

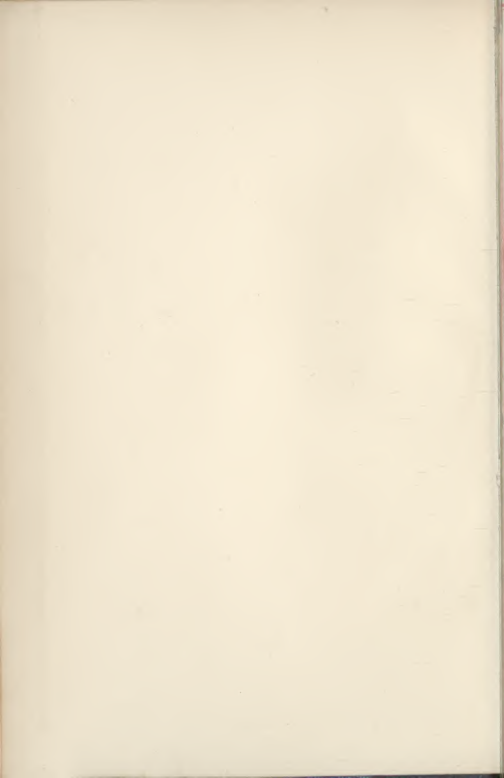
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Pamphlets

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1876-1877

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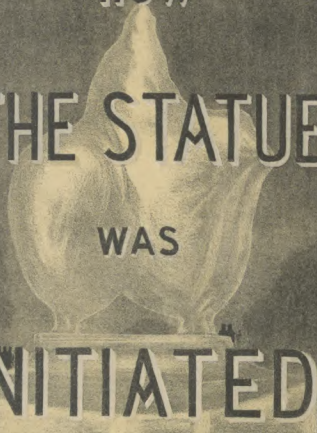
W. A. E. R. V. D.

An anagram of the initials
W. A., and E. R. V. D.



This, though ascribed to E. V. Ward
was wholly written by E. R. D. and
the cover design was drawn
by him.

HOW
THE STATUE
WAS
INITIATED



Edinburgh.
E. & S. Livingstone.
1876.

D. fecit.

Price Sixpence

HOW
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EDINBURGH: E. & S. LIVINGSTONE.

1876.

JOHN BAXTER & SON, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

HOW THE STATUE

WAS

INITIATED.

ABOUT the time that August attains a respectable middle age, and when unsophisticated grouse begin to learn there is some truth in their parents' hitherto unheeded tales of the dangerous practices of mankind—especially those with knickerbockers on;—when we common people alone remain to dispute possession of our classic streets with gaping tourists;—when all this came about in the year of grace 1876, we (on a certain day which we leave to be more precisely ascertained by future bibliographers and historians), were the fortunate witness of events which, as they deserve to be known and remembered of all mankind, we have hastily cast into their present form in a sixpenny pamphlet; reserving, in defiance of the *Glasgow Herald* and all other prints whatsoever, our right to extend the same afterwards into eight monthly parts at five shillings each, or to collect subscriptions on behalf of ourselves or anybody else who may happen—if there is such a one—to be more needy than we are.

Notwithstanding the time of year, we had on the evening of the day in question found a friend still left in town, and we consoled his gouty solitude during the evening with our society and conversation, while we did him the further service of taking away with us as much as we possibly could carry of the slow poison which had invalidated him. We left our friend when the day was very near its demise, and wended our way slowly down from his palatial mansion in "The Terrace" to where, in the west, we own our lonely "suite of rooms," *alias* "chambers," *alias* "diggings."

