

The Cheilead, or, University Coterie : being violent ebullitions of graphomaniacs, affected by cacoethes scribendi, and famae, sacra fames.

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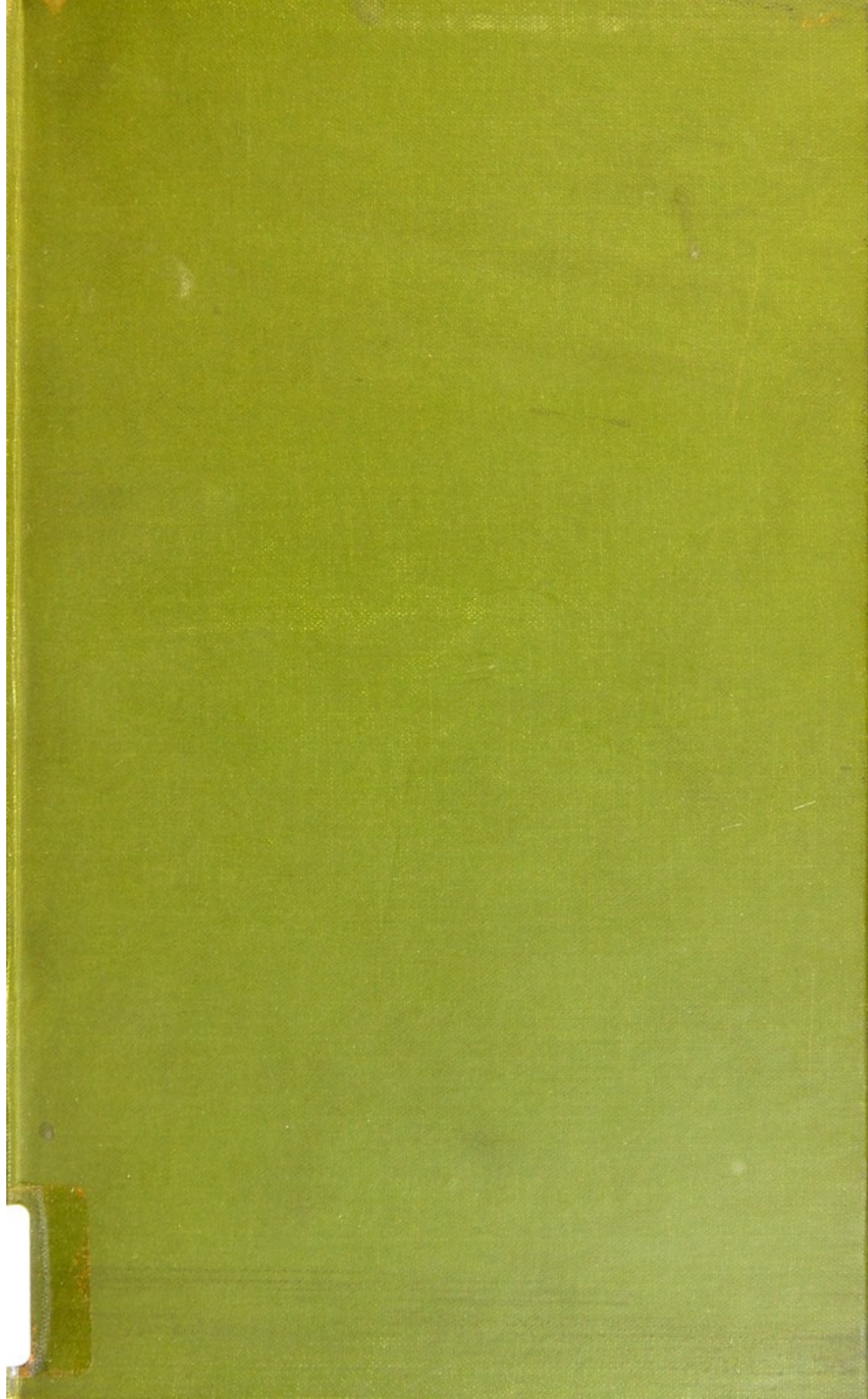
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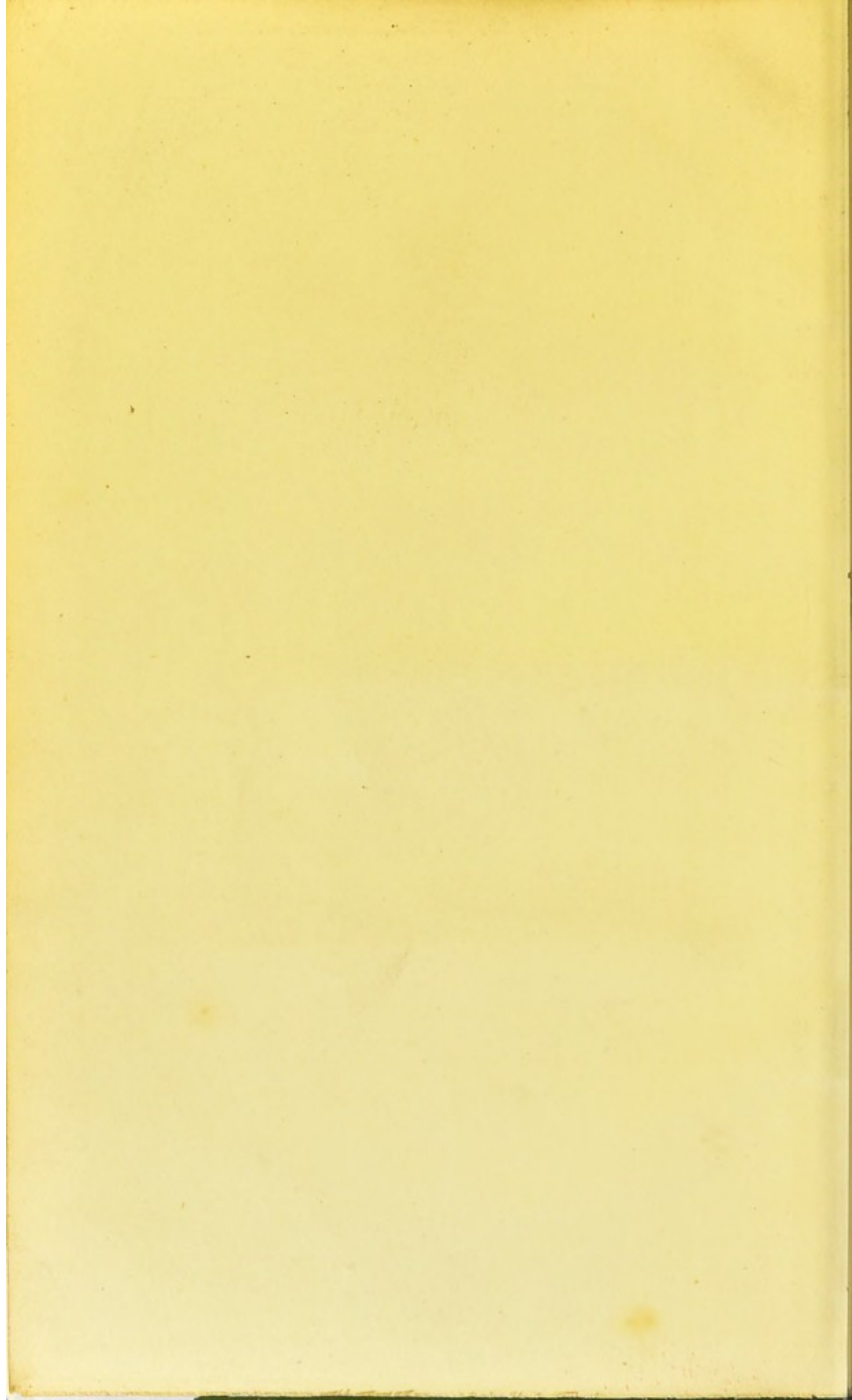


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THE SECRETARY OF THE COTTON



I've not a word to say—but I have a story to tell
 Come read me then, and I'll tell you my tale
 I have told it up—even to their mothers
 Quaker Women, but never before—
 I wrote not to amuse, but to warn—
 I speak the truth, and nothing but the truth
 And pray, dear friends—have women, who are honest
 To me, say me—I am a Quaker

THE SECRETARY OF THE COTERIE.



See me, buy me, read me,—I am a queer
And quizzzy Cheil,—love women, wine, and cheer;
I speak the truth, and seldom spare a friend;
I wrote not to annoy, but to amend.
Quacks, Weavers, Surgeons, Lying Midwifs,—
I have touch'd up—even to their midriffs.
Come read me then, and aiblins you may find
I've ne'er abus'd—but barely scamp'd defin'd.

THE CHIEF LEAD,
OR
University Coterie;
BEING
VIOLENT EBULLITIONS
OF
GRAPHOMANIACS, AFFECTED BY
CACOETHES SCRIBENDI,
AND
FAMÆ, SACRA FAMES.

Authorship is a mania, to conquer which, no reasons are sufficiently strong; and you might
as easily persuade me not to Love, as not to write. MONAGHAN.

Edinburgh:
PRINTED FOR THE COTERIE.

1827.

C

THE CHIEF
ADDRESS TO THE READER

ON

THE CHIEF

Chubb's
Cotter;

WITH VIOLENT REBELLIONS

GRAPHOMATICS, ATTACHED BY

THE CHIEF'S REBELLION

JAMES BACHA TAMES

PRINTED FOR THE CHIEF

PREFACE TO THE READER.

Fastidious Reader,

I would have as soon thought of publishing "Memoirs of Goliath,"—"Table Talk," of the Man in the "Iron Mask,"—or "Geneology" of the "Last Donkey,"—as of writing a Preface: But our Printer has declared we must pay for it, whether printed or not; so that the COTERIE *absente me* ordained that I should write one. Need's must, when the devil drives; so I set about the task with a good grace.

The COTERIE were very ill-treated from the commencement. Their first Printer, on seeing the MS. of "Ebn. Jaapher," and the "Devil Annoyed," refused to go on;—one of the Publisher's got alarmed, and the COTERIE were respectfully informed, that the Printer and Publisher begged to decline the honor of having their names attached to the paper. What was to be done? We had promised *the* paper, and it must come out. Here then was a pickle. How to get out was the question. In the midst of all this our present Publisher "set out to look for a printer." He brought one who swore he'd print any thing. This was what we wanted, and the CHEILEAD continued. We were now threatened with Prosecutions—it was hinted we did'nt write our own Articles—and we were accused of partiality, and God knows what—we heeded not and persevered. Our Subscribers remained steady to us, notwithstanding all these mishaps. To them, most of whom are known personally, "to one or all of us," we owe our warmest gratitude. The longest day we live will be too short to thank them.

With regard to our wood-cut, 'tis an exact resemblance of *one* of the COTERIE. Reader! thine humble Servant—who will probably appear again before thee, but *never* as a Chum.

And now, Fastidious Reader! it rests with thee whether our paper be good or bad, amusing or tedious, pleasing or the contrary. Our typography and style are below criticism, but shouldst thou wish to criticise, forget not **we were unpractised writers, and typographical tyros.**

SECRETARY TO THE COTERIE.

PREFACE TO THE READER.

Readers Reader,

I would have as soon thought of publishing "Mysteries of
Gothic,"—"Table Talk,"—"The Book of the Dead,"—"or
"Gleanings," of the "Last Days,"—as of writing a Reader.
But our Printer has declined to print for us, whether printed
or not; so that the Contents, which we ordered that I should
write, were never written, when they were written; so I set about
the task with a good grace.

The Contents were very ill-treated from the commencement.
Thus our Printer, on reading the MS. of "Eden, Jackson," and the
"Eden Agency," refused to go on;—one of the Publishers' got
alarmed, and the Contents were respectfully informed that the
Printer and Publisher refused to do the honor of having their
names attached to the work. What was to be done? We had
promised the paper, and it was too late to come out. There then was a
How to get out was the question. In the midst of all this our
readership "went out to look for a printer." His brought one
who even had put anything. This was what we wanted—and
the CHIEF-READ continued. We were now furnished with the
contents—it was fitted we fitted our own articles—and we
were accused of partiality, and God knows what—we heeded not
and answered. Our subscribers remained steady to us, notwithstanding all these mishaps. To them, most of whom are known
personally,—"to one or all of us," we owe our warmest gratitude.
The largest day we live will be too short to thank them.

With regard to our work, out, I mean exact responsibility of our
the Contents. Reader! I think I have written—what will probably
appear again before long, but never as a Church.

And now, Readers Reader! it rests with thee whether our paper
be good or bad; whether or whether, pleasing or the contrary. Our
sympathy and style are below criticism, but should be; then wish to
criticise, forget not we were ungrateful writers, and typographical
Sincerely to the Contents.

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THE CHEILEAD, OR UNIVERSITY COTERIE.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

Egregious Doctors, and Masters of the eximious and arcane science of Physick,
of your urbanity, exasperate not yourselves against us for making this little
volume.

ANDREW BORDE, 1547,

in Collet.

INTRODUCTORY PREFACE.

TO THE UNIVERSITY.

WHEN a Paper is undertaken, and that a literary one, the first questions asked are—What does it propose?—What are its intents, and why?—The Paper before us has been undertaken, after mature deliberation, from a thorough conviction of its utility. The University, that is, its collective aggregate, has no channel by which it may convey to the Public its grievances, or their nature. There have been several Papers, at various times, existing in the University, but not one calculated (at least of those we have seen) either to advance the honour of the College, enforce the privileges of its Alumni, or render its *dicta* permanent or respected.

Our reasons for laying this Paper before the Public we shall, in as cursory a manner as is consistent with the importance of the subject and the dignity of the University, lay before our readers:

1st, As a defence (though a weak one) opposed to the abuse of the press, vented with all the rancour of vituperation, and the dogmatism of ignorance, against the University and its Heads: thus, for example, during the two last years, the Students and their Professors have been most shamefully slandered: they have been assailed on all sides, by newspaper dogmatism and theoretical innovation,—by designing lecturers and crafty rapacity,—by corporation interference and private animosity,—and, we have no hesitation in stating, by hireling pens, fee'd to undermine the respectability, character, and honour of the University.

2d, That the Medical Professors have borne the contumelies and libels levelled against them individually, too long; they have treated the abuse with the neglect and contempt its insolence deserved; and, keeping a command of their temper—prudently abstaining from all appeals to the Public, and acting with that forbearance of retaliation which becomes the dignity of their Chairs, have not only excited the wonder, but gained the admiration of the Students. They have boldly stood forward in defence of the invaded rights of the College, and evinced a patriotic solicitude in opposing the innovations of ignorance and arrogance; pertinacity

and absurdity ; and have done so when there was no positive demand to come *forward* ! They have been upbraided as hereditary Professors,—as incapable of filling their situations,—as men enjoying sinecures ; while the whole band of Surgeons and private Lecturers have swelled the chorus of the song : and why ? because they have exerted themselves in providing for the welfare of the Edinburgh College ; nay, the very citizens, whose representatives placed them where they now stand, have not been backward in the general libel of malevolence and malice, notwithstanding 'tis their interest, their business, their duty, to defend, protect, and cherish the University. What would Edinburgh be, divested of its diadem—the College ? To speak more at large upon the subject requires extended observation and acute investigation, which are the objects of our Paper.

3d, The defence of *ourselves*, as *Students*.

That the Theological and Medical Students have shared in the general abuse is a fact well attested, and never attempted to be denied. It has been severely, keenly, and indignantly felt. Those of the Gospel, in the General Assembly, have urged, that young men, in repairing to the College, in order to prepare themselves for their sacred function, are puzzled, and “dubious on the roads they should take to carry them on to their holy charge.”

Medical Students have been considered boys raw from school,—as youngers with the “satchel, and shining morning face,”—sent by their parents with grovelling notions of self-interest, and the necessity of acquiring riches deeply impressed upon their as yet scarce-unfolding minds ; and that their prime duty was to gain a degree, or instrument, or passport to *confidence*, by which they are to open a ready path to eminence and wealth ; and that an exemption from the charge of murder is the only excitement which induces them to seek for the Diplomatic Certificate—the highest honour of the Medical profession. Such is the case. The following facts, however, have been studiously and malevolently concealed, viz. :

1st, That most of these Students have been induced to enter the University from motives of humanity, a desire to be useful, or to complete the system of education previously laid down by their guardians, or others.

2d, That many have already studied the Sciences in general,—that many have wandered from distant countries in search of knowledge, to assist in forming their judgments, and improving their minds,—and that *all* have been stored with preliminary learning in a sufficient degree to satisfy the cavils of the most fastidious. We say, these things have not been once referred to as probable reasons of the Medical and other Collegiates attending the College,—nay, have not even been hinted at. We are represented as every thing we are not, and nothing as we are. It has never been considered that we may have a turn for the art we pursue,—a conviction of its importance,—a sense of independence,—or a willingness to risk our lives for the truth, in defending our fellow-men. The reverse of what we have just stated has actually been published in Edinburgh within the last twelve months, and affirmed as the

motives of the Graduates in requiring a degree from the Senatus. Whoever will take the trouble of reading the various Papers, the Letters, and Pamphlets, of Drs Thompson, Thatcher, Poole, &c. &c., which are acknowledged, as also a number of other lucubratory effusions, which are unacknowledged, (written, for ought we know, by some *quondam* innervated weaver, cobbler, or quack,) will find pages on pages, and sentences on sentences, tending, or rather endeavouring to prove the Medical Student childish, and the Professors unfit to instruct him.

To repel these ignominious charges, to vindicate ourselves as men, our privileges as Students, and our Professors as instructors, are the fundamental objects of our Paper; and let none of our friends be alarmed at our warmth: we have been irritated, baited, plagued, goaded: our name as Student has become a synonyme for all that is insignificant, low, base, and ungentlemanly—a bye-word, a reproach, a black speck in the heart of our characters. That name, that, in other Universities, is an introduction to society,—a guard against the familiarity of the vulgar,—a recommendation to the learned, is here a mill-stone about our necks,—a dead weight to our actions. Our long silence has been considered as evidence in support of the general charge. 'Tis to regain, for the University and ourselves, the respect once conceded to us by all, that *we* have ventured on the arena. Surely there are among us minds that perceive the necessity, and souls that will step forward in a crusade of this nature. No labour shall be spared, nor toil, nor investigation, that will tend in any way towards the elucidation of information, purposely withheld; head and hand shall be set at work, to show our slanderers that we are not the inert, dull, obtuse asses, they have so long kicked at. We can show them that there is no necessity for a new way of conferring degrees on Medical or Theological candidates.—But we have trespassed on our readers.—The other parts of our Work will consist of Biographical Sketches of eminent men who have sprung from the College, Scientific Information, and Poetical Pieces. Our Paper is to the University; we therefore invite all its Alumni to send us their lucubrations, or lighter productions; and we have no doubt that we may, in a short time, show, that, when roused, we are not the *mimes* represented. Once more, Fellow Collegiates! let us stand up for our privileges; let us show to Edinburgh, and to the world, that ancient spirit and literary ambition bloom as verdantly among us as upon the banks of the Isis or Cam.

A SKETCH OF LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.

It appears to have been the endeavour of man, even from the earliest ages, to render himself immortal—that is, his name. Hence we have conquerors as soon as the world had attained a sufficient population to tempt aspiring minds to seek the possession of their fellows' suffrages. Nimrod was a hunter, not only of beasts, but of men; he became a ruler, and built a city. Over this city there can be no doubt but that he swayed with an iron sceptre. This state of things could not last long: men, by collecting together, imparted ideas, one to another, and these ideas generated knowledge; and it was soon perceived, as Sallust remarks, "*Periculo,*

atque negotiis compertum est, in bello plurimum ingenium posse *," and that the head was more worthy of cultivation than the occupation of arms. Old men were at this time the oracles whence the younger part of the community sought advice in all cases that required thought in arrangement, and experience in execution. This was tedious, however; and letters being invented, the idea of a school, or grove, where sages might lecture, and the community improve upon their experience, then first arose. This mode of instructing was certainly the origin of scholastic institutions; and in Arabia, to this day, we believe youths are taught to write on sand. Mankind progressively improving, knowledge became more and more extended. In the East, they attained a state of high mental improvement, long before the West had even emerged from its pristine fig-leaves. We may be easily satisfied upon this head, either by consulting the Sacred Writings, or the productions of the *Persians, Arabians, &c.* Job is said to be the oldest poem extant: we will not, and could not, if we wished it, enter into a discussion on the subject. Granting its being the most ancient book, and Moses its author, it is perhaps as curious on account of its mention of printing, engraving, and *wishing* that Job's enemy had written a book, as for its beauty,—a direct proof that books were familiar in his time. Job was cotemporary with Jacob; that is, about 1520 years A. C. Doubtless there were schools then, if not Colleges. Leaving Job, we turn to Joshua; he lived 1451 years A. C. and 69 after Job. In Joshua we find mention of a city called Dabir; but before his time †, Kirjath-Sepher, or Cariath-Sepher, as some write it; signifying the City of Letters. Was this City a University, or were letters only invented here? There is no reason to think but that it was an University. Joshua also quotes the book of *Jasher* ‡, in speaking of the miracle of the sun and moon standing still. This *Jasher*, however, could not be as old as Job, as it must have been composed in the time of Joshua, 69 years after the former lived. Goguet, in his *Origin of Laws*, has touched upon this subject, but has not taken it up in the same light as we have done. He merely deduces the progress of improvement in those ages, and nothing farther. Supposing that there existed Universities in the East long before we had any idea of them in the West, it must be conceded, that if they showed us the path, we have certainly penetrated farther than they have into the fields of Science. They possess works, however, that do honour to man and human intellect in a very great degree, viz. the *Desatir, Zend, Sanscrit, Shastah*, and the books of *Confutsee*. Of the *Zend* we have met extracts in the *Oriental Transactions*, some of them containing not only the essence of the Christian Doctrine, but, in the same language, we have also seen extracts from the *Shastah* and *Confutsee* in *Voltaire*, and others, but have never been fortunate enough to meet with the whole of any of them; we are afraid we are dwelling too long upon this part of our subject, but these are necessary preliminaries to what follow. By imperceptible degrees, learning made its way to the West. From

* Bell. Catil.

† Judges, chap. i. verse 11th, and other parts of Scripture.

‡ See Josh. chap. x. verse 38.

Egypt, it came to Greece, and there rose to its greatest splendour. Schools were numerous in Greece ; and Hesiod, Homer, Aristotle, Pythagoras, &c. arose. Each ruled in his turn, and each successor controverted the theory of his progenitor. Hence the wild theories of the planets, sun, &c. ; Academia, a place shaded by trees, in Athens, was where Plato opened his school, and taught. This might be termed the University, as these Philosophers instructed their hearers in every science at that time known. It was named *Academia Vetus*, to distinguish it from the Second Academy founded by *Arcesilaus*, who changed some of the dogmas of Platonism, and from the third, which was founded by *Carneades* of Cyrene, who lived 155 years before Christ. There was also at Athens the *Athenæum*, where the Orators, Poets, Rhetoricians, &c. declaimed, or read their compositions. Adrian afterwards established a similar institution at Rome ; but these were rather societies than schools. Before this, the Literati of Rome were accustomed to read their works in the Theatre. We must now pass over a long period of ignorance and superstition, and proceed to the Moderns ; not, however, before noticing that Constantinople was a long time a seat of learning, where many eminent men flourished. The little Island of Iona, or *Icolmkill*, so honourably mentioned by Johnston, was destined to be the seat of learning, and to revive the almost lost spirit of erudition. *St. Colomba* founded upon this Island, about the year 735, a Cathedral and Chapel. Here were nursed the dormant seeds of learning, and the neglected flowers of poetic inspiration. To this exiguous spot of earth—this speck on the water, do we owe all our knowledge, science, and literature. This sacred spot is now neglected and in ruins ; and the place that was the nursery of religion and arts, is now a forsaken, lonely, forgotten wilderness. Service is, however, still performed on it four times a-year. The first school patronized by the great in Europe was by Charles XII. in the 8th century. (See Bowyer's history of the University.) It was instituted through the recommendation of one Alcuinus, a Yorkshireman, and was called the *Palatinate School*. From this the University of Paris deduces its origin, and is the oldest establishment of the kind in Europe, and the model of the Scottish seminaries of learning. The Universities of Padua, Bologna, Salamanca, Gottengen, must not be omitted ; though Howell, in his *Epistolæ Ho Elianæ*, gives no very favourable picture of Gottengen in his time, yet they have had their due meed of renown, as well as the British. We come now to what is particularly before us, the founding of the Edinburgh University. Previous to this, however, in 1410 (see Bowyer) a Pedagogy, or leader, or instructor of youth, was established at St Andrew's, and in 1450 a similar institution was erected in Glasgow. James IV., also in 1494, the year of the foundation of the Aberdeen University, passed a law, obliging all persons to send their children to school, under the penalty of twenty pounds. Mary, in 1561, through the advice of some of the leading men, at that time proposed the founding and endowing of a College ; but it was but the proposal—her unfortunate circumstances prevented her, and it was left for her son James to grant a charter for the erection of the University, which took place in 1582. This, as is usual in almost

all public works, met with great opposition, from the jealousy of the other seats of learning in Scotland, and from the cupidity of the interested. At length, however, the building reared its head, and became a being in the world of learning.

Having traced the origin of schools in a hasty manner, down to the erection of this College, we shall now say something of its laws and regulations, its economy and present system. As soon as the University became established, or rather in a fit state to be established, its Patrons naturally looked around for those who were considered by them as best fitted for the responsible situation they were about to fill. They therefore used every endeavour to procure those who were eminent for their learning or acquirements; and as St. Andrew's at that time was the most renowned of the Scottish Universities, they put every plan proposed into execution, to devise means for the acquiring some Professor from that University. Nor were they unsuccessful; Robert Rollock was induced, probably after much solicitation, to accept the office of Regent; and it is perhaps not a little flattering to the pride of St. Andrew's, that the first Regent, of subsequently the first medical school in the world, should have been of that place. It is surely as honourable to that University as to Mantua, that Virgil was born there. Mantua boasts an individual—whereas this Seminary, first cherished by the genial influence of Rollock, has produced many little inferior to Virgil in verse, and many superior in every point of view. The founder of a seminary of learning is to be considered in the light of a sacred character. There is a halo about his memory, growing brighter as age advances—a lustre that illumines, and a radiance that dazzles. We gaze, and we wonder—we think, and almost adore. Certainly, if the noblest remnants of antiquity—if the knowledge of what man was, when scarcely less than beast—if the rescue of intellect from the trammels of ignorance, and the preservation of all that is sound in philosophy or pure in divinity—all that is grand in conception or elegant in composition, be considered worthy the attention of the human mind, how much greater must he be who sought, set, and sheltered them! The mind scarcely can estimate, and the pen never write, half the blessings thus showered on mankind. 'Tis like a temperate valley, where flowers spring up, and are tended by softened gales and cooling dews. In an University, the seeds of learning, knowledge, philosophy, and science, are there locked up, as in man, the semina of future generations. It is a temple to be trodden but with hallowed feet—a Mecca, where none but the chosen enter.

See our next.

ANTIPATHIES.

WHEN I first came to Edinburgh, like others of my brethren, I'd few acquaintances; consequently, the few I had I was often with. Among them was a very good-natured, easy sort of fellow, for whom I conceived a great attachment. We often walked out together, and he showed me, or put me in the way of seeing, most of the Lions of Edinburgh. He

was a strange being, and had peculiar antipathies. Once we were walking along Waterloo-Place, having been to the Post-office to inquire for letters; and as the day was fine, and not far spent, I proposed we should take a walk as far as Leith, wishing to see that town. He consented, and we quickened our pace, and got as far as the Terrace, or Catherine-Street, when my friend suddenly stopt, and turned. I was surprised, and asked him what was the reason of his abrupt stoppage. He answered, that he had a great dislike to that Street, and that he would take me through James's Square. "Good Heavens!" said I, "what's the necessity of turning? Do oblige me, get rid of your *antipathy* to-day, and you may indulge in it to-morrow." "No," said he; "I can never overcome my disgust of passing through this Street." Not being intimate enough with him to withstand his earnest desire to turn, why, in common politeness, I was forced to accede to his wish. We went through James's Square, and proceeded to Leith. However, all the way I went, my acquaintance's peculiar dislike to this Street was uppermost in my brain, and I could think of nothing else. I tried to forget it, but all in vain. Every step I took but increased my anxiety to know what could be so dreadful to him in passing through this Street. It made me uneasy and unhappy. I always liked mystery, intrigue, secrecy, confidence, romance. I saw, in imagination, my friend dying of love, for some cruel virgin that lived there,—I saw him pale, languid, spiritless,—then on a death-bed, hugging a miniature and a lock of hair,—I saw his sinking frame decay,—I heard the death-rattle in his throat,—the last groan,—the struggle!—I saw then the coffin, the bearers, the mourners, the mutes, ranged around,—I heard the clatter of the hearse to take him to his last home,—the rattling of the wheels. I started; and there was the Leith Stage-Coach passing us! "Pooh!" said I to my companion, rallying myself, "you are very silent." "It's you that's silent," said he; "I've talked to you for the last ten minutes, and fond as you are of talking, you haven't opened your lips." "I was thinking," said I—and we returned to Edinburgh. I parted with my friend (or acquaintance,—all acquaintances are called friends) in York-Place,—shook him heartily by the hand—prest him to come and see me, for I pitied him—and went home to my dinner. I couldn't eat—I cut my boiled mutton—helped myself to sauce, (caper sauce,) but it did no good. "Tut!" said I, "what the devil's it to me—it's no business of mine"—and I whistled. I wasn't satisfied—I clapt on my hat—took my stick in my hand—(I always walk with a stick)—and left the house, determined to see what was so dreadful in this Street. My heart beat high as I walked down; I looked on both sides of the way, but I saw nothing—no girl—nothing to countenance my suspicions. I determined again to go up and down once more. I passed the Black-Bull; there were a crowd of waiters, porters, coachmen, &c., at the door, who stared me out of countenance. Now I could never stand a full, direct stare—I was never made to be impudent—never even having the good fortune to have visited France or Ireland. I felt abashed—made the best of my way home—and found I had a strong antipathy to Catherine-Street. "These waiters," said I, "are very impudent." I went to bed, and dreamt of Catherine-Street. "Eureka!

I've found it!" said I to myself in the morning; "he doesn't like passing the Black-Bull—the waiters are always at the door." I was a little easier after this. I called on my friend; 'twas near three—he was in bed. "Very odd," said I, "for a Student to be in bed at three—can't study much." He rose, however, and we walked out together. We went down Prince's Street. There were beautiful women out—stars, rubies, roses, pinks, lilies—all was enchantment. At length a sylphic, light-as-air girl past us. "Ecstatic!" exclaimed I—"beautiful! who is she?" "She's Miss M——" said my friend. "Let's follow," said I, dragging him along. Away we went, half down Prince's Street—just about to pass her—another step—and my friend stood stock still. "Mercy!" said I, "we'll lose her." "Never mind," said he, "we'll see her another time." "But I'll see her now," answered I. "Then you'll go alone," retorted he. "My G—!" said I, "never met any one so singular." "I don't like this part of the street; besides, it isn't gentlemanly to follow a lady." Here he took me on my weak side. I always piqued myself on being very correct on these points; so, with an awkward acquiescence, walked back. "And then," said I, "you don't like that Street." "No," said he. "Another antipathy," thought I. Next day I fixed on going down the whole of Prince's Street. Just as I got to the place, (the corner of Hanover-Street,) a tremendous gust of wind blew my hat off, the dust filled my eyes, and the flaps of my coat turned up. "Don't wonder," said I, "he doesn't like this place—I'm sure I don't." I went home. 'Twas a long time before I saw my friend; I met him on the Bridge. He returned with me over the North Bridge, South Bridge, down College-Street, as far as the middle of Lothian-Street. There my friend stopt; no entreaty could prevail on him to proceed. "I am particular," said he; "I don't like some streets." "But," said I, "H—— lives not four doors down; you know him; call with me; I'm going there." "I'll go down Potter-row," said he, "and will look in at 45 as soon as you." I wouldn't humour him this time, so went down the street; but there was nothing that I saw to trouble one. There were no waiters—no dust—very little wind. And there was a pretty little milliner—a perfect rose-bud. "I'm sure," said I, "it's worth one's while to come here, only to see this flower." H—— was at home—was glad to see me, and in the course of conversation, (for my friend did not come in,) I asked him why So-and-so had such dislikes to particular places? He laughed heartily—"He knows best himself," said he. "Perhaps you may take dislikes one of these days yourself," continued he. "I have them already," said I. "Oh, ho!" said he. "One, two, three years past." My friend's antipathies still puzzled me, for I found they increased instead of decreasing, and that he never walked out now but at night. "A singular man," said I, and began to mark his peculiarities in my Journal. His dislikes were problems—the *Pons asinorum*—the iron-mask—the man that cut off Charles's head. I could never solve them. I gave it up as a bad job, but, like a beggar's brat, it always returned. It so happened that I had a shoemaker, a tailor, and a bookseller. Now it so happened that the money with which I should have paid this tailor, shoemaker, and bookseller, I

gambled away—lost—spent it—no matter how. I hadn't it. Now these fellows had a most Gothic custom of ringing at my bell, and handing in pieces of paper every week. One had a wife and six children—oatmeal was dear—termtime was come—couldn't wait any longer. "Call in a week," said I. The tailor declared he had to make up a large bill—'twas Saturday, and his journeymen must be paid. "Can't pay you," said I. The bookseller swore trade was low, and that he was *literally* doing nothing. "I'll see what I can do next week. I'll call," said I. "Very well." Again and again these duns—iterum iterum iterumque. An Italian has written a number of verses upon the same subject, but he wasn't half so tormented as I was. My friend called upon me about this time; we walked out together. He wished to go down a particular Street. "No!" said I. "I don't like that Street." He smiled. "I didn't know you had *antipathies*," said he. The truth flashed upon me. These antipathies were *duns*. It wasn't the waiters or the dust—or the wind or love—but duns, duns, duns! The enigma was solved. It made me think. I went home—lived on soup (sheep's-head) and potatoes for six weeks—paid off my *antipathies*—and have never had one since.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCES.—Thirty-three preserved bodies, prepared for the Edinburgh tables, discovered and seized in Liverpool.—Parrots and Parroquets taught Greek and Latin in twelve lessons, at thirty shillings a-head. A celebrated actress has fitted up her house as a Menagerie for the animals. It is rumoured, that those of the Cercopithecan, as well as the psittacated species, are also instructed.—Bailie Child to deliver Lectures on Midwifery during the Winter.—A certain city Magistrate has trotted out of his popularity.—Two new Professors to be elected, on the recommendation of a certain Anti-Mercurial Lecturer, viz.—one of *Cruphiology*, or the laws of *Weaving*—medical men being usually ignorant of manufacturing bandages. It is hinted the Doctor himself intends canvassing for this Chair. The other is a Professor of *Ornithsoteria*, or *Bird-Stuffing*. There are two Candidates for the latter Chair—Mr Wilson the Janitor, and Mr Edmonstone of Prince's Street. It is said, however, the latter will be objected to on account of colour. We confess we see no colour of excuse for this illiberality.

CHEILEAN CREED.—We believe we shall do much good. We believe (with the Private Lecturers) that hard words, as *Autopsy*, *Syndesmology*, *Therapeutics*, *Manipulation*, *Humbug-ology*, and every other *ology*, are necessary, and intend to search our lexicons for them. We believe the College of Surgeons are learned. We believe they think so. We believe the patriotic professions of a certain Pamphleteer to be humbug. We believe in his "inflammatory book." We believe in the inhumanity of a certain Anatomist's favourite operation*. We believe in the abilities

* *Vide* Raynaud against the Cæsarean operation.

of many private Lecturers, and University innovators—but we have seen little of it. We believe a great deal more; but we must put off our breed for a future opportunity.

ANECDOTE.—Do you know, the beautiful Miss — has become suddenly very religious; she goes twice a-day to church, wrapt up in flannels and cloaks: formerly she didn't go twice a-year. Now she's quite a *saint*. "True," said Dr —, "I perceived she was *enciente*!"

THE JEWS.—When the persecutions against the Jews were carried to such heights on the Continent, an Englishman walking with a Spaniard, in one of the streets of Madrid, exclaimed, "What a horrid smell! Fah! what can it be?" "It's nothing but a Jew," said the Spaniard. "A Jew!" said the Englishman; "I never heard Jews stunk so!" "Always, when they're burnt," was the laconic reply.

A Friend remarked to T—the other day, "How dejected B— looks!" "Rejected, you mean," said the Cynic.

QUERY.—Where Dr Reid, in his Pamphlet, quoted by Dr Thompson, says that the Student comes to College with a "*Tabulo Rasa*," did he mean to say he was a *table razor*—i. e. a knife? We have little doubt but that the Doctor's thoughts ran on *grinding*, and that he wanted a job. Knives and scissors to grind!

P. S.—In our Article on Literary Institutions, we have omitted the mention of the English Universities; and as we suppose some of our readers may be ignorant of the time of their foundation, we shall just say, that *Oxford* was founded, or at any rate revived, by Alfred, about 872. It contains, we believe, about nineteen Colleges. *Cambridge* is supposed to have been founded in the Heptarchy, and contains twelve or thirteen Colleges; the most ancient of which is Peterhouse, founded near the year 1257. We may also observe here, that the next Number of this Paper will be published on the first Wednesday in November, and every subsequent week, on the same day.

Poetry.

TO HINDA:

I LOVE thee!—by the mellow moon's light,

By the star of heav'n on high,

By the bright fleecy clouds of the night,—

I love thee!—by Heav'n I do!

By the blush o'er that sweet dimple creeping,

By the heave of thy bosom so soft,

By the charm of thy features when sleeping,—

I love thee!—by Heav'n I do!

By the bright lustrous beam of thine eyes,
 By the soft wishes that work there,
 By those magical echoes, thy sighs,—
 I love thee!—by Heav'n I do!

And when the bloom of that rose-cheek shall fade,
 And the morn of thy beauties be fled,—
 Oh, then, by all that is holy, dear maid,
 E'en then, e'en then, will I love thee!

AZAR.

Sonnet.

TWILIGHT.

'Tis twilight—mantling on the brown hill's slope,
 Its shadows close on sunset's lingering gleams;
 Like doubt's dim veil on the last smile of hope,
 And noiseless as the cradled babe's soft dreams.
 A sweet and harmonizing stillness steals
 On the hush'd landscape—save some wizzard stream's
 Far brawling lapse—or grey-eyed bat, that wheels
 Its darkling flight. Now, while creation seems
 To woo repose, who would not chase each start
 Of turbulent thought from the unsettled brain,
 And lull, in this short pause, the restless heart?
 Too soon to be forced back into the vain
 And busy world—when twilight melts away,
 With moonlight's sombre tints, into the glare of day.

M. E.

Sonnet.

TO J. D—R.

THERE are true friends i' the world—but it is much
 To teach one what so few are rarely taught.
 Yes, gifted D—r, if the generous thought,
 Unchang'd, unchanging, at cold interest's touch,—
 If steady sentiments attachment fixed,—
 If kindness' gentle offices unmix'd
 With fashion's harsh restrains,—if growing love,
 Unswerving zeal, and undissembling truth,—
 If these may be adjudged as tests to prove
 What friends should be,—associate of my youth!
 To thee with fond acknowledgments I turn!—
 To thee would dedicate an honest lay—
 Too poor an offering—but thou wilt not spurn—
 As all a grateful bosom can repay.

T.

TO HINDA.

YES, that eye, it burn'd once alone for me,
 When brighter hours, with the Halcyon dream
 Of first maiden love, had not taught thee
 To throw on all alike its wanton beam ;—
 At least I *thought* so ; for I could not see
 Into futurity's dark truths—nor deem,
 Indeed, so fine a form, and fair a face,
 Was to deception—but a dwelling-place.

Then *thou* couldst charm me with a look, a smile ;
 And words would conjure up a happiness,
 And sooth me, Hinda ! with so sweet a guile,
 That, for my life, I could not think *thee* less
 Than Goddess—though but woman all the while—
 * * * * *
 And I lov'd, madly hallowing, like Infidel,
 A thing that had no claim to ought save hell !

And thou would'st have me now to breathe again
 Upon those lips yet moist with thy last love's kiss,—
 To feel anxiety's distracting pain,
 Wild delirium's apocalypse of bliss,
 And all the fire passion kindles in the brain,
 When love lies hidden in the heart's abyss !
 Yes, thou would'st have me, Hinda, love thee yet.
 I hate ; and nought remains—but to forget !

AZAR.

We are sorry to see Mr PILLANS is detained by ill-health on the *Con-
 tenant* ! For God's sake where was the man's *eye* who wrote the placard ?

Vide Col. P. O. Monday last.

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THE CHEILLEAD,

OR

UNIVERSITY COTERIE.

Egregious Doctors, and Masters of the eximious and arcane science of Physicks of your urbanity, exasperate not yourselves against us for making this little volume.

ANDREW BORDE, 1547.

A SKETCH OF LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.

(We intended to have run through the Regulations and Laws of our College, in this Number, as framed, or partly so, by Rollock, but we found it impossible. We must, therefore, at various times, *pro re nata*, as Doctors say, give all we know of its early habits to the Public; in the mean time, we present the following observations on the College as it is.)

Continued from our last.

Institutions, whether these be kingdoms, states, or corporations, are formed or constituted at first by a ritual or agreement, which is reduced to writing, either verbally expressed, or tacitly understood; but it does not matter whether written or not, because such compacts never stand any time according to their first form. Thus the constitution of England is not now the same as it was in the days of King John and his Barons; and who doubts but that it is for the better.

We may advert to compacts of yesterday's date to illustrate the same. Thus the constitution or charter of the United States of America is already changing; and will probably be soon, so much altered and amended, as to become of no more value in regard to the government of these States, than a blade of Virginia tobacco.

The subject of our present labour—the constitution of the University of Edinburgh—has also indured necessarily similar changes, and its value consists in allowing these. But it is merely an analysis of that constitution that is wanted at present. Its individual members are to be discussed at times through the course of the winter, for they are not so well known as they should be.

Its machinery is the first point to engage our attention.

I.—*The Charter* is granted by King James VI. It is dated at Stirling, 14th April, 1582. It gives to the magistrates of the city of Edinburgh, a right to the *Kirk of Field*,—the very ground whereon the king's father was murdered, and this for the purpose

of erecting a college, and building houses and places for the following most grand and extensive purposes :—*Pro receptione habitatione et tractatione professorum, scholarum, grammaticalium, humanitatis, et linguarum, philosophiæ, theologiæ, medicinæ et jurium, aut quarumcunque aliarum scientiarum liberalium, quod declaramus nullam fore rapturam predictæ mortificationis.* There follows a gifting of power to the magistrates to place professors, and to turn these out again,—*cum avisamento tamen eorum ministrorum.* And finally, inhibits all others from professing or teaching the said sciences in the city's liberties, unless with the consent of the magistrates. It provides most ample power for the Magistrates to attend to the externals of education. The turning out power is extravagant ; and in the hands of a rash or silly magistracy, might lead to the ruin of the institution, even with the adjunction ; but happily this is provided for, in a counter-pellent power, as shall be soon shewn. Thus much for the charter.

2d. *The Patrons.*—The patrons are two fold—the King and the Magistrates. *That the King is a Patron there is no dispute.*

For King James, in granting the charter, no where in it divests himself of his right, of acting as patron. At various times he exercised this right.—In 1617 he called up its professors to debate before him, and in 1622 he *compelled* the magistrates to turn out a Principal. (Bower, p. 148, vol. 1.)

His son Charles exercised some sway in 1633. Oliver Cromwell, as the organ of a king, did so also, and elected a principal ; and King William placed a professor against the will of the magistrates. From his time downwards to this, there is a continued chain of royal actions, which distinctly proves the Sovereign, for the time being, is considered a patron of the University, and even the *chief patron.*

The *Magistrates* are also patrons. Their right is derived directly from the charter, and from innumerable instances of their exercising such a right. By charter the king is excluded from the interference with the buildings, and the regulating the economy of these. All other instances of patronage are but in common with the king ; and the power of both seems merely to relate to the placing and ejecting of professors, and watching abuses. They do not seem to have any thing to do with the actual operations of the Senate, they having deputed their rights in this respect to the first professor in the College, who is the Principal. It may be said that it is fortunate for the College that it is so, for put the case,—if these two powers or patrons had the whole management, there might

sometimes arise a difference of opinion in regard to the way of determining some point,—which quarrel might cause detriment to the College. It is wiser as it is, therefore, that neither should have any power to manage, but should be pitted,—the one's interest against the other.

3. *The Professors*.—These are placed either by the King or the Magistrates. A very few words will suffice as to their duties. Each Professor is placed for life,—or *fault*, as already shewn from the charter; but as there are examples of both of the Patrons turning out Professors, it is doubtful who has the sole power of ejection. Each Professor teaches his individual science, by which is meant, the expounding to the student attending his class, the whole arcana of that particular science he professes. This is an arduous duty, because it is intended to save the student the toil of a licentiate, and to assist him to gain a mastery of the science. The Professor's payment is merely a small sum from every student, there being no salary, or at least merely nominal, on which account he is obliged to exert himself to acquire an income, and the more meritorious, the more his income is likely to be; for, with the exception of those students intending graduation, there is no compulsion of other students attending his lectures.

These Professors are divided into three divisions—literary, medical, and theological; each *faculty* consisting of a certain number of the sciences, taught in this College. They have different gradations and terms of study, and grant degrees upon examination alone, never by the keeping of terms, except in divinity and law;—each Professor in the faculty being a censor in the examination.

These three classes of Professors are influenced by a statute of their own, in regard to the mode of conferring their degrees.

All the three unite and form the *Senatus Academicus*.

4th, *The Senate*, therefore, is the next subject, and by far the most important. It is the main spring of the University. Upon it depends all.

Each faculty is represented by its component members, as already stated; and, moreover, these members act as general counsellors in all deliberations on University concerns. It is convoked, presided over, and dissolved by the Principal of the College. He is first professor, in point of rank. He is by office the Rector of the College. He sits in the Senate seemingly as deputy or representative of the patrons, in virtue of his office of Rector; and also as deputy from the Senate itself, as *Primarius Professor*.

The offices of the Senate are numerous. Here are discussed all the general interests of the University,—each faculty and professor assisting one another with advice, in the formation of their several *curricula*, and modes of giving instruction,—the terms of the College,—regulations of attendance of students,—their way of study,—their expulsion if obstreperous, and so on. Even, we understand, the powers of the Senate are extended to censuring an erroneous brother professor.

The Senate is, therefore, a kind of representative system; it is a deliberative; it is an executive; so far at least as the welfare of science and the University are affected. Its decrees are issued in the name of the Principal.

Its origin is not fully known; but like all other excellent institutions, it appears to have arisen from the dictates of necessity. It seems to have been merely a continuation of the Rector's Court of 1640. But it is now altogether of a different nature, suffering the changes incident to the customs of ages, and the wants of the different sciences. We may persuade ourselves of this if we consider these circumstances,—the two-fold nature of the patronage,—the folly of annoying the patrons upon all the several minutiae of sciences,—the better allowing each faculty to submit its difficulties to the advice of the collective body; and the bringing all the professors together to debate about one common interest; thus keeping harmony among them.

Having stated the outlines of the College in a very condensed form, we shall conclude, by requesting our Readers to bear in mind that this Senate must be kept as it is, free and independant, otherwise we may bid adieu to the celebrity, erudition, and character of the University.

J. N.

FROM JAAPHAR EBN. TOPHAIL, 1150, AN. DOM. CHAP. viii.

1. And in those days there were cavils in the land.
2. And the setters of bone, and the apothecaries, and they that heal such as are afflicted from unclean women, and they that go in unto the chambers of women, arose,
3. And behold they were needy, yea even unto want, for the love of money raged sore in the land;
4. And they said, let us go, even unto them, that sit in the midst of the Courts of Learning, and it shall come to pass that when we talk, peradventure, they will give unto us, whereof we are in need.

5. For the spoil of many years lyeth hid, and the knowledge of the books of the law, dwelleth in the temple.

6. And straightway they arose, and came in unto the court of the temple, yea even into the presence of the High Priest, and said,

7. Peace be unto ye. And he whose name is like unto one that hath his garment stripped off; yea even the High Priest answered and said, Peace be unto ye, wherefore come ye?

8. And the setters of bone, and the apothecaries, and they that heal those afflicted from unclean women, lift up their voice and cried,

9. Give unto us, whereof we have need, yea of thy silver, and thy gold, and thy knowledge; and thy cunning arts heaped up in the secret places of the temple.

10. And if ye give not unto us whereof we have need, even riches and thy spoils, we will wage war against thee, and we will smite thee; and it shall come to pass ye shall be slain.

11. And they that sat in the court of the temple, yea, the high-priest, and they that teach the arts of the physician, were sore displeased.

12. And they opened their mouths and said, What manner of thing is this that ye do in the land? seeing we have toiled, and the sweat of our brow hath fallen on the ground, yea, before we took unto ourselves the things that we have: wherefore seek to take them from us?

13. Will ye not have the things whereof ye are in need, if ye deserve it? and if ye do not, why demand ye them?

14. And the setters of bone, and the apothecaries, and they that heal those afflicted from unclean women, murmured among themselves against the high-priest, and they that dwelt in the temple.

15. And the high-priest cried, depart ye unto your place, and fill not the courts of the temple.

16. But they hearkened not unto the word of the high priest, and they that sat in the temple, and went not; and they were vexed.

17. And the high-priest arose, and cried with a loud voice, and it went up even unto the top of the temple; yea, even unto the sky thereof, saying, Woe be unto ye!

18. Ye that are the setters of bone, and the apothecaries, and ye that enter into the chambers of them that travail, woe be unto

ye! For I will smite ye even as Samson smote the Philistines; and I will pursue ye, even unto the gates of the city, and it shall come to pass that ye shall be slain.

19. And they were sore dismayed, and they talked among themselves; and it came to pass, that when they had talked, they fled, even unto the going down of the sun, and the rising of the moon.

20. And when they had fled, they came unto a place, which is called the Square of the bone-setters, and behold they were not pursued; and they rallied themselves, and one among them, whose name is like unto water that is stopped; and he who beareth the name of them that put straw upon house-tops;

21. And he also whose name is like unto the sand of the sea, took council, and communed together:

22. And he whose name is like unto the grass that is dried by the sun, and sittest chief among the setters of bone, and the spreaders of ointment, and they that sell drugs, and they that enter into the chambers of women,

23. Lift up his voice and said, Let us smite the high-priest, and the rabbis, and the cunning men, and they that dwell in the courts of the temple;

24. And it shall come to pass that they shall be slain, and behold! we will take unto ourselves the spoil of many years, and we will utterly destroy the temple, inasmuch as one stone shall not stand upon another.

25. And the thing that he said, pleased the bone-setters, and the apothecaries, and they that enter into the chambers of women; and they cried with a loud voice, Let us smite the dwelling of the temple; let us utterly destroy it.

26. Now, in those days men fought not as heretofore, with armour and with shield, with the buckler and the spear; for the children of the land were weak in their loins, and were not like unto their forefathers; but they wielded the instrument which is taken from the wings of the birds of the air with much skill.

27. And this same instrument was mighty in the hands of the learned; and the people feared it.

28. And they prepared for battle, and they heaped up the thing that is made from the linen that is torn, and the liquor that is like unto the smoke of the sacrifice, and they joined battle.

29. And, behold, the fight was bloody, and the lives that were lost were in number like unto the sands of the sea.

30. And the manner of the fight was this: At the going down of the sun, when darkness covered the earth, the bone-setters, and the apothecaries, and they that enter into the chambers of women that travail, and they that heal unclean persons, communed together:

31. And they brought books, yea, mighty books, and the thing that is made of rags, and the liquid that is like unto the smoke of the sacrifice, and they dipped their instruments therein.

32. Now, behold it was poison!

33. And they threw the spirit of the body, which is the words, upon the thing that is made of rags, and it flowed like unto a stream from the points of the instruments.

34. And now many poured out their life, which is the brains, upon the thing that is made of rags. And he whose name is like unto them that put straw on the tops of houses; and he whose name also is like unto Beersheba.

35. And it came to pass that many died, for their instruments were blunted; and the battle raged sore nevertheless:

36. But they that dwelt in the temple were not so much as wounded.

37. And the king of the country, which is the land of Whiteness, even the land of plenty, heard of these things.

38. And the rumour of the battle reached even unto the inner places of the king's house.

39. And he arose, and sent unto those that dwell in the temple, to the rabbis, and to the cunning men, and to the setters of bones, the apothecaries, and all concerned therein.

40. And he said unto the magicians, and to the cunning men, Go ye even unto the land which lyeth on the other side of the river, and judge ye betwixt them.

41. And they departed, and came unto the land which bordereth on the river of fish.

42. And they went into the temple, yea, even unto the secret places of the temple, and searched all around.

43. And behold they found stores of learning, and of cunning arts, and of books, and of knowledge, and silver and gold.

44. And they were pleased with the High-priest, and the rabbis, and they that dwell in the temple:

45. And they went unto the houses of the bone-setters, and to the mixers of ointments, and to the healers of unclean persons, and they that enter into the chambers of women, and they searched;

46. But behold there was nought! nor silver nor gold; and they that came from the king said; How is this, seeing we have searched, and ye possess nothing?

47. And he whose name is like unto dried grass, opened his mouth and said, Verily it is true:

48. For we wage war against the dwelling of the temple, seeking to possess that whereof we have need; and our horses in our chariots fall down and die, for we have not wherewithal to buy them food: And he ceased.

49. And they answered, Are ye cripples? and they said, No! and they that came from the king were vexed.

50. And they said, It is of thy covetousness that ye wage war against the rabbis, and they that dwell in the temple;

51. And thy chariots and thy horses, and thy man servants, and thy maid servants shall ye not keep.

52. And wherefore should ye seek to take that which belongeth not unto you?

53. And they fled from the presence of the king's messengers, and talked among themselves, and said;

54. Let us take unto ourselves the things that are made from the rags of linen, painted with cunning art, and let us play; and peradventure we may gain much gold and silver.

55. And the thing pleased them, and it was done.

56. And there were no more cavils in the land.

57. And the setters of bone, and the apothecaries, and they that heal unclean persons, and they that enter into the chambers of women, yea, even the midwives, played among themselves; and games were much in the land.

ABRAHAM BEN ISRAEL.

THE CHEILEAD.

Nothing is more distressing, though at the same time more amusing, than the abuse an editor hears of his first number. No one has been free from this,—nor have we the Editors of the CHEILEAD escaped. One man finds fault with the Title, another with the Matter, a third with the Style, a fourth with the Size, and a fifth, after turning it over and over again, declares the price exorbitant. We have another demanding of us why we undertook the sketch of literary institutions? Lugs in the Della Crusca,—the Royal at Madrid—and other academies: talks of Sismondi, Petrarch, and Birceaceio; doubts the qualifications of certain professors; and declares our introductory sketch bad taste. Very well—we knew all this before he informed us, but deny the premise and conclusion of his argument, relative to our introductory address; we were not writing a history; we were but catching at the most prominent features of literary institutions. A traveller, speaking of the Alps,

could not be expected to name every elevation of that stupendous range of mountains; the principal only would be required; or of the eruptions of Vesuvius, that of 79, in Titus's reign, or that of 1794, would be considered sufficient to give the reader some idea of what they are. In the same manner we did not conceive it necessary to name every institution ever founded; nay, 'twas impossible, otherwise the college in one of the West India islands, that we venture to say, few of our readers know any thing about, the Indian, American, and the about-to-be founded University of London, would have found a place; this would have made it a folio. Besides these Academies, rather than societies, that we were particularly called on to mention. We did not, as our reviewer says, whisper into the ears of the public, inasmuch as we appealed to reason, through the medium of the eyes. If this be whispering, it is a new way. He says we have forgotten Salamanca; he must have read very carelessly indeed; let him read again, and we venture to bet a ten-penny nail to a diamond pin, that he finds it in our pages. Also our verses are unsparingly *cut up*.—We acknowledge the propriety of his remark; but must mention, that it was the fault of the press, and not of the writer. His paper is written in haste,—we may say the same of ours; but the public will not excuse an article incorrect or unamusing; nor will our feelings, the critique written hastily, and certainly little to the purpose. It is easier to pull down, than to build up. With regard to the proofs he required, we shall give them, “Crafty rapacity” A. R. cannot be aware of certain professor's attempts, to foist their tickets upon the medical curriculum. Also in reference to other parts of his letter; vide Dr. Sander's letters, other epistles, &c. of Drs. Thatcher, Reid, Poole, and so forth, with the Scotsman, particularly for the last five months, and two years before this. These are proofs sufficient, though we could give more.

Having finished with our censor, we shall reply to those we have had the pleasure to hear *viva voce*. The title is strongly objected to. One said it was the thousandth part; and another that it was unfortunate, as it would be considered as derived from *Cheil*. To set all right, it is derived from *Xει' λευς, labri*. And they were all of one ‘lip,’ as the Septuagint renders the Hebrew, in the chapter of the tower of Babel. We heard also others declare it was damned, because we dare breath against established characters. ‘If an eye offend thee, pluck it out;’ and if we, the students, are offended with certain lecturers, what other way have we of showing disapprobation than by a paper? We heard it also wondered why the students did not stand up more strenuously, and set up a paper; “There is one,” said another, “I saw it to day, trash! mere trash, what could you expect for sixpence!” ‘Have you read it,’ we asked “No,” “then how can you judge?” he was silent, ‘Besides,’ said we, ‘the price is considered too high, and the paper is now sold at half what was formerly demanded for it.’ Support the paper and there is no doubt we may do something, are there not men of abilities among us? surely there must be. No pecuniary motives influence us, nor are we much smitten with “the thirst of fame,” Let our fellow collegiates write for us, let them send us their papers, and if good what will prevent their insertion? It is sickening to hear continual complaints, and yet no one will step forward to assist in removing grievances so much talked of; but the fact is (we are sorry to say,) our brothers are lazy, indolent, and too much addicted to pleasure; they complain, but will not endeavour to remove the complaint; they can find faults, but will not write themselves. And is it fair, when we of our own accord have stepped forward in defence, like a forlorn hope, for our fellows to press upon us, and tread

us underfoot? For whose good are we writing? is it not for the benefit of the student, the good of the University, and the dignity of the medical profession? Where is the use of one's allowing the expediency of any thing, and nevertheless looking on with the greatest apathy? It reminds us of the Caffres, who, as Campbell says, when they see a friend or relation drowning, they pelt him with stones, or push him farther into the stream. Again, let the students but read our paper, let them find as many faults as they can, and let them be transmitted to us, through the medium of our publisher and they will be attended to. It is for our own credit as well as interest that we should notice complaints; but let no one be continually growling like a bear against us, and yet keep us in the dark as to his uneasiness. It is to break through that awe that the student seems to feel when gazing on a lecturer, and the fear of giving a decided opinion, that has led us to do so. Are they not dependant on the students? and yet they dare, like that grinder Dr. Reid, to run down the student at every opportunity. To do away with, this we come forward,—we hold ourselves as a shield to the Student, let the blows fall upon us, and let the honour and benefit, if any accrue, be his.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXPERIMENTS.—The College of Surgeons have been feasting experimentally, to demonstrate the comparative capacities of their brains and bowels. The latter are said to have exceeded the former in the ratio of minimum to plus. Some people can do nothing without eating.

