

independent of its other merits, a most beautiful blade. I think a dialogue between this same sword and Rob Roy's gun might be composed with good effect.

We are here in a most extraordinary pickle — considering that we have just entered upon April, when, according to the poet, "primroses paint the sweet plain,"¹ instead of which, both hill and valley are doing penance in a sheet of snow of very respectable depth. Mail-coaches have been stopt — shepherds, I grieve to say, lost in the snow; in short, we experience all the hardships of a January storm at this late period of the spring; the snow has been near a fortnight, and if it departs with dry weather, we may do well enough, but if wet weather should ensue, the wheat crop through Scotland will be totally lost. — My thoughts are anxiously turned to the Peninsula, though I think the Spaniards have but one ochoice, and that is to choose Lord Wellington dictator; I have no doubt he could put things right yet. As for domestic politics, I really give them very little consideration. Your friends, the Whigs, are angry enough, I suppose, with the Prince Regent, but those who were most apt to flatter his follies have little reason to complain of the usage they have met with — and he may probably think that those who were true to the father in his hour of calamity, may have the best title to the confidence of the son. The excellent private character of the old King gave him great advantages as the head of a free government. I fear the Prince will long experience the inconveniences of not having attended to his own. — Mrs. Siddons, as fame reports, has taken another engagement at Covent Garden: surely she is wrong; she should have no twilight, but set in the full possession of her powers.²

¹ Allan Ramsay's song of *The Yellow-hair'd Laddie*.

² Mrs. Siddons made her farewell appearance at Covent Garden, as Lady Macbeth, on the 29th of June, 1812; but she afterwards resumed her profession for short intervals more than once, and did not finally bid adieu to the stage until the 9th of June, 1819.

[Scott writes (April 17, 1819) still more emphatically to Miss Baillie who