

POETRY.

SONNET--THE KING.

No courtly servant I--yet I admire  
The brightness which our free King's soul revealeth.  
Let the paid poet twang his harp for hire,  
Man and "His Right" for me. Time's cloud concealth  
All, save the present, from the million's eyes:  
But on our sleep the ARMED FUTURE stealeth,  
Known by its trampling sounds, and awful cries,  
Which, while blind earth upon her axis wheeleth,  
Talk of another dawn--of changeeful, hopeful skies.  
Maie Virtute! If stern times should come,  
And all men stand by merit, Patriot King!  
Thou--(unlike those who now their dark deeds rue)--  
Thou shalt be foremost still. Trumpet and drum  
Shall but call up thy friends, the people true,  
And fence thy virtues with a brazen ring.

TRUTH.

Friend, Truth is best of all. It is the bed  
Where Virtue e'er must spring, till blast of doom;  
Where every bright and budding thought is bred,  
Where hope doth gain its strength, and Love its bloom.

As white as Chastity is single Truth,  
Like Wisdom calm, like Honour without end;  
And Love doth lean on it, in age and youth,  
And courage is twice arm'd with Truth its friend.  
Oh! who would face the blame of just men's eyes,  
And bear the fame of falsehood all his days,  
And wear out scorned life with useless lies,  
Which still the shifting, quivering look betrays?  
For what is Hope, if Truth be not its stay?  
And what were Love, if Truth forsook it quite?  
And what were all the Sky--if falsehood gray  
Behind it like a Dream of Darkness lay,  
Ready to quench its stars in endless night.

A LEGAL GLEE.

"A woman having a settlement,  
Married a man with none,  
The question was, he being dead,  
If that she had been gone.  
Quoth Sir John Pratt, her settlement  
Suspended did remain,  
Living the husband--but him dead,  
It doth revive again.  
"CHORUS OF PUISNE JUDGES.  
"Living the husband--but him dead,  
It doth revive again.

MEMOIR OF TAM O'SHANTER.

Thomas Reid, so celebrated as Tam O'Shanter by Burns, was born in the Kyle of Ayrshire. His first entrance into active life was in the capacity of ploughboy to William Burns, the father of the poet, whom Thomas described as a man of great capacity, as being very fond of an argument, of rigid morals, and a strict disciplinarian--so much so that when the labours of the day were over, the whole family sat down by the blazing "ha' ingle," and upon no pretence whatever could any of the inmates leave the house after night. This was a circumstance not altogether to Thomas's liking. He had heard other ploughboys, with rapture recount scenes of rustic jollity, which had fallen out in their way, while out on nocturnal visits to the fair daughters or servant girls of the neighbouring farmers--scenes of which he was practically ignorant. And more--he had become acquainted with a young woman he had met at Maybole fair; and having promised to call upon her at her father's house, owing to his master's regularity in housekeeping, he had found it totally impracticable.

To have one night's sport was his nightly and daily study for a long time. It so happened that his mistress about this time was brought to bed. Thomas hailed the bustle of that happy period as a fit time to compass his long meditated visit. Mrs Burns lay in the *spence*. The gossips were met around the kitchen fire, listening to the howling of the storm which raged without, and thundered down the chimney: it was a January blast. Thomas kept his eye upon his master, who, with clasped "hands and uplifted eyes, sat in the muckle chair in the ingle neuk," as if engaged in supplication at the Throne of Grace for the safety of his wife and child. Thomas drew his chair nearer the door, and upon some little bustle in the kitchen, he reached the hallen, and was just emerging into darkness, when the hoarse voice of the angry Burns rung in the ears of the almost petrified ploughboy, "Where awa' Tam?"

"The auld doure whalp," muttered Tam as he shut the door and resumed his stocking. "I was gawn to the door to see if the win' was tiring the thack aff the riggin'." "Thou needs na gang to look the night," cried the rigid overseer of Doonholm, "when it is sae mirk, thou couldna' see thy finger afore thee." It was indeed a "a waefu' nicht" such as this might give rise to these admirable lines of that bard, about to be ushered into the world--

"That night a child might understand,  
The deil had business on his hand."