INCONSISTENCES.—*Scarpa* and *Vacca* die, four lines or so of a Newspaper tell us the story.—*Talma's* death occupies pages.—The Greeks, the worst characters in the world, with Mr Orlando at their head, (if we except cannibals,) have millions thrown away among them—Caffres and Hottentots share our bounty—Gentoo and Cherokee, come in for a slice—the daughters of Cullen's rival, the man that formed systems, and led men—the famous Dr Brown, starve and die for want, and where? In London,—that modern Babylon,—that hot-bed of politics and religion! for shame, Babylon! for shame!

NEW DICTIONARY.—*Spirit*, running in Debt.—*Prudence*, running from Debt.—*Reading*, opening Books.—*Studying*, turning leaves over.—*Fagging*, shutting them.—*Fun*, knocking a man down.—*Frolic*, breaking his bones.—*Freak*, any thing short of murder.—*Watch*, a machine to keep time, not unfrequently used to keep the owner.

CURIOSITIES.—Muller, better known by the name of *Regiomontanus*, is said to have invented an automaton of perpetual motion,—a fly, that was accustomed to buzz about the room, and then come back again—and an eagle that flew to meet the Emperor.*——*Katerfelto* did more, he could make a black cat, a real *Tabby*, bounce out of an empty Lantern, no doubt it was a certain personage who shall be nameless.——A man, by name of *Scallot*, in the reign of Elizabeth, made a curious lock,† of eleven pieces of brass, steel, and iron, and, with a pipe, weighed only *one grain*.——Also a chain of 45 links, which he put about a flea's neck.——And we ourselves,‡ ‘*Autopsically*,’ examined a gold chain, about the neck of another flea, which consisted of 150 links, we think,—but won't be certain.——Also, at the same exhibition, a coach and horses in a walnut shell;—item, a tarantula, that drew in his claws when touched, but he was wound up to the highest pitch.——*Mr Edgeworth*, § the author of many unread quarts, constructed a machine of wood that crawled across the room in which it lived, once a month.——*Peter Bales*, wrote a volume in the circumference of a silver penny, and constructed a magnifying glass, by which it could be read, both of which he presented to Queen Elizabeth, and the Royal virago condescended to wear the writing set in a ring, on her finger.——*Professor Leslie's* scales moved, we believe, by the smallest atom of a grain—his experiment of the orange supported on a column of water.——*Psalamanzar's* work cum pluribus are curiosities,—but what are these, what *Regiomontanus*, *Katerfelto*, *Scallot*, fleas, tarantulas, *Edgeworth*, *Peter Bales*, *Leslie*, to *Phrenology*? that finds the bump of benevolence, on skull of the murderer, and concentrativeness in that of the rakes?—or what are they all to Hamilton's method of teaching? Commonalities, nugatories, fiddle-faddles! By the union of phrenology, and the Hamiltonian method, we would not be surprised to see the orang-outang, the long armed ape, and even the marmoset, becoming philosophers,——phrenology would find bumps, and Hamilton build upon them.

* See Gassendi. † Book of Oddities. ‡ Vide a celebrated translator's hand-bill.

§ Gratulatory Address to the Alma Mater, by a Student, 1826.

A SIMILE.

I STOOD upon the beach,
And saw the glad waves dance;
And far as eye could reach,
Strained forth an eager glance.

I gaz'd—a distant sail,
Rose veering to the west;
And the upspringing gale,
Its flutt'ring canvas prest.

With swift and gallant motion,
The vessel bounded o'er the wave,
And dash'd the spray of ocean,
Rejoicing in the speed it gave.

But clouds were gathering black,
On the horizon's verge,
And gloomy grew the track,
Of rolling surge on surge.

I look'd, perchance to mark,
That sail, in doubt and fear,
But all around was dark,—
A cry burst on my ear.

A moan, as of the dying,
A shriek, and all was past,
All save the replying,
Of each loud sweeping blast.

And this is life, I cried—
In youth with prosp'rous wind,
We speed on fortune's tide,
And scorn to lag behind.

A few brief years, as if for ever,
Our bark drives on in hope and glee,
Then like the bubble on a river,
It sinks into eternity!

E. H.

We must apologize to our readers for the late hour at which our periodical has made its appearance to day, but owing to the change of printing, we were sadly put to. Our next we hope will be earlier, and not so hastily got up.

To a "Fellow Student" we have only to reply, that we thank him for his advice, and remember Lord Shaftesburys opinion of advice. We shall be happy to hear from him again.

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paid.*

Colquhoun, Printer, Edinburgh.

THE CHEILEAD,

OR

UNIVERSITY COTERIE.

Egregious Doctors, and Masters of the eximious and arcane science of Physick,
of your urbanity, exasperate not yourselves against us for making this little
volume.

ANDREW BORDE, 1547.

Unibersity Biography.

THE PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY.

ALTHOUGH the present subject of our article, Dr Duncan, Sen. has been a laborious and studious man, for at least fifty years of his life, and is at present above eighty-two; yet he exhibits wonderfully few traces of time's effects, on mind and body. His person, 'tis true, is a little bent; but we understand not more so than it was some thirty years ago. His face is still rosy—his eye clear; and he stands firm upon his legs,—which continue well shaped, and shew in walking very little of that twisting, or *click* of the heel, so peculiar to the octoginarian; indeed much less than his son.

He is a most punctual man as to habits. In early rising a perfect Cornaro; he leaves his warm bed and comfortable room by six o'Clock, if the morning be any way reasonably good, and visits the improvements going on in the city; or deploys upon the neighbouring heights, enjoying the scenery, botanizing, or climbing amidst the cliffs and rocks for specimens of mineralogy. In other parts of the day similar pursuits engage his attention; but he is ever active and busy. The reason assigned by him for such continuous locomotion is, *being afraid of losing his legs altogether, unless well oiled with exercise.*

Touring abroad for six or eight weeks, and bringing home French, Gasconade, and German metaphysics, was not so much in vogue in his youth, as it is at present. Instead then of a continental tour, we understand that he took a voyage or two to China, and brought home an excellent receipt for making tea; which is merely buying the best, and putting plenty into the pot. He could not have had much time for wandering any where, for he has been a professor in this University, and practitioner in town, for more than half a century.

During his lifetime he has given many proofs of an active mind, intense application, indefatigable industry, and pure philanthropy;

of his being a sound medical philosopher ; his works, amounting to many volumes, instance what we have asserted. They are all useful, and some of them valuable to medical men,—for example, that on consumption.

It is true that none of these works proclaim Dr Duncan a philosopher of the first class, or a man of shining qualities ; nevertheless they evince talents much above mediocrity ; and what is superior to dazzling abilities, attest him the proprietor of—solid judgment, and deep research. We take the least popular of his works to illustrate this,—his Medical Cases. This book has been much decried, and called useless,—but certainly unjustly. But we have also heard it praised by many persons well qualified to judge ; not only for the *benevolent* object of its being written to commend the proceedings of an infant institution ; but as *actually* the first work ever published on clinical lecturing. In this respect it is original. To the young physician it is, even yet, the very best guide and manual to instruct him in that important part of his profession—the drawing up of a case correctly for consultation.

As a lecturer, the present professor never was a favourite in point of delivery ; yet his lectures, for composition and philosophical arrangement, never were impugned. Those upon physiology are indeed subject to annual animadversions ; but chiefly, nay solely, by the self-interested without the College gates,—and by the thoughtless student, whose opinion is but an echo of these, who seizes the first opportunity that offers, as an excuse for not attending his, or other classes ; and the only fault he ascribes is, that his prelections are antiquated ! Has the age we live in made the human body anew ? changed its functions, and rendered a new exposition necessary ? Were the illustrious men who lived before the death of Haller altogether unacquainted with physiology, and were they devoid of power to understand, and capability to draw conclusions ? And is there a solitary fact, or new discovery, with which Dr Duncan is unacquainted ? It may be true that the professor dwells a little too long upon the different old theories, incident to the history of each particular branch ; but it must be recollected, that this is a part of physiological literature that is positively required for the advanced student, although not necessary to the younger tyros. Many of these theories are estimable. Take, for instance, the professor's own theory of animal heat—for which he has been any thing but handsomely treated by his cotemporaries, in this or any other country. It is at once recognized as the basis of those subsequent to its date ; such as Seguin's, Lavosier's, and Crawford's ; nor is his theory so liable to objections

as theirs. Had Dr Duncan never benefited his profession in any other respect, than that of being the first to account for animal heat, by making it to depend on the chemical changes of the blood, in its passage through the lungs, he must be allowed the rank of an ingenious philosopher, and entitled to honour from his profession—with its full measure of applause.

To students he is a man of more than ordinary interest,—when we consider that he has watched the Medical School of Edinburgh from its infancy to its present height,—that he has been the associate and companion of some of the most eminent men that ever lived,—that during a longer life than the generality of mankind arrive at, the poor, the afflicted, and diseased, have “wearied heaven” with heart-felt prayers for his prosperity,—and if we calculate the inestimable blessings of the Old Town Dispensary, founded through him—we cannot but look upon this worthy old man with emotion, delight, and veneration.

In short, when we meet the venerable figure of Dr Duncan moving about the city—his cheerful look, and mild deportment—the respect and reverence paid him by all ranks, sexes, and ages,—and recollect that there is not *one* blot upon his character,—we turn back upon ourselves, and, entering the recesses of our hearts, sigh but to live, to act, and do, as he has done. J. N.

Additional Hints respecting the improvement of the system of Medical Instruction, followed in the University of Edinburgh, 1826.—
John Thompson, M. D.

—The man whom Fate ordained in spite,
And cruel parents taught to read and write.—CHURCHILL.

WE have just seen a pamphlet of Dr John Thompson's, of anti-mercurial celebrity, addressed to the patrons of the University of Edinburgh, avowedly for the purpose of improving the knowledge of Surgery in this town, and rendering the University a Surgical as well as a Medical school. We confess we do not see clearly the patriotism of the learned pamphleteer in this,—particularly as it has “exuded” just at the time the Commissioners are here, and evidently more calculated to mislead than to do any real service. It is not many years since Dr Thompson *renounced*, as he calls it, the practice of Surgery. How *he* could have ever been fitted to teach *practical* Surgery, that he talks so much about, we know not. We understand the Doctor himself, with all his pamphlets, cannot muster nerve enough to witness *venesection*. How, then, is it possible, that he can be at all competent to offer “Hints” (a vulgar word by the bye) to men so much superior to him in intellect, fortitude, and accidental advantages? We do not vouch

positively for the fact of the *venesection*, though we heard it from good authority; but the following we shall copy from the late Mr John Bell's letters to Dr Gregory; and, we think, that the remembrance of this story ought, in some measure, to prevent the Doctor either from writing on Surgery, or troubling the patrons with his "Hints."

"The lateral operation of Lithotomy was performed this day, July 5, 1808, by Dr T*****, on a man of the name of Walker. Dr T***** began by introducing the grooved-staff, about 20 minutes past 12 o'Clock. The patient's hands and feet were then secured by the tapes, when he began an incision below the scrotum, and continued it for three inches downwards. At 23 minutes after twelve, the incisions being made at several strokes inwards, towards the groove of the staff, he took a kind of STRAIGHT DIRECTOR; and, as far as I could judge, *haggled* it into the GROOVE OF THE STAFF. Having done this, and withdrawn the staff from the Urethra, he took the Scalpel and cut along this director into the bladder, as if upwards: He then removed the knife and took a blunt gorget, and run it along the director, which last he then removed, and pushed the the gorget up, using at the same time great force, which made the patient cry out hideously."

"He then took the forceps, groped and *bungled* for the stone, but could not get at it. He then took up at one time the knife, and *mangled away with it*; at another time he *tried* the director: Then he would take his fingers, and *bore* them violently upwards, then he tried the introducing of the staff, at one time into the Urethra, and then into the wound itself: And then thinking he felt the stone, he would again push in the forceps and *search about for it*, but all in vain; the patient all the while crying out, and suffering the most dreadful agony, scarcely to be described."

"Having proceeded in this manner for twenty-two minutes from the first incisions, he gave it up quite exhausted, and in a profuse perspiration, to Dr Brown, who next endeavoured to extract the stone, and continued his efforts twelve minutes more, but in vain. During this time Dr Hay and Mr George Wood, beckoned on the operator to speak with them; but, *being much agitated*, and hesitating whether to go for some little time, *he at last went*; and having consulted with them and received their advice, he *again* returned to the patient, and *endeavoured to extract the stone, but without avail*. The time now wanting three minutes of one o'Clock, and thirty-one minutes having elapsed from the introduction of the staff, the patient almost all the time in excruciating torture, Dr T***** came forward, and declared to the students, that he, along with several of the other gentlemen present, had repeatedly felt the stone, previous to the operation, by sounding, but that he could not now find it, either with his fingers or any other instrument; and that the stone had *now receded*! and that it was *best* to put the man to bed! and that probably the stone would come out *SUA SPONTE*. Thus did this horrible scene terminate."

Can any of our Readers, after perusing the foregoing fact, believe for a moment that Dr. John Thomson has any claim to write "Hints" for the Commissioners? Would it not have been more decorous and proper, more like "the Modesty of Nature," to have kept back, and not have thrust himself upon a stage, on which he had formerly so grossly failed. The Doctor, however, never seems to have been in need of that easy impudence, which is said to be peculiar to some individuals—a sort of moral idiosyncrasy—and accordingly, a few days after the operation, he circulated the following Advertisement:

CIRCULAR ADVERTISEMENT.

SIR,—I take the liberty of informing you, that I HAVE RESOLVED TO DECLINE, in future, the *practice* of the *operative part of Surgery*, and to direct my attention solely to *cases of disease* requiring *consultation*. Any mark of your confidence in that line will be esteemed an honor by, Sir, your most obedient, &c.

Again, what could we think of a *Clown*, who, having undertaken to dance on a rope, should slip off, and then declare, he had resolved never more to have any thing to do with *practical rope dancing*? Should we not say he was a *bungler*, and would we again return to see the fellow? Assuredly not.

In writing this paper we are not actuated by any hostile feeling towards Dr. Thomson; on the contrary, we respect him as a Man, and honor him as a Physician; we give him all the praise his merits deserve, and his abilities demand; we consider him a practitioner of eminence—a man who has risen from small beginnings to be of some consequence—an author who has signalized himself—in short, if he would keep himself to himself, and not thus ceaselessly harass the *Senatus Academicus* and the University, these pages never would have been marked by his name, nor the above-mentioned circumstance raked from the cinders of long-expired party spirit, to be laid at his door. But as the case stands, it were impossible to have omitted the mention of it.

It is very evident to any one who will take the trouble of considering, for a few moments, the intention of the pamphlet before us, viz. That the aim of the Doctor is but to secure a Chair for his Son—for we believe with Rochefoucault, that virtues and vices are set in motion by interest,—and as the Doctor has now no idea of being elected Professor of Surgery, he can have no one in his eye to fill that Chair but his Son. The thing is as clear as Leslie's Microscope.—We also doubt very much, the propriety of a graduate of another University dictating to Edinburgh.—Disinterestedness is said to be the incentive. The Doctor must pardon us, if we be a little credulous upon this point,—it is our nature, and like Saint Thomas, we like to *feel* as well as *see*, the good, kind, and disinterested intentions of the worthy Doctor. Now, talking of *disinterestedness*, we recollect another little anecdote. A friend of ours told us, that one evening as the Doctor was lecturing, his “large eye dilated” and fixed upon an unfortunate rogue of a lecture-stealer, who was present. The Doctor, with all that *liberality* and *disinterestedness*, so peculiar to him, stopt short, (it was one of his anti-mercurials,) and changed the subject, adding “I shall revert to this subject at another opportunity.—This was patriotism,—liberality—disinterestedness,—a desire to improve the system of medical education,”—a wish to prove a benefit to the students—a hope of enlarging the views of society, by a dissemination of Knowledge;—another time he requested that no gentleman would bring his friend with him, as he did not like it.—All these things the Doctor should recollect; but probably his memory is like that of the fellow who carried a note-case to assist him, but always forgot that he had one.—

We would ask the Doctor also, what the dressing of a foul, fetid and cancerous ulcer has to do with the practice of physic? It is enough for the physician to prescribe; and not to prescribe, nurse, dress, and wash, every sore that may happen to fall in his way. Surgeons are to Physicians, what labourers are to architects.—The union of the two would be destructive to both. Mental exercise and manual operations are almost incompatible. 'Tis impossible for the labourers to mix the mortar and draw the plan. In fact we go farther, and make what may appear a bold assertion, viz.—that a multiplicity of knowledge tends to confound the

operator, rather than assist him. Surgeons have been sometimes fortunate to an incredible degree,—thus the Monk who cut for the stone without the knowledge of anatomy, and always succeeded, was not so fortunate after he had studied anatomy. We think that many of those extraordinary operations that have succeeded have been owing as much to chance, as to any thing else. For example, such was the operation of Mr. Liston some years since on a man for a sarcomatous tumour, after every other surgeon and physician had declared against it. If Mr. Liston was fully persuaded of the practicability of the operation, too much credit cannot be assigned to him,—if not, it was but an experiment. Now the experiment of the Doctor's, "or the new way of cutting for the stone," did not succeed, and, for the good of mankind, he kindly abandoned the practice of surgery.

We have read only the first part of the Doctor's pamphlet, as we have no time for more—half was a dose—a black dose. Sixty-four pages of Town Council letters,—scraps of lectures on inflammation, and alliterations of Bologna, Breslaw, Bonn, and Berlin,—Giessen, Griefswald, Gottingen, and Genoa,—Halle, and Heidelberg,—Marburgh, Moscow, and Munich,—Paris, Padua, Pavia, and Pisa,—are no joke. One can very well see how these alliterations came.—The Doctor possesses a Gazetteer, and it was easier to run over the same letter, than to be constantly turning over the pages, for it is evident; he begins with *B*, and ends with *P*. Does any one doubt what we say? Can we not see that this is a *got up* thing, a mere *humbug*, a sort of *quackery*, a fanfarade, a mere attempt to be more than he really is. Can't the blood-affrighting M. D. be content with chariot and horses—old women to handle, and a lecture room to tyrannize over; but he must also dictate to his betters? Is it not enough that he should live in George's Street, that he should be called *Dr. Thompson*, *quasi distinctionis*? that he should be considered by many as a Chiron; and by the awe-struck student as a wonder? In the name of all that is merciful, what more would the Doctor have? If, that the pamphlets are printed for the purpose of employing the *unemployed* printers, the intent is good; but if to mislead the commissioners, and inflame the public mind against the University, 'tis malevolence. Jealousy is the exciting cause, or more correctly, the proximate. The Doctor has never forgiven the *Senatus Academicus*, since they refused to admit him or his nomination among them.

With regard to the teaching of surgery, we positively affirm, that all, and more than a physician requires, may be learnt from the present professor of Surgery in the University. What private lecturer can equal Dr. Monro when he likes? Can the learned pamphleteer? Olympus to the Calton. Where is there to be found a greater variety of preparations, casts, and instruments, than are yearly exhibited in Dr. Monro's class-room? Can any member of the College of Surgeons shew half the number? Nay, we challenge, without hesitation, the whole medical world to produce, in one class-room, the equal of this collection. We do not mean, however, the whole brought together, but each University singly. And we call upon Dr. Thompson himself, his colleagues and "co-mates" in pamphleteering, to read one lecture worthy, in any point, to be compared to Dr. Monro's. We doubt much if Dr. Thompson, and most of the lecture and "hint" writers ever heard the professor, and if he or they have not heard him, how can they give a decided opinion? And if they have, why they have made a bad use of what they heard. We know 'tis as fashionable to abuse Dr. Monro, as it is to take snuff, *sim* t mock-turtle; but as we are not *fashionable*, and do not live on the *fly* side of the town, we certainly are not expected to follow the "motely crowd."

The circumstance that surprises us most, is the tame manner in which the Professors suffer these indignities. Is it possible that a society of men like the Professors are to be the sport, the *badinage*, the *bull* of every pen-holder? If honour is to be derived from the College, those conferring that honour *must* be honourable; and if not, there can be no honour; but there is honour, and consequently the Professors must be honourable; and as such, 'tis the duty of every student—nay, he takes an *oath* to do so when he matriculates—not to speak ill either of the University or the Professors. And we hold 'tis his bounden duty to protect the College as much as in his power. If the students themselves do not uphold the cause, honour, and systems of the University, they become traitors to themselves, their professors, and their teachers.

We wished not to have extended this paper to such lengths, but we cannot conclude without imagining the agonies of that unfortunate man,† his tortures, and his pains! See him pale, spectral, bleeding, and brund! writhing under the slashes of the heartless knife! killed by inches, where life was promised—naked—mangled—torn—probed till the “iron entered his soul!” and the cold death-sweat trickled from his bloodless brow, and the last pulse of life fluttered in unequal jets to rush back again to the dying heart! and then ask ourselves—if such a man is fitted to teach or instruct? * *

THE RAINBOW.

Who has not been in the Rainbow? Who has'nt feasted upon poached eggs, Welch rabbits and raw oysters, in that long room, with its imitation oak seats—its red moreen curtains, brass rings, rails, and pier glass? Who has'nt peeped at the pretty landlady—loitered to put on his glove at the door, taking a last look at that pretty face,—Lit his segar at the gas, puffed it with all the confidence of a Virginian, and called, with a sort of devil-care tone, for another *Go*? Where can be a better place, after having been sweated to a dried bag in the hot theatre, and meeting the “wild wind whistling in the streets,” and the cold air cutting one's throat with the “heavy axe of the blast;” and a sort of vacuum gnawing, and the stomach feeling empty, hungry, oddly, queerly; and remembrance whispering—“there's nought at home but the three-days-old leg—of that only the bone,”—then the Rainbow? Here a fine fire, good cheer, bonny landlady, obliging landlord, Havannah segars, and lots of good fellows. Here what a contrast from the cold, bleak, surly, grumbling, ill-tempered, inhuman night! Here all is life, light, spirits, gaiety, and fun. Here frolic swims upon the top of the second *go* of brandy; laughter in the pale-red maiden-lip Champaigne; bumps, carbuncles, rubies, nobs like Poyais gold, jewels for the nose of alderman or Indian—in the thick, heavy, full-bodied port. Here wit lurks in the

full bumpers of the purse-shrivelling Burgundy—genius and frolic in the warm gin-twist—and rough humour and incident in the well mixed punch. The red lobster, and the cloud coloured oyster, the palate-tickling sausage, and the onioned rump-steak,—the cold joint, and the nose-twinging partridge, hare, and pheasant—find here their last long home. 'Tis here alone we know they are made to eat—'tis here alone perfection in pickled salmon, cucumbers, and red cabbage is to be found. There is a raciness, a piquancy, a twingingness in every thing in the Rainbow. When you enter it you let go care as you unbutton your coat—you rub off melancholy as you scrape your feet—you swallow life, health, spirits, joy, laughter, fun, and frolic at every gulp you take; then who would not go? There you may see the fat Mr. W. with his full blown cheek, stone coloured Benjamin, and long, fire-flowing, smoke-wreathing, essence-breathing Segar—Bacchi plenus—abusing every Scotsman, with all the powerful flatus of his stentorian lungs; with the liquor oozing in declamation, and the white siller in spirits. Then the famous Signor B. with his sage looking nob, bald as the top of Melville's Monument; with his silver mouth piece, his *go* of brandy, and his favourite stick. The poet B. who shone in the last Noctes-Ambrosianæ, with his pale face, his cream-coloured toggery, and his poached egg and stout; and Mr S——, with the particular-looking, canoe-shaped *tile*; with his thirteen pints of stout, curly pole, and milky face; his friend with the hat of no shape “at all”—steel, iron, and gold chains. The celebrated Paul Pry, with his tow imitating wig, walnut-coloured coat, and crooked stick—full of news, intrigue, anecdote, and Miss M. But who can name the tenth, the hundredth part of the oddities, quiddities, niddities one sees there? We ourselves, spruce as a sparrow, garrulous as a magpie, and inquisitive as our maiden aunt that died last year; with our stick and our strictures—our quizzes and our quips, may be seen there. But we must not say too much—our editorial person must lie hid—our name a secret—and our person, like a Heathen god, only be talked of. The flame of scandal must not burn us, nor should we like to be the *dignum monstrari digito*. Thus much we'll tell:—We wear a wig, write verses, (bad ones), drink wine, and never smoke. We are good natured fellows, (if we have our own way), and are as gentle as a lamb.—Would'nt wound the finger of sensibility, or touch the leaves of the sensitive plant, lest we should give it pain, for the largest pair of Hussar's whiskers, or the finest cambric handkerchief of our popular chemist: But we sometimes take a fit of the beast, (monkey we mean), and then we play sad tricks. Enough.—When you go to the Rainbow, always walk to the very top—we

always do so—because you shew yourself in the first place, (no inconsiderable thing by the bye), and in the next, you are sure of a bow or two from some one or other. This gives you confidence with the waiter, and you are looked upon as a man of note, drink, and consideration: By this you obtain pickled cucumbers, cayenne pepper, Harvey-sauce, and other nick-knacks, that none but the privileged get hold of. And should you get drunk, (which you shouldn't do), never sleep, spew, spit, or vomit in the room, its beastly—spoils clothes—raises disagreeable scents, and troubles others,—always go home, if you can walk, and if not, let some kind friend carry you. Never forget to pay—its shabby; but always take the ha'pence, they are good for letters, and Doull's pies—(talking of Doull, his mock-turtles' very good, ten-pence a bason). When you get home, go to bed, in the name of Morpheus—go to bed. Consider the unfortunate servant,—early up—working all day—badly fed—nearly starved,—at once, cook, scullion, shoe-black, laundress, errand-boy, drudge. and perhaps something else in the house,—consider your fellow lodgers,—their deep “mystic” slumbers—their quiet rest, and faculty benumbed bodies,—consider all this and go to bed—which we would, were it not for three roaring, roystering, singing, whisky bibbling chieles next us,—with their songs and sentiments, healths and harangues, Joes and jokes, friendships and fellows. And let them revel.—We cannot, and why prevent, or throw a damp upon the fire of life, or spark of merriment? Our days of riot and boisterous enjoyments are past—we remember them as we do the incidents of childhood—dimly and with difficulty.

Fill high the bowl;

We will not think of themes like these.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PLAGIARISMS.—The author of “Relics of Literature,” has shewn (though a great plagiary himself), that Campbell stole that line in his “Pleasures of Hope,”—

“Like angel's visits, few, and far between.”

from Blair's “Grave,” in which is the following,—

—————“Its visits

Like those of angels, short, and far between.”

This plagiarism is so evident, that the reviewer ought to have been whipt, who wrote a critique on the “Pleasures of Hope,” and praised

the author for the originality displayed in this line. But here again—Blair stole the line from *Norris*, a writer scarcely known but to Bibliopoles, and consequently not seen by ordinary readers. Whether *Norris* stole it also we can't say; but in his "Collection of Miscellanies," page 14, in the "Parting," are the following:—†

How fading all the joys we doat upon !

Like apparitions seen and gone ;

But those which soonest take their flight,

And the most exquisite and strong ;

Like angel's visits, short and bright,

Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

EDITORS.—'Tis whispered by a "damned good natured friend," as Sir Fretful in the Critic says, that we are *known*,—very well—if so, we are very much surprised. We know who are suspected and we are obliged to them, as they take the *onus* off our shoulders. Pray readers do not mislead yourselves, fix on *no one*,—we have as many heads as the Hydra of Hercules, and as many arms as Briareus. We hear of all things, and touch most. We are here and there and every where. We read as much as we can,—note what we can,—and say nothing but what we can give good authority for.

EDINBURGH AT PRESENT.—Crowds of Students—Lodgings letting—Landladies imposing—Lecturers busy—Commissioners secret—Weather bad—Ladies, furs, muffs, cloaks, and pelisses—Dropping noses, split lips, blue chops, and bad colds—Prince's Street crowded, carriages rattling, *victims* staring—lasses leering, ladies longing, dowagers scowling—servants changing, students ranging, Murray speaking—fish-women, porters, chairmen, masons, bricklayers—wild Irishmen, sober Scotsmen, middling Englishmen,—mixtures of all kinds. Here may be seen the belle and beau, the maid and the man, the smart sovereign-hatted lawyer, the dandy medical, the divinity, and the idle student, higgledy-piggledy, mixty-maxy, tow-rope, and stern-rope, all pell-mell on the Bridge,—while the dust, and the wind, and the cold, and the carts, and the noise, and the pretty faces—blind, blister, freeze, frighten, and fire one's brain, heart, head, feet, toes, diaphragm and *in'ards*. Oh! for a Cruickshank to catch the forms of the phizes, the cut of the coats, and the stiff starched pragmatical, puritanical prigs one sometimes sees! To catch the scandal

† We hope to present our Readers with some extracts in a subsequent number.

speaking expression of Miss B——, the man-longing look of Miss M——, and the pure maiden modesty of the lady that dresses in black! For her we wish to be a Raphael, a Dominichino, a Corrigio, a devil! if it would do any good! Oh! for the lady in black, with twenty thousand, a country seat, good wine, and our old friends—we should fancy ourselves going to heaven in a band box—ho! we mean in a country house.

OLD LAWS OF THE UNIVERSITY.—None may stand in the gate at any time, or forfeit 4d; neither use those ill who enter or pass, or incur the sum of 6d; nor may any play or walk, in view of the Professors, otherwise he shall be fined arbitrarily; none to play dice, cards, raffling; or to pay half-a-crown, for the first offence—two half-crowns for the next, then a crown and a half, and afterwards, to be expelled.

BOWER.

THE LIBRARY.—Books were first given out by William Henderson, 4th October 1667, who had permission so to do—A receipt was given for each book taken out, and this Bower thinks, the first time pledges began to be taken for books.

IDEM.

In July 1673, butts were erected in the College, for the purpose of amusing the student, which was at that time practised by all ranks. At this present time, there is neither a place of amusement for the students, nor even amusement itself. Foot-ball and all such exercises have been in disuse for a long time. Formerly the students played in the College yard, however this being disagreeable, the Patrons and Professors, got them to enter into a compact, by which they bound themselves not to play any more in that place. Thus fell, foot-ball—Instead then of out-door amusement, the cue and the mace, have succeeded to the ball, and the butt,—and instead of regular hours and sobriety, which are much owing to violent exercises, dissipation, nocturnal riots, and inebriation, are met with pretty generally among the students; but until some place of amusement be found, it will be so, nor could any one reasonably expect it to be otherwise.

WE wish some of our Readers would furnish us with an Essay on the Policy of the Town Council, relative to the University; as also upon the expediency of the improvements recommended by Drs Thompson, Reid, &c.

EDITOR.

Poetry.

MY COAT.*

*A parody on Cowper's Rose, by Dr
H—w—s—n.*

History becomes obsolete, doubtful and forgotten.
Sciences are changed. But poetry, never fading,
never dies —

Dr. Nimmo in Blackwood, Nov. p. 685.

The sun had just set, just set red as fire,
And pale was the ev'ning with fear,
The Screech-owl, screech'd out, from his
crumbling spire,
And frighten'd the mice that were near.
The clouds were quite black, and th'
Heavens look'd blue,
And seem'd to a quizzical eye,
To weep for the sun, in a plentiful dew,—
That fell in a mist from the sky.

I hastily went, unfit as it was
For a prom'nade too lowering and
black,

And taking it easy, too easy, alas!

I rued it, it pour'd on my back.

And such I exclaim'd is my pitiful lot,
That my folly has brought on my hide,
Regardless of spoiling the best coat I've
got,

Already twice fuller'd and dyed.—

This infamous eve had I spent otherwise,
Might have saved me three pounds or
more,

And my coat that is spoil'd, with the aid
of black dyes,

Might have worn perhaps till three-
score.

* The Doctor informs us in a private note that
this is the coat of Bear-Skin celebrity he was for-
merly so much attached to, and which was
spoilt by this cruel shower. EDITOR.

Paraphrase from Horace, B. i Ode 31.

TO LYDIA.

When you commend your lover's charms,
His rosy neck—his waxen arms—
Each grace that Telephus displays,—
The eager utterance of your praise
Thrills, kindling with the scorching flame
Of jealousy, this panting frame,—
The blush in hectic colouring breaks,
By starts from my disorder'd cheeks:
Each look—each motion tell too plain,
The mad confusion of my brain,—
And the fast trickling tear reveals,
What wasting fire my bosom feels.—

I rave—if cups of festive wine
Have stain'd those snowy arms of thine;
I rave—if chance some romping boy
In snatches of forbidden joy,
The half-surrend'ring lip impresses,
Or clasps thy neck with fond caresses,—
But hear me Lydia, and believe,
He only woos thee to deceive,
Who dares profane the kiss, replete
With dews of every nectar'd sweet.

Oh! blessing, and thrice blest are those,
Whose love no cold derision knows;
Whose minglement of heart and soul,
No rude dissenting thoughts controul,—
Whose lives uniting into one,
Are sundered by the grave alone.

AMANS.

We intended to have printed an Errata of our last, but on looking over we found they would take up too much room, so have left our Readers to put all right; we beg, however, they will read Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Curricula instead of what's put for them.—Printers are, as you all know, little devils, and as such they seem to take delight in tormenting, teasing, and bothering a poor Editor, till the few brains he may happen to possess hide themselves, and if a search warrant be not near by, dissolved in a glass of toddy, or a good pinch, his intellects are thrown into pie, and it takes a long time to set them up again. Late hours and gas hurt the best eyes.

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THE CHELLEAD,

OR

UNIVERSITY COTERIE.

Egregious Doctors, and Masters of the eximious and arcane science of Physick, of your urbanity, exasperate not yourselves against us for making this little volume.

ANDREW BORDE, 1547.

A FEW WORDS ON HAND-BILLS.

Hand-Bills—Quack Bills—Medical Advertising Bills,—Bills of all kinds; walk in—walk in,—the Sale is going on, and great Bargains may be expected.

C——'s Wagery.

ON looking at the present state of the medical profession throughout Great Britain, there is no longer to be found in the public walks of life, or in his proper place, the old-fashioned physician,—the man of honour, respectability, learning, generosity, and humanity,—that man who is so beautifully portrayed in the oath of Hippocrates. He is in the shades of retirement, and driven there by disgust, at seeing his profession trampled down, and no longer respected,—being now converted into a trade,—and the physician's place usurped by the merchant and the brigand, who make themselves rich by pillage and plunder, derived from a sale of its dignities.

All the cities of the empire are alike well supplied with such vermin. Edinburgh has its share,—for we have here, as in London, numerous instances of weavers, cobblers, and other trafficking merchants, who, not many years ago, were found working at their looms and stalls; and living upon eighteen-pence a-day, and an egg to their breakfast on Sunday as a luxury; but now become fellows of Royal Colleges—hurling in carriages—innundating the profession with books, stolen out of old authors: And, as *efficients*, prescribing for a fee, and exacting that: Truckling to an apothecary—or co-partneries of apothecaries—and, with these, combining on all occasions to sell the *medical art*,—but only for money, down upon the nail: And all, or any measures which will bring this, not reckoned either dishonourable or unfair! Triumphant may these men, and their assistant newspapers seem! As students, we have little more to do than express our regret at the Royal Colleges acting so supinely or softly, as allowing themselves and the public to be so quietly imposed upon.

Our business is to repel any insults directly levelled, or intended for us. For some years past we have been made to abet, in some degree, a vendition of medical honours; but this year the design has got to such a disgraceful height, that we must beg leave to step forth, and call to order.

Besides, therefore, the practitioners above described, selling the physicians' advice, according to the measure of the fee, we have but to turn our eyes to every shop window, dead wall, old door, and privy in the city, to see there is also a traffic carried on in a sale of medical learning. With these hand-bills, as students, we are interested, for they are addressed to us. We find no fault with some of those bills, and the teachers to whom they belong,—to some of the old and established; for these are men we reverence for their abilities, and love for their worth. But there are others again,—for example, the young surgeon, and the renegado graduate of yesterday's date,—men who are unqualified to teach, for they are themselves but learning their professions,—we say these ought not to be so forward; for in dictating to the student in their high and assumed tone, they give offence; and in exacting a fee, and pretending to give instruction in return, they do an injury. Yet these men are not so bad as those of another kind, whose entire exertions are directed to impose upon the student. We relate two of these for animadversion; and, we are sorry to say, they are both fellows of the College of Physicians,—men who ought to be found starving rather than living by the despoil of their professions, and from whom the strictest professional conduct is at all times to be exacted.

• The first is a Teacher of Midwifery.

His hand-bill is that of a quack, for it bears an impostor's fraud in the face of it, viz.—a wilful lie. Of its emblazoned form—its vain-glorious boasting of offices which this fellow of the Royal College of Physicians has bestowed upon, and dubbed himself with, in order to serve given purposes, no notice need be taken; but it is an insult of too deep and dangerous a kind to suppose, that the graduates of the Edinburgh University are to be made a text for such imposition as the following:—*That an attendance upon his two-penny lectures serves as a ticket to graduation in the University! because he is a fellow of the Royal College of Physicians!*—As if his being so gave him one help in this respect, and as if it gave him a right to insult the graduate, or cram down his throat the atrocious falsehood—knowing it to be a falsehood. It is most dishonourable, both to this Man-midwife, and discreditable to the Royal College of Physicians, to betake themselves to such conduct; and neglectful of the Magistrates

to allow the student and the University to be so severely insulted. If the fabrication of a falsehood be allowable by a physician to ornament a hand-bill, surely truth must be a higher varnish. There are some of the best teachers of midwifery in the city who have this in their power,—Dr W. C——, for example, is well known to the medical world as one of the best practical writers and teachers of the mysteries of midwifery in the country. Why does he not gather together his titles and publish them? Why does he not get his hand-bill emblazoned and ornamented with a few flourishes? He has plenty in his power, without racking invention; and if they are of any use, we cannot help wondering at this man's simplicity in not drawing them from his archives, and advertising or hanging them out for an *airing* at least; more especially as the bare sight of them (judging by his neighbour of the College of Physicians,) is anticipated to bring money, and bless, and do the owner good.

But stand ye back, ye Men of Midwifery;—give ye way to the begifted Teacher of *three hand-bills*!—the other member of the Royal College of Physicians!—and let admiration or appalement attend to the following analysis of *hand-billery*:

- 1st. We have a long bill, which marks the man to be a grinder. By this he gives a course of three or six months. Terms not mentioned; but say at the rate of £3 : 3s. *per month*, and seven hours a day; *per annum*, £0 0 0
- 2d Bill. A course of Physiology and Pathology, 3 5 0
- 3d Bill. A course of Materia Medica, 3 5 0
- And both in one day,—and both in one bill—economy!*
- 4th Bill. (A co-partnership; but, as superior man of the Apothecary, *Socius*.) A course of Apothecary Autopsy.

There is a *Table of fees* adjoined to this, as to all the others; and regulated accordingly, in order to meet the exigencies of the various cases: the liberality of the times;—and, we presume, the views of the College of Surgeons.

Upon this last course, viz. the Apothecary Autopsy, we have but a few words. It is, as hinted in the bills, entirely a new one—never having been taught publicly before, for the want of a fit Professor; on which account it has always remained in the hands of ignorant barbers, and old women, and consequently has been denied the due advances and improvements incident to this scientific age. Happily, however, for it, and we Students, a man has at length been found, who

is desirous, and resolved to draw away the veil of darkness, which has so long overshadowed this valuable Branch. And when we consider that in this science of Apothecary Autopsy, there is a great deal of leather sewing,—rosining of thread,—and the operations of these, used in the arming of a bag and pipe; a deal of spreading *supra alautam*, in the manufactory of a blister, and great nicety in the choice of good and kindly leather, and fitting that so as to muffle a pestle and mortar to prevent noise upon a Sunday,—we cannot be too anxious for the success, and too grateful for the patriotic endeavours of this—its first professor. He is a man undoubtedly well qualified for the task and science; for, according to our bootmaker's account of him, he was pulling and straining hard at, and over, a pair of the double soles usually worn by ploughmen, in some obscure village near the town of Dumfries, not many years ago; which being the case, and besides his being a man well acquainted with the art of book-making, we have no fear of his success, and rejoice that we are likely soon to get Mr Brand's manual of Pharmacy considerably improved, by an appendix, with *notes* upon Apothecary Autopsy.

It is true, that according to the views of Gregory, Gisborne, Bell, &c. the profession of a physician is a much higher order than one would be led to infer from the advertisements of these two members of the Royal College of Physicians. But the affectionate regard due by a physician to his profession—to a profession so noble as that of the medical art,—in these times of avarice, must no longer be expected in Britain; for the shop-keeping doctrines of John Ramsay M'Culloch, Esq. have reduced every thing under the sun to its exact value. This is declared to be precisely the quantity of money the thing will bring, or can be sold for; and as this man's doctrines prevail universally at present, and are reckoned right and accurate, it is no wonder that honour and feeling, and other such sensations are deemed obsolete, for these are positively unsaleable.

This being the case then, we feel no surprise at seeing rapacity bringing to the hammer all the professions, conformably to the bold and barefaced manner of our two fellows of the Royal College of Physicians. And as there is no restriction upon such kind of free traffic, we presume, that we must tickle this success of the times, and be delighted with the spectacle,—like our co-temporary kinsmen, and neighbour reviewers.

Indeed we may go a little farther, and wonder, that since these fellows, &c. get on so swimmingly, a few more fellows of the former trade—of the man of many bills—or handicraft men in general, do

not desert or emancipate themselves from their stools, beams, stalls, and tools,—get themselves clothed with medical honours, and then become venders of medical learning and dignities. The speculation is lucrative—and the risk is not great. The qualifications for a first set off are merely Greek and Latin, and these can be easily got in one fortnight from the Hamiltonian system. As for money, twenty-five pounds of *ready* will be required, and not much more; for the candidate may work at his trade during the years of study.

No compunction about honour, character, manners, &c. &c. need be felt; these and their effects prevailed fourteen years ago, and in times prior; but they are now, as said already, become unfashionable, because they are unsaleable, and at present are reckoned absurd; or at least given way to the *virtues* of a newer order, viz,—*impudence, hypocrisy, baseness, and subserviency*, which are found more useful, for they are more saleable. These qualities are easily acquired. They are naturally in a man's blood before his birth. They improve of their own accord, without the trouble of much cultivation.

The whole concern of getting up the way of vending medical learning and dignities, therefore, is easy; and from all the examples already known, success seems universally to be certain. Let every poor starving *webster* and shoemaker, therefore, despair not, but listen to reason, and to what is said in a late number of the Edinburgh Review about learning two trades. Let him be advised to range himself under the banner of the *medical trade*,—to take the example of the Doctor of the three bills, and a few more old tradesmen in town,—to hearken to this truth, that these men lay by a thousand or two of pounds sterling, annually. In short, to keep this in view, that wealth and consequence, and a drive in a carriage are sure to follow the change of art,—and those are all any reasonable man sighs for.

It is true that we poor students, who have *not* learned a former trade, and whose souls have been filled with an admiration of the importance of the medical profession, have some doubts of the propriety of tradesmen becoming venders of the physician's dignities; but doubts from us—lads from an irregular grammar school—are but mere bugbears,—shadows of an hour, and cannot have any weight. For example, we doubt how far the Royal College of Physicians can feel themselves justified in granting a fellowship to a *fellow*, for the express purpose of allowing that *fellow* to enrich himself by an auction of the *medical dignities*; their doing so does not appear to us to be in accordance with the sentiments or spirit of the charter of the said Royal College. And we are certain, that no warrant can be found for such proceedings, in any edition of our Medi-

cal Hoyles, viz.—in the books of Dr John Gregory, Gisborne, or Bell. But we may be wrong, notwithstanding our quotations; if so, it follows, as clear as the sun, that either a fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, or any other man, may keep a shop and sell medical wares; and that Messrs Forman, Fergusson, Cowan, and Grierson, and the whole brotherhood of quackery, are right enough,—that they are entitled to stick up bills as large as church doors, to insult the morality of the city, and vend their mercurials accordingly. And, also, that our two fellows of a Royal College are not wrong in following such examples, but have an equal right—the one to invent falsehoods, in order to ornament a hand-bill,—the other to let off hourly lectures, regularly as the plying of a *diligence* or ferry boat, upon the subjects of *Grindingery*, *Physiology*, *Materia Medica*, and *Apothecary Autopsy*; and thus extract from each student's pouch four several fees in one day, giving in return four several illusory lectures, on the said four several sciences. If these men have a right thus to degrade the medical sciences, how sadly *agee* we are with our ideas of a Royal College of Physicians, and medical dignity! and we wonder why some one, like the kind hearted priest in Don Quixote, does not commit to the flames such crasy books as those of Gregory, Gisborne, Bell, and many others, which contain nothing suitable to the present state of medical merchandise, but do harm,—for they fill the brains of many a poor student with idle dreams about medical honour, and warp his imaginations with meagrimis and hallucinations, and silly notions of medical knight errantry.

There is one subject, however, in connexion with these advertisements, particularly our own as students, and which we are resolved to decide upon;—this is the tone assumed of giving directions—what is to be learnt and done—our everweening anxiety anent what we shall learn from grinders—an inclination, in short, that as the student is a greenhorn, he is a fit subject from whom an income is to be extorted.

If the students were all the uneducated numskulls which the newspapers and grinders wish them to be thought, then there might be some call for a dogmatical bill being posted up to stare them in the face, in order that they shall not miss their way to shops, of *grindingery*. But the students are not in general so ignorant as to deserve so much disrespect; and those who are so excessively stupid as to require this fostering care of sign post direction, *must* be left to themselves, and *must* be forced to make use of private inquiry, and advice, and instruction; for the majority is not to be prejudiced for the sake of a few. If there were fewer of these grinders, there would be much less need of a new Medical Curriculum, and a less number of dogmatical pamphlets from Drs Reid, Thompson, and other Aberdonian shoemaker and cobbler graduates.

LIFE.

I WAS born, and I became a being—was registered in the Book of Life, and entered infancy's seductive state. I know not what this was; but I was told that *then* I smiled—and that the sunbeam, on the clear pool's bosom, charmed my infant eyes—that the wild lightening scared my soul—that I would clasp the nurse's neck, and hide me from my fear. And more, that the noisy rattle, and scarlet flaring flowers were loveliest in my eyes. But I remember when this dreamy state had fled, and gilded toys began to look but oddly in my hand, and something like thought appeared. I felt then, I was—I know not what—and I would gaze for hours upon the long mirror, that hung in dazzling splendour on the wall of the old hall, in which I saw myself:—another hall—the portraits, and the rusty mail. To this delicious glass (Oh! e'en now a ray of pleasure dazzles as I write!) I paid my daily visit, to ask me, what I was, and whence I came? And behind its massy frame was wont to peep and look to catch myself, and wonder where I was. E'en then I was not happy.—There were tasks, and rods, and scolds, and gentle reprimands, that my proud soul never brooked. Alone, I wandered on the wild stream's bank, and caught the stilly sounds that slumbered on the ear, of the rolling waves that tumbled o'er the rocks—the long deep sigh of the mountain breezes—the crackling of the boughs—the gentle cooing of the dove—and all the restless strains that the red sun rising wakens into life,—and, withal, my boyish voice mingled with the multitude of sound;—it was a paradise. For who knows not Chili's youthful plains? There, on some wide stream's bank, that the red flamingo crimsons with his wing, and the wild humming-bird, with gorgeous colours, mingles with the bud of the Quillota balsam, and but seems an animated flower; and the cyprus, and the andine cedar; and the cinnamon, pine, and willow; and the odoriferous essence of the shrub, that rivals Arabia's gale, citadel with their wide trunks, its grassy ridge,—and the ostrich of the new world in countless flocks, more beautiful than the flowing hue's rich plumage of the Afric bird, wanders here,—there first unfolding nature opened all her store to me; or, midst the solitudes of the dark, giant Andes, where the eagle treads on air,—and the vulture and the condor, the largest bird that flaps heaven's azure with its wings, mount the sightless precipices of these untrod climes,—and the snow, and the frost, and the lightning, and the storm combat for universal reign—I have the holy fire of inspiration felt. 'Twas then I gazed the mountain's height, and scaled, with youthful steps, the rugged side, or climbed the rock that mantled o'er the plain. But wherefore? I never reached the envied summit,—my beaming eyes ne'er strained their sight from the high cliffs. My mind was restless, and to boyish joy, and youth's exuberant delight, succeeded manhood's thoughtful brow. With eyes bent, prone, and an unsteady thinking pace, I sought the stream I loved; but its joys had fled,—no more the rolling flood floated rapture to my soul,—no more the mountain wind could cool my parched and burning brow;—imagination painted fairer scenes than these, and prospects more attractive. I was not what I was. Then *first* they told, I had a thing they called a soul,—and I asked what,—but of that they nothing knew. Manhood now, in mid-day splendour, came; and with all the damning passions that fluctuate the man. Ambition, and the hopes of fame, and boundless views of life and knowledge, and then—love!—And what was it to love? To feel that there was division in my heart against myself,—to burn with passion till my seared heart withered in its heat,—to gnash in wild despair,—and, fancying hope, plunge into the false delirium of possession,—to feel in jealousy's torments, what the writhing heart poured out in plaints so wild and loud, that

shook the Goddess Judgment almost from her seat,—to feel, like Prometheus, the bloody vulture's beak, of love despised, in endless agonies, plunged into the soul—torturing, tearing, twisting life away,—to bear a burthen more weighty than Etnean mount upon the heart,—to while away the livelong day, like a lost hind, the groves among,—and the imagination-gilded night to weep so deep, that the wrenched soul near fled its throne,—to mount aloft on hope's delusive wing,—to sink deep as fallen angels, into hell's despair,—a sort of leaden grief, that love's fires melted into tears—and these were sweet.—To gaze upon my mistress till the blood, life, heart, pulse, soul, brain was parched and withered,—to imprecate the ills of heaven upon him I thought my rival,—to pray, that fixed to some gigantic mass, that the weak mind can never scan, like a lost planet, ever along the unconceived immensurate fields of space for ages, seasons, endlessly to roll,—or to burn in the hot fires of Chimborazo's flaming mound, smouldered, melted, turned to very ashes,—to be swallowed in the Andine snow—and feel the chilling blast so keen, that the shrivelled flesh should strip in blue and blistered masses from the quivering bone—and to revive, and then renew the pain: Alas! more dreadful than e'en the wildest fancy fashions! To revel midst the scenes imagination peoples in the brain, with forms so hideous, and deeds so black, that the arch-apostate scarce could e'en conceive. To feel I was not to myself what *I* should be! To know that there was a destiny that ruled my better fate, a mystery, and this was—woman! To heep up all my strength to shake the clinging serpent, circling round my heart, from my charmed soul,—and torments! to feel the reptile fixing more firmly to the poisoned, shrivelled, withering strings of sensibility. Thus a sort of deadness, a listlessness, an absence of life, stole over me, and time past as if in sleep; and when I woke, I found I had indeed been wandering; and these were what it was to love.

Hate, with serpent crew, and adder stings, arose, and my almost bloodless heart was gnawed and mangled by the beings it nursed. Oh! there was a hate, a horror, a dislike, a detestation, so powerful, wild and unforgiving, that but to have brought ruin on her head, I could have damned my everlasting soul! I could have borne to live upon the Alps' blue top, the cold snow my pillow, the blast my night-song, and the clouds my covering. My brain was hot, and seared, and parched, and burned; no cooling showers could damp that fire! or have drank the putrid, living, insect swarming water, of the plague affected desert. I could have dieted on the rifted sand, and fed with my body's blood the reptiles of Egypt's monster breathing clime. I could have strewed my mangled, blistered, bloated, festered form, beneath the bloody wheels of India's god,—and, with my raven-picked bones, have whitened these God-deserted plains.—All, all I could then have done, if she but suffered!

But it was not so; and righteous heaven in pity forbade the prayers I made; and Chili's plains I left, and bid adieu to the wild andine cedar, the balmy shrubs, and the sweet streams and woods, and found Europa's clime.

Here gentler scenes, and milder prospects, and attractive arts, won my soul from its satanic thoughts. I prosed like other men; but not like other men could laugh the heart's glad laugh, or smile like that bright and soul-developed smile I once, alas! possessed.

The sun of happiness is set, and the mould of sorrow covers now my heart. The bud was blighted, and the trunk blasted, bare, and leafless; the verdure of youth has fled, and the parched heart withers fast. Life is but a season, and that, O God, but the winter of the soul!

The world! yes, I entered, mixed, joined, mingled, talked with the world; and

what saw I? The man I trusted betrayed me—the man I loved abused me—the man I would have died for, killed my peace! I saw men meet and shake each other by the hand—vow friendship, fondness, love, attachment,—offer service, aid, assistance, loyalty, countenance, interest, *money*. I saw these men part. One laughed at the credulity of the other, chuckled in private, selfish, knavish joy, to think at so cheap a rate he had gained a vassal. The other smiled, and said, “he thinks that I believe him!” I hated, then, mankind; and in each kind word, or smiling face, I fancied foes; and if words uncouth, or rude, or vulgar, why, I had not e’en reflexions aid to seek; for here, before my eyes, plain to my sense, and evident to reason, this man *was* my foe. From hating men I loathed myself. A low fever—fit of dulness preyed upon me, as a locust cloud upon a field. The sun shine that once gladden’d fibre, life, soul, body, bone, and spirit, fell like incense on the cold marble of a temple’s steps—unfelt, unsought, unloved, uncared for. The birds that sung, the stilless wave that rippled to the breeze, the pure stream that struggled through the mead, were lost to me. Life’s power to gild creation’s gifts had flown, and the Fairy Fancy that led my early steps had left me,—around were briars, thorns, and thickets—the desert of the heath—the wild region of discontent—and the gloomy, deep, long, and rayless forest of joyless solitude, amidst the crowd of men. I looked around—friends once were many, but, like mermen in a sea, they are but talked of, and seldom seen.—I found none. Life grew a burden, a weight, a something like the old man in the Arabian tale, I could not shake it from me. O God! those deep and burning moments that the seared soul swelters ’neath, and the hot, breast-splitting pangs of disappointed hopes,—and the sad wild cry of the last, long, and powerless call, that the weakened mind makes to the departing joys of youth,—and the writhing agony when the body’s life,—the heart’s warm blood, is wrung in tears, big, large and scalding, from the swollen eyes,—as parting from the thing, the magic, second life—the soul’s essence, the spirit’s spirit, and the body’s idol—her we loved!—why across my heart’s flowers swept those dreadful blasts of passion, like the deep-waved sand of the moistless deserts o’er the thirsting, dying, choked, and tongue-swollen Caravan? Each bud of joy but fell like an evening meteor, never more to rise. The heavens may smile, the earth look glad with her accustomed fruits, the morning sun-beam glitter on the lake, and the soft evening twilight steal like a mother to her sleeping babe, and nature oft renew her interchanging life; but, Oh! the heart’s first joys—the heart’s youth never, never will return! They are like the sun, each morning brings him to the sight; but this is not the sun—the sun we saw in youth. The heart remains, like the fairy harp; but the gale that swept its magic echoes into life, has died away. The charm of youth has flown,—the elfin spell is lost,—the flame has flickered into utterness of death! Oh! for one, lone, single, solitary half ray of what my boyish fancy fondled in the prurience of youth! for one of those ardent heart-bounds of by-gone days—a moment of those apocalyptic glimpses of Elysian ecstasy, so wild and flightful, that the heart, delighting, near beat its life, in rapture starts away! Oh! ye moments of my youth! ye playthings of my infant days—ye long flown fairies of my fancy, return, return! Send but thy spirits, if ye cannot in reality once again light upon this wasted heart,—one short wild moment of delicious happiness, one ideal ecstasy, and heaven, then, take me to thyself!

The scene is dark; my tears fall fast, and the ghosts of the days that are fled body forth. Eternal Power! dread Being! Almighty Cause! look down with an eye of kindness!—But ’tis insult, sacrilege to speak, to write, to *think* of Thee! Impensurable God! to ponder on thy dark, deep, sublimity of obscurity, were but

to drive me to distraction! I wonder in mute astonishment, awe, and veneration! Thy will be done! . . .

The cloud has passed from my spirit. A soothing, soft, resigned, and deadening melancholy creeps over me. Again my spirit wanders midst the wild woods of my forefathers, and fancy skims the wide fields, and views in the mind's mirror—memory,—the fond scenes of days that are gone. Authors of my being! afar, across the loud Pacific's wave, ye sleep; far from toil and tumult-bringing life. The cold wings of death wrap ye in his wings, and the heartless, satiateless, dead, and dreadful grave, fold ye in his arms! The flowers of Chili bloom around, above, about ye! The quillota drops its perfume, and the palm, that mocks Arabia's scents, sheds essence on the green turf, that presses on your breasts. The birds warble little songs,—the pale moon gives her light to the mournful night-bird, and the spirit of the blast rides slowly o'er that sacred spot! No unhallowed hand has plucked one bud from that grave-ground,—and no wild beast treads on those slumbering ashes. Rest, authors of my being! rest! Soon, soon, my uncaged soul shall mingle with your shades, and the life, and pain, and pangs, and woe, be memoried but to smile, that once such trifles should have cost such pains.