The night was dark and weird, and there seemed strange influences in the air, which drew one hither and thither almost against their will. Even the moon had left town, and in the gloom of her absence the fiends of the air seemed to have asserted their sway and to be holding high revel. We need not detail all the strange pranks they played on us as we went homewards, but we will begin our narrative at our arrival at the point where St David Street meets Princes Street. Here by some occult means we were led suddenly to cross the latter thoroughfare, having apparently no power to resist the unseen hand that moved us. Just as we reached the other side the clock of St Giles, with all the solemnity of which a cracked bell is capable, struck midnight, and we tested the acuteness of our intellect at the time by counting the strokes of the bell, which by some strange chance were thirteen in number. We had just sat down

in the gutter to consider this phenomenal occurrence when our calculations were disturbed by a strange and unearthly voice, which seemed to speak from the air above us. By this time we were beginning to get used to wonders, and so were not in the least surprised, although the voice proceeded from far above our head. We looked up, but saw nothing, and so responded by laughing loudly, for we were thoroughly amused.

Then before us, glimmering through the darkness, we saw a white figure of colossal inches. It was a statue; but, wonder of wonders! it was a living and moving one! Here was a horror equal to the arrival of *Il Commendatore* to put an abrupt end to Don Giovanni's evil courses, but we did not quake like that unprincipled young man, for we were not conscious of having slain any young lady's father, and our transactions with old gentlemen's daughters had never been such as to justify their monuments in declaring war against us. Therefore we sat in the gutter and smiled on.

The apparition silenced us in a manner alarmingly like the *di rider finirai* of his classical prototype—that is to say, he remarked—

“Shut your mouth, you giggling fool,—what are ye laughing at?”

We ceased, and indicated as respectfully as our attitude permitted that no offence was meant.

“Mortal!” continued the statue—

“Excuse interruption,” we replied, rising, “but we

are not accustomed to being called names in that miscellaneous manner. Here is our card."

"Thank you," said the white figure, meekly; "I stand corrected. I forgot we hadn't been introduced; for I have been so long up there, I've quite forgotten all my manners. Your name, I see, is— Where the deuce is the moon? Oh, I see—E. V. Ward; then Mr Ward, your very humble servant, sir. I haven't got a card about me, but I am the effigy of the late Walter Scott of Abbotsford."

"Sir Walter Scott! the —"

"The same, at your service. And now I will resume what I was saying. But first—are you in any particular haste? because, if so, I couldn't think of detaining you. None? You are very good indeed! Well then, you must understand that to-night is a very great and unusual occasion, and if you will kindly consent to bear me company for an hour or two you will see some things that may interest you, which you are welcome to witness in return for the service you will render.

"Perhaps you are unaware that it is permitted to the spirits of great men that they should inhabit statues which have been erected to their memories. I do not wish you to understand that their spirits are confined therein, but in the inscrutable manner of beings unencumbered with matter, include the figure of themselves in their consciousness, and inhabit it intelligently, although their inmost Ego be situated and occupied otherwise: *how*, it is not given

to such as you to know. You *may* know, however, that it is only to such as have had statues erected to them that it is given to have knowledge of the affairs of the earth they have left; and it is only through the stony eyes of our effigies that we poor shades are permitted to behold the brethren that we have left behind us. It is a privilege we value; and the greatest delight we know as a relaxation from our present existence, to which such youthful spirits as I have not got sufficiently accustomed to enjoy it heartily, is to gaze on mortals from our pedestals, and on occasions such as this to daunder about and revisit the scenes of our mundane existence. It is granted us on any occasion when a new statue has been humanly inaugurated in our city to descend from our lofty but uncomfortable positions, and initiate it as a member of our fraternity; after which we may amuse ourselves until cockcrow with conversation, and by going about the town seeing what changes have taken place in it, and how it is looking. To-night we initiate a statue unveiled to-day of the late Dr Livingstone, and thereafter we shall take a short stroll about the dear old streets, and I shall be very much obliged if you will condescend to act as our cicerone."

We had scarce time to assure the great man of our willingness to serve him, before a ponderous tread approached, and a huge male figure strode up. It was the figure of the late Professor Wilson, who clapped his bronze hand on the marble shoulder of our inter-

locutor with a most hearty "How dy'e do?"—no less cordially responded to. We were then introduced.

"Where's old Allan," inquired Scott, "Did you not bring him along with you?"

