
Those emblems of the old renown,
That circled Scotland’s regal crown ;
What time, in independence rough,
Her martial kings and warriors tough,
Held rule supreme, from southern Tweed,
To where the Orcades their head
Rear from the bright cerulean blue
Of Ocean’s bosom to the view.

CHAPTER XI.

ARRIVED within the castle-walls,
Full many a curious object calls
Their rapt attention on each hand,
Towards the east the buildings stand,
Where ²⁵Mary Stuart, Fortune's sport,
In ancient times had held her court
With more than regal state, and where,
In happy hour she gave an heir
To Scotland and to England's crown,
Destined to raise their high renown,
And to consolidate the glory,
Of either nation's future story.
Our hero's eye is next allured,
By such a sight as instant cured
His Reverence of prejudices,
That had assumed the form of vices
To Scotia's sons, although their scope,
We firmly do believe and hope,
Had only leant to Virtue's side,
And were to patriotism allied;

Since they consisted in the love,
 He bore to England; far above
 The meed of flattering approbation,
 He e'er bestowed on other nation;
 But, reader, thou must wish to know,
 What magic object stirred him so;
 'Twas nothing less than ²⁶royal warder,
 Whose person seemed a moving larder;
 His ample chest and wide spread shoulders,
 Seemed to the eyes of all beholders,
 A noble and just illustration,
 Of John Bull's sturdy, well-fed nation;
 Said Prosody to Factobend,
 "Behold yon warder, my good friend,
 "He's what my nation has 'yclept,
 "A beef-eater; no doubt adept
 "At his important avocation,
 "As any of my southern nation:
 "Now this looks international;
 "In fact 'tis what we well may call,
 "A sign o' the times that seems to say,
 "Scotland may at no distant day,
 "Her sister kingdom emulate,
 "As well in pomp and regal state,
 "As in the pleasures of the table;
 "This is no fancy's flight or fable."

Our Sages enter at the door,
 Eager the crown-room to explore,
 The warder marshals them before.
 Nocturnal sconces blazing bright,
 Shut out the day-light from their sight;
 A scarlet curtain hung around,
 Quite from the ceiling to the ground;

}
}

Now Prosody stood rapt and mute,
His visage rendered hard, acute,
By that o'erwhelming interest,
That held its empire in his breast,
As he beheld with thrilling pleasure,
Old Scotia's ancient regal treasure.
Presented to his ravish'd eye,
Within a railing strong and high,
Whose massy bars of sturdy iron,
The consecrated spot environ;
So densely placed that no beholder,
Could stretch an arm beyond his shoulder,
Or lay his finger on a jewel,
Though urged by motives keenly cruel:
The Warden shew'd the Crown and Sceptre
Which for a century had slept here,
Their splendours veiled from light of day,
In oaken chest, which seemed to say,
Thus is obscured the high renown
Of Scotland's ancient realm and crown;
The²⁷ stately sword which warlike Priest
Had sent to warm the martial breast
Of Scottish Kings with holy zeal,
For their Religion's worldly weal.
But Prosody not yet contented
With what he'd seen a coin presented,
Before the eyes of the fat warder,
Said he, " My hero of the larder,
" You see I can my cash disburse—
" Put this good piece into your purse,
" And let me have the crown and sceptre,
" With all the other objects kept there,
" Without the bars, for you must know,
" My very finger ends do glow



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DOCTOR PROSODY
VISITS THE SCOTTISH REGALIA

Drawn & Engraved by C. Williams.

“ With strong, unconquerable itching,
 “ Those precious objects to be touching.”

WARDER.

“ A second Blood I do declare
 “ You must be, though your shape and air
 “ Seem to bespeak a better calling;
 “ But you shall have a quick o'erhauling;
 “ The emissaries of police,
 “ Shall seize upon you in a trice.”
 Our Sage, astonished and affrighted,
 Saw all his honours nearly blighted,
 Though he had never once conceived
 A crime could have been thus achieved:
 A sturdy warder from the rear,
 Now seized our Sage; a briny tear
 Involuntarily found its way,
 Adown his cheek and seemed to say
 His mind had not been rendered proof
 Against disgrace or dire reproof,
 When Factobend, who had committed,
 The self-same fault now forward strutted,
 And with a look both high and bold
 Said he, “ Good warders, ye behold
 “ Before you men who value gold,
 “ Or jewels, only when they are
 “ Of ancient days the precious ware.
 “ We're zealous antiquaries, and
 “ You might have seen me take my stand
 “ Within this room a hundred times,
 “ Nor have I e'er attempted crimes,
 “ Such as you charge upon us both,
 “ This I'll aver upon my oath ”

The warders now relax'd the traces
Of anger from their rosy faces,
Sage Factobend was recognized
As one who had been highly prized
By many men of lettered fame,
Who often to the Crown-Room came ;
Doctor was from their grasp released,
And all his quaking terrors eased.
Now straight departing from the room
They left its dark nocturnal gloom,
Eager to reach their peaceful home,
Where no such squabbles could assail,
The noble pursuits of their zeal.

CHAPTER XII.

'TWERE long to tell the many places,
 Whose antique interest or graces,
 Attracted Prosody's attention,
 Let it suffice that we but mention,
 No object that the eye of man
 Could with regard behold or scan
 Was left without a sketch or plan,
 Within this peerless city's bounds,
 When having finished all his rounds,
 One morning at his dejeuner,
 With look much more demure than gay,
 Sage Prosody addressed his host
 In words which were with tea and toast,
 Too often in a hodge podge mixed:
 Said he, with aspect keen and fix'd,
 "I'm like a bird upon the wing
 " Since I have seen each curious thing
 " Your town contains, and long to fly
 " Where other objects court the eye,
 " Of curious lore or meditation,
 " Though I am wrapt in admiration.

" Of Scotia's noble Capital.
 " And had I here a Bishop's stall
 " Should never seek to quit a town
 " Of so much learning and renown :
 " Hot-bed of science, genius, taste,
 " I should for ever be its guest."

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

" My Reverend Friend, you see my tears,
 " Bespeak the triumph of my fears,
 " Lest the full current of my grief,
 " Should steal upon me like a thief ;
 " When you are gone, and lay me low
 " For I have learnt from History, how
 " The violence of that master-passion
 " Has power to serve us in such fashion ;
 " And now I feel a keen regret,
 " Though much I fear it comes too late,
 " That I had not our city's treasures,
 " Dealt out to thee in shorter measures ;
 " Then might I have prolonged your stay
 " For many a happy hour and day,
 " But I bethink me of a sight,
 " That may arrest your sudden flight."

DOCTOR PROSODY.

" No earthly power can stop my course,
 " The word is now, to horse, to horse,
 " And if you value my society,
 " Of which I thought you had satiety,
 " Go buy a nag and follow me,
 " We'll form a puissant corps of three,

" Whose courage no mishap can daunt—
 " But softly, that's an empty vaunt
 " For you, my friend, have yet to gain
 " Your martial spurs but in my train,
 " You may these honours yet attain,
 " At least I hope you will endeavour—
 " 'Tis better late, they say, than never,
 " I. e. that when you meet a foe,
 " You bravely render blow for blow,
 " And not like coward run away,
 " As happened but the other day;
 " I mean the battle of the Bridge.

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

" My learned friend that's but a fudge,
 " I never yet prov'd a *white feather*,
 " And my departure then should rather
 " Be viewed by friend's indulgent eye,
 " As proof that I was somewhat shy
 " Of being ta'en by the Police
 " For breaking of the Sovereign's peace,
 " And thus beheld a dangerous person
 " Fit for the law's most strict coercion,
 " Not for a sign that I had wanted
 " A courage cool and most undaunted,
 " Which I hope yet to realize
 " Beneath your Reverence's eyes,
 " Since I accept your kind permission,
 " To join this vent'rous expedition;
 " Another Boswell, I shall catch,
 " The breeze that blows across your hatch,
 " Join in your triumphs, thus partaking,
 " The glories of your undertaking."

The thing is settled, soon a horse,
A broken hero of the course,
Is purchased for Factobend,
On which he may with safety wend;
And soon the cavalcade set out,
Upon their far adventurous route.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANON the towers of high Dunedin
 Are seen upon the landscape fading;
 Each cliff and high embattled line,
 In blue ethereal dimly shine,
 Whilst in a cloud of dusky smoke,
 The town appears beneath the rock:
 Now Doctor with reverted eyes,
 Began the place t' apostrophize:
 "Adieu, a long adieu," he cries,
 "Illustrious seat of arts and letters;
 "Antiquities and all such matters;
 "Hot-bed of genius, seat of science,
 "Long may'st thou hold at proud defiance,
 "Each rival who thy fair renown,
 "Would try to blast with Envy's frown,"
 The mournful feelings which engage,
 The mind of our illustrious Sage,
 Give way before the magic view
 That spreads around, and joy anew
 Restores him to more happy cue;

All that is grand or fair appears,
 To rouse his soul and check his tears,
 And whilst he views the rural scene,
 No thoughts of cities intervene,
 To mar it with regret or spleen;
 On every hand the landscape teems
 With beauties, such as fairy dreams,
 Present to the entranced eyes,
 Of poets far amid the skies;
 Here towns, and villas, ancient towers,
 The gloomy seats of feudal powers;
 Each border of that blue expanse,
 The Frith of Forth, the view enhance;
 Whilst trade's enlivening influence reigns,
 Over the stillness of the plains.

Our travellers with social glee,
 Season the journey till they see,
 The steeple of ²⁸Linlithgow town,
 Surmounted with imperial crown;
 Here Prosody's historic lore,
 Reminds him, though with feelings sore,
 That hapless Mary, Scotland's daughter
 First saw the day, a day of slaughter,
 And that her Sire, with prescience bold,
 Her's and her countries woes foretold
 For Scotland's scathe came with a lass;
 Said he, "and with one they shall pass."

Our tourists with a curious eye,
 The relics of the town survey,
 Whilst heedless of good breeding's law,
 Crowds stare at them like Esquimaux;

The objects that command attention
 In Linlithgow caused no detention,
 Further than just to view the ²⁹aisle
 Within the church's sacred pile,
 Where ghostly, boding apparition
 Warn'd Scotland's King of his perdition;
 The antique font whose grotesque heads
 Pour forth its water from their beds;
 The place our Sages recollected,
 Was much with History connected,
 Here, did the rage of bigot power
 The solemn league by fire devour
 And here facetious ³⁰Robert Gibb,
 The King's buffoon, in satire glib
 First saw the day, he served the Crown,
 For love and kindness with renown;
 Not far from town our Sages hear
 With greedy and attentive ear,
 The ³¹*catstane* stands, an old remain
 Of Runic times and that in vain,
 Full many an antiquarian fiction,
 Had been upon its strange inscription,
 Built up, but no man 'twas believed,
 Had ever yet with skill achieved
 The task of throwing light upon
 The legend of this hoary stone;
 Though fain our tourists would illumine
 The thing, to shew their keen *acumen*,
 Yet Factobend, whose prudence ever
 Subdued rash enterprize's fever,
 Hinted to Prosody the stone
 Through many learned hands had gone
 Already, and 'twas ten to one,
 But they might be completely foiled

}

In their researches and revil'd,
 As Antiquarians who possessed,
 No grain of science or of taste.
 To ³²Falkirk next our tourists came;
 Here they beheld with grief and shame,
 The fatal field where loyal blood
 Was spilt by rebel arms; a flood
 As pure and warm as ever ran
 In patriot breast; with haste they scan,
 The fatal spot, and call to mind
 That here too, valiant Wallace fought,
 In vain 'gainst tyranny—the thought
 Arouses many a feeling dark,
 As well as every latent spark,
 Of generous ire within the breast,
 Of Prosody, who thus expressed,
 His cogitations and his spleen:
 “The lot of freedom still has been,
 “The same in old and modern times,
 “Through mankind's folly and their crimes,
 “Her dawn has been the wintry day
 “Of storm and cloud, until her way,
 “By heroes and by patriots cleared;
 “Her sun of glory's safely steered.”

Embarking on the placid stream,
 Of a canal; by help of steam,
 Our tourists to the ³³Scottish Tyre
 Are wafted, whilst their faithful Squire,
 Conducts the cavalry by land,
 Along the nicely gravelled strand;
 The sight of old St. Mungo's pile,
 Call'd forth from Prosody a smile,

Of mingled joy and admiration,
Whilst in abstracted declamation,
He thus apostrophized the scene,
With feelings somewhat proud and vain :
“ Thus may we ever find the Church,
“ A strong, a rich, and stately perch,
“ On which her sons may rest secure,
“ As if they stood upon the floor ;
“ Thus still amidst the haunts of trade,
“ May pure religion rear her head,
“ And may she still with equal taste,
“ Adorn her fanes from east to west.”

Entering the foresaid modern Tyre,
Our hero could not but admire,
Its stately domes such as bespoke,
Rather th' abodes of mighty folk
Of rank, of title or of fashion,
Than of men in lowly station .
Never before did trade appear,
So captivating and so dear
To Prosody, for he was one,
Who firmly thought the rising sun,
The only deity to be,
To whom the merchant bent the knee ;
But now he made a recantation,
Of such erroneous information :
A brief and busy week's sojourn ;
Enabled Prosody to turn,
Each stone in Glasgow where he could,
Discover aught of fair or good,
It's Romish Chapel and its College,
That magazine of mundane knowledge ;

Its Andersonian Institution
Fam'd for its politic tuition
Of journeymen mechanics, who
At evening come with sweaty brow,
To list the lectures that are read,
Upon the secrets of their trade.
The Tontine inn where merchants meet,
Adjourning from the busy street
Th' Hunterian Museum, where
Each bird is seen that skims the air,
Fishes and reptiles, insects, beasts,
On which the eye with pleasure rests,
The sacred fanes that have been rear'd
By meek eyed charity endeared ;
The statues of immortal Pitt,
And gallant Moore, a Glasgow cit.
A theatre the most extensive,
With properties the most expensive,
That any town provincial
Can boast of, these great objects all
Call forth the warmest admiration,
Of Prosody in declamation.

Taking a circuit far and wide
Along the shores of classic Clyde,
Our tourists reach where ³⁴Cora Linn
Astounds the ear with deaf'ning din:
The river pent by mural rocks,
In dreadful eddies whirls and smokes,
Until the horrid precipice
Conducts it to a black abyss,
O'er which the choughs and birds of night
Still flap their wings to hail the sight.



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DOCTOR PROSODY

BRINGS HIS FRIENDS AT THE FALLS OF CLYDE

Drawn & Engraved by C. Williams.

Now Prosody approaches near
The brink, with signs of awe and fear,
Though followed by his trusty suite,
Whom fear had also rendered mute;
Our Sage's picturesquish taste,
However, banished from his breast
All thoughts of fear; with pencil ready,
He 'gan to sketch with fingers steady;
Till, losing all his wonted caution,
He tumbled from his horrid station;
His nether part the stream embrac'd,
The spray had reach'd his middle waist;
He hung, like dangling pack of wool,
Above the horrid boiling pool;
And had not Archy, faithful, bold,
Of Doctor's skirts laid firmest hold,
It would have been our mournful lot
Here to consign our Sage to pot:
His ardent labours rendered vain,
The curtain dropt upon the scene;
But 'twas his bitter fate to prove
Of Factobend the lack of love:
Which he had hoped would never fail,
For laying hold of his coat-tail,
The faithless friend with breathless gasp,
Escaped from his convulsive grasp;
Leaving brave Archy to sustain,
The Doctor's weight, and to regain,
The *terra firma*; indignation,
Produced a violent altercation
Betwixt our Sages; in the end,
The Doctor said to Factobend,
"Henceforth thy friendship and thy courage
"I hold not worth a mess of porridge,

“ Nor shall I ever look to thee,
“ For help in any jeopardy;
“ Whilst my poor menial like the slave,
“ Of Gracchus, rescued from the grave,
“ His master’s life, thus shewing forth
“ A high example, and well worth
“ The attention serious of all,
“ Who would themselves his *betters* call.”

CHAPTER XIV.

OUR Sage's angry altercation,
Subsides to reconciliation:
Descending now the past'ral Clyde,
³⁵New Lanark next they keenly eyed,
Where once illustrious David Dale,
Strove to advance the public weal,
And which has since by Owen been,
Rendered of British towns the Queen,
In point of true prosperity;
Said Doctor "here in verity,
"Is More's Utopia to be found,
"If any where above the ground;
"And here too is the golden age,
"Restored in its most perfect stage;
"Whilst all around the age of iron,
"This happy spot appears t'environ;
"Here reigns Arcadian innocence,
"Exempt from guilt and from offence;
"And strange to say, here busy trade,
"Rears its demoralizing head,

“ Like serpent of his fangs disarm’d,
 “ Or by an Indian juggler charm’d.”

Departing thence they next survey,
 The ³⁶spot where patriot Wallace lay,
 When he was forc’d if we must speak
 The truth, to play at hide and seek ;
 The dark and rapid ³⁷river Mouse,
 Whose softly stealing current flows,
 As fearful of the light of day ;
 Till suddenly it rends its way,
 Through solid mass of granite grey ;
 Instead of following a course,
 Which needed not such open force.
 Said Prosody, whilst keenly gazing,
 On this strange sight “ ’tis most amazing,
 “ Nothing in Britain sure can be
 “ Compared to this ; antiquity
 “ In all its legends scarce can find,
 “ A parallel to strike my mind,
 “ Unless, indeed, the Arethusa,
 “ Be like this curious river Mouse, a
 “ Thought I cannot entertain,
 “ For that coy nymph through such a den
 “ As this could ne’er a passage make,
 “ Though all her honour was at stake ;
 “ Now Archy lad,” continued he,
 “ Take thou this shining half-guinea,
 “ And cork it tight within a vial,
 “ That I may put the fact to trial,
 “ Whether this stream again emerges,
 “ To light of day, where it discharges
 “ Again its waters ; I opine
 “ It probably may go to join

“ The river Styx and swell the ferry,
“ Where Charon rows his dusky wherry.”

Our Sage now writes a pencil'd label,
As clear and fair as he was able ;
It ran as follows: “ If this coin,
“ Should come to mortal hands, 'tis mine ;
“ Paul Prosody, of Flowerdale,
“ In Cumberland, and pray don't fail
“ To send it back by rapid mail ;
“ Accompanied with intimation,
“ In what part of the wide creation
“ It came to light, that I may make,
“ The fact well known for science' sake.
“ But if oh ! Cerberus or Charon,
“ The piece of gold should go so far on,
“ As to arrive at your dark stream,
“ I beg you may not think it shame
“ To pocket it, I would not trouble
“ Your honours though it's worth were double,
“ To come as far as Flowerdale,
“ With all your imps behind your tail.”

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ My Reverend friend, though I agree,
“ It is in Scripture said that we,
“ Should throw our money on the deep
“ In hopes to find a larger heap,
“ Yet I must say it is quite idle,
“ To think that any man should bridle
“ His love of gold, and thus restore,
“ A coin made from that precious ore.”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ I’ll hear no more, now Archy wrap,
 “ The coin within this paper cap,
 “ Then cork it tight within the bottle,
 “ And throw it in yon cavern’s throttle.”

The Squire with divers queer grimaces,
 A farthing in the vial places,
 And fearful lest the weighty metal,
 Should make the bottle quickly settle
 Towards the bottom, placed the gold,
 Within his breckan’s ample fold ;
 Said he, “ if this bright coin should ever,
 “ Escape from out this muddy river,
 “ Who knows what roguish hands it might
 “ Fall into, therefore ’tis but right,
 “ An honest chiel should hold it fast,
 “ As long as e’er the piece may last ;
 “ Who knows but master yet may want,
 “ Its help in circumstances scant. ?”

With this casuistical morality,
 Did Archy gloss his own venality ;
 Then hurl’d the vial in the stream,
 Without a single blush of shame.

Our Sages next proceed to view,
 The store of objects of *virtu*,
 Which Hamilton’s old Ducal race,
 Transmitted to his present Grace ;
 Here Daniel in the Lion’s den,
 And Lord Denbigh a Prince of men

Both works of Rubens strike the eye,
 As *chefs d'ouvres* which now we try
 In vain to find, for modern art
 Has never triumph'd o'er the heart,
 With such a master spell of power,
 From Rubens' time till this good hour,
 A statue dug from Herculaneum,
 Almost turns Doctor's very cranium ;
 It was a cold and marble Venus,
 Said Prosody, " my friend, between us
 " If we were young and given to pleasure,
 " We might be blamed beyond all measure :
 " Our admiration of this statue,
 " Might cause some wicked wags to rate you
 " As one whose habits are too gay,
 " To hold the club in sober sway."

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

" And the good folks of Flowerdale
 " Might raise a scandal-bearing tale"

DOCTOR PROSODY.

" I am displeas'd to find friend Fac,
 " That you somehow have got the tact,
 " To always have the latter word,
 " When discord has your temper stirr'd,
 " 'Tis what I never would allow
 " At College, neither shall I now;
 " What ! do you think that I, who have
 " Been dubb'd a wrangler by the grave,
 " And learned heads of Alma Mater,
 " Should thus succumb like milk and water,

“ No, no, and if your saucy hint,
“ Were worthy to be seen in print;
“ I’d say in my forthcoming tour,
“ How much you acted like a boor,
“ But go poor fly, as Sterne has said,
“ This nether world on which we tread,
“ Is wide enough for you and I,
“ I’ve not the heart to harm a fly.”
Our Sages next descend the Clyde,
Admiring its increasing tide,
Till high Dumbarton’s peaks appear
Their summits to the clouds to rear:
The Doctor takes a hasty sketch,
Of every object in his reach,
And now said he, “ I do intend
“ My course toward the Lakes to bend,
“ To tread the classic ground which Scott
“ Immortalized though not a jot
“ Of old or modern interest
“ Had they before for man of taste.”
Unless indeed what scenic beauty,
Conferr’d upon them, yet my duty
Requires that I at any rate,
The Picturesque don’t underrate

CHAPTER XV.

LEAVING Dunbarton with a hail
 The cavalcade pursue the vale
 Of lovely Leven, studded close
 With villas, towns, and towers which rose
 As if by a magician's wand,
 To show how the industrious hand
 Of man can garnish even the scenes
 Where nature's beauty richest reigns,
 And soon they find themselves before,
 The ancient mansion, where of yore
 Illustrious ³⁸Smollett had his birth.
 Said Prosody, "fair spot of earth,
 "Sacred to science, humour, worth,
 "Long may the choicest gifts of nature
 "Be showered upon thy every feature,
 "And long may that memento stand,
 "The pride of Smollett's native land!"

Our Sage in pleasing reverie
 Of thought was lost, and suddenly,

Imagined he now could see
 The youthful Rorie Random venture,
 In humble garb the house to enter;
 At length, as if by magic summon'd,
 Appears the peak of high Ben Lomond;
 The clouds at midway seem to rest,
 Upon the mountain's ample breast,
 Whilst high above appears the summit
 As if defying man to climb it:
 It seemed as if the bold ascent,
 Was only for the eagle meant,
 And at the mountain's firm set base,
 Its lake was poured in ample space,
 Which seemed a perfect inland sea,
 To Factobend and Prosody.
 Two such stupendous objects never
 Appeared to satisfy the fever
 Of seeing nature's wildest feature,
 Which agitated Doctor's nature:
 The shade of night now thickly falls,
 And loudly on our Sages calls,
 To seek some friendly sheltering walls;
 Sudden a light appears to come
 From out a lordly Highland dome;
 An old Baronial fortalice,
 Defended by full many a piece
 Of antique ordnance, which bore
 The clearest marks of times of yore.
 Each tourist 'lighting from his steed,
 Advances to the door with speed;
 They found it hospitably thrown
 Wide open to each guest unknown,
 Who might have felt a disposition,
 To come to jovial collision

With the bold chieftain of the tower,
In any guise, at any hour ;
And from the precincts of the hall,
Was heard the loud and frequent call
Of wassail, mirth and revelry :
“ I’ll enter in,” cried Prosody.
Then boldly op’d the oaken door,
And pac’d some steps upon the floor,
When he beheld what brought to mind,
A feast of ancient Greeks, combin’d,
Some patriarch chieftain’s martial glory,
To celebrate and give to story.
Huge oaken boards of massy strength,
Were ranged along the hall at length ;
Each guest according to degree,
Sate high or low as it might be,
All marshall’d to their proper places,
By Seneschal, who sagely traces
Amongst his visitor’s hard faces,
The rank exact which he should hold,
Giving precedence to the old.
The bounteous host with welcome meet,
Advanced the tourists now to greet ;
Taking our Doctor by the hand,
He quickly gives to understand,
That he’s himself no less a man,
Than chieftain of Mac Gillan’s clan :
The puissant Laird of wide Glenaw,
All which he holds within his paw.

Our Sages, by the mountain air,
Were quite prepared for some good fare,
And soon they did the amplest honour
To good Glenaw’s Baronial dinner :

The strong potations that succeeded
 Were by the tourists drank unheeded;
 Supposing that the Highland whiskey,
 Would only tend to make them frisky;
 But ere they well could ascertain
 Its potent nature, they were fain
 To stretch themselves as they were able
 Beneath the shelter of the table;
 Borne off with hospitable heed,
 The sage convives are sent to bed:
 Next morning soon as they were up,
 The chieftain brought a stirrup cup,
 Which when they drank with hearty glee,
 "I now must tell you, friends," said he,
 "That in this country, expiation
 Must for excessive deep potation,
 Be always made, without delay
 Prepare to pass a live long day
 On ³⁹Drunken Island, so ordains
 The law which drunkenness restrains."

DOCTOR PROSODY.

"What Drunken Island! expiation!
 I was forbade at ordination
 To practice any Popish rite,
 And I must say, 'twill be in spite
 Of my own feelings if I do
 Conform obediently to you."