The spirit of my dream is fled. The heart feels collapsed, and sore, and riven, The bright sun pierces through the shutter, and the cold sweat of weariness gathers on the brow. Still the mind is sad, weary, faint, and sick. No panacea,—no hellebore, or "drink of Mandragore" can steep my "senses into forgetfulness." Thought, like the heliotrope that turns ever to the sun, points to Chili! There my infancy, youth, manhood, hurried past me, and left me what I am, the mausoleum of long gone, dead, blasted, but unforgotten joys!

I have loved;—have trod ambition's boundless path;—have hovered o'er the schemes of greatness, and dipt in the endless lake of expectation.—All have fled,—love, ambition, joy, delight, friends, family, and hope. Like the tropic bird, alone I wander midst the clouds of this wide world, where, at every turn, mist and fogs, and winds, and storms, and lightnings cross me; but, like that lone bird, though lost in the "thick solitudes" of man, my road of life is without stop or stay,—onward I pursue.—My thoughts are fled. A weariness creeps upon my spirit, and the body quails for rest. Adieu! flowers of my youth, adieu! Ye are gone; but, like a fond lover gazing on his mistress' picture, I see ye in my mind! Joys of life farewell! a long farewell!

A CHILESE.

Poetry.

THE DEVIL ANNOYED.

*Imitated from Messrs Southey & Coleridge's
"Devil's Walk."*

One Sabbath morning
the devil, being hungry, arose
To look for a dinner,
drest in his sunday clothes.
Concealing his old hoof,
(for he ap'd at the beau;)
By putting on boots
he'd stuff'd at the toe.
With a pair of strap-
downs, handsomely cut,
Loop'd by pink color'd
braces held by cat-gut.

And a modish black
coat, that came from the Strand;
And a gold-headed
Indy swung in his hand.
'Round his neck was a
cloth, of velvet his vest,
Then he look'd at him-
self, and knew he was drest.
Then cried, "for my horns—
Aye—I care not a rot!
They are nothing but
what most husbands have got."
And he walk'd to a
house in S—y place,
And mutter'd—I'll ring
Here, they don't know my face."

And he took off his
glove, e'er he rung at the bell,
But it melted away
like a tun-belly'd Bailie in Hell.
Then he swore loudly,
and long, he wonder'd why
that men would employ
brass to handle bells by !
Now ent'ring the door,
Walk'd boldly up stairs,
Hearing much talk 'bout
Duns, Physic, and Players.
Qnoth he, " I guess here
a good dinner I get ;
And frizzle my wig,
but I'll 'stonish I bet.
" I'll tell them of sprees
I've kick't up in Hell,
And of sulphurous
punch, that flows from a well.
Of pints of hot lead
I've drank at a dram,
Then toddled away
as at present I am."
Announc'd, the Doctor
was pleas'd with his case;
For who like the devil
can please, when he wishes to please?
So he, bowing, arose,
and handed a chair,
Politely inviting
He'd partake of their fare.
The devil replied,
" Sir, your wish I obey,
And hope to return
this politeness some day !"
Then, minding his tail,
sat carefully down,
Talk'd of the College,
and the ladies in town.
For the devil knows
all— I swear 'tis no puff—
And often lies hid
in a tippet or muff.
The doctor convers'd,
but was puzzled to think,
Who the devil this was
Black as Japanese Ink.
And he ponder'd, 'tis
some West-India Chap,
Who'd come there to in-
quire 'bout grinding mayhap.
Now—dinner-bell rang,
The boarders all enter'd,
No time for talk—thoughts
on eating being centred.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Dinner was ended,
and the ladies retir'd—

The devil 'gan talk
Like a prophet inspir'd :
Quoth he, " times have
alter'd much since my time,
Young men are now old
ere they come to their prime ;
They should eat more, and
drink more—frolic and play
While youth's warm blood will
permit them, I say."
(Here he spoke sans
reckoning I think,
For the Baron *can* eat,
and C—— can drink ;
But his breeding is such,
he ne'er sees what he sees,
Preferring a lie
Than failing to please.)
And as for toddy
a few glasses improve
Really a man, and
wits are certain to move."
C—— here broke
on the devil's first say,
Offering to bet, he'd
Drink him drunk any day.
But the black-coated
Beau (he'd Chesterfield read)
Politely declined
with, " I've a very weak head."
Cos. to shew what he
could, when anxious to do,
Drew near the bottle,
taking glasses a few—
That is—two to each
tumbler, and thirteen of these,
Swearing, did he not drink
his heart's cockles would freeze.
His Majesty stared,
While his eyes gave a blink,
Swearing by's horns
'Twas a great deal to drink.
" This is no pigeon,"
said he, " I must be aware
Burn me ! 'twould'nt look
well—to fall from my chair."
C—— then swal-
low'd his punch, and told
A volume of tales,
as the devil as old ;
How he bother'd a
d——d genteel looking girl,
Virtuous, by G——,
and fairer than pearl.
" I follow'd, Sir, for
a long way out of town,
Then mounted a cart,
near a house was set down.
" And, Sir, I so far
prevailed—that carest,
She simper'd—I kist
her—you'll fancy the rest.

But, Sir, she was a
 — so I ran away,
 And, mounting the mail,
 was in Dublin that day.”
 Then spoke the Baron,
 with ‘tales from the life,’
 Of the lady from
 Cork, who past as his wife.
 Of freaks near the Seine,
Palais-Royal and *Theatre-Francais*;
 And, in fact, was quite
 the *Gazette* of the day.
 Of his friend my lord
 Lackname—his fortunate play;
 Won fifteen hundred
 yet brought nothing away.
 His *champaigne* bout at
 Calais—his maudlin feel,
 His brother and sis-
 his arrival at Deal.
 His departure from
 thence—his peeps into “Hell,”
 And God knows what else
 that the muses can’t tell.
 Now Nick got fidget-
 ty, and called for a song;
 But the Doctor re-
 minded on Sabbath ’twas wrong.
 And what, says the de’il,
 can I say? and look’d rather sad;
 ‘I’ll talk of the roads,
 and keeping a prad.’
 “M’Adam’s done much
 for travelling of late,—
 There should be, I think,
 a subscription for plate.”
 Cried Bob, “by the bye,
Albinus I
 Want early to-mor-
 row, we grind on the eye.
 “The *orbicu-*
lare—stay—will arise,
 From the inner or-
 bit, and goes round the eyes:
 The *palpebræ* are
 eyelids—also the nose—
Nasus—but that fact
 ev’ry body here knows.”
 Next the Old Boy was
 forc’d, in politeness to pay
 Some slight attention
 to what he would say;
 How he ground three times
 a-day—sat up at night,
 And had’nt been for a
 week in more than one fight.
 That this was a bad
 place, the tradesmen were knaves,

And a town where young
 men, found premature graves.
 Of tumors, and ex-
 coriations, plasters,
 And a myriad
 of horrid disasters.
 This was foolish and
 mad, unthinking, unkind,
 Any thing but gen-
 teel, thought the de’il in his mind.
 I came here to dine—
 To astonish—to tell
 Something I fancied was
 new; but this distances hell.
 Such drinking and gab,
 such nonsense and learning,
 My stomach already
 for sulphur is yearning.
 And in hell if flames
 Do flicker and flare,
 One has’nt such folly
 and madness to bear.
 Hell may be disliked,
 because our fires will hiss;
 But be-devill’d if
 its a torment like this.
 Ah! when I get back,
 to be very severe
 I’ll send troublesome
 souls, these blockheads to hear.”
 With his hat and his
 cane, he bowed very low,
 And, mounting his tail,
 gallop’d quickly below.
 Where he order’d fresh
 sulphur, and hot sand and coals,
 To be heap’d on the
 backs of unfortunate souls.
 And said as the flames
 sing’d an old lawyer’s face,
 “Bravo! but ’tis nought
 to S—y place.”
 Now since his first vi-
 sit, he’s ne’er ventured back,
 For fear, ’tis hinted,
 of that talkative pack.
 While if a soul is
 unruly, he threatens disgrace,
 By sending him soon
 to S—y Place.
 And, ’tis said, the threat
 Is so fear’d, it acts like a spell,
 And the devil a
bad fellow is met with in hell.
 P. S. But the Doctor is
 pitied, and Lucifer’s cry
 Is, send them off pray,
 or by my crook’d leg but you’ll die.

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THE CHEILEAD,

OR

UNIVERSITY COTERIE.

Egregious Doctors, and Masters of the eximious and arcane science of Physick,
of your urbanity, exasperate not yourselves against us for making this little
volume.

ANDREW BORDE, 1547.

THE PROSECUTION.

A *NOCTES* was held the other evening upon the alarm of the prosecution; and, after the whole half dozen of this month had made their entrance, some severe and angry discussion ensued. C—— grumbled.—M'D—— saw no cause of alarm.—R—— talked of deserting, at which R—— pulled off, and put on his spectacles—God knows how often; swore at K——, and called for oysters and punch to set K——'s hypochondriacal heart to rights. M'D——, whistling one of his best strathspeys, said he saw no cause to fear. While poor F——, the unfortunate writer of one of the *offensives*, took enormous pinches of snuff, and looked at L—— and C——, the writers of the other, with a pure fellow feeling.

But oysters, well peppered, and punch can do wonders! It warmed all hearts, and set the patriotic glow into motion. A letter was written to Lycurgus, and we are obliged to him for his observations, and glad that they have come in time for insertion. He must forgive us for not shewing them in their proper place.

LETTER FROM LYCURGUS.

To Messieurs C. R——, M'D——, }
and other Editors of the *Cheilead*. }

GENTLEMEN,—I have read your letter, and also the two papers referred to in the *Cheilead*; and, agreeably to your request, return you a few short observations.

The papers are certainly pretty sharp; but they do not appear to me to be actionable:—If I am right in depending upon the common opinion, that actions of public characters are open to commentary. Worse cases than those submitted to me, are seen daily in the public prints, about which nothing is said or done. But really, as a friend

to your little volume, I think it would be as well in future for you to confine yourselves to more general expressions. You will find they will suit your purpose perfectly,—they are more becoming, and would not give so much offence, either to your readers, or the public individual with whose actions you have occasion to find fault.

Second, Your questions about the law of damages are not so easily got rid of.

It is true enough, "*that truth is a libel*," as is now said *cantly*, and; that general principle which is engrafted upon it, governs the practice at present—I believe universally. I need not detail, as every one is familiar with the reasons. I do not exactly understand your letter about exceptions; but you are right enough as to their not being the governing principle a century ago. Actions of damages were decided then in unison with the merits of each particular case. The *malus animus* was not uniformly considered present upon a Cheileadian in those days, who exposed the *reus*, by speaking but the truth, whether the person was a public or private individual. But it is clear, that it became difficult to arrive at the whole sentiments; and, accordingly, those days of law are changed. The reasons, as said above, are fully known.

I do not feel myself competent to give a decided opinion how far the general principle should be relaxed, regarding the profession you speak of, viz.—the Medical. My own profession is so guarded, or regulated, by laws peculiar to it, that it is scarcely possible for any of us to do what you say, were any of us so inclined, or to act in the unprofessional way you mention,—that is, advertising bills, and commending a cast of our own several opinions in preference to our neighbour. Any one doing so, would stand a chance of being pulled up, and dismissed the corps; and any of us might expose him in any form we pleased, without being liable to an action. But if we invaded or aspersed private acts, or life out of court, then, I suspect, we must take a cast of our profession on the general rule of *truth being a libel*.

The clergy of our national church are in *pari casu* with us. They are under similar protection laws.

But I understand from you, that your medical profession is under no such coverture; and I feel myself indebted to you for the singular reasons assigned, why the medical profession should not be sheltered by acts of parliament. I am inclined to think that your reasonings are correct, viz.—That it would destroy its spirit and usefulness. If so, I would say at once in answer to your query, that actions of

damages arising amongst you, ought to be judged and disposed of according to the old doctrines of *solatium*.

You are altogether wrong as to our courts of law. Our judges in Scotland give no encouragement to actions of damages, for very obvious reasons. On the contrary, they are very much against these kinds of processes.

I dare not hazard an opinion upon your question of jury trial, in the way you have submitted that question. As Sir Roger de Coverly says, "much may be said on either side." I may remark, at any rate, that partiality in a jury is too apt to be suspected, when they are personally acquainted with the individual on whose case they sit; and if that person has power in a city, I would say that the case is prejudged, consequently that it is unfair to try the case before a jury of the adjoining citizens.

Your accounting for the universal success of a certain professor, with all his actions, is most amusing, and really quite original. But your questions out of it, I at once declare to be a libel upon *our trade*.

I am of opinion that you may defend your prosecution with every chance of success, should any be attempted, which I think very unlikely. But do not listen for one moment to my opinion as to this, for I am old enough to have seen some most favourable cases go totally against the best opinions.—I am, Gentlemen, your most obedient servant.

LYCURGUS.

P. S. I return you the fee.

POLICY OF THE MAGISTRATES TO THE UNIVERSITY.

UPON contemplating the demeanour of the various by-gone sets of Magistrates and citizens towards the University, from the earliest period down to 1825, a feeling of an uncommon nature arises. Their solicitude for its welfare has been uniform—it is strongly marked. Their fostering kindness, truly parental. Their confidence in the Senate has been shewn on many occasions, by their backing and giving countenance and execution to the deliberations of that Senate; and which gives the proof of conviction of their own wisdom in trusting to so learned a body, and of the rectitude, utility, and propriety thereof: while their firmness and determination, as expressed on many times, to stop and drive back intrigue, and the intrusions of cabal, when these shewed "the wishes of design," to push in their self-interest, is beyond the praises and the gratitude of patriotism. "These were the Scottish days," and those the men who had learning and wisdom to see that the University was an ornament to the city. That it had the means of improvement solely in its own Senate, without extraneous help. That from its constitution it must always possess clever and illustrious men, and that as Magistrates, all that was required at their hands, and of the citizens whom they repre-

sented, was barely to leave this University, its Senate, and professors, entirely alone to themselves, either to sink or to swim; and in the meantime to shield them with the countenance and protection of magistracy, and provide house room for the labour and business of education.

Such was the policy of the olden Magistrates. To such care, and trust-worthy conduct, belong much of the success attending the efforts of the professors, in raising the University to its acknowledged high station. But alas! a few short months, and changed times have disturbed the equanimity of this enlightened policy, and would prevent a continuance of this monument of wisdom. For who has not heard, that the wrangles of a law-suit have for their object on the part of the present Magistrates, an engrossment of the whole patronage, and that even our beloved Monarch's, whose power, as shewn in the Second Number of our labours, is beyond that of the Magistrates, is to be overthrown along with that of the Senate; and the offices of all are to be directed by such men as the Town Council can afford, and appoint.

Whether the design prevail or not, belongs to the glorious uncertainties of the law, to decide. But, in the meantime, many men condemn the beginning of this business, as irregular and wild, for there was no call for the interference, as the University was flourishing as heretofore; and because it is doubtful, very doubtful, that if its end were gained according to the fullest tenor of *its Summons*, that one single improvement will be created, or take place. But whatever these may be, there is one thing certainly known, that its appearance has caused detriment, and that unless speedily re-considered, much mischief or harm may occur ultimately. What benefit, for example, can be expected from producing dismay among the students—driving them away when here, or preventing their coming? Yet this has been a consequence—and they all say, “*We know not the issue of this cursed confusion, wrangling, strife, chaos, and abuse of us students, as seen in your pamphlets and newspapers. We fear something is wrong, or intended to be put so; we see that you have alarmed the Sovereign, who is not a man easily disturbed, or who meddles with trifles. In peace and quietness we would have a degree from the University of Edinburgh, as heretofore; but are prevented by this reason—that if we take this degree, and afterwards find that the Senate has no power to grant one, as is just now inferred by the Magistrates, it is plain, we would lose our time and our money, and get an instrument of no use to us. We will, therefore, go elsewhere! !*”

Such are the present consequences of the departure from the old policy; and it would be considerate of the Magistrates, to at least issue a temporary proclamation, confining or suspending the effects of their law-suit, to its decree; for a panic in a College is a serious business.

We might comment upon the causes of these, to us, irregular proceedings; but the shade of the literary Provost S——, his mild, yet cutting refusal, to suffer an oily insidious tongue to intrigue with him in his day, for the purpose of getting up a confusion like the present, hinders us from giving vent to the warmth of youth. We say that the Magistrates are, in a great measure, to be excused, and we calmly put down the destructive proceedings to what appears, to us, as their true source, viz. to the busy, yet blundering conceptions of idle newspapers—their own theories of right improvements, which are often nothing else “than delusions of the devil,” or some other like power; the theories given them as contributions of their simple yet well-disposed readers—the pamphleteering directions and insinuations of the critic—the self-interested, and the envious, among whom stand men, we are sorry to say, who know better, and who ought to have acted differently than they

have done. These seem, to us, to have influence, and when we consider that there is at present a rage to overturn the whole wisdom of the age of our forefathers, in Scotland's institutions, we would contend that the Magistrates only followed the common example (erroneously enough we say) when they pleased their million, in setting about the subversion of the University Senate for the purpose of assuming its management, and endeavouring to adjust a better economy.

We are unqualified to enter into a consideration of the various items of the new question on either side :—*tractant fabrilis fabri*—or let the lawyers decide it as said already. We have sketched at the old policy—hinted at its being good enough—and are prepared to defend both it, and our opinions, against all,—God-willing ;—and we have touched upon the mischief which a departure from it has brought. All that remains for us, is to illustrate, briefly, that it is against the interest of the University, and also against the Magistrates themselves to have the power of the Senate vested in the Town Council.

1st. Therefore, it is clear, at least to the unprejudiced man of science, that an unbiased Senate, like that of the University, is the only right and possible council to frame laws to regulate education. For it is composed of the most able men of all sciences—every one knowing what is needed, and receiving the critique of his colleagues and the benefit of general discussion ; and as many of these sciences are naturally opposed to one another, the discussion has the benefit of being sifted by opposition. No nonsense can be expected, therefore, and fallacy is as much guarded against as is possible to be done. From such a body of men, having the good, science, and fame of a celebrated University to support—the welfare of their country, and the moral world at heart—and numerous powerful rivals to compete with before their eyes—very little that is erroneous is to be expected. Now what can the Town Council afford ?—We assume no equivalent.

2d. It does not appear, therefore, that the matter can be better done if taken into the Town Council, *and we aver that positive danger would accrue even if the Council had the power of dictating to the Senate.* For, in the first place, the burden being taken off the Senate, the professors could relax their efforts, and rely upon their Council. But this is nothing to those dangerous intrigues which might sway the Magistracy, as evinced on a late occasion. Thus the College of Surgeons have too plainly shewn that they are no well wishers to the University.—Indeed it is their interest to get it fairly crushed and demolished, or, at least, get it made subservient to their College. And were the Magistracy the directors, the Surgeons would have all their own way ; because they have their Deacon sitting representative in the Council, and he sits there uncontradicted by a representative from the University ; wherefore, it is not stretching too far, for us to say, that this Deacon may be partial to his own College, and accordingly hostile to the University. That he may intrigue in behalf of his own, and be intrigued with in behalf of others. He may be said to sit as medical assessor to the Magistrates, in medical matters—and thus, dictate to the University ; the very sound of which, destroys the independence of a medical degree. This is enough. Moreover, the Magistrates would be continually annoyed to decide upon claimants, and propositions, and forward innovations upon the various *curricula*, whose claims for amendment are surely much better understood elsewhere. Thus, some sectarian—some gout curer—vapour bath-man—corn-pairer, and tooth-drawer—some swift teacher of languages—or dancing master—or other dexterous individual, conceiving that his craft, as a science, is absolutely demanded in the education of the physician or clergyman,—might find the same means as was done on a late occasion, regarding

a science which is of as little importance as many of those already enumerated—to persuade the Magistrates to load the already overloaded curricula therewith.

In fine, there is enough for common sense to see that it is better to let the Senate rule and regulate itself.

We vote, therefore, for a speedy return to the kind old policy, and for a settlement of the present rash proceedings. And we look to the Citizens to insist in preventing their College from being bartered or sold, "for that which is not bread."

OLD CLOTHES.

Any cast clothes, Sir?

Old Clothes man's cry.

FEW of our readers, we believe, have escaped the impertinence of those peripatetic purchasers of old clothes, who stand usually at the corner of College Street, St. Andrew's Square, and the Register Office. Pass these places nineteen times a-day, and 'tis ten to one you are not assailed twenty times; and, like Yorick's Ghost, forced to hear the "same unvaried chime." There is one of these fellows in particular, with a snub nose, coat of nameless colour, smirking, black, grizzly lip, oleaginous hat, (from which portable soup might, without much chemical labour be extracted,) black waistcoat, and *continuations*. Pass him when you will, how you will, slow or quick, early or late, in sunshine or in rain-fall, there he is—any cast clothes? any cast clothes? The echo of his voice follows you, as the shark, the wake of a fever-plagued ship. There is no avoiding him. Look surly or pleased, contemptuous or benignant, magnanimous or mean, humble or proud, 'tis all one. Wear a new coat, he stops,—whispers you, in hopes of the old one; wear an old coat, and he insinuates he'll purchase it. He is indefatigable; he wearies his body out in seeking worn coats, and throws himself in your way for cast clothes. He reminds us of the double in the "Devil's Elixir," he is ever present—of a sucking fish, for he sticks to the *outside*,—a "wandering Jew," for he seldom stands still. There is, however, after all, a classic, an academic, nay, a learned *cut* about him. The lines upon his face are lines of thought, and the student-like negligence of his dress,—coat, linen, head—unbrushed, unblent, uncombed,—give indications of a mind above the ordinary concerns of life. He has, in fact, become a part of the University apparatus, as much as the hackney coaches, and the red-faced, formerly-three-cornered,—but-now-oval-hat-wearing Cerberus, with the painted stick, blue Benjamin, and hidden *unutterables*. There is another of these peripatetics,

of intriguing memory. He was not always an *exuviae* collector. He wore once a leaden symbol, of the order of which Protogorus may be said to have been the head, that is, the porters; and no man knew better how to deliver a note, or watch an opportunity. We knew him of *ould*, as Daniel O'Rourke said. But we trifle.—The men, then, are really a nuisance to the streets, the students. (and as certain gentlemen remarked the other day), to *respectable* people! We really do not know what to say upon the subject, but think they should be confined to the High Street, or Grass Market. We are thinking of petitioning the Lord Provost and getting them expelled the student's haunt. It is rather a singular fact, that none of these men are Jews. The old saying, that a Jew could not live in Scotland, is exemplified here. They appear to be a society of idle, roguish dogs, who watch, snatch, steal, and seize every opportunity to plunder—in an honest way. The poor divinity student is the man who usually sells or buys from them,—but a few of the poorer med. studs.—and even the Assembly-Rooms, attending—three-penny-a-sheet-gaining-lawyers, are not unfrequently seen higgling for a sixpence with them. However, be they who they may, unless their circumstances be low indeed, they disgrace themselves by encouraging such men, and rob the poor servants, whose perquisites old clothes undoubtedly should be. We intended to have pursued this subject farther, but our supper bell has rung—another time, and we shall dip into the mysteries of the craft. * *

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROSECUTION.--We have received notice from our Publisher, that we are to be *persecuted* by a certain lecturer of Anti-Mercurial celebrity. We know that truth is a libel, but we do *not* know that we can be prosecuted for copying. The article in our third number was positively called for, and we care little whether we be prosecuted or not. 'Twas not many days since we saw the account of an anniversary dinner, given in London, on account of Horn Tooke, and others. The remembrance of that will keep our spirits up; and, in defiance of the attempts made to put us down, we will still continue to defend the rights of the University, ourselves, and our Professors. Let the learned *Cruphiologist* weave as many snares for us as he can, he has nothing to say against us, our morality, or our conduct. If we are to suffer, because we have been the first to speak the truth, and hold the mirror to our fellow collegians, let it be so,—we care not.

If we have not done any good, we are positive we have done no harm. What is the reason that the graduates, and the members of the University, have been so frequently abused in public and private by pamphleteers, and by that stupid paper the Scotsman, but through the machiavalism of private lecturers, such as the redoubtable Cruphiologist,—“the man whose name is like unto one that putteth straw on the tops of houses,” or he who is called Reid? Do we not owe something to these depredators of their own nests?—assuredly. They have woven ropes for their own necks, and the sooner they are hung up *in terrorem* the better. These lecturers have taken the alarm, and some have endeavoured to nip our paper in the bud—but it would’nt do: And here we are, and will be, as long as we meet with the support we have hitherto had. We shall not alter our plan one jot, notwithstanding the imposing act of buying our number before a witness, and *ordering* (a pretty joke indeed), our publisher to compeer before Mr R——. He is nothing to us—we to him.

UNIVERSITIES.—We see the Royal College of Versailles has rebelled. This is as it should be. When teachers so far forget their own interest, as well as the honour of the institution they belong to, and force measures upon the students that are unpleasant, we hold them perfectly right in resisting *vi et armis*. Happily, however, there is no such thing here. No ecclesiastic with big wig, empty skull, and bloated cheek to order us to church. A Mussulman, a Hottentot, a Brahmin, a Chinese is free to enter this College. No thirty-nine articles to sign,—no morning bell to prayers,—no humbug of gowns,—no caps,—no touching of rims as you pass professors. These we look upon as the Palladia of the College. There was, however, a law existing in the University, which required all students to pass no baillie, professor, or elderly person, without the usual token of respect;—this has fallen into disuse: ’Tis as well. Edinburgh has always been the foremost in the ranks to shake off the trammels of Gothic absurdity, and collegiate lumber; for which it deserves the praise of all, but of students in particular. Here we are treated more like men than in the colleges in England, though ’twas not always so. Bower says, students were whipt formerly; but in 1665, the son of the then Lord Provost having undergone “discipline,” the degrading punishment was abolished. Milton, according to Johnston, was the last man whipt at Cambridge. We may congratulate ourselves upon this abolition. We should’nt like a regular birching from the muscular arm of Dr. Ritchie; ’twould be serious injury, bloodsheds, and

inflammation,—joking aside,—to be more serious—we must notice the alterations in the various classes.—Dr. Monro gives demonstrations immediately after his lecture to those who desire to attend, besides his private examinations ; and Dr. Duncan, Sen. declares this is his last year of lecturing ; on which account the worthy Professor delivers two prelections during the day. Alterations have also been made in the Infirmary, which have given general satisfaction. Complaints are numerous against the plan adopted by Surgeons in going round the wards. We have not considered the subject long enough, and cannot at present say more. To our correspondents we promise speedy attention.

THE NEW INFIRMARY.—What has become of that splendid bubble, that threatened to carry every thing before it? We hear nothing of it. It's gone—dead—buried.—It was a bubble, like Brown's spirits, Cullen's spasm, Hutton's crust, it had its day. Hay's cosmogeny, however, succeeds—a little and that dies. Phrenology, and people go mad. We heard the other day, from a friend, that at Doncaster Races, there was an itinerant phrenologist, who examined heads, and declared the qualities of the examined, for a small sum. This was sheer fortune-telling, by phrenology. We thought it would come to this. Palmistry, divination by moles, cocks, birds, &c. &c. will all yield to phrenology. We understand horses, dogs, and cats, can also be examined ; and we are credibly informed that the bump of murder is to be seen on the head of the cat, *barkativeness*, on that of the dog's. Oh ! as Mr. Jeffrey says, why not have “ great-toe-ology,” people would then keep their feet clean, and we might have a chance of examining those of the beautiful lady in black, and probably get a peep at her ankle. For this alone, we have two minds to set up against Mr. Combe our system of “ great-toe-ology.” Lavater is now quite out of fashion, ladies think no more of him than they do of an undergraduate or a half-pay. These foreigners are, however, ingenious ; Gall and Spurzium in *knobology*, Bertrand in animal magnetism, the Yankee with his interreanean world, and *Camus* and his mechanical means to improve the understanding. All studies are useful—say some, but we are really so dull as not to discover the utility of shaving one's head and wearing a wig to show bumps.

UPS AND DOWNS.—The grandson of Alexander the Great was born a prince, but worked as a carpenter at Rome. Franklin was a

journeyman printer, and died a legislator. The grand-mother of two Queens of England, Anne and Mary, was a servant girl to a brewer; the cousin of these two queens, Mrs. Wyndymore, died in Emanuel Hospital, after having been supported by charity for fifty years. A noted lecturer here, wove, and according to Armstrong, might have served *Carpue* to make a new nose, viz.—skin “from breech of sedentary weaver.” Fah! we hate mushrooms. Others cobbled, and then write books. Another was surgeon, pirate, juggler, and now apothecary. We would give his name, but that it would do him too much honour. Another boasts of his family, and yet doesn't know who his father was, or if he do, is ashamed to mention him. These are the people, the innoyators, who are to new-model the most liberal literary institution in the world; and, forsooth, read lectures. They may be competent to teach, but not to instruct. Do they, when they write so much, consider that there is a giant not a long way off, rising like a mountain—the London University? It can never have any ascendancy over this University, so long as its excellent regulations are upheld; but it certainly will, if these constant insults in the shape of quack-bills, are allowed to pass uncensured. We call upon the students—upon the people of Edinburgh—upon the lecturers themselves, to answer us this question;—are they attended because their lectures are superior to those in the College, or is it because they are cheaper? We hold, that if the professor's fees were the same as the private lecturers, there would not be the fifth part of what there are at present in Edinburgh,—declaiming with forced periods, in bad English, and worse taste. We heard one talk about rather “baying the moon” than being like Dr. H——n. Another offers tickets at two shillings, and his opponent declares he can't grant tickets at that rate. We are not for quarrelling with any man, because he tries to make his daily bread—that were ungenerous, and unlike what we profess to be,—but the Medical Profession is too awful, too serious a science to be made a matter of merchandise. It is bad enough when we see the bills of Drs. Eady, Solomon, Jordon, and those in Edinburgh, (one of whom, not four years since, was a linen-draper on the Bridge,) but when we see quacks among physicians—'tis *too* bad. New professorships are proposed in the College—to what end? Probably the two new ones of the American University, founded by the “red-breeches”* wearing, Mr. Jefferson, will be also added to medicine; these, with *Cruphiology*, *Ornithsoteria*, Apothe-

* Vide Salmagundi.

cary Autopsy, and Juggling, will render the profession certainly multifarious, but not conduce much to the advancement of science: Anon we'll brave the lions in their dens.

RETORT.—On Friday last, Dr. Hope remarked in lecturing, that when the student had got over the first part of the study of Caloric, he had past what mathematicians called the *Pons Asinorum*. As the Doctor spoke, a general *ruffing* took place; on which he promptly replied,—Gentlemen, Gentlemen! I'm afraid we're at the *Pons Asinorum* now!

Poetry.

SONNET.

TO A YOUNG LADY SINGING.

Sweet Nightingale of Song! whose every tone,
So much like nature, yet so true to art,
Steals softly on the spell-bound list'ner's heart,
As the remembrance of some absent one,
In the soul's dreamy calm—thy wizard lays
Thus syllabled by lips of loveliness,
Develop the glad spirit of young day,
And with it each enchanting charm no less—
While tremulously fond thy descant floats,
In the full flow of modulated notes,
Thrilling the soul—and who so cold or dull
As scorn the magic of thy melody,
Or hear those strains but with redoubled glee,
So musical thy voice—thyself so beautiful?

M. E.

THE ENIGMA SOLVED.

I.

When the spirits decay,
And old pleasures annoy;
When we fritter the day
In some *Je ne sais quoi*;

II.

And the heart grows so sad,
That the soul points above;
Are we tipsy or mad?
No! the folly is love!

GALLUS.

HEBRAEUM MELOS,

Ex Anglo Byron Latine redditum.

Ceu lupus in stabulam Syriae dux irruit, ostro
 Agmen agens spectandum, auro rutilansque loricis—
 Armorumque fuit fulgor, quasi sidera ponto,
 Fluctus ubi noctu Galilaeam verberat oram.—

Mille quot in silvis frondes quas protuit aestas,
 (Discedente die) tot castris mille virorum
 Cernere erat, Autumno quot sparsae tempore frondes,
 Tot castris (redeunte die) dispersa jacebant.

Nam daemon lethi sese, mandante Jehova,
 Extulit, exitiumque minans spiravit in hostem—
 Atque oculis cuique in somno, novus incubat horror,
 Corque semel micuit, semel, aeternumque silebat.

Naribus efflatis equus hic (exsanguis cadaver,)
 Pressit humum, et fastus olli vis abfuit omnis,
 Spumaque distensis e faucibus alba fluebat
 Alba, et frigidior saxo illidentibus undis.

Hic heros tulit ora modis conterrita miris,
 Roreque frons maduit rubigine et arma rigeant—
 Quodque repentino tenuere silentia castrum,
 Nec sua signa tubae vexilla vel ulla dederunt.

Ashuris et viduae complent ululatus urbem,
 Et simulachra deum Beli franguntur in aede—
 Gloriaque et vis, quæ inimica pepercerat ensis,
 More nivis sub sole, Dei sub lumine, fugit.

TOTA.

STANZAS.

I.

O life is loveliest in dreams,
 Or seen thro' youth's perspective glass;
 O'er realms of hope joy flings her beams,
 And paints her shadows as they pass.
 Ah! little knows hope's glittering eye,
 Reality hath sterner hue;
 That summer scenes we may descry,
 Turn winter as we're passing thro'.

II.

See what a wilderness of light
 An eastern paradise of flowers,
 Attends the sun's departing flight
 Into his own Elysian bowers.
 And oh! ere yet he sinks to rest
 In heightened glory shine his charms.—
 So beauty's loveliest, dearest, best,
 Just as she's parting from our arms.

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THE CHEILEAD,

OR

UNIVERSITY COTERIE.

Egregious Doctors, and Masters of the eximious and arcane science of Physick, of your urbanity, exasperate not yourselves against us for making this little volume.

ANDREW BORDE, 1547.

DINNER PARTIES.

Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.

Old Proverb.

THERE'S nothing so much opens the mouth, expands the stomach, and increases the general philanthropy of the body, as a dinner party. For ourselves, we confess, that when we see a card, gilt edge, neat superscription, red wax, and clear, well impressed seal, the milk of human kindness rises instantly in our mouths. We glance over the "compliments—happy—dinner—six o'Clock," with the rapidity of a lover's eye. The day comes, and we prepare; at half after five we go to Geikie's—turn our hair—scent our 'kerchiefs, and examine our black silks for holes. If we find one, we instantly clap a piece of Court Plaister on it, for we have no sisters, aunts, cousins, friends, or *cheres-amies* to dearn it for us. The way it should be done is this,—place a piece of the size of the hole in the interior, and on the exterior another bit, because the under piece will glisten at night, on account of the gum spread upon it, and by that you may be detected. Well, we are shayed, drest, curled, coached, and at the door. Here we may mention an *odd feel*, just as we ring, for fear of having mistaken the day. An awkward sensation, truly awkward. "Mr. T——," bawls the impudent footman. All eyes turn upon us,—we bow—the host advances—shakes hands—and seats us. It then takes some minutes before you begin to perceive where you are. Here a fat dowager, (we hate dowagers,) plumes, silks, lace, and false hair—red nose, round face, and moderate capacity—not for caloric, but cogniac. There a virgin, blushes, modesty—white gloves—delicate pea-green slip—sattin shoes—simplicity, (affectation)—roving eyes, and all the little minutiae of tricks ladies put on, to put off singleness of life. Anon captains, bluff, loud, and hoarse—gentlemen conver-

sive, attentive, and polite,—Ensigns delicate, tender, and *ennuied*. Besides these, the other things that one meets with in society, as the chaplain, governor, and doctor. Company surveyed,—we leave the drawing room, get a glance at the length of the dinner table, and, by its longitude, calculate the degree of the latitude of hospitality; bright decanters, but not on the table—they are in the way—but on a convenient stand at the command of the butler. Seated between a hypochondriac gentleman, who has just returned from Bath, and an atrabilarious Indian. We look about,—the signal's given,—Oh! what a savour! Sweet as gales “from Araby the blest” flew out as yon lid was removed! We feel hungry even now,—“now, e'en now our joys run high,” though we have just devoured calf's head, and lemon. Well, the hypochondriac gentleman is helped, and sips a little—whispers, “nothing particular,—too much pepper, Sir; too much pepper.” “I'll trouble you for the Cayenne, if you please, Sir; cooks in Great Britain should be boiled alive; they know nothing of their profession,—nothing I assure you,” said the Indian, helping himself to at least half-an-ounce.

The first taste of a soup! the doubts, the fears, the anxieties that attend it! It may be good, it may be indifferent, it may *not* be worth a button; but good, spoonful after spoonful, gulp after gulp, till the plate becomes as dry as the earth when Noah left the ark. Turkeys, *gigot de mouton*, fricasees, carries, stews, and the other knick-knacks “fill up the time.” Port, sherry, champagne, maderia, hermitage, muscatel-malmsey, noyeau, ratafia, in one hour, or more after we sit down, our stomach becomes a complete cook shop, pastry shop, and laboratory—what a compound! Ham, hermitage,—mutton, malmsey,—roast, ratafia,—port, pigeon pie,—sherry, sausages,—champaigne, salmon,—noyeau, cheese,—porter, custard,—apples, vermicelli,—onions, and oranges. Oh Jupiter! the plagues that flew from Pandora's box, were nothing but receipts for cookery.

Dinner finished, the ladies gone, and the “ladies,” the “king,” the “church,” and *other things* being drank, we begin to feel uneasy. We crack a nut, pick a grape, eat an almond, it wont do; a dram? that has the desired effect, and we feel relieved, and begin to think of leaving. After a significant wink to the servant, we make a bolt, and off we are—full of wines, meat, pies, philanthropy, and hospitality. We pity the poor cinder-picker as we pass her, stooping in want, wretchedness, and misery,—sigh that she has'nt champaigne and claret to drink, turkeys and turbot to

eat; yet, forget to relieve her wants. And what a good fellow Mr. S—— is! his parties are so good—invitations so frequent, and wines excellent. In that hour of maudlin rumination, and o'er-gorged stomach, we vow to befriend him to the end of our lives, and nearly quarrel with the lamp-post for not concurring in our sentiments. We go home, happy as the virgin on the day of her lover's return, and wish that dinner parties were given every day. To bed we go, but little sleep; and magnesia and rhubarb tell in the morning, we have been at a "dinner party"

A few months after, on glancing over the Gazette, we find Mr. S—— bankrupt; we are astonished—wonder at the extravagance of some people, but suddenly check ourselves, when remembering he gave "dinner parties."

Students of Edinburgh, take warning from Mr. S——, and never give "dinner parties." Givers of dinners are like dinners themselves,—as soon as the stomach has extracted all that is good, it throws away the rest, and never troubles itself more about it. So when we eat a man's dinner, our love only lasts while the wines are in our head, and the poultry in our stomachs. In four-and-twenty hours the memory forgets, and the system throws off all remembrance and remains of the "Dinner Party." * *

PEEP AT THE INFIRMARY AT MIDNIGHT.

With books of foolscap made, and tapers blue,
They searched the woman's ward completely through,
And words of learned lore, and thund'ring sound,
Frighten'd th' unlucky wretches ranged around.

GOLDSMITH Cheileadana.

A FEW evenings since, I was invited by two of my fellow students to attend them during their progress round the wards of the Infirmary, as they affirmed they had a right to enter when they pleased, and to examine any patient they thought fit. I expressed my doubts as to the propriety of the claim, but, nevertheless, accompanied them, more from curiosity than any other motive. On our way there they informed me, that they had visited the wards the night before, but that the crusty old nurse had refused candles. They were, they said, accordingly prepared, and each was armed with a *blue wax taper*. One acted as clerk, 'tother as physician.

The old nurse on seeing us enter this abode of fever and death's subjects, shook her white cap head, and muttered something 'bout

not knowing what we were about. "Siccan a doctor!" said she, looking at my little friend, who, with a most imposing air, was squeezing the wrist of an unfortunate woman, ill of the *merry-go-rimble*, and feeling hard for the pulse. He commenced;—"Elizabeth —, Aged 40 years. *Midnight*,—feels herself easier—tongue furred—bowels regular—small degree of nausea—with disposition to belch, (here we had a proof of it)—can sit erect—face cadaverous—eyes glossy—pulse 100. "Pray feel it Mr. H——, and see what *you* make of it." Mr. H—— felt,—"I make it 96," said he; "we'll split the difference," retorted Mr. S——e, "and say 98." This was done, and the poor patient was left to herself. During the examination, the old nurse, with her thin meagre hand clapt to her bony jaw, constantly ejaculated, "Siccan a doctor! siccan a doctor!" This was nothing to my friends, on they went to the next bed, and stopt,—"Mary —, Aged 19—has been confined for two weeks, with severe rheumatism, and pains in her head, &c.—brought on from tramping blankets,—medicine operated—bowels open—diaphoresis—eyes clear—tongue white—complains of thirst, which may be attributed to a red herring she eat the week before she came in—no appetite—face pale—pulse regular. N. B. Good looking girl. This case dismissed, on we went, regularly to every one, till at length, as we were closely examining a girl who had a broomstick broken across her back by her sweetheart, in a fit of playfulness, and my little friend was assiduously inquiring 'bout tongue, appetite, bowels, &c. we heard a dreadful spluttering, when, on turning our eyes, we beheld a female seated on a ———. I had no doubt of the noise, and escaped as soon as possible with the above report. 'STUDENS.'

We have inserted part of our Correspondent's letter, the whole of it was not decent; and we have also taken the liberty of altering here and there. Our paper was certainly set up as champion of the University, and the students, and we are sorry when compelled to be otherwise. In this case we think it not only ridiculous, but cruel for students to visit any hospital at all hours. If we have a right to do so, (which we very much doubt,) the sooner it is done away with the better. Which of us, when we are sick, like to be disturbed, even by our friends? And surely these poor creatures' situations are galling enough, without adding any thing to make it worse. If every clinical student were to think fit to visit the Infirmary at all hours, the patients would get no rest, and would be tormented out of their lives. Let any of our readers im-

agine himself in the place of one of these unfortunate women, and be forced to *bear* the intrusion of every theoretical aspirant to a degree, and tell us how he would like it. We hope this notice of so abominable a dereliction, from the delicacy of the profession, will prevent any more *nocturnal visits* to the Infirmary. After dinner, people should never visit the sick. * *

THE GERMAN JEW.

Although the devil can partly transform himself into a variety of shapes, he cannot change his cloven feet, which will always mark him under every appearance.—*Philosophy of Apparitions.*

I always had a grand idea of College; so as soon as I could prevail on the "Old Ones," and get the necessary pecuniary matters settled, I wished *Dad* good-bye, kist my mother, and patting the old dog, left the house. It was a heavy feeling I had at the moment, but the thoughts of College drove melancholy, and the megrims far off. The coach was ready; the passengers, trunks, great-coats, cloaks, umbrellas, sticks, straps, guard, and an old Jew, were all on the top of the vehicle, ready for starting. Another minute Christopher Alexander Chipperfield, would have lost his seat.—Off we drove; the wheels rattled, the whip cracked, the guard blew, and the horn sounded. All were very silent upon the coach, save the old Jew; who ever and anon, asked if I was *wishing for goot penknives and razors?*—Judging from his own beard, which was very rough, I thought his razors could not be very good, so declined having any thing to do with them. At our first stage the Jew got down, and walked into the inn, where he lit a *hooka*, or large pipe, and again remounted. The coach continued, and the Jew and myself being the most communicative, a sort of attachment arose between us. He offered me his pipe—told me he was a German bookseller, &c. &c. and that he was travelling for the purpose of disposing of a part of his stock in trade. On my part, I was as communicative, I informed him of my journey to College, and of my intentions there, &c. &c. We had travelled a day and a night, it was fine weather, but nevertheless I felt very fatigued, and tired. The Jew, on the contrary, seemed to gather strength as we proceeded. He was freer in his conversation, and to beguile the time, he told me the following story:—

"About four years ago I was in Constantinople, when a man who had been shipwrecked near Smyrna, and by the assistance of a Frenchman, who supplied him with money, and also a letter of introduction to his brother, arrived there. On his landing, he presented the letter to the merchant, who gave him an apartment in his own house. This was more agreeable than you can imagine—The merchant whose name was P——t, had a most beautiful daughter—a natural child. The man had not been many days in the house, when he fell desperately in love with the girl, for in sooth, she was more beautiful than *Susannah* or the *Queen of Sheba*. Where two people are constantly together, opportunities are not wanting, to render themselves necessary to each other. It was the case here, and *Zuelip* returned this man's passion. As all secret amours

are discovered sooner or later, so was this, and the man not being a fit person for the girl to marry, he was ordered to leave the house. He was, however, provided with money, and letters by the kind-hearted Frenchman, and a vessel recommended which was to sail for England in a month. The man was more unhappy at this separation, than 'tis possible to say—he ruminated on many plans to see his beloved, but came to no resolution. At length he thought, that by pretending to leave Constantinople, he might lull the watchful Frenchman into security, and then see his endeared. The plan succeeded, the Frenchman relaxed his vigilance, and interview succeeded interview.

“When a man has got so far, he must be a fool indeed who cannot go farther. So it fell out with this man—The girl's altered appearance, told what no man had seen, no ear had heard, save themselves—in short she was pregnant; what was to be done?—something, and that speedily. The poor girl hung on his arm and wept—conjured him to fly with her—offered herself as “slave, wife, mistress, servant, domestic, menial, any thing, every thing she would do, would he but shelter her from her father's ire.” (Here the Jew was evidently affected). “The man hesitated—his passion was cooled—his money spent. She was common in his eyes—love had flown—poverty was near—what could he do? To take her away would, if detected, lose them both their heads—to remain was worse than death. At length he proposed that Zuelin should murder the old man! The proposal had been too abrupt—she fainted, and the man, for fear of discovery, left her to her fate. He went the succeeding evening—she was not at the garden wall, where they were wont to meet, and he returned, chagrined, but not disappointed; for he did not love her. The following evening he went,—she was there, pale, trembling, weak, faint, and ghostly. She had given birth to a child! alone, unattended, unaided, unsoothed! In a thick muslin shawl, was the poor babe of love and secretness wrapt. It required some time to persuade Zuelin, to trust it to the man who though its parent, had proposed the murder of her's. At length she trusted it to one, who had less heart than the mountain blast, whose soul was feelingless as the whirlwinds of heaven. As she gave it, a heavy-heaved sigh of sorrow rose in her breast, and she watched the last glimpse of his shadow in the bright beams of the moon, then sought the house. He had scarce left her, when approaching a pond of water, he reasoned with himself, at length threw the unconscious innocent, into the deathly wave! Not even a cry was heard, but the splash broke the moon-light on the water, and ere its smoothness had returned, the man had gone.”

“The next night, and the mother ‘all tears and grief and agony,’ sued for the child; but on one condition only, would the monster agree to return it, and this was, the murder of her father! Riches was what he wanted. She turned from him—the countenance—the features—the look—I shall never forget—I mean the idea I conceived of them. A few minutes past, in silence, save the spasmodic sobs of the poor girl, then he urged her, more strenuously than ever. She listened, and wept, that she should have mated such a brute! All then had failed, when the horrid scheme arose, that he would kill the infant, if she refused to murder her father! There was something so horrid, black, and fiendlike, in the proposal, that she stood like a frozen figure, cold in every part. “Give me my child! my child!” was her first cry. Alas! my child! my child!” He perceived now that he had touched a tender cord, he urged—persuaded—threatened—soothed—time went on, and they must part. She asked one night to think of it, and left him, like the ghost of herself. The evening came. It

was a dark dreary, low'ring, gloomy night. They met—the deed was urged again—she resisted—“ Murder ! oh think of Murder ! and do not, do not—you could not kill my child—my dearest only child ! Think of his smiles—my father's hoary head. Oh ! give me, give me, my child ! my child ! ” The monster was inexorable—maternal love prevailed ; he had a subtle poison at hand. He gave it to her, and with palsied hand she received the paper.”

“ She next evening came, and with dishevelled hair, she met him, and asked her child. He made excuses that it was out at nurse, but she would not be denied. “ Give me my child ! my child ! ” was still her cry. At length worn down by her importunities he determined to humor her by pretending to take her to the infant. She followed with a hurried, wild and ghastly look, until they came to the pond. It was a full, clear moon, that rivalled the sun. Some dogs were fighting, near ; and they could not well pass, as dogs are so numerous in Constantinople, that people have been devoured by them, and they were forced to wait. The subject of contention was something on the margin of the pond, as some of the dogs were in the water, and some out of it. Suddenly one of them snatched up the booty, and running away with it dropt a white cloth, while all the rest followed him. Zuelin advanced first, for the man was stupified, and picking up the cloth, or shawl, fell upon the ground ! It was her infant's ! The wind had blown the body to the shore, and it was this, the dogs were fighting for—It was horrible. She was cold, lifeless, dead ! He fled ! and left Constantinople the next day, no one heard of him, and all inquiries were fruitless for he had flown none could say any thing of him.”——The Jew finished his tale as the coach stopt, and I prest him to tell me if he knew who this man was ? He looked at me some time, and then said in an emphatic tone ‘ I was the man ! ’ I cannot say how I felt after this discovery. It was at Carlisle, I stopt there, for I could not bear to look upon the Jew. I arrived safe at College, but have never been able to forget the *German Jew*. * *

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHEILEAD.

GENTLEMEN,—I am not by profession a critic, but the sight of your Latin verses has made me one. The author possesses, it seems, considerable classical knowledge, but there are one or two faults which I am confident could have been avoided with a little attention. *Stabulam* for *Stabulum*, *auro* for *auri*, *protulit* for *protulit*, I can see, are errors of the press, but errors you ought to have avoided. I have hastily, very hastily read the verses over, and think ‘ *cernere erat* ’ in the third line, second verse, false quantity ; as well as *discedente*, instead of *decedente* as seen in Virgil, bad taste ; Ovid, however, has “ *discedens hyems*. ”——By inserting the foregoing remarks, you will oblige Gentlemen,

AN ADMIRER OF THE CHEILEAD.

* * The above remarks accord in a great measure with our opinion, but we wish the writer had examined the verses more deeply, we would do it ourselves, but our opinion might be considered either too favourable or too severe. If the Admirer of the Cheilead will send us a critique upon them, we promise to insert it.

EDITORS.

THE MAN HATER.

There be such things.—BAILIE CH.—I.D.

"How I hate men," said the amiable and accomplished Lady Amelia Stapleton Stanhope. "They are such nasty creatures! Don't you think so," continued she, turning to her friend the Honourable Miss Filagree. "Not altogether, Amelia," answered the other; "I like the gentlemen, what would we be without them! Nothing, my dear, but a set of rose-buds without the sun. We should have nothing to waken us into life. Only think of dull Aunt Sinnersee, with her big spectacles, snuff-box, and tabby-Cat; if she had married, what a different creature would she have been! Think of that Amelia, my love; and don't, don't abuse the men! Oh! the dear, dear! Hussars!" "Hush you naughty girl!" said Lady Stanhope; "why you are worse, I declare, than the sympathetic Miss Randal, who died from a glance of Captain Swivel's eye, for shame! But (and here she sighed) I wonder what time the man with the black whiskers, dark eyes, and aquiline nose passes—not that I care about him; odious creature! but I like aquiline noses. They are so antique, they put me in mind of the Statues we saw last year in the Exhibition—but it was only a side view, I took of them,—mind only a side view, Miss Filagree." "Well I protest, Amy, I took a full view; they were, I think, very indelicate, and I never looked a second time; Major Cannon said, it was seeing nature in her most prominent parts."—"Hush, child, you are really too bad, you shock my nerves; do hand me that Salvolat-ile, I shall faint." The smelling bottle was handed by the obliging Miss F. and Lady Amelia Stapleton Stanhope, felt better, when a tramping of horses was heard. The faint, shocks, nerves, bottles, salvolat-ile, &c. were all forgotten. She ran to a glass, adjusted an elegant head-dress of Brussels lace *point d'Espagne*, with under lining of *Coeur de Rose*, and pale aurora ribbons dipping on her enchanting little bosom. The smile was put on, the book (Petrarch) negligently opened, and leaning on her left hand, in a most interesting attitude, awaited the announcement of the man with the whiskers, black eyes, and aquiline nose, for 'twas he. He came. Languidly she raised her eyes, beautiful and blue as the ocean caves. But barely raised, and with a distant bow, welcomed in the whiskered warrior. Gracefully he took his seat, and yawned as though he intended to have swallowed the Lady Amelia Stapleton Stanhope, and the Hon. Miss Filagree. No words were uttered, but the Hussar remarking, "it was devilish hot, 'pon soul, devilish hot."—Miss Filagree saw she was not wanted, took the hint, and bade adieu, with protestations of sorrow for hasty departure, while Lady Amelia Stapleton Stanhope begged her in mercy not to leave her alone. She went, however.

A few weeks after, Lady Amelia Stapleton Stanhope, was taken ill—the doctor forbid even her nearest friends to see her—she was so dangerous—so very ill. The fact is, Lady Stanhope had been heated in the wood of Kensington Gardens, and then suddenly exposed to cold, which had brought on a *confinement*. — She recovered, visited the Lakes, and returned with a most interesting little babe, whose mother had died of the fever and left it an orphan. It was very feeling in Lady Amelia Stapleton Stanhope, notwithstanding Mrs. Sneer remarked, 'twas very like the "odious creature!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROSECUTION.—We rejoice to say this false alarm has proved to be smoke, and it appears the learned Doctor who threatened it, has been better advised, we shall therefore let him rest ! Malevolence we never possessed, but when we see people intruding themselves where they have no lawful claim, as watchmen of our fellow Collegians, we must tear off the cloak and hold them up denuded of their false covering to the eyes of all. When severe, we are not malicious—when pointed, not actuated by personal dislike. Public men, we think, were declared public property, by Junius, and their actions are open to the criticism of all, but in a peculiar manner those more nearly concerned ; and we promise never to deviate from this plan.

RESURRECTION MEN.—These men are always turning up something new, one way or another. They perform miracles, for they “raise up the dead,” they are *lave dealers*, for they sell *men*—they are *amusing* for they furnish *subjects* for conversation—scientific, for they assist science. They are a species *sui generis*—*Lycanthropes*, for they *live* on the dead—*discoverers*, for they bring things hidden to light,—quarrelsome, for they *pick holes*. These are what are technically called *Body-snatchers*, pioneers of science, and explorers of the deep, dark, and secret places of the Earth. And peace breakers, for they disturb *rest*, and produce *commotion*. We have made the foregoing comparisons in consequence of an advertisement in the Caledonian Mercury, offering ten pounds as a reward for the discovery of the persons who stole the body of Coomb the fisherman, at Newhaven. The advertisement is nothing, but the remarks of the Editor are absurd. As a man of science, unprejudiced as he ought to be, the least he had said about the matter, the better. Of what consequence is it to the fisherman whether the shark, the worm, or the scalpel decomposed his body ? How is a knowledge of Anatomy to be obtained but by dissection ; and as the authorities in all the sea-port towns of Scotland *put down* the importation of *foreign bodies*, the people must submit to be *pulled up*.

New Discovery.—We see by a paper, from the literary Gazette, that steam is not the invention of the present century, but of one Captain Loyalo, consequently the Marquis of Worcester, Bell and other engineers have lost their claim to the discovery. The following however, we are positive is a modern one. We shall give it in the words of a correspondent :—‘ I understand from undoubted authority that P——r L——s——e, after intense study, and frequent experiment, has discovered that printed sheets, such as newspapers and hand-bills, are dangerous when used any length of time in the temples of Cloacina. The ink with which the paper is printed, (it appears from the learned professors’ experiments) consists of a *vast* proportion of copperas or sulphate of iron, and being rubbed forcibly into the pores of the skin, are taken up by the absorbents, and the deleterious particles carried through the whole system in a very short time, producing paralysis vertigo, pyrexia, &c. The Professor supports his theory by some ingenious arguments, which I have not time to mention, and in corroboration of it, cites the example of the Pope who was poisoned ‘ *a tergo* ;’ no doubt, concludes the Professor in his dissertation, it was from the copperas in the ink of newspapers, or hand-bills. We understand it will be inserted in a scientific journal of this town, and that the literati of France, Germany and England are anxiously expecting the appearance of the paper, but that it will be delayed till the Professor has finished some further experiments he is at present making upon himself.

LODGING HOUSES.—We do not recollect at this time o' year, for some time past, seeing the Lodging Houses so empty as they are at present. This is remarkable in most streets of the Old Town, as Lothian Street, College Street, Hill Square, &c. Whether the Students have gone to the other end of the town or not, we cannot decide, but think that the falling off is entirely owing to the interference of the Town-Council with the Senatus. Many a poor woman (and we know several) will be unable to pay her rent. The generality of them, 'tis true, are miserable wretches, even when they let their rooms, subsisting entirely on what they steal from their lodgers—half-starved, indolent—cruel and unfeeling towards their servants,—they are a link of society for whom we have little or no consideration—but we cannot, notwithstanding all this, help pitying them. It is a great pity this class of people cannot be done away with, as half of the immorality complained of, as said to proceed from Students, are entirely owing to them. If a proper place were provided, and students not forced, but recommended to live in it, and where the holders would be honest and moral, we have little doubt, but that it would tend not only to the prosperity of the College, but to the ultimate good of the Metropolis. The Students would then have a better opportunity of mixing with one another, and intimacies formed, useful in after life. As it is, there is not such a disjointed body of Alumni in the whole world. Unanimity is not to be found among six, out of one hundred, and superior merit, instead of claiming superior attention, produces detraction and envy. In our next we promise a few remarks on our brother Students, which we hope will not be taken unkindly; we have no end in view but their good.

Poetry.

GRINDING.

Harassing.—ADDISON.

