

the whole company heard her, that she was lineally descended from the hero of Bannockburn, and was cousin to Lord Elgin, the Minister Plenipotentiary to China. A somewhat reproving "*teh-sh*" restored silence. And the Spirit-Voice, with most pathetic intonation, continued :—

The King has had his meed ;—not so the Bard :—
 Oh, child of genius, oft thy fate is hard !
 Neglected living, and adored when dead ;—
 Unpaid the honor till the pall is spread !
 But though a passing sigh the bard may claim,
 Cloud not the day propitious to his fame ;
 The duty by the sire that's left undone,
 Is doubly graceful, render'd by the son ;
 The Bard himself, the generous lord of song,
 In life had loved to see a righted wrong :—
 And as departed spirits love to hear
 The heart's outpourings of this nether sphere,—

These two last lines were given with great solemnity, and Lady Beaufoy, in an almost spectral manner, pointed at the sceptical gentleman, who became visibly pale, and some declared the wax candles burned blue.

His phantom form, in fleeting mist or foam,
 Haunting his hills, where Echo makes her home,
 May catch the distant shout by thousands made,
 And the faint sound may soothe the fainter shade.

Such shouts *will* rise amidst the goblet's flow,
 To that great day, a hundred years ago,
 When Nature in her darkest hour did choose
 To make the brightest era of the muse.