But all remonstrance was in vain,
 The least remission to obtain.
 Our travellers incontinent,
 Were put on board a boat, which went

With rapid oar and foaming wake,
Along the bosom of the Lake,
’Till deep amidst its waters blue,
Arose the Island to their view;
Here landing with most piteous faces,
As well as sundry queer grimaces;
The boatmen bade a brief adieu,
Before they vanished from their view,
Giving a promise that they would,
Return as soon as they had stood
Their term of punishment and shewn,
That wholesome penitence was sown
Deep in their bosoms to prevent
Intemperance from getting vent.
Said Prosody, with rueful look,
“ My friends, y’ere powerful in rebuke,
“ But let me tell you that these railings,
“ Against a reverend parson’s failings
“ Become not any one who wears,
“ An Highland bonnet o’er his ears,
“ And now I charge you, tell your master,
“ He’s the sole cause of our disaster,
“ Since if he had not plied us hard
“ With drink, we had ourselves debarr’d;
“ For you must know we are not dry ones
“ And only guilty of compliance,
“ But as I bear no enmity
“ Against you,” added Prosody,
“ If ye will list to my discourse,
“ I’ll shew you with the utmost force,
“ The numerous ills that daily flow,
“ From breach of temperance’s vow.
“ ’Tis my opinion, it may be,
“ Of much more use to you than me,

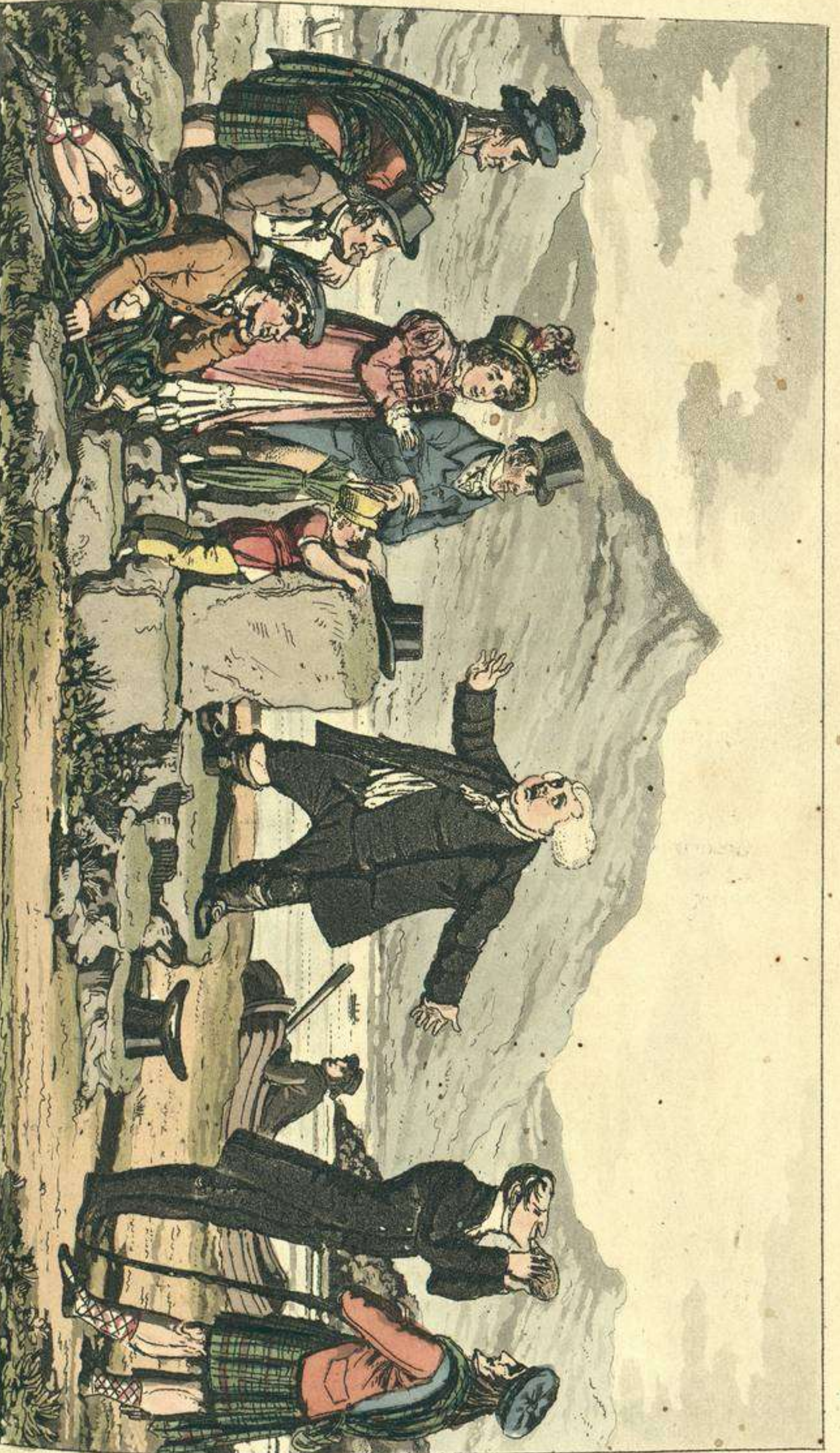


“ And now I have within my eye,
 “ A stony rostrum, cut and dry ;
 “ That is a pulpit formed by nature,
 “ Resembling one in every feature.”

Our Sage then mounting on the rock,
 With tearing lungs began to shock,
 The ears of all his congregation,
 Denouncing curses 'gainst potation :
 A party who had come for pleasure,
 Were all diverted beyond measure,
 By Doctor's serious declamation,
 And by his garment's perturbation ;
 Whilst Factobend behind his back,
 Sailing upon a different tack,
 Gave lucid proof how much he was,
 A convert to the Doctor's laws,
 Affording comment practical,
 On Prosody's discourse withal ;
 For as he stood with listening ear,
 A Highlander approached near,
 And with a look both keen and sly,
 Presented to his charmed eye,
 A flask of potent aqua vitæ
 Said he, “ I'm sure that you must need a
 “ Drop of liquor to compose,
 “ Your spirits after such a dose
 “ As ye last drank, for I've heard say
 “ That they who're drunk as 'twere to-day,
 “ Are sure to be athirst to morrow.”

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ I know it to my mortal sorrow.



Drawn & Engraved by C. Williams.

DOCTOR PROSODY

DOING PENNANCE ON DRUNKEN ISLAND - LOCH LOMOND

Published by M. Hay, 1 Somerset St. & Portman Square.

“ So let us have your flask of whiskey,
“ Although it looks so old and dusky.”

Our Sage now grasps the precious treasure,
And drinks a bumper without measure ;
Which being seen by those who stood
In front of Prosody, none could
Maintain their gravity, but broke
Into a laugh. “ This is no joke,”
Cried Prosody, “ and so, no more,
“ I’ll throw my pearls, such swine before.”

When turning round he spied the cause
Of this rude breach of breeding’s laws.
Said he “ I think, my learned brother,
“ We both may take a drop together,
“ For spite of all that I have said,
“ I feel my thirst increase, instead
“ Of being tempered by my preaching ;
“ It is a thing that bears no teaching.”

The Doctor heartily forgave
The audience for the signs they gave,
Of mirth, and having drank a dram,
Resigned himself like any lamb.
Boatmen and strangers all withdrew,
Leaving our penitential crew
To pass the moments as they could
Until the setting sun might shroud
The earth in dusky twilight’s cloud.

CHAPTER XVI.

FULL heavily the moments creep,
 'Squire Archy soon is lull'd asleep,
 But various objects soon engage,
 The notice of each learned Sage;
 Not their's the boorish apathy
 Which thus could dose, while to the eye,
 A matter that could cause debate
 Offered itself, though but a slate,
 Or simple pebble, and they had
 Laid down the antiquarian trade,
 To shew their wond'rous information
 In many a learned dissertation,
 On minerals, chrystallization,
 Geology and all the arts,
 Which shew our system's inward parts,
 Nor could they one such matter settle,
 Without much trial of their mettle:
 The mind of Prosody in vain,
 Would try to love or entertain

Such arid studies, and instead,
Of further troubling his head
With Factobend's continued chatter,
(For neither knew much of the matter,)
He went to gaze upon the lake,
On which his piercing eye could make
The following observations, bent
On being sharp and pertinent,
"That it contained a fish which swims,
Without the aid of finny limbs,
An Island buoyant, though opaque,
Floats on the surface of the lake,
And still to raise his wonder higher,
He's told, that when with half quench'd fire,
Diurnal Sol through gelid snow,
Scarce deigns his cheerful face to show,
The water never cools or freezes,
Though swept by Boreas' keenest breezes.

These facts are instantly set down,
And many comments on them thrown,
In Doctor's *Album Curiosum*,
A book, he own'd, would often pose him,
When he attempted to explain,
To any second person's brain,
The marvels that were there recorded,
As in a miser's casket hoarded.
At length the welcome hour arrives,
In which the sun forsakes our skies;
The chieftain's men are soon descried,
Skimming the surface of the tide
With oar that forms a silvery spray,
In the receding beams of day;

And soon our three repentant sinners,
 All keenly longing for their dinners,
 Are landed on the mainland wide,—
 The leading boatman instant cried,
 “ You’re all invited now to share,
 “ The great Clan Gillan’s choicest fare.”

Our Doctor now with huge disdain,
 The man eyed o’er and o’er again.
 “ Go tell thy chief,” cried Prosody,
 “ A crust of bread ’twixt him and I
 “ Shall ne’er be broke; I feel so sore
 “ Upon this penitential score
 “ That I shall never cross his door; }
 “ And harkye, friend,” he further cries,
 “ If e’er beneath our southern skies,
 “ Your rude inhospitable chief
 “ Should dare t’ appear, or if in brief,
 “ He ever smells Northumbrian gale,
 “ Tell him to keep from Flowerdale;
 “ Or I, in virtue of commission,
 “ Which raises me to the condition
 “ Of a J. P. will set him straight,
 “ Into the stocks as wandering wight,
 “ Who is quite likely to become
 “ The inmate of some workhouse home.”

The boatman cried with looks of dread,
 “ That message told, would cost my head,
 “ For none has ever dared to say,
 “ Clan Gillan’s Chief, by night or day,
 “ Has been inhospitably rude
 “ To foe or friend, to bad or good.”

Meantime the 'squire and Factobend,
Would treat the chief as cordial friend,
For they could easily now tell,
The feast was ready, by the smell
Of savoury viands that were blown
Across the Lake, and they made known
To Prosody their hankering wishes,
Which he received with angry "pishes,"
And having their petition spurn'd,
They to an alehouse quick adjourned.

Next morning when the early lark
Salutes the sky, and the first bark
Of watchful cur strikes on the ear,
Our active travellers appear,
Mounted on their respective steeds,
Call'd by 'Squire Archy from their beds ;
Who from his side a bugle drew,
And such a sounding blast he blew,
That the still bosom of the lake
Re-echoed every note and shake.

Like eaglets that can scarcely dare
The higher regions of the air,
Until with pinions strong and tried,
They have some giddy heights defied.
Our tourists would have sped their course
To where Hesperian Isles the force
Of rude Atlantic billows brave,
But then their very hearts misgave.—
They hoped, howe'er, increase of valour,
Would make each mother's son a sailor ;
And as they truly said, 'twould be
An introduction to the sea,

If they should as fresh water Jacks,
Paddle some days among the lakes.
The scheme was vastly liked by all,
Next day shone bright, without a squall,
And having hired a trusty boat,
The party soon are full afloat,
With stately piper in their bow,
Well skill'd to play as well as blow.
Whilst sailing thus in feudal taste,
Upon Lochleven's placid breast
Our Reverend Doctor soon descried,
Each massy wall and buttress wide,
Of that rude tower whose massy gate,
Once seemed to seal the earthly fate,
Of the most lovely form that ever,
Misfortune did from bliss dissever;
It scarce need here in verse be told,
How Mary left her dismal hold,
Assisted by a youngster, bold
As any tiger, bear or lion,
Who prov'd himself a worthy scion
Of Douglas' noble house and name,
Still loudest in the mouth of Fame;
Whilst meditating on the woes
That oft attend the steps of those,
Whom the whole world have named the
great,
Though only bolstered up by state.
This reverie might have continued
For many a long successive minute,
Had not a loud stentorian voice
Aroused our Sage in half a trice,
And looking up he soon perceived
That if his eyes were not deceived,



Drawn & Engraved by C. Williams

Published by M. Day 1, Somerset Str., & Foreman Square

DOCTOR PROSODY

PARADING ON LOCHLERTON, IS CHALLENGED TO NAME HIS CHIEF

Another boat was lashed tight,
As if it were to try a fight
With his frail bark, and in the skiff,
He could observe a noble chief
With eagle feather in his bonnet,
And many a dice and check upon it.
The chief now hailed our Sage again;
Said he, "I wish to ascertain
"What loon thou art, with notions vain,
"Who thus presum'st to imitate
"With piper in your bow, the state,
"Which hitherto has always been,
"Denied to men of station mean;
"Which I must freely now confess,
"I deem you all from your queer dress;
"But to put matters to the trial
"Without a shuffle or denial,
"I challenge that short man in black,
"To say if put upon the rack,
"He could his chieftain's title name,
"Or any friend of martial fame."

Fired with the taunt, our Sage drew forth
A paper which he deemed of worth,
And always carried in his pocket,
Folded into the form of docket,
'Twas signed *Cantuar* at the end,
Which Prosody in brief explained.
Said he, "this means the puissant prelate
"Of Canterbury, whom to rail at
"Is sacrilege, and I can boast
"Him for my chief from coast to coast,
"And if his name do not outweigh,
"All Highland chieftains of the day,

“ I’ll be content to waive my claim,
“ To all such borrowed tinsel fame.”

The chieftain bit by this rebuff,
Began the leeward air to snuff;
And Prosody exulted high,
Upon his own proud victory.

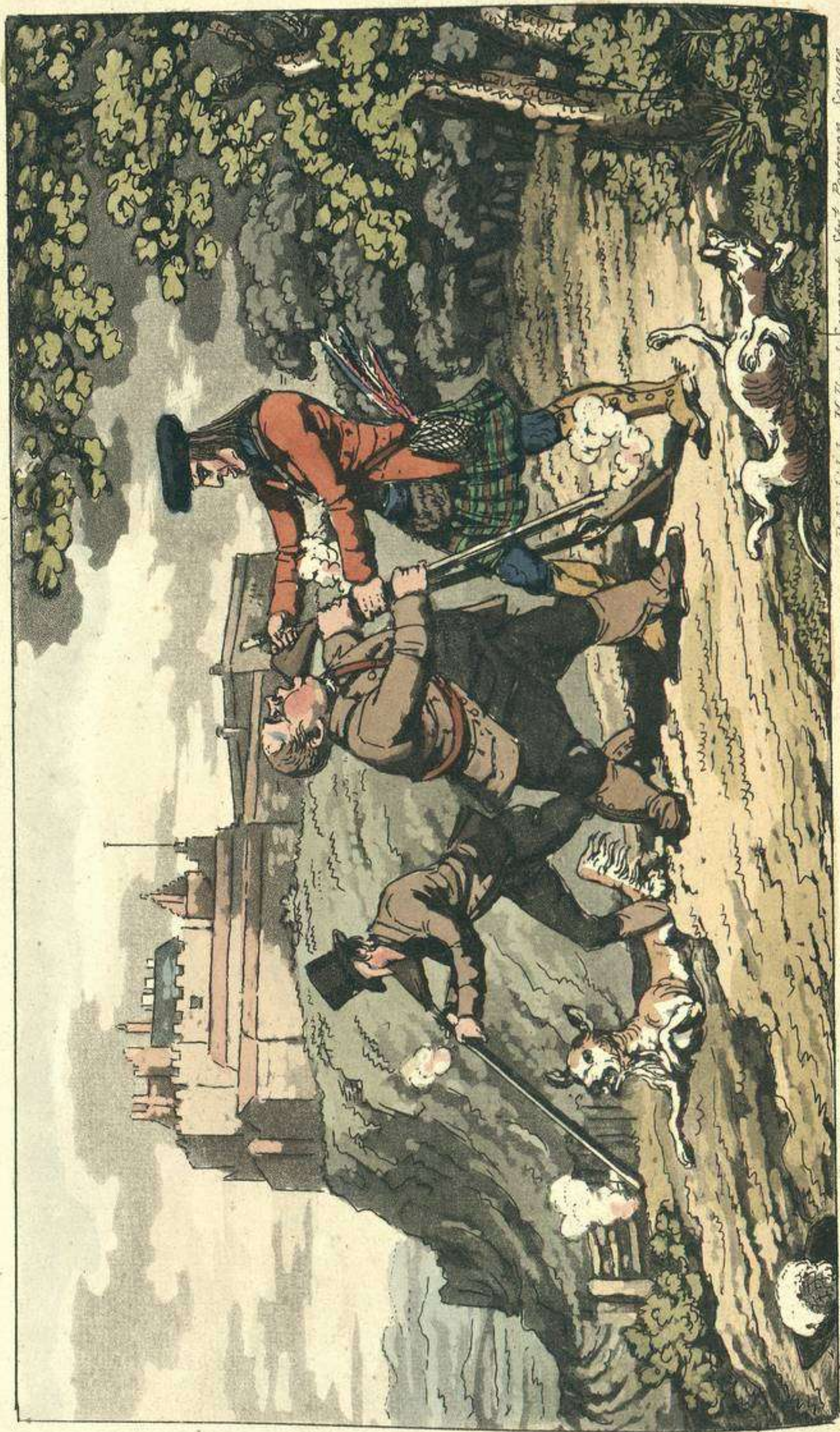
CHAPTER XVII.

NEXT day the Muse historical
Her finger points to Stirling wall,
As vastly worthy of attention,
And in the Tour deserving mention.
The jaunt is soon resolved upon;
And that they, with a single stone
Might kill two birds, it was agreed
They both should instantly proceed
In sportsman's guise, and shoot their way
Along the road, from day to day;
That is to kill each living creature,
Which could be, from its savage nature,
Class'd 'mong the *feræ* of the land,
Whose names generic Doctor scann'd
Upon his finger ends most pat,
From gallant stag to timid rat.
Two motives urged our sapient Sage
In Nimrod's frolics to engage:—
He had been told that game was common
In Scotland, and debarr'd to no one:

Besides, his purse was growing lighter,
 So he resolved to shut it tighter.
 Each day afforded game enough,
 Which Archy, soon as it was stiff,
 Would carry to the nearest inn,
 And see it dress'd—then claim the skin.
 The landlords cheerfully consented
 To dress the fare, full well contented
 With what their guests might leave behind,
 In delicacy most refined,
 To pay the cooking of the game—
 It was, they said, as cash the same.
 Thus they went on successfully,
 Till they approached Stirling high;
 When, as they plied their new vocation,
 With keenest zest and inclination,
 A sturdy gamekeeper appears,
 And Prosody, astounded, hears
 This challenge thunder'd in his ears:—
 “Whae'er ye be that here do shoot,
 “I must demand that ye pull oot
 “Your warrants; that is, if ye can,—
 “If not, according to my plan,
 “I'll seize directly on your guns,
 “And fire on any one who runs.”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“I might have had a warrant granted,
 “But thought such instrument not wanted;
 “And as to what you 're pleased to say
 “About my gun, I answer, nay;
 “For no one ever yet hath dared
 “Thus to insult me beard to beard.”



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DOCTOR PROSODY

TAKEN FOR A POACHER IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF STIRLING

Drawn & Engraved by C. Williams

GAMEKEEPER.

“ We then must come to closer quarters,
 “ Tho’ both of us should become martyrs :”
 Then, laying hold on Doctor’s piece,
 His Reverence, in half a trice,
 Stood up in manly bold defence
 Of his imagined innocence.
 Long was th’ unequal combat waged,
 And much had either hero raged :—
 The tactics which the Doctor had,
 In early life, at College read,
 Touching gymnastics, now avail’d
 His Reverence much, when strength had fail’d.
 At length a dire disaster ended
 The fight ;—with hands too far extended,
 The Doctor touch’d the fatal spot
 Which urges forth the deadly shot ;
 When, instantly, the rocks around
 Reverberate the hollow sound,—
 The centinel on Stirling wall
 Is heard the ’larum word to call,
 And all the echoes of the wood
 Are roused from their silent mood.
 But, gentle reader, it may please
 Thy anxious mind, to be at ease
 About the fate of either Hector,—
 We mean the Keeper and the Rector—
 They both escaped without a grain
 Of lead, their skins with blood to stain :
 Not so, a hapless cur who ’gan
 To help his master like a man,
 By charging Doctor in the rear,
 Without the least remorse or fear —

The dog received the deadly dose
And fell beneath his master's nose ;
Who with the loss was so affected,
That, with a countenance dejected,
He bent his head in silent woe ;
Meantime the Doctor's wig of snow
Fled with the wind ; and Factobend,
Not yet aware that his good friend
Had been engaged in such a fight,
Now first emerged into his sight,
From out a deep and hollow way,
Which on the ground misfortune lay ;
And seeing Doctor's white peruke,
A steady aim with care he took,
The wig into a riddle bored,
Though Doctor could not well afford,
Just at this time, to buy another,
Without assistance from his brother ;
Who, with a most becoming honor,
Promised to be the ready donor
Of the most comely wig, to crown
His *caput*, that all Stirling town
Could furnish, or for love or money :—
These words went down like drops of honey.
The Keeper, mourning o'er his dog,
Our Sages suffer'd off to jog,
Bearing their arms in triumph down
Into the precincts of the town.

Their 'Squire and little troop of horse
Advanced, with shew of martial force,
Into the town ; at least, he would
Be taken for a soldier good,

If on a warlike expedition,
He made such wily exhibition
Of three poor nags; for they were tied
Right by their bridles, side by side;
And, in the rear, each plaited tail
Was fasten'd by a rusty nail.
A column thus was artful shown,
Whose depth, in front, must be unknown:
Bucephalus, (ignoble fate),
Was doom'd, upon his saddle's seat,
To bear the well-stored bag of game;
Now troops of hungry mongrels came,
Snuffing the savory scented air,
That strongly blew in Archy's rear,
As anxious to obtain a taste
Of such a stimulating feast.

The party all at length convene
Within the precincts of an inn,
Which, by its sign-post promised fare
That man or beast might freely share;
But yet our Tourists shrewdly thought
'Twould be unwise, if they had bought
Provisions, whilst the game remain'd;
So order'd Archy to unbend
His wallet, and to serve out dinner,
And see it dress'd in cook-like manner.
Meantime, our Sages sallied out,
To view the town all round about:
The ancient bulwark of the North;
Old grey Strevlina o'er the Forth
Looks down, in venerable state,
As if to mourn its alter'd fate,

Since, on the ⁴⁰“ Ladies’ Rock,” the dames
 Of Scotland’s Court decided games
 And feats of strength ; where gallant knights
 In tournaments held hardy fights.
 Said Prosody, “ Had I been one
 “ Of these said knights, I should have gone
 “ Before these umpires of the field,
 “ And having low before them kneel’d,
 “ Madam, I’d say to each high dame,
 “ I hope you will not think it shame,
 “ Before I enter the array,
 “ Here to declare, in face of day,
 “ You are a most impartial judge,
 “ And, without any jest or fudge,
 “ You do not bear a spark of love
 “ For any knight who wears a glove,
 “ Or throws a gauntlet on the ground,
 “ To warp that judgment cool and sound,
 “ Which ’mong the fair is seldom found. }
 “ Unless I proved that all was right,
 “ No man should catch me in the fight.”

Said Factobend, with laughing chuckle,
 And rubbing hard each flinty knuckle,
 “ Such conduct would be vastly wise
 “ In you, who, from your shape and size,
 “ Would not be likely e’er to move,
 “ Within your judges’ bosoms, love,
 “ Or any other sentiment,
 “ That might induce them to relent
 “ From rigid justice’ stern decree ;
 “ I hope, Sir, you will pardon me.

DOCTOR PROSODY.

" Such arrogant impertinence—
 " Such want of taste, as well as sense,
 " Are quite unpardonable; and
 " I'd have thee well to understand,
 " That I could act a better part
 " Than such a scarecrow as thou art,
 " Among the fair, who rather had
 " Behold a man that seems well-fed,
 " Cheerful, and portly—smart withal,
 " Fit for the drawing-room or ball.

" A charming scenery around
 Had power to fill the jarring sound
 Of discord; and our eyes saw
 With admiration far from awe
 The charming windings of the Forth
 Through the Campanian of the North
 Said Tactless—“ Though I have never
 “ Seen any foreign land whatever,
 “ Yet I'd make bold to say or swear
 “ That Europe cannot any where
 “ Produce a scene so grand and fair.”

Entering the Castle next, they saw
 With horrid interest and awe
 The room where Scotland's monarch shew
 His guest—the Douglas bold and true
 Our Tactless next their journey held
 Towards the groves of sweet Dunkeld—

CHAPTER XVIII.

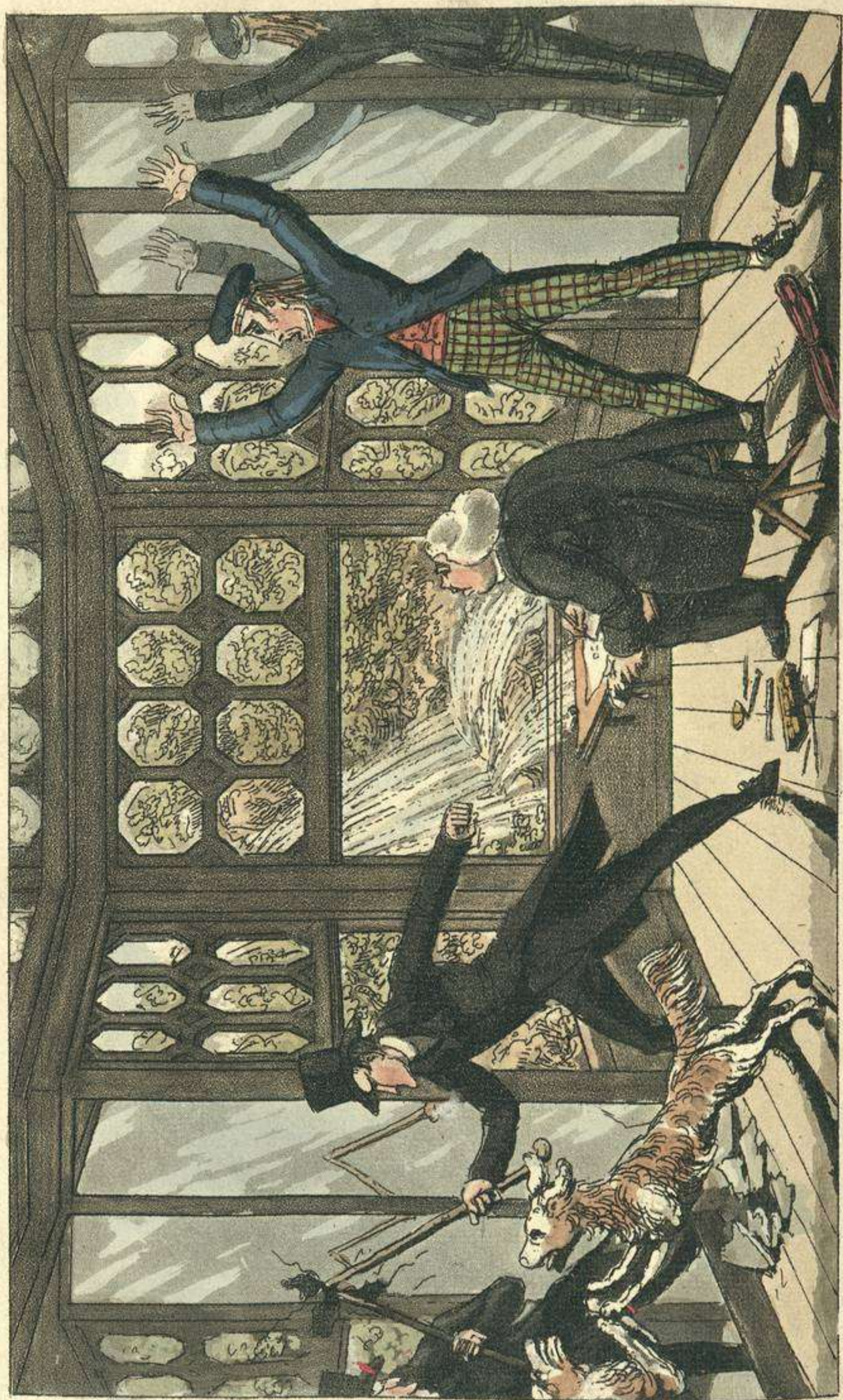
'Tis' enchanting scenery around
 Had power to lull the jarring sound
 Of discord; and our Sages saw,
 With admiration free from awe,
 The charming windings of the Forth
 Through the Campania of the North.
 Said Factobend—"Though I have never
 " Seen any foreign land whatever,
 " Yet I'd make bold to say or swear,
 " That Europe cannot any where
 " Produce a scene so grand and fair."