I hate to grind at two—to sit with mum
And mouthful silence, like Quaker meetings—
To listen to awful facts of learned
Doctors, to talk of distad, rotulad,
(Barcleian terms,) and God knows what besides.
Or of gestation, gastric juice, puerpal
Fever, Mother Marks, and Hippocratican
Lore of learned nothingness of knowledge——
Alas! the long heavy, dull, *dic mihi*,
As perchance, with look profound, and snuff-box
Clacking hard, pinch on the thumb, and 'kerchief
Dyed with juice of nose, ymixt with darker
Succus of Virginian weed,—the Doctor
Gutturals out his catachrestic tongue—
Oh! the words have fall'n like an unseen

Eurus blight upon the heart's bright day buds:
 Oh! that sad passing! 'tis as dreadful as
 Rhadamanthean examination,
 Or Mahomet's narrow bridge, a hair's breadth,
 O'er which the true believers only pass.
 Oft with bounding heart, and head and fancy
 Filled with dreams Elysian—of the beauty
 Ray'd in sable garb, "such as Prince Memnon's"
 Sister might beseem," and the warring noise
 Of agitating men—the cheeks, the eyes,
 And countenance, varying, various
 As the inconstant ever-changing ocean
 Stream, and love's gentle hint by lid deprest,
 And the full curved crimson lip of woman,
 Pouting forth,—have I reluctant ta'en
 Th' accustom'd seat.—Oh Proteus! thou wert
 A happy dog! for to various shapements
 Couldst thou change thine ugly self, and often
 Cheat the unsuspecting few,—had I that
 Power, some noted Medicus I'd feign,
 And o'er the Senatus Ac. would lord it,
 Fabricius Aquapendente,
 Galen, Haller, or Oribasius
 Learned, or else old Chiron, or Apollo's
 Self, master of the pill-prescribing race.

To miss at full mid-day, the starry eyes,
 The rosy cheeks, the taper waist, and love
 Creating hips of Caledonia's fair,—
 The bowy lip, the heart-sent leer, the smile,
 The word, the laugh, the gentle reprimand
 For unremember'd calls, and the bliss
 That loved and loving into the bitter
 Cup of life, enchanting woman oft can
 Throw! 'twere beyond hermits' patience
 To withstand. Now the Doctor's voice I hear
 Breaking on the ear, driving pleasing thoughts
 And airy visions from my mind away,
 With curs'd latinity, anatomic
 Intricacy, and fell minutiae
 Of holes yclept foramina, and blood,
 Of flesh and fat and bone, and phosphates fill'd.
 Then have I wish'd the long rough oaken bench—
 The poplar tree—the summer eve—the balmy
 Wind's sweet lips, that kiss'd the fair one's,
 Muttering in smother'd sigh her heart-swollen
 Thoughts, beside me. Then have I sigh'd that drugs
 And pills, and pains, and pestilential
 Airs, should e'er have troubled man's repose.

Why know the bones, nerves, tendons, ligaments,
 Aponeuroses, pancreas, liver,
 Lights, or lungs? they make me not happier,
 Better, richer? Why toil all hours? and watch
 The long wick curl like the Pope's pastoral
 Crook, in mockery of sleep, at midnight?
 Or turn with dry, and sweatless hand the leaves
 Of old Senertus, Munro, Barclay, Bell,
 Hippocrates, Albinus, Cooper,
 And a whole host of unforgotten names?
 Grinding I'll cut, and the heavy quarto,
 Attractive octavo, or more attractive
 Duodecimo, all, all, shall lie hid,—
 Rest, sleep, moulder, rot on my cupboard's shelf.
 Henceforth Anacreon's lyre and verse,
 Jolly Bacchus, and lascivious

Venus, will I join thy throng; but not the
 Wild promiscuous intercourse of lawless
 Lust. I'll marry, buy a pipe of wine, and store
 My cellar with choice Champagne, Burgundy,
 Ratifia. I'll have the best cooks in town,—
 The finest meats, sauces, fricasees, fruits,
 Pastry, turtle soup, pine apples, mince pies,
 Plum cakes, and every dish that Mistress Glass
 In her book of cookery hath set down.
 My wife shall be a fine handsome woman,
 Tall as cedar shoots, and beautiful as
 Beauty's model in poet's maudlin dreams.
 With temper warm, but *amiably* warm,—
 Nose nor large nor small (as some I've seen in
 This same town) but middling—a little hook'd,
 With Grecian outline; any kind of eyes
 Will do, so they but speak the latent soul.
 Too much she shall not eat; nor drink, port, punch,
 Cyder, ale, porter, or cogniac.
 Sherry, and now and then what else befits
 Her she shall have. Myself with velvet cap
 And pen of swan enormous, flannell'd up
 From toe to head, will sit in easy chair
 Of leather made, and scribe lays amorous
 Or witty, to maid or woman. Free as
 The old fox that lives retir'd on Arthur's
 Seat, I'll range the lov'd streets at two o'clock,
 And court the smiling fair.

Gods! that's now
 Th' infernal bell that 'laboureth mine ear!
I must to Grind! Adieu soft delusions
 Of my ardent mind! dreams of wild fancy
 And hot imagination! Robertson,
 Thompson, Cullen, Murray, *nous* of ye all
 In my sad aching head, I e'en must put.
 Grinding! horrid art, by fell Alecto
 Made, to sharpen woe and cut off pleasure.
 Grinding! I hate thee! as an old face, dun,
 Grandmother, peas-soup, tailor's bill, or pun.
 Grinding! thou art a bore, a plague, a fiend,—
 Worse than Hamlet's ghost, or Katerfelto's
 Cat, or G——h——m's wit or any other
 Thing that's bad.

STUDII EST PERTÆSUM.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to mention to our correspondent, W. that our paper is published every Wednesday morning, and is ready for delivery at nine, and may be had of most booksellers who deal in periodicals. We are not in the habit of noticing correspondents when not inserted, we laid it down as a rule—experience having taught us the *veration thereof*—M. however, is quite mistaken in us, it would not do to run down our own profession. Linden will find a letter at the publishers.

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THE CHEILEAD,

OR

UNIVERSITY COTERIE.

Egregious Doctors, and Masters of the eximious and arcane science of Physick, of your urbanity, exasperate not yourselves against us for making this little volume.

ANDREW BORDE, 1547.

THE STUDENTS.

Now flushed with drunkenness, now with whoredom pale.

COWPER.

We promised, in our last, a few remarks upon our fellow Students, and therefore hasten to fulfil our engagement.

The Students of Edinburgh want that unanimity and connexion which are indispensable in a literary institution. We have read, and heard of societies among the collegiates of Aberdeen, Glasgow, Oxford, and Cambridge, formed for the purpose of protecting and defending their rights and privileges,—we know of rebellions which have threatened the very existence of some colleges—where the professorial, the civil, and even the military authorities have been resisted with vigour, and an honourable capitulation been the result,—the very High School refused to obey the mandates of a tyrannical pedagogue. Eaton, Westminster, and others in England, and elsewhere, have never been backward in asserting their right, the respect due to them, and the attention they claim, and are entitled to; but in Edinburgh, the capital of a country that boasts its resistance to invasion—its antiquity, courage, nobleness, and literary merits—its freedom from church bondage—its laws, spirit, works, policy, and city,—where erudition is said to dwell, and learned men to spring up,—here we repeat—among its *alumni*—its pledges of future men—its population in perspective,—spirit and literary enterprise is sadly wanting. They suffer themselves tamely to be abused by those whom they support, and encourage; men,—who, but for them, might have broken stones upon a road, or made but decent excisemen. Not that the Students do not *in reality* possess spirit—they must, or literary information, they bring this to Edinburgh with them; but there is a *vis inertiae*—a lassitude of mind—an unwillingness of action, and a frivolity of thought,

induced by health, liberty, and money,—tantamount, nay, superior to every ennobling passion. An indulgence in the *otium vitæ*, without dignity or propriety, are the distinguishing characteristics of the Edinburgh Students. They no sooner rise, than they concert plans for killing the day; the Agency Office—the peep at the College—the slow lounge from street to street—the Tennis Court—jellies, soaps, and the bet at whist—the mace, the cue, the ride, the newest novel—each in turn engages the mind. The day killed, (which probably is not six of the four-and-twenty hours) they begin to think of spending the night. This includes the dinner—“where shall we dine?” is as frequently asked among the Students, as the medicants in the bench cry, “remember the poor!” After an elaborate argument, with pros. and cons. a Rainbow dinner, a Rainbow drink, and a *Rainbow* eye, finish the mutilated four-and-twenty hours. 'Tis ten to one the watch-house, or some worse place, vomits them forth in the morning, pale, nervous, and debilitated. Soda water, ginger beer, and brandy—potash, and other stimulants and *settlers*, are now called,—the luckless servant is rung for twenty times in a minute, for glasses, spoons, water, &c. &c. never thinking, (for they cannot think) that the poor creature has probably been up the whole night before, and been working like a horse from six in the morning till the time they have called, without a morsel of food, or one drop of water under the name of tea, passing her lips. These preliminaries ratified, they induce a kind of pseudo-appetite,—steaks well peppered, red herrings,—or devilled whatever happens to be in the house, is ordered; before the glasses they have just used are washed, or the dregs thrown from them. Ring, ring, ring,—the morsel comes—they eat—spirits are improved—Doull's Ratifia, or “mountain dew” inspires them,—again the peep, the cue, the lounge, and so on *ad finem*!

What time for study? what for thought? none! No literary pursuits to engage their attention; no peculiar line of conduct to regulate their minds. They come avowedly to study some profession, and until delay can no longer be continued, fritter the time in follies and irregularities. The *last year*—the midnight taper—the pale sickly cast—uneasiness of mind—anxiety—and, probably, pecuniary difficulties, now in their turn take the lead. Then health, already declining, receives the finishing stroke. They are ashamed—they study, and study hard, and pass,—showing what may be done by resolution and perseverance.

They depart from Edinburgh, and, for the most part, without one sigh, one longing ling'ring look, but shake the dust from their feet, for they leave behind them nothing that engages attention, or commands veneration. Their money was spent in trifles, and improprieties, their youth in drink and dissipation. * Whose fault is this? It lays partly with the parents, more especially with the people of Edinburgh. To be a Student, is to be a black sheep—a Cain—a monster. Society is barred against them, visiting in families a sort of sufferance—places of amusement none.—The Theatre is not a pastime one can enjoy every night, and there is no other. The prudent will exclaim—"they come here to study!" Does coming here to study deprive a man of the feelings, failings, and follies of human nature? and as no man can study without relaxation, we held that there ought to be places of amusement. By the policy of the University Students are scattered like sheep upon a hill, and when one wants a companion, he is forced to go in search of him. Hence the irregularities complained of. But there are many Students who are unacquainted with a single soul, and is it to be wondered at, that one accustomed to society, can not suddenly forget all its pleasures, and plunge into the gloom of solitude? The theatre is sought—soon tires—the billiard-room—and then the tavern—bad acquaintances are gained, bad examples imitated, and bad habits induced. Is it then surprising that the Students are so irregular as they are? The surprise is, the evil isn't greater. Cannot some society † be formed, or club instituted among the Students? Can't any one of our readers aid us in this particular? "We pause for a reply." * *

HINT TO THE BOOKSELLERS NEAR THE COLLEGE GATES.

OF the motives which induce these men to abuse and talk ill of our book, we are not going to speak, for it is clear we have no business to trouble ourselves with such cattle in one point of view.

But in another, if these motives come forth with a direct intent to assist our enemies in their unhallowed attempts to drown our

* We do not mean to infer, that this description will hold good, with respect to all our fellow students; but, we affirm, that it is the case with more than one half.

† We mean for amusement, they are too many literary ones already to do any good.

volumes, we say let them look to their shops! We are not so feeble as to be afraid of a Bookseller, nor are our opinions so contemptible as not to reach some of their interests. We charge them, then, not to provoke us.

Much is in *our* power, or in the power of any one that is not afraid of speaking out the truth. "An excellent article" can easily be got ready at the expense of Booksellers. They demand *chastisement*, for they have battered too long upon the product of the literary brain. They know this. The stir, therefore, which has been called for, now upwards of thirty years, may be made at any time. So far as we are concerned, the attack may be made just now, and upon some of our nearest neighbours. And if a little more caution be not exhibited, and less of the Bookselling damnation expressed against our little work, we will take in hand to bring to the rank of wrapping-paper some of our neighbour's publications; and every waggon that leaves the city, shall bear the evidence to every county in Great Britain.

We never asked the favour of assistance from any of these Booksellers. We never intend to do so. Gain is not the object of our publication. Candour has a right to fair play, and as these Booksellers gain much by the University, the common offices of a return have a right to be looked for at their hands.

We have published no libels. If we had, the men we have spoken sharply of, are too well known, and would be too well prompted not to make an appeal to the *too-well* known partiality of an Edinburgh Jury. We could not, therefore, have escaped. We know this, and are not afraid to know it.

The gibes uttered against our publisher, are nothing else than the spite of malevolence, and a part of the rules of their knavish craft.

What ails the man! of his tenets we know nothing, but presume they are as good as any of his neighbours. In respect of him it is enough to say, that the literature of Great Britain is miserably reduced, when only one man in a city can be got to publish a work of truth, and that his bravery for so doing is the subject of scorn—his fearlessness, the object of animadversion—and his vending the truth, as an opposition in behalf of a calumniated University, a text for oppression.

Why may not Richard Weston sit among the herd of booksellers surrounding the University of Edinburgh? or indeed any where else? He is a man, though humble in his station, who has done more to deserve a higher, than many, or all of his contemptuous neighbours. Let a narrative in comparison be the proof:—while,

then, all of these men have been sweating, and snousing out the effects of their *gaudeamus*—their pots of ale,—their cackling over a successful day's till, the body of Richard Weston was macerated by the rugged storm; and abeyance was the prospect. While these men were conniving their plans to break the spirit of some poor literary labourer, and buy his work more easily than it was written—this man's heart was beating with anxiety in behalf of his country, and his arm and his strength employed in fighting its battles, and——tenpence was his day's gain.

Grown old and retired, with a wife and family to support, and doing so by the fair means of application and industry, may his praise-worthy conduct not receive the common attributes of respect due to his trade? Is it because he is better entitled to tread the soil of his country than many of his neighbours, from his merits? or is it because he has merits, and is not acquainted with the wiles of the craft, that he is thus despised, and his endeavours attempted to be crushed?—These deserve something at least from the hands of his brethren. His being poor and unfriended, and a favourer of the rights of Students, demand at least the protection of the students; and so far as the CHEILEAD is concerned, we are resolved he shall have it. Let his neighbours, then, give him the usual appurtenances of respect otherwise, we say again, let them look to their shops.

IN,

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

As our friend of *Apothecary-Autopsy* renown—the man of three bills—translator, grinder, lecturer, and M. D.—is so anxious to become one of many—namely, to be the *nucleus* of a company, we understand that a lady of similar name in Hanover Street, has an opening. No less a place than body and house Physician. We are led to believe this place would suit the M. D. to a hair. His desire to be any thing and every thing, may be there gratified. His fees would be regulated like Chinese Physicians—that is, when his fair patients were indisposed, his salary would stop. This post is one of more than usual interest, for the health of the city is in a great measure involved. What can be more ennobling—more god-like,—what more like a creator, than that of distributing pleasure pure and unsullied—without the danger of incurring the necessity of the *Taliacotian* operation? what more magnanimous than the protection of noses and bridges—the saving from ruin of many a

beautiful face, and the prevention of disease, misery, and disfigurement? Gods! if we were but M. D. we think we should offer ourselves as candidate. The palace of the Prince of Samarcand, stored with houris, fountains, gems, jewels, and music, is nothing—merely *Storial*, whereas this is real fact—positive *flesh and blood*.

We understand, that in consequence of the above report, that our *friend* is about to become body Physician to the said lady, he has been waited on by at least twenty apothecaries in town, many offering *pills* at fifty per cent. lower than usually demanded. The “COTERIE” also, by deputy, waited on the learned M. D. requesting his interest for this paper, viz. “that the CHEILEAD be recommended to be taken in by the above mentioned lady, as a paper of more than ordinary talent,” but were repulzed with scorn and contempt. This was the unkindest *cut* of all, and we could not forgive it, though it came from a *grinder*. The wound of a razor is as bad as that of a knife, though the one be twice as sharp. *Pour le present*. Monsieur le Docteur, adieu! C’est assez pour cette fois.

THE MURDER;

A FACT.

THE moon shone bright and clear,—no cloud dimmed the lustre of her beams. The pale stars were out-splendored; and the night wind seemed to sleep upon the lustre of her mysterious light. There was something awful and impressive in the night: The evening lightening played faintly, and at longer intervals than is usual in our Western isles,—the perfumes of the orange grove mixed with the sweetly oppressive Lisonia, slumbered as it were in their young bud’s fragrance, and the stirless air flagged with the weight. There was a divinity that breathed o’er all—a spirit wandering the earth—a sacredness in every thing, that made it sacrilege to break nature’s awful worship, manifest in her silence.

M-Laren and his friend were enjoying, in one of those long piazzas which are scarcely now to be met with in the island,* the harmony of this delightful night. It was approaching near the hour of midnight, and Ross had a long way to ride. “You had better,” said M-Laren, “have the horse put in the stable, and stay all night; that Log-wood is a dreary dark place, and scarcely lighted even by this moon,—you’d better stay.” “No!” said Ross, “I’ve something to do in the morning; and, besides, I have ridden through the wood a hundred times. I left witches, fays, spirits, brownies, and warlocks in Ayrshire, and as for any thing

* Jamaica.

else, you know there's no fear." "That may be," answered his friend, "but, some how or another, I don't like your leaving me to night. I feel heavy and dull, and a melancholy creeps over me, that I never felt since my mother's death." "Pugh! pugh! Sandy," said the other, "you were always whining, even at school. I thought you had more of John Knox about you." "I don't know whether I am superstitious or not," answered M'Laren, "but I certainly believe in animal magnetism." "Animal devil!" said the other, and whistling, (as is the custom), the boy appeared with his horse. "Tighten the girths," said he, "and take up a hole or two in the stirrups—they were too long to-day." The boy did as he was ordered, and all M'Laren's attempts to keep him during the night were unavailing. He took the stirrup cup and rode away, the boy following on a mule.

When M'Laren had watched the last traces of his friend's outline, fading in the distant landscape, he rose to retire to bed. He entered his chamber, but could not undress himself,—he felt oppressed, feverish, and unhappy. "I have sat too long in the moonlight," said he, "I've taken cold;" he lay down to rest, but in vain. He rose again, and paced the long piazza, as he was wont when he could not sleep. In the old houses in Jamaica, there are port-holes formed in the walls, through which the whites might fire on the blacks in cases of rebellion; and they are so formed, that though wide in the interior, are not more than a few inches in breadth on the exterior. At the end of this piazza were several of these holes, and through them the moon glided her pale beam, and rested on the floor. As M'Laren was traversing, with an irregular step, he observed, suddenly, one of the holes become darkened. He stopped short, and, looking steadfastly, saw plainly, by the moon, a shining glassy eye, while around it was dark and black, and had no doubt but that this was a negro looking in. He hesitated what he should do. He was no coward, but he shook involuntarily. After slight reflexion, he went into his room, and, arming himself with his pistols, came into the piazza; but the eye was gone, and the moonbeams fell on the floor as formerly. This appeared singular—inexplicable; but imagining he might have been deceived, he dismissed it from his thoughts, and continued his walk. The house was situated under the brow of a hill, to protect it from the wind of the hurricanes and lightening; and, like other houses in the country, a door was placed opposite to another directly east and west; both doors were open, as they are seldom closed at night; and, like the port-holes, the moonbeams streamed through, and lighted the whole hall. Here, again, two figures distinctly intercepted the light, passing across the door. M'Laren called aloud, and hastened to the door; but when he got there, there were no signs of the figures. They must have slunk into a coffee-plantation a few yards from the spot. M'Laren returned more bewildered than ever, and calling up the two book-keepers, who slept in an adjoining room, related what he had seen. They thought nothing of the circumstance, but examined the muskets in the stand, and finding all to be right, persuaded M'Laren to retire to bed, and they followed soon after.

Fatigued with his exertions, he fell into one of those slumbers in which we neither sleep nor wake; that restlessness of the mind which seems as if chained by the body's passiveness. 'Tis what rhetoricians would call a reverie, that is, "when ideas float in the mind without regard or attention." From this state he was awakened by a tremendous burst against the other door, which had been bolted on his retiring, and a few seconds after a heavy weight seemed to fall upon the ground. He sprang from his bed in an instant, and was in the piazza, long before any one else had risen. They quickly crowded round, negroes, book-keepers, and children. Ere they assembled, M'Laren had seized a candle, and rushing to the spot, the body of a human being lay weltering in blood! The right arm hung by the skin to the body, and the bare bone was seen, the flesh having contracted, and left it exposed. There was a deep long gash on the brow, and the lower jaw nearly severed from the upper. The left hand had but the thumb; and about the body were wounds in almost every direction. He bled profusely, and an old negro, who was standing by, was the only one who had presence of mind to attempt any thing for the recovery of the unfortunate object thus mangled. M'Laren on seeing the body, had turned his eyes away, for he could not gaze on any object so dreadful, particularly in his state of mind. However, on hearing the old woman give directions, he recovered himself, and ordered them to place the body on a sofa near by. There was a feeble groan as the wretched man was about to be raised; and M'Laren involuntarily turned his eyes upon the bleeding man—and fell senseless upon the ground! It was Ross! His unfortunate friend. They were born within a few miles of one another,—were relations,—had been school fellows,—and now were travelling the world together! It was a dreadful shock—and it was long ere he recovered. As soon as he revived, he dismissed four negroes, and a white man, to seek for the boy and Ross's horse, and to endeavour to gain some knowledge of the murderers. He himself saw every thing done for the unhappy Ross, that night in any way lead to a hope of recovering him; but it was useless; the flood of life had fled, and the heart's pulse had ceased to beat. A medical man having been sent for, arrived soon after; and, on examination of the body, found nineteen wounds, each of which singly, might almost be considered mortal. Day-light had now far advanced, and the blood on the floor, the dreadful ashy pallid hue of the corpse, and the haggard looks of M'Laren, became more apparent. Nothing is more dreadful than death in this climate. The spirit scarcely leaves its frail tenement, ere corruption usurps its place, and particularly in those who have met death in a violent way. It was the case with the unfortunate Ross, and all preparation (after the jury had inquired into the affair,) was made to take him to his long home. A material witness in the case was wanting, and this was the boy, who had attended Ross the evening of his murder. The messengers that were sent, returned without being able to find the boy; but the horse was found, and the mule on which the boy rode. The saddle on the horse was literally cut in shreds, as by the sharp edge of a heavy weapon, called in the

West Indies a *Masheath*. There were strong suspicions of the boy's being engaged in the murder, and a large reward was offered for his apprehension. Ross was interred that evening, with the customary solemnities,—and the affair became known over the country. In consequence, every one was on the alert to apprehend the boy, that report now pronounced the murderer.

To be continued.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THEOLOGY.—The theological students have modestly requested Dr Ritchie, professor of Theology, to resign his chair, and he having refused to do so, the matter was laid before the presbytery. There are various opinions respecting this occurrence. The papers say the petition to the presbytery, was carried with the exception of two dissenting voices—reports say not more than half the theological students were present. We are sorry we do not know the real state of the case. This request if complied with, will be rather a tenable precedent, for the removal of professors debilitated by age or other infirmities. There was some mistake in the proceedings of the committee. The chairman alone signed the petition, whereas all the students present should have done so. The presbytery were not to know who this chairman was; the meeting not having been legally held or organized.

✂ Since the above was in press, we have received *Alic's* account of the theological Students, and their rebellion. We regret much, not having received it sooner. He says that the proceedings of the Students in question, was an insult to the University, and their conduct unlike clergymen, in treating an old Professor with such arrogance—that they have thrown away their own independence in thus “flying off” from the senatus, and applying to the town-council, but that in spite of fate, the question must again return to the senatus—that their ignorance in thus applying to the council, is unpardonable, and that such young men are “unlikely beings to support the interest of the established church,” &c. &c. *Alic* may be, and we believe is correct in his statement; surely the divinity Student was the last man who ought to have raised the pennon of rebellion! It is a difficult subject, and really the least said about it, the better; we would be obliged to “*Alic*” for the names of the two who voted against the removal of the reverend old Professor. We really did not think there was such spirit in the college, we rejoice to see courage, but are sorry that it has been exhibited on such an occasion, and by *divines*. *Tanta-ne animis celestibus ira?*

MEDICAL SOCIETY.—We are happy to see Mr. D. B. Reid is elected first president of the medical society. We think the members have shown their regard for merit, by conferring that honour upon him. His chemical book is one of the best ever published, and his scale is certainly an improvement on Wollaston's. We consider him in the abstract as being unconnected with the *senior*.

APOTHECARY AUTOPSY.—We do not know whether we have been instrumental in knocking up this co-partnership or not, but this we know, 'tis certainly given up. If Mr G——t will but keep to his shop, and endeavour to serve his customers, and purchasers faithfully, instead of aiming at lectures and “apothecary autopsy,” we not only hope for his success, but we predict it, as we are informed he is a man of more than moderate capacity. But the most original genius, be he who he may, will never succeed, if he fly from one quarter of the globe to the other, practising, juggling, fighting and compounding. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.—Dr. Monro is re-elected president of the College of Physicians; we would have given two night's rest, and a copy of the CHILEAD, to have heard the conversation that passed at the dinner. The mysterious whispers, surmises, nods, and *dare says*, of the learned body. It would have been worth a Jew's eye.

A POPULAR LECTURER AND HIS ASSISTANT.—The examinations of Mr. Langstaff on chemistry have commenced, and various are the opinions respecting them. We understand that Mr. L. offered to examine the whole class, for twenty pounds the session, and that it was refused by the Professor, very properly. If Mr. Langstaff can by his own ability, make up a class, well and good, provided it have no connexion with the University. We hold all examination (though a popular proceeding) within the college, to be unacademic. This University is not a school, but a seminary where men receive reward for their studies. Certainly in this instance, it would seem the professor considered it so, for by allowing Mr. Langstaff to demand 10s. 6d. of each student to be examined, he evidently expected this would be tantamount to a *veto*. Some of our professors do examine, and from good motives; but it is a thing neither called for, nor in fact demanded by the student as a right. We however, are not arguing against the examinations; on the contrary, we consider them highly beneficial, and recommend all who can spare time, to attend them; but we consider them as entirely unconnected with the University, and in fact, should never be publicly admitted. Examinations sink the Professor to a *dominie*, and the collegian to a school-boy.

MATRICULATION.—The Album closed on Thursday last, November 30. The total number of Students is 1717; but as there are generally a few who matriculate after this by petition, the number may vary from 1717, to 1750. At present there is a deficiency of 296, less than last session, taking in summer classes. The Medical classes are about the same as last year, viz. 800; therefore the deficiency is principally in the literary classes. By this statement we shall find the falling off has not been so great as anticipated, considering what has been done to drive Students away.

COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.—There is a panic among the candidates, that the College of Surgeons is to be very strict this year in their examinations. This is a pity, as many fearing the examination, prefer trying the London College.

BROOKES.—This celebrated lecturer on anatomy has retired. He has been one of the most popular, and fortunate lecturers in Great Britain. We should imagine he has carried with him a large fortune.

We have just seen by the Courant Newspaper, that a certain City Magistrate, without the least regard to the delicacy that should be observed towards an aged man, or the rights of a Professor, has waited in person on Dr Ritchie, and requested him to resign. We have not room to make any remarks upon this shameful and scandalous act—an act that ought to entail eternal infamy on the man, and on the Citizens whom he represents. In our next we must notice this circumstance more at length.

GAME.—A meeting took place near Salisbury Craggs on Monday last between a Mr. W. and a Mr. H.—both Students. We have not heard why or wherefore, but are happy to state, that no *murder* took place, the affair being adjusted on the ground.

AN AULD WIFE'S PRAYER.—"The Lord preserve my soul frae the fanatical Clergy and the Devil—my body frae the Doctors—my purse frae the Lawyers,—and my daughters frae the Laird o' Shaw."

Poetry.

THE LITTLE EVENING STAR.

When day, its curtains is about to close,
Her work aside, fair Ellen throws;
To recline all alone in the window's recess,
Arrayed in a pensive loveliness.

For then a little star, beyond
The verge of the western hill,
Doth shine like a gem of Samarcand
In the night so sweet and still.

While the maiden thus doth fondly gaze,
Oh! tell me what are her fantasies?
Far then fly her thoughts, I ween,—and bright
Are her visions while viewing, that isle of light;
She thinks that the sorrow—the cares, and woe
That invade so oft the poor bosom below,
Ne'er disturb the repose of that shining isle,
Clothed ever alike in its rainbow smile.
There, the bee and the butterfly bathe their wing,
All the year round in the breath of spring,
And sleep in the lap of the blooming flowers,
That encluster love's rosy and leaf-shaded bowers.
There, soft sighing zephyrs at evening dispense
The odours of Araby over the sense,
And fountains their cool crystal waters distil
Gliding off in the murmur of streamlet or rill.
Music floats through the air, and its notes ever move
The hearts of its hearers to friendship and love,

Till anon, its rich breathing influence throws
 Round the sweetly lulled spirits, the veil of repose.
 Oh ! happy, sighs Ellen, were now my lot,
 Could I fly to that bright and that beautiful spot,
 To roam through the warm and the vocal glade,
 Where love dwells 'mong roses that never fade,
 And lose 'mid the calm of yon vesper sphere
 The mem'ry of sorrows once suffered here !

Fond maid, and would you thus,
 To gain that fancied bliss
 Leave desolate a heart
 Which ne'er has been untrue—
 Which, in all that it has felt,
 Has yet beat alone for you ?
 Through sunny spots to roam,
 Would you cease your vow to keep,
 And for the joys of a starry home
 Leave me on earth to weep ?
 Oh ! no——turn then again those gentle eyes
 And beam around life's path, a paradise.

LINDEN.

TO THE RHEUMATISM.

Oh ! Rheumatism ! woful guest,
 Thy presence robs me of my rest,
 Therefore I earnestly request
 A favour ;
 That thou no longer will molest
 No ! never.
 This moment, I feel racking pain,
 My very heart is rent in twain ;
 Cruel tormentor ! why remain
 Delighted,
 Where you can't hope to be again
 Invited,
 In various ways advised, I tryed,
 Strapping and liniments applied—
 Leeches, and blistering beside,
 To route thee ;
 With which, no wonder I had died
 Without thee.
 No minister of pain's like thee,
 In all directions dost thou flee,—
 Head, Shoulder, ankle, hip or knee,
 You spare not,
 For all the doctors I can fee,
 You care not.

H.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have just received *J. Sh's* Poetry—the Coterie have not made up their minds upon the subject.—A *Student* will be inserted in our next. It came too late for insertion.—*Sinbad's* remarks are good, we thank him.—*J. W.* inquires if we have seen Audubon's Birds—we have birds enough on the North Bridge—but we are going—and ere this reaches *J. W's.* eye we shall have seen them.—*Selim* is received.—Other Correspondents—wait a little.

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THE CHEILLEAD.

OR

UNIVERSITY COTERIE.

Egregious Doctors, and Masters of the eximious and arcane science of Physick, of your urbanity, exasperate not yourselves against us for making this little volume.

ANDREW BORDE, 1547.

Biographical Sketch.

THE PROFESSOR OF RHETORICK.

We understand that this remarkable individual of the University Senate, is a native of the County of Edinburgh. That when a young man, he was under the charge of the celebrated Dr. Robertson, to whom he was of great assistance in the composition of his admirable histories, by acting as secretary,—undertaking journies to America and other places, in order to confirm many of the facts, by collecting illustrations of the history of that country. That at Dr. Brown's return he became the incumbent of one of the churches in the presbytery of Dumfries, where we are informed he preached with uncommon success. From thence he was removed to Edinburgh, to one of the city churches, and was subsequently nominated to the Rhetorick Chair in the University, in consequence of the resignation of the last professor.

Doctor Andrew Brown is about the age of sixty. He is of the middle stature, stout in person, rather of the sanguineous temperament, and his countenance is expressive of much thought.

His life of study—His travelling so much among the various nations—His being a man of great abilities, learning, and discernment, gave him higher opportunities of becoming acquainted with the real character of the world, than usually fall to the lot of clergymen,—indeed his sermons at once testify this, as many of them are remarkable for a description of the rarer examples of the human character, upon which, none but a man thoroughly acquainted with the world, can at all touch.

In the pulpit, Dr Brown is a great favourite—more especially with the learned portion of the community. His sermons are of a much higher order, than the ranting and disjointed harangues of the

enthusiast, or popular preacher of these days. But the sermon is a difficult piece of Rhetorick to compose, and as difficult to criticise, on which account we desert this part of the subject, with one remark, that Dr. Brown delivers his discourses with uncommon power of action and effect.

As a Professor, his merits are admitted, universally, to be great. He delivers a course of lectures upon Rhetorick, altogether different from the works of the late Dr. Blair,—who is supposed, most erroneously, to have exhausted this subject. The lectures of Blair are mere criticisms upon Rhetorick—not more. They embrace but a few of the principles of the science, and even these are given in a meagre, and imperfect way. Dr. Brown lectures upon the subject in a different form, and illustrates the peculiar principles of modern literature, altogether in an original manner. For example the *Ode* and the *Elegy*, are pieces of writing very opposite to each other—these got from Dr Blair but a faint examination. In the lectures of the present Professor they are treated as two several principles of literary composition,—and, as such, are expounded and commented upon,—and so far as modern literature gives specimens of each, (and not many good ones are yet to be found,) these are taken notice of, and enlisted for illustration. But we must desist, for this interesting subject cannot be continued in our small volume.

The manner of Dr. Brown is that of a perfect clergyman. He has the placid dignity. He is free from austerity, rather jocular to the Student than otherwise. In public meetings we never find him adopting the political side, with that noisy rancour so observable among the members of the sacred function. When called upon by duty, he gives a sensible opinion, in a mild way, and when the subject requires it, in pious language,—and never is found cavilling for ascendancy, by wrangling in a reply. This must arise from a sense of clerical feeling, not from want of an independant spirit; for there is a public anecdote of Dr. Brown, which fully proves, that there is not a member of the church who has more courage for humbling power, when the duty of the clergyman demands its exertion. In a word, he is one of the principal divines of our church. J. N.

We have a remark, regarding the Rhetorick Chair—which is, that we noticed an ignorant critic assert some time ago in the Scotsman Newspaper, that this class ought to be blended with the logic. Did the writer not know, that the science of Rhetorick is one but on the advance? that the Logic is written out? We would have thanked this innovator, if he had shewn his wisdom in contending for the Rhetorick, being included in the medical curriculum, instead of some of those sciences which have been recently foisted upon this unfortunate course of study; as it is in our humble opinion a class of much more real importance to the Physician, than many others that have lately become a part of it.

VIEW OF THE PRESENT STATE OF THE UNIVERSITY, AND ALSO
THE ALTERATIONS THAT ARE PROPOSED; BY A STUDENT.

GENTLEMEN,—In presenting this letter to you, the author is perfectly aware, that he must possess no small degree of presumption in addressing so large and respectable a body as the “Students of Edinburgh.” The subject I have chosen concerns the honour of us all; and, though I am altogether incapable of doing such justice to it as I could wish, yet, relying on your good nature, and candid criticism, I now take the liberty to solicit your kind attention for a few minutes to peruse this paper, after which I will most willingly resign both my pen and subject to some other hand, abler than mine to treat of it according to its merit.

To set before you, Gentlemen, the present state of this University, is the object I have in view,—and to prove, that unless some material alterations take place, this College, celebrated for so many years by its learning and medical science, will soon sink into oblivion, and be destined never again to shine forth with the splendour it formerly did. The cloud of destruction has been hanging o’er our heads some time, and if an immediate remedy be not applied, it will most assuredly burst,—then, alas! all our exertions will be in vain, to raise up that fabric which was once the “Wonder of the World.”

This subject has frequently employed my mind in private; I have thought seriously of it,—in public I have heard the professors censured for their negligence,—I have heard various alterations proposed, some of which I now present to your notice.

I would first make some observations on the salaries the professors receive from the students, as this circumstance alone produces most of the evil that originates in the College; and I am certain, as long as the present mode of remunerating the lecturers for their instruction continues, this University will ever remain in a state of poverty.

I propose, then, that each gentleman who fills a chair in this College, should receive a fixed stipend according to the chair he fills. One professor will, of course, require a larger salary than another—so let it be. By these means our funds will be considerably increased; in a few years we should possess that capital which is now annually diminishing, and which is at present so trifling, that no improvement can take place,—no addition made to the Museum.

With respect to that repository of curiosities—is it not a disgrace that each stranger, or each student, is obliged to pay half-a-crown before he can be admitted to inspect those preparations which were placed there for his instruction and inspection? Would not this evil be remedied if each professor received a certain salary? Would it not be a glory to this University to be able to say, “admittance gratis?” whereas now it reflects the greatest dishonour on the Senatus Academicus—and to their shame be it spoken.

In a very few years the London College will be erected, and

lecturers appointed for each science. They are to receive a certain salary; and, I perceive, the patrons calculate, that in a short time their funds will be sufficient to allow each student to attend any class for two guineas, or less. That institution, I am afraid, will soon rival ours, unless we rouse ourselves from that lethargy which has so long taken possession of us, and use our utmost power to retain that name which has ever been the honour of this city, and of all the country. It is even shameful, and disgraceful, to see the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen, &c. making such progress and improvements, whilst we look on with an indolent eye, and never think of maintaining that superiority which we have ever held most dear to us. We have permitted them to gain such an advantage over us, that e'er long Edinburgh must soon resign that title of which she has ever boasted, namely, that she possessed the principal University in Scotland. If the professors have that interest, which they breathe to the *supporters* of this College, they will (when their funds are sufficiently enlarged), destroy those houses which are surrounding the University. I understand, through their negligence, or ignorance, I know not which, they suffered them, shabby and dirty as they are, to be erected, and it is now their duty to have them removed as soon as possible.

A word or two respecting the patrons, and election of professors.—What body is most proper to choose a person capable of filling a vacant chair? The Students to be sure. They can have no interested motives in the election. They, and they *only*, are the fit persons to appoint a clever and learned lecturer. How can the patrons choose professors, a set of ignorant and mercenary boobies, who are only able to reckon up pounds, shillings, and pence, must they be the electors? It is absurd and ridiculous. No! the students ought to possess that privilege, which would be the only one they ever possessed. Each member of the University should be qualified to give a vote, and, I'll be bound to say, we should, in a short period, see the chairs filled with men who would look to our interest, and the interest of the College, instead of debarring us from those rights to which we are intitled, and which, I hope, will soon be claimed by one and all of us.

We have inserted the above remarks of a "Student" with extreme regret, because we are sorry that any Student of this University should be so ignorant of its policy. A "Student" seems to dread the total overthrow of the College and its Members from a false idea. The very practice of feeing a Professor is calculated to render the University more careful in its several distinct divisions. If salaries were given to Professors, in time they would become sinecures, as for instance Professorships at Oxford, Cambridge &c. &c., and many on the Continent, which are endowed with salaries, and liberally endowed, give no lectures. The very idea of a certain salary for life, will tend in a great measure to paralyze the exertions of a Professor. Here, if a Professor be not popular, he is little attended—and hence the necessity of strenuously exerting himself.

With regard to the *poverty of the University*, we hope, in the name of learning, it will ever continue so. Nations when they become rich have no stimulus for acting. What they would toil for they possess, and wherefore should they toil? Idleness is natural to all, and we believe more to learned men than to any other class in Society. How few of the nobility have shone in letters! Whereas, almost all our great authors have been poor. *Johnson* arrived in London with a shilling in his pocket, and the admired author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, left

this College from poverty. We shall, for the benefit of our correspondent, extract the following anecdote from Goldsmith's "Present state of polite Literature." "Amongst the Universities abroad, I have ever observed their riches and their learning in a reciprocal proportion, their stupidity and pride increasing with their opulence. Happening once, in conversation with Gaubius of Leyden, to mention the College of Edinburgh, he began by complaining that all the English Students which formerly came to his University, now went entirely there; and the fact surprised him more, as Leyden was now as well as ever furnished with masters, excellent in their respective professions. He concluded by asking, if the Professors of Edinburgh were rich? I replied, that the salary of a Professor there, seldom amounted to more than thirty pounds a year. Poor men! said he, I heartily wish they were better provided for; until they become rich, we can have no expectation of English Students at Leyden." Regarding the Museum we refer a "Student" to one of the only good papers that have appeared in the Scotsman for sometime, published in October. We are vexed that any one writing upon so interesting a subject should have taken so little pains to be acquainted with it. We affirm that the demand, though considerable on the Student, is just: there are no funds for the support of the Museum, than what are collected at the door, and we think too much credit cannot be ascribed to the Professor of Natural History for the constant and undesisted efforts he has long made to bring the Museum to its present state of perfection. The London University is yet to be examined,—time alone will show whether this Whigjoint-stock company of talent will succeed or not. We are no prophet, but we predict that if salaries be given, it must and will fall off; it may do at first, but eventually will deteriorate. The University of Glasgow and Aberdeen a "Student" says, are making rapid strides; we deny this positively, *au pied-de-la-lettre*, "the very head and front." Edinburgh has nothing to fear from these two Colleges. The only rival in the medical way will be the London; but that has not yet reared its manifold head. Edinburgh, independent of its literary merits, possesses physical properties which will ever be more attractive to the aspirant in literature, medicine, or Theology, than any other College; and as to the Students having the election of Professors in their power, the thing is absurd. The election would always be carried by cabal and canvass. The Students are not fitted to choose their own instructors, and they must rely on the recommendation of some one, or on common rumour, both of which 'tis needless to say are liable to numerous objections. Respecting the patrons, we must confess, we are rather against entering upon the subject, for of late they have done all the harm they possibly could to the University. 'Twas not many months since a mere broom-stick and close-stool maker, a mender of chairs and tables *got* himself elected rector! Pretty rector indeed! he had better been appointed a planer of seats and desks of the several class-rooms. Here we are losing our temper, and ourselves. To return to a "Student" we hope we have convinced him of the truth, and that henceforth he will consider the constitution of the College as nearer perfection than what is at first supposed. We shall be happy to hear from our friend again, but hope in future, we shall not be opposed to each other.

EDITORS.

THE MURDER;

A FACT.

(Continued from our last.)

It was not, however, till the evening of the second day, that as two negroes, who were sent out on the search, hearing a faint moaning a little way among the Logwoods, penetrated to the spot, and discovered the unhappy boy they were in quest of, tied to a tree, and nearly famished to death. They released the poor fellow, and bearing him to a neighbouring hut, gave him such necessaries as the time and place supplied. He was then taken before a magistrate to be examined. The wretched creature was scarcely in a fit state to be removed; but the negroes were afraid of delay, ap-

prehending blame might be attached to them for negligence. The boy was accordingly examined by the magistrate, although weak and faint; the only account he could give of the affair was, that his master was attacked near the Logwoods, in a dark place, by three men; that one came up to him (the boy) and made him dismount,—that he was blindfolded,—that he heard the struggling of his master and the men—and that suddenly the horse set off, full gallop. The noise then ceased, and he was led forward and bound to the tree, where he was found, and the bandage taken off his eyes,—but that he was ordered to keep them closed, or they would return and kill him; and, finally, that he had scarcely opened his eyes since. The magistrate, though satisfied of his innocence, was forced to commit him to prison, and the unfortunate boy expired early the next morning, the victim of justice and fear. There were, at this time, various reports upon the subject; some affirmed that the boy was the murderer, others that it had been perpetrated by a party of Maroons; but though they were examined, and every thing done that could be affected, there was no proof of either the boy's guilt, or that of the Maroons, consequently the latter were discharged, and the former's body delivered to his friends.

But notwithstanding all these reports, one might perceive, that even those who mentioned them most frequently, did not speak as people that are satisfied. There was a very wealthy merchant who lived near where this dreadful catastrophe took place, and though none dared e'en whisper a suspicion of his participation in the act, yet no one ever told the story without reminding you—it happened near — house. Besides, he and Ross had quarrelled not long before the murder took place; and there was not wanting among the old women those who identified the owner of — house with the murder. But as every thing sublunary passes away so was the rumour of this accident. M'Laren survived the death of his friend not long,—he fell into a lingering consumption, and died on his passage to his native country. The blue ocean billowed o'er him for his tomb, and the tropic bird "screamed his funeral song."

It was twenty years after this circumstance that the writer of this article heard it related, as he passed through the wood where the murder took place. A few stones heaped up, and overgrown with creeping plants, marked the spot; and one tall tree, peeping above the rest, was shewn as that to which the boy had been tied. The wood was much thinned, and could scarcely now be called a wood. The impression this story made upon me was deep, and I never forgot it. In about a week I left Jamaica, perfectly recovered in my health, and sailed for England. It was just after the peace, and we were in company only with another vessel. Our voyage, as far as Point Antonio, the West end of Cuba, was pleasant and agreeable, a fair wind, and smooth sea; but when we got to the point, all our attempts to weather it were ineffectual. For three weeks the wind blew directly in our teeth, as the sailors say, and it was not till the twenty-second day that we might be said to be N. W. of Cuba. I was not sorry for it, for I kept my health well, and I knew, that if we were detained long at the point,

we should be forced, for the want of water, to put into the Havannah, the strongest fortification in those parts, and a place I had long wished to see. We accordingly put in to the harbour of the Havannah, and remained there refitting, &c. &c. ten days. I went on shore on the first day, and took up my residence opposite the gate of the garrison, whence I had a beautiful view of the harbour and adjacent country. On the same side with myself, and a few yards down, was a barber's shop, and the gentleman of the scissors and soap reminded me of Diego in Gil Blas, only that this was an adust, scowling, black-bearded fellow. I didn't like him at all, but I was of necessity forced to make use of him. Directly opposite me was the centinel, and I observed, that whenever the barber went out, there was a signal made, and a man in the military undress went in to the barber's. The next time I observed this, I went myself to the barber's, and finding no one in the outer room, I made bold to enter the one at the back of the shop. There I saw a very pretty Spanish girl, apparently about twenty, though it is very probable she was not seventeen, sitting on the soldier's knee. They were so well engaged as not to notice me, and I stepped back on tiptoe, and went home. Soon after the man came out, and went in to the garrison. I now found out what the signal was for,—this was the barber's wife, and the soldier no doubt her gallant. The next day I observed the man, whom I had seen in the barber's the day previous, on guard, and soon as the barber left his shop, his pretty little wife came over to the centinel, carrying something to drink. This was the most unfortunate accident for the lovers, for the barber returned just that moment, and caught them. He rushed into his house, and in an instant returned, brandishing in his hand a long pointed, double-edged knife. Throwing himself upon the soldier, he stabbed him in several places, ere he had time to use his bayonet, and would have put a speedy end to his existence, had not a sergeant of the guard darted from the garrison, and, with a blow of his sword, left the right hand hanging at the wrist. The barber, not in the least dismayed, snatched up the knife, that had fallen on the ground, with his left hand, and attacked the bleeding soldier with greater fury than before, giving him several wounds. The soldier stepped back a few paces, and, levelling his musket, discharged it at the barber. Alas! the unfortunate girl, who had been the cause of the mischief, was just in the act of rushing between her lover and her husband, when she received the contents of the musket directly in her forehead! She fell upon the ground, and never spoke more. The barber looked round for one instant, and again rushed on the soldier, while the sergeant of the guard, with a side stroke of his sword, cleft the neck of the barber. The blow was mortal,—I saw the head fall upon the shoulder, and heard the blood hiss. It was a dreadful sight! my eyes closed, and I fell backwards. When I recovered, I ran out to inquire of the affair: The unfortunate barber and his wife were dead, and the young soldier bleeding his last. He died towards the morning, and in the day I saw great crowds of people entering the house where the corpses were. I went among the rest, and there sat an old man at the

head of the soldier's corpse. He was a venerable looking personage,—It was his only child; but there was not one tear-drop in his eye. I could not bear the sight, and went towards the vessel, for the lodgings were now loathsome to me. About two days after, we saw a long procession of monks and ecclesiastics, moving in grand procession, and thinking it to be the feast of some saint, we went on shore. We found, however, on landing, that it was the celebration of a monk, about to immerse himself in a priory for ever. What were the reasons, we asked? On account of the murder of his son, was the reply. I drew near the procession, and found it was the old man I had seen the day before, sitting at the head of the corpse. It appeared singular to us, that he, an old man, should thus enter into holy orders so late in life. But we returned from the scene, our curiosity unsatisfied. In the evening we went to one of the gaming-houses, with which the Havannah so much abounds, to see the place more than any thing else, and I found myself engaged with a jolly red-faced monk, who was an Irishman, but had been a long time in Cuba. We were much pleased with the good father's drolleries, notwithstanding he was an arrant thief, and took him on board with us to supper, where his sacrifices to Bacchus were so numerous, that his tongue soon lost its bridle, and his wits became ungovernable. In the course of conversation, the circumstances of the murder, and the old man taking the hood were discussed. The holy father here took a decided lead in the conversation, and, filling his glass, said, there were circumstances connected with that old man rather singular,—“Who'd think,” continued he, “that that old man is a murderer?” We all started, and the monk, looking around, crossed himself. There was a long silence, but a glass went round, and the thing seemed forgotten. However, the monk determined we should know something of the story, like all those who think they have a secret to communicate, and said, “Yes that man is a murderer! The death of his son is but a judgment upon him. 'Tis now twenty years since, on a visit to Jamaica, he murdered a gentleman through a fit of jealousy; and when he had done the act, found he was mistaken. He sailed the same night with his vessel, for he was a trader, and, on arriving, confessed, and received absolution. Our convent has become some hundred dollars richer by it,—if it weren't for these murders, we should fare very ill in Cuba.” The monk ceased. We were horror-struck at his bold depravity,—and the remembrance of poor Ross' murder came full upon my memory.

Good heavens! thought I, how inscrutable are the ways of providence,—that I should have heard of the murder of a man, and then have seen the murderer! twenty years after the act! The monk was sent on shore in a state of beastial intoxication, and we sailed from Cuba the next morning. The scenes are still vivid in my memory, for they are painted in *blood*!

ZAN.

RETROSPECTION.

"The mind looks back upon itself."

The days of happiness may beam again! Misery cannot last for ever,—misfortune cannot be more than misfortune. Why should the long night's hours in unavailing wretchedness be lost, and the soft couch of midnight rest wet with the tears of grief? Away clouds of imagination! bodies that float wild in the wide fields of thought—sorrows for days that are gone—fly as the morning mists, the rising sun. Days of my childhood! sweet hours of unsullied joy! time, when youth's warm tinging awakened into life the long variety of unknown, scarce seen world's wilderness of flowers—of love, and mirth, and joy, and midnight revel, and convulsive laugh, and wild delirium of utmost fancied bliss!—where are ye fled? And ye halcyon days—ye purple moments, redolent with the first warm blush of early love! and Hinda?—I left her! There was a pang about my heart—an echo of my quick hurried step, that sounded like the upbraiding voice of woman! Woman! thou soul-enlightening talisman! source of unexhausted happiness! pure fountain of delicious joy! sweet toy of manhood! Woman! what art thou not? what hast thou not effected? For thee the wide stream of ocean has groaned in torrent rage, from the big navies' weight, and his white wave borne on the foaming crest the swimmer's natant form,—for thee the city's walls have fallen—fallen in oblivion's chaos,—the long line of ancestry mingled in the undistinguished ruin,—and the proud palace, and the regal dome smouldered in the black smoke's breath! But what *is* without thee?

———The moment that I parted! the unequal heart pulsed in agony and pain,—the spirit-stream of life's mystic fount ebbd, like the assuaging waters, to the patriarch's hallowed foot, and left the riven heart, as the deserted ark, a wreck of emptiness. No joy, no bliss, no wish, or e'en the slow retiring germ of life—heaven-created hope!

Heavens! in the dark and distant vista of the heart's wide glade, I see that shape—those arms—that neck! E'en now, as the dark blue eye peer'd o'er her moulded shoulder,—e'en now imagination paints her, slowly sinking in the dim vale of distance! Hinda! loved Hinda! the days of orient happiness are fled,—the sunshine of budding love—the April of passion! No May succeeds! Hinda, my beloved! where art thou?—Alas! the wild wolf shews pity,—the rough lion stalks majestic from the shivering lamb,—and the blood gorged vulture of the Andine cloud, has swooped in whirls of mercy from the slumbering babe,—the mother clasps it in her rounded arms, and shrieks the loud and piercing, shrill, sharp, and poignant heart-cry of joy—so deep, that the astonished soul scarce knows whether it be joy or woe,—the savage—the brute in human shape—the victim bound to the rough stake, and scorched, and scathed, and folded in the flame's black wings—while the hot blood hissed a loud and horror-bearing sibilation damping the bright glow of the untamed fire!—the savage—

e'en the savage, born in wilds, and bred in murder,—baptized in blood, and nourished in mid-death—e'en he has mercy! He has spared his captive,—and the long, deep, full swell of the war-whoop, from the seared and face-seamed warrior, has mingled in the chorus of the wild yell to welcome him to his hard earned home! The spaceless winds of heaven have held their blasting breath,—the sea has disembogued his swallowed wrecks, and the white shore received the long concealed, unhallowedly-gotten store,—the hot volcano spouted forth in flames, and fire, and sparks, and smoke, and lava flood, its hidden entrails, and the green fields, and heaven, and earth, and man have trembled. All in nature, all in earth, ocean, sea, flood, or flame—volcano, burning stream, or hidden cave, have given back, in part, what long was lost; but Death! ah Death! sable spectre! fleshless, nerveless, lifeless demon! black image of eternity! thou, thou alone hast never rendered up thy victims! Potent cancellor of existence! harbinger of sin—fever's half-brother, and disease's patron—Death—what art thou? Wild forms flicker, like flame of dying taper, through my exhausted mind,—and Hinda! Hinda! loved girl! I see thee, joined in revelry with the toothless, sinewless, worm-gnawed skeleton of the unsubstantial crew! Pale maid! in the soft, mild, and sorrow-soothing eve,—when the yellow moon her little horns has filled, and the mid-night flower lent its life—the perfume—to the leaflet-wooing zephyr, and the trembling stars twinkle o'er my grief-worn frame—I sit upon thy cold dark tomb, and weep, my Hinda! till the dim tears, upon my swollen lids, picture thee—bright, and fair, and full, as once thou wert. Whither, whither art thou flown, partner of my life? Never, never will these tear-stained eyeballs roll in love, and hope, and blessedness to that dear form! Flow on thou ebbless flood of grief! Heart break, and spirit leave thy frail tenement! Hinda beckons me away. I see her pale, pale form, borne on a fleshless courser, tramping o'er the clouds of midnight, midst the little nations of the moonbeams. I see her. Let not man to trusting innocence be false. Conscience, dread arbiter! the murder, theft, robbery, violence, or blow, may pass; but to weak, confiding woman, to be false—ah no! tis base—conscience ne'er forgives. Nights of spectral horror, and charnel hideousness follow falsehood. The pale lip, the quivering cheek, and dry rolling, beamless, fireless eye of agony, show the unquiet spirit's havoc. Hinda, thy tall image haunts my soul, and shades the sunshine of my heart, as the long gnomon the bright sun-dial. Rest maid! in yon damp tomb, soon shall my spirit's mould be laid with thee.—

MISCELLANEOUS.

University.—Professor Vulpes of Naples, is at present attending the medical classes here. We have not been able to get a peep at him. Reports say, he is much pleased with the course of study adopted by the Senatus Academicus. He was present at the medical dinner on Saturday.

The Scotsman and the College Bell.—That stupid Whig paper the Scotsman, has an article in his last number about not having a clock in the College. Indolent Scribe! why did he not inquire before he printed that same *fill-up*. We will just tell him, however, that a clock is to be put up, we understand, as soon as the steeple is erected. If he can show where to place it in the meantime, it will probably assist him to *fill up* a page or two of his meagre paper.

The Lord Provost.—This individual, so highly qualified by his talents and conciliating conduct towards the city in general, was so attentive to the griefs of the Students, as actually, in his gilded coach, to *insist* moderately on the resignation of Dr. Ritchie. We wish for the credit of Edinburgh, we had a few more such spirited magistrates, we might ride on the backs of the Professors—pull off Dr. Duncan's spectacles, and *ruff* at our popular lecturer till all his retorts, glasses, jugs, and jars were broken. O! what rare fun! We are thinking of getting up a vote of thanks for the numerous benefits, the *Honourable* gentleman "has with *spirit* and *decency*" heaped upon us.

Anatomical Museum.—We know very little of this circumstance. Those correspondents who have written to us upon the subject, must wait until we inquire into the truth of the statements made to us. If the Professor broke the jars, and let the liquor run out, we have no hesitation in saying 'twas accidental. As to the *guinea*, we shall *personally* inquire into the fact.

Glasgow Magistrates.—These worthy people, with punch and "good capon lin'd," have seized five bodies, which were the property, we understand, of a certain demonstrator nearly connected with the College. We hear that a professional gentleman, who's anti-phrenological writings have lately excited general attention, and whose forensic powers are so much appreciated, has expressed his opinion, that the case is a *good one* for prosecution, there being no law against *importing* bodies. On these grounds we would gladly subscribe a guinea towards defraying the expenses of the prosecution, and we are sure every one of our fellow students will concur with us. While *one* anatomist, with *quackish* bill, offers *subjects* at £5.5s. others are subject to losing their *subjects*, bill and all.

Professor Leslie.—"Professor Leslie stated a few days ago, in one of his lectures, that logarithms should be known by every one acquainted with the alphabet, and should be taught in every parish school. *Mirabile dictu!* This is the kingdom of Utopia with a witness."

Poetry.

TO A YOUNG DAMON.

Did Venus now exist, as Sages
Say she did in former ages,
And only favoured now, as then,
Slender, young, and handsome men,—

How would she stare a man to see
 Professor of Philosophy,
Ni jeune, ni joli, yet alas!
 Quite forgetting "flesh is grass,—
 Round as pheres that roll in air,
 With greensih eyes and purple hair,
 A suppliant at her sacred shrine
 For favour from an eye divine;
 Nay! thinking that himself was one
 For whom she'd leave her airy throne;
 And praying for a youthful spouse,
 To share his *lectum*, and his house;
 And that the contrast might be greater
 He'd have the loveliest nymph in nature,
 With bright black eyes, and Raven hair.
 His fortune, fees, and phiz to share.—

A. S. C.

L * * * * 's ADDRESS TO VENUS.