It was a little before the now pensive and thoughtful Burns was given to understand that a son was born unto him, as,

"The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last,

that a horrid crash was heard; a shriek rose from the affrighted women, as they drew their chairs nearer the fire. "The ghaists and howlets that nightly cry about the ruins o' Alloway's auld haunted kirk" rose on every imagination. The gudeman rose from his chair, lighted a lantern, commanded Thomas to follow him, and left the house. The case was this--the gable of the byre had been blown down, which as it was of his own building, was not of the most durable nature.

In due time the joyful father had his first-born son laid in his arms: his joy knew no bounds. The *bicker* was now sent round with increasing rapidity: and Thomas, then in his fourteenth year, was carried to his bed to use his own words, "between the late and the early, in a gude way for the first time."--Such was the birth-night of the poet.

How long Thomas Reid remained in the service of William Burns does not appear. It is certain, however, that he was with him when Robert first went to plough, as Thomas has repeatedly told, as an instance of Burns's early addiction to reading, that he has seen him go to, and return from plough, with a book in his hand, and at meal-times "supping his parritch" with one hand, and holding the book in the other.

It would appear that he had, in process of time got better acquainted with his sweetheart at Maybole Fair, for he married her. It was on this occasion that he rented the Shanter farm, which with the assistance of his father-in-law, he stocked and furnished. But fortune went against him:

"His cattle died, and blighted was his corn," and an unfortunate friend, for whom he had become security, for £150, failed. Under such a load of ill, he like many others, sought for consolation in the "yill cups;" and any errand which served as a pretext to visit the town of Ayr, renewed his worship to the "inspiring, bold John Barleycorn," and he usually returned, like the Laird of Suotterstoe,

"O'er a' the ills of life victorious."

But Thomas had many a domestic squabble. His wife, naturally not of the sweetest temper, was doubly soured by the misfortunes of the world, and the dissipation of her helpmate; and often when Tam

"Was gettin' fu' and unco unhappy," she sat at home,

"Gathering her brows like gathering storm,  
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm."  
She, like too many in that district at that time, was very superstitious. Thomas took her by the weak side, and usually arrested her "light-horse gallop, of clish ma-claver" by some specious story of ghost or hobgoblin adventures, with which he had been detained.

He had now got into such a continued state of dissipation and irregularity, that he was obliged to leave the farm to the mercy of his creditors, and opened a small public-house, at the end of the old bridge on the water of Doon. It was while he was here that Tam O'Shanter made its appearance. A manuscript copy was sent to Thomas, by post with this motto--

Change the name, and the  
Story may be told of yourself.

The celebrity of the poem brought numbers to his house, and he sold a great deal. But his spirit could not brook the brutal taunts and jeers which every day he was obliged to bear from his customers. He left off business, and commenced labourer, at which he continued till he got an offer of a situation as overseer of hedges, on the large estate of Castle Semple, at that time belonging to William M'Dowall, Esq., M.P. for Renfrewshire, which he accepted. With short intervals, he remained there till the day of his death. He was of such a character that he considered no man his superior, and no man his inferior.

Feeling the infirmities of old age approach Mr Harvey placed him at his west gate, as gate-keeper, where he fell into a lingering disease, which soon put a period to his mortal career. As he had no friends nor relations (his wife having died about two years before.) Thomas had never cared for the morrow: he was destitute of the means to support himself during his illness. The night before he died, he called for a half-mutchkin of whiskey, and (as an acquaintance of his sat by his bed-side, and who personally informed me) he taking a glass of it in his hand, held it between him and the light, and eyed it for some time with a peculiarly exhilarated expression of countenance even at such a crisis;--then while pleasure sparkled in his eyes, he took his friend by the hand, and pressing it warmly, exclaimed "This is the last whiskey I in all probability shall ever drink, and many and often is the times I have felt its power. Here's to thee Jamie, and may thou never want a drap when thou art dry!" He died the next morning, about eight o'clock.

WRITING INK.--I see in your admirable work one of the never ending disquisitions about making writing ink. As I have used as much as most people in the threescore years and ten of my life, and my father used perhaps three times as much, and we never were nor are troubled, I suppose we manage as well as most folks--and as it was begged

of me to a great amount, I infer that others like it.