Entering the Castle next, they saw,
 With horrid interest and awe,
 The room where Scotland's monarch slew
 His guest—the Douglas bold and true.

Our Tourists next their journey held
 Towards the groves of sweet Dunkeld—

'The princely seat of Athol's Lord—
With Art and Nature's beauties stored.
Entering the Park, they wound their way
Through groves excluding light of day,
Till, on a sudden, they emerge
Upon the Bran's romantic verge.
Through beauteous shrubberies, the road
Conducts them next; then comes, a broad
And ample field of waving corn,
The scene still further to adorn;
While clumps of weeping birchen trees
Scatter their fragrance on the breeze.
In short, such noble combination
Of all the beauties of creation,
The rude magnificence of Nature
With Art, refined in every feature,
Had never by our Sages been
So much as thought of, much less seen:
They both agreed, that, if below
A scene is left, which serves to show
What Eden was when first it smiled,
Before its inmates were beguiled,
'Twas this;—and in a reverie lost,
Unconsciously the Park they cross'd,
When, still to raise their admiration,
They saw a building in such station,
That, to their eyes, it seemed ever
To nod above the foaming river.
With hospitable look, and kind,
Which seem'd to speak the owner's mind,
A civil menial ask'd them in,
To view the beauties of the Linn.
They learnt the place had once been famed
⁴¹For Ossian's deeds, and that 'twas named,

In honor meet, his regal Hall;
Sometimes the Hermitage withal.
Our Tourists soon were lost in wonder,
As they beheld, above and under,
One sheet of mirror'd glass encase
Each creek and corner of the place.
The glasses in the ceiling were,
With so much art, implanted there,
That, as the wide and ample column
Of water pour'd its chrystal volume,
It seem'd, to the bewitched eye,
Reflected from the roof on high;
To take the varied forms of flame,
Which all the torrent could not tame;
Of boiling oil, or reeking smoke
Pour'd o'er the precipice of rock.
Charm'd with the view, our Doctor fell
To sketching, though he could not well
Catch all the flying rainbow traces,
That threw upon it all their graces;
When Doctor's dog drew on his master
A most unheard of, dire disaster:
For having, at his master's call,
Enter'd the gaily mirror'd hall,
The animal on every side
Beheld his species multiplied;
And doubtless, as 'twas shrewdly said
By Archy, he was instant led
To think the Hall a perfect kennel—
For Cæsar never yet did mean ill;
Eager his fellows to embrace,
The dog sprang round from place to place,
Breaking the lower glass with paws
Arm'd with most formidable claws.



Drawn & Engraved by C. Williams

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DOCTOR PROSODY'S

DISASTER IN OSSIAN'S HALL, DUNDEE

In consternation all were lost ;
Each seem'd enchained to his post ;
Until, at length, sage Factobend
Made an attempt the thing to mend,
Declaring that an angry bull,
Dancing in china shop that's full,
Could not more harm or havoc make,
Than Cæsar, by his sad mistake :
Seizing a staff, he aim'd a blow
Full at the dog ; but, to his woe,
He miss'd his aim, to pulverise
A glass of wondrous form and size.

After much serious damage done,
The cur at length is seized upon ;
His Grace's servant heard the clatter,
And now came in to know the matter :
Said Prosody, with lengthen'd face,
" My friend, this is a grievous case ;
" Such havoc does but ill reward
" Your noble master's kind regard
" For strangers ; but it could not be
" Prevented by my friend or me :—
" Our foolish cur, unused to scenes
" So gay, they seem'd to turn his brains :
" But say, can we in money pay
" The fatal wreck we've caused to-day ?"
The servant smiled ;—" Unless ye be
" Another like our Duke," said he,
" In length of purse, ye need na speak
" Of paying for this horrid wreck.

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ I’ll tell you what, my friend, we’ll do ;
 “ We’ll both leave our address with you ;
 “ And if the Duke should make demand
 “ Upon us, we shall surely stand
 “ His rightful claims, to the last shilling,
 “ With inclinations good and willing.”

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ My learned friend, I wish you would
 “ Speak only for yourself ; ’tis rude
 “ To answer for another, and
 “ I’d have you well to understand,
 “ That since I have no property
 “ In Cæsar, I shall never tie
 “ Myself to any such treaty.”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ The Duke will do without your name ;
 “ I dare be bold to say, my fame
 “ Is quite sufficient to allay
 “ His fears of not receiving pay.”
 The Doctor handed out his card,
 With many looks of self-regard :
 His pledged faith is firmly trusted,
 And thus the matter is adjusted.

CHAPTER XIX.

OUR Tourists posted on to Perth
With flying hoofs that spurn'd the earth ;
And soon as they beheld the 'Tay,
With its rich plain so fair and gay,
Our Doctor cried, in imitation
Of Agricola and his nation,
" *Ecce Tiberim !*" ⁴¹ but his friend
Replied, " Since I cannot pretend
" To say what like's the Tiber's stream,
" I shall be quite content t' exclaim
" *Ecce Tayam !* with submission
" To your opinion and decision."

The town of Perth a town of trade
They busy found, as still it had,
Striving to rival Manchester,
In competition keen, though fair.
Its noble bridge, in many arches,
Across its spacious river marches ;

A noble monument of art,
With fair proportion in each part.

And next they view the ancient ground,
Where stood the ⁴² Gowrie Palace, crown'd
With many a battlement and tower,
To show the lordly owner's power ;
And where the Scottish King, of yore,
By armed wight was frighten'd sore.

To Tibbermoor they then advanced—
Whose interest was much enhanced
In Doctor's mind, by being told
By Factobend, that, when of old,
They named the Tay the Tiber's sister,
Nought could be fairer deem'd, or juster,
Than that th' adjacent plain should bear
Of Roman honours some small share ;
And so decreed the barren moor
To be ennobled evermore,
By bearing, for its true *cognomen*,
(They said 'twould be so truly Roman)
The *Campus Martius*, though since
Old Fordun, that he might evince
How much he knew of ancient lore,
Changed this fair name to Tibbermoor.

CHAPTER XX.

At Tibermoor, with interest
Swelling within each Tourist's breast,
They view the ⁴³ Gowrie Castle, where
The youthful monarch, Scotland's heir,
Was held awhile in wholesome thrall
By patriot chieftains, one and all
Resolved to keep him from the power
Of those who had him 'till that hour
In baneful tutelage, instilling
Into his mind, and early filling
His young ideas, all aspirant,
With notions fit for cruel tyrant;
And here, when bursting into tears,
The youth confess'd his anxious fears,
Plain truth first strikes his wounded ears,
As Glamis' Lord, a Baron bold,
His sentiments thus frankly told:—
"Better that children thus should weep,
"Than bearded men their eye-lids steep

“ In sad oppression’s briny drops,
 “ To see the blight of all their hopes.”
 This strange event is call’d the *Raid*
Of Ruthven, for the monarch had
 But just returned from hunting deer,
 In hopes to meet with better cheer.

The ⁴⁴ *Maiden’s Leap* is also shown,
 Where Gowrie’s daughter had, unknown,
 Let in a highly-favour’d lover,
 And had him fairly under cover ;
 She lock’d herself and him together,
 Safe from the prying of her mother,
 In different tower from that she slept in,
 The more to cover the deception :
 The wily dame, however, had
 A strong suspicion in her head ;
 And soon as midnight’s shades came down,
 Drew on her slippers and her gown,
 And softly stepping up the stair
 That led to where the lovers were,
 She fully thought to catch the pair :
 But Love has ears as well as eyes,
 He’ll not be taken by surprise ;
 At times, too, some few extra inches
 In length of leg serves him at pinches,—
 And so it happen’d here—the fair,
 Hearing Mamma upon the stair,
 Effected bravely her escape,
 By taking a most desperate leap
 From tower to tower, till, on the lead
 She landed, safe from further dread :
 The mother, finding all was right
 Within the lover’s chamber, straight

Descends the stair in sad contrition,
That she should harbour such suspicion.

At length each curious wish is sated,
And Prosody for nothing waited
To quit the town of Perth and post
His way towards the Western coast,
Convinced that Factobend and he
Were now possessed sufficiently
With courage for the undertaking,
Free from unseemly fear or quaking;
And as for Archy, he was sure
To stand intrepid and secure,
Though there appeared before his nose
A host of bristling armed foes;
Or though their frail and wayward bark,
Were toss'd about in tempest dark;
Thus setting an example high,
Before his masters' very eye.

The tourists soon are on their way,
Provided with each thing that may
Enhance the comforts of their tour,
From Syrup sweet, to Jalap sour,
For Factobend had been half bred
To physic's art but in his head,
The only part that e'er prevailed
(Better he had entirely fail'd)
Was what are termed the *nostrums* vain
Of women old and silly men,
So being left to buy the store
Of these commodities, he more
Than filled a trunk with sickly potions,
Pills, balsams, quackeries, and lotions;

Now when the bills came to be settled
Prosody felt severely nettled,
Though 'twas most true, to help the quittance,
He'd just received a good remittance,
From Farmer Wright, who had the charge
Of all his business at large.

Loch Vennachar, and Loch Achray,
Cause to our tourist no delay,
But when the awful gorge he saw
That strikes each traveller with awe,
And leads to Scott's own classic land
Though rough as Tempe's Attic strand;
As Doctor on each mountain stares,
He fervently aloud declares
That such a scene, so rudely wild,
Could not be matched by Ossa, pil'd
On Pelion by giant hands,
To reach the heavens with impious brands—:
This ardent classical allusion,
Is deemed by Archy mere delusion.
He loudly laughs in Doctor's rear
Quite loud enough to reach his ear,
In muttered accents, "much I fear,"
Said he, "that ere we cross the hills,
"Some of us must take bitter pills."

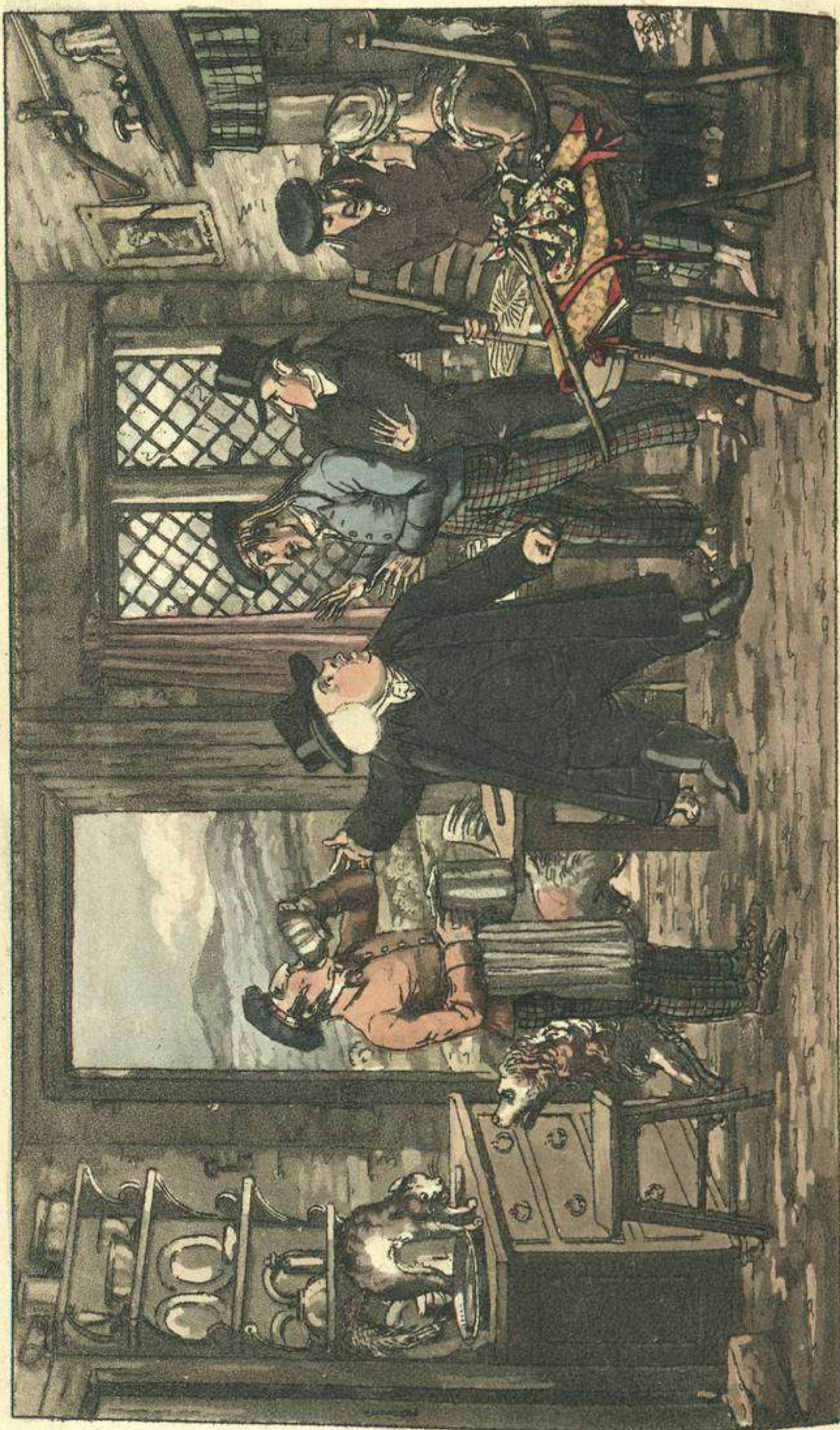
CHAPTER XXI.

THE Doctor paid but little heed
 To Archy's cautions, and instead
 Of weighing them with prudent care,
 He still went on to saw the air
 With both his arms, exclaiming loud
 As if he had the Flow'rdale crowd
 Of Sunday hearers in his presence,
 To weigh and criticise his lessons;
 For Prosody was never daunted
 As he himself had often vaunted,
 On these occasions, though the 'Squire,
 Were seen to march along the choir,
 With sprightly ladies in his train
 Who might, he knew, in truth disdain,
 The homely though impassioned strain
 Of country parson; nay, such ease
 Was his, that all the diocese
 Declared him fitted for the law,
 In point of boldness and of jaw;

But to return from this digression,
Here follows Doctor's fine oration:—

“ As now, I daring meditate,
“ To cross these Highland Alps, my pate
“ And inmost bosom keenly burn,
“ (Though I, alas! may ne'er return)
“ With such another ardent flame,
“ In all respects the very same,
“ As that which prompted Hannibal,
“ To cross to Italy from Gaul,
“ Or that which urged skilful Nap,
“ That minion of Dame Fortune's lap,
“ In latter times to lead his men,
“ The same exploits to act again.”

In this apostrophising tone,
Doctor would still have long gone on,
Not seeming to address his friend,
But rather the unheeding wind,
Had he not from his reverie
Been quickly wakened;—“ I tell thee,”
Said Factobend, “ if Hannibal,
“ Or Nappy Buonaparte withal,
“ Had spent their time in these orations,
“ They never would have conquered nations;
“ Besides, it strongly us behoves,
“ Since we instead of horses' hooves,
“ Must use our own more steady shanks
“ To cross these rugged plaguy ranks
“ Of mountains; not to lose a second,
“ If such a period may be reckon'd,
“ In setting forward, that we may
“ Cross them by light of blessed day,



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DOCTOR FRODSODY

APPROVES THE SUPACITY OF A HIGHLAND HOST

Drawn & Engraved by C. Williams

“ And not to wantonly increase
“ The native horrors of the place,
“ By getting in its wilds benighted,
“ Without a chance of being lighted
“ Until to-morrow’s shining sun,
“ Begins his tardy course to run;
“ For who can say what horrid dangers,
“ Might then assail us, three poor strangers,
“ What robbers here may lurk for prey,
“ Shunning the cheerful light of day,
“ For Roderick Dhu’s descendants still,
“ Maintain their footing on each hill:
“ And sure your antiquarian lore
“ Must have apprised you that they bore
“ In ancient acts of Parliament,
“ The names of thieves and limmers, bent
“ On spulzie, heirship, blood, and death;
“ That all of them were, in a breath,
“ A set of men, would cut the throat,
“ Of any one who had a groat;
“ Now as ’tis said, what in the bone
“ Is fixed, cannot from flesh alone
“ By Cautery’s most knowing art,
“ Be cut, now I believe at heart,
“ These men are still inclined to be,
“ Lawless and fierce, untamed and free,
“ Like their forefathers, bandits wild,
“ Ready to fall on man or child;
“ To which I’ll add what Salmon says,
“ ‘ That besides these in former days,
“ ‘ Wolves, Unicorns, ferocious Bisons,
“ ‘ Roam’d hereabouts with equal licence.’
“ Who knows but their descendants too
“ May greet us all with horrors new.”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

" Either your nervous tone of mind,
 " Or too much ancient lore, I find,
 " Have conjured up such needless fears,
 " As almost draw my pitying tears;
 " I then regret I should embark,
 " With one who never shews a spark
 " Of hardy courage or of valour,
 " To prove he is no timid tailor."

ARCHY.

" Excuse my laughing, Sir, but when
 " A man shews but a heart of hen,
 " I canna weel my mirth contain,
 " And I can say there has na been,
 " A robber in this country seen
 " Since the auld time when bold Rob Roy,
 " Was used the country's peace t' annoy;
 " And as to beasts I should be glad,
 " To know where they could find a blade
 " Of grass, to feed their hungry maws,
 " And mak' them move their lanky jaws;
 " Now I declare there is no danger,
 " Here to be feared by any stranger,
 " Only when he is forced to climb,
 " He must to save both life and limb,
 " Fasten his toes and nails as pat
 " Into the earth as would a cat."

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

" Your counsel, Archy, is not wanted,
 " As you shall see I am undaunted."

Led by the daring Archy now,
The party marched with doubtful brow,
And as with cautious steps they follow,
Traversing many a dusky hollow,
Or rather rocky rift, then rising
To heights all equally surprising.
In such sublime aerial station,
Our Doctor first with admiration,
Beheld Loch Catherine's waters blue,
Open on his enchanted view:
Nothing could now be further wanted,
To render such a scene enchanted,
And now descending to the shore,
With skins all whole but bones all sore,
They could not rest until afloat,
So hired a native's simple boat.
Said Doctor to the Highland wight,
Who owned the skiff, "come row us straight
" Towards the dusky rock and den
" They call the " Ghosts," for we are men
" Who feel no superstitious fear,
" While day-light shines upon us clear;
" And yet I know not (with a look
" At Prosody) if what I spoke
" Be not a compliment too high
" For one whom I have in my eye."

With wonder struck and horror great,
The man declares that on his fate,
" He would not rush, for all the wealth,
" That ever was obtained by stealth,
" From India;" but a shining shilling,
O'ercame his fears and made him willing.

The place was surely such a one,
As any sprite might pitch upon,
For in its dark recesses ever,
The flood was heard in ceaseless fever
To boil, though nothing could be seen
Within the den's Tartarian screen ;
Each rock and rocky-crowned hill,
Possessed its echo loud and shrill ;
Each grove contain'd its feathered chorus,
Who sung in concert sweet, sonorous,
Whilst many peasants who were there,
Gathering the filberts ripe and fair,
Join'd in this universal song,
Raised by the feathered vocal throng ;
The water eagle sits sublime
Upon some crag, from time to time,
Throwing a cautious look to view
His lordly nest on Benvenue ;
The heron as he stately treads,
Among the tall and dusky reeds
Himself and young in plenty feeds :
The wild goats climb where one can see,
No particle of soil to be
A hold to fix their nimble feet,
And yet 'tis said they never meet
With any serious accidents,
In all their desperate ascents.

CHAPTER XXII.

LANDING at length on solid ground,
 Their guide by many a tedious round,
 To what he call'd a fine change house,
 As any man might wish to use
 Conducted them;—our Sage exclaims,
 “ I say that any one who names
 “ This miserable smoking cabin
 “ (Unworthy of a simple Sabine)
 “ A change-house or an inn, may soon
 “ For a green cheese mistake the moon.”

After much ire on either side
 At length it could not be denied,
 By Prosody, that there remained
 No alternative but enchained
 Here to repose the live long night,
 Until they saw Aurora's light;
 The landlord brought his portly quart,
 Unmasked upon the stranger's part;

Then drawing forth a silver tass,
 Which served still instead of glass,
 Mine host exclaimed, " by this good dram,
 " Which I into your bill shall cram,
 " I give you welcome to my house,
 " Hoping you'll manfully carouse
 " Instead of talking of each lake,
 " Which many a guest's attention take;
 " The chiel they call Sir Walter Scott,
 " Has made full many a drunken sot,
 " Come here and never drink a tass
 " Of Usquebaugh to wet his jaws.
 Doctor with scorn increasing high,
 On Bonniface had fixed his eye.
 Struck with his matchless impudence
 As he conceived it, though indeed
 Had he attended with due heed
 To that important class of men,
 Call'd publicans, he might have seen
 That every master of such inn
 In these remote sequester'd places,
 Had all the self important graces
 Of German host who shares the bowl
Sans ceremonie, cheek by jowl,
 With any guest who'll freely pay
 In sterling *geld* his daily way:
 With such stern feelings Doctor would
 Have vented his splenetic mood
 Had not 'Squire Archy given advice
 Which charmed his tongue in half a trice;
 " Beloved master, if ye maun
 " Pass through this land as gentleman,
 " Never object to any cost
 " Ye may be put to by your host,

“ And must allow them eat and drink,
“ As long as ever they can wink,
“ And when they've had their greedy fill,
“ Without a question pay the bill,
“ For if you e'er do otherwise,
“ The news like wild fire 'fore us flies,
“ And not a host would give us cheer,
“ Either before or in our rear.”
Said Prosody in whispering voice,
“ Friend Archy, 'tis a good advice;
“ We'll let the savage have his way,
“ For 'twould be but a sorry fray.”

Our tourists slept on beds of heather,
As substitutes for ones of feather;
Finding his English comforts missing,
The Doctor gave sinister blessing,
And having drank the stirrup cup
Next morning soon as they were up,
The party were upon their way,
With the first dawn of morning gray:
Where'er the mountains would admit
The farmers freely would permit
Their *gillies* and their cavalry,
To pass them onwards for a fee;
At length they reach fair Inverara,
A rich domain and ducal, where a
Scene is seen so wild and fair,
It might be deemed that sprites of air,
Had formed it for their earthly pleasures
Whene'er they led their jocund measures.
The Castle rears its Gothic pile,
And frowns o'er many a subject mile:

Conducted by a courteous guide,
Our travellers are soon conveyed,
Into the lobby or the hall,
Fit for assembly or for ball,
Garnished with arms, a plenteous store,
Which had stood service hard and sore;
With sorrow quitting such a scene,
They soon embarked upon the main;
Atlantic waves now waft them o'er,
To rocky Scarba's sea-beat shore;
Soon as their landing was announced
Throughout the Isle, two damsels bounc'd
Down to the shore; said they, "we come
" On purpose from our father's home,
" To bid you welcome to our Isle,
" And claim you as our guests the while
" Ye here remain; give no denial,
" It will be but an useless trial."
The other with more modest air,
Said, "Gentlemen, you see a pair
" Of females who have never been
" Beyond the fair Cerulean screen
" That bounds our narrow island scene."

"Fair daughters of this sea-girt isle,"
Said Prosody with bow and smile,
"Your kind bequests are our commands,
" You have us wholly in your hands,
" And yet I must here beg and pray,
" No spells or charming methods may
" Be played upon us while we stay;
" For I have read in classic lore
" How fair Calypso did of yore,

“ Soon as they'd landed on her isle,
“ Her hapless visitors beguile,
“ With graces charming light and free,
“ Such as methinks I now can see
“ Strong pictured in two sister's faces,
“ Who seem a couple of the graces.”

The first replied with archest smile,
Which shewed her versed in female wile,
Though mix'd with no small share of *naïveté*,
Without an undecoming gravity—

“ If you can't answer for your heart,
“ Yet I can answer on your part,
“ That none of those much dreaded spells,
“ Of which your classic learning tells,
“ Has power to charm a man alive,
“ Who's reach'd the age of thirty-five,
“ For such I judge you all to have
“ Attained, with manners staid and grave.”

The Doctor at her poignant wit
His digit in vexation bit,
While Factobend look'd wondrous blue,
And Archy took a pinch or two.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A pleasant smile, however, banish'd
Each angry thought,—which having vanish'd,
Our Sages, taking by the hand
Each a fair sister, from the strand
Suffered themselves, like many another,
To be led unrepining, whither
These willing damsels chose to go,
Without a grumble or a no :
At length a good substantial house
Appears, their notice to arouse ;
Its walls were merely wash'd with white,
Whilst all above was rendered tight
By native slates, that to the view,
Stood rank and file, all brightly blue :
The mansion proudly raised its head,
Surrounded by a verdant mead,
Which seemed to say to all around
This is the rare and chosen ground
Which fortune, in a well-pleas'd freak,
Has chosen to enrich and deck.