Goddess fair as dawning light,
 Bright as stars in darkest night,
 Lovely as the beams that glow
 In the heaven's arched-bow,
 Cheering as the earliest ray,
 When twilight brightens into day!
 Tho' this degenerate modern age—
 Fired by that unhallowed rage
 For filthy lucre, which to gain
 They spend their time and strength in vain,
 Have quite forgotten that thou art
 The Goddess of the human heart—
 The giver of that sacred treasure
 Which forms mankind's sublimest pleasure;
 Tho' all neglect thy holy shrine,
 (Of altars all the most divine,)—
 Yet lives there one who thee to serve,
 Thy smiles and favour to deserve,
 Would sacrifice his dearest part,
 The darling treasure of his heart,—
 Would paint his hair red, green or blue,
 Or any other rainbow hue,
 Would condescend to speak in prose,
 "And, wear tight shoes that pinch his toes"
 And, like other men, consent to be,
 To gain one smile from love and thee.

A. S. C.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We admire *H. D.*'s communication. The latter part in particular. *H. D.* we can perceive is either a *one year* or at farthest a *two year's* old Student, otherwise he would have seen various notices of the same complaint, in the previous periodicals. We agree with him; sand is very disagreeable.—*William's* remarks are judicious, and be-speak much observation and talent. He will perceive by this paper, we have attended to his hint.—*J. Sh.* must send a fair copy of his verses. We can't read the present one.—We advise *Selim* to send his to some magazine, they are not fitted for this paper.—*Aliquis!* *Aliquis!* you are a *paw paw* man, fie! the city magistrate would endite, us for immorality. We shall be happy to hear from you again.

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THE CHILEAD, OR UNIVERSITY COTERIE.

Egregious Doctors, and Masters of the eximious and arcane science of Physick, of your urbanity, exasperate not yourselves against us for making this little volume.

ANDREW BORDE, 1547.

A COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

Whence came the following communication we know not.—We give it a place to please our friend William.

EDITORS.

COMMUNICATION TO THE CHILEAD.

Awa Whigs awa!

Awa Whigs awa!

Y'ere, but a pack o' 'Traitor Loons,—

Ye'll ne're doo gude at a.'

Blude of M'D——'s favourite song.

"We have in this region, as with you, Colleges of Surgeons: But one of ours has metamorphosed itself lately, and almost entirely. Formerly it was a body of plain Surgeons, and sensible men, who kept to their own side of the house, and supported their own portion of the Medical commonwealth extremely well. Of late years, however, they have intruded into all parts of the Medical Republic;—and that they may the better do so, with or without pretence, have changed their College of Surgery, into a College of *Medical Hermaphrodites*. They are now composed of *Semi-Doctors—Semi-Demi-Doctor-Surgeons. Semi-demi-quaver Members of Royal College of Physicians. Semi-demi-semi-quaver members of Colleges of Surgeons, of Physicians, and Royal Societies.* And lastly, a few of the old plain Surgeons, the only component part of the body, who are respected in their own, or in any other College of Surgeons: For with the exception of a Lecturer on Anatomy, and perhaps one on Midwifery, no other kind of Semi-Doctor Surgeon is admissible, into *A COLLEGE OF SURGEONS*, at least in our country.

"But attend,—This kind of *mixture-mixture*, of a College of Surgeons, have found means to drive a good thing out of it; even although they are *driving* the medical art to the Devil, as fast as it can be made to gallop. Wherefore, they are naturally anxious to continue the profitable proceedings, however unprofessional, these are by opinion declared to be. Therefore, to hush all sus-

picians, of their being unprofessional, our *Hermaphrodite COLLEGE OF SURGEONS*, apply themselves with sedulity (God be praised! ours of Edinburgh is not here spoken of) to the wheedling of parents, and credulous citizens, and venal *newspapery*. Thus a numerous rejection of candidates, annually causing some of these young men to blow out their brains, others to lose their prospects in life, others to desert the profession—and so forth, are all proofs of sedulity; for they shew that these young men were at least *reckoned* dunces;—and that they had neither the talent, nor the learning, nor the art, to become Hermaphrodite Surgeons.”

“Now the old plan of our College of Surgeons (we say it is the same in Edinburgh) was barely to exact a routine of education; and upon the candidate presenting himself, for examination, they sought, by an opposite system of questions, how far the young man had attended to his studies—that he would not poison a fellow subject, what were his notions of handling a knife, &c. These men knew well enough, that an examination was no test of ability; that it was utterly impossible to make a Surgeon by education, if the Being had it not within him by nature.—That they were not warranted in cutting off any young man’s hopes, by rigid exaction of more, than what a two or three year’s education could be expected to give.

“Three years may be enough for the business. But the above analysis of the true result of this simple affair requires concealment; for if known, so fully as it ought to be, among the common people, (it is, we say, pretty well known down here) that respect now enjoyed by *Colleges of Surgeons*, would fall to the ground, carriages would be dispersed; foot walking, (as now enforced upon the superior portion of the medical band, the Physicians) would have again to be renewed;—and the whole Surgical craft would become as much alarmed from the one end of the Island to the other, as the craft of Ephesians, at the Speech of St. Paul.

“Convinced that the system, as now got up, works well, and must be continued, a report is spread abroad (*the Students say, that there is one here just now, but surely mere fun*) to frighten the poor Student, that numerous rejections are to take place this year. And that the College will run the risk of having its President harpooned, and a few of its examiners bludgeoned, as was threatened the last, rather than give up their high flying system, or what is due to common reason, and the rights of the medical world. The better to display the humbuggery of this imposing

mask, a new edition of Surgical Study is got up and published, which is more remarkable, as a specimen of disgraceful English composition, than for any useful additions to the education of a Surgeon.

"To buoy its effect, and to enhance the importance of the new system, by handselling it with some extraordinary act, it was decreed, at a late meeting, that some one of the old Surgeons, should be ordained to appear for examination *de novo*:—and re-admitted into the new order or curriculum, if ascertained to be fit to continue in the profession. Accordingly, that sharp and dexterous operator Mr. N. was pitched upon, on the grounds of his being "ignorant of anatomy" or what is more to the point with the new tangled cry of "anatomical dissection."

To be continued.

NEW IMPROVEMENTS.

WE are asked to declare our opinions, and give a vote upon the present subject. We were not aware that our book was reckoned of such vast consequence. We comply.

WE VOTE FOR THE NEW IMPROVEMENTS,—AS THE NEW ROAD WILL CAUSE MUCH NOISE TO BE CARTED AWAY FROM THE COLLEGE:

—And because the men on the fly side of the Bridge have obtruded too much of late years upon the good nature, and parental kindness of us Old Town-men. They are really unfair on yon side of the Bridge, positively, in objecting to our end of the Bridge getting ornament, repair, utility; they refuse doing as they would be done by.

Whosoever will attend to the following things, will find reason enough for our opinions.—

Have they not displaced the Botanic Garden? Have they not carried it away to the utmost extremity of the New Town? And on purpose to vex the Students!

Have they not carried off the Jail from the courts of justice, and placed it in an unwholesome place? But we care little about this!

Have they not carried off the new High School? and are they not planting it where immorality is seen every day? and where *catarrh* and *croup* will plentifully abound? We say there was a design in this, in order to kill our sons!

Have they not got gardens, fine squares, &c. and, by heavens! all at our expense!

Are we, then, to have no return? Surely we have a right. Wherefore, therefore, we call for it—we insist upon it—even to the length of taxing the New Town-man's rental 10 per cent. instead of $1\frac{1}{4}$, as is too modestly asked for. Confound them!

We will write, and publish, and assist our fellow-citizens, all we can upon this subject. It is true, that all the orators live on yonder end of the bridge. But we can raise some on this end; on which account we are certain, that we could talk the new Townsman down, which we apprehend, is all that is required, to insure success. The proposal of our correspondent is capital. He proposes, that each of the societies in, and about the College, should select twenty or thirty of their best orators: That each division should be headed by one of their Presidents, and an Editor of the *Chilead* as Secretary: And that they should appear at the next meeting; and compel the Provost to go on with the act of Parliament. In short,

We vote for the new improvements, if it were for no other grievance than the following: it is well known *That all the fine Ladies live in the old Town*. And those New Town fellows, are eternally poaching over upon our grounds. By Heavens! no sooner do we fancy that we have made a favourite impression, in behalf of ourselves, than next day we find some wandering *son of a gun* from the New Town, bowing and scraping, and doing the polite, and finishing all our hopes. They may talk, and call this an exhibition of littleness of mind, but we feel it to be a grievance; and vote that their rentals, now be taxed 20 per cent. instead of 10 as formerly voted. This may prevent our meeting them so often in our path, by which duels may be avoided.

J. N.

HOW TO GROW THIN.

See the strange workings of dull melancholy!
Whose drossy thoughts, drying the feeble brain,
Corrupts the sense.

Old Comedy of Lingua.

WHEN Apollonius Tyaneus was accused of witchcraft, he is said to have referred all his fore-knowledge to the frequent use of purgatives. And that great Mammoth in literature, Johnson, (if we be not mistaken), says, that when an author complains of inability, 'tis nothing but from laziness, which a few doses of white hellebore will effectually remove. We are not in a humour to dispute this point, either with Berwick, who published a life of Apollonius, or with Johnson, since it was the custom of Dryden, and many others, whose works combine clearness with vigour, and beauty with purity, to physic themselves; but we must say, with due deference to these philo-purgatists, we think, that instead of doing good, it does harm; first, by weakening the body,—and next, by deranging the functions, some of which have an undoubted connexion with the mind. According to the doctrine of these gentlemen, Samuel Jessup, who died at Heckington some few years back, must have been one of the most clear-headed men in the world; for he is said to have swallowed, in the course of one year, 51,590 pills! which will be upwards of 140 per day. Yet, notwithstanding all this, he lived to be 65 years of age! What pills they were we know not, but *pills* they were.

Camus, a French physician, proposed to improve the understanding by mechanical means; but in what way we have not learned. It was probably in the same way as recommended by a celebrated *accoucheur* in this town. Talking of *accoucheurs*, it reminds us of a custom among young ladies, who, afraid of becoming too thick, reduce themselves by frequently taking diluent salts, as the phosphate of magnesia, rochelle, and others. We may be thought gross in thus mentioning the subject, but in fact, the memory of an interesting girl, who positively brought on death by swallowing Cheltenham, urged us to proceed. She was a middling sized, florid, healthy girl, whose parents had scarcely known what it was to have had a finger's ache; and born and educated in the country, a constitution naturally good, was thereby considerably strengthened. Early habits, and a cheerful state of mind, had concurred, not only to render her happy, but a little *en-bon point*. She was at this time nineteen. Her fine blue, sparkling, rich, lightening-beaming eye, rolling in youth, and joy and redolence from health,—her dark long silken lashes,—and her full rosy cheek, coral lip, and little wanton dimple—though at the distance of fifty years—we remember, as well as to-day's sun. Her figure was good, plump, round, and shapely,—her step elastic, firm, and nimble as the mountain roe. She was most indefatigable in the reel, the jig, or the dance. Where'er she went laughter arose; where'er she staid, mirth became a resident, and happiness joined the throng. She was not what we call interesting,—she had not that lure of gentle meekness, speaking from the wan cheek, bloodless lip, and half-retiring die-away-ness, so peculiar in our fashionable circles; nor that low, still, soft, and liquid lisp, modulated by the little warbling throat, and peri-like mould of mouth. The thin delicate airy-fairy-form, that seems as if the gossamer web of sylph, or woven-moonbeam of the Summer's eve, worn by some pure rose's essence, mingling midst the children of the dew,—would wound—*she* had *not*. She was the embodied soul of health and contentment. We said she was nineteen; and at this period some devotees of fashion, having exhausted mind and body, in the smoky Streets and painted rooms of London, came into that part of the country where poor Susan resided. The families soon became acquainted, and an intimacy was formed between the younger branches. Susan was shocked, when she beheld the thin, spare, but elegantly moulded figures of the Misses Saville. She imagined that they had been wasted by disease, and that they were in the last stage of consumption; but what was her surprise, when she learned, that excepting slight colds, and now and then a headache, they had scarcely ever been confined to bed.—This was a mystery, with which she was determined to become acquainted. Peggy her own maid, a flat, blowzy, buxom wench, was questioned—but Peggy knew no more than her mistress. The matter was therefore abandoned for the present by Susan,—not so by Mrs Peggy, for she had observed that Mrs Charles, the waiting woman of the Misses Saville was nearly as thin and as delicately formed as her Mistresses.—First she borrowed a pair of stays, and cut a pattern for herself, exactly in the same way as Mrs Charles's.—She altered her clothes, took to reading, and actually read half through

Milton, before she discovered she was still the same. After some debate with herself, she thought of asking Mrs Charles. This was a bold stroke, but at length she ventured,—and what was her astonishment, to hear that Mrs Charles took a dose of salts every week! and sometimes two!! This was a dreadful discovery. Peggy had seen people take medicine to make them well,—but to take medicine to make them grow less, appeared to her ridiculous. Susan soon knew the result of Peggy's inquiries, and hearing in a day or two after, a young Ensign, who was on a visit to the family, admire the figures of the Misses Saville, she bribed Peggy to procure her a bottle of Cheltenham salts, and commenced swallowing them. Dose after dose was taken, and Susan's colour began to fade, and her clothes to hang upon her; at length she fell sick. The Savilles, as a matter of course, came to see her, and as they were really amiable girls, and had succeeded in gaining the confidence of poor Susan, she told them the reason of her sickness. They listened to her patiently, until she had ended her little story, and then exclaimed, "Oh! my dear child! why surely you weren't so simple? We take vinegar." "Vinegar!" said Susan, "why I never heard of such a thing!" "Oh! the best thing in the world my dear love! Lady Charlotte reduced herself with vinegar and biscuits, in two weeks, almost to a skeleton; and the fat Mrs. B. did the same thing, only she used pickled gherkins dried and pounded, with every three days a gentle aperient." "And what is a gentle aperient?" asked Susan. "Oh! why dear! a little Rochelle salts in gruel, or chicken water, or beef tea, or"—"Oh! you mean Physic!" interrupted Susan. "Yes my dear! but not exactly what *you* mean; besides, to make one's wrists and ankles thin, we roll them every night with flannel, and bathe our bosoms in cold water to render them more beautiful and round—hold our faces over the steam of myrrh, poured on a red-hot shovel, and it causes our cheeks to be plump and soft—and we lay on a board on our backs to be straight—and besides, washing in the "celestial water," we use kalydors, cosmetics, washes, and the Tyrean dye. Nor do we eat any soups, or meats that have much fat, *Ma.* says raisins and biscuits are the best things, with now and then the leg of a pigeon."—Thus did the Misses Saville run on to the unfortunate Susan, who greedily listened to every thing she heard. In a few days the constitution regained its wasted strength, and Susan arose. No one, however, could prevail on her to eat *any thing gross*. She took to pickles, and biscuits, and chicken broth, and used cosmetics. Her fine form fell off by degrees, the colour left her cheeks, her eyes lost their lustre, and her spirits their elastic power. The former doses she now doubled, and at the age of twenty-two, she sunk into the grave, a mere thing of skin and bone! from the effects of pickles, vinegar, dried biscuits, beef-tea, and purgatives.

In the name of mercy! where are we? What have we to do with myrrh-steam, vinegars, pickles, kalydors, cosmetics, Cheltenham salts, pigeons, or ladies? Well reader be patient! listen and we'll tell all. Our printer has been bothering us for two days for MSS. notwithstanding we have taken a gentle *aperient*, and as we are not now as we were in youth, we feel weak, and wearied, there-

fore excuse our tardiness, and remember we are not quite clear from the effects of the *Purgative*. • •

A RAINY DAY.

"Pluvia impendet."

NOTHING spoils a man's temper so much as a rainy day. It locks up all the good easy things one otherwise would say and do; jumbles them up in the body, till the old gentleman fancies himself ill treated; then come grumblings, rheumatisms, colds, coughs, complaints, repinings, yawns, broths, gruel, beef-tea, and flannel. We draw our chairs to the fire, poke it—damn the "souls and bodies of the coals"—swear 'tis the worst climate in the world—not fit for any one—no, not for hogs. Well, we look about for cause of complaint,—look again,—nothing? ah! bless me!—no! it can't be,—why these are odd slippers! who ever heard of such a thing? we thought something was wrong,—pull the bell,—“Where the devil are my slippers?” “Slippers, Sir; why you've got 'em on.” “Got 'em on! got the devil on! why they're *odd ones*!” “Never saw any others, Sir; these are the only ones you brought with you.” “What, did I leave my slippers with that old devil? impossible!—cost me 7s. 6d.—haven't paid either,—left them! why I must have been mad! Stay, now, let me see,—move that rug a little more this way,—ah! that'll do,—and, stop—bring me a little water to shave with—not too warm,—I don't want to parboil my chin like a pig's back, I only want to shave; and bring me my thick shoes—I'll go out.” Well, the water is brought, we put our razor in, let it stay too long—“damn the razor, 'tis as hot as the devil's rake!—there's no getting any thing in this house; if you order cold water, you have it below the freezing point; if warm, Papin's digester is ice to it.” Put on our boots or shoes,—umbrella under arm—old hat,—hum as we get into the street, and step into a puddle,—that's nothing when you're used to it. Determine to go to class,—“hang that fellow, I wish he'd take his toe out of my coat pocket—does he think I bought it for a rug?” Don't like the lecture—talking of fevers, when my feet are as damp as an alderman's night-cap. Meet a friend. “Ah! how d'ye do? Damn'd bad weather.” “Rainy,” said he. “Rainy? why, cats and dogs man! pitch forks!—Noah's flood was nothing to it.” “Cats, and dogs, and pitch-forks,—why, I have'nt seen them,—could'nt be, surely?” “Could'nt be! why *any* thing can be. I see you wish to vex me, Sir; but I am not accustomed, Sir, to be laughed at—no, Sir!” “Laughed at? why, I didn't laugh, I merely asked where the cats and dogs were?” “Cats and devils, Sir.” And off we ran as fast as legs could go. What's to be done? “Walk down the bridges,”—done. Here, then, carts, mud, dirt, filth, tradesmen, scavengers,—you are pushed on this side, slip on that, saluted with a brush of the broom, pretty decently dipt in the black, soapy, greasy, oily mess of mud, and dung, and dye, and ashes,—hang the fellow! The

thought strikes us—we'll go to Doull's! Come all the way back—order soup. "Do you call this soup? answer me. Is it fit for a dog? 'Pon my soul, an example ought to be made of this house; people are poisoned here at two pence less than the shilling. Pity the laws of Mantua were'nt in force!" Begin to think we must be sick,—call on Smith in College Street; "Have you any compound rhubarb pills?" "Yes, Sir." "A dozen if you please." Return home. "There's that devil of a cat—if she is'nt sleeping on my velvet waistcoat." Turned her off—did'nt strike her—hate cruelty.—Open Byron, and begin to feel a little better,—the mock-turtle and the walk's been of service,—put up the pills for another day,—and a knock at the door.—"Come in! Ah! how'd ye do? very glad to see you,"—(wish they were at the devil). Four of them—five,—Oh God! oh God! We talk, talk, talk. One proposes a game at cards, some demur. We play, and play till five; dinner—they all dine with me, (no joke by the bye). After dinner we play again; and, until the next day at six or seven in the morning, the cards deal round; pound after pound is lost; and, on rising, find ourselves minus *ten*. So much for a *Rainy Day*.

P. S. Never slept the whole night after.

A LEARNED DISSERTATION ON SMALL BEER.

Poison'd with wine o'er night, as I next day
Scorching and raving in a fever lay,
A Grave physician, did his visit pay.
Doctor, avaunt, bring me a tun said I,
Of good SMALL-BEER, I am not sick, but dry,
And whilst that lasts, I'm sure I cannot die.
He felt my nimble pulse, then shook his head
You're dangerous ill, said he, and must be dead.
Give me SMALL-BEER, said I, or I am dead.
Then *nosing* of his cane, he paused a while;
SMALL-BEER cry'd he, come, come it cannot kill
Nurse, bring a jug full, let him drink his fill.

Ward's Poem on Small-Beer.

Whoever has by accident or design, mingled in the orgies of Bacchus, and awakened the next morning with parched throat, feverish feel, and dry, moistless, hot, thick, and heavy breath—and with throbs in his head like the blows of a sledge hammer, a reeling of the brain, gnawing, squeamish kicksey-wicksey, steam-boat sort of stomach—unkemped hair, stubbled chin, red nose, black-lips, dram-begging look, and lack lustre eye—will have no hesitation in concurring with our Publican Poet, Ward, in his praise of SMALL-BEER. There's certainly no beverage like it. For our own part, though not given much either to the nose-jewelling-port, or the head-shaking blood of the Highlander, yet we have at times felt its cooling effects. Has any one of our readers ever dreamed of being in a desert alone? (after having dined out.) Where sand, and sun, and heat and thirst, and pain, and weariness, burning throat, swollen tongue, blistered feet, dust, agony and threatening

death—struggle for mastery—and the hot simoom, and the sirocco's breath, blasted, burned the body till the heart's stream rolled in its channel thick, and dull, and slow—and the laboring pulse worked in throes, like the heave of a sinking-vessel's pump—and the muscles quivered, and the heart quaked like the green earth when the lava torrent swells adown the mountain's side—and the soul wrung with woe, as but to be felt in dreams—and waking from this half-living hell, to clutch in his hot hand, the cold deep snowy wreathed brimful jug of Beer?—What a pull! the demon of drunkenness,—the fire-king,—that *aura* of flame, whisky, drowns in the stream, and the struggling tyrant, with the burning brow, fever, leaves the little state he had usurped. If then, any of our readers, or rather if any one has *not* felt, what we have attempted to describe, 'tis time he should; but let him in the meantime attend to a learned article on Small Beer.

Beer is almost as ancient as wine. The * Egyptians drank beer, but would not eat wheat. The Grecians, the Romans, the ancient inhabitants of Iberia, and Gaul, the Tungri and Hetruriæ, as Diodorus, Pliny, † Tacitus, and others inform us drank this liquor "time out of mind." The Peruvians‡ even were acquainted with it; and the ancients seemed to have held it in such veneration, as to ascribe its invention to Osiris, one of the greatest of their monarchs. As a proof of Osiris being generally considered the first brewer, we need only look to the ceremonies performed at the *Phallica*, or festivals celebrated in honour of him. The priests, and those who mingled in the ceremony, always appeared smeared with wine lees. Now the word *vinum* signifies any kind of drink, and not particularly what we mean, when using the word *wine*, consequently it might have been with beer, or strong ale. And if we consider for a few moments, and examine into the *Dionysia*, which were celebrated in honour of Bacchus, (who is Osiris, under a Greek name,) and the *Bachanalia* in Rome, we shall find that it would have been next to impossible, to have procured such quantities of wine in those days as would have served half the people assembled. For example, about the year of the City, 603, before Christ;—during the time that Spurius Posthumius Albinus,§ and Quintus Martius Philippus, were consuls, 7,000 votaries of Bacchus, assisted in the celebration of the mysteries; and to such an extent did public prostitution, and licentiousness of every description go, that the *Bachanalia* were banished from the city, through the influence of these two consuls, and were not restored till after the lapse of many years. If we take this view of the subject, we shall then be able to account for the immense quantities of wine, that is generally by classical authors said to have been drank; and that what was called wine, was nothing but beer of a stronger kind than what we are at present speaking of, viz. ale. We may then give some credit to

* Goguet. † Tacit. de morib. German.

‡ The Beer of this people must have been different from ours, for they had neither Barley nor Wheat.—Goguet. § Lempriere.

the poets and writers of ancient days. Now even in our own, if by any accident, we ourselves were to become *fuddled*, (which God forbid!) with whisky, gin, rum, or any other poison, and should break a lamp, a Charley's head, or a church clock, and should be taken before a City Magistrate,—why the paragraph in the papers, would run thus:—"Some gentlemen after having sacrificed pretty freely to the *rosy God*", &c. And if this paragraph were to descend to posterity those who read it, would no doubt consider us as having been *concerned* only with wine, whereas as Fawkes says, we might have been like the cobbler:

"Who kept his stall at Hockley in the hole,
"With *nut-brown ale* encouraging his soul."

Men have ever valued what was most difficult of possession; neglecting what they find easily gotten;—hence poets ever speak of wine, a proof that it is not very common to them, or they would not have spared so much pains upon it. Who believes all those tales of Anacreon, the "jolly old dog," of his "floods of wine," juice of the grape," "rosy Bacchus," and all that?—The fact is, that he drank but ale. Horace also, has left us long *yarns* about "festive cups," "vinique fontem," &c. and no doubt his watery eyes were caused by drinking *Small Beer* early in the morning, to cool his stomach.

Few of our poets celebrate ale, or beer, but scarcely one of them, but has given us something of wine,—and one would think poets lived in the land "flowing with milk and honey," and fountains of wine, and wilds of grapes, whereas, perhaps they had'nt even *Small Beer* to drink. These writers are like Thevenot, who described countries he had never seen.

There is nothing so cooling, zephyratic, and delightful, as the white billowing foam of a well-corked bottle of small-beer. It makes one feel comfortable,—throws out a fine moisture on the skin, like the dew of a rose-bud,—exalts the mind, and renders the spirits active, light, and gay. Not heavy like porter, fiery like brandy, heating like sherry, costive like port, indigestible like rum, nor mischief working like whisky,—on the contrary, it is light as air,—cooling as the zephyr,—pleasant as the new-mown hay,—aperient as the breath of April,—digestible as the manna of heaven,—and calm and collected as a bishop on a bench. Some authors have dared to call it rot-gut,—but the truth is, they had already rotted their *Guts* with bad spirits and heating liquors.

The author of *Waverley* makes high mention of *Burton Ale* (which is but concentrated *Small Beer*), in the *Romance of Ivanhoe*, and every one knows the taste of the *Edinburgh*,—otherwise, we would attempt something more, but will stop here, and finish as we began, with a quotation from old *Ward*:

Spend-thrifts and rakes may to the tavern steer,
And drown two annual incomes in one year;
But they, who would be rich must drink *Small Beer*. • •

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CHEILCAD,

RESPECTED GENTLEMEN,—I am tired of doing *nothing*, and therefore have begun by doing *every thing*, in furtherance of which intention, I request the insertion of the following, in your paper. It is a great undertaking, but you will see by the signature that I have a colleague. A. & S. C.

ALMOST EVERY THING DONE HERE.

All intellectual and mental work done here in the newest style, on the shortest notice, and the most moderate terms:—Epigrams—Anagrams—Conundrums—Enigmas—Epitaphs—Epithalamiums—Songs—Lyrical Poems—Odes in honour of any event—Moral or immoral essays of any kind—Sermons on *any* subject, or for *any* sect—Pamphlets for or against *any* party—Criticisms on any books—Electioneering ballads for either or both candidates—Love letters—Challenges—Satires on any vice, or praises of any virtue—together with treatises on any subject—Poetical—Moral—or physical—or in short any thing—exceptis excipiendis, viz. Geometry—Algebra—or fluxions—all and each executed in the neatest mannner and the newest style, by A. & S. Cunctabamus.

Apply if by letter, post paid, to Richard Weston, Vender of the Cheilcad, and other publications, Lothian Street,

N. B. If not satisfactory to the applicant the performances may be returned without payment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

H. D.—In reply to H. D's letter, we have little or nothing to say,—*scarcely one affirmation he has made is correct*. So far from Students being hindered from reading, or making extracts from books in the library, that we know many who remain there from the time of its being opened, to that of its being closed. H. D. seems to be entirely ignorant of the real state of the case. Does he know that 'tis the only library in any collegiate institution in Great-Britain to which Students have the privilege of repairing? In other colleges the right of attending the library does not become valid until the Student is about to leave the University. Respecting the deposit—H. D's good sense will suggest to him, that it could not have been dispensed with. There are rogues at College as well as any where else.

The Anatomical Museum.—We have made inquiry relative to this subject, and inform our correspondent—he is entirely mistaken. The bottles, as stated, were broken by accident.

Plinian Society.—Our revered and respected Professor, Doctor Duncan, Senior, did this society the honour of visiting it last Evening. On his entrance the Members stood up,—and, in respect to the Professor, an animated debate was stopt, and the public business entered upon. This is the first time, says our correspondent, we remember to have seen one of the Professors in the Plinian Society. We believe he is correct.

Poetry.

THE TRAVELLER.

FAR, far from his home the Traveller stood,
'Midst the wild and the rugged solitude:
Fair science had marked him her favorite son,
And much for her cause he had ventured—and won,
By her impulses urged from his smiling hearth,
To roam o'er unvisited spots of the earth,

Where scarcely a trace of his kind was shewn—

Where man feels, as if, in the world alone.

His thought oft fled to his green sea isle,

When e'en the dull desert would seem to smile,

For the Temple of Fame shone steady afar,

Like the chrystal light of the vesper star,

Where enterprise might her rich garden claim,

A chaplet ensuring a deathless name.

Then the image of some he had left behind,

Would emotions awake of a softer kind,

Of her—his wife—whose tear-dew'd eye

And throbbing breast—half subdued sigh,

Told truer far than words might tell,

The fears which in a fond bosom swell,

At the echo of that sad word—farewell.

Then fancy would call from her "pictured urn,"

Fond hope awaiting his longed return,

When the pain and toil that around him press

Would end in a sweet home's happiness.

But wherefore or whence comes the Indian, in haste

Directing his course o'er the trackless waste?

His tidings, lone traveller, are destined for thee

And alas! bring the cup of—misery.

Oh! that e'er the prospects we loved to cherish

Should like the dreams of our slumbers perish!

To think that the form last seen so bright,

Damp clods should cover from life and light,

That the heart whose pulses beat warm for us

In a low bed of dust lies passionless,

Is anguish—poor wanderer such was the woe,

Thy now widowed spirit was doomed to know,

For Death's icy finger had touched the vine.

Round which the visions of bliss did twine.

LINDEN.

TO AN ISLE IN THE SEA.

GIVE me the land where the sugar-cane grows,

Gemm'd by the light of the magical fly,

And the perfumes of the morn-tinging rose,

Rival the tales of the Mussulman sky.

Where the bright deep'ning splendour of moonlight,

Oft cancels the blaze of sunshine and day,

And lovely eyes as the twin-star as bright,

Twinkle heavenly love, in each passionate ray.

Cold as these winds are the men, I meet here,

Dark, dull, and dead are their pleasures to ours,

I seek in vain for the warm hearted cheer,

Alas! that I left in the country of flow'rs.

Fly then ye years as a thunderbolt fast,

When fiercely it burns o'er the light streaming flame,

And stay not till the period be past,

That brings me, ye days! my country again.

INDUS.

To Correspondents.—L. M. G.—H. D.—Zanchez.—G. W.—Albatross, &c. received.

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THE CHEILEAD,

OR

UNIVERSITY COTERIE.

Egregious Doctors, and Masters of the eximious and arcane science of Physick, of your urbanity, exasperate not yourselves against us for making this little volume.

ANDREW BORDE, 1547.

THE COTERIE.

The Nauplians in Argos learned the art of pruning their vines, by observing that when an Ass had browsed upon one of them, it thrived the better, and bore fairer fruits.—*Tale of a Tub.*

Our paper is to be given up, Who says so? Not the Editors—The Coterie? Not they, for hand and heart, word and bond they *must* support it,—And how then is it to be discontinued? If the learned gentleman, who is so remarkable for urbanity, and civic kindness, circulated the report, we treat it as it deserves,—if otherwise, we beg to inform our readers, and the world at large, that the *CHEILEAD* shall be continued until we think proper to remit our labours. The Coterie has now for more than two months, fought through toil and opposition,—probably not without claims to attention. We are not one, two, three individuals; we are one, two, three *hundred*! One writes but all correct, revise, subjoin, subtract, remit. Our course is not yet finished,—our mid-day has not yet beamed,—How then can our sun set? We are obliged to those Booksellers, who often having promised to assist us, have most genteelly retired. We are afraid we are *taken in* on all sides.

The Coterie are entirely unacquainted with literary quackery—do not pretend to infallibility—scarcely to correctness. The few *harum-scarum* scattered effusions of men, who never think—or if they think, 'tis but to plan how they may not think, are not to be treated as Dennis did Cato—or Bentley many luckless scribblers. The errors of the press, are what no one of any generosity would mention, provided the sense be not as faulty,—and we hope we do not deceive ourselves, when we say, that some things have appeared in the *CHILEAD*, that may be considered pledges of future greatness. We could particularize many, but why should we? This far we'll say, that the

paraphrase from Horace, in our third number is *the best ever written*, —We have compared it with many, but do not think one equal to it. The writer of those lines bids fair to be in after times—a something of a Byron, or a Dryden—and which of us is there who will not, when probably the Indian sun beats on our dried brain, or the western whirlwinds struggle o'er our head, or the blue-black ocean lifts us on an Alpine wave, or e'en our country calls us to her helm, remember with feelings, ardent, dear and heartfelt, the times of College and those we knew there? Many, many, who may now read what, with agitated feelings we write, will long ere that time have paid the debt of nature! But to those who remain, how dear will be the recollection! “Hic ibat Ulysses.” There stood our friend, “et posita, mensa, mero pinguit,” the places where we stood. Perhaps some curly headed urchin, blots with his mischievous fingers, the diagram we had long laboured at, and who, smiling like a cherub, in the father's face, receives the father's kiss, as his reward. Then will the tear fall, for those that are dead, and joy damped by retrospection, glow in the heart. Oh! the days of our youth fly fast—manhood still faster, and death meets us half-way.—College!—Days of gloomy melancholy heart-sore hours, and nights lengthened by the hot scalding tear, and the huge heavy heave of the suppressed sigh—and the bloom of youth fade from the rounded cheek, and the bright sparkling eye, grow dim from midnight study, and mental elaboration;—we may blame, censure, hate, despise, abjure, detract thee; but College, where the flowers of the heart are set,—the mines of knowledge opened, and the road to wealth, honour, glory, riches, pomp, renown, ambition, action, valour, love, truth made smooth—who *can* forget thee? And when the white head—the shrivelled cheek—the trebling voice, remind us of our latter end, shall we not then talk of the pranks of boyhood—and every little cross that now may give us pain, will then be remembered but with pleasure! —And—but we are getting dull and gloomy, it mustn't be, Editors should have no feelings.

Let us see, we began about the CHEILEAD; well—we will continue it, in spite of all reports to the contrary. Whatever may be in our paper, whether scurrilous, as some are pleased to term it, or not, there is nothing but what is true and consistent. For our little failings, we ask clemency, for our attempts we deserve praise, for our courage, we demand applause.——

THE FABLE

OF THE

UNKNOWN COLLEGE OF SURGEONS CONTINUED.

MR. NEWHOUSEN made his appearance at the large old fashioned eleptical table, for the second time of his life. The first time to get a diploma,—on the present occasion to have it ascertained whether he was to get leave to retain the certificate; as also to shew obedience to the new system of laws. Instead of Albucasis, and the other old chiefs of the Surgical art, he found the books of Doctors Celsus and Gregory lying in their stead on the table, as more in consonance with the ages of true learning.

Having made his bow to the whole annual quantity of censors, who had all come in their carriages upon this great occasion, he was desired, in the usual tone, to take his seat near Doctor Surgeon *de Gurdnur*, who pulling towards him two copies of Doctor Celsus, and turning to the section of the eighth book, wherein the anatomy of the fore-arm is attempted to be described,—he desired Mr. N— to turn to it, and translate that passage *in primo vero*, &c. Being told it was untranslatory—was enough. Mr. N— was upon this desired to walk the turkey's march to the opposite side of the table, and to speak, in an audible voice, to the questions of each examiner; which being prepared for, the examination began thus:—

Dr. Surgeon D'G——. Whence does the external oblique muscle arise, and where inserted?

Mr. N—. It arises from a few of the lower ribs; is inserted into the linea Alba, Pubes, Poupart's ligament, and Ilium.

Dr. Surgeon L'G——. What do you mean by a few of the lower ribs? Do you mean, ——

Mr. N—. Exactly what I mean.

Dr. Surgeon D'G——. Then why not say so at once? What is its action?

Mr. N—. According to Lancisi and others, it is a binder of the belly,—an expeller of *fecula*—and an agent in respiration.

Dr. Surgeon D'G——. Whence arises the internal oblique,—and where inserted?

M. N—. Nearly after a similar manner as the former.

Here some commotion took place, of coughing, creaking of chairs, and looks of disturbed countenances.

Dr. Surgeon D'G——Mr. N.—we excuse the answer. Now Sir, I ask you where the transversalis is inserted?——

Mr. N.—According to Albinus, its origin and insertion is the same as the oblique.

Here a great waste of snuff, blowing of noses,—and one or two ejaculations, of God's mercy! For it seems, that the scandal of Mr. N——'s ignorance of anatomy, was here fairly made out. Some of the Juvenile censors, loud enough for all to hear, wondered that Mr. N. had not committed murder often, in his operations. The examination was renewed by *Dr. Surgeon D'G*———in a half-peevish—half-ill-natured style, stating to Mr. N——, that “we

never received such answers before, in this hall, but I will try you once more," Whence does Poupart's ligament arise, and where inserted, and of what is it composed?

Mr. N——It arises from the Pubes, is inserted into the Ilium, or *vice versa*; and it is composed of the tendinous ends, or beginnings, of many muscles.

Here a general uproar ensued. Some laughed—others affected gravity—others commenced a remonstrance: all in one breath. But young———saw at once the state of the affair. He cut a joke, which created a diversion, allowed time for consideration. Silence being restored, a whispering consultation was begun—at the end of which Mr N——was commanded to follow up the table, the motion of the index finger of one of the censors; and to place himself opposite the large—the fine carved, wise looking chair of the President;—which being done,

The President opened his mouth, and began to examine. This must have been out of regard for Mr N——, our reporter at first thought, as it is uncommon.

*Surgeon Doctor Le Cam the President.** Sir, What are the Surgical diseases, affecting the ring of the external oblique?

Mr N——A *lues* occasionally swells a lymphatic gland or two, which may daub up its mouth. A varix of a blood vessel—a schirrous chord. A———

President. Stop Sir, Stop!—But for what reason this interruption took place, our reporter could not make out; possibly it might arise from Mr N—— beginning to enumerate each disease, by counting his fingers.

Mr President—We take Hernia. What causes Hernia?

Mr N—— Pure laxity—unhealthy formation of the parts.—

The President (putting on his hat, by way of showing authority.) Mr N—— this is most strange conduct. I ask you what are the exciting and predisponent causes?

Mr N——. Violence, strong violence; weakness, sheer weakness.

Some little time was given to see if Mr N—— would enumerate a few instances,—but none being given, tumult was about to take place. But the sound of the President's ill tempered voice, demanded respect.

To be continued.

REMARKS ON "MEDICAL PUFFING;"

A BALDERDASH THAT APPEARED IN THE OBSERVER OF
FRIDAY LAST.

(From a Correspondent.)

WE seldom meddle with papers,—they are dangerous creatures, inasmuch as they wield their own weapons; but really in this case,

* Mr N——'s antiquarian knowledge was applied to, in order to find out what country could produce this paper. From the names he thinks it of Russian extraction.

as we are a majority of the students, we conceive we have a right to express our opinion as well as the writer of the above-mentioned article, who, if our information be correct, is the same of "verse puffing" celebrity, who introduced his little person to a certain actress, of open character, by daubing her over with his Castalian ink. We like not personality; no, but how can a regular quack himself, as far as he dare go, venture to censure puffing? whose notorious attempts at observation are daily laughed at in the Infirmary; not to say any thing of "nocturnal perambulations?" When a man sets up as a critic, and censurer of other men, it behoves him to look to himself.—Those who wear glass heads should never throw stones.

As to the article itself, 'tis one of those "got up" things we see in every newspaper of the day—a great attempt at learning—a facility of introducing vulgar and common place remarks, and a sort of attempted irony, which, while it shews the disposition to wound, but exposes its own inefficiency. The miserable attempt, not only to ridicule, but to blast the character of Mr. Lizars, we can scarce do any thing but laugh at; for example, hinting at certain operations, he says, that "*puffing* tempts men enamoured of such applause, to venture upon the most head-strong and absurd experiments, merely for the sake of attracting public notice." Now, has't the writer of the article in question, actually, in hammering it out, fallen into the very error he so much censures? Has it not been from the desire of attracting public notice that he penned the paper; and, no doubt, (to use his own language), "considered himself the centre of attraction, and one of the master spirits of the age," in so doing? Besides, we do not exactly understand the paragraph—there surely *can* be no *puffing* before there is reason for it; and, though the *puffing* may be high-flown, yet it may nevertheless be true. If some do not attempt what has never been attempted before, how is science to improve? Had men never ventured upon the sea, we should have had no ships; and, according to Gessner,* had Eve not physicked Adam, there would have been no physicians. It is only of late years that arteries have been taken up,—formerly the limb was cut off. *Ætius*, *Oribasius*, and probably, *Gulielmus de Saliceto*, would have thought the man mad who proposed operation for aneurism. Let not then, the "learned gentleman" condemn things he knows nothing of; there may yet be a telegraphic communication with the moon,† though at present we laugh at the idea. Who believes in the Patispatter or *Liquor vitæ*, nevertheless, in seeking for them, Van Helmont discovered Hartshorn; and Mr. Lizars, though unsuccessful at present, may yet make important discoveries. We admire, positively admire, the gravity with which the paper has been written. The constant allusion to Shakspeare, old plays, older stories, and far-fetched conceptions, tell us directly who the author is. The little sprinkle of French, like maggots on a sirloin, are truly amusing. Oh tempora! Oh *Moses*! as our friend and his

* See death of Abel.

† Vide Annals of Philosophy.

friend Joe Miller would say, what tempted this Knight of the Note-book, and Actress, to give *his* opinion on medical science? One glance at his Gregory, Celsus, or Heberden, would have done him more good, than all the paragraphs in all the newspapers. We are not advocating the cause of the *puffy* article that appeared in the Mercury,—we intended to have noticed it ourselves; but, being pupils of Mr. Lizars, and having a thorough conviction that he knew nothing of its insertion, prevented us. Any person, at all conversant with these things, could easily perceive, that the article was put in in the nature of an advertisement; and, as such, could have been inserted but by the orders of a bookseller. Generosity, or liberality, if the writer possess any, should have been shewn, in speaking of a man to whom himself, as well as every other medical student, is greatly indebted for the present state of the anatomical school in Edinburgh. Mr. Lizars has his faults,—who has not? Even the puissant Knight of the Note-book, and Actress, possesses a few; but his are mere peccadilloes—little things not to be seen. He reminds us of the man in the vision of Human Burdens, whose nose was too big for him. This Anatomic Aristarchiad,—this Stymphalian Vulture that digs at Mr. Lizars,—this Frankenstein that alarms us,—this *cour foncière qui regarde proprement les offenses de la médecine*,—this *pimperlimpimp*, and what else article,—we really must dismiss—it has worn out our editorial brain, (which at best is not very good), to find epithets for it. We wouldn't have touched it,—no! not have touched it,—but the hardihood, the conceitedness, and the whole dictator-like tone of it was so amusing. We wonder the Editor of the Observer inserted it, considering its length; but sometimes the Observer makes a slip as well as others; for a short time since, in a review of poor Old Rob's book, the "Gratulatory address to the University," he stated, that he conceived it to be the work of Dr. Duncan, Senior; whereas, if he had read the book that he professed to review, he would have seen some of the professor's poetry quoted, and himself spoken of in such terms, as would have left the reviewer no reason to say Dr. Duncan was the author. N'importe,—pshaw! we are getting *vraiment*—into the style of the Knight of the Note-book and Actress,—viz. quoting French. Let us stop this article, or it may become as long as "Medical Puffing." T. K. T.

P. S. A curious thing in the Observer is this, that on turning over the paper, we see an advertisement—sesquipedaneus—setting forth the value of Mr. Lizars' anatomical plates. This is worse than the traveller who blew hot and cold with the same breath.

THE WAR.

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

Virgil. *Æneid. lib. i, 464.*

WAR has begun, and the troops are on their way; it may give an impetus to trade, but cannot but grieve the heart of every lover of mankind. War is a dreadful thing. We who quietly *siesta* on

our couches, or loll in elbow chairs, reading of defeats and engagements, know little or nothing of the actual state of war. — It sounds well to say, such or such a regiment behaved well, and such or such a day was gained; but do we know the orphans that it made—the widows that now pine in hovel-want—and wretchedness? Many a bright eye was dimmed—many a white bosom heaved with woe—many a virgin heart-broken—ere fame could write “Salamanca.” But these are the woes of the conquerors, what are they in comparison to those of the vanquished! See the squadrons, in horrid silence, pour along the vintag’d fields! —the vine dies beneath their tread—the corn fields are parched, and trodden into earth—the peaceful cottage smokes in ruins—death is at the door—life deserts it, save where the old lame house-dog yelps curses on the ravagers,—awful stillness! worse than the loudest clang of arms—the roar of cannon, or the shouts of men. But silence lasts not long,—a blast of trumpets, a rattle, and the full band bursts upon the ear. And now the quick march, the heavy tread, the shouldered musket, and the voice of multitudes tell the enemy approaches. Many a gallant head will feed the wild raven, and the horrid vulture,—many a cheek that blooms for some *one*, distant far among the blue Scottish hills, or Britain’s level plains,—many a father, whose dear babes press the milky breast,—many a son of whom his aged mother dreams, and dreams she sees, the stay, the prop, the hope of her withering life,—many lovers, husbands, brothers, fathers,—the great and the mean—the valorous and the coward, will fall—fall never more to rise. The spot they purpled with their heart’s blood—the ground they fell on—the grave they found, scarcely even will be known.

They meet,—the hostile banners meet,—and the whizz of bullets, the clash of arms, the rattling of musketry, the blast of trumpets, the deep, long-repeated shout of men, and, at times, the full fraught chorus of the retiring band. Now man to man—breast to breast—foe to foe. The horrid bayonet drinks deep of human blood,—the unglutted cannon sweeps whole ranks—and the sabre’s murdering edge depopulates the ranks,—they fall—the foes; the victors press—they fly,—and lo! the town opens wide her gates—but half enter. Still the conquerors must fight. They fight, they toil,—ply the cannon—sink the mine—storm the breach,—and now the city’s won!

Would that were all! To p’under. Are there not some who have seen the tottering fall strip in flakes of huge and cumbrous masses from the high rock, and the dancing shadow of the hideous ruin flitting in the vale below—and the clouds of dust, and stones, and flame—the wreathing of heavy thick, spiral shapes of dark, black, stiffling smoke—the quick sharp crackling of the bursting fire—the sound of fire-arms, mixt with the long distant echo of the cannon, breaking on the chaotic roar—the glow of flames, lapping, licking, folding, twisting in serpent-shapes around the high arched dome, the massy pillar, and heaven-directed spire—the rush of men—the clatter of the horseman’s war-clad steed, trampling with iron-shod feet, the bleeding warriors form—snorting, rearing, scattering fire, foes, flames, wounds, terror—death! And the matron’s

shriek—the infant's feeble cry—the mother's look! the groans of the dying—the shrill voice of the frightened virgin sinking 'neath the brutal violator's strength!—Ravished maidens, insulted matrons, butchered childhood—age mangled, torn, hacked, hewn in bits—abused women—with dishevelled hair, ghastly look, bare bosom, rent garment—tinged with gore of infant—husband, lover!—The rascal soldiery pursuing—the shouts of triumph—the fallen's supplicating cry—pregnant females—trampled—killed—embowelled by the bayonet's point—and all the horrors of the infernal powers let loose—mingled last with the shrill trump of victory?—Few soldiers who were at Salamanca remember that day, but with horror. The violated women—the blood spilt for days till the very pavement became a mass of brains, and flesh, and filth, and human gore—and the pillage wearied those that bore it—houses burnt in wantonness—men killed in pastime—and the dogs of hell let slip—will ever be stains, that neither the trophies of Wellington nor the pen of fame can blot out—He may rest in purple bed—be clothed in ducal state, and fed with the incense of the Sovereign's praise, but what he possesses is purchased with the life of thousands—dyed in the blood of the slain, damned by the curses of the dead!—Let the warrior boast of his actions—let him tell of the days he has won and the number he has slain—let the standards of the foe be hung in tattered folds, from the high roofs—let honor, homage, pomp, power, might, majesty, and dominion be his—we envy him not, and thank the God of Heaven, for making us what we are. * *

THE HOLIDAYS.

Quips and Cranks, and wanton wiles.—L' ALLEGRO.

WE positively intended to have taken a Holiday this week as well as the College,—but omitting to mention it in our last,—nolens volens, we must produce a paper. The fact is, these holidays are very bad things, invented by the devil (with reverence be it spoken) or some other mischievous fellow, to drive people out of their senses. When one has been idle for a day or two, it's difficult—very difficult—to turn to work again—so it has happened with the COTERIE. The Committee met—one-half only attending—no business transacted—but dinners, suppers, eating and drinking talked of. After the usual pros. and cons. and “with respect, Mr. President,” and “I beg leave,” “I humbly submit,”—and all that,—the COTERIE determined on a dinner. No thoughts of the CHEILEAD—Turkey and Ham, 'stead of Articles and Ink; Duck, Goose, and Apple-pie, 'stead of Printers, Papers, and Business; and no one will say, but that the change is for the better. Well, Christmas came—visiting, wining, caking, and congratulations—dinner—and not one of the COTERIE were absent. It put us in mind of Noah's ark. Here were the bald-pated Mr C. the exiguous Mr T. and the facetious Tom M. Besides the red round little nose, of our friend from the Emerald Isle—the spectacled and crack-brained myops Mr W. —the wig despising—imitating hair of Tommy D.—all there. Well, to make a short story of a long one, we—no! the COTERIE, got up, (how shall we write it?) why we wont—they got up then from the table those who could—

and those who could not—laid under the table—not from intemperance—Honor f—but from the fatigue of carving ham and turkey—and washing it down with wine—or some other gentle stimulant. Poor Tommy D's wig was found in the dog-kennel in the morning; some kind Samaritan had given it half of what he intended to carry away—and the dog, had breakfasted on it.—The squabbling—we need say nothing about—'twas all in good part—till C. catted in our friend of the Emerald Isles' hat. Positively Julius Cæsar could'nt have borne it—so of course things proceeded to great lengths,—great-coats—cloaks—Benjamins—wrappers became strewed upon the floor, and made a delightful Turkey carpet. We made the best of our way out, with a trifling quantum of semi-digested victual in our great-coat pocket,—a bottle or two of wine in our waist-band, and most loyal feelings in our heart towards his Majesty, the University, and the CHEILEAD. We got to bed—"very happy"—"pleasantest day we had spent," &c. To day (Tuesday) rum feel—pulse quick—hands hot—no breakfast—complains of thirst and nausea—*Cap. Coch. Mag. aquæ vitæ, pro re nata.* Factum est. Now, gentle reader, we feel better,—we wish you a happy, happy Christmas; and, God willing! many happy returns.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wonders.—Monsieur Calliaud, a French traveller, has discovered a country in the interior of Africa, 500 miles long.—In this country he says, there are avenues of sphynxes, lions, propylæa, and temples, in the Egyptian style—forests of pyramids—and a vast enclosure formed with unbaked bricks, all of which prove the former existence of some extensive City. This, with the accounts of Clapperton and Denham, will soon cause Africa to be considered, not only as the continent that was first civilized, but as a land where arts and science were at the greatest height. This may stagger the Hypothesis of Dr Pritchard, that no black nations have been civilized.

Theatre.—We never remember to have seen Edinburgh so gay. We have theatres—wild beasts—pictures—amphitheatres—classes, and what not. There can now scarcely be any lack of amusement, though we complained of it some time since. Whoever has not seen the beautiful enchanting little Houri, Miss Eyre dance, should go instantly. Oh! her pretty little legs! she reminds us of a run-away goddess, or an angel sent on some pleasurable mission. We really have'nt slept since we saw her; and then her dancing—superb! Miss Johnstone too, dances well, but quite in a different style; and then her nose is too big; but yet she's a nice girl. Herr Cline, the dancer on the tight rope, was positively excellent,—we never saw any thing to equal him,—there were times when he appeared to fly. The wild beasts we have not seen; but we intend to take a peep at the "lions," and that 'ere wonderful beast, that lives as well above the waters as below them,—turns up the bottoms of rivers, and hides him the same—Hippopotamus, or river 'orse."—Or "that sagacious animal the Helephant, whose wonderful feats have attracted the admiration and attention of all the learned kings of Europe, and the world." Murray has certainly done a great deal for the Theatre this year; and Mrs. Siddons is certainly growing younger. In the "Hussars" she looks lovely, and fascinating. Miss Foote will be here soon, as also Vandenhoff, and others of note.

The College of Surgeons.—The absurd law of registration adopted by the College of Surgeons, we are at a loss to account for. We can see no utility in it, but merely a disposition to show, that what little power they may possess, they

are determined to exert it. We witnessed nearly two weeks since, one of the most disgraceful things that could have happened to the College of Surgeons—a row between them and the Students. The fact is, the book should be open for a fortnight; as it is, such crowds collect there, and are kept waiting so long, that really 'tis a serious nuisance. The civil power were put in requisition the day we speak of, and four policemen, were forced like champions, to recapture the book that had been seized by the Students. Surely the College will not continue this ridiculous farce.

Professor Leslie, opens a class after the holidays, for the purpose of instructing ladies in natural philosophy, and we understand it is to be in the College. Dr. Hope last year had a class, and the consequence was—when we should have been looking at Esculapius, we were gazing on Venus. Thus it will be this year. 'Tis probable the Professor is determined at length, on "taking unto him a wife," and of course the best way to choose, is to have a great many to pick from. The Professor intends showing the Ursa Major, personally through his long glass, with the use of the globes, how to raise a perpendicular, incubation by means of feather-beds—the laws of gravitation—the Sun's disk—and the signs of the zodiack as the ram, bull and lion: These and many other curiosities, as the little bodies, (or as some say, animalcules) in various liquids, in the human body, as the blood, and its secretions, forming altogether the most popular course ever delivered in the University.

Professor Cheape.—A most illiberal paper in the Scotsman intimates, that Professor Cheape isn't fitted for the chair he holds—we all know the reason of this opinion—The Whigs, like no one to get "into a good thing" but themselves.

Dr. Hope.—The Professor has been complaining for some days, but we understand he is getting better.

Notice.—A Student has sent us a file of medical journals for review; and states that his object in sending them, was to discover whether we had talent or not. He also begs us to give him the opinion of Students in general, on journals. A Student must have intended to have quizzed us, but if he be serious, and will let us know, we shall do our best to please as early as possible.

Poetry.

Lines to South America on recovering her Independence.

Hail to the gleaming of liberty's star
Which on the Atlantic shines brightly afar;—
And hail to the dawn of that dazzling ray
Which thro' ages of darkness hath kept on its way,
Till that deep cloud, with error and ignorance fraught,
Was dispersed, and presented the opening it sought.
Thro' centuries past thou hast slept in repose,
Trampled down like the worm by thy pitiless foes,
And not even the blood of thy citizens slain
Could excite thee to burst from the Tyrant's chain:—
Thy cities were filled with the dying and dead—
The courageous that fell, and the timid that fled,—
And thy prisons were stored with the victims of power
And thy rivers ran red with thy citizens gore,
And conveyed to the shore of the far rolling sea,
The life blood of those who had fallen for thee.—
No sparkling of bravery glowed in thy breast,
In inglorious quiet contented to rest;—
But at length the bright beam of thy star is disclosing,
The spirit that long hath in peace been reposing,
And thy Tyrants may feel that there yet are a few,
Whose courage is great as their spirits are true,

And oh! may that heaven that looks on the brave
 With a glance of approving and joyful delight,
 Extend the dread arm of its puissance to save
 Thy liberty star from the darkness of night.
 And oh! may that torch which was kindled by thee,
 Extend over land, extend over sea,
 Nor e'er be extinguished till Tyranny's reign
 Shall have ceased to usurp the dominions of men.
 May that bright gleaming meteor of heavenly birth
 Be seen to the uttermost ends of the earth,
 And scare every tyrant away;
 And may all that shall view their ineffable blaze,
 Resolve, as upon thee with pleasure they gaze,
 To break that despotical sway,
 Which its influence extends to the uttermost Poles—
 Which for years both in darkness enveloped their souls,
 Let them banish all tyranny, warfare, and fear,
 And let God be the only one absolute here. E. M. R.

STANZAS.

Where'er I have been, I never yet could find,
 (And I have wander'd much in my short life,)
 Amidst all the gay flies of womankind—
 A female I would gladly call my wife:
 One has charm'd me with an eye; but as she twined
 Serpent whiles around my heart, I saw strife,
 Contention, pride, and passion's cold return,
 Like flames in ether, waiting but to burn.

Another meek as dove, and innocent
 As tender babes that cry, they know not why;
 But she'd a—Hobble, or something, meant
 By nature, to mar her beauties, and I
 Ne'er could be brought to think, that she was sent
 By Heav'n to sweeten life, by *Hobbling* by;
 And after one short month of nothingness,
 I found her faults, but lost—my happiness.

Then I pictured, painted, fashion'd in thought
 The Goddess of my mind's world, and I would sit,
 And think,—that if I found that, which I sought—
 That Idol of my soul—that thing Heav'n lit,
 With sunny eyes and beaming cheeks, I ought,
 In common sense, to wed, if fate permit;
 So wander'd fashion's painted minions thro',
 But found it not, then bade to hope a long adieu!

Next—I saw beauty, youth, good humour, bright
 Eyes, and auburn hair, and marble brows, and gait,
 And look, and all that gave my eyes delight
 Mingling in one, to form a perfect state
 Of almost all, I ever dreamt by night,
 Or woo'd by day, from step-dame fate,
 But doubts, upon my doubting soul laid stress,
 And thought became a hell, or little less.

But these are school-boy ravings, and the heart
 Must seek some genial soul, on whom to look,
 To sigh, to hope, to care for, and impart
 Whate'er it cull, in man or nature's book;
 For who from this wide sculptur'd world would part,
 And die, and leave no image in its nook
 Of living copies, e'en his name forgot,
 His race extinct, in mem'ry's page a blot?

The little world will wag, fools prate, wise men
 Think, and the dull fool call on death to come,
 And more be born, be wed, and die again,
 As tho' I ne'er had been; and the busy hum
 Will never cease, e'en when I seek my den
 Of death, the grave—and the rough soldier's drum,
 And the loud Seaman's shout will echo still,
 And brutes in human likeness march to kill.

What's then a wife, a house, and servants, wealth,
 And pomp, and minstrelsey, and golding glare,
 And midnight revel—wasting youth and health,
 And moonlit galas in the open air,
 And lover-meetings—hidden, snatched by stealth—
 That throbbing heart, and beating breast declare
 But pain—yet sought—yet nicknam'd pleasures,
 Hugg'd by men, as miser's hidden treasures?