"Aha! Poor old Allan!" said Wilson with a laugh. I left him crawling about on his pedestal praying me for the love of God to bring him a ladder to give him a help down. He would have staid whimpering all night if I had waited for him, so I came away, and he'll be along presently,—for the gossipy old gentleman wouldn't miss any sight that's going for the world. Here he comes."

A sound of some one shambling along the causeway became perceptible, and presently the inspired old perruquier joined our company. He spoke in an injured tone to Wilson, as he rubbed his shins.

"Ye micht hae waited on me, John, an' gi'en me a haun' down. It's a sair moniment to get aff, mincs is, an' Iv'e near broke my legs. It's a' verra fine for you wi' your lang bronze legs, but if ye was as auld as me, an' made o' stane, y'ud hae mair feeling for a fellow creetur."

"But then, my Gentle Shepherd, you must recollect you are solid, while I am only a hollow casting; so that if you had leaned heavily on me coming down you would have bent me; and it would'nt do for the public to have a bent statue of a man who was always upright."

"Aye, it wad be as weel to hae your statue correck," muttered the still irate poet; "for they made ye as

hollow as your wit, and yourself' as brazen as your impudence."

"Come, come, Gentlemen," said Scott, "don't let us have hard words. Why, Mr Ramsay, you attack our good friend Wilson as if you had just written a life of Macaulay, instead of speaking him fairly as a pastoral poet should. We don't meet so often that we should waste the time in quarrelling. Let us go and see our new brother."

We went along a few paces to where the just inaugurated statue of Dr Livingstone stood, glittering as well as it could with the aid of a solitary gas lamp. My companions were first upon the ground, but in a few minutes two other dark gentlemen arrived,—and a most profound obeisance by Sir Walter to the foremost told us at once that we were in the revived presence of the whilom "First Gentleman in Europe." Mr Pitt was his companion, but throughout the night's proceedings he remained entirely silent, excepting when, as the only orator in the company, he was chosen to make a polite speech to Dr Livingstone after his initiation. Perhaps, however, he was silent because affronted on that occasion by the treatment received from the late Mr Thackeray's hero, who, when Mr Pitt had been labouring away at a brilliant exordium for a quarter of an hour, cut him short with—"Demme, Mr Pitt, cut your cursed speech short! Gad's life, you aren't at Westminster." Whereupon the brilliant exordial oratory faded away into a tame and brief peroration; and Mr Livingstone was so much affronted

with the swearing on the part of the defunct King that, after feeling in all his pouches for a tract in vain, he got up on his pedestal again with a snort of disgust, and declined to have anything further to do with the company. Thereat none of them seemed to be very sorry; indeed there was a strong feeling expressed on the part of the more conservative of the statues condemnatory of the admission of a missionary into their select circle; and when we had informed our strange companions that one of their next members would be a Free Church minister, the feeling grew very bitter,—so much so that it is to be feared there will be a bad row when the time comes for his inauguration. Poor James Watt was so much alarmed at the vindictive tone in which plebeian upstarts, &c., &c., were spoken of, and so much shocked at the old-fashioned blasphemies of these two most admirable of monarchs, Charles II. and George IV., that he sneaked away, and was left sitting on the step below Dr Livingstone, comparing notes with that eminent man, who, when he was “left speaking,” was strong on the injustice Mrs D. O. Hill had done him in not giving him any tracts, and in only providing him with a bible that would not turn over and was open at a blank page.

We have been anticipating the course of events in the last paragraph, but it matters little, especially as it cannot be expected we should reveal the mystic rites with which, when the company was assembled, the statue of Dr Livingstone was admitted into the

brotherhood. These were too strange and wonderful to be told of in words, and even if our feeble pen could describe the ceremony, we dare not do so, for we were only permitted to witness it after giving a solemn oath that we would reveal nothing to any mortal concerning it. Nothing was said in the oath about the other events of the night, and so we venture to describe them. This even, however, we do with awe and fear, and in case there should be any misunderstanding on the subject we will for some time to come adopt the safe and discreet course of using Rose Street as a thoroughfare when we are going home late at night. There is no statuary there except the Turks, Negroes, and Highlanders over tobacconists' shops, and all these will be harmless, for the Highlanders are too canny to risk getting the contents of their snuff mulls spilled for such a shadowy quarrel, and the others, having always pipes in their mouths, are safely ensconced behind the wall of piggish *inertia* which is the distinguishing characteristic of smokers.