The sisters, with a conscious nod,
Said " This is our good sire's abode,
" Allister Mac Allister, Esquire,
" A man well known to all the shire ;
" But as we would not further tire
" Your patience, by descanting on
" A man already so well known,
" Walk in, and let us introduce
" You both to Daddy, in the house."
Mac Allister, a wealthy tacksman,
Might have stood model for great Flaxman,
If he designed to sculpture out
A man in health, and hale and stout ;
The glow of nature on his face,
The sturdy limb in every trace,
Show how salubrious the breeze
Must come across the western seas.
He was by all allowed to be
A gentleman of good degree,
For he could put behind his name
J. P. to justify such claim ;
Moreover, he possessed a store
Of books, such as was ne'er before
Presented to th' astonish'd eyes
Of Scarba's natives 'neath the skies.
The lady of the mansion, too,
A maiden seemed, and matron too ;
So staid, and yet so fair and gay,
Her looks and manner seemed to say,
" I have not lost my virgin graces
" But to obtain much dearer traces."
With feast and dance, for many a day,
Our Tourists were compelled to stay :

One day our Doctor took his post
 Right opposite his island host,
 And with a treble hem ! began,—
 “ It seems to me whene'er a man
 “ A tour commences, that he must
 “ Do something that shall raise a dust.”

MAC ALLISTER.

“ A dust ! why one may raise a boll
 “ On any hill, or vale, or knoll.”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ My friend, I used a metaphor,
 “ But such a dust as I am for—”

MAC ALLISTER.

“ Is dust of gold, or shining ore.”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ No, no ; but such as would engage
 “ The literary man and sage,
 “ Engross the minds and conversation
 “ Of every club throughout the nation.”

MAC ALLISTER.

“ We have no clubs of any sort,
 “ Either for drinking, game, or sport,
 “ In Scarba here, and if we should
 “ Achieve some action, great as good,

" 'Twould waste its sweetness on the air,
 " Without a herald to declare,
 " The honour of the worthy deed ;
 " But tell me now, I pray with speed,
 " What are your thoughts upon this head." }

DOCTOR PROSODY.

" The bold design, I sadly fear,
 " If told, would cause your very hair
 " To stand on end, with quaking terror."

MAC ALLISTER.

" I hope, my friend, that is an error,
 " For I can boast of nerves as strong,
 " As any man among a throng :
 " If you'll inform me of the matter,
 " I then can give advice much better."

DOCTOR PROSODY.

" You then must know that I conceive,
 " The bold design straight to achieve
 " The passage of your horrid pool,
 " The Corryvreckan—I am cool :
 " And should attempt it in a boat,
 " Or any skiff that would but float,
 " If one or two intrepid rowers,
 " Would aid me by their brawny powers ;
 " But much I fear such men of mettle,
 " May not be found the thing to settle :
 " For heroes who would nobly dare,
 " Are, now-a-days, extremely rare : "

Then looking wondrous great and high,
 He waited for his friend's reply.
 The Doctor had by wags been told,
 As secret, which he close must hold,
 That even this horrid gulf had seasons,
 In which from Nature's hidden reasons,
 Its wild conflicting waves were hushed,
 And all its direst terrors crushed :
 They said, however, if he could,
 But turn this secret to his good,
 By crossing it in tranquil hour,
 Then sticking it into his tour—
 An action that might hand his name,
 To far posterity with fame—
 He was quite welcome to the same ;
 But how is he chagrined to hear,
 Mac Allister, with smiling sneer
 Exclaim, “ Why, Sir, the thing has been
 “ Ten thousand times achieved, I ween ;
 “ Nay, even I have crossed these waters,
 “ Accompanied by my daughters .
 “ And since you want intrepid hands,
 “ I'll instantly lay my commands
 “ Upon them both to sail with you,
 “ They'll cheer and spirit up the crew,
 “ With *Jorrams* such as Venice hears,
 “ Sung by her tuneful gondoliers.”

The Doctor hung his head awhile,
 Then with a low dejected smile,
 Said he, “ I grieve to hear the news,
 “ For I had hoped, that by my cruise,
 “ Across the gulf, a great renown,
 “ Might hand my name in glory down

“ To distant ages, and obtain
 “ The meed of courage ; but 'tis vain
 “ To talk of this, yet the excursion
 “ Methinks might yield some good diversion,
 “ When aided by the vocal powers
 “ Of your fair daughters, and the rowers.”

MAC ALLISTER.

“ The thing is settled, you shall have
 “ Them both to cheer you on the wave ;
 “ And soon as early morn has dawned,
 “ You'll find a boat all ready mann'd,
 “ With every thing just to your hand :
 “ I grieve to say, for my own part,
 “ I'm forced to see for Southern mart,
 “ A drove of cattle swam across
 “ Our island's mighty marine fosse ;
 “ And cannot therefore join your party,
 “ But hope it may be gay and hearty.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

NEXT morning, by the dawn of day,
The boat was ready in the bay :
The Miss Mac Allisters with glee,
And air of beauty blythe and free,
Enhanced by the early breeze
Blowing across the placid seas,
Prompt took their seats within the skiff,
While Doctor looked a little stiff,
It must be own'd, as in the middle
He sat him down to play first fiddle,
In finding table-talk to suit
Them both the live-long day throughout ;
But when they came to muster up
The men, to drink their morning cup,
And as the boat the sea was kissing,
'Twas found that Factobend was missing ;
Though he had promis'd to be ready,
And screw his courage to a steady
And proper pitch of marine valour,
Fit for a sturdy British sailor.

Doctor, suspecting that his friend
 Might suddenly have chang'd his mind,
 Prevail'd upon his right-hand fair
 To search for Factobend elsewhere,
 And to upbraid him with the want
 Of courage, which even women vaunt.
 The Doctor, by the lady's taunt,
 Is piqued unto the very quick,
 And, taking up his antique stick,
 Leaps, with a genuine spark of fire,
 Into the boat, to shew his ire !
 The party render'd now complete,
 The rowers hoist a flowing sheet ;
 Whilst in a cadence just and true
 The ⁴⁵*jorram*, sung by all the crew,
 Resounds along the ocean blue.

Miss Flora now, the eldest sister,
 Requested of them all to list her,
 While she attempted ditty small—
 But then it was original !
 Thus sung the syren of the straits,
 Whilst ev'ry ear attentive waits,
 To catch the tenor of her song,
 In notes both sweet, far drawn, and strong.

SONG.

Good strangers of the distant main,
 Dread not the tales so idly vain,
 Which say that this now placid strait
 Has always prov'd the gulf of fate
 To him who, with a daring prow,
 Has plung'd into its tide of woe !

Believe them not—
 The dreaded spot
 Its boiling rage
 Deigns to assuage
 At certain tides,
 When fearless guides
 Shoot through with skilful oar,
 And safely gain the shore.

[Casting a glance of pity on Dr. Factobend.]

Now, where a maid
 Is not afraid
 To trust her slender frame,
 Without a grievous shame,
 No man can, sure,
 The thought endure,
 That any qualm,
 In such a calm,
 Should discompose
 His mind's repose.

The maiden ceas'd, and Prosody,
 With pleased mind and glist'ning eye,
 Declar'd such charming melody
 Was never heard but from the lips
 Of syren, when decoying ships.
 But Factobend, in angry mood,
 Right upward in the vessel stood,
 And, to his comrades' admiration,
 Attempted a rude imitation
 Of Flora's measure, song, and voice,
 Though 'twas pronounced a frightful noise.

THE JORRAM OF DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

Fair syren of these dreadful straits,
 On whom the smile of mankind waits,
 Deliberate before you blame
 My fears, or blast my little fame:

I can make bold
 To say I hold,
 Within my breast,
 A heart at least
 As firm and brave,
 To stem the wave
 With sail and oar,
 Or tread the shore,
 As any sneerers
 Who are my hearers.

DOCTOR PROSODY'S JORRAM.

The cap does fit—
 A perfect hit ;
 'Twas a rebuke
 In word and look,
 Which may possess,
 If danger press,
 Your timid mind,
 With courage blind.
 But see, alas !
 The vortex has
 Commenc'd its horrid whirls—
 Now, stand by me, my girls

The fatal ⁴⁶moment was exceeded,
Beyond which there lay unheeded
The dreadful vortices of fate,
To whirl them to their latter state.
The lovely damsels instant prest
Around the Doctor's brawny chest,
As if his cloth had power to save
Them from untimely wat'ry grave ;
Whilst Factobend, forgetting all
His brave resolves, with hideous squall,
Laid hold upon the brittle gown
Of fair Miss Flora !—instant strewn
The vestment flies upon the breeze,
Which Factobend quite heedless sees.
The boatmen, from a superstition,
That passes as a true tradition,
Believ'd a parson's baneful presence
Was dangerous for sundry reasons,
And, like another Jonah, would
Have quickly hurl'd him in the flood !
But faithful Archy keenly listen'd
To their resolves, and instant hasten'd
To pull a stiff and skilful oar,
By which they soon regain'd the shore :
Thus Archy sav'd his master's life,
Which else had fall'n a sacrifice.



Drawn & Engraved by W. Paul.

ДОКТОР ПРОСОДЫ
В ОПАСНОСТИ

Published by M. Tsey. I. Somov. St. Petersburg Square.

CHAPTER XXV.

OUR tourists hastened from a scene
Which had such terrors in its train,
Bidding a grateful kind adieu
To host, as well as hostess too :
But when they came to take their leave
Of the two daughters, it would grieve
A heart of stone to witness how
Their briny tears in torrents flow ;
In fact, though both of goodly age,
No youthful lover on the stage
Th' affecting scene could act so well,
Though aided by the Drama's spell.

Next, passing to the Isle of Mull,
With foaming wake and sails all full,
They landed at the Ferry House,
In which they found at deep carouse,
A band of riders from the South,
'Mongst whom there was a waggish youth,
Who, marking Doctor's queer peruke,
Scholastic air, and serious look,

Instant resolv'd to crack a joke
 At his expence, and thus he spoke :—
 “ Methinks, good sir, your air, no less
 “ Than figure, would the graceful dress
 “ Of Scotia's mountaineer become,
 “ In this his native Highland home :
 “ It is a compliment indeed,
 “ Which all the natives have decreed,
 “ A stranger here must always pay
 “ On landing safely in the bay.
 “ I travel in the Glasgow trade,
 “ And therefore can get quickly made
 “ Among my customers a dress
 “ Of tartans, such as well might grace
 “ Some Island Chieftain's feudal pride,
 “ Or son of Mars in battle's tide.
 “ I take your order—no denial—
 “ And you shall have them upon trial.”

The Doctor vastly pleas'd to find
 His person prais'd, and thus defin'd,
 Fell instantly into the plan,
 And gave a *Carte Blanche* to his man.
 The dress was soon prepar'd and made,
 Even to the bonnet for his head :
 The Doctor now retir'd to change
 His grave attire, and to arrange
 Each article in proper place.
 Archy receives the *coup de grace*,
 By being made to act the valet,
 As Doctor pompously did call it :
 He's soon equipp'd from top to toe ;
 Long sable plumes adorn his brow,
 With various feathers o'er each cheek,
 Like savage Indian cascique.



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Drawn & Engraved by C. Williams

DOCTOR PROSODY
VISITS A CHIEFTAIN OF THE ISLE OF MULL

The wag, well pleas'd to see his joke
 So far succeed, thus further spoke,
 Whilst pointing to a Castle near:—
 “ There lives a man, who if he hear
 “ That any stranger on the Isle,
 “ Whatever be his rank or style,
 “ Has landed, and not deign'd to wait
 “ Upon his Honour in due state,
 “ Would send his boats, and bring him back,
 “ Though he had sail'd full many a tack.”
 This also jumps with Doctor's mood,
 'Twas less an evil than a good
 To him, who wish'd to make parade
 Of his attire, so gaily made;
 And, follow'd by his little suite,
 He took the sea in very spite
 Of angry winds and stormy day
 And quickly landed in the bay,
 Where Laird Mac Alpine's Castle lay

Advancing near the stately pile,
 Our Sage, with a complaisant smile,
 Perceiv'd the Laird, with all his men,
 March down to meet them in a glen
 “ Ye're welcome, strangers!” cried the Laird,
 “ Though ye seem to be badly pair'd;
 “ And if ye will partake my dinner,
 “ Follow me all across the glen here
 “ But first I should be glad to know
 “ Your names and designations too?”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ Paul Prosody, D.D. am I,
 “ And though my dress to many an eye

" Might seem irreverent and profane,
 " I'm confident that I shall gain,
 " What will be a most rich reward
 " For inter-national regard,
 " The Laird Mac Alpine's confidence,—
 " I always do from men of sense."

LAIRD OF MAC ALPINE.

" My reverend Friend, I would observe,
 " Your sable dress might better serve
 " To draw my love and my regard,
 " For parsons have been still debarr'd
 " Since the old times of covenanting,
 " With its hypocrisy and canting,
 " To go abroad without their breeks,
 " With plumes all dangling on their cheeks."
 A general laugh was instant turned
 Against the Doctor, which he spurned;
 Yet anxious to avoid such marks
 Of notice from these merry sparks,
 The Doctor fairly took the lead
 Of Laird Mac Alpine, and instead
 Of being by his host conducted,
 Entered his pile quite unaffected.

But little interest could be found
 To keep them on the barren ground
 Of Mull, and all that they could glean
 Of information was so lean,
 That quitting it they only could
 Tell that the angry northern flood,

Had in the distant days of yore,
 A Spanish ship here driven ashore,
 Which base, adventurous avarice,
 Assuming quite the form of vice,
 And prodigal of life and limb,
 Had tried to weigh up by the brim.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CROSSING the narrow sound of I,
The Doctor fix'd a steady eye
On old Iona or Colm-Kill
With anxious mind and fixed will,
Its ancient treasures to explore,
Of which he doubted not, a store
Would sure be found which must reward
His searches keen, and labours hard.

“Once landed on this famous isle,”
The Doctor cried with ardent smile,
(Such as the reader may suppose
On great Columbus' face arose,
What time in far Hesperian regions,
He landed his exulting legions :)
“Hail sacred isle, in which the great
“Repose in rude tho' awful state,
“Kings, Lords, and Chiefs together laid
“Without regard to rank or grade ;
“But what is more, one here may find,
“The relics carefully confined

“ Of prelates and of churchmen low
“ In many a rude and moss grown row.
“ Ah! how I mourn that in those days,
“ No better mode to tell the praise
“ Of my illustrious brethren should
“ Be found to mark them from the crowd!
“ But let them rest: their bones have found
“ A hallow'd grave in nameless ground.

“ What though their piety and lore,
“ Which lighted these dark isles of yore,
“ Be now unmarked by pompous graves,
“ Yet lives there far beyond these waves,
“ Full many a record of your merit,
“ And of their philanthropic spirit,
“ Which scorn'd to waste its manly strength,
“ Within this island's breadth and length,
“ But spread o'er Europe in full stream,
“ Of learning's fairest brightest beam.”

Thus did our Sage apostrophize,
With burning brow and swimming eyes,
Such valued relics of his cloth
As had escaped the worm and moth.
To wake him from his reverie,
Sage Factobend approaches nigh,
And with a cautious look and smile,
Expressive of no little wile,
(For he had learned now to fear
His spleen when sounded in his ear)
He thus commenced his address:
“ My learned friend, I shrewdly guess,
“ From what my memory supplies,
“ Of topographic histories

" Relating to this ancient isle,
 " That it bore once the name and style
 " Of Hii, 'stead of I-Colm-Kill,
 " Which venerable name should still
 " Have graced the seat of ancient lore,
 " As it was wont to do of yore."

DOCTOR PROSODY.

" Pshaw! pshaw! friend Fac, I grieve to
 find
 " Such silly notions fill your mind;
 " Is not the place which once has been
 " Europe's first literary scene,
 " For ever valued in the eyes
 " Of all the learned and the wise,
 " Without regard to silly name,
 " What is such trifling thing to them?
 " Besides I venture to aver
 " Regardless who may sneer or stare,
 " Such fanciful cognomen has
 " Outraged common sense's laws:
 " The theory you have brought forth,
 " Must now be deemed but little worth."

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

" Here Archy hand my pocket Bede
 " From out the corner of your plaid,
 " I shall adduce no other proof,
 " But read the passage high aloof
 " And you know Bede to be in sooth
 " A perfect oracle of truth."

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ Well, to the point, come let us hear
“ This mighty gun to shock my ear.”

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ My learned friend, then you must know,
“ That Bede has got the matter so
“ Related in his book of truth,
“ Whose every word for very sooth
“ Is always taken by the wise,
“ Hear then the truth without disguise :
“ This isle was called in ancient days,
“ The Isle of Hii, which merely says,
“ An Island simply ; now, my friend,
“ Stand forth, your notions to defend.”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ I have no patience to attend
“ To such unprofitable end.”
Then on his toes quick turning round,
He quitted straight the burial ground,
Still deeming it a dire disaster,
That Factobend should prove his master.

CHAPTER XXVII.

RETIRING to an alehouse near,
The Doctor wip'd full many a tear,
To think that he should thus be foiled,
By one whom he had always styled
His Tyro in the antique school,
And had considered quite a tool,
Who would not dare to controvert
With any language keen or pert,
His most *outré* and hardy notion,
When once 'twas broach'd or put in motion ;
But soon repeated horns of ale,
Gave these dark notions to the gale,
And Prosody with sparkling eye,
Commanding mien and language high,
Addressing his astonished host,
Who quietly waited at his post :
" Sirrah, bring me a mason's mallet,
" A chisel, or whate'er you call it.
" No curious questions must you mutter,
" 'Twill best secure your bread and butter,

" Mine to command—t'obey your task,
 " So quickly bring me what I ask."
 So soon as said, as quick as thought,
 The mallet and the chisel brought,
 The Doctor boldly led the van,
 With his friend Factobend, and man,
 And to St. Mary's Church-yard steer'd,
 Where many monuments were rear'd,
 With St. Columba's at their head,
 The foremost of th' illustrious dead,
 Of Irish, Scotch, Norwegian Kings,
 And Gaelic heroes, whose fame rings
 In Ossian's fam'd orig'nal erse,
 Or, some say, M'Pherson's forg'd verse.
 Approach'd the mansions of the dead,
 Our antiquarian lifts his head,
 And turning with important air
 On Factobend, who, with a stare
 Of wonder, seem'd deep lost in thought,
 Of what new feat, he would be brought
 To bed: thus Prosody held forth:—
 " I'll venture all my worldly worth,
 " You cannot guess my great design
 " T'immortalize this name of mine."

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

" 'Tis true, I can't," quoth Factobend,
 " Unless, my very learned friend,
 " You, like that other English sage,
 " Who, in his antiquarian rage,
 " Made shift to steal King Edward's thumb,
 " You mean to disinter Columb,

“ And seize some tooth, or jaw, or thumb-bone,
 “ To make the natives stare of London.”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

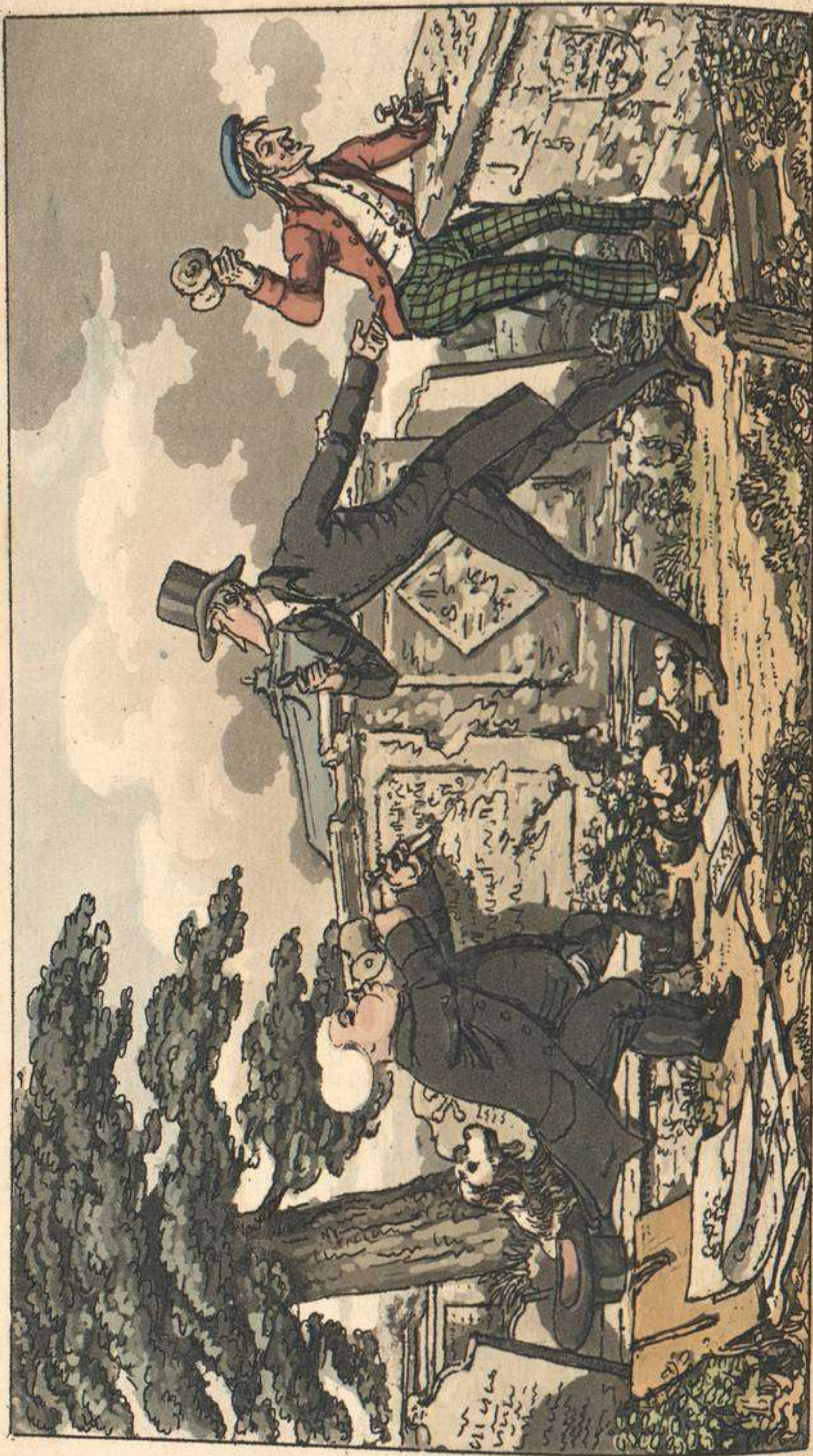
“ The mark, my friend, you have not hit,
 “ I’ll no such sacrilege commit ;
 “ Some epitaphs I’ll bring to light,
 “ Long buried in the shades of night ;
 “ Discover who lies here, or there,
 “ Perhaps some *antiquarian* doubts may clear :—
 “ Besides, in ancient times we’re told,
 “ When Royalty its seat did hold
 “ In this fam’d isle, the archives rare
 “ Of Scotland’s realm were kept with care,
 “ And other chronicles long lost,
 “ Which to restore may be my boast.”

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ A glorious thought ! I pray th’ event,
 “ May realize your hopes extent ;
 “ Your utmost expectations crown,
 “ And Doctor Prosody’s renown
 “ Equal M’Pherson’s, who his fame,
 “ Immortaliz’d thro’ Ossian’s name,
 “ And to posterity will beg
 “ His way, by holding fast his leg—
 “ What he by pen and ink has done,
 “ By mallet and by chisel soon,
 “ May furnish out—(or I’m a Turk)
 “ A very splendid folio work,
 “ And you, great Sir, when nature calls,
 “ A monument have in St. Paul’s.”

1853





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DOCTOR PROSODY
CLEARS UP THE ANTIQUITIES OF TONA

Drawn & Engraved by C. Williams

Fir'd with the thought—no more was heard—
Aloft the weighty mallet rear'd,
The Doctor fell to work to clean
Inscriptions scarcely to be seen ;
At times he with much vigour wrought,
And then to trace some meaning sought :
Some Gaelic characters appear,
But yet no wiser was our seer,
Who knew no more of Gaelic than
A Highlander of warming pan.
Long did our Doctor toil in vain,
And many a tombstone scrape and clean
From moss collected, grit and sand—
Nought turn'd up he could understand.
And now he 'gan with fear to shake,
His character might lie at stake ;
And Factobend, with envious sneer,
His antiquarian knowledge jeer,
When, lo ! to ease his lab'ring breast,
A *ship*,⁴⁷ full sail, he saw imprest ;
And presently imagination
Furnish'd a happy explanation.—

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ Joy ! Joy ! my friend ! I've found it out,
“ This puts the thing beyond all doubt,
“ That Ossian liv'd in ancient times,
“ And sung in erse delightful rhymes ;
“ And ne'er to Ireland ow'd his lot,
“ But was a very Highland Scot ;
“ And here, without another word,
“ I'll prove th' heroic bard interr'd.”

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ How? Doctor, How? I burn to hear
 “ How you this knotty point will clear;
 “ For if you do, in Scotland’s name,
 “ I promise you immortal fame:
 “ Disprove these boasting Irish claims.”—

ARCHY.

“ Ay, master, do—’Od split their weams!
 “ Each Scottish mother’s son kens weel
 “ That Ossian was a Highland chiel,
 “ A real Tartan pladdie kern,
 “ And no bog trotter of Jern.”—

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ Come to the proof, dear Doctor, do—
 “ No longer keep me in this stew:—
 “ What proof can you adduce that here
 “ Fam’d Ossian lies?”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ ————The proof is clear.
 “ See render’d by my chisel plain
 “ A ship full sail upon the main;
 “ In other words the sea, or *ocean*,
 “ Which latter symbol is of Ossian;
 “ And by it I see clear reveal’d
 “ Some precious relics lie conceal’d
 “ Beneath this tomb, which, with your aid,
 “ I’ll open, to vouch what I’ve said,

“ And Scotland shall have cause to boast
“ That I e'er visited her coast.”

To work again the Doctor went
To ope the cavern's long clos'd vent ;
But finding that the work was strong,
And like his labour to prolong,
Archy was sent to get a spade
Wherewith foundation to invade.
Thus reinforce'd—the toil renew'd,
The work of ages tott'ring stood,
And soon the grave its dead had yielded,
But that some guardian angel shielded
From profanation, and alarm'd
The townsmen, who themselves soon arm'd,
And flew to guard those tombs from shame,
To which they lately ow'd their fame,
First trumpeted by Dean Monroe,
And Doctor Johnson, nick-named *Beau*.

All issued forth to guard the dead,
St. Mary's vicar at their head ;
And the enrag'd, unruly mob,
Would soon have crack'd our Doctor's nob,
If *Pallas*, under Archy's form,
Had not averted the dire storm
Of flying stones, and dext'rous wielded
His huge portfolio, by which shielded,
He warded many a desp'rate blow,
Which soon had laid our Doctor low,
'Till Factobend, by fear inspir'd,
From the rude foe a truce desir'd.