Give me a pen, a piece of paper, Ink,
 A Book or two, a room nor large nor small,
 Where I may sit, and pondering deeply think,
 And read of those who went before—of all
 The many grades that form this unknown link
 Of nature, of rise of nations, and their fall—
 And then some bard with flowing numbers sweet,
 To fire my soul and roll whole systems at my feet.

With these and with a friend, (if that I found
 That rare *adamus* of the chymic heart,)
 To while away the tedious hour-light's round,
 And visit in the mind's thought, some magic part
 Of past life's dull scene, that welcomed with a bound,
 The sleeping spirits into new life start,—
 Then could I live retired, obscure, remote—
 And care not whether conquer'd Turk or Suliote. AZAR.

A WISH.

Oh! would I were a sun-beam bright,
 To shed my mild, yet brilliant light
 On gentle lovers, here below—
 To dry their tears, and sooth their woe:
 And leaving them this world of fear,
 Depart to gild some happier sphere:
 Thus wandering on, from land to land,
 To be by whispering zephyrs fanned,
 To make the happy, happier still,
 To calm the soul o'erwhelmed with ill—
 Blessing and blest, o'er land and sea,
 Thro' space's dread infinity.

E. M. R.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Those correspondents we do not take notice of, may consider themselves inadmissible; we wish also they would send us more prose and less poetry.—We have poetry on hand—enough to set up a school for the muses.—C. T.—W.—
 —Q.—Stanley—James—Gilbert—&c. &c. received.

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Colquhoun, Printer, Edinburgh.

THE CHELLEAD,

OR

UNIVERSITY COTERIE.

Egregious Doctors, and Masters of the eximious and arcane science of Physick, of your urbanity, exasperate not yourselves against us for making this little volume.

ANDREW BORDE, 1547.

Biographical.

PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY.

THE family of Monro is identified with the fame of the Edinburgh University; and, as excellent citizens, with the town itself.

Three generations have now produced as many remarkable men, and shewn what is rare in the history of families, each of these men rising above his predecessor in the arduous field of science. This of itself is a boast of nobility of greater value to a country like this, than a tree of ancestry, originally founded by one great man, and branched out, and bearing the successive names of an hundred idiots—all armed with the emblazonry, and pompous buffoonery of heraldic trumpery. "Write my name upon my tomb, (said the dying ancient, when teased for a motto,) and the world will find the man."

The first Dr. Alexander Monro, was the founder of the anatomical learning of Edinburgh University. In his time, the medical department began to take its form, and grow famous,—Under his care, the graduation of Physicians commenced,—the Infirmary was reared by his actual superintendence,—his works are appreciated,—and his book upon the bones is as yet considered incapable of improvement, and must descend to the end of time.

The second Doctor Monro had the task of extending his father's labours; and however difficult it was, the testimony of Dr. Haller gave validity to his claims, when but a young man: and subse-

quently his own works confirmed them; for, besides containing many philosophical facts established by him, yet claimed by others, they prove his having inscribed his name upon the brain, and almost on every joint of the human body.

The third Doctor Monro having the fame of his grandfather and father to support—the chain of investigation, and discovery of their sciences to enlarge, was placed on their chair under a terrible load of responsibility; for he had the family honour to protect—its literary character to uphold—and its fame to deter him from attempting improvements. And when the catalogue of those illustrious men, who have sedulously turned over every fibre of the human body, in search of some point unknown to their predecessors is reflected upon, we must confess that man to be of extraordinary qualifications who can go beyond them. The present Doctor Monro has done so. He has inscribed his name on two several portions of the body, and is therefore entitled to his tablet in common with his fathers, and from what he has adduced within these last few years in other branches of philosophical inquiry, farther discovery may be expected, as well to his own credit, and to that of the University. So much for the generality.

The present Professor is upwards of fifty. He is a tall man, of six feet, naturally slender, but age begins to round him. He is of the sanguine temperament—a peculiar sharp cast of countenance, which is said to be hereditary. The expression about the region of the mouth, is odd; when displeased, it assumes a contorted form, which is well known to the Student, and discovers a feeling of dislike, passing through the Professor's own mind, which is conveyed to the observer, with an effect requiring no words to explain it. To the idle Student, it is like "a blast from hell." The Professor is exceedingly eccentric and irregular in his dress: One day he is debonair, the next you see him disorderly. His manners are full of politeness, affability, and great kindness to all the Students alike. He is easy of access—gives any information wanted readily, and all without any show-off, which he seems to despise.

Dr. Monro has the family abilities,—great acuteness, application and judgment, and, we understand, his classical attainments are excellent. He has sustained a most unmerciful, and unmerit-

ed, load of abuse, for not bringing these to bear earlier than he has done. This, however, he only has experienced in common with his cotemporaries; and from a set of critics who are, to say the truth, most unqualified to judge. For the times in which we live, are in a very different state, so far as philosophical science is to be considered, than previous to 1804 or so. Before that time the greater number of the Medical sciences, were in an unexperimental state, comparatively to what they have become since, and particularly since 1809. To be thoroughly acquainted with every one of these improvements is absolutely demanded from a Professor of the University of Edinburgh. Here, by the constitution, degrees in medicine are given by actual instruction and examination, not by courtesy, or taking it for granted, that the candidate knows every fact, experiment, and change in the sciences,—as with other Universities.

Professor Monro has overcome the difficulties incident to these changes. He gives, within these last few years, a course of study of a more advanced kind than ever was delivered in the Edinburgh Theatre of Anatomy. He embraces, along with the simple anatomy of the old school, the new chemical analysis of each division—the physiological and pathological peculiarities—and deductions arising from them; and has to combine these, with the collateral illustration drawn from the discoveries of comparative anatomy. The toil of gathering the preparations, of which he possesses a most extensive selection, of itself must have been enormous. He lectures distinctly, in capital language, fluently, and with point; and now with a great deal more of confidence than formerly—the want of which was a fault.

His lectures upon surgery are more of an elementary description than is usually given. Perhaps he can afford to give such a course, more easily than any private teacher, from the extraordinary collection of which he possesses the command,—from his access to facts, not to be got at by most private individuals—and from his own acquirements and industry.

Dr. Monro is esteemed by the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons as a physician and consulting surgeon of the first rank, as well in theoretical acumen, as in real practical skill. His writings in each branch of the profession give additional proof of his pretensions to celebrity, and we have no hesitation in saying, that though the last, he is, the *first* and greatest of the Monro's. †

THE FABLE

OF THE

UNKNOWN COLLEGE OF SURGEONS CONTINUED.

(Concluded from our last.)

The President. Upon a hernia of the groin, in a stout young man of 25,—attended with fainting, insensibility, and other symptoms of strangulation; and put the case, that you were called at the end of 12 hours after the accident, and after the taxis, bleeding, &c. had been resorted to in vain—what would you do? Would you proceed to operate.

Mr N——. No; I would try some of the apparatus of the taxis over again. *President.*—Why so, Sir? Mr. N——. Because blunders often try these things ineffectually. *Mr P.* No, Sir, you should not lose a moment in so trifling. Mr. N——. Sir, I beg pardon; but I have been taught differently. *Mr. President.* Sir, I will not sit in this chair to be contradicted by you, nor by any other candidate. Sir, I insist on you to admit my authority, and proceed forthwith to the operation. I therefore ask of you, how would you operate? Mr. N——. I'd merely relieve the obstruction.

A degree of irritation was visible, at the teasing brevity of Mr. N——'s replies.

President. Really Mr N——, we could wish that you would understand our questions a little more generally. Mr N—— bowed assent.

President. After what authority or method would you operate? Dr. Monro's, or Sir Astley Cooper's, or what other? Mr N——. Upon neither Dr. Monro's, Sir Astley Cooper's—nor any other kind of Cooper. I operate after my own method, and by means of my fingers and knife.

Great consternation apparent at this boldness and contradiction.

President, in anger. Sir, would you go through the integuments, peritoneum, and gut—and epigastric artery, at one cut? Would you plunge your scalpel into the life of the patient? In the name of *patience*, and respect to our craft, I ask you *what is your method?*

Mr N——. When I am called to a case of strangulated hernia of the parts in question, I first try the taxis, warm bath, purgatives, and antispasmodic enemata, for a few hours,—say four. If unsuccessful, I then lay the patient down and operate thus;—I divide the integuments in the very way a man does, who has the use of his eyes and hands. If the artery come in my way, from irregular distribution, I cut, and tie its jetting ends—if it cannot be otherwise avoided. I dissect until I come to the obstruction, and I cut a few of the fibres of the ring, aperture, or ligament, or opposing anatomy,—call them what you will, for to me they are all one. I now look at the gut—if it be black, it makes me look again; but no matter, if it be free from crustation of coagulable lymph, and discoloured spots, through which the slightest point may be sent; and above all, free from the halitus of mortification, which is

so familiar to the surgeon, I relieve, or replace the gut,—bind up the wound, and put the man to bed. But if these things are contraindicated by the halitus, severe adhesion, erosion, and mortification, and the many other accompaniments, I conjoin the gut, with the lips of the wound—and treat the fistula, *secundam artem*.

After this splendid account of his own method, Mr. N—— never was asked another question. The censors all felt its force—they had seen Mr. N—— do what he had just said.

He was accordingly removed into the adjoining room, to look at a few of the preparations, until a debate was held upon his examination, or *appearance*. The anatomists were alarmed, says our reporter, (but he being among the ribs below the table, could not see who,) for their guineas, attendant on their “anatomical dissections,” Mr. N—— having shewn such a decided contempt for such useless humbugger; however, they insisted that Mr. N—— should be compelled to fee some one man’s rooms, on the ground that his anatomy was far too general. But this was shewing design too openly, and was very properly over-ruled. It was agreed on all hands, that Mr. N—— should pass, be enrolled a diplomatist under the new *regime*; and get a commendatory speech from the President. He was sent for, and on admittance, was congratulated, on the thorough knowledge he had shewn of his art—of his obedience in appearing before the College—and that they would shake hands individually.—and part agreeably.

Here Mr. N—— made his bow—advancing to the President, who having pushed back “the chair,” came to Mr. N——, who again made the *balancé* to the President’s *jettez ensemble*, at the same time they shook hands—and returned acknowledgements. Having done this, Mr. N—— passed the President, and made the *balancé* to the next member’s *jettez ensemble*, and bow, and acknowledgement, who being passed, immediately made the *pirouette*, round to the President, *jettez’d* and shook hands.

This system of *balancé*, and *jettez*—and *pirouette*, continued round the table. The scene,—with the shuffling of feet, pushing back of chairs, noise of junction of hands, rustling of cloth, and the acknowledgements made and returned in all the variety of voice—bass, tenor, treble, counter, and so on, was altogether curious, and sounded very solemn and grand, even upon the old wig-eared stucco, surrounding the ceiling of the ancient hall.

Mr. N—— was now requested to take the chair, which the President on this occasion agreed to abdicate, *pro tempore*, and give the meeting a few words, upon the new system. This being done, Mr. N—— made a satisfactory commendation of the old system; and recommended moderation under the new. He conceived it impossible to improve a system under which Benjamin and John Lleb, and so many other able men had been educated. That no system could make a man, if nature had not assisted; but as self-sufficiency usually outwits itself, there was no harm in trying to make a Surgeon. The design at least was laudable. He wished the College, and every one of the members well. Having ended, he, again passion-freed, put his hand on his heart, and bowed to the right, and to the left, then retired, and mounted his horse, and set off to

superintend an over-flowing practice, as if it had not been a field day. Scampering horses, and rumbling carriages, soon announced a breaking-up of the herd he left behind.

THE CAMANAS.

From the original Spanish MSS. in possession of Don Miguel de Henriquez.

In one of those small islands to the south of Cuba, called Camanas, which are thinly populated by a remarkably tall and slim race of men, towards the end of the late war, was to be seen the house of Sebastian St. Iago. He was the chief personage among these rude, but hospitable and courteous islanders; and as they are unclaimed by any European or American power, he might be said to have been, not only the largest proprietor, but the father, priest, and king of the country. They hold, however, a slight allegiance to the government of Jamacia; and it is usual, on the death of a governor, or on the appointment of a new one, for the oldest, as well as the most respectable of these islanders, to sail to Jamaica, and receive commissions of magistracy. St. Iago had done so, and received his commission from the present Duke of Manchester. He was consequently looked up to by the rest of the people, not only as a man of great wealth, but as one of superior intellectual qualifications. He had been educated in Spain; and, as his name indicates, was a Spanish Creole, by birth. He had a family, consisting of a wife, two daughters, and a son. His wife was an English lady, the daughter of a British officer, who having been killed during the war in Spain, was left destitute near Madrid. Here St. Iago, having to pay a parting visit to an aunt, who was the abbess of the nunnery where Clara Delville was placed, fell in love and married her. He left Spain for his native country, which was Cuba, and in a short time arrived there. Being of a hot and fiery disposition, he could not submit to the rebukes of his father, lavished on him for his imprudence in marrying a portionless, as well as an untitled girl; and, making his intention known to his wife, they collected together whatever little they possessed, and, in the night, with two favourite negroes, set sail for the Camanas. Their voyage was pleasant, and on the day following, they landed safely. St. Iago purchased a small piece of ground, which he soon inclosed; and though he often felt the stigma of his situation, in subsisting a mere fisherman, or turtle-catcher, yet, neither by word or look, could his wife perceive it was irksome to him.

Years past, and they were blest with three children. He had become the first person in the Island, and his wishes knew no wants. His father, country, kindred, all became lost in the blue eye of Clara. His eldest daughter was ten, his son five, and a babe in-arms made up the whole of his domestic circle. This was

as we said before, towards the end of the late war ; and these seas at all times covered by piratical vessels, at this period, seemed to bear nothing else. There was one well known under the name of the " Black Boat." Her colours were black, with a death's head, and crossed thigh bones. She was the terror and scourge of these seas, and wherever the crew landed, murder, riot, conflagration, and violence raged. Numberless were the depredations committed by this huge sea-monster, and with such success in Cuba, and the other Islands, that the superstitious did not fail to attribute some infernal agency in the matter. Many attempts had been made to conquer this unconquerable bark, but all had failed of success. But before we can say any thing more of the vessel, or its crew, 'twould be as well to give the reader some idea of their commander.

His name was Borgio, an Italian by birth and education. He was the son of a cardinal at Rome, by a servant girl, whose extreme beauty was only equalled by her total disregard of chastity. She gave birth to an infant, which was immediately laid at the door of the Duke of Norfolk, at that time resident there, whose catholic opinions rendered him the fittest person as foster-father to the offspring of a cardinal : Besides his great wealth, held out a temptation to the Cardinal, as well as the frail mother of the unhappy child, in so doing. The Cardinal was on terms of great intimacy with the Duke, and of course had frequent opportunities of seeing the child. He became much attached to it, and jokingly used to promise to make his will in its favour. On the other hand, the Duke had no objection to this, as it would save him the annuity he intended to have settled on the boy. Things being in this way, the boy became one of the family ; and though remarkably elegant in his manners, and handsome in his person, his mind bore no likeness to his body. His mother some time after followed one of those rovers belonging to a Banditti, in which Italy so much abounds, and 'twas said that she died a similar death to that of the Levite's concubine mentioned in scripture : For she was found dead in a cave contiguous to a village, with a few spots of blood upon her clothes—but no wound about her body, and it appeared, that there had been some struggling for her person, by which the blood had fallen on her clothes, as several stilletos, and broken daggers were found near by, as well as the bodies of three banditti. The Cardinal caused her to be decently consigned to the earth, and masses to be said for the repose of her soul. The boy was christened Leonardi di Borgio in honour of the Cardinal, who dying soon after, Borgio became the heir of immense wealth. He no sooner was informed of this, than he altered his whole conduct. He was now fifteen, and as this age tallies with the seventeenth or eighteenth of colder climates, he gave himself up to all those allurements and passions so peculiar to that period. There were no excesses he did not plunge into—no follies he did not imitate—no deed he did not boast of having performed. There was about his own age, and similiar to him in birth, a young girl, who had been brought up under the patronage of the Duchess,—for this girl he conceived a strong passion, but as his love was merely that of animal impulse, he sought gratification alone, deriding the softer

blandishments of the sex. His attempts were frequent, but meeting always with repulse, and a threat to inform her protectors of his inclinations,—his rage knew no bounds. He snapt his sword, stampd his feet, and swore enjoyment or death. The poor girl was terrified—and fled from his sight—he pursued, and unfortunately she ran into a long gallery totally uninhabited. AZAR.

To be continued.

LETTER TO THE EDITORS.

THE CHEILEAD,

TO SIMON SIMPLE.

Dec. To spoiling 9 sheets of post-paper in composing one article,	£0	0	9
To one quarter hundred pinions,	0	1	0
To breaking Landlady's tea-pot in momentary fit of inspiration,	0	5	6
To cutting shin-bone in said fit, and plaister for the same,	0	0	2
To burning tails of coat, sweeping mantel-piece with elbow, and breaking three Chinese ornaments, (viz. one Mandarin, one dragon, and one saucer,) one Pitt's head, one bust of Fox, one leg of Cupid, and other damage in state of deep abstraction,	2	11	1
To one dose salts, to improve wits, and one No. of the CHEILEAD,	0	0	4
To three days spent in thinking on a subject, three nights employed in writing the same, walking 33 times across the bridges, subscription to Mackay's Library, and interest of one pound deposited in the library for a volume of the Spectator, &c.	1	13	1½
To lozenges for cough, caught by standing on the pier of Leith, for the purpose of better describing the sea	0	1	1½
To coach hire home from Leith	0	0	9
To half-bottle whisky, by way of Hippocrene	0	1	3
To pen, ink, wax, candles, postage, and sundries	0	2	9
	£4	17	9½

SIR,—I have taken the liberty of sending the above Bill receipted, as I find it impossible to continue any longer a correspondent of the CHEILEAD. I have written seventeen articles, and have not had *one* inserted. I have merely sent the items of the last, to give you an idea of the capital expended.—Not to mention what I owe to my shoe-maker for a pair of thick shoes, bought

solely for trudging out at night to *pick up* odd things, and, as said in the bill, the subscription to Mackay's Library,—the only item of the bill I do'nt regret.

Your notice of this will oblige, Sir,

Your aspiring Servant,

SIMON SIMPLE.

Lauriston, 30th Dec. 1826.

*** In answer to Mr. Simple's letter, we beg to inform him, that as his assistance was voluntary, we do not hold ourselves responsible for his loss; and, indeed, were we to remunerate him, 'tis ten to one if our other correspondents would not also require the same, which would be ruination to us. We shall, however, in future, look with a more benignant eye on the worthy Simon's effusions.

EDITORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHEILEAD.

MY DEAR CHEILY—You don't know how angry Mamma was on Wednesday last, because she caught me reading the "Devil Annoyed." She positively said it was immoral! La! my dear CHEILY! why, there's only one bad word in it; and as to immorality, why, now, I can't see it. You know I'm not one of those puny things called *fine ladies*;—I can walk six miles before breakfast, and as many before dinner, and dance in the evening.—I hate, besides, all ridiculous cooping up; I, like Mary—Mary Wallston—*something*—(I forget the name), because she stands up for the rights of "woman." Therefore, my dear CHEILY, (I like to say *dear*—you know I am platonic,) the reason I trouble you is, that you will tell us more news than you usually do, and do'nt be so severe. *Ma.* says, she wont allow me to read you if you go on this way. And CHEILY, if you know of *any* young man—(I am not very particular)—tell him I am unmarried—have six thousand pounds, and wish to set up house for myself. Mind, I shall only require these few things,—to have a command of my time—to come and go—no questions to be asked,—two dresses a month—besides the wardrobe on my marriage day—theatre once a week. Shall expect two housemaids, cook, and footman. I do'nt care about a carriage, because I can walk as well as most people. I should like, also, three courses at dinner—to be attended by my husband whenever I want him—to have no dogs, sportsmen, guns, or fishing tackle in the house,—never to go to a tavern, coffee-house, or any other place without me. Now, CHEILY, these *few* things I require, and, in return, will yield myself vassal.

ISABELLA.

P. S. I am not particular about his looks; but I should like him to be tallish—aquiline nose—fine forehead—dark clustering hair—good whiskers—black eyes, regular teeth—agreeable manners—striking address, and taste in *dressing*. And, CHEILY, if you see such a man, leave a note at your publisher's, and I'll call for it.

I.

P. S. CHEILY, it would be as well too, that he be of a good character; no rake—(I hate rakes,)—and must sing and dance well. Of course he can play the flute. My dear CHEILY, I'm sure you're tired,—good bye. ISABELLA.

N. B. We have a great mind to make up to Miss Izzy ourselves; but do'nt possess one hundredth part of the qualifications required,—nor can we walk far. An odd question has just come into our head—how old is Miss Izzy? EDITORS.

THE OBSERVER *versus* CHEILEAD.

Tintinnabulum tinnit—PLAUTUS.

"Bell tingles."

The Editor of the Observer says we have been snarling at him—now we never snarl—we bite—and perceive we have wounded—for he bleeds. Calls us a *two-penny* publication! False! we sell for *threepence*. Item, we expend our pocket-money. This is the case for the plaintiff—now the defence, that is, our story.

The Editor could not have hit on a more unfortunate subject, for *nempe*, he happened to be editor of a late publication yclept *Lapsus*—and this said *Lapsus* sold for only *one penny*! Here then is consistency, to abuse a *three-penny* paper, when he was accoucheur to *one*, which sold for only *one-penny*—and surely if price make respectability, ours is more respectable. Now, as to pocket money, we did expend some little that way—but we have been amply remunerated. The difference between us and the Ex-Editor* of the *Lapsus* is—that he made *his* pocket money, by a penny publication, and we spend *ours* on a three-penny. Now, when we wrote that same article in our last number, we really had all the good nature and meekness of Moses, the Ex-Editor's Landlady's Tom Cat—that with such octosyllabic feeling, he has celebrated in his late periodical,—the lines ending we believe with

"Miss Hutton, Miss Hutton,

"My Mutton, my Mutton."

or some such attic gíngling: Nor did we for one moment dream of having such a peal rung in our ears, of "the Observer! the Observer! by half-a-dozen, damn'd good natured friends," as we have had, since that exiguous portion of paper was allotted to us in the *scriptum res novas continens*. We did not say any thing against the Observer—we merely said that he reviewed a book he never read,—and repeat that if he says he did read it, previous to writing the critique, inserted in his paper,—we say that he is lying under a mistake. We never review books, or give our opinions, before reading them, and if the "Observer" reviews books before reading them, 'tis a very bad custom, and the sooner abrogated the better. As to his thinking it beneath him to notice us, is silly, very silly, positively *paw, paw*. It reminds us of Sir Fretful—who though declaring he feels not the squibs let off against him, yet nevertheless, was unable to conceal his anger. Enough of the Observer,—and let us say something of the "Correspondent."

* We understand the Editor pocketed something *douce*, on the occasion.—Ed.

We sat down intent on writing a most *severe* article, but we considered for a few moments, and beheld the "little man," with * tin-box concealed, uncorrected papers and note-book, lying breathing his last literary puff, writhing in *Cheileadean* horror, and we could'nt do it. No! the milk of "human kindness" would'nt let us. We have therefore only to congratulate the "little man" on the dinner he eat in return for the article, and advise him to write as many more, as his numerous avocations will allow, or the Observer has room for. In another part of our paper, will be seen an anecdote of the "little man's" showing his anatomic knowledge, and how far calculated he was, to give his opinion on Mr. Lizars' plates.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANECDOTE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE NOTE-BOOK AND ACTRESS.—A gentleman who had just commenced the study of Anatomy, in a conversation with the "little man," accidentally inquired of him the name of the muscle, so strongly marked on his neck, laying his hand at the same time upon the *Sterno Cleido Mastoideus*. The "little man" looked big, for some moments, and then with a Magisterial air, answered "the *Omo Hyoideus*!!" No Student who has been one month at College, but can tell that muscle—we have extracted this anecdote from a very excellent letter, sent us, by a correspondent, and which, we regret, for want of room, we cannot insert. Our friend Students must be earlier with his communications, when he would have them inserted.

Mr. Allan.—We are sorry to notice the demise of this excellent, and celebrated Surgeon, whose long life of unremitting perseverance, and professional zeal, rendered him an excellent and valuable Colleague. In our next, we purpose giving a short biographical sketch of his life. There is a report abroad, that Mr. Lizars will lecture in his place to his pupils, but we see by hand-bills posted about the town, that Messrs. Liston and Turner, are alone, qualified to give certificates.

Poetry.

THE CURE FOR BLUE-DEVILS.

To all who are troubled with vapours and spleen,
This letter I kindly indite;
For you the best rem'dy ever was seen,
Is the remedy, of which I now write.
Exercise, Billiards, Riding and Drink,
Have been tried, and most others, in vain;
But out of sight, better than all these, I think—
Indeed, there's no doubt—I repeat it again,
Better than these and all others by far,
Is a neat, as imported, Havannah Cigar.
Though ever so dull, so morose, and uncivil,
Blow-out-brainish, and sad, in your blindness;
'Twill make you o'erflow, though you're SOUR as the devil,
With the SWEET milk, yeapt human kindness.
The day may be bad, and you can't walk about,
For Billiards, you may'nt be inclin'd;
Perchance for a Hack, you don't chuse to WORK out,
And drinking may'nt be to your mind.—
Better than these and all others by far,
Is a neat, as imported, Havannah Cigar.

* The "little man" attends every *sectio cadaveris*, and *cribs* hearts, brains, lungs, &c. for his great patron, that abuser of every other man but himself, and whose practice in fevers is so well known.

SONNET.

ATHENS.

I.

I felt for Athens—for her sons and daughters,
 The brave and beautiful, condemned to drag
 A captive's chain—while the barbarian slaughters
 Their young and aged—and his crescent-flag
 Hangs streaming with their blood from city-gates,
 Or blackens in the sun to be for signs
 And fearful portents to the allied states—
 The infidel, too, sneers at their fall'n shrines
 And thanks his prophet—the fierce Janizar
 Abroad in their forsaken squares, blasphemes
 And tramples on the cross, the men of war
 Have pillag'd their fair palaces—those dreams
 Of retribution, hopes of liberty,
 Are blasted now—alas! too fatally!

II.

I felt for Athens—what must be her feeling
 In this her degradation—can she bend
 To the deep curse of tyranny, and lend
 A patient ear to taunts of insult pealing
 From the oppressor's lips? Can she descend
 From all that she has been, to that worst end
 Of blackest shame—debasement, misery,
 Like a lame victim?—and must these things be?
 Yes, the Turk lords it in his hour—till stung
 By the keen sense of overpowering wrongs,
 Each Greek asserts the soul that yet belongs
 To Greece,—and wrench the fetters that have clung
 Rusting into their hearts, and cankering there,
 Until their very prison-damps grew native air.

ATTICUS.

EPIGRAM.

Ye Surgeons and Students away with your knives,
 Let them lie and get rusty the rest of your lives,
 Come learn a new mode, which your purpose may serve,
 To discover a muscle, a tendon, or nerve;
 To cut thro' the flesh, quite clean to the bone,
 See L—s cut up, by a keen edged Stone.

STUDENS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To *E. M. R.*—We apologize for mistakes—we shall be more careful, in future—a "*Constant Reader*," reads so constantly, that he didn't see his own communication inserted in No. 8. under the same name as sent in his last.—*N. T.* and others, we have no time even to read.

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THE CHEMILEAD,

OR

UNIVERSITY COTERIE.

Egregious Doctors, and Masters of the eximious and arcane science of Physick,
of your urbanity, exasperate not yourselves against us for making this little
volume.

ANDREW BORDE, 1547.

Biography.

MR. ALLAN, *late* Lecturer in Edinburgh, and one of the Surgeons
to the Royal Infirmary.

The province of Biography is probably one of the most hazardous to venture on, in the regions of literature. The author is ever accused of negligence, or redundancy, of partiality, or severity: And while abused by one party, he is lauded by another, as their inclinations or interests lead them, alike inattentive to the difficulty of perfection, and the obstacles that may intervene, and without recollecting that where much is to be done, much will always remain to be perfected. Having premised this, we proceed to the subject of our paper, "a sketch of the life of Mr. Allan." Mr. Allan was a man of probably more industry than genius—more remarkable for assiduity than distinguished for talent,—more calculated to gain attention, than to call forth admiration. His course of lectures, which were exceedingly well attended, were delivered in language too homely, to strike the mind with any thing brilliant or great, and the Student required an attendance of some days before he became accustomed to the constant *hem*, with which he was troubled; but that over, we know of no lecturer who was easier understood, or more readily followed. He had read much, and quoted we thought with diffidence—but advanced his own opinion with an emphasis, that scarcely left room for question. This might probably, and we do not hesitate in saying, arise from his service in the Navy. Army and Naval Surgeons are like the centurion; they say "go and he goeth, come and he cometh;" habit soon renders this natural, and nature produces impatience of contradiction.

He was about fifty-seven years of age, and a native we believe of Edinburgh. He was also licentiate of the College here, and in London. A man of acuteness, sensible as a practitioner, and cool and steady as an operator.—Of some little vanity, and considerable tenacity of opinion. His works are a treatise on Lithotomy, recommending the knife in preference to the gorget, and other mechanical contrivances. By some, 'tis considered a work of considerable merit, by others as possessing little claim to attention. His last work, the System of Surgery, written for the purpose of condensing the practice, is much esteemed. He lived just to finish it, and the last volume is promised soon. Papers of his have also appeared in the "New Medical Journal," to which he was one of the principal contributors.—We know not of his being the author of any besides those we have mentioned,—however, his System of Surgery, will always be a respectable work, whatever new improvements may be made.

Mr Allan was a man of middling size—unassuming manners—and plain in his person. His back was somewhat round, from the asthma with which he was constantly afflicted, and he had a peculiar thickness in his voice, which, with the *hem* we mentioned before, rendered him difficult to understand.

Our sketch is merely that of his public character, and we neither have a right, nor an inclination, to enter into the privacies of retirement. We understand that he experienced heavy family calamities, but that he bore them with resignation and fortitude. On the whole then, summing up his failings and virtues, we consider the College of Surgeons, as well as the University of Edinburgh, have experienced a serious loss in his death, which, were it not for the presence of a Liston, we are afraid would be irreparable.

We have omitted, we perceive, on looking over our sketch to mention that he was for some time partner to the late John Bell—a name which certainly is no inconsiderable merit to Mr Allan, to have coupled with his. His clinical lectures we do not recollect to have heard, but from what we have seen of the others, have no difficulty in forming an opinion. Of mild and placable disposition, he is said to have saved Mr. John Bell from many unpleasant occurrences; his indomitable temper leading him into daily quarrels.

In the desultory and unconnected manner in which we have drawn up our sketch, we are fearful we have not succeeded in rendering ourselves perspicuous—but the difficulty of procuring information that could be depended on—must be our only excuse.

FOR THE ATTENTION OF THE STUDENTS.

THE LAW SUIT.

The Magistrates of Edinburgh, against His Majesty the King, the Professors, Students, and the Learning of Edinburgh University.

We have received the communication of "Paulus Juvenis," upon the above subject. It contains a great many excellent observations on a business wherein the whole vitality of the University depends: For if the process be decided in terms of the absurd summons, the College Walls may be pulled down the next day. Its learning can never stoop to be administered to, by a pack of ignorant chair-makers, oilmen, petty-fogging writers, barber-surgeons, trafficking merchants, and brawling hireling Newspapers.

The days have ceased, God be praised! since Great Britain was alone the only land of liberty, where learned men could dwell, and give instruction, with the voice of freedom. But, for this very reason, it becomes Great Britain to protect its learning,—to encourage it to continue in the Islands of the United Kingdom, and not to expel it, by contracting its efforts, at every point; for by so doing, it is clear, that its best Philosophers will go elsewhere, and nothing but the name will remain behind. But to go on with our subject of the law-suit.

Paulus thinks that it is inept, because it grasps at rights, not belonging solely to the claims of the Magistrates; and wants the sanction of those, whose claims are at the least, upon a level with those of the Magistrates, *videlicet*, the sanction of the King, who, as the highest Patron, ought to have been cited in the process, through means of the officers of State. For this reason, Paulus is of opinion, that the action is in a manner treasonable,—since its conclusions are to deprive the Monarch, of one of his rights, *nolens volens*. And he would humbly suggest, that the officers of State, should appear as objectors to the process, in some shape or other: Or enter a claim of declarator of the King's rights, as Patron, and have it discussed along with that of the Magistrates—and the matter settled at once, in a fair competition.

But Paulus thinks, that if allowed to go on to a decision upon the present summons, that no judgment can be given, which could at all affect the College rights: Because, if decided adverse to the University, those Professors holding office under the superior Patron, may refuse obedience to its mandate; and this, even although they appear in the process.

Paulus cheers us with the opinion, that the Professors, as the case stands, have, out of sight, the best side of the question. If he be right here, we trust most fervently, that if there be even a doubt in behalf of the University, that the Court of Session, and House of Lords, will give us the benefit of it.

Paulus wonders why the Students do not stand up to the Magistrates, and claim some of their rights. That by the act of Parliament 1621, we have a right to all the privileges of a free College,

and are individually mentioned as a body to whom these privileges are granted. But he thinks our claims should only be a subject of inquiry among ourselves at present, and charges us not to hurt them, as the divinity students did lately. However, he advises us strongly to demand back our play-ground,—which he declares to be that fine large field beyond the Links, now the property of Sir George Warrender: and usurped from us, and given away by these kind-hearted generous Magistrates, to this Sir George Warrender's ancestors,—and *gratuitously*. Paulus is inclined to be of opinion, that our right to this field is derived from King James VI, honest man! rest his soul!! But Paulus regrets being able to get admittance to the proper quarter, for examination, and tracing up the grant.

Really we ought to open our eyes after this affair. For we are any thing but handsomely treated by the Magistrates, from whom we receive neither favour nor protection—even though we spend well on to £200,000 Sterling in the city annually. If we take a game at cricket upon the Links, it is a fault. If we jump a dyke in the King's Park, *alvum dejicere*, why it is a fault. In short every thing that can annoy, thwart, vex, insult, grind, and incite us to be mischievous, in order to get any unhappy-tempered brother among us, put into the hands of the Police, and thereby filch out of our pocket, (without giving us even the semblance of British justice,—for we say the Police Court measures no justice to us poor devils,) a fine of two or five guineas to augment their revenue, and afford to some low newspaper a paragraph at our expense; about which there is an eternal quarrel with Daddy on returning home—we say it is done.

We feel the force of Paulus' advice; and about the park—if we could find out some document to go upon, and we *will* set about the search, we could easily rise £500 to try the question.

In the mean time the Magistrates ought in conscience to give us a wing of the Meadows in lieu of it.

The Students are requested to consider about these things,—for we shall call their attention to the business of our rights very soon, in a regular paper on the subject. †

THE CAMANAS.

From the original Spanish MSS. in possession of Don Miguel de Henriquez.

(Continued from page 128.)

Here she fell pale and breathless upon the floor, and with tear-streaming eye, and pity-looking lip, conjured him as he valued her peace, life, honour, reputation, sex, to desist. For a few moments,—the monster was awed by her distressing sobs, but some of her dress becoming disordered, her bosom uncovered; the sight so fired his passion, that the brutal appetite returned—and the poor girl was left a

wreck of nothingness ! The all that females possess of honour, rectitude, character, reputation, is seated in that word chastity—and now ———. In his calmer moments he reflected on the outrage he had committed—on the anger of his protectors—and on the probable consequences of the issue. He returned to his victim—offered his hand—his heart—his fortune—if she would conceal what had happened. The poor girl was insensible—but at length when she understood his meaning—she pushed him roughly from her—and rushing to a window, in a moment after, dashed herself upon the pavement below.

His first emotions were those of surprise, horror and consternation,—to these succeeded remorse, regret, despair. He stood fixed ; immoveable as the marble pavement on which he gazed—a leaden image of the man, where neither heart throbbed, pulse beat, nor muscle stirred. Sensation, thought, speech, action, life, hope, fear, all seemed lost, spell-bound, wasted, gone, dead, buried. He became in that short moment—that atom in the world of time—a chaos of misery, wretchedness, and inanition. In those fire-fraught moments that sear the reeling brain with hot and blasting flames, flickering from the heart in huge volumes of unremitted, unmitigated, unanodyned pangs of mental anguish, agony, and retrospective recrimination,—when the shrivelling heart-strings crack, in agony, and the big, huge heave of the distended bosom, like awakening ocean, on a tempest morn, billows forth unimagined woe, swelling the passion-filled frame, till the exhausted body sink into one dull, dead calm,—in those moments are pains, and pangs, and agonies, more rivening than hell's own torments, or imagination pictured ills.—And o'er his face, like wind-driven clouds, alternate passions rose and disappeared. He looked.—Awful ! Below, upon the cold marble step, silent, lifeless,—dead as the stones on which she lay, was the victim of his lust. She moved not—limb, or hand, or eye. A faint struggle of a muscle, a quivering of the lip, and a gentle movement by the passing eve-breeze of her lily dress, and all was over ! There she lay, a beauteous piece of fragile clay—broken in an unlucky hour—the empty casket that had held the jewel life—the dross of something gone—the shattered image of the divinity !

All his emotions fled, and fears of personal safety weighed heaviest in his mind. He ran fleetly down to where the domestics were accustomed to be, and in a hurried tone, informed them of the accident. The poor girl was taken up, but never spoke ! Borgio's account was, that she was leaning out of the window, and, overbalancing herself, fell out. The story was generally believed, though some hinted that he might have been the cause of her death. The funeral was performed, he acting as chief mourner.

Borgio's character now assumed a different colour. He discontinued his riotous conduct, dismissed his dissolute companions, and became as remarkable for his piety, as he had been for his irreligion. Shortly after he proposed to the duke, that he should become a brother of a religious order. The duke did all in his power to persuade him to the contrary, but without effect ; and, after the usual trials, he became a monk ! His fortune was

of course made over to the Holy Church, and brother Borgio was "all in all."

But the monastic life of dull recurrent monotony was never intended for Borgio. He grew restless, unhappy, insubordinate. Instead of the holy religious calm of contemplative devotion, abstinence, and prayer, that he expected to meet within the walls of the convent; he found hypocrisy, deceit, fraud, lewdness, villany, indecency, and boisterous epulation. He shrunk from such a scene. He reviled the monks—was laughed at—and that drove him to distraction. He applied to the superior, but *he* added invective to scorn. Borgio could never tamely brook restraint, but insult—the thought was madness. He ruminated on what plan he should follow—communicated his intentions to another monk, who had appeared much attached to him since his admission into the convent—he acquiesced, and they determined to leave the priory and become brother hermits in some distant land. This was specious; but Belloni was too old a man, and too much versed in the ways of the world to think seriously of turning hermit,—all he wanted was to gain possession of sufficient wealth, with which he intended to return to his former comrades, a band of banditti near Naples. For this purpose, on the evening, while all the monks would be at prayers in their cells, Belloni and Borgio were to steal out together, and make the best of their way out of the city. But Belloni had ordered it otherwise than that they should escape empty handed. He therefore managed to make so much noise on passing the superior's room, that they were detected by him. Instantly Borgio laid hold of the superior by the throat, and Belloni gave him several stabs with an iron crucifix he had ground with great assiduity for the purpose; he fell from the grasp of Borgio, who seeing the old man gasping for life, and the blood gushing in torrents on the ground, stood aghast. "You have not murdered him! the old man! you have not murdered him, Belloni?" "I hope so," said the monster; "come, we have no time to lose, man; help me to open this chest; here's the plate and the jewels,—come—why, you don't move,—you are'n't afraid?" Borgio returned no answer; the deed had been so rapid—the bleeding man—the blood—the ensanguined crucifix, and the diabolic countenance of the murderer, all flashed upon him as the image of some frightful dream. He refused to participate in the spoil, and resolutely resolved to stay, laying his hand at the same time on Belloni, intending to detain him. Belloni endeavoured to persuade him to alter his resolution, but finding all his attempts vain, he proceeded to threats. "The monks will be here directly," said he, "and torments, such as your kind heart would shrink from, will be provided for you. Stay, then, *Saint* Borgio; but, before we part, just take this present from an old friend. A dead head never opens lip;" saying which, he stabbed Borgio in several places. He fell—for the act had been so sudden, he neither perceived, nor had time to avert the blow. Belloni now fled as quickly as possible from the convent, and the porter, disputing his passage, was sent, like the prior, to heaven or hell before his time. He of course escaped.

Borgio meanwhile lay upon the floor, not so much wounded as astounded at such deep depravity, and seizing the handle of the bell, rang it violently. The monks, in a body, rushed from their cells, alarmed at this unusual ringing of the superior's bell. Here, how were they astonished? Borgio told them, that hearing a noise in the Superior's room, he had come up to see what was the matter, and that he found Belloni and him struggling; that he perceived the Superior was badly wounded, and, in endeavouring to assist him, had received these wounds. He recommended an instant pursuit. Some ran to the gate, and there found the porter weltering in his blood. All was alarm and consternation, and in the general bustle nothing was done. At length one of the monks was sent to the Bishop, who arrived the next day to inquire into the affair, which as there was no testimony to contradict it, Borgio was thanked for what he stated he had done—the Superior buried, and he chosen in his stead.

To be continued.

ON KISSING.

Don céleste, volupté pure,
 De l'Univers moteur secret,
 Doux aiguillon de la nature,
 Et son plus invincible attrait,
 Eclair, qui, brulant ce qu'il touche,
 Par l'heureux signal de la bouche,
 Avertit tous les autres sens;
 Viens—jouer autour de ma lyte;
 Qu'on reconnoisse ton délire
 A la chaleur de mes accens.

Dorat Hymne au Baiser.

THIS custom *oracularly* handed down from the earliest ages, is one on which we believe few poets have not spent much time. The COTERIE, then, weekly distributing their CHEILEAD, would be much to blame did they not say something of a habit so nearly connected with their own name. It is of such antiquity, that its origin, like that of eating or drinking, may be traced to our earliest progenitors.

The first mention, (we believe), made of kissing in holy writ, is the xix. chap. Gen. verse 11,—“*And Jacob kissed Rachel.*” Esau, also, on the meeting with his brother after the quarrel, “*fell on his neck and kissed him.*” Many other examples might be adduced from the Scriptures, but we are merely to give a sketch of *something* about kissing, and examine what learned men have approved of the custom, and what have not.

Our definition of kissing is—that—that kissing is a touching of lips, caused by a principle we do not understand, and heightened by a sensation we cannot express. Probably if we describe its effects, the nature of kissing may be better known:—When two youthful people, of two different sexes, place two different pair of lips together, two different effects are seen.—The youth's cheeks

become flushed, the lips pale, the eyes sparkle, the heart leaps, the breast swells, the body shakes, the muscles quiver, and a softness, almost feminine, creeps over him. Happiness, in rapid "eddie, circle round his heart," and universal joy travels through the frame. This is the kiss of genuine affection, between two hearts that beat for one another, untainted by the grosser fires of our nature. The lady, on the other hand, blushes, her eyes are cast down, her bosom heaves, her pulse throbs, her frame trembles, and sometimes she sighs. A modest mantle of scarlet suffusion dyes her cheeks, her neck and bosom, and she is vexed because she is pleased—pleased she knows not why. We might speak *sine fine* upon this same kissing; but trusting our readers are already acquainted with its effects, and know something of its nature from our description, we hasten on to talk as becomes us, eruditely and eximiously upon this erotic custom.—“Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth,” says the lady in the song of Solomon, “for thy love is better than wine.” This song some of the learned (among whom we place Rees and Pocock,) are of opinion, with the Talmudists, that it was written by a learned Jew, personating Solomon; however, without giving any reason, and against almost the evidence of our own senses, we shall consider Solomon as its author, as it suits our purpose. Having taken this *datum*, let us contrast him with Socrates, who forbid kisses, and we shall quote the following passage, which we find in Bayle:—“Critobulus,” said he, “is more rash than if he had thrown himself upon the points of naked swords, or leaped into the sea, for he had the boldness to kiss a *fine face*.” “O God!” said Xenophon, “this is to attribute a strange power to kisses!” We need not give the whole of the quotation, it is too long; what we have quoted is sufficient for our subject. Now, as Solomon was the wisest man among the Jews, and Socrates *one* among the Grecians, (for they possess more learning than the Hebrews,) we think, as far as their authorities go, we may either kiss or not, as we happen to be inclined. But as some may say we have not acted fairly, we shall quote a few more passages and authors *against* kissing, and then wind up our paper with those in favour of it. To the former the learned, the aged, and the philosophical man will become patrons; but as one glance from the eye of a fine woman, (as Socrates himself acknowledges,) does more execution, than all the syllogisms of all the wise, even though, like Wagner, they may threaten to run us through with them, we prefer giving our suffrage to the advocates for kissing.

Puteanus, or Vander Putten, or Dupuy, as he is sometimes called, Professor of Belles-Lettres at Louvaine, in 1606, forbid kissing, on the grounds of its being unchaste, and in the education of a young lady, in whom he was interested, he particularly inculcated the danger of the custom. In a letter to a friend, he thus speaks of the young lady, who being an Italian by birth, Vander Putten thought it dangerous to allow her the kiss. “De puella vestra quid scribam? Valet, viget, jam matura viro, jam plenis nubilis annis. Mores et linguam quoque nostram, discit, *tamen oscula non libat*. Sic eam habeo, uti educata est. Scis tu, ut confringi

vas cito Samium solet. Pudica quidem Belgarum oscula, sed *tamen oscula*: et insinuerent multo honestius, quam figantur. Abhor-
rere illa ab hoc ritu debet, et si pudicitiae alumna esse velit, il-
læsum usque quoque verecundiæ florem servare. Nesciunt nos-
træ virgines ullum libidinis rudimentum oculis aut osculis inesse,
ideoque fruuntur. Vestræ sciunt. Si nostra esse hæc quoque
incipiet, particeps candoris nostri erit, et castæ immunitatis
capax." This Guelderland philosopher certainly reasoned well,
but coldly like his climate. Bayle says, that Kempius quotes
this passage in his dissertation "De Osculis," wherein is also the
opinion of a Professor of Leyden, who wrote a treatise on temper-
ance and—who proposes a question, whether kissing, which is permit-
ted to strangers in the low countries freely, be chaste or unchaste?
He decides against it, quoting Seneca, who says a lady was accus-
ed of impudence, because she received a kiss; and these two well
known lines of Ovid's.—

Oscula qui sumpsit, si non et cætera sumpsit,
Hæc quoque quæ data sunt perdere dignus erat.

In this last quotation, we differ from the learned Professor, many
people kiss without meaning any harm. This, however, Publius
Mænius, who, we are told, says Bayle, by Velerius Maximus,
whipped a slave for kissing his daughter, thereby, said he, incul-
cating the impropriety of kissing. If this *Mr.* Publius Mænius
whipped for kissing alone, he was a brute; if, on the grounds of
the disparity of situations in life, he was correct, as well as the
Baron in *Candide* who kicked *Candide* out of doors for kissing *his*
daughter. The author of the *Saint Evremoniana*, says that a
kiss in Italy, Turkey or Spain, which leads to adultery,—in Paris is
a mere civility; and in Germany, Kormannus relates, as well as
other travellers, that it is the usage for young men, on meeting with
young women, to kiss them; but it appears they object to be kiss-
ed in public. Socrates says, (we must return to him again,) that
ladies are animals more dangerous than scorpions, for scorpions
must come near you, to do harm, but that women wound, without
coming near. Now the sage was thinking of Xantippe, and the
dirty water, and no doubt, felt what he said. But as we are not
inclined to become one of his disciples, we shall hasten this dull
paper, and turn to those who favour kissing.

We needn't quote Sapho—all ladies like kissing; nor Anacreon,
for he was old, and to see an old toothless fellow slabbering a kiss, is
horrible, nor Ovid, he was a beast—nor Horace, we don't like him,
notwithstanding his "*Oscula quæ Venus quinta parte, sui nectaris
imbuit.*"

————— the fragrant kiss,
Which Venus bathes in quintessence of bliss.—*Ode xiii. B. 1st.*

Nor any of those old fellows. Petronius Arbiter,—we still must keep
farther from, and as to Virgil, excepting the scene in the cave, and
the

Omnia vincit amor—et nos cedamus amori.

In hell, in earth, in sea, in heaven above,
Love conquers all, and all must yield to love.—*DRYDEN.*

he is scarce a kissing poet.—Catullus, Propertius, Tibullus, (not-
withstanding *Mr. Grainger's* translation,) Marullus, Theocritus,

and all others, though we enlist them on our side of the question, we forbear quoting. Secundus, Bonefonius, Dorat, Armstrong, &c. are more to our purpose. Secundas says :—

Non dat *Basia*, dat *Nemra* nectar,
Dat rores animæ suavé-olentes ;
Dat nardumque, thymumque, cinnamumque ;
Et mel, quale jugis legunt *Hymetti*.— BASIMUM iv.
'Tis not a *kiss* you give my love,
'Tis richest nectar from above !
A fragrant show'r of balmy dew,
Which thy sweet lips alone diffuse !
'Tis ev'ry aromatic breeze,
That wafts from *Afric's* spicy trees !
'Tis honey from the ozier hive,
Which chymic bees with care derive. 1779.

This one quotation, with our motto, we consider sets the matter entirely at rest,—notwithstanding all the learned have said against it. However, we must acknowledge kissing to be *very* dangerous. Its a subtle poison, that runs through the body like *Prussic Acid*, before we know any thing about it, and really if we did'nt find so many votaries in favour of it, we should waver, whether to follow *Solomon*, or *Socrates*. *Byron* is of our opinion, and the story of *Julia* exemplifies it, as well as that of *Haidee*.

Our Saviour was betrayed by a kiss, and there's no doubt, kissing had something to do with *Antony's* losing the world. We could say a great deal more upon the subject ; but really we are of such a mercurial cast, that we are growing tired even of kissing, we conclude then with these lines from *Dorat*, and probably at another opportunity, may renew the theme,

The flowers that in yon meadow grow,
To thee their bloom, their fragrance owe ;
The blossom'd shrubs, in gaudy dress,
Thy genial warmth, thy power confess :
The stream that winds along the grove,
And courts the shore with waves of love
Is taught by thee, the fond embrace,
By thee is taught each rural grace—
On gently parted lips, say why
Is placed the rose's beauteous dye ?
Because on that soft seat of bliss
Abides the rosy-breathing kiss.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ANATOMICAL MUSEUM was opened on Saturday last, in that octagonal room, directly under *Dr. Monro's* class room. The collection is valuable, and the disposition reflects credit on the managers,—but we think the room badly constructed for the purpose, there being scarce light sufficient to examine any of the preparations ; though we suppose they may be taken down from the cases on particular occasions. *Dr. Monro's* collection we understand is not yet brought down, but arrangements are in progress, and it will shortly be mingled with the one in question. There is a small closet or corner allotted to the preparations of *Mr M'Kenzie*, which are very beautiful. Every anatomical student henceforward, is required to take out the ticket for admission,—which, as stated in a previous paper, is one guinea.

LORD RECTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY.—We were never more astonished in our lives, than on opening an almanack for 1827, we beheld the Lord Provost—Lord Rector of the University,—we know not whether or not to despise the

vanity of the man, or the pusillanimity of the professors, and patrons, in permitting such an insult as this to appear against us who are the support of the College, against the University, as the fountain of learning, and against the Professors themselves, as the guardians of that fountain. Various have been the attempts to revive this office, all failed, but it was left for a man of erudition and mahogany to succeed. We do not know a greater disgrace that could have happened to this University, than that a rector should have been appointed, and that rector a chair maker! Positively it is an insult to every one connected with the University, and a matter of joke to our neighbours abroad. How will it sound, that our Lord Rector was a mechanic? Had it been a Campbell, a Brougham, even a Hume, or any body else—but a mahogany-man, it might have past. *Patres Medicinæ!* where are ye? the Lord Rector, the head of your senate is a coffin-maker! Had he been a dealer in the Dodonean grove—had he pieces of the Argo on hand—did he sell the Cedars of Lebanon—the trees of Jeroboam—some of the timber of the ancient Birnhamwood—Shakspeare's mulberry—or trafficked in Shittim—we could look over it—but vulgar Scotch fir, imitation rose-wood, Cuba cedar, and Jamaica mahogany, oh horrible! It reminds us of the following passage quoted in a review—"and the University was in such plight, that John Trotter Mahogany who was there in the character of a tomb-stone, burst into tears." If this honourable Rector had made a curtain for the ark, if he had furnished Pontius Pilate's house, or embroidered a petticoat like Ferdinand for the Virgin Mary,—we could forgive him; but nothing—no positively, nothing of the kind. Several suicides have been committed on this account, and we are confidently told more may be expected. Hark ye—we do not abuse the man for his trade—we have been accused of doing something similar before, we abuse him because an undertaker has no right to be at the head of a College. Trade is no disparagement,—Our blessed Saviour was a carpenter—but when men will obtrude themselves, they must be censured—'Tis probable if we knew who our great grand-fathers were, we should find them in some more menial situations,—but we venture to say, that no upholsterer was ever at the head of an University before. We, as students, positively protest acknowledging such a Lord Provost,—we protest against it to the utmost of our power,—and to the end of time,—moreover we vote for a meeting and we promise to be present, to forward a petition to the Lord Rector "that he do have his name blotted out from the Almanack, and that he retire peaceably to his wife, and domestic duties." It was bad enough before, but to have it blazoned to the public—its past bearing. To think that for a little personal vanity, a man should injure the honour and reputation of his country,—its worse than Catiline or Masaniello.

Poetry.

STANZAS.

Oh love! Pure love! of heavenly birth,
 Say hast thou ever deigned with man
 To dwell on this polluted earth,
 Since first the flight of time began?
 Tis said thou hast,—and none believed
 The tale more fondly once than I;
 A form like thine my heart deceived,
 And charmed with siren songs of joy.
 Its looks were bright,—Its voice was sweet,
 Oh! how bewitchingly it stole
 Into my bosom's last retreat,
 And pour'd delight around my soul.
 Ah! mem'ry! wherefore wilt thou stray
 Thus o'er bright scenes of vanished bliss,—
 Could scenes so lovely melt away?
 Alas!—my bosom answers, yes.—
 'Twas but a phantom, It has flown,
 Like mist before the morning beam!
 And yet how fair—how bright it shone,—
 I will not weep—'twas but a dream.—

FOR THE CHEILEAD.

I have power, and I have wealth,
 I have knowledge, I have health,
 I have bright and beauteous bowers,
 And in pleasure spend my hours ;—
 I the sword of Empire sway,
 All the Nations me obey,
 I have riches' glittering store——
 Tell me friend, what lack I more ?

" Thou hast pleasure's outward show,
 " Thou hast riches' fairy glow,
 " Thou hast ne'er a single woe,
 " Ownest not a single foe,
 " O'er thy head all blessings met,
 " Yet one thing thou lackest yet."
 Tell me what is that, I pray ?
 " It is what will cheer thy way,

" It is worth thy learned lore,
 " 'Twill outweigh thy hoarded store,
 " 'Twill extend thy sceptre's power,
 " And give bliss to every hour ;
 " It will soothe thee in thy sickness,
 " And protect thee in thy weakness,
 " 'Twill be with thee till the end,
 " 'Tis——a true and faithful friend."

E. M. R.

DESCRIPTION OF A SERENE NIGHT AT SEA.

The mouth of Ganges, and Bengalian Bay,
 Now lost, now Coromandel passed away ;
 We by Ceylona steer : —the vanish'd sun
 O'er Eastern realms his radiant course had run ;
 Now sober night, adorned with silver rays,
 Her sober glories gracefully displays,
 All heaven is clear, all minds secure from blame,
 No spot appears in the cerulean frame ;
 The bending moon, divided seems to be,
 At once in heav'n and in the trembling sea ;
 Th' expanded sea appears a nether sky,
 And with the stars the glitt'ring fishes vie.
 Soft gales from spiry shores their odours bring,
 And sweep the liquid plain with downy wing,
 Pleasant the scent ; and the nocturnal scene,
 To the charmed sight is awful and serene ;
 A pleasing melancholy now presides,
 And, like a wand'ring ghost, the stealing vessel glides.

N. T.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Bashful Man must be more courageous.—Other Correspondents in our Next.

Published for the EDITORS, and Sold by RICHARD WESTON, Lothian-
 Street, to whom all Communications to be addressed, post-paid.

Colquhoun, Printer, Edinburgh.

THE CHENLEAD,

OR

UNIVERSITY COTERIE.

Egregious Doctors, and Masters of the eximious and arcane science of Physick,
of your urbanity, exasperate not yourselves against us for making this little
volume. ANDREW BORDE, 1547.

THE UNIVERSITY TEXT BOOKS.

We have received many letters upon these books, and those of late accuse us of partiality for not noticing the subject.

We would have spoken of these books long ago, but the truth is, that the task is an ungracious one, and our opinion regarding it of little use. There is but one mode of redress, which is, that the students of each class upon whom the text book is forced, *nolens volens*, should have a meeting and state the grievance to the Senatus Academicus.

We are far from giving any consent to the avaricious intention of any professor palming upon his class a thick text book of the dearest type; and thus forcing the sale of an annual edition, to the professor's own vast profit, and to the benefit of his *Gillie* the Bookseller. If such books are absolutely demanded in some of the classes, and perhaps they cannot be dispensed with; yet surely there are plans which might be fallen upon to render these books cheaper, at least, in the language department. Why not, for example, follow the laudable custom of the Germans; they publish two editions of each book, one on the coarsest paper and type, and at the cheapest rate, the other as fine as taste can make it. This excellent plan is adopted to suit the purses and inclinations of all kinds of readers. Accuracy is all that either edition of the work requires, to make the volume meet the avowed object and purpose of utility. This plan ought to be enforced in our University, and let the student take his choice of the half-crown edition, or the dearer one, just as he pleases. And we would have these books printed under the express sanction of the Senatus Academicus.

The tax as levied at present by some of the Professors is extravagant, and would not be borne in any other University. It is an abuse which calls for reform at the hands of the Senate. J.

CRITICISM OF A MEDICAL JOURNAL.