I improve a little on my father's plan, by substituting a better vehicle, and the knowledge of this improvement I obtained from a lady to whom a Princess Esterhazy communicated it.

It is so convenient, that whenever I go to Leamington, Brighton, Tunbridge, or such places of temporary residence, I send to a chemist's my recipe, reduced to the quantity of half-a-pint; and my ink is in use as soon as it comes, improving daily.

My home quantities are these:

Three quarts of stale good beer, *not porter*.

Three quarters of a pound of fresh blue Aleppo galls, beaten.

Four ounces of copperas.

Four ounces of gum Arabic in powder.

Two ounces of rock alum.

This is kept for a week in a wide-mouthed pitcher close to the fire, never on it, frequently stirred with a stick, and slightly covered with a large cork or tile.

My small quantity is--

Half a pint of good beer.

Two ounces of galls.

Half an ounce of copperas.

Quater of an ounce of rock alum.

It will never mould or lose its substance or colour. The large quantity will bear half as much beer for future use. If it thickens, thin it with beer.

I adopt the Italian ladies' method of keeping the roving of a bit of silk stocking in the glass, which the pen moving, preserves the consistency of the liquid and keeps the fingers from it.

If you have been better ink than this, I yield my pre-eminence.--*Blacky*.

MANUFACTURE OF CHEESE FROM POTATOES.

Cheese it is said, of extremely fine quality, is manufactured from potatoes, in Thuringia and part of Saxony, in the following manner:--After having collected a quantity of potatoes of good quality, giving the preference to the large white kind, they are boiled in a caldron, and after becoming cool, they are peeled and reduced to a pulp, either by means of a grate or mortar. To 5lb. of this pulp, which ought to be as equal as possible, is added a pound of sour milk, and the necessary quantity of salt. The whole is kneaded together, and the mixture covered up and allowed to lie for three or four days, according to the season. At the end of this time, it is kneaded anew, and the cheeses are placed in little baskets, where the superfluous moisture is allowed to escape. They are then allowed to dry in the shade, and placed in layers in large pots or vessels, where they must remain for fifteen days. The older these cheeses are, the more their quality improves. Three kinds of them are made. The first, which is the most common as made according to the proportions above indicated; the second with four parts of potatoes, and two parts of curdled milk; the third, with two parts of potatoes and four parts of cow or ewe milk. These cheeses have this advantage over every other kind, that they do not engender worms, and keep fresh for a great number of years, provided they are placed in a dry situation, and in well closed vessels.--*From the French*.

THE LAW OF ARREST. A TALE FROM FACTS.

Once upon a certain time there lived at Hamburg a certain merchant of the name of Meyer--he was a good little man; charitable to the poor, hospitable to his friends, and so rich that he was extremely respected, in spite of his good nature. Among that part of his property, which was vested in other people's hands, and called debts, was the sum of five hundred pounds owed to him by the Captain of an English vessel. This debt had been so long contracted, that the worthy Meyer began to wish for a new investment of his capital. He accordingly resolved to take a trip to Portsmouth, in which town Captain Jones was then residing, and take that liberty which in my opinion should in a free country never be permitted, viz. the liberty of applying for his money.

Our worthy merchant one bright morning found himself at Portsmouth; he was a stranger to that town, but not unacquainted altogether with the English language. He lost no time in calling on Captain Jones.

"And vat?" said he to a man whom he asked to show him to the Captain's house, "vat is dat veshell yondare?"

"She be the Royal Sally," replied the man, "bound for Calcutta--sails to-morrow; but here's Captain Jones's house, Sir and he'll tell you all about it."

The merchant bowed, and knocked at the door of a red brick house--door green--brass knocker. Captain Gregory Jones was a tall man; he wore a blue coat without skirts; he had high cheek bones, small eyes and his whole appearance was eloquent of what is generally termed the bluff honesty of the seamen.

Captain Gregory seemed somewhat disconcerted at seeing his friend--he begged for a little more time. The merchant looked grave--three years had already elapsed. The Captain demurred--the merchant pressed--the Captain blustered--and the merchant growing angry, began to threaten. All

of a sudden Captain Jones's manner changed--he seemed to recollect himself--begged pardon, said he could easily procure the money, desired the merchant to go back to his inn, and promised to call on him in the course of the day. Mynheer Meyer went home, and ordered an excellent dinner. Time passed--his friend came not. Meyer grew impatient. He had just put on his hat and was walking out, when the waiter threw open the door, and announced two gentlemen.