RECTOR.

“ Who are ye, who with impious rage
 “ War ’gainst the dead thus vilely wage?
 “ Who with barbarian hands have dar’d
 “ Deface those relics, time has spar’d?”
 “ Vile Goths! Huns! Vandals.”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ ————— Cease your clatter,
 “ Your betters thus do you bespatter!
 “ It well befits you to run down
 “ Those men to whom you owe renown;
 “ Barbarians, Vandals, Goths, yourselves.
 “ Not long ago, ye ign’rant elves,
 “ These monuments by you invaded
 “ To stables and cow sheds degraded,
 “ Were pull’d to pieces and destroy’d,
 “ And to repair your huts employ’d;
 “ ’Till Johnson and such men as I
 “ Towards them drew the public eye,
 “ And taught them that amidst Time’s ravages,
 “ *Iona* harbour’d more than savages.”

These taunts and epithets so keen,
 Again reviv’d the sinking spleen;
 Ionian pride, so greatly hurt,
 Return’d the compliment with dirt,
 And pebble-stones, and from afar
 Nearer and nearer drew the war.
 The natives threat’ning hand to hand,
 To drive th’ invaders from the land,

When Factobend's good genius brought
 Into his head a lucky thought,
 (For 'tis observ'd, howe'er fear shook him,
 His native cunning ne'er forsook him :)
 So he advancing, cap in hand,
 Of the good Vicar did demand
 A moment's pause, which when obtain'd,
 In good set terms he thus explain'd :—

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ Most rev'rend Sir ! Good people all !
 “ Fair words may calm this rising squall :
 “ My friend, with whom you are so sore,
 “ Is vers'd in antiquarian lore ;
 “ And far from seeking to deface
 “ Your monuments, he fain would trace
 “ The rude inscriptions, ere destroy'd,
 “ And by devouring time made void,
 “ And if one tomb he has thrown down,
 “ 'Tis to increase your own renown ;
 “ A grand discov'ry he has made,
 “ Which will increase this island's trade ;
 “ And strangers hither bring in shoals,
 “ Like herrings, cod-fish, plaice or soles ;
 “ But if you take things in such dudgeon,
 “ No more you'll catch flat-fish or gudgeon ;
 “ But strangers will avoid your shores
 “ As ye were barb'rous Turks or Moors.
 “ My friend, indeed, us'd harsh expression,
 “ But then ye made the first aggression ;
 “ For learning's sake behold him travel,
 “ Scottish antiquities t'unravel,

“ And to maltreat him on your ground,
 “ Will not much to your honour sound;
 “ Since I must lay one truth before ye,
 “ He’s rather crack’d i’ th’ upper story.”

VICAR

“ Poor man! that alters quite the case—
 “ I see derangement in his face;
 “ No further then we’ll interfere,
 “ But leave him to your guardian care,
 “ Hoping all damage you’ll prevent,
 “ Nor give us reason to lament
 “ This antiquarian madman’s rage,
 “ Destroying things embalm’d by age.

Away the Pastor drove his flock,
 Ere Prosody got o’er the shock,
 Which Factobend had lent a hand in,
 Laying upon his understanding;
 But when the ’squire approach’d his station,
 Well pleased in self-congratulation,
 Expecting thanks, the Doctor’s tongue,
 No longer tied, this larum rung:—

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ My very worthy Sir—my friend—
 “ That is to say—thou Scottish fiend!
 “ Thou imp of Satan—Devil’s tool!
 “ Could’st find none other for thy fool?
 “ Was it for this I left my home?
 “ In search of wisdom must I roam

“ Abroad, a madman to be made,
 “ By a Scotch Presbyterian blade?
 “ Is friendship on this side the Tweed,
 “ The making reputation bleed?
 “ What devil was it me beguil’d,
 “ When in my face this Judas smil’d?
 “ O, may I hear that soon or late,
 “ This traitor meet with Judas’ fate!
 “ The gallows tree could never have
 “ A fitter fruit than this ripe knave.
 “ To Flowerdale should get the news
 “ That I such company could choose,
 “ Where late I liv’d with so much grace,
 “ I ne’er again dar’d shew my face.
 “ ‘ *A madman! crack’d i’ th’ upper story!*
 “ Ah! Prosody, is this thy glory?
 “ Of all thy toils is this the doom—
 “ Blackball’d by this infernal loon!”

ARCHY, (*aside.*)

“ Laird, ken me weel, though a poor wight,
 “ Without the gift of *second sight*;
 “ Be not in this affair too nice,
 “ A fool may gie a wise advice,
 “ Gie like for like—an’ pay in kin,
 “ An’ I dint mak’ ye daftly grin
 “ At Doctor Factobend’s expense,
 “ Say Archy lacks for common sense,
 “ An’ we dint pay this cunning shaver
 “ For all his jeers, and clishmaclaver,
 “ A traitor too, and Judas ca’ me,
 “ And may the hangman’s noose befa’ me!”

Archy's advice had its intent,
The Doctor veil'd his discontent,
Assum'd a placid gentle smile,
His 'squire the better to beguile;
To make him lightsome and more frisky,
Archy fill'd out a dram o' whisky,
Which Prosody received with grace,
And swallowed without a wry face;
But still he felt so very sore,
Iona he would ne'er see more,
But steered his course to the sea-shore.

}



Drawn & Engraved by W. Read.

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DOCTOR PROSODY

PROVES THE INCONVENIENCE OF A TIMID COMPANION AT STAFFA.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ONCE more embark'd fam'd *Staffa's* Isle
Rais'd on the Doctor's face a smile;
The Antiquarian soon forgot
The slur cast by the slipp'ry Scot,
At sight of the majestic pillars
Appearing o'er the surging billows;
But when midway they plied the oar,
The rising wind began to roar,
And soon blew such a clatt'ring peal,
They were obliged to strike the sail.
Now in a manner most surprising,
Sometimes sinking, sometimes rising,
They scudded through the foaming sea,
Wet to the skin with dashing spray,
Till one o'erwhelming billow threw
The crazy vessel broadside too.
Thinking the game was nearly up,
And that with Charon he should sup,
Factobend, rising, forward rock'd,
And o'er the thwart the boatman knock'd;

Nor stay'd his course, till overboard
 He flounc'd, and there for help he roar'd,
 From mouth and nose the water flowing,
 As tars describe a Grampus blowing;
 But being in such piteous case,
 Revenge to pity soon gave place;
 And Prosody exclaim'd, "A guinea
 " I'll give to whoe'er saves the ninny,
 " Tho' true the proverb is and sound—
 " Born to be hang'd will ne'er be drown'd."
 Whether inspir'd by the reward,
 Or through a brotherly regard,
 Archy his plaid unfolding straight,
 Floated one end towards the wight,
 Who, laying hold, at last was tow'd,
 And in the boat once more safe stow'd;
 Where at the bottom, drench'd in sea,
 He like a pickled herring lay;
 And Prosody, reviv'd his anger,
 Seeing him now quite out of danger,
 Enjoy'd the sight to see him heaving
 As tho' his inside was him leaving.

Long was the struggle on the main,
 Ere they on land could footing gain;
 And then to add to their despair,
 Inhabitant did none appear;
 Nor hut nor hovel's fav'ring board
 A shelter thro' the night t' afford,
 Which now drew on with quick'ning pace,
 With cloudy and o'er-hanging face.
 Desert the isle—the list'ning ear
 Convey'd no sounds the heart to cheer;

Nought save black cattle's dismal roar,
Or by hoarse billows lash'd the shore.

Returning now quite out of sight,
Dismal the prospect of the night;
Cold, wet and weary was their state
Lamenting all their hapless fate,
Save Prosody, to whose stout heart
Zeal did some signs of life impart.
Strict search commenc'd by all on board,
Plenty of viands there were stor'd;
Of famine therefore was no dread,
But where were they to lay their head?
By chance a tinder-box was found,
Each heart beat joyful at the sound.
Next sought the shelter of a cave
And one was found, a living grave;
Dry wreck left at high-water mark
Render'd the gloomy scene less dark,
Ignited, and by means o' th' embers,
They kept life in their perish'd members.

Drear pass'd the time as drear could be,
But from all care what state is free?
They crack'd their jokes—sang many a song,
And stories told the whole night long;
The boatman ran thro' all his quirks,
Of warlocks, witches, haunted kirks;
Of sprites and cantraips, charms and spells,
Of midnight howlings, dismal yells,
In language of old times he told,
And sometimes, as they could for cold,
They doz'd, and pass'd the time away,
'Till ting'd the eastern skies with grey.

The boatman then jump'd on his leg
 His *tartan* shook and *phelibeg*,
 And bade them hail the rising morn,
 Blest tidings in their state forlorn!

To Fingal's cave their course they steer'd,
 By ev'ry Highlander rever'd,
 Where Prosody dimensions took,
 Each cranny pried into and nook,
 And noted each in his place-book.

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ This cavern's name affords a proof,
 “ It shelter'd Fingal 'neath its roof,
 “ And to Iona 'tis so near,
 “ Another proof it yields as clear,
 “ That my conjecture is well founded,
 “ That Ossian's relics there were grounded;
 “ *Meo peric'lo* I assert it,
 “ Let who will dare to controvert it.”

Now off to sea again they drew,
 Of Staffa's Isle to get full view;
 The Doctor made a hasty sketch,
 Then to the Isle of Sky they stretch.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SERENE the sky, and light the gale,
 They now enjoyed a pleasant sail
 To Sky, the tempest-beaten Isle,
 Whose cloud-capt mountains never smile;
 But snow encumber'd dare the sun,
 To make its thawing streamlets run.

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ Appropriate name this Island bears,
 “ It is indeed the Land of Tears;
 “ Scand term'd in Gaelic land of mist,
 “ A truer meaning ne'er exprest!
 “ Yet in this gloomy, horrid seat,
 “ Fugitive princes found retreat;
 “ Here hidden from pursuing foes,
 “ A royal wand'rer found repose.
 “ Prince Charles, of the Stuart race,
 “ Flying in danger, and disgrace,

“ In the *spar cave*, by night begloom’d,
 “ Preserved a life to exile doom’d.
 “ In Staffa happier far were we,
 “ Who from no enemy did flee;
 “ Whose only care was for one night,
 “ To keep our souls and bodies tight,
 “ Our comfort hence, when suff’ring sore,
 “ That others have still suffer’d more;
 “ Yet Providence may interpose,
 “ And give relief from all our woes.”

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ Good doctrine, my dear Sir; I doubt
 “ If e’er you made it better out
 “ In Flow’rdale pulpit, when you taught
 “ Doctrines with resignation fraught—
 “ God’s to dispense—man’s part t’ obey”—

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ As you did, Doctor, in the sea,
 “ When near to Staffa’s Isle you flounder’d,
 “ Like a sea-calf and nearly foundered;
 “ And did so loudly bawl and roar,
 “ Nay, if I rightly heard—you swore”—

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ Not I, by ——”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ ——You’re fairly caught—
 “ To your lips’ edge, the oath was brought;

“ Who’s now the madman, you or I?
 “ We’ll see, perhaps, ere we leave Sky.”

Now landed, as along they walk’d
 A figure gaunt before them stalk’d
 Like a weird sister in Macbeth,
 She seem’d a being, not of earth;
 Her tatters, shaking in the wind,
 Left at each step some trace behind;
 And when her visage they espied,
 ’Twas *misery personified*.

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ Archy, you see yon wretched sprite,
 “ Go and present her with my mite;
 “ Not for her sake I give this crown,
 “ So much as I do for my own;
 “ For if I pass’d without relief,
 “ Just as a gallows does a thief,
 “ By night and day, her figure gaunt,
 “ Awake or sleeping would me haunt.”

Archy the beldam soon o’ertook,
 And did his message out of book;
 Then entered with her into converse,
 While the two friends the sea-shore traverse.
 At length returning with an air
 Of mystery that made them stare,
 He thus unfolded, with submission,
 The consequences of his mission:—

ARCHY.

“ Yon wretched haggard way-worn sprite,
 “ Boasts she’s possess’d of *second sight* ;
 “ And, by your bounty won, she’ll show
 “ Her art, in all that you would know ;
 “ In yonder cave she does exist,
 “ Whither you’ll follow if you list ;
 “ And there such questions as you’ll ask
 “ She’ll satisfy.—I’ve done my task.”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ From all temptation, Heav’n exempt me!
 “ Pass on—the Devil ne’er shall tempt me
 “ To learn what Fate has yet in store,
 “ Of which this woman knows no more,
 “ Than does this sea-worn beach what wave
 “ Shall next in turn its bosom lave.
 “ Such curiosity prophane,
 “ I deem was our first parents’ bane.”

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ True, ’twas the cause of man’s first fall,
 “ And yet we read in Scripture Saul
 “ The *Witch of Endor* rais’d, to know
 “ Events that would in future flow ;
 “ His crime was calling from the dead
 “ Spirits that were in *Red Sea* laid :
 “ But Nature we don’t violate,
 “ In wishing to foreknow our fate.”

Archy behind the 'Squire did slink,
 And tipp'd his master a sly wink;
 Who, without any more explaining,
 Guess'd Archy had some hidden meaning;
 And without any more ado
 To *Sybil's* cave their route pursue.

Over a fire's expiring embers,
 The hag outstretch'd her wither'd members;
 And grinning ghastly as they enter,
 Thrice she turn'd round upon her centre;
 At ev'ry turn some words rehearsing,
 Then listening, as if conversing
 With sprites, obedient to her call,
 Then in a swoon she feign'd to fall.
 Recov'ring slowly—up she got.—

BELDAM.

“ Who wishes now to know his lot?—
 “ Boldly demand—I'll answer make.”—

ARCHY.

“ My fortune tell.”—

BELDAM.

“ ————— Why you will bake,
 “ Just as you brew;—a life of toil
 “ You'll lead; but no ungrateful soil
 “ You'll till; if you your master please,
 “ You'll live in plenty and in ease—

“ And what is much for Scot to boast on,
 “ You’ll end your days without your shoes on.”

ARCHY.

“ I’m satisfied—my doubts are clear’d,
 “ Now tell what shall befall my Laird.”

BELDAM.

“ He’ll throw his net, and bring fine fish up,
 “ But yet he’ll ne’er become a Bishop;
 “ Yet will he lead a pleasant life,
 “ If he’ll not seek domestic strife;
 “ He may know much of ancient lore
 “ And yet a wife may prove”—

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ —————No more.
 “ Now tell my friend here what his fate—.

BELDAM.

“ Your friend, I see, will lie in state—
 “ Suspended ’twixt the earth and sky,
 “ Exalted in the air”—

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ —————You lie—
 “ Beldam, your art’s not worth a straw;
 “ Fool that I was, to think to know

“ From such a stupid hag what men
“ Of sense and learning ne'er attain.”

Forth from the cave rush'd Factobend,
Follow'd by Archy and his friend;
Who heartily enjoy'd the joke,
For ev'ry word the Beldam spoke,
Archy before hand told the Seer,
On purpose Factobend to jeer;
And pay him up for his rude jest
On Prosody, as erst exprest.

The shore pursuing as it bends,
The boatman on their route attends,
Keeping in line, until they reach
A broad indent made in the beach,
By loch or estuary deep,
Shaded by rocks both high and steep;
Remote it was from eye of men
And ending in romantic glen,
Where seldom seen the stranger's face,
And yet not tenantless the place.
Emerging from the briny wave,
In a rude hut, or rather cave,
Part natural, part raised by care,
Two fishermen together share
A livelihood, gain'd from the sea,
For shoals of fish swarm'd in the bay.
This to our boatman not unknown,
Who thither once before had shown
Some strangers, and now recommended,
As station fit to be attended.
Thither he steer'd with flowing tide,
The comp'ny followed him as guide;

Till reach'd the bottom of the bay,
The lowly hut before them lay.
A haggard form indeed it bore,
Nor of good living promis'd more,
But yet, 'tis wisest in the end,
Not on appearance to depend;
For at the door a pile there lay
Of fish as fine as e'er swam sea;
Which, while they view with longing eye,
Towards them coming they descry
Their hosts, with whiskey sound and wholesome,
To give their guests a Highland welcome;
A gill of neat tipp'd off each wise man,
To the old toast ' De'il take th' exciseman.'

CHAPTER XXX.

A BLAZING fire good cheer bespoke,
Though soon the cabin filled with smoke,
The pots and kettles were well clean'd,
The finest of the fish were glean'd ;
And whilst the cookery was doing,
Gossip and whiskey,—hight *blue ruin*,
Went round the appetite to whet,
Though sharp enough the guests were set.

Now on the table smoaking hot,
E'en Factobend forgot his lot
By the old Beldam late foretold,
Though on his mind it had fast hold ;
For thoughts of rope about the neck
Give to the spirits a great check.
The groaning trenchers, oft replenish'd,
As often with dispatch were finish'd ;
Until for more was found no place,
And then all join'd in Highland grace :

“ A dram o’whiskey to the best,
 “ And may Auld Hornie tak’ the rest !”—

Finish’d the meal—discourse renew’d,
 The past and present they review’d ;
 Now talk’d of this, and then of that,
 An unconnected rambling chat.

Now—how it happen’d we know not,
 For we’re not to the bottom got,
 Whether the hosts contriv’d the plan,
 Or else the boatman was the man ;
 But all of them were as great rogues,
 As ever trod in Highland brogues.
 Between them they’d a scheme conceiv’d,
 By which our sage might be deceiv’d
 Into an undertaking rash,
 To ease him of his load of cash.
 The guide, as he our Sage convey’d
 His sanguine looks had oft survey’d
 With scrutinizing eye, which told
 He might be easy bought and sold :
 That he would readily engage
 In speculation wild or sage,
 If feasible, he’d take the snare
 As to the trap runs the wheat—ear.
 This being told the hosts, perhaps,
 The rascals lick’d their wat’ry chaps,
 And so between them laid the scene,
 Which was pursued, as will be seen.

The boatman ask’d the wary hosts,
 If the *Pearl Fish’ry* on their coasts

Had late been tried? With what success?
 And on its treasures laid great stress.
 They told how in the days of yore
 Pearls were fished up on the shore,
 And many a poor man had made rich,
 With scarce a philibeg to 's breech.
 In short Ceylon itself, not nigh
 For pearls so famous was as Sky.

The Doctor lent a ready ear,
 And thus began his doubts to clear:—

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ 'Tis strange, indeed, I ne'er before
 “ Heard of such treasures on this shore.”

HUGH M'GLIBBIE.

“ The reason, Sir, is very plain—
 “ 'Twas secret kept lest it should gain
 “ The public ear, and in a trice
 “ More cats creep in than might find mice.”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ Enough.—The subject now renew'd,
 “ How was this fishing-trade pursued?”

DONALD M'GLIBBIE.

“ Sir, ye maun ken that once a day,
 “ We used to fish in yonder bay;

“ For oysters or for muscles found,
 “ As thick as hail stones on the ground ;
 “ Until we had the precious guests
 “ Exhausted, and our masters nests
 “ Well feathered ; never were such days
 “ Of pleasure and such nights of ease !
 “ And no doubt I now entertain,
 “ But this old bed has grown again.”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ Nothing more probable ; I'll hire
 “ You all to fish ; what you require
 “ As a reward discharged shall be
 “ To your content, most lib'rally,
 “ When all your fishing's at an end,
 “ That is when we the bed expend,
 “ And when the pearls are all sold off,
 “ Which shall be done quite in the rough.”

BOATMAN.

“ All that appears, Sir, clear and fair ;
 “ But then a bird that sails in air,
 “ Or sings in bush, I've heard them say,
 “ Is valued less than one that may
 “ Be said to be held in your hand,
 “ At your immediate command.”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ I take the hint—that's, I suppose,
 “ You wish to have a present dose

“ Of ready cash—here take this purse,
“ Which you must thriftily disburse,
“ On our important speculation,
“ And let no other application
“ Be made of this our precious cash—
“ No buying whiskey, ale or trash,
“ T’ unfit you for your occupations,
“ Your dangerous aquatic stations.”

As birds are caught with twigs well lim’d,
So with these knaves our Doctor chim’d;
For many a day he with his suite,
Follow’d most keenly this pursuit,
Keeping himself snug and incog,
In hut not fit to sty a hog,
Fearful their measures might excite,
Suspicion, avarice or spite,
To share or to betray the riches,
With which they hop’d to fill their breeches.
The shell-fish which they caught each day,
By night they buried in the bay,
To let the fishes rot and perish,
As fire or violence might blemish
The precious pearls in their abode—
Such was the mode in use abroad.

After much time and cash expended,
Factobend sneeringly contended,
That ere his friend, the Doctor, lay
More money out, ’twas time to stay,
And to examine, if those caught,
With brilliant pearls were really fraught.
Th’ advice was thought well worth pursuing;
That night the Doctor would be viewing,

His buried store in hopes to find
His Scotch a true *Golconda* mine.

When to the westward flew the night,
The party, guided by torch-light,
Enter'd the cave, where lay the heap
Of treasure, pilfer'd from the deep.
Assembled there, all fell to work
With knife, old bayonet or dirk ;
But as the work proceeded in
The Doctor gave a ghastly grin :
No pearls were found, or great or small,
But putrid fish, or mud, was all :
The Doctor with a groan then said :
“ *The skin I've sold—the bear not dead !*”

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ *He'll throw his net and bring fine FISH up,*
“ *And yet he'll ne'er become a Bishop.*”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ *Suspended 'twixt the earth and sky,*
“ *Exalted in the air*”—

ARCHY.

“ _____He'll die.
“ But, Sir, although this failure grieves,
“ Ye're not the first that's fallen 'mongst thieves ;
“ So let's be ganging on our course,
“ Lest, if we stay, we fare still worse.”



Drawn & Engraved by W. Russell.

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DOCTOR PROSODY

FISHING FOR PEARLS IN THE ISLE OF SMY.

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ Not for myself the loss brings smart,
 “ ’Twas Scotland’s interest I’d at heart ;
 “ On pearls or gold I set no store—
 “ Immortal fame I value more :
 “ I only hoped to meet success,
 “ That Scotland might my mem’ry bless.
 “ Her’s is the loss and mine the glory”—

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ There ! crack’d again i’ th’ upper story ! ”

No more the Doctor heard, away
 He ran to the boat, and left the bay

At length their purpose was attain’d,
 Though night, ere they Dunvegan gain’d,
 ’Twas pitchy dark, no friendly guide,
 Save from the Castle’s window’s spied
 Some streaming lights, to cheer their souls
 With thoughts of shelter, flowing bows,
 Good fires, warm beds and sound repose,
 Those leaders of all worldly woes !

Doctor Prosody.

"Not for myself the loss brings smart,
 "Twas Scotland's interest I'd at heart;
 "On pearls or gold I set no store—
 "Immortal fame I value more;
 "I only hoped to meet success,
 "That Scotland might my memory bless."
 "Her's is the story—"

CHAPTER XXXI.

Doctor Prosody.

"There! crack'd again 's the upper story!"

No more the Doctor heard, away
 He ran to the shore.

COASTING along, as they explore
 Each rock and cave along the shore,
Dunvegan's Castle's top they see,
 Rising, as 'twere, from out the sea.
 Now 'gan the wind to whistle loud,
 And ev'ry billow touch some cloud;
 In English plain, a storm it blew,
 And ev'ry moment dangers grew
 More imminent;—'twas time to land,
 And seek some shelter out of hand.

At length their purpose was attain'd,
 Though night, ere they *Dunvegan* gain'd;
 'Twas pitchy dark, no friendly guide,
 Save from the Castle's window's spied
 Some streaming lights, to cheer their souls
 With thoughts of shelter, flowing bowls,
 Good fires, warm beds and sound repose,
 Those healers of all worldly woes!

Nor were their hopes in these deceiv'd,
A friendly welcome they receiv'd.

Loud at the ancient postern gate,
The Boatman knock'd, nor long they wait,
Before the creaking hinge gave notice
The watchful warder at his post is.
Their bus'ness shortly was explain'd—
It blew a storm,—it thunder'd—rain'd—
'Scap'd from the dangers of the sea,
Down on the beach their frail bark lay,
And hospitality the boon
Which they requested :—Granted soon.
“ Our Laird his birth-day feast is keeping,
“ Or else ye wad ha' napp'd us sleeping ;
“ For, in this distant, lonely scene,
“ Where stranger's face is seldom seen,
“ Scarcely the Sun sinks to the west,
“ Ere, like the fowls, we go to rest.
“ Whence come ye—shall I tell my Laird ?”—
“ In England I was born and rear'd”—
Quoth Prosody—“ A Scot my friend,
“ A servant this, who doth attend.”

Into the Hall now they were led,
Where all the *Strath* carousing fed ;
Or else in aukward gambols swung,
Whilst the old walls with bag-pipes rung ;
And ne'er was seen, since Adam's days,
A merrier clan in Hebrides.

Meantime the Warder told the Laird,
That strangers at the gate appear'd

Of decent look ;—far *Southron* one,
 Who said he did from England come ;
 A'maist, he ken'd, frae the world's end—
 T'others his servant and his friend.

Willing to show the Englishman,
 How great the Laird of Highland Clan,
 The Laird himself stepp'd to the Hall,
 And bade the strangers welcome all ;
 And, guessing from their looks and speech,
 Rather beyond the common reach,
 That they 'bove vulgar folks did rate,
 He led them to the *Room of State* :
 Where all the neighb'ring gentry met,
 Form'd to the full as jovial set
 As in the Hall they'd left behind,
 Only, indeed, much more refin'd.
 Here, 'stead of bag pipes, harps were playing,
 And Lairds, and ladies brave displaying,
 In graceful motions, reels, jigs, strathspeys,
 In highest glee, and at their heart's ease.

The harpers ceas'd—the dancers stopp'd—
 Bows were exchang'd, and court'sies dropp'd ;
 All drank a welcome to each guest,
 Who the same way their thanks express'd.
 That done—as well bred folks dispense
 With tedious forms—they recommence
 The dancing, and like merry devils
 Frisk it, or fairies at their revels :
 The Laird alone still kept his seat,
 His new guests with respect to treat

The Doctor told the Laird what errand
 Brought him to so remote an island;—
 Told all his hair-breadth 'scapes and perils,
 But not a word of *fishing pearls*;
 For our great sage was so high-crested,
 That trick he had not yet digested.