Soon after Mr Watt slipped away from us, the Duke of Wellington, who had been very silent throughout, saving in a short whispered conversation with George IV. and Mr Pitt, said he hoped the company would excuse him, for it was getting late and he had the prospect of at least an hour's work before him in the matter of getting mounted once more on his fiery charger. "You have no idea, your Majesties and Gentlemen," he said, "how much trouble I have with that brute. Being on such a narrow pedestal,

mounting is very difficult, and it rears and kicks most abominably. The very last time we met I was more nearly beaten by it than I ever was in my whole life. I did not fairly master it until almost daybreak, and when I did get on, it very nearly threw me again. It is the most spirited animal I ever rode, and you needn't be surprised if I am found some morning in a smashed state on the Register House steps. We will meet again in a couple of days—until then—*au revoir*."

The company on our suggestion then turned westward. As we passed the Royal Institution the Sphinxes all got up and wagged their tails. It was fortunate they couldn't get down, for they looked decidedly dangerous, as most animals with female faces are. One figure alone was still and stony—that of Her Most Gracious Majesty—for of course it is only the effigies of the dead that can be given life to by their spirits. Long may that figure remain still and mute on occasion such as this! was our loyal prayer as we passed on.

The company now divided itself into two conversational knots—Scott, Wilson, and Ramsay, with occasionally Mr Pitt as a listener, forming the one which we courted most, while the two kings exchanged their improving conversation in the ears of the Duke of York, the Earl of Hopetoun, and Viscount Melville. Of course Sir Walter loyally kept himself and his group pretty close behind that of which his adored monarch was the centre. Allan

Ramsay, who had recovered his temper, expatiated on the beauties of his much loved Nor' Loch valley, but grumbled that they should have doomed him to stand with his back to it and to his own residence, and given him a house covered with stone curlicue-wurlies and babies to look at.

"You have the people to look at as well, Allan," said Scott, "and that is a grand sight."

"It's a' very weel, but I'd rather ha'e my grass and trees. The fowk's no like what they were in my days. 'Od they wear their ain hair!"

"That is very bad, certainly" said Wilson waggishly. "My chief complaint is with their dress. The women dress like the —

"Like the auld courtesans o' yon auld blackguard's time: his Nell Gwynnes an' such. There canna be ony morality when a woman gangs about wi' a bannet nae bigger than my bit kep, or maybe a man's hat and ne'er a veil forbye—and muckle need o' veils some o' them ha'e tae."

"For shame! For shame! Allan," said Scott. "They may make guys of themselves, but for all that Scotch women are as pure, and as good, and as bonny too, as they ever were."

"Maybe aye and maybe no, but its weel seen they ha'e tint a' sense o' shame when they gang about wi' their coats preened in about their knees as if they were fear'd their legs wad rin awa' wi' them, an' their skirts kilted as gin they were gaun tae wash the dishes."

“And then,” moans Wilson, “what hurts my soul most is, that for all the people I look on I see not a man worth the looking on. Where are all the noted men whose afternoon promenade in Princes Street made it complete as the most wonderful sight in Europe? All gone! Edinburgh’s glory is gone! She has become a provincial town, and now, if a great man is born or bred in her, no sooner is he found out than he is off to London. That vortex has robbed us of everything. We are nothing in anything—Art, Poetry, Novels, Music; the Theatres are all decayed and worthlessly provincial!—even our Magazines are all gone.”

“All but *Maga*, my boy,” says Scott; “she is still flourishing here, though her right hand went along with Edinburgh’s last giant when old Christopher’s foot ceased to tread the classic pavement of Princes Street.”