We have heard again from the Student who sent us the file of Medical Journals and Reviews, and proceed to favour him with a few remarks. We are sorry we can afford room only for a brief outline.

Edinburgh Journal of Medical Science. Number V. 8vo, p.p. large and small, 228. Price Six Shillings. M'Lauchlan and Stewart, 1827.

We select this one of the file, because it is the newest ;—because it is said by its own rumour* to be very learned—and because it is the dearest.

PAPER FIRST.—*Dr. Hastings on Softened Lung.*—Here is a body, or sepulchreture of morbid anatomy,—it is destitute of a single new fact :—and no conclusion can be drawn from such stuff, which is applicable to pathology, or medical science. The anatomy of the lung is most puerile. Dr. Hastings neither understands Haller, nor the authorities quoted by Haller,—otherwise he would find that the anatomy of an air-cell, and its *velamen* of the pleura externally, refuse to be handled in his way. An air-cell is of more considerable extent than this Worcester Doctor knows of.

Of his cases a few words. On most of the cases of worn-out body *morbis longis*, the lungs suffer disorganization in common with the mass, and *do* accordingly become “softened.” The scalpel shews this every day—and is thought nothing of. But if the acute Dr. Hastings, wishes to *hasten* to put a veto upon the exertions of honest Death, and his friend, ally, and crony, Disease,—and is resolved to rob them of the honour of allowing a fair disease now and then, even in spite of the activity of a crowd of physicians—we will tell him where he will find plenty of *material* in order to study the points, and draw conclusions so far as regard “softened lung.” We tell him he will find “softened lung,” in five cases out of every twelve, that go annually to swell the Bills of Mortality. And that if he himself die of any one of the tribe *é morbis longis*, wherein there is a touch of s———a, his shade will find upon superintending the dissection, that the scalpel will produce *collapsed lungs*—disorganised mass—and both *pultaceous*,† soft, unintelligible—done, gone.

The cases 1st, 2d, and 3d, are wretchedly drawn up ; so is the 4th, which has been evidently a case of Gastritis from cholera ; and although ill manœuvred, still death and the knife gave up “softened lung” *é morbis longis*. We would have had the Doctor to have kept this case to himself. Case 5th,—ill drawn up like the rest,—exhibits how much harm an active practitioner can do by too much anxiety to do something. We say that it was most incongruous

* No. 5th. Article “Yellow Journal”—Puffing—in Appendix.

† Dr. Hasting's Cases of Softened Lung. N. Journal.

treatment to give *Digitalis* one hour of the day to lower the circulation, and cold spunging with salt and water next hour to raise it; and we say this, notwithstanding what may be the practice at Worcester; cold bath, and lung diseases will not do. But here again, "softened lung," and an imposthume, which is said to have been discovered by the stethoscope; but, like all the other discoveries of this instrument, we presume *ex post facto*.

As a matter of course we distrust the remarks, and their consequent wisdom. On the whole, we cut out and put into the fire, or elsewhere, the first 20 pages of the New Journal.

Paper 2d. *Dr. Brown on Syphilis, &c.* This subject has been exhausted—God knows how often. The paper is not so amusing as even the few pages of Dr. Friend.—Cut out other 20 pages.

Paper 3d. *Hood's Thymus gland.* Here is a son of a scalpel commenting upon disease belonging to the physician's order, and attempting to make pathology. Says he, a thymus gland enlarged two ounces by pressing on the adjoining veins, (what veins?) creates hydrocephalus, tabes misenterica; in short, the whole round of scrophulous death! Bronchocele! oh man! where art thou, with thy five pounds weight, and many handed brethren? A ragged elf of a thymus, living at thy tail, gets the merit of a shelf in pathology for committing most awful havock.—Why not oust him? In short, Dr. Hastings and this Mr. Hood must combine to write nonsense. Make the New Journal minus other 30 pages.

Paper 4th. *Case of chorea, cured with nitrate of silver. by Dr. Roberts.* This remedy is as common in the cure of this disease, among practitioners, as iron itself. Let Dr. Roberts take the merit of it just now: It wont cure his cases, more than those of our friends Drs. C. H.—M. F. and many others.

Paper 5th. *Case of Laryngotomy by Mr. Thorburn.* The case ill conducted medically, for which, let the physicians account. The laryngotomy was performed too late. We like not laryngotomy, even when in good time, and attended with success. The voice is lost—nutrition is feeble, there are four or five years at most, of miserable emaciation, pain—trouble—anxiety; and death at last comes like a friend, to claim what he had laid his paw upon long before. In short, our practice is not to perform laryngotomy. But some think otherwise.—We let this article remain in the new journal.

Paper 6th. *Dr. Monro on obliteration of the abdominal aorta.* This is the right kind of essay for journals. It is a new affair—is fenced by engravings and authority. We cannot say one word adverse to this.

PAPER 7th and 8th.—These are good papers.

Dr. Clindinning on life, and organization. We dont understand this, but surely enough has been written of late, and formerly, from the time of Lucretius on this subject. It is one, *of opinion*. It is one which can never be settled, more than the doctrines of the trinity, or those of muscular motion. It is a poor subject for a young physician of Dr. C's. high powers plaguing his head with. We cut it out, but mark! without reference to the second part, which may be more intelligible,

C. R.

THE CAMANAS.

*From the original Spanish MSS. in possession of Don Miguel de
Henriquez.*

(Continued from page 139.)

Power is dangerous, and Borgio soon proved the aphorism. Many were said to have died from want and wretchedness in their damp cells, and women were brought into the convent, and sensuality of every description openly avowed. But this could not last long for one who was cursed with a mind insatiable as unbounded. The wounds he had received from Belloni were healed 'tis true, but the scars were to be seen. Day by day, and night by night, he thought of nothing but revenge. Revenge alone eat up all his hours. At length he determined once more to leave the convent, and go in search of Belloni. This was easily done, and one pale moon-light night he left the convent, and took the nearest road to Naples. He proceeded on his journey blithely for revenge led him on. He felt neither toil nor weariness for revenge assisted him. The night was far advanced, and the moon had sunk, and the stars shone dim, and faintly, and still Borgio continued his route, unwearied till he came to a dark wood. As he advanced towards it he beheld figures moving, and not doubting but that they were banditti, hailed them with, "Welcome brothers, I've long sought you." The foremost of the gang approached, and demanding his name, received the answer, and exclaimed, "What! Borgio alive? why, you are the first man I ever missed. Come, join us to night, and let us become friends." Borgio was too cunning to refuse this offer, and concealing his dislike, extended his hand, and followed him. He led the way to a small hut not far distant from the road, and Borgio found himself in the midst of ten or twelve men with the most ferocious countenances. The hut was only to conceal the mouth of a cave, to which they all descended. Here wine and refectations were placed upon an old crazy table, and Borgio partook of the fare. Belloni informed him, that on the night of the murder of the old prior, he left the city, and having fallen in with his comrades round the table, had joined them. Borgio was solicited to become one of the party, and as nothing pleased him better, he cheerfully acquiesced.

Various and numberless were the robberies and murders committed, and Borgio grew tired. No opportunity had occurred of taking off Belloni in such a manner as his companions would not suspect him. At length Belloni engaged to murder a certain nobleman, who was to pass a particular road on a certain night, and chose Borgio for his assistant. They went, but Belloni never returned. Borgio stabbed him in the back, and he fell dead at his feet. He returned to his companions, having wounded himself slightly in the arm, and informed them Belloni was killed by the nobleman's servants, and that he himself narrowly escaped. The story was not believed,—he resented the affront, and blood was

spilt on both sides. Borgio escaped by mere good fortune, through the intervention of a wench who lived in the cave, and the parties were reconciled. But Borgio wasn't a person to forget an affront so easily, and during the night arose and poignarded two of the banditti, but being discovered by the wench above mentioned, who, not knowing him, had inadvertently screamed out, fled. He was pursued by the remaining banditti, who would have sacrificed him on the spot, but one of the number remarked, that it was too good a death for such a man, and that he should be delivered up to the public authorities, and there he would undergo the punishment of his crimes. The proposal was agreed to,—he was delivered up as a robber by the banditti, on provision of their lives being spared; this was granted, and he was condemned to the galleys for life. He laughed as he was taken from the prison, and two months after he was again in Rome. He discovered his former comrades, and one by one fell by his hand. He was now satiated with illegal murder, and purchasing a commission, became a murderer by law. The Italian troops were at this time inactive. Napoleon had past through Italy like the Sirrocco blast, and all was dead and quiet. Borgio, therefore, left the service, and followed Napoleon's army, and became one of those who served in Spain. In consequence of an amour with the wife of a brother officer, he was forced to fly, and the unfortunate traitor one accompanying him, he entered into the service of the Spanish King. Here he gave a loose to his hatred of the French, and many prisoners were known to have fallen in cold blood. The woman that accompanied him was ill treated, and then offered to the insults of his abandoned associates. She died soon after heart-broken, and he himself was forced to leave the corps from ill-conduct. He wandered about after this from country to country, never at rest on sea or land, and at last was taken by a piratical vessel in a voyage from Cuba to Spain. He joined the crew, and eventually became, by treachery and address, the captain of the vessel. They were fortunate in their cruises, and so much dreaded, that the vessel received, as before said, the name of the "Black Boat."

The atrocities that they committed, and the horrors that they perpetrated, are both revolting to think of, and impossible to write. Suffice it to mention one circumstance:—The mate of the vessel and Borgio disputed about a female whom they had taken out of a Spanish vessel, and the lot went against Borgio. He treasured this in his breast, and contrived soon after to bring a complaint against him, of his intention to betray them to the authorities of the first place they should happen to touch at. He was condemned, (for he had no proof in his favour,) to be put to death, and Borgio named the manner. A cord was tied round his head—his hands and feet being bound—a pistol barrel was then introduced between the cord and the skull, and every five minutes Borgio himself twisted the cord. The horrible pangs of the unfortunate wretch may be imagined, but can never be described. The blood gushed from the vessels,—the cheeks became distended—the veins turgid,—the mouth extended—and the eye-balls burst from their sockets! When this had been repeated frequently, and

been so stupid as not to see my vulgarity before,—and then found out I had the worst accent of French they ever heard.

You would think after all this Mr Editor, that they are *particulars—au contraire*. They are fine women I think,—but then they have bad ankles, coarse arms, colourless kind of *moss* upon their heads—and—and—'pon my word! saw them coming out of a *dyer's* the day after we heard of the Duke's death!—Monstrous! they have actually dyed their old pelisses—actually dyed them! And Mr Editor, to cut me, because I eat fish with a knife!

What shall I do? if it once gets abroad, I shall be ruined.—Every body will *cut* me—and believe me on my veracity! I never eat fish with a knife,—it was quite a mistake, quite a mistake.

“A BACHELOR.”

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CHEILEAD.

SIR,—I have been very much amused with your paper of late, indeed so much so, that I propose to take it weekly; however, I think it might be improved. Having little doubt that you are a medical man, and trusting you will pardon my impertinence, I shall take the liberty of submitting a few proposals for your approval, which I humbly think, would add much to the celebrity, and circulation of the “COTERIE.” The name, by the bye, is rather curious, a friend of mine lately fancied (not having seen it in print) that it was named *Cautery*, and indeed from the tenor of some of your primary articles, he might with great propriety have supposed it to be called even the actual Cautery, but enough of that.

My proposals are the following:—1st, That there should be fewer literary productions, and that the paper be made more subservient to medicine in its different branches, than it is at present.

2d. That there be a column for the practice of Surgery—a column for the practice of Medicine—and a column for Reviews,* &c. —a small space, of course, must be devoted to each, this is not of much consequence, only, let the articles be well chosen.

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FORTY THIEVES.

Res gestæ nondum vulgatæ.

WE dare say our readers expect from the appellation at the head of this article, an account of Ali Baba, Buccaneers, Banditti, Corsairs, Freebooters, or Footpads,—no such thing. This *Manus*

* Of medical books of course.

furtifica, or band of thieves, christened themselves by this name; not because they in reality *steal* money, or plate, goods, chattels, furniture, clothes, hats, dogs, or umbrellas,—quite the contrary—they are always spending,—but to shew that they deserve this appellation to the highest extent, we merely inform our readers, that they *steal time*.—That is, they rob the night of her due length, and plunder the day to spend it in sleep. They generally contrive to tumble into the Theatre when people are toddling out; they sit in the slips—talk to the ladies of the pavement—suck oranges—chew biscuits—hum during a pathetic speech from Mrs. Siddons, or snore in the midst of Murray's drolleries. The Forty Thieves do nothing like any body else,—their Jachin and Boaz are, “the Forty Thieves do’nt do so and so,”—“the Forty Thieves do’nt *drink*,” &c. The Forty Thieves scarcely dress like human creatures. One wears a hat like an ancient battle axe—another Buckskins and *continuations*—a third a velveteen—a fourth an embroidered cloak—a fifth smokes till his throat becomes as heated as a Leith glass-house—a sixth never eats any thing but red-her-rings and Cayenne; in short, to dissect every part of the body corporate, would take a Literary M^rKenzie; we shall only stick to *generics*. The Forty never agree. Every other morning poor old Arthur growls in agony and consternation to see combatants and pistols; but smoke never comes, saving from their cigars,—the matter is always adjusted, for a very good reason—when they come to the ground, not even the principals know what they are to fight for. One of the Forty some time ago challenged another, the matter was settled, and off they set. Well, on going, one of the seconds got *dry*, and would have a drink—who was the man that would deny it? They adjourned, and actually *drank* off the duel. This is what we call putting out fires. Any one of the Forty would burn like a phosphorus stick, and more than one have been threatened with “voluntary combustion.” The captain of the gang is one ———, the best of them we believe; he never murders more than two bottles of Glenlivet—settles most disputes—guides the bewildered—sits at their head—eats onions—uses vinegar, and plays billiards. Another in command ———, a dreadful *don*. Shots, pistols, bullets, gun-powder, and death!—fire, flames, sulphur, Congreve rockets,—cut and thrust, are the words,—hew, hack, slay,—kill, wound, murder. Shocking fellow! The Forty go to dances—the Forty wear *tights*. The Forty never get *drunk*. The Forty never quarrel in the Theatre—never sleep in the police office. The Forty never fight at Coulson’s, the Rainbow, or the Hercules. The Forty *don’t* live near Richmond Street. The Forty are very regular—never keep up their landladies—never break glasses, shells, chairs, skulls, tables, cups, saucers, or ———. The Forty never owe money—never treat their servants ill,—the Forty are immaculate,—why? because they are all of one *colour*! The Forty are *rum* fellows—don’t poach—never seen in stews—never *cry* when baulked of some favourite wench—no! not they. The Forty weren’t taken out of the Caledonian. The Forty pay their *debts*!

been so stupid as not to see my vulgarity before,—and then found out I had the worst accent of French they ever heard.

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FORTY THIEVES.

Res gestæ nondum vulgatæ.

WE dare say our readers expect from the appellation at the head of this article, an account of Ali Baba, Buccaneers, Banditti, Corsairs, Freebooters, or Footpads,—no such thing. This *Manus*

* Of medical books of course.

furtifica, or band of thieves, christened themselves by this name: not because they in reality *steal* money, or plate, goods, chattels, furniture, clothes, hats, dogs, or umbrellas,—quite the contrary—they are always spending,—but to shew that they deserve this appellation to the highest extent, we merely inform our readers, that they *steal time*.—That is, they rob the night of her due length, and plunder the day to spend it in sleep. They generally contrive to tumble into the Theatre when people are toddling out; they sit in the slips—talk to the ladies of the pavement—suck oranges—chew biscuits—hum during a pathetic speech from Mrs. Siddons, or snore in the midst of Murray's drolleries. The Forty Thieves do nothing like any body else,—their Jachin and Boaz are, “the Forty Thieves do'n't do so and so,”—“the Forty Thieves do'n't *drink*,” &c. The Forty Thieves scarcely dress like human creatures. One wears a hat like an ancient battle axe—another Buckskins and *continuations*—a third a velveteen—a fourth an embroidered cloak—a fifth smokes till his throat becomes as heated as a Leith glass-house—a sixth never eats any thing but red-her-rings and Cayenne; in short, to dissect every part of the body corporate, would take a Literary M'Kenzie; we shall only stick to *generics*. The Forty never agree. Every other morning poor old Arthur growls in agony and consternation to see combatants and pistols; but smoke never comes, saving from their cigars,—the matter is always adjusted, for a very good reason—when they come to the ground, not even the principals know what they are to fight for. One of the Forty some time ago challenged another, the matter was settled, and off they set. Well, on going, one of the seconds got *dry*, and would have a drink—who was the man that would deny it? They adjourned, and actually *drank* off the duel. This is what we call putting out fires. Any one of the Forty would burn like a phosphorus stick, and more than one have been threatened with “voluntary combustion.” The captain of the gang is one ———, the best of them we believe; he never murders more than two bottles of Glenlivet—settles most disputes—guides the bewildered—sits at their head—eats onions—uses vinegar, and plays billiards. Another in command ———, a dreadful *don*. Shots, pistols, bullets, gun-powder, and death!—fire, flames, sulphur, Congreve rockets,—cut and thrust, are the words,—hew, hack, slay,—kill, wound, murder. Shocking fellow! The Forty go to dances—the Forty wear *tights*. The Forty never get *drunk*. The Forty never quarrel in the Theatre—never sleep in the police office. The Forty never fight at Coulson's, the Rainbow, or the Hercules. The Forty *don't* live near Richmond Street. The Forty are very regular—never keep up their landladies—never break glasses, shells, chairs, skulls, tables, cups, saucers, or ———. The Forty never owe money—never treat their servants ill,—the Forty are immaculate,—why? because they are all of one *colour*! The Forty are *rum* fellows—don't poach—never seen in stews—never *cry* when baulked of some favourite wench—no! not they. The Forty weren't taken out of the Caledonian. The Forty pay *their debts*!

Reader, what have you made of the Forty? Nothing. Then we'll tell you what they are like;—they are like a counterpane, scarce two patches alike. Here follows a short diary of a Forty.

M. Rose at three—head ache. Eat one red-herring, drank two *primed* cups of coffee, and dressed. Billiard-room, half after four—won two games. Dinner—Rainbow—Caledonian Theatre. 2 o'Clock, in Richmond Street—kick'd up a row—Charley called in—*clinked* him—brought me down with his batton—rescue. Four taken to the Police. Jawed old Rhadamanthus—clapt in a cell—devil of a place—slept, but very cold. Breakfast at nine—one roll brought in by the beast in his bare hand, and half-pint *swipes*—made me sick,—examined at one—didn't recollect why I was brought there—fined two guineas! Came home—Tuesday 3 o'Clock—breakfast—billiards—Coulson's—Richmond Street—black eye. Can't rise this morning—intend to reform. Taking up a letter, find it a challenge—settle it in the old way, viz. *drink it off.* * * * *

Another time you may hear more fully.

ONE OF THE FORTY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dr. Duncan, Jun. we understand has met with an accident, in consequence of the curtains taking fire while the Professor was reading in bed. Many people have inquired where the Dr.'s wife was.—We feel a great *itch* to write a learned essay upon the impropriety of separate beds for man and wife. Now, had Mrs. Duncan been with the Doctor, 'tis ten to one the accident would not have happened. Ladies manage these things better than we do. We hope, however, the accident is not so serious as is reported.

The Professor of Therapeutics has, we are happy to state, resumed his lectures. Mr. Liston lectures for Mr. Allan; and Mr. Lizars has made an attack upon Dr. Monro and the late Mr. Allan. Our friend of "Three hand Bills," and "Apothecary Autopsy" renown, is looking dreadfully gloomy, notwithstanding he says we are ashamed of our conduct. We are on the eve of opening our Pandora again—*cave adsumus.*

The Theatre.—Miss Foote has been exhibiting her legs in *tights and kilts*, careless of the censure or applause of the staid and sober matrons of Edinburgh. She has positively one of the finest pair of eyes we ever saw,—but then her assurance and constant ogling of the second tier of boxes which the frail ones generally occupy, is altogether disgusting. A certain little man with a *hard* name, has been all puff, attendance, and delight. He reminds us of a monkey in distress—grimacing, screaming, gabbling, and wagling of tail.

The Commissioners, are at present holding a "visitation," and all communications in the shape of complaints, may be tendered to them,—we think 'twould be as well if some complaint were made relative to the office of Rector. We shall be happy to do all in our power to forward the matter.

Mr. Lizars and Dr. Monro.—We notice the *lie* direct given by Mr. Lizars to Dr. Monro, in the Medico-Chirurgical Review. We did not expect this from Mr. Lizars. We set out by protecting him when we thought he was ill-used; but, really, in this case he has "o'erstept the modesty of nature." Does Mr. Lizars think, that by attacking the fame of Mr. Allan, and giving the *lie* direct to Dr. Monro will advance his interest? He must be sadly mistaken if he think so. Mr. Lizars is but young in his profession, and that scandalous attack upon two such celebrated men as Mr. Allan and Dr. Monro, will certainly not redound to his credit. To say the least of it, we are ashamed of Mr. Lizars and his conduct. The article in question appears, however, in justice to Mr. Lizars, to have been written previous to Mr. Allan's demise; but he can have no excuse in treating a man of Dr. Monro's character in the manner he has done. If Mr. Lizars and Dr. Monro were at all on a par, either with regard to birth, education, or celebrity, we should not be so much surprised; but as it is, it is shameful!

Poetry

THE REQUEST.

(Set to Music.)

Linden will you think of me sweet!
 When o'er the wide sea you're riding,
 Around as the blue billows beat,
 Of her, your bosom's confiding?

You leave me distracted and weeping,—
 Your oaths the stars did out-number—
 While pride and virtue lay sleeping,
 You stole, what has robb'd me of slumber!

Farewel! when the moonbeams bright—
 Sleep far, far away from the plain,
 And darkness close mantles the night,
 Nora—will cease to complain.

Oh Linden! remember I leave,
 The pledge of our passion and love,
 Shield and succour my child! I grieve,
 But complain not ye, pow'rs above!

Alas! death's pangs are but mild,
And sorrow's darts pierce not so sore,
As dying—I leave my lone child,
I shall never weep over more!

AZAR.

TO . . .

With a Gift on her Birth Day.

The trifle thus in friendship given,
May last when richer ones are gone,
And like the fading hues of even,
Be valued *most*—when most alone.

Then keep this pledge to friendship dear,
'Twill speak what I could never tell;—
Perchance in some far distant year,
You'll think of him who—fare the well!

X—X.

A THOUGHT.

'Tis sweet to think at Midnight's silent hour,
When lone we sit in deep sequestered bow'r,
That yon fair moon that rolls her course on high,
And sheds a silv'ry splendour thro' the sky,
Reflects the gazes of those dearest friends,
On whom our all, above, below, depends;—
That while we gaze upon that orb of light,
Our eyes meet theirs thro' the deep gloom of night;—
And that our souls, which may not mingle here,
Meet uncontrouled in that far happier sphere.

M. E. R.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have behaved very ill to our correspondents, for the last two or three numbers, we have therefore devoted this, almost entirely to them—*L. D's* lines on a certain publication, are excellent; but "*De Mortuis nil nisi bonum*," *Scribblers* "a lawyer during the holidays," is very good, but too long for insertion, we would agreeably with his request, cut it down, but are afraid we would hurt the force of the whole. The *curious account* of a drunken frolic, old *M—'s* shop—the *Rainbow*, and ——— places, is too, too personal. The names 'tis true are disguised, but is not a *certain correspondent*, one of the party? No! we must not insert *sic an' a thing*—*T—p.*——we have received.—To *Amicus* we are very much obliged—*C. Zuidnune* and others, inadmissible.

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THE CHEILEAD,
OR
UNIVERSITY COTERIE.

Egregious Doctors, and Masters of the eximious and arcane science of Physick,
of your urbanity, exasperate not yourselves against us for making this little
volume.

ANDREW BORDE, 1547.

Biographical.

**Dr. THOMAS CHARLES HOPE, PROFESSOR OF
CHEMISTRY.**

Doctor John Hope, the late Professor of Botany, is known as one of the *Patres* of our University. The present Professor of Chemistry is his son.

He received a most accomplished education under the care of his father—and according to his own desire, for befriending his country: Choosing to spend his life usefully, rather than in inactivity, which an ample fortune, and a large estate, could have easily enabled him to enjoy.

Following up so laudable, such difficult ambition, he was but a young man, we understand considerably under thirty, when nominated Professor of the practice of physic in the University of Glasgow; and he taught this difficult branch of medical learning with distinction. He had scarcely got himself established in his chair, as an excellent Professor, and in the city as a practitioner, when at the death of the celebrated Doctor John Black, he was recalled to Edinburgh University, and to the chair of Chemistry; which science, he has since taught with the greatest ability of late years, to the numerous sessions of sometimes five hundred Students.

Indeed, as a Professor of Chemistry, he is known to be one of the chief teachers in Europe. His uncommonly clear elucidation of the general principles, of each division of the

science—his care of the proofs of these, viz. In the exhibition of a set of striking experiments—the accuracy he shews in demonstrating these, in which are included the study of preparing the materials; the calculation of power in the combination of these, and doing so with such exactness, as to be able to rely upon them without almost a single failure—(cases of extreme nicety, difficulty and industry)—are the admiration of every one. They are enhanced by being produced with a neatness of manipulation or execution, together with—a confidence—a want of perturbation, which is always painful to see in classes of Chemistry, as the Student is aware of the difficult case, and feels the disappointment along with his Professor.

Doctor Hope is therefore, deservedly a popular teacher: And although classes of Chemistry are usually unruly, arising from Students of all persuasions of science being admitted, the Doctor manages his so well, as to keep good order and dignity, without incurring much, or indeed any ill will. The truth is, that there is little or nothing to find fault with. As an advancer of his science, he made known the mineral strontian; and has adjusted some difficult experiments.

In his other duties as Professor, among which are to be considered his labours in the senate, the attachments to these, viz. acting as censor in the examination of graduates—assisting to keep the management of the Infirmary in good order—his fellowship of the Royal College of Physicians—his being a strenuous supporter of the medical rank in the city, &c. we can only give one general account, for we regret want of special information, on most of them.

In the University Senate, and College of Physicians, he is a powerful protector of Medical Rights; and although he is found absent in the walks of practice, for which we understand he is most eminently qualified, as well in point of science, as in skill, and manners, yet he does his duty in the Royal College of Physicians, by opposing every thing contrary to medical etiquette. Indeed he is blamed for being a little too nice and political in this respect; but when we take a glance at the present confusion of the medical profession, arising from

vulgar impertinence, impudence, dogmatism, and intrusion, we, as Students, at once exonerate Dr. Hope's shewing nerve, and putting a veto against a further increase of the unwholesome injury. Indeed we are sorry to say that we understand that with the exception of Dr. Monro, and Dr. Duncan, senior, there are none who think accurately upon the subject with Dr. Hope,—the others being disposed to allow the encroachments of insult upon the higher order of the medical profession, that it may be overpowered and dispersed.

Doctor Hope is as ready at his post in the University Senate. On a late occasion where a cunning plot out of the College walls, having for its object the extinction of the Medical Degree, got itself forced into the Senate by most unhalloed means,—he, as is well known, stood most boldly before it. He was overpowered as is too well known—He had to pay an enormous sum, according to the amercement of an Edinburgh jury, merely for speaking the truth—defending the true interest of the Edinburgh University—its Medical Degree—and the rights of the Physician and Student. For the loss, however, he has gained the esteem of the medical public

In the invidious post of censor or examiner of Physicians, and the attendants upon this, Dr. Hope is from long experience well qualified. We understand that to Dr. Duncan, jun. and himself, and indeed to the whole of their quorum, it is a matter of indifference which of the medical sciences comes before them. Dr. Hope is familiar with them all. The Graduates admire him as an examiner, for the distinctness of his question—for the clear and easy way of speaking latin, and giving plenty of time, so as to quiet embarrassment.

We have only to add that he is a bachelor about 50,—of a very handsome person,—though of late inclined to be fat. He is rather of the melancholic temperament. His face of agreeable feature,—although we would say, that the eyes, which are of a dark hazle, indicate a degree of quick temper. He is a nobleman in his manners—converses to the Student kindly,—occasionally with wit; and is to them uniformly polite, and extremely generous. †

CRITICISM OF A MEDICAL JOURNAL.

(Continued from our last.)

PAPER. 9th. *Dr. Kinglake on depressed and exhausted strength.* This subject has been depressed and exhausted long ago, under the annual writings on debility. It has received no new helps from this country practitioner. N. J. minus another 5 pages.

PAPER 11th. *Dublin pharmacopeia.* Any student who reads this critic, will see at once the propriety of allowing us to mark its imbecility by—a cut out of the N. J. its 10 pages.

PAPER 12th. *Review of Dr. Hamilton's book on purgatives.* The critic of this book—no practitioner—seems unacquainted with the history of physic, the humoral pathology, (of which Dr. H.'s book is a part,) and, in short, ought never to have meddled with a subject so far beyond his comprehension. Out with 9 pages.

PAPER 13th. *Johnstone's Essay on Morbid Sensibility, &c.* This book also beyond the critic's efforts,—a vile attempt. Cut out 12 pages.

PAPER 14th, 15th, and 16th. *Mere fill ups. Dele.* 11 pages.

PAPER 17th. *Dr. Lewis on Vaccination.* This, we say, is valuable,—if for nothing else than the two cases of infantile vaccination.

PAPER 18th. *Dr. Rudolphi's Elements.* We view this work in a different light than the critic in the New Journal.—We hail it as a work wanted by us students most sadly. To give us a pure work on physiology, and to put to flight the unwholesome stuff of the French school, which abounds with falsehood, misrepresentations of the authorities, and villanous attempts at superseding; and are books really unsafe to be in the hands of the students. Such are Majendie and Richerand, &c. which are mere criticisms of themselves, and not physiological elements. We like Rudolphi; he is of the good old Halleric school and style. He seems to be finical and nice about arrangement, which gives at once the voucher of German solidity and decency. Let him go on, we say; but cut out the critic,—say 2 pages.

PAPER 19th. We don't understand Desmoulins. So far as we do, we say it is fanciful, perhaps farciful. We let it alone.

PAPER 20th. *Phrenologia Rediviva.* Here is a piece of most contemptible pedantry. It is food for another victory to Mr. Combe. It is a pity this Journal ever meddled with this harmless science; or if so, did not do the thing rightly. We will take in hand, in two pages of the CHEILEAD, to dish the science if we see it necessary. Meantime out with Rediviva 10 pages.

We stop here. We wont take the trouble of going over the appendix. We wont be so severe, nor so fastidious about what remains of the book. We will be neighbourly, and at once divide the remaining pages; and although we have parallel cases ready, to warrant us cutting out nearly the whole, yet we will take three-fourths only; thus leaving to the New Journal the other fourth

part of the appendix, which we declare at once, in order to save disputes, to be according to account, (which we shall render if called for,) some 10 pages of pretty tolerable passable material for enlightening the brain, and guiding the practical energies of town and country Barber Surgeons—old women in villages—and quack doctors of all degrees.

But besides these 10 pages of appendix, we have to give credit for about 50 pages of the passable new communications in the original end of the Journal—which is really a great deal. There are 60 pages, then, in all.

Upon turning to our friend Algebraicus' long algebraic calculation of figures, we find he brings the real value of these 60 pages of the fifth number of the Journal of Medical Science to be of Sterling money of Great Britain, *one shilling and sixpence, and a few farthings*, or about six times the value of the present number of the CHEILEAD! We would have given the formula of figures, but regret we have not room.

The New Journal, therefore, seems to have rated its book too high, by nearly a crown of money. There must be some attempt on its part to impose. It does not act up to the sign which is on its back. It ought in candour to pull it down, and put up at once another one, stating, that its *desideratum* is *ad crumenam*, and not *ad scientiam*. We begin to suspect this to be the real object, for we find it passing over, *ad saltum*, all the scientific papers that appear in the transactions, &c., and giving insertion to the trash only,—or, in other words, its “*own Boys*.” Perhaps there is a degree of low, selfish, cunning, and jealousy in its conduct regarding this; but it has too much of the vulgar confidence, if it thinks to impose on us.

C. R.

THE CAMANAS.

From the original Spanish MSS. in possession of Don Miguel de Henriquez.

(Concluded from page 150.)

SEBASTIAN was awakened from a sound sleep by the screams of his Slaves, and rushing from his chamber followed by his distracted wife, beheld his house wrapt in flames—and by their light the pirates dragging the Slaves away! His wife gave one piercing shriek and fell. He flew for his sword and returned—but returned to fall. One of the Pirates fired at him as he darted towards him. He received the ball in his shoulder—but turned to the ruffian, and laid him dead at his feet. Another fell—but numbers overpowered him, and all he recollected of the dreadful night was, that he made an effort to prevent his wife from being abused—but that a blow from the but-end of a blunderbuss laid him senseless.

In the mean time the fire raged, and the pirates pillaged; and at length they departed, and left but a heap of ashes where the house had been.

In the morning Sebastian was found by the neighbours nearly lifeless. They had seen the fire, but were so frightened at the reports of the "Black Boat," that they all fled to a thicket or what might be called a wood. Here they remained until the Pirates had left the Island. On examining the body, it was found warm, and an old Monk who had been forced from Cuba, through some misconduct, and acted there as Surgeon, exerted all his art to restore him. It was some time before he opened his eyes, or moved,—and when he came to himself he inquired for his wife? Alas! there were no accounts of her, but some ornaments such as are worn by women were found amidst the ashes,—and the body of his eldest daughter almost consumed. His boy and girl were no where to be found, as also his slaves; the pirates it was supposed had carried them off.—The communication had been too sudden, and Sebastian relapsed into his former state. Remedies were again applied and hopes were entertained of his recovery. Towards the evening a female slave who had been nurse to the children, was found almost dead with fright, in the thicket near by, with the little girl in her arms. She was taken home, and her account was, that on the first alarm of the fire, she had fled from the house, and seeing sailor-like people about it, had ran away to save the child. She also added that she saw the little Felix clinging to a man with a horrible black beard,—and that she was sure he was killed,—her statement, however, could not be depended upon, for terror had robbed her almost of recollection. No doubt now arose, as to the fate of the unfortunate family. The mother was murdered by her brutal violators, and two of her children burnt to death!

Sebastian recovered but slowly,—and never entirely regained his spirits. His only delight was in his little girl, whom he named Clara after her mother. The child grew apace. She was nearly two years old the time the house was burnt, and day after day added lustre to her charms. Years pass like days, when we look back, and thirteen had gone, and still Clara improved and Sebastian lived. War was at length ended. The pirates were scoured from these seas by the united efforts of the American and British cruizers, and the "Black Boat" was only mentioned, as we do the names of those that are dead. Sebastian was now anxious to leave his little kingdom, and to seek his father, to know if he were yet alive, and to ask his forgiveness. With many a sigh, and look of regret he embarked with his only daughter for Cuba. He arrived safely, and heard that the old man was yet alive, but that he had adopted a son and heir. He lost no time in waiting upon the old infirm, and was received with open arms. The father insisted upon St. Iago living with him, and he and his daughter became inmates of the house. Andreas St. Iago, (the adopted son) was a young man of prepossessing appearance, and comely features. An intimacy arose between him and Clara, which was fomented by the grandfather. Nor was Sebastian displeased with it; but still he was anxious to know who this youth was, and one evening questioned the old man. All he knew of him was this, that he was the son of a poor Englishman, who on a voyage to America, where he intended to have settled, had been taken by a pirate, and himself

and his son left on the Island destitute of even clothing: That the father had died, and that the youth was brought to him by one of the slaves, who had picked him up on the shore, with a piece of paper on his breast, in English and Spanish, stating what we have already said,—and lastly that the old man, being without heirs, not knowing where Sebastian was, or even if he were alive, had adopted him. This was the old man's story.

St. Iago had listened patiently, and some emotions for which he could not account, arose within him. He had almost dared to hope this might have been his lost son, but a bitter tear checked his hopes. Satisfied entirely in his mind, and the young people desirous of marriage, they were accordingly united, and Sebastian and the old man made happy.

A few weeks after they were married, the old man breathed his last, and Sebastian paid the honours of a filial duty. He now looked forward to happiness, and joy, for the remainder of his life, but his prospects were cruelly blighted, when he had most hopes of their blooming.

Clara showed evident signs of being in "the way, that ladies wish to be, who love their Lords," and Andreas set no bounds to his joys. Every whim that the playful Clara created, was attended to, and the time approached when she was to be a mother! The usual notices on these occasions past, and Clara gave birth to a boy. No words can tell the joys of the parents, or the feelings of St. Iago. His grand-son was all to him. But now, when heaven seemed to be most kind, then most she frowned.

There were at this period some criminals in the jail, who had been condemned to death, for murder, and other atrocities; and an intense sensation was excited on their account. Many were part of the crew of the "Black Boat," and execration, and malediction, fell from all upon their heads. Sebastian heard of this, and anxious to gain some information of his son, and daughter, obtained an order for admittance to converse with the prisoners. The first person he saw, on entering the prison, was Borgio, though quite unknown to him. Borgio did not recollect Sebastian, and it was not to be wondered at. Sebastian began by asking, if he was one of the crew of the "Black Boat," when they robbed and burned a house in the Camanas? His lip quivered as he spoke, and the blood left his cheek. Borgio was rather sullen, as unused to questioning, but on being urged to speak, answered he was. "And what, said Sebastian, became of the lady, and the two children?" A breathless pause ensued, and he bent forward to the outlaw, to catch the least word. "They were burnt, I dare say," answered Borgio. This was a shock that St. Iago felt keenly—he groaned, and leant against the walls for support; after a long pause he said—and were the children burnt also? "Why do you thus question me, am I not already condemned—will telling save me?" "You shall have my interest to save life," said the breathless Sebastian, "tell me—I am the father of those dear children, the man whose house you robbed—whose wife you butchered—the man you left for dead! Tell me what you know of the transaction, and I swear if half my fortune can save you, you shall have it." Borgio raised

himself as well as his chains would allow, and fixed his eyes, which were yet bright, upon Sebastian, and said "Swear!" Sebastian swore. Borgio commenced.

"On that night I remember having fired at you, and you fell. I seized your wife who had also fallen, but on endeavouring to bear her off, I saw your son, who was creeping slowly down a stair half enveloped in flames. He was smiling, and the infant's countenance struck me, I left your wife, and rushed after the boy and bore him to a place of safety."—"Where, where?" ejaculated Sebastian. "Stay, stay Seignior, said Borgio, I must tell all in order. On returning I found your wife had been violated and afterwards slain by my comrades, and the house almost levelled to the ground. I heard your daughter's screams, and endeavoured to save her, but 'twas too late. It seems some of the crew had been attempting to lay hands upon her, but that she had thrown herself into the flames to escape. We rowed from the shore, and your son cried from the beach that I would take him in, the crew objected, but I carried my point,—and he became my adopted son. Two months after I was forced to get rid of him. We were going on some dangerous expedition, and I landed him one night with a prisoner we had taken from a vessel a short time before, liberating the man on provision that he was to leave the boy at the door of some convent. But he never did it, I know no more of him." "Good providence!" cried Sebastian "and is he alive?" "I know not," said Borgio, "but I have every reason to think so." "Should you know the man again to whom you entrusted the boy?" asked Sebastian, "Yes, and I believe he is among the prisoners. I saw him at the bar the day sentence was passed upon us."—Sebastian rushed from the cell and found the man. He stated that the boy had been left by him with a label round his neck importing, that he was an English child and——. Sebastian heard no more—his eyes closed—his limbs quivered—and his pulse ceased to beat. He was dead!

He had found his son. But how? In incestuous intercourse with his own sister!—The news flew like lightening, and Andreas and Clara were told of their father's death, and of their consanguinity in one breath! Words are useless—they looked at one another, but never spoke—they would have wept—but could not. The body of the old man was conveyed to a neighbouring church by his slaves, and the next night privately interred. Borgio and his crew were racked and then burnt. But the unhappy Andreas and Clara were never heard of more,—a male slave was missed from the property, and 'twas supposed they had retired into the woods, there to hide their sorrows and incestuous loves.

AZAR.*

ON IMAGINATION.

Of all the mental faculties, (to speak phrenologically,) with which man has been endowed, by a kind and wise Creator, per-

* NOTE.—This tale is current in the Camañas or *Caymans*, as also in Cuba. With regard to their retiring into the woods, there is a report that they met their death within the walls of a convent; and if we consider the present system of Cuba, we shall not be at all surprised at it.

haps few, if any of them, tend so much towards increasing his happiness on this terrestrial scene, as the faculty, power, or organ, (call it what you please,) of imagination. When the favouring breeze of fortune fills our souls, and success follows our every adventure, imagination doubles our happiness, and enhances the relish of enjoyment. When adversity lays her chilling hand upon our exertions, when misfortune crowds our path with its sharpest thorns—then it is, that imagination, that sweetest cup at the sumptuous board of the prosperous, and the humble table of the unfortunate, affords her comforting, her blessed influence—brightens the present darkness of our o'ercast path, and leads the mind to the anticipation of brighter days, and scenes of happiness and enjoyment, which although Utopian, and but the illusive visions of the o'erwrought mind, are though less real, little more transitory than those which are called the happy realities of life. I may conclude by quoting those beautiful lines, applied to fancy, which is but another name for imagination,—

“ The more I’ve viewed this world, the more I’ve found,
 Filled as it is, with scenes, and creatures rare,
 Fancy commands within her own bright round,
 A world of scenes, and creatures, far more fair.
 Nor is it that her power can call up there,
 A single charm, that’s not from nature won;
 No more than rainbows, in their pride can wear,
 A single tint, unborrowed from the sun.
 No! ’Tis the mental medium it shines through;
 That gives to beauty, all its charm and hue.
 As the same light, that o’er the level lake,
 One dull monotony of lustre flings,
 Will, entering in the rounded rain drop make,
 Colours as bright as those on angel’s wings.”

ALIQUIS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

University Intelligence.—We see by notices in the papers, (for we have no information of the matter, from the College,) that a prize of 100 guineas, is to be given for the best essay, to be read on the 6th of April, before the Senatus, patrons, and public, in the new library, which report says, will be finished by that time. Now, how is it possible, for any essay worth any thing, to be composed in so short a time? The subject is even not yet fixed, and when we may expect it to be named, is impossible to say. Another thing is, that the sum is too large; it ought to be divided into two fifties. We pray the Commissioners will alter the time at all events specified. We repeat again, that ’tis impossible to produce an essay worth reading, in so short a time.

MEDICAL & SCIENTIFIC INFORMATION.

Mutton. Wedder mutton, or the flesh of the castrated animal, is in perfection at five years, and is indisputably the sweetest, and most digestible. Ewe mutton is best at two year’s old. Beef is not so easy of digestion, yet though its texture is firmer, it is equally nutritive. Much, however, will depend upon the time which has elapsed since the death of the animal, and still more upon the method of cookery.—*Med. Chirurg. Review*, No. 27.

Jellies, &c.—It is probable that jellies and other glutinous matters, although containing the elements of nourishment in the high-

est state of concentration, are not digested without considerable labour; *first*, from their evading the grappling powers of the stomach, and, *secondly*, from their tenacity opposing the absorption of their fluid parts. For these reasons 'tis maintained that the addition of Isinglass, and other glutinous substances, to animal broths, with a view to render them more nutritive to invalids, is a *pernicious practice*.—*Idem.* p. 5.

Tea.—Every narcotic being stimulating, tea exhilarates and refreshes; yet some, from certain peculiarities, experience, even from a single cup, nervous sensations, unnatural vigilance, and stomachic disorder, with depression. That the use of tea is generally beneficial is placed beyond doubt; but it ought to be taken four hours after the principal meal, when, it will assist the ulterior stages of digestion, promote the insensible perspiration, and impart to the stomach a grateful stimulus. The addition of milk certainly diminishes the astringency of tea; while sugar may gratify the palate, but cannot modify the virtues of this infusion.—*Idem.* p. 12.

Extracts from the Review of Dr. Valentin's Tour in Italy, inserted in the above Review.

The Hospital des Incurables is a vast edifice in the centre of the city, and contained 900 patients when our author (Dr. Valentin), was there. Among the *incurables* admitted to this Hospital, were pregnant women, "who wish to conceal the fruits of their amours." We suppose they are received under the impression that they are *incurable* in a moral, rather than a physical point of view. This supposition is strengthened by the calculation made by Cottigno, that 950 in every 1000 of the inhabitants of Naples are afflicted with syphilis!

Cinchona. An immense expenditure of cinchona is made in Rome. Its administration is generally preceded by venesection. It is calculated, that in Rome, and the immediate neighbourhood, ten thousand two hundred pounds (12 ounces to the pound,) weight of bark, are annually consumed! The *sulphate* of *quinine*, however, is now universally adopted there. Dr. V. was assured, that the famous *aqua tofana* was nothing more or less than a dilute solution of arsenic in water. Given slowly, it slowly occasioned death, without leaving any traces of its effects in the dead body.

NOTICE EXTRAORDINARY.

ON the completion of our Sixteenth number, we propose retiring from our public stations, viz. as Editors. It was the intent, *à priori*, to produce twelve numbers of a paper, of sixteen pages each; and we thought that in those numbers we should have been enabled to say all that we thought required. We have been mistaken. Nothing more common. Some of our correspondents are anxious for us to continue our labours, (and labours they really are,) but really for many reasons we find it impossible. The day "that dreadful day," when the muscles, the bones, the blood, the brains, every little odd hair, nerve, tendon, minutiae, &c., must be required of us, will soon be here. We therefore give this timely notice, and any of our readers may who be anxious to step in our shoes are welcome. We will give them copy-right, and every assistance in our power. In our next we will state more decidedly our determination to our friends.

Poetry

LINES ON VISITING THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

I.

Lone, dark, and silent is thy narrow home !
 The place of those forgotten—of the dead ;
 Mem'ry awhile may linger near thy tomb,
 And drop a tear, by fond affection shed ;
 But soon Forgetfulness, her mist shall spread
 Around thy grave : Thy name, but nought beside,
 Told by the moss-grown tomb-stone at thy head,
 Which the long grass uncropt at length shall hide.—
 Thy Mem'ry's—the flow'r which dies unheeded by thy side.

II.

And this is man ! he lives a day, and dies,
 And on his grave, to morrow's sunbeams play,
 The wintry winds blow o'er him, but he lies,
 Lock'd in death's slumber, in his bed of clay,
 Unwept, forgotten, mould'ring to decay ;
 His name is gone, as tho' it ne'er had been ;
 And no fair maid her moon light visits pay,
 To deck his grave, and sigh and weep unseen.
 Proud man ! Humility becomes thee well, I ween.

J. D.

Leith. January 1827.

THE KINGDOM OF UTOPIA.

I.

I am going to write a Poem ; but I find
 Nothing so difficult as to begin ;—
 'Tis thus with all exertions of the mind,
 We can get on, when once we have got in
 The middle of our subject ; but each line
 Till then lies hidden and concealed within
 The brain ; and for this reason, if you please,
 I'll dash immediately *in medias res*.

II.

Once on a time—but I will not say when,—
 And in a land—but I will not say where,—
 Lived a society of learned men,
 Who made it their vocation and their care,
 To sit within their academic den,
 And deal out to "ingenuous youth" their ware—
 Viz.—Knowledge,—and to preach against the vices—
 And all of them at very moderate prices.

III.

One taught humanity—and one theology—
 One lectured on the human flesh and bones—
 Another held forth on geology,
 And handled many minerals and stones—
 A fifth took as his subject somatology—
 (I'm sorry I can't find a chime to bones) ;
 And then there were two chymists, great and small,—
 And then a man who overlook'd them all.

IV.

Then came a Plato of this Northern school,
 A man of many words, and little sense ;—
 Some took him for a wise man—some a fool,
 He lectured on the knowledge of the *mens*—
 But never followed a determined rule,
 And wander'd often, and was never dense—
 A quality much wanted now-a-days,
 When men are pulled so many different ways.

V.

Another man engaged to teach the way
 Of cutting up our fellow-creatures—Oh !
 How shocking at this civilized time of day,
 To run away with dead men—friend or foe ;
 And cut a leg, and then an arm away,
 And pay Five Guineas as the markets go—*
 To me it seems most shocking—and the rather
 As sometimes we must cut up our own father.†

VI.

Besides the few I have enumerated,
 There still were several instructors more,
 All which, I promise, shall be duly stated,
 As well as those I've spoken of before ;—
 And a succinct account shall be narrated
 Of all who dwelt upon this classic shore,—
 Their names (but these obscurely) and their ages,
 Also their station, stature, rank, and wages.

VII.

It's very dangerous to print a name,—
 Especially if it has with it connected
 A rigmorole of crimes, and no good fame ;
 When all their faults and follies are collected
 Into one mass—(no chime remains but *same*,
 And this for reasons good I have rejected),
 And then they're wroth, and threaten with an action,
 Or sometimes come to ask for satisfaction.

VIII.

That is a curious word—that *satisfaction*—
 It seems when people use it, they but mean
 That we should let them shoot us, and thus sanction
 Our own demise, which surely is a sin ;—
 I can't but say it is a curious paction,
 By which each kills and slays his fellow-men ;
 I can't see how it *satis fies* the noddy
 To have a bullet put into his body.

IX.

But I have wandered ; and will now proceed
 Straight to the point :—I purpose to disclose
 (So has my Muses' Committee decreed)
 The public acts and characters of those
 Who in this school of learning take the lead ;—
 I'll be impartial both to friends and foes.‡
 But first I will describe the very place,
 Where dwelt and taught this Academic race. A. S. C.

* See late Advertisement, " Subjects for Five Guineas."

† Fact. A Youth, on going into the Dissecting Room, found the body of his Father lying on the Table.

‡ To be continued Weekly.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To A. C. we are obliged. His article, however, if inserted, would be thought personal.—Will A. S. C. contrive to finish his Poem by the time we reach No. 16?—T. C., *Quid*, *Jaquez*, (query Jaques?) &c. inadmissible, X. Y. Z. & J. D. received.

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THE CHEILEAD,

OR

UNIVERSITY COTERIE.

Egregious Doctors, and Masters of the eximious and arcane science of Physick,
of your urbanity, exasperate not yourselves against us for making this little
volume. ANDREW BORDE, 1547.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

[Several of our correspondents are anxious for us to continue our labours. Our reasons for discontinuing the *CHEILEAD* we gave before; we only add, that it does not remunerate us for our trouble. If any one, then, of those who are anxious for its continuance, will only favour us with his name, and address, we shall be happy to come to some agreement, relative to its continuance. All we can do is to furnish an occasional paper, pro ne nata. Our advice, with the copy-right, we give freely "without reward."]

EDITORS,

THE LOVER.

Never give up.—YATES'S REMINISCENCES.

Never give up! Never give up, a favourite saying of many people. I once knew a man, who, after having lost all he possessed at play, used to swear, that if he had *never* given up, he would have succeeded. To me it appears, there is nothing so absurd as *dogging* fate. You only annoy her. The jade becomes at every corner more and more fastidious—if you turn her *here*, she escapes *yonder*—if you stick here *there*, she gets back *here*. Some time since I was very much taken with a pretty woman I met walking; I followed down one street, up another—back again—besides *bobbing* into three or four shops. My impatience got the better of me, and at length I determined, come what would, the very next shop she entered, I'd follow and purchase something, whether I had occasion for it or not. Accordingly she went into a mercer's. I stepped in. Her back was to me. No glass to reflect her features—the shop was full—and I stood like "Adam lingering near his Eden." The shop became clear—the lady was served—the man turned to

me—I was forced to buy something, and while purchasing, she slipped off,—and I lost her. Now I am sure that if I had waited patiently at the door, I might have had an opportunity of speaking to her—impatience there ruined me. *Never give up*, said I, and hired a porter to find out the lady. He cost me four shillings a-day, besides drams, old clothes, &c. At the end of a fortnight I was desperately in love. I neither eat nor drank—at least I tried to think so, but nevertheless the empty egg shells and toastless rack, tacitly reproached me with being deceived. I now wrote verses—counted the feet on my fingers—whistled when any one was present—poured the goblet into my boots—poked the fire with my flute—and drank the Ink in the stand. All this time, like Don Quixote, I fancied I was suffering these miseries for my *dulcinea*, and that one day or another I should be rewarded. *Never give up*. A month had by this time past, and I began to cool. I put on my boots with my boot hooks, and left off wearing a red slipper, and a pump—wore my night-cap at night (which I had given up as not becoming) never whistled but when out of humour, or dunned—returned in short to a human creature, and eat and drank as other people. I desisted from walking bare-headed near the sea shore—drew the charges from my pistols—practised again with the gloves—became ruddy, fat, and healthy.—But, Mr Editor, in the midst of all this, I called upon a family I had neglected since I fell in love. They were in—the usual how d’ye do? &c. past,—I had even poked the fire, (for I am rather intimate), admired the handle of the broom, and talked of *Almack’s*,—when love letters, sighs! bleeding hearts and daggers!—my fair unknown stepped into the room!—It was all over. My heart beat like a *catapult* against my side, and (thanks to Still) had it not been for my stays, which were laced tight, I am sure it would have knocked out my ribs. I shall never forget it. I was cold at the extremities. I stuttered, took out my lancet case, (for I am a Surgeon), instead of my snuff-box, and fingered a lancet instead of a pinch. I clapt it to my nose—the ladies laughed—I looked foolish—wished “Good Morning!”—trod on a nasty beast of a dog as I was going, broke my strap, let my hat fall, picked it up, and went out more dead than alive. *Never give up*, said I to myself,—So I waited until the lady came out, but as soon as she did, ran away as fast as possible. *Never give up*, said I again, and sat down to write a letter. Began,—“Angel of Desire! My eyes no sooner saw those stars of thine, than their fierce light travelled through my blood, and set my heart on fire! I burn, dearest Goddess of my adoration—I burn, like the Phoenix, in my own fire,—

my own, did I say—no—the match was yours. Permit me to unfold the secrets of my heart—allow me to throw myself, suppliant, at your feet, and kiss the happy ground you tread on. I live but for you—I exist but in the beams of those radiant eyes—those smiles are my nourishment—and those looks my angel-guidance. Forgive me, Madam!—the fervour of my love has borne me on its aspiring flames, and I dare to ask that hand, that Jove himself would die to kiss."

Oh! I could dare to put out Etna's fire,
Or bid the yellow sun in tears expire;
Could pluck the little planets from their sphere,
And stop the flaming comet's mad career;
Could drown, burn, shoot, die,—do all for thee,
Didst thou but say, "I'll be thine all to thee!"

Well, Sir, I sent this letter; and, (would you believe it?) she sent me back the pattern of a *strait-jacket*, with the following lines:—

"Receive this offering from a pitying friend, who recommends its adoption and use.

Adieu! my am'rous, sun-destroying swain,
I cannot love Orlando—an insane."

I forgot to mention I signed the letter "Orlando." Now, Mr. Editor, *never give up*, shall I really *give up*, or try again? I have sighed myself to the size of a walking-stick, and am almost bone—my skin being worn out by the attrition of my clothes. I forgot to say, that I returned a very handsome complimentary letter, and thanked her for hers, which I keep hung over my mantle piece to remind me of her who stole the luminary reason from my mind. However, as I find sighing wont do, nor writing, nor abstractedness, nor eccentricity, nor any thing else, I have a *great mind* to *give up*! It wont do, you know, Mr. Editor, to be laughed at. Besides, I discovered the other day—that, when my enchanter walks, she lifts her feet so high, that you see the soles of her feet! Horrible, you know; and then—yes—positively splashes herself up to the knees; and knocks her ankles (the bumps on them I mean) together, and wears—wears—(how shall I write it?) well, then, *wears breeches*! I await your *fiat*, Mr. Editor, and whatever you say I shall abide by it.—Yours. ORLANDO."

* * * Orlando's case is like many others. Men fancy themselves in love, merely for the pleasure of having their names coupled with a fine woman's; and, in giving themselves up to their fancies, render themselves ridiculous. We advise Orlando to put on the *strait-jacket*, and mind his lancet-case.

EDITORS.

THE MAN-WOLF.

—An unclean spirit, who had his dwelling among the tombs, and no man could bind him, no, not with chains.

St. Mark, chap. vi. 2, 3.

It was in Germany, about the year 17—, that I first commenced the study of anatomy. I was at this time an enthusiast in my profession, and nothing, however discouraging, could damp the ardour of pursuit. Night after night the flickering flame flitted on my paper—hour after hour the old clock chimed; and often the red sun shone upon me ere I had tasted the sweets of slumber. In such a state of application, 'tis not to be wondered at that I improved in the profession, and became one of the first dissectors of the day, and subsequently was chosen assistant to the professor of anatomy. His name need not be mentioned, as unpleasant effects might emanate from so doing. I trust, then, that my statement will not be the less credited on that account.

It was my practice to prepare the *subjects* for demonstration over night, as thereby I had an opportunity of taking exercise during the early part of the day, which the peculiar state of my body, from severe study, and constitutional affection, rendered absolutely necessary. When engaged in this occupation, the hours unheeded flew,—sleep fled from my eyes, and weariness never weighed me down. The room was of great extent, and a common lamp, such as the poorer people use, was what lighted the apartment. Around me were plates of the various muscles, and viscera of the body; above, skeletons; and on all sides preparations of every description. My *non-medical* readers will probably start at the idea of a lone man, in a lofty apartment, surrounded on all sides by the wrecks of humanity, and the sad relics of what once were animated beings—beings like ourselves—but now dead, and mute, and motionless as the cold grave itself; and employed, too, in the horrid office of assisting decay by manual labour. Indeed I almost myself agree with them, whenever I can possibly recall the days of my initiation in the art; but long habit is second nature. In that long room I have often fancied myself the delegate of some demon, or infernal purveyor, to the destroyer of man. Generally speaking we had from ten to twenty dead bodies on the table, of all ages, sexes, and states of freshness or decay. There was, however, once an unaccountable scarcity of subjects, and we had in the rooms but three, two females and a male. The male was a fine dark haired, austere, muscular subject, of almost giant form; with a wildness in its eyes and features, almost paralyzing. I had often seen subjects, had often handled them, often dissected; I had not, and could not have been supposed to *have* had, any superstitious fears; but so it was, that I could not bear to look upon its face a moment. There was something horrible and demoniacal in its dull, leaden, ceaseless look; a coldness—a deadening expression, that curdled my very heart's blood. I accordingly threw a large cloth over its

horrid face, and retired. As for the females, one was an aged person, and the other the most beautiful expression of features I ever beheld. She looked as though she had just left off dancing, and that the glow of pleasure mantled in her cheeks. Her lips were gently parted—her eyes not staring, or apparently fixed—her hair auburn, and long and beautiful. Her limbs were of the most perfect form, moulded like a Peri's. I enjoyed as much pleasure gazing on this lovely image of life, and love, and beauty, as I experienced disgust in even passing the other dark, scowling mass of flesh,—that, probably not many hours before, was living as myself! From a different motive I gently covered the subject I have last described, and turning the key, returned to my apartment.