At length, their spirits near expir'd,
 The ladies court'sied and retir'd
 To night's repose.—The Laird then bawl'd,
 And for his *caudle-cup* loud call'd:—
 'Twas brought, a handle-cup of gold,
 Which more than a Scotch pint would hold.
 Into it then the Laird decants
 A claret-bottle's full contents;
 And drinking health to all around!
 At single draught, he gulp'd it down:
 Then cried—"Those friends who hold me dear,
 "Will pledge me, and this goblet clear."
 In honour of the Laird's birth-day
 Round went the cup, and none said nay;
 Until it to the Doctor came,
 Who, being unfit for such deep game,
 Plead his cloth, and want of use,
 (No disrespect!) as an excuse;
 And, with the voyage being tir'd,
 Permission to withdraw desir'd.

LAIRD.

"Do as you please—'twas never known
 "To any guest that force was shewn;
 "But for retiring—I'm quite sorry,
 "I've not a spare apartment for ye;

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“ The ladies occupy the whole—
 “ We pass the night here o’er the bowl ;
 “ And so must you—unless, indeed,
 “ The *Haunted Room* will serve your need.”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ I fear no ghost, nor air-drawn vision—
 “ Terror of fools—wise men’s derision !
 “ The *Haunted Room* my friend, and I,
 “ And servant, glad will occupy ;
 “ Somewhat to lie on, light and fire
 “ Are all that ever we desire.”

LAIRD.

“ All granted then—you’ve my consent—
 “ Your rashness may you not repent !”

The orders giv’n that were requir’d,
 Our friends with grateful thanks retir’d ;
 Archy was call’d—much griev’d in mind,
 To leave so much good cheer behind.
 Two servants led the way with fear,
 Who made the beds, the fire burn’d clear ;
 Lighted the lamp, and wish’d good night,
 And that they might not hear the *sprite*.

Left to themselves, they first survey’d
 The room, whose walls were thick array’d
 With arms and armour—sword and spear,
 Casque, hauberk—gauntlet—and such gear ;
 Plac’d there, it seem’d for want of more room—
 A sort of lumber or a store room :

Which, had he not been so much tir'd,
 Our *antiquarian* had admir'd,
 And on each different piece descanted,
 But now repose was too much wanted.

One only bed the room contain'd,
 For the two gentlefolks ordain'd,
 Some *heather* on the ground was laid,
 For Archy, cover'd with his plaid :
 So in they pigg'd—nor long before,
 The Doctor loudly 'gan to snore,
 And Archy join'd with bull like roar.

An hour or two they all had slept,
 When waking, Factobend out crept
 To search for something that he wanted,
 Forgetting that the room was *haunted*.
 The fire was low—the lamp burn'd dimly,
 The dusky armour round look'd grimly,
 And seeming to descend the chimney,
 A rustling noise he plainly heard,
 And into bed crept back, well scar'd.

Now around the room the spectre stray'd,
 As though on airy wings it play'd ;
 Flip-flap—flip-flap—out went the light,
 He shook the bed with his affright ;
 And in a trembling voice thus said :—
 “ If ye are spirit of the dead,
 “ In the Lord's name say who are you !”
 “ Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ho, ho, ho, ho,”
 The spectre answered, in shrill tone,
 But rather in a plaintive moan.

The 'Squire now gave his friend a shake,
 But he too soundly slept to wake;
 So reaching out of bed, his fears
 Made him lug soundly Archy's ears:
 Who, dreaming not of such a feast,
 Roar'd out amain—"The Ghaist! The Ghaist!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

ENOUGH his voice the dead to raise,
His master op'd his drowsy eyes ;
And ask'd the cause of such alarm ;—

ARCHY.

“ I hope that you've receiv'd no harm,
“ Frae this fell sprite ;—the spitfu' whelp,
“ If I had nae roar'd out for help,
“ Had nae left off till I were dead,
“ As 'tis, my ears are frae my head ;
“ Dear Master Parson, do I pray,
“ Lay this foul fiend in the Red Sea !”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ You take me for a Conj'rer then—
“ Lord, held such simple soul !—”

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ _____ Amen.

“ Perhaps you think it but a dream,
 “ But plain enough I heard it screams—
 “ *Oh! oh! oh! oh!*—and round keep gliding,
 “ Just as a witch on broomstick riding:
 “ At least a pray’r or two let’s say,
 “ ’Twill surely do no harm to pray.”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ From fools deliver us good lord!—
 “ Nor need we now another word;
 “ The day, see to the East appear,
 “ And morning-scent no ghost can bear,
 “ So banish superstitious fear. }
 “ For me, who am at sleep a glutton,
 “ And when in bed, care not a button,
 “ What ghost or goblins frisk around,
 “ I’ve had my nap out, sweet and sound:
 “ So, by the dawning light I’ll view
 “ Those *antiques* which the room bestrew.
 “ And first, behold this streaming rag,
 “ *Braolauchshi*⁴⁸ or the fairy flag,
 “ Titania’s gift, Ben Shi or wife
 “ Of Oberon—with virtues rife.
 “ Next see the vast capacious horn,⁴⁹
 “ By *Auroch*, or wild Bull, erst worn;
 “ A drinking-cup, by northern nation
 “ Held in the greatest veneration.
 “ Full twenty pounds this iron shield⁵⁰ weighs,
 “ A load for these degen’rate days!

“ Hence, till in battle never worn,
 “ But by the armour-bearer borne.
 “ Here bows and swords, two handed some^s—
 “ Lochaber axe, from Norway come ;
 “ The leaden mallets—Jedburgh staves,
 “ To crack the crowns of fools or knaves ;
 “ This armour too——
 —————a pile he touch’d,
 Which clattering on the floor down rush’d :
 And from their roosting place out flew
 A brace of owls—*tee, hee ! hoo, hoo !*
 Which scream’d around the room with fright,
 Then up the chimney took their flight.

DOCTOR PROSODY. (*laughing loudly.*)

“ The *Ghaists ! The Ghaists !* Faith, I’ve
 surpris’d ’em ;
 “ And very fairly exorcis’d ’em !
 “ Are these the sprites ye Scotchmen fear ?
 “ *Scotch nightingales* I think they were ;
 “ They sang sae deftly —*coo, hoo, hoo !*
 “ My sides will burst—*oh ! oh ! ho ! ho !*”

While thus the Doctor flung his jeers,
 His friend and Archy hung their ears ;
 But neither spake—so plain the proof,
 No sceptic e’er could doubt the truth ;
 And now they to the room descended,
 Where on the floor lay guests extended ;
 While in his old oak chair the Laird,
 Though sleeping still in state appear’d ;

And so they left him well aware,
 How dangerous a task it were,
 To rouse the sleeping lion, when
 The revels would begin again.
 So steering to the Hall their way,
 Like as their Lairds, the vassals lay;—
 A host o'erthrown—though late so frisky
 Owing th' omnipotence of whiskey.
 Amongst the rest their boatman snor'd,
 They rouz'd him and the boat unmoor'd;
 Then with a fav'ring gale made sail,
 And on Lake Dunvegan turn'd tail.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Now for St. Kilda's Isle they steer,
On Soland-geese to make good cheer;
And, landing, climb'd the ascent steep,
At dizzy height above the deep,
From whence in ozier baskets waving,
Bird-catchers swung, all dangers braving.

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ Here's an adventure, which will crown
“ The undertaker with renown;
“ Of which, Heav'n knows, I've got my share,
“ Nor need for Fame take greater care:
“ And so, in proof of friendship mine,
“ The glorious feat I here resign
“ To Factobend, who through our *Tour*
“ Has nought perform'd Fame to secure:
“ But let him now those cliffs descend,
“ Scotland will ring with Factobend;

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“ Her hero, cover’d o’er with glory,
 “ Will be immortaliz’d in story.”

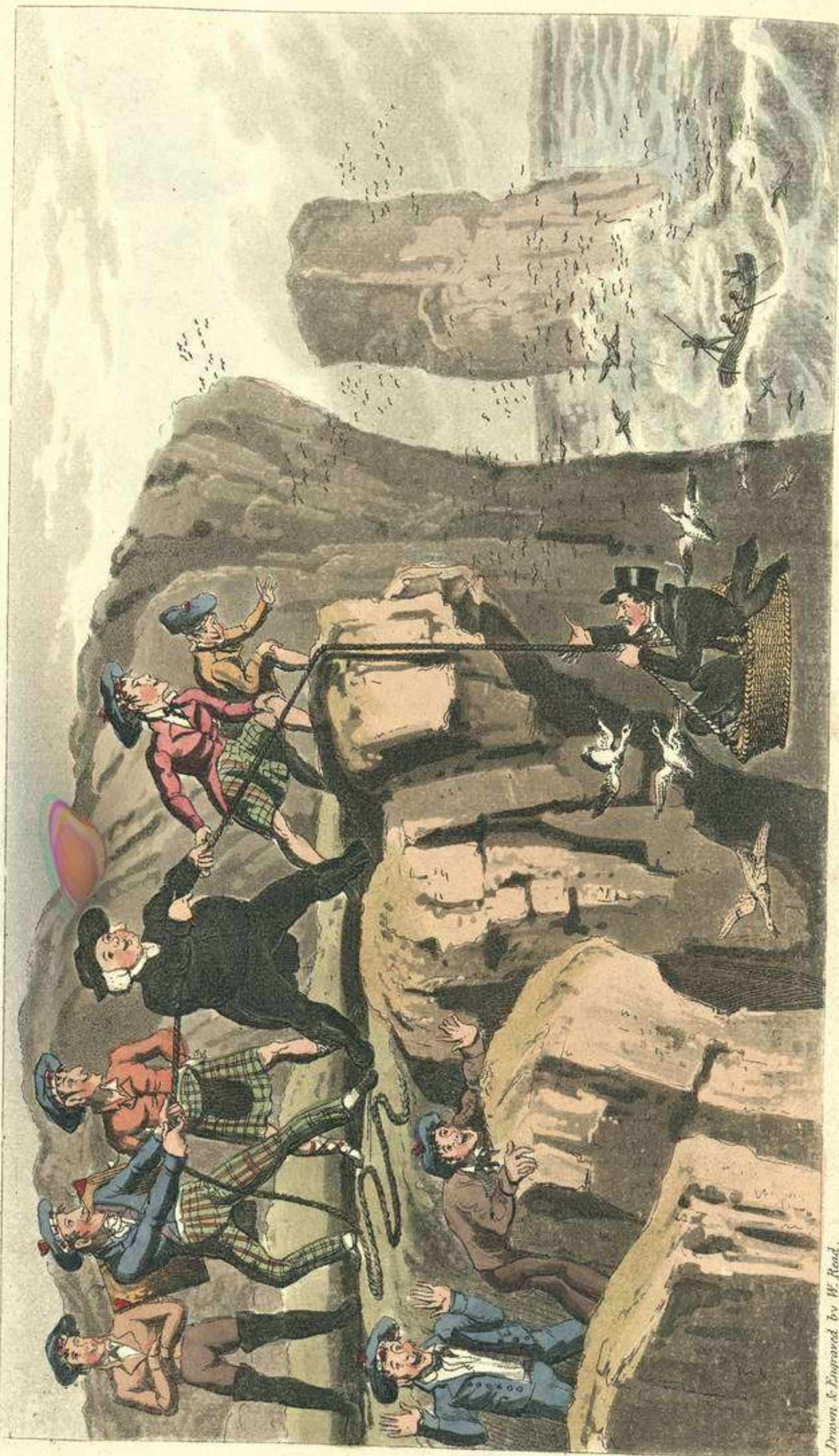
ARCHY.

“ ’Twill say—she never did produce
 “ Sae bra’ a bairn sin’ bonnie Bruce;
 “ And gratefu’ Edinbro’ will rear
 “ A monument to chiel sa dear.”

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ ’Tis glory calls, I must obey—
 “ For Scotland this will be bright day!
 “ Hold you the rope, devoid of fear,
 “ I’ll launch me on the yielding air,
 “ That I may prove (I’d rank no higher)
 “ Of Prosody the worthy ’Squire;
 “ And when to *press* he puts his *tour*,
 “ Aloft together we may soar
 “ To regions of immortal fame,
 “ Along with Dr. Syntax’s name.”

Tickled to see the game thus snar’d,
 Master and man the car prepar’d,
 Which the Bird-catchers freely lent
 On promise of a small present;
 Factobend enter’d, though he’d fain
 Have, but for shame, got out again.
 Launch’d from the edge the car descended
 A dozen yards: its course there ended;
 Then Prosody look’d o’er the cliff,
 And thus exclaim’d:—



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DOCTOR FACTOBEND'S
RECREATION IN THE BIRD BASKET, ST. HILDD.

Drawn & Engraved by W. Read.

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ ————— Thou rogue adrift !
 “ Remember now the trick display’d,
 “ Whilst in Iona’s Isle we stay’d ;
 “ ’Tis now my turn :—there shalt thou rest,
 “ Until thy knav’ry thou’st confest ;
 “ *Suspended ’twixt the earth and sky,*
 “ *Exalted in the air*” —

DR. FACTOBEND.

“ ————— I cry
 “ For mercy, Doctor, dear good friend !
 “ I’ll say whate’er you recommend ;
 “ Confess myself a sorry knave,
 “ And ever after prove your slave.”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ Say after me then, or we leave you,
 “ Till death by famine shall relieve you.”

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ I will indeed ;— what you dictate,
 “ That I’ll repeat, so help me Fate !”

(DOCTOR PROSODY dictates and DOCTOR FACTOBEND repeats the following RECANTATION :)

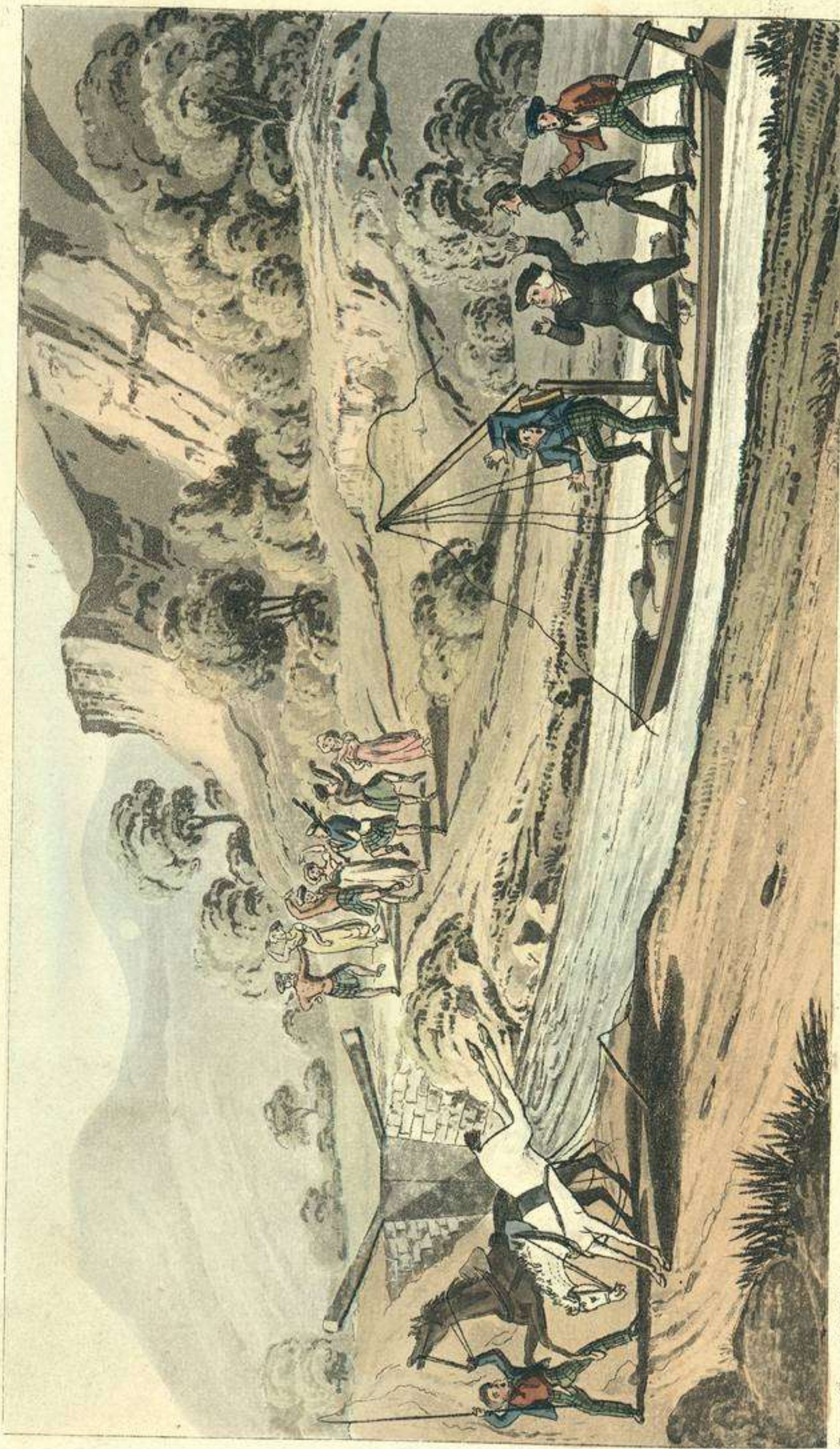
“ I, Doctor Factobend, a knave
 “ Confess myself, and pardon crave

“ Of Doctor Prosody, whom I
 “ Much slander’d in the Isle of Sky ;
 “ Of which foul crime I do repent,
 “ And humbly beg that he’ll relent ;
 “ And I will ne’er repeat th’ offence
 “ Occasion’d by my want of sense ;
 “ Nor will at any time neglect
 “ To treat him with profound respect ;
 “ Hoping he’ll grant—I humbly ask it,
 “ To be let out of this Bird-Basket.

Factobend now was quickly rais’d,
 And, though releas’d, seem’d much displeas’d ;
 And downward look’d in sullen mood,
 As though his mind some vengeance brew’d ;
 Till Prosody, with outstretch’d hand,
 Cried: “ Now on even ground we stand ;
 “ You first *fool’d* me—I’ve now *fool’d* you,
 “ Hence to each other let’s be true :
 “ All jokes between us let’s pass free ;
 “ Who angry proves the *fool* shall be.”

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ Agreed :—in proof I give my hand,
 “ I’ll pay you ere you quit this land.”
 Factobend now got o’er his shock,
 They went to view *Congara’s* rock ;
 Th’ Hebridean Teneriffe, or Pike,
 Whose height does all beholders strike ;
 That view’d back to the Continent,
 On board the bark, their course they bent.



Drawn & Engraved by W. Road.

Published by W. 1, Somerset Street, Portman Square.

DOCTOR PROSODY

MEETS A HIGHLAND WEDDING ON THE CALDONION CANAL.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Now once again on the main land,
 Our bold triumvirate see stand ;
 Where each his *Pegasus* bestriding,
 On their campaign they set out riding ;
 Taking their course, as it did twine
 Along the *Caledonian*⁵² line,
 Where the canal sure pointed out,
 To Inverness their nearest route.

Then in a barge, till *Loch Ness* view'd,
 Along its banks their course pursued,
 (Quick *Fort Augustus* passing by,
 Too *modern* for our Doctor's eye.)
 As sailing near the towing path
 They were encounter'd by a *Strath*,
 Marching with pipers at their head,
 A jovial train, about to lead
 To Hymen's temple, a blithe pair
 Of happy lovers, young and fair.

When just abreast, the pipers sounded
 A charge,—the barge horses astounded,
 As if delighted with the sport,
 Began to curvet, neigh and snort ;
 And rushing onwards with a shock,
 Fact'bend and Archy in the loch
 Fell in a trice, and, foll'wing after,
 The Doctor sous'd, and rais'd the laughter
 Of the whole Strath, to see them sprawling,
 And just like half-drown'd cats out crawling :
 But ne'ertheless all lent a hand,
 The poor Pillgarlicks safe to land ;
 And soon success their efforts crown'd—
Born to be hang'd, will ne'er be drown'd.
 As Newfoundland dogs, from a lake
 Emerging, give themselves a shake,
 To free their shaggy coats and dry,
 Our heroes the same method try ;
 And made it such a *Scotch mist* rain,
 As bride and bridegroom, and their train,
 Unthinking, wetted to the skin,
 And 'gainst the laughers turn'd the grin.

All in a pickle, now good-nature
 Resum'd its sway o'er every feature ;
 The whiskey bottle was produc'd,
 Lest colds be caught from being sluic'd,
 And all (excepting not the bride)
 Its rheum-preventing virtues tried.
 And whilst the scamp'ring horses caught,
 And to the barge once more back brought,
 And broken mast and rigging mended,
 The merry reel the bagpipes sounded ;

And the whole Strath and Prosody,
And friend, danc'd to the melody.

Damage repair'd—put to the horses,
Once more both sets steer'd diff'rent courses,
And ere the night's dark, murky train
Defac'd the sky, our trav'lers gain
A sort of inn—a place of rest,
Welcome to them, though bad the best.

Here, as their dripping clothes they dried,
By a peat fire's enliv'ning side,
Which without bellows' aid bright blaz'd,
Their host at such odd fishes gaz'd ;
And learning further, 'twas their aim,
Scottish antiquities to glean,
The crafty wight began to think
How he might ease them of their chink ;
As he had read, though very poor,
Much of the ancient learned lore.

Nor long he pondered, ere he fram'd
A story of a *Cairn* far fam'd,
Where, from tradition 'twas inferr'd,
Thomas, the *Rhymer*, was interr'd.
This shrine, he told them he had op'd
By night, and from its bowels scoop'd
Various *antiques* of long past times,
Some manuscripts of Gaelic rhymes ;
And other things of wond'rous note,
Which a great bargain might be bought.

The Doctor's blood at once was fir'd —
To see those relics he desir'd ;

The knavish host produc'd them straight,
 And eulogiz'd his precious freight.
 The first thing in his inventory,
 He term'd a scarce *lacrymatory*;
 Though a *thumb-bottle* 'twas, in fact,
 Wanting the neck, and somewhat crackt;—
 A *pewter jordan*, newly glisten'd,
 An antique *vase* he aptly christen'd;
 A curious relic, he'd be sworn,
 Which *Fingal's* table did adorn:—
 A *brazen dish* hands us'd to wash in,
 A *patera*, of Roman fashion,
 He new baptiz'd;—some old rude scrawls,
 Illegible, *papyrus*' rolls,
 He dignified, as of great note—
 The very same on which were wrote
 The *prophecies*, of great renown,
 Of *Thomas* fam'd of *Ercildown*.—

Struck with amazement and with wonder
 Our learned Doctor 'gan to ponder,
 How he might gain so glorious prize,
 But fear'd his host might prove too wise,
 To part with such uncommon ware,
 Without more cash than he could spare.
 The crafty host divined the cause,
 Which made his customer thus pause;
 And with a whining tone exclaim'd:—

Host.

“ This treasure, from the earth reclaim'd,
 “ Sufficient were to make the fortune
 “ Of me and mine for e'er that's certain:

“ But then my rent is in arrear,
 “ And from the taxman much I fear—
 “ Seizure ensues; then law would rifle
 “ And all I have take for a trifle.
 “ Rather than harpies should me rob,
 “ A moderate sum should do the job.”

DOCTOR.

“ What sum would do?”—

HOST.

“ ————— Why—twenty pounds.”—

DOCTOR.

“ More than I have about me.—Zounds!
 “ Were I at Flow’rdale, I could raise
 “ Treble the sum with greatest ease.
 “ Five pounds are all I’ve at command,
 “ Unless you’ll take my note of hand.”—

HOST.

“ Too little ’tis—:—but hard my fate,
 “ All must be sold, or soon or late;
 “ Time presses on, and care and *fash*—
 “ So no more words, lets hae the cash.”

’Twas paid;—the Doctor seiz’d his prize,
 Views it once more with gloating eyes;

Then in his saddle-bags dispos'd,
Takes it to bed, and sweetly doz'd ;
Ample amends, he thought, were made
For loss in the *Pearl-fishing* trade ;
So with the morn, o'erjoy'd, takes bark,
For Inverness, as blithe as lark.

CHAPTER XXXV.

—

To Inverness in safety brought
Factobend hit on lucky thought,
The Doctor's friendship to regain,
Which late had seem'd upon the wane.
To the *Town Council* quick he went,
And told them Chance had thither sent
An Englishman of vast renown,
To confer honour on their town;—
A second *Doctor Johnson*, who
Of Scotland such a picture drew,
As great delight to all afforded,
Save those, whose manners he recorded :
And, as their character they priz'd,
He hinted means should be devis'd
To pay the Stranger due respect,
And without more ado elect
Him, as a citizen of worth,
To whom their town had given birth :
And, on their minds to lay firm hold,
He promis'd a *douceur* of gold,

To furnish out a civic fête,
That is—a corporation treat.

Advice, so well supported, claim'd
Attention;—soon applause it gain'd:
'Twas so decreed;—the freedom voted,
And in the Borough's records noted.
The *Guild* that very day should meet,
The far-fam'd Englishman to greet
With the Town's freedom, in a mull,
Curiously wrought from horn of bull.

Fame nois'd abroad this their design,
Which fill'd with grief and rage the mind
Of all the presbyterian host,
Who deem'd their privileges lost,
If honours should be paid to those,
Who were the Kirks invet'rate foes.
A Synod instantly conven'd,
Decreed the scheme be contraven'd,
And all should go in compact close,
Such innovation to oppose.

Now met the *Guild* — the Doctor present,
The Provost open'd their intent,
When all the presbyterian clan,
Rising, oppos'd it to a man;
Declar'd such conduct strange surpris'd
The holy Kirk, and stigmatiz'd
Their body by such honours paid
Episcopalians, who survey'd
With scornful eye all covenanters,
As mad enthusiasts and ranters;

While they Episcopacy prov'd,
A single step from Rome remov'd.

In vain the Provost represented,
How much such discord he lamented ;
The honour must not be inferr'd
On any sect as b'ing conferr'd ;
But on the man, whose learned labours,
So dignified his Scottish neighbours.
In vain he reason'd thus—the crop-ear'd
Fanaticks, louder still their voice rear'd ;
Till the sly Provost, who well knew
The temper of this stubborn crew,
Begg'd that his office they'd respect,
And thus address'd the *Lord's elect* :—

PROVOST.

“ The subject of those discontents,
“ This opposition much laments,
“ Because he thought to have the pleasure,
“ To lay before you his vast treasure
“ Of rare antiques, in Scotland found,
“ Which to our honour will redound :
“ And for that purpose has bespoke
“ A dinner at the *Royal Oak* ;
“ A ven'son haunch and turtle fine,
“ On which he'd fain have had ye dine ;
“ And now through me he begs that honour”—

Hush'd was at once the voice of clamour :—
The Provost knew how to subdue
The stubborn lank-hair'd, snuffling crew ;
Who, better than *extempore* pray'r,
Lov'd of a turtle feast to hear :

To psalmody preferr'd a haunch
 Of ven'son, to distend their paunch.
 After a pause, the Synod's chief,
 Lifting his eyes, thus spake in brief:—

THE REV. MR. M'SQUINNIE.