“Come, dinna be dooncast” says Ramsay. “We maun a’ dee, an’ so maun Edinburgh some day, but she’s no jist deed yet, nor deein.’ Oor airt is certainly nae muckle to brag o’, barrin’ the airt o’ them wha made us, whom we’er owre muckle behadden to at present tae speak ill o’; but oor airt’s puir because we’re that unco guid that we winna let oor lads study it the richt way, and, if we dinna lippen them to learn onything, how can they teach us muckle? I ken a’ about it, bein’ handy to the Galleries.”

“You forget our grand landscape painters,” said Scott.”

“Na, na, I’m forgettin’ them nane. I ken you’re gey daft about muckle hills an’ unchancy rocks an’ moors an’ sic-like, but they’re no in my way, an’ I speak as I ken. I was sayin’ we’ve gotten but a meeserable starved kind o’ Airt; oor Poetry is worse than nane; the least said about oor Music’s soonest mended, barrin’ the braw blaw o’ the pipes they gi’e us ance a week doon bye. But we’ve a gran’ Press at least.

“True! But alas! One of the men who made it what it was is gone too, now. Russel was a good friend of mine, as well as a strong foe.”

“Wull they gi’e him a Stattoo, I wonder?” enquires Allan. “They micht mak it o’ leed oot o’ auld teeps. It wadna’ show the dirt like ma white merble breeks.”

“They’d be none the worse of a wash in the burn at Habbieshowe just now, Mr Ramsay,” chimed in Scott

“Weel, we havena a’ got a roof ower oor heids like you, Maister Scott,” retorted the injured poet; “an’ we dinna ha’e Centenaries, an’ get washed up for them every day o’ the week.”

“Because we don’t deserve so much consideration, Mr Ramsay,” said Wilson; “Scotland, as well as Greece, had only one Homer.”

“Vera true, Sir, vera true. I ax your pardon, Sir Walter.”

“And have it, my Gentle Shepherd, whose pastoral pipe hath often been the pleasing companion of my idle hours. I am glad to find you so eloquent in defence of our dear town, but you haven’t proved it to

be otherwise than provincial; for though it has a good press, it is rivalled in that by other provincial towns."

"Weel! weel! hae your wull, Maister Scott; but, provincial or no provincial, it's a braw toun, and a grand toun, and it's the Metropolis o' Scotland, an' there's nae place like it in the world, an' that's a' about it."

"Agreed, unanimously, Allan," said Scott; "you have silenced us."

At this point we were opposite the "Ross Fountain," and we took it upon us to inquire of Sir Walter why it was that the nymphs thereon hadn't managed to assume vitality for the night, after the manner of all other statues.

"Well, you see, Mr Ward," said Scott, "we don't recognise a work of statuary until it has been inaugurated, and as the fountain has never been fairly 'opened,' we ignore it; the more readily because in its present state it is a disgrace to the brotherhood—rarely supplied with the water required to give it proper comeliness, and most days standing dry, bare, and desolate, with its basins half-full of green slimy water, the remains of the last rainy day. So until the fountain has been treated as it deserves, the spirits of the nymphs and goddesses thereon are unable to enter their images, and when all other statues are alive and about they remain lifeless."

"And, in the meantime, it is a disgrace to your town, Sir," said Wilson. "Why, Mr Ramsay, do you not see to its being remedied? you are an inhabitant

of the same garden, and should take a special interest in the matter."

"'Deed when I canna get my ain breeks scoured I canna dac muckle, but I'm ashamed o' my garden, as ye ca't, a'thegither. I canna thole that a' but genteel fowk should be shutten out o't, an' a' oor puir toonsmen should gape in vain at its braw trees an' banks thro' lockit yetts."

"But, Sir," we interrupted, "that is soon to be remedied, and West Princes Street Gardens will soon be an entirely public garden."

"Say ye sae, Sir. Weel, that's guid news, an' as it should be; weel I'm better pleased noo, an' I'll listen to the band an' the pipes next Tuesday wi' mair pleasure than I've ta'en in them for some time. An' they're sayin', tae, that they're gaun to put Sir James Simpson's effigy along the walk frae me a bittie, sae I'll hae good company."

"And surely Allan, when all this has been effected you'll get your nymphs delivered," suggested Wilson, "I must keep an eye on you then, old gentleman."

"Toots, toots, trust me, I'm an auld man an' a Christian, an' wanna hae muckle to say to heathen and French hizzies wi' no owre muckle claes on. It's weel it's only me that's wi' them."

By this time we were at the foot of South Charlotte Street, and it was then proposed among our strange associates that they should go and have a look at the comrade next to be added to their company. With the remarkable ease which I had noticed all evening

on similar occasions, we all passed through the wooden palisades and iron railings unstayed, and next minute stood beneath the granite pedestal on which was reared the statue of Albert the Good—still swathed in its canvas shroud.

For a second or two all were silent, and then George the Fourth remarked, "I wonder what sort of fellow our new comrade will be; do any of you Gentlemen know anything about him?"

No one answered, for we personally didn't like to address the monarch unless particularly interrogated, and though some present must have known something about the matter, none seemed inclined to speak.

"I wish we had brought that new missionary along with us," said the monarch "he would have been able to tell us something about him, I daresay. Why the devil didn't Wellington come?—he knew him."

"He seems of consequence and much thought of," said Charles the Second, whose speech was interlarded with many strange oaths and interjections, which we omit as they were of an order too much vulgarised by Mr Ainsworth and his followers in their novels for us to use them in our polite and high-class history,—
"They have given him a horse—a better one than mine too—and all our pedestals are quite inferior to his except perhaps your Majesty's friend the illustrious baronet here."

Sir Walter bowed in acknowledgment of the merry monarch's complimentary adjective, and suggested that perhaps the modest mortal who had been admitted

to their society might be able to enlighten the company.

Thus particularised, we withheld our knowledge no longer, but proceeded to inform the royal, noble, and illustrious audience that this was an equestrian effigy of the late King Consort, Albert the Good.

“*Good!*” said Charles II. with a grunt, “a pretty name for a monarch! He can have had no more spirit than a lackey.”

“He was not a king, but only invested with the state of a prince, yet he was held in the utmost honour by his wife’s subjects. He was wise, prudent, just, and amiable, and his life among us was one of untinged purity, whether as a subject, a citizen, a husband, or a father. He—

“*Gad’s life,*” said the whilom First Gentleman in Europe, “here’s pretty company for people to be condemned to keep. With this man on one side, a missionary on the other, and a prospect of a dissenting divine shortly next door to me—damme, cousin, we shall have to turn moral.”

He linked his arm in that of the other monarch and strode off in disgust, followed anxiously by Pitt. There was nothing more to be seen, and so we all followed.

The monarchs turned into George Street, where there was palpable evidence that some great event was imminent. Even through the darkness the bright colours of decorations were dimly visible, and barricades and masts rose on every hand.

“Bless us a’,” said Allan, “here’s a gran’ sicht—I can see doonbye even that there’s gaun to be an awfu’ fuss sune, but this beats a’. You’re barricaded as if there was gaun to be an invasion. You’ll be gaun to hae a grand ado. Wha is’t that’s comin’?”

We informed the company that Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria intended to visit Edinburgh to inaugurate the statue we had just left, and that in consequence the most tremendous preparations were being made for her proper reception.

“Gad,” said George IV., “it reminds one of old times when I visited this very town. You were a fine loyal people then, and you seem to be so still, if outward show means anything. It was a grand display that day, was it not, Scott?”

“Your Majesty,” replied the courtly Sir Walter, “there was a grand display indeed on the occasion, but it had little brilliancy in the eyes of your loyal subjects when their gaze was filled with the form of their beloved monarch, which in their happy eyes outshone everything.”

“You are very polite, Sir Walter,” said the monarch with a smile. “I am glad your countrymen are still as loyal as ever. I hope they have good reason to be so?”

We felt ourselves interrogated, and therefore said—
“Every reason, your Majesty. No monarch was ever more idolised by her people than Queen Victoria; and among all the tribes and nations that are proud of her dominion there is none more loyal than the Scotch

nation, and nowhere does Scotland's warm lifeblood of patriotic loving reverence beat so strongly as in its noble heart—Edinburgh.”

