

gether with all formality, how the lady engaged never to dance, nor play music, nor read romances, nor look out of window, all upon pain of having a Spanish padlock clapt on;* how they lived in all the harmony of su'kiness and the delights of sullenness: how when the *steward* was called away upon a mission to the island of Albyn, he took the *stewardess* with him; and left *Boucanneur* to make a *boucan* of his house, &c. The close of the canto is occupied by the indenture tripartite between *Boucanneur*, *Young Yag*, and the *angel*, for the latter to be amicably and jointly kept by the two former: the motto prefixed to this agreement is from the poetry of Isaac Hawkins Browne;

“Know then that I and captain Trueman,
Resolve to keep a miss—in common,—
Then oh! to lewdness bid adieu
And chastely live, confined to two!”

Canto IV. The choice spirits, who have now got the *angel*, as they think, to themselves, remove her from one place to another, in order to prevent the man of the fount, who is mad for the loss of his play-thing, from coming within the magic circle, which, however, he frequently does. A variety of adventures ensue, in result of which the spells of the earthly spirits overcome those of *Faustus*, and the man of the fount is thrown by enchantment into a dungeon. Some of his familiars, however, break the *angel's* windows, and *Boucanneur*, whilst indulging in her celestial bower, is forced to clap on his leather wings, and in his alarm flies away in his shirt.

Canto V. *Boucanneur and Co.* implore the aid of the church, and send the *angel* to a confessor, who gives her absolution; the mystic rites attending this ceremony are supposed to be sufficient to keep the *angel* from any other defilement, *Boucanneur* having wilily persuaded the priest that it was his inten-

*In a poetic epistle, in manuscript, *penus me* from an officer of commodore Porter's squadron, dated from Cuba, I find:

“When a Spaniard, for trade, sails away, north or south,
To guard against being corauted,
He claps a strong boom cross the dark harbour-mouth,
Which stops the disease ere it's rooted.

The boom which he lays to keep out of dock
His rivals when he's far away,
Is nothing but what we call a padlock;
And he thinks himself safe with the key.

But pirates nor women will ever be easy
Without booty and beauty enjoying,
They find ways, one to rob, and t'other to please ye,
Which to all honest cuckold's annoying.”

Note by Geoffrey Crayon the Bastard.