“ The Doctor's merit seems so rare—
 “ A stranger too—that we forbear,
 “ Further remonstrance—we relent—
 “ To view those treasures too consent—
 “ The relics of forefathers dead—
 “ The *Royal Oak*, I think you said—
 “ Provided that this case you'll own
 “ Shall not to precedent be drawn.”

PROVOST.

“ Agreed.—Paul Prosody, D. D.
 “ Of Inverness old town ye're free ;
 “ This mull the patent does contain,
 “ The honorary gift t'explain ;
 “ To drink our townsman's health we burn,
 “ And to the *Royal Oak* adjourn.”

Off to the *Royal Oak* they went,
 Din'd sumptuously—and discontent,
 Drown'd in oblivious draughts of claret,
 Which fully stamp'd our Doctor's merit.
 The *Puritans*, with looks demure,
 Ne'er mix'd their wine, but drank it *pure* ;
 And hence our antiquarian guess'd,
 Their habits well their name express'd ;
 For *Puritans* from drinking *pure*,
 He deem'd a derivation sure.

At all events, he now saw clear
 That *Calvinism* holds good cheer,
 A doctrine orthodox of creed,
 Just as the *Episcopalian* breed;—
 That, 'though 'bout *faith* and *grace* they differ,
 All sects have faith in a good dinner;
 And hold no grace so high a treat,
 As that before and after meat;
 And hence into his head it throng'd,
 Good living to no sect belong'd;
 Common to all—if they can reach it,—
 For abstinence they only preach it.

Tir'd of such borough-mong'ring knaves,
 And superstitious canting slaves,
 The Doctor stroll'd about the town,
 To see the sights of most renown:—
 Such as the castle, where Macbeth
 The sleeping Duncan doom'd to death;—
 The *Tomna-heurich*,⁵³ fairies' hill,
 Resembling, bottom up, ship's keel;
*Craig-phatric's*⁵⁴ vitrified fortress,
 Cairns, Druids' temple, and the rest;—
 And last Culloden's blood stain'd moor,⁵⁵
 Rebellion's grave to rise no more;
 Where *grass* points out the tombs of death,
 All other spots o'ergrown with heath.

Their horses now to southward sent,
 They re-imbark, to *Orkneys* bent;
 And having thus dispos'd their hacks,
 On Inverness they turn their backs.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WITH fav'ring breeze, and mod'rate sea,
 To northward they pursue their way ;
 Chartered the bark t' attend their leisure,
 At our antiquarian's pleasure.
 They sail'd till right before them lay
 The rocky height of *Dungisbay*,
 Near to whose *Head*, o'erlook'd the shore,
 Fam'd *John-o'-Groat's* house—now no more ;
 Last habitable spot of Britain,
 Which travellers usually set foot on ;
 And though the building's disappear'd,
 Yet not in vain the structure rear'd ;
 Since, by tradition kept alive,
 Its history does still survive ;
 An useful moral lesson⁵⁶ told,
 Worthy of characters of gold.

A visit to this famous spot
 Was by our Tourist not forgot,

To be inserted in the route,
 Which at first starting he'd chalk'd out.
 Now landed on the very place,
 Where eye can scarcely find a trace
 Of building—nor man think to view it,
 One ever stood there :—

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ ————— *Hic Tros fuit,*”

The Doctor cried :—“ Here we now stand
 Where John-o'-Groat's once num'rous band
 Flourish'd in peace, though discord jealous,
 With lungs envenom'd—alias bellows,
 To blow up strife between them tried,
 And such good fellows to divide ;
 Had not John's prudence hit a plan
 To give *precedence* to each clan ;
 Though eight competitors contended,
 The rising feud John quickly ended,
 By room *octagonal* and board,
 Which to each party would afford
 The table's *head*—no tail was to't,
 Where all sat equal—none at foot :
 A shrewd contrivance, though not new,
 Th' invention to Prince Arthur due,
 Whose *Table Round* lives in romance,
 To prove the Heroes of the Lance
 Were of precedence vain, as dames
 Are still on birth-days at St. James'.
 Here, to revive the Founder's story,
 And crown our wanderings with glory,
 This barren spot shall fertile prove,
 “ As we'll revive his *Feast of Love*.”

“ One short mile hence is *Houna* found,
 “ An inn, where all good things abound ;
 “ Let Archy thither go with speed,
 “ And bring us back whate’er we need,
 “ To furnish out a gay repast,
 “ In memory of times long past ;
 “ And if he any strangers find,
 “ Who in this *fête* may be inclin’d
 “ To take a part, let him invite ’em,
 “ Their humours will our pleasures heighten.”

Fir’d with the thought, their faces glow.
 Like Arrow from an Indian bow,
 Archy flew off, and by his side,
 One of the boatmen for a guide,
 Who knew the spot, where *Houna* lay,
 So that there might be no delay.

During the trifling intermission,
 Our Sage, though with no great precision,
 An Octagon trac’d on the plain,
 And put all things in proper train ;
 When the shrill bag-pipes’ tones were heard,
 And Archy soon in sight appear’d ;
 A motley crew close follow’d after,
 Rare food indeed for mirth and laughter !
 Somewhat like that which Shakespeare drew,
 When Falstaff’s train he held to view :
 A piper-lad, who, far and near,
 Sought with his tunes to earn his fare ;
 At *Kirns*⁵⁷ and weddings useful hand,
 He o’er his pipes shew’d great command ;—
 A sooty *Caird*⁵⁸ and drab, well mated,
 A better match ne’er Hymen fated ;—

That Hymen, who in barn or room,
 Joins folks by leaping o'er a broom ;
 He pots and pans made good as new,
 Where one flaw found by leaving two ;
 Bellows and iron-work repair'd ;—
 She eas'd his pains his comforts shar'd :—
 Last came a jolly son of Mars,
 Or all left of him by the wars ;
 An eye, a leg, an arm he'd lost—
 What then ? A medal he could boast !
 Which from the button-hole—full view,
 Hung pendant, inscrib'd *Waterloo* :
 Cover'd with glory, he was bound
 Orkneys towards, his native ground.
 These form'd a band not over choice,
 But Archy was not very nice ;
 Besides, although the best was bad,
 It chanc'd no better could be had.

But of refreshment they'd brought plenty,
 For Archy was no boy to stint ye ;
 He'd learnt in war, that much of courage
 Depends on plenty of good forage ;
 And therefore when 'twas to be won,
 He made his hay while the sun shone.

Now all *octagonally* plac'd,
 The centre was with viands grac'd,
 And in arms reach each one might grapple
 A whiskey-flask, to whet his thrapple ;
 Our Sage now big as John-o'-Groat,
 To fall to work gave out the note ;
 And soon was laden each one's platter,
 And jaw work put an end to chatter ;

The solid meat no sooner stow'd,
 At leisure then the bones were gnaw'd;
 Till, polish'd, they like iv'ry shone,
 When 'twas high time they should have done.
 Word of command then gave our Sage,
 That each his whiskey flask engage,
 And clear the cobwebs from his throat,
 To *Memory of John de Groat!*

Orpheus then his pipes did *thirl*,
 And all in mazy reel 'gan whirl;
 With so much fire, as warm'd their bloods,
 And the Caird's lass so shook her duds,
 That *Tam O'Shanter*, Burns's spark,
 Had roar'd out "*Weel done, Cutty Sark!*"
 To ken the *winsome wench* and *wawlie*,
 Skip it so *vauntie* and so *brawlie*;
 The tinker, meanwhile beating time
 On two pot-covers (dainty chime!)
 Which clash'd together with hands nimble,
 Prov'd no bad substitute for cymbal.

Thus having danced away quite cheery,
 Till lightest heel'd amongst them weary,
 They rest themselves, and quickly pass
 To *John de Groat* the circling glass.

DOCTOR PROSODY.

" Now, strangers all, 'tis time to part!
 " I thank ye, with a sincere heart,
 " For your good company and mirth,
 " Which to such glee has given birth;

“ But ere ye go, my jovial friends,
 “ For loss of time I’ll make amends ;
 “ This gold will cause some days pass glib,
 “ As you sail on with flying jib ;
 “ To Houna we must go, perforce,
 “ To Orkney thence to steer our course ;
 “ Take any other route you please,
 “ And Heaven prosper all your ways !”

CAIRD AND FRIENDS.

“ Thank you, good Sir ! We likewise hail
 you,—
 “ Your health and purse may they ne’er fail
 you !
 “ The poor man’s friend may Heav’n protect !
 “ We take our leave with due respect.”

The Piper then began to play—
 “ *Over the hills and far away,*”
 The Tinker made his cymbals rattle,
 And all danc’d off in highest mettle ;
 Richer in pocket, thanked their host,
 Who pompously thus made his boast :

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ When publish’d in my Tour the story,
 “ This head-land will attest my glory :
 “ Here on equality, each man
 “ Of John-o’-Groat’s consid’rate plan
 “ The wisdom has experienc’d fully,
 “ Worthy the eulogy of *Tully* ;

“ Who, had John Groat liv'd in his days,
 “ Had spoke *oration* in his praise ;
 “ And I, by treading in his steps,
 “ Ought to be styl'd *Pacis Princeps*,
 “ The *Prince of Peace* ; and rais'd my name,
 “ The next to John-o'-Groat's in fame.”

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ Fame's trump shall sound the glorious note
 “ Successor worthy John-o'-Groat !
 “ His purse and health may they ne'er fail !
 “ Hail, Doctor Prosody !” —

ARCHY AND BOATMEN.

—————All hail !”

CHAPTER XXXVII.

At Houna's port embark'd once more,
They steer their course for Orkney's shore ;
The old *Orcades*' rocky coast,
Once swarming with Norwegian host.
The Pentland Firth, a boisterous strait,
Where storms and adverse currents beat,
But now tranquil our travellers cross,
And Kirkwall moor at without loss.

St. Magnus church they view awhile
With pleasure—fine old Gothic pile !
Its gates rich flowered and emboss'd,
Time and attention long engross'd.
For *Hoy* then sailing, they soon spied
The *Wart Hill*, rising o'er the tide,
Which shines at times with so much splendour,
As raises all beholders wonder ;
Who term it, from its spark-like flame,
Th' *Enchanted Carbuncle* by name.

A rare phenomenon, but whence
Derived, has baffled men of sense !
In gloomy vale, from sight remote,
The famous *dwarfie-stone* they sought ;
Which, hollowed out, afforded space
For hermits—solitary race !
Where, worldly matters all forgetting,
On Heav'n their minds they might be setting.
Thus having all the islands view'd
Inhabited by human brood,
Next to the desert ones they steer'd,
Where nature in rude garb appear'd.

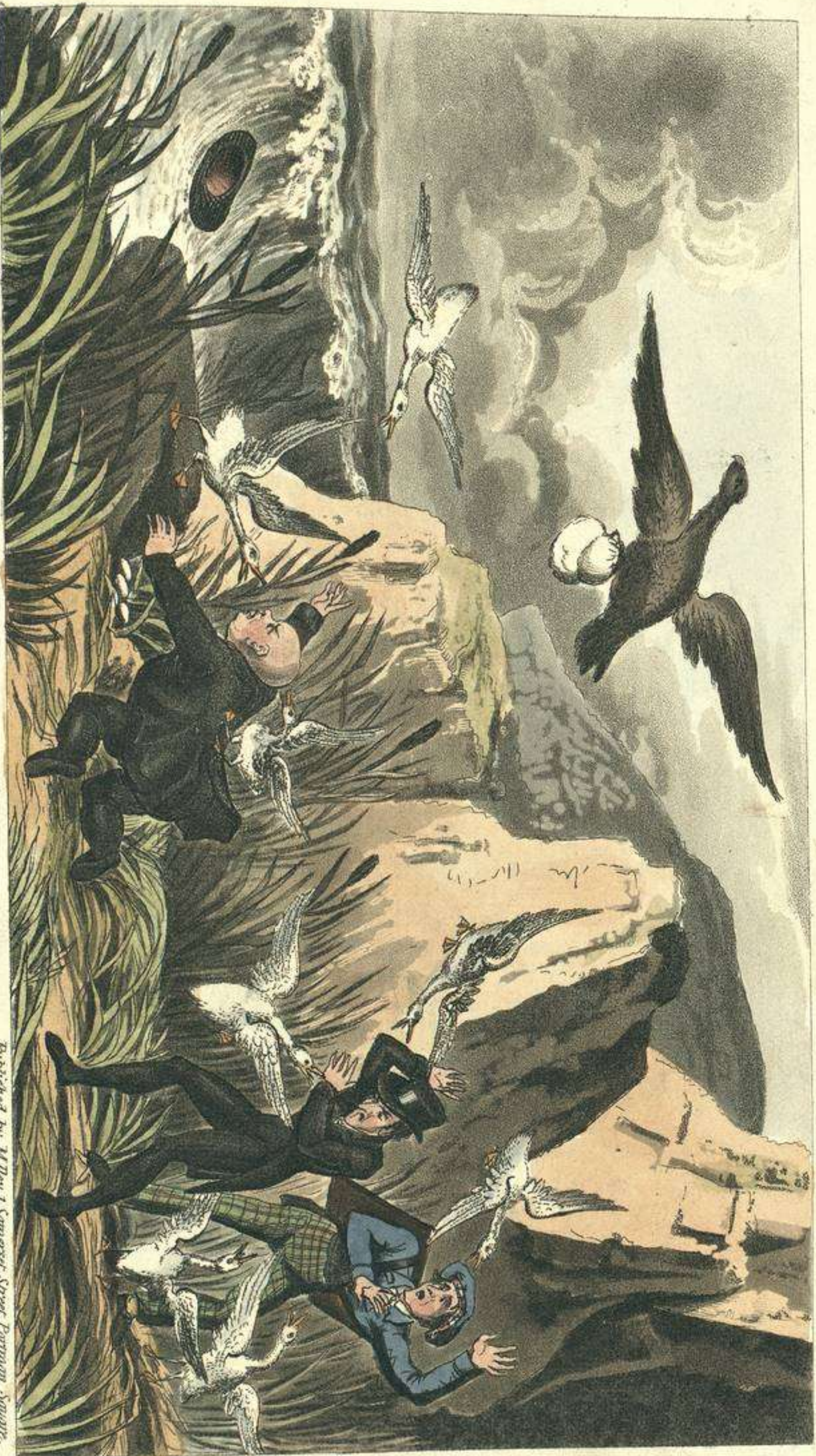
Landing on one, scarce touch'd the shore,
The universe seem'd in uproar ;
As if the earth its basis quitted,
Took wing at once, and in air flitted.
Eagles and falcons, ravens, crows,
Rooks, geese, ducks, gulls, and cranes uprose ;
Coots, cormorants, rails, woodcocks, widgeons,
Partridges, plovers, teals and pigeons ;
Screaming, screeching, shrieking, crying,
Whirling, in all directions flying,
Evinc'd their fears at stranger's entrance,
And shew'd with man they'd no acquaintance.
Our Trav'lers, such the din and squeak,
Could hardly hear each other speak ;
Indeed, so loud the clamour rung,
Surprise suspended use of tongue ;
It seem'd that in that drear resort,
The feathered tribes all held their Court ;
That all the world from hence was stock'd,
And all at fixed times hither flock'd ;

Wandering the world for sake of feeding,
 And making this their place of breeding;
 Where, far from murd'rous man retir'd,
 Their young in safety might be rear'd,
 And thus each species, in creation,
 Be guarded from annihilation.

While myriads thus o'er head hover'd,
 With eggs and young the ground was cover'd—
 Some on the plain—in ridges—furrows,
 In holes of rocks some—and in burrows;
 Air, earth, and ocean seem'd to swarm;
 Imagination scarce can form
 The animated picture round,
 Cover'd the air, the sea, the ground;—
 A moving *panorama*, grand
 Display of the creative hand.

Our travellers in wonder lost
 Survey'd the thick surrounding host:
 And little heeding how he trod,
 Our thoughtful Sage tripp'd o'er a clod;
 And tumbling on the nests which strew'd
 The ground, crush'd ev'ry egg and brood.
 As when a bear makes an attack
 On some bee hive its store to sack,
 (Mellifluous prize!) the bees in haste,
 Fly out his hostile hide to baste,
 And make th' invading foe repent,
 Smarting at every pore, th' attempt;
 His eyes, nose, ears, the vengeful swarm,
 Spite of his shaggy jacket warm;
 So all the hov'ring tribes espying,
 Their embryos crush'd and young ones dying,

Beneath our Doctor's pond'rous frame,
Felt animated by one flame
Of fell revenge, and, stopp'd their courses,
Attack'd him with their conjoin'd forces.
With claws and beaks they scratch'd and bit,
Head, body, arms, legs, where they lit,
And would have piece-meal torn our Sage,
If room for all to vent their rage;
But where such multitudes join'd play,
They flew in one another's way;
A hundredth part of the hostile swarm
Had done our Doctor much more harm.
The hat and wig took leave o's head,
And, wafted by the breeze, off fled;
The hat, more light, made rapid way,
And soon was blown into the sea;
Where sport of every wave that struck,
It rose and fell like gull or duck;
With powder and pomatum thicken'd,
The wig in speed was rather slacken'd;
Yet as it roll'd along the shore,
An eagle which aloft did soar,
Mistaking it for a white rabbit,
Pounce'd at, and in his talons nabb'd it;
Then, mounting with his dainty prize,
Bore it in triumph to the skies.
Thus hat at sea, and wig in air,
They left our Doctor's head quite bare,
Which, now unshielded, to his foes
Fine mark presented for their claws,
But Archy, by a lucky thought,
Assistance to his master brought;
And clapping on with wond'rous speed
His *Bear-skin pouch* it sav'd the head.



Drawn & Engraved by W. Heath.

DOCTOR PROSODY

ATTACKED BY SOLAND FOWL IN THE ORKNEYS.

Published by Alley, 1, Somerset Street, Portman Square.

Then, raising him upon his feet,
 All beat a very quick retreat ;
 Pursued by screaming foes insulting,
 As if o'er their defeat exulting ;
 Nor left them till they reach'd the boat,
 And on the ocean were afloat ;
 Where, by boat hooks and oars protected,
 They made themselves somewhat respected ;
 And their pursuers kept at bay,
 While to the *Shetlands* they made way.
 Our Sage such umbrage and exception,
 Took to his late so warm reception,
 He hung his head in sullen mood,
 His spleen for Factobend rare food !

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ Surely these sea-fowl are barbarians,
 “ Thus to fall foul of *antiquarians* ;
 “ And bear such enmity and strife,
 “ To those who bring dead things to life.
 “ What oddity is there in phiz,
 “ Of my good friend they should so quiz ;
 “ And hat and wig thus carry off,
 “ As though it were to jeer and scoff ?
 “ Perhaps antipathy they bear
 “ To every false head of hair ?
 “ If so, some ladies would act right,
 “ To keep the Orkneys out of sight ;
 “ Perhaps—I should not be surpriz'd
 “ If 'twas, they're so unciviliz'd,
 “ They know not how to be discerning
 “ 'Twixt fools and men of sense, and learning ;

- “ And took my friend here for some looby,
 “ Or for that bird by Tars nam'd, *booby*?
 “ Or else, may be, they're *presbyterian*,
 “ And hate all that's *Episcopalian*?

DOCTOR PROSODY. (*jumping up.*)

- “ Hold there! for once you're in the right;
 “ Though gifted with much second sight,
 “ That is, a conj'rer, I ne'er thought ye,
 “ Nor e'en with common sense about ye;
 “ But a fool's bolt, though in the dark,
 “ 'Tis shot will sometimes hit the mark.
 “ *These Scottish fowls are presbyterian,*
 “ *And hate all that's Episcopalian:*
 “ It must be so:—I see it plainly;
 “ So in my place-book—*nota bene!*”

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

EMERGING gradually to sight,
 The *Shetlands* rear their lofty height,
 Of barren rocks, precipitous,
 Lash'd by a sea tempestuous ;
 Where scarcely vegetable green
 Dull uniformity of scene
 Breaks and enlivens, here and there ;—
 The rest all rugged, bleak and drear.
Lerwick, its solitary town,
 Is scarcely worth the noting down ;
 Nor do these islands aught contain,
 Worth mention, save peculiar strain
 Of horses, so exceeding small,
 Yet active, hardy, strong withal,
 So curious deem'd, that oft the Fair,
 Prefer them when they take the air,
 To Phaeton or car attach'd,
 A pleasing sight, when aptly match'd.

Yet, like most unfrequented coasts,
 A plenteous fishery it boasts ;

Three thousand busses have been known,
From Holland, in one year t' have drawn
Cargoes of herrings from these shores,
And rob us e'en at our own doors :
And English statesmen shut their eyes,
While Mynheer steals away the prize !
Nor this the worst ; the fishing trade
A cloak for contraband is made,
And Johnny Bull, not overloaded
With cunning, is both ways defrauded.

Our Sage had either read or heard,
In Shetland copper ores appear'd,
With silver and with cobalt mix'd,
And on rich mines his thoughts were fix'd.
And though his late *Pearl-fishing* station
Had prov'd but a lame speculation,
Here were no roguish fishermen,
He'd trust to his own acumen ;
And for that purpose he had read
All that Geologists had said,
And could discern the diff'rence proper
Twixt clay and coal, and lead and copper.
So having pitched upon his ground—
Remotest isle, that could be found ;
The party landed, and began,
Directed by our Sage, to scan
Each rock and stone, and nook and cranny,
Although no more than did my granny,
Of mineralogy they knew,
Yet to obey the Sage they flew.
Long was the search, as well as vain,
Till on a height above the main,

A cleft, or fissure, they espied,
 Whence ooz'd a reddish, yellow tide,
 Which trickling down with sluggish flow,
 Sank in a cavern down below.
 Soon as beheld the golden soil,
 Repaid our Sage thought all his toil ;
 And looking round, elate with pride,
 Head up, and hand on hips, he cried :—

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ Mark well this place that we may know it,
 “ When from the sea we come below it ;
 “ And now to boat ; beneath this spot
 “ The copper lies, or I'll be shot.
 “ But as the precipice so steep,
 “ Around the coast let's make a sweep,
 “ And when this point we come abreast,
 “ My skill will soon be put to test ;
 “ And if the vein don't lie before ye”—

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ *There ! crackt again i' th' upper story !*”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ Aye, say so, if you find me wrong,
 “ And subject make me for your song ;
 “ And say, compar'd with me in the end,
 “ A wiseacre is Factobend.
 “ So no more words, Fortune's afloat,
 “ And we'll pursue her in our boat.”

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ He’ll throw his net, and bring fine fish up,
 “ And yet he’ll ne’er become a Bishop.”

But Factobend’s sarcastic jeer
 Was lost in the expanse of air,
 For Prosody had hobbled off
 Some yards, nor heard this taunting scoff;
 Nor if he had, so buoy’d with hope,
 Had valued it an end of rope.

All re-embarked, the Doctor steer’d
 The boat, the headland soon appear’d;
 Whose bold projecting point disclos’d
 The cave, beneath whose roof repos’d
 Dame Fortune, on rich beds of ore,
 T’ immortalize this *Scottish Tour*.

Impatient jumping on the beach,
 The cavern’s mouth they quickly reach;
 The Doctor eyes the stately roof,
 And sees, or thinks he sees, full proof;
 Between th’ interstices they view’d
 The yellow dripping clay exude.

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ Here ! here they are ! Detected ! Caught !
 “ Their secret haunts to light are brought !
 “ I’ve found the rogues ! Let’s drag them forth,
 “ Though in the bowels of the earth
 “ They hide themselves from man’s regard—
 “ Fair play ! we’ll all share the reward.

FIRST SMUGGLER.

" Aye—at the bottom of the sea—
 " For thither, without more delay,
 " Are ye all bound, and straight shall pack,
 " With a snug weight about each neck ;
 " Future Excisemen to teach ne'er
 " With smugglers brave to interfere.

SECOND SMUGGLER.

" Aye—to the bottom shall ye quick,
 " To turn *Informers* to Old Nick ;
 " Here, above ground, ye ne'er shall more
 " *Geneva* take to the King's store—
 " (The poor man's comfort !) nor *bohea*,
 " To make our goodies lack their tea :
 " Drink shall ye have—salt water plenty,
 " And tell Old Nick, the Smugglers sent ye."

Surrounded by a half-a-score
 Such desperadoes as before
 Their eyes ne'er saw ;—resistance vain,
 Our luckless travellers were fain
 Submit to be together bound,
 And driven further under ground ;
 Where, by a fire's reflected light
 A vast depôt now struck the sight,
 Of kegs and bags, in rows set thick,
 Which ne'er had known th' exciseman's stick ;
 But, *duty free*, were to be *run*,
 That was, if so it could be done.