“If you speak as your fellow-men feel, Sir, my niece is indeed fortunate in being rarely beloved. Is she considered like me in any way? I was always popular, too.”

“Judging from the page of history, Sire,” we replied falteringly, “Her Majesty, your niece, resembles you in nothing unless indeed in the rarity of her visits to her loving subjects in the northern metropolis. Your Majesty visited us once only in ten years; our beloved Queen has not greatly exceeded that average. We trust, however, that now, after she has come to do honour to the noble dead, she will return oftener, without any other inducement than to gladden the loyal hearts that have shewn their honour for him in raising this monument to his memory.”

Having thus carefully led away the conversation from the comparison between himself and our present monarch, which we could not have honestly made before the defunct king without the utterance of some unpleasantly uncomplimentary remarks regarding himself, we still further confused the scent by passing on rapidly, without giving a chance of interruption, to ask the King what he thought of the decorations.

“Excellent!” replied he cordially. “I have been watching their daily progress in this street with much interest, and think the effect will be very fine. I can't understand, however, what all the innumerable

Prince of Wales' feathers are for. What has the Prince of Wales got to do with this occasion?"

We were unable to suggest anything further than that possibly it was desired to shew Her Majesty how popular her son is.

"Oh! then, said the king, I am not the only Prince of Wales who has ever been popular."

"Your Majesty has found a rival indeed—only while you will go down to posterity as the First Gentleman in Europe, our present Prince will be remembered as the first British Monarch who went out of Europe."

"If we except our crusading monarch," chimed in Scott, "He went into Asia Minor. I daresay you will recollect I wrote one or two novels about his adventures there. Where did your present prince go?"

"To India."

"Gad's life, What a journey for an heir apparent! and what an unpleasant place to go to! What was his object?"

"Presumably similar to that which brought your Majesty here in 1822,—a desire to see and be seen by his future subjects, with the view of consolidating the empire by winning their personal regard—so that then, as their future Emperor—

"Excuse me, Sir—future King—

"We beg your Majesty's pardon, Emperor is now the word. Our government has decided that it is for the furtherance of our nation's glory, and will increase our importance as a people, that our Monarch should

have an imperial title ; and, accordingly, our gracious Queen is now styled Empress of India."

"And what" (we suppress too numerous oaths) "is the object and use of that?"

"It is beyond us to tell, for we never saw it clearly," was our response ; "but it must be all right, as the Prime Minister was positive on the subject"—

"Prime Minister, forsooth!—their opinions are often —, Oh ! Pitt, I beg your pardon, I forgot you were here. Empress of India!—tell your Prime Minister, with my compliments, that he had better consider whether he could not immortalise us by calling my brother's successor High Priestess of Heligoland."

"That would, we fear, be an error, your Highness— Heligoland is being gradually washed away by the sea, and in a few years will be gone, and the title without the place would provoke derision and do the reverse of what it was intended to gain.

"And so will the other. Suppose you lost India, what then ? It wouldn't be such good fun playing at Emperor and Empress then, and getting laughed at."

"Your Majesty speaks truly," said Pitt ; "and perhaps before Heligoland becomes truly a *holy* land once more, by adopting the plan once proposed for clearing Ireland of sinners, India may have slipped through the fingers of its present governors."

This epigrammatic dictum concluded that point of discussion, for not being given to politics we did not feel called on to know anything about the matter. After a few seconds of silence, George the Fourth said

suddenly, as if it was the result of a rapid train of thought—"I never liked the idea of female monarchs, in spite of history being against me. Does it really work well ?

"The reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria," we replied, "fully confirms history ; for great as were the reigns of Elizabeth, Anne, and Mary the Second, hers has been even greater and more glorious. Great in war, but greater far in peace ; and—under the warm sunlight of peace,—Commerce, Manufactures, Art, Science, and Knowledge have blossomed into glorious fulness, the like of which has not been known."