"Ah, dere comes de monish," thought Mynheer Meyer. The gentlemen approached--the taller one whipped out what seemed to Meyer a receipt. "Ah, ver well, I will sign, ver well!"

"Signing Sir is useless; you will be kind enough to follow us. This is a warrant for debt Sir; my house is extremely comfortable--gentlemen of the first fashion go there--quite moderate too, only a guinea a day--find your own wine."

"I do--no--understand, Sare," said the merchant, smiling amiably, "I am ver vell off here--thank you!"

"Come, come," said the other gentleman speaking for the first time, "no parlavoo Monsoo, you are our prisoner--this is a warrant for the sum of £10,000 due to Captain Gregory Jones."

The merchant stared--the merchant frowned--but so it was. Captain Gregory Jones, who owed Mynheer Meyer £500, had arrested Mynheer Meyer for £10,000; for, as every one knows, any man may arrest us, who has conscience enough to swear that he owe him money. Where was Mynheer Meyer in a strange town to get bail? Mynheer Meyer went to prison.

"Dis be a strange vay of paying a man his monish!" said Mynheer Meyer.

In order to wile away time, our merchant who was wonderfully social, scraped acquaintance with some of his fellow-prisoners. "Vat be you in prishon for?" said he to a stout respectable-looking man who seemed in a violent passion--"for vat crime?"

"I Sir crime!" quoth the prisoner; "Sir I was going to Liverpool to vote at the election, when a friend of the opposite candidate had me suddenly arrested for £2,000. Before I get bail the election will be over!"

"Vat's that you tell me? arrest you to prevent your giving an honesht vote? is that justice?"

"Justice, no!" cried our friend, "it's the Law of Arrest."

"And vat be you in prishon for?" said the merchant pityingly to a thin cadaverous looking object, who ever and anon applied a handkerchief to eyes that were worn with weeping.

"An attorney offered a friend of mine to discount a bill, if he could obtain a few names to indorse it--I Sir, indorsed it. The bill became due, the next day the attorney arrested all whose names were on the bill; there were eight of us, the law allows him to charge two guineas for each; there are sixteen guineas Sir, for the lawyer--but I Sir--alas my family will starve before I shall be released. Sir, there are a set of men called discounting attorneys, who live upon the profits of entrapping us poor folk."

"Mine Gott! but is dat justice?"

"Alas! No, Sir, it is the law of arrest."

"But," said the merchant, turning round to a lawyer, whom the Devil had deserted, and who was now with the victims of his profession; "dey tell me, dat in Englant a man may be called innohent till he be proved guilty; but here am I, who, because von carrion of a shailor, who owes me five hundred pounds, takes an oath that I owe him ten thousand--here am I, on that schoundrel's single oath, clapped up in a prishon. Is this a man's being innohent till he is proved guilty, Sare?"

"Sir," said the lawyer primly, "but if a man be unfortunate enough to get into debt, that is quite a different thing:--we are harder to poverty than we are to crime!"

"But, mine Gott! is that justice?"

"Justice! pooh! it's the law of arrest," said the lawyer, turning on his heel.

Our merchant was liberated; no one appeared to prove the debt. He flew to a magistrate; he told his case; he implorad justice against Captain Jones. "Captain Jones!" said the magistrate, taking snuff; "Captain Gregory Jones, you mean."

"Ay, mine goot Sare--yesh!"

"He set sail for Calcutta yesterday. He commands the Royal Sally. Hemustevidently have sworn this debt against you for the purpose of getting rid of your claim, and silencing your mouth till you could catch him no longer. He's a clever fellow is Gregory Jones!"

"De teufel! but Sare, ish dere no remedy for de poor merchant?"

"Remedy! oh yes--indictment for perjury."

"But vat use is dat? You say he be gone--ten thousand miles off--to Calcutta!"

"That's certainly against your indictment." "And cannot I get my monish?" "Not as I see."

"And I have been arrested instead of him!"