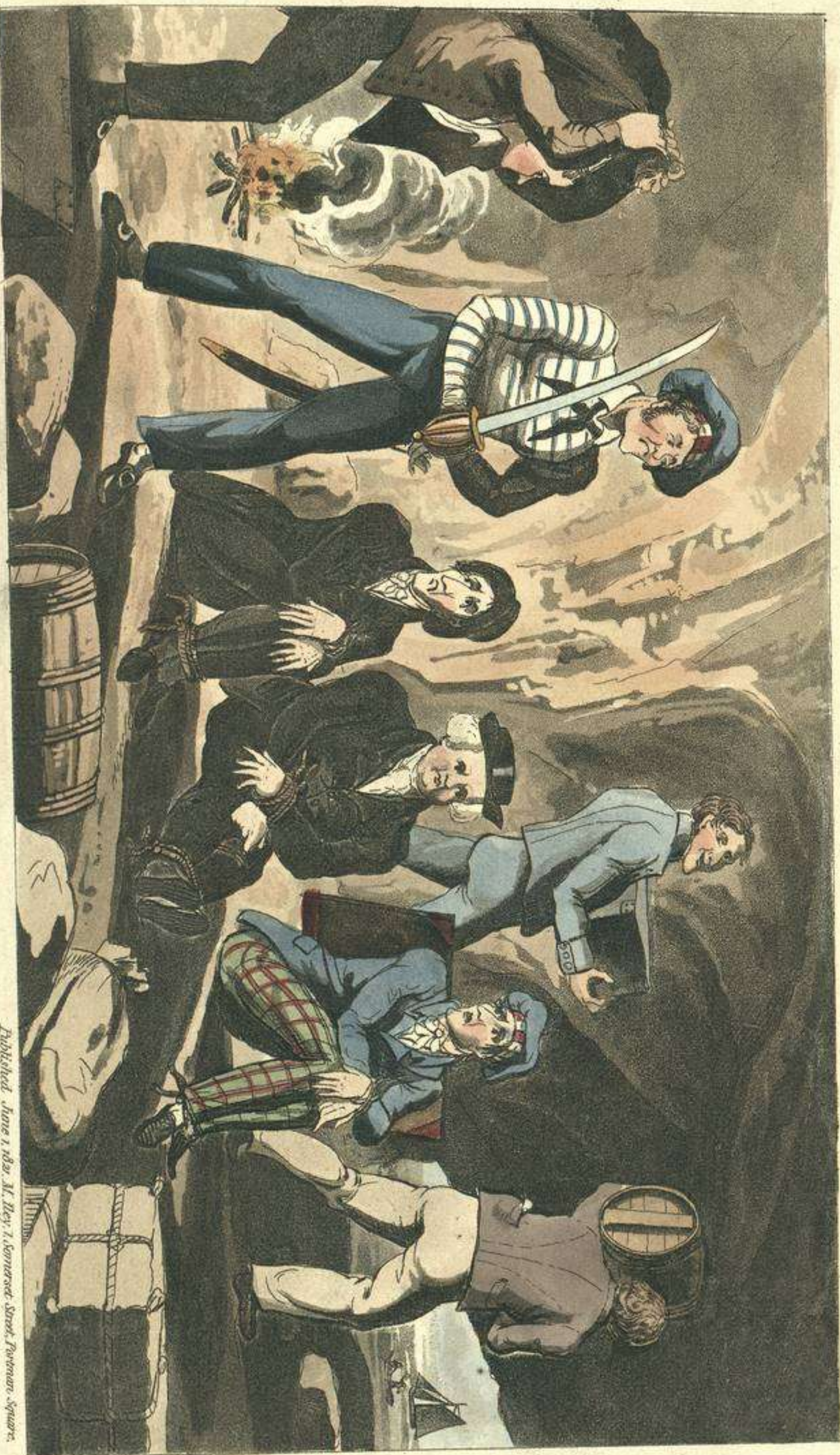
The Smugglers now were on th' alert—
 (At moving off none more expert ;)
 All lent a hand, save one who stood
 As sentry o'er the captive brood,
 With cutlass drawn, who with a frown,
 Swore if they stirr'd, he'd cut them down ;
 And, if a word was spoke, was wroth,
 And stopp'd remonstrance with an oath.

At length the goods convey'd on board,
 “ *All hands embark !* ” was giv'n the word ;
 The captive train was driv'n before,
 In their own boat convey'd from shore ;
 And, with the desperado-troop,
 Safe stow'd on board the smuggling sloop :
 Which, with the boat in tow set sail,
 And on the Shetland isles turn'd tail.

But while the crew the anchor weigh'd,
 Our poor pillgarlicks each survey'd
 The others, and, with vacant stare,
 Seem'd to exclaim, “ *Here's sorry fare !* ”
 Sigh after sigh their bosoms rent,
 And thus our Sage at length gave vent :

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ Is this the end of my fam'd Tour ?
 “ Must I ne'er Flowerdale see more ?
 “ Sunk to the bottom of the sea !
 “ My only hope, some lucky spray
 “ My papers safe may waft to land,
 “ And thus on base immortal stand



Drawn & Eng'd by W. Keed.

DOCTOR PROSODY
AND THE SMUGGLERS IN THE SHETLANDS

Published here 1832. At Hey, 1, Somerset Street, Portman Square.

“ My fame secure! Lets see all proper—
 “ And add—‘*In Shetland—mines of Copper—*’
 “ *Finis*, they say, *coronat opus*,
 “ My journal’s done—and though some porpus,
 “ Or shark, my body may devour,
 “ I still shall live in this my *Tour*.—
 “ But still there’s hope—aye, Factobend,
 “ Fortune may yet the brave befriend;—
 “ *Suspended ’twixt the earth and sky,*
 “ *Exalted in the air—he’ll die—*
 “ *Born to be hang’d will ne’er be drown’d—*
 “ Pray Heav’n the Beldam’s words prove sound !”

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

“ *There crack’t again i’ th’ upper story!*
 “ Thus ends your copper-hunting glory!
 “ Pelted by brutes, in I-cold-kill,
 “ By birds bewray’d in Orkney;—still,
 “ A fool, if ye in mortar bray,
 “ A fool ye still will have, for aye;
 “ Ye needs must try this copper scheme—
 “ Would I were safe in Aberdeen !”

ARCHY.

“ Aye ony where frae these fou’ knaves.
 “ A belly fu’ o’ briny waves—
 “ I dinna much the thoughts on’t relish,
 “ It mak’s my stomach rather squeamish;
 “ A claret, or e’en whiskey death,
 “ Much pleasanter had stapp’d the breath.”

Here they were summon’d to attend,
 And hopes and fears were soon to end;

A breeze sprung up, the canvass swell'd,
 A conference the smugglers held,
 Whether the captives should walk o'er
 The vessel's side and swim to shore,
 If so they could ; or else, safe bound,
 Be landed on some distant ground.

Our Sage petition now preferr'd,
 That patiently he might be heard ;
 And he would prove they were no foes,
 And from mistake their wrath arose ;
 Since *Travellers* they were, not *spies*
 Seeking of *run goods* to make prize ;
 And therefore hop'd, (mistakes all clear)
 They might be left their course to steer
 Whither they would, upon their word
 Not to disclose what had occur'd.

Leave granted ;—Prosody declar'd
 To Shetland why their course they steer'd ;
 Explain'd his words, the cave when enter'd,
 Which in the copper-mines all center'd ;
 To them or traffic not alluding,
 Nor deem'd they that they were intruding ;
 And that the truth he had reveal'd,
 To his portfolio he appeal'd,
 Moreover shew'd them his degree,
 Not an exciseman, but D. D.—
 This proof so clear was not contested,
 Nor were the smugglers so divested
 Of reverence, but they respected
 The man by mother Church protected,
 And promis'd (night now drawing on)
 To free them with the morning's dawn :

Meantime invited them to cheer
Their hearts, and taste their homely fare.
No longer pris'ners now, but guests,
Our trav'lers granted all requests :
Sea-stores the festive board high crown'd,
All fears were in *Geneva* drown'd ;
And soon the desperadoes swore
They ne'er met heartier cocks before.

Thus in carousing spent the night,
No sooner broke the morning light,
Than to their boat our trav'lers went,
With their adventure well content ;
And steering course to them prescrib'd,
The British coast at noon descried ;
And found themselves, from danger freed,
Ent'ring into the mouth of *Tweed*.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Soon as the boat's keel touch'd the ground—

DOCTOR PROSODY.

- “ Thank Hea'vn ! once more we're safe and
 sound !
 “ The truth the wither'd Beldam sung,
 “ And Factobend must needs be hung ;
 “ In England doom'd 'tis to take place,
 “ That Scotland he might not disgrace.”

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

- “ Thank Fortune Scotland you've escap'd,
 “ Or else acquaintance you had scrap'd
 “ With the Grass *Market* ; and your *Tour*
 “ With dying speech had ended poor ;
 “ 'Spite of *Pearl-beds* and *Copper-Mine*,
 “ Which will its pages interline.
 “ But, jests apart, to take my leave,
 “ As now I must, does sorely grieve ;

" Yet memory will represent
 " The pleasant days that we have spent,
 " (The Johnson you, and I the Jamie,
 " The bear and monkey of the journey)
 " And render thoughts of parting"—

DOCTOR PROSODY.

" _____stop!
 " So soon acquaintance we sha'n't drop.
 " In Edinburgh, I, your guest,
 " Set up my home, and made my rest;
 " With me to Flowerdale you go,
 " That I may pay the debt I owe;
 " And show you that Episcopalians
 " Have hearts as free as Presbyterians.
 " From thence we'll both to London steer,
 " And make the Antiquaries stare
 " To find their F. A. S. outdone
 " By their most humble number *One*;
 " And all their fine *Transactions* past
 " By my *Hebridean Tour* o'ercast;
 " And *Syntax* self the palm shall yield,
 " And quit to *Prosody* the field."

DOCTOR FACTOBEND.

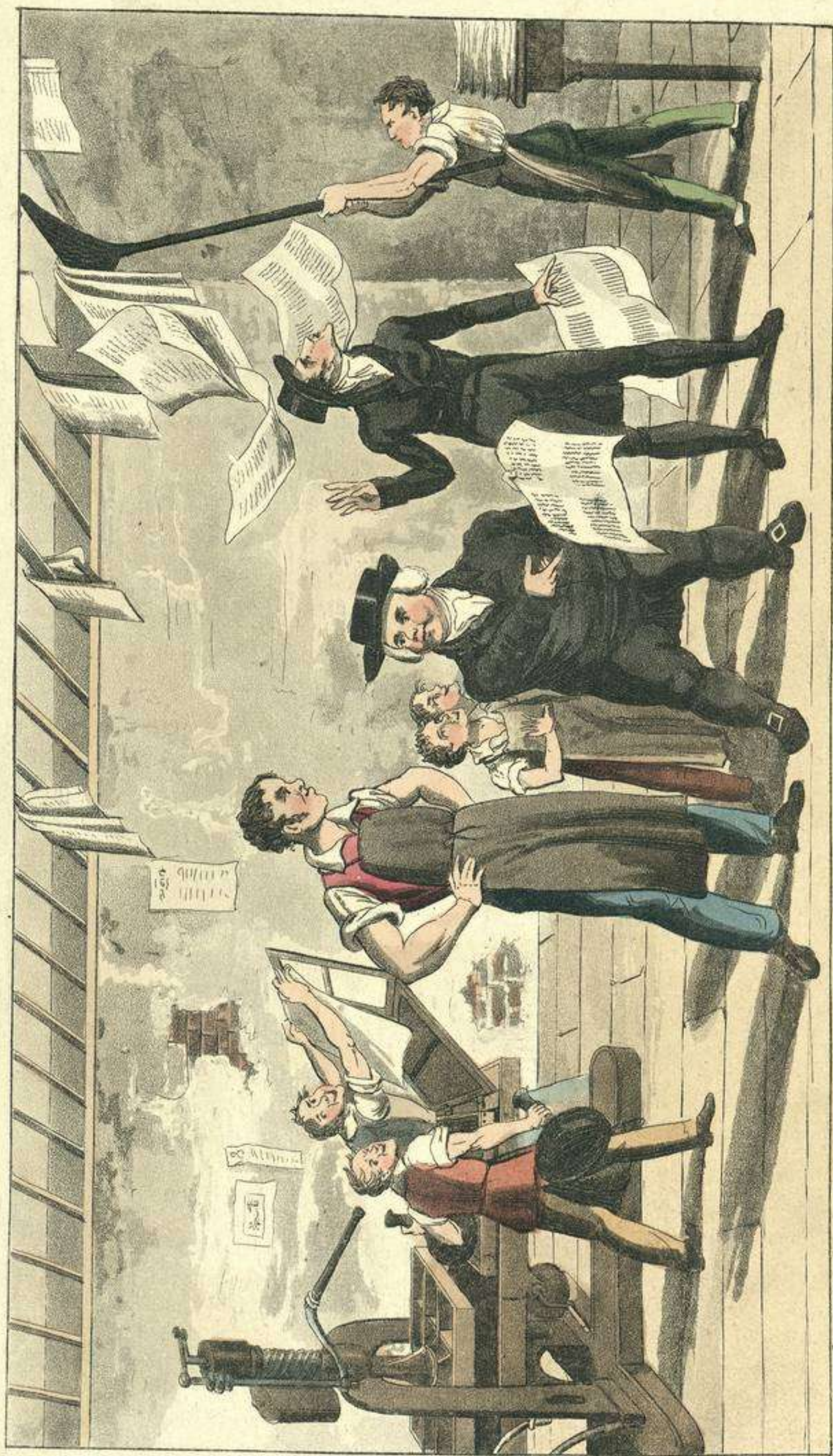
" Content I go, to witness bear
 " To deeds, in which I've had my share;
 " And dare to hope my humble name,
 " With yours, may take a flight to Fame."

Their horses, which they'd sent o'er land,
 Were safe arriv'd, and close at hand;

So off they trot tow'rd's Flowerdale,
To taste the Vicar's home-brew'd ale.

Nor long before they view'd the spire,
Which set the Vicar all on fire ;
For next to God and his salvation,
He held his flock in estimation ;
And they in love were not behind—
A happier parish you'll scarce find.

And so the steeple-bells proclaim'd,
Soon as the wind the tidings gain'd ;
For merrily they 'gan to ring,
Our Vicar's come—ding dong—dong ding :
Gaily to Vicarage they sped,
Where the ale-cellar freely bled ;
And *open house* gave all to know,
The Vicar lov'd not empty show.
'Squire Marmaduke in haste did post,
To draw a cork with's rev'rend host ;
And Farmer Wright, and Curate Birch,
To give account how stood the Church ;
And all the village on the Green,
The dance began—a blissful scene !
Our Vicar's heart, too full for pray'r,
His thanks express'd by silent tear.



Drawn & Engr'd by W. Read.

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DOCTOR PROSOODY
CORRECTING HIS PROOF IN A PRINTING OFFICE.

CHAPTER XL.

WITH rest, and orthodox good cheer
 Recruited, they to London steer,
 By mail, a safe and speedy mode,
 Though not much seen upon the road ;
 Therefore at once we sit them down,
 As safe in first floor room in Town.
 The Tower and the Lions seen,
 St. James', Hyde Park, and eke the Green ;
 Westminster Abbey next they view,
 And then St Paul's, where (to tell true)
 Our Doctor a snug niche bespoke,
 When Time should have run down his clock.

Those things all seen, they next repair
 To neighbourhood of Portman Square,
 To vend their *Tour*, which was for certain
 To make the Publisher a fortune.

Next at the Printer's see our Sage,
 Correcting proof sheets, page by page ;

Revising verbs, and nouns and pronouns,
 Commas, semicolons, colons ;
 With ink begrim'd, like printer's devil,
 A *black*, but very needful evil !
 Whilst the *Compositor* and Sage
 In consultation deep engage ;
 The former eyes him with a leer,
 And tips the boys the wink ; who stare,
 And glancing at his curious phiz,
 Whisper each other—"What a quiz !
 "Queer Put !" cries one—"a funny prig !
 "Just smoke his cauliflower wig !
 "His work to sell could never miss,
 "Place him but in the frontispiece—
 "His body just as high as round,
 "Well lin'd with tythe-pig, I'll be bound,
 "And parish-feasts, ne'er to be counted,
 "Is like waste-butt, on stilts that's mounted ;
 "And then his tongue, when he casts loose,
 "Sounds like the cackling of a goose :
 "And yet I wish I'd half his sense—"

DOCTOR PROSODY.

"Ye're wrong, friend Type, in mood and tense,
 "And here's another blunder vile,
 "Enough to make a Stoic smile !
 "'Stead of *Pearl-Fishing*, you've been thinking
 "Of *Purl*, or else, perhaps, been drinking ;
 "See, here it is—P—U—R—L—
 "Why Sir you'll send my work to ——. Well,
 "May critics of our errors tell us,
 "If Printers are such *Soaking* fellows :

COMPOSITOR.

“ Lord help the drop we’ve had to day,
 “ Though *noon* past—when we wet our clay :
 “ Here, Tom, run to the *Johnson’s-Head*,
 “ And bring a can—and cheese and bread.”

A PRINTER’S DEVIL.

“ And have my trouble for my walk !
 “ The *Landlord* says there’s no more *Chalk*.”

COMPOSITOR.

“ But the *Landlady’s* always willing—
 “ Or—Sir, perhaps you’ve—an *odd shilling* ?”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ No—nothing less than half-a-crown.”

COMPOSITOR.

“ Your worship’s work must please the Town;—
 “ *Syntax*—with you can ne’er compare.”

DOCTOR PROSODY.

“ Here, take the cash, and get your beer.”

The *paper damp*t—to work they went,
 And thus day after day is spent,
 Until the Doctor, (some crowns *minus*)
 Beheld, with transport, the word—*Finis*.

NOTES.

THE NOTES TO WHICH DR. PROSODY'S NAME IS SUBSCRIBED, WERE WRITTEN BY HIM; THE REST ARE BY VARIOUS PERSONS, (*notæ variorum*) PRINCIPALLY BY *Martinus Scriblerus*, *Pætrus*, *Pragmaticus*, *Paulus Dogmaticus*, &c.

NOTE 1, Page 4.—*A Brother Priest*. Dr. Syntax, whose Tour in search of the Picturesque has attracted so much attention from the *literati*, as well as the *illiterati*, of Great Britain.

Note 2, Page 15.—*Reveillé*—(from the French Reveiller, to awake). A beat of drum, to give notice that it is time for the soldiers to arise, and that the sentinels are to forbear challenging.

Note 3, p. 17.—*Land Debateable*. The boundaries between England and Scotland, which were the scenes of continual contests, devastation and bloodshed, between the *borderers* of both countries.

Note 4. idem.—*A Southron*, as the Scots term a Southern man, or inhabitant of the South.

Note 5, p. 20.—*The Bass Rock*. Leaving Dunbar, on the road to Haddington, about a mile from the shore, is the isle or rather rock of Bass, of a most stupendous height. Various kind of water fowl repair annually to this rock to breed, especially gannets, or soland geese. Strangers are not permitted to kill them, the Isle being chiefly framed on account of the young geese, and of the kittiwake, a species of gull so called from its peculiar cry.

Note 6, idem.—*Tantallon Castle* is one of the finest objects on the same route. Though once the seat of the powerful Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, (which for a considerable time resisted all the efforts of James V. to reduce it,) it is now a wretched ruin. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Note 7, p. 22.—*Dunedin*, Edinburgh Castle. Dun signifies a fort or castle. For particulars see the five following notes:—

Note 8, p. 34.—*Old Boetius* writes that the Castle of Edinburgh was called *Castel Mynydd Agned*; or, the Castle of the Hill of St. Agnes.

Note 9, p. 35.—*Virgins*. In Pictish times, Edinburgh Castle was termed *Castrum Puellarum*, the Camp of Virgins; because the princesses were there kept, till married. Thus citadels, as well as churches and other sacred places, were thought safest under *petticoat* Government.—DR. PROSODY.

Note 10, p. 35.—Agnes being a Christian saint, Fordun infers that the antiquity of the castle cannot be carried back farther than the Christian æra.

Note 11, p. 36.—Fordun states, that in 1093, Edinburgh Castle was besieged by Donald Bane, brother to King Malcolm, assisted by the King of Norway.

Note 12, ibid.—*England's Ermengarde*. On the marriage of William I. of Scotland (surnamed the Lion) with Ermengarde, cousin to the King of England, (the lion matched with the lamb!) Edinburgh Castle was given as the lady's portion. Query—if for *pin-money*?—DR. PROSODY.

Note 13, p. 40.—*Dirk and Pesane*. Ancient names for weapons of offence or defence.

Note 14, p. 51.—Holyrood House was founded by King David I. A.D. 1128, for canons regular of St. Augustin. A *new* roof being put upon the *old* tottering fabric by a stupid architect, its weight threw down the church. He knew nothing of Gospel—"Put not new wine into old bottles, lest," &c.—DR. PROSODY.

Note 15, p. 52.—*Imperial Purple*. The Roman Emperors, and they only, wore purple. It was an act of high treason in any other person to assume it. *Nimum ne crede colori*.—DR. P.

Note 16, p. 55.—*Brasen Font*. It was carried off by Sir Richard Lea, Knt. Captain of the English pioneers, who presented it to the church of St. Alban's in Hertfordshire. In the civil wars in King Charles the First's time, it was converted into money, and probably destroyed. *Auri sacra fames!*—DR. P.

Note 17, p. 56.—The vaults became a prey to the rapacity of the mob, who ransacked the church after it fell, and among other *precious* booty, the head of Queen Margaret, and Darnley's skull were stolen. *Sacrilegious dogs!*—DR. P.

Note 18, p. 57.—The soldiers who were quartered here in the rebellion of 1745, shewed themselves connoisseurs by defacing the miserable daubs ideal or real, of kings, many of them, perhaps, as ideal as the canvas ones.

Note 19, p. 58.—The chamber in which David Rizzio (humourously enough said to have been the father of our Solomon King James I.) was murdered in the presence of the unhappy Mary Queen of Scots.

Note 20, p. 60.—*Andrea Ferrara*. These swords were so called from being made at Ferrara, a town in Italy, by a man thence named Andrea di Ferrara, the excellency of the temper of their blades recommending them far and near.

Note 21, p. 65.—*Boileau* wrote a mock heroic poem entitled, *Le Lutrin*, in which he thus describes the prelate:—

' The bloom of youth you on his face behold,
' His chin on breast alights in double fold;
' Equal his body's thickness to its height.
' The cushions groan beneath his doughy weight.'

Chant. premier. translated by Dr. Prosody.

Note 22, p. 68.—A handsome cenotaph has been lately erected by the *Scotch Presbyterians* to the *deistical* Hume! It might be

justly styled the *Tomb of Superstition*, as it evinces the progress of *liberal opinions*.

Note 23, p. 68.—A similar monument has with equal liberality been erected to the memory of the English hero, Nelson.

Note 24, p. 69.—*Cadies*. An obsolete cant word, probably made use of by the Doctor to evince the profundity of his knowledge in the dead as well as living languages.

Note 25, p. 74.—*Mary Stuart*. In the south-east corner of the grand parade is a room now occupied as a canteen, where it is said that the unfortunate Mary used to reside, and where she was delivered of her son, James VI. of Scotland, and Ist of England. ‘*To what vile uses we may come at last!*’

Note 26, p. 75.—The *Royal Warder* or Keeper of the Regalia, if those things may be said to be kept which have long been lost. Hence *Custos ã non custodiendo!*—DR. P.

Note 27, p. 76.—*The Stately Sword*. A sword to defend religion.

Note 28, p. 84.—*Linlithgow*. Here the Kings of Scotland had one of their noblest palaces, now in ruins; but they still shew the room where Mary Queen of Scots was born. Hence the crown on the steeple; rather a *weathercock* sort of station, emblematical enough of human grandeur!

Note 29, p. 85.—In Linlithgow church they still shew the aisle where James IV. is said to have seen the apparition that warned him of the approaching fate of the Battle of Flowden.

Note 30, *ibid.*—Robert Gibbs, buffoon to James V. who being on one occasion permitted to personate the sovereign, reproached the courtiers with being selfish, declaring that he had always served his master for *stark love and kindness*. But the *disinterested* fool got the lands of Wester Canniber for himself and descendants. He only *played the fool*; the part was not *natural* to him.—DR. P.

Note 31, *ibid.*—*Catstane*. This remarkable antique monument is situate in the parish of Kirkliston, near which a bloody battle was

fought in 995, between Malcolm the second King of Scotland and Constantine the Usurper of that crown.

Note 32, p. 86.—*Falkirk*. A town in the county of Falkirk, famous for the Carron Iron-foundery in its neighbourhood, and also for the battle in the reign of Edward I. of England, in which Wallace was defeated by that monarch.

Note 33, *ibid.* *Scottish Tyre*. Glasgow so termed by our tourist and antiquarian. Tyre has been long since swept from the face of the earth, we hope our author may be rather *poetical* than *prophetical*.

Note 34, p. 88.—*Cora Lynn*; the name of a cataract on the river Clyde, which had nearly proved a river *Lethe* to our Doctor, and deprived the world of his *learned* labours.

Note 35, page 91.—*New Lanark*; famous for its cotton-mills and the *Manchester* of Scotland.

Note 36, p. 92.—The spot where *patriot* Wallace lay hid. Patriots have in all ages been forced to hide their heads. An Irishman being asked the definition of the term Patriot, replied, that it was derived from one of his turbulent countrymen named *Pat Riot*.—DR. P.

Note 37, *ibid.*—The river *Mouse*; so termed from its creeping slowly along.

Note 38, p. 97.—Illustrious Smollett, who was born on the banks of the Leven, where a monument has been erected to his memory, though not half so durable as his own *Roderick Random*.

Note 39, p. 100.—Drunken Island. An odd penance for an orthodox divine! but our author only touched at it by *chance*, and made no long stay.

Note 40, p. 116.—The *Ladies' Rock*; formerly so called because the ladies were hard-hearted to their lovers; the name would not be very applicable at present

Note 41, p. 119.—*Famed for Ossian's deeds.* Those published by, as well as those other unpublished ones yet remaining in the old chests of, Mr. M'Pherson.

Note 42, p. 124.—*Gowrie Palace*, now converted into barracks. "*The instability of human grandeur!*"

Note 43, p. 125.—*Gowrie Castle*, where Prince Jamie had some truths told him, very unusual and unpleasant to royal ears.

Note 44, p. 126.—The *Maiden's Leap*; so called from its being taken to prevent the discovery of her being no *maid* at all. *Lucus à non lucendo!*—DR. P.

Note 45, p. 147.—*Jorram*, the term for a song and response, chaunted by the gondaliers of Venice.

Note 46, p. 150.—The *fatal moment.* It is only at certain times of the tide that this vortex is dangerous.

Note 47, p. 163.—A *ship* is impressed on several of these monumental relics.

Note 48, p. 198.—*Braolauchshi*, a fairy-flag. Fairies have lost all their importance, and would have been long since forgotten but for being immortalized by Shakespeare, in his *Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Note 49, *ibid.*—*Horn of Auroch.* *Urorum cornibus, Barbari Septentrionales potant*, says Pliny, lib. 2, ch. 37; the Northern barbarians drink out of bull's horns. He could not allude to our *English Country Squires.*—DR. P.

Note 50, *ibid.*—*Iron Shield.* A *dandy* warrior of the present day would be crushed beneath its weight.

Note 51, p. 199.—*Bows and Swords.* See the weapons described by Major, *Hist. Brit.* page 198.

Note 52, p. 205.—Caledonian line of canal crossing Scotland from E. to W. Happy for the people when Statesmen are employed in works of real utility!

Note 53, p. 215.—*Tomna-heurich*, supposed to be a regal monument of Pictish antiquity, a barbarian pyramid!—DR. P.

Note 54, *ibid.*—*Craig-phatric*, the site of a vitrified fort.

Note 55, *ibid.*—*Calloden, Nota bene.* War is useful to agriculture, as the dead bodies of soldiers are a rich manure.

Note 56, p. 216.—*John-o'-Groat's.* This family sprouted into eight branches, who began to quarrel for precedence, when John wisely remonstrated with them that a house divided within itself can never stand, and by building an octagon room, and table of the same shape, with a door to each side; each party came in at its particular door, and all sat at the head of the table, none at the foot. John was not one of the Westminster-hall fraternity of wranglers and strife promoters!—DR. P.

Note 57, p. 218.—*Kirn*, a harvest supper.

Note 58, *ibid.*—*Caird*, a tinker.

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