"But is there not a dangerous tendency, with a woman on the throne, to bring the gentle sex unduly forward and give them unsuitable ideas and positions ? Does it not tend to subvert society ?"

"Your Majesty would probably be shocked at the positions women hold and are trying to gain at the present day, and doubtless this is partly the result of our having a female ruler. But that ruler is in all things the model to her people of all that is best and purest in her sex, and we solemnly believe that all the movements for the advancement of women and the development of women's powers and possibilities are for the world's truest good. The especial mental greatnesses of women as contrasted—

"Bah!" said the King, once more angry, "'tis as I thought ; but I hate all that rubbish—I am with the song—

“A fig for the woman whose stocking is blue,
Who thinks she is wise as an owl, Sirs;
But name me the lass who to pleasure is true,
And I'll drink to her health in this bowl, Sirs.

“Pretty lips were not made to speak Latin and Greek,
It would turn all their kisses to gall, Sirs;
And eyes that beam bright if for knowledge they seek,
Must gaze into ours for it all, Sirs.”

That's my creed put into good Bacchanal verse by old Sherry. Sorry I can't sing it; it is twice as good with the tune—you should hear him sing it. Just an evening or two ago, when”—

Here the Monarch caught himself up; and feeling that he had been saying more than was discreet in a mortal's presence, walked on quietly in front, and said no more until he came to his pedestal, where he wished us good morning, and climbed up again.

One by one our strange company melted away, and at last, as the first grey gleam of dawn glimmered in the east, we stood alone once more with Sir Walter Scott beside his monument.

“The time is come, Mr Ward,” he said, “when we must part. I am much obliged to you for your company to-night, and for your intelligent conversation, which has contributed exceedingly to our night's enjoyment. I will be very happy if you will meet me again at midnight on the evening of Thursday for a similar ceremony, and walk.—Ah! there's a cock crowing! I must say farewell. I trust to meet you again—if not in Edinburgh, at least that in

future when, your mortal time being over, you join the great majority, and——”

Here the statue ended with words that cannot be repeated, for they revealed somewhat of the secrets of his prison-house. The cold sweat broke from our pores, our “each particular hair” stood on end; and as the statue said farewell once more and ascended its seat, a faintness came over us—our head swam—bells seemed to ring in our ears—and we fell senseless!

* * * * *

It was bright grey dawn when we recovered consciousness. A public official in blue uniform was standing over us, and a similar individual was beside him. It was clear from their gestures and actions that our recovery of consciousness was the result of their efforts. We still felt weak and prostrate, and only looked at the man languidly.

Presently one gave us a shove, and said, “Get up, you drunken swell, and go home. This ain’t the place to go to bed in!”

This insult was too much, and we expostulated with feeble utterance but in forcible terms.

“Oh, that’s your line!” said the other. “It’s cussin’ and swearin, you’d be at.—Oh! you won’t drop it, won’t ye? and ye won’t get up out the mud? Very well—we’ll see, my nobby swell. We must just fetch him along, Peter. He’s too drunk to walk.”

In the twinkling of an eye we were raised from the

ground and dragged along at a rapid pace. We were still too feeble, and indignant also, to make much remonstrance, and in ten minutes those two zealous officers—Serjeant J 664 and Private Y 184—had disposed of us in a private apartment in their official premises in the High Street.

Why need we say more, and dwell in detail on the insults heaped on us at 10 o'clock next morning, when our friend Bailie R—— turned pale at seeing us ushered into the dock, and then, on hearing the indictment, recovered and smiled blandly, while, in spite of our remonstrances, he fined us five shillings for being “drunk and disorderly, and using oaths and imprecations.” We tried to explain and to redeem our spotless character, but in vain. The inexorable Mr Linton said in an undertone to the magistrate, “Just one of these foolish cases—five shillings fine;” and so we were hustled out, and after payment of our fine set at liberty.

We are *not* going to meet Sir Walter on the night of the 17th, but if any of our readers likes to keep the tryst for us, he is welcome to use our name.