When an idea, either of horror or pleasure, arises in the mind, the body cannot rest—at least so I have found it. I consequently opened a volume of Kant, and read for an hour or so. The time might be two in the morning—when I heard an unusual noise—a something like a smothered scream, and then an echo, as the falling of an iron grating.

I listened for some moments—the noise gradually died away, and all was quiet. Soon after this I fell asleep, and awoke the next morning earlier than usual. I instantly arose and prepared for my walk, but before going stepped into the room, where the subjects were; to my unutterable surprise I found the male subject *gone!* I did not know what to think of it—I searched around and around the room—the windows were fast, and the door had not been opened until I myself had entered the room. I could not account for this. At one time I thought the body had come to life, at another I imagined it had been stolen. This last conjecture I adopted, and secretly determined that night to watch in the room well armed. There was a great talk in the dissecting room during the day, of the strange and unaccountable disappearance of the subject; but all agreed in one thing—that it was stolen—but how? Here all were silent.

At this time in the University, there was a great and prevailing opinion in favour of *transfusion*, and the idea struck me, that the experiment might be made on a dead body. The night, as before determined that I should watch, I resolved to make the experiment. For this purpose I purchased a fine goat, and had it secretly conveyed to the dissecting room. When all was silent, and dead as the objects that lay before me, I began my experiment. The female subject I have before spoken of, I chose for the purpose. I then proceeded in the usual way, which it is not necessary to my tale to mention—but suffice to say, that the blood of the animal was soon exhausted, and that I thought I perceived a movement in the limbs of the subject,—'twas imagination, and not reality. I felt happy after this experiment, figuring to myself the pleasure I should enjoy in the morning, when informing my pupils of my attempts. Wrapt up in these pleasing anticipations, I unavoidably fell asleep. My head leant upon the table, and I rested on my elbows. I cannot say how long I slept but I was awakened by a creaking of the table, and shaking of the floor. I raised my eyes——, (Eternal powers! were I to live to the end of time, I never shall

forget it!) there, before my eyes, indued with life and vigour, stood the subject that had so strangely disappeared! Those who have never been in a similar situation, (and few there are), have no idea of what the mind suffers in that instant of time. Eternity of torment can scarce be worse. It looked at me with something of a wolfish gaze. I do not know what passed; but the next thing I remember was the monster locked in the arms of the body I had just been injecting with the goat's warm blood! I remember also uttering a groan,—I saw him raise his eyes towards me—they were glassy and protruding. I rushed to the door—I know not what followed.

The next morning I am told I was found near the dissecting room, senseless, and covered with blood; but this must have been the goat's. The two subjects, viz. the male and female, were gone! No traces of them could be found,—the house, the cellar, the city was searched, but no tidings of them.

This circumstance made an awful impression upon me. I never could enter the rooms, without feeling a shock,—the remembrance of that awful night was ever before me—it followed me as the wind of heaven.

A twelvemonth elapsed, and the accident began to be forgotten; various parts of subjects had since been missing, but it was supposed the dogs or cats had, by some way or another, got into the room. No thought was given to their disappearance. One evening at the end of this time, I had unwittingly forgotten to lock the door of the dissecting room, and had retired to bed leaving it open. I always kept a lamp burning, having frequently to visit patients during the night. About twelve, (I had not then retired to bed,) but was reading, I was startled by a sound of some one chewing near me. I turned round hastily and beheld the monster—the subject that had so strangely disappeared!

(To be concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

TABLE BEER.—I regard its dismissal from the tables of the great as a matter of regret; its slight but invigorating bitter, is much better adapted to promote digestion than its more costly substitutes.....Sydenham always took a glass of small-beer at his meals, and he considered it as a preservative against gravel.

Paris (in Med. Chirurg. Review. p. 15.)

THE MATOES OF OTAHEITE.—Injiciunt penem in orem, atque exagitando clunes, emittunt semen, quod secleratus avidè deglutit, tanquem robur et vim alterius; putans scilicet se ita fortiorem reddi.—Europ. Mag. 1806, vol. 49. p. 409.

Has the above custom derived its origin from the following related, of Tiberius Cæsar?—"Majore adhuc et turpiore infamia flagravìt, vix ut referri audirive, nedum credi fas sit. Quasi pueros primæ teneritudinis quos pisciculos vocabat, instituret, ut natanti sibi inter femina versarentur, ac luderent: linguæ morsu-

que sensim appetentes, atque etiam quasi infantes firmiores, nec dum tamen lacte depulsos, inguini ceu papillæ admovent.—Suet. Vita, Tib. Nero. Cæsar. cap. 44.

DISSECTION.—'Tis dishonest to mangle and break in pieces the human body; for soon we hope the relicts of the dead will rise, but afterwards they will be Gods, for the souls remain incorrupt in the dead; but the body we receive from the earth, and we are returning to her again, are dust, but heaven revives the spirit.—Phocylides. in the Examen Miscellaneum, p. 155.

Vaccination is optional at Rome. In Naples those who neglect to have their children vaccinated are deprived of many privileges, and cannot receive any honours, titles, or marks of distinction from the government.—Review of Dr. Valentin's Tour in Italy in the Med. Chir. Review.

Milan. The physicians of Milan are divided into three sects,—the eclectics, the contro-stimulists, and the followers of *Boussais*. In the first class are the medical officers of Hospitals,—in the second, the pupils and the partizans of *Rassori*. This last profession had been a most zealous Brunonian, and had translated Brown's Elements into Italian with notes; but shocked and grieved by the havoc which this doctrine had caused in the epidemic fever of Genoa, he abandoned Brunonianism, and erected on its ruins the celebrated contro-stimulism of the present day. *Rassori* now gives large doses of sulphate of quinine, generous wines, and opium in fevers, and swears they are excellent contra-stimulants.—*Idem*.

. We have extracted the above medical remarks to oblige several of our correspondents, notwithstanding we find the task most irksome. We would rather compose ten pages, (be they as they are), than copy five. We hope we shall please our friends in doing what we have done, though to please every one we know is impossible.

EDITORS.

Poetry.

SONG.

Tune.—AIKEN DRUM.

An old well known Air and Song, the hero of which (of the same name) was renowned for "riding on a ladle," &c.

O! there lived a man in our toun,

In our toun,

In our toun,

O! there lived a man in our toun,

And his christian name was John;

CHOR.—And he rode upon a coach-horse!
 A bleer-eyed limping coach-horse!
 And he rode upon a coach-horse!
 And his christian name was John.

His hat was made of an ovum,
 An ovum,
 An ovum,

His hat was made of an ovum,
 And they called him Ovary John;
 And he rode upon a coach-horse, &c.

His coat was made of Fasciæ,
 Thin abdom'-
 nal Fasciæ;

His coat was made of Fasciæ,
 Sine Fascia Rectus John;
 And he rode upon a coach-horse, &c.

His buttons were made of calculi;
 All he had
 Was but three;

His buttons were made of calculi,
 Extracted en deux temps!!
 And he rode upon a coach-horse, &c.

And he cut into the bladder,
 The bladder,
 The bladder,

And he cut into the bladder,
 But could not catch the stone!!
 For he rode upon a coach-horse, &c.

And he said that he would leave it!
 Would leave it!
 Would leave it!

And thence they called him duex temps John!
 For he rode upon a coach-horse, &c.

And he tells us "*for to*" leave them!!
 To leave them!
 To leave them!

And he tells us "*for to*" leave them!
 When we can't get them out!!
 And he rode upon a coach-horse, &c.

His breast-pin's made of a prostate gland;
 A three lobed schirrhous
 Prostate gland,

His breast-pin's made of a prostate gland,
 And they call him Ovary John;
 For he rode upon a coach-horse,
 A bleer-eyed limping coach-horse,
 And he rode upon a coach horse,
 And his christian name is John. Z.

SONG.

All you for degrees who to Edinburgh come,
Will rejoice when again you clope;
You'll find you've done wisely, for once, quitting *Home*
And the magic illusions of *Hope*.

Sing, then, dignus es, dignus intrare;
Sing high diddle Edinburgh College;
What if the professors miscarry,
The grinders will cram you with knowledge,
On dit, on dit.

You'll find, if you ballance accounts ere you go,
Blame the doctors you little or none can;
For if you lost time by attending *Monro*,
You regain'd it by sleeping with *Duncan*.
Sing, then, dignus es, dignus purgare;
Sing tol de rol Edinburgh College;
In a crack they will teach the unwary
More here than elsewhere in an age,
On dit, on dit.

What if *acquarius Jamieson* start'd you,
Making water in more than I'll name;
When away hence you shall be departed, you
Will remember the flow'rs of *Graham*.
Sing, then, dignus es, venesecare,
Join with *Gottingen* Edinburgh College,
For I'm much misinformed if they vary
In the quantum and quale of knowledge,
On dit, on dit. P.

THE LAPSTANE.

A Parody on the "Breast Knots."

Hey the bony! ho the bonny!
Hey the bonny Lapstane.
Blithe and merry was the man,
When he gi'ed up the Lapstane!

There was a grinder in this tour
Wha ance was but a cobbler loon,
Cawing sparables in men shoon,
Aside his bonny Lapstane.
Singing hey the bonny, ho the bonny!
Hey the bonny Lapstane!
Blithe and merry was the man,
When he gi'ed up the Lapstane!

He was a man of laigh degree,
And had a cunning cheating ee,
A doctor he did wish to be,
In spite of wax and Lapstane.
Singing hey the bonny, &c.

And so he left his merry part,
And came and learn'd the doctor art,
And next of grinders got the start,
By leaving o' the Lapstane.
Singing hey the bonny, &c.

There was a paper in this town,
That bother'd sair this cobbler loon,
By telling how h'd mended shoon,
And beat upon the Lapstane.
Singing hey the bonny, &c.

Then he quarrelled wi' the *chief*,
That told the truth as he kens weel,
And wished the *Eds.* and all in h—ll,
For writing o' the Lapstane.
Singing hey the bonny, &c.

THE FURNITURE OF A BEAU'S MIND.

When infants are born, by experience we find,
With ideas their so scant supplied,
That old Lock compared very justly their mind
To a cabinet empty and void.
A beau and a child may in this be compared,
For his mind would be quite a *charte blanche*,
If you strove (though I own that the labour is hard,)
What's trifling and vain to retrench.—
First a set of shrewd hints innuendos and slanders,
And lies that he tells with pert face;
A heap of stale phrases, and double entendres,
Without sense to apply them in place.
Some new-fashioned compliments ready at hand,
Which he learns like a parrot by rote;
And to bully and bluster with oaths at command,
"Blood, madam I'll cut the rogues throat!"
Four jokes and a half from Joe Miller purloined,
Six lines out of Hudibras more,
Comprise (if you nicely examine his mind)
Of humour and wit the full store.
His learning just serves him to read a new song,
Or chatter a sentence of French,
An what tho' he even pronounce them quite wrong,
'Tis enough for his barber and wench.
Of Venus, and Cupid, and arrows and darts,
His tongue never ceasing runs on.
"Those eyes my dear angel, have peirc'd many hearts,
"Oh close them or else I'm undone."
To these a few scraps of modern romance,
From Waverley, Lockart or Brigs;
Three dozen at least of new country-dances,
With minuets, waltzes, and jigs.
Oh yes! I give notice, if any one know
More virtues than these we have reckoned,
Let him send us the name and abode of his beau,
To add in edition the second.
Thus accomplished, a captain, a knight, or a squire,
How great are his merit and charms!
See ladies in troops his perfections admire,
And with ecstasy spring to his arms. X. Y. Z.

THE KINGDOM OF UTOPIA CONTINUED.

X.

It was a grand and noble edifice,
Placed in a dark and unbecoming hole,
Like bow'rs of joy built near some dread abyss,
Where filth, and wickedness, and misery roll;—
Or like some bright and brilliant Oasis,
Blooming amid the desert's stern controul;—
In short if situate on a towering hill,
'Twould have been worthy wisdom's domicile.

XI.

And yet 'twas not a *venerable* pile,
 But lately made, of freestone clean and white,
 Built in the chaste, and ancient Doric Style,—
 (But, as I said, it had a wretched site,)
 And solemnly I've seen the moonbeams smile,
 Along its walls upon a cloudless night,
 When every star sailed on in happiness,
 And every planet seemed the abode of bliss.

XII.

Then we and it forgot what has been done,
 Beneath its ample walls in daylight's reign;—
 Full many a tear that bright and glorious sun,
 Hath cheered away within its small domain;
 The many here have listened to the one,
 As from his lips the words of wisdom came,
 Here joy, and grief, and hope, and fear, have shed,
 Their varied influence o'er our heart and head.

XIII.

And here what varied characters have passed,
 The long review;—the man of classic lore,
 Who long since looked his longest and his last,
 On Horace and on Juvenal, and the store,
 Of all the ancient authors who have cast,
 The gems of knowledge from their sacred shore;
 That man is gone;—and with him have departed,
 The learned, the noble, and the generous hearted.

XIV.

Of these walls beheld the Poet's pen,
 For Phœbus cogitate his morning lay,
 Also have seen physicans now and then,
 With study and with yawns begin the day;—
 And almost all varieties of men,
 Have sojourned here beneath a northern ray;—
 'T would take me pages, were I to continue,
 The grand description of this long retinue.

XV.

And therefore I have done I now propose,
 To give you a description (space and time,
 Allowing) of all the noble list of those,
 Whom I before have mentioned in my rhyme;
 And (please the pigs and you) my poem shows,
 A proper mixture of the true sublime
 And ludicrous, combin'd in due proportions,
 And free from all poetical contortions.

XVI.

I'll first begin with one whose name implies,
 That passion or emotion of the mind,
 In which the source of every pleasure lies,
 And which (as poets tell us) was designed
 To cheer us when all other comfort flies
 By gracious heaven, merciful and kind,
 And when all evils flew from out the lid,
 Pandora opened, this alone lay hid,

XVII.

I think you cannot miss him he's a man,
 About the middle size, and rather fat—
 And somewhat larger than the usual span,
 And stout, well fed, and lusty, and all that;—
 (I am describing him as well's I can,)
 And on his forehead middle age has sat,
 And tho' I see him seldom (by good luck)
 He walks, it strikes me, rather like a duck.

XVIII.

Report does say—but that's not my affair—
 That once upon a time he play'd the devil,
 Among—(but that's nor here nor there—)
 And that he never did disdain to revel,
 In all the good things of this world of care*.
 This should not be—it puts him on a level,
 With those poor devils of his pupils, who
 Can only sensual delights pursue.

XIX.

But after all, I can't but think it wise,
 To seize on happiness where'er 'tis found;
 The fool who on to-morrow still relies,
 And spurns the pleasures which he sees around,
 Will find to-morrow ever from him flies,
 And leaves him nothing but an empty sound;
Dum vivimus, vivamus, live to day,
 And seize the pleasures which must pass away.

XX.

And once he took it into his wise head,
 To give a class to ladies; but the why,
 And wherefore, will not in this place be said;
 In fact 'tis not for bards like me to pry,
 Into the sacred motives which have led
 This gay professor to direct his eyes,
 To that more amiable branch of the community—‡
 Perhaps he no longer was a friend to unity.

XXI.

But be this as it may, there came to hear,
 The words of wisdom from his lips that fell,
 Each far famed beauty of this Northern sphere;
 Oh! for a muse of flame and fire to tell,
 The praise of loveliness assembled there;
 'Twas of a nature might have proved right well,
 The vows of any Catholic confessor,
 Much more attracted this our gay professor.

XXII.

Alas! how is it that the eye of beauty,
 So sways the stedfast purpose of our soul,
 And turns our steps away from paths of duty.
 By the soft influence of its sweet controul.

Oh who can tell the fevered thoughts that roll,
 Thro' the conflicting tumults of the breast,
 When first the eye of beauty makes us blest!

* "I know not how the truth may be,

"I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.

‡ In a certain letter from a certain person, to a certain person, on a certain subject.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Readers will excuse this poetical number. We thought it a pity to lose so much good poetry.—We intended to have inserted J. D.'s communication, but press of matter prevented us—and as this is our last but ONE, it would be of no earthly service.—Mada Naskeid, if possible, will be inserted.—A. S. C. will learn our opinion of his poem, by seeing so large a portion of it inserted. We hope he received our letter.—Queen Mab's beautiful lines positively shall have a place.—For our prose Correspondents we will do all we can.—W. L. received:

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Colquhoun, Printer, Edinburgh.

THE CHEILEAD,

OR

UNIVERSITY COTERIE.

Egregious Doctors, and Masters of the eximious and arcane science of Physick, of your urbanity, exasperate not yourselves against us for making this little volume.

ANDREW BORDE, 1547.

ADDRESS FROM THE COTERIE.

Hæc officiorum genera non persequar.—CHEILEAD.

By the agreement at the commencement of the Session, the Medical Department of the CHEILEAD was to end at the beginning of February—this giving way to the Literary, which was to be conducted on a new and totally different plan, from any paper that has hitherto appeared. By unavoidable circumstances the two departments, which should have been separate, became blended. Why, it would require too much space to explain. The Medical, as well as the Literary division accordingly closes with this Number for the Session, and before that, we beg to say a few words to our Fellow-Students relative to the paper, and its original intent.

As stated in the Introductory Article, it was designed as a defence for the University, and the Students, to protect them against the assaults of Newspapers and interested individuals, made avowedly for the good of the University, but in reality tending to subvert its laws, rights, liberties, and learning—attacks, which had they been suffered to continue unchecked and unproved, might have produced more ill than the generality are aware of. By these the Students were condemned to insignificance and oblivion—they were scarcely noticed but as hinges on which were hung interested and pamphleteering arguments, as flimsy as the brains that produced them, and as insolent as might be expected, from the hands of arrogance, and newly acquired pseudo-celebrity. The CHEILEAD commenced in its first Numbers to expose unprofessional conduct—to lash those who had obtruded themselves on the public—and to lay open the springs of sophistry and dogmatism. Some of its papers were censured as being unnecessarily severe—some as per-

sonal—others as illiberal. Perhaps the charge of severity cannot be so easily denied—but had less been said, it would have been better to have said nothing. To remove a diseased part, the surgeon is obliged to cut beyond its seat; and if we went a little too far, we cannot be blamed; we meant well. As to the charge of illiberality we deny it—personality 'tis impossible to avoid. No writer, however correct, but may be accused of it; but we do not conceive that we were any way particularly personal. Indignation will sometimes get the better of coolness, and irritated feelings cannot be supposed to attend to the punctilio of judgment,—the head will often supersede the heart, and the pen write what reflexion may condemn; and the fervour of youth will frequently lead where the frigidness of age will not follow; and actions may be performed, that time and consideration would have avoided. If the CHEILEAD has gone far astray, (which it can scarce allow,) it may be presumed, that it has scattered on its path some flowers that may amuse an idle hour, and others that may tell the world, that the present race of Students are not as they have been represented to be.

With regard to our style and typography—they demand a word or two. To the first we paid no attention,—few of the articles were written but to meet “the urgency of the press;” and when written, *never* were revised. We beg indulgence for our typography; it required more attention than we had time to afford. Errors will creep in, and have crept into the first works of the day; and if in the stereotyped edition of Walker, orthographical errors are to be discovered, it surely is no disgrace to the CHEILEAD to be ranked with him.

Once more, then, we return our sincerest thanks to our friends, with whom we have the happiness to be acquainted personally, as well as to our supporters, whether as correspondents or subscribers. We bid adieu again; and for every painful feeling we may have given rise to, beg forgiveness.

EDITORS.

*** To the *nine* correspondents who require us to continue our labours, we beg to state, that our mind is already made up upon the matter. We do not admire a subscription at all; there would be too many to please, and one Editor could scarcely hope to please all. We thank them, notwithstanding, for their offers.

EDITORS.

THE MAN-WOLF.

—An unclean spirit, who had his dwelling among the tombs, and a man could bind him, no, not with chains.

St. Mark, chap. vi.

(Concluded from our last.)

FROM his shoulders hung the same piece of cloth I had laid upon him the night of his disappearance,—it was tattered, and reached, like a tunic, or toga, barely to the knees. It was stained with blood and filth; his hair was matted, and hung in clotted lumps adown his shoulders and back,—that, from the front part of his head appeared to have been plucked out, as there were no traces of hair ever having grown there. His eyes were wild and fiery, rolling about incessantly; his ears stuck out from each side of his head; his arms and legs were covered with ulcers, and emitted a most filthy and disagreeable smell. But though the countenance was terrific in the extreme, and his whole appearance disgusting and dæmon-like, yet they were nothing in comparison to the horrible action in which he was engaged—eating the thigh of an apparently but lately born infant! He tore the flesh from the bone, and as the blood trickled down his hand, sucked the falling drops with his parched and withered lips. His nails were so long, that they wounded the palms of his hands, whenever he grasped the almost fleshless bone. He stood over me—I raised my head, and pushed myself as far back in my chair as possible; the lamp, which was bright and clear, shone full in his face; it was of an ashy yellow hue, or more of the moonlight tinge on a stormy evening. On my throwing myself back he laughed! and the hair of my head crept. His teeth were long, and green, and black, and bloody! And, in short, whatever I had deemed of hell, or ill, or horror, stood before me. He seemed scarcely to perceive me, but kept his eyes intently fixed upon the lamp, though the balls rolled restlessly. He finished his lycanthropic meal, and gathering up the tunic, or sheet, that had nearly fallen on the ground, retired to the door. I did not follow him, for my mind was so paralyzed, that it could not act upon the body. I remained stupified till the morning, and then fell into a refreshing slumber.

The appearance of the creature had been sudden the night before, and consequently had taken me unawares; but now that I had reflected, I determined to communicate it to a friend, and propose that we should both sit up the next night, and await the visit of this supernatural. Accordingly all being settled, and double pistols being prepared, we awaited the dæmon's coming, in a feverish state of mind and body. The dissecting room was purposely left open, as well as my chamber door, which was on the latch. About the same time as the preceding night, the monster entered the room. He was exactly as he appeared before; but

incredible! here was the beautiful female who had disappeared! In her arms were the head and shoulders of a mangled infant! I scarcely would have known her. She was in a state of complete nudity, and seemed to tremble when she looked upon the being beside her. The appearance of these monsters had such an effect upon my friend, that he fainted. The man darted at him in an instant, and plunged his long and horn-like nails into his face and shoulders, applied his livid shrivelled lips to his cheek,—my friend made an effort to rise—the lycanthrope prest him more closely—the female screamed, and hugged her mangled infant in her arms. I acted on the impulse of the moment, and fired! The monster reeled and fell! He gave a howl, loud as a wolf, and, springing at me, seized me by the throat. There was no time to lose,—I put the remaining pistol to his breast, and in one instant his grasp relaxed, and he fell again, never more to rise! The noise of the pistols brought the two porters of the rooms to my chamber. The female had thrown herself on her knees, and was covering the mass of human flesh she held in her arms with her body and hair. The porters easily secured her; my friend opened his eyes, and we laid him on the bed. A surgeon was instantly sent for, and others, whom I was desirous should be present. They soon arrived. Their horror and dismay may be well imagined. Here lay the monster dead, and stretched at full length, his eyes staring, and his mouth distended,—there the female, secured by the porters,—my friend lying almost lifeless on the bed,—myself with a pistol in my hand, and my face pale, and spotted with blood. The first thing done was to look to my friend, who was raised up and conveyed to a room farther removed from the dreadful scene. The body of the lycanthrope, or *Man-wolf*, was conveyed to the dissecting room, and two men guarded the body. The female was taken to a bed prepared for her, and every surgical and medical aid administered. After these necessary steps had been taken, the whole adjourned to the rooms to examine the body. It was found indeed to have been a lycanthrope, who must have fallen in a swoon, and in that state had been brought to the rooms; but how he contrived to get in and out the rooms, it was impossible to say. We could discover no way by which he could have escaped; and after the usual wonders and astonishments were expressed, we retired. The next morning, as all those connected with the rooms went to see the body, among them a woman, whose husband had been porter to the rooms, and who strangely disappeared several years before, no one knew how, came also. She no sooner saw the body, than she screamed, and fell into a swoon.—It was her husband! whom she recognized by a wen on the left side of his neck. It was now rumoured, that there was a secret door which communicated with the vaults of a church near by, known but to a few. It was searched for, and with some difficulty found. It was concealed in the nature of a panel, in a closet used for macerating bones, &c. over which hung an anatomical plate. By a few steps we descended, and continued on to the vaults. Here was the den the monster had chosen as his retreat; round were coffins, skulls, bones, and heaps of ordure and human flesh! I

turned from the place and regained the open air, and was a long time ere I recovered from the horror with which these events had filled me. The man, it appeared, had been long insane previous to his disappearance; and 'twas thought that he had, in one of his fits, entered the subterranean passage, and had not been enabled to leave it for some time, and that necessity at first obliged him to eat the flesh of the dead. The woman recovered, but never her senses; who she was, or what she was, never was discovered. The child eaten, whether hers or not, could not be determined, as her answers were incoherent and contradictory. I was much blamed for the experiment of *transfusion*, and I believe no person has tried it since. Soon after this I left Gottingen and travelled. * *

NOTE.—With regard to the lycanthropes, we quote the following passage from *Oribasius*, in Friend's "History of Physic," vol. i. page 18. "The persons affected go out of their houses in the night time, and in every thing imitate *wolves*, and wander among the sepulchres of the dead till day-break. You may know them by these symptoms:—Their looks are pale, their eyes hollow, dry, without the least moisture of a tear; their tongue exceedingly parched and dry; no spittle in the mouth, extreme thirst; their legs, from the falls and bruises they receive, full of incurable sores and ulcers."

TO THE NOTTINGHAM LADIES.

ACCERIMUS and Cunctabamus were desired by the COTERIE to call upon J. N. and inquire what was the matter with him, and what reasons he had to give for neither being present at the *Noctes* of late, nor sending any communications.

The following is their report:—

"Found J. N. had been extremely ill of fever.—Was recovered, but still very weak. We endeavoured to elevate his spirits by commentaries on the news—city gossip, and such like light fare. We started the subject of a wife, averring we knew of no young man who required a *bosom friend* and counsellor so much as himself. He said *he had just begun to find that we spoke the truth; but where is she to be got? There is no way of getting acquainted with the right kind now-a-days. The ladies are not as a few years ago. They have become cold, and cautious, and calculating,—are seemingly afraid of a young man, and more particularly of a Student. If you make the slightest advance, then offence is taken,—alarm got up, and you endanger yourself. You cannot get into any man's house now-a-days. The parents tremble—they suppose you a pick-pocket—that you are come to rob them of their money—to bring their daughter to poverty, or that you mean to insinuate yourself into their family to live by billet. Oh no! it wont do boys, says J. N. all confidence between the sexes is suspended, and all reliance upon individual exertion and honesty, is fairly knocked up.*

We contended against these unwholesome facts, and succeeded in devising a plan to overcome them. In short, it is by the following public advertisement, which we request of the newspapers to give circulation to, in paragraph:—

TO BE MARRIED,

A young man rising 30—of brunett complexion—six feet in height—slenderish well formed.

He is well educated, and of good principles. His fortune, of ready cash, is £6,000, and £3,000 more will fall to be added in two years.

Any healthy young lady, of respectable parentage—good temper—and moderate education,—with at least equal fortune, may have him for a husband.

Application by agent, who is requested to be a clergyman, will find a reference at once to the young gentleman's solicitor, who will produce documents vouching the truth of the foregoing.

EDITORS.


MISCELLANEOUS.

Professor Leslie's lectures commence to-day. Report says, he was up all night practising before a full length mirror—attitude and effect. The ladies, on the other part, are on the out-look, it being rumoured, that the little god Cupid has become the Pagod professor, and that he intends darting hidden rays from his *magic lantern* upon *les dames et les demoiselles*. *Quelle diablerie!*

Dr. Cullen is chosen, we understand, in place of the late Mr. Allan. We do not mean to under-rate the abilities of Dr. Cullen, particularly as there is something *classic* in the name; but general opinion says, (and general opinion is seldom wrong,) that *Mr. Liston* should have occupied that place. We are vexed that our limits prevent us entering more deeply into the question, as we were desirous to have commented on the appointment. The surgical school of Edinburgh will receive a check, just at the very moment its friends and supporters hoped for its advancement. The *Lancet* will now crow more than ever, and its pages be filled with the *cold-stage-bleeding* Doctor's Lucubrations. Talking of him, we hear that the Undertakers had a meeting, and have determined to present him with a gold snuff-box in the shape of a coffin, made after Marshall's best manner, as a testimony of their gratitude for his great and eminent services to their profession. On the lid is

a bust of the Doctor, supported on one side by a skeleton, and on the other by a grey horse *rampant*; the crest is a lancet, and the skeleton, or death's image, points with his finger to the crest and the motto,—“*In hoc vinco*” appears directly above the Doctor's head. In fact 'tis one of the most perfect things of the kind we ever saw.

The Prize.—Have any of our Readers any knowledge of the subject, which is to form the Essay? It is whispered that the Professors themselves laugh at the idea of an Essay written in so short a time. For our parts, we have inquired again and again, and can get no information. In our inquiries, we have heard a most malicious bit of news—viz.—that the subject is known to a few, who have been told privately, and that they are expected to gain the Reward. We, for our own parts discredit the report, and have no hesitation in saying there is no truth in it.

 A Title page and Index will be published on Wednesday next.

Poetry.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK.

Strike! strike the proud banners that flaunted in glory,
Let them droop where they triumph'd o'er mountain and wave,
While the death bell and muffled drum, tell the sad story,
Of a chieftain gone down to the sleep of the grave!

If the splendour of ancestry, honour and power,
Could avert for a period, mortality's doom,
Oh! distant indeed would have been the dark hour,
That open'd before him—the steps to the tomb.

Ye spirits of Brunswick;—the fearless!—the glorious!
Whose deeds left a long track of brightness behind,
Who rode through the storm of the battle victorious,
And your fame with the freedom of England entwin'd.—

Receive *him* whose heart was as brave as his sires',
Who never the plume of his ancestry stain'd,
When the storm of fierce war flash'd around him its fire
And the foeman the furies of battle unchained.

Receive him whose spirit was gentle and mild,
When the war clouds rolled far from the carnage-spread plains,
To whom the poor orphan has look'd up, and smil'd,
And the tears of the widow nor pleaded in vain.

Though stern when believing his country in danger;
Once the strife of the field or the Senate was o'er,
His bosom, to every dark feeling a stranger,
Remembered the foe he confronted no more.

Though his fame for a season by error was shrouded,
 Yet long years of virtue his mem'ry shall save
 From malice, which while its cold victim lay shrouded,
 Crawl'd forth, like a vampire, to feed on his grave.

Yet wherever the flag of his country unfurl'd
 The sign of the free, floating fondly along,
 Unfolding the red cross in light through the world,
 That never can stoop to oppression, and wrong.

There—there—shall the proof of his labours be shown,
 Who, when the high fame of the land was o'ercast,
 So marshal'd his chivalry, England! that none
 Were left to contend, with thy glory at last.

And thou, Royal Mourner, who fondly attended
 The death-bed, and watched the life ebbing away,
 Who left all that earth has, most honour'd and splendid,
 To weep like a man, o'er a brother's decay.

Not all the bright glow of thy triumphs endear thee
 To England so much as thy agony now—
 And less for thy grandeur thy people revere thee,
 Than the sorrow that shadows thy diadem'd brow!

'Tis not the gilt 'scutcheon and trappings of pride
 That honour the brave, like the natural tear
 Of the Mourner who lays e'en the Monarch aside,
 And the soldier that droops o'er the warrior's bier.

Raise! raise the proud banners again in their glory,
 Again let them float o'er the mountain and wave!
 For his name shall live on in his country's bright story,
 While its people are free, and its soldier's are brave!

Queen Mary



SWEET, SWEET IS LOVE, WHEN RECONCIL'D.

When slight disputes at times arise,
 'Tween hearts, where pure affection lies,
 Fears of the most perplexing kind,
 With anguish haunt the lover's mind,
 But when those fears are all exil'd
 Sweet, sweet is love, when reconcil'd.

When first from Mary's lips I stole,
 Love's burning kiss, with heart and soul,
 In anger from my arms she ran
 We met again, her frowns were gone,
 And in her eyes forgiveness smil'd;
 Sweet, sweet is love, when reconcil'd.

I led her to the shaded bower,
 Where oft we spent a blissful hour,
 And there unseen had many a kiss,
 Which she no longer took amiss,
 Her worst reproofs were short and mild;
 Sweet, sweet is love, when reconcil'd.

Ye powers that rule the earth and sky,
 When youthful hearts begin to sigh,
 Sow seeds of strife between the pair,
 And fill their minds with jealous care,
 Till jarring discord rages wild,
 For sweet is love when reconcil'd.

MADA NAKENIN.

THE KINGDOM OF UTOPIA CONCLUDED.

XXIII.

That beating of the heart, that inward bound,
Which makes our spirit soar from earth away,
When each successive throb with louder sound,
Strikes on the soul, and all the passions play
Across our changing cheek, and there is found,
Hope, fear, and joy, and terror and dismay,
In turns attack the citadel of life,
In trembling, fearful, soul-exciting strife.

XXIV.

A poem's not a poem now, unless
Some praises of the fair sex it contains,—
They are the fountain of our happiness,
And o'er our love and life, supreme they reign,
Wherefore 'tis sheer injustice and no less,
And gives them a good reason to complain,
To rob them of their now undoubted right,
To have a place in every thing we write.

XXV.

Sometimes indeed these dames have taken the law
Into their own fair hands; and written books,
And entered into controversial war
With us—resigning those omnipotent looks,
Their only legal weapons—and thus a flaw,
Fix on their native modesty, but zooks!—
They're now encroaching on our territories,
And write, and print, romances, rhymes and stories;

XXVI.

'Tis time this should be put a stop to—it has grown,
To a most dreadful and alarming height;—
For women now call every thing their own,
And talk of dignity, and natural right;
Whereas their business is to stay at home,
And read whatever we, their sovereigns, write;
I would not have a learned wife for all
That Asia has produced since Adam's fall.

XXVII.

Behold and see, what was the first sad source
Of all our woes? The longing Eve indulged,
(Which cost her afterwards so much remorse)
To see the tree of knowledge all divulged.
To her insatiate gaze

* * * *

And that 'tis evident that I and you,
Might have been happy—had not Eve been blue.

XXVIII.

But to return, the ladies of the North
Attended all our hero's learned *prolections*,
And every snowy morning sallied forth,
In hopes to fix his wandering affections;
I can't but say it would have made me wroth,
Had I been one of these fair dame's *connexions*,
To see the little knowledge which resulted
From this—I would have had him *catapulted*.

XXIX.

These were the notes which one fair lady wrote,
"Caloric is the scientific name for heat;—
"A piece of cork (I think he said) will float,
"When placed in water, (This new wooden seat,
"Is very hard). N. B. Dye George's coat
"With Indigo—and put his little feet,

" Into warm water, soon as I return,
 " But let it not be hot enough to burn."

XXX.

This is a chill and cheerless climate—here,
 Eternal mists pervade the azure sky;
 In vain the sun attempts to clear the air,
 His rays are all extinguished as they fly;
 They cannot penetrate the gloom that's there,
 Tho' shot from out the reservoir on high;
 For 'tis a fact beyond all rational doubt,
 That, ere they reach the earth, they're all put out.

XXXI.

Here wind and rain, and hail and snow divide,
 'Mongst them the empire of this northern clime,
 And storms and tempests thro' the æther ride,
 And dread tornadoes rise from time to time,
 And wildly sweep along the mountain side;—
 'Tis the perfection of the true sublime,
 To wander out, and hear the tempest's roar
 In hoarse, high murmers, sweep along the shore.

XXXII.

This is the d—dest place I e'er was in,
 For every day but brings a drizzling rain,
 Which wets our cuticle or outer skin,
 And plagues us sadly with rheumatic pains,
 And makes us wish that we had kept within
 The house, instead of venturing out to gain
 The expectation of our Teacher's approbation
 For this our eager "thirst for information."

XXXIII.

The reader must forgive these my digressions,
 (As I shall make them frequently I fear,)
 For the dear sake of all the "good impressions"
 Which they convey to his (the reader's) ear;—
 I'll promise they shall be my sole transgressions
 Against the laws of taste and verse: So here
 I will return to whence I did set out,
 And mind in future what I am about.

XXXIV.

Those who attended him used oft to show,
 Their pleasure, and applause, and approbation,
 By kicking up a devil of a row,
 Or "*ruffing*" him, whene'er he gave occasion;
 To this he was a most determined foe,
 And most expressed surprise and indignation,
 That "students should conduct themselves like boys,"
 And begged he might be spared the offensive noise.

XXXV.

Now I've a thought, (but it is quite my own,
 And ne'er occurred to any one before,)
 That all the anger which the man has shown
 Is only feigned—that the infernal war
 His pupils make, is music's sweetest tone
 To his enraptured ears—and that the more
 He scolds them for it, the more he loves to hear
 Those much loved noises vibrate on his ear.

XXXVI.

But then his dignity will not allow
 Him to permit the noise without rebuke;
 But yet the pleasure which his spacious brow
 Disdains to show by outward sign or look
 You may perceive is deeply felt below,
 And sweetly tingles thro' each secret nook.

And innermost recesses of his soul,—
For this his dignity does not controul.

XXXVII.

Lastly one other fault I have to find
With this our worthy gentleman, and there,
I will conclude all strictures of this kind,
And never touch upon his faults again;
'Tis that his language often is designed,
To show his learning to his fellow-men:—
The following is a phrase which seems to suit him,—
'Tis *acidum sulphuricum dilutum*.*

XXXVIII.

I think it is beneath his dignity,
Thus to lug forth his learning, neck and ears;
This childish, little-mended pedantry,
Does not become his station or his years:—
No doubt he's well-versed in latinity,
But what of that, for so are all his hearers;
But 'tis beneath him as I said before,
Thus to drag forth to view his classic lore.

XXXIX.

Now after all what shall we say of him?
That he's a man of sense and information,
And quite well fitted, as we all must deem,
To hold his present honorable station;—
For all his colleagues and acquaintance seem,
To look upon him with some approbation;—
At least he is, as all the world doth know,
"A finished gentleman from top to toe."†

XL.

Now let him pass: My rhyme no more shall tell
His merits or his failings;—they shall lie
Concealed and buried in that secret cell
Pierced by the prying of no mortal eye.
From him I turn with deep regret to dwell,
On one who claims from all a smile and sigh,
A mighty mixture of the great and base;—
Form'd of the follies of the human race.

XLI.

But I am growing serious, 'twill not do;
But gentle reader, grant me your excuse;
My mind is of a melancholy hue,
And oft I fear your goodness will abuse;
For sometimes in the gay'st themes, a few
Dark, gloomy thoughts their sadness will infuse—
But no, I must, and will be gay; so here
My gentle muse your drooping spirits cheer.

XLII.

'Tis by no means an easy thing to keep
Awake, with lectures dinning in your ear;
'Tis very difficult to get to sleep,
When every quarter of an hour you hear
Some lusty woman who sells haddocks cheap,
Shouting with lungs stentorian, harsh and clear,
(In such a case I know not what to do—
I wish them at the devil—do not you?).

XLIII.

'Tis very difficult to learn a lesson,
Of Greek or Latin—at least I find it so—

* A phrase he actually uses whenever any other Christian would say diluted sulphuric acid.

† *Ad unguem factus homo*.—Horace.

To keep up our attention a whole session,
 And to the lectures regularly go—
 'Tis very difficult to make concession,
 Unto a mean and despicable foe—
 'Tis very difficult to keep from sinning,
 Especially if we have once made a beginning.

XLIV.

It is extremely difficult to wait
 Till our turn comes—'Tis difficult to restrain,
 The venting or expression of our hate—
 'Tis difficult to keep from being vain—
 Also 'tis difficult to bear being late
 For a stage coach, and pay our fair again—
 'Tis difficult to starve when we are hungry;
 And hear ourselves abused without being angry.

XLV.

But far more difficult than all of these
 Is writing verses,—that is making rhymes;
 And therefore gentle readers do I seize
 This opportunity of space and time,
 To earnestly entreat that you will please
 To aid me with your favour while I climb
 The lofty heights of glorious mount Parnassus,
 Mounted upon the backs of Scottish asses.

XLVI.

Reader! I could not, if I would, describe
 The man who next appears before my Muse,
 Not for the largest and most tempting bribe
 That human honesty did e'er refuse.
 I am a modest and an humble scribe,
 My aim is, not to *strike*, but to amuse;
 Description's not my *forte*—my Muses shine
 Quite in another and a better line.

XLVII.

Thus much, however, I will say, that he
 Is one of those uncommon looking men,
 Whom it is quite impossible to see
 Without remembering them now and then;
 His form was short, and round, and bloated, *we*
 Shall never look upon his *like* again:—
 Divide his name—the last part is a *lie*;
 His hair is of the Tyrian purple dye.

XLVIII.

: : :
 : : :

XLIX.

Yet one thing more,—(I assure you it is true,—
 I had it from the best authority,—
 It also is a fact I think quite new,
 And never told by any one but me—)
 He wanted to be married—as many do—
 And having heard that in a place called B.
 There dwelt a man as rich as Solomon
 With daughters six—he wrote to ask for one.

L.

The Gentleman—who, tho' proud, and middle-aged,
 Yet loved a joke, wrote quickly back to say,
 "His eldest daughter had been long engaged;"
 When strange to tell, that very *very* day,
 This ardent lover—far from being enraged—
 Sent back an answer flourishing and gay—
 To wit—"As his affections were not fixed,
 He begged he might transfer them to the next."

LI.

But hear again his flank was turned, and this
 Was too much even for him ; his feeling heart,
 Tho' doomed from all his fairest dreams of bliss
 At one fell, sweeping stroke, at once to part ;
 Yet still maintained that nothing was amiss ;—
 Soon his philosophy forgot the smart—
 And so without a tear or sigh—but gay
 And quick, he turned his eyes another way.

LII.

'Tis the grand end of all philosophy,
 To give us strength and fortitude to bear
 Temptations, trials, and calamity—
 The fate ordained to all who sojourn here ;
 And when each fresh misfortune meets our eye,
 Calmly to smile, and show nor fear, nor care—
 "*Æquam memento*"—you will know the rest—
 To calm the swelling tumults of our breast—

LIII.

'Tis the perfection of a gentleman
 Not to show outwardly the thoughts that roll
 Within our breast—so that no eye may scan
 The secret, silent workings of our soul ;
 But few—oh, few indeed, are they who can
 Thus perfectly their words and looks controul ;
 And tho' each thinks himself a gentleman,
 The character is difficult to gain.

LIV.

I do not say the man before us now,
 Is to be called a gentleman.—Oh no !
 Far other things, are written on that brow,
 Which truly tells whate'er lies hid below ;—
 He is far from it, as is a cow
 From being a horse,—which cannot be you know ;
 'Twould be a prostitution of the word,
 That coupled with *his* name it should be heard.

LV.

But after all, he has some good qualities—
 (And so has every one among mankind,—)
 Some are imaginary—some realities—
 Some of the heart—and others of the mind—

* * *

But these are of a strange and wond'rous kind ;
 But *verbum sat*,—I give to each his due—
 And only tell you what I know is true.

LVI.

I've done with him. And turn we to survey
 A spirit of another cast, although,
 Like him in some respects, his talents' ray
 Obscured and dimmed by vices far below
 His station and his rank ;—were I to say
 All that I think, I might be deemed his foe,
 Which I am not—I know him not, nor yet,
 Can I my ignorance of him regret.

LVII.

The mind is his department—but so far
 From keeping to his point, away he flies
 At every turn, just like a shooting star,
 With this slight difference to knowing eyes,
 That he's not half so brilliant as they are,
 And would be no great loss to Northern skies :—
 Three P's denote his trades with great precision—
 Poet—Philosopher—and Politician.

LVIII.

He edits now a certain magazine,
 On which you never can a week rely;
 For if it praise you one day, well I ween
 To-morrow 'tis your bitterest enemy;—
 Devoid of *principle* it long has been,—
 Its very writings are a standing lie:—
 Swayed but by *interest* and party, he
 Is every thing but—that which he should be.

LVIX.

Great are his talents, but a deep disgrace
 Over his name and memory impends;
 And each succeeding and posterior race
 Will view that mind where vice with virtue blends,
 And thro' his writings and his life will trace
 Great talents prostituted to the meanest ends;
 And grieve that one so gifted should have been
 The Editor of *Blackguard's Magazine*.

LX.

Oh! for a tongue to curse *his* blighted name,
 Who, violating friendship's sacred tie,
 Can worm himself without remorse or shame,
 Into the confidence of others—(sly
 And all regardless of his future fame,)—
 But to lay open to the public eye,
 The private secrets of their home and heart,
 To sharpen calumny's empoisoned dart.—

LXI.

The next who holds his hand up at the bar,
 Of this, my Muse's court of justice, is
 One whom I know but little; his faults are
 Unostentatious, slight, and nought amiss;—
 Some, indeed say, his talents are *impar*,
 That is, unequal to his work; but this
 Is no affair of yours, nor yet of mine,
 And quite below the notice of "the Nine."

LXII.

But now bend up your hearts—I'm going to write,
 A tale of horror and of fear—prepare,
 And tremble, as you read what I endite
 With tears of anguish, and with looks of care;—
 'Tis that the studious and unlucky wight,
 (But how, or why, or when's not my affair,
 And therefore this I shall not here inquire,)
 Reading one evening, set himself on fire!

LXIII.

He was in bed—the book that he was reading,
 It seems was of a soporific kind;
 And then the claims of nature strongly pleading,
 Quite overcame the Dr's mighty mind;—
 He then forgot himself, and quite unheeding
 The candle (which was tallow) he resigned,
 Himself to sleep,—when lo! the candle's rays,
 Catching the bed-clothes, set them in a blaze.

LXIV.

The Dr. felt the genial warmth increase,—
 His snoring ceased—he grumbled, and he groaned—
 The heat disturbed his slumbers and his peace;
 He felt uncomfortable—so he moaned—
 When Mrs * * who began to sneeze
 And cough, and smell the fire, * *
 Came running in, and just in time to save
 Her loving husband from a fiery grave.

LXV.

He has a father—as most likely most
Of us have, or have had, and therefore, he
Has nothing in this point whereof to boast—
Except in having such a father,—he
Indeed, some people say, is worth a host:—
This father every day gets up to see
At four or five, the rising blush of morn,
When fair Aurora ripens into dawn.

LXVI.

Infatuated man! to leave a bed
Warm, soft, and downy, just to see the sun
Shoot forth his earliest rays of ruby red,
When he can see it, ere the day be done,
Eight hours complete—Ah! no—tho' born and bred,
Where his bright, radiant, course is fairest run,
In nature's loveliest scene, I ne'er could rise
Till Phæbus' rays illumined all the skies.

LXVII.

It sometimes happens when you rise to view
The sun appear from 'hind the Eastern hills,
That he turns *mulish* out of spite to you,
And will not rise at all;—and then you're chill,
And cross, and peevish;—and no rosy hue
Tinges the cloud, or sparkles in the rill;
And then you get rheumatics in the head,
And then—you wish that you had staid in bed.

LXVIII.

Another now appears to tell his tale,—
A gentleman of eighty years complete,
Altho' he's healthy, spirited, and hale,
Yet 'tis complained his voice is rather weak;
And now against him they've begun to rail,
And *nolens, volens*, wish to give his seat
To some more active, and more young divine,—
And most politely beg him to resign.

LXIX.

But this it seems, he's loath to do, and so
Issue is joined; possession, lawyers state,
Is nineteenth of the law,—if so, I know;
Which party has the best of the debate;—
The Provost now has nothing more to do,
As Dr. R. refuses to vacate,
Following the good old maxim.—“Never stir
When you are comfortable where you are.”

LXX.

What's to be done? Faith I can't tell: Can you?
Shall we go, sword in hand, and dispossess
Him, *vi et armis*, it will not do—

I think we've got into a pretty mess—
Deeply his obstinacy we must rue,—
But that will do no good, I fear, unless

His Majesty will interfere, and so
The matter must remain in *Statu quo*.

LXXI.

My muse is tired. I'll only mention more
One single person—then my strains shall close,
My hours of music and of song be o'er,
And my harp sink to undisturbed repose,
He lectures on Anatomy, and wore
A white great-coat, and somewhat thread-bare clothes;
He has many faults, but on the whole may pass,
For being a gentlemanly “fellow in his class.”

LXXII.

'Tis done. My strains are now for ever ended,
 My harp retires beneath oblivion's wing;
 I have accomplished all that I intended,
 In cogitating this unmeaning thing.
 The tragic and the comic here are blended,
 Like showers and sunbeams on the lap of Spring:
 But now 'tis o'er and thro' the wide domain
 Let silence claim her universal reign.

January 31, 1827.

 THE CHEILEAD'S FAREWELL.

Short's been my stay on earth—a fleeting vapour,
 Dispell'd before the sun;—my earthly taper
 Fast hastens to a close, and on the brink
 Of darkness hovers:—soon now shall I drink
 Of Lethe's waters and forget:—and be
 Forgotten,—none to tell my history—
 But yet my correspondents one request,
 It is my last;—so let it be the test
 Of your regard: My weekly Numbers bind
 Into one little volume; 'twill remind
 You, at some distant day, of former years,
 Warm the cold heart of age and ask for tears!
 And as my page is scann'd, with careful eye
 Youth acts a part again and things gone by
 Rise from oblivion's grave, and start anew
 Into existence in the mind; how few
 Will bend in age, who revelled in the sport
 Of joyous youth, or excelled in proudest port
 Of stately manhood!—few! ah! few indeed!
 Of those prosaic, or who tuned the reed
 Of poetry for me—fill'd with the dreams
 Of future prospects—youth's delusive themes.
 Then ye who read and ye who write, adieu!
 Accept my thanks for they are justly due,
 But still remember this, my sole request
 It is my last, so let it be the test
 Of thy Regard; *My weekly Numbers bind*
Into one little volume.

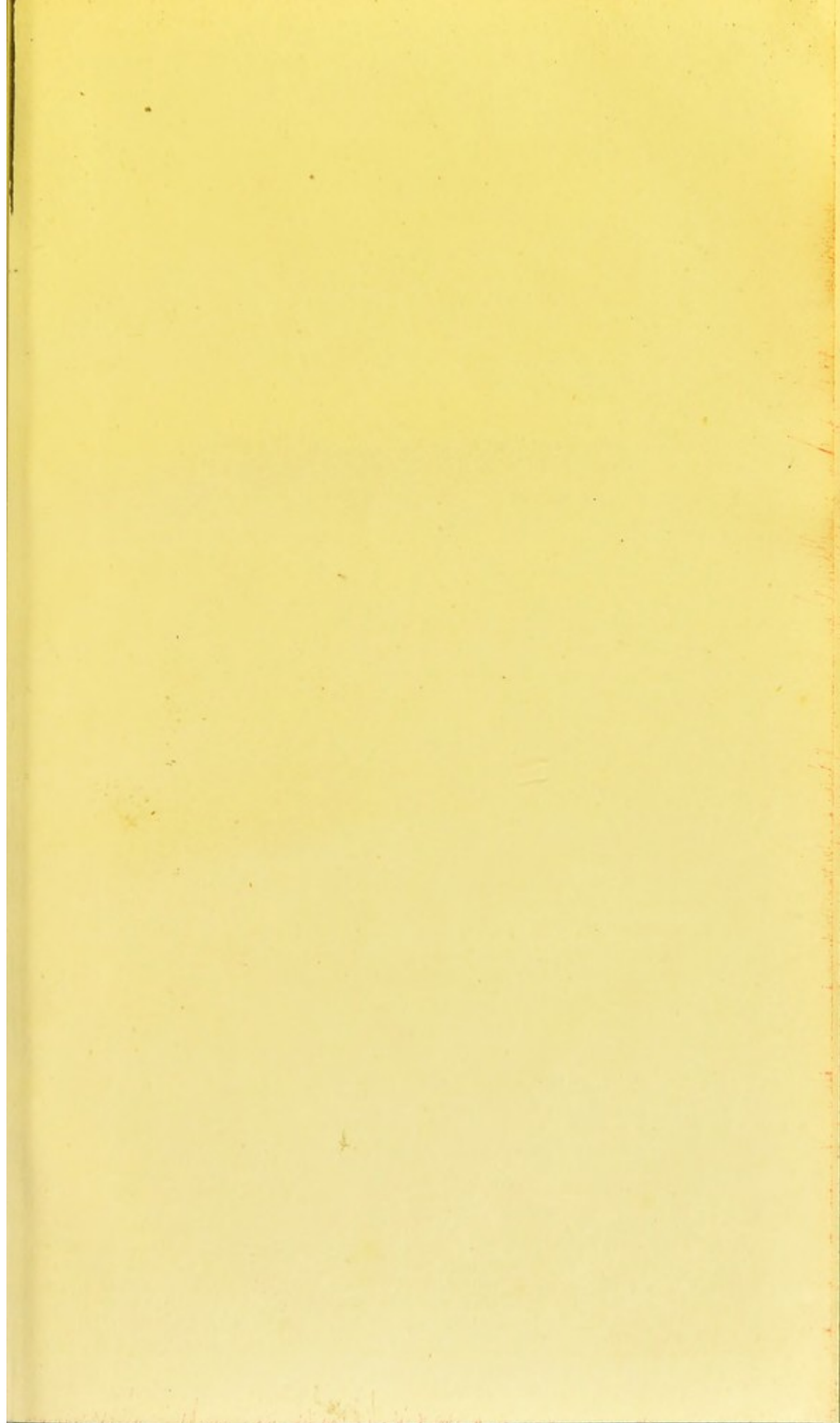
J. D.

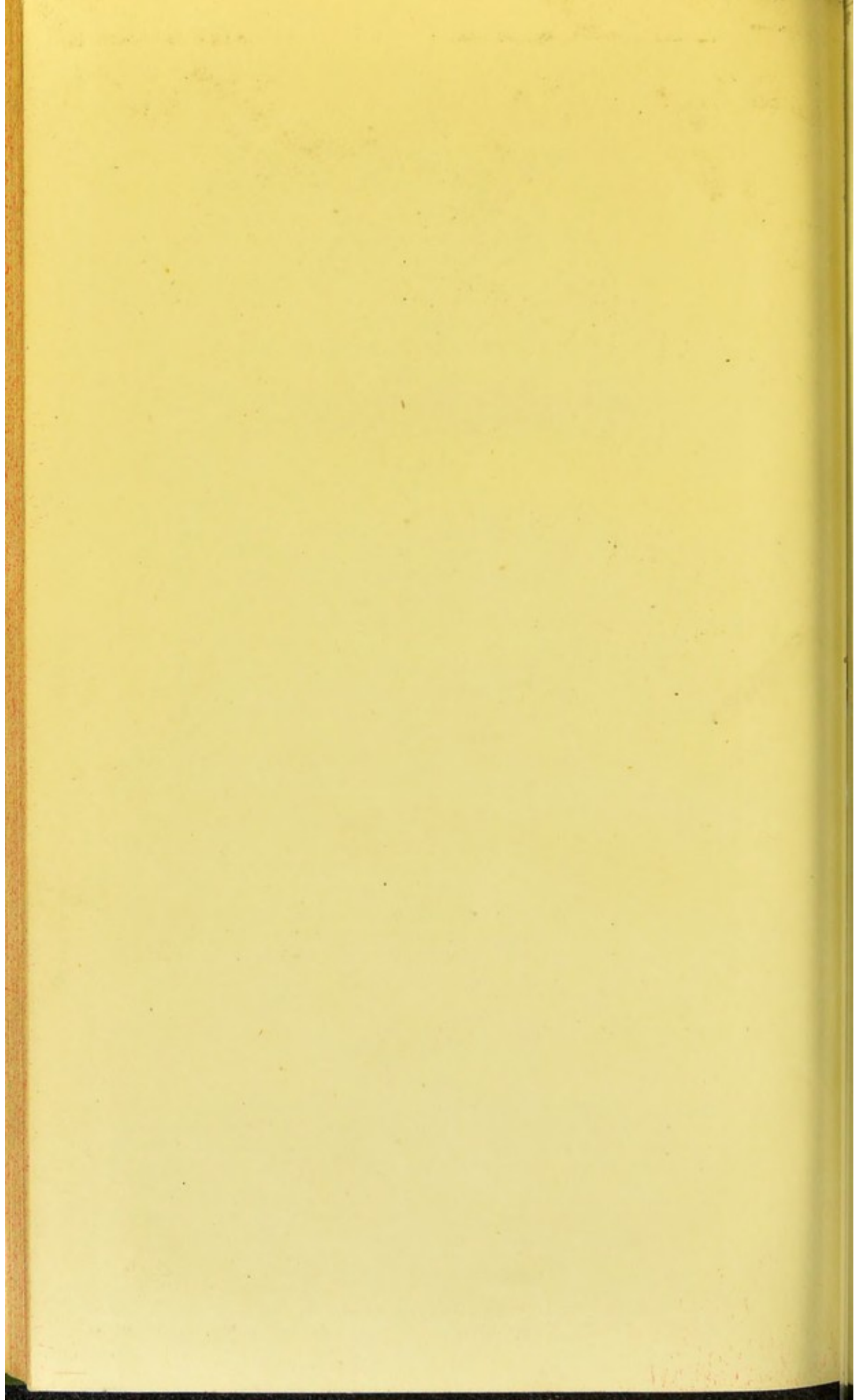
 TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. W. came too late.—C. T. R. would never do for us.—*Sterlone* is an odd fish.—*Salmon* thinks we have nothing else to do but attend on him.—We inform J. D. that some of the COTERIE intend a Monthly Journal, in case they find it necessary to protect themselves again,—of course the name will be the CHEILEAD.

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