

The thistle, of course, is Melville, and the figure, Whitbread, who, as we have had already intimated to us, was a brewer, a wealthy London brewer. Underneath are the following lines, to understand which we must be informed that Sansterre, the commandant of the National Guard who had presided at the recent execution of Louis XVI. in Paris, happened also to be a brewer. "Sansterre," we are told—

"Sansterre forsook his malt and grains,
To mash and batter nobles' brains,
By levelling rancour led:
Our Brewer quits brown stout and washy,
His malt, his mash-tub, and his quashea,
To mash a Thistle's head."

In Lockhart's Life of Scott is given a song, written by Sir Walter on the occasion of Lord Melville's acquittal. It was sung with great applause at a public dinner in Edinburgh, by Mr. James Ballantyne. Scott regarded the impeachment of his friend as a mere act of vindictiveness on the part of the Whigs. Of the eight stanzas of which this production consists, I quote one, wherein Pitt and Melville are named together, and an allusion occurs to the recent death of Pitt, who, it must be added, did not long survive the trouble which had befallen his faithful supporter, Melville. In fact, he died before the trial in Westminster Hall came on. The name Despard, which occurs near the close of the stanza, is that of an ex-Lieutenant-Colonel Despard, who endeavoured to create sedition among the soldiers and others in England in 1803. And the Arthur O'Connor mentioned just before, was a coadjutor of Lord Edward Fitz-Gerald, Napper Tandy, Addis Emmet, and other conspirators in Ireland, known as the United Irishmen, whose aim was to make Ireland a Republic like France in 1793. The word "reform," it should be observed, is used in an invidious sense. Thus the stanza reads:

"What were the Whigs doing, when, boldly pursuing,
Pitt banished Rebellion, gave Treason a string?
Why they swore on their honour, for ARTHUR O'CONNOR,
And fought hard for DESPARD against country and king.
Well then we knew, boys,
PITT and MELVILLE were true boys,
And the tempest was raised by the sons of Reform.
Ah, woe!
Weep to his memory;
Low lies the pilot that weathered